

LIKELY SUSPECTS  
"Smells Like Teen Spirit"

TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Pure Topanga Canyon -- \$750,000 to duplicate what anywhere else in the country would be a \$20,000 farm house. EMILY TATE, late-30s, sleeps soundly on rustic designer sheets.

TATE'S VOICE

Yeah, I was asleep. Do you have any  
idea what time it is?

Emily begins to stir awake. She opens her eyes and finds herself staring at the clock. It's just after three A.M.

TATE'S VOICE (CONT'D)

Of course I meant what I said but...  
all right. I'll come now.

She looks over groggily to see DAVID TATE, 40, hanging up the phone irritably as he climbs out of bed and goes to the closet.

EMILY

What...?

TATE

It's Danny. Bartender took away his  
car keys again.

EMILY

Let him call a cab.

TATE

Next time, I will.

EMILY

That's what you said last time.

He grabs some stylish jacket out of the closet, slips out the door.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

POUNDING TECHNOROCK blasts through the huge space, which is crammed full of perfect, writhing, young bodies. A POOR MAN'S JASON PRIESTLY attempts to remove the clothes from his barely legal, Claudia Schiffer-like GIRLFRIEND. A BRUISING BOUNCER hustles an WHITE-BEARDED HOMELESS MAN towards the door and kicks his butt into the parking lot. TWO YOUNG WOMEN dance together -- like Sharon Stone and her friend in Basic Instinct. And behind a makeshift bar, KELSO GILLIS, 20, intense, mixes up a NEON-BRIGHT BRAIN DRINK for a GORGEOUS

GIRL in red leather and her friends. They are staring at a MAGAZINE.

GATE-FOLD ADVERTISEMENT - THEIR POV

a portfolio of GRAINY BLACK AND WHITE IMAGES for ABYSS JEANS that mimics the very rave scene they are a part of. It shows a group of incredibly hip young people in various urban night locations, following a series of arrows, until they finally come to a rave party. Kelso unfolds the ad to see it ends with a ROOFTOP SCENE -- Melrose Place meets West Side Story. Painfully young layabouts perch erotically, precariously, near the ledge of a high-rise roof. We hang on that image, then quickly:

BACK TO SCENE

On David Tate, his mind on anything but brioche, dancing with COURTNEY DALTON, 20 and gorgeous. He's twice her age -- in fact, he's twice the age of anyone else in the place -- but neither of them seems to mind, or even notice. They're having a great time together -- until David sneaks a surreptitious look at his watch. She sees him, shoves him and yells something at him that's lost in the pounding of the music, and disappears into the crowd. He tries to go after her, but his way is blocked by writhing bodies.

TATE

Courtney!

But his voice is swallowed by music. SOMEONE slams into Tate, nearly knocking him to the ground; by the time Tate recovers, there's no way of knowing who it was. Tate tries to peer through the crowd to find Courtney, but all he can see is

OMIT

OMIT

THE GATEFOLD AD as Kelso pulls out his pocket lighter and sets it on fire, letting it drop to the ground. And with a look at Tate, Kelso stomps on it. Tate turns and flies to the exit, past the bouncer and to:

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Tate gasps for breath in the cool night air as he walks to his car -- which cost more than all the other cars in the lot put together. He stops when he sees:

ON THE DRIVER'S SIDE WINDOW - HIS POV

A white piece of paper with a BLACK ARROW scrawled on it is taped to the glass.

BACK TO SCENE

Tate smiles, feeling good again.

TATE

Courtney...

He pulls the arrow off the window and walks in the direction it pointed.

EXT. SIDE OF WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Tate comes around the corner and sees another arrow. He grabs it off the wall, and follows it.

AN ARROW

points up. It's ripped away.

TATE

stands at the bottom of a fire escape ladder. He smiles and starts to climb.

EXT. ROOF - NIGHT

Tate climbs off the flights of rickety metal stairs to find another arrow, this one pointing left. He rips it off and sets off across the roof. Tate reaches the edge of the roof and looks around. There's no one there.

TATE

Courtney?

