

INT. HYPNO-CLUB BACKROOM-DAY

The room is small, with a table in the center. SLYDER, the club owner, sits with a bodyguard at each side. JACE, disguised as a clubber, sits on the other side, smiling slyly.

SLYDER

Okay. Let's make the trade. But any funny business, and you get to deal with my friends Omar and Hector here. Are we clear?

JACE

Crystal, Slyder. Here's the money.

Jace places a billfold on the table. Slyder sets down a bag of white powder. Jace looks up at Slyder.

JACE

Just one thing, though. It was you who killed Maddock Hetchler, wasn't it? Because he didn't come through on the last deal you made with him. Am I right?

Slyder smiles a little and chuckles.

SLYDER

I have to keep up my image. If I let one person get away with stealing from me, I'll never hear the end of it. It scares people into obedience, shall we say.

JACE

Understandable. So your back-up dancers here had nothing to do with it?

Jace gestures to the bodyguards sitting next to Slyder. Slyder laughs.

SLYDER

No. I keep these two here with me for protection. But revenge? I like to take care of that personally.

Jace flashes a pure white grin.

JACE
Excellent. You can come in now,
Chief.

Slyder stops smiling.

SLYDER
What the-

The door bursts open just then, and several police officers enter the room, including LIZZIE, CHAD, XANDER, AND MISSY.

XANDER
Police! Everyone put your hands up
in the air! Now!

Slyder and his men are astonished. He pulls a gun out of his jacket and angrily turns to Jace.

SLYDER
You set me up! I'll kill you!

Jace throws back his head and laughs.

JACE
That gun isn't loaded. I switched
it as we were coming in. This one
is yours.

Jace pulls out a gun from his pocket and hands it to Xander. Then he pulls a small recording device and holds it up.

JACE
I've also got our entire
conversation right here. See you in
court!

XANDER
Well done, Agent Barton. Slyder,
you're under arrest for drug
trafficking and the murder of
Maddock Hetchler. All of you, put
your hands behind your backs.

Jace takes a few steps back and lets the cops handcuff the criminals. He grins.

JACE

I took down a drug lord and all I get is a "well done"?

Lizzie puts her gun away and smiles.

LIZZIE

We'll get doughnuts on our way back to the office, how's that?

Jace nods decidedly.

JACE

That'll do.

OPENING SEQUENCE

INT. POLICE UNIT OFFICE-DAY

There are several desks in the room. Lizzie, Chad, and Missy are all busy at work. The sounds of several people talking and phones ringing fill the air. Xander stands in the middle of the room with a cup of coffee in one hand, and a marker in the other. He writes down information on a white board next to a picture of a suspect for a bank robbery crime.

XANDER

Agent Ford, do we have any more information on this guy?

MISSY

Not at the moment, Chief.

XANDER

Right. Okay, Where's Barton?

Xander looks around the room and spots Jace. He is bent over his desk with his head in his hands.

XANDER

Barton, are you alright?

Xander draws nearer to Jace with a concerned look on his face. As we get closer to Jace, we can hear him snoring

softly. Xander bends down next to Jace and shouts sharply.

XANDER

Fire!

Jace jumps up suddenly with a panicked look on his face. Then he turns to Xander in annoyance.

JACE

You said you wouldn't do that anymore!

XANDER

Morning, Jace! Care to be a part of the team and help us catch a bank robber?

Jace sighs.

JACE

I spend all night gaining the confidence of a drug lord in a noisy club and now I need to catch a bank robber! It never ends!

Xander grins.

XANDER

The joys of being an undercover cop. Come on. I'll fill you in.

The two of them get up and walk over to the whiteboard when WICKAM walks in. Xander and Jace salute him.

XANDER

Boss! To what do we owe the surprise?

The rest of the team looks up from their computers in interest. Wickam looks solemnly at Jace.

WICKAM

Agent Barton, you and your teammates are being called to active duty on this case here.

Wickam hands Jace a case file. Jace opens the file and sees a photo of a house on fire. There is black smoke rising

from the house. Jace looks up at Wickam with concern.

WICKAM

I promised I'd let you know about anything to do with Black Arson. It seems as though he's struck again.

EXT. BURNED HOUSE-DAY

Xander and his team are at the crime scene. There is a crowd of people gathered behind the barrier of caution tape, some of which are reporters asking questions to cops. Xander is answering a reporter's questions. Jace, Lizzie, Missy, and Chad are looking around in the burned remains for evidence. Specks of red glitter are everywhere.

JACE

So, Chad. First day on the job, huh?

CHAD

Yesterday, actually. I was there when you blew that drug lord's cover. That was pretty cool!

Jace smiles a little, but then grows serious.

JACE

You've been seeing a lot of action, then?

CHAD

Yep! They told me this job wasn't going to be what I thought it would be, but so far, I haven't been disappointed!

Jace nods and continues to look for evidence.

CHAD

So why did we get put on this case anyways? I thought we were for investigative work.

Jace and Lizzie exchange uncomfortable glances.

JACE

Wickam was nice enough to allow me
an in on any case to do with Black
Arson.

CHAD

But who is that exactly?

