

DEATHDEALER: A SERIES

written by

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ACT ONE

EXT. EMPTY LOS ANGELES STREET - NIGHT

A poorly lit ATM keeps watch over a deserted LA block in the dead of night.

A Prius pulls up in front of the cash machine and a hipster, TODD, with a full beard and razor cut hops out, wallet in hand. Punk Rock music tinkles from his inserted earbuds.

As Todd slides his card into the cash machine, two figures in hoodies emerge on either side. YOUNG MUGGER (teen) pulls a gun, SKINNY MUGGER (teen) stands just behind Todd.

SKINNY MUGGER

Give me the cash.

Oblivious, Todd doesn't respond, lost inside the music blasting in his ears.

SKINNY MUGGER

Yo!

Todd turns, pulling out the earbuds just as five crisp twenties spit out of the machine.

TODD

What?

Just then, Young Mugger leans in and grabs for the cash. Sensing this, Todd swings back wildly as they crash together at the machine, scrambling for the money.

TODD

...the fuck?

Todd grabs the bills, then shoves the Young Mugger hard to the ground. Stunned, all three look at each other, not sure how they got here.

The kid then raises his gun and squeezes off two rounds. POP. POP. Todd drops.

ACROSS THE STREET

A man in a suit standing half in the shadows watches as the two teens sprint away. He strolls across the street, briefcase swinging casually by his side.

The light reveals a handsome, but undistinguished man, VINCENT (40's) in a cheap, off the rack suit. The dinged-up briefcase is placed just outside the expanding circle of blood. Todd shifts painfully to look up.

TODD  
(to Vincent)  
Call an ambulance.

VINCENT  
There's no point.

TODD  
I've been shot.

VINCENT  
I noticed.

Todd's breathing shallows.

TODD  
I think I'm dying.

Vincent nods.

VINCENT  
I think that too.

Vincent sits crosslegged in front of Todd. He puts his hand a few inches away from Todd's.

VINCENT  
Have you figured out what I'm doing here?

TODD  
Please help me.

VINCENT  
You know why I'm here, Todd.

TODD  
I don't.

VINCENT  
I think you do.

TODD  
Help me.

VINCENT  
I'm trying. But not in the way you think.

Vincent inches his hand closer to Todd's.

VINCENT  
Take my hand.

TODD  
I don't want to.

VINCENT  
Just take it.

TODD  
This is not how it's supposed to  
happen.

VINCENT  
Actually, it is. This is exactly  
how it happens. You know it and I  
know it.

TODD  
It's not fair.

VINCENT  
Never is. Ever.

Vincent lies on his back right next to Todd, hands inches  
apart.

VINCENT  
It's okay. You can do it. Just  
take my hand.

Vincent looks up at the sky.

VINCENT  
(re: the sky)  
Hey, you can almost see the stars.  
I thought it'd be too bright. Do  
you see them, Todd?

Todd blinks. He can no longer speak. His fingers drag his  
hand across the pavement. With the last of his strength, he  
grabs Vincent's hand. Vincent smiles.

VINCENT  
Good job.

Todd expires.

Vincent sits up. Dusts off his coat. From the corner of  
his eye he catches movement in the shadows. He snaps his  
head around, but nothing's there. Shakes it off. Pushes  
himself to his feet. SIRENS SWELL in the distance.

INT. ROSIE LA NEGRA BAR & GRILL - NIGHT

A plate of fried plantains, rice, and beans slide across a  
cracked formica counter.

Vincent sits at the counter of this homey, but in need of  
attention Dominican diner. It's a quiet night with few  
patrons.

ROSARIA CHAYO-THOMAS (30's), the driven owner whose strong cheek bones matches her character, brings Vincent an iced tea as he digs into his meal.

ROSARIA  
You like the plantanos?

VINCENT  
The what?

ROSARIA  
The plantains.

VINCENT  
Oh. Yeah, amazing. All of it.

Rosaria smiles.

ROSARIA  
Working late tonight?

VINCENT  
You could say that.

ROSARIA  
What do you do?

Vincent pauses.

VINCENT  
I'm a consultant.

Rosaria waits for further clarification, but none comes.

ROSARIA  
Oh. Cool.  
(turns to the liquor shelf)  
You want a shot? I'm having one.

She smacks two shot glasses down in front of Vincent, a bottle of Jack in her hand.

VINCENT  
Oh. No thanks.

ROSARIA  
Closing time. It's on the house.

She pours both shots.

VINCENT  
Thanks, but... big day tomorrow.

ROSARIA  
(nods, but disappointed)  
I understand.

MISS DIAZ (O.S.)  
I'll take his.

They turn to see MISS DIAZ (60's) in her usual booth adorned with burning Santería candles and a deck of tarot cards.

ROSARIA  
I don't think so, Miss Diaz.

MISS DIAZ  
(to Rosaria)  
You poured it already. Don't anger  
the gods by putting it back,  
Rosaria.  
(to Vincent)  
Slide it over here, papito.

He looks to Rosaria for permission. She smiles and gives a soft nod.

Vincent stands and delivers the drink, then pulls some cash from his pocket and drops it on the counter.

ROSARIA  
Will we see you tomorrow, Vincent?

VINCENT  
Definitely. Can't get enough of  
the...plantanos...?

ROSARIA  
Sí. Very good.

VINCENT  
Have a good night.

ROSARIA  
You too.

They give each other warm smiles as Vincent heads out the door. Miss Diaz shoots Rosaria a side long look.

ROSARIA  
What?

MISS DIAZ  
Why you got to flirt with him? You  
know you're still married.

ROSARIA  
Separated. And I was not flirting  
with him you crazy old witch.

Miss Diaz watches as Rosaria disappears into the kitchen with Vincent's dirty dishes.

MISS DIAZ  
(to herself)  
Psst...plantanos.

EXT. ROSIE LA NEGRA BAR & GRILL - NIGHT

Vincent's smile remains as he stops to cross the street. He turns to look back into the restaurant one last time, when BAM! -- he's blindsided by a punch to the head.

Vincent stumbles backward, but his assailant, MARIE MURPHY (Black, 16), continues to pound on him raging accusations with each blow.

MARIE  
You killed her! You killed her!  
You killed her!

Tears and snot stream down Marie's face as she delivers a brutal shot to Vincent's eye.

MARIE  
I'm going to kill you.

Vincent grabs Marie into a bear-hug. She bites into his arm.

VINCENT  
Enough. Stop it.

MARIE  
I saw the video. I saw you. You  
killed my mother.

VINCENT  
I don't know you or your mother.

INT. ROSIE LA NEGRA BAR & GRILL - CONTINUOUS

Rosaria emerges from the kitchen and sees Vincent holding Marie in the bear hug through the window. She leans beneath the counter, emerging with a baseball bat.

EXT. ROSIE LA NEGRA BAR & GRILL - CONTINUOUS

Marie raises up on her tippy-toes and head-butts Vincent with the back of her head. She spins around, a blade now in her hand, slicing Vincent in the face.

MARIE  
Gladys Murphy. That's who you  
killed. I saw the movie. I saw  
you.

A moment of recognition flashes across Vincent's face. Marie sees it, sparking a fresh wave of anger. She lunges at him, backing Vincent up.

Rosaria runs out of the restaurant, bat in hand.

ROSARIA

Stop!

Marie pauses, looking at Rosaria. Blood pours from Vincent's face. Marie looks at him, the blood covered box-cutter in her hand. She covers her mouth in horror.

Marie turns and runs. Vincent is about to give chase, but Rosaria stops him.

ROSARIA

Hold on. You're bleeding.

Rosaria pulls a bar rag from her pocket and puts it to Vincent's wound. He strains to see Marie as she disappears down the block. Rosaria gently leads him towards the door of the restaurant.

ROSARIA

Come inside.

INT. ROSIE LA NEGRA BAR & GRILL - CONTINUOUS

Vincent holds the bloodied towel to his face, as Rosaria digs out a first aid kit.

ROSARIA

Better call the cops.

VINCENT

No. No police.

ROSARIA

She tried to give you a second smile, and you're going to let her get away with that? Not in front my place. Hell no.

Rosaria starts to dial 9-1-1 on her cellphone.

VINCENT

Hang up. Please...

The sincerity in his voice gives her pause.

ROSARIA

I don't understand.



