

ROOMIES

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Spring 2012, New York City

OVER BLACK:

Sounds of a city heard.

FADE IN:

EXT. TIMES SQUARE - NIGHT

Billboards, marquees, city lights, brilliantly aglow. People hanging out chatting, sightseeing.

CONNOR, 31, rugged Irish, steps out a cafe', slings an apron over his shoulder, lights a cigarette, and takes a drag, exhales smoke from his nostrils.

People on the go. Connor in the midst of them, makes his way to the curb, crosses the street.

INT. SUBWAY - NIGHT

The L train approaches, blows past...

Doors slide open, Passengers exits, Connor in the midst of them, walks through a turn-style, heads up a flight of stairs.

EXT. BROOKLYN BOROUGH - NIGHT

Connor, lights another cigarette, takes a drag, looks around curiously, exhales smoke, walks away...

Connor crosses the street. MIGUEL, 30, Puerto Rican, runs up, embraces him from behind.

MIGUEL

Miss me?

CONNOR

I'd thought you'd never show.

MIGUEL

That means you missed me.

CONNOR

Perhaps?

MIGUEL

You hungry?

CONNOR
Depends on what you cooked?

MIGUEL
Always a question with a question
with you.

CONNOR
And you're forever late.

MIGUEL
(maneuvers before him)
So do I get a kiss?

CONNOR
(stops)
Do you deserve it?

MIGUEL
Of course.

CONNOR
For being late?

MIGUEL
Better late than never.

Connor eyes him. Miguel eases towards his lips.

Three MALE THUGS, a Black, Puerto Rican, and a Jamaican, all
25, hang out on a stoop.

BLACK THUG
Yo, check it out?

Connor and Miguel, embraced in a kiss.

The Black Thug leaves the stoop. The others follow...

CONNOR
(breaks his kiss)
So what you cooked?

The Thugs arrives.

BLACK THUG
Nah, what's cooking here?

MIGUEL
(pulls Connor away)
C'mon, just walk.

The Thugs follow. Black Thug, leading the pack.

BLACK THUG
Hold up! What you bitches doing?

MIGUEL
(glances back)
Minding our own business, you
should try it.

The Black Thug kicks Miguel in the ass.

BLACK THUG
Fucking faggot!

MIGUEL
(stands his grounds)
Hey, fucker!

The Black Thug punches Miguel in the face.

BLACK THUG
What bitch?!

Connor slugs the Black Thug, drops him to the ground. The
Jamaican whips out a huge Rambo knife--

Miguel and Connor takes off, the Jamaican and Puerto Rican
give chase.

The Black Thug struggles to his feet, staggers away...

Miguel and Connor sprint around a corner, blows past and
around Pedestrians. The Jamaican and Puerto Rican shoots
around the corner, passes them too--

EXT. NARROW WALKWAY - NIGHT

Miguel and Connor enters, sprint past trash cans, Connor
yanks them down, creates a blockade. The Jamaican and Puerto
Rican hops over them--

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Miguel and Connor enters, look back over their shoulders, The
Jamaican and Puerto Rican catching up--

Connor, tackled by the Black Thug from out of nowhere, they
roll on the ground, struggle...

Miguel, tackled by the Jamaican, the Jamaican wrestles on
top, the Rambo knife shoots up, streaks down, Miguel
screams...

The Black Thug muscles himself on top of Connor, slugs him in the face. The Puerto Rican runs up, kicks Connor in the head--

Miguel struggles with the Jamaican, rolls on top, punches him good. The Jamaican punches him back, muscles himself back on top, the Rambo knife shoots up, streaks down, flashes up, bolts down--

Miguel's head falls aside, eyes transfixed, mouth agape, blood pours from it, puddles on the ground.

The Jamaican stands, spits on Miguel's body.

The Black Thug drags Connor by a leg, the Puerto Rican pulls the other--

Connor, barely conscious...

EXT. BROWNSTONE APT. - NIGHT

RONJAE, 25, Black male Thug, seated on a stoop, makes a drug sale -- catches the action across the street, pulls a 9mm.Glock from his waist, cocks it...

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Connor, dragged through a pool of blood, stopped beside Miguel's lifeless body.

The Black Thug snatches the knife from the Jamaican, yanks Connor up by the shirt, sticks the tip of the blade into his nose.

BLACK THUG

I'm gonna bleed your faggot ass out
like your girlfriend here.

PUERTO RICAN

(unzips his trousers)
Wait! Let's make him do what he do
first.

JAMAICAN THUG

What?! Just bleed him out Mon!
Fuck's wrong with you?

BANG! The Jamaican, shot in the head, slams to the ground face down. BANG! The Puerto Rican, in the chest, BANG! Forehead, hits the ground dead, eyes and mouth agape.

MALE (O.S.)

Let him go?!

The Black Thug releases Connor--

Connor hits the ground, barely conscious..

RONJAE
(arrives, aims his
9mm.Glock)
Get up!

The Black Thug stands to his feet, drops the knife to the ground.

BLACK THUG
We was just havin' fun Yo'.

RONJAE
That's what you call it?

BLACK THUG
(shrugs and grins)
Yeah, you know what's up?

RONJAE
Then lets have some fun. Get on
your knees!

BLACK THUG
Holdup Yo'.

RONJAE
Mutha-fucka get down!

The Black Thug drops to his knees.

Ronjae glances back at the alley's entrance--
Clear.

RONJAE (CONT'D)
(eyes the Thug again)
Open you mouth!

The Black Thug half-ass do so.

RONJAE (CONT'D)
Wider!

The Black Thug gapes his mouth to the limit.

RONJAE (CONT'D)
(steps up, overlooks him)
Now lets have some fun.

The barrel of the 9mm.Glock enters the Thug's mouth--

Ronjae glares -- BANG!

The Black Thug hits the ground--outskirts of the alley seen clear through the back of his head.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ALLEY - MORNING

Miguel, dead in a pool of blood.

DETECTIVE JAMES O'BRIEN, 48, stone-faced, crew-cut, Irish, overlooks him.

O'BRIEN
Somebody put in some serious work.

JAKE MURPHY, 46, another Irish Detective, steps opposite side of him, looks on.

MURPHY
And nobody seen shit.

O'BRIEN
Nada? Four dead bodies? This bloody mess?

MURPHY
Or they're just not talking to me.

O'BRIEN
Now I can believe that.

O'Brien leaves.

Murphy looks the opposite direction.

MURPHY
Go-ahead!

Stares back down at the mess.

MURPHY (CONT'D)
Clean it up.

Murphy walks away.

The alley roped off, yellow Police tape. Paramedics, NYPD Units, an unmarked Detective vehicle, parked before it, a serious crime scene.

Miguel, lifted off the ground, placed into a body-bag -- zipped closed.

Body-bag, sat atop a gurney, rolled away.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Bacon and eggs fry in a skillet. Ronjae cooks at a stove.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Door opens, Ronjae enters, carries a plate over to a nightstand, sits it down. On the plate: bacon, eggs, and toast.

Ronjae leaves, closes the door.

Connor, all cleaned up, lies on his back in bed unconscious, face badly bruised.

EXT. BROOKLYN BOROUGH - MORNING

Ronjae, hoodie over his head, maneuvers through and around people, passes the scene of the crime, pays no attention to it -- continues on his way.

INT. BROOKLYN MARKET - MORNING

MR. KIM, 60, Korean, rings up a purchase on the register. Ronjae enters, removes his hoodie.

MR. KIM
(notices him)
Ronjae! Right on time, you're
needed in the back.

RONJAE
No doubt. Mornin' Mr. Kim.

MR. KIM
Ah.

EXT. ALLEY, REAR OF BROOKLYN MARKET - MORNING

A crate of milk pulled from the back of a truck, stacked on a hand-dolly with others.

Ronjae flips the dolly back, rolls it away.

INT. STOREROOM, BROOKLYN MARKET - MORNING

Double doors burst open, Ronjae rolls in the dolly.

A wall-cooler opened, a gallon of milk sat inside it, followed by another and another.

Ronjae pulls more milk from a crate, sticks them into the wall-cooler.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Phone rings. Grabbed.

O'BRIEN
(answers it)
Homicide?...

Memo pad gathered.

O'Brien pulls a pen from his shirt pocket, jots information down.

O'BRIEN (CONT'D)
Uh, huh? Right. Anything else?...
Be there in a few.

Phone hung up.

INT. 56TH PRECINCT - DAY

Busy atmosphere. Officers escort Convicts, struggle with Criminals, type out reports at their desk. O'Brien scurries past and around them, arrives at a door, and opens it...

INT. COFFEE ROOM, 56TH PRECINCT - DAY

O'BRIEN
(peeks in)
We got a lead.