Jace pauses for a moment before speaking. Lizzie looks at
him worriedly.

JACE

Black Arson is a serial killer who
sets his victims' house on fire,
ensuring the victims are still
inside. Usually by barring exits,
et cetera. He uses a water gun of
sorts filled with pure hydrogen
peroxide, burning everything the
liquid comes in contact with
instantaneously. Once the house is
up in flames, Black Arson will
scatter red glitter around it as a
trademark. It usually takes around
a half an hour for the house and
the victims to be completely
destroyed, rendering responses like
the fire department almost
completely useless.

Jace looks up from a piece of burnt wood he has been
studying to see everyone looking at him speechlessly. Chad
speaks up finally.

CHAD

How do you know so much about this
guy?

Jace looks back at his piece of wood.

JACE

I've been chasing him for a long
time.

CHAD

Why?

LIZZIE

That's enough, Agent Smith. Let's
get back to the task at hand,
Alright?

CHAD

Yes, Ma'am.

Everyone continues to search. Jace casts Lizzie a grateful
glance before turning away.

JACE

Have we found the victims?

Lizzie points at an ambulance parked on the side of the
road nearby.

LIZZIE

The coroner has identified them as
the Daynes family. Marvin and Viki,
and their two kids Matt and Cambri.

Missy sighs sadly.

MISSY

Tragic.

Jace stops and looks down at something at his feet. It is a
piece of a broken toy. A tin soldier. Jace stares at it for
a moment. His mind flashes back to a memory of his
childhood.

INT. LIVINGSTON MANOR-DAY

We are in a beautifully decorated mansion. The room is
large. We see Jace as a little boy of five. His father,
RICHARD, smiles down at him.

RICHARD

I have a surprise for you, James!

JAMES

Lemme see, Daddy! What is it?

Richard bends down and hands his son a box. James opens the
box and gasps in wonder at a set of tin soldiers,
beautifully painted.

JAMES

Wow! Thank you, Daddy!

James jumps up and hugs his father around the neck. His father hugs him back. We see James's mother in the background, smiling happily.

EXT. BURNED HOUSE-DAY

LIZZIE

What'd you find there, Jace?

Jace continues to look at the toy.

JACE

A tin soldier. I used to have a set just like this. It probably belonged to Matt.

Jace puts down the piece of tin soldier and walks over to the others.

JACE

Nothing, Missy?

MISSY

Nothing. That's the trouble with arson. No fingerprints, no DNA, nothing. Just red glitter. Sorry, Jace.

She looks obviously agitated. Jace puts a hand on her shoulder for a moment to comfort her. Then he turns to Lizzie.

JACE

No one saw who did this? The neighbors didn't see anyone suspicious approach the house?

Lizzie shakes her head slowly.

LIZZIE

It happened at about 2:00 am. Everyone was asleep.

JACE

Is there any connection between him and Daynes?

LIZZIE

Not that we know of. When we get back to HQ, I'll see if I can find something.

JACE

Thank you.

The team walks back to the street. On the way, Jace stops and bends down to pick up a handful of the red glitter in the grass. Lizzie stops as well. Jace stares at the red glitter in his hand. A memory flashes.

EXT. LIVINGSTON MANOR-NIGHT

A younger Jace, about 10 years old, holds the glitter in his hand and stares up at the beautiful mansion, alight with fire. There is only the sound of the fire roaring, and the occasional window shattering. The fire fighters attempt to put out the fire, but it is just too big. Tears brim in James's eyes. A police officer approaches and puts a hand on James's shoulder.

OFFICER

James Livingston?

James doesn't speak, but nods slightly.

OFFICER

I'm sorry about all this, Kid. You were away when the house started on fire, weren't you?

James speaks weakly.

JAMES

I was at a friend's house. I left the gate open. That's how... he got in...

James bows his head and cries. He looks down at the handful of glitter, then back up at the burning mansion. Suddenly, James throws down the glitter and takes off. The officer calls after him, but James just keeps running. A news reporter's voice is heard.

REPORTER (V.O.)

Tragic news this morning, ladies and gentlemen, as the renowned quadrillionaire, Richard Livingston, and his wife and brother were reported dead. The Livingston Manor was set on fire by none other than the serial killer Black Arson. Livingston Enterprises, the proprietorship of which was supposed to be passed down to Richard's son, James, is being sent to his nephew, Edmond, as James went missing soon after the mansion was set on fire. It can only be assumed that James is dead, as no one has heard of him since the fire. We have with us Edmond Livingston himself, who has agreed to take over Livingston Enterprises in his uncle's stead.

We see a television screen with the reporter and a young man who looks slightly upset.

REPORTER

Edmond, can you share with us your thoughts about this tragic turn of events?

EDMOND

I can't even begin to describe the guilt I feel. When I was younger, my cousin, James, wasn't very excited about taking his father's place at the head of Livingston Enterprises. But I always wished I could. I would never have wished the deaths of my family members, however. Not only was my uncle, aunt, and cousin killed, but my father was as well.

Edmond pauses to wipe a tear from his eye, his voice growing uneven.

EDMOND

Sorry.

REPORTER

Not at all.

