

EXT. HOLLYWOOD CORRIDOR - NIGHT

A Mercedes Benz, gray in color, cruises slowly down the street.

INT. FALCON'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

FALCON: (35) White male, medium beard, dark-gray hair, face not completely visible, but eyes illuminated, cold and empty.

YOUNG MAN: (19) Asian Male.

Stands on corner smoking.

Falcon pulls over. Passenger window rolls down.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Young Man walks over.

YOUNG MAN  
You got a hundred?

Falcon nods, Young Man gets in the car.

INT. FALCON'S CAR MOVING - CONTINUOUS

YOUNG MAN  
Turn right at the corner.

FALCON  
Put on your seat belt.

Car drives off. Falcon reaches down into his seat and pulls out a hypodermic needle. Plunging it into Young Man's neck. Young man jumps then passes out. Falcon checks for a pulse.

EXT. SUNSET WAREHOUSE - LATER

Falcon drives up to gate.

INT. FALCON'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Falcon touches a remote, the gate opens he drives in. Gate closes behind him.

INT. SUNSET WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Warehouse is a sex dungeon equipped with sex toys hanging from the walls, an X-rack in the corner, a HD camera set up on a tripod, a table filled with shiny surgical equipment. Room soundproofed.

INT. FALCON'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Young Man slumped over in the passenger seat. Falcon looks pleased.

INT. SUNSET WAREHOUSE - LATER

MONTAGE - WAREHOUSE

Falcon hosing down bloody chair.

Falcon prepares hypodermic needle.

Falcon turns on burner and places branding iron in its flames.

END MONTAGE

INT. SUNSET WAREHOUSE - LATER

Falcon lights up a cigarette. Removes limp body from car and ties it to a chair in front of a HD camera. He covers Young Man's face with a leather hood and gag ball. He undresses him down to his shorts. Falcon walks over to Ipod, plays, Joni Mitchell's SEX KILLS.

INSERT - Large specimen jars, one with a head in it, another with male genitalia.

Falcon grabs the hypodermic needle and a knife from the table, then walks back over to Young Man.

Falcon pulls up a stool. Young Man's breathing is shallow.

Falcon ties rubber hose around Young Man's arm and injects him. Removes rubber hose and waits. Puts out his cigarette on Young Man's skin.

Young Man returns to consciousness. Squirms in chair. Chair is bolted to the floor. MUFFLED CRIES. Falcon places his hand on the Young Man's leg, patting it.

FALCON  
It's okay, It's all okay. You're  
home now.

Falcon gets up walks over to the HD camera and turns it on.

INSERT - MONITOR

Young Man sitting there panicked, breathing heavily, and  
moving his head all around.

Falcon returns pulls hood off the Young Man. Sweat pouring  
down Young Man's face.

Ipod changes to a dark version of SYMPATHY FOR THE DEVIL.  
Falcon wipes sweat from Young Man's face. Puts it to his nose  
smells it, tastes it, then rubs it between his fingertips.

FALCON  
You fuckin bitch.

Falcon pulls out knife starts making small cuts on the Young  
Man's thigh. MUFFLED CRIES. Falcon removes the gag ball from  
the Young Man's mouth.

FALCON  
If you scream.  
(Putting knife to Young  
Man's throat)

Young Man shaking his head.

FALCON  
Look at this.

Falcon shows him a picture.

INSERT - Picture of Paul

PAUL: (25) mixed race male, dark hair green eyes.

FALCON  
You know him, don't you!

YOUNG MAN  
Who?

FALCON  
(Shaking his finger)  
Don't be stupid.  
(Voice slightly agitated)

YOUNG MAN  
I, I, I, don't know what your  
talking about?

FALCON  
Fuckin liar! All you fucks know  
each other.

Pushing the picture into the Young Man's face.

YOUNG MAN  
I don't know who your talking  
abo...

