

A THOUGHT UNCHAINED
(1st Draft)

by
David C. Hoke

FADE IN:

INSERT: "'...truth faileth; and he that departeth from evil maketh himself a prey: and the Lord saw it, and it displeased Him that there was no judgement.' Isaiah 59:15"

THE SOUND OF MEN YELLING AND SCREAMING.

1 INT. LUXURY APARTMENT - DAY 1

TWO WISEGUYS, suits, stand on one side a room across from TWO CUBANS, Hawaiian shirts. ARGUING. ON THE VERGE OF WW III.

CUBANS

Fuck you! Where's my money?

WISEGUYS

Fuck you! It's coming!

A BUZZ CUT CUBAN pulls a silenced 9mm around.

BUZZ CUT

You promised me my money two hours ago, man. Where the fuck is it?

FOUR EYED WISEGUY pulls his own silenced .45 and puts it on the Cubans.

FOUR EYES

Put that fuckin' gun down, mother fucker!

BUZZ CUT

Fuck you!

FOUR EYES

Fuck you and your fuckin' gun. The money will be here.

The YOUNGER CUBAN and YOUNGER WISEGUY whip out their pistols too, both with silencers.

FOUR EYES (CONT'D)

Everybody calm the fuck down.

Suddenly, SUKI, early 20's, pink hair, wearing a Warren Moon Oiler's jersey and a very short skirt, walks into the room. She is not expecting this and they are not expecting her. She freezes.

A beat.

(CONTINUED)

SUKI

Wha--

One of the men fires. Not sure who. All hell breaks loose. SILENCED PISTOL ROUNDS. MASS CONFUSION. SHIT BREAKS. SCREAMS. GRUNTS.

Suki takes a round and hits the floor, her cell phone goes sliding. Blood splattered on her face.

The GUNFIRE stops. Smoke fills the room. Shell casings roll around. All the men are dead.

Suki lays with her head down in the floor. A MOAN. Blood pools around her shoulder. She sees her cell phone and extends her hand for it.

SUKI (CONT'D)

(near faint)

Roy...

Her eyes roll back and she passes out.

INSERT: "1. THE SWEET REVENGE OF A BITTER ENEMY."

MS. PRESLEY, 50's, a total cougar, walks the mall in her high heel shoes. Everything on her (clothes, purse, shoes) is the latest fashion and the highest priced.

She passes by a pretzel hutt.

ROY, 20's, former Army Ranger, eats a pretzel with cheese sauce. He watches her walk by and tosses his food away.

He lets her stay several yards ahead and begins tailing her. She passes by a jewelry store and slowly diverts inside. He loiters around at a kiosk selling calenders.

He thumbs through the calenders, glancing occasionally at Ms. Priss. She takes a long last look at the earrings and she is off again.

He keeps a safe distance when she heads right for a fancy clothes/department store. He lets her get several yards into the store and enters.

CLOTHES STORE

He keeps an eye on her as he approaches a STORE MAP. He looks at the outside exits one by one. Three of them total.

(CONTINUED)

He rubs his chin. Shit! Too many exits to cover. He looks back at her and Ms. Priss is looking at evening dresses.

He loiters towards the home decor adjacent the ladies' fashions. He keeps glancing at her. Lost in his own world.

VOICE (O.S.)

Can I help you, sir?

He looks up, jarred into reality. A SMILING CLERK looks at him.

ROY

No. I'm waiting for my wife.

He forces a smile. The clerk moves on, nothing out of the ordinary. He glances back at Ms. Priss and she's gone.

Shit! He looks around. No Ms. Priss. He turns around and there she is behind him, looking at bath mats. He stares a moment, she doesn't notice.

He slips away and she looks up to where he was. She's none the wiser.

Roy circles towards the mall entrance, keeping her in sight. He takes a seat at a bench right inside the store entrance.

INSERT: "ONE HOUR LATER..."

Roy sits on the bench, agitated. He stands and walks towards the perfume counters. No Ms. Priss. He looks around. She's nowhere.

He moves around the store, frantic on the inside but still cool on the outside.

LADIES' FASHIONS

No Ms. Priss.

HOME DECOR

Nothing.

KITCHENWARES

No cougar.

(CONTINUED)

KID'S CLOTHES

Nope.

MEN'S FASHION

No Ms. Presley anywhere. He bites his lip and looks around. The frustration is showing on the outside now.

He turns and sees the CATALOG DEPT. Heads that way.

CATALOG DEPT.

He steps into the little corridor of a department. No Ms. Presley. He does a 180 where he stands. To his left, an elevator.

SECOND FLOOR

He steps out of the elevator. Electronics. A portrait studio. Appliances.

ROY
(to himself)
What the fuck...

He starts walking through, trying to reacquire her. She's nowhere. He looks around: a ladies' room sign.

He heads for it, stopping outside the door. Quick look around. No one. He slightly pushes the door open.

ROY (CONT'D)
Maintenance. Anybody in here?

A moment. A moment. He starts to head in.

VOICE (O.S.)
Yes, just a minute.

He backs away from the door and heads to electronics, pretending to look at the stereos. He keeps an eye on the ladies' room.

AN UPBEAT ELECTRONICS CLERK, young, your typical commissioned electronics salesman who annoys the fuck out of you, sees Roy and walks over.

ELECTRONICS CLERK
Can I help you today, sir?

ROY
(dismissive)
I'm just looking.

(CONTINUED)

ELECTRONICS CLERK

Looking for what, sir? Maybe I can help you out.

ROY

I'm just looking. That's all.

ELECTRONICS CLERK

All right. Well, you let me know if I can help you, okay?

ROY

Okay.

The clerk starts to walk away and Roy continues watching the rest room and pretending to look at the stereos. The clerk stops and turns back again.

ELECTRONICS CLERK

You know, I own one of those myself.

Roy looks at him, annoyed.

ROY

What?

ELECTRONICS CLERK

That one. The XR-17. Damn good stereo. You can definitely wake the neighbors with that one.

ROY

I live in an apartment.

ELECTRONICS CLERK

Then you can *definitely* wake the neighbors with that one.

He LAUGHS. Roy looks back at the ladies' room to see the door shutting.

ROY

Shit.

The clerk turns on the stereo and LOUD MUSIC comes blasting out. Roy drops his head. MOTHER FUCKER IS IT LOUD! He covers his ears and the clerk LAUGHS it up.

Roy looks around to see PEOPLE staring at them because of the LOUD, FUCKING MUSIC. He looks over and MS. PRESLEY is looking at them too.

Roy reaches over and turns it off. The clerk keeps LAUGHING.

(CONTINUED)

ELECTRONICS CLERK

You like that? I can send you
home with it today for...

Roy steps up into the clerk's face. His voice is just
above whisper but he is about to explode on this little
bastard.

ROY

Listen to me, you fuck. I said I
was just looking.

The clerk puts his hands up.

ELECTRONICS CLERK

Okay. Okay. It's cool.

Roy looks around and the PEOPLE have gone about their
business. Ms. Presley is heading for the elevators. Roy
takes off after her, in a hurry but not running.

The clerk looks genuinely remorseful.

ELECTRONICS CLERK (CONT'D)

Look, I'm sorry.

Roy just keeps going. He nears the elevator and the
doors shut. He looks across the floor to see the
escalators. He hurries to it.

FIRST FLOOR

Roy reaches the first floor and sees the elevator opening
up. No Ms. Priss.

ROY

(to himself)

Dammit.

He rushes over to them and hits the button. Freezes. He
looks at the buttons again. A down button. He looks up
at the sign: "First Floor."

ROY (CONT'D)

Shit.

He hits the down button.

PARKING GARAGE

Roy steps out of the elevator and looks around. Cars,
cars, and more cars. No people. The SOUND OF A CAR
ENGINE on the level above. A TIRE SQUEAL.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: (4)

3

He moves and takes cover in a row of cars, starts putting gloves on his hands. A TOWN CAR passes by him and stops at the exit gate arm.

ROY (CONT'D)

Shit.

He runs for the town car, pulling a ski mask from his pocket. He quickly dons it and rushes to the car. Still no one else around.

4 I/E. TOWN CAR - CONTINUOUS

4

Ms. Presley fumbles through her purse for her ticket stub. Suddenly, the driver door is thrown open and Roy pushes her into the passenger seat. She SCREAMS.

MS. PRESLEY

What---!

Roy pins her down under his body, her upper body in the seat and her legs still partly in the driver's floorboard. He forces a hand over her mouth and pushes her head into the seat.

ROY

Shh!

He tries to force her to be quiet.

ROY (CONT'D)

Shut the fuck up.

He hits her in the head with his fist and she begins to CRY, scared out of her fucking mind. He pulls a large bandage from his pocket and forces it over her mouth. She closes her eyes and just CRIES.

ROY (CONT'D)

Shut the fuck up and everything will be okay.

She reaches for the door handle and he grabs her arms. He reaches in his pocket and takes out a zip tie. He pins her under his body and fights with her arms until she is tied. Another fist to the head.

ROY (CONT'D)

Bitch!

He shuts the driver's door and looks up. The gate arm is still down.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

ROY (CONT'D)

Where's the ticket?

She just CRIES. He grabs her purse and looks through it. A CAR HORN. He looks up and a car has just pulled up behind him. He dumps the purse all over her. Bingo!

He puts the ticket through the reader and the arm raises. He slaps the car in gear and they are off.

5 EXT. VACANT LOT - EVENING

5

Sun setting. The town car pulls up into the lot and stops. The middle of nowhere. Nobody nor sign of nobody for miles.

6 I/E. TOWN CAR - CONTINUOUS

6

Ms. Presley trembles, her eyes still closed. Piss puddle in her seat.

Roy stares at her, watching her shiver.

He takes a plastic bag out of his pocket and opens it up. His movements are slow. He doesn't want to do this.

He straddles her in the seat. She just tenses up and keeps her eyes shut. Her arms and hands up tight against her chest.

She is near meltdown. She begins to SCREAM through the bandage on her mouth. It is annoying as fuck.

He SIGHS and rips it off.

ROY

What?

MS. PRESLEY

I can give you anything you want.

He starts to put the bag over her head.

MS. PRESLEY (CONT'D)

You can fuck me. I'll suck your cock. I'll suck your cum. Whatever. I'm worth a lot of money. You don't have to do this.

He puts the bag over her head. She SCREAMS and begins to violently swing her arms and legs. He forces his body on her, using his weight to keep her down.

(CONTINUED)

He forces the bag over her head as she claws, slaps, kicks, hits at him. He squeezes her neck, his hands sealing the bag around her throat. She reaches up and tears the bag open.

ROY

Bitch.

She reaches up and bites his collarbone. He grabs her head and pushes it back into the seat. He punches her in the head twice.

MS. PRESLEY

No! No!

He takes out a hunting knife and flips the blade open, one handed. He holds her head against the seat rest and jabs the knife into her throat.

An artery pops and blood blasts everywhere.

She goes nuclear. Her limbs flail and her body convulses. SICK, GURGLING SOUNDS come from her. Blood comes out of her mouth.

This is not a Hollywood murder. It is hard work taking a life.

Roy pushes the knife deeper into her neck. The SOUND OF AIR AND BLOOD MIXES in her throat.

MS. PRESLEY (CONT'D)

Stop...stop...

He again uses his body weight to hold her down and forces the knife into her. His head above hers, he can't (won't) look into her eyes.

Her resistance slows. The GURGLING slows. The feet lightly kick. Several moments pass. He looks around the back seat, out the windows, as he presses the knife and his body weight into and on her.

No more resistance. He pulls back and sees her fish eyes staring at nothing. Her mouth gapping open. Blood and piss everywhere.

He sits back in the seat and begins to breath heavy, like after running a race. He takes off the ski mask. Sweat pours off of him.

He reaches over to her and grabs the knife. He pulls and pulls on it but it is wedge into her neck tightly. He pushes on her head with one hand and pulls on the knife with the other.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED: (2)

6

It yanks out and his other hand smacks her head into the door glass, shattering it into cobwebs.

Roy steps out of the car and takes a bottle of lighter fluid from his jacket. He squirts it all over the front seat and, particularly, Ms. Presley.

He tosses the bottle inside and produces a matchbook. He lights it and tosses it inside.

The car is in flames in seconds. He calmly walks away, disappearing into the nearby woods.

7 INT. LUXURY APARTMENT - DAY

7

Suki lays in the floor, pale and sweaty. A blood and piss pool under her.

Her CELL PHONE VIBRATES AND BUZZES. A text message. Suki opens her eyes and looks up at the phone.

She passes back out.

INSERT: "2. A PREACHER NEEDS PAIN."

8 INT. RECEPTION AREA, LAW OFFICE - DAY

8

A RECEPTIONIST, 22, smoking hot Latino, librarian glasses, sits playing solitaire on her PC. ELEVATOR MUSIC PLAYS over the building PA.