EDMOND

But I know that it is important I continue the work my uncle has worked so hard to maintain. I will spend my strength making sure Livingston Enterprises is everything my uncle wanted it to be.

REPORTER

Thank you for your time, Mr. Livingston. Next up, we'll take a look at the dangers of... (voice fades away.)

INT. POLICE UNIT OFFICE-DAY

Jace sits at his desk, staring off into space. Lizzie is watching him. Suddenly, she rips a piece of paper off of a notebook, crinkles it up, and throws it at him. The crumpled paper hits him on the head, snapping him out of his trance. He lifts his head and blinks, then turns to Lizzie.

JACE

What was that for?

LIZZIE

You've been sitting there for an hour and a half. You're freaking me out.

JACE

Sorry.

LIZZIE

Are you okay? Maybe you should let the homicide unit take over this case.

JACE

No. I was just thinking, that's all.

Lizzie is quiet for a moment. Then she pushes herself in her wheeled chair over to Jace's desk. She talks in a lower voice.

LIZZIE

You thinking it could be your cousin? Maybe you should ask him.

Jace shakes his head.

JACE

I've asked him before. I know Edmond, he's telling the truth. He has no connection with Black Arson whatsoever.

A flashback takes place.

INT. LIVINGSTON ENTERPRISES OFFICE-NIGHT

Jace stands over Edmond, staring at him straight in the eyes.

EDMOND

James! You're alive! But how-

JACE

No one can know I'm alive. You're a lot better at running this company than I ever would be. I just need to know one thing. Are you in league with Black Arson? Do you know who he is?

EDMOND

No! No, I would never! I have no idea about him! James, why are you hiding? Come, we can run Livingston Enterprises together!

JACE

I need to find out who killed my parents. Ed, do me a favor. Pretend you never saw me. I need to stay a secret if I want to find Black Arson.

Edmond nods quickly.

EDMOND

I wish you every luck on your search, James.

INT. POLICE UNIT OFFICE-DAY

JACE

We were as close as brothers.

LIZZIE

Brothers have been known to kill each other. He kinda has motive. He wanted what you didn't want. Simple as that.

JACE

Not Edmond. Dad was going to change the will so he would be the heir to Livingston Enterprises anyway. He had no motive, nor the desire, to kill anyone.

Missy and Chad walk in and see Lizzie and Jace talking.

CHAD

I'm still confused on why we're taking on this case.

MISSY

Hush, Smith.

JACE

It's alright, Missy. Black Arson killed my family. I'm not going to rest until he is brought to justice.

Chad pales slightly.

CHAD

Oh. Sorry, man.

Jace nods with a smile.

JACE

No worries. Welcome to the unit, by the way.

Chad grins.

CHAD

Thanks, Agent Barton!

Xander enters the room.

XANDER

We got a hit!

Everyone turns to stare at Xander.

JACE

Where? Who is it?

XANDER

Ivan Daynes, the nephew of Marvin. He doesn't have a set alibi for the night of the fire as far as we can tell. He could be a Black Arson accomplice.

Jace jumps up.

JACE

Where can I find him?

XANDER

He's a waiter at the Moonlit Tequila. A fancy restaurant downtown.

Jace thinks for a moment.

JACE

If he's a Black Arson accomplice, I'm going to go in disguise. Missy, look up the number for the Moonlit Tequila and text it to me, if you please.

Jace picks up his cell phone and starts to leave the office.

XANDER

Where are you going, Barton?

Jace turns back to shrug with a smile.

JACE

Oh, I'll be back in an hour or so.
Don't go anywhere!

Jace leaves. Xander folds his arms in a huff. Lizzie smiles.

XANDER

He always gets in a good mood when
he gets to wear a disguise. I
wonder what he's planning?

Chad grins.

CHAD

I wish I got to go undercover once
in a while.

Missy approaches Lizzie as the boys walk away. She has her phone out.

MISSY

I'm texting him the number now.

She turns to Lizzie.

MISSY

So what were you and Jace
whispering about earlier?

Lizzie looks away and bites her lip.

LIZZIE

Nothing, really. I'm just concerned
about him and the Black Arson
cases. He always takes anything
Black Arson does personally.

Missy shrugs and smiles a little.

MISSY

Maybe he just needs A girl in his
life. Someone to give him a little
affection.

Lizzie gives Missy a look.

LIZZIE

Affection? Hey, don't look at me. We know each other too well, we'd kill each other. Besides, I'm pretty sure he's immune to women.

MISSY

How so?

LIZZIE

Jace has dedicated his life to finding Black Arson. He won't settle down until his justice is satisfied.

Missy shakes her head and sighs.

MISSY

Poor Jace. He's so complicated. You think there's a girl out there somewhere who can put up with him?

Lizzie lets out a small laugh.

LIZZIE

Probably not. Jace is too caught up with Black Arson and playing Detective Dress Up to think of anything else.

Missy giggles.

MISSY

If only he wasn't so spacey. I don't think he absorbs half of the things people say to him.

Lizzie shrugs.

LIZZIE

I think he does, he just doesn't want to be responsible for what he knows.