FALCON  
Liar!  
(Yelling)

Falcon swings blade across the Young Man's throat. Blood  
spurting, GURGLING. Falcon takes picture of Young Man. Falcon  
reaches for the hot iron, dips it in water SIZZLE. He brands  
the Young Man. SIZZLE. Falcon stands up feeling his groin.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD CEMETERY - DAY

Windy..

PAUL: (25) Mixed race male, dark hair, green eyes, smoking  
cigaret.

INSERT - GRAVE STONE

Mike Brown born 1/23/90, died 7/1/11. You will be missed.

Paul wipes his eyes. Wind knocks down a vase of flowers. Paul  
sees himself in the cracked pieces.

SUPERS: EIGHT MONTHS EARLIER

MONTAGE - TRINITY

INT. TRINITY'S APARTMENT - DAY

TRINITY: (30) Attractive Latina, hair pulled back in a tight  
bun.

Trinity showering.

Trinity dressing.

Trinity drinking coffee.

Trinity picks up 9-mm and a police badge off the table.

Trinity leaves apartment.

END MONTAGE

EXT. HOLLYWOOD CORRIDOR - AFTERNOON

Paul walking down street, smoking, and HACKING. Flicks cigarette.

EXT. GLASS SLIPPER - AFTERNOON

Local pizza and dive bar. Paul enters.

INT. GLASS SLIPPER - CONTINUOUS

Paul walks to the back HACKING sits at a booth.

SAL: (24) Black male, Light skin with dreadlocks.

Sees Paul walk in.

INT. GLASS SLIPPER PAUL'S BOOTH - LATER

SAL  
What's up?

Paul looks up, Sal sits down.

PAUL  
Same shit.

SAL  
Well, you should read this. Looks  
like some of your customers to me.

PAUL  
What.  
(Hacking)

INSERT - NEWSPAPER

3 PICTURES OF YOUNG MEN HEADLINE FALCON SNAGS 3 MORE.

SAL  
This Black Bird guy.

PAUL  
Bird who?

SAL  
That Falcon guy.

INT. GLASS SLIPPER FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS

Trinity walks in. Paul and Sal see her coming.

SAL  
I'll catch up with you later.

Sal leaves through the back door. Trinity sits down, Paul closes paper.

PAUL  
What can I do you for lady?

Trinity rolls her eyes.

TRINITY  
You think I came to this shit hole  
just to see you.

Paul reaches into his pocket gently slams down a small package of blue Meth then pats it twice.

Trinity puts money on the table gets up and walks out the back door.

EXT. SLIPPER BACK PARKING LOT - LATER

Sal smoking sees Trinity getting into her car.

INT. TRINITY'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Trinity looks around then starts smoking Meth.

EXT. SLIPPER BACK PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Sal pulls out his cell phone and videos her.

INT. TRINITY'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Trinity's head falls back, her eyes close.

INT. PAUL'S BUNGALOW - AFTERNOON

Paul sitting on couch looking at the paper Sal gave him.  
Looks at the faces of the three men.

PAUL  
Nobody I know.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Paul walking down the street cuts through alley lights up  
cigarette.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Trash bin under street lamp.

MIKE: (23) Black male, clean cut, short curly hair.

LEATHER BIKER: (30) White male, big gay man.

LEATHER BIKER on motorcycle. Paul looks over at the two and  
keeps walking.

LEATHER BIKER  
I don't live far. Just climb on.  
I'll bring you back.

MIKE  
Uh, I don't know, man. There's a  
place just around the corner.

Paul walks pass LEATHER BIKER and Mike. He overhears  
conversation.

LEATHER BIKER  
Come on, I ain't gonna hurt you. I  
got a little something something to  
help the party.  
(Grinning)

MIKE  
Well?

Paul stops looks down to the ground then back at the two men.

FLASHBACK - ALLEY - NIGHT

A younger Paul curled up by trash sleeping.

Group of young men riding bicycles. Their tires come to a SCREECHING halt.