The door opens and the DEACON, 50's, dressed sharp in a black suit, big sumbitch, walks in the door.

She clicks off of solitaire and onto some appointment screen.

RECEPTIONIST

May I help you?

DEACON

I need to see Mr. Lawson.

RECEPTIONIST

Do you have an appointment?

DEACON

No.

RECEPTIONIST

Mr. Lawson does not see anyone without an appointment.

(CONTINUED)

DEACON

Then, give me an appointment.

RECEPTIONIST

(clicking through her
screens)

Are you available next Thursday?

DEACON

I was thinking right now.

RECEPTIONIST

Mr. Lawson is not taking
appointments right now. He likes
to keep his schedule clear around
this time every day.

DEACON

Why?

RECEPTIONIST

To do paperwork, catch up on his
daily activities...

(she stops)

May I ask you why?

He smiles. It IS none of his business and she's called
him on it.

DEACON

Good point.

RECEPTIONIST

Can I put you down for next
Thursday?

DEACON

No.

He reaches in his pocket and takes out a wad of cash big
enough to choke a fucking horse.

DEACON (CONT'D)

I'm gonna make this simple. Let's
just cut through all this
bullshit.

He tosses down five hundred dollars on the desk. When
the Deacon talks, he talks with his hands too.

DEACON (CONT'D)

For that, all you have to do is go
back there and ask him to see me.
Tell him Deacon Aaron is here.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DEACON (CONT'D)

If he says, "Go fuck yourself", you still get five hundred dollars. If he says, "Send him in", I'll give you five hundred more. All for just prancing that fine little ass of yours back there and asking one question.

She picks up the money and he holds up the wad.

DEACON (CONT'D)

I'm good for it.

She walks to the back. He watches her heart shaped ass the whole way. He counts out five hundred dollars and puts the rest of his wad in his pocket. She comes sashaying out and he holds up the money.

RECEPTIONIST

Mr. Lawson said, "Come on in."

She takes the money and sits down. The Deacon gives her a polite nod and heads on back.

LAWSON'S OFFICE

LAWSON, 40's, black, one of those lawyers who does well financially but still thinks a good time is dinner at the Olive Garden, sits at his desk, doing paperwork.

The Deacon pushes open the door and stands in the threshold.

LAWSON

(not looking)

Come on in.

The Deacon steps in and looks around. The office is decorated much like the man: between sophisticated and Cracker Barrel.

DEACON

I'm Deacon Aaron.

Lawson finally looks up. He stands and they shake hands.

LAWSON

Mitch Lawson.

DEACON

Pleased to meet you.

LAWSON

Pleased to meet *you*. Please, have a seat.

(CONTINUED)

The Deacon sits and looks around the office.

LAWSON (CONT'D)

What can I do for you today, Mr. Aaron?

DEACON

Oh, Deacon is not my first name. It's a title. My first name is Aaron.

LAWSON

Oh, pardon me. So, it is Mr. ...?

DEACON

Deacon will be fine.

LAWSON

Ah, okay. Well then, Deacon Aaron, what can I do for you?

DEACON

You recently helped settle an estate for Mrs. Presley. Naomi Presley. I am looking to find her heir.

LAWSON

Sir, I cannot divulge any information on my clients. I can only tell you I did help with Ms. Presley's estate...

DEACON

Mrs. Presley.

LAWSON

Sir?

DEACON

You said Ms. Presley. It was Mrs. Presley. Not Miss.

LAWSON

Again, pardon me, sir, but she was a widow. I am not sure what the etiquette for that situation is, so for the sake of this conversation...

(a little laugh)

...Misses it is.

DEACON

It's not etiquette, son. She was a Misses.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DEACON (CONT'D)

Misses indeed it is, this
conversation and in any other.

Lawson gets a little uncomfortable, adjusts in his seat.

LAWSON

So, anyway, I cannot divulge any
information about the heir. There
is a ton of public information at
your disposal at the courthouse,
so I can only advice you to start
there.

The Deacon pulls out his wad of bills.

DEACON

Let's just cut the shit. Keep
this real simple.

(examining wad)

This wad should be about eight
thousand dollars. Spending money
for me. Give me an address...

(holding up index
finger)

...just one address, and it is
yours.

Lawson holds up his hands and gives an uncomfortable
LAUGH.

LAWSON

I can't do that, sir.

DEACON

Not for eight thousand dollars?

LAWSON

No, sir.

DEACON

You know what you can get for
eight thousand? You ever go to
Vegas? You know how much pussy
eight grand can get you?

Another uncomfortable LAUGH.

LAWSON

I'm sorry, I can't.

The Deacon sets it on the desk.

DEACON

There it is. One address. One
phone number.

(CONTINUED)

LAWSON

No, sir.

DEACON

Just one.

LAWSON

No, sir.

DEACON

Eight grand. Some pussy. White pussy. Get that new set of clubs *and* that new plasma television. Get that hot little wetback receptionist to fuck you. She's not too good for money. How do you think I got back here?

Lawson decides to get firm.

LAWSON

Sir, I said no. Now, I appreciate the offer and I understand you might have reasons to need the information, but no is the answer. I made two hundred thousand last year, not too bad for a one man show. I ain't trading in that for disbarment over eight thousand dollars. So, the answer is no.

(calms down)

Now, is there something else I can help you with?

The Deacon reaches for the wad and holds his hand over it.

DEACON

Last chance.

LAWSON

No.

The Deacon grabs the wad and puts it in his pocket.

DEACON

You're a principled man, Mr. Lawson.

The Deacon stands and starts to leave when he stops.

DEACON (CONT'D)

Do you know much about names?

(CONTINUED)

LAWSON

Sir?

DEACON

Names. Smith. Jones. Gonzalez.

LAWSON

Just what anybody knows.

DEACON

You know how they came up with them? They'd take the father's profession and add son to it. Or take the father's first name and add son to it. Johnson: father's name was John. Jackson: again, after the father's name Jack. Lawson: the father studied law.

LAWSON

I have heard that before.

DEACON

So someone in your line of heritage must've been a lawyer. And now here you are.

Lawson nods.

LAWSON

Well, I am in my ancestor's debt.

DEACON

Yeah, but it ain't that simple for you.

LAWSON

Sir?

DEACON

Nah, it ain't that simple. Slaves didn't have last names, so they'd take on their master's names. You ever see a black person named McNair or McNabb?

(a laugh)

You think they are Irish? A black Goldstein. You think they're a Jew?

Lawson stands.

LAWSON

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

(CONTINUED)

DEACON

So, for you it's real complex. Is Lawson your father's name or your ancestor's master's name? Or both? What if your slave master is your ancestor? Boy, your lineage has the potential to be all fucked up.

Lawson approaches him, pointing out of the office.

LAWSON

Sir, I insist you leave.

The Deacon shuts the door with his foot and grabs Lawson's arm and hand, twisting it and putting him on the ground before he knows what happened.

The Deacon keeps him on the ground, with his arm twisted in an unbreakable hold.

DEACON

I just need that address and phone number, Lawson. Lawson X. You like that name? Lawson X?

LAWSON

Fuck you.

The Deacon pulls a pair of cuffs from his pocket and, in a split second, cuffs Lawson's hands behind him.

LAWSON (CONT'D)

Marie!

The Deacon pushes his head into the carpet.

DEACON

Nigger, you want that little girl killed? Don't call her fucking name.

Lawson closes his eyes and tries to calm down.

LAWSON

Okay...okay. What do you want?

DEACON

Damn, son, you stupid? Try again.

LAWSON

The file is in my cabinet. Look in alphabetical order under Presley.

(CONTINUED)

DEACON

Miss or Misses?

Lawson bites his lip.

DEACON (CONT'D)

Just kidding, boy.

The Deacon stands and walks to the cabinet.

DEACON (CONT'D)

Don't say anything. Okay? You're almost home-free.

The Deacon rips through the cabinet, finds the file, and grabs it. He flips through it. BINGO! He finds what he needs and walks back over to Lawson.

DEACON (CONT'D)

Okay. Got what I need. So, where does that leave you and me?

LAWSON

Get out and leave Marie alone.

DEACON

Or...

(a laugh)

What?

LAWSON

I won't call the cops. Just go.

DEACON

I like that plan, but who the fuck made you the arbitrator here?

LAWSON

I'm not. Just don't hurt her and I won't call the cops.

DEACON

You just ain't gettin' it, son. You are assuming I won't hurt you. You say "I won't call the cops" like you have some kind of influence or control over this situation.

LAWSON

It's not like that.

DEACON

Yeah, it is. It is, son.

(CONTINUED)

LAWSON

I'll take the money. Just go.

DEACON

The money's not up for sale anymore. That deal passed. We need a whole new deal, and frankly, I don't feel like giving you a goddamn thing. So, what do you have to give me?

LAWSON

I won't call the cops.

DEACON

I could just kill you and I'd get the same result. That's nothing to bargain with. Try harder.

LAWSON

I don't have anything else.

DEACON

What about the wetback?

LAWSON

Wetback?

DEACON

The receptionist.

LAWSON

Don't hurt her.

DEACON

You want everything, don't you? Tell me everything you want.

LAWSON

Just go. Don't hurt her. Don't hurt me. I won't call the cops. Take what you need and just go.

DEACON

You keep dangling that "don't call the cops" carrot. Let me make myself clear.

He kneels down and puts his face on the carpet, right next to Lawson.

(CONTINUED)

DEACON (CONT'D)

I can kill you, the wetback, take what I want, and you'll never call the cops, because all of you would be fucking dead. So, I want you to talk me out of that. You are going to have to get real creative, real fuckin' quick.

Lawson, sweating and breathing hard, closes his eyes and thinks.

DEACON (CONT'D)

Come on now. Try real hard, counselor.

LAWSON

Call Marie back here. Fuck her, but let us both live. Give her the money.

The Deacon smiles.

DEACON

What if I don't want her?

Lawson opens his eyes and stares at the Deacon.

LAWSON

What do you mean?

DEACON

What do you think?

Lawson puts his head in the floor. The Deacon takes a big, fucking knife from under his coat and shows it to him.

LAWSON

Oh, Jesus.

DEACON

Here's the deal, Mr. Lawson. Misses Presley was murdered. I strongly suspect that her heir had something to do with it. You helped facilitate them getting Misses Presley's money. So, I have a very strong contempt for you. And, as much as killing you sounds real fuckin' good, humiliating you sounds even, fuckin' better. So, what's your offer? Your life or your little black ass?

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED: (11)

8

Lawson GROWLS and bangs his head in the floor.

LAWSON

Fuck you. Just fuckin' kill me.

DEACON

Okay.

In a split second, the Deacon pushes Lawson's face into the carpet and stabs the knife down into his back, right into his heart. The Deacon pushes both his head and the knife down with all the strength in his body.

Lawson kicks and makes a MUFFLED NOISE into the carpet. Blood begins to pool around him.

The Deacon stops and stands, sweating like a sprinter. He closes his eyes and tries to slow down his breathing.

The door opens and Marie steps inside. She freezes and stares at Lawson's twitching body on the ground. The Deacon turns to her and, in a flash, slams the door and pins her to the wall between his arms.

She CRIES and closes her eyes, turning her head away from him.

DEACON (CONT'D)

You want eight thousand dollars?

She opens one eye and looks at him.

9 INT. LUXURY APARTMENT - DAY

9

Suki's PHONE RINGS. She is passed out. Her finger twitches, just an inch from the phone. It vibrates on the floor.

INSERT: "3. HONEY ON HER TONGUE."

10 INT. GROCERY STORE - MORNING

10

Roy walks down the dairy aisle. Sunglasses on. Hair a mess. He grabs a half gallon of milk.

SUKI (V.O.)

(Tennessee accent)

When I found him...

(a beat)

I like the sound of that. "When I found him."

(recovering)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SUKI (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Anyway, when I found him, Roy was two years out of the Army. Three years out of Iraq. He told me once that he thought his time over there made him grow up. I wish I'd met him before he ever went.

He walks to the check out. Waits in line.

SUKI (V.O.)

He never talks about what its like over there. He just tells me about a joke or about something funny somebody did. Or that it was hot. But, he never talks about the war part of it.

His turn. The PRETTY CLERK smiles at him. He just pays and pays her no mind.

SUKI (V.O.)

My great-grandpa was like that.

INSERT OF PICTURE: ROY, 17, AT THE PROM WITH A CUTE GIRL.

Suki talks fast.

SUKI (V.O.)

He was the typical, All-American boy.

(a laugh)

Fucked his prom date on prom night.

INSERT OF PICTURE: ROY IN HIS FOOTBALL UNIFORM.

SUKI (V.O.)

He played football. Lettered in it.