INT. POLICE UNIT OFFICE-AFTERNOON

Jace walks in holding a large shopping bag. He is wearing an expensive-looking tuxedo. Everyone stares at him wonderingly. He sets the bag down on Lizzie's desk.

LIZZIE

What's this?

JACE

Hurry and get dressed, Liz.

Jace pulls out his cell phone and dials a number. He begins speaking with a British accent.

JACE

Hello, is this the Moonlit Tequila?
I'd like to make a reservation
tonight at seven for two. Kempler,
Gerard Kempler. Yes, the balcony
will do just fine.

As Jace continues to talk on the phone, Lizzie opens the bag and pulls out a beautiful dress. She puts on a surprised look. She also takes out a pair of nice heels and jewelry.

LIZZIE

Jace, what is th-

Jace holds up a finger with a smile.

JACE

Yes. Lovely. Goodbye.

Jace closes his phone and looks up at Lizzie, speaking normally.

JACE

Get dressed, Emilia Kempler.

Lizzie nods and grabs up the bag of clothes and leaves for the women's room. Missy grins. Xander puts his hands on his hips and gives Jace a long look.

XANDER

You wanna tell me what you're up
to?

Jace flashes an innocent smile and shrugs.

JACE

We're going to pay Ivan Daynes a visit!

XANDER

Listen here, Kiddo. I want you to call for backup the second you sense trouble. No trying to be a hero, okay?

Jace salutes him jokingly.

JACE

Yes, Chief.

XANDER

Take a radio with you in case you run into trouble. If Ivan is a Black Arson accomplice, he'll have an escape plan. Let us know if things turn sour.

Jace nods slowly, now taking Xander's instructions seriously. Chad comes up and looks at Jace's suit.

CHAD

Dude, nice tux! How did you afford all that?

Jace shrugs nonchelauntly.

JACE

Eh, I have some money put away. For special occasions.

CHAD

Special occasions?

JACE

I consider cornering a Black Arson accomplice for information a special occasion.

Chad shrugs and nods.

CHAD

Good point.

Lizzie comes back into the room wearing the beautiful dress, shoes, and jewelry. The room grows quiet. Lizzie looks down at the floor.

LIZZIE

Um, how do I look? It's too much, isn't it?

Chad's jaw drops. Missy runs to her, smiling hugely. Jace stands and blinks a few times before turning his gaze away.

MISSY

You look amazing! Right, Jace?

The girls turn to him. He looks up and catches Lizzie's gaze. He allows a small smile and nods.

LIZZIE

Beautiful.

Lizzie looks back down at the floor. He walks up and offers her his arm. He speaks with a British accent again.

JACE

Shall we get going, Emilia?

Lizzie looks up at Jace with an almost annoyed look. Then she puts on a fake smile and speaks pleasantly, gaining an accent as well.

LIZZIE

Yes, Dear.

Jace grins that she has caught on to his act. He takes her out of the office. Chad leans over to Missy.

CHAD

For a minute, I was sure she was going to strangle him.

MISSY

You and me both, Agent Smith.

EXT. MOONLIT TEQUILA-NIGHT

Jace pulls up to the entrance in his shiny, grey, old-fashioned car. He gets out and opens the door for Lizzie. Then he throws his keys at a valet. He points at the valet.

JACE

Not a scratch, young man.

VALET

Yes, Sir!

As they approach the entrance to the fancy restaraunt, Lizzie leans her head closer to Jace to whisper to him, speaking normally.

LIZZIE

You're using your undercover work as an excuse to take me on a date?

Jace grins. He keeps his accent.

JACE

Don't be ridiculous. That would be like taking out my sister.

Lizzie smies as well. They approach the attendant. He smiles.

ATTENDANT

Good evening to you both. How can I help you?

JACE

We have a reservation.

ATTENDANT

Of course! Mr...

JACE

Gerard Kempler. And this is my wife, Emilia.

ATTENDANT

Yes. Right this way!

INT. MOONLIT TEQUILA-NIGHT

The attendant takes them through the fancy restaraunt to the balcony. He shows them a smaller table with a rose at the center and two lit candles. Jace doesn't sit down, but stares at the candles intensely.

ATTENDANT

Please, enjoy.

The attendant leaves. Lizzie sits down, then notices Jace, who seems to be frozen with fear. Lizzie quickly licks her fingers and puts out both candles. Jace sighs with relief.

JACE

Thank you.

LIZZIE

What would you do without me?

Jace's expression is nonchelaunt and unchanging. He speaks flatly, losing his accent.

JACE

Cry. Make a scene. Punch someone in the face. Now, to business.

Jace picks up his menu and flips through it, his expression remaining the same. Lizzie picks up her menu as well. Jace speaks in a lower voice, not taking his eyes off his menu.

JACE

Please, have whatever you like.
It's been far too long since we've had a decent meal together.

Lizzie looks surprised by this comment.

LIZZIE

I'm surprised you noticed.

Jace looks up from his menu, his face full of confusion.

JACE

Elizabeth?

Lizzie shakes her head.

LIZZIE

You just seem more introverted as of late. Forgetting you have a team, thinking you have to catch HIM All by yourself.

