

L I M B

OVER BLACK:

A man's heavy BREATHING. Running FOOTSTEPS and a bus ENGINE.

FADE IN:

EXT. MAIN STREET - NIGHT

VICTOR JONES, (18), in sport clothes, runs from a side-street, and across a main street.

Ahead of him - a BUS - just leaving its station.

Victor tries to get on the bus by any means, and tries to force the door open.

The bus speeds up, but Victor persists.

Victor bangs on the bus door with his hand to get the driver's attention. As he does so we can see that he is truly terrified - his face is crumpled - he's in a state of panic.

INT. BUS -NIGHT

The DRIVER, (45), notices the fuss and turns his head to see what's going on. He sees Victor slamming the door.

DRIVER  
(to himself)  
Fuckin' kids ...

The PASSENGERS look on - confused and bewildered.

The driver once again turns from the road to Victor - still banging on the bus door.

Suddenly, from the back of the bus a woman's SCREAM rings out. It shakes the driver and he automatically turns his head back to the road.

The driver's eyes widen as ...

SLAM TO BLACK:

The SCREECH of braking tires tears into the darkness.

A beat.

FADE IN:

EXT. STREET - HIGH-SCHOOL - DAY

A wide street runs in front of a modern high-school.

A HOMELESS GIRL, (35), digs through trash-cans placed across the high school grounds. She's kind of cute but she's dirty and wears messed-up clothes.

Students going to classes pass her by without noticing her or just don't look her way.

Among one group of students - DAVID HAMILTON, (18), he's a typical hot-shot preppy - messy hair, expensive shirt, but worn without any style, and a face full of contempt toward everything.

He passes the homeless girl. She instantly looks at him, like she recognizes him.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY

A wide, crowded hallway.

Students pass from one side to other, all going to various classrooms.

David's among them. As he walks he greets his friends who 'hang' beside lockers. He continues his way and enters ...

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - SOCIOLOGY CLASSROOM - DAY

CLOSE ON: Wrinkled fingers go through the pages of a book laid down on a lectern.

CLASSROOM - full and noisy. STUDENTS talk among each one-another - one reads a magazine, some are charging insults between each other.

DAVID - sits with his legs pulled down to the edge of his bench. He's amused by a few of the bright kids that stare at the teacher waiting for an assignment. He throws a couple of comments their way.

THE PROFESSOR, (52), and owner of the wrinkled fingers, is a half-bald man with wised features. He prepares himself to read. He coughs, and looks up - getting the students' attention.

It doesn't work.

PROFESSOR

Okay, calm down, calm down. Yesterday,  
we were at ...

But only a few pay attention.

PROFESSOR  
I said quiet!

The students calms down. The professor puts the book aside, and addresses the students.

PROFESSOR  
As most of you know, the end of the school year is near.

He looks at the attentive faces.

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)  
I would advise you to consider your grades. There are ten consistent 'F's among you, so please pay attention to the text, as it will be in your final exam.

A STUDENT raises his hand.

STUDENT  
And when's the final exam?

PROFESSOR  
On the thirteenth.

The student's reaction indicates that's too soon.

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)  
Well, he who studies on time, will get it on time.

The professor turns to his text.

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)  
Jacob Stevens, a duel of the thoughts, chapter two. The basic relationship between man and the world is universal and persistent. However malfunctions exist concerning that interactive contact, where understanding diverges from the one to the other. The man's intent is to rule the world ...

DAVID  
... and the world gets it the ass?

LAUGHTER among the students.

The professor raises his head and directs a look at David.

PROFESSOR  
If this doesn't interests you, please  
leave the classroom.

David look faux-innocent.

DAVID  
It's very interesting. I have to work  
some on that F of mine. Or, you can save  
us both a lot of trouble and just write  
me a D.

More LAUGHTER.

The professor stares at David, then turns back to the book.

PROFESSOR  
But the world uses its power and  
punishes him with cruelty.

DAVID - makes a hand-gesture toward VICTOR, sat nearby, and  
suggests they go out and grab a smoke.

Victor turns him down.

DAVID  
You haven't quit, haven't you?

Victor smiles and shakes his head.

A Student, disturbed by Victor's chatter, turns to look at  
Victor. Victor looks back at the student.

DAVID  
What the fuck are you looking at?

THE PROFESSOR - stops reading.

PROFESSOR  
Hamilton, quiet! Last warning.

DAVID - pulls his innocent face again.

The professor's back to reading.

David checks over the class.

DAVID'S P.O.V.

A BLOND BOY is hitting on a GIRL sitting next to him.

BACK TO SCENE

David leans toward the blond boy.

DAVID  
Lassie, what' ya hittin' on Amanda for?

Some students turn to see the blond boy's response, expecting a reaction.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
She's gonna get fuckin' jaundice from ya!

Lots of LAUGHTER from the students.

David's encouraged and grimaces at the blond boy.

The professor stops reading again.

PROFESSOR  
(angry)  
David, get out!

DAVID  
So you can mark me in your note book?  
Forget it!

PROFESSOR  
I ain't gonna mark you, just leave.

David rises from his seat.

DAVID  
In that case, I'm gonna stretch my legs a bit.

David exits, and as he does ...

VICTOR (O.S.)  
Don't let him get out! He's gonna dope him self in the bathroom!

The class LAUGHS.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY

David walks through the empty hallway unpacking a box of cigarettes.

He notices a sexy GIRL, (18), standing at the entrance to the W.C., smoking.

He nears her and bends himself round the lockers, so he can look at her.

DAVID'S P.O.V.

The girl wears a short skirt, and a tight shirt reveals her nipples pushing through. The girl looks at David as she slowly pulls a smoke.

GIRL

So...

BACK TO SCENE

DAVID

So...

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - DAY

The girl, walking backwards, slowly enters the empty classroom - she's all hot.

David calmly closes the door. He draws near to her, and begins rubbing her breasts.

She smiles, tempting. But pushes him tauntingly away, licking her lips into the bargain.

David's minimal resolve crumbles - he's madly turned on. He grabs her face and starts kissing her all over it - tries to undress her at the same time.

She pulls away again.

DAVID

You're one hot bitch, you know?

She smiles. And then slowly, she inches one of her breasts from her shirt and runs her fingers around the nipple.

David looks at it - and drools. He goes to her, and slowly touches the hard nipple.

They kiss and David grabs her breast and squeezes hard.

Now she lets him to go further - but just as he puts his hand under her skirt - the school bell RINGS.

She pushes David firmly away from her, and gives him the 'sexy grin' again.

David's, yet again, pissed ...

DAVID

Shit...

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY

The girl walks calmly out of the classroom like nothing happened. A moment later, David walks through the door, looking right, then left.

Watching him a little way off - is SANDRA McDALE, (18), looking sad and disappointed. She observes David a moment, then makes her way off.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - GYM HALL - DAY

A wide, tall, modern interior - a group of boys are energetically playing basketball.

Around the outskirts of the hall - a smattering of girls cheer entertainingly.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - DRESSING ROOM - DAY

Lockers hang open, and towels are strewn around.

On benches lining the middle ...

David and Victor sit, both smoke cigarettes.

DAVID

Marlboro's are better.

VICTOR

Fuck 'em. You know how much they cost?

David contorts his face.

DAVID

Well, daddy's a military official, so he's got money.

VICTOR

Bullshit, asshole. Your folks have got cash to burn.

DAVID

Mine can suck my dick! He ain't given me a fuckin' penny since first year. I have to beg around like some fuckin' bitch. I go home on a bus! Fuckin' public transportation!

Victor grins at David's humiliation.

VICTOR  
What's the story on the prom?

DAVID  
It's at my place, man. I lent cousin Barry a thousand bucks and I have somethin' of my own reserves.

VICTOR  
Yeah?

DAVID  
That's all. If something goes wrong, I'll have to relieve the old man some of his baggage.

A beat.

Victor turns to David.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
He keeps a fifty 'k' stash. At home.

VICTOR  
Bullshittin'.

DAVID  
Swear on my mom.

VICTOR  
What? Under the bed?

DAVID  
Safe deposit. I just have to find the key.

VICTOR  
And your mother?

DAVID  
Don't count on her. What the fuck do I ask? Got a spare check?

VICTOR  
Learn to earn, huh?

David nods his head and pulls on his smoke.

VICTOR (CONT'D)  
So what's the big plan?

DAVID  
You know that junkie? They call him  
Nerve?

VICTOR  
Nerve?

DAVID  
Yep, he's almost famous. We went to  
elementary together.

VICTOR  
Passed me by.

DAVID  
One day the principal caught him taking  
a dose in the bathroom. Got expelled.  
He was fuckin' 10 years old, man.

Victor looks disinterested.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
His brother works in this place called  
'The Parties Club'. Had a word on  
renting me a couple of them big sounders  
with all that shit. It's about a seven-  
fifty.

VICTOR  
And they're loud, I guess?

DAVID  
No, your mother's loud. These babies  
pull out seven-fifty bells man!

VICTOR  
Jee! You're putting a fighter jet in the  
house?

DAVID  
There'll be the damage. Fucked up cradle  
of filth.

VICTOR  
It's all milk and honey for you, fucker.  
When do your folks leave?

David flicks ash off his cigarette-end onto the floor.

DAVID  
Steve-boy leaves today. Business meeting  
in Germany. Mom's expecting a call from  
work - some fuckin' seminar - she'll be  
gone 'till Sunday.

David looks at Victor.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
We get the gear as soon as they leave.  
That's all.

VICTOR  
Who'll wait till Friday, man?

DAVID  
What the fuck! I should bring her to  
your place if you want sooner.

VICTOR  
You getting the girls?

DAVID  
Yeah, your mother!

VICTOR  
Ha ha ... fuckin' comedian.

David smiles.

VICTOR (CONT'D)  
What about Sandra?