He looks down and sees THE FASHION PORTFOLIO on the ground. All those kids on the ledge. Tate bends over to pick it up and is PUSHED from behind...and he goes flying off the edge, plummeting to the ground below.

THE FASHION PORTFOLIO - ROOKIE'S POV

as we FLIP THROUGH it again.

MARSHAK'S VOICE

David Tate was the marketing director for Abyss Jeans. He made a fortune making people think sex and slacks were synonyms. To do that, he had to skillfully exploit not only the trends in American taste, but the insecurities of people like you and me. What kind of person is able to do that? In this case, a dead one.

The magazine is grabbed away and we're

INT. MARSHAK'S OFFICE - ROOKIE'S POV

Marshak tosses the magazine on his desk.

MARSHAK

Come on, kid. Let's find out who pushed David Tate into the Gap. Remember -- keep your eyes and ears open. Sometimes the most important clues are the ones that seem the most insignificant. I had one case that hinged on a dog hair. You drive -- I'll tell you all about it...

MAIN TITLES

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

TIGHT ON AN ARROW - ROOKIE POV - DAY

in a BAGGIE held in front of rookie's face.

MARSHAK'S VOICE

I loved treasure hunts when I was a kid. Following all the clues to the surprise at the end.

Marshak lowers the bag to reveal we are

EXT. WAREHOUSE - ROOKIE POV - DAY

We follow alongside Marshak and weave our way through the OFFICIAL CARS and TECH BOYS to the warehouse doors, one clearly marked ENTRANCE and one EXIT.

MARSHAK

(to Rookie:)

That's what we're doing here. Only our treasure isn't going to be a couple of colored eggs or a sack of jelly beans. It's going to be a killer. But the process is the same -- keep your eyes open and follow the trail.

Marshak reaches for the ENTRANCE door handle, but can't get the door open. He PULLS a couple times in frustration. The rookie OPENS the EXIT door. Marshak shrugs and we follow him

MARSHAK (CONT'D)

And don't let your big sister beat you up and steal all your eggs.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

It's ABANDONED. The tech boys are checking it out. Spinoza heads for us.

SPINOZA

We've been checking the place out.  
(MORE)

SPINOZA (CONT'D)

There was some major partying going on here last night.

MARSHAK

Yeah, it's a real glamorous nightspot.

SPINOZA

That's the point. These things are inhabited by X-ers, bored twentysomethings who think yuppies stole their futures. So they rave, but never in the same place twice. You spend three hours finding your way here -- and "here" is usually a condemned building like this. It's illegal -- and a way of saying "Drop dead" to the expensive\* discos last year's trendoids went to.

MARSHAK

A little sex, a little danger, a little rebellion against authority.

SPINOZA

And smart drinks ... Fruit \*Punch mixed with choline, L- phenylalanine, glycosine--

MARSHAK

Sounds like cough syrup.

SPINOZA

Amino acids -- the chemical building blocks for proteins. But since the brain runs on amino acids, some people believe that drinking them makes you smarter.

MARSHAK

I get the picture.

SPINOZA

Did you get this one?

Spinoza shows Marshak the final page from the ABYSS spread, the one found on the roof.

SPINOZA (CONT'D)

The killer mimicked Tate's ad campaign for Abyss jeans, leading him to the roof and a fatal swan dive. We found this under Tate's windshield.

(hands him note in baggie)

Handwritten. Somebody named Dalton wants Tate to call right away. Says

(MORE)

SPINOZA (CONT'D)  
 something about "not being finished  
 with him yet."

MARSHAK  
 (to Rookie:)  
 I hope you like treasure hunts, kid,  
 because I got a feeling this one is  
 gonna be a doozy.

MARSHAK GOES OUT TO:

EXT. WAREHOUSE - ROOKIE POV - DAY

as a grief-stricken EMILY TATE approaches.

EMILY  
 What was my husband doing here?

MARSHAK  
 That's what we hope to find out Mrs.  
 Tate.

EMILY  
 He was supposed to be driving a friend  
 home from a bar. I don't understand  
 how he ended up at some warehouse...

She starts to lose it. Marshak moves quick.

MARSHAK  
 This friend...he wouldn't be named  
 Dalton by any chance?

