

MURDER AT ST. DOMINIC'S

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FADE IN:

INT. LIBRARY - DUSK

A shadowy figure in the back shelves of a poorly lit, small college library HEARS the backdoor to the library opening with a squeak. From the person's P.O.V., he peeks out carefully to a study hall straight out of the Dark Ages without a computer in sight. He squats down to see six 4' x 6' heavy wooden tables evenly spaced in the room, each table has two wooden chairs.

We HEAR the footsteps of a big man, Coach Meyers (50) in a gray suit, and see his lower pants and shoes in the middle of the room.

Coach Meyers puts a long LIST of sexual misconduct complaints (stapled) in his inside coat pocket before his knees shake.

He drops an orange plastic prescription pill bottle from his hand and it rolls under a table.

Moments later, the Coach spins and drops slowly to the floor.

The shadowy figure panics but quietly inches himself to the backdoor.

LATER

SUPER "10 minutes later."

From the ceiling of the study hall, we see the six tables are pushed together to form a 12' x 12' square table with a large green tablecloth covering the table and extending to three inches above the floor.

We look "through" the tablecloth and tables to the old wooden floor underneath.

We see the body of Coach Meyers in the middle of the floor with his head bashed in resulting in a huge puddle of blood. The pill bottle and stapled list are gone. He wears a cheap gray suit and black shoes. The obvious murder weapon, a two-foot-tall bloodstained statue of the Virgin Mary, rests by his head.

CUT TO:

EXT. LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS

It's dusk and a thunder storm approaches. We see an old wooden sign, "St. Dominic's College" est. 1891." We see a TOWER on one building.

Cute and perky ROSA CORTEZ (21), slowly peddles her antique bicycle wearing tan shorts and a tight white v-neck "St. Dominic's" sweater with a GOLDEN CROSS on her left breast. She smiles down at her "Student Body President" BADGE on her right breast as she approaches the library a hundred yards away. A freshly made ANGEL FOOD CAKE rests in her basket.

She sees her nemesis, a handsome male student, ROBERT T. LEE (21), in a red hoodie and a red baseball cap with the "Make STD Great" in white letters holding a sign, "BEWARE OF DONORS" fashioned with black tape from a "BEWARE OF DOG" sign.

Rosa stops her bike and snickers at Robert pointing at his cap.

ROSA

You know that St. Dominic's is represented by an uppercase S, a lower case t with a period, followed by a space and an uppercase D, don't you?

Robert rips off his cap for a look and glares back.

ROBERT

Damn English major!

Rosa shakes her head in disgust.

ROSA

I'm pre-med, you fundamentalist turd, probably with an S-T-D.

Robert angrily replaces his hat, and yells, as she rides off.

ROBERT

Tell that rich donor who's coming that a lot of us want to keep St. Dom's just like it is, small and religious, something you'd know nothing about as a left-leaning moderate!

ROSA

You call everybody a moderate who likes Sunday mass in English.

Robert threatens Rosa.

ROBERT

Go ahead! Eat meat on Friday, support gay sodomy, and cut our Theology classes.

(MORE)

ROBERT (CONT'D)
You'll go to hell, Rosa Cortez!
Tell that to your rich donor!

Rosa slowly rides away and doesn't turn around.

ROSA
Tell him yourself, Robert T-for-
trouble Lee. It's an open meeting!

Rosa parks her bike at the empty library bike rack, grabs the cake, and steps inside the unlocked glass doors.

INT. LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS

DR. GINA BROTHERS (30), a sexy woman in a shiny blue dress, looks like she arrived late. She hurries to set a folder on the table at each chair. The folders read, "St. Dominic's College, Alumni Association Prospectus."

Gina smiles when she sees Rosa.

GINA
Hi, Rosa.

ROSA
Hi, Dr. Brothers.

GINA
Glad you made it.

ROSA
The Angle food cake?

Rosa takes the cake from her bag.

GINA
No, to the Alumni Donors Meeting. I
noticed the dank smell of old
textbooks...

Gina grabs a tiny container of air freshener from her purse and sprays it as she walks.

ROSA
Donors plural? I thought there was
only one?

Rosa sniffs the air and turns up her nose a bit.

GINA
Yes, but not just any potential
donor!

(MORE)

GINA (CONT'D)

It's Warren Fook, who People Magazine called the next Mark Zuckerberg!

Rosa is unimpressed.

ROSA

With the new social media platform called Gossip-Page for liars and cheats? Should we be taking money from his kind?

Gina stops by Rosa to grip Rosa's shoulders lightly to set her straight.

GINA

This college will not make it to next year without his \$200 million!

Rosa tries to step back, but Gina steps even closer.

ROSA

But...

GINA

The Reverend Father prays for help in his ivory tower, Peter keeps running the college into the ground due to Coach Meyers raking in millions each year with the basketball program, while the rest of this broken-down college operates on a shoestring budget! We're in deep do-do, pardon my...!

Gina steps back, staring at Rosa's v-neck cleavage, and freezes.

ROSA

Mood swings? Inappropriate touching? Staring?

Gina turns back to the table.

GINA

Language.

Gina turns back and smiles like a schizophrenic with a blissfully happy personality now bursting through.

GINA (CONT'D)

Do you like my dress? I was going to wear it to a Freshman dance twelve years ago, but my date stood me up.

ROSA

(hesitant)

You look great, Dr. Brothers. First year as Alumni Association Chairperson. I'm sure you'll do fine.

PRESIDENT PETER DANGLE (60), a stuffy conservative in a brown suit enters from the back of the library as Gina's behavior flips again to high anxiety and she complains.

GINA

If not, the Reverend Father and Peter will burn me at the stake!

Peter smiles and snickers to set Gina at ease.

PETER

We don't burn witches here, Gina, just liberals and atheists, dare I repeat myself!

Peter moves in for a hug from Gina that lasts too long as he feels the material of her dress.

PETER (CONT'D)

Silk?

Gina pushes away and forces a smile.

GINA

Cheap rayon, I'm afraid.

Peter moves toward Rosa, who backs away quickly.

PETER

There's our perky Student Body President. Theology major, am I right?

ROSA

Pre-med, Dr. Dangle.

PETER

Call me Mr. President today to impress the donors.

ROSA

Yes, sir. It still stinks a little
in here. I'll fetch some candles
from the chapel.

Rosa races out as Robert pounds on the double glass doors at the entrance.

Gina and Peter turn to see Robert wearing his red STD cap and waving a large American flag between his poundings on the door. It looks like he's storming the Capitol.

Gina rolls her eyes and whispers to Peter.

GINA

Robert T. Lee, one of my regulars
at counseling. Fifth-year Theology
major. Should I let him in?

Peter's head drops.

PETER

Open meeting. Bylaws say we have to
let him in.

Robert continues to pound away as Gina stomps to the double doors and opens them.

GINA

The doors weren't locked, Robert T.

ROBERT

Sorry I missed our last three
sessions, Dr. Brothers. I was in
D.C.

They stroll back to the table, where Peter has taken the head seat and is adjusting an earpiece headset connected to his phone.

GINA

Washington, D.C.?

ROBERT

No. Detox Center on campus. Hunting
season reminds me of wild turkeys,
and you know what that leads to.

They reach the table as Rosa returns with two ALTAR CANDLES and a book of matches. She glares at Robert who takes a seat with the large flag next to him.

Peter points up to the tower and tests his microphone.

PETER
Testing. Testing. Testing.

We hear tapping on a microphone followed by the ominous voice of the REVEREND FATHER (70), an old-school dogmatic priest. His voice comes over the PA speaker overhead in the library.

REVEREND FATHER (V.O.)
I hear you. Forget that I'm even here.

Everyone but Peter stares up at the speaker.

PETER
Testing 1-2-3 testing.

CUT TO:

EXT. LIBRARY - SAME

An old black limousine pulls up to an empty parking lot on campus. WARREN FOOK (20s), the short, baby-faced driver in a black coat, black pants, and a black chauffeur's cap steps out and looks around. Seeing no one around, he flips his cap in the front seat, takes off his coat to reveal a Hawaiian shirt, and tears off his black "Breakaway" stripper's pants to reveal a flowered bathing suit. He wears cheap flip-flops. He opens the back door to pull out a silver briefcase before shutting the door and heading to the front door of the library.

BACK TO:

INT. LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS

Warren enters and looks around as he hears the obnoxious voice from the speaker above his head.

REVEREND FATHER (V.O.)
(yells)
I hear you, Pete! God bless it!

Everyone turns to see Warren stroll to the library shelves labeled as "Non-fiction."

WARREN
I'm Warren Fook!

He reads the titles of the books as he wanders down one aisle and flicks them off the shelf.

WARREN (CONT'D)
History of Greek Mythology.
Fiction. Egyptian Gods. Fiction.
(MORE)

WARREN (CONT'D)
 History of Roman Mythology.
 Fiction. What is this, the Dark
 Ages?

Warren looks back at Peter and Robert who look horrified.

WARREN (CONT'D)
 Mythology is fiction even if it's
 written under the guise of history!
 All religions are based on fiction!
 Non-fiction requires proof! And...
 (looks around disgusted)
 Where the hell is the computer
 science wing of the library? Oh,
 this is going to change big time!

We hear tapping on a microphone from the speaker. Warren
 looks up.

REVEREND FATHER (O.S.)
 This is the Reverend Father of St.
 Dominic's College, Mr. Fook. My
 fragile health requires me to
 remain sequestered, but I will
 attend your meeting in spirit.

Warren chuckles but tries to hide it.

WARREN
 Fine with me, Your Eminence!

REVEREND FATHER (O.S.)
 Don't underestimate the power of
 faith, Mr. Fook. It has moved
 mountains!

Warren mumbles as he establishes eye contact with Rosa.

WARREN
 Which is the bigger devil, Padre: a
 failing institution that teaches
 false hope in a fictional world, or
 a modern institution that teaches
 the painful truth in the real
 world?

Silence.

The floor between shelves is littered with books. Gina and
 Rosa stare wide-eyed at Warren.

PETER

Mr. Fook, I'm President Peter Dangle, and legal advisor to the Reverend Father. You may call me Mr. President or Dr. Dangle. Please leave our books alone and take a seat.

(forces a smile)

So kind of you to come. We should wait for Coach Meyers to join us.

Warren takes a seat on the opposite side of the table to Peter. He sits back and puts his feet on the table.

Everyone, but Robert, stands and smiles at Warren as Peter begins to walk around to shake hands, but Warren shoos him back with his hands.

WARREN

Germs.

(beat)

Based on actual science.

Robert glares at Warren, and Warren sees it.

WARREN (CONT'D)

Did I use a bad word around here?
Science?

Warren pushes the Prospectus file away and sniffs the air and scowls as Peter returns to his seat. Everyone sits.

WARREN (CONT'D)

They say a college education is
dead, and it smells like it here.

Warren looks around the table and points at each person as he speaks.

WARREN (CONT'D)

I've done my homework online. Dr. Peter Dangle, failed lawyer now college president.