A cup of coffee sat atop a table -- Murphy takes off...

INT. BROOKLYN BOROUGH - DAY

O'Brien and Murphy, on the go.

O'BRIEN
Witness said she'd always seen one
of the victims on a daily basis.

MURPHY
Least someone's talkin'.

O'BRIEN
Somebody had to see something.

They veer off the sidewalk, trot up a Brownstone Apartment's stairs.

INT. LIVING ROOM, BROWNSTONE APT. - DAY

Photo placed on a table. Picture: Miguel, smile of pride.

MRS. HARRISTON, 70, elderly white female, picks it up, looks at it.

MRS. HARRISTON
Miguel! Lived two Brownstones up.

O'BRIEN
Last time you'd seen him?

MRS. HARRISTON
Yesterday. He'd carried up my groceries.

Murphy jots information down on a pad.

MURPHY
Bout' what time was that?

MRS. HARRISTON
(looks up from the photo)
Noon. He'd always checked on me at that time.

O'BRIEN
Did he have any enemies?

MRS. HARRISTON
Gosh no! He was like a son, the type you'd wished for, everyone loved Miguel.

MURPHY
Somebody didn't like him.

O'BRIEN
You'd mentioned groceries?...

INT. BROOKLYN MARKET - DAY

O'Brien and Murphy, seen through the front door's glass approaching -- they enter.

Mr. Kim hands a Customer change, gives a bow.

MR. KIM
Thank you. Please come again.

The Customer leaves, O'Brien and Murphy walk up.

MR. KIM (CONT'D)
Good afternoon Gentlemen, can I
help you?

O'BRIEN
Pack of cigarettes.

MR. KIM
Your brand?

O'BRIEN
Strongest you got.

A pack grabbed off a shelf.

Mr. Kim rings it up, hands the pack to O'Brien. He takes it,
hands Mr. Kim a few bucks, the photo.

O'BRIEN (CONT'D)
Seen that guy before?

Murphy flashes his badge.

Mr. Kim takes the items, strikes a key on the register -- the
drawer slides open, money placed into it. Mr. Kim checks out
the photo.

MR. KIM
Miguel, should've been at work
today. Didn't show.

O'BRIEN
And he won't.

MR. KIM
Huh?

MURPHY
He's dead.

O'BRIEN
Found this morning in an alley a
few blocks back.

MR. KIM
Excuse me.

Mr. Kim hands the photo back, pushes the register drawer
closed, walks from behind the counter, and exits the store.

EXT. FRONT OF BROOKLYN MARKET - DAY

Mr. Kim lights a cigarette, takes a drag, exhale smoke, and choke back tears. O'Brien walks up.

O'BRIEN
We can return later if you wish?

MR. KIM
No. I'll be fine. It's just the horror. He was a good person.

O'BRIEN
We've heard.

MR. KIM
How'd it happened?

O'BRIEN	MURPHY
Dunno? We're trying to find out.	Anything you got can help us?

MR. KIM (CONT'D)
Didn't know much about him personally.

O'BRIEN
That you do?

MR. KIM
Came to work regularly. Good Worker. Great personality.

MURPHY
Had any enemies?

MR. KIM
Not that I knew of?

O'BRIEN
What about friends? Anybody come around to visit him? Women? Male buddies?

MR. KIM
No. Just customers.

O'BRIEN
He'd worked the register?

MR. KIM
Yes. Though, there was one guy that came around.

MURPHY
Got a name?

MR. KIM
No. Whenever he did they'd always
talked outside.

O'BRIEN
Description?

MR. KIM
White. Bout' 6 feet.

MURPHY
(jots info on a pad)
Came around regularly?

MR. KIM	O'BRIEN
Bout' four times a week.	And you never got his name?

MR. KIM
Sorry. That's all I know.

INT. CHINESE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Grease boils in a Wok. Noodles dumped into it, vegetables,
quickly stir-fry.

A serving spoon, dipped into a huge pot, hot soup scooped up,
drenched into a takeout cup.

The takeout cup, a take box, sat atop the counter -- Ronjae
pays the CHINESE OWNER.

EXT. BROOKLYN BOROUGH - NIGHT

Ronjae on the go, carries the Chinese takeout, veers off the
sidewalk, trots up a Brownstone Apartment's stairs.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Front door opens, Ronjae enters. The Chinese takeout box, sat
atop the table.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Connor, unconscious on his back in bed. An empty plate on the
nightstand, good sign he's eating. The plate grabbed,
replaced by the takeout cup.

Ronjae leaves, closes the door.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Water runs from a faucet, the plate stuck into it, washed --
Ronjae rinses it, sits the plate into a drain-board.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The takeout box grabbed, opened. Ronjae forks out noodles,
chomps them down. A knock at the door --

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Peek-hole opens, Ronjae peers out -- slams the peek-hole
shut.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Front door opens, DRUG HYPE yanked inside, slammed against a
wall, Ronjae jams a 9mm.Glock up the Hype's nose.

RONJAE

Fuck you doin' here?!

DRUG HYPE

I need it Yo'!

RONJAE

Fuck I tell ya?!

DRUG HYPE

Don't come here no more, you out
the game.

RONJAE

Fuck ya' doin' then?!

DRUG HYPE

I, I, I... I dunno?

RONJAE

(shoves the gun up his
nose harder)
Want me to clear up your thinking?!

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Drug Hype flies out, slams against a wall -- slides down onto the floor.

Ronjae slams the apartment's door.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Takeout box grabbed, noodles forked out, Ronjae chomps them down.

MALE (O.C.)
Devil or Angel?

Ronjae looks --

Connor struggles out the bedroom, makes his way over to the sofa -- slumps down on it.

CONNOR
Which one?

RONJAE
That's for you to decide.

Ronjae continues to eat.

CONNOR
Thanks for the soup.

RONJAE
Yep.

CONNOR
Why'd you do it?

RONJAE
What?

CONNOR
Helped.

RONJAE
You're some mother's son.

CONNOR
What about me being gay?

RONJAE
Not my problem.

CONNOR
It don't bother you?

RONJAE
Look?! Stay as long as you want!

Ronjae jumps up, carries away his food.

CONNOR
Hey?!

Ronjae stops before a door.

CONNOR (CONT'D)
The market. You'd worked there with Miguel. Where is he?

RONJAE
(turns from the door)
He didn't make it.

Ronjae enters a room, slams the door.

Connor, shocked with disbelief.

INT. LOWER EAST, NYC - DAY

Catholic Cathedral.

INT. SANCTUARY - DAY

Miguel in a casket. People passes it, pay their last respects. The line stretched down the center aisle. The atmosphere; packed with people.

Connor, seated on a pew, fights back tears, no luck some escapes his eyes.

A long stem rose placed on Miguel's chest, Mr. Kim overlooks him... breaks down... walks away.

INT. CEMETERY - DAY

Casket, lowered into the grave. People wipe away tears, leave. Others comfort one another, get into parked cars, drive away.

Connor, stares down into the grave -- drops several roses into it, weeps heavily... gathers himself at best, accepts his lost... walks away.

Connor passes various headstones, lingers past Mr. Kim, O'Brien, and Murphy in conversation.

Mr. Kim recognizes him.

INT. RONJAE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Front door opens, Connor enters.

Ronjae, relaxed on the sofa, reads the newspaper.

CONNOR
(flops down beside him)
You'd missed the funeral.

Ronjae flips the newspaper to another page, keeps his eyes there.

RONJAE
Wanna remember him my own way.

CONNOR
And how's that?

RONJAE
When we last talked.

CONNOR
About?

RONJAE
How was the funeral Connor?

CONNOR
Like a funeral.

RONJAE
Then what did I miss?

CONNOR
You could've been there, sit on the back pew, bypass viewing the casket, but you should've came, paid your last respects!

RONJAE
(lowers the paper)
Hey? I told you I grieve my own way!

A knock at the door.

Ronjae tosses the newspaper aside, leaves.

Peek-hole opened -- Outside: O'Brien and Murphy, present their badges.

O'BRIEN
Have a word with you sir?

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Ronjae glares -- slams the peek-hole.

INT. RONJAE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Front door opens. O'Brien and Murphy tuck away their badges.

O'BRIEN
White guy that entered? He here?

Ronjae draws the door wider -- reveals Connor on the sofa.

O'BRIEN (CONT'D)
Mind if we come in?

Ronjae gestures for them to do so. O'Brien and Murphy enters, door closes behind them.

O'Brien and Murphy arrives before Connor on the sofa, flashes their badges.

O'BRIEN (CONT'D)
Tried to catch you at the cemetery
before you left. Detective O'Brien.

CONNOR
Connor Ferguson.