EMILY  
 No, Danny. The only Dalton I know is  
 Courtney, the company receptionist.

Emily turns away and blows her nose. Marshak looks at the  
 Rookie.

MARSHAK  
 Oh.

EMILY  
 I need to find a Detective Spinoza.  
 I guess I need to... identify my  
 husband.

MARSHAK  
 In there, Mrs. Tate.

She heads for the doors. Marshak moves to help her figure  
 out which door, but she manages on her own. Marshak turns  
 to the Rookie.

MARSHAK (CONT'D)

I bet Courtney Dalton was receiving more than his phone calls.

INT. COURTNEY'S APT - ROOKIE POV - DAY

Lots of half-finished, bad paintings everywhere. Although Courtney, 20s, is a bit subdued, she is still so bubbly her blood is probably carbonated.

COURTNEY

David was my lover. His marriage was dead long before we started spending\* our lunch hours making love \*on his desk...and his couch...and that weird little shelf-thing that runs along his window.

(then:)

Do you know what he did for me?

MARSHAK

I can guess.

She digs out a portfolio and shows us PRINTS from the ABYSS ad campaign.

COURTNEY

He based the campaign for Abyss jeans on me.

MARSHAK

That was my second guess.

COURTNEY

He called it an homage to our thing.

MARSHAK

Thing?

COURTNEY

Yeah, you know, the intense passion of our thing. You see an ad for jeans. I see unconditional love.

MARSHAK

You were the one who called him last night -- not Danny.

COURTNEY

To come down to the club. To party. I didn't expect him to be murdered or anything.

MARSHAK

You handle your grief pretty well.

COURTNEY

David would want me to celebrate him instead of grieve. Like when my dog was run over, David insisted we make love instead of dwelling on my negativity.

MARSHAK

Sensitive guy. Did Tate argue with anyone?

COURTNEY

Yeah. Kelso was ragging on David again for using rave in his ad. He called it cultural rape. God, he is so intense.

MARSHAK

And Kelso is..?

COURTNEY

So deep. Of course, it was kind of a drag when we were going together. Like when we saw Terminator 2 and he was up all night screaming about how those bastards were going to steal our future.

MARSHAK

I meant, what's his name?

COURTNEY

Kelso Gillis. He runs the Smart Bar. You can find him at the club tonight.

MARSHAK

And where can we find the club?

She opens her SKETCH BOOK and writes something down on the paper.

COURTNEY

Here's where you start. Look for a guy with a Day-Glo headband, bell-bottoms, and a green shirt. Say "Al is my Pal."

She tears off the paper and gives it to Marshak.

COURTNEY (CONT'D)

And he'll send you to someone else, who'll send you to someone else, and then you'll go to someone else and--

MARSHAK

Thanks.

Marshak motions to the Rookie and they leave.

EXT. COURTNEY'S APT - ROOKIE'S POV - DAY

Marshak and the Rookie walk to the car. Marshak to the drivers side, Rookie to the passenger side.

MARSHAK

When I asked Mrs. Tate if she knew a Dalton, she said just Courtney, the receptionist...not Courtney, the 22-year-old astronaut with an intimate knowledge of hubby's office furniture. Maybe it just slipped her mind in all the confusion. Or maybe the lady's hiding something. Let's find out.

EXT. TATE GARDEN - ROOKIE'S POV - DAY

A beautiful garden. Flowers and vegetables. Designer outdoor furniture -- designed not only to be beautiful, but functional as well. Marshak stands over Emily Tate, who crouches on her hands and knees, pulling weeds out from between the rows of tomatoes.

EMILY

My husband was like a little boy who never grew up. That's what made him great at his job -- he instinctively understood every youthful trend that came along.

MARSHAK

Little boys tend to grab whatever they want without thinking of the consequences.

EMILY

Especially if that something throws herself at him every day. I assume you're here to ask me about his little mid-life crisis with Courtney Dalton.

MARSHAK

Yes. But I was going to be much more delicate about it.

EMILY

Ever have a garden, Detective?

MARSHAK

Just the one growing on the tuna salad in my refrigerator.