(to Gina)

Dr. Gina Brothers holds a Ph.D. in psychology and the position as college counselor, and new Alumni Association Chairperson. That accounts for little in the business world, I'm afraid, but good for you.

Gina half-smiles as Warren turns to Rosa for a second time and is smitten. He turns soft.

WARREN (CONT'D)

Ms. Rosa Cortez. Student Body President and pre-med student all set to graduate. Ms. Cortez, you will conquer empires.

Rosa smiles big before looking away shyly.

Warren turns to stare at Robert before looking away, ignoring him, and addressing Peter.

WARREN (CONT'D)

You've invited me here because I'll be a multi-billionaire before I leave here in twenty minutes, and because you need my money.

Gina stands in a fit of anger.

GINA

As much as you need a jolt of positive publicity after getting raked over the coals on every TV news network except one.

Robert waves his protest sign and flag as Warren laughs.

WARREN

Nobody gets their news from TV anymore, Gina. They get it from me on Gossip-Page. Millions of subscribers and advertisers in the first month, paying for each of their baseless posts...

PETER

(interrupts)

We're not proud of our financial position...

GINA

But we do need your \$200 million!

WARREN

And you'll get it, with certain conditions on the bailout. We'll swap out religion classes for a computer science curriculum. We'll fire non-accredited faculty in your archaic Theology Department!

Robert cringes as they hear the tapping of a microphone from the speaker above them.

REVEREND FATHER (V.O.)
I've heard quite enough from...

WARREN
Or the college could go bankrupt,
and be leveled for low-income
housing for immigrants and homeless
vets.

Rosa nods approvingly while the others gasp. Warren turns to Rosa, as Robert blasts away at Warren.

ROBERT
Vets in this county make good money
fixing animals and pets, you commie
atheist Libtard!

Peter hits his forehead with his palm, and Warren ignores Robert as he speaks softly to Rosa.

WARREN
Your basketball coach who makes the
equivalent salary of forty of your
professors will be paid the same as
an associate professor in the
economics department.

ROSA
That sounds fair.

PETER
He'll never go for that!

WARREN
Good, then we'll toss out the
basketball program for women's
sports like ice hockey, rugby, and
baseball.

They HEAR grumbling from the speaker as Peter yells.

PETER
Private Schools that do not accept
federal funding are not required to
have equality in sports programs
for men and women as Title Nine
would suggest. Nor are they
required to retain gay, lesbian, or
transgender students or staff,
isn't that right, Rosa? You're pre-
law, right?

ROSA

Pre-med, Mr. President. I'd call it wrong, but legal. However many equal rights guaranteed in the Constitution, have been ignored by private institutions for centuries.

Gina and Warren nod approvingly while the others gasp.

PETER

May I remind you, Ms. Cortez, here at St. Dominics, the Bible is our Constitution, I am the Supreme Court, and the Reverend Father is God.

Robert holds up his sign. "Beware of Donor" in protest.

WARREN

Except for that separation of Church and State lingo in the real Constitution. Robert's protest sign should read, "Beware of Dogma!"

Peter stands and speaks forcefully.

PETER

The Supreme Court has consistently ruled in favor of religious rights over the rights of the individual.

WARREN

The Courts can be wrong. They allowed slavery once and denied voting rights to women, blacks, and Native Americans.

PETER

Do you mean, St. Dominic's should be required by law to have a women's softball team?

WARREN

No, no, no! Women play baseball now. Join the 20th Century and a league of their own! Plus the name of the college has to go!

(uses air quotes)

"St. Dominics?"

(scoffs)

(MORE)

WARREN (CONT'D)

With only 22% of graduates finding jobs in their fields after graduation, it's the lowest in the country. Nothing saintly about that!

Everyone gasps! Warren uses air quotes for "St. Dominics."

WARREN (CONT'D)

"St. Dominics" is synonymous with the unemployment line.

(deadly serious)

To get even one penny of my money, I insist we name the college after my hero, Steven Jobs, and we call it the "Jobs R Us College" to avoid copyright infringement.

Gina and Rosa nod in agreement while Robert fumes.

PETER

Out of the question!

REVEREND FATHER (O.S.)

Preposterous!

ROSA

What about online classes and this library?

WARREN

Good questions. We'll make 100% of the classes online, and turn this into an entirely online library. We'll turn this stinky dilapidated building into a coffee shop with comfortable seating, soft jazz...

Robert stands and charges Warren with his flag pole.

ROBERT

Jazz! Instead of country music! I knew it! He's the Devil's bidder. He's out to buy his publicity if we sell our souls! I'm a Theology...

Warren stands quickly and performs the perfect tae kwon do roundhouse kick to send Robert to the floor with a crash! He groans in pain.

WARREN

Your basketball program bankrupted your pathetic little college.

(points to the speaker)

(MORE)

WARREN (CONT'D)

Your congregation all but disappeared. Your community support went with it. Your top students end up serving French fries or joining the military. Your degrees should be printed on restroom hand towels to make them useful.

Warren sniffs the air again.

WARREN (CONT'D)

What is that smell?

REVEREND FATHER (S.O.)

I didn't do it.

Everyone stands to look at Robert who is flat on the ground pointing under the tablecloth that's a few inches off the floor. His finger shakes in fear.

Rosa lifts the table cloth and peeks underneath and SCREAMS. They all peek underneath the table cloth.

ROSA

It's Coach Meyers!

PETER

I see blood.

GINA

It's gonna leave a stain.

Everyone, but Warren makes the sign of the cross. Warren stares at them in disbelief.

WARREN

Okay then.

He takes out his phone and dials 9-1-1.

REVEREND FATHER (V.O.)

What's going on down there?

ROBERT

Are we still gonna get Angle food cake?

LATER

The giant green tablecloth is gone. The smaller tables are pushed back and surrounded by police tape. Two uniformed Police Officers (male and female, 30s) are taking statements from Robert and Rosa quietly in different corners of the Library.

Coach Meyers remains in the middle of the floor with his head bashed in. The bloodstained statue of the Virgin Mary rests by his head.

Christi Tyson, the DETECTIVE (30), is a sweet, boyish-looking blonde with curls. She wears a white pantsuit and stands at the double glass doors of the library like an angel from heaven. You can hear a choir rejoice from the nearby chapel as if on cue.

Everyone turns to smile at the Detective, especially Gina, who is smitten.

The Detective holds a tablet computer as Warren races up to her like a lost puppy.

The Detective puts one hand up to stop him from getting too close.

DETECTIVE

I'm Detective Christi Tyson, but call me Detective. I'll need to ask you all some questions.

WARREN

I'm pressing assault charges on the lunatic, Robert, who attacked me with a flag. All these fine people are witnesses.

ROBERT

It's Robert T. Lee! I prefer to be called Robert T.!

The Detective looks at her tablet computer.

DETECTIVE

Robert T. Lee? Sounds like you might get confused with the Confederate General.

Robert raises a fist.

ROBERT

The South shall rise again...

The Detective interrupts Robert.

DETECTIVE

We'll get to those assault charges later. Go sit in the corner, will you Robert T.?

Warren glares at Robert.

WARREN

Your stature is coming down, fool!

DETECTIVE

That's enough out of you, Mr. Fook.

WARREN

I never liked my surname Fook. Very difficult up through high school. I went to legally change my last name to Peace...

The Detective puts up a hand to stop him from continuing.

DETECTIVE

I have a lot of questions for you later.

WARREN

It wasn't me, Detective! He was dead when I got here. We all smelled him. I need to go. Big Zoom meeting with the Billionaire's Boy's Club.

Rosa smiles, but the Detective shakes her head 'no.'

DETECTIVE

Mmmm. Mmmm. Mmmm. So many things wrong about that statement but you are a cute little man. If I ask you nicely, can I get you to stick around for a few minutes so I get your story and collaborate it with others before I let you go?

The softness in the Detective's voice disarms Warren.

WARREN

I... I... I guess so.

DETECTIVE

That limo outside. Is it yours?

The Detective shows him a photo of the limo in the parking lot.

WARREN

Yes... Yes, it is.

DETECTIVE

Where's your chauffeur?

Warren looks away.

WARREN

Uhm... he must have wandered off.

The Detective laughs sweetly and shows him a photo of the clothes on the front seat.

DETECTIVE

Without his breakaway stripper
pants, coat, and cap?

(smiles)

I'll keep an eye out for him.

The Detective rubs his hair like a little boy.

WARREN

I... I...

DETECTIVE

(interrupts)

Besides,

(winks)

I'd like to meet this male stripper
of yours. Why don't you grab a seat
over there while I speak to these
other fine folks?

Warren shuffles off to the corner and collapses into a chair with a pouty face.

The Detective glides across the room to Peter, who puts out a hand to shake, but the Detective declines.

PETER

I'm President Peter Dangle, you may
call me Mr. President or Dr.
Dangle.

DETECTIVE

I know who are.

Peter pulls his hand back.

The Detective shouts to the group.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

How many of you have Ph.D. degrees?

Gina's hand shoots up. Then Peter's hand. Then Warren's hand.

The Detective spins at seeing Warren's hand go up.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

You, Warren?

WARREN

Online Ph.D. in computer stuff from
the University of Scottsdale.

Everyone stares at Warren with perplexed looks.

WARREN (CONT'D)

Six grueling months and tens of
thousands of dollars.

REVEREND FATHER (V.O.)

I hold a Ph.D. in Theology from one
of the most...

The Detective leans into to tap Peter's earpiece mic to
interrupt. TAP TAP TAP.

The others turn to the speaker as the Detective politely
speaks.

DETECTIVE

I know, Reverend Father. My maiden
name is Jackson. I graduated from
St. Dom's twelve years ago. I
looked different back then.

Everyone, but Gina, studies the Detective's appearance with
curiosity.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

I'll be honest with you. I didn't
like this bastion of intolerance
when I was a student here.

The Reverend yells.

REVEREND FATHER

We are tolerant!
(quieter)
We just don't accept atheists or
homosexuals, dare I repeat myself.

Warren laughs loudly.

DETECTIVE

I remember your "Do ask and do
tattle" policy and restricting the
use of the word "gay" in the
classroom, but I will solve this
murder. First, I'd like to dispense
with the titles and formalities and
treat everyone as equals with first
names.

(MORE)

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)
(slowly, softly)
Now, who found the body?

Robert raises his hand and waves it like a school child.

ROBERT
Oooh. Oooh. I did after I attacked
the donor Devil with my flag pole!

Warren glares at Robert, and points his finger to say,
"You're going down."

ROSA
(softly)
Then I looked under the tablecloth.

DETECTIVE
(softly)
Then what did you do?

Rosa SCREAMS and everyone backs up, and everyone talks loudly
and fast.

ROSA
"It's Coach Meyers!" I said.

PETER
I said that I saw blood.

GINA
I said it would leave a stain...

The Detective interrupts.

DETECTIVE
Who checked to see if Coach Meyers
was still breathing? It is a huge
puddle of blood.

Everyone shrugs their shoulders.