The group assaults Paul. One of the men videos the attack, another urinates on Paul.

BACK TO PRESENT DAY

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Paul turns around walks back to where LEATHER BIKER and Mike are.

PAUL  
Hey, he ain't going nowhere with you.

LEATHER BIKER  
Who the fuck are you?

PAUL  
I'm the pimp fairy, ass-hole. Come on, Curly, let's go.  
(Pulling Mike's arm)

LEATHER BIKER gets off his motorcycle. He's bigger than both of them. Biker grabs Mike by the shoulders.

LEATHER BIKER  
You listen to me, you little fuck!  
I'll tell you what the fuck to do!  
And when to do it.

Paul swings back and hits the Leather Biker, upper cut knocking him to the ground. Mike looks at Paul confused.

PAUL  
Move it, curly!

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

The two sprint down the alley.

REVVING motorcycle engine, tires SCREECHING into motion.

EXT. END OF ALLEY - NIGHT

Paul and Mike clear the corner. Paul grabs Mike by the cuff of his shirt and pulls him down next to a Mailbox.



RUMBLING motorcycle comes around the corner, passing the Mailbox.

MOTORCYCLE SOUNDS in the distance, Paul stands up.

PAUL  
Shit.

Mike remains crouched behind the Mailbox.

PAUL  
It's okay. He's gone.

Mike stands up takes a couple of deep breaths.

MIKE  
You knocked the shit out of that  
guy back there! Thanks, uh.

PAUL  
Paul.

MIKE  
I'm Mike.

Mike reaches out his hand. Paul is surprised. Gives it a quick awkward shake.

PAUL  
Where you from?

MIKE  
North Dakota a couple weeks ago.

PAUL  
Solo?

MIKE  
Yeah.

PAUL  
Well, you picked a hard town to do  
solo. Where you staying?

MIKE  
Motel on 6th. Won't be staying  
there much longer if I don't make  
some cash soon.

Paul looks Mike up and down.

PAUL  
You hungry?

Mike nods.

PAUL  
Come on. I know a place we can grab  
some grub. No hassles, no weird  
looks. And the beer's cold.

INT. GLASS SLIPPER - NIGHT

Paul and Mike eating pizza and drinking beer. Mike is eating  
fast.

SAL  
Yo! Wassup, homeboy? Who's the  
fish?

Sal sits down.

PAUL  
This is Mike. Mike, this is Sal.

MIKE  
Hey, Sal.

Mike extents his hand.

Sal smirks, looking at Paul.

SAL  
You just keep swimming up that  
stream don't cha.

Sal takes hold of Mike's hand amused.

PAUL  
He just got here from North Dakota.

MIKE  
Minot.

SAL  
Oh, my god "Mindrot". I know that  
place.

Mike nods still eating.

SAL  
So what brings you up town, country  
boy.

MIKE  
Just always wanted to live in  
California.

SAL

Well, a cute thing like you should do just fine around here. I'd be happy to show you the ropes. Any friend of Paul's. Do you need a place to stay? I've got an extra room.

PAUL

Actually, he's gonna stay with me for a few days.

Mike looks at Paul confused.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE SLIPPER - NIGHT

Mike and Paul walking. Street lamps illuminate wet sidewalk. Hookers, drag queens and the homeless, positioned on the streets. Paul lights a cigarette.

MIKE

Hey thanks for the offer and food; really.

PAUL

No problem. Everyone needs friends. You know the golden rule around here; never do anyone new by yourself, always have someone with you to watch your back the first time. The second rule is never at their place or in a car. If you aren't in a motel or hotel, or on your own turf, then fuck it.

Older Mercedes Benz, gray in color, cruises slowly by them. Paul takes notice.

PAUL

You need some money, right? That's what I saw you trying to get back there, right?

Mike nods. Mercedes Benz turns at the corner and circles back around.

