

Necessary Evil

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FADE IN:

INT. PATRICK'S APARTMENT

The phone rings incessantly in a small apartment.

The walls are bare except for a small bulletin board.

Door lock shakes open, PATRICK COLSON (mid-20s), a polar bear, steps in. He dives for the phone.

PATRICK
Hey Ollie.

OLIVER (O.S)
Pat, have you left yet?

PATRICK
Just got home from work. Heading
out now.

OLIVER (O.S)
Game's starting in a few minutes. I
got the food, so don't worry about
it. Door's unlocked, let yourself
in. Oh and Congrats on the
promotion.

PATRICK
Thanks buddy. I'll see you in a
bit.

Patrick hangs up, changes his clothes and heads out.

INT./EXT. OLIVER ROBINSON'S HOUSE

Patrick arrives at Oliver's house. He leaves his gun and
holster in the car and walks up to the door.

The door is unlocked as Patrick pushes the door open.

PATRICK
Ollie? I'm here.

No response. He shuts the door.

The house is quiet and designed for a quadruped.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
Ollie.

No response. Patrick approaches the study.

He finds Oliver's body on the ground with *Know your place* written on the floor with a gun lying beside.

Blood slowly seeps from Oliver's head.

BANG. BANG. Two shots hit the wall near Patrick.

Patrick reaches for his holster, but it's gone.

BANG. Another shot. Patrick reaches for the gun on the ground and fires back.

Patrick peers around the corner, a large shadow flickers by.

A screen door closes.

Patrick reaches the door and catches a glimpse of the large figure running into the woods.

The figure shoots twice hitting the brick walls.

Patrick fires back.

Silence.

He goes back to Oliver's corpse, breathing heavily.

He looks around for other intruders and takes out his phone.

Patrick walks looking at bullet damage in the wall and finding no bullet.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
(out of breath)
Solomon.

SOLOMON (ON PHONE)
Hey Pat, you watching the game with
Ollie?

PATRICK
Sol, Ollie's dead. I was just
framed for it.

SOLOMON (ON PHONE)
What! How do you know?

He goes to the screen door and looks at the wall. Two holes, no bullets in the brick.

PATRICK
They fired blanks at me. And I
think I'm holding the murder
weapon.

SOLOMON (ON PHONE)
Pat, I just caught called in by the
Chief. Other officers are headed
your way. Get out now.

PATRICK
I can't leave. I need to wipe it
down.

SOLOMON (ON PHONE)
If you do that, you'll wipe the
traces of the killer.

PATRICK
And if I don't, I am the killer.
Can you cover for me?

SOLOMON (ON PHONE)
I'll try. But hurry.

Click. Patrick looks around, he grabs a handkerchief off a
table and begins wiping the evidence.

INT. STUDY ROOM IN THE HOUSE OF OLIVER ROBINSON

Police tape surrounds the home.

Only natural light in the dark room came from the moon.

The only sound was a creaking of a hanging object.

Rhino's in CSI uniforms take photos of the house.

Officers stand around the body of a donkey.

OLIVER ROBINSON's (mid-20s) lies with a single hole in his
head.

Written below him on the wooden floor, *Know your place.*

A wildebeest, SOLOMON ABBOTT (30), enters the study.

He talks with a CSI taking photos.

SOLOMON
Anything?

CSI
Nothing. Forensics says everything
was wiped clean.

Solomon walks to Patrick, standing near the body.

SOLOMON

A wake of vultures are waiting
outside. They want a statement.

Patrick stays silent looking at the body and etched words.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

You ok?

Patrick looks to Solomon with a calm face.

PATRICK

I'm going to kill whoever did this
to Ollie, Sol.

SOLOMON

Whoa whoa. Take it easy. Don't let
your emotions blind you.

PATRICK

You want me to let them get away
with this?

SOLOMON

No, look you're still new but
you'll learn. Keep a distance doing
this job. Just don't say it to the
vultures when you leave alright?

Patrick looks around, notices Solomon isn't carrying his gun.

PATRICK

Where's your gun?

SOLOMON

Left it in the car.

A bear, CHIEF O'NEIL, walks in her uniform, decorated with
badges.

CHIEF O'NEIL

Did you see anything?

PATRICK

No forced entry when I got here.

CHIEF O'NEIL

Any suspects?

PATRICK

Oliver told me he was just fired
from Animalia R&D. We need to talk
to Quinn.

CHIEF O'NEIL
Vultures 'll chew on that for days
if we tell them.

PATRICK
So what are you going to do?

CHIEF O'NEIL
I'll handle it.

They leave the house to meet the wake.

Bright bulbs flash and vultures squawk for comments.

They hold microphones in their claws as some hold cameras.

REPORTER 1
Chief O'Neil! Any details on
possible suspects?