DAVID  
What about her?

VICTOR  
Is she comin'?

David pulls his last drag, and ditches the smoke.

DAVID  
I don't know. Maybe.

VICTOR  
You're still together?

DAVID  
What the fuck do you care? What's this  
fuckin' questioning?

VICTOR  
It's nothing man. The chick's cool,  
that's all.

DAVID  
Yeah, better than that fuckin' beauty  
queen grandma of yours!

They both laugh.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Going out tonight?

VICTOR  
I don't know. Maybe.

DAVID  
Just you sit home and jerk on your  
fuckin' magazines.

VICTOR  
Listen to yourself, fuckin' monkey.

DAVID  
Come grab this monkey!

David grabs his crotch, rises, and heads toward the door.

VICTOR  
Where are you goin'?

DAVID  
Take a piss.

VICTOR  
Why don't you ever use a WC? Every time  
you want to piss, you go at the backyard  
like a fuckin' dog. There's no boogie  
men there, you know.

Victor points toward the W.C. door.

David freezes.

He's scared. He quietly leaves via the backyard door.

VICTOR (CONT'D)  
(to self)  
Thanks for telling me, bro.

He smokes up his cigarette and throws the stump.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - BACKYARD - DAY

A quiet alley-way. To one side, a short metallic staired fire-way - the door opens.

David walks through and clambers down the stairs. He looks around and sees there's nobody.

He walks across the empty alley and stands behind two trash cans. He un-zips his pants and begins to piss.

Then, spooked, he turns his head to one side, and then to another.

A small KID, maybe 5 years old, stands at the end of the alley.

David looks at him oddly, like he recognizes the boy, but he's not sure.

The boy smiles, and looks straight at David. The boy starts to wave and then he calls David with his hand.

David looks without a blink. Suddenly, he looks down - his hand is wet, shakes it off and zips his pants up.

He looks toward the end of the alley. Nobody. No trace of the little boy. David looks around him, but the alley's deserted. He heads back to the school building.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Cars and buses drive along. People on the sidewalks hurry here and there, chatting with friends, loaded with shopping.

A bus passes over the cross-road heading downtown.

INT. BUS - DAY

A few passengers roll gently with the motion of the bus. A couple of elderly women, three men, and a mother who hold a small child in her lap.

At the back - David, his face turned to the window. He looks sadly at the city outside. He turns his head and spots an elderly WOMAN looking at him.

He picks his nose for her attention.

The woman looks offended and gives him a rebuking look.

David pulls his middle finger and displays it to her.

Disgusted, she turns her head away.

David smiles, satisfied.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The bus passes by trash cans on the edge of the sidewalk.

Behind the cans - the homeless girl. She stands now, on seeing the bus, and follows in its route.

INT. DAVID HOME - DAY

David enters the main door, a bag slung over his shoulder, and moves on into the hall.

He kicks his sneakers off and goes to the ...

LIVING ROOM

David throws his bag aside and stretches himself on the sofa. He searches under a cushion, and pull out a REMOTE.

He flicks the T.V. on.

In the f.g.: POP MUSIC.

ANN HAMILTON, (40), attractive, curly dark hair and a soft, caring face, enters the living room.

ANN

You're back from school?

David keeps his sights on the T.V.

DAVID

Obviously.

ANN

No classes again?

DAVID

We did all, mom. Whole class.

Ann approaches the sofa and sits next to David.

David sits up from his slouched position and moves away from Ann.

ANN

When's your sociology exam?

DAVID

Professor didn't tell us.

ANN  
 (strictly)  
 Could you look at me when we talk?

David looks at her momentarily, and then returns his attention to the T.V.

ANN  
 I spoke to a colleague of mine. She says you've got an exam on Monday.

DAVID  
 Your colleague's badly informed.

A beat.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
 And you don't have to bother with all of those informers. I don't drink, I don't smoke, I don't do drugs and I don't split out of my classes. Satisfied?

ANN  
 Don't be rude, David. Do you think about your study and getting a pass over this year?

DAVID  
 Time to time I do.

ANN  
 David, I just want to tell you one thing.

David glances toward the ceiling.

ANN (CONTD)  
 If you don't get an average for college you'll start looking for some job. I can't fight for you any more or pull strings for you and get nothing in return.

DAVID  
 Mom.

ANN  
 If you think to go your way, your father is going to do an application for you from door to door. Do you understand that?

NOISES (O.S.).

Ann and David look toward the sound.

DAVID  
He can't pack himself, he'll do an  
application for me.

ANN  
(strictly)  
David!

Ann sighs.

ANN (CONTD)  
I called your grandmother. She'll expect  
you for lunch tomorrow.

DAVID  
What did you do that for?

ANN  
I'm leaving for the seminar tomorrow  
afternoon. The university called me.

David looks at his mother - he's astonished.

ANN (CONTD)  
What?

DAVID  
Nothing.

He's turns back to the T.V.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
How long are you going for?

ANN  
I'm back Friday.

DAVID  
It for ten days? Y' said ten.

ANN  
This is international law. It's a short  
one. Why so curious? You got plans while  
you're alone?

DAVID  
It's just a question. No plans.

Ann looks at David - un-confident.

STEVE (O.S.)

Ann!

ANN

You better not.

Ann exits the living room.

David flicks the remote at the T.V., increasing the volume.

Music booms from the T.V., but still in the background:

His parents YELL at each.

David's face turns slowly into a sullen scowl.

The YELLING grows louder.

From the T.V.: "Losing my religion" pumps out ...

... mixes with yelling.

In the background: Ann scampers into the kitchen - disturbed and angry.

Then, STEVE HAMILTON, (48), appears at the living room door.

He's a tall and an angry looking man - he wears a pair of glasses, and he's binding a tie around his neck

STEVE

(to himself)

Incapable bitch ... I asked her to get my ties ready ... dammit ...

Steve looks over his should toward the kitchen.

STEVE

(to Ann)

If I lose my flight over this, I'll break your fuckin' head! You hear me?

Steve turns back to David - who keeps on staring at T.V.

STEVE

And you? What are you waiting for? Don't have anything to study? Huh?

(beat)

Look at me when I'm talking asshole!

Steve moves toward David.

David nervously adjust his position on the sofa.

Ann appears from the kitchen.

ANN

Leave him alone!

STEVE

You, shut up! Don't say another word.

(to David)

You hear what I asked? Go to your room  
and study, moron!

David stands and passes by Steve who pointing threatens a finger toward him.

STEVE (CONT'D)

I'll see what you do at the end of the  
year. I'll paint the fuckin' wall with  
you, I swear. You hear?

David exits the room.

DAVID'S BEDROOM

The curtains are shut, making the room dark.

David sits on his bed.

The noise of ARGUING parents invades his space. David flicks his stereo on - MUSIC pumps out and he lies on his bed. He picks up a pair of HEAD-PHONES and plugs them into the stereo - cuts the external music.

He slips the head-phones on, shuts his eyes, and sings out loud.

FADE TO BLACK:

A boy's LAUGHTER ... grows louder ... then quietens.

FADE IN:

David snaps his eyes open - he flicks them left to right.

He rubs his eyes, turns his head one way then the other as he slowly gets up.

The head-phones lie on the bed - music still piping meekly out of them.

David stands and looks at a WATCH placed on his work-desk:

WATCH: "7:30 p.m."

David runs his hands through his hair and goes to a phone hanging on the wall. He dials a number. Waits.

DAVID  
(to self)  
Answer, you fuck...

No answer. David cuts the line and dials a different number.  
He waits.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
(to phone)  
Hello? Can I speak to Sandra ...  
(pause )  
It's David ... okay.  
(beat)  
Hey, San, what's up?  
(pause)  
See you tonight?  
(pause)  
What?  
(pause)  
About what?  
(pause)  
Oh, come on, gimme a break ... listen,  
listen I'll wait for you by the church  
... in an hour ....

He hangs up.

DINING ROOM

David enters. He goes to a set of shelves and gets a box of COOKIES. He sits on the table and slowly eats one, then another.

In the background: NOISES, but he's not sure what.

DAVID  
(shouts)  
Mom?

No answer.

David pulls another cookie out.

FOOTSTEPS: sounds like they are coming from the hall.

David jumps off the table.

                          DAVID (CONT'D)  
Is he gone?

Nothing.

David exits the dining room, and goes to the ...

BATHROOM

He stops outside the bathroom, and knocks on the door.

                          ANN (O.S.)  
What is it?

                          DAVID  
Why don't you answer? Is he gone?

                          ANN (O.S.)  
Yes.

David returns to the ...

DINING ROOM

... and grabs a couple more cookies.

Through the doors of the dining room David can see the ...

KITCHEN

Ann enters the kitchen, and avoids looking at David. She places dishes into the dishwasher.

David watches her.

                          DAVID  
Mom ...?

                          ANN  
                  (sharp)  
What?

                          DAVID  
What happened?

Ann continues with her work.

David enters the ...

KITCHEN

and grabs Ann by her shoulder and turns her towards him.

Ann has a ugly bruise above her left eyebrow.

David looks shocked.

Ann turns aside like she's ashamed. Her body starts trembling.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
He hit you again?

Ann grips onto the edge of the dishwasher.

DAVID  
(angry)  
Answer me! How could you!

David tenses, but there's nowhere for the energy to go.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
How could you let him hit you?

He slams his hand down on a kitchen surface.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Motherfucker!

Ann turns instantly and SLAPS David on his face - she's furious. And then she bursts into tears.

ANN  
(crying)  
Don't you say a word to me, you hear me!  
I don't wanna hear your voice again!

She looks at David, a face full of anger.

ANN (CONTD)  
Do you hear!!!

David looks at her - his face petrified with rage. He takes a deep breath, then turns and leaves.

Ann breaks, and slips to the floor sobbing uncontrollably.