INSERT OF PICTURE: ROY IN BASKETBALL UNIFORM.

SUKI (V.O.)

Played basketball.

INSERT OF PICTURE: ROY IN BASEBALL UNIFORM.

SUKI (V.O.)

Baseball.

INSERT OF PICTURE: ROY AND THE STUDENT COUNCIL.

SUKI (V.O.)

He was on the student council.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (2)

INSERT OF PICTURE: ROY AT THE LAKE WITH FRIENDS.

SUKI (V.O.)

You know, he lost his virginity at the age of fourteen. When I asked him "with who?", he just laughed and said, "She wasn't kin. That's all that matters."

(laughs)

Shoot.

She slows down.

INSERT OF PICTURE: ROY AT BASIC TRAINING GRADUATION.

SUKI (V.O.)

Roy's everything I'm not. I don't know if I envy him or if he just fills in the gaps.

INSERT OF PICTURE: ROY, SHIRT OFF, AT THE BEACH. FULL OF JOY AND LIFE.

SUKI (V.O.)

Don't matter, I guess. Either way, I love him.

11 EXT. DANCE CLUB - NIGHT 11

A long line of PEOPLE waiting to get in.

12 INT. DANCE CLUB - CONTINUOUS 12

SUKI, half Goth-half skater, dances with her coven of FRIENDS. They are pouring in sweat. THE DANCE MUSIC is oppressively loud. A STEADY, REDUNDANT PULSE.

13 I/E. TAXI - LATER 13

Raining. Suki rides in the back of the cab alone. Good times are over. RADIO PLAYS A SAD, SLOW SONG.

The CABBIE smokes a cigarette. The smoke lifts lazily out of the cab and out of the cracked window.

She leans her head against the window and watches the rows of store fronts pass her by.

She spots a bar up ahead and looks up.

SUKI

Hey. Let me out up here.

14 INT. BAR - MOMENTS LATER

14

A standard bar. Not "dangerous" or "threatening." Just a place to have a fucking drink. NORMAL CLIENTELE. Place for mostly middle-aged people.

Suki walks in and she is immediately the odd ball in the joint. She gets plenty of looks.

She steps to the bar. The BARTENDER comes over.

BARTENDER

What'll it be, pink?

SUKI

(rolls her eyes)

Heineken.

He's goes to fetch it. She looks around. This is not her crowd.

ROY (O.S.)

I didn't even know this place had imports.

She turns around. Roy sits by her at the bar. No immediate attraction by her. Not much by him. This is curiosity.

SUKI

Imports?

ROY

Yeah. Imports.

SUKI

What's so unusual about imports?

ROY

Nothing. At least, not to you and me. It's just that...

(looks around)

...let me see. See them in the corner.

She turns and looks. A MIDDLE AGED MAN AND WOMAN, lifetime smokers and barflies.

ROY (CONT'D)

They're drinking Bud Light. And over there...

He points and she follows. TWO BLUE COLLARS playing pool.

(CONTINUED)

ROY (CONT'D)

They're drinking Bud.

She looks back at him.

ROY (CONT'D)

This place is suds and Buds all the way.

She looks at his drink. A mixed drink.

SUKI

What about you? That's neither suds nor Bud.

ROY

This is a Long Island Iced Tea. It's all I like.

SUKI

So, you settled on one drink?

ROY

Yep. I find something I like, I stick with it, thick and thin.

The bartender sets the Heineken down in front of her.

ROY (CONT'D)

My tab, Joe.

She shakes her head.

SUKI

Oh no. I didn't come in here for someone to buy me a drink.

Joe looks at him.

ROY

You heard her.

JOE

Four bucks.

She digs through her purse. She looks up and digs some more. Roy smiles and winks at Joe.

ROY

My tab, Joe.

Joe walks away and Suki keeps digging through her purse.

SUKI

I'll pay you back.

(CONTINUED)

He looks down. That didn't go over well.

ROY

Hey, look...

She stops digging and looks up at him.

ROY (CONT'D)

It's just a drink. Not everybody's out to get something.

He stands and takes his Long Island.

ROY (CONT'D)

You be careful tonight, okay.

He walks away. She looks down, feeling like a heel. He sits at a table, by himself, and leans back, closing his eyes. She grabs her bottle and walks to him.

SUKI

Can I sit with you?

He doesn't open his eyes.

ROY

Yes, you may.

She sits and looks around, doesn't know what to say.

SUKI

I'm sor--

ROY

(cutting her off)
You don't like it when they call you "pink", do you?

SUKI

No. I don't.

He opens his eyes. *THIS IS A RAPID EXCHANGE.*

ROY

'Cause you're more than that, right?

SUKI

My hair?

ROY

Yeah.

SUKI

'Course.

(CONTINUED)

ROY

So, what are you?

SUKI

What do you mean?

ROY

Well, you got pink hair but you ain't *about* pink hair. You come in for a drink but you don't want a *drink*. You don't look like a bar person, but you do look like a club person. I'd bet you were in a club but you decided to stop in a bar. You look like you might got money, but you ain't got no money.

(a breath)

So, which is it?

SUKI

Not everyone is one or the other. Some people are both.

ROY

You prove that.

He leans forward, sips on his straw.

ROY (CONT'D)

But which one are ya?

SUKI

Is this how you pick up girls?

ROY

How am I doing it?

SUKI

Challenging me.

ROY

Challenging you?

SUKI

Yeah. Making me commit.

ROY

Ain't that a good thing?

SUKI

Sometimes people don't wanna commit.

(CONTINUED)

ROY

Well, maybe that's the problem
with people.

SUKI

Maybe commitment is the problem
with people.

ROY

That's what I said.

SUKI

No, you said the lack of
commitment is the problem. I'm
saying commitment itself is the
problem.

He's interested now.

ROY

But not committing is a commitment
all by itself. If you chose to
ignore, then you are active in
ignoring. If you chose to do
nothing, you actively make
decisions to do nothing.

SUKI

Maybe life shouldn't throw so many
choices at us?

ROY

Maybe I should have a fuckin' tail
and breath fire, but that don't
make it fuckin' so.

SUKI

So you want a tail and to breath
fire?

(indignant now)

And why are you introducing the
word "fuck" into the conversation
with a complete stranger?

ROY

Freudian slip.

SUKI

Freudian? You sure it is not
Oedipal?

ROY

Why not equine? Besides, you
don't remind me of my mother. She
was a brunette.

(CONTINUED)

SUKI

So, you like brunettes?

ROY

I like you.

She stops. A genuine blush.

SUKI

(laughing)

You're a fucker.

ROY

What?

SUKI

You heard me.

ROY

So the gloves are off on the word
"fuck" now?

SUKI

You started it.

ROY

Is this how you pick up boys?

SUKI

How's that?

ROY

Challenging them. Does it work?

SUKI

Never tried it.

ROY

It's working.

SUKI

Yeah?

ROY

Yeah.

A moment in each other's eyes.

ROY (CONT'D)

I'm gonna say something that
sounds really cliché and stupid,
but speaking my mind is not a
challenge. It's a weakness.

(CONTINUED)

SUKI

What the fuck you gonna say?

ROY

There's Freud again.

SUKI

Don't forget the brunettes.

ROY

Look, I don't care about anyone else in the world right now but you. I don't know who you are, but all I wanna do is find out.

SUKI

You're challenging me.

ROY

Nope. You're challenging me.

SUKI

I don't want to go.

ROY

I don't want to stay.

SUKI

Where you want to go?

ROY

Anywhere.

SUKI

Then lets go there.

Roy and Suki make love. The window open. A breeze blowing in.

The afterglow. Suki and Roy spooning, her looking over her shoulder at him.

SUKI

I don't want to go.

ROY

Then don't.

16

INT. BEDROOM, ROY'S APARTMENT - DAY

16

Noon. Suki slowly wakes up, covered only with a sheet. Roy is gone. A note on the pillow beside her.

INSERT: "Please don't go. I just went to get food. Left at 12:16."

She looks at the alarm clock: "12:48".

She smiles and lays back in the bed. The SOUND OF THE FRONT DOOR OPENING and Roy walks in with three different fast food bags.

ROY

Good thing about where I live:
every fast food place is
represented. The bad news is: no
chicken place.

He tosses the bags on the bed and sits down. She sits up on her elbow and a smile slowly comes.

ROY (CONT'D)

I didn't know what you liked so I
got burgers, burritos, and
Chinese. I detest Chinese but
most chicks like it.

She grabs the burrito bag.

ROY (CONT'D)

My kind of girl. Now we're
talking.

She takes a burrito out of the bag and stops. He grabs one and goes to town. She's distant.

SUKI

I need to ask you something.

He's halfway through his burrito and his mouth is full.

ROY

Ask.

SUKI

It's not something I want to ask.

ROY

I ain't shy.

She sets down the burrito and frowns.

(CONTINUED)

SUKI

Are you serious about me?

He kind of LAUGHS.

ROY

Ask me after twenty four hours.

SUKI

I'm serious.

ROY

You're serious or your...

(emphasis)

...serious?

SUKI

I'm, you know, the first kind.

ROY

Okay, okay. Ask me again.

(holds up a finger)

Hold on.

He sets his burrito down and chews. Swallow. A quick sip of a beer sitting on the dresser from last night.

ROY (CONT'D)

AH! Okay, shoot.

SUKI

Are you serious about me?

ROY

The truth? Or cliches?

She sits up and puts her hand on his heart.

SUKI

The truth.

ROY

Truth is I'm crazy about you.

Truth is I just bought thirty

bucks worth of fast food and I

only had fifty bucks to my name

'til next week. Truth is I did it

to make you happy.

She tears up a little.

ROY (CONT'D)

Truth is I'm scared to death this

won't last.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ROY (CONT'D)

That this is a one night stand for
you and a whole lot more for me.
Truth is I don't want you to break
my heart. Truth is I wish I knew
what your truth was.

(laughs)

Is.

SUKI

I wish I did too.

ROY

Just say what you feel.

She looks at him. A long pause.

SUKI

I'm scared.

ROY

What's to be scared of?

SUKI

It's not you.

ROY

Okay, than what's wrong with you?

SUKI

You don't understand. It's not me
either.

She stands and looks out of the window. She's butt ass
naked.

ROY

(embarrassed)

Suki.

He reaches over her and pulls the shade down. She looks
up at him.

SUKI

You're already protective of me?

ROY

Why do you think I tried to buy
you a drink? You didn't belong
there.

She leans her head on his chest.

SUKI

I gotta go pee.

(CONTINUED)

She slips away into the bathroom, the door cracked. He grabs his burrito and downs the last bite. He opens the burger bag and pulls out a double meat.

The SHOWER starts.

SUKI (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Where's your towels?

He sets the burger down and goes into the--

BATHROOM.

She is in the shower. He opens the tiny cabinet and takes out a towel. Sets it on the sink.

ROY
Here ya go.

He turns to leave when she peeks out and touches his arm.

SUKI
Stay.

ROY
Okay.

He sits on the toilet, seat down of course.

SUKI
Where do you work?

ROY
At a furniture company.

SUKI
You make furniture?

ROY
I move it.

His mind wanders.

SUKI
How long you been there?

ROY
Hmm?

Mind still wandering.

SUKI
How long you been there?

(CONTINUED)

ROY

Few months.

SUKI

What did you do before?

ROY

I was in the Army.

Still wandering.

SUKI

Were you in Iraq?

ROY

Yeah. Two tours.

He comes to. She peeks out the shower. She's impressed.

SUKI

What was it like?

ROY

(dismissive)

Hot.

(changing subject)

Who you scared of?

SUKI

What?

ROY

Who you scared of? Another guy?
A boyfriend?

SUKI

(defensive)

No. There's no other guy.

ROY

Your father?

SUKI

No. I don't even know him.

ROY

Well, then who?

She goes back into the shower and shuts the curtain. He stands and steps right in, clothes and all.

SUKI

What are you doing?

(CONTINUED)

ROY
Who are you afraid of?

SUKI
You're getting wet.

ROY
I don't care. What's his name?

SUKI
Roy...

He is getting mad.

ROY
Who?

SUKI
Roy...

ROY
Who, dammit?

SUKI
My mother, okay. You happy? I'm
scared of my mother.

He looks at her, not really getting it. She wipes the
water from her face.

ROY
I don't--

SUKI
(interrupting)
I know you don't understand, Roy.

She pushes him out of the shower and she shuts the
curtain.

SUKI (CONT'D)
Change clothes and wait for me on
the bed.

He starts to say something.

SUKI (CONT'D)
Roy!

He stops and goes into the bedroom.

17 INT. BEDROOM, ROY'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

17

Roy sits on the bed, finishing his double meat in clean shirt and shorts. Suki comes out of the shower a towel wrapped around herself.