WARREN
They all started doing the
spectacles, testicles, wallet, and
heart thing.

Gina, Peter, Rosa, and Robert make the sign of the cross.

WARREN (CONT'D)
While I called 9-1-1.

ROSA

Then we all moved the tables out
for a better look, while Peter
called the Reverend.

PETER

We told the police officers
everything.

The Detective turns to the Police Officers.

DETECTIVE

If you have the CS photos, you two
can wait outside until the coroner
shows up.

The Police Officers nod 'yes' and exit quietly.

The Detective puts on latex gloves and slips under the police
tape and hovers over the body and bloody statue.

ROBERT

Could it have been an accident?

Everyone but Robert nods 'no.'

Warren stands and yells at Robert.

WARREN

Like Robert charging me with a
flagpole was an accident, you
psychotic loser!

Robert stands and almost charges Warren again, but the
Detective glares at them both and they cower.

DETECTIVE

This was no accident!

Peter cups his hand over his ear and turns his head as if
receiving a message.

PETER

First murder at St. Dominic's in a
hundred years.

DETECTIVE

Why is campus deserted?

ROSA

Holy Day of Obligation.

DETECTIVE
Janitors? Maintenance crews?
Package deliveries?

PETER
None today. The feast day of St.
Christopher, or Mr. Christopher
after that liberal Pope Paul VI
demoted him in 1969!

DETECTIVE
Demoted him?

PETER
They couldn't prove he existed.
That didn't stop people of faith
from honoring him!

Gina, Rosa, Peter make the sign of the cross.

WARREN
(sarcastic)
Of course not.

DETECTIVE
Surveillance cameras?

PETER
One at the front gate.

DETECTIVE
I'll need to see the footage...

PETER
Hasn't worked in years.

WARREN
Figures! It's the Dark Ages here!

DETECTIVE
This is not helping my
investigation!

WARREN
I've seen tombs with better
lighting. The calendar on my
smartwatch asked me if it was A.D.
or B.C.

Everyone turns and glares at Warren.

DETECTIVE
Ask the Reverend Father if he saw
anything unusual from his tower.

Peter cups his hand over his earpiece.

PETER

He says he slept in until the start of the meeting. In fact, he's still in his open robe and slippers.

Gina, Rosa, and the Detective cringe.

GINA

Too much information.

ROSA

Can't unsee it!

The Detective shakes her head in disgust and mumbles.

DETECTIVE

Open robe?

Peter steps up proudly and pompously.

PETER

As President of the college, I felt it was my duty to establish whether Coach Meyers had a pulse, so I checked behind his ears.

DETECTIVE

Behind his ears?

PETER

Like on TV, but I didn't feel a pulse.

DETECTIVE

Shocker.

PETER

Plus, he stunk.

ROSA

Stank.

ROBERT

Damn English majors.

ROSA

Pre-med, you Neanderthal!

Gina steps closer and points to the blood on the floor.

GINA

It's interesting that the big puddle of blood flowed away from Coach's suit, saving it, really.

The Detective rolls her eyes in disgust.

DETECTIVE

Yes, it's a miracle.

Everyone stares at the Detective.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

Too soon?

The Detective's phone BUZZES and she reads a text message.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

Thank God! The Coroner is here.

(beat)

Okay, then! In the interest of keeping the investigation quiet for the college, I'll hold my interviews here rather than down at the station.

Warren gets angry and heads to the front doors.

WARREN

I don't have a dog in this fight! I've got to get a party. My attorney is late, so I can't answer any questions anyway, so I'll just leave.

The two Police Officers stop Warren at the door, as they open the doors for the Coroner's gurney.

DETECTIVE

(yells)

You will all stay for the interviews. Peter, tell the Reverend I'd like him to speak to me too.

As Warren returns dejected, as Peter whispers into his earpiece and listens.

PETER

Given the Reverend's weakened physical condition and susceptibility to germs, he'll be unavailable for questioning.

The Detective glares at Peter and yells.

DETECTIVE

We'll see about that! Officers,
arrest the Reverend Father for
impeding my investigation!

Peter turns and cups his hand over his earpiece listens for a second. He sounds sheepish in his reply.

PETER

The good Reverend Father will be
available by phone for any
questions you may have.

DETECTIVE

Fine, all but Rosa may vacate this
room to give us privacy, but don't
try leaving the library! Got it?

Everyone nods 'yes.'

LATER

The Coroner and Police Officers finish loading up Coach Meyers in the bodybag and literally toss him on the gurney in the background. They leave the bloodstain and a white chalk outline of the body's last position. Rosa politely answers the Detective's questions at a table in the foreground.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

What time did you arrive at the
library?

ROSA

Just before 7 PM.

DETECTIVE

How was the room arranged when you
arrived?

ROSA

The tables were already pushed
together for the meeting and
covered by the table cloth.
Strangest thing, because it's a two-
person job to move those heavy
tables together and cover them. I
assumed Gina got here extra early
to do it.

DETECTIVE

When was the last time you saw
Coach Meyers?

Rosa points to the bloody floor and the chalk outline.

ROSA
When they bagged him up...

DETECTIVE
Alive?

ROSA
Oh. Today at lunch. Across the room
from me in the cafeteria.

DETECTIVE
What was his mood?

ROSA
Awful. Like everyone else. It was
Spam Platter Day.

The Detective backs up, disgusted.

DETECTIVE
Ewww!

Rosa uses her arm gestures across her body to explain.

ROSA
They tell us it's pork shoulder,
(circles her shoulder)
and pork ham,
(circles her butt)
But I think they include other
parts.

Rosa stands and, with her hands, circles her face, feet, then
her groin.

ROSA (CONT'D)
Who's to say?

DETECTIVE
Did you ever harbor any hard
feelings about Coach Meyers?

ROSA
He asked for seconds.

DETECTIVE
I mean, at any time during your
studies here at St. Dominic's.

Rosa turns her head up and away as if to think.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

Rosa is studying in the library at night and Coach Meyers sneaks up behind her and rubs her neck with his hands.

Rosa jumps back angry and defensive as Coach Meyers walks on chuckling.

COACH MEYERS

You put the body in student body president, baby!

Rosa glares at him with a look of pure hatred.

ROSA

That's the last time you touch me, pervert! I'm reporting you to the Counselor Brothers, the Reverend Father, and to the police.

Coach Meyers responds without turning around.

COACH MEYERS

You won't be student body president much longer! Kiss med-school recommendations goodbye too!

Rosa grinds her teeth in anger but doesn't speak.

END FLASHBACK

Rosa turns her head back to the Detective with a smile and a shrug.

ROSA

We never spoke to each other. I was below his station in life.

DETECTIVE

Any reason you would want to harm Coach Meyers?

ROSA

None that I can think of now.

The Detective half-smiles and looks like she's done.

As Rosa begins to walk away, the Detective asks another question.

DETECTIVE

Oh, Rosa. As student body president, are you given a key to the library?

Rosa hesitates for a second, then shrugs.

ROSA

It's my only perk as S-B-P.

DETECTIVE

And it looks good on a resume for med school, I assume.

(beat)

That's all I have right now. Could you please tell Robert that I'd like to speak with him?

ROSA

(sweetly)

Will do, Detective.

LATER

The Coroner is gone, the police officers stand outside the doors.

Robert stomps over to the Detective.

ROBERT

I know my rights.

DETECTIVE

Good for you, Robert T. How well did you know Coach Meyers?

ROBERT

He'd catch me sleeping in the library and throw me out before browsing.

DETECTIVE

For books?

ROBERT

Harlots and whores.

DETECTIVE

Huh? What's your major, Robert T.?

ROBERT

Theology.

DETECTIVE

Are you doing to be a priest?

Robert turns snooty and childish.

ROBERT

Yes. I'd like the Reverend Father's job someday. He gets a free apartment in the tower and a free pass to the cafeteria.

The Detective smiles.

DETECTIVE

Smart boy, Robert T. Any reason why anybody would want to harm the Coach?

Robert turns his head and looks up to think.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

EXT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

Coach Meyers is leaving the library as Robert is entering, and Coach Meyers pushes him to the ground.

COACH MEYERS

You better not be sleeping in the library again, loser! Get a job!

Robert glares at Coach Meyers.

INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

Rosa is studying in the library at night. From a dark corner of the library, Robert is touching his crotch and filming Rosa with his smartphone and catches Coach Meyers sneaking up behind Rosa and rubbing her neck with his hands.

Robert smiles devilishly.

Rosa jumps back angry and defensive as Coach Meyers walks on chuckling.

COACH MEYERS

You put the body in student body president, baby!

Rosa glares at him with a look of pure hatred.

ROSA

That's the last time you touch me, pervert! I'm reporting you to the Counselor Brothers, the Reverend Father, and to the police.

Coach Meyers responds without turning around.

COACH MEYERS

You won't be student body president
much longer! Kiss med-school
recommendations goodbye too!

Rosa grinds her teeth, and Robert disappears into the shadows.

END FLASHBACK

Robert looks back convincingly.

ROBERT

Coach Meyers never talked to me,
and I never talked to him. I know
it's hard for you to believe, but
we ran in different social circles.

The Detective's eyes open widely.

DETECTIVE

That's not too hard to believe.
(beat)
Why did you assault Mr. Fook?

Robert doesn't hesitate to incriminate himself.

ROBERT

He was going to take God out of the
college and replace Him with his
libtard computer bullshit. He's
gonna change the name of St.
Dominic's after like 2,000 years!

DETECTIVE

So you attacked him with a deadly
flagpole?

Robert starts to grab the Detective but stops short.

ROBERT

He was going to turn the library
into a coffee shop.
(angry)
And play soft jazz! Elevator music!

DETECTIVE

I'll ask you again. Do you know
anyone who might have wanted to
harm Coach Meyers?

ROBERT
I heard he has an ex-wife.

DETECTIVE
My guess is alimony is preferred to
a prison sentence.
(beat)
One more question. Do you own a key
to the library, Robert T.?

ROBERT
They wouldn't give me a key to the
men's room.

The Detective smiles.

DETECTIVE
That will be enough for now. Can
you send in Peter?

LATER

Peter walks in wearing his earpiece.

The Detective holds out a hand for the earpiece and his
smartphone.

Peter reluctantly hands over his phone and earpiece.

The Detective stares at her tablet computer.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)
How long have you worked here,
Peter?

He looks back at the bloodstain and chalk outline.

PETER
Too long, after today. Twenty-one
years. Who would be capable of such
a thing?

DETECTIVE
That's what I'm trying to find out.
Do you remember me as a student
here?

Peter studies her face with a perplexed look.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)
That's okay. Lots of students have
come and gone through these
hallowed halls.

He points to the earpiece.

PETER

My job requires me to look up to the tower rather than across to the students.

The Detective looks up in the direction of the tower.

DETECTIVE

Do you enjoy your job?

PETER

It was prestigious at first. But the college has been in serious decline long before you went here.

DETECTIVE

Do you know of any reason someone would want to harm Coach Meyers?

