DEAD BROKE

Written by

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Pilot Episode
DEAD BROKE

"DEAD MAN WALKING"

INT. BUSY OFFICE - DAY

INT. MEDIUM CONFERENCE ROOM

MARTIN WILLIAMS, a 20 something fair skinned male, with a low hair cut, clean shaved, is showing a powerpoint presentation.

MARTIN
This campaign will blow open the teenage market for Focal Juice, not to mention increasing sales by five percent. Which is just one of the many advantages of working with a boutique agency like ours. Any questions?

The room is silent.

MR. REYNOLDS, late 40s with streaks of gray in his black hair, the CEO of Focal Juice stands to his feet.

MR. REYNOLDS
Damn son, you had me sold five minutes into the presentation. You’ve got a new client.

Mr. Reynolds, and Martin shake hands. MR. BOWLES, Martin’s boss, a middle aged white man in his forties walks over, and shakes hands as well.

He leans in to Martin while shaking his hand.

MR. BOWLES
(whispering)
Pure fucking genius kid.

A woman executive pops a bottle of champagne, and begins to fill glasses.

LESLIE, 30, a short thin white woman in glasses, wearing a skirt and button up shirt walks in the conference room, and touches Martin on the shoulder.

Martin turns around.
LESLIE
Mr. Williams, I have a message for you.

MARTIN
Ok.

LESLIE
Can we step outside.

Martin turns back to the Mr. Bowles, and Mr. Reynolds.

MARTIN
Excuse me gentlemen.

Martin, and Leslie step out in the hall together.

Leslie speaks to Martin (no audible dialogue) you can see the joy drain from his face after hearing the news.

She places her hand on his right arm, and strokes it as if to console him.

LESLIE
I’m sorry.

She walks off leaving Martin motionless with the celebration still going on in the conference room behind him.

INT. BLUE SPORTS CAR – DAY – TRAVELING

Martin shifts gears.

He reaches a sign that says welcome to Kennesaw, GA.

He pulls up to a building, the sign reads Williams Funeral Home.

There are several cars parked outside.

Martin gets out of the car, and walks towards the steps.

CHASE, 16, Martin’s younger brother, a skinny fair skinned teenager about Martin’s height is sitting on a small brick wall next to steps leading to the front door of the funeral home smoking a cigarette.

He stands as Martin makes his way to the steps.

CHASE
Figured this would make you show up.
Martin pulls off his shades.

MARTIN
Chase can we not do this today?

CHASE
Fuck you.

He flicks his cigarette towards Martin who dodges it.

MARTIN
Dude what’s your problem!

CHASE
You! You didn’t come when momma was alive. I don’t know why you’re here now!

MARTIN
I called mom every week, and asked about you and dad.

CHASE
Whatever.

Chase walks off.

Martin shakes his head, and walks towards the front door.

He looks at the chipped paint around the door frame, and walks inside.

INT. FUNERAL HOME

Martin steps inside where several people greet him with hugs, and handshakes.

Martin steps into the chapel.

There is a yearn sitting on a table with a large framed picture of a blonde woman next to it.

Martin makes his way to the yearn.

On his left is MEEKA’S, (Martin’s mother) friends and family, and on the right his father’s family.

When he reaches the yearn there’s an empty look in his eyes.

MARTIN
(low voice)
I’m sorry I wasn’t here mama.
INT. FUNERAL HOME ENTRANCE

A large white man in shades, and a black suit walks in followed by IVAN BARAYEV, Martin’s uncle, 50s, balding with a large belly. He has a beard, and is wearing a hat and overcoat with his suit, another tall gentleman follows behind him closing the door.

They stop at the entrance to the chapel.

Ivan makes his way towards the yearn, there are whispers from both sides as he passes.

He stops next to Martin removes his hat, and gives it to Martin to hold.

While walking up to the yearn he removes a rosary from his neck, kisses it then hangs it around the yearn.

He turns, and walks back to Martin taking his hat, and places it back on.

Ivan exits the chapel.

Martin walks over to his father GREGORY, 50, a sickly light skinned man in a wheelchair (who is staring at the casket), and kisses him on the forehead then sits on the bench next to him.