SUKI

Can I borrow a shirt?

He goes to his closet and begins rummaging through it.

ROY

Silly shirt? Plain shirt?
Cartoon? Sports?

SUKI

The kind of shirt you'd like to
see me in.

A dirty smile. He reaches in and pulls out an old retro Warren Moon-Houston Oiler baby blue jersey. He tosses it to her. She holds it up.

SUKI (CONT'D)

A jersey?

ROY

Yep.

SUKI

Of all the shirts in your closet
that would make me the most
fuckable, this is the one?

ROY

Yep.

SUKI

Okay.

She puts it on. The towel drops. Yep, he's right. Totally fuckable. She looks at the fast food wrappers on the bed.

SUKI (CONT'D)

Anything left?

ROY

I got two of everything. There is
one of everything left. Except
the Chinese. There was only one
of everything in there.

She grabs the burger bag. He sits on a folding metal chair, leaning against the wall. She talks and eats.

(CONTINUED)

SUKI

My mother is...
(looking for words)
...crazy. My family are not nice
people.

ROY

Whose are?

SUKI

Yeah, well, I ain't talking about
"not paying their bills" not nice
or "not saying excuse me" not
nice. I mean, not nice, as in,
"shoot you in the fuckin' head if
you cross them" not nice. John
Gotti not nice. Not Andrew Dice
Clay not nice.

ROY

I get the picture.

SUKI

My father, who I haven't seen
since I was like...two, was an
enforcer for a mob guy. He made a
lot of money.

ROY

What's a lot?

SUKI

Six figures a lot.

ROY

Okay.

SUKI

Well, he went up when I was
little. My mom shit-canned him,
told people he was dead, but she
still knew all of those mob guys.
She made some deals, fucked some
guys, made things happen.

ROY

So, your mom is in the mob.

SUKI

Not exactly. She does contract
work for them. Work that she can
do. She don't whack people. She
don't bag or dilute the coke or
any of that shit. She just holds
stuff sometimes.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SUKI (CONT'D)

Carries stuff sometimes.
Introduces this person and gets to
know that person. A lot of the
soft work. She's a 53 year old
woman. She's not Big Bad Mama.
She just does things she can do.

ROY

So your mom is a 53 year old woman
who works for the mob?

SUKI

That's what I'm telling you.

ROY

(a laugh)
Okay.

He stands and rummages through the food bags.

ROY (CONT'D)

You know, my mental image here,
being that we are talking about a
53 year old woman, is a lady with
diabetes arms and a Pall Mall
hangin' out her mouth. I don't
see that image doin' what you're
talking about doin'.

No food. Just Chinese. He sits on the bed.

SUKI

Then you got the wrong mental
image. Think Raquel Welch. Think
those Dynasty chicks.

ROY

Dynasty?

SUKI

That soap opera.

ROY

I think I was like two when that
was on.

SUKI

We used to watch the reruns. My
mom loved that show.

ROY

My mom called it "Die-nasty."

SUKI

Anyway, she's a cougar.

(CONTINUED)

ROY

So, what does any of this have to do with you being scared to love me?

Suki stops cold. This was a little too direct of a question. She's disarmed. A moment of silence.

ROY (CONT'D)

Did I say something wrong?

SUKI

(quiet)

No. She's just not a nice person. That's all I'm saying.

She looks at the clock. Uh-oh!

SUKI (CONT'D)

Shit! I gotta go.

She starts finishing getting dressed. She puts last night's bottoms on and keeps the jersey on top.

ROY

Wait, what are you doin'?

SUKI

I got to get home, Roy.

She ties the jersey at her waist.

ROY

We haven't exchanged numbers yet.

She grabs her phone.

SUKI

Okay, call mine.

ROY

What?

SUKI

Call mine.

He scratches his head, not wanting to say something. She looks at him. WTF?

SUKI (CONT'D)

Well, where's your phone?

ROY

I don't have a cell phone.

(CONTINUED)

SUKI

What?

ROY

I don't have a goddamn cell phone.

SUKI

This is what year?

ROY

I don't like 'em. Okay?

SUKI

What's to fuckin' like?

ROY

I don't like being that accessible.

SUKI

Are you the fuckin' Unibomber?
Are you one of those fuckin' shell shocked Vietnam guys?

ROY

No, I'm not. I just have never liked being that accessible to people.

SUKI

Okay, so how am I supposed to get a hold of you?

A smile.

ROY

You want to get a hold of me?

Suki and Roy come out of the mega store, him with a disposable, prepaid phone. She's in a hurry.

SUKI

Can you set it up?

He gives her a look.

ROY

I said I didn't like them. I didn't say I was stupid.

SUKI

Okay. Give me that.

(CONTINUED)

She takes the box and a pen from her purse. She writes her number on the package.

SUKI (CONT'D)

That's my number. Set it up.
Call me at five. Not four thirty.
Not when you set it up. Five.
You got it?

ROY

10-4.

SUKI

What?

ROY

Got it.

SUKI

Don't use that Iraq talk.

ROY

10-4 is not Iraq talk.

SUKI

Whatever. Just don't say things
like "Delta Charlie on my six",
okay? It's dumb.

ROY

It's not dumb.

She checks her cell phone for the time.

SUKI

I gotta go. I'm late.

She grabs his head and gives him a big kiss. A moment.

SUKI (CONT'D)

I gotta go.

She takes off.

ROY

(calling to her)
You need a ride?

SUKI

(walking away)
I called a cab in the store. I'm
fine.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: (2)

18

He watches her walk to the curb and a cab pulls up. She opens the door, gives him a little look back and a smile, and she's gone.

Roy stands in the parking lot, watching her drive away. He looks at the package. An idea pops in his head.

He rushes to his '76 Caprice and gets in. He speeds away.

19 EXT. LUXURY APARTMENTS - LATER

19

The cab pulls up to the apartments and Suki gets out. She rushes inside and the DOORMAN tips his hat to her, holding the door open.

DOORMAN

Ms. Presley.

Just as she goes inside, the Caprice pulls up to the curb on the opposite end of the street.

20 I/E. CAPRICE - CONTINUOUS

20

Roy watches Suki disappear into the building. He looks it up and down, gives a "Hmm" face, and drives away.

INSERT: "4. FAITH NEEDS A DOUBT."

21 INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

21

Roy walks down the dairy aisle. Sunglasses on. Hair a mess. He grabs a half gallon of milk.

ROY (V.O.)

The thing that got me about Suki was all that energy, you know. How many girls have pink hair and still have their shit together?

He walks to the check out. Waits in line.

ROY (V.O.)

She did.

His turn. The PRETTY CLERK smiles at him. He just pays and pays her no mind.

ROY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I don't know what it means. But it means something, I know.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

21

INSERT OF PICTURE: SUKI AT AGE SIX. STANDARD, SEARS PORTRAIT STUDIO TYPE PICTURE.

ROY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Suki doesn't talk about her childhood that much. I don't ever see pictures. She never tells me stories. It's like she didn't exist 'til she met me.

(a beat)

You see this picture here? It's the only one I got without me in it with her. She said she didn't want any picture without me in it.

(a pause)

So, I said, "Okay."

22 I/E. CAPRICE - DAY

22

Sitting in store parking lot. Roy drinks his milk and reads the instructions on the phone. He looks around his car. A fast food bag with a number on it. He dials.

SOUND OF THE LINE RINGING. RING. RING.

PHONE

(filtered)

Burger Attack, can I help you?

He hangs it up.

ROY

Cool.

It works. He sips his milk and sees Suki's number on the package. He looks at his watch. "3:23" Temptation. He sets the phone down, cranks the car, and speeds off.

23 INT. BEDROOM, ROY'S APARTMENT - LATER

23

Roy sits on the edge of the bed. The cell phone and the phone number sitting on the metal folding chair in front of him. "4:38"

His leg bounces up and down. Temptation. Fuck it. He grabs the phone and types a text message: "Hey, girl. Fone set up. LOL!"

He smiles and sends. He sets the phone down and leaves the room. A moment passes. THE SOUND OF THE TV CUTTING ON. CARTOONS. A moment.

(CONTINUED)

Roy, hurrying, comes back into the room and picks up the phone. He checks it. No message. He sets it down and leaves the room.

A moment passes. SOUND OF CARTOONS. SWITCH TO SOUND OF NEWS. SWITCH TO SOUND OF A SITCOM. BACK TO SOUND OF CARTOONS.

Roy marches back in the room. He dials. RING. RING. CLICK.

SUKI (V.O.)
(filtered, voicemail)
This is Suki. Leave a message.

ROY
Hey, Suki. I was just going to
tell you the phone is set up now.
So, I guess I'll see ya. Bye.
(a beat)
Miss ya.
(winces)
Sorry.

He just hangs up his phone and sets it down again. He leaves the room.

Through the window, the sun is setting. The alarm clock reads: "7:52".

LIVING ROOM

Roy is asleep on the couch. TV is off. THE SOUND OF HIS CELL PHONE VIBRATING.

Roy opens his eyes and hears the VIBRATION. He stands and walks into his bedroom.

BEDROOM

The phone stops. He picks it up and checks: "MISSED CALLS:1." He hits it: "SUKI." He hits "call number."

RING. RING.

CUBAN (V.O.)
(filtered)
Who's this?

Roy looks concerned.

ROY

Who's this?

CUBAN (V.O.)

(filtered)

You got my money?

ROY

Where's Suki?

CUBAN (V.O.)

My money, puto.

ROY

Fuck you. Where's Suki, you
goddamn idiot?

LINE DISCONNECTS.

ROY (CONT'D)

Oh, I know you didn't hang up on
me.

He dials. RING. RING.

CUBAN (V.O.)

(filtered)

You got my money?

ROY

Let me talk to Suki, or you are
gonna regret the day you were
fuckin' hatched, my friend.

LINE DISCONNECTS.

ROY (CONT'D)

Mother fucker.

Roy storms to his closet and throws it open. A .45 Glock
sits on the shelf. He grabs it and he's off.

Roy storms out of his apartment. Man on a mission. Go,
Roy, go!

The Caprice pulls up on the opposite side of the street
and SQUEALS to a stop. Roy gets out and marches for the
building.

The doorman is looking the other way, talking to an
ELDERLY WOMAN, as Roy walks right inside.

26 INT. LUXURY APARTMENTS - CONTINUOUS 26

LOBBY

Roy walks up to the manager's office and goes right in.

MANAGER'S OFFICE

A RECEPTIONIST, 20's, smokin' hot Asian chick, librarian glasses, plays solitaire on her PC. Roy steps inside and holds up a twenty dollar bill.

ROY

Suki Presley's apartment number.

She looks up at the twenty and bites her lip.

ROY (CONT'D)

It's all I got.

She reaches up and takes it.

27 INT. ELEVATOR, LUXURY APTS. - MOMENTS LATER 27

ELEVATOR MUSIC. Roy pulls his Glock and locks a round into the chamber.

DING! Elevator stops.

28 INT. HALLWAY, 12TH FLOOR, LUXURY APTS. - CONTINUOUS 28

Roy steps out of the elevator and marches towards Suki's apartment. The anger and adrenaline building. Breathing hard. A controlled rage.

He rounds a corner and TWO CUBANS are standing there. They casually glance at him. Roy raises his pistol, no questions asked.

Two BLASTS. Blood splatters and they are sent reeling. He kicks in the door and steps aside.

From inside the apartment, GUNSHOTS ring out and bullets rip through the hall.

The blasts stop. Roy sinks down to the floor and peeks inside, just barely. He sees Suki's foot on the floor.

Roy takes out his cell phone and dials. THE CELL PHONE RINGS from inside the room.

ROY

Give the phone to the girl.

(CONTINUED)

CUBAN (O.S.)

Fuck you!

RING. Roy pops inside and fires a round. SOMETHING SHATTERS. Ducks again.

ROY

Give it to her, mother fucker!

The SOUND OF MOVEMENT AND MUMBLING. RING.

CUBAN (O.S.)

Don't shoot!

RING.

ROY

Just give her the fuckin' phone.

RING.

CUBAN (O.S.)

(to Suki)

Here...here...take it.

RING.

SUKI (V.O.)

(filtered)

Roy.

Her voice weak and frail. He closes his eyes and SIGHS in relief.

ROY

Are you okay?

SUKI (V.O.)

(filtered)

I'm shot.

ROY

How many are there?

SUKI (V.O.)

(filtered)

I can't tell. I can't lift my head.

CUBAN (O.S.)

Enough.

The cell phone is thrown out of the room and bounces in the hall.

(CONTINUED)

CUBAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Back the fuck off or we shoot this bitch.

Roy barges in.

APARTMENT

Roy rushes in and puts his gun on a BEARDED CUBAN. He drops his gun and falls to his knees, his hands in the air.