JACE

I do have to catch him by myself.

LIZZIE

But why??

Jace looks taken aback by her sudden outburst. Then suddenly he smiles casually and grabs her hand. He speaks in his accent.

JACE

You look beautiful in the moonlight, Emilia.

Lizzie is about to respond with confusion, when a waiter approaches them.

IVAN

Good evening, Mr. And Mrs. Kempler. My name is Ivan Daynes, I will be your waiter tonight. May I start you off with something to drink?

Jace flips his menu back open with one hand, continuing to hold Lizzie's hand with the other.

JACE

Ah, yes. I would like the apple cider. Keep it hot, please. And my dear?

Lizzie blinks, regaining her accent.

LIZZIE

Oh, um, the same.

IVAN

Of course. I'll be back in just a moment.

JACE

Hold on a minute, waiter!

IVAN

Yes, sir?

JACE

Do I know you?

Ivan looks taken aback by this question.

IVAN

I... Er, probably not, Sir. Unless you eat here often?

JACE

No, no, that's not it. But I'm sure I've heard that name before. Daynes... Do you know, Love?

Jace strokes Lizzie's hand with his thumb. She stiffens.

LIZZIE

Oh! Why... Why yes! On the News! The Daynes family and that horrible fire!

Ivan's expression changes to a wearied one.

IVAN

Yes. My uncle and his family. They took good care of me when I moved here from the South. I moved into my own apartment only days before the fire.

LIZZIE

Just tragic.

IVAN

Yes. I most certainly would have died with them. Nicest people in the world.

Ivan stands for a moment with a sad expression on his face.

JACE

If you don't mind my asking, where were you the night of the fire, if not with them?

IVAN

With friends. It was Julio's birthday, and he's a heavy drinker. I was a designated driver.

JACE

Not into the drinking business, I take it?

IVAN

No, Sir. Oh! You're candles went out. Would you like me to light them again?

Jace looks momentarily alarmed.

JACE

No! Ah, no thank you. We prefer it this way.

IVAN

Of course, Sir. Is there anything else?

JACE

No, thank you for chatting with us.

IVAN

Of course. I'll be back with your drinks presently.

Jace turns his attention to Lizzie. She watches Ivan leave. Then removes her hand from Jace's grip. Both of them speak normally.

JACE

Well?

LIZZIE

Well what?

JACE

You have the uncanny ability to sense when others are lying. Is he?

LIZZIE

I don't think so. His alibi isn't concrete though. Hanging out with a drunken crowd? No one will remember a thing.

JACE

Perhaps I should stalk him.

LIZZIE

There's too many people. You'll get caught.

JACE

Right. He'll be easy to track in any case.

LIZZIE

How so?

JACE

His relatives just died in a fire. The press will be all over him for days. He seems like somewhat of a pushover.

LIZZIE

Jace...?

Jace smiles a little.

JACE

He's the designated driver for his drunk friends. He doesn't like his job, which indicates his parents might have sent him here to live with his relatives to find a high-end job that would satisfy his parents. He's like putty in the right hands.

LIZZIE

He doesn't like this job?

JACE

Of course not! His politeness before we asked him about the fire was totally forced.

LIZZIE

Maybe he's having a bad day.

JACE

I'll bet. His relatives just died in a fire. Perhaps you're right. I

(MORE)

JACE (CONT'D)

can't help but feel he's connected,
though.

LIZZIE

How do you know?

JACE

I don't. It just feels like he is.

LIZZIE

Maybe you should ask him more about
himself?

JACE

If I dig any deeper, I'll be
suspicious. He seems like an honest
man. Let's keep an eye on him,
though.

LIZZIE

Right.

The two colleagues sit in silence. Lizzie looks out at the
city. Jace watches her.

JACE

I hope I got the right size of
dress. I had to guess.

Lizzie looks back at Jace, then turns her gaze to the table
in embarrassment.

LIZZIE

It's fine. It's just not really my
style, though. It's too fancy.

JACE

You can keep the dress and jewelry
if you like. I think you look very
nice, but it's up to you.

Lizzie looks up at Jace.

LIZZIE

Thank you.

Jace leans his elbow on the table and puts his chin in his hand.

JACE

Whoever marries you is going to
have to go through me, you know.

Lizzie blinks a few times before responding.

LIZZIE

Where did this come from?

Jace shrugs.

JACE

I just feel responsible for you, I
suppose.

LIZZIE

But you don't mean to marry?

JACE

Nah. Chasing serial killers is far
too enjoyable.

Lizzie smiles a little and shakes her head.

LIZZIE

I would hope you'd settle down
eventually.

JACE

Mm. Have anyone in mind?

LIZZIE

That you wouldn't drive crazy? No.
But I'll keep my eyes open.

JACE

You do that.

Ivan returns with their drinks.

IVAN

Here are your ciders.

Jace nods his thanks and looks up at him, using his accent again.

JACE

If you don't mind my asking, where do you live now? You said you moved out of your uncle's home only days before the fire.

Ivan looks slightly irritated.

IVAN

I do mind, actually.

JACE

Ah. The press has been knocking at your door, then?