EXT. FUNERAL HOME

Martin is sitting on a small brick wall when GERALD ASHBY, a middle aged small framed white man, Meeka’s lawyer walks up to him.

GERALD
You’re Martin correct?

MARTIN
Yes, and you are?

GERALD
Gerald Ashby, I am the family lawyer. I’m sorry for your loss your mother was a good woman.

MARTIN
Thanks.

GERALD
When you get a chance this week I’d like to set up a meeting to go over your mother’s will with you.
MARTIN
I’m actually headed back tonight.
I just came to pay my respects, and
then I have to get back to Miami.

GERALD
You’re leaving?

MARTIN
Yes tonight, but my Aunt Janice
should be able to sign any
paperwork you have she’s my
mother’s power of attorney.

GERALD
I take it your mom never discussed
the changes she made to her will?

MARTIN
(confused)
What changes?

GERALD
She left everything to you, and
Chase. She said your aunt was too
old to take over the funeral home.
She just agreed to work with your
mom until you came back.

MARTIN
What are you saying?

GERALD
Your mother expected you to take
over the funeral home, and to take
over caring for your brother, and
father.

Martin looks in the direction of his AUNT JANICE, his
father’s sister, a light skinned woman in her sixties.

MARTIN
Aunt Janice!

Janice walks over.

AUNT JANICE
Yes baby.

MARTIN
Did you know mom changed her power
of attorney?
AUNT JANICE
Yes she didn’t tell you?

MARTIN
No she didn’t, I thought you were taking over.

AUNT JANICE
At first I was, but I’ve gotten too old now. She told me you were going to take over the family business.

MARTIN
I can’t believe this I have a career, what did she do just expect me to pick up and leave?

AUNT JANICE
I’m not sure Martin, and I’m sorry I thought you knew about all this.

She pats him on his back.

AUNT JANICE (CONT’D)
I have to go check on your daddy.

Martin is standing with Gerald stunned.

GERALD
I imagine how stressful this can all be, but I will be in my office at nine tomorrow morning.

Gerald walks off, Martin watches him as he walks away.

OPENING CREDITS

EXT. A GRAVE SIDE FUNERAL – DAY

ONE MONTH LATER

Grave markers are scattered throughout a small graveyard. A casket sits closed underneath a tent, there are several chairs placed in front of the casket where people are seated.

Martin, places a rose on the top of a casket. MRS. JENKINS, a woman in her early 70s, dressed in her Sunday best comes up behind him, and places her hand on his shoulder.

MRS. JENKINS
Ya’ll shole did a good job on Lonny.
MARTIN
(surprised)
Thank you.

He turns to the woman.

MARTIN (CONT’D)
You Knew Lonny?

MRS. JENKINS
Yeah he was my fifth cousin on my
daddy’s side. I didn’t even know he
was dead till my classmate Sheila
called and told me, and I told her
we had to come to the funeral.

His demeanor changes from mournful to bothered.

MARTIN
So, does anyone else here know him?

MRS. JENKINS
Of course chile, why would they be
here if they dind’t.

Martin on edge even more now starts to look around, and
begins to get antsy.

MARTIN
Of course, if you don’t mind me
asking who here knows him?

MRS. JENKINS
Well there’s Lisa she came in from
Calhoun, that’s his niece, and she
brought her husband, and their two
babies. Lonny’s children didn’t
come on account they live out of
state now, and couldn’t make it in
time.

All of a sudden the casket shifts.

Startled Mrs. Jenkins places her hand on her chest.

MRS. JENKINS (CONT’D)
Didn’t this casket just move?

MARTIN
No... That was me I bumped it a
little, see.

Bumping the casket with his hip.
MARTIN (CONT’D)
Sorry didn’t mean to scare you.

MRS. JENKINS
Thank ya Jesus! For a second I thought that Lonny had rose from the dead.

Martin’s demeanor has grown more bothered.

MARTIN
You were saying.

MRS. JENKINS
What was I saying? Oh his ex wife Mary came all the way from Washington on the red eye just to see him buried. I think that’s what they called it.

The casket shakes a little more but Martin stands in front of it so that she doesn’t see.

