

(Printed with the demonstration version of Fade In)

INT. OFFICE - DUSK

WE OPEN with a middle aged man (Jonathan Wilde) sitting in a seat. He is back lit by his window, and he sits with his feet up on a cluttered desk and a fedora low over his eyes. Above him, a fan spins slowly.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE - DUSK

A bead of sweat trails down his cheek as we hear a door open. Footsteps approach the desk.

JONATHAN:
We're closed.

A woman's hand with nails painted red leans on his desk. She (Sonia Fontaine) is tall and slender, also middle aged. She is dressed in all black.

SONIA:
Your door was unlocked.

JONATHAN:
We're still closed.

SONIA:
(Laughing)
And who is we? I only see you.

Sonia sits down in a chair opposite Jonathan. He sighs and drags his feet from the desk to sit up and look at her.

JONATHAN:
Who are you?

SONIA:
Sonia Fontaine.

She holds out her hand for a moment, waiting for him to take it, but he instead pulls off his hat and wipes his forehead with his sleeve.

JONATHAN:
Jonathan Wilde.

Sonia leans back in her chair and crosses her ankles.

SONIA:
I know. It's on your door.

She turns the gold and wooden nameplate on his desk toward him.

SONIA: (cont'd)
And on your desk.

JONATHAN:
Then what brings you?

SONIA:
Your wife--

Jonathan sits up abruptly.

JONATHAN:
We don't talk about my wife.

Unbothered, Sonia rifles through her clutch before flinging a photo across the the desk at Jonathan.

JONATHAN: (cont'd)
Who is this?

He doesn't pick up the photo, but still looks at it curiously.

SONIA:
My husband.

JONATHAN:
You want me to find him?

SONIA:
No need. I know where he is.

Sonia inspects her nails. Jonathan looks at her annoyed.

JONATHAN:
Then what do you need?

SONIA:
He's dead.

Jonathan rises from his seat, picking up his hat.

JONATHAN:
You need an autopsy, not a PI. Now if you'll excuse me, I'm needed somewhere.

Sonia doesn't bother looking up at him.

SONIA:
Where is that? The bottom of a
whiskey bottle?

Jonathan grumbles.

SONIA: (cont'd)
You won't even hear a poor widow out?

Jonathan grips the coat slung over the back of his chair and is about to lift it, but he suddenly lets go.

JONATHAN:
I wouldn't call you poor...

He rests one hand on the desk, but remains standing.

SONIA:
Then you know I can pay you more for
after hours.

JONATHAN:
(Annoyed)
Fine.

SONIA:
Remind me how Louisa died.

A muscle twitches in Jonathan's jaw.

SONIA: (cont'd)
Right, we don't talk about her. Do
you really not recognize that man?

She motions to the photo. Jonathan picks it up before throwing it back at Sonia.

JONATHAN:
Get to the point.

Sonia smiles and uncrosses her legs to lean forward.

SONIA:
Isn't that the photo she was found
clutching? No need to answer--it was
all over the papers.

Sonia makes air quotes with her fingers.

SONIA: (cont'd)
*"Detective's wife found dead holding
gangster's photo."*

JONATHAN:

Why didn't you reach out to me? It would've been useful to know he's your husband.

SONIA:

Was my husband, and I spoke with the police--do you want me to get to the point or should we play this back and forth some more? I don't mind. I didn't love him anyway.

Jonathan motions for her to continue speaking.

SONIA: (cont'd)

My husband was found clutching dear Louisa's photo. The police never found your wife's killer--so I assume they're even less likely to find some gangster's murderer.

Jonathan takes a second to look at Sonia before sitting down again.

JONATHAN:

Where was he found?

SONIA:

That's more like it, Detective.