IVAN

The press doesn't know where I live, and I'd like to keep it that way.

JACE

That's odd, don't you think? The press often has police connections. You live where the police can't find you, and you moved out just before the fire. That's terribly convenient, don't you think, Dear?

Lizzie's eyes sharpen. She stands up and pulls her police badge out of her purse. She loses her British accent.

LIZZIE

Sir, we're going to have to ask you some questions. Why don't you come uptown with us?

Ivan draws back instantly. Jace sighs. He loses his accent as well.

JACE

You didn't have to blow our cover right now. We haven't even eaten yet!

The attendant approaches the scene. Several people around them have turned to see what is going on.

ATTENDANT

Is there a problem here?

IVAN

No problem, Sir! I'll just go see
about their dinner!

Ivan turns to leave, but Lizzie grabs his arm and turns him
around. She holds up her police badge.

LIZZIE

We have reason to believe that this
man was involved with a crime
involving arson and murder. We're
going to take him into custody
until further notice. Have a
problem with that?

ATTENDANT

No! No problem, Ma'am. I assure
you, we had no notion of our
waitor's involvement in a crime!

IVAN

I wasn't involved!

JACE

You have the privilege to remain
silent.

Ivan struggles to get away.

LIZZIE

Jace, are you going to help?

JACE

Ah, yes. Check, please?

Jace turns to the attendant.

JACE

Can we get our dinner to go?

LIZZIE

Jace!

Jace suddenly stands. Quickly, he seizes Ivan's arm and
looks at him intensely.

JACE

Will you come quietly, or do we have to arrest you? Think carefully.

IVAN

I have nothing to say to you people!

JACE

Then it's going to be a long night, Mr. Daynes.

Jace overpowers Ivan's struggling easily. He turns him around and pulls a pair of handcuffs out of his pocket, cuffing his hands behind his back.

INT. POLICE UNIT OFFICE-NIGHT

The team is there, except for Chad. Xander leans against a filing cabinet with a cup of coffee in his hand. Missy types away at a computer. Lizzie is back in her normal clothes, but still has the jewelry on. Jace lounges in his desk chair in the middle of the room. He still has his tuxedo on, but he no longer has the bowtie, and his shirt is unbuttoned a little. Chad walks in.

CHAD

He's clammed up, won't speak at all. Doesn't want a lawyer, nothing.

LIZZIE

Do we convict him, then?

XANDER

No proof. If he won't cooperate, perhaps we should just let him go.

JACE

He's connected somehow.

Everyone turns to look at Jace. He is leaned back in his chair, staring up at the ceiling.

XANDER

How can you be sure?

JACE

I'm not. I just have a hunch.

XANDER

We can't arrest a man on a hunch.

JACE

Let me talk to him.

XANDER

Fine. Go.

Jace gets up and walks into an interrogation room. Lizzie looks concerned.

LIZZIE

Chief, this is a Black Arson case. Jace takes everything that lunatic does personally.

XANDER

Go be with him, then. I don't want Jace doing anything stupid.

Lizzie nods and follows Jace into the other room. Xander gestures to Missy and Chad.

XANDER

Let's go watch through the one-way mirror.

They file into the other room.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM-NIGHT

Jace sits accross the small table from Ivan. Ivan wears handcuffs. The two sit and stare at each other, straight faced.

JACE

So, Ivan. Why won't you talk?

IVAN

I have nothing to say.

Lizzie comes into the room, sitting down beside Jace.

JACE

Maybe you should give us a statement, help yourself out. You know what we're thinking right now? We think you might have an in with Black Arson.

Ivan pales.

IVAN

It's- it's not true! He killed my family!

JACE

But don't you think it's a little odd that you moved out right before the fire, and that your current residence is completely unknown?

LIZZIE

And that when we confronted you, you tried to escape?

Ivan stares down at his hands. They are trembling. Jace leans forward.

JACE

I can tell something's bothering you. Why not just tell us? We can help.

Ivan's eyes flick to Lizzie. Jace turns to her.

JACE

If you'll excuse us, Elizabeth.

Jace gives her an imploring look. Lizzie nods and stands up. She leaves the room and goes straight into the room with the rest of the team to watch.

INT. ONE-WAY MIRROR ROOM-NIGHT

Lizzie comes in. Chad puts a comforting hand on her shoulder. We can see Jace and Ivan through the mirror, and hear them through the microphone.

IVAN

A week before the fire, I got an anonymous letter in the mail. It said that someone had been paying attention, and noticed me. And I had a lot more potential for what they had in mind than my job as a misfit waiter at a pretentious restaraunt.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM-NIGHT

JACE

Who was the letter from?

IVAN

It didn't say. There was just this symbol at the bottom of the page.

Jace pulls out a napkin and a pen.

JACE

Draw it for me.

Ivan takes the napkin and pen and draws a symbol resembling fire. Jace glances up at the one-way mirror with a concerned look.

JACE

What did you do?

IVAN

Nothing, at first. I thought I had recieved someone else's letter. But then...

Ivan's whole body begins to shake.

IVAN

I- I'm sorry! I can't tell you anymore!

JACE

Why not?

