

The Cracked Mirror
By
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WGA 2173394

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

Young Man shaking his head.

FALCON
Look at this.

Falcon shows him a picture.

INSERT - Picture of Paul. 25 year old mixed race male, dark
hair green eyes.

FALCON
You know him, don't you!

YOUNG MAN
Who?

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

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
(Yelling)
Liar!

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. The 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
(Hacking)
What.

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.

PAUL

(Laughing)
Come back soon.

EXT. SLIPPER BACK PARKING LOT - LATER

Sal smoking a cigarette 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 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
(Grinning)
Come on, I ain't gonna hurt you. I
got a little something-something to
help the party.

MIKE
(Looking around)
Well?

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

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

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 walks up.

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
(Smiling)
For what?

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 around 35
dollars.

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 the TV mounted over the bar

INCERT: TV image.

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
(Laughing)
Is that where you find them at?

PAUL
(Laughing)
Sometimes.

INCERT: TV Personality

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 Personality

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

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 I.

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

(Shrug his shoulder)

I didn't know.

She must of had some video on her.

PAUL

(Laughing)

Yeah big pimp daddy, real smooth

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

(Kiss goodbye)
Yeah see you.

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 baby-sit 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

(Paul looks into the rearview mirror sees a concerned look on his face)

The people of the Corridor need to be afraid. The Falcon won't stop.

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. She exhales large billows of smoke.

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.

Trinity then holds her badge up to the camera. The BUZZER sounds. Trinity opens the door then looks at Paul and Scott Jenny.

TRINITY

You let me do the talking. Keep your mouths shut. Got it?

INT. COUNTY MORGUE - CONTINUOUS

There's a sliding glass window. Behind it, Officer Davis sits with a newspaper in his hands.

OFFICER DAVIS

Sign in, please.

Officer Davis slides a clipboard towards Trinity. She prints her name and badge number.

OFFICER DAVIS

Who's your friends?

TRINITY

They're with me.

OFFICER DAVIS

Well, they'll need to sign in, too.

TRINITY

(Stern)

They're with me.

The old man looks at Trinity's badge and compares it with her signature on the sign-in sheet.

OFFICER DAVIS

It's your quinceañera party Lieutenant.

Officer Davis signals to them to come in. Another BUZZER goes off, and the doors to the left of the glass window opens.

INT. COUNTY MORGUE HALL - LATER

Officer Davis escorts them down the hall to another set of large doors. He pushes it open and holds it so Trinity, Scott Jenny, and Paul can walk through.

INT. COUNTY MORGUE EXAMINING ROOM - LATER

Walls of steel doors, each labeled with a letter and a number. In the middle of the room two steel tables.

SCOTT JENNY
It's cold in here.

Officer Davis looks at Scott Jenny.

OFFICER DAVIS
(Laughs)
Here we go D-11 through D-19.

Trinity nods. Officer Davis walks back through the large doors and out of sight. Trinity looks at Paul.

TRINITY
Well, let's get this over with.

Trinity walks up to the first steel door marked D-11 opens the door.

TRINITY
You boys ever seen a dead body before?

PAUL
Yes.

TRINITY
Figures.

SCOTT JENNY
(Shaking his head)
No.

TRINITY
Well, be warned. It ain't pretty.

Trinity slides out the metal tray with a body encased in a black, plastic bag. Trinity reaches over to table and pulls out some latex gloves. She hands Paul and Scott Jenny some smelling ointment.

TRINITY
Put this under your nose.

Trinity unzips body bag. Scott Jenny steps back.

TRINITY
Doesn't smell to good, either.
(rubbing her nose)
You gonna do this or not?

Scott Jenny takes a step towards the body. He takes a look. His face winces.

INSERT - Body.

Male black, five Bullet holes in the chest.

SCOTT JENNY

No, that's not him.

Trinity zips up the bag, pushes in the tray and slams the door closed. Trinity opens door to D-12 and slides the tray out.

TRINITY

So who exactly are we looking for?

Scott Jenny starts to answer, and is quickly interrupted by Paul.

PAUL

A friend.

Trinity displeased. Unzips the bag. Paul and Scott Jenny look down at the body.

INSERT - Body.

Male white, bluish-white face, black eyes and black hair.

Scott Jenny chokes back a gag, and shakes his head.

TRINITY

How long has this friend of yours been missing?

Trinity zips back up the body bag.

SCOTT JENNY

About a month now.

PAUL

Enough with the questions and answers already.

Trinity opens the steel door to D-13 and slides the tray open. She unzips the bag.

Scott Jenny stands next to the metal tray of D-13, his eyes fixed on the body in front of him.

INSERT - Body: Brad Gonzales.

Scott Jenny's mouth drops open. His chest begins to heave in and out. Scott takes a step back then stumbles. Letting out a WAIL.

Paul grabs hold of Scott Jenny's arm. Paul turns and looks over at the body.

INSERT - Body: Brad Gonzales.

Short blonde hair, black eyes, and pierced eyebrows. Entire face swollen. On the forehead large gashes and bruises.

TRINITY

I take it we found your friend.

Trinity looks at the chart.

TRINITY

John Doe. Latin male, 24 to 26 years old, 5' 10", 172 pounds, dyed blonde hair, brown eyes. Estimated time of death, September 2nd, between 2 and 6 am.

Paul tries to put his arm around Scott Jenny. Scott pushes it away Scott walks over to the other side of the room. He leans against the wall then slides down to the floor, SOBBING.

TRINITY

Look-having a name will not only help us catch whoever did this but also get your friend out of the morgue and off to a proper burial.

PAUL

(Clearing throat)
Brad Gonzales.

TRINITY

How did you know the victim?

PAUL

Client.

Paul walks over to Scott Jenny and slides down the wall next to him. Trinity follows Paul.

SCOTT JENNY

He didn't deserve that. He never hurt anyone!

TRINITY

Deserve ain't got nothing to do with it. Wake up, Dorothy.