INT. LA PROMESA GROUP HOME - NIGHT

Unadorned beige walls, fluorescent lighting, cinderblock. The hallway of La Promesa, a group home for troubled teenagers, buzzes with energy as teens socialize in front of their rooms. Marie slices through them, stone faced.

INT. LA PROMESA GROUP HOME - MARIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Marie slams hand-fulls of clothes into her back pack. LUCAS CHANG (17), also a resident, watches her from the doorway.

LUCAS

That's a bad idea, Marie.

MARIE

What idea is that?

LUCAS

When they catch you this time  
they're going to send you to county  
and lock you up.

MARIE

I'm not about to get caught.

She carefully begins to take down the intricate pencil drawings taped to the wall, many of them of a sad Vincent with angel wings.

LUCAS

It's rough out there.

MARIE

It's rough in here.

She opens the drawer of the bedside table and takes out a diary stuffed with drawings.

LUCAS

I don't want you to get hurt.

She turns to him.

MARIE

Then come with me. You hate it  
here as much as I do.

LUCAS

Everybody hates it in here. But  
it's better than the streets.

She grabs a stuffed turtle off the bed and jams it into her backpack.

MARIE  
You sure about that?

She pushes past Lucas and spins out of the room.

He stands in the doorway as an ALARM goes off. Lucas watches after her as TWO STAFF MEMBERS pound down the hall in pursuit.

INT. VINCENT'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Vincent enters his rundown S.R.O. (Single Room Occupancy) hotel room with a fresh bandage on his face.

He pulls off his tie as he digs through some folded clothes in his dresser. At the bottom he finds what he's looking for - an old VHS tape.

He pops the tape into a ancient small TV with a tape player built into it. He fast forwards through a bit then stops as he sees himself on the screen walking down an apartment building hallway.

ON TV SCREEN

Vincent KNOCKS on the door, leather briefcase in hand. It opens to reveal GLADYS MURPHY (40's).

VINCENT  
(on screen)  
You know why I'm here, don't you,  
Gladys?

Her petrified look says she does.

The images speed up as the tape is fast-forwarded a bit, then resumes normal speed.

GLADYS  
(on screen)  
But what about my daughters?

VINCENT  
(on screen)  
I don't know.

The image speeds up a bit again then goes back to normal as Gladys sits on the couch. Vincent sits next to her and gently puts his hand on her knee. Suddenly, her breath sharpens, her eyes roll to the back of her head, and she tips over, dead.

The image speeds up again, then resumes normal speed as Vincent charges down a flight of stairs. YOUNG MARIE (10) and YOUNG ISABELLA (8) stomp up the stairs towards him.

As they pass his stride slows and he almost looks at them, but then pulls away and speeds down the stairs. The camera snaps back to the two sisters as they continue up. Suddenly, the image freezes on the close up of the girls.

Vincent stares at the unmoving image. He pushes a button on the TV.

ON TV SCREEN

Motion on the screen resumes as the camera whips back to Vincent walking away.

CAMERAPERSON (O.S.)  
They are Gladys' daughters, aren't  
they, Vincent?...Vincent?

Vincent doesn't respond, he just keeps walking until he's out of frame. Suddenly the screen goes black.

He ejects the tape from the machine, looks at it for a beat, then snaps it in half.

EXT. PLAYGROUND - NIGHT

Marie wanders into a dark playground. LOUD MUSIC filters through the air. A gaggle of TEENS SHOUT and LAUGH on the far side of the park. A BOTTLE SHATTERS. More laughter.

Marie curls up in a graffiti covered playhouse clutching her stuffed turtle tightly. The sounds of raucous nightlife swell around her as she tries to close her eyes.

INT. ROSIE LA NEGRA BAR & GRILL - DAY

Vincent enters the quiet grill and saddles up to the counter. Rosaria flashes him a warm smile and pours him a cup of coffee.

ROSARIA  
You look pretty shitty.

VINCENT  
I feel pretty shitty.

A BELL DINGS announcing another customer. Rosaria's face tenses. She recovers quickly, but Vincent catches it.

KYLE (O.S.)  
(re: Vincent)  
This must be the "victim."

Vincent turns to see DETECTIVE KYLE THOMAS, blond and strapping with a wry grin on his face.

KYLE  
What's it like getting punched in  
the face by a little girl?

VINCENT  
It hurts.

Kyle smiles. Vincent doesn't. Rosaria inserts herself.

ROSARIA  
Vincent, this is Detective Kyle  
Thomas. My husband.

The men nod at one another. Kyle leans over the counter and gives her a peck on the cheek. She accepts it reluctantly.

Kyle sits next to Vincent. Pulls out a notepad.

KYLE  
(to Vincent)  
So, you want to tell me about the  
girl?

VINCENT  
Not particularly.

KYLE  
Really? You get jumped and you  
don't want to do anything about it?

VINCENT  
Nope.

Kyle turns to Rosaria.

KYLE  
(to Rosaria)  
What the hell am I doing here?

ROSARIA  
She needs to be found, Vincent. She  
cut you last night. Who is she  
cutting today?

VINCENT  
She's not like that. She's a  
scared kid.

KYLE  
So now you do know her. Give me a  
name.

VINCENT  
Don't know her at all. Met her  
mother once. Many years ago.  
Briefly.

KYLE  
What's the mother's name?

VINCENT  
She's dead.

KYLE  
That's not helpful.

VINCENT  
That's the way it is.

KYLE  
This kid is probably in the system.  
Just give me a name and I'll check  
her out.

VINCENT  
Who's name?

KYLE  
The girl's.

VINCENT  
What girl?

Kyle sighs, frustrated.

KYLE  
(to Vincent)  
I see how it is.  
(to Rosaria)  
I came over here for this? And we  
were supposed to talk.

ROSARIA  
He needs your help.

KYLE  
He doesn't seem to want it.

Kyle stands. Starts moving toward the door.

KYLE  
If he changes his mind, feel free  
to call someone else.

ROSARIA  
Kyle, wait...

He doesn't. Kyle pushes through the door and is gone.

ROSARIA  
(to Vincent)  
That didn't go very well.

VINCENT  
Certainly not for your husband.

ROSARIA  
I was only trying to help.

VINCENT  
The girl needs help. Not a SWAT team. Can you look up a name for me on your phone?

ROSARIA  
What's the matter with your's?

He pulls an ancient cell phone from his pocket and pointedly flips it open. Rosaria smiles. Pulls out her phone.

ROSARIA  
What's the name?

VINCENT  
Gladys Murphy.

She taps in the letters. Scrolls.

ROSARIA  
There's not much here. Died of a heart attack seven years ago. Two young children.

VINCENT  
Names of the kids?

ROSARIA  
No.

The disappointment shows in his eyes.

ROSARIA  
Who is the woman?

VINCENT  
Someone I met once.

ROSARIA  
I can ask Kyle to look her up.

VINCENT  
Don't do that. What's the point?  
She's dead.

With that he pushes up off the counter and heads toward the door. Rosaria looks after him, not sure what to think.

EXT. HIPSTER CAFE - DAY

Marie sits on the sidewalk out in front of a busy cafe, her artwork spread out around her.

An INKED-UP COUPLE exit the cafe, iced coffees in hand.

MARIE

Hey, nice ink. Want to buy some art?

They ignore her, when suddenly an uptight CAFE MANAGER looms above her.

CAFE MANAGER

What do you think you're doing?

MARIE

Selling my drawings. Want to buy one?

CAFE MANAGER

(points back to the cafe)  
We're trying to run a business here!

MARIE

I'm trying to run a business *here*.

CAFE MANAGER

I'm going to have to ask you to leave.

MARIE

No, you don't.

CAFE MANAGER

"No, I don't" what?

MARIE

...have to ask me to leave.

CAFE MANAGER

Look, I don't have time to play games with you. Move along, or I call the police.

MARIE

Free country. You don't own the sidewalk, asshole.

CAFE MANAGER

(dialing cell phone)  
You need a permit to sell on the street.

(MORE)

CAFE MANAGER (CONT'D)  
 (into phone)  
 Yes, hello, I'd like to make a...  
 yes, I'll hold...

Marie starts gathering up her drawings.

MARIE  
 You need a permit to suck my dick,  
*Karen.*

She stuffs her drawings into her bag as she heads down the street leaving the Cafe Manager still on hold.

EXT. STREETS OF LOS ANGELES - DAY

Vincent wanders the streets of LA looking for Marie in vain.

MONTAGE

He scans the crowd watching a pick up basketball game at a public park.