Roy scans the room. TWO DEAD CUBANS. TWO DEAD WISEGUYS. SUKI on the floor. He keeps his gun on the beard. TV is on. Food, dishes, and cups on the coffee table.

ROY

Where's the rest?

BEARD

No rest.

Roy walks over to him and picks up his gun.

ROY

Who shot her?

BEARD

I don't know.

Roy fires a round into the beard's shoulder with his own gun. He HOWLS.

ROY

Not good enough. Who shot her?

BEARD

(in pain)

I don't know. She was like that when I got here. I'm just here to pick up the money. They told us to come and get the money here.

Roy's anger builds as he talks.

ROY

So, you got here, knew she was in pain, sat here, waited, answered her fucking phone, let her bleed all over the floor, watched her TV, ate her fucking food, all because you were supposed to get some money? Is that what you are telling me? Huh?

(CONTINUED)

BEARD

I'm sorry.

Roy fires a round into the beard's forehead with his own gun. Blood and brains splatter everywhere.

Roy rushes to Suki and turns her over. She is alive, but she's lost a lot of blood. Pale. Lips blue.

He picks her up and holds her close. Holding her, tears form. A moment passes. Tears and fear builds in him. He fuckin' loses it. CRYING AND SOBBING. He holds her tighter and tighter.

She opens her eyes and smiles.

SUKI

Hey.

He backs off a little.

ROY

Hey.

THE SOUND OF POLICE SIRENS.

SUKI

Go.

ROY

I've got to get you to a doctor.

SUKI

They'll take care of me. Just go.

He gives her a kiss and sets her back down.

SUKI (CONT'D)

Put my phone in my hand.

ROY

What?

SUKI

Get my phone and put it in my hand.

He rushes into the hall and comes back with her phone. He puts it in her hand.

SIRENS.

SUKI (CONT'D)

Go.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED: (4)

28

He kneels down, kisses her, and runs out of the apartment.

A moment. She weakly raises the phone and checks her message: "Hey, girl. Fone set up. LOL!" A smile.

29 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

29

Lights out. Suki lies in bed asleep. EKG monitor running. Oxygen in her nose. IV in her arm. TV on some crap VH-1 "all time list" show.

Ms. Presley steps into the room and lets the door slowly close behind her. She doesn't move any further. She stands watching Suki.

When Ms. Presley speaks, there is no subtlety. Full volume only.

MS. PRESLEY

Are you awake or asleep?

No response. She walks around the room. She runs her finger along a dresser and scowls at the dust. She looks at the TV, rolls her eyes, and grabs the remote from Suki's tray. She turns it off.

Suki turns her head. The lack of noise stirs her.

MS. PRESLEY (CONT'D)

Never could sleep alone, could you?

Suki slowly opens her eyes. She is weak, drugged. She looks at her mother and sits up on her elbow.

SUKI

What time is it?

Miss Priss looks at her watch.

MS. PRESLEY

Eleven thirty-two.

SUKI

They let you in here?

MS. PRESLEY

I'm your mother. Why wouldn't they?

SUKI

I'm not twelve. It's against policy.

(CONTINUED)

MS. PRESLEY

So, hospital policy is "I stopped being your mother when you turned eighteen?"

SUKI

No, the law says that.

Suki shakes her head, rubs her face, trying to wake up. She finds a burst of energy fueled by anger and annoyance.

SUKI (CONT'D)

Why are you here?

Ms. Presley crosses her arms. Tips her chin up a bit.

MS. PRESLEY

To see if you are okay.

SUKI

I am. You can go now.

MS. PRESLEY

I also have some questions.

SUKI

Fuck you and your fuckin' questions.

MS. PRESLEY

You don't have to be belligerent.

SUKI

We're way past being cordial and lady-like with each other.

MS. PRESLEY

Why do you hate me so much?

SUKI

How can you fuckin' ask that?

MS. PRESLEY

So you like holding grudges?

SUKI

I ain't holdin' a goddamn thing. I let go of you a long time ago.

MS. PRESLEY

But you take my money.

SUKI

Yep.

(CONTINUED)

MS. PRESLEY

You use my expense account that I gave you.

SUKI

Yep.

MS. PRESLEY

Live in an apartment I rent for you.

SUKI

Yep.

MS. PRESLEY

None of that buys me grace?

SUKI

Nope.

MS. PRESLEY

Why? Then why use me that way?

SUKI

I intend to take advantage of you every way I can. My intention is to suck you dry of every fuckin' dime you've got. To burden and over burden your fuckin' life with mine until the weight of me on top of you crushes you like the fuckin' cockroach you are.

Ms. Presley looks down, her arms still folded. Her eyelid twitches a little, but stops soon after starting.

MS. PRESLEY

Okay. I can see you foster hostility. There is nothing I can do about that. It is out of my control.

SUKI

Bitch, this ain't no fuckin' counselor's office. You can park that feel good, twelve step shit right up your fuckin' ass.

MS. PRESLEY

(overlapping, heard enough)

What happened to the Cubans?

SUKI

Dead.

(CONTINUED)

MS. PRESLEY
Marco and Nicky.

SUKI
Dead.

MS. PRESLEY
What did they want?

SUKI
The Cubans?

MS. PRESLEY
Yes.

SUKI
Money.

MS. PRESLEY
Did they get any?

SUKI
No. I didn't have any to give.

MS. PRESLEY
Were Marco or Nicky aware of any
money?

SUKI
All I know is I walked in and got
shot. They were already there. I
don't know why they were there. I
don't know anything other than I
got shot.

MS. PRESLEY
It's not just you, Suki. Marco
and Nicky were my friends.

Ms. Presley tears a little and turns away.

SUKI
Are you fuckin' kiddin' me?
You're gonna ball over two dead
thugs.

MS. PRESLEY
(restrained anger)
They were not thugs. They were
good men.

SUKI
You are all a bunch of fuckin'
killers.

MS. PRESLEY

I really resent you speaking like that.

SUKI

So? Who gives a fuck what you think?

Ms. Presley cracks a little.

MS. PRESLEY

(shout)

They weren't supposed to die.

She stops herself and turns away. Suki sits all the way up.

SUKI

What did you say?

No response.

SUKI (CONT'D)

"They weren't supposed to die"?
Is that what you said?

Ms. Presley turns and starts to leave.

SUKI (CONT'D)

Just one damn minute.

Ms. Presley freezes at the door. Suki is figuring out what happened.

SUKI (CONT'D)

You set me up, didn't you? You sent your men to make it look real. They weren't supposed to get killed. I was. Am I wrong?

No response.

SUKI (CONT'D)

(a shout)
Am I wrong?

MS. PRESLEY

I hope you get better real soon.

Starts to leave.

SUKI

You got the money, don't you?

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED: (5)

29

Ms. Presley hesitates, then leaves. Suki sits there, dumbfounded. She begins to CRY, holds her head in her hands.

30 EXT. HOSPITAL - MORNING

30

Suki walks out of the hospital, wearing her short skirt and a worn out white T-shirt loaned by the hospital. Her arm in a sling.

Roy waits for her, standing by his car. She stops when she sees him. They both just take in the sight of each other. Smiles on both of them.

31 INT. ROY'S APARTMENT - LATER

31

The door kicks in and Roy carries Suki inside, kissing and her legs wrapped around him.

BEDROOM

Suki and Roy make love. Her shoulder bandaged and bruised. He kisses her bruises.

32 INT. BEDROOM, ROY'S APARTMENT - LATER

32

The SOUND OF TRAFFIC AND THE CITY OUTSIDE. Suki lies in bed, tuning the stations on his clock radio. Roy smokes a cigarette, sitting up next to her. Only a sheet covering them both.

Her voice is exhausted.

SUKI

She set me up.

ROY

What?

SUKI

My mother. Those guys in my apartment. She sent them there. She owed those guys money, told them it would be there, and she knew they'd kill me looking for it.

Roy doesn't respond. He just takes a drag and listens.

(CONTINUED)

SUKI (CONT'D)

She's got that money, Roy. I don't know how much, but she's got that money.

ROY

What are you asking me?

Suki sits up and grabs her white shirt from the floor. She puts it on, grimacing from the pain of her shoulder. He stamps out his smoke and waits for her.

SUKI

My mother has done some...
(hesitant, painful)
...horrible things to me. I don't want to say, just trust me, it's bad. A few years ago, she put me in an apartment, gave me a nice expense account to make me her BFF again.

ROY

And?

SUKI

And nothing. It didn't work.

ROY

But you took it?

SUKI

Hell yeah. Anyway, she also made me her beneficiary. She took out this big policy and made me the sole beneficiary. This was also her trying to make me feel all warm and fuzzy again for her.

ROY

Okay, so why kill you?

SUKI

She's my beneficiary too. She took out two policies.

ROY

And you let her?

SUKI

At the time, I just didn't give a fuck.

ROY

Okay. I can see that.

(CONTINUED)

She sits next to him. Close.

SUKI

She's got that money, Roy. I know it. She's got those policies too. That bitch just tried to kill me. I am never gonna be free from her until either she goes or I go.

ROY

You can run.

SUKI

I don't want to run. I want her stopped.

He gives her a look that says...

ROY

What are you asking?

SUKI

Of all the bitches that deserve to die, trust me, she's the one. We do it, Roy. We finally make her pay for all the shit she did to me and we get away Scott-fucking-free.

He shakes his head.

ROY

Killing somebody in self-defense is one thing. Killing somebody for revenge is another.

SUKI

Can't you see? This *is* self-defense. She just tried to kill me.

(counts off on her hand)

One, she's in tight with Cubans. Two, she's a known mob associate. Three, it'll look like a hit. The cops will think it's...

(her fingers as " ")

..."gang related." Four, we take the Cuban's money and, five, we get a nice life insurance pay out to boot.

ROY

Okay.

(CONTINUED)

He stands and puts on his shorts.

ROY (CONT'D)

Okay. Let me get this straight:
you want to kill her, take the
Cuban money, and then collect on
her insurance?

(a beat)

And make it look like a hit?

SUKI

Yeah. And there's more than that.
She's got real estate,
investments, all willed to me.

ROY

So you want to hire a probate
lawyer to collect all her shit
too?

SUKI

Yep.

ROY

Don't you see the flaws in this
plan?

SUKI

No. What are they?

ROY

Okay, first, you want to murder
someone. Deserving it or not
aside, it still lends itself to
police scrutiny. Second, you then
want to pin the crime on the mob
and some drug dealing Cubans.
Won't both come looking for that
money? Third, you then want to go
to a lawyer, with blood on your
hands, and have him settle the
estate of the woman you just
killed? You see where I'm going
with this?

SUKI

You don't understand.

ROY

What don't I understand?

SUKI

This is going to be justice.
It'll work out just fine.

(CONTINUED)

ROY

Okay, say I agree with you and I believe everything you said too, can you murder her?

SUKI

No.

(a beat)

But you can.

There is a silence. They both stare at each other.

ROY

Now, wait just a damn minute.

She raises up, standing on her knees on the bed. She moves to the edge of it.

SUKI

Yes, you can, Roy. I saw you kill that guy. You blew his brains out and didn't even blink.

ROY

That was different.

SUKI

How so?

ROY

He tried to kill you.

She smirks.

SUKI

Bingo.

He stops and turns away, lights a smoke.

ROY

It's not the same. In the heat of the moment, a person can do things. When you have to think about it, it ain't so easy.

SUKI

Didn't you spend months in the desert, thinking about killing someone? Someone you didn't even know?

ROY

That is not the same either.

(CONTINUED)

She reaches over to the night stand and grabs her own smoke.

SUKI

What's it gonna take, Roy? Do I have to tell you everything she did to me?

He turns to her as she exhales a bellow of smoke.

ROY

All I know so far is she hurt you. I don't know how, but you say she did, so she did. You think she tried to kill you. So far, I tend to think you're right. Now, both of those situations suck, and I don't like the cunt anymore than you do, but premeditated murder is not something I ever figured on doing. So, yeah, I guess you are going to have to convince me.

(a shrug)

Sorry if that's not good enough for you, but that's the way it is.

She scoots her legs out from under herself and sits on the bed.

ROY (CONT'D)

I still love you. That's not the question. You know that right?

She nods, stamps out the smoke.

SUKI

Yeah, I know that.

She pulls up her hair and gives him the "Come here" sign with her index finger.

SUKI (CONT'D)

Take a look at this. On the back of my neck.

He sets his smoke in the tray and sits on the bed. He looks at the back of her neck.

His face goes blank and pale. He looks away.

ROY

Is that a---

SUKI
(cutting him off)
Yeah.

She lets her hair fall down again. A tear rolls down her cheek. She doesn't look at him.