He puts his arm around her as if to show concern trying to get her to walk off with him.

MARTIN
All the way from Washington? Wow that’s a long way, she must’ve still loved him.

MRS. JENKINS
Actually it’s because legally they was still married, and she can’t wait to get her hands on that insurance money. Or at least that’s what I hear, lord knows I hate to gossip, if I’m lying Jesus can take me where I stand.

The casket begins to shake violently, and pops open.

People scream.

A small group of people, two guys one girl are looking around calmly.

Mrs. Jenkins passes out.

LONNY, 40, pulls off an oxygen mask he is wearing and climbs out of the casket.

He pushes Martin out of the way, and heads straight for MARY, Lonny’s estranged wife.
LONNY
So you can’t call me back for eight years, but you can bring your crusty ol’ black ass back here to collect on my insurance money.

MARY
Lonny! But you’re... dead!

LONNY
If I was dead how the hell would I be standing here Mary?

MARTIN (O.S.)
He’s a zombie!

Lonny turns around, and looks at him.

Martin crosses his arms, and shrugs his shoulders to play it off.

Lonny directs his attention back to Mary.

LONNY
Even if I was dead you wouldn’t be getting nothin’ cuz I changed my insurance policy a week after you left.

Her demeanor goes from mournful to angry.

MARY
You did what?!

LONNY
That’s right my kids are going to collect on my half a million dollar policy when I’m dead, and you won’t see a red cent.

He turns to Martin.

LONNY (CONT’D)
You can keep your money, that was payment enough.

He walks off rubbing make-up off his face.

Mary runs behind him.

MARY
Lonny I still love you, I can’t live without you!
The staged funeral is chaotic.

Martin covers his face in frustration.

A few people help Mrs. Jenkins up.

MRS. JENKINS
What kind of man fakes a funeral!
You gonna burn in hell boy!

She is helped away.

Three girls, and two guys walk up to Martin.

GUY #1
We’re still getting paid for this right?

GIRL #1
Yeah you said our contract was guaranteed.

MARTIN
Don’t worry your checks are in the mail.

The group turns and walks off. One girl stops, and turns around.

GIRL #2
If you ever need a dead man’s mourning family member again just call my agent. I need all the work I can get right now.

She turns and leaves.

Martin stands speechless looking at the chaos. You still hear Mary screaming Lonny’s name in the background.

MARY
Lonny!... Lonnnnyyyyy!!!!!

EXT. A DELI – DAY

Martin walks into the deli where an obese butcher in a bloody apron is cutting meat.

The butcher seems to pound the slab of meat harder when Martin walks in the door.
Martin walks past the front counter to a door in the back of the deli where he is greeted by a tall dark haired thug in a nice suit.

Martin stops and puts both his arms up as if it’s routine, he proceeds to frisk Martin.

The thug pulls a card out of Martin’s pocket, and an envelope, his hand is covered with Russian Mafia tattoos.

He looks in the envelope hands it back to Martin, and pockets the card.

THUG IN SUIT
(Russian accent)
Nice card.

There is a voice coming from the other side of the door, it opens and a MAN in his forties opens the door, his face is bloody.

MAN
I guarantee I will have it taken care of tonight.

Martin sees the man’s face as he passes him.

Martin puts the envelope back in his pocket, and enters a room with several poker tables.

IVAN is sitting at a desk smoking a cigar, and wiping blood from his hand with a rag.

IVAN BERAYEV
(thick Russian accent)
Search him.

Martin throws up his hands.

MARTIN
I’ve already been searched.

IVAN BERAYEV
No matter. I trust no one.

The thug searches him, pulls out the envelope and tosses it to another thug who gives the envelope to Ivan.

IVAN BERAYEV CONT’D
(approving facial expression)
I would count it but you’re no idiot.
Ivan takes one last puff off his cigar then grinds it into an ash tray in front of him.

He reaches into a box on the table and pulls out a black, and red cigar.

A thug clips the cigar, lights it then sits a glass on the table and pours vodka for Ivan.

Ivan holds up his hand signaling for him to stop.

   IVAN BERAYEV
   Have a seat.