HALLWAY

David stops. In the background - Ann cries - but there's no pity in his face. He grabs his jacket and roughly puts it on, exits and slams the door.

EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT

An Orthodox temple stands in downtown. There aren't many of these around - it's easy to find and the locals refer to it as "The Church".

Wooden benches are scattered around the building.

David sits on one of the benches. He looks around, but there's no-one else there. He takes a packet of smokes from his jacket - and lights one, his hands shake lightly as he does so.

Edgy, he bounces a leg as he turns his head - looks for Sandra.

Over by the Church entrance, TANYA, (38), walks out. She's pretty, but she doesn't look so happy.

She sits on the other end of David's bench. Her eyes are watered and red - looks like she's been in tears. She takes a cigarette from her purse and tries to light it, but it won't take. She tries again, harder, but frustrated, she quits.

David watches, and hand's her his lighter.

DAVID

Here.

She looks at him. A spark of happiness through those teary eyes - a lovely moment.

TANYA

Thank you.

She lights her cigarette and takes a deep, releasing drag.

She returns the lighter to David.

SANDRA (O.S.)

David!

David stands and turns around.

Sandra stands behind him - a short distance away, in a modern, provocative dress.

David puts his cigarette down and goes to her. They kiss.

SANDRA

Waiting long?

DAVID  
No, I just came.

SANDRA  
Where are we going?

DAVID  
A good place.

David hugs her and they leave.

BENCHED PATH

David and Sandra walk by the benches, and as they do - they pass the homeless girl - she sits on a bench, charcoal pen in her hand, and a piece of cardboard on her lap.

As David and Sandra pass, the homeless girl follows them with her eyes. She studies them for a moment, and then she's back to her drawing on the cardboard.

ON THE CARDBOARD: A picture of buses along a narrow street.

The homeless girl puts the drawing in a bag, stands, and leaves.

EXT. OXYGEN CLUB - NIGHT

A blue neon sign: "OXYGEN" flashes to the dulled beat emanating from inside the club.

Dressed up to the nines, shivering party-goers wait to enter.

At the entrance, MR BIG, (45), a bald building of a man guards the entrance with a relaxed menace.

David and Sandra, ignoring the queue approach Mr Big.

DAVID  
How's it goin' big man!

Instant recognition from Mr Big, and all of a sudden there's a big friendly smile on his face.

MR BIG  
Hey, my man!

They shake hands.

MR BIG (CONT'D)  
Get yo' ass in there.

The doorman nods his head to the club - permission granted.

David and Sandra step on in.

INT. OXYGEN CLUB - NIGHT

It's a noisy, steamy place. Spot lights circle and a thumping beat permeates the place.

David and Sandra push their way through the jiving crowd and finally sink into a couple of seats.

David lights a smoke and calls for a waiter - the WAITER bounds enthusiastically over.

                  DAVID  
                  (loud)  
Vodka on ice  
                  (to Sandra)  
For you?

                  SANDRA  
Coke.

The Waiter nods, and springs off.

David scours his surroundings.

                  SANDRA (CONT'D)  
This is a good place for you?

                  DAVID  
What's the problem?

                  SANDRA  
You always bring me here.

                  DAVID  
It's a comfortable place.

Sandra, miffed, turns her head away.

                  DAVID (CONT'D)  
They taught you to go to fancy places in  
New York, so this crib bothers you, huh?

                  SANDRA  
Crib?

                  DAVID  
You know, a modest place.

SANDRA

Why don't we pick a restaurant or a cinema for once? You know, like normal people.

DAVID

If your dad gives me one of his colorful ties.

SANDRA

You know, you're a completely idiot sometimes.

DAVID

Well, you've noticed.

The Waiter approaches carrying their drinks. He puts them on the table, smiles, and leaves.

SANDRA

So, you didn't answer me on the phone.

DAVID

What was the fuckin' question?

SANDRA

Don't play a dumb-ass.

David looks around again.

AMONG THE CROWD: NICHOLAS (NERVE) MILTON, (20), and another UNKNOWN BOY, (18), with him. Nerve is skinny with a beard and grubby clothes - almost looks like a bum. The other guy wears a cap - can't see his face.

David waves to them.

DAVID

(to Sandra)

This is why we hang out here. This is a place for business meetings.

David waves over to Nerve again.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Nerve! Yo! Nerve!

Nerve notices David, and salutes him back. He whispers something to the boy next to him and they both approach David and Sandra.

SANDRA

Who are they?

DAVID

A friend of mine. I don't know who the fucker with the cap is.

Nerve and the guy sit at their table - hand shakes go round.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Where d' fuck were you, junkie! I called you at seven.

NERVE

I've been around ...

DAVID

I'm in tight shit, man. What's the story on your brother?

NERVE

Well it's okay, but he wants fifteen hundred.

DAVID

What the fuck! How the fuck did it come to be fifteen hundred. The word was seven fifty!

NERVE

Well, I don't know. He told me that. He'll arrange the transportation, don't worry ...

DAVID

Fuck the transportation! I've got that. The problem is where the fuck do I find the extra money.

David slaps his still-lit cigarette into the ash-tray.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I've busted my balls to get the grand from my cousin - he's a fuckin' gambler.

NERVE

Horses, or cards and shit?

David looks at Nerve, like "not funny".

DAVID

The type that wants his money back ON time! I'm supposed to sell liquor at the party, and get the money back. It's a fuckin' money back guarantee type of business, understand?

NERVE

I don't know, man. Not my problem.

DAVID

Well, fuck! You've buried me, motherfucker!

NERVE

What's the hurry?

David thinks.

DAVID

(calmly)

Okay. Tell your brother I'll bring the money tomorrow night.

NERVE

Problem solved.

DAVID

Wanna drink something?

NERVE

I go easy on drinks now.

DAVID

Oh, yeah? Fucked up, huh?

NERVE

Don't ask.

DAVID

(to the boy)

You?

He shakes his head - "no".

David takes his jacket off, and puts it on a chair next to Nerve.

DAVID

It's a fuckin' hot in here.

(to Sandra)  
Are you hot?

Sandra shakes her head.

As David turns to Sandra, Nerve pinches the arm of the boy.

The boy quickly gets a squashed and dirty envelope from his jacket-pocket, and slips it into David's jacket.

NERVE  
Gotta split, man.

Nerve and the boy stand.

DAVID  
Sit down, asshole.

NERVE  
Got shit to do.

Nerve holds a treacherous hand out to David.

NERVE  
Call me tomorrow afternoon and get the money. The gear will be there.

David shakes on it.

DAVID  
Okay. See ya.

Nerve and the boy leave.

SANDRA  
How long will you mess with these losers?

DAVID  
You'll tell me who to mess with? What's with the fuckin' attitude?

SANDRA  
I want to leave.

DAVID  
Don't start. I ain't in a mood.

SANDRA  
(nervously)  
Please, walk me home.

DAVID  
Sit the fuck put.

Sandra watches David for a moment - like she'll explode.

SANDRA

Who the fuck are you to tell me to sit  
put!

Now she's got other people's attention.

DAVID

(threatening)

Shut the fuck up! What are you talking  
about?

SANDRA

(loud)

I'm talking about what a miserable son  
of a bitch you are!

Clubbers turn to watch.

SANDRA (CONT'D)

I'm talking about the fucking pricks you  
hang on to and who'll fuck you up  
eventually ...

David looks around at the staring faces.

SANDRA (CONT'D)

About turning your back to the people  
that care about you and about that  
fucking bitch you were with today!

David looks bang at Sandra - attention caught.

SANDRA (CONT'D)

I see you got passion, then you better  
spend it on me - instead of me wasting  
my fucking time on you!

David turns around, checks all the eyes on him, getting  
uncomfortable.

DAVID

Shut up, Sandra ...

Sandra makes to leave, but David takes her hand.

She rips her hand from his gentle grip, marches off, and she's  
quickly lost among the crowd.

DAVID

Sandra! Come back!

(to himself)  
 Fuck you, you arrogant bitch...

He knocks his drink back in one. Slowly bends over the chair and puts his head on the table, and closes his eyes.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
 I need the fuckin' money tomorrow  
 ...

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - NIGHT

Weary take-aways jostle for position.

Sandra stomps down the sidewalk, and brushes her eye with the back of her hand.

SANDRA  
 Son of a bitch ...

Not watching the path ahead ...

SANDRA (CONT'D)  
 ... fuckin' ...

She digs in her purse ...

SANDRA (CONT'D)  
 ... asshole ...

And retrieves a cell' phone - and starts to dial ... without noticing that somebody's coming her way.

She SMACKS into the person - her phone falls and breaks on the asphalt.

Angry, Sandra pushes the person - and they stumble under the light of a STREET-LAMP - it's the homeless girl. There's a big half torn bag hanging over her shoulder.

Sandra looks at her with disgust.

SANDRA (CONT'D)  
 You ... stupid bitch!

Sandra stoops downs and picks up the pieces of her phone.

SANDRA (CONT'D)  
 You know how much this thing cost?

The homeless girl stares at Sandra.

SANDRA (CONT'D)  
Well, thank you so much for  
understanding!

Sandra dumps the pieces of the phone into her purse.

SANDRA (CONT'D)  
So, what are we gonna do now?

Nothing from the homeless girl.

SANDRA (CONT'D)  
Should I call the cops?  
(beat)  
You wanna spend a night in jail?

Still nothing - the homeless girl simply looks at Sandra.

Sandra looks at the girl like there's something wrong with her - she focuses her eyes on her a little closer.

SANDRA (CONT'D)  
You didn't understand the word I've just  
said.  
(beat)  
Are you illegal?

The homeless girl stands and stares.

SANDRA (CONT'D)  
It's okay. Just a sorry will do.

But then, the homeless wraps her hand over her neck like she's trying to signal something.