O'BRIEN
Can I ask you some questions Mr.
Ferguson?

CONNOR
Okay.

O'BRIEN
How long you knew Mr. Velez?

CONNOR
Two years.

MURPHY
And the last time you seen him?

CONNOR
Two weeks ago.

MURPHY
Everything comes in twos with you?

CONNOR
Excuse me?

O'BRIEN
Two weeks two years.

CONNOR
Hey, what can I say?

O'BRIEN
College friend or neighborhood
buddy?

CONNOR
Boyfriend.

MURPHY
As in lover?

CONNOR
Unless there's another way to be a
boyfriend?

O'BRIEN
Safe to say you're homosexual?

CONNOR
Gay!

MURPHY
Same thing.

O'BRIEN
(glances at Ronjae)
He your new lover?

RONJAE
I'm straight!

MURPHY
Knew Mr. Velez, Mr. Straight?

RONJAE
I believe you asked to talk to the
white guy?

O'BRIEN
Maybe its best we do this at
headquarters?

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM, 56TH PRECINCT - DAY

A can of soda popped opened. Connor sips it. A legal pad dropped on the table, a pen on top of it. O'Brien sits before Connor.

O'BRIEN
Thanks for coming on such short notice.

CONNOR
Like I had a choice?

O'BRIEN
There's always one.

CONNOR
So can I choose to leave?

O'BRIEN
Mr. Ferguson?... All I want is some questions answered. I got four dead bodies and no leads. You think you can help me?

CONNOR
So much for my choice... I'll try.

O'BRIEN
Good and I'll try to make it brief so you can be on your way.

CONNOR
Gee, thanks.

Murphy sits, looking on.

Connor takes another sip of soda.

O'BRIEN
You'd stated that you'd last seen Mr. Velez two weeks ago?

CONNOR
Yeah, we had dinner.

O'BRIEN
And after that?

CONNOR
We talked.

O'BRIEN
(jots it on the tablet)
About?

CONNOR
Stuff. Nothing in particular.

MURPHY
(interrupts)
What'd you do after that?

CONNOR
Private things.

MURPHY
Like?

CONNOR
Things you do in private.

O'BRIEN
(stops writing)
Any reason why someone wanted him
dead?

CONNOR
Your guess is good as mine.

MURPHY
(snaps)
What's with the attitude?

CONNOR
Because you have no fucking
consideration I'd just left
my lover's funeral!

Pen slammed down on the tablet.

O'BRIEN
(stares)
Sorry for wasting your time Mr.
Ferguson, you can go now.

Connor jumps up, storms off.

MURPHY
(eyes him as he passes)
Way to stand by your man.

Connor exits, slams the door.

O'Brien sighs, squeezes his brows frustrated. The can of soda
left on the table. O'Brien sees it, looks at Murphy --

Murphy sees it, looks at him, thinks the same thing...

INT. CRIME LAB, 56TH PRECINCT - DAY

Can of soda: inside an evidence bag. O'Brien hands it to SUE MING, 41, an attractive Japanese Forensic Specialist seated at her desk.

O'BRIEN
For you Ms. Ming.

SUE
Call me Sue O'Brien. Don't make me
feel older than I am.

O'BRIEN
Very well, Sue? Get me what you can
on this.

SUE
To match?

O'BRIEN
The Brooklyn Alley Murders.

SUE
The four dead bodies? Thought you
guys solved that case already?

O'BRIEN
You thought wrong. Homicide's
prayers rest with you.

SUE
I'll see if I can grant you a
miracle.

EXT. TIMES SQUARE - DAY

Connor, walks in the midst of Pedestrians, enters a building.

INT. CAFE - DAY

WAITRESS, 50, still pretty for her age, takes a Customer's
order at a table. Connor arrives.

WAITRESS
(sees him)
Connor?! Oh, my God.

Quickly embraces him.

WAITRESS (CONT'D)
How are you?!

CONNOR
Trying to find out.

She quickly pulls him aside.

WAITRESS
(whispers) Really?
He's pissed. CONNOR

WAITRESS
Said it's been too many days.

CONNOR
Did he hear what happened?

WAITRESS
Yeah, but he thinks its all
bullshit.

INT. CAFE'S OFFICE - DAY

Computerized spreadsheet on a monitor. Receipts skimmed through, numbers worked on a keyboard, adds them to the spreadsheet. ROONEY, 60, a balding Irish man, handles his accounting. A knock at the door.

ROONEY
Shit!

Leaves his desk.

Door opens, Connor outside of it.

CONNOR
Can I come in?

Rooney extends the door. Connor enters, door closes.

Connor walks before Rooney's desk. Rooney returns, sits behind it.

ROONEY
Have a seat.

CONNOR
(smirks)
Is it safe?

ROONEY
Not unless you want the bad news
standing?

Drawer opened, an envelope grabbed.

ROONEY (CONT'D)
(presents it)
All there, including overtime.

CONNOR
Shit, c'mon Rooney?

ROONEY
C'mon?! I had no Waiter for the
past two weeks! You know who picked
up your slack? Me?!

CONNOR
(smirks)
Didn't kill you. You look a picture
of health.

ROONEY
No time for your jokes Connor! Beat
up, left to die in an alley?!

CONNOR
It's true!

ROONEY
Got some hospital paperwork?!

CONNOR
I was nursed back to help by a
friend.

ROONEY
(stares, can't believe it)
You're impossible. Where do you get
this shit?

CONNOR
C'mon, it's the truth Rooney!

ROONEY
Your Gay Lover killed in the same
alley? You? Gay?!

CONNOR
I am!

Rooney drops his head, buries his face.

CONNOR (CONT'D)
Rooney, this is me.

ROONEY
(presents the envelope)
I can't Connor.

CONNOR
This is all I got Rooney?!

Rooney stares.

Connor stares back, "Puppy Dog Eyes"...

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Ronjae kisses CHARLENE, 28, attractive Black female. He makes his way down to her breasts, sucks her nipples -- she gasps, pulls him back up, kisses him with desire...

Charlene's legs up, Ronjae thrust between them. Her nails dig into his back, mouth gapes. She shrieks, he moans with pleasure. Both hold one another tight, orgasm...

Door opens --

CONNOR
(enters, stops in his
tracks)
Shit! Sorry Ronjae!

Closes the door.

INT. RONJAE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Connor, stone-faced, seated on the sofa. Ronjae flops down beside him.

CONNOR
Sorry for the intrusion.

RONJAE
My fault. Should've told you I
needed my room back. How'd it go?

CONNOR
(presents the envelope)
Gave me my last will and testament.

RONJAE
Sorry to hear that. What'd bout'
the Cops?

CONNOR
Just asked a bunch of stupid
questions.

Bedroom door opens, Charlene exits in a bathrobe.

CHARLENE

Hi.

Crosses the room, extends a hand.

CHARLENE (CONT'D)

You must be Connor?

CONNOR

(shakes her hand)

That's me.

CHARLENE

Charlene. It's a pleasure.

CONNOR

Likewise.

Ronjae pulls her down on his lap, embraces her.

RONJAE

Beautiful here just got back from Atlanta.

CHARLENE

Had to look after my Grandma. But she's in God's hands now.

CONNOR

Sorry for your lost.

CHARLENE

Yours too. Only heard good things about Miguel.

CONNOR

Thanks.

CHARLENE

Hey, I bet you two are hungry? Why don't I go fix you something to eat.

She leaves.

RONJAE

(watches her go)

She's taking it hard.

CONNOR

Happens when you lose someone you really love.

RONJAE
No doubt.

CONNOR
I'll be out the two of yours way
first thing in the morning.

RONJAE
(eyes him curious)
Why?

CONNOR
Don't wanna be a burden.

RONJAE
You're not. There's another room in
the back. I'll get my stuff out of
it in the morning, the room's
yours.

CONNOR
You sure?

RONJAE
As I am of night and day.

CONNOR
(presents the envelope)
Thanks. All I have to my name is
this check and what's on it. I
really appreciate it Ronjae.

RONJAE
No doubt. What are Roomies for?

LATER:

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Pasta twisted on a fork, Connor eats it. A piece of steak
cut, forked up.

RONJAE
(chomps it down)
Gotta try the steak Connor. It's no
joke.

CONNOR
I believe you. But I'm Vegetarian
now. Fits my budget.

RONJAE
Man can't live by bread alone.

CONNOR
This one's gonna try.

More steak forked up.

RONJAE
(eats it)
Don't know what you're missin'.

CONNOR
(eats more pasta)
So how'd you meet Miguel?

RONJAE
(mouthful)
Well...