Vincent marches down a bustling downtown street his eyes sweeping over the crowd coming toward him.

He looks over a homeless encampment searching for signs of Marie.

Vincent stands across the street from a shelter scrutinizing the teens coming in and out. His REAPER BEEPER BUZZES. He checks it. Frustrated, he stomps away.

END MONTAGE

END OF ACT ONE



## ACT TWO

INT. HOSPITAL - WAITING AREA - DAY

Vincent strides past distraught parents hollow-eyed with worry in the waiting room for the Neonatal Intensive Care Unit (NICU). He approaches a large glass window that looks onto numerous infants covered in tubes lying in high tech cribs.

Vincent slides into the

INT. HOSPITAL - NEONATAL INTENSIVE CARE UNIT (NICU) - DAY

Soft BEEPS and WHIRS fill the hushed room as Vincent moves over to an incubator enclosed in clear plastic. Inside a tiny little baby lays motionless, tubes going in and out.

Vincent stares down at the preemie, his tiny chest barely moving with his shallow breath.

VINCENT

Hey, little man. Tough going, huh?

The baby seems to look at him with half open eyes.

VINCENT

I don't think you were meant for  
this world. But we'll take care of  
that right now, okay?

Vincent reaches into the incubator and put his finger millimeters away from the baby's minuscule hand.

VINCENT

All you have to do touch my finger.  
Can you do that, little guy?

He stares down as the tiny fingers flex, then stretch toward Vincent's finger just grazing it.

VINCENT

Good boy. This is better.

ALARMS SOUND as the baby's heart monitor flatlines.

INT. HOSPITAL - WAITING AREA - DAY

Vincent steps out of the NICU seemingly unnoticed as two NURSES storm in.

The two distraught parents race over to the big window looking into the NICU as they watch the Nurses frantically work on the baby.

A DOCTOR rushes past Vincent as he walks away. Vincent stops. He almost turns around, but doesn't. The mother's sobs can be heard as Vincent starts walking again.

INT. ROSIE LA NEGRA BAR & GRILL - MORNING

Rosaria straighten-ups the restaurant in anticipation of the morning rush. Kyle enters, but stays by the door. They stare at each other for a beat.

KYLE

It was nice to hear from you.

ROSARIA

You didn't have to come by.

KYLE

I was in the neighborhood. And I wanted to.

Rosaria continues to wipe down tables. Kyle approaches, a slip of paper in his hand.

KYLE

I have an old address for one daughter. The other is in the wind.

ROSARIA

Is she dead?

KYLE

Maybe. Maybe not. But she's not in the system. The older sister is. Last known address is a group home in the valley.

Kyle holds the piece of paper out to Rosaria. As she reaches for it, he snaps it back.

KYLE

Go on a date with me. Dinner and a movie. Nothing more. Just like in the beginning.

She tries to smile, but her face falls underneath.

ROSARIA

It sounds lovely, Kyle...I'm just not ready.

Disappoint fills Kyle's eyes.

ROSARIA  
Thanks for doing this. I realize  
you didn't have to.

He hands the piece of paper over. She glances at it.

ROSARIA  
I'll let Vincent know.

KYLE  
You sure he's innocent in all this?  
I get a "pervy" vibe from that guy.

ROSARIA  
He's not like that. She jumped  
him.

KYLE  
You positive? You saw her attack  
him?

She thinks and realizes she didn't, so she says nothing.  
Kyle turns and heads toward the door.

ROSARIA  
Thank you.

KYLE  
(not looking at her)  
You're welcome.

As he leaves, her attention returns to the note. She brings  
her phone to her ear.

EXT. SKATE PARK - DAY

Vincent examines a group of thrashers at public skate park  
as they tear up and down the cement. His phone BUZZES.

He looks at it, quizzical.

VINCENT  
(into phone)  
Hello...?

CUT TO:

INT. LA PROMESA GROUP HOME - DAY

Vincent sits patiently by himself in an unadorned office, a  
riot of papers and folders covering the desk. The sounds of  
amped up kids and HIP-HOP MUSIC wafts in from down the hall.

FELIPE LAZARRE (30's), perpetually frazzled, charges into the room, a WALKIE SQUAWKING in his hand.

FELIPE  
(into walkie)  
Tell that idiot to stop whining and  
make his bed. You understand?  
(to Vincent)  
These kids. How can I help you?

VINCENT  
Looking for a girl. Likes to  
fight.

FELIPE  
There are a lot of those around  
here. She do that to your face?

Vincent nods.

FELIPE  
She kicked your ass.

He ignores the comment.

VINCENT  
Marie Murphy. This is her last  
known address.

Felipe suddenly becomes cautious.

FELIPE  
You police?

VINCENT  
No.

FELIPE  
So you want to see the girl that  
beat the shit out of you, but  
you're not a cop. Why should I  
tell you anything?

VINCENT  
She was looking for me.

FELIPE  
(re: Vincent's bruises)  
Looks like she found you.

VINCENT  
It didn't go well. She wanted some  
information about her mother.

FELIPE  
And your name is...?

VINCENT

Vincent.

FELIPE

Vincent? Do you have any legal authority?

VINCENT

None.

FELIPE

Normally, I wouldn't tell you shit, but it doesn't really matter 'cause she's not here. Ran away. Two nights ago.

VINCENT

Any idea where she could be?

FELIPE

If I did, I'd have her back here by now. But we'll find her. I can't help you.

Suddenly Felipe's walkie springs to life, "*Code nine! Code nine!*" startling both of them.

Felipe checks his watch as he moves toward the door.

FELIPE

Almost made it 48 hours without a fight.

CUT TO:

INT. LA PROMESA GROUP HOME - HALLWAY - DAY

Felipe runs over and pulls at the TWO TANGLED BODIES on the ground as other residents form a circle egging the fighters on.

FELIPE

Break it up! Break it up!!

Vincent watches the scrum from down the hall. Felipe pulls the two boys apart. Lucas is one of them. Felipe shoves him away from the other boy.

FELIPE

Lucas? What are you doing? You know better. Go to your room. You're on lock down.

LUCAS

But he jumped *me*!

FELIPE  
Move it. I'll deal with you later.

Felipe turns to the other combatant.

FELIPE  
Why you got to be such a thug,  
César?

Felipe moves César down the hallway as Lucas shambles in the opposite direction toward Vincent.

As Lucas moves past Vincent he does a subtle double take. Vincent catches it. Turns and follows Lucas.

INT. LA PROMESA GROUP HOME - LUCAS'S ROOM - DAY

The door opens and Lucas flips on the light revealing a room similar to Marie's, more prison cell than loving home.

As Lucas sits on his bed Vincent appears in the doorway.

VINCENT  
Do you know Marie Murphy?

LUCAS  
I know you.

What? Vincent's confused, but shakes it off.

VINCENT  
No, you don't.

Lucas slides open a drawer on the beside table. Pulls out one of Marie's drawings of Vincent with the angel's wings and holds it out. Vincent looks at it, but won't touch it.

LUCAS  
(re: the drawing)  
Marie drew it.

VINCENT  
Do you know where she is?

LUCAS  
She was looking for you.

VINCENT  
She found me, but ran away again.

LUCAS  
Are you going to kill her?

This throws Vincent.

VINCENT  
Why would you say that?

LUCAS  
Because she wants to kill you.

Vincent nods, acknowledging the painful truth.

VINCENT  
I suppose she does. But it's a  
misunderstanding. I need to find  
her.

LUCAS  
She's gone. I don't think she's  
coming back.

VINCENT  
Any idea where she could be?

LUCAS  
Nope. She had nothing and no one.  
Except a sister, but Marie has no  
clue where she is.

Just then, Felipe appears in the doorway, staring hard at  
Vincent.

FELIPE  
You're not supposed to be back here  
unsupervised. You got to go.

VINCENT  
I was just leaving.

Lucas holds out the Marie's drawing of Vincent a little  
further.

LUCAS  
(re: the drawing)  
Take it.

Vincent hesitates.

LUCAS  
Take it. She's drawn a million of  
them.

Vincent pulls the drawing out of Lucas's hand as we

HARD CUT TO:

EXT. PLAYGROUND - DUSK

Inside the playhouse, Marie makes some finishing touches on yet another drawing of Vincent, this one more sinister with bat wings replacing angel wings. She pulls some chips from an open bag next to her as she inspects her work.

Feeling eyes on her, she whips around to find NOEMI (12) staring at her with warm eyes. Startled and defensive, Marie snaps.