SANDRA (CONT'D)  
What? Somethin's wrong with your neck?  
(apologetically)  
Oh, you're mute, you can't talk?

The homeless girl nods, and then takes a ten dollar bill out of her pocket and offers it to Sandra.

SANDRA (CONT'D)  
What for?

The homeless girl points to the ground where the phone was, and then to Sandra's handbag.

SANDRA (CONT'D)  
The phone?

The homeless girl nods, and then turns her head - toward a TAXI RANK, nearby. She points to one of the taxi's.

Sandra softens, and smiles toward the homeless girl.

SANDRA (CONT'D)  
Nice of you, but I'll walk.

Sandra turns to make her way, and turns her head back to the homeless girl.

SANDRA (CONT'D)  
Just be careful next time. Ain't all of  
them good as me.

Sandra strolls off.

The homeless girl observes her. Her face a steely-grey.

EXT. DARK STREET - NIGHT

The CLICK-CLACK of Sandra's heels echo along the quiet street.

A car saunters past.

A cat searches around a trash-can.

Sandra looks around her - she's nervous, tense. She stops a moment - like she's heard something, and then continues tentatively on.

EXT. CITY - NIGHT

Most of the take-aways are now shut - it's late.

Sandra looks around, frustrated.

SANDRA  
Should have taken a left?

She back-tracks a little - then stops - listens out attentively. She takes a small circle, looking around her all the time.

And from behind her, the sound of a CAR - she turns and moves into its path - waves her hand toward the head lights, but the car makes a left and sweeps by her.

Discouraged, she turns, and ...

Eyes wide open --

Sandra SCREAMS - tumbles backwards, and SMACKS her head on the asphalt. And she's out cold.

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

INT. OLD RUINED HOUSE - NIGHT

Dark.

Distant city lights dance through windowless frames cut into the walls.

Two SHAPES - one is laid on the ground, the other sits across the first.

ON THE SHAPES: The homeless girl is astride Sandra

A FLASHLIGHT flicks onto Sandra's face, gently illuminating it. The light circles around Sandra's features and stops on her half open eyes.

Sandra turns her head, avoids the light. She rubs her eyes and holds her head. Waking, Sandra opens her eyes, and takes a sleepy first look around.

And then tries to sit bolt-up right - but she can't.

She tries to take a look at the face of the person sitting on her - but it's just a shadow.

Sandra pulls herself back - protectively.

The homeless girl stands off Sandra, and takes a step toward her.

SANDRA

No! Stay away from me!

The homeless girl stops.

A moment of silence.

Sandra BREATHES - trying to control her intake. She looks all around her - urgent. She stands and falls against a nearby wall.

The homeless girl watches calmly.

SANDRA (CONT'D)

Why did you bring me here?

Sandra looks around.

SANDRA (CONT'D)  
Where are we?

And like before, there's no response.

SANDRA (CONT'D)  
(voice trembling)  
Please, don't hurt me ...  
(beat)  
Sorry I yelled at ya ...  
(beat)  
If you want money ... I'll give it you,  
just don't...

Suddenly the homeless girl makes a move - and closes in on Sandra.

Surprised, Sandra put her arms up in defense.

SANDRA (CONT'D)  
No!

The homeless girl touches Sandra's hair.

SANDRA (CONT'D)  
Don't do this ... whatever it is.

The girl stops, and pulls back.

Sandra slowly calms.

The homeless girl stares - deadly serious - at Sandra.

SANDRA (CONT'D)  
Why are you playing with me? Why did you  
bring me here?

Sandra looks for a reaction.

SANDRA (CONT'D)  
How ... how can you do this to me?

Sandra gets frustrated.

SANDRA (CONT'D)  
What have I done to you?

The homeless girl steps away from Sandra.

SANDRA (CONT'D)  
Will ... will you let me go now?

Cautiously, Sandra moves away from the wall. She flicks her eyes about the room - sees a door - checks the homeless girl, and moves toward the door.

The homeless girl, with gentle steps, tracks Sandra.

Sandra's almost at the door - but the homeless girls LEAPS in front of her.

Sandra freezes.

And then, the homeless girls takes a single hand, and placing it to the back of her head, she slowly unleashes her pony-tailed hair.

Her perfect locks fall about her neck and shoulders, like a slow, dark, waterfall.

Sandra's mesmerized, astonished.

Now, the homeless girl seductively removes her clothes - slow - like she's professional.

Sandra's caught in the spell.

The homeless girl is topless. Her white body glints in the off light. She touches her breasts, and squeezes them gently.

Sandra's gaze follows the toying hands.

The homeless girl unhitches her skirt, and lets it fall to the floor. She's naked.

Her eyes fix on Sandra.

Sandra can't speak - she wants to, but nothing's coming out.

The homeless girl takes a step toward Sandra - up close and personal. She touches Sandra's top - unbuttons it, and slips it off.

Sandra watches her hands, her eyes, but offers no resistance.

The LIPS of the homeless girl are now an inch away from Sandra's own lips - then half an inch - and then together, full blooded and passionate.

A SHORT TIME LATER

Both girls are naked - they both lie down together, and the homeless girl glides on top. Kissing, caressing, exploring.

Sandra's a world away - never been touched like this before.

SANDRA (V.O.)  
Passion.

She turns her head, and bites her lip.

SANDRA (V.O.)  
That seemed to be the point.

She stretches a surrendered arm out.

SANDRA (V.O.)  
But how did she know?

The homeless girl works her way up to Sandra's neck.

SANDRA (V.O.)  
She's not a girl. I knew that then.

... and applies pressure.

SANDRA (V.O.)  
Not in the right sense of the word.

More pressure.

Sandra chokes.

Love turns to war. And Sandra battles.

In the cold dark of the room they struggle on.

The distant city lights still dance through the windowless frames.

EXT. OLD RUINED HOUSE - NIGHT

From inside the house - a female's SCREAM.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - HISTORY CLASSROOM - DAY

It's the middle of class.

Students more or less pay attention to a LADY PROFESSOR, (53), who drones morbidly.

David plays with a lighter.

An INTERCOM rasps out a message:

INTERCOM (O.S.)  
 David Hamilton to see principal Gutter.  
 David Hamilton to see principal Gutter.

The lady professor smiles ruefully.

LADY PROFESSOR  
 C'mon David. He mixed you up with  
 someone else again.

Students GIGGLE.

David shows them a finger, and rises to leave.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY

Two men sit behind a large desk, one of them off to one side of the desk.

RANDWILL GUTTER, (50), is the Principal of the school and a dour man.

Slightly off his desk is ROBERT McDALE, (44), confident in a \$4000 suit.

David sits opposite them - looking lost.

GUTTER  
 Hamilton. We meet again.

David flicks a glance toward McDale, clearly intrigued.

GUTTER (CONT'D)  
 The gentleman next to me.

Gutter helpfully proffers a hand toward McDale.

GUTTER (CONT'D)  
 Is Robert McDale.

McDale nods toward David.

GUTTER (CONT'D)  
 Mr McDale is Sandra's father.

Gutter stops for impact.

GUTTER (CONT'D)  
 I believe you're ... familiar with Miss  
 McDale?

David shrugs.

GUTTER (CONT'D)  
 (weary)  
 Where were you both last night?

DAVID  
 Nowhere.

David checks McDale - and then back to Gutter.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
 I haven't seen her since after school.  
 Yesterday. What happened?

Gutter takes a deep breath.

GUTTER  
 David, haven't you had enough of me in  
 the past three years?

Gutter picks up a PEN and taps it on the desk.

GUTTER (CONT'D)  
 I sure had enough of you.

A beat.

GUTTER (CONT'D)  
 It's always the same story. Same  
 excuses. Same lies.

He holds for a reaction that doesn't come.

GUTTER (CONT'D)  
 I had about enough. We both know you've  
 been dating Sandra ... so quit. Give it  
 up.

Nothing from David.

Gutter leans back - ready for a different tact.

GUTTER (CONT'D)  
 This is not interrogation. We simply  
 want to know some things about  
 yesterday. Mr. McDale's sure you saw  
 each other last night. You called her  
 around seven. Sandra told her mother  
 you'd be going out. Where were you and  
 what were you doing?

Another beat ... decision time ... David glances again at  
 McDale, who return with cold eyes. Uncomfortable.

DAVID  
 (haltingly)  
 We went out to this club downtown. I  
 stayed. She left.

David checks the mens' blank expressions.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
 Can you please tell me what happened to  
 her?

GUTTER  
 Sandra came home last night around three  
 in the morning. Quite disturbed. Shaken.  
 Didn't want to talk about it with her  
 parents.

McDale interrupts ...

MCDALE  
 She was upset. Very upset. When her  
 mother and I asked her what happened she  
 - screamed.

McDale starts to get worked up.

MCDALE (CONT'D)  
 We called a doctor and she had bruises  
 and scars on her body.

McDale checks Gutter, and then back to David.

MCDALE  
 And her neck. He said she was ...  
 molested. Now, she wont be able to go to  
 school for some time. So, I want you to  
 tell me everything that happened between  
 you and her last night.

DAVID  
 Nothing happened. She didn't wanna stay  
 so she left.

GUTTER  
 David, it's important that ...

DAVID  
 I stayed in the club, that's it...  
 (to Gutter)  
 Mr. Gutter, please ...

(to McDale)  
I don't know what happened to her ... I  
did nothing to her.

GUTTER  
Where did she leave to?

DAVID  
(upset)  
Home! She told me so!

Silence.

Two men stare downwards, clearly unsure.

MCDALE  
I'm familiar with your reputation around  
here. You're obviously another dumb kid  
who likes to play with rich daddy's  
precious little daughter's skirts.

DAVID  
Mr McDale ...