The thug lights Ivan’s cigar.

Martin takes a seat in a chair across the table from Ivan.

   MARTIN
   About the money, I didn’t know I’d be borrowing it at such a high interest rate. I mean I appreciate it, but business has been slow lately.

   IVAN BERAYEV
   You see this cigar.

Martin nods yes.

   IVAN BERAYEV (CONT’D)
   Each one of these cost over one thousand dollars. Can you afford one?

   MARTIN
   Obviously I can’t, I mean I had to borrow...

Ivan interrupts him.

   IVAN BERAYEV
   Exactly, you had to borrow money from me, the man with the expensive cigars. So don’t talk to me about interest, just pay the fucking money back.
MARTIN
(with a sense of urgency)
I meant no offense, it’s just that
I was wondering if you could be a
little lenient sometimes because of
the fact I have to wait on
insurance companies to approve
checks, people paying slow, and the
fact that I am your nephew.

Ivan takes a puff of his cigar then leans up across the
table.

IVAN BERAYEV
Come here.

Martin leans up.

Ivan blows smoke in his face.

IVAN BERAYEV (CONT’D)
Only half of you is my nephew, the
other half is a nigger.

Martin coughs, waves the smoke away.

MARTIN
Gotcha.

Ivan leans back in the chair.

IVAN BERAYEV
But because of my sister I’ll honor
your request, for now. You’ll have
my leniency...

MARTIN
Really.

IVAN BERAYEV
Sure you can run some errands for
me when you’re late.

Martin doesn’t respond verbally he simply nods, stands and
begins to leave.

IVAN BERAYEV (CONT’D)
And nephew,

Martin turns around.

IVAN BERAYEV (CONT’D)
I’ll see if I can help business
pick up for you.
Ivan smiles.

Martin turns back around, and leaves the room.

INT. MARTIN’S PARENT’S HOUSE – NIGHT

GREGORY WILLIAMS is coughing, and wailing in pain.

Martin runs into the room to tend to him.

GREGORY
You know your mother was a real slut.

Martin ignores him.

GREGORY (CONT’D)
(laughing)
I mean she sucked, and took all the dick in town.
(laughing more, and coughing)
All the dick in town.

Martin continues to ignore him.

GREGORY (CONT’D)
Look at your straight hair, and blue eyes. When you seen another nigga with hair like yours and, blue eyes? You ain’t no son of mine.

Martin finishes wiping his father down, and leaves the room slamming the door.

Chase walks in smoking a joint.

CHASE
What’s pops yelling about now?

Snatching the joint from his brother’s mouth

MARTIN
What the hell are you doing with this?

CHASE
Man how you figure you gon come back here, and tell me what to do. I ain’t seen you since I was fourteen, and now I’m grown.
MARTIN
I don’t care how long it’s been
you’re still my little brother,
you’re still gonna respect mom’s
house, and you’re not grown.

Chase shoots him a repulsive look.

CHASE
You can have that one I’ve got
more.

Chase walks off, then stops.

CHASE (CONT’D)
and my mommas dead this is my
house, you just live here.

He walks off.

Martin watches him go down the hall then walks outside to
finish the joint.

FLASHBACK

MEEKA, a tall white woman, with blonde hair stands with YOUNG
MARTIN at a bus stop, she’s holding his hand.

MEEKA
(a thick Russian accent)
I want you to have a good day at
school today.

YOUNG MARTIN
It wasn’t my fault mama.

MEEKA
No matter, you will not fight today
Martin.

Young Martin’s eyes begin to water.

YOUNG MARTIN
It really wasn’t my fault mama the
other kids talked about me they
said I look funny.

Meeka gives Young Martin a concerned look.

A bus’ engine roars as it climbs the hill down the road.

Meeka’s attention goes away from him, and to the bus.
Martin tears his hand away from her, and makes a run for it.

MEEKA
Martin!

YOUNG MARTIN
No! I’m not ever going back to school ever again!

MEEKA
Martin Dammit!

END FLASHBACK

INT. FUNERAL HOME - DAY

Martin is typing on his computer.

He prints something out then goes into the hallway.