MARIE

What the hell are you looking at?!

Noemi continues staring, unaffected by her yelling.

NOEMI

You draw that?

MARIE

Of course I did.

(looking around)

You see any other artists around here?

NOEMI

It's really good.

Marie softens a little, touched by the compliment.

MARIE

Thanks.

Noemi's gaze shifts to the open bag of chips. Marie tracks her look and then starts to laugh.

MARIE

Oh, I see. You're hungry. You thought if you said my drawing was nice I'd give you some chips, right?

Noemi smiles. Marie smiles too.

MARIE

You want to come inside?

Noemi nods and climbs into the playhouse. Marie offers her some chips. She accepts, jamming a big handful into her mouth.

MARIE

(re: Noemi eating)

You are hungry. When was the last time you ate?



Noemi just shrugs. Marie sighs. She digs in her bag and pulls out a sandwich. Hands half to Noemi.

MARIE  
You stay out here?

Noemi nods.

NOEMI  
I have a home. Don't like it very much.

MARIE  
Go to school?

NOEMI  
Sometimes.

MARIE  
(shakes her head)  
That's no good.

NOEMI  
Don't like it there much either.

MARIE  
I feel you.

Marie watches Noemi cram the last bit of the sandwich into her mouth.

MARIE  
You still hungry?

Noemi nods.

MARIE  
Let's go get some more to eat.

Noemi nods again and they both scramble out of the playhouse.

INT. ROSIE LA NEGRA BAR & GRILL - NIGHT

The place is hopping as Vincent slides in. His normal spot at the bar is clogged by Kyle, his partner DETECTIVE LUKE GRISANTI, and a substantial pile of empties.

He watches Rosaria hustle from table to table, deep in the weeds. Not wanting to deal with Kyle, Vincent turns to leave when a voice calls him.

MISS DIAZ (O.S.)  
Vincent. Siéntate.

He turns to see Miss Diaz in her usual booth, her tarot cards spread face down in front of her. He hesitates.

MISS DIAZ  
Join me. Plenty of room.

After a beat, he relents and sits across from her.

MISS DIAZ  
(motioning to the cards)  
You want a reading?

VINCENT  
Not particularly.

MISS DIAZ  
Come on. You might learn something about yourself.

VINCENT  
I don't need to learn. I need to forget.

MISS DIAZ  
That's a terrible attitude and you know it.

VINCENT  
Do I?

MISS DIAZ  
You most certainly do.

She stares at him, trying to figure him out. He stares back. Somehow Miss Diaz perceives this stand off as a victory and starts laying out the cards.

VINCENT  
(re: the cards)  
This is nonsense.

MISS DIAZ  
Ever had a reading before? What are you afraid of?

VINCENT  
I'm afraid of you wasting my time.

Vincent watches Rosaria flit about the restaurant, clearing plates and chatting with customers.

MISS DIAZ

I'm not wasting your time. You're sitting here staring at Rosaria. You'd be doing the exact same thing if you were sitting at the bar by yourself, right?

VINCENT

The cards tell you that?

MISS DIAZ

Mi ojos, papito, my eyes.

Vincent smiles. She's sharper than he thought.

She turns the first card over. Death.

VINCENT

What a surprise.

That wasn't the reaction she was expecting.

MISS DIAZ

You're not afraid of death?

VINCENT

Hardly.

MISS DIAZ

You are very brave.

VINCENT

Hardly.

MISS DIAZ

There's something different about you. I can feel it.

VINCENT

I can feel you're full of shit.

She laughs.

MISS DIAZ

There's something going on with you. I'll figure out, papito. I'll figure it out.

Vincent smiles just as Kyle and Grisanti saddle up to Vincent's table, looming above him.

KYLE

You find the girl?

VINCENT

Not yet.

KYLE

I gave you a good tip. What happened?

VINCENT

She ran away.

KYLE

Tough break. Maybe she's running away from you?

VINCENT

She came after me.

KYLE

So you've said.

Vincent stares at Kyle. Grisanti smirks. Miss Diaz takes it all in like a hawk.

KYLE

We've had a couple of teen Black girls show up dead lately. Know anything about that?

VINCENT

No.

A beat.

KYLE

Okay. If anything comes to you, you know how to get in touch.

Vincent doesn't say a word, just stares back.

As Kyle leaves he grabs Rosaria by the waist and kisses her neck. She twists out of his grasp, ready to be pissed, but relaxes a bit when she sees it's Kyle.

ROSARIA

Hands off. I'm working.

KYLE

I couldn't help it. Call me when you're done?

ROSARIA

We'll see.

(to Grisanti)

Get him out of here, Grisanti. I have a business to run.

Grisanti plays along and leads Kyle by his elbow. Vincent follows with his eyes as Kyle exits.

MISS DIAZ  
(to Vincent)  
I sense some tension between you  
two.

VINCENT  
The cards tell you that too?

MISS DIAZ  
Not exactly.

Vincent stands. Pulls a twenty from his wallet. Drops it  
on the table.

MISS DIAZ  
I'm not done with your reading.

VINCENT  
I've heard enough for today.

Miss Diaz smiles at him.

MISS DIAZ  
You'll be back.

VINCENT  
I'm sure I will.

Vincent watches Rosaria hustle between tables for a beat,  
before he shoots toward the door. Rosaria turns just in  
time to see him exit, questions filling her eyes.

INT. VINCENT'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Vincent shuffles into his room, defeated. He puts his  
briefcase down and crosses to small window.

Staring out the window his reflection over the twinkling  
lights of the city under the inky black sky stares back.

An AMBULANCE SIREN swells in the distance. Suddenly  
Vincent's reflection morphs into a succession of..

MEMORY HITS

A shotgun blast. A house fire. A car accident. Hands  
reaching out. An operating room. Blood. Needles. Knives.  
More hands.

SOUNDS mix with the riot of images as Vincent stares,  
transfixed.

A BUZZ. His reaper beeper goes off, breaking the spell.  
His reflection snaps back, staring in judgement.

Vincent pulls the beeper from his belt and hurls it against the wall. It continues to BUZZ. He steps on it. BUZZ. Smashes it again and again with his heel. BUZZ, BUZZ. He picks it up, unscathed and still BUZZING.

Vincent presses the button. The buzzing stops. He looks at the small machine for a long beat.

With a heavy sigh, he picks up his briefcase and crosses to the door.

END OF ACT TWO

## ACT THREE

INT. PUBLIC LIBRARY - EVENING

Vincent wanders into the bustling library and looks around. It's like he has never been inside one of these before.

He spots the bank of public computers and beelines for the empty machine on the end.

As he sits he's confronted by a locked computer screen with a screen saver scrolling across. He clicks a few keys, but nothing changes.

From nowhere, a LIBRARIAN (40's) appears by his side.

LIBRARIAN

You need to sign out the computer.  
Can I have your library card?

VINCENT

I don't have one. I just wanted to  
look something up quickly.

LIBRARIAN

Library cards are easy to get. Do  
you live nearby?

VINCENT

In a hotel. A couple of blocks  
away.

LIBRARIAN

Where's your permanent address?

VINCENT

That is my permanent address.

A look of consternation comes across her face.

LIBRARIAN

Just need a proof of residency. Do  
you have an electric bill? Or a  
cable bill?

VINCENT

Neither. I just want to look  
something up. It shouldn't take  
long.

The Librarian sighs.

LIBRARIAN

I'm sorry, the computers are for  
library patrons only.

With that she turns and walks back to the circulation desk.

Frustrated, Vincent is about to get up when the face of a LIBRARY PATRON emerges in between two computers opposite his.

LIBRARY PATRON

Hey, buddy, I'm about to go out for  
a smoke.

(re: the computer)

You want to use mine?

VINCENT

Yes, thank you.

Vincent gets up and walks around to the other side of the computers arranged back to back on the long table. The Library Patron stands and pulls out a pack of cigarettes.

LIBRARY PATRON

You're not looking at any porn, are  
you? They'll take my card away for  
porn.

VINCENT

No, no porn. Looking up a friend.

The Library Patron is skeptical, but the smoke is more important so he/she wanders off.

Vincent sits at the computer and types "Kyle Thomas" into the search bar. A list of news item links instantly pop up.

ON COMPUTER SCREEN: Off Duty Detective Involved In Shooting  
Of Unarmed Black Teen

Vincent clicks on the first link.