He fidgets in his seat before answering.

PETER

Not really. He had a bit of an ego, like all successful people, I guess.

(snickers)

He had his name legally changed years ago from Bernard Meyers to Coach Meyers, so people had to call him Coach. Still hates it when the Reverend Father calls him Bernie.

(points up)

He calls me, Pete.

DETECTIVE

I see. Were you three pretty close friends?

PETER

I guess so.

DETECTIVE

You arrived at the library after Gina and Rosa. Is that right?

PETER

That's right. And I smelled something funny, but I couldn't put my finger on it.

DETECTIVE

That's because there were heavy
tables atop the body.

He glances at the bloodstain and chalk outline of the body
again.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

One more question. Do you have keys
for all the buildings on campus?

PETER

I have a master key.

DETECTIVE

That's all for now, Peter. Could
you please send in Mr. Fook?

Peter nods 'yes,' picks up his earpiece and phone, and exits.

LATER

Warren is irritated and scratching his arms.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

Nothing to be anxious about,
Warren. Have a seat.

WARREN

I just want to press charges
against the lunatic and go. I'll
find another struggling college to
save.

DETECTIVE

Why did you pick this one?

WARREN

They needed money. I needed good
publicity. This is turning into a P-
R nightmare!

DETECTIVE

Not to mention a murder scene. What
time did your chauffeur get you
here?

Warren looks away.

WARREN

A little after sunset, or just
before, I can't remember.

DETECTIVE

And what were you doing in the hours before the meeting?

WARREN

Driving around the campus.

DETECTIVE

You don't have a chauffeur, do you Warren?

Warren gets angry.

WARREN

Can't trust them. I drive myself, okay?

DETECTIVE

In a chauffeur costume and sunglasses?

WARREN

All my money is on paper and in the future until the stock settles. I'm very rich, I just don't know how rich. I'm being frugal. And if there are no charges against me, just let me go.

The Detective studies him.

DETECTIVE

My office is doing background checks on everyone, so I'd like you to stick around...

(deadly serious)

Or there could be charges of impersonating a human being and impeding an investigation.

Warren is caught off-guard and speechless.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

Send in Ms. Brothers, will you?

WARREN

Who?

DETECTIVE

Gina. Stunningly beautiful woman in the shiny blue dress?

WARREN

She hardly looks at me.

Warren raises his eyebrows like a man on the prowl and makes a cougar growl as he exits.

LATER

Gina enters with a warm smile and sits very close then moves a respectable distance away from the Detective, who looks up at the speaker.

DETECTIVE
Keep your voice low.

Gina smiles for an instant then turns solemn.

GINA
It smelled different when I got here. It wasn't the dank smell of old books. It was sour.

DETECTIVE
Were the tables set up when you got here?

GINA
That was odd too! Rosa and I were to set up for the meeting by pushing the tables together and putting on the big green table cloth. It's a two-person job or you scratch the floors. But the tables were already put together and covered when I got here!

The Detective looks around before speaking.

DETECTIVE
You're the psychologist. Who do you think did it? What are they talking about back there?

GINA
I don't know. I remember your mother's old saying, 'If the devil was that easy to spot, he wouldn't be much of a threat!'

DETECTIVE
I can't figure out if the rich donor is scary or scared.

Gina reaches a hand halfway to the Detective, but she resists reaching out.

GINA

He's young and wild, but afraid that Robert T. is deranged. They won't get close to each other.

DETECTIVE

Can't blame him.

GINA

Peter, the principal, I mean, Peter, mumbled something about a life insurance policy.

DETECTIVE

The students?

GINA

Rosa's a good girl. I'm not at liberty to say more about Robert T. except that the staff and his fellow students treat him like the village idiot.

DETECTIVE

Is he capable of killing?

GINA

He's capable of planning violence, but as we all saw today with the attack on Warren, he's incapable of succeeding in every way.

DETECTIVE

I'm not sure anyone is being totally honest with me.

Gina has an epiphany, but she's agitated.

GINA

Oh, I should have mentioned this earlier. The doors to the library were unlocked this afternoon when I got here.

The Detective's eyes open widely.

DETECTIVE

I'd like you to stay here quietly while I call the Reverend Father. I've heard stories. Use facial expressions to tell me if you believe him.

The Detective is about to make the call, but stops and gazes at Gina who remains agitated.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)
Are you okay with this?

GINA
I'm flattered that you trust me.

The Detective half-smiles and makes the call.

DETECTIVE
Hello, Reverend Father. Is this a good time?

REVEREND FATHER (O.S.)
It's getting late. I was saying extra prayers for Bernie.

DETECTIVE
Just a few short questions. Have you remained in your tower all afternoon?

REVEREND FATHER (O.S.)
Yes. After my noon prayers in the Chapel, I had my lunch at the cafeteria, and dinner brought up from the cafeteria. I've been here doing the Lord's paperwork all day.

Gina nods like "that's likely."

DETECTIVE
You speak by phone to Peter quite often.

REVEREND FATHER
Pete is my eyes and ears on the ground. My Saint Peter.

Gina rolls her eyes in disgust.

DETECTIVE
St. Peter spends most of his time looking up.

REVEREND FATHER
As we all should, Detective. May I get back to my prayers now?

Again, Gina rolls her eyes.

DETECTIVE

Do you know anyone who would want to harm Coach Meyers?

REVEREND FATHER

Good heavens, no!

Gina shrugs an "I don't know" look.

DETECTIVE

Are you likely to accept the donation from Warren Fook given his many conditions on the money?

The Reverend gets angry.

REVEREND FATHER

It would be un-Christian of me to say 'Hell no,' but I know the Lord will find a better way! You have our best people locked up in the library, and I know that none of them would commit such a heinous crime against God and Man. The fifth commandment clearly states, "Thou shalt not..."

Gina shakes her head 'yes' as the Detective interrupts him.

DETECTIVE

Thank you for your time, Reverend Father. Get some rest. I'll keep you informed of the progress of my investigation. Good night.

The Detective ends the call and whispers to Gina.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

Send everyone in, will you?

Gina smiles sadly at the Detective as she looks around.

GINA

They're all a little weird here in the Middle Ages. It's like a full-employment act for a psychologist.

The Detective smiles back.

DETECTIVE

I'm afraid I'll have to put the fear of God in them! We'll get to the bottom of this!

The Detective grabs her purse and races off to the bathroom, as Gina goes back to fetch the group.

LATER

Everyone sits at separate tables staring at the bloodstain and the chalk outline of Coach Meyer's body. Peter has his earpiece in and is looking up toward the tower. Warren fidgets nervously. Robert glares alternately at Warren and Peter. Rosa appears to be praying silently, and Gina appears to be looking around nonchalantly, so as not to draw attention to herself while studying the others.

The Detective makes a grand entrance by storming in from the restroom with a new wig on that adds black streaks of hair to appear more devilish and frightening. She yells.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)
No more Mister Nice Gal! I'm
determined to solve this case!

Everyone appears stunned, and they sit up straighter in their chairs.

Peter whispers into his small microphone, cupping his hand over his ear.

The Detective speaks with a far more authoritative voice.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)
You've all been lying to me, or at
least, omitting some truths!

She glares at each of them.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)
It's time we take the gloves off,
and go around the table to find out
what you're not telling me!

Robert shakes in fear and stands up SCREAMING.

ROBERT
I confess! I did it!

Everyone stares at Robert in shock.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
I did it in the library with the
Blessed Virgin Mary.

For a moment, everyone appears satisfied. Peter whispers into his earpiece with wide-opened eyes.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

He bullied me for four years, maybe
more if you count summer school.

The Detective slowly moves to Robert with handcuffs and gently pushes his shoulder down, moves his hands behind his back, and cuffs him to the chair while Robert bursts into tears but keeps blabbing.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

He was bankrupting my
college, and worse.
(glares at Rosa)
I think he had libtard
tendencies like our evil
Student Body President, and
the Devil himself, Warren
Fook, who would have
destroyed St. Dominic's
altogether! I'll kill him
too!

DETECTIVE

Stop talking! You have the
right to remain silent.
Anything you say can and will
be used against you in a
court of law. You have the
right to an attorney. If you
cannot afford an attorney,
one will be provided for you.

Rosa glances at Robert then at Warren. She and Warren share a moment.

Gina is stunned by the confession, as the Detective looks unconvinced gets angry and defensive.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

Uh-uh! No way! I'm not gonna report
that Robert T. Lee did it in the
library with the Blessed Virgin
Mary.

The mood changes to foreboding as they see a FLASH of lightning and HEAR thunder outside.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

In a light rain, the two Police Officers wearing ponchos look like stern prison guards at the door.

They glance back into the library, turn, and smile at each other.

They giggle and flirt with each other like old friends.

INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

The room is a little darker. The suspects remain seated and far apart. In front of each suspect are a tablet of paper and a retractable ball-point pen. They look at each other with suspicion, and they all look at Robert with disdain.

The Detective stands and looks around the room.

DETECTIVE

All brains...

(glares at Robert)

Most brains use about 20 percent of the blood flowing from the heart. Usually, there is a lot more blood from this type of injury.

WARREN

What's your point, Detective?

DETECTIVE

My point is that my officers reported that the blood from Coach Meyers' skull wasn't the least bit dry on the floor, which puts to T-O-D, time of death near 7 PM.

(yells)

Are you with me, Reverend Father?

Peter turns and covers his ear, but everyone jumps as the Reverend's voice blares over the speaker above.

REVEREND FATHER (O.S.)

I'm with you, Detective, but I hardly see...

DETECTIVE

(interrupts)

You don't have to see anything. You have to listen and write!

Robert's arms remain handcuffed behind him, and he stares at the pen and paper helplessly.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

On the left hand side of the paper, write a timeline of your activities from five to 7 PM. On the right side of the paper for each time period, write down any witnesses that can confirm your whereabouts at any time. Is that clear?

Everyone but Robert nods 'yes.'

PETER

But Robert confessed to the murder.

The Detective glares at Peter.

DETECTIVE

Correct me if I'm wrong, Pete!

Peter is shocked by the use of his nickname.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

We have no evidence of anyone else anywhere near this library at the time of death except the people in this room and in the tower.

Peter is defensive.

PETER

You can't possibly think it was one of us!

DETECTIVE

According to Gina, the library doors were unlocked when she arrived just before 7 PM.

Everyone gasps and glances at Gina.

GINA

I don't understand! Sister Pauline always locks up at 4 PM before going to the pub.

DETECTIVE

I checked with Sister Pauline and the pub's bartender who swears she was there at 4:10. "As usual," he said.

All eyes are on the Detective.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

In fact, she was still there a few minutes ago when I called again.

The suspects have puzzled looks.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

It's Christian Trivia night with two-dollar draft beers.

The suspects all nod in agreement.

PETER

Sister Pauline's not our man. She wouldn't harm a fly.

GINA

And she couldn't lift that statue of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

ROSA

And she would have used St. Joseph.

All eyes turn to Rosa.

ROSA (CONT'D)

She told me many times she never trusted him.