PAUL

Okay, then. Let me do the talking, you just follow my lead.

Mercedes Benz pulls over. They walk casually towards the car.

PAUL  
Hold back a bit and keep a look  
out.

INT. MERCEDES BENZ - CONTINUOUS

NOBLE KNIGHT: (35) White male, mustache, sparse dark-gray hair combed back over a bald spot His eyes hidden behind a pair of gold-rimmed sunglasses. Unable to make out his face.

EXT. MERCEDES BENZ - CONTINUOUS

Paul quickly glances at Noble Knight's suit and Rolex watch.

NOBLE KNIGHT  
How much?

PAUL  
For what?  
(Smiling)

NOBLE KNIGHT  
Tell your friend to come over.

PAUL  
It's a package deal. Three hundred.

Paul motions Mike to come over. Mike walks up and leans in.

NOBLE KNIGHT  
(Nodding)  
Get in.

INT. MERCEDES BENZ - LATER

Mike in front seat, Paul in back seat. Paul looks at Noble Knight, Noble turns his head, Paul unable to get a good look.

NOBLE KNIGHT  
Where to?

PAUL  
Not far, just down the street.

Car pulls off.

PAUL  
Take a left here.

EXT. MOTEL HIGH LIFE PARKING LOT - LATER

Noble Knight removes his glasses and slides them into his visor.

PAUL  
Go ahead, just tell the guy short  
time. He'll charge you about  
twenty five.

Noble Knight gets out of car walks over to outdoor motel lobby window.

NOBLE KNIGHT  
Short time.

HOTEL MANAGER: (70) Indian male, behind glass window.

HOTEL MANAGER V.O.  
Thirty dollars.

Noble Knight slides money under window. Hotel Manager slides keys back. Noble walks back to car.

NOBLE KNIGHT  
Lets go.

PAUL  
We need to take care of business  
first.

Noble Knight reaches into his pocket and puts money into Mike's hand. Mike's door opens.

INT. MOTEL HIGH LIFE ROOM - LATER

Low budget motel. Two mirrors one above the bed, the other on the wall. Mike kicks off shoes. Paul takes a drink from his flask.

Noble Knight begins fidgeting around looks confused and nervous. Small beads of sweat cover his brow his eyes begin darting back and forth.

MIKE  
You okay man?

Noble Knight quickly turns walks over to the window and peers through the pleated curtains. Noble starts slapping his leg hard Mike walks over to Noble and runs his hand down Noble's arm.

MIKE

Hey, it's all cool, man. How about  
you take your coat off and get  
comfortable?

Noble Knight takes a deep breath. His demeanor returns to the same sense of calmness he had when he picked them up. Noble slides off his shoes. Walks over stands in front of Mike drops to his knees and performs fellatio on Noble. Paul sits in chair smoking a joint.

INT. GLASS SLIPPER BOOTH - DAY

Paul sitting, notices flyers on the wall.

INSERT - FLYER

MISSING

Brad Gonzalez

Hispanic Male, Blonde-hair, Brown Eyes.

Age: 22

Height: 5' 10"

Weight: 170 lbs.

Paul turns to see

SCOTT JENNY: (20) White Male, light hair.

Taping more flyers on the walls.

Paul looks over at TV over bar

INCERT: TV

INT. GREYHOUND BUS STATION - NIGHT

People walking around.

YOUNG BOY (16) White, Homeless, clothes torn.

Sitting on street corner playing guitar his guitar case open.

EXT. LAX AIRPORT - DAY

YOUNG WOMAN: (21) White attractive. Walks off plane.

TV PERSONALITY (30) Black male

TV PERSONALITY

It's midnight. The Greyhound bus turns into the bus depot. Young men and women arrive with wide-eyed faces. Wow, Hollywood! They say to themselves.

MONTAGE - IMAGES OF LOS ANGELES ON NEWSCAST

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BLVD - DAY

Busy traffic, tourist walking around, and vendors selling things.