ON COMPUTER SCREEN: A photo of Kyle in his dress blues.

Vincent begins scanning the text when his reaper beeper BUZZES.

VINCENT

(to himself)

Damn it.

Vincent pushes himself up from the seat and reluctantly breaks away from the computer.

EXT. PLAYGROUND - NIGHT

A ball point pen presses hard against flesh.



NOEMI (O.S.)  
Ow! That hurts!

Marie pulls the pen away from Noemi's arm. They sit on a bench in the playground, bathed in streetlight.

MARIE  
You said you wanted a tattoo.

NOEMI  
Do you have to push down so hard?

MARIE  
You want to be able to see it,  
don't you?

NOEMI  
I guess.

MARIE  
Come on, I'm almost done.

NOEMI  
Alright, but I have to go to the  
bathroom...and I'm hungry.

Marie sighs, realizing Noemi has lost her enthusiasm for the body art.

MARIE  
Alright, go. We'll get something  
to eat after you're done.

Noemi sheepishly walks away as Marie starts packing her bag.

INT. ROSIE LA NEGRA BAR & GRILL - NIGHT

The place is empty. Rosaria, coat on, pushes the last few chairs into place when the front entrance CHIMES RING. Kyle stands at the door, small bouquet of flowers in his hand. She smiles at him.

ROSARIA  
What are you doing here so late?

KYLE  
I wanted to see you.

ROSARIA  
Are you drunk?

He pauses.

KYLE  
Maybe. Just a little.

Rosaria sighs, then smiles. He's still charming. Kyle presents the flowers to her.

KYLE

I want to take you dancing.  
Tomorrow night. We'll have a great  
time

She shakes her head; half annoyed, half charmed.

ROSARIA

I'm trying to get out of here and  
you spring this on me now? You're  
trying to catch me all tired with  
my defenses down, aren't you?

He cracks a cheeky smile.

KYLE

I'm no dummy.

ROSARIA

No you are not.  
(she shoos him out the  
door)  
Get out. I'm locking up.

She follows him out, keys in hand.

EXT. ROSIE LA NEGRA BAR & GRILL - CONTINUOUS

Kyle waits impatiently as Rosaria locks the door.

KYLE

What do you think?

She turns to him, resigned.

ROSARIA

It sounds great, but...

KYLE

You're gonna let all the salsa  
lessons I've been taking go to  
waste?

ROSARIA

You took lessons?

He nods. She's impressed.

ROSARIA

That is so sweet, but I need more  
time.

He's about to object, but just stops himself.

KYLE

I understand. I'm trying here.

She takes his hand.

ROSARIA

I know you are. Be patient with me.

Kyle nods, bummed it has to be this way. She lets go of his hand and takes a couple steps back.

ROSARIA

Thank you for the flowers.

He nods, but says nothing, trying not to look pissed. She gives him a soft smile, then turns, leaving him standing in front of the restaurant.

Kyle watches after her for a beat, lost. Suddenly, something else clicks. He turns around and looks up. A surveillance camera from the small pharmacy next door stares down at him from the roof edge.

INT. PLAYGROUND BATHROOM - NIGHT

Noemi steps into the poorly lit, dingy public restroom. Cracked tiles, dripping faucets, graffiti.

She looks at the first stall - no door. She opens the second - no toilet paper. The third one it is.

She sits down and realizes the door has no lock so she keeps her hand against it as she does her business. Suddenly, what seems like a shadow passes just underneath the door. Noemi listens, but hears nothing.

NOEMI

Hello?

Nothing. No response. Noemi flushes the toilet. She lets go of the door and it swings open revealing a SCUMBAG ASSAULT (30s) standing before her in dark clothes with his hoodie up.

She SCREAMS.

HARD CUT TO:

EXT. PLAYGROUND - NIGHT

Marie hears the muted scream as she's stuffing one last thing into her bag. Springing into instant motion, Marie flat out sprints toward the bathroom, bag on her shoulder.

INT. PLAYGROUND BATHROOM - NIGHT

The Scumbag Assaulter has Noemi pinned in the corner of the stall, one hand over her mouth, the other trying to pull his pants down.

Marie flies into the stall and throws her arms around the Scumbag's neck. Using the toilet for leverage she pushes back with her foot prying the Scumbag off of Noemi and sending them both crashing into the decrepit sinks.

MARIE  
(to Noemi)  
Get the police!

Like a shot, Noemi flies out of the bathroom as Marie tries to keep the choke hold on the Scumbag. He thrashes wildly, trying to throw her off. She hangs on until he smashes her up against the wall.

She crumples in a heap as he bends over trying to catch his breath. Stunned, she pushes herself up the wall, still very unsteady. He turns to her, fire in his eyes.

SCUMBAG  
You're fucking dead.

Before he makes a move, she bum rushes him swinging her backpack in a high arc and crashing it down on his head. Stuff flies everywhere; clothing, art work, pencils.

As he pushes the bag off she places a vicious kick to the groin. He doubles over in agony. She kicks again, this time to his head.

The blow spins him and his temple crashes into the corner of the sink. He dumps over, out cold. Blood trickles from his head.

Marie stares for a beat, then springs back to life grabbing what she can from the floor and stuffing it into her bag as she jets out of the bathroom.

EXT. TRAP HOUSE - NIGHT

Vincent stands outside the abandoned building, a faint glow of red light spilling out behind a boarded up windows.

He checks his reaper beeper. This is it.

INT. TRAP HOUSE - NIGHT

Vincent moves through the squalid house, stepping carefully over the broken floor boards. Graffiti on the walls, used needles on the floor.

Vincent navigates to the living room. Couches, chairs, and mattresses picked from the garbage are scattered about.

He scans the room. On one couch a blonde woman is passed out. Vincent looks at her, but moves on. Not his target.

Then he sees her. Another young woman curled up on a mattress in the corner. Her back is to him, but a needle still lodged in her neck is totally visible.

He takes a step towards her, then stops. She looks just like Marie from this angle. Same hair style. Same build. A dark sweatshirt and jeans.

He approaches carefully and circles around so he can see her face. It's not Marie. He visibly relaxes.

Vincent kneels next to the OPIOID ADDICT (20's) on the filthy mattress. He puts his hand right next to hers. She looks at him through the narrow sliver of her mostly closed eyelids.

OPIOID ADDICT

Is it better...where I'm going?

VINCENT

I don't know.

OPIOID ADDICT

You never been there?

VINCENT

No. I've only ever been here.

OPIOID ADDICT

I'm ready. I'm ready to see...

She moves her hand toward his, but he slides it away. She looks at him, distressed and confused.

OPIOID ADDICT

What? Please...

VINCENT

You remind me of someone.

OPIOID ADDICT  
I want to go. Let me go.

VINCENT  
Are you sure?

OPIOID ADDICT  
I'm sure. So sure...

He feels her pain now, even as he's dealing with his own. Vincent slides his hand over close to her's. She reaches over and clasps his hand with desperation.

A small smile creeps on her face and she expires. Vincent looks at her, touched in a way he hasn't been for a very long time. SIRENS SWELL in the background.

Vincent stands and retreats into a dark corner as the ADDICT BOYFRIEND pulls open the makeshift door to the Trap House.

ADDICT BOYFRIEND  
She's in here! She wasn't breathing. You have to do something.

The Addict Boyfriend leads the way for two paramedics who are in zero hurry. They have seen all of this before.

The boyfriend rushes to the Opioid Addict's side. PARAMEDIC ONE kneels next to her and puts his fingers to her neck, searching for a pulse. He turns to PARAMEDIC TWO.

PARAMEDIC ONE  
No pulse.

ADDICT BOYFRIEND  
(to Paramedic Two)  
Give her the Narcan!

PARAMEDIC ONE  
There's no point.

Addict Boyfriend looks to Paramedic Two who has the narcan inhaler in his hand.

ADDICT BOYFRIEND  
Give her the narcan!

PARAMEDIC ONE  
She's gone. Narcan doesn't bring someone back from the dead.

ADDICT BOYFRIEND  
Can you just...try?

The two paramedics look at one another for a beat.  
Paramedic Two kneels down and shoots the narcan up her nose.

Vincent has seen enough and slips out of the room unnoticed.

The three of them stare at the Opioid Addict for a long beat, hoping. Nothing happens. Paramedic One pulls out a small notepad, checks his watch, and starts writing notes.

PARAMEDIC ONE  
(to Addict Boyfriend)  
Name of the deceased?