EMILY

You dig, you fertilize, you mulch until your soil is the perfect growing environment. And after all that care, after all that work, what happens?

(MORE)

EMILY (CONT'D)

Weeds spring up and steal the nutrients from the ground before your seedlings can put down roots.  
(ripping out a weed)  
Courtney Dalton was a weed.

MARSHAK

And your husband was plucking her.

EMILY

Once we started trying to have a child, David became terrified of his own mortality. He needed to prove to himself he wasn't getting old.

MARSHAK

Another man might have settled for buying a Miata...

EMILY

When I found out and threatened to leave him, I believe he realized for the first time in his life that his actions carried consequences. It actually strengthened our marriage.

MARSHAK

Is that what he was doing at the rave club -- strengthening your marriage?

EMILY

As I said, Courtney is a weed. And David had left himself wide open for a sexual harassment suit that would have ruined us. He had to ease out of the affair gently.

MARSHAK

He told Courtney the same thing about your marriage.

EMILY

But David wasn't trying to start a family with Courtney.

MARSHAK

I see. Were you and your husband having any luck?

EMILY

(checks watch)  
I'll know after my doctor's appointment. Please excuse me.

Marshak watches her walk up the path to her house, then turns to the rookie.

MARSHAK

Time for a big musical number, don't you think? Come on kid, put on your dancing shoes and let's boogie.

TIGHT ON GUY IN DAY-GLO HEADBAND - ROOKIE POV

as he stands on a STREET CORNER and hands the rookie a piece of paper.

DAY-GLO

Go to the Burger Pit and ask for Martine. She'll point you in the right direction. Hey -- keep your eye open for cops.

EXT. CAR - ROOKIE POV - NIGHT

as Marshak and Spinoza, in casual duds, wait in the front seat.

MARSHAK

(to Rookie:)

Good going, Rookie. Get in.

The rookie gets in the back seat.

MARSHAK (CONT'D)

Remember when you used to get directions from the kid who was throwing the party?

SPINOZA

Autopsy showed Tate was tanked full of polypeptides. Guy must've had a six pack of brain drinks.

MARSHAK

You'd think after those brain boosters he'd be smart enough not to lean over the edge of a building.

Marshak starts the car and pulls out. CUT TO:

CITY STREETS - VARIOUS - NIGHT

as the THEIR CAR cruises through the city.

MARSHAK'S VOICE

We got a search warrant and cleaned out Tate's office.

INT. CAR - ROOKIE POV - NIGHT

We see Spinoza is on the street, talking to a WOMAN IN A COWBOY HAT at the BURGER STAND.

We turn and see Marshak is in the back seat now, rummaging through A LARGE BOX marked TATE'S OFFICE, talking to the rookie, who is in the drivers seat.

MARSHAK'S VOICE

What did you find?

MARSHAK

His rolodex. Let's see what he's got under M -- Mother, Mother-In-Law, Mistress. Murderer? Nah, no such luck...oh, what do we have here?

Marshak pulls out a strip of sealed TUTTI FRUITY FLAVORED CONDOMS.

MARSHAK (CONT'D)

A must for the busy executive.

Spinoza slides into the passenger seat.

SPINOZA

Convenience store on San Vicente, just South of Sunset. See the woman outside the Sleepy Slumber Motel.

TIGHT ON LADY OUTSIDE MOTEL - ROOKIE POV

as she gives us a PIECE OF PAPER. We turn and spot a stack of LA SCENE, a Weekly-style free newspaper, at the news kiosks

MARSHAK'S VOICE

What did you find

by the door. CUT TO:

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Spinoza is in the backseat, digging through the box. Marshak is now in the passenger seat.

SPINOZA

This guy never heard of the garbage can. He's got a week's worth of messages here.

Spinoza pulls out a handful of PINK MESSAGE SLIPS and passes them to Marshak, who flips through them.

MARSHAK

Wife. Wife. Wife. Wife. Boss. Wife. Whoa---what have we here?

(then:)

"Emily called. Her fertility profile is in. Question Mark. Exclamation Point. Exclamation Point. Signed CD."

SPINOZA  
Courtney Dalton?