CHIEF O'NEIL
We're keeping our minds open on a
possible list of suspects. No
further question.

Solomon and Patrick try to brush past the vultures, a
reporter sees them.

REPORTER 2
Detectives. Do you believe Quinn of
Animalia Pharmaceuticals is behind
the murder?

Solomon and Patrick are at the car.

REPORTER 2 (CONT'D)
Do you believe Quinn Anderson
killed Oliver Robinson?

Patrick stops at the passenger door.

SOLOMON
(whispering)
Just keep walking.

REPORTER 1
What about Ron Rango? Do you think
he killed Oliver?

Patrick turns to the reporter.

PATRICK
Whoever killed Ollie will be
brought to justice.

Patrick gets in the car.

SOLOMON
Nice job on the anger.

PATRICK
Sol, whoever it was knew Oliver personally...and me, exactly how I'd react. I'd watch your back also. Could be someone after both of us.

SOLOMON
Nothing we can do about it now. You moved your car?

PATRICK
Yeah far away.

SOLOMON
Alright, I'll take you there. Go home and get some rest.

INT. POLICE STATION-BULLPEN

Patrick sits at his desk filling out paperwork.

Solomon tosses a newspaper at him.

SOLOMON
Looks like the vultures picked up your little "Ollie" remark.

Patrick reads the paper and tosses it aside.

PATRICK
Good. At least whoever did kill him knows I am coming for them.

SOLOMON
Good? The chief wants me to put you off the case for your emotional involvement. Even considered out of this job for your previous antics as a meter cop.

PATRICK
I don't care. I'm finding them. With or without the help of the police.

SOLOMON

Pat- just make sure to keep that to yourself at times, especially around the chief and the vultures. And around any suspects, especially Quinn and Mr. Rango.

INT. QUINN'S OFFICE AT ANIMALIA PHARAMCEUTICALS

QUINN (41), a tortoise, is talking with his employees.

QUINN

Detectives. You must be here about Ollie.

SOLOMON

Yes sir. If we can have a moment of your time.

QUINN

Of course. We can take my office.

Quinn sits across Solomon, as Patrick broods in the back.

SOLOMON

Oliver Robinson was your employee correct?

QUINN

yes.

SOLOMON

Where were you the day he was murdered?

QUINN

At the office, my secretary vouch for me.

PATRICK

And do the other employees also bury evidence for you?

QUINN

Say what you want about me, but leave my employees out of this.

SOLOMON

Why did you fire Oliver Robinson?

QUINN

Oliver was fired for incompetence on the job.

(MORE)

QUINN (CONT'D)
He was behaving erratically and
disturbing the other employees.

PATRICK
Wrong.

Patrick gets in Quinn's face.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
You fired him because he exposed
you and your drug trials.

QUINN
Not quite detective.

SOLOMON
Pat.

Patrick gets in Quinn's face.

PATRICK
(escalating)
And when he was fired, you hired
the Sopranos to beat the shit out
of him and kill him.

SOLOMON
Detective Colson!

Solomon pulls him back.

QUINN
Unfortunately, I have another
engagement. Am I done here?

Solomon nods.

Quinn stands and ushers for them to leave.

QUINN (CONT'D)
I hope you find your guy. Oliver
was a good employee.

They exit the room.

Patrick shouts after him.

PATRICK
Have fun at the dinner, you prick!

Quinn look at him and continues walking.

They leave Quinn's building and walk to their car.

SOLOMON
Alright, what the hell was that?

PATRICK
What do you mean?

SOLOMON
What's gotten into you? The dinner
tonight? Where'd that come from?

PATRICK
Rachel and Larry.

SOLOMON
(whisper)
You bugged his house? Pat if he
finds out...

PATRICK
He won't. No one will find out. Hid
them too well.

SOLOMON
You better be right.

PATRICK
Where to next? Oliver's co-workers?
We could try Lawrence.

SOLOMON
No. I wanna try Quinn's competitor.
Ron Rango. He'd have motive for
killing a competitor. He could've
killed Oliver and stole the info on
Animalia.

PATRICK
Oliver never had the info. He gave
it to me for safe keeping, in case
people like Ron would come after
him.

SOLOMON
That may have gotten him killed.
That info was his only bargaining
chip for his life.

INT. RON RANGO'S OFFICE

Ron Rango, a hawk (40), dawns a dark suit, standing tall.

SOLOMON

Sorry to keep you waiting Mr.
Rango. I am--

RON

Better be sorry. Each minute I'm
not working is a million dollars
lost.

PATRICK

(to self, sarcastic)
Of course it is.

RON

Of course? Of course- fucking of
course.

(to Solomon)
Where do you find these officers?

PATRICK

Detective.

Ron opens his wings and peers through Patrick.

RON

Talk back like that again officer
and I'll have your badge.

SOLOMON

He...didn't mean that.