INT. BROOKLYN BOROUGH - DAY (FLASHBACK)

A pair of hands rumbles through trash, finds some food.
RONJAE, (18) homeless, filthy clothes, eats it.

MIGUEL
(storms up, grabs it)
Don't eat that! You're gonna get
sick!

Throws it back in the trash.

MIGUEL (CONT'D)
(eyes Ronjae sincere)
You hungry?

INT. CAFE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

A basket of fried chicken and french fries, drumstick
grabbed. Ronjae bites into it, takes another bite and
another, smacks aloud.

Dining Customers look from their meals, eyes him.

MIGUEL
(notices, gets defensive)
What?! You never seen a hungry
homeless person eat?!... Try
feeding them, it works!! Now back
to your boring lives-eat your
meals!!

Customers turn to their meals, eat sheepishly.

MIGUEL (CONT'D)
 (pats Ronjae's back)
 Slow down buddy. It's cool. They
 still fry chicken.

Slides a drink slid before Ronjae.

MIGUEL (CONT'D)
 Wash it down. Take your time,
 there's no rush.

Cup grabbed, Ronjae drinks from it.

MIGUEL (CONT'D)
 Better?

Ronjae smiles, nods.

MIGUEL (CONT'D)
 Cool. What's your name?

RONJAE
 Ronjae.

MIGUEL
 Ron who?

RONJAE
 Jae. J-A-E.

MIGUEL
 Ronjae?

Ronjae nods, bites more chicken.

MIGUEL (CONT'D)
 Do it have a meaning?

RONJAE
 Mother was Rhonda, father was
 Jaelin.

MIGUEL
 Oh, half and half. I get it! Why
 that's cleaver! It's special too
 Ronjae.

RONJAE
 (mouthful)
 Thanks.

MIGUEL
 So what happened, how'd you get
 like this?

RONJAE
My momma died 3 years ago. She was
diabetic, I had no money to pay the
rent.

MIGUEL
Why that sucks. How old are you?

RONJAE
18.

INT. LIVING ROOM, BROWNSTONE APT. - DAY (FLASHBACK)
Front door opens, Miguel enters, stops, looks behind.

MIGUEL
C'mon, it's okay.

Ronjae enters cautiously.

MIGUEL (CONT'D)
(closes the door behind
him)
It's not much but its home. At
least until you get on your feet.

Removes his jacket and walks away.

MIGUEL (CONT'D)
Make yourself at home Roomie.

Ronjae, in awe, looks around.

INT. BROOKLYN BOROUGH - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Ronjae, all cleaned up, decked out in the latest fashion,
walks with Miguel carrying groceries.

MIGUEL
I have someone coming over tonight.
I'm gonna need the place for the
evening.

RONJAE
No problem.

MIGUEL
I think I need to be honest with
you Ronjae.

RONJAE
Bout'?

MIGUEL
Me, my sexuality.

RONJAE
You're being Gay?

MIGUEL
(stops)
You knew?

RONJAE
(continues on his way)
First day we met.

MIGUEL
So what do you think?

RONJAE
(walks back up)
I think the milk's getting warm.

Ronjae leaves again.

MIGUEL
(stays put)
Not an opinion Ronjae!

Ronjae returns.

MIGUEL (CONT'D)
You gotta be honest with me.

RONJAE
Ok, I think it's your problem.

MIGUEL
That's good or bad?

RONJAE
What was your opinion when you seen
me eating out of that trashcan?

MIGUEL
You were some mother's son.

RONJAE
And you took me in?

MIGUEL
Yeah.

RONJAE
A complete stranger?

MIGUEL

Uh, huh.

RONJAE

Did you feel threaten?

MIGUEL

Of course not.

RONJAE

Neither do I.

Miguel, speechless.

RONJAE (CONT'D)

C'mon Roomie. Milk's getting warm.

Ronjae walks away.

Miguel, eyes him admirably... runs and catches up.

LATER:

INT. BROOKLYN BOROUGH - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Ronjae, before a stoop, makes a quick drug sale to a DRUG HYPE.

DRUG HYPE

(salutes him)

One love Yo'.

RONJAE

Whatever?

Drug Hype leaves.

Miguel saunters down the sidewalk with his LOVER, holds his hand. He sees Ronjae make another drug sale... looks at his Lover.

MIGUEL

Wait here! Be right back in a second.

Miguel leaves. His Lover looks on.

Miguel trots across the street, storms up to Ronjae, slaps drug money from his hand.

MIGUEL (CONT'D)

What the hell are you doing?!

RONJAE
This ain't your business Mick!

MIGUEL
I'm making it!

RONJAE
(squares off on him)
Get out of here!

MIGUEL
What?! You're gonna hit me?!

Ronjae glares.

MIGUEL (CONT'D)
What are you thinking?!

RONJAE
Money! I can't keep living off you!

MIGUEL
You hear me complaining?!

Ronjae, stumped.

MIGUEL (CONT'D)
You're better than this!

RONJAE
(screams)
No I'm not! Nobody's hiring my
black-ass for a job!

INT. BROOKLYN MARKET - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Front door opens, Miguel yanks Ronjae in, escorts him, to
the counter. Mr. Kim behind it.

MIGUEL
Mr. Kim, this man needs a job!

MR. KIM
Who's he?

MIGUEL
Ronjae! Ronjae? Mr. Kim.

MR. KIM
I have no positions.

RONJAE
See?! No one's hiring Blacks!

MIGUEL
That's bullshit, shut-up!

MR. KIM
Yes, I just have no openings.

MIGUEL
Cut my 5 days to 3 and give him 2.

RONJAE
That won't pay me enough!

MIGUEL
It's more than you got coming in
legally!

MR. KIM
He gangsta'?

MIGUEL
No my roommate.

Mr. Kim eyes Ronjae skeptically.

Ronjae, eyes him back.

MR. KIM
(sighs, nods)
Ok. For you Miguel.

MIGUEL
(smiles)
Thanks Mr. Kim, you won't regret
this!

MR. KIM
(frowns)
Ah, let's hope not.

MIGUEL
(nudges Ronjae)
Thank him!

RONJAE
Thanks.

MIGUEL
You'd just saved his life Mr. Kim!

FLASHBACK ENDS:

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

Ronjae, Connor, and Charlene, laugh at the table.

CONNOR

That's Miguel, stand up for right
at any cost.

RONJAE

Mick was like a brother Connor. I
miss him.

INT. CRIME LAB, 56TH PRECINCT - NIGHT

A cotton swab, pulled from a Mini-filer (DNA Forensic Kit).
The soda can sat atop the table, drink hole swabbed.

Sue dabs the swab on a micro-slide, places it under a
microscope, looks through the lens -- studies the forensics.
She writes information on a clipboard.

INT. NEW YORK CITY - MORNING

The Sun silhouettes the city a brilliant orange.

EXT. BROOKLYN BOROUGH - MORNING

Ronjae exits his Brownstone, carries a box of items down
the stairs. A trashcan lid removed, items, dumped in the
trash, lid replaced. Ronjae trots back up the stairs with
the empty box, enters the Brownstone apartment.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

A wooden floor in need of lacquer. A broom sweeps across it.
Charlene cleans out a vacant room.

RONJAE

(enters with the empty
box)

That's the last of it.

CHARLENE

(stops, looks around)

Well?... I'm all done here.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Eggs and bacon fries in a skillet, Charlene cooks at the stove.

INT. BATHROOM - MORNING

Water shoots from the shower, Connor bathes.

INT. VACANT BEDROOM - MORNING

A folded blanket, pillow, dropped on an old cot. Ronjae leaves the room.

INT. DINING ROOM - MORNING

A bowl of diced fruit, Connor forks some up, eats it. Eggs forked off a plate, Ronjae chomps them down. Charlene, Connor, and Ronjae have breakfast at the table.

RONJAE

Got a surprise for you Connor.

CONNOR

What?

RONJAE

Bout' your room.

CONNOR

(eyes him, eat more fruit)

What about it?

RONJAE

It's ready.

CONNOR

Thought I was suppose to help you with that?

CHARLENE

We'd thought we surprise you, considering all that you've been through.

CONNOR

Wow... I'm surprised.

A hard knock at the door.

MALE (O.C.)
New York Police Department, open
up!

INT. BROOKLYN BOROUGH - MORNING

Connor, escorted in handcuffs down the Brownstone's stairs by O'Brien. Murphy opens a Police unit's back-door, Connor steps inside.

O'BRIEN
(assist him)
Watch your head.

Murphy closes the door -- taps the roof of the car twice.
It drives away.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM, 56TH PRECINCT - MORNING

Connor glares.

O'BRIEN
(sits before him, stares)
We got a problem.

CONNOR
What?!

O'BRIEN
Your DNA matching the blood found
in the alley murders. Care to
explain how it go there?