MARSHAK  
Which means she must have known the  
Tates were trying to have a baby.  
(to Driver's Side:)  
Hey, Rook, whatcha got there?

ROOKIE POV

as he settles into the drivers seat and hands Marshak the  
free newspaper.

MARSHAK (CONT'D)  
No thanks, kid. The ink comes off on  
my hands.

He pulls it back, then hands it to Marshak again, this time  
open to an article headlined: THE RAVE REVOLUTION: WHERE'S  
THE BLOOD? by KELSO GILLIS.

MARSHAK (CONT'D)  
"The Rave Revolution: Where's the  
Blood by Kelso Gillis".  
(ah-ha)  
Oh.

INT. CAVERNOUS WAREHOUSE - ROOKIE POV - NIGHT

The place is alive with gyrating teens sporting a jarring,  
ecclectic mix of fashion styles. FLUORESCENT SMART DRINKS  
being passed out by attractive teens wearing fluorescent  
necklaces, bracelets and headbands.

MARSHAK'S VOICE  
Our future was mortgaged to pay for  
BMW's and five-star lunches. We have  
no past: It was turned into  
advertising jingles for running shoes.  
We have only the Now, and we must be  
willing to do anything to protect  
it, even at the cost of blood.

We turn to see Marshak reading Kelso's article at the  
impromptu Smart bar, where Kelso Gillis is mixing his colorful  
POWDER with Kool Aid in a blender -- as Spinoza checks out  
the various yogurt-tubs of powders. Marshak lowers the paper.

MARSHAK  
Catchy. But it's a little long for a  
bumper sticker.

KELSO  
Truth doesn't fit on a T-shirt.

MARSHAK  
That would fit.

KELSO

David Tate was a vampire.

MARSHAK

You did nail the coffin closed, didn't you?

KELSO

He was a spiritual vampire. He sucked the soul out of his own generation, used their ideals to sell blue jeans and sneakers, until the only dreams they had left were dreams of products.

MARSHAK

You wouldn't be referring to the Abyss Jeans campaign, would you?

KELSO

I knew he was bad news the first time Courtney brought him along. The ad campaign proved it.

INT. FIRST RAVE CLUB - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

David Tate stands by the impromptu smart bar, sucking back a neon beverage. Kelso rages.

KELSO

You'd sell out anyone to sell your jeans. Including us.

TATE

Hey, you're cultural icons. You're public domain. Go along for the ride, you could be the next Luke Perry.

(sips smart drink)

Say, have you thought about marketing this stuff?

PAGE 16A DELETED

That's too much. Kelso leaps across the bar and grabs Tate, who eases out of Kelso's grasp and dissolves into the crowd.

BACK TO SCENE (OUT OF FLASHBACK)

KELSO

He was just like the rest of his generation -- got a problem? Grab a drink, snort some toot, get laid. Find some quick pleasure to anesthetize yourself against the pain, and figure out how you'll pay for it tomorrow. Or figure out how you can make the next generation pay.

MARSHAK

(re: the smart drink)

Of course, you don't approve of drugs.

KELSO

This isn't a drug, detective. It doesn't remove you from reality, it just makes you think more clearly. Want to try it -- or don't you dare?

Marshak looks at Spinoza, who nods approvingly. Marshak shrugs, and Kelso starts to make a drink. Marshak sets the paper down, notices his fingers are smudged with printer's ink. He looks around the bar for a napkin, sees none, fishes in his pocket, and comes up with Courtney's hand-written note. He wipes the smudge off, under ---

MARSHAK

So when did you last see Count Tate-ula?

KELSO

Last night. He was dancing with Courtney. Then they had a fight. She got angry and left. About time she figured it out.

MARSHAK

Figured what out?

KELSO

That he was doing to her what he was doing\* to all of us.

Kelso storms off. Marshak starts to toss the note, then notices the beginnings of an indentation traced in ink from Marshak's smudge. He turns to Spinoza ---

MARSHAK

Do you have a pencil?

Spinoza does. Marshak scratches the pencil gently over the sheet of instructions.

MARSHAK (CONT'D)

Something I picked up reading The Hardy Boys. Where are we so far?

