

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 meet.

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 tatoos.

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