Addict Boyfriend takes a beat, finally realizing she's dead.

ADDICT BOYFRIEND  
Um...Jessara.

PARAMEDIC ONE  
Last name?

ADDICT BOYFRIEND  
I don't know. We've only been hanging for a week or so.

PARAMEDIC ONE  
Do you know of any family we can contact?

ADDICT BOYFRIEND  
No, man. We didn't get into that stuff.

PARAMEDIC ONE  
(to Paramedic Two)  
We're going to have to get the cops down here for this one.

The Addict Boyfriend immediately stands up and backs away from Jessara's body.

ADDICT BOYFRIEND  
Uh, I really got to use the bathroom, man. Be right back.

He turns and practically runs out of the room. The paramedics look at each other knowing full well they won't see him again.

EXT. PLAYGROUND BATHROOM - DAY

Noemi stands outside the bathroom with two UNIFORMED COPS (20's/30's), a police cruiser idling behind them.

NOEMI

He's in there. He tried to hurt  
me. My friend too.

Uniformed Cop One nods and bangs on the half open door.

UNIFORMED COP ONE

Police! Come on out! Let's go!

No response. Uniformed Cop One pushes the door open  
carefully and takes a quick peek inside.

UNIFORMED COP ONE

Police!

He swings into the bathroom, hand on his holstered gun.  
Uniformed Cop Two moves to the edge of the door and peers  
inside.

After a beat, Uniformed Cop One re-emerges.

UNIFORMED COP ONE

Empty. Just some blood and these  
drawings.

He holds out several sketches, a couple of them are Vincent  
with angel wings. Noemi recognizes them.

NOEMI

Those are Marie's.

UNIFORMED COP ONE

Well, she's gone now and so is the  
perpetrator.

UNIFORMED COP TWO

(re: Noemi)

Let's take her statement down at  
the station.

UNIFORMED COP ONE

We'll call your mom from there.

NOEMI

Do we have to?

The two cops shoot each other a quick look as they lead  
Noemi into the squad car.

INT. PHARMACY - BACK ROOM - DAY

TV MONITOR: Grainy black and white footage of out in front  
of the pharmacy scrubs by backwards and speeded up. Cars  
flash by in reverse. People walk extra fast. The time  
stamp in the corner whips back in time.



Kyle leans over the shoulder of an annoyed PHARMACIST (40's) in a lab coat working the video controls. They both stare at the screen.

KYLE

Keep going.

PHARMACIST

(re: the video)

Do you want to do it?

KYLE

Nah, you're doing a great job.

Keep it up.

The Pharmacist gives the slightest of eye rolls as the footage turns from day to night.

KYLE

Okay, slow down a bit here.

TV MONITOR: The scrubbing slows. It's quiet, an occasional car crossing through. Then, Vincent walks backwards onto the lower lefthand corner of the screen.

KYLE

There he is. Slow down.

A satisfied smile creeps onto Kyle's face.

TV MONITOR: Marie runs backward into the frame and turns to face Vincent. They come together as we see her head butt into Vincent's chin in reverse. Going backwards, Vincent has her in the bear hug until he walks her off screen again.

KYLE

Stop there. Play it forward.

The Pharmacist clicks some keys on the keyboard. They watch the scene going forward this time.

KYLE

Does any of this look like she's attacking him?

PHARMACIST

No. She's defending herself.

KYLE

Absolutely.

PHARMACIST

Can I get back to work now?

KYLE

Sure. After you give me a copy of that file.

Kyle produces a jump drive from his pocket. The Pharmacist reluctantly takes it.

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE - DAY

Detective Luke Grisanti sits at his desk typing a report onto his ancient PC with two fingers. Uniformed Cop One crosses over to his desk with a folder in his hand.

UNIFORMED COP ONE

Detective Grisanti?

GRISANTI

Yeah.

UNIFORMED COP ONE

Two young black girls were assaulted in the bathroom at the Park on Lake Street. Captain thought it fit the profile of what you're looking for.

GRISANTI

We get the perp?

UNIFORMED COP ONE

Nope. One of the girls is in the wind too.

(holds out the file)

Here's the file if you want to take a look.

Grisanti flips through the folder.

GRISANTI

Where's the girl that made the statement?

UNIFORMED COP ONE

Children and Family Services has her now.

GRISANTI

What about the other girl?

UNIFORMED COP ONE

Got nothing to go on. Just that her name is Marie.

GRISANTI  
 (re: the file)  
 Okay if I hang onto this for a  
 minute?

UNIFORMED COP ONE  
 Sure.

As Uniformed Cop One peels away, Grisanti digs out his cell phone. Punches up Kyle's number from the contacts. Grisanti looks at one of the Vincent drawings as the phone RINGS.

KYLE (V.O.)  
 (on phone)  
 What's up?

GRISANTI  
 I think I might have something for  
 you.

END OF ACT THREE

## ACT FOUR

EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT

Marie moves through the bustling city streets. Cars cruise by. Groups of people hang on building stoops and street corners. Marie pushes by, head down, hoodie up.

She stops at a corner. Looks both ways. Decides to go left. She's going someplace, she's just not sure where.

INT. ROSIE LA NEGRA BAR & GRILL - MORNING

It's quiet. Rosaria brews a pot of coffee as Vincent enters and sits in his spot.

ROSARIA  
Morning. Coffee's almost ready.  
You're early.

VINCENT  
Couldn't sleep. And I wanted to  
get here before Miss Diaz.

Rosaria smiles.

ROSARIA  
Mission accomplished.

VINCENT  
We'll see for how long.

As if on cue, the front door BANGS OPEN. Miss Diaz shuffles in pushing her collapsable shopping cart of Santeria supplies.

MISS DIAZ  
Rosie. Mister Vincent. Buenos  
días.

Rosaria and Vincent share a small smile.

ROSARIA  
Buenos días, Miss Diaz.

VINCENT  
Morning.

Miss Diaz starts setting up shop in her booth.

MISS DIAZ  
(to Vincent)  
You ready for another reading?

VINCENT

I'm afraid now is not a great time,  
but I appreciate the offer.

MISS DIAZ

Don't you want a glimpse into your  
future? An understanding of your  
past? Don't you want to determine  
your place in the world?

VINCENT

My place in the world has been  
determined for me.

MISS DIAZ

It has? How can you be so sure?

VINCENT

I'm very certain.

MISS DIAZ

You are blind to yourself. With  
knowledge comes power. You have to  
know what to work on, but you can't  
see that yet.

VINCENT

I'll take it under advisement, Miss  
Diaz.

She arches her eyebrow and is about to respond when the door  
opens again. Kyle steps in, his swagger back. He eyeballs  
Rosaria, a roguish smile on his face as he crosses to her.

She stares back at him, wary.

ROSARIA

What's that smile all about?

KYLE

A guy can't stop by to say hello?

ROSARIA

Not with that shit eating grin on  
his face.

KYLE

I'm offended.

From behind his back he pulls out an adorable stuffed Koala  
bear.

KYLE

(re: the stuffed animal)  
And so is Professor Pickles.

Rosaria tries to hold back, but she can't help but beam with delight. She cuddles the stuffed animal next to her face.

ROSARIA  
(to the stuffed animal)  
Professor Pickles! You're so cute!

Rosaria gives Kyle a peck on the cheek.

ROSARIA  
That was very sweet of you.

KYLE  
I was going to buy you a puppy...  
But I thought better of it.

ROSARIA  
Good decision.

Miss Diaz scowls. She can't believe this cheap sentimentality is working.

Kyle turns to Vincent who seems transfixed by his coffee cup.

KYLE  
(to Vincent)  
I have a present for you too.

Vincent snaps up, suspicious.

KYLE  
I think I found that girl you're  
looking for.

Vincent gives a measured response.

VINCENT  
Really?

KYLE  
Yeah. You busy right now? Want to  
come see her?

He's not sure where this is going, but he's too intrigued to say no so he shoots down the last of his coffee.

VINCENT  
Sure.

Vincent stands and drops a couple of bucks onto the counter. Rosaria smiles, excited for him.

ROSARIA  
(to Vincent)  
Good luck.

VINCENT

Thanks.

Vincent and Kyle cross toward the exit. Kyle gives a slight wave as he gets to the door.

ROSARIA

(to Kyle)

Yes.

Kyle stops. Turns back.

KYLE

"Yes" what?

ROSARIA

Yes to dinner and dancing.