TIGHT ON EMILY (FLASHBACK)

Working in her garden.

MARSHAK'S VOICE

We've got an uptight wife with a philandering husband.

TIGHT ON COURTNEY (FLASHBACK)

talking to Marshak.

MARSHAK'S VOICE (CONT'D)

An angry mistress who was being used  
by her boss for a little inspiration  
and a lot of sex.

BACK TO SCENE

MARSHAK

And a rebel barkeep with a healthy  
hatred for David Tate. And whoa,  
what have we here?

His pencil scratchings have revealed AN ARROW on his paper.

MARSHAK (CONT'D)

Well, this points us in a new  
direction.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. HQ - DAY

as Marshak hands Courtney the ARROW. She doesn't get the  
point.

COURTNEY

It's an arrow.

MARSHAK

Yes, I know that. The killer drew a  
series of arrows to lure David Tate  
to the roof of the rave club, where  
he was killed. The arrows were drawn  
on your notepad, which is why there  
was an indentation left on this sheet  
of paper.

COURTNEY

Uh-huh. So shouldn't you be talking  
to the killer?

MARSHAK

Maybe I am.

COURTNEY

(incredulous)  
You think I did it?

MARSHAK

You knew that David Tate and his wife were trying to have children, hardly the behavior of a man about to split. Is that what you were arguing about with him last night?

Courtney glares at Marshak.

COURTNEY

No, that's what we were arguing about on Tuesday. At the office.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Courtney hurls herself at David, hitting him. He grabs her by the wrists and holds her still.

COURTNEY

Liar!

TATE

We're not trying to have a child.

COURTNEY

I'm so stupid to listen to you. To believe you.

TATE

Emily thinks if she pulls me into her fertility rituals, I'll come back to her. She's fooling herself.

Courtney glares at him.

TATE (CONT'D)

All I want is you.

She softens. He puts his arms around her and is about to kiss her when DING, new floor, and a bunch of people come in the elevator. They jump apart. And we GO:

BACK TO SCENE

COURTNEY

I watched my parents ruin their lives by sleeping around and lying about it. I swore I'd never do that to anyone.

MARSHAK

Why did you call him down to the club?

COURTNEY

I guess I wanted to believe he was leaving her. I had to drag him to  
(MORE)

COURTNEY (CONT'D)

the club that night, and then he kept looking at his watch, like he was figuring how long he could stay before she got suspicious. So I dumped him.

MARSHAK

Off the ledge.

COURTNEY

On the dance floor.

MARSHAK

Then you went outside and drew the arrows.

COURTNEY

Then I went to the bathroom and cried.

Spinoza comes in and waits at the back of the room.

MARSHAK

So who drew the arrows?

COURTNEY

How should I know? The notebook was in my car. I drive a Rabbit convertible. It's really cute. But the top doesn't go up.

MARSHAK

Sounds like the car for you.

COURTNEY

You think so? Thanks.

SPINOZA

Emily Tate just called. She was packing up her husband's things and found some letters to David we ought to see.

MARSHAK

Love letters from Courtney?

SPINOZA

Love letters from Kelso Gillis, threatening to kill him.

MARSHAK

(to Courtney)

You can go, but don't take any spaceships out of the galaxy for a while.

INT. COP SHOT - ROOKIE'S POV - DAY

Rookie looks up as Marshak pops out of the interrogation room.

MARSHAK

We're going to check out Tate's poison pen pal.

He tosses Rookie the keys. And before they shatter our lens:

MARSHAK (CONT'D)

(to Rookie:)

You drive.

INT. TATE HOUSE - ROOKIE POV - DAY

Comfortable. Simple. Expensive. Marshak reads from a stack of letters on living room table. Emily looks on, troubled.

MARSHAK

(reading:)

"This is all about jeans to you -- selling yours and getting inside Courtney's. And if I see you near her again, I'll kill you."

(to Rookie:)

Guess he couldn't find a Hallmark that covered it.

EMILY

If it weren't so tragic, I'd burst out laughing.

MARSHAK

How's that, ma'am?