MARTIN
I’m headed to the coroner’s office!
I’m sure no one cares.

INT. CORONER’S OFFICE - DAY

Martin walks into the front door of the coroner’s office.

When he gets to a window there is another person in front of him when they move there is a LARGE WHITE WOMAN who is sweating profusely, and loudly smacking on a piece of gum.

LARGE WHITE WOMAN
Can I help you sir?

MARTIN
Yeah, I’m here to drop off a certified death certificate for Sarah Jasper.

She turns.

LARGE WHITE WOMAN
Got a death certificate!

MICHELLE, short emo girl, 20s, long black hair, attractive, pulls headphones from her ears.

She stands, and walks towards the counter.

MONTAGE
As she walks to the desk in slow motion the song “Creep” by Radiohead plays. Some unknown wind blows her long hair, but it blows it in her face, and causes her to fall face first to the ground.

END MONTAGE

REGULAR TIME

Martin leans over the counter, the large white woman laughs.

MARTIN
Damn! You alright?

Michelle sits on the floor collecting herself for a second. She looks up at Martin.

MICHELLE
I’m fine.

LARGE WHITE WOMAN  
(laughing)
Well are you gonna ask what I want or are you going to take your break on the floor?

MICHELLE  
(sighing)
As much as I would like to insert some really crude fat joke “here” I need this job so with that in mind what do you need?

LARGE WHITE WOMAN  
I’m not fat I’m voluptuous.

Michelle flips her off with the wrong finger, and stands.

LARGE WHITE WOMAN (CONT’D)
You finished?

MICHELLE
Yeah Roseanne.

LARGE WHITE WOMAN
You’re the file clerk, so file this.

She takes the death certificate from Martin.
MARTIN
Thanks, I’m Martin.

Michelle doesn’t reply to him.

MARTIN (CONT’D)
Ohhh k.

Martin turns, and walks off.

MICHELLE
Hey!

Martin turns around where Michelle looks like she almost regrets calling out to him.

She walks out of a side door, and while dropping her head she speaks.

MICHELLE (CONT’D)
Sorry.

MARTIN
For?

MICHELLE
Being rude.

MARTIN
You’re coo...

She interrupts.

MICHELLE
Look I would give you my number, but we’d probably end up fucking and I’d never see you again.

MARTIN
Wow, when did your self esteem train derail?

MICHELLE
Probably about four boyfriends ago. Regardless it’s 706.598.7716

Martin is silent.

MICHELLE (CONT’D)
And I’m not fucking you.

She turns and walks off.
MARTIN
Uh maybe I’ll see you around sometime.

Martin turns and begins to walk off again.

MICHELLE
Hey!

Martin turns around again.

MARTIN
You do remember my name right?

MICHELLE
Sorry, Martin. I was just gonna ask if you wanted to get coffee tonight?

MARTIN
You asking me out?

MICHELLE
I’m just telling you where I’ll be if you want some coffee.

MARTIN
Ok, I guess.

MICHELLE
I get off at 8. I’ll be at the old diner down the street, and...

Martin interrupts her.

MARTIN
I know, you’re not screwing me.

MICHELLE
Exactly.

She walks back in the office, Martin walks out the front door.

LARGE WHITE WOMAN
Were you flirting?

MICHELLE
We are not friends, just coworkers, and I like free coffee.
Michelle walks to her desk, and puts back in her headphones, the large white woman reaches into a bag, and pulls out a piece of chicken.

LARGE WHITE WOMAN
Bitch.

Takes a bite of chicken.

INT. FUNERAL HOME - DAY

Martin is cleaning caskets in the funeral home when his UNCLE JOHN, 50s, dishevelled appearance, enters.

UNCLE JOHN
Hey nephew, you got some work for me this week?

MARTIN
Actually I do. You can finish this up, and wash the hearses when you get done.

UNCLE JOHN
Alright... uh you got something for me?

MARTIN
What is this uncle pay week?

UNCLE JOHN
What?

MARTIN
Don’t worry about it. Look here is forty dollars, and there is beer in the fridge. You need to take a bath, and buy some food with this. You can have the beer that’s here.