The speaker sounds like the Reverend is tapping a microphone, and everyone turns to the speaker.

REVEREND FATHER (O.S.)

That's enough, Miss Cortez.

DETECTIVE

(sternly)

While you're filling out your timelines, I'd like each of you to recant one lie you've told me tonight or one important omission of truth.

The suspects stare at each other suspiciously.

GINA

I'll go first.

The Detective's eyes open widely as everyone stares at Gina.

GINA (CONT'D)

I failed to mention that not only were the doors unlocked when I arrived, but the lights were on.

Rosa gasps.

ROSA

Sister Pauline always shut off the lights and locked the doors before hitting the pub!

DETECTIVE

Thank you for sharing that, Gina. Anyone else?

Rosa lowers her head.

ROSA

I told you I couldn't think of a reason anyone would want to harm Coach Meyers, but he "touched me" several times.

Peter, Reverend Father, and Warren gasp. Warren looks sadly at Rosa.

DETECTIVE

When did he touch you?

ROSA

Several times over the past four years pretending it was an accident in the hallways, at the pub, or in this library.

(angry)

But it was never an accident!

DETECTIVE

Where on your body did he touch you?

Rosa stands for hand gestures.

ROSA

(sadly)

It's easier to point to the few areas he missed.

Rosa points to her elbows, knees, and the balls of her feet. With each spot, the others gasp.

REVEREND FATHER (O.S.)

I can't see.

DETECTIVE

Perhaps you should be in attendance.

PETER

We have no record of...

REVEREND FATHER (O.S.)

This is the first I've heard...

ROSA

I should have reported him to the police.

DETECTIVE

But you thought it would bring
shame to the college you loved?

ROSA

(angrier)

No. I know they would have believed
him and not me!

GINA

Many others have come to me in
confidence about male faculty.

Gina glares at Peter and looks up at the speaker.

GINA (CONT'D)

And staff. So today at noon, I
submitted a full report to Campus
Police and the town police, with a
copy sent to the archbishop!

The Detective is shocked as she glares at Gina.

DETECTIVE

What! The number of outraged people
on those lists could be in the
dozens!

GINA

Hundreds!

Gina shrugs her shoulders looking fed up at the Detective.

GINA (CONT'D)

I had to do something!

WARREN

Oooh! This is getting good!

DETECTIVE

(smiles weakly at Gina)

I bet many phone calls were made
all afternoon after your report
came out. I'm glad you...

Peter stands and interrupts.

PETER

We'll hold an internal
investigation. There is no need to
involve the police.

DETECTIVE & GINA

Too late.

ROSA

I reported my first incident the first week at St. Dominic's.
(looks down sadly)
It was two weeks before my eighteenth birthday.

Peter stands in defiance.

PETER

You had no evidence.

Rosa yells back.

ROSA

It's a Christian college! You had my word! You told me Coach Meyers would never lie!

DETECTIVE

What did you do?

We hear coughing and wheezing from the speaker.

ROSA

I went to see the Reverend Father, but he never had time to see me, so I went to see Ms. Brothers. It was her first week on the job as Student Counselor. She hadn't even set up her office.

Gina looks away.

GINA

I failed my first student. Peter was in my office. I asked her to come back after I got organized.

DETECTIVE

Jesus, Gina!

The group turns their heads, perplexed by the Detective's informality.

GINA

But I started a list of such complaints. All minor by themselves, but a more disturbing pattern overall, until today, when I had to get it off my chest!

Peter listens to his earpiece and looks up.

PETER

I'm afraid we'll have to let you go, Miss Brothers.

DETECTIVE

Isn't that against the law?

They hear the tapping of the Reverend Father's microphone from the speaker.

REVEREND FATHER (O.S.)

All staffing decisions at a private college are at the sole discretion of the administration.

The Detective paces angrily.

DETECTIVE

S-O-L-E or S-O-U-L discretion.
Interesting turn of phrase for an institution without one!

The two Police Officers race into the library, dripping wet, and carrying a file for the Detective.

They hand the files to the Detective and exit with big smiles.

The Detective scolds them playfully.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

You read this, didn't you?

The Police Officers chuckle as they exit and the Detective scans the report.

WARREN

What's that? Tonight's wine list?

The Detective chuckles.

DETECTIVE

I just received the first of two reports I've ordered. This is the financial information on all of you.

The Detective walks behind Rosa.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

Rosa Cortez, on a full academic scholarship. Maybe one reason for not rocking the boat.

ROSA

I kept an accurate log and will
press charges and suit when I'm in
med school.

Peter listens to his earpiece as Robert glares at Rosa.

PETER

Miss Cortez, you are hereby removed
as Study Body President. Please
turn in your badge.

Robert smiles big and nods 'yes' in triumph.

Rosa stands, removes her badge, and with the pin sticking
out, stomps over to Peter, opens his hand, and stabs him with
the pin before closing his hand over the badge.

ROSA

Keep your Goddamn badge, Pervert!

Rosa stomps back to her seat as the Detective circles around
to Peter who puts a handkerchief on his bleeding hand.

PETER

You all saw that! That's assault.

DETECTIVE

I must have missed it.

(to Peter)

Peter Dangle. Financially leveraged
to the hilt. You need this job.
You're three paychecks away from
being homeless. Gambling on your
own basketball team?

PETER

Not illegal.

DETECTIVE

Not successful. Forcing you to act
the puppet without the strings to
the Reverend Father!

The Detective wanders slowly past Gina.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

Gina Brothers. I hope you have a
sugar daddy until you find another
job!

Gina doesn't look up as the Detective moves to Robert.

ROBERT
I recently lost my unemployment
benefits.

DETECTIVE
That was four years ago? No visible
means of support.

ROBERT
The Lord provides.

DETECTIVE
I hope so.

The Detective moves under the speaker and looks up.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)
The good Reverend Father's
financial records are kept private.

Peter smiles.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)
But we were able to get ahold of
Coach Meyers' records, and there
was big surprise there.

All eyes turn to the Detective, who looks up at the speaker.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)
It seems St. Dominic's purchased a
life insurance policy for Coach
Meyers.

REVEREND FATHER (O.S.)
Several years ago. Standard
practice.

PETER
He meant a lot to the college.

DETECTIVE
Financially, yes.

WARREN
Do those policies payout if the
chump is murdered?

Everyone gasps.

DETECTIVE
Most do. Yes. Though the killer
cannot benefit directly from his or
her crime.

All eyes turn to Robert.

WARREN
(sarcastic)
Tough break, Robert T. Lee!

Robert angrily tugs at his handcuffs and yells.

ROBERT
What about you, you worthless piece
of...

DETECTIVE
(interrupting)
I was just getting to Warren.

The Detective walks behind Warren with a wry smile.

WARREN
My finances are private!

DETECTIVE
Except for your very public,
initial public offering for stock
of Gossip-Page.

Warren sinks in his chair.

WARREN
This is privileged information!

DETECTIVE
The average one-day gain for IPOs
this year has been up to 40%.
(sarcastic)
Poor Warren Fook.
(reading the report)
Gossip-Page languished at thirty-
nine percent due to soaring
valuations and strong fundamentals.

Warren stands and bows, glaring at the Detective.

WARREN
Still, I needed some good press and
nothing to do with some stupid
murder investigation.

The Detective reads from her report.

DETECTIVE
The rental agreement for your limo
was easy to trace.
(MORE)

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

Won't your PR people have a field day with this information!

Warren sinks in the chair again as Robert bursts out laughing.

ROBERT

They'll call him eccentric and me crazy.

(to Peter)

Boy, he has all of you fooled. My guess is he don't have two hundred million cents. That's like only two thousand dollars.

Robert laughs louder until Rose corrects him.

ROSA

Two hundred million cents is \$2 million dollars, idiot!

Peter hangs his head then glares at Warren.

PETER

You came here only as a publicity stunt?

Rosa gazes at Warren lovingly.

ROSA

The mere act of Warren showing up could inspire other donors to step forward.

Warren smiles weakly at Rosa, embarrassed, but they share a moment.

DETECTIVE

Warren Fook, you are free to go.

REVEREND FATHER (O.S.)

Good riddance, you atheist liberal pretender. You will be punished...

DETECTIVE

(interrupts)

Thank you for your time.

Warren sits up and smiles at Rosa.

WARREN

Actually, I'd like to stay if you don't mind.

(MORE)

WARREN (CONT'D)

I'd like to see that Ms. Cortez gets home safely from this twisted den of murderers, sexual abusers, and puppet administrators.

Peter listens in to his earpiece.

PETER

You are no longer welcome here, Mr. Fook.

WARREN

I'd be less likely to press assault charges on Robert T. Lee over there which could prejudice a jury and look unfavorably on the college before his murder trial if I could stay.

Peter is angry as he listens to his earpiece.

PETER

You may stay but not speak.

DETECTIVE

The First Amendment of the Constitution...

REVEREND FATHER (O.S.)

The First Amendment is not guaranteed at private institutions!

DETECTIVE

Not for students and staff, but it is for invited guests, and Mr. Fook was invited here.

WARREN

(laughs at the speaker)
I'll wait for my retracted invitation by registered mail next week, Padre!

The Detective whispers to Warren and winks at him.

DETECTIVE

I'm beginning to like you.

WARREN

Gee, thanks.

DETECTIVE

I'd like to collect those timetables from all of you.

The Detective begins gathering everyone's timetable.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

Rosa says she spoke with Robert about five minutes to seven while riding her bicycle to the library. Can you confirm that, Robert?

ROBERT

Yep. We called each other names.

DETECTIVE

Robert, you were unable to write with your handcuffs on, but where you were prior to that time? Are you protecting anyone? Did you act alone?

Robert looks away.

ROBERT

I'd like to take the fifth dimension on those questions on the grounds they might incinerate me.

ROSA

(sarcastic)

Well-spoken.

DETECTIVE

You need a lawyer, Robert. One with what we call, a vo- cab- u- lary.

Robert cringes then gets violent and rattles his handcuffs behind him.

ROBERT

I don't need a lawyer. I can defend myself.

WARREN

(laughs)

Not from what I saw.

The Detective steps between the tables to the center of the room near the bloodstain. She looks puzzled.

DETECTIVE

I see a lot of you put down phone calls -- I should have told you that I have a team examining your phone records now.

The group sits up in their seats looking more stressed.

WARREN

Phone calls?

DETECTIVE

Don't worry, we're just using them to plot your locations at specific times. We won't be looking at your text messages.

The group looks more worried than ever.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

Yet!

SILENCE

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

I know what's really bothering you! You're wondering who put the tables together in the middle of the room over Coach Meyer's body, and then covered the tables with the big green tablecloth prior to the meeting?

The Detective paces around the bloodstain.

Robert is overly anxious to the point of a nervous breakdown.

ROBERT

No, I was wondering who stole the Blessed Virgin Mary!

DETECTIVE

The Holy Mother is being fingerprinted again as we speak. They found no fingerprints on the first pass. Good question, Robert.