RON

Better not have.

Ron folds his wings.

SOLOMON

We just have a few questions about
your whereabouts the night of
Oliver Robinson's murder.

RON

I was here building the future of
pharmaceuticals.

SOLOMON

Oliver tried applying--

RON

Pity about Orion though, but he had
it coming.

SOLOMON

Oliver. And what do you mean by that?

RON

I heard he found secrets that old Quinn was conducting illegal drug trials and genetic experimentation. Is that true?

Ron's eyes eagerly bounce from Solomon to Patrick.

Patrick avoids eye contact, Solomon stays focused.

SOLOMON

We are not at liberty to say.

RON

I thought you cops know everything. Where the hell are my taxes going to then?

SOLOMON

(under his breath)
For this investigation
(normal)
So Oliver applied to Futuro
Pharmaceuticals --

RON

Would be great for business if Omar did release it to the public. Quinn & Animalia would burn.

SOLOMON

Right...Oliver Robinson was being follow--

RON

You boys know the story about Quinn and why he's on top? He's a snake that turtle. Word is that he murdered the competition. And holds a tight control over the drug industry. Until now that is.

PATRICK

I heard he killed them all in prison. Godfather style.

RON

Quinn's a sneaky one. Not many see Quinn for who he truly is. I like you officer.

PATRICK
Detective.

RON
Who the fuck cares.

SOLOMON
Right so can we continue--

RON
Maybe when Quinn goes down, I'll do the same, but a better job. Hire some cops who treat me better. Not you two, well maybe the bear. But you..

(to Solomon)
You could learn to show some respect.

PATRICK
That's enough.

RON
You're right. We're done here.

Ron stands.

RON (CONT'D)
I didn't kill Orrville or Orlone- whateverdafuck his name is. If I did kill him, you'd be bowing right now.

Ron leaves the room.

PATRICK
You alright?

SOLOMON
I do not like that Ron. At all. But...we have to tolerate him.

PATRICK
I'm gonna head home, take my notes with me. I'll catch up with you tomorrow yeah?

SOLOMON
Yeah, good idea. I'll swing by later to compare notes.

INT. PATRICK'S APARTMENT

Patrick's apartment is covered in bulletin boards and notes.

PATRICK (V.O.)
Whoever murdered Oliver knew
exactly where I'd be.

He looks at the notes from the scene.

PATRICK (V.O.) (CONT'D)
There was no forced break-in.
Oliver knew them. Wait, why did no
one look into the gun-

3 loud knocks.

CHIEF O'NEIL
Detective Colson! Open up.

He opens the door and Chief walks in with CSI agents.

The agents begin bagging all of Patrick's notes.

PATRICK
Hey! You can't do that.

CHIEF O'NEIL
Detective. What the hell is this?

She show shim two listening devices.

PATRICK
They look like listening devices to
me.

CHIEF O'NEIL
Yours. We pulled them out of a
raspberry bush and a loaf of bread.
From Quinn's house.

PATRICK
Chief, I can explain. I have good--

CHIEF O'NEIL
Your under arrest for warrantless
spying.

Other officers begin to handcuff him.

Patrick doesn't move.

PATRICK

Wait. This-this is a mistake. I can explain why. Quinn is the one who killed Oliver.

CHIEF O'NEIL

Sol will handle the case from now on.

They escort Patrick to temporary holding.

INT. TEMPORARY HOLDING CELL

Patrick sits alone in a large steel cage with a single bench.

Solomon gets buzzed in, he's carrying food.

SOLOMON

How you holding up?

PATRICK

You're wasting time. The killer's still out there.

SOLOMON

..here brought some food.

He slips the bag through the cage.

PATRICK

You know how much longer I'll be here.

SOLOMON

Another day, at least. Paperwork takes time.

PATRICK

Have any leads?

SOLOMON

..the department decided not to look into it any further and confiscated all our notes.

PATRICK

Not look into any further? Why not? Quinn could've killed Ollie.

SOLOMON

You're not understanding. There are some cases you do not pursue.

(MORE)

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

Listen to me when I tell you this,
do not pursue. It will only end
badly.

PATRICK

So we're just going to let Quinn
get away with this? With murder and
illegal experiments?

SOLOMON

Yes.

PATRICK

Did the department decide not to
pursue or did you?

SOLOMON

..doesn't matter. There's an order
to things and it may not be
perfect.

PATRICK

What was so perfect that Oliver had
to die?

SOLOMON

Quinn. If Quinn's company goes
down, Ron takes over. Quinn keeps
the others like Ron in check. You
may not like him, but he's
honorable.

PATRICK

Doesn't matter. He killed my
friend.

SOLOMON

Know your place Patrick. That'll
keep you alive longer than loyalty
or friendship.

Solomon leaves Patrick in the cage.