IVAN

He'll kill me. Nowhere is safe from him, he'll find me.

JACE

Who will?!

Ivan doesn't respond. Jace stands. He takes ahold of Ivan's shoulders and looks straight into his eyes.

JACE

You upset him, didn't you? That's why he killed your uncle and his family. He was using them as leverage to get you to work for him.

IVAN

You know who he is, then?

JACE

Who else could it be? It's Black Arson.

IVAN

You said it, not me. I don't want to betray him any more than I already have. He's probably already going to kill me! Why does this matter so much to you anyways? Just arrest me! I'll be safe in jail!

JACE

Listen. Black Arson murdered my family. I had everything I could ever want, and I watched it all burn to the ground. After that, I've had to scrape together a living for myself. I want justice. And you're going to help me.

IVAN

How?

Jace just half-smiles and looks up at the one-way mirror. Then he suddenly gets up and leaves the room.

JACE

Stay here.

INT. POLICE UNIT OFFICE-NIGHT

The team stands in the middle in the office in a circle.

LIZZIE

Jace, you can NOT use Ivan as bait!

XANDER

It's unacceptable! We let him go,
we'll never see him again!

JACE

Ivan is genuinely afraid of Black
Arson. I think if he's assured of
his safety, he will help us.

XANDER

It's against protocol-

JACE

Chief! This could mean capturing
Black Arson!

There is a prolonged silence. Finally, Xander sighs.

XANDER

Alright! But if this goes wrong,
it's on your hands, Barton!

Xander starts to walk away.

XANDER

Team, for this assignment, you will
report to Agent Barton. I don't
want to hear anything about it.

Xander retreats into his office and closes the door. Missy
turns to Jace.

MISSY

He just worries about you. He
doesn't want to see Black Arson
hurt you anymore.

Jace nods.

JACE

When we catch Black Arson,
everything will be fine.

Jace leaves the room. The others exchange worried glances before following him.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM-NIGHT

The team is gathered with Ivan in the small room. Chad has a bunch of equipment set out, and a headset on. Ivan shakes his head.

IVAN

I can't. He'll kill me.

JACE

If we can catch him, he'll never kill anyone again. You'll walk away free. If you don't help us, you'll be charged as an accomplice of a serial killer. That's death row right there.

IVAN

Alright! Alright!

Ivan grabs up his cell phone and dials a number. Jace picks up a headset as well and puts it on. The phone rings three times. Then there is a deep voice.

VOICE

Good evening, Ivan. It's late. Why are you calling?

Jace's face shows a hint of fear for a moment. Ivan glances at him. Jace nods.

IVAN

Hello, Master. I have some information for you concerning a Jace Barton.

There is a pause.

VOICE

Go on.

IVAN

He says he wants to get in contact with you. Should I reveal myself to him?

VOICE

Jace Barton... Yes, I would like to speak to him. Meet me at the Normandy Theatre tonight at 11:30. Bring him with you.

IVAN

Yes, Master.

Ivan hangs up the phone. Chad takes off his headset and everyone stands. Except for Jace, who sits at the table with his headset still on, unmoving. Missy puts a hand on his shoulder.

MISSY

Jace? You okay?

JACE

That was... That was the voice of the man who killed my parents.

The team exchanges glances. Lizzie grabs his arm.

LIZZIE

Get up. We have an hour to get a plan together.

Jace nods and stands.

JACE

I already have a plan. Let's move out, team!

Jace leaves the room. Lizzie sighs.

LIZZIE

Usually we know the plan BEFORE we move out. Sigh. Alright, let's follow him before he does something stupid.

Chad grabs Ivan's arm and they all leave the room.

EXT. NORMANDY THEATRE-NIGHT

The street is empty. The theatre is closed. There is a bus stop booth accross the street and a solitary street lamp. It is giving the only light in the area. A man sits in the

booth with a newspaper. He appears to be a hobo. Suddenly, he pushes up his sleeve to reveal a radio watch. He lifts his head. We can see that is is Chad. He speaks into the watch.

CHAD

The entrance is clear.

We see the rooftop of the theatre. Lizzie is wearing all black and has a pair of binoculars. She speaks into her watch.

LIZZIE

The street is clear.

Missy, Ivan, and Jace stand at the corner. She nods to them.

MISSY

Alright. They say it's clear. Go ahead.

Ivan looks nervous. Jace has a look of determination on his face. He nods and starts walking. Ivan follows him. They get to the outside of the building and wait. Jace turns to Ivan.

JACE

Should we go in?

Ivan shrugs. He jumps in surprise as his cell phone rings. He quickly answers it.

IVAN

H-hello?

The voice in the phone is the same voice from before.

VOICE

Hello, Ivan. It looks like you're in a pickle. Why don't I help you out?

Jace leans forward to try and hear what is being said.

JACE

Who is that? What are they saying?

Ivan thinks for a moment.

IVAN

Er... Yes. We are here.

VOICE

Good man. I'm glad you decided to stick with me. I just got back from a trip to the south. Your parents are wonderful people. We wouldn't want anything bad to happen to them, would we?

IVAN

No, Sir.

JACE

Is it Black Arson? What's he saying?