Robert smiles like he's helping with the case.

The Detective weakly smiles back and shakes her head perplexed.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

She thanks you for your concern.
(looks around)
Now back to the tables.

The Detective glares at Gina.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

Gina says the tables were already set up when she got here this afternoon.

PETER

Could she be lying?

Everyone glares at Peter, so the Detective turns his attention to him.

DETECTIVE

Maybe, Peter. But if Rosa got here a little before seven, and Gina arrived just a few minutes earlier, she or they may have had time to cover up their murder.

ROBERT

I told you, I did it!

DETECTIVE

(talks fast)

You were just a hundred yards down the path to the library when you spoke to Rosa, so you were close to the scene of the crime. That's true. But why, if you committed this cold-blooded murder would you be such a short distance from the library? Why weren't you escaping? And why did you walk back into the library and take a seat at the table knowing that the smelly body of Coach Meyers would soon be revealed?

Robert looks overwhelmed by the barrage of questions.

The Detective studies Robert before pulling out her smartphone.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

That's where phone records and locations can be so important.

WARREN

How's that, Boss?

DETECTIVE

If, for example, Gina was on her phone close to 7 PM, but her location was well away from the library...

(MORE)

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

(beat)

I don't know if that's the case.

(beat)

But a phone call location may show her driving here right before Rosa's arrival clearing them both.

Peter looks away.

PETER

I came in just minutes afterward.

DETECTIVE

Interesting choice of words, "came in," rather than "arrived on campus. You see, phone record locations might help us there too.

Peter and Robert look away.

ROBERT

I said I did it, and that's that! Coach Meyers was a bully, an asshole, and he never went to mass!

DETECTIVE

Really, Robert? Then what time did you kill him?

Robert doesn't hesitate, surprising everyone.

ROBERT

Ten to seven. Exactly! Bopped him on the head and ran out.

DETECTIVE

When did you have time to wipe off your fingerprints off the Holy Mother, move all these tables back, cover them with the big table cloth, and run a hundred yards down the path to protest the donor's meeting?

Everyone looks at each other suspiciously as Robert looks away.

The Detective's phone BUZZES and she pulls out her tablet computer.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

It's a copy of Coach Meyer's life insurance policy. Just a minute, while I check something.

ROBERT

I bet it pays out to the college
even if he's murdered!

DETECTIVE

Finally, a logical deduction from
our primary suspect.

Robert smiles weakly like he has helped again.

The Detective reads her tablet and rolls her eyes.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

Four million dollars, payable in
most cases of murder, the exception
being

(reading)

"if the murderer or murderers"
stood to benefit financially,
directly or indirectly, from the
payout."

Silence.

WARREN

The entire staff of the college,
who would get a few more paychecks
while the college remained solvent.

DETECTIVE

Exactly. Or an ex-wife who also had
a life insurance policy on him.

ROSA

They can do that?

DETECTIVE

To protect future alimony or child
support. We're checking to see her
whereabouts.

PETER

Could it have been a murder-for-
hire scheme?

DETECTIVE

No one benefits there.

(beat)

How long would it take one person
to set up this room for the
meeting?

No one moves.

The Detective snarls then sets the timer on her smartwatch. She pretends to use a handkerchief to wipe fingerprints off of a statue and lay it down.

PETER
You want help?

DETECTIVE
No thanks.

She struggles to move the heavy tables to the middle of the room. She has to shimmy one side than the other to move and position the tables.

ROSA
I could help. I've set them up dozens of times.

GINA
Me too.

DETECTIVE
No help, thanks.

She struggles to get the tables in place but succeeds.

She grabs the large tablecloth and struggles to get it over the tables and even.

WARREN
She's strong. I'll give her that!

She races to the front door and stops her watch and records the time on her tablet computer.

ROBERT
That was pretty slow, Detective!

The Detective smiles at Robert.

DETECTIVE
Could you do better?

Robert looks slyly at the Detective and pauses.

ROSA
(chuckles)
He's taking the fifth dimension again.

Warren and Rosa share a moment, which the Detective sees.

The Detective's phone BUZZES with another text message.

DETECTIVE
It's the coroner.

She reads the text with great surprise.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)
C.O.D., Cause of Death, was a blunt
force injury to the head?

Everyone gasps. Peter points at the bloodstain.

PETER
I knew it! I bet some crazy female
went after him after her phony sex
abuse claims were ignored.

ROSA
Or Robert T. who admitted being
bullied by Coach.

WARREN
(laughs)
And Robert-the-inept's confession!

ROBERT
Hey, I'm right here! I can hear
you.

We HEAR the tapping of the microphone on the speaker.

REVEREND FATHER (O.S.)
Murder? Thank God you caught your
man!

The Detective glares at Robert. She's angry at herself.

DETECTIVE
I was sure I was wrong. The large
amount of blood told us his heart
hadn't stopped pumping blood to his
head, and that he was alive when
someone bopped him on the head with
the Holy Mother. The tox report and
phone records haven't come back
yet. And I don't like loose ends.

PETER
What loose ends?

DETECTIVE
I can't believe Gina's reports of
years of sexual misconduct by
college staff had no repercussions!

PETER
They had repercussions. Ms.
Brothers will be fired tomorrow!

GINA
(angry)
What for?

PETER
Breaking your non-disclosure
agreement where everything you send
out as counselor has to be approved
by me and the Reverend Father.

Gina stands and yells.

GINA
You were both listed in my report,
and your friend the Coach had the
longest list. You never would have
approved its release!

The Detective looks sadly upon Gina.

PETER
I'm sorry, Ms. Brothers. We
shredded the reports and are having
your office records removed in the
morning.

WARREN
No good deed shall go unpunished
here at St. Dominic's Bastille.

Rosa speaks sadly.

ROSA
And bad deeds get buried forever.

GINA
But I sent my email report to the
Reverend Father, President, and
Coach Meyers.

PETER
We confiscated your computer
purchased by St. Dominic's, and
we're filing for a gag order until
the Coach's murder is solved.

Robert looks up from a trance.

ROBERT
Uhm, I did it. Remember?

The Detective paces.

DETECTIVE

But, how?

The Detective paces and thinks.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

There's no proof Coach Meyers saw Gina's sexual misconduct report. We didn't find any pills or poisons here, or a suicide note.

WARREN

And he got a big dent in his skull from the lady statue.

The Detective turns to Rosa then Gina.

DETECTIVE

Both Rosa and Gina said moving the tables is a two-person job. None of this points to Robert working alone!

Robert's eyes open widely, as everyone looks suspiciously at each other.

The Detective walks behind Peter and smiles wryly up to the speaker.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

Reverend Father, I'm afraid I'm going to have to ask you to join us in the library.

We HEAR the tapping of the microphone on the speaker.

REVEREND FATHER (O.S.)

I'm afraid in my condition that would be...

DETECTIVE

(interrupting)

I'm sending my two police officers up to fetch you.

The Detective turns to the group.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

Take five minutes everyone.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. LIBRARY - LATER

The Detective walks in wearing a black wig and a far more serious face. She waves a stun gun.

DETECTIVE

No more lies!

(zaps the stun gun)

Or you'll get a jolt from my little friend! Got it?

WARREN

What's with hair change, Boss?

DETECTIVE

(sternly to Warren)

My wigs are my thinking caps. What you're about to hear, see, and think may disturb you.

(looks away sadly)

It's a dark day when I put on my dark wig.

Rosa smiles at Warren.

ROSA

She's taking the gloves off!

WARREN

This will be fun!

The Detective threatens Rosa and Warren with her stun gun (ZAP) and yells, as the Police Officers escort the Reverend Father, who walks with a cane, in from the backdoor.

DETECTIVE

That's enough out of you two!

The Detective spins to glare at the Reverend. He wears a royal-purple robe over fancy white pajamas. He looks frail and pale.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

(sarcastic)

Reverend Father! So good to see you again!

The Reverend examines her and scoffs.

REVEREND FATHER

I've never seen you before in my life, Detective!

DETECTIVE

(shocked)

Really? I'm an uncelebrated alumnus of St. Dominic's. I learned nothing here, but my mom kept paying the tuition so your pitiful teachers kept passing me!

REVEREND FATHER

Unlikely!

DETECTIVE

I was classified as a "non-denomination agnostic," shunned by all, and bullied by many students, faculty...

(glares at Peter)

And abused by staff. I was too intimidated to report anyone after my first and only visit to your office in my freshman year.

The Reverend continues staring in disbelief and turns defensive.

REVEREND FATHER

There is no record of a Christi Tyson ever coming here. I looked you up when I heard your name.

DETECTIVE

I was so ruined when I left here that I legally changed my name, eventually completed my doctorate in criminology, and quickly rose in the Detective ranks. I attended school here under the name Christian Jackson.

REVEREND FATHER

Christian is a boy's...

DETECTIVE

(dark voice)

As a male student!

The Reverend glares at her and turns his head.

WARREN

Hence the need for transgender restrooms, Your Lowliness.

The Reverend glares at Warren.

DETECTIVE

None of that is important,
Reverend. I have to solve a case.

The Reverend struggles to walk to Robert.

REVEREND FATHER

You have your confession from this
brave martyr.

The Reverend bends and whispers to Robert's ears alone.

REVEREND FATHER (CONT'D)

God will forgive you, and likely
reward you for saving St.
Dominic's, my son.

Robert fights back tears as he whispers back too loudly.

ROBERT

Thank you, Reverend Father. An
eternity in Heaven is all I ask.

The Detective angrily interrupts.

DETECTIVE

Uh uh. You don't get a free pass to
Heaven or 72 virgin maidens in
paradise! Killing is wrong and
you'll be punished to the fullest
extent of the law once I figure out
how you did it with so little help.

ROBERT

Help?

DETECTIVE

(sadly at Robert)

You seem like the kind of person in
society that needs more help than
others do. And I don't like loose
ends.

Rosa looks to the Detective innocently.

ROSA

What are your loose ends,
Detective?

The Detective looks around to everyone.

DETECTIVE

None of you had great alibis for the time of death or the hour before. Because the blood was not dried, we can assume the time of death was between 6 PM and five minutes to seven when Gina and Rosa arrived here.

REVEREND FATHER

I was in the tower, and...

DETECTIVE

So you say.

ROBERT

I was talking to Rosa at five or ten minutes to seven right down the path.

DETECTIVE

But no alibi for the hour before.

ROBERT

I don't need an alibi! I did it.

PETER

As an attorney, I would like to advise Robert not to speak without his lawyer present.

Robert closes his mouth and pretends to zip it shut.

DETECTIVE

I need the phone records to...

The Detective's tablet BUZZES with a message.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

It's the phone records.

She examines the phone records.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

These phone records place you all within a three-quarter-mile area of the library between six and seven PM.

Warren puts his feet on the table and speaks boldly.

WARREN

You couldn't possibly track my whereabouts with my phone. It's a burner phone, untraceable.

The Detective walks around the table to Gina.

DETECTIVE

May I see your recent calls list, Gina?