EXT. SANTA MONICA BEACH - DAY

People playing volley ball, and swimming.

EXT. LAX - NIGHT

Planes taking off and landing. People in waiting area hugging.

EXT. DISNEY LAND - DAY

Young Woman on ride.

END MONTAGE

INT. GLASS SLIPPER BAR - CONTINUOUS

SAL

Is that where you find them at?  
(Laughing)

PAUL

(Laughing)  
Sometimes.

INCERT: TV

TV PERSONALITY

They are from towns many of us have never heard of. But they all seem to share a common dream;

to leave their home towns in search  
of that slick, MTV, Disneyland, fun-  
filled Hollywood.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD CORRIDOR ALLEY - NIGHT

People doing drugs. Street hustlers selling drugs. Street  
hustlers hands Young Boy on street corner playing guitar  
drugs.

INT. GLASS SLIPPER BAR - CONTINUOUS

SAL  
Looks like you dude.

Paul gives Sal the finger

INCERT: TV

TV PERSONALITY  
To these newcomers Hollywood  
Boulevard is a magical place, where  
the lights shine bright and  
everyone is a star. They think that  
this magical light will transform  
them. But as we who live here know,  
Hollywood Boulevard is just another  
street. Where do I go? What do I  
do? Their naive look, is the food  
the local sharks hunt for. Hey,  
they say, I can help you. Just try  
it. It'll make you feel good.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD CORRIDOR ALLEY - NIGHT

Sal talking to Young Woman.

INT. GLASS SLIPPER BAR - CONTINUOUS

Paul looking at TV.

PAUL  
Is that you Sal? it's sure the fuck  
is you.  
(Laughing)

BARTENDER: (30) Italian male.

Points to TV.



BARTENDER  
(Laughing)  
No shit!

INCERT: TV

Sal talking to Young Woman in blurry video, but Sal's face is visible.

SAL  
Hey, don't worry about it. They all do it.

Sal hands Young Woman a slip of paper.

INSERT - Paper Roosevelt Hotel room 157

SAL  
Like I said don't worry. You been with guys before, right.

YOUNG WOMAN  
Yes, well.

SAL  
Same thing here, but you're going to get paid a lot of money. He's going to give you an envelope. You Bring that back. It's all set up. Take some of this. It'll take the edge off.

Sal puts bag of drugs into Young Woman's pocket.

INT. GLASS SLIPPER BAR - CONTINUOUS

PAUL  
How in hell did you let them film you. Even got audio on you?

SAL  
I didn't know.  
(Shrug his shoulder)  
She must of had some video on her.

PAUL  
Yeah big pimp daddy, real smooth  
(Laughing)

INCERT: TV

## TV PERSONALITY

The way home gets lost, the light gets darker, and the tunnel gets narrower and dimmer. They wind up as street people hustling at night for drugs, food, money, or just one more night at a motel. I call it a Long Day's Night, but some chilling recent events have occurred, and I hope these young people looking for their dreams don't wind up dead.

## EXT. FREEWAY OFFRAMP - NIGHT

Police on hillside putting sheet over Young Boy's body.

## TV PERSONALITY

I'm talking about the rash of young men being found dead on the freeways and hillsides near the the Hollywood area. Police have been very tight lipped. The police chief and for anyone who has not been following local politics, our next would-be mayor, Barney Nugood or is it No-Good?, will tell the public on TV that his department is vigorously tracking down all leads. But don't fool yourself, they couldn't care less. The four young men are still lying in the county morgue with no identity other than a toe tag that reads John Doe. But here is what our investigators have found to date: four young men have been found, ranging in age from 25 to 30, partially dressed, branded with the symbol of a Falcon, and missing body parts. Hollywood's police division has no leads, and is asking for anyone with information regarding the Hollywood corridor killings to call Hollywood's Homicide division.