(to Rookie:)

Don't you love "Dagnet?"

EMILY

David threw away everything we worked for to be one of the kids again -- and the only person who actually believed he could be one was himself.

The PORTABLE PHONE rings. Emily goes off to get it. Marshak turns to the rookie.

MARSHAK

We're going back and forth so much on this case, I'm getting whiplash. Bring Kelso in. I could use a couple glasses of Braino and some straight answers.

Emily Tate hangs up, ashen, and marches towards them.

MARSHAK (CONT'D)

Bad news, Mrs. Tate?

EMILY

My doctor needs to see me right away.  
My fertility test read high levels  
of protein. Could be high blood  
pressure. Or gestational diabetes.  
Even liver disease...

MARSHAK

Would you like us to give you a lift?

EMILY

No thank you, Lieutenant. I prefer  
to cry in private.

And off she goes. And on Marshak's concerned look, we:

KELSO'S VOICE

It wasn't a threat.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

as Marshak paces behind Kelso. A couple of PLASTIC JUGS of  
Smart Drink are on the table, and Kelso's letters.

MARSHAK

(reading:)

"You are not a man, you are pollution,  
and you will be eliminated." If that's  
not a threat, what is it?

KELSO

A manifesto.

MARSHAK

Excuse me?

KELSO

(reciting:)

THIS IS OUR MANIFESTO: THAT THE ONES WHO STOLE OUR FUTURE  
AND RAPED OUR DREAMS MUST PAY. THIS IS OUR MANI-

MARSHAK

(interrupts)

Yeah, yeah, yeah. Let's get to the  
point.

(pulls up a chair)

She broke your heart. And not only  
did she dump you, she dumped you for  
a guy who is everything you hate.  
But it hurts to admit you've been  
dumped, so you rant -- excuse me,  
rave -- about Truth and purity.

KELSO

You'd like to believe there's nothing more to Rave philosophy than hurt feelings. Because you're afraid of our Truth.

MARSHAK

Nah, it's because I've been 22. Her name was Renee, and when she went back to her old boyfriend, I nearly became a Zen priest.

Spinoza and Rookie knock on the door, then come in.

SPINOZA

(to Marshak:)

We checked with the hospital. Mrs. Tate is gonna be fine. She's back home now, if you need her.

MARSHAK

That's good to know.

(to Kelso:)

But what I don't know is: Do I send you out to find a cold beer and a warm shoulder to cry on, or do I bust you for killing David Tate?

KELSO

I didn't kill him. If that's what she wants, then I figured let him have her.

MARSHAK

I've got motive and opportunity. And even if I didn't, I could hold you just for peddling this snake oil of yours. It's not exactly FDA approved.

KELSO

It won't hurt anyone -- amino acids are the natural gasoline of the brain. But the government is afraid of what will happen if we start to think for ourselves.

MARSHAK

Fine, have it your way.

(to Spinoza:)

Get a cell ready for Young Trotsky here.

Then Marshak takes a beat. Looks at the jugs. Looks at Kelso. Then looks at the rookie. We can almost see the lightbulb go off over his head. He motions to the rookie, who follows him into the COP SHOP.

MARSHAK (CONT'D)  
Figured it out yet?

Nope.

INT. RAVE CLUB - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

On the dance floor as Courtney and Tate argue. She storms off.

MARSHAK'S VOICE  
You've got one spurned lover who believed the victim turned her into what she's always hated. Courtney swore she'd never become a homewrecker. Did she swear she'd never become a murderer, too?

INT. RAVE CLUB - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

as Kelso wallops Tate.

MARSHAK'S VOICE  
Another spurned lover, who believed the victim was what he always hated. Kelso Gillis also believed Teate took his girl.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

as Emily Tate snips weeds with a vengeance.

MARSHAK'S VOICE  
And even a spurned wife, whom the victim robbed of everything she wanted. Emily Tate wanted a family and a white picket fence. A two-timing husband was not part of the picture.

BACK TO SCENE

MARSHAK  
Spurns galore. But one of them used Tate's ad campaign as a murder weapon. Still confused? Just follow the arrows, kid. And bring your handcuffs, you're gonna need'em.