UNCLE JOHN
(smiles)
You’re a good man, not like that daddy of yours.

MARTIN
Lay off pops he was a good man in his time.

Martin leaves.
Uncle John leaves the room with the caskets and comes back with beers, he finds a chair sits, lights a cigarette and smokes.

He gets up and walks over to an old radio turning it on, old school music plays he smiles goes back to the chair and relaxes.

INT. FUNERAL HOME ENTRANCE - DAY

Martin is talking with a client, a home care nurse walks through with towels past them.

CLIENT
You are a good boy to come home, and take over your folks business. We heard you were some big time advertising man in the city.

MARTIN
I did ok, but mom wanted me to come back and take care of things.

CLIENT
I know she’d be proud of you. You and Chase were all she ever talked about.

MARTIN
Thanks. We are going to take care of your aunt, we’ll make sure it’s a nice service.

CLIENT
I know you will.

The client walk off.

Martin walks into his office.

INT. OFFICE

He pours a drink, and picks up a photo album looking at old pictures from when he was young.

EARLIER FLASHBACK
INT. FUNERAL HOME BASEMENT

Young Martin runs into the funeral home downstairs where he hides behind some boxes, and falls asleep.

He is awakened when several men come in carrying three bodies.

The bodies are placed on the tables in the room.

The men put on suits and open up the bodies pulling out kilos of crack cocaine.

After they are done cleaning out the bodies they toss them in the incinerator.

They clean off the packages and put them in duffle bags.

Martin is spotted by one of the men it’s Ivan Berayev, he gestures to one of the others to grab Martin.

The man grabs him, he screams which prompts Meeka to run downstairs.

    IVAN BERAYEV
    Meeka get your fucking mutt!

    MEEKA
    Let him go!

The man looks at Ivan who nods, and they let him go.

Martin runs to Meeka.

    IVAN BERAYEV
    I might be able to use that boy of yours one of these days. He’s lucky he looks like our family.

    MEEKA
    My son will never work for you.

    IVAN BERAYEV
    (laughs)
    You act like he’d have a choice.

He speaks something in Russian the other men grab the duffle bags, and they all leave out the back door.

END FLASHBACK
EXT. DINER - EVENING

Martin is sitting in the diner which is empty except for a few people when Michelle walks in.

MICHELLE
You actually showed.

MARTIN
I wasn’t sure if I was supposed to but yeah.

MICHELLE
It’s so cold.

MARTIN
Yeah, I heard it might snow.

A waitress comes over with two cups and a pot of coffee.

WAITRESS
(strong southern accent)
I’ve never seen you in here with company before hun.

MICHELLE
Yeah, got tired of paying for coffee.

The waitress smiles and pours Martin a cup of coffee. She finishes and goes back behind the counter.

Michelle is holding her coffee sipping it with two hands.

MICHELLE (CONT’D)
This may sound rude, but, what are you? Your ethnicity I mean.

MARTIN
It’s cool. I get that a lot. I’m black and Russian, my parents met at my dad’s funeral home. My mom came in selling insurance one day and according to my dad a year later I was born.

MICHELLE
That’s different. I’m just a plain white girl.

MARTIN
I wouldn’t say plain, and is that a good different?
Michelle flashes a flirty smile.

MICHELLE

Maybe...

Sips her coffee again.

MARTIN

(smiling)

Guess maybe is better than no.

Two men get loud on the other side of the restaurant the larger man pushes the other man to the ground, he scrambles to his feet, and rushes out the door.

The larger man follows.

Michelle goes to jump up, but the waitress signals for her to stay seated. Martin doesn’t see this.

A few seconds later there are gunshots outside followed by squealing tires.

Martin looks out the window and sees a black Cadillac turning the corner.

He gets up and walks outside.

EXT. OUTSIDE DINER

A man is laying on the ground near the street.

Martin walks over to the man who’s been shot several times and notices something white, and rectangular on the man’s chest.

Martin squats down, and realizes it’s the man from the deli.

He picks up the item from the man’s chest, it’s one of his business cards.

QUICK FLASH

Russian thug from Ivan’s.

THUG IN SUIT

Nice card.