Gina takes out her phone, uses a fingerprint to unlock it, and quickly locates her recent call list.

The Detective stares at the numbers and presses on one of them.

Warren's phone RINGS to his astonishment.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

Any good hostess would make sure her top guest is in the area or needs help with directions and parking.

ROSA

I also called Warren for just that reason.

DETECTIVE

At precisely 6:49 PM, it says here, at which point you were both within three-quarters of a mile of this library.

PETER

Or perhaps, in the library close to the time of death.

Rosa and Warren glare at Peter.

WARREN

That proves nothing.

REVEREND FATHER

One or both of them could have helped Robert kill the Coach, wipe the Holy Mother clean, and arrange the tables for the meeting.

GINA

Oh! And I stopped for gas across the street before I got here.

DETECTIVE
Use a credit card?

GINA
Yes. I have the receipt.

Gina fumbles for the receipt in her purse.

GINA (CONT'D)
Here it is. I forgot about this
when I did my timesheet. Sorry.

She hands it to the Detective.

DETECTIVE
Perfect alibi. Full tank of gas,
and off-campus at the time at of
death. That's what I'm talking
about. Anyone else use a credit
card or step in view of a security
camera between six and seven PM?

PETER
I called the Reverend during that
time.

DETECTIVE
May I see your phone and recent
call list?

PETER
Not without a warrant.
(beat)
I've got nothing to be...

REVEREND FATHER
Take mine. I know you're going to
find out everything sooner or
later. You're relentless!

The Reverend punches in a security code and hands the phone
to the Detective.

The Detective compares his recent phone with the list she
received.

The Detective points to the chalk outline and bloodstain.

DETECTIVE
You called Coach at 6:03 PM and
talked for a minute and thirty
seconds. Sounds alive to me. What
did you talk about?

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

That leaves between 6:07 and 6:55 PM when the Reverend and President were unaccounted for, but near the library; with Robert, Rosa, Warren, and Gina near the library at 6:55, and with Robert, Gina, and Rosa with no alibi before 6:55 PM.

Everyone in the room looks stunned.

The Detective slaps her hand on the table like an angry teacher. She glares at the suspects one at a time.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

Somebody helped Robert! No one is leaving here until I find out who it was?

The Reverend grumbles and stands with the help of his cane, and begins to exit.

REVEREND FATHER

I've heard quite enough. I'm going to say my prayers and go to bed! You should all do the...

DETECTIVE

(interrupts, yells)
Sit down, Reverend. You had the superior motive, the \$4 million life insurance payout to the College!

The Reverend spins slowly around.

REVEREND FATHER

They all benefitted. Pete keeps his high-paying job a little longer.

GINA

I'm being terminated tomorrow.

REVEREND FATHER

The students get to continue their education.

ROBERT

I'm being carted to jail.

REVEREND FATHER

And the atheist capitalist is free to find another struggling college...

DETECTIVE
And what about Coach Meyers?

REVEREND FATHER
God rest his soul.

Gina, Rosa, Peter, and the Reverend all make the sign of the cross.

The Detective leaps to prevent the Reverend Father from leaving the room.

DETECTIVE
You seemed complacent when I announced the cause of death as murder, Your Reverence.

The Reverend turns violently angry and swings his cane at the Detective.

REVEREND FATHER
Nonsense. Murder is against the laws of God and Man!

DETECTIVE
Was it the \$4 million? And you wouldn't have to buy out his contract! How much is that worth, Peter?

REVEREND FATHER
You don't have to answer that, Pete!

Peter looks away, ashamed and sad.

PETER
Another \$12 million if we had fired him, which we'd never do.

Everyone looks astonished.

DETECTIVE
For a fraction of that kind of money, you could have hired a sharpshooter hitman to put a bullet in his head from off-campus.

Peter is riled and steps between the Detective and Reverend.

PETER
But there was no hitman and no bullet!
(beat)
(MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)

Either charge someone with a crime
or let us go! That's the law!

The Detective examines the Reverend's frail body and softens.

DETECTIVE

I'm sorry, Reverend. You clearly
think you have a strong Christian
code of ethics...

REVEREND FATHER

(interrupts)

We call them commandments!

DETECTIVE

And you don't have the strength to
move these heavy tables.

REVEREND FATHER

(sarcastic)

Is it that obvious to the great
Detective?

DETECTIVE

I just hope Robert T. Lee over
there can withstand prison for
twenty years to life in a dark
eight-foot by four-foot cell with a
vicious child molester and killer
named Bubba!

Robert comes unglued. His eyes open wide and he rattles his
handcuffs until his hands bleed.

ROBERT

Let me go! Let me out of here! I'll
talk.

PETER

Don't say anything without legal
representation you, idiot!

Time slows for everyone as Robert glares at Peter with eyes
that could kill him. Robert yells.

ROBERT

I'm not an idiot. Maybe you should
explain why you and Coach were
yelling at each other behind the
library this afternoon?

The Detective leaps over to Robert as Peter gets angrier.

PETER

Shut up, Robert, or I swear to God...

DETECTIVE

What did you see and hear, Robert?

ROBERT

After lunch, I was resting in the library, by the backdoor when I looked out the window to see Coach and the President waving papers at each other and yelling things like, "It's over," "We're as good as dead," and "We'll fix that dyke Gina Brothers."

Gina looks away.

DETECTIVE

The sexual misconduct reports.

ROBERT

But they were ready to kill each other too.

PETER

You can't believe a word of this.

DETECTIVE

Oh, but I do. Coach Meyers is dead, Gina is being fired, and someone intimidated Robert to be the fall guy. Is that it, Mr. President?

PETER

He's lying!

ROBERT

I've got the video on my phone. If I didn't have these cuffs on...

The Detective pauses, then unlocks the cuffs. Everyone becomes warier, especially Warren, as Robert reaches for his phone with bloody wrists.

He punches in a code, finds the video, and hands it to the Detective. Everyone HEARS Coach and Peter yelling.

COACH MEYERS (O.S.)

It's over!"

PETER (O.S.)

We're as good as dead!

COACH MEYERS (O.S.)
We'll fix that...

The Detective ends that video, but sees another next to it and presses "play."

CUE the VIDEO Robert took of Gina and Coach in the library.

Everyone cringes as they HEAR Coach sexually assaulting Gina.

COACH MEYERS (O.S.) (CONT'D)
You put the body in student body president, baby!

ROSA (O.S.)
That's the last time you touch me, pervert! I'm reporting you to Dr. Brothers, the Reverend Father, and to the police.

COACH MEYERS (O.S.)
You won't be student body president much longer! Kiss med-school recommendations goodbye too!

DETECTIVE
You could have blackmailed the Coach with this.

ROBERT
I didn't.
(points at Rosa)
But I did send it to that stuck-up, moderate-leaning student body president!

The Detective spins to Rosa in anger and ZAPS her lightly.

DETECTIVE
You lied to me about talking to Coach, and you never did go to the police! Did you take it to the Reverend?

ROSA
No.

DETECTIVE
Bring it to the attention of Peter?

ROSA
No.

DETECTIVE

Did you try to blackmail Coach Meyers?

ROSA

I reported the incident to Dr. Brothers and showed her the video.

GINA

That pushed me to release the sexual misconduct reports today.

ROSA

(looks sadly at Warren)
I lacked the courage to speak out or go to the police.

DETECTIVE

Did you thank Robert for sending it to you?

Rosa turns very sad.

ROSA

Thank him? The jerk loaded it up on Gossip-Page.

Robert and Warren smile.

ROSA (CONT'D)

I felt too sad for everyone and the college. I knew that videos like that go viral. And when they do, hundreds of lives change forever.

Warren stands proudly.

WARREN

I saw it on my Gossip-Page. That's what we do. Expose bad guys. You can load videos up anonymously, the site strips the IP address so it can't be traced and posts it without any context or caption. Let the viewer judge.

REVEREND FATHER

"Do not judge, or you will be judged," Mathew 7:1.

Peter charges after Warren with hands ready to strangle him.

PETER

You defame people and change lives
without repercussion or recourse.
You can't tell reality from staged
performances.

The Detective whips out her stun gun and ZAPS Peter so much
that he falls to the ground and shakes uncontrollably.

REVEREND FATHER

We'll be ruined. God save us.

The Detective helps Peter to a chair.

WARREN

I saw the entire argument on Gossip-
Page sent in from another anonymous
subscriber from this college.

Gina slowly raises her hand to the Detective's horror.

DETECTIVE

You post videos on that derelict's
website?

GINA

I was angry. I knew they would fire
me after my report.

REVEREND FATHER

We'll sue!

Warren laughs at the Reverend.

WARREN

That's the beauty of our site. You
could never prove it was her! She
could accidentally drop her phone
into sulfuric acid and you'd have
absolutely no proof! What kind of
college are you running here,
Padre?

Rosa glares at Warren with fire in her eyes.

ROSA

They were running a religious
college that I love, Warren. That's
why we suggested you as a donor to
bail us out.

Rosa stands and paces.

ROSA (CONT'D)

But I had no idea you wanted to change everything about it!

WARREN

Look around! It's the Dark Ages!

ROSA

(yells at Warren)

Some of us like it that way. We can't all get into Berkeley, Stanford, or a fake and expensive online university like Scottsdale. I'd never get passing grades in those schools!

ROBERT

Or even in some of the better community colleges.

They all pause to look upon Robert with pity.

DETECTIVE

(to Rosa)

I don't want to have to stun gun you too! Settle down!

She looks down at Robert's phone.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

What else have you got to show me, Robert?

Robert stands and rips the phone from the Detective's hands.

ROBERT

The rest are private. I didn't load them onto Gossip-Page yet!

Robert stares at the bloodstain on the floor.

DETECTIVE

I'll get a court order.

ROBERT

I didn't kill him!

The Reverend hits his palm against his forehead.

DETECTIVE

You were certain you killed him earlier.

ROBERT
I was lying to protect St.
Dominic's, my home.

Gina stands and moves to comfort Robert.

GINA
It's okay, Robert. You're going to
be okay.

Robert hugs Gina.

GINA (CONT'D)
Robert lives here. In the library.

ROBERT
Except when it's cold. Then I sleep
in the warm boiler room.

Everyone looks sad.

PETER
He's not even a registered student.

REVEREND FATHER
Someone had to look out for him.

DETECTIVE
So everyone did?

ROSA
The only way for him to escape his
melancholy is to argue with him. He
lights up when debates politics,
religion, or conspiracy theories.

Robert breaks off the hug and laughs psychotically at Rosa.

ROBERT
Don't get me started about January
the Sixth!

The Detective's tablet computer lights up.

DETECTIVE
Tox report and revised C-O-D?

The Detective reads the report.

PETER
Revised cause of death? How could
that be?

DETECTIVE

Suicide? His stomach was swimming
in pills. They are still analyzing
the pills for opioids and other
poisons, but C-O-D is obviously
pills.

The Reverend and Peter stand and protest.

PETER

He wasn't the suicidal type!

REVEREND FATHER

He knew he would go straight to
Hell.