END OF ACT TWO

RESOLUTION

FADE IN:

EXT. ROOFTOP - ROOKIE POV - NIGHT

All the suspects are gathered where Tate was killed. Marshak is at a makeshift bar of Smart Drinks, where he helps himself to a glass.

MARSHAK

(to Rookie:)

I never thought about catering these get-togethers before. Makes them a bit more friendly, don't you think? Now all we need are those little hot dogs. Got your clues together yet? Good. Let's get this party rolling.

(to others:)

Help yourself to some Braino, ladies and gentlemen, it might help this case go down a bit smoother.

EMILY

My husband already had a wake, Lieutenant.

MARSHAK

Thanks to somebody on this rooftop. The night of the murder, David Tate got a call from a friend in need...he went off to party with his mistress while you went back to sleep.

(to Courtney:)

You lured him to the club, but he wasn't in the partying mood, and neither were you. Afterall, you had just discovered he was trying to have kids while he was using you for sex and inspiration.

INT. RAVE CLUB - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Courtney and Tate have an argument.

MARSHAK'S VOICE

You fought and stormed out of the club. You say you went to the bathroom and had a good cry.

BACK TO SCENE

MARSHAK

But did you actually go outside and, using your notepad, draw a bunch of arrows that led Tate up here, and to his death?

COURTNEY

No, and I resent the implication.  
Anybody could have taken the notebook  
out of my car.

(to the suspects:)

And that person owes me an apology.

MARSHAK

So does Kelso Gillis. While you were  
sleeping with Tate, Kelso was sending  
him hate mail. It wasn't bad enough  
he personified everything you hate,  
he also had your girl.

INT. RAVE CLUB - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Kelso and Tate argue, Kelso wallops him.

MARSHAK'S VOICE

And Tate even went one step further,  
he used your rave movement to sell  
Abyss jeans.

BACK TO SCENE

MARSHAK

How appropriate it would have been  
to use his own ad campaign to kill  
him.

KELSO

Would have been. If I had thought of  
it. And wanted to kill him, which I  
didn't.

MARSHAK

But his wife did.

He turns to Emily Tate. She is shocked.

EMILY

That's outrageous. I was at home  
asleep.

MARSHAK

I don't think so. You followed David  
to the club, saw him with Courtney,  
and it all hit you.

INT. RAVE CLUB - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

we SEE Emily watching Courtney and Tate dancing.

MARSHAK'S VOICE

Here you were, trying hard to have a  
family, and this guy is dancing the  
night away with his 22-year-old

(MORE)

MARSHAK'S VOICE (CONT'D)  
 receptionist -- to add insult to  
 injury, he even used it all in his  
 Abyss campaign.

EXT. RAVE CLUB - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Emily reaches into Courtney's convertible and takes the  
 notebook.

MARSHAK'S VOICE  
 So you snagged Courtney's notebook  
 from her car, drew some arrows leading  
 up here, and kicked your husband  
 over the edge.

BACK TO SCENE

Emily sneers at Marshak.

EMILY  
 Nice story. But you have no proof.

MARSHAK  
 The proof is in the punch. You had a  
 Smart Drink at the club before you  
 killed your husband -- that's why  
 the protein levels in your fertility  
 test were through the roof.

EMILY  
 I could have made one at home for  
 breakfast.

MARSHAK  
 It must have been pretty potent --  
 strong enough to make you psychic.  
 Because even though you had never  
 been here before...

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Emily enters the warehouse by going straight to the EXIT  
 door as Marshak watches.

MARSHAK'S VOICE  
 You knew to enter the warehouse  
 through the exit ... something you'd  
 only know if you'd come here last  
 night.

BACK TO SCENE

MARSHAK  
 Because these clubs are never in the  
 same place twice.

Emily starts to cry. Marshak motions to OFFICERS, who take Emily away. Courtney, amazed, turns to Marshak.

COURTNEY

Wow. You're good at this.

Marshak turns to rookie and shrugs.

MARSHAK

I got no pearls of wisdom this week.  
You figure it out.

(then, offers drink:)  
Have a drink and get back to me.

THE END