Ivan holds a finger out to him for him to be quiet.

VOICE

Here's what I want you to do.

Jace turns to Chad as Ivan continues his conversation on the phone. Chad shrugs and puts a finger to his mouth. Finally, Ivan speaks again.

IVAN

Yes. Very good, Sir. Goodbye.

Ivan hangs up the phone and turns to Jace.

IVAN

He says he'll be right out. He apologizes for the delay. He had other matters to attend to.

Jace nods.

JACE

Where will he come out?

Ivan nods to Jace's left. Jace turns. There is a man standing in the shadows. Jace squints into the darkness.

JACE

You... You're Black Arson?

VOICE

I am.

JACE

Step into the light.

VOICE

As you wish.

The man lifts his foot to take a step, just as Ivan bolts the other way. Jace turns, sees him running away, but hesitates. Chad gets up, as well as Missy, and they give chase. Jace turns back to the man.

JACE

You! You called and told him to run!

VOICE

Of course I did. I wanted to talk to you alone. It's been so many years, James Livingston. You've gotten taller.

JACE

How do you know who I am?!

VOICE

Oh, I know a great deal about you.

JACE

Why did you kill my parents?

There is a pause. Then the man chuckles.

VOICE

The time is not right for me to answer that. We will meet again soon.

JACE

Not soon enough!

Jace lunges for the man. He takes ahold of the man's pinstripe suit and hangs on. The two of them grunt and struggle. Suddenly, the man pulls out a taser and puts it

on the highest setting. He sets it off on Jace. Jace shouts in pain and writhes away. The man vanishes. Jace looks up to see the man's retreating figure. Jace curses under his breath and struggles to stand. Lizzie, Missy, and Chad all run up to him.

LIZZIE

Jace! Are you alright?

Lizzie tries to help Jace. Jace turns away. He groans and talks through his teeth.

JACE

Don't worry about me! Black Arson!
He went that way! Over there!

Chad pulls out his gun and nods for Missy to follow him. She pulls out her gun and follows him. Lizzie tries to help Jace again. He doubles over in pain.

LIZZIE

I'm sorry, Jace! Ivan got away!
There was a car waiting for him
and it didn't have any license
plates that we could see. Then we
heard you scream and came right
back!

JACE

Taser. It was just a taser.

Lizzie sees the taser and picks it up.

LIZZIE

Jace! This is on the
highest setting! Are you okay?

JACE

I'm fine! My only lead ran away
and my nemesis shot me with a
taser! I'm just fine!

Jace struggles into a sitting position.

LIZZIE

Xander told me to keep you safe.
I'm sorry.

Jace looks up at Lizzie. He takes a deep breath.

JACE
It's not your fault, Liz.
I shouldn't have been so careless.

Lizzie sits back and sighs.

LIZZIE
And now we're back to square one.

JACE
Well, not quite.

Jace opens his fist and holds out a gold ring with a red stone embedded into it.

JACE
I got this off of him when I tackled him. Maybe forensics will get a hit on it.

Chad and Missy come back.

CHAD
No sign of anyone. We lost them both. Sorry, Jace.

JACE
No problem. Help me up.

INT. POLICE UNIT OFFICE-MORNING

Jace sits at his desk quietly. A secretary comes up and hands him a mug.

SECRETARY
Here's your hot chocolate, Agent Barton. Anything else I can get for you?

JACE
Thank you, Jennifer. I'm just fine.

Jennifer smiles and leaves the office. Jace sips his hot chocolate. Lizzie comes up and sits on his desk.

LIZZIE

Hey.

Jace nods his hello while drinking.

LIZZIE

How are you feeling?

JACE

Well, doc says I'm going to be sore for the next while, but no lasting affects.

LIZZIE

That's good to hear. I got the forensics report on the ring.

Jace sits up immediately, making a slightly pained face.

JACE

And?

LIZZIE

Well, the only fingerprints they could find are yours, but they do say the emblem on the inside could point us in the right direction.

JACE

The emblem?

LIZZIE

Yes. Jace, the emblem is an "L". It's the Livingston emblem.

Jace's face draws a blank and he sits back in his chair. Lizzie leans forward to talk to him quieter.

LIZZIE

Jace, maybe you should talk to your cousin again.

Jace nods slowly, staring off into the distance.

JACE

Yes. Thst's a good idea.

Lizzie hops off the desk.

LIZZIE

Good. But not today. You've had it rough, so the best thing right now is to lay low, and play it safe for a while.

Jace blinks in surprise.

JACE

What??

LIZZIE

Yes! You're sore, you're emotionally overwhelmed, and Chief has that bank robbery case for us to take on again. He's not going to let you go galavanding off on some Black Arson tangent. Not after what happened yesterday.

Lizzie walks off. Jace frowns.

JACE

Well, she's right.

Jace sits for a moment at his desk. Then he opens a drawer and lifts up the false bottom. Underneath is a framed picture. Jace pulls it out. It is an old picture of him with his parents when he was younger. He sighs deeply and looks at it sadly. Then he puts on a determined face and puts the picture away. He stands up.

JACE

All right, Chief! What have we got?