

CITY LIGHTS MYSTERY

FADE IN:

INT. MANSION LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A luxurious living room with expensive furnishings. Chandeliers cast soft light over antique furniture. Rain pelts against floor-to-ceiling windows.

DETECTIVE MORGAN, 40s, rugged and tired, examines the room carefully.

DETECTIVE MORGAN

This doesn't look like a typical break-in.

CAPTAIN REYNOLDS, 50s, stands in the doorway.

CAPTAIN REYNOLDS

The victim was extremely wealthy. Art dealer.

(checks notes)

Name's Victoria Hartwick. Her assistant found her this morning.

Morgan nods, moving toward a painting that hangs crooked on the wall.

DETECTIVE MORGAN

This painting's worth more than my annual salary.

Yet it's still here. So what was the thief after?

INT. MANSION KITCHEN - NIGHT

Morgan enters the modern, pristine kitchen. Nothing seems disturbed except for an open drawer.

DETECTIVE MORGAN

Interesting.

He pulls out his phone, dials.

DETECTIVE MORGAN

Hey Sarah, I need you to run a background check on Victoria Hartwick.

SARAH CHEN (V.O.)

Already on it. I'll have something for you by morning.

EXT. DOWNTOWN APARTMENT BUILDING - MORNING

A modest high-rise in the bustling downtown area. The sun rises over the skyline.

INT. SARAH'S APARTMENT - MORNING

SARAH CHEN, 30s, brilliant and focused, types rapidly on her computer surrounded by empty coffee cups. Her apartment is small but meticulously organized.

Her phone rings.

SARAH CHEN

Morgan, you need to see this. Hartwick wasn't just dealing art.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

A busy precinct. Officers move about. Morgan sits at his cluttered desk while Sarah shows him documents on her tablet.

SARAH CHEN

She was connected to the Riverside gang. Looks like she was laundering money through art sales.

DETECTIVE MORGAN

That explains the selective theft. They weren't after valuables.
(pause)
They were after evidence.

CAPTAIN REYNOLDS

(approaching)

We've got another problem. The mayor's office is calling. Hartwick was personal friends with the mayor.

DETECTIVE MORGAN

(sighs)

Politics. Perfect.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - AFTERNOON

A quaint café on a busy street. Morgan sits at an outdoor table, watching people pass by.

MYSTERIOUS WOMAN, elegant and poised, approaches and sits across from him without invitation.

MYSTERIOUS WOMAN

Detective Morgan. I believe you're looking into Victoria's death.

DETECTIVE MORGAN

And you are?

MYSTERIOUS WOMAN

Someone who knows what she was really
involved in.
(leans forward)
And I know who killed her.

INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

Dark and ominous. Morgan walks cautiously between parked cars,
hand near his concealed weapon.

A figure emerges from the shadows - GABRIEL KNOX, 40s,
expensively dressed with cold eyes.

GABRIEL KNOX

Detective. I heard you've been asking
questions.

DETECTIVE MORGAN

Knox. Should have known you'd be involved.

GABRIEL KNOX

(smiles)
Involved? I merely have business interests
that occasionally intersected with Ms.
Hartwick's.

DETECTIVE MORGAN

Those "business interests" got her killed.

GABRIEL KNOX

(coldly)
Prove it.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

A vast, dimly lit space filled with crates. Morgan and Sarah
move cautiously among them.

SARAH CHEN

(whispers)
According to the shipping manifests, this
is where the last art shipment was
processed before going to Hartwick's
gallery.

DETECTIVE MORGAN

Look for anything with documentation.
Ledgers, invoices—

A noise. They both freeze.

GANG MEMBER (O.S.)

Hey! Who's there?

A gunshot rings out. Morgan pushes Sarah behind a crate for cover.

DETECTIVE MORGAN

Police! Drop your weapon!

A firefight ensues.

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAWN

Morning light strikes the hospital windows.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAWN

Sarah lies in a hospital bed, bandaged but conscious. Morgan sits beside her.

SARAH CHEN

Did you get it?

Morgan pulls out a flash drive.

DETECTIVE MORGAN

Every transaction. Names, dates, amounts.

It's all here.

(takes her hand)

You did good, Sarah. Real good.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

The precinct buzzes with activity. Morgan stands before a board covered with photos and evidence.

CAPTAIN REYNOLDS

The DA's moving forward with charges
against Knox and his entire operation.

DETECTIVE MORGAN

What about the mayor?

CAPTAIN REYNOLDS

(grimly)

Resignation announced an hour ago.

Morgan nods, satisfied.

DETECTIVE MORGAN

And Hartwick's killer?

CAPTAIN REYNOLDS

Knox's right-hand man confessed. Trying to
cut a deal.

Morgan looks at the case board, then begins taking down photos.

DETECTIVE MORGAN

Case closed, then.

EXT. CEMETERY - DUSK

A peaceful setting as the sun sets. Morgan stands alone at a fresh grave - Victoria Hartwick's.

MYSTERIOUS WOMAN (O.S.)

Justice served, Detective?

Morgan turns to see the Mysterious Woman approaching.

DETECTIVE MORGAN

Not your kind of justice, I imagine.

MYSTERIOUS WOMAN

(smiles enigmatically)

Perhaps not. But it's a start.

She places a single rose on the grave and walks away. Morgan watches her go, thoughtful.

FADE OUT.

THE END