Kyle is pleasantly surprised.

KYLE

Really?

ROSARIA

Tomorrow night.

KYLE

Tomorrow night. I'll pick you up.

ROSARIA

I'll be ready.

Kyle swings out the door, a big grin on his face. Rosaria beams too.

Miss Diaz shakes her head.

MISS DIAZ

A stuffed animal, Rosaria? Really?

ROSARIA

Hush, Miss Diaz.

Scolded, Miss Diaz retreats into her cards. Rosaria continues to beam.

INT./EXT. KYLE'S CAR/CITY STREETS - DAY

Vincent and Kyle climb into Kyle's sporty pick-up truck.

KYLE

This shouldn't take long.

VINCENT

Where are we headed?

KYLE

Oh, yeah. About that. We're going to the morgue.

VINCENT

The morgue?

KYLE

I didn't want to say anything in front of Rosaria and upset her, but it looks like your girl is dead.

VINCENT

It's not her.

KYLE

How do you know?

Vincent pauses a beat.

VINCENT

I'm pretty sure it's not her.

KYLE

So then you know where Marie Murphy is?

VINCENT

No.

KYLE

But you're sure she's not dead.

VINCENT

Yes.

KYLE

I don't think you can have it both ways.

A frosty beat.

KYLE

Will you just take a look? We still need to identify this girl, who ever she is.

Still agitated, Vincent gives a reluctant nod.

INT. CITY MORGUE - ANTEROOM - DAY

Vincent sits on a bench in an over lit, clinical anteroom. An ASSISTANT CORONER (30's) mindlessly inputs data into an antiquated computer, the big steel doors to the refrigerators right next to her desk.



VINCENT  
Do you like working here?

The Assistant Coroner looks up, uninspired.

ASSISTANT CORONER  
It's a job.

VINCENT  
Is it depressing, being around  
death all the time?

ASSISTANT CORONER  
You get used to it. And the  
benefits are great.

VINCENT  
Right. The benefits.

ASSISTANT CORONER  
Yeah, they're really terrific.  
(a quick beat)  
Hey, have we met before? You look  
familiar.

Vincent shakes his head. The Assistant Coroner shrugs as the big steel door opens. The CORONER (60's), with Kyle beside him, beckons Vincent in.

INT. CITY MORGUE - REFRIGERATOR ROOM - DAY

The Coroner leads Vincent to one of the many small square doors to the refrigeration unit. He pulls on the handle which slides out a body covered in a sheet.

KYLE  
(to Vincent)  
You okay with this?

VINCENT  
I'm fine. Let's get it over with.

The Coroner begins peeling back the sheet, but Vincent turns before it's barely uncovered her face.

VINCENT  
It's not her.

And it isn't Marie, but it is the Opioid Addict from the drug den.

Vincent charges out the door. A confused Kyle follows.

INT. MORGUE - HALLWAY - DAY

Vincent powers down the hallway. Kyle catches up.

KYLE  
What the fuck was that?

VINCENT  
I should ask you the same question.

KYLE  
I'm trying to help you out.

VINCENT  
Are you? By showing me some dead  
heroin addict?

Vincent turns and continues walking.

KYLE  
How'd you know she was a heroin  
addict?

He stops. Takes a beat. Busted. Turns back to Kyle.

VINCENT  
I'm not an idiot. I know what  
injection marks look like. They  
were all up and down her neck.

KYLE  
Still could have been Marie Murphy.

VINCENT  
Marie is not a heroin addict.

KYLE  
You sure seem to know a lot about a  
girl you say you know nothing  
about.

Vincent's reaper beeper BUZZES in his pocket. He checks it quickly.

VINCENT  
I've got go.

He continues his march down the hallway. Kyle glares after him.

KYLE  
Have a nice day.

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

From a short distance away, Marie watches a line of people form while waiting for a free meal at a church soup kitchen.

As the church doors open and the line starts to move, she self-consciously slinks over and joins the end of the line.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

The line moves quickly, the down on their luck people trying to be grateful as they accept an apple, a sandwich, and a bottle of water.

Marie takes a sandwich and turns to leave the church with it when a smiling VOLUNTEER approaches.

VOLUNTEER

Eat with us. Rest a little. It's okay.

Marie wants to bolt, but she can't in good conscience. She turns back and scans the room looking for the least crowded table.

She sits down across from an OLDER HOMELESS MAN who says nothing, but stares intensely at her as he eats.

INT. UPSCALE APARTMENT - DAY

An "old money" luxury apartment. Expensive art in gold frames. Plush Oriental rugs and mahogany furniture. Chandeliers everywhere.

LEONA (70's), with over done make-up, sits on an exquisite couch in a ball gown. She holds a bottle of prescription pills in her hand. Vincent sits across from her.

LEONA

I've tried this before, you know.

VINCENT

I know.

LEONA

But this time I'm going to do it.

VINCENT

That's why I'm here.

There's a awkward beat.

LEONA  
Should I take more pills?

VINCENT  
You can if you want to.

She pulls a bottle of Ketel One vodka out of an ice bucket and pours some into a elegant champagne flute. She shakes more pills from the bottle into her mouth and washes them down with the vodka.

LEONA  
I just wish I could see Alan's face  
when he finds me.

VINCENT  
Alan doesn't find you.

LEONA  
What? No. Alan has to find me.

VINCENT  
The housekeeper...

LEONA  
Marisol finds me!? No, it has to  
be Alan! I want to stop!

VINCENT  
There's no stopping now.

LEONA  
No, there has to be a way to stop  
it! Alan has to find me! Make  
Alan find me! I'll pay you.

VINCENT  
I can't do that. Alan doesn't come  
home tonight.

LEONA  
He's with that bitch, isn't he?

VINCENT  
I don't know. Probably. But I  
don't know.

Leona starts to slow down. She slumps over on the couch,  
her breathing becoming labored.

LEONA  
I don't want to do this now. Make  
it stop.

VINCENT

It's too late, Leona. This is how  
it happens.

Foam starts to bubble out of her mouth. Vincent puts his  
hand right near hers. She doesn't reach for it.

VINCENT

Come on, now. Take my hand.

All she can muster is the slightest shake "no."

VINCENT

Please don't be difficult. Just  
grab my hand. It's time.

Leona stares back at him, refusing to move. More foam  
bubbles at her mouth.

VINCENT

Goddamn it. What do you want from  
me? I can't do what you're asking.

Frustrated, he pulls his hand away.

VINCENT

This is what you want? To be like  
this? I can't reverse anything, so  
you'll just lie here, stuff coming  
out of your mouth. You can't buy  
your way out of this. There is no  
one to influence. No appeals  
process. Just you and me.

He leans back in his chair and looks at her. She tries to  
read him through her dying eyes. Suddenly, her hand shifts  
forward. He leans over and puts his hand next to hers.

VINCENT

That's it.

Leona reaches a little further and takes his hand. She  
suddenly aspirates heavily and dies on the couch. Vincent  
takes a long look at the now dead Leona.

VINCENT

Pain in my ass.

INT. ROSIE LA NEGRA BAR & GRILL - NIGHT

The place is hopping. Lots of diners. The music sizzles.  
Miss Diaz is anchored in her spot.

LALO (40's), a big, affable guy with an equally big smile,  
slings cocktails from behind the bar.

Rosaria is nowhere to be seen.

The chatter in the place dies down as Kyle enters looking very dapper in a suit and tie.

Suddenly, all the heads turn to see Rosaria emerging from the kitchen. She is the epitome of class. Form fitting, but elegant dress. Hair swept up. Tasteful make-up. The entire restaurant is impressed.

And so is Kyle. He shakes off the trance he's in and steps up to her.

KYLE

Good evening, madame.

ROSARIA

Good evening to you, sir.

From behind his back Kyle brings forth a corsage, straight out of high school.

ROSARIA

A corsage? For me? Are we going to prom again?

KYLE

It was on sale. I couldn't resist.

He gets on one knee and delicately places the corsage on her wrist. Kyle then pulls a matching boutonniere from his pocket and attaches it to his lapel.

KYLE

(extends his arm)  
Shall we, my lady.

ROSARIA

Let's.

They stroll out as if on a red carpet. The restaurant explodes into applause and catcalls.

EXT. ROSIE LA NEGRA BAR & GRILL - NIGHT

Vincent watches from a discreet vantage point across the street as Kyle escorts Rosaria to his truck, opens her door for her, and closes it behind.