MCDALE  
If you did something to Sandra last  
night ... if you harmed her in any way  
... and I will know if you did ... then  
I will personally take care of expelling  
you not only from this school, but from  
all social life in this city. And, that  
will be just the beginning. Do you  
understand me? Are we clear on this?

DAVID  
(disturbed)  
But I did nothing to her. She left, she  
didn't want me to walk her home so I  
stayed. After that I didn't see her. I  
don't know who she left with, where she  
went to, or who did that to her! Do you  
understand me! Ask her dammit!

GUTTER  
Calm down and don't curse in my office.  
Are your parents at home?

DAVID

They're on a business trip. What do they  
...

GUTTER

They're both away?

DAVID

I ain't lying to you. Call my home!  
Check it out!

GUTTER

I will. In the meantime I want you where  
I can see you. Understand?

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY

An empty corridor.

David, aggrieved, saunters along. He punches a locker as he passes by it.

He comes to a crossroad between the hallways. He stands for a second - like he's wondering which way to turn.

He takes a right.

As he walks by a W.C. entrance he notices that the inner door is ajar. He stops, tracks back a step and takes a peek.

There's a SOUND coming out of there - a familiar sound, like one he heard some time before.

Pushing closer to the door - it's now clearer - the sound of CHILD CRYING mixed with VICIOUS LAUGHTER - different voices.

David freezes - fear. And slowly, a tear falls from his cheek.

Now, the sound of WATER FLUSHING. This brings terror to David's face - he's ready to scream ... but:

VICTOR (O.S.)

David!

David jumps and moves aside. Victor gives David a buddy-slap on his back.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

What the fuck are you starin' at?

Victor, amused, checks the W.C.

VICTOR (CONT'D)  
What's there?

David is back to himself. He wipes his eyes clear.

DAVID  
Motherfucker!

He takes a deep breath

DAVID (CONT'D)  
You just nailed five years off my life!  
What are you doin' here?

VICTOR  
Like, taking education.

DAVID  
Fuck you! You sneak on me like that once  
again, I'll kill you!

VICTOR  
Uh huh.

Victor nods, like David's being dumb.

VICTOR (CONT'D)  
How'd it go yesterday?

DAVID  
Fuckin' great. I need seven-fifty bucks,  
like now. My mother goes today and get's  
back Friday and I don't have a slightest  
fuckin' idea how to raise the money.  
Beside that someone's bitten Sandra and  
I've got the blame and I'll probably be  
expelled by next week.

VICTOR  
Wow ... take it easy man. All that  
happened yesterday?

DAVID  
No. The last thing happened just moments  
ago.

VICTOR  
And, you got pussy-scared?

DAVID  
What the fuck are you talking about?

VICTOR  
I saw you man. Can't eat shit at my  
table, bro'.

DAVID  
You didn't see anything. Got it?

VICTOR  
Easy up, huh?.

DAVID  
Just don't bullshit, okay?

VICTOR  
Okay, it's forgotten man.

They begin to walk off down the corridor.

VICTOR (CONT'D)  
So, who came on Sandra?

DAVID  
I don't give a fuck! The bitch probably  
stumbled on them fuckin' high heels. Now  
her old man came here, threatening me,  
like I've bitten her, raped her and  
shit. It's a fucked up day!

VICTOR  
What's with the money, man?

DAVID  
What about you get some?

VICTOR  
No, man. I would, I swear, but ... it's  
too much cash for me.

DAVID  
Well, then ...

VICTOR  
No way! You'll do it?

DAVID  
Fuck him, I told you. Besides it ain't  
that much. He won't even notice.

VICTOR  
You're one determined mother'.

David gags wickedly.

The school bell RINGS.

VICTOR (CONT'D)  
I'm outta here. When's the pick up?

DAVID  
Around eight.

VICTOR  
Call me, right?

Victor shoots off.

EXT. STREET - DAY

A Fast-Food van just near the high school.

David ambles up to the trailer, and sees ...

... the girl he was with in the empty classroom - she's buying a hot-dog.

He approaches the counter window and makes an order, then turns to the girl.

DAVID  
I've been looking for you.

GIRL  
And here I am.

David moves closer to her.

DAVID  
You wouldn't happen to say somethin' to someone about yesterday?

The girl's aggrieved.

GIRL  
What's your fuckin' problem? Say what to who?

DAVID  
About ... our thing. I've been seeing this girl - Sandra - and I kinda get the feeling she knew something and that freaked her out.

GIRL  
 (mocking)  
 Please ...

Now it's David who's getting riled.

DAVID  
 Because, if I find out you've been  
 talking around ...

David pushes a hand around her neck, and squeezes some.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
 I'll fuckin' strangle you, bitch.

The girl breaks David's hand away and moves back a step.

GIRL  
 Get the fuck off'a me, you fuckin'  
 creep!

She gathers herself.

GIRL (CONT'D)  
 Yeah, I'll be boasting with you, you  
 fuckin' loser!

She turns and heads to the school building.

DAVID  
 Come back, bitch!

The BURGER-MAN from the trailer, (34), opens his counter window and leans out.

BURGER-MAN  
 (to David)  
 Take it easy, man.

DAVID  
 (to himself)  
 I'll fuck her up, I swear...

David shakes his head in anger, and then from the side of his eye, he spots ...

... the homeless girl sitting next to a wall, a few steps from the trailer. She looks at David. Still riled, he approaches to her.

DAVID  
 What you looking at?

The girl doesn't take her eyes off him.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
 What the fuck are you looking at? Am I  
 interesting to you? Get the fuck outta  
 here!

The girl doesn't move a muscle.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
 I said scram, you filthy bitch!

David KICKS her knee - the girl grabs her knee, bending to the  
 pain - a brief GROAN seeps out.

Burger-man, who's now seen enough, steps out of his trailer.

BURGER-MAN  
 That's enough man, scram yourself! I  
 have a little kid inside.

David puts his hands up, feigning innocent.

DAVID  
 No problem mister. Just gimme my toast  
 and I'm gone.

Burger-man returns to his trailer.

David turns to the homeless girl - spits on her, and leaves.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

A tattered alley.

Nerve walks down the alley - alert, watchful.

He passes a couple of BUMS lying between a couple of trash-cans.

The end of the alley's looming, and Nerve checks ahead.

Suddenly, he stops.

At the end of the alley, he keeps close to the wall, checking  
 what's ahead.

NERVE  
 Shit ...

Nerve's POV: A black Audi TT parked up.

Nerve begins to pull back down the alley, still watching ahead,  
 and turn to walk back, and ...

JOEY BARBATTO, (30), is stood face-to-face with Nerve.

Barbatto's a big man - gangster type - dressed in sports gear, now staring straight at Nerve.

Nerve's scared.

BARBATTO

(calmly)

What the fuck are you tryin' to pull on me?

NERVE

C'mon Joey man, I'm just walking around ...

BARBATTO

You walk, huh? Where are they?

NERVE

What, man?

Barbatto grabs him by his collar.

BARBATTO

Don't play smart-ass on me, motherfucker. Where are they?

NERVE

I ... I don't know. Maybe some of your guys ... or someone, you know?

BARBATTO

Someone else ...?

Barbatto slips his hand into his pocket and pulls out a BASEBALL CAP - blood stains all over it.

Nerve checks the cap - the boy's from the nightclub.

NERVE

Huh? That's ...

Barbatto squeezes the cap.

BARBATTO

This someone else also thought the envelop was at someone else's.

Barbatto looks quizzically at Nerve.

BARBATTO (CONT''D)

How come everyone seems to think that someone else has got what someone else thinks they've got?

NERVE

What?

BARBATTO

Yeah - me too - I'm getting kinda confused. You're gonna need to help me out here - a lot.

NERVE

Oh, shit man. Don't do this to me.

BARBATTO

Now, his life was a waste, yours is too, but the bullets ... well, they are some expensive motherfuckers. So, I'm gonna ask you once again and after that it's not me who'll be talking

Barbatto pulls out a .45 automatic, and pushes it into Nerve's temple.

Nerve quakes ... closes his eyes.

NERVE

Okay ... I know who's got it.

BARBATTO

Just had to waste my time, huh?

Barbatto PUNCHES Nerve in his guts - Nerve bends forward, almost puking.

Barbatto grabs him and straightens him up - and in doing so, checks Nerve's pockets.

BARBATTO

Now, tell me all you know, so I don't do some real damage, okay?

Nerve nods "yes" - holding his stomach with both hands.

NERVE

David Hamilton. His father is some kind of a big shot trader.

BARBATTO

I don't give a fuck who his father is!  
So far you're going badly.

NERVE

I swear he has it. I saw him last night  
at Oxygen. He was talking with some guys  
about your money. Someone must have  
given it him.

JOEY

Some guys, someone else? What the fuck  
are you talking about? Who are these  
guys?

NERVE

I don't know - they were looking bad,  
man.

Barbatto shakes his head - enough of this bullshit. He pushes  
the gun back into Nerve's forehead.

NERVE (CONT'D)

Shit man, I ain't lying to you!

Joey just shakes his head.

JOEY

'Bye asshole.

Barbatto pulls the trigger - CLICK - nothing.

Barbatto lets go of Nerve - Nerve collapses to the ground.

Barbatto checks the gun - takes the clip off - has a look inside  
- pulls a quizzical face.

JOEY

Shit. Fuckin' clip's empty.

Nerve's rolls about on the ground - a dark stain around his  
crotch betrays him - he's pissed his pants.

Nerve looks up at Barbatto and raises an arm and lays it on the  
.45 barrel, pointing it aside.

NERVE

I know ... where he'll be tonight.  
Please, man ...

Barbatto looks at Nerve with a cold calmness - a touch of the  
psychopath in there.

BARBATTO

See ... if I had the money now, I'd buy myself spare ammo and you wouldn't be talking to me right now, telling me where my money is. Funny huh? Or ironic. I can never tell.

