

Hunch
by
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INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

NATHAN MILLER, 20s. Unconscious, and handcuffed to a chair.
JOE PARRISH, 50s, sits in front of him.

A gun is on a small table between them.

Nathan wakes up. Sees the gun. Stares at it.

JOE

I'm going to shoot you with that.

(beat)

Did you really think I wouldn't
find out about you? More people in
Counter Narcotics work for me than
for the government.

NATHAN

I was working on a hunch.

JOE

A stupid thing to risk your life
on.

NEW ANGLE

Nathan slips his fingers between his belt and pants. Pulls
out a small key.

RETURN TO SCENE

NATHAN

Joe Parrish. 53. Prostitution.
Drugs. Weapons. You employ a
small army to keep you safe.

JOE

You forgot murder.

NATHAN

Suspected in the deaths of at least
16 people. Preferred M.O. is
handcuffing his victims, and
shooting them with a 9mm.

JOE

You're a better clerk than cop.

NATHAN

Want to know what my hunch was?

NEW ANGLE

Nathan quietly unlocks one of the cuffs.

RETURN TO SCENE

JOE
(chuckling)
Tell me.

NATHAN
I had a hunch you use the gun and
handcuffs from the first person you
killed. A cop named Pete Miller.

Nathan and Joe lock eyes.

Joe grabs for the gun.

Nathan beats him to it.

NATHAN
(standing)
My father.