SUKI (CONT'D)
I love you, Roy. I'm not trying to use you. I don't understand it, but I met you for a reason. I was late home because of you, and that saved my life. I was at a club that night and I just didn't want to go home. Something said "Go into that bar, you won't regret it" and that something was right. You saved my life. This is all happening right now for a reason. And something is telling me, "Go the whole way." I want to be with you. If you asked me to marry you right now, I would do it.

Roy looks away.

SUKI (CONT'D)
If you don't do this for me, I'd still die for you, or live forever with you, or have your babies. Nothing changes between you and me if we don't do this. But, the same thing that drove me to you is telling me to do this. And the thought of not even trying just makes me want to puke.

(a beat)

So, I won't ask you again. I won't make you answer me again. I just want to know, yes or no.

ROY
Will you marry me?

Looks at him.

SUKI
What?

ROY
Will you marry me?

SUKI
Yes.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED: (7)

32

ROY

Okay. Then we take it the whole way. But I got to know everything.

They just stare at each other on the bed.

INSERT: "5. A PHOENIX RISING."

33 INT. HALLWAY, PROJECT BUILDING - DAY

33

Ten years ago. THE SOUND OF BASS FROM LOUD RAP MUSIC.

MS. PRESLEY walks with a twelve year old SUKI, brunette, down a dark, dreary hallway. Suki is scared shitless. Ms. Presley is on drugs.

34 INT. APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

34

Ms. Presley and Suki step into a cluttered, shitty apartment. MR. RICO, black, 50's, built like a fucking tank, shuts the door behind them.

MR. RICO

Come on in. Make yourselves at home.

Suki stays against Ms. Presley's side. Mr. Rico clears a spot on the couch and Suki and her mom sit down. Rico sits on the arm of a chair across from them.

MS. PRESLEY

Suki, this is Mr. Rico. Mr. Rico, this is Suki.

He stares at Suki.

MR. RICO

Hello, Suki. Would you like a glass of water or a soda pop?

Suki shakes her head no. He has a big, sick smile.

MR. RICO (CONT'D)

(to Ms. Presley)

Is she shy?

MS. PRESLEY

Oh, yes. Very shy.

He LAUGHS.

(CONTINUED)

MR. RICO

Yeah. Yeah. Good.

He sits in the chair, on the edge of it.

MR. RICO (CONT'D)

Well, Suki, you are a very pretty girl. You know you are, don't you?

Suki just kind of half shrugs. He LAUGHS again.

MR. RICO (CONT'D)

Yeah, yeah. You know you are.

MS. PRESLEY

Suki, stop being shy.

MR. RICO

(still smiling)

Hush up, girl. She can stay shy as long as she wants.

(to Suki)

How old are you?

Suki doesn't answer. He suddenly turns and snaps his finger. She jumps.

MR. RICO (CONT'D)

Hey, girl. I asked how old you are.

SUKI

(shaky)

Twelve.

He looks at Ms. Presley.

MR. RICO

How long?

MS. PRESLEY

Five days. One grand.

He nods, thinking.

MR. RICO

Stand up, girl.

Suki looks at her mom. Ms. Presley pushes her. Suki reluctantly stands.

MR. RICO (CONT'D)

Turn around, darling.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: (2)

34

She does a little turn. He smiles again.

MR. RICO (CONT'D)

Damn, you are pretty.

(to mom)

You still get high?

MS. PRESLEY

Yeah.

MR. RICO

You want to stay a while.

She shrugs.

MS. PRESLEY

Yeah.

35 INT. APARTMENT - LATER

35

LOUD MUSIC. Ms. Presley is on the couch, stoned and in her panties. SUKI IS HEARD SCREAMING in the other room. She sits up and takes another blast on a glass pipe.

MORE OF SUKI'S SCREAMS. The more she SCREAMS, the more Ms. Presley just breaths in. She passes back out on the sofa.

SUKI (V.O.)

He put a tattoo on me. On the back of my neck. Said I'd be his bitch for life. But, he wasn't the only one. There were others. Lots of others. This lasted from the age of twelve until I was sixteen.

THE SOUND OF SCREAMING AND ARGUING.

36 INT. KITCHEN, APARTMENT - NIGHT

36

SUKI, AGE 16, stands behind a table, in her panties and bra, with a pistol aimed at a CHINESE MAN, 50's, in his underwear.

She is crying, erratic. Ms. Presley stands to the side of them.

MS. PRESLEY

Suki, you fuckin' bitch, put that goddamn gun down!

(CONTINUED)

SUKI

No! He tried to hurt me!

CHINESE MAN

No, she's lying.

MS. PRESLEY

Suki, you lying bitch, you're gonna hurt somebody.

SUKI

He wanted my ass!

MS. PRESLEY

Suki, you fuckin' whore, that's what he's fuckin' payin' you for! Now put the fuckin' gun down!

CHINESE MAN

Put the gun down now!

He lunges towards her. The gun goes off. BANG! Suki drops it and covers her mouth.

The Chinese man is on the floor, blood spurting out of his stomach. He kicks and screams.

Ms. Presley rushes after Suki and starts slapping her. She puts Suki on the ground and starts beating the shit out of her with her closed fists.

SUKI

Mom, stop!

MS. PRESLEY

You fucking whore! You fucking whore!

Suki just covers her head with her arms.

Back to the beginning. Roy murdering Ms. Presley in the car. He pushes the knife deeper into her neck. The SOUND OF AIR AND BLOOD MIXES in her throat.

MS. PRESLEY

Stop...stop...

He uses his body weight to hold her down and forces the knife into her.

Her resistance slows. The GURGLING slows. The feet lightly kick. Several moments pass.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

37

He looks around the back seat, out the windows, as he presses the knife and his body weight into and on her.

No more resistance. He pulls back and sees her fish eyes staring at nothing. Her mouth gapping open. Blood and piss everywhere.

He sits back in the seat and begins to breath heavy, like after running a race. He takes off the ski mask. Sweat pours off of him.

He reaches over to her and grabs the knife. He pulls and pulls on it but it is wedge into her neck tightly. He pushes on her head with one hand and pulls on the knife with the other.

It yanks out and his other hand smacks her head into the door glass, shattering it into cobwebs.

38 INT. BEDROOM, MS. PRESLEY'S HOUSE - DAY

38

Suki, wearing gloves, clears a bookshelf of books and knick knacks. She is calm for the moment.

She pulls open dresser drawers and dumps them out. She looks around. Looking for the Cuban money.

She overturns the mattress. Nothing. She rummages through the closet. Throws things around. Nothing.

Suki knocks the nightstand over. Nothing. She pushes the dresser on it's side. Nothing there either.

She looks around, breaths heavy.

LIVING ROOM

She tears off the couch cushions. Nothing. Looks under it. Nothing.

She looks around. Hands on her hips.

HALLWAY

Suki drifts into the hall. Taking a break from the search and, now, only looking at her mother's things.

The hallway is lined with pictures. She walks by them, looking at them like they were artifacts in a museum.

PICTURES OF SUKI AND HER MOM at various stages of life. Smiles on their faces. In each picture, sadness behind Suki's eyes, but still a smile on her face.

(CONTINUED)

A tear rolls down our Suki's face. Sadness. She slowly turns to anger. Nose and lips curling up. Rage takes over. A YELL.

She begins knocking down every picture. Smashes them when they hit the ground. Grinds her boot heel into the smiling faces. More YELLS.

Suki moves through the house, room by room, no longer searching but destroying. She breaks everything that will break. Smashes every picture. Tears down anything showing her and her mother.

KITCHEN

Suki takes her arm and goes down the counter, clearing everything off, smashing it to the floor.

She sees a picture of her mother on the wall and punches it.

SUKI

Fuck!

She grabs her wrist, holding it. Something either sprained or cracked. She slides to the floor, holding her hand and grimacing at the pain.

Her rage begins to cool down. She breaths slower and slower. Sweat pours down her face.

She looks at her hand. Bloody. Bruised. A red mark on her wrist. She wiggles her fingers.

She LAUGHS. Looks around at the mess she's made. Another LAUGH. It goes from a CHUCKLE to a full blown orgasm of LAUGHING. This is the best therapy she could ever have.

She grabs a towel from the rack and stands up. She opens the freezer.

She grabs a bunch of ice. She wraps it in the towel and wraps it around her hand. She starts to shut the door when she stops.

Suki reaches into the freezer and pulls out a paper bag. She opens it up. Bingo! She smiles and reaches into the bag. A roll of hundred dollar bills.

SUKI (CONT'D)

Holy shit.

40 INT. LAWSON'S OFFICE - DAY

40

Suki, dressed nicely, sits in the office with Mr. Lawson, our lawyer from earlier.

LAWSON

First of all, Ms. Presley, I apologize for your loss.

SUKI

Thank you.

LAWSON

These past few weeks must've been very hard on you.

SUKI

Yes, they have.

LAWSON

I lost my mother two years ago. I don't think I was normal for an entire year.

SUKI

How did she die?

LAWSON

Cancer. Ovarian cancer.

SUKI

I'm so sorry.

LAWSON

Thank you. She just...

(sighs)

...didn't get regular check ups. Wouldn't go to the doctor. It just got past her.

SUKI

Well, I'm very sorry.

Lawson opens up a folder in front of him.

LAWSON

Thank you.

(changing gears)

Well, I have bad news and then I have bad news.

SUKI

(a small laugh)

Okay, bad news first.

(CONTINUED)

LAWSON

Bad news first: your mother was bankrupt.

Suki tries to hide her reaction.

LAWSON (CONT'D)

(looking at folder)

There was no insurance policy. No investments. No stocks. No bonds. No nothing. Her credit was shot. She had tons of unsecured debt.

Looks up at her. She doesn't blink.

LAWSON (CONT'D)

Bad news now?

SUKI

Um-hmm.

LAWSON

(back to folder)

Ms. Presley was in foreclosure on her house. She also owed on her vehicle, but the insurance covered that when the vehicle was destroyed in her--

He stops himself. She closes her eyes and nods.

LAWSON (CONT'D)

(continues)

...in her death. The only thing Ms. Presley owned was an insurance policy...

(a beat)

...on you.

Suki looks away. That stings. He closes the folder and leans back in his chair.

LAWSON (CONT'D)

As executor, none of this debt falls to you. But, also, you will be receiving no inheritance of any kind. I looked and I looked. There simply is just nothing there.

Suki nods, hides her emotions.

SUKI

Okay.

(CONTINUED)

LAWSON

I know at the time of death,
especially something like this, we
don't want to think about money.
Unfortunately, as a lawyer, I am a
vulture and that is what I get
paid to do.

SUKI

No, don't say that about yourself.

He smiles.

LAWSON

(lightening the mood)
It's okay. I know my place in the
social order. One step below
street thug and one above junkie.

She smiles and he LAUGHS.

SUKI

You deserve more credit than that.

LAWSON

Thank you, Ms. Presley.

SUKI

Oh, it's Misses.

She holds up her ring.

LAWSON

Oh, congratulations.

SUKI

Yeah. I got married two weeks
ago.

LAWSON

He's a very lucky fellow.

SUKI

Thanks.

LAWSON

(back to business)
No problem. Look, I know the
circumstances right now are kind
of...

(searching)
...overpowering. I wish I had
better news for you.

(CONTINUED)

SUKI

It's okay, Mr. Lawson.

She stands. He follows.

LAWSON

I wish you the best of luck. I hope things improve for you and your husband.

They shake hands.

SUKI

Thank you again, Mr. Lawson.

She leaves the office.

Roy waits in the car, listening to the RADIO. Suki opens the door and gets inside. A moment in silence.

ROY

Well?

SUKI

No insurance payout. No investments. No house to sale. No nothing.

He nods. A moment.

ROY

So, does that change anything?

She looks away, staring at the other parked cars. A beat. Back to him.

SUKI

No. No, it doesn't. I don't feel one bit bad about it. And now that I'm not getting a fuckin' dime from her, you know what? I'm kind of glad.

He looks away, thinking.

ROY

You know, one time, when I was over there, this ol' boy got shot. He was gone for about six weeks. It wasn't that bad, and he asked to come back to the outfit.

41 CONTINUED:

41

She looks at him. He never talks like this.

ROY (CONT'D)

So, he got back. And he told us they screwed up his pay and he didn't get comp'd for it. So we were like "Fuck that, man. And you came back after that shit?" And he said, "Yeah..."

(a beat)

...it was the right thing to do." Right just always seems to be right. It's when people stop doing right when things go wrong. Even when what's right seems wrong to someone else.

He looks at her and smiles.

ROY (CONT'D)

I don't know what I'm sayin', but it makes sense in my head.

She smiles back at him. She reaches over and they kiss.

INSERT: "6. A HOLY TREE."

42 EXT. BEACH, MEXICO. - DAY

42

Beautiful beach. Perfect weather. Good looking GUYS AND GALS everywhere. Families having fun. Paradise.

Suki, looking tanned and great, walks along the beach. The wind blows her beautiful pink hair and her wrap.

ROY (V.O.)

Suki never talked about her mother again. We stopped worrying about everything. Decided if we wanted to go to Mexico with the money, why not go without it? What's the difference either way? Mexico is Mexico, whether you got any money or you don't.

Roy jogs along the beach, coming the other direction. He is tanned and toned.

SUKI (V.O.)

Roy always tries to live without worrying about stuff. I worry about everything.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

42

SUKI (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I asked him the other day, "You think everything will catch up with us?" He said, "What do you mean?" And I looked at him, and I could see it in his eyes, he really didn't know what I was talking about. So I don't talk about it anymore. I figured if one of us has to worry, it may as well be me.

Roy and Suki meet on the beach. He tackles her playfully and they wrestle in the sand. He gets up and runs and she chases after him. This is perfection.

FULL FRAME - THE DEACON'S EYES

Wrinkled and leathery. The dead green eyes look back and forth.

43 EXT. CANTINA - CONTINUOUS

43

A cantina, tourist type, just off the beach. The Deacon, white suit, looks at the menu posted on a lamp outside of the restaurant.

He turns away from it and looks out at the beach. Suki and Roy playing in the distance on the beach. Suki stands out like a sore thumb.

A WAITER approaches the Deacon.

WAITER

(Spanish)

A drink, senor?

DEACON

(Spanish)

Iced tea. No sugar. No lemon.

The waiter nods and goes back into the cantina. The Deacon keeps watching the beach and slowly turns and heads inside.

44 EXT. STREET, BEACH - NIGHT

44

Full moon. A party. Drinking. Dancing. MUSIC.

Suki and Roy, dressed for a night out, walk along the street, looking at the VENDORS, THE PARTY-GOERS. FIRECRACKERS go off.

They pass a little cafe and go inside.

45 INT. CAFE - LATER

45

MARIACHIS PLAY MUSIC. WAITERS serve huge platters of food.

Suki and Roy laugh and drink huge margaritas. A WAITER brings them an enormous platter of fresh fajitas, chips, salsa, tortillas.

Suki gulps down her last margarita.

SUKI

Another one!

ROY

No, no! You've got to walk home.

SUKI

You can carry me.

ROY

Fuck you! You carry me!
(to waiter)
Senor!

She SCREAMS and pulls down his hand.

SUKI

No, no. Fuck you. You carry me.
(to waiter)
Drinks! Drinks for me!

FIRECRACKERS go off in the doorway. EVERYONE jumps and SCREAM. TWO BOYS laugh and point at the startled people.

A WAITER runs after them with a towel raised over his head, SHOUTING OBSCENITIES IN MEXICAN.

Suki and Roy look at each other and LAUGH hysterically. He stops LAUGHING. He stares at her. He is so in love.

She slowly stops LAUGHING and stares back.

ROY

I want to go home.

SUKI

Yeah?

ROY

(smiling)
Yeah.

She nods.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

45

SUKI

Okay.

46 EXT. LUNA HALCON HOTEL - LATER

46

A TOURIST HOTEL. Neon sign outside: "LUNA HALCON." Nice palm trees. Everything you'd want without being one of those REALLY nice places. A gently yet brisk breeze is blowing.

BALCONY

A room's balcony doors are open. The breeze blows the curtain. The wind kicks up and blows the curtains even harder.

47 INT. ROY AND SUKI'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

47

Roy and Suki make love on the bed. The curtains whip and twist in the breeze. The moonlight bathes the room in light.

FIREWORKS are heard from the street festival. The REPORTS are heard and the MULTI-COLORED LIGHTS flash inside.

Suki writhes in the ecstasy. She looks over at the balcony. A BLACK FIGURE on the balcony.

She SCREAMS. Roy stops and looks up.

SUKI

The balcony.

Roy jumps up, grabs the Glock from the nightstand, and runs onto the balcony.

BALCONY

No one is there. He scans the area. Nothing.

ROOM

Roy walks back inside, catching his breath. She pulls the sheet over herself.

SUKI (CONT'D)

Someone was standing right there.

He sits on the edge of the bed.

(CONTINUED)

ROY

You trying to give me a fuckin'
heart attack?

SUKI

Fuck you, I saw it.

He rubs his head. Still not calm from going from
fucking, to attack mode, and back down again.

ROY

I didn't say you didn't.

SUKI

(calms)

I know I saw something.

She grabs his number 74 Titans Matthews jersey and steps
outside.

BALCONY

Suki looks around. Nothing. Roy steps outside, still
butt naked. He looks around too. She doesn't notice
he's naked.

SUKI (CONT'D)

Where'd they go?

ROY

I don't know. If there was
someone, they're gone now.

She looks around, catches a glimpse of him, and slaps him
on the arm.

SUKI

Roy, get back inside, for God's
sake.

He LAUGHS and playfully goes back in. She looks around
one more time. He reaches from inside and grabs her.

ROY (O.S.)

We're not done.

He jerks her inside.

Party is over. PEOPLE cleaning up. SOME PARTY-GOERS who
don't know when to quit. One last DANCE CLUB is still
going.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED:

48

ALLEYWAY

Dark. Nothing but shadows. The Deacon steps out of the blackness.

He looks up at Roy and Suki's hotel across the street. He puffs on a cigarillo. He disappears, back into the shadows.

49 INT. HALLWAY, HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

49

LOUD PARTIERS run down the hall. They disappear around the corner. The ELEVATOR DINGS and the door opens.

A SMILEY CONCIERGE steps out, carrying a note. He hears the SOUND OF THE PARTY down the hall and shakes his head.

Smiley carries the note down the hall, all the way to room 269.

50 INT. ROOM 269 - CONTINUOUS

50

A KNOCK. Suki slowly lifts her head. Roy is sound asleep. She rubs her eyes. KNOCK-KNOCK.

She sits up and looks at the Glock on the nightstand. KNOCK-KNOCK.

She SIGHS and goes to the door. She looks through the peephole and opens the door.

SMILEY

(Spanish)

A note for you, ma'am.

She takes the note.

SUKI

Gracias.

He turns to leave.

SUKI (CONT'D)

Esperar.

She starts to head back inside.

SMILEY

(in broken English)

No tip, ma'am. It's all taken care of.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

50

He smiles and walks away. She shuts the door and sits back on the bed. A YAWN. She looks at the envelope.

Roy SNORES and turns over. She stares at the letter. A moment passes. She holds it up to the light and taps on it. She tears the end of it off, blows in it, and dumps the letter into her hand.

INSERT: "Be in the lobby at 3 AM sharp. I will be there. Wait for me if I am late. I'll be wearing a white suit. I know everything. Come alone."

She drops the letter and her hands into her lap. The clock radio: "2:37." She looks at Roy and thinks.

BATHROOM

Suki gets a quick shower.

ROOM

Suki finishes getting dressed and stares at the gun on the nightstand. She grabs it and puts it in her back, tucked into her jeans. She heads for the door.

51 INT. LOBBY, HOTEL - MOMENTS LATER

51

Suki steps out of the elevator. She scans the lobby. Just a few people: JANITOR, CONCIERGES, DESK HELP, DRIFTING GUESTS.

No man in white suit. She sees a seating area and walks over to it, taking a seat. A clock nearby: "2:58." She sits and looks around. Just business as usual for everyone else.

She sits back and relaxes a bit.

52 INT. LOBBY, HOTEL - LATER

52

Suki has fallen asleep. The clock: "3:27." A cell phone is tossed into her lap. She springs awake, half scared.

SUKI

Huh?

She looks up and freezes. She's seen a ghost.

DEACON (O.S.)

How are you, Suki?

She just stares. The Deacon sits down across from her. She looks at the cell phone in her lap.

(CONTINUED)

DEACON (CONT'D)

Oh, we'll get to that in a minute.
How've you been?

She is still open-mouthed and dumbfounded.

DEACON (CONT'D)

Suki?

SUKI

What?

DEACON

How've you been?

SUKI

Fine. I think.

DEACON

Good. You've grown.

SUKI

It's been awhile.

DEACON

More than a few years. You
recognized me though. That was
interesting.

SUKI

I saw pictures...
(a pause)
...from time to time.

DEACON

I wrote your mother regularly.

SUKI

I know.

DEACON

She wasn't a very good person,
your mother.

She finally breaks out of it. A smirk

SUKI

Tell me about it.

DEACON

How is she?

SUKI

She's dead.

(CONTINUED)

DEACON
(obviously faking)
Oh dear.

SUKI
But you knew that.

DEACON
Yeah, I sure did.

SUKI
She was murdered. She finally
pissed of the wrong people.

DEACON
What people?

SUKI
Cubans.

DEACON
You sure about that?

A pause.

SUKI
Yes. Yes, I am sure.

DEACON
Uh-huh. How much did you clear?

SUKI
Excuse me?

DEACON
You heard me. How much did you
clear from her estate?

SUKI
There was no estate. She was
bankrupt.

DEACON
I find that hard to believe.

SUKI
Well, you can believe what you
want. It's the truth.

DEACON
So, you emphasize you are telling
the truth about the money. Are
you not telling me the truth
somewhere else?

(CONTINUED)

SUKI

She had no money. I got nothing from her.

(leans in)

Nothing.

They stare at each other. She's getting her confidence. He lights a cigarillo.

DEACON

I hadn't seen your mother, face to face, since you were about three. So, that means, it has been...what?

SUKI

Twenty years.

DEACON

Twenty years. We wrote a lot of letters. When email came around, we emailed each other a lot. She sent me pictures of you, from time to time. I sent pictures of myself from time to time.

(with emphasis)

And I never remarried. And neither did your mother. It was never agreed that we wouldn't. We both just didn't. It was not in the cards for us. We had other companions and lovers, but we never put a ring on another human's finger.

SUKI

Is there a point your are trying to make?

DEACON

Yes. Yes, there is. Mrs. Presley honored the marriage oath to me. She did a lot of things wrong, but she did that one thing right. I owe her for that, and I intend to treat her death the same way I would as if I'd been married to her. As it is in death, so shall it be in life.

Suki sits on the edge of her seat.

SUKI

Okay, okay. She died. For you, that sucks. I get that.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SUKI (CONT'D)

You don't need to reinforce that anymore. I got it. I'm a smart chick. It's processed. So, please, don't repeat that anymore.

(changes tone)

But, one thing I will not listen to is anyone, (you, God, or anyone else), sit there and tell me what a good person she was. She is in hell, alright? You hear me?

(a beat)

She is in hell right now as I am speaking to you. And she deserves to be there. As much as any mother fucker that ever lived, she is right where she belongs. In hell. Burning.

(leans in to him)

Her death didn't net me one goddamn dime. Not one. All I got out of it was the satisfaction of knowing that *that* bitch is finally in a coffin and her soul is in hell.

(sits back)

Have I made myself clear?

He nods and just puffs on his cigarillo.

DEACON

You got a strong will, child. I'm proud of you. But, we both know bullshit when we see it. So, let's cut the fuckin' shit. You killed your mother. You got an inheritance. I want the action. If you give me the money, I'll let your little friend live.

Suki's expression drops.

SUKI

What?

DEACON

Don't interrupt me, girl.

She is getting worried.

SUKI

If you hurt him--

DEACON

(cuts her off, calm)

Don't interrupt me, Suki.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DEACON (CONT'D)

I want you to hear me loud and clear. Your lawyer, Mr. Lawson, with a knife to his throat, would not give you up. Why would a man give his life for you if a large sum of money weren't involved?

SUKI

You killed Mr. Lawson?

DEACON

Just as sure as we're sitting here. Now, when a man does that, the answer can only be one of two things, Suki. Either he's telling the truth, or he is protecting a major wad of cash. He turned down eight thousand, so whatever you paid him must've been quite significant. So, whatever you got, must be very significant.

She shakes her head.

SUKI

You stupid, fuck. There was no money.

DEACON

Are you telling me the truth about your mother?

SUKI

What?

DEACON

Did I stutter?

She stares at him.

SUKI

She deserved to die. Do you have any idea what kind of woman she was?

DEACON

Sure, I did. I divorced her, didn't I?

SUKI

Yeah, well, lucky you. I didn't have that luxury. Were you ever pimped out by her? Huh?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SUKI (CONT'D)

Did you ever have your own mother take you to a party and charge twenty-five bucks a cumshot? Did you?

DEACON

Murder's a sin, Suki. Don't try and justify it to me. In five years of prison and fifteen years of mission work in South America, one thing I've found truer than anything is everybody's got a good reason for everything.

SUKI

A sin? I'm not sure what's worse. You pretending to be a missionary or her pretending to be a mother?

She stands.

SUKI (CONT'D)

Go back to your rat hole, fucker.