Nerve breathes a sign of relief.

NERVE

Yeah, man. It's both.

JOEY

So fuckin' speak!

INT. DAVID HOME - PARENTS' BEDROOM - DAY

Ann's packing a suitcase.

O.S. - a door OPENS.

Ann leaves the bedroom - checking the noise out.

HALLWAY

David enter the house. He looks at Ann and without saying a word heads to the living room.

LIVING ROOM

David sits on the sofa and turns on the T.V. - he's not in a great mood. He changes the channel - realizes there's nothing interesting on.

He gets up and goes to the ...

DINING ROOM

He searches the shelves - looking for a snack.

Ann appears at the dining room door. The bruise on her head is still evident. She holds an old, twisted sheet of paper in her hand.

ANN

I made some fish burgers, if you wanna eat.

DAVID

I don't like fish burgers.

ANN

Then go to you're grandmothers. I'll be going in couple of minutes.

Ann slowly moves closer to David - but he backs away, still looking around.

Ann stands still - looks at him with a tameness in her eyes.

Her lips start trembling like she wants to say something really bad, but can't.

ANN (CONTD)

I found this in your closet yesterday. I was cleaning up your clothes and ... there it was, squashed underneath. It was Peter's, wasn't it?

She shows the drawing to David.

David stops searching and turns to her.

DAVID

Do you have to mention him now? What do you want? You want me to start crying and yapping like "oh mom I'm sorry, let's have a big hug", huh? What for mom? What for?

He grabs the drawing throws it on the floor.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I can't apologize. Not to him anyway ...

ANN

Oh, sweetheart ...

DAVID

He's gone mom. He's no longer here. That's it. And you and that ... scumbag just won't let it go. Just ... stop it!

ANN

David ...

DAVID

Just stop. I beg you ... now leave me alone.

Ann's heart breaks - needing to comfort her child, she timidly offers her arms.

DAVID

It's too fucking late for hugging now.  
We are what we are.

ANN

Don't talk like that. David, I love you  
and I will always love you. I don't  
wanna lose you ... in any way.

She raises her arm to touch his hair.

DAVID

I don't know anymore ...

He brushes her gesture aside.

DAVID (CONT'D)

C'mon. Don't be late.

Ann withdraws. She looks at her watch, then heads toward the phone and dials.

ANN

(into 'phone)

Taxi.

David turns away, and leans on a nearby table.

Ann returns to her bedroom - she's out a moment later with her luggage.

ANN (CONTD)

I'll call you as soon as I get there.  
I'll leave you the number so you can  
find me if anything's wrong.

David nods his head, but doesn't look at Ann.

Ann exits the house.

As soon as she leaves, David goes to the kitchen window.

KITCHEN

David looks through the window.

David's POV:

Ann waits for a cab outside. A yellow car stops in front their yard and Ann gets inside. The car leaves.

BACK TO SCENE

David runs toward his parent's bedroom - trampling the fallen picture underfoot --

ON THE PICTURE: the drawing's exactly same as the homeless girl's back at the church.

BEDROOM

David dives into his parents' bedroom - and throws himself on the floor ... he crawls to a bedside cabinet, and pulls up a little carpet and touches the flooring under it.

He purses his lips - nothing.

Other side of the bed, the same check - nothing.

On his feet, he thinks a moment.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

- 1) David checks the closet -
- 2) He peeks under the lamp -
- 3) ... and checks by the radiator.

And all the time getting more frustrated.

END SERIES

David opens a door by a commode. There are boxes inside.

He tentatively gets them out, and opens them, one by one.

The contents of the boxes slowly get strewn around him - papers, documents, a few photographs.

But he still finds nothing.

DAVID

Fuck!

He smacks his fist on the floor.

DAVID

Where did you hide it, you motherfuck!

David flings an arm through the items on the floor, sending them flying - he's on the brink of tears.

DAVID

It's not fuckin' ... fair ... fuck!

David's head sinks into his hands.

He looks up a moment, with reddened eyes. Looks about him.

He slowly starts removing the items near to him. He stops as his hand reveals an old photo.

ON THE PHOTO: A little BOY, 5 or 6 years old, smartly dressed and smiling. It's the same boy from the alley - David's little brother PETER.

David picks up the photo and stares at it. He starts to weep, and puts the photo down.

HALLWAY

David walks into the hallway, and wipes his tears.

His jacket hangs on a hook - the one he wore at the club.

David searches the jacket pocket - pulls a packet of cigarettes out, pulls one of the cigarettes out and sticks it in his mouth.

He goes into another pocket - empty.

Searches another and ... something.

He slowly pulls his hand out - holding an envelop.

Confused, he opens it. A bunch of a dollar bills inside.

Hundred's.

David's jaws drops. As does the cigarette.

He looks around him, and then looks at the money again, and starts counting the bills. As he does he starts smiling, and then grinning, and now he's euphoric. He screams a scream of joy and KICKS anything within reach.

INT. VICTOR HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Victor lies on his bed, facing the wall. He holds a porno' magazine in one hand, and masturbates furiously with the other - and then the (O.S.) TELEPHONE rings.

VICTOR

Mom! Phone!

Telephone continues ringing.

Victor turns toward his bedroom door, a look of frustration creeping across his face.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

Mom!

Nothing.

Victor reluctantly puts his pal away ...

VICTOR

Shit.

(to his member)

Sorry buddy.

HALLWAY

Victor yanks the phone off the hook.

VICTOR

Yeah?

(pause)

Where the fuck are you?

(pause)

You're outta your mind, man!

(pause)

And he won't notice, huh?

(pause, Victor smiles)

Yeah - I'm right over.

He hangs up.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

A Yellow Cab stops at a semaphore.

INT. YELLOW CAB - NIGHT

Ann sits in the back.

She observes people going by when someone KNOCKS on the window. She turns and sees the homeless girl peeking in. The homeless girl KNOCKS again.

Ann looks sympathetically toward the girl, and winds the window down.

Ann checks momentarily for her purse, finds it and ...

... the homeless girl throws a piece of cardboard inside the cab, and disappears among the long line of waiting cars.

Bemused, Ann tries to follow the girl with her eyes, but she's gone.

Ann looks at the folded piece of cardboard, takes it up and unfolds it ... to a look of horror in her eyes before she screams, and drops the cardboard.

ON THE CARDBOARD: The same drawing Ann showed to David, but on the drawing, the scrawled words: "Sorry mommy."

INT. DAVID'S HOME - DAY

A door bell RINGS.

David appears and opens the door to - Victor, who's dressed up in sports gear.

DAVID

Get in.

Victor enters the house.

VICTOR

Man tell your neighbor to leash his fuckin' pit bull. Scared me to death.

DAVID

Don't bust my balls with that. Come.

David goes to the living room and Victor follows.

LIVING ROOM

David gets the envelop and shows it to Victor.

Victor opens the envelop.

VICTOR

Shit ... there must be over two grand in there.

DAVID

Twenty two hundred. We've got the ticket man!

VICTOR

Didn't your dad have any petty cash? They're all hundreds.

DAVID

Why's that fuckin' important? Let's go.

Victor's hypnotized by cash.

VICTOR  
Wait! Where? Where do we go?

DAVID  
What do you mean where? We're going to get the speakers. I called Nerve's brother - told him we're coming tonight.

VICTOR  
But there's two grand here?

DAVID  
So we buy food and shit on the way!

Victor stands, kind of lost in his thoughts.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Are you coming or not?

VICTOR  
So we gonna take a bus or what?

David gives him a straight "are you joking" look.

EXT. GARAGE - NIGHT

A navy blue JEEP GRAND CHEROKEE bursts out of the garage -- a little to fast, it makes a U-turn, blinding headlights flashing out. It powers on up the street.

INT. JEEP - NIGHT

David drives, while Victor sits shotgun.

David looks concerned.

Victor, not a care in the world, has a big grin on his face.

VICTOR  
Man, I still can't figure out the situation on your dad. He forgot his wife at home - okay, but how the fuck did he forgot this thing?

DAVID  
Stop that shit. Okay?

Victor gawks at him.

DAVID (CONT'D)

And don't stare at me like that. I'll punch you in that fuckin' hub!

VICTOR

What's the fuck's the matter with ya today?

DAVID

Just shut up and watch the fuckin' landscape!

David snaps the radio on - MUSIC blares into the jeep.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The jeep moves speedily along the street.

INT. DAVID'S HOME - DAY

An empty living room.

O.S. - a 'PHONE ring.

An answering machine clicks on.

ON THE ANSWERING MACHINE: an automated response.

ANSA PHONE

Nobody's in at the moment. Please leave a message and we'll get back to you.

... a BEEP.

An old lady speaks - David's GRANDMOTHER.

GRANDMOTHER

David?

(beat)

David, are you there?

(beat)

David, please pick up the phone, it's your grandmother.

(beat)

David, your mother called me and she's scared breathless. She told me she wanted to talk to you.

(beat)

David, is something wrong? She called, but no one answered. When you come home, call me. Please.

A CLICK, and the line dies.

INT. JEEP - NIGHT

David checks a left, slowing up.

VICTOR  
Are we there yet?

DAVID  
Yeah.

EXT. TIGHT STREET - NIGHT

The jeep pulls over, and the engine's cut.

INT. JEEP - NIGHT

David turns off the radio. A moment of silence.

VICTOR  
So, let's go ...

DAVID  
Wait a minute.

VICTOR  
What, now?

David's quiet, like he has something to say, but hesitates.

VICTOR (CONT'D)  
What?

DAVID  
Have I ever told you about my baby  
brother Peter?

VICTOR  
What about him?

Again, David thinks a moment.

DAVID  
While I was driving I thought of this  
day, I think ten years ago.

VICTOR  
Uh huh.

DAVID

We were just a bunch of kids playing outside our neighborhood. Pete was always with me, 'cause I had to have my eyes on him all the time, and he was four - five years old then.

David wipes a fleck off his jeans.

DAVID (CONT'D)

And then a wild thought came to us. Let's bug on the crazy granny Gina.

VICTOR

And she was?

DAVID

Old lady. Lived in a empty house at the end of our street - nightmare.

David checks out the window.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Her son was some kind of a football star back then, so we knew her for that.

And then back to Victor.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Every time her son's team lost a game, we went pickin' on her. She was a bitch. So, we sneak out to her house, me, Jack, Tommy and Pete, 'cause I had to drag him along or he'll tell to mom and dad, so that was the deal.

(beat)

So, there we are with our pockets filed up with rocks and we just started throwing on Gina's house.

David grins at the memory.

DAVID (CONT'D)

So Jack - a fuckin' hawk-eye, throws this rock straight to the window and - PAW! - breaks it. Pieces of glass, you know just smash on the ground ... and the noise, we were like 'WOW MAN' and in a split fuckin' second the bitch's out. We were numb, man. She totally surprised us, I mean where did she fuckin' come from?

Victor grins, eating it all up.

DAVID (CONT'D)

So, we split up, you know, Jack this way, Tommy that way, me and Pete went runnin' straight home. Man, we were scared shitless. But, you know he was just a baby, I mean how could he run as fast as me? So I'm running, I'm fast and then, after a maybe a hundred feet I turn around and see he's not with me. I left him there.

(beat)

I'm back, I see she got him. Slammed him a couple times ...

David's eyes fade into the distance.

VICTOR

Fuckin' witch...

DAVID

Yup. So I came to get him after she left. And when we got home he fuckin' spelled it all out. My father ... he hit me so hard. I wished the little ... was dead, fuckin' dead.

David's shakes his head.

DAVID (CONT'D)

So the day after, Pete went on playing with his buddies and I was sentenced to watch him. I don't know what came over me. I turned away for just a second, and, you know if I could see, I would've warned him, yelled or something.

David concentrates.

DAVID (CONT'D)

But for just a second my eyes weren't there and - BAM!

(beat)

The bus hit him so hard he flew ten feet away.

Victor's unsure what to say, how to offer sympathy.

DAVID (CONT'D)

And after they told me shit, comforted me, it was destiny, blab, blab. But... there had to be a reason for that

VICTOR

Uh huh.

DAVID

Everything happens for a reason, right?

VICTOR

Right.

DAVID

But what I wanted to tell you is that fuckin' conscience fucks me over and over every fuckin' day since that morning.

VICTOR

Hey man ...

DAVID

I try to get rid of it, be all bad and all that shit, but ... I can't. It just doesn't work.

(beat)  
And I can't figure out why? Why don't I  
have a minute of peace and calm?

VICTOR  
Maybe you don't have to figure out your  
life, just live it.

David laughs.

DAVID  
A fuckin' psychologist! Where did you  
dig that out from?

VICTOR  
I read it some place.

DAVID  
You're a fuckin' misery. I thought I  
was, but you sure beat me on that.

They both laugh.

Looking through the windscreen, Victor spots something.

VICTOR  
Look at this fuck! Where does he think  
he's pulling over?

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

A black Audi TT parks in front of the jeep.

Out steps GUY, (28), looking smart in a suit, but clearly in a  
bad mood. He marches up to the jeep's headlights.

INT. JEEP - NIGHT

David's looking puzzled - Victor's looking peeved.

VICTOR  
Who'd fuck's this?

DAVID  
I know this one. They call him Guy.

VICTOR  
Who'd fuck's Guy?

DAVID  
Drug dealer ... or some shit.

VICTOR  
So what does he want?

DAVID  
I don't have a fuckin' clue.

INT. STREET - NIGHT

Guy moves round to Victor's side of the jeep.

GUY  
You're David, right?

DAVID  
So what?

GUY  
Come outside, so we can have a little conversation.

DAVID  
About what?

GUY  
About a thing.

VICTOR  
We don't have anything with you.

David grabs Victor's hand telling him "calm down".

GUY  
(to Victor)  
Don't play smart-ass to me boy.  
(to David)  
C'mon, let's go!

DAVID  
Why, man?

GUY  
Get the fuck out!

DAVID  
Okay, man I'm coming.  
(quietly, to Victor)  
If there's a problem yell to the stores  
downside.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

David jumps out from the jeep.

Guy pushes him up along the street, and into a dark row.

ON THE AUDI:

A MAN gets out from the Audi - his face in darkness. He follows Guy and David.

EXT. ROW - NIGHT

Guy pushes David to the dark corner of the row. He gets closer to him.

GUY

Okay, now. Gimme the money, before I give you some trouble.

DAVID

What? You wanna rob me?

Guy PUNCHES David in the stomach. David buckles.

GUY

Motherfucker! You are some smart asshole. People say you've been some kind of hot shot, huh? But you fucked it up now, boy. Your pretty little hand's gone too far, and it ain't up no Mary fuckin' Jane's skirt. The money!

Guy looks at David mercilessly.

GUY (CONT'D)

Oh, yeah. And the names of the pals you've been hanging with at Oxygen.

David lifts himself up.

DAVID

What fuckin' money and how the fuck do 'u know me?

Guy punches David once more, straight to the face.

GUY

I'm gonna fuck you up! I'm gonna fuck you up bad!

The second man appears. We see it's Barbatto.

BARBATTO

So, does he got it?

GUY

I had no time to look, the fucker got on my nerves.

BARBATTO

(to David)

C'mon, get up!

David stands, wiping his bloody mouth and nose.

DAVID

I don't know who 'd fuck you think you are, but I'll fuck you up. Do you fuckin' know who my father is? Both your asses are set for the fuckin' slammer!

GUY

(nervous)

Look at the motherfucker ...

Guy move to strike David again, but Barbatto steps in.

BARBATTO

Go take an eye at the kid in the car. I'll take care of this one.

Guy leaves.

JOEY

Let's see what you're hidin'.

Barbatto moves to search David, but David resists.

DAVID

Get the fuck away from me!

Barbatto throws his elbow up, and WHACKS David in the face.

David drops like a dead-weight.

JOEY

(much to himself)

You little fuck ...

Barbatto frisks David, and finds the envelop in David's jacket pocket. Opens it. Bingo!

BARBATTO

What the fuck's this, huh?

Barbatto looks at David with a triumphant grin.

BARBATTO

What am I gonna do with you now?

David looks up at Barbatto - and MUMBLES something, and holds his hand over his nose and mouth.

Barbatto gets down to his knees and turns David over. He grabs his butt - he drops his pants and drags David to himself, and roughly starts to strip David.

JOEY

(lustful)

Let's see what we got here, huh ...

David suddenly realizes ... and fights to get himself loose. He screams and cries - manages to hit Barbatto with his foot in the groins - Barbatto grabs his crutch, recoils in pain.

Barbatto gets up and yanks a gun out of his jacket. He points it to David.

DAVID

Victor! Victor, call the police! Help!  
Help me man!

Barbatto FIRES a round - hits David in his chest.

David staggers to his feet, half in shock.

Barbatto FIRES again.

Hits David in the neck - David drops to the ground.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Victor and Guy stand by the jeep - Guys got a restraining arm against Victor.

A GUNSHOT rings out, flicking both heads toward the noise.

Victor uses the distraction, and forces free from Guy's grip, and pelts off down the street. Guy, surprised, runs after Victor, but gives up shortly. He heads back toward the row, and on the way, meets Barbatto.

Barbatto's slips the envelope into his jacket pocket.

GUY

What happened?

JOEY

Let's get 'd fuck outta here!

They jump in the Audi and speed off.

EXT. CORNER OF ROW - NIGHT

David's body lies on the ground - his HAND moves listlessly.

David's eyes sag, his lips move, but he says nothing. He looks around ...

DAVID'S P.O.V.

Everything's foggy.

A MOAN, a rasping intake of air.

BACK TO SCENE

David's eyelids get heavy and ... close.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

SERIES OF SHOTS - (FLASHBACKS) - BLACK AND WHITE - MOS.

1 - a school toilet

2 - a dirty lavatory door

3 - 14-year old boy pissing

4 - urine sprinkling

5 - scared eyes look up

6 - a man's hand striking ...

7 - Ann's bloody mouth opens as she screams

8 - graveyard

9 - people in black gather round an open grave

10 - a small pale hand reaches from the grave

11 - dark eyes opened wide

12 - a morbid smile

13 - girl's hand grabbing David's - hand speeding into the darkness

14 - a big flash, and the homeless girl's face is soaked in tears. David's hand closes up to her face, it caresses her and wipes her tears away. A white light appears from the back and envelops everything ...

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

EXT. MAIN STREET - NIGHT

Black.

And from the black ... the first vestige of a shape ...

... turns into a pupil, an eye, the face of ... the homeless girl. Numb eyes.

She lies in the middle of a street, a blood-pool surrounds her.

And not far from her ... a bus. Skid marks betray its calamity.

Near too, yellow bands flip in the wind. A Police cordon.

People gather behind the police line.

Some COPS move around making reports, taking notes.

Off to one side, a young woman approaches the scene. She ducks under the yellow band -- it's Tanya.

She shows her I.D. to a nearby officer.

She approaches the corpse, and stops. She takes a long-lens camera from her bag, and starts taking pictures of the dead girl from all sides and angles.

FADE TO BLACK:

SUPER: "Nine months later"

FADE IN:

INT. POLICE HQ - DAY

A huge office - people mill, walk, work - some in police uniforms, some in civilian clothing.

Among them - is Tanya, sat at a desk - she looks at papers as a COLLEAGUE approaches her.

COLLEAGUE

Dawson! On the phone.

Tanya nods as she gets the message and picks up a phone.