As the truck pulls out and disappears down the block, Vincent beelines for the restaurant.

INT. ROSIE LA NEGRA BAR & GRILL - NIGHT

Vincent slices through the restaurant and plants himself across from Miss Diaz.

VINCENT  
What are you drinking, Miss Diaz?

MISS DIAZ  
You buying?  
(Vincent nods)  
Seven and seven.

Vincent gets Lalo's attention behind the bar.

VINCENT  
(to Lalo)  
Two Seven and Seven's.

MISS DIAZ  
(to Vincent)  
You're having one too? I've never  
seen you touch a drop.

VINCENT  
I'm feeling...festive.

Miss Diaz looks at him sideways, not sure how to take that comment. She starts laying out tarot cards.

VINCENT  
(re: the tarot cards)  
We're not doing this again, are we?

MISS DIAZ  
You have a troubled soul.

VINCENT  
And?

MISS DIAZ  
We need to get to the bottom of it  
so you can fix it.

VINCENT  
No thanks.

Lalo delivers the cocktails. They clink. Drink. Miss Diaz turns over a card. Death.

MISS DIAZ  
(perplexed)  
Again?

VINCENT

No way! What are the odds?

Still trying to make sense of this, Miss Diaz gives him a long, hard look.

EXT. HIGHWAY BRIDGE - NIGHT

Marie huddles against the upper wall underneath a busy overpass, the THRUMMING of CARS on the highway above making a distinct rhythm.

She scans about her one more time searching for threats, but seeing none.

Using her stuffed turtle as a pillow she rolls onto her side to try and sleep, revealing a drawing of Vincent with vampire wings in Sharpie on the wall above her.

MONTAGE - ALL AROUND TOWN - NIGHT

Kyle and Rosaria eat an elegant, candlelit meal. We don't hear what they say, but Kyle is effusive and charming. Rosaria looks at him, mesmerized.

They tango at an upscale nightclub. Kyle isn't great, but he's *trying* and Rosaria is impressed by the effort.

They share a late night Scotch in a cozy, corner booth. They don't talk, just happy to be in each other's presence. Rosaria reaches out and takes Kyles hand.

END MONTAGE

INT. ROSIE LA NEGRA BAR & GRILL - NIGHT

Miss Diaz is virtually asleep, her tarot cards spread sloppily all over the table.

The restaurant is just about empty. Lalo cleans up around the bar.

Vincent sits across from Miss Diaz nursing his last Seven and Seven.

LALO

(to Vincent)

You need anything else, Vincent? I got to close up soon.

VINCENT

Rosaria isn't coming back?



LALO

She said she would, but it's  
getting pretty late. I can take  
Miss D. home.

VINCENT

It's okay. I'll do it.

Vincent starts pushing the tarot cards together and blowing  
out the candles. He gently takes Miss Diaz by the arm.

VINCENT

Time to go home, Miss Diaz.

Miss Diaz looks up at him, half in daze.

MISS DIAZ

Let's have one more.

VINCENT

Can't do that. They're closing.  
Time to get you home.

MISS DIAZ

Oh. Okay.

He places the items on the table into her cart and gingerly  
supports her as she gets to her feet.

EXT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Kyle and Rosaria stroll arm in arm, quiet and content.

They get to Kyle's truck. He opens the door for her. She  
slides in as he goes to the driver's side.

INT./EXT. KYLE'S CAR/NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Kyle turns the car over, then looks to Rosaria.

KYLE

Come home with me.

She groans and slumps in her seat.

ROSARIA

But it's been a perfect night.

KYLE

Who said it was over?

ROSARIA

You know what I mean.

KYLE

Do I?

Frustrated, she turns to him.

ROSARIA

I've had a great time. Don't push it.

KYLE

Just come home with me...back to our home.

A beat.

ROSARIA

Damn you, Kyle.

He smiles.

ROSARIA

Okay. Let's go home.

Kyle kisses her hand and puts the truck in gear.

INT. MISS DIAZ'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Vincent pushes open the door and snaps on the light, revealing a small apartment over-stuffed with knick-knacks, doilies, and wall hangings.

He leads Miss Diaz to a well worn sofa and eases her down onto it.

She stares up at him through her not very lucid eyes.

MISS DIAZ

Who are you, Vincent?

VINCENT

Go to sleep. You've had too much to drink.

MISS DIAZ

Who are you? What are you?

Getting uncomfortable, Vincent is about to pull away from her when she reaches up cups the side of his face with her hand. She seems to instantly sober up.

MISS DIAZ

The pain. The suffering you've seen. I can feel it. I knew there was something about you. I knew...

VINCENT  
You don't know about me.

MISS DIAZ  
I do...

He carefully peels her hand off his cheek and the alcohol in her body takes back over. She sinks even deeper into the couch. He catches her eye again.

VINCENT  
Why haven't you told anyone about your cancer?

MISS DIAZ  
It's nobody's business.

VINCENT  
Have you seen a doctor?

MISS DIAZ  
Why? So he can tell me I have "six months to live?"

VINCENT  
It's less than that.

She wasn't ready for this, but she knows it's true. Fear creeps into her face. Vincent is all business now.

VINCENT  
Sober up then go see a doctor.  
You're going to need help.

With that he's up and out the door, leaving her to drunkenly contemplate her imminent mortality.

INT. CHURCH - MORNING

Marie takes her plate of runny eggs and toast, and sits cross toward the same Older Homeless Man who once again sits by himself at a table.

She sits across from him and begins to eat. He stares at her, but it's not as hard this time. Maybe, just maybe, there is a hint of a smile in there.

INT. ROSIE LA NEGRA BAR & GRILL - MORNING

Vincent enters and goes right to his seat at the bar. A smattering of older patrons sit at tables, while a group of construction workers power down egg sandwiches at the bar.

Lalo emerges from the back, a fresh rack of coffee cups - still warm from the dishwasher - in hand.

LALO  
(to Vincent)  
Coffee?

VINCENT  
Please.

Lalo pours a mug and slides it over.

VINCENT  
Still no Rosaria?

LALO  
Let's just say she had a late night.

Vincent nods, but he's not happy to hear this.

The CHIME on the door RINGS and Detective Grisanti swaggers in followed by two UNIFORMED OFFICERS. He beelines directly to Vincent.

GRISANTI  
You're hard guy to track down.

VINCENT  
Seems like you figured it out.

GRISANTI  
Gonna have to ask you to come down to the station with us?

VINCENT  
What for?

GRISANTI  
You know, the usual. Questions and whatnot.

VINCENT  
Am I under arrest?

GRISANTI  
Yeah, something like that. Spread your arms out.

Vincent complies. Grisanti starts patting him down.

GRISANTI  
You don't have anything on you that's going to stick me, do you?

Vincent shakes his head "no." Grisanti pulls out his handcuffs.

GRISANTI  
Hands behind your back.

VINCENT  
(re: the handcuffs)  
Are those really necessary?

GRISANTI  
Maybe. Maybe not. But I'd feel  
more comfortable if you were  
cuffed.

Vincent puts his hands behind his back. Grisanti slaps the cuffs on.

INT./EXT. KYLE'S CAR/ROSIE LA NEGRA BAR & GRILL - MORNING

Kyle pulls the car up in front of the restaurant. He and Rosaria share a passionate kiss.

ROSARIA  
It was a magical night.

KYLE  
It was. Let's do it again tonight.

Rosaria smiles.

ROSARIA  
Tranquilo. Let's keep it slow.

Rosario catches Vincent being led from the restaurant by the two uniformed cops, Grisanti following behind. Kyle sees it too.

ROSARIA  
(to Kyle)  
What the hell is this?

KYLE  
I don't know, Ro. I'm still on  
desk duty.

Rosaria hops out of the car. Kyle follows.

Rosaria catches Vincent's eye just before he disappears into the back of the squad car. Grisanti and Kyle also share a discreet look.

ROSARIA  
(turning to Kyle)  
This is bullshit, Kyle.

KYLE

Don't get upset, Ro. Let me find  
out what's going on.

Pissed, Rosaria storms off.

INT./EXT. SQUAD CAR/CITY STREETS - DAY

Vincent, still handcuffed, cranes his neck to look back at  
Rosaria as the squad car pulls out into traffic.

His REAPER BEEPER goes off BUZZING loudly. He looks down at  
his pocket, unable to turn the machine off.

VINCENT

(to himself)

Shit.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE