

INT. ROAD-SIDE DINER -- DAY

Lonnroth sits at a window-side table, ruminating. He can hear Frank talking to the waiter at the counter before heading back to the table.

WAITER (O.S.)
Ma man, you want fries with that?

FRANK (O.S.)
Nah.

Frank sits across the table from Lonnroth.

FRANK (CONT'D)
What the hell are you up to?

LONNROTH
I was on my way to Claire, Simon's ex. Anyway, we're making headway.

FRANK
You betchar ass we are. Looks like we just had our break.

Lonnroth is all ears. The waiter approaches the table and puts a plate of green grapes in front of Frank. He offers Lonnroth some, he declines against his desire. Frank indicates his folder.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Get a load of this: the lab turned around the DNA analysis.

LONNROTH
DNA, SHMNA.

Frank is about to explode. Lonnroth gets diplomatic.

LONNROTH (CONT'D)
Go on. I'm listening.

FRANK
It's...fuck! You really are a bigger pain than testicle tumour.

LONNROTH
I've heard that one before. What about the DNA analysis?

FRANK
It's incredible.
(MORE)

FRANK (CONT'D)

I've never seen anything like it.
The DNA isn't from a human.

LONNROTH

Maybe they had a dog.

FRANK

A dog, cat, whatever. An animal.
Like the one Simon could've had in
his cage.

Lonnroth considers this. He caves in and takes a grape.

LONNROTH

Where did you retrieve that DNA
strand?

FRANK

In the study.

LONNROTH

You need to find a match for that
DNA. Run a test on the cage Simon
gave us.

FRANK

He says he found the cage. But what
if it is *his* cage? This is *the* diner.
Did you question anyone here about
Simon? If they saw others messing
with his stuff?

LONNROTH

No, I didn't.

FRANK

Shall we?

LONNROTH

Look. I've tried to reconstruct the
world based on Simon's thoughts.
There is another world lurking that
wants to fool us.

FRANK

Yadayadayada. Why don't we just
stick to that fucker for now? Look,
we got enough information. Boss
wants closure. He thinks this is
incriminating enough.

LONNROTH

You can't build a case on comic book material. Wait a minute! Did you leak sensitive information...

FRANK

We're talkin about the chief of police. He wants details on our every move.

Lonnroth doesn't like this, but he feels powerless.

LONNROTH

Did you get the patients' manifest?

FRANK

It's back at the station.

LONNROTH

I'll have a look when I get back. Look! Tell the chief this: When investigating copy-cat crimes....

FRANK

(cutting in)
Tell him yourself.

LONNROTH

When investigating copycat crimes, while doing your research and observations, you have to differentiate between the possible AND the probable factors that alternately govern human behaviour. This is the exact point where the culprit aims to confuse us in this seamless battle of wits.

Frank gets exasperated trying to digest Lonnroth's theorems. He decides to leave.

FRANK

What do you want from his ex, anyway?

LONNROTH

Who wants to know, you or the chief of police?

(before Frank goes ballistic)

Okay! Fine! I'm trying to clarify how the doctor found out that Simon had a child he didn't know about. And I need to ascertain if there were any custody issues.

FRANK

So what?

LONNROTH

I've got a feeling that doctor L is connected to the child in the grave. And perhaps Simon's ex is hiding something.

Frank walks away, then stops at the exit.

FRANK

You know what? I can't wait until you start that bloody desk job.

LONNROTH

(corrects Frank)

Police Department's Chief Forensic Philosopher.

FRANK

I didn't know they fuckin' had that.

LONNROTH

I'll have a look at that DNA report when I come back.

FRANK

Pulmonary hypotension.

LONNROTH

Come again?

FRANK

That's how the Whitfield kiddy died. Whatever that is.

Franks heads out of the joint.

LONNROTH

(to himself)

It's rare respiratory condition.

Lonnroth is left alone with his thoughts.