The Detective gets in Peter's face.

DETECTIVE

The suicide type? What is that?
We're all the suicide type,
especially after viral videos.

(glares at Robert)

And lengthy reports of sexual
misconduct.

(glares at Gina then
Peter)

But the proof is in the stomach!

The Detective has an epiphany and points to the bloodstain.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

But why the bloodstain was so
large. Still a puzzle, but...

(to the Reverend)

And there goes the \$4 million life
insurance payout!

The Reverend is stunned.

REVEREND FATHER

What?

Warren laughs at the Reverend.

WARREN

Because life insurance doesn't pay
out in cases of suicide, Padre!
Everybody knows that!

The Detective turns to Warren.

DETECTIVE

Bingo!

GINA
(to the Detective)
Do you mean, someone tried to make
it look like a murder to collect
the life insurance?

Gina glares at Peter then the Reverend.

DETECTIVE
That would be insurance fraud,
contaminating a crime scene, given
that suicide is a crime, impeding
an investigation, and several other
criminal offenses.

Silence.

The Reverend and President sit down and glare at each other.

Rosa looks concerned for them before looking away.

Robert smiles.

ROBERT
Huh? Maybe I didn't do it!

DETECTIVE
Sorry, Robert. You're still an
assault suspect, so sit there and
shut up.
(glares at everyone)
Everybody shut up! I need to think.

They see a FLASH of light in the window and thunder ROARS
outside.

The Detective strolls over to Peter and the Reverend.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)
Who stood to gain the most by the
life insurance payout?

Peter and Reverend avoid eye contact with each other and the
Detective.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)
Enough money to keep the college
afloat until a more suitable donor
could be found?

WARREN
Good for a couple of months at
best!

The Detective agrees and smiles at Warren.

DETECTIVE

In fact, one study showed that 59% of Americans are one paycheck away from homelessness.

Silence. Peter looks away.

PETER

Especially when you're over-extended with credit cards.

Gina jumps to get in the Detective's face.

ROSA

I hope you're not insinuating that these two professionals who have devoted their lives to upper education are capable of...

DETECTIVE

Oh, Rosa, everyone is capable of murder and has the means. And, everyone eventually has a motive.

The Detective turns to the group.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

The four common motives for homicide are lust, love, loathing, or loot.

WARREN

Oooh! I like that!

DETECTIVE

(to Warren, seriously)

I knew you would. You just might be the Devil!

The Detective looks to the group again.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

And everyone here had the opportunity.

Peter lowers his head.

PETER

I admit...

The Reverend gets close enough to push his cane into Peter's belly.

REVEREND FATHER
You'll admit nothing!

PETER
Then I wish to confess to the
Reverend Father.

Peter pushes the Reverend's cane away and leans in and
whispers for the Reverend's ears alone.

PETER (CONT'D)
Bless me Father for I have
sinned...

The Reverend tries to pull away, but Peter grabs his robe and
holds it tightly in his fists to continue whispering.

PETER (CONT'D)
I won't go to prison for you!

The group sees the Reverend Father's eyes open widely.

Robert yells.

ROBERT
Wait! I remember something after I
took a dump today. It might be
important!

DETECTIVE
I'm afraid to ask, Robert, but when
and where?

ROBERT
I flushed about 6:30 PM.

DETECTIVE
Where?

ROBERT
Back there in the men's room. I
came out and saw Coach standing
right here.

Robert points to the bloodstain.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
He was holding a pill bottle in one
hand, and a typed list in his other
hand.

GINA
The misconduct allegations.

ROBERT

Then he yelled at me like he always did to get out and get a job, so I ran. I almost dropped my protest sign.

The Detective looks at him puzzled.

DETECTIVE

You didn't think that was important enough to tell me earlier?

ROBERT

No, I didn't drop my protest sign.
(smiles)
I held onto it very tightly.

The Detective rolls her eyes in disgust.

DETECTIVE

So Coach was alive when you saw him last but we didn't find the pill bottle near him or the list on him.

The Detective's tablet BUZZES with a text message.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

Coach's ex-wife in Hawaii is pissed. She copied a text message she got two hours ago. She was getting a massage and didn't pick up.

(reads)

"The accusations are true. Alimony ends today, and kiss that life insurance policy goodbye. Love, Coach."

GINA

Suicide.

Peter goes mad. He pushes the Reverend to the floor and glares at the Detective.

PETER

I'll tell you what happened!

The Reverend protests in a weakened state on the floor.

REVEREND FATHER

No... No...

BEGIN FLASHBACK

INT. LIBRARY - DUSK

Peter helps the Reverend walk from the backdoor to the study hall.

PETER (V.O.)
I helped the Reverend into the
study hall, about twenty to seven.

They are shocked to see Coach Meyers in a seizure on the floor. A pill bottle rolls from his hand under a table.

PETER (V.O.)
Coach was ending a seizure on the
floor. He looked dead.

Peter leaps to Coach's side.

PETER (V.O.)
I raced to his side and felt for
pulse behind his ears like on TV,
and didn't feel one. I yelled,
"I'll call 9-1-1." Then, the
Reverend yelled.

REVEREND FATHER (V.O.)
No, you won't. They'll think you
poisoned him after your big
argument. Let the others coming to
the meeting find him. He's with
God.

Peter panics and races out the backdoor.

PETER (V.O.)
I panicked and ran.

END FLASHBACK

The Detective glares at Peter and Reverend.

DETECTIVE
So, who bopped Coach on the head
and put the tables together over
the body.

Slowly, Rosa and Warren raise their hands, which shocks everyone.

ROSA
We put the tables together, but
didn't bop him on the head.
(beat)

(MORE)

ROSA (CONT'D)

I saw Peter walking away from the library as Warren dropped me off at the backdoor at 6:45.

DETECTIVE

So you two met earlier?

ROSA

At the front gate. I left my bike, hopped in the limo, took a selfie, then showed him where to park behind the Library. I thought he was Warren's cute chauffeur.

Warren smiles, smitten with Rosa.

ROSA (CONT'D)

I entered the backdoor and went straight to the study hall where I saw Coach and an empty bottle of pills.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

INT. LIBRARY - DUSK

Rosa races to Coach's side and feels for a jugular pulse the correct way.

ROSA (V.O.)

He had a very strong pulse. I saw the pill bottle under the table and read the label without touching it.

(beat)

It was Buccal Route, testosterone, which can cause blurred vision, weakness in the legs, and seizures, but it's almost impossible to overdose with, so I called Warren and asked him to help me move the tables.

WARREN (V.O.)

I introduced myself when I came in and she laughed. We hit it off right away.

They swiftly move the tables over Coach Meyers.

ROSA (V.O.)
 I'm pre-med so I knew he wasn't
 fatal, just temporarily
 unresponsive. No need to call 9-1-
 1. We thought it would be funny to
 hear Coach come out of it under the
 tables while our meeting was in
 full swing.

DETECTIVE (V.O.)
 (sarcastic)
 Very funny.

They race out the backdoor.

END FLASHBACK

Rosa and Warren are smiling at each other.

ROSA
 Warren drove me back to the gate to
 get my bike so he could make a
 grand entrance later.

DETECTIVE
 You saw a pill bottle but no blood?

ROSA & WARREN
 Yes.

DETECTIVE
 That narrows the time of death to a
 few minutes before seven. It solves
 everything but the gash in Coach's
 head. And we didn't find a pill
 bottle or an accusations list at
 the crime scene.

The Detective glides across the floor to the Reverend.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)
 I'll tell you what happened after
 Rosa and Warren left.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

INT. LIBRARY - DUSK

The Reverend exits the bathroom slowly, looking around.

DETECTIVE (V.O.)
 The Reverend didn't go back to his
 tower after Peter left him.
 (MORE)

DETECTIVE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

He hid in the library, back in the stacks or in the bathroom.

ROBERT (V.O.)

Bathroom, I bet. That spam platter doesn't stick to you.

DETECTIVE (V.O.)

He couldn't see that \$4 million slip away.

The Reverend hunts down the pill bottle and removes the allegations list from Coach's coat pocket.

PETER (V.O.)

No, he could not!

DETECTIVE (V.O.)

He was also thinking Coach was already dead from suicide so it wouldn't really be murder.

The Reverend stands and grabs the Blessed Virgin Mary statue from the bookshelf, lifts the table cloth, and bops Coach's skull.

END FLASHBACK

The Detective speaks in a dark tone.

DETECTIVE

Never realizing so much blood would spew out. He could just hide in the bathroom until everybody arrived, and sneak out the backdoor and up to his tower.

REVEREND FATHER

You can't prove any of this!

DETECTIVE

Oh, trying to pin it on Rosa or Warren, who had no motive?

She glares at the Reverend.

The two Police Officers return with a plastic evidence bag containing the Coach's pill bottle and the accusations list.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

Did you find them in the Tower as I guessed?

The Police Officers nod and hand the Reverend a search warrant.

The Reverend's face drops. He's a beaten man.

REVEREND FATHER

I thought he was dead from a suicide. Pete said he was dead. What harm could it do?

DETECTIVE

(to Peter)

I wouldn't fire Ms. Gina Brothers if I were you! You'll need her to run the place when you and the Reverend step down.

PETER

You've just been promoted Ms. Brothers. You'll have our resignations in the morning.

Gina, the Detective, Robert, Rosa, and Warren smile, as Peter exits out the back.

ROBERT

What about me?

DETECTIVE

I assume to avoid any bad PR, Warren will hire you at a living wage as a video upload consultant, with a housing allowance and medical.

Warren shrugs happily.

ROBERT

And dental?

Rosa stares at Warren until he agrees.

WARREN

You start Monday.

Robert dances happily as he exits.

The Detective cuffs the Reverend and marches him toward the front door with Gina and the Police Officers.

DETECTIVE

Reverend, did you know Gina and I have been happily married for ten years?

The Detective and Gina kiss.

REVEREND FATHER

Your marriage is not recognized by
the Church! Fornicators, all of
you!

DETECTIVE

And you're a murderous Devil in
priest's clothing!

The Detective ZAPS the Reverend with her stun gun.

GINA

(laughs at the Reverend)
There is a little Devil in all of
us, Reverend Father!

They exit, leaving Rosa and Warren alone in the library.

ROSA

Are you a multi-billionaire yet?

Warren checks his smartphone.

WARREN

Yes. Help me spend some money!

He points to the first bookshelf.

WARREN (CONT'D)

This will be a coffee shop soon,
with bookshelves filled with banned
books, and volumes on science and
critical thinking.

They hold hands as they stroll to the door. Rosa carries her
Angel food cake.

ROSA

Nobody tried my Angle food cake.

WARREN

Too hypocritical?

They giggle.

ROSA

Are you really going to name our
little college "Jobs R Us?"

WARREN

Think of this as a technology-based
inquisition, just to get even!

They kiss before exiting.

ROSA
You Devil, you!

She links his arm as they stroll out.

Lightning FLASHES and thunder ROARS.

FADE OUT.

THE END