Bartender changes TV station

## INT. GLASS SLIPPER PAUL'S BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

Scott Jenny walking over.

SCOTT JENNY  
I need some help.

PAUL  
How much you need?

SCOTT JENNY  
No, it's something else.

PAUL  
I don't give credit.

SCOTT JENNY  
It's been over a week and I haven't  
heard a word from him.

Scott Jenny places a flyer on the table in front of Paul.  
Paul moves it aside.

PAUL  
Hey, you know Brad. He's probably  
playing cabana boy to some rich  
geezer. He'll show up sooner or  
later.

Scott Jenny slams the stack of flyers on the table.

SCOTT JENNY  
Everyone's been telling me that  
since day one! I'm tired of hearing  
it! Something is wrong! I know it!  
You're right, I know Brad! And I  
know he wouldn't just leave like  
that without saying something!

PAUL  
Yeah, well. What do you want from  
me?

SCOTT JENNY  
You know people, maybe you could  
ask around.

PAUL  
I don't do that. I do this.

Paul opens his hand showing drugs.

SCOTT JENNY  
Well you just keep that thought!  
You may wind up with no one to sell  
your shit to!

INT. PAUL'S BUNGALOW LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Mike, now with a small beard, medium curly hair, wearing a Salvation Army T-shirt. Mike and Paul are watching TV INDISTINGUISHABLE VOICES. Paul takes a drag from his cigarette then smashes it into the ashtray.

MIKE

Yeah, at work they're talking about this Falcon thing, crazy shit.

PAUL

Yeah, I've been getting an ear full lately.

Mike starts walking towards the door.

PAUL

Where you going?

MIKE

One of the girls called in sick. I'm taking her shift. Extra cash, see you in a few hours.

PAUL

Yeah see you.  
(Kiss goodbye)

INT. PAUL'S CAR - LATER.

Paul driving a older but nice Nissan 350Z. Turns on radio.

NPR RADIO HOST:

NPR RADIO HOST V.O.

This is NPR, National Public Radio, Talk of the City. We're here tonight to talk about the Hollywood Corridor Killings. How do you feel about them, how have they affected you, what changes are you making in your daily life stemming from these Falcon murders. Which have now claimed the lives of 6 young men.

(Pauses)

I see we have a caller on the line from Pasadena. Hi.

CALLER 1: Male.

CALLER 1 V.O.

Thanks for taking my call. I have a question. This seems to me to be an isolated situation. I mean, it's only affecting the Hollywood Corridor area, a known place for drugs and homeless people who have chosen that lifestyle. Why should my tax dollars go to protecting them? My police have better things to do with their time than to babysit a bunch of drug users!

NPR RADIO HOST V.O.

Well, let's see what some of our other callers have to say about that?

Paul hits button in car. Radio is replaced by car phone prompt.

CAR 1: Female.

CAR V.O.

Number Please.

PAUL

NPR Talk of the City

CAR V.O.

Dialing.

NPR RADIO HOST: Male.

NPR RADIO HOST V.O.

I see we have another caller on the line, Michele from Long Beach. Hello, Michele, you're on.

Michele: Female

MICHELE V.O.

Hi, I live by the beach, and I have read some pretty scary things about the Falcon. Do you think he'll start coming after women? I like to go shopping at Landscape Drive at night, here in the LB, and I want to know if I'll be safe.

NPR RADIO HOST V.O.

Does anyone have an answer for Michele?

(Pauses)

I see we have a lot of flashing lights. CLICK. Go ahead sir.

PAUL

Michele, my question to you is this. Is that all that you're concerned about? Whether your high-end shopping experience will be interrupted by the Falcon? Six young men have been slaughtered, and your only concern is will he go after me while I'm shopping? You're already too far removed from the issue.

NPR RADIO HOST V.O.

I guess we hit a nerve tonight. Any more comments sir, go ahead.