CONNOR
It took the L Train! I want a
Public Defender present!

O'BRIEN
Fine. Wait for him at Rikers.

INT. CELL, RIKER'S ISLAND - DAY

Connor, punched in the face, slams to the floor. Huge BLACK INMATE, 30's, overlooks him.

BLACK INMATE
Faggots opposite side of the cell!

Connor struggle to his feet --

BLACK INMATE (CONT'D)
 (kicks him in the gut)
 Crawl!

Connor does. Blood drools from his mouth, leaves a trail on the floor.

INT. RONJAE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

A vase shattered on the floor, a framed picture, another vase. O'Brien, several OFFICERS, ransack the place.

RONJAE
 (storms up)
 This shit ain't necessary!

O'BRIEN
 Standard Police procedure!

RONJAE
 Fuckin' bastard, he'd came with
 just the clothes on his back!

O'BRIEN
 Then he was on the run! Now back up
 or I'll haul your ass in for
 obstruction!

Ronjae, leaves frustrated. O'Brien, the Officers, continues to tear up the place.

INT. RIKERS ISLAND - NIGHT

Visitor form smacked atop the counter. Ronjae fills it out...

INT. VISITING AREA, RIKERS ISLAND - DAY

Inmate phone grabbed.

RONJAE
 (rest it to an ear)
 You look happy.

Connor, black eye, fat-lip, dressed in State attire, sits behind a Plexiglas, and on the other end of the line.

CONNOR
 Ecstatic. I was even greeted by the
 welcoming committee.

RONJAE
Your favorite Detective must've
told them what type of sex you
like.

CONNOR
That I'd figured.

RONJAE
Not a place for your kind.

CONNOR
Yeah, you gotta get me out of here.

RONJAE
You'll be alright.

CONNOR
Not if I stay.

RONJAE
Hold on a sec.

Ronjae, peeks in the next booth over --

A robust PUERTO RICAN INMATE, 30's, waits for his visitor.

Ronjae slides before him, grabs the phone, points for him to
do the same.

Puerto Rican Inmate glares... finally grabs his phone.

RONJAE (CONT'D)
What's crackin'?

PUERTO RICAN INMATE
Me doing time, what else?

RONJAE
How long you got?

PUERTO RICAN INMATE
25 with a L. Attica. Leaving in a
week from now.

RONJAE
You holdin' it down in here, foolz
know whatsup with ya?

PUERTO RICAN INMATE
I get my props.

RONJAE
(whips out a pen, paper)
What's your booking number?

PUERTO RICAN INMATE
For what?

RONJAE
200 to keep foolz off my nigga to
ya' right, one love and all that
shit.

Puerto Rican Inmate, leans, peeks in at Connor.

CONNOR
(grins)
Hey? Whatsup?

PUERTO RICAN INMATE
(sits back up, glares)
250! He's a bitch!

RONJAE
300, not a hair on him touched.

PUERTO RICAN INMATE
Make it happen. 307456

Number, written on the paper.

RONJAE
Bet. Be on your books on my way
out. Stay strong Pimpin'!

PUERTO RICAN INMATE
No doubt.

Phone hung up.

Ronjae slides back over before Connor, grabs the phone.

RONJAE
You're "Coolly High" now Conner.

Ronjae writes on the sheet of paper, places it on the
Plexiglas.

PAPER: *"Phone's bugged watch what you say."*

CONNOR
Way ahead of you.

Ronjae pulls the paper away, writes on it again, places it back on the Plexiglas.

PAPER: *"Say anything about me?"*

CONNOR (CONT'D)

Nothing.

Ronjae pulls the paper away, writes.

PAPER ON THE PLEXIGLAS: *"Plan on it?"*

CONNOR (CONT'D)

Only reason you here?

Ronjae pulls the paper away, writes, sticks the paper on the glass.

PAPER: *"A friend of Miguel's a friend of mine."*

RONJAE

(glares)

I got you. Don't worry bout' nothing.

CONNOR

Easy for you to say.

LATER:

INT. CELL, RIKER'S ISLAND - NIGHT

Connor, on his back in his bunk. Two candy bars tossed on his chest. He removes them, looks down off his bunk --

BLACK INMATE

(before his face)

Anybody fuck with you? Just let me know.

CONNOR

Sure.

BLACK INMATE

Sorry for the beat-down earlier.

CONNOR

No problem.

BLACK INMATE

(smiles)

One love my nigga.

CONNOR
(smiles back)
Yeah... One love.

Black Inmate lies back down in his bunk, goes to sleep.

INT. NEW YORK CITY - MORNING

Traffic, active, bumper to bumper. Pedestrians move about on the sidewalk.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM, 56TH PRECINCT - DAY

Connor glares. O'Brien sits before him, sips a cup of coffee.

O'BRIEN
Heard all about your in-house
"Birthday Bash", you save me a
piece of cake?

CONNOR
Where's my Public Defender?

O'BRIEN
On the way.

The door opens, PAULA KAHN, 35, attractive blonde female Public Defender enters, stares at O'Brien.

PAULA
I need to speak with my client.

O'BRIEN
Be my guest.

PAULA
Alone.

O'BRIEN
Be outside.

O'Brien grabs his coffee, leaves.

A satchel sat atop the table, Paula sits before Connor, instantly notices his face.

PAULA
You get that make-up job on the
inside?

CONNOR
Where else?

PAULA
 (leans and stares)
 Let's get something straight Mr.
 Ferguson.

Connor, eyes her.

PAULA (CONT'D)
 I need you to be completely honest
 with me about everything. That's
 the only way I'll be able to get
 you out of this. Everything. You
 think you can do that Mr. Ferguson?

CONNOR
 Sure.

EXT. FRONT OF 56TH PRECINCT - NIGHT

Paula exits, totes her satchel and purse, sticks loose papers
 in the overstuffed satchel -- quickly hails a cab at the
 curb.

One drives up, passes her by -- picks up another Attorney a
 few feet away, much classier, probably has her own practice.

Paula's face says it all, "I'm used to this shit."

INT. SUBWAY TRAIN - NIGHT

Paula, cramped in a crowd, grips a standing bar, and studies
 a case file.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Front door opens, Paula enters, crosses a small studio
 quarters, drops her purse and satchel on a table, exhausted.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Water, erupts from a shower. Paula steps into it, allows
 water to hit her back... neck, release her tension...

LATER:

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Law books, case folders, an empty takeout box. Paula, in shorts an old NYU sweatshirt, studies a case file at the table...

Cup of coffee grabbed, she sips it.

Law book opened, pages skimmed, one found. Paula reads it, starts to type information into her laptop.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - MORNING

Sunrise, engulfs the Statue of Liberty, the beauty of dawn stains her orange.

INT. PAULA'S STUDIO APT. - MORNING

Laptop monitor, full of typed laws and case files notes. Paula, face down in an open book asleep... she awakes, groggily checks her watch, jumps up and leaves.

INT. COURTROOM - MORNING

Paula rushes in, hair and clothes unkept. She dashes to the front with her belongings, drops them on a table -- quickly straighten herself out, flops down in her seat.

Gavel pounds the bench. JUDGE MATHERS, 60, husky white male, resides in court.

JUDGE MATHERS

Lets get this show started. I got a heavy load today.

COURT CLERK, 50, Black female, stands.

COURT CLERK

Your Honor, Connor Ferguson vs. The State of New York.

Connor, dressed in State attire, shackled from hands to feet, sits beside Paula.

PAULA

(stands)

Your Honor may I address the court?

JUDGE MATHERS
Proceed Counsel Kahn.

PAULA
If it pleases the court your Honor,
I like to set a motion for bail?

BRICE SEEKINS, 40, State Prosecutor Attorney, jumps up from
his seat and interrupts.

SEEKINS
Objection your Honor! Based on the
evidences the Defendant's a major
threat to the city!

PAULA
Your Honor, I received the case on
short notice. Based on what I'd
reviewed, the Defendant's rights
are being violated by not setting
bail.

SEEKINS
What about the 4 victims rights
your Honor?!

JUDGE MATHERS
From my viewing of the case and the
evidences Counsel Kahn, I have to
side with the Prosecution. The
ruling on bail shall stand.

SEEKINS
Thank you your Honor.

Seekins sits, cuts Paula a glare.

PAULA
Defense request a continuance your
Honor?

JUDGE MATHERS
Granted Counsel Kahn.

PAULA
(sits, whispers to Connor)
See you at noon.

CONNOR
Wait a second.

Connor whispers to Paula, explains something...

Ronjae and Charlene, looks on from the courtroom.

Connor cease his whisper to Paula. She looks over at Ronjae.

EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

Paula exits the building, trots down its stairs with her belongings, arrives at the curb, hails a cab.

PAULA
Taxi?! Over here please!!!

One drives up, passes her by, picks up another Attorney down the way, yep, classier.

INT. SUBWAY - DAY

Paula, seated in a crowded train, studies a case file.

INT. TIMES SQUARE - NIGHT

Billboards, marquees, city lights, radiate their splendor.

INT. PAULA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Opened law books, case files. Fried rice, forked from a takeout box, Paula chomps it down, flips through the pages of a tablet, studies her notes.

INT. RONJAE'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Pasta twisted up on a fork, Ronjae chomps it down and reads the newspaper. A knock at the door.

CHARLENE (O.C.)
I got it Babe!

More pasta forked up. Ronjae eats it, continues to read.

CHARLENE (CONT'D)
Ronjae?! You better get in here!

He drops his fork, newspaper, leaves the table.

INT. RONJAE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Charlene, at the front door. Outside: a WHITE MALE, 35, dressed in a suit and tie.

Ronjae arrives.

WHITE MALE
Ronjae Thomas?

RONJAE
Yeah, whatsup?

WHITE MALE
(presents a form)
You've been served.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - MORNING

Daybreak engulfs the city and silhouettes the concrete jungle.

INT. PAULA'S LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Paula, face in a case file, asleep at the table.

Clock strikes 6:00am, alarm sounds...

INT. COURTHOUSE FOYER - MORNING

Ronjae, in a suit and tie, walks holding Charlene's hand.
They enter the court.

INT. COURTROOM - MORNING

Ronjae and Charlene, finds two seats.

PAULA
(arrives before them)
Mr. Thomas?

RONJAE
Yeah?

PAULA
(presents a hand)
Defense Attorney Paula Kahn. I'll
be placing you on the stand today.

Ronjae shakes her hand, lost for words.

Connor, escorted in by the Bailiff shackled.

Ronjae glares.

Connor notices him, looks away. He's seated beside Paula.

Other Bailiff, before the court.

BAILIFF

All rise.

Everyone stands in the courtroom.

BAILIFF (CONT'D)

The Honorable Judge Mathers
residing.

Judge Mathers exits his chambers, takes the bench.

BAILIFF (CONT'D)

You may be seated.

Everyone sits down in the courtroom.

COURT CLERK

(stands)

Your Honor, Connor Ferguson vs. The
State of New York.

JUDGE MATHERS

Alright, let's get this show on the
road. Prosecution have the floor.

Seekins stands, takes the floor.

SEEKINS

Your Honor, I'll get straight to
the facts. Connor Ferguson took the
lives of one Marvin Anderson.

An 8x11 photo of the Black Thug tacked up.

SEEKINS (CONT'D)

Terrence Tosh.

A photo of the Jamaican Thug.

SEEKINS (CONT'D)

Marcellino Coto.

One of the Puerto Rican.

SEEKINS (CONT'D)

And Miguel Velez.

One of Miguel, smile of pride.

Seekins leaves a corkboard easel. All four photos tacked
to it.

SEEKINS (CONT'D)
(walks before the jury)
The defendant's former lover.

JUDGE MATHERS
Defendant's homosexual?

PAULA
(jumps up)
Gay your Honor!

JUDGE MATHERS
Identical natures. Have a seat
Counsel Kahn.

SEEKINS
(cuts Paula a look)
Thanks, your Honor.

Paula sits, cuts Seekins a glare.

SEEKINS (CONT'D)
The motive for this heinous act was
simply hate!

JUDGE MATHERS
A hate crime?

SEEKINS
If the court pleases?

PAULA
(jumps up again)
Objection your Honor!

JUDGE MATHERS
Overruled Counsel. Prosecution can
provide the proper evidences for
the court to rule in favor of a
hate crime.

SEEKINS
Prosecution will prove that
jealousy and hate was the motive
your Honor.

PAULA
It's theoretical evidences your
Honor.

JUDGE MATHERS
Overruled Counsel Kahn. Now sit!
You'll have your chance.

Paula slumps down in her chair.

JUDGE MATHERS (CONT'D)
State your case Counsel Seekins.

The Jury looks on.

SEEKINS
(arrives before them)
On April 21, 2012, between the
hours of 8 to 9pm, defendant Connor
Ferguson walked into an alley in
the Brooklyn borough and killed his
lover Miguel Velez in a jealous
rage. Marvin Anderson, Terrence
Tosh, and Marcellino Coto were all
innocent victims who came to the
aid of Mr. Velez.

PAULA
(jumps up)
Objection your Honor! This is
speculative theoretical hearsay!

JUDGE MATHERS
Sustain. She has a point Counsel
Seekins. The court will need to see
some factual evidences.

PAULA
And the defense would like copies
of whatever's presented your Honor.

SEEKINS
Forensic matches the DNA of the
blood found in the alley of the
murders your Honor.

JUDGE MATHERS
Which is the only reason he's
detained. Now what else do you got
to go with that?

PAULA
Thank you, your Honor.

JUDGE MATHERS
(points)
That wasn't for you Counsel Kahn.
That was for the justice of this
court.

PAULA
Nevertheless, thanks.

JUDGE MATHERS
(looks at Seekins)
Well?

SEEKINS
Statements taken from witnesses
that knew the couple will support
the facts and evidences of abuse.

PAULA
Objection your Honor! The defense
has none of this?!

JUDGE MATHERS
Both Counsels approach the bench.

Seekins walks to the bench. Paula arrives.

JUDGE MATHERS (CONT'D)
(leans and whispers)
What's going on here?

PAULA
Prosecution's withholding
evidences.

SEEKINS
False accusations your Honor.

JUDGE MATHERS
So where's the written statements?

SEEKINS
On the way you Honor.

PAULA
Your Honor that can't be.

JUDGE MATHERS
All evidences should've been
submitted already Counsel Seekins.
I'm afraid I'm gonna have to rule
the written statements out.

SEEKINS
The Prosecution was working on
getting copies your Honor.

JUDGE MATHERS
They're out Counsel.

PAULA
Thanks your Honor.

JUDGE MATHERS
(glares at Paula)
Again Counsel Kahn, that's not for
you. It's for the justice of this
court.

SEEKINS
Your Honor, please?

JUDGE MATHERS
That's the law Counsel Seekins. Now
proceed with your witnesses.

SEEKINS
I have to subpoena them.

PAULA
You sure they exist?

SEEKINS
Hey? I can prove that they do!

PAULA
So, where are they?

JUDGE MATHERS
Yes, Counsel Seekins, why aren't
they here?

SEEKINS
The Prosecution's strategy was a
speedy trail by presenting the
forensics and written statements.

PAULA
Sloppy work Counsel.

JUDGE MATHERS
Counsel Seekins, secure your case
or you're going to force me to rule
in favor of a mistrial.

PAULA
Thank you Honor.

Judge Mathers, cuts Paula a look.

PAULA (CONT'D)
I know? Not for me, but for the
justice of the court.

SEEKINS

How about the defense your Honor?
Do they have any evidences that
they like to present?

JUDGE MATHERS

Counsel Kahn?

Paula returns to her table, grabs a form from it, takes it
back to the bench, places it before Judge Mathers.

PAULA

That witness was subpoena last
night. He's here and ready to take
the stand today.

JUDGE MATHERS

(slides the form to
Seekins)

Your move Counsel.

SEEKINS

(snatches it, glares at
Paula)

Defense can have the floor your
Honor.

JUDGE MATHERS

Very well.

Paul smirks, leaves the bench.

PAULA

(returns)

And Counsel Seekins?

SEEKINS

What now?!

PAULA

By my advice and the defender's
agreement, he will not be taking
the stand for any and all cross
examinations.

SEEKINS

What?!

PAULA

Prepare for war Counselor.

Paula walks away. Seekins looks to Judge Mathers for help,
any help.

JUDGE MATHERS
(shrugs)
Better man your guns Counsel.

Seekins stomps back to his table, slumps in his seat.

Ronjae, before the Witness stand.

BAILIFF
(swears him in)
You swear to tell the truth, the
whole truth, and nothing but the
truth, so help you God?

RONJAE
Yes.

BAILIFF
You may take the stand.

Ronjae takes the stand.

PAULA
(walks before him)
Please state your name for the
court Sir?

RONJAE
Ronjae Thomas.

PAULA
Mr. Thomas what are you to the
defendant?

RONJAE
A friend.

PAULA
And how long have you known him?

RONJAE
Bout' 2 years.

PAULA
How'd you come to meet Mr.
Ferguson?

RONJAE
Through Mr. Velez.

PAULA
He would be the victim?

RONJAE

Yes.