TANYA

Yes? Oh, it's you.

(pause)

No, fine.

(pause)

I've been busy ... I'll go tomorrow.

(pause)

Okay. I'll meet you there.

She hangs up the phone, her face drawn. She opens a drawer and gets a pack of smokes out.

Tanya hesitates on closing the drawer.

ON THE DRAW: Photos of the dead homeless girl - police tags on them - numbered. Tanya dumps the cigarette packet on the photos and closes the draw.

EXT. CITY CEMETERY - DAY

Tanya, dressed in black with a fine looking bouquet in her hands, walks among dozens of tomb-stones, some moss-strewn, other weather beaten and tattered. Some are large opulent offerings, others just bare a name-plate.

She approaches a stone plate placed on a mound surrounded by a tiny steel fence. There's a name written ...

ON THE PLATE: "ANYA DAWSON 1972 - 2001"

Tanya kneels and places the flowers on the grave.

She stands.

Her eyes are dry, but sad.

Then, something gets her attention - she turns her head.

A NOISE coming from the back of a large family vault a short way behind her.

Tanya turns slowly, and moves toward the vault - around one side of it she sees ...

... a YOUNG GIRL, maybe 27 years old, dressed in a long white sheet, with fine blond hair covering her face.

The girl's sat on the vault wall, and she appears very nervous - trembling.

Tanya moves closer - and peers carefully toward the girl.

The girl freezes - like she senses Tanya's presence. Slowly, the girl looks upward, then turns her head toward Tanya, her pale face and deep dark eyes, hauntingly fragile.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Tanya!

Tanya spins round - THOMAS DAWSON, (53), balding, but with a sincere face, waves at her from a near distance.

Tanya momentarily flicks her head back to the girl - but she's disappeared.

Tanya returns her attention to Thomas, who's now a couple of feet away.

Thomas embraces Tanya and kisses her on her cheek.

TANYA

Hey Dad.

THOMAS

Hi, beautiful.

TANYA

Sorry I didn't wait for you, if you  
wanna ...

THOMAS

No. Its okay.

Thomas points toward the grave.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

I was here yesterday.

TANYA

What a way to visit. One at a time.

THOMAS

I'm sure you've been busy these days.

TANYA

Well, to be honest, I was a bit  
uncomfortable, more than busy, but I  
guess this is a good time to get  
together. How are you?

THOMAS

Enjoying my retirement.

Tanya slips a discreet smile.

A moment of silence.

TANYA  
You wanna get breakfast?

THOMAS  
I'm not hungry.  
(beat)  
A walk through the park would be good,  
though.

Tanya smiles.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Tanya and Thomas walk side by side. Each holds a contented smile in the morning sun and fresh air.

THOMAS  
What's the next step?

TANYA  
Vacation. I need to go visit mom.

THOMAS  
That's a huge step. And you finally got  
the strength together?

TANYA  
Past nine months have been bad for us  
all. I just want her to get used to me  
from now on. Even if we live a thousands  
miles away. When you lose someone dear,  
getting together means ... more.

THOMAS  
It's a good idea, Tanya. Maybe I'll  
think of something too. It's damn hard  
to be a wise man when you lose a child.  
I can tell you that without looking at  
the cross.

A bench, a couple of feet ahead. They both sit.

TANYA  
So, you've definitely turned the away?

THOMAS  
Oh, don't be so hard on me.

(smiles)  
It was I who left the faith, you know.

TANYA  
If that's what you've figured.

THOMAS  
And on the other side ... I was a damn good catholic. And that's being objective. Then, I fell for an Orthodox woman. That's what caused me to leave the church.

Thomas looks kindly on Tanya.

THOMAS (CONT'D)  
Wasn't mad at you or Anya for taking your mother's religion. And then she left me.  
(looks up)  
I guess I screwed him up, but he's still my friend.

Tanya lights a cigarette, but something's on her mind.

TANYA  
You know what I never told you?

Thomas gives a "no, what?" frown.

TANYA (CONT'D)  
That day you and mom told me how grandma went to heaven. I was six or seven. And you were so frightened I would burst into tears so you both tried to be cheerful.

THOMAS  
What with your mother's red eyes I think we didn't make enough effort.

Thomas smiles, and Tanya returns the gesture.

TANYA  
But, when we went to the funeral, it was clear to me she was gone, and she'd never come back.

THOMAS  
You stood up good that day. You amazed us all.

TANYA

There was the trouble. I just couldn't cry for granny. Me and her, we were close, but ... I felt like I was watching someone else in that coffin. I was afraid I did a bad thing and didn't tell you. I just wasn't sorry for her.

Tanya looks downward.

THOMAS

There's no need to feel any blame. It doesn't change anything. Anya is here now.

Thomas places a hand on his chest.

TANYA

No, dad! It isn't right.

She runs a frustrated hand through her hair.

TANYA (CONT'D)

I couldn't lay one damn tear down my cheek.

A hard beat.

TANYA (CONT'D)

She was my sister for ...

Thomas gently places a comforting arm around Tanya.

TANYA (CONT'D)

I went to the church that night. Lit a candle for her. Sat down on a bench and said to my self "I'm gonna cry for her tonight. It's the least I can do." And guess what. Tears went down. Tears went down and I was so nervous, I couldn't light my cigarette.

Tanya smiles at the memory.

TANYA (CONT'D)

That's sick. My job makes me a sick person.

THOMAS

You know that's not true. You can't  
blame yourself for these things.

TANYA

But I can for what I do, dad. I sure can  
blame me for that.

Tanya stands.

TANYA (CONT'D)

Sorry dad, I gotta run. I'll call you  
before I go to Macedonia.

Tanya leaves.

Thomas sits, and watches her go.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

A middle class place, half full of people eating their breakfast  
- usually baguette and mascarpone, or drinking coffee, or just  
meeting for a chat.

A wide oval counter sits in the middle, a couple of customers  
perched on stools hang around it.

A fat LADY WAITRESS serves at the counter.

Tanya enters and approaches the counter. She sits on a stools  
next to a GUY - only his elbow is visible.

The Waitress, short-order note-book in hand approaches.

TANYA

Black coffee, sugar, and two doughnuts.  
To go.

Waitress scribbles on her pad, and shuffles off.

Tanya pulls a cigarette out and tries to light it. Lighter  
doesn't work. She tries again, and again, and ...

... the guy's HAND holds a lighter out to her. She takes it, and  
lights, and hands the lighter back.

The waitress is back, and land a coffee in front of Tanya, and  
pops a couple of wrapped doughnuts down.

TANYA

(to the guy)  
Thanks ...

Tanya takes a sip from her coffee, but something occurs to her. She takes another look at the guy.

TANYA

Excuse me. Haven't we met somewhere?

THE GUY (O.S.)

No. I don't think so. But it's good to meet polite people.

Tanya's intrigued by the response, she'll play along.

TANYA

How do you know I'm polite?

THE GUY (O.S.)

You're a cop. You people are very nice guys. It's just that people are not used to you.

TANYA

And how do you know I'm a cop?

THE GUY (O.S.)

Well, you like doughnuts ...

Tanya smiles.

TANYA

Okay. You got me there.

(beat)

How about you? What do you like?

THE GUY (O.S.)

I like happiness.

TANYA

That's modest. In the truest sense of the word.

THE GUY (O.S.)

Believe me, it's not. At least not where I come from.

TANYA

And you like cops too, since you're not afraid to talk to them.

THE GUY (O.S.)

It depends ...

TANYA

On whether it's a he-cop or a she-cop?

THE GUY (O.S.)

Not quite. But let's say you're close.

TANYA

Well, I gotta a little disappointment for you. I'm not a real cop. I mean, I do wear a badge and visit crime scenes. But my only weapon is my camera.

Tanya smiles at the guy.

TANYA (CONT'D)

I shoot the dead.

THE GUY (O.S.)

That's interesting. You know that some people believe that a picture captures the human soul? It causes the breakdown of the metempsychosis.

TANYA

metem ... what?

THE GUY (O.S.)

It's the circle of rebirth. Everlasting unless the soul is released by knowledge.

Beat.

THE GUY (O.S.)

Or kindness.

TANYA

I didn't know that. I look at my work just as a technician.

THE GUY (O.S.)

Well, there's not much spiritual about that, I believe.

TANYA

You sure know your way with souls.

Tanya stares into her coffee ... processing everything, turning it all over in her mind, until ...

TANYA (CONT'D)  
You're a priest?

THE GUY (O.S.)  
I don't think I look like one. But you  
look like you need one.

TANYA  
And why's that?

THE GUY (O.S.)  
You look like you have something to say.  
A confession.

TANYA  
No. ... Thanks. I lived with one for ...  
twenty-three years. Never needed him as  
a preacher.

THE GUY (O.S.)  
But your sister did. And he wasn't there  
for her. He couldn't find the words that  
day. And you couldn't find the tears.

Tanya's stares ahead - focused. She looks at the guy.

TANYA  
Who are you? How do you know that?

THE GUY (O.S.)  
Those are the most banal questions you  
could ask me right now.

TANYA  
Who are you?

A cell phone RINGS.

Still on the guy, Tanya takes her cell out, still holding out  
for an answer while she takes the call.

TANYA  
(to cell)  
Yes? I'll be right there.

She ends the call.

Still on the guy, Tanya slides her hand to the doughnuts and  
takes them. She stands, turns, and heads for the exit. At the  
exit, she calmly turns and takes a glance at the guy. And then  
she leaves.

At the counter, the ELBOW still leans on the counter.

And moving up the appendage - it's a David Hamilton, but not the same as he left us. He looks older now. And clearly, a BULLET scar on the right side of his neck.

He looks toward the exit - where Tanya just left through.

He's calm, but his eyes are sharp - almost a nod of his head, as a slight, but warm smile spreads.

FADE OUT:

THE END