PAUL

The people of the Corridor need to be afraid. The Falcon won't stop.  
(Paul looks into the rearview mirror sees a concerned look on his own face)

NPR RADIO HOST V.O.

Why's that?

PAUL

He's got a real ripe taste for it now.

INT. HOLLYWOOD POLICE DEPT. - DAY

INSERT - OFFICE DOOR "Lieutenant Vice: T Cox"

INT. TRINITY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Trinity on phone.

TRINITY

Yes chief - I'm playing ball. Right. Homicide found drugs in two Corridor cases, yes, but that doesn't necessarily mean serial killer. Yes sir. I want to know where the media got the Falcon label, too. Yes sir, yes sir, sir.

Trinity hangs up.

TRINITY

Shit!

Trinity's cell phone RINGS.

PAUL V.O.

We need to talk.

Trinity looks around, sees police officers walking by her office.

TRINITY

I'm a little tied up right now,  
mom. Can I call you back?

PAUL

You do that.

Trinity hangs up CLICK. Trinity leaves her office, she walks pass.

DEPARTMENT'S RECEPTIONISTS: (35) Female.

Sitting behind desk.

TRINITY

I'm going out for a little.

DEPARTMENT'S RECEPTIONIST

Okay, Lieutenant.

Department's Receptionist reaches over to duty board moves Trinity's name to out.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD POLICE DEPT PARKING STRUCTURE - LATER

Trinity pulls out her cell phone and hits redial.

TRINITY

Are you on drugs!?! Dumb question.  
Why the fuck are you calling me?  
Fucking dimwit. Do hookers call  
their clients. No, they wait for  
them to call. Get it?

PAUL V.O.

Calm down.

INDISTINGUISHABLE VOICES. She opens the door of a black 730i BMW.

INSERT - license plate "BADAASS" She drives off

INT. PAUL'S BUNGALOW - LATER

Paul is talking on the phone.

PAUL

Yeah, well. I thought I'd see what I could do. Meet me at the morgue tonight.

Paul hangs up cell phone.

EXT. ALLEY WAY COUNTY MORGUE - NIGHT

Scott Jenny and Paul are standing near an alley adjacent to the county morgue. Trinity's black BMW pulls up in front of the morgue.

PAUL

Stay here, I'll signal if everything is okay.

EXT. COUNTY MORGUE STAIRS - CONTINUOUS

TRINITY

Remind me why I just don't run your ass in.

PAUL

Here's why.

Paul pulls out his cell phone.

PAUL

Funny thing about doing business with a cop, you always need an ace in the hole. Never know when they'll turn and bite you. I thought this might come in handy one day. Did I ever tell you you're my best customer? Consistency is one of your best qualities. Show me your cell phone.

TRINITY

What?

PAUL

Your phone.

Trinity pulls out her phone.

Paul takes his phone and bumps it against Trinity's phone.



PAUL  
Take a look.

Trinity looks at her phone.

PAUL  
I'd delete that the first chance I  
get. But not to worry - I have  
more.

INSERT - CELL PHONE VIDEO.

EXT. SLIPPER BACK PARKING LOT - DAY

Trinity getting into her car she looks around.

Cell camera zooms into drivers side window.

Trinity smoking Meth, her head falls back, her eyes closes.

EXT. ALLEY WAY COUNTY MORGUE - CONTINUOUS

Paul pats Trinity on the back. Trinity continues looking at  
cell phone. Videos stops.

PAUL  
So we straight?

Paul turns signals to Scott Jenny. Scott hurries up the  
sidewalk to where the two are.

TRINITY  
Who's this?

PAUL  
He's with me.

Visibly annoyed. Trinity studies Scott Jenny's face then  
presses the intercom button.

OFFICER DAVIS:(65) Black male.

SCRATCHY, POPPING voice over intercom.

OFFICER DAVIS V.O.  
Officer Davis. What's your  
business?

TRINITY  
Lieutenant Trinity Cox. Like to see  
the John Does', from a month ago.