PAULA

Can you tell me about the defendant?

RONJAE

Yeah. What do you wanna know?

PAULA

What's he like?

RONJAE

Nice. Always there when you need him.

PAULA

Think he had a reason to do any harm to Mr. Velez?

RONJAE

Not really. They were the best of friends.

PAULA

How did he wind up staying with you?

RONJAE

He needed a place to stay.

PAULA

Was that before or after the death of Mr. Velez?

RONJAE

After.

PAULA

Did he say why he'd needed a place?

RONJAE

Yeah. He'd lost his job.

PAULA

Did he act strange while staying with you? Like not going outside, peeking out of windows, checking the daily newspapers?

RONJAE

Nah. Not that I'd notice. He'd came and went freely.

PAULA
So what was he like to live with?

RONJAE
Normal. Cool. Carries his own
weight bill wise.

PAULA
Did he say anything about Mr.
Velez's death?

RONJAE
Just always mentioned how much he
missed him.

PAULA
Did you ever see Mr. Velez and the
defendant fight?

RONJAE
What couple don't.

PAULA
In your honest opinion Mr. Thomas,
how would you say Mr. Velez died?

Ronjae takes a moment, thinks...

The Jury watches.

Seekins looks on.

Connor.

RONJAE
(shrugs)
I have no clue?

INT. VISITING AREA, RIKERS ISLAND - NIGHT

Inmate phone grabbed.

CHARLENE
(places it to an ear)
Hi, Connor, how are you?

Connor, behind the Plexiglas.

CONNOR
What he's doing?! Known me for 2
years?! Has no idea about Miguel's
death?!

Charlene writes on a sheet of paper, sticks it to the Plexiglas.

PAPER: *"He thinks your gonna break, he's only protecting himself."*

CONNOR (CONT'D)
What the fuck about me?!

She pulls the paper away, writes again, places it on the Plexiglas. *"Trust him Connor."*

CONNOR (CONT'D)
No! He's rolling this all on me!

She pulls the paper away, writes, sticks it on the Plexiglas. *"He's not going to jail for this Connor."*

CONNOR (CONT'D)
Yeah, I am!

CHARLENE
(tears up, eyes him
sincerely)
Have faith Connor.

CONNOR
Would you?!

CHARLENE
Just have faith.

Connor glares.

INT. LAW LIBRARY, COURTHOUSE - NIGHT

Paula studies several Law books at a desk, checks her watch -- quickly gathers her stuff...

EXT. COURTHOUSE - NIGHT

Paula, books in her hands, rushes out the building, trots down the stairs, and up to the curb. She hails a cab.

One arrives, passes her, picks up someone more important down the street.

Paula seethes, books fall from her hands.

PAULA
Shit!

INT. SUBWAY TRAIN - NIGHT

Paula, in a crowded, grips the standing bar, struggles to holds her books. Cellphone rings in her pocket. She tries to answer it, books fall from her hands...

LATER:

INT. PAULA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Blackberry vibrates, trembles across the table. Text message arrives, alert light blinks.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Shower shuts off, curtain pulled back, Paula exits naked, grabs a towel, dries off...

INT. PAULA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Paula, enters in just her old NYU sweatshirt, grabs her Blackberry off the table.

Text message: *Called, got ur voice box, guess ur busy wit ur big case, call u 2morrow. Luv u.*

PAULA
(admires the text)
Love you too.

INT. BROOKLYN BOROUGH - NIGHT

Drug Hype, Ronjae's client, lights a crack pipe and takes a hit, grabbed by the throat --

RONJAE
(yanks him close)
Let me holla at you Basehead.

Ronjae leads him off by the neck.

INT. BROOKLYN ALLEY - NIGHT

Drug Hype, slammed against the wall --

RONJAE
(jumps in his face)
Open your mouth!

Drug Hype does.

RONJAE (CONT'D)
(sticks a 9mm.Glock in it)
Now listen carefully!

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - MORNING

Dawn breaks, hits the city...

INT. PAULA'S LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Sunshine, pierces through a window, engulfs Paula's sleeping face. She awakes from over an opened book, jumps up, leaves her table of study...

Shower's heard turning on.

INT. COURTHOUSE FOYER - MORNING

Paula hurries in, maneuvers around people, through them, enters the courtroom...

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Bailiff, swears in O'Brien.

BAILIFF
You swear to tell the truth, the
whole true, and nothing but the
truth, so help you God?

O'BRIEN
Yes sir.

BAILIFF
You may take the stand.

O'Brien takes the stand.

Seekins leaves his table, crosses over to O'Brien.

SEEKINS
Good morning Detective O'Brien?

O'BRIEN
Morning.

SEEKINS

Detective O'Brien when you first met Mr. Ferguson and questioned him about Mr. Velez's death, what was his response like?

O'BRIEN

Very aggressive. Brief to every question I'd asked.

SEEKINS

What about interrogation? How did he act?

O'BRIEN

Non responsive to questions. Hostile. Wouldn't cooperate.

SEEKINS

Did you find any weapons in his place of residence?

O'BRIEN

Nothing.

SEEKINS

What do you think he did with the murder weapon?

O'BRIEN

Probably chucked it into the east river.

DISSOLVE TO:

Murphy on the stand under oath.

SEEKINS

(walks before him)

And how did Mr. Ferguson act when you inform him that his DNA match that of the blood found at the scene of the crime.

MURPHY

Instantly requested a public defender.

SEEKINS

Did he say anything?

MURPHY

Nothing for 72 hours.

SEEKINS

Nothing?

MURPHY

Not a word.

SEEKINS

And if you had to guess who killed
Mr. Velez who would you say?

MURPHY

(points)

I'd say that man seated right
there.

SEEKINS

Who Detective Murphy?

MURPHY

Connor Ferguson.

SEEKINS

No further questions your Honor.
Thank you Detective Murphy.

Seekins returns to his seat.

Paula stands from her table, crosses over to Murphy.

PAULA

Good morning Detective Murphy.

MURPHY

Morning.

PAULA

Detective Murphy if you had to
guess how Mr. Ferguson's DNA got
into that alley how would you say?

MURPHY

He was there and shot all four
victims.

PAULA

Would that be on theory or
supporting facts?

MURPHY

Well based on the evidences--

PAULA

--what evidences? The DNA? The
defendant's blood?

MURPHY

Yes.

PAULA

So how did it get there Detective
Murphy? Can you definitely say how
it did?!

The Jury listens.

Judge Mathers looks on.

Seekins.

Ronjae and Charlene in the courtroom.

Murphy, at a lost for words.

Paula crosses over to Connor, stands beside him.

Connor glares.

PAULA (CONT'D)

Well Detective?

Murphy, speechless.

JUDGE MATHERS

Answer the question Detective
Murphy.

MURPHY

(sheepishly)

Maybe by a fight or struggle.

PAULA

(walks before him)

Maybe?!... A theoretical approach?

MURPHY

Guess you can call it that?

PAULA

What, Detective's Intuition?
Whatever fits the crime? I guess
you'd detained an innocent man?

MURPHY

Whatever.

PAULA

Exactly Detective Murphy! Whatever!
Do you have a weapon Detective?

MURPHY
(seething)
No.

PAULA
A piece of the defendant's clothing
from the crime scene?

MURPHY
No.

PAULA
Any witnesses seeing him there?

MURPHY
No.

PAULA
Maybe someone seeing him flee the
scene of the crime?

MURPHY
No.

PAULA
So I guess you put him there.
Whatever, fits the crime.

MURPHY
(snaps)
Look! He was there!!!

PAULA
(jumps into his face)
Prove it?! Put my client at the
scene of the crime Detective
Murphy!

Murphy, speechless...

PAULA (CONT'D)
You can't!!!

Murphy, knows she's right, wants to rip her head off. He
sighs, settles in his chair.

PAULA (CONT'D)
So I ask you?... Why did you and
Detective O'Brien, Officers of the
NYPD 56th Precinct arrest my client
Connor Ferguson, an innocent man,
for a crime he'd never committed
nor you can prove he did?

Murphy glares, speechless.

PAULA (CONT'D)
No further questions your Honor.

Paula leaves.

Murphy, eyes her returning to her seat.

Jury, write in their tablets.

INT. CAFE, COURTHOUSE - DAY

Chicken noodle soup in a bowl. A spoon scoops some out,
Paula eats it, studies her tablet of notes.

MALE (O.S.)
Good job in there.

Paula looks from the tablet, Ronjae arrives before her.

PAULA
Thank you Mr. Thomas.

RONJAE
Call me Ronjae. I'm not used to
the mister stuff.

PAULA
(smiles)
Fine. Care to have a seat?

RONJAE
Yeah, thanks.

He sits across from her.