She walks by and he catches her wrist. A death grip. She grimaces.

DEACON

Sit down, Suki.

She pulls away. His grip tightens.

DEACON (CONT'D)

Sit down. Remember what I said about your boy.

She looks at him and slips back into her seat.

DEACON (CONT'D)

On that phone I gave you is a number. On the other end of that number is a room. In that room is your boy. Call it.

She looks at him, sorting things out. She opens the phone book. Only one number listed as CALL ME. No digits are listed.

She dials. RING. The Deacon just puffs his cigar. RING. CONNECTS...

ROY (V.O.)

(filtered)

Hello?

(CONTINUED)

SUKI

Roy?

ROY (V.O.)

(filtered)

Suki?

SUKI

Are you okay?

ROY (V.O.)

(filtered)

Yeah. I can't see anything.

SUKI

Just hang on, baby. Hang on.

LINE DISCONNECTS. She looks at the Deacon. He's smiling. He reaches over and grabs the phone out of her hand.

DEACON

Now, only I know that number. If I don't call that number in one hour, your boy dies. It is that simple.

(leans forward)

What I want is simple too. You give me all the money you got. I want all the cash right now. I understand you probably have the rest in a bank, so we can transfer that in the morning. All the cash you give me in the next hour will buy your boy eight more hours. After eight hours, if the rest of the money is not transferred to my account, my man pulls the trigger.

(sits back)

So, you got yourself a two step process.

He points at the clock. "3:40."

DEACON (CONT'D)

This is step one. You got fifty more minutes, girl. I'll wait right here.

She stands.

SUKI

Why are you doing this? I'm your daughter.

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED: (8)

52

DEACON

Cut the shit. It hasn't mattered
for twenty years, why would it
matter now? Clocks ticking, girl.

She heads for the elevators.

53 INT. ROOM 269 - MOMENTS LATER

53

Suki busts in the door, gun drawn. No sign of
disturbance.

She scans the apartment, gun leading. Nothing. Checks
the bathroom. Nothing.

Roy is gone. She lowers the gun and sits on the edge of
bed. She slowly begins to fall apart. The gun slips to
the ground. She buries her head in her hands and cries.

BATHROOM

Suki walks into the bathroom, her eyes red. She lifts
the cover off of the toilet tank and takes out a large
zip lock bag of cash.

ROOM

Suki sits on the bed and tosses the cash down beside her.
She thinks. A moment passes.

She takes out her cell phone and dials. RING. RING.

DEACON (V.O.)

(filtered)

I've got his phone, Suki. Nice
try though.

She hangs it up, disgusted. Thinks.

SUKI

(to herself)

What would Roy do?

A moment. She stuffs the gun in the back of her pants
and dumps a gym bag of clothes out onto the bed.

She rips open the zip lock bag and dumps the cash into
the gym bag. She rushes out of the room.

54 EXT. STREET, BEACH - MOMENTS LATER

54

Suki walks down the street. THE SOUND OF DANCE MUSIC is
heard. She heads for a club up the strip.

55 INT. CLUB - MOMENTS LATER

55

Dance club. LOUD MUSIC. The party didn't end in this place. PEOPLE dance and drink the rest of the night away. Suki pushes through the people towards the back.

GIRLS' ROOM

Suki pushes through the crowd of WOMEN and into a stall. Extremely LOUD. She dials on her phone. RING.

DEACON (V.O.)

(filtered)

Your wasting time.

SUKI

(over noise)

You want the money, you come down the strip to the dance club. It's the only one still going.

DEACON (V.O.)

(filtered)

You want that boy dead, Suki?

SUKI

(over noise)

Fuck you. You want that money? Come to me.

She hangs up. She sits on the toilet and closes her eyes.

She is sweating like mad. She slows her breathing, trying not to hyperventilate.

CLUB

Suki steps out of the bathroom and pushes her way to a table. She sits down and watches the front door.

A WAITRESS comes to her.

WAITRESS

(Spanish)

What would you like?

Suki looks at her. It takes a moment to register.

SUKI

A Long Island. Extra coke.

The waitress nods and walks away. She looks back at the door.

(CONTINUED)

The Deacon steps inside and scans the room. She slips the gun out from her back and lays it under the gym bag.

He spots her and heads her way. He takes a seat at her table, across from her.

DEACON

Okay. Where is it?

She picks up the bag and tosses it onto the table. He unzips it and sees the money inside.

SUKI

Call them off.

He checks his watch.

DEACON

We've got fifteen minutes.

SUKI

Fuck you. I lived up to my end of the bargain. Now call them.

DEACON

No, you changed the terms. Meeting here was not the bargain. You changed the bargain. So I am changing the bargain again. This has become a fluid process, darling.

She comes up with the gun and points it at him.

SUKI

Call him right now, or I blow your fuckin' brains out.

He LAUGHS.

DEACON

And how do you find your boy with me dead, child?

SUKI

If you don't call, you don't get the rest of the money.

DEACON

I thought you said there was no other money?

She bites her lip, holding in her frustration.

DEACON (CONT'D)

You tried so hard earlier to tell me there wasn't any more and now you say there is more? Which is it, Suki? What is the truth and what is a lie?

He smiles. He glances over, sees the waitress, and waves his hand down.

DEACON (CONT'D)

Mind the gun, girl.

She sees the waitress coming and lowers it. The waitress doesn't see the gun and sets the Long Island Iced Tea down in front of her.

WAITRESS

(Spanish)

For you, sir?

DEACON

Iced tea. The non-alcoholic kind.
No lemon, no sugar.

She nods and walks away. He looks back at Suki. She doesn't move.

DEACON (CONT'D)

You don't know what to do, do you?
You're such a fucking child.
You've depended on everyone else
all your life, haven't you?

He lights a cigarillo.

DEACON (CONT'D)

First it was mommy. She was a piece of shit, but she made the decisions, didn't she? Then, this boy of yours. You latched onto him and he is your new crutch. You just go from one person to the next, always the little fuckin' parasite. Is that what you are? A tick?

(laughs)

Little Suki, the tick.

She leans forward.

SUKI

Call Roy now. This is your last chance.

(CONTINUED)

DEACON

Is there more money or not, little tick?

She curls her lip and nose.

SUKI

No. There isn't.

He nods and exhales a smoke cloud.

DEACON

Then there is no phone call.

She stands, gun comes up. Like lightning, he comes up with a knife and sticks it in her side. She grabs her wound and YELLS. She falls back into her seat.

No one notices them over the MUSIC AND THE PARTY.

DEACON (CONT'D)

(yelling)

What now, Suki? What now?

She breaths heavy, staring at him. What's it gonna be, Suki? Come on, girl!

Suddenly, she SCREAMS A PRIMAL YELL and raises the gun. TWO GUNSHOTS GO OFF. The Deacon is hit in the shoulder and the stomach. Blood splatters everywhere. He falls out of his chair.

THE PEOPLE in the club SCREAM and run. All hell breaks loose.

Suki pushes the table out of the way between him and her. She keeps the pistol on him with one hand and pressure on her wound with the other. He crawls along the floor.

She kicks him over and points the gun down at him. He COUGHS and GAGS on his own blood.

SUKI

Where is he?

Nothing but GURGLING NOISES.

SUKI (CONT'D)

Where the fuck is he?

She kicks him in the side. His body convulses and goes into shock. She digs through his pockets. She finds the cell phone and takes it.

She dials. RING.

(CONTINUED)

ROY (V.O.)
(filtered,
distressed)
Hello?

SUKI
Tell whoever is there to get on
the phone.

She looks back down at the twisted piece of shit Deacon on the floor. His convulsions are slowing down and he is stabilizing.

VOICE (V.O.)
(filtered, Spanish
accent)
Yes?

SUKI
Your asshole boss is dead. If you
want forty thousand Americanos,
you tell me where you are.
Straight up trade. The cash for
Roy. Comprende?

A moment.

VOICE (V.O.)
(filtered, Spanish
accent)
Be at your hotel room in twenty
minutes.

SUKI
Got it.

The LINE DISCONNECTS. She looks back down at the Deacon.
The SOUND OF SIRENS.

DEACON
You fuckin' bitch.

She stands over him and aims the pistol down.

SUKI
Say hello to mom.

She fires a single shot. His brains blast out onto the floor. She looks around. Everyone has left the club. She grabs the gym bag and heads for the back.

HALLWAY

Suki slams through a door and into a hallway. Club office. Employee changing rooms.

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED: (5) 55

THE SOUNDS OF SIRENS continue outside. She leans against the wall and heads for a door at the far end.

56 EXT. ALLEYWAY - CONTINUOUS 56

Suki steps out of the back of the club and moves gingerly towards the hotel. SOUNDS OF SIRENS are closer.

She stops and leans against the wall. Blood has poured all down her side and soaked her pants.

She takes a deep breath and walks through the back alleys to the hotel.

57 EXT. HOTEL - CONTINUOUS 57

She reaches the back of the hotel. A service door is propped open. She staggers inside.

58 INT. SERVICE HALL, HOTEL - CONTINUOUS 58

Suki leans against the wall and reaches the service elevator. She hits the button. Nothing happens.

She looks at a sign taped to the door: "Fuera de orden."

She looks down the hall. Sees the stairwell.

STAIRWELL

Suki slams into the stairwell. She grabs the railing and pulls herself up the stairs. Covered in sweat. Muscles aching. Blood soaked.

She wills herself up the steps slowly, one painful step at a time.

SECOND FLOOR HALL

Suki opens the door onto the second floor. She leans on the door and takes a bunch of short, shallow breaths.

SUKI

(to herself)

Come on, girl. Come on.

She pushes herself down the hall. Bloody footprints follow her. She falls down and MOANS in pain.

SUKI (CONT'D)

(quietly)

Oh god.

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED:

58

She grabs a railing on the wall and pulls herself up. She gets on her feet and pulls herself along the railing. She stops at her destination. Room 269.

She pulls her gun and closes her eyes. She wipes the sweat from her face, leaving bloody fingerprints on her face.

59 INT. ROOM 269 - CONTINUOUS

59

The door slowly opens. A blood soaked Suki steps inside, Glock leading the way. She stops.

TWO MEXICAN THUGS hold shotguns on Roy. He is duct taped and sitting on the bed.

ROOM

Suki keeps the gun on them and holds the gym bag out with the other hand. She tosses it to the ground between them and her.

SUKI

Take it and go.

The THUG IN A WIFEBEATER keeps the shotgun on Suki and picks up the bag. He unzips it and looks inside. He smiles and looks at the THUG WITH A CROSS TATTOO.

WIFEBEATER

(Spanish)

It's all here. Let's go.

TATTOO

(Spanish)

Tell her not to shoot.

Wifebeater looks at her.

WIFEBEATER

We go. You don't shoot. Okay?

She nods. They take their guns off of her and Roy and hustle out of the room, walking right past her.

She walks over to the bed and sits down next to Roy. The gun slips out of her hands and she collapses against his shoulder.

He puts his cheek on her head and they just sit together.

SUKI

I'm sorry.

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED:

59

She falls off the bed and hits the floor, passed out. Roy looks at her. His eyes grow red with rage, fear, and desperation.

ROY
(through the tape)
Suki! Suki!

60 EXT. HALLWAY, HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

60

Smiley steps out of the elevator with a room service cart and sees the bloody footprints on the carpet. He pushes the cart aside and follows the footprints to Suki and Roy's room.

He steps into their doorway and GASPS.

61 EXT. INTERSTATE - DAY

61

A straight stretch of road cutting through the desert.

SUKI (V.O.)
I asked Roy one day if he missed Mexico. Or if he missed the money or the guns or any of that stuff. He said "Nah. That ain't no way to live anyway."

62 I/E. VAN - DAY

62

Suki, Roy, and their NEWBORN ride in a van down the highway. Laughing. Having a good time. NO SOUND. ONLY SUKI'S VOICE.

SUKI (V.O.)
That's Roy. Always content with whatever he's got. So we settled down. Became regular people. Got regular jobs. I kept my pink hair.

(laughs)
I don't want to get too regular.

The little one begins to cry and she turns around in the seat, making faces at it. Roy laughs.

SUKI (V.O.)
I still hold on to that little part of the past. I try and erase it and scrub it out, but it's always there.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SUKI (V.O.) (CONT'D)

So, I just remove all of it I can
and ignore the rest. And I keep
Roy and little Suki Jr. close by
me all I can. I don't want to do
anything without them. Roy don't
want to do nothing without me.

She takes out a rattle and shakes it. The baby laughs.

SUKI (V.O.)

Friend of mine told me one time,
"You and Roy are just 'all or
nothing', huh?" And I just looked
at them and said, "Yeah, I guess
we are."

The van heads up the interstate.

FADE TO BLACK.