BACK TO SCENE

The DYING MAN grabs Martin’s leg.
DYING MAN
(choking on his own blood)
Berayev.

The man dies.
Snow begins to fall.
The diner door opens, Michelle walks out.
Martin sneaks the card in his pocket.
He closes the man’s eyes, and stands.
Michelle reaches him.

MICHELLE
Is he dead?

MARTIN
As dead as it gets.

MICHELLE
What were you doing? Did you know him?

MARTIN
No never seen him before, it’s just that when you’ve seen as much death as I have you’re drawn to it.

MICHELLE
OK, weirdo. Well the waitress called the cops and they’re sending an ambulance.

MARTIN
Little good it will do him now.

Sirens are blasting and seen in the distance.
People start coming out the diner.
A police car, and an ambulance pull up.
Martin’s phone goes off indicating he has a text, he checks his phone.

INSERT TEXT
“I told you business would pick up”

BACK TO SCENE
Martin closes his phone, he has a blank look on his face.

MICHELLE
You Ok?

MARTIN
Huh? I’m fine. You still want that coffee?

MICHELLE
We just saw a man die, you know that right?

MARTIN
I own a funeral home.

MICHELLE
Point taken.

MARTIN
I’m concerned it doesn’t bother you more honestly.

MICHELLE
I live in southside Dekalb county, you think I never seen a dead body before?

MARTIN
Guess we’re both damaged, so coffee?

MICHELLE
I think I’m good after all the excitement.

DETECTIVE SMITH, 40s, walks up to them.

DETECTIVE SMITH
Excuse me, but I heard you two were the first on the scene.

MARTIN
Yeah, but we didn’t see anything, I just wanted to check on the guy.

MICHELLE
I just came out to check on Martin, I mean I saw the guy run out, but that’s really it.
DETECTIVE SMITH

Well if either of you remember anything give me a call, here’s my card, and we’ll be in touch if necessary.

Detective Smith walks off.

MARTIN

Hell of a night. You need a ride?

MICHELLE

I knew it! You’re trying to fuck me aren’t you?!

MARTIN

Woah! Just trying to be a gentleman, ever heard of em?

MICHELLE

Sorry, it’s just my auto response I guess. I live just around the corner so I’ll walk. Maybe next time.

MARTIN

Next time?

MICHELLE

Figure of speech, maybe.

MARTIN

Fair enough, have a good night. Don’t be surprised if you get a call from the cops tomorrow, and try to get home before this snow gets too heavy.

MICHELLE

I expect to, I don’t know what that guy did but it sucks to die like that. But hey if people didn’t die you’d be out of business right?

MARTIN

(nervously)

That’s one way to look at it.

MICHELLE

Catch you later, undertaker.

She walks off, Martin gets in his car, and leaves.
EXT. SIDEWALK - NIGHT

Michelle is walking, a black car with tinted windows pulls close to the curb, and stops.

Michelle stops.

The passenger window comes down.

            MAN (O.S.)
            Get in.

Michelle looks around then walks over to the car, and gets in.

The window goes up.

INT. CAR - TRAVELING

The man touches her leg.

            MICHELLE
            Not tonight.

She moves his hand.

            MAN
            So what did you find out?

            MICHELLE
            Nothing yet, but I’m willing to bet anything Berayev is behind that shooting.

            MAN
            You think his nephew is involved in the family business?

            MICHELLE
            I’m not sure, but I’ll get it out of him if he is.

The car pulls up to an apartment building, stops.

            MAN
            You sure you don’t need some company?

            MICHELLE
            I got a long day tomorrow.

            MAN
            Yeah, next time then.
Michelle get outs of the car, and shuts the door.
The car pulls off.

INT. APARTMENT

The apartment door opens, Michelle walks in closing the door behind her.

She pulls off her wig revealing long blonde hair she tosses it, and her PURSE on the sofa.

She fluffs her hair, and scratches her head.

Michelle strips off her clothes down to her underwear, as she walks down the hall.

MICHELLE
I hate those fucking clothes.

SOFA

An interpol badge, and a 9mm are hanging from her purse.

FADE TO BLACK.

DEAD BROKE