PAULA
Lunch?

RONJAE
Nah, I'm straight.

PAULA
Just going through my notes.

RONJAE
Practice makes perfect.

PAULA
Tell me about it.

RONJAE
So how we lookin'?

PAULA
We had a good day but the
prosecution will come back strong.

RONJAE
With?

PAULA
Witnesses, more evidences. They'll
have something up their sleeves.

RONJAE
Not going out like suckers I guess?

PAULA
What can I do for you Ronjae?

RONJAE
More like what I can do for you.

Pulls a folded paper from his pocket, presents it.

PAULA
(takes it)
What's this?

RONJAE
Help. Take care.

He leaves.

Paula opens the paper, reads it... gathers her stuff and
quickly leaves.

The bowl of soup, left on the table.

INT. COURTHOUSE FOYER - DAY

Paula enters, grips her belongings, maneuvers through people,
enters a door.

INT. ATTORNEY GENERAL OFFICE, COURTHOUSE - DAY

Paula scurries past Workers on computers in various cubicles,
comes to one, enters it.

INT. CUBCLICLE - DAY

PAULA
(rushes up)
Hey?

Chair swivels, the White Male, Ronjae's subpoena server, seated in it.

PAULA (CONT'D)
(presents the paper)
I need another subpoena delivered
ASAP.

White Male takes it, reads the information on it.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT

Billboards, building lights, radiates the night.

INT. PAULA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Paula kisses a WOMAN passionately, makes love to her in bed. She sucks her breast, kisses her nipples, move down to her stomach out of sight.

The Woman gasps...

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Water explodes from a shower. Paula steps into it and bathes. Her LOVER, 30, brunette, embraces her from behind.

LOVER
How was your day?

PAULA
(turns, kisses her)
Much better now.

LOVER
(grins)
Good. Mine too.

PAULA
When you're flying out?

LOVER
Couple of days.

PAULA
So I got you for the whole weekend?

LOVER
Yes. And we're not leaving this place.

PAULA
Mmmm... I like that. Our own little garden of eden.

LOVER
Yep. No clothes.

PAULA
I can live with that.

LOVER
Did you get my text messages?

PAULA
(grins)
Every last one.

LOVER
Thought you forgot about me.

PAULA
Never. Just been busy.

LOVER
(grins)
But now with me?

Paula grins, kisses her passionately.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. NEW YORK - MORNING

The Sun, breaks the horizon, silhouettes the city, drowns it the orange of dawn.

INT. PAULA'S LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Clock, 6:00am. Alarm sounds, slapped off. Paula rolls over, embraces her Lover in a Murphy bed.

Paula kisses her forehead.

LOVER
(admires her)
Better not go back to sleep. You'll
be late for court.

PAULA
(sighs)
Sometimes I just wish I could
disappear from everything.

LOVER
You'll take me with you would you?

Paula adores the question, her beautiful face...

PAULA
You wouldn't have a choice.

LOVER
(smiles)
Go shower. I'll cook breakfast.

They climb out of bed nude. Bodies: firm, identical. The
two goddesses part ways and exits the room.

INT. BROOKLYN MARKET - MORNING

Door opens, Ronjae enters.

Mr. Kim bags a few items, hands it to a Customer. Ronjae
walks up.

RONJAE
Mornin' Mr. Kim?

MR. KIM
Ah, Ronjae. Court today?

RONJAE
Yeah. Still okay I go?

MR. KIM
Of course. It's for Miguel.

RONJAE
I'll come tonight and work on the
stock again.

MR. KIM
Fine.

RONJAE
Thanks.

MR. KIM
I think of him everyday. He was
special. Very special.

RONJAE
(smiles)
Yeah, he was. Mick was my boy...
But you know what Mr. Kim?

MR. KIM
What?

RONJAE
Everything's gonna be one hundred
percent fine. Straight 100.

MR. KIM
Ah, one hundred. I like that.

INT. SUBWAY - DAY

Paula, seated on a crowded train, reads her notes. Train
comes to a stop. She looks from the tablet, gathers her
stuff.

INT. SUBWAY PLATFORM - SAME

Train doors open, Passengers exits, Paula in the midst of
them, grips her satchel, books, and case files.

INT. COURTHOUSE FOYER - DAY

Paula enters, makes her way to the court.

INT COURTROOM - DAY

Judge Mathers, exits his chambers, takes the bench.

PAULA
(arrives before him)
Good morning your Honor?

JUDGE MATHERS
Counsel Kahn?

PAULA
(presents a form)
For today.

JUDGE MATHERS
(takes it, reads it)
Very well.

PAULA
Thank you your Honor.

Gavel pounds the bench.

JUDGE MATHERS
Court's in session!

Paula crosses over to Seekins, gives him the form.

PAULA
Good morning Counsel.

Seekins takes it, looks it over.

Paula, takes her seat beside Connor.

Charlene and Ronjae, looks on in the courtroom.

JUDGE MATHERS
Counsel Kahn, you're ready?

PAULA
Yes, your Honor.

JUDGE MATHERS
Then call your witness.

Paula leaves her seat and exits the courtroom... returns with the Drug Hype, Ronjae's client. He's dressed his best and nervous, follows her to the front of the court.

Seekins looks on.

The Jury.

So does Judge Mathers.

Paula and the Drug Hype reaches the front.

PAULA
(whispers to him)
Don't worry. Just tell the truth.

DRUG HYPE
Yes ma'am.

Paula leaves.

BAILIFF
(arrives, swears him in)
Raise your right hand.

Drug Hype does so.

BAILIFF (CONT'D)
You swear to tell the truth, the
whole truth, and nothing but the
truth, so help you God?

DRUG HYPE
Yes.

BAILIFF
You may take the stand.

Drug Hype does.

PAULA
(walks before him)
Good morning sir?

DRUG HYPE
Mornin'.

PAULA
Can you state your name for the
court?

DRUG HYPE
Arthur... Arthur Bell.

The Jury listens on.

PAULA
Mr. Bell on the night of April 21,
2012 between the hours of 8-9pm
where were you?

ARTHUR
In a alley ma'am.

PAULA
And what were you doing in that
alley Mr. Bell?

ARTHUR
I was getting... well I was tryin'
to get high.

PAULA
Which one Mr. Bell, getting high or
trying?

ARTHUR
Tryin' ma'am.

PAULA
So you didn't?

ARTHUR
No.

PAULA
So it's safe to say your mind was
very... clear?

ARTHUR
Yes ma'am.

PAULA
And what prevented you from getting
high Mr. Bell?

ARTHUR
An altercation.

PAULA
What type of altercation?

ARTHUR
Four... four men fighting.

PAULA
Were these men horse-playing?
Joking around? What?

ARTHUR
No ma'am. They were fighting.

PAULA
Could you hear why?

ARTHUR
Faggots and queers. One of them was
gay.

PAULA
You could see them?

ARTHUR
Yes ma'am.

PAULA
Exactly, where were you in that
alley?

ARTHUR
Behind a dumpster.

PAULA
And where was that dumpster Mr.
Bell?

ARTHUR
Right behind the altercation.

PAULA
If you had to give a distance? How
far would you say that dumpster was
away?

ARTHUR
Bout'?... Bout' foe feet.

Paula walks over to her table, pulls an 8x11 photo from her
satchel, takes it over to the stand.

PAULA
(hands it to Arthur)
Do you see that dumpster in this
photo?

Arthur looks the photo over...

PHOTO: *Miguel dead in a pool of blood-- dumpster in the
background.*

ARTHUR
(looks from the photo)
Yes.

PAULA
Point to it Mr. Bell.

He points it out on the photo.

PAULA (CONT'D)
Can you hold it up for the court
please.

Arthur does so.

PAULA (CONT'D)
And point the dumpster out Mr.
Bell.

Arthur points it out to the courtroom.

The Jury looks on.

Seekins.

So does Connor.

PAULA (CONT'D)
And can you point it out for Judge Mathers?

Arthur turns, points the dumpster out to the him.

JUDGE MATHERS
I see it. Thank you Mr. Bell.

PAULA
Can I have the photo please?

Arthur hands it back to Paula. She takes it over to the Jury, hands it to the LEAD JUROR.

He looks it over... passes it to another Juror.

PAULA (CONT'D)
(walks before the witness stand)
Mr. Bell during this alley altercation, that you were witnessing from behind that dumpster, what men did you see?

ARTHUR
(points)
Those right there.

Paula walks over to the corkboard easel, points to the photos of Miguel and the thugs.

PAULA
These men here?

ARTHUR
Yes ma'am.

PAULA
What happened during that altercation?

ARTHUR
(points)
Those three men jumped that one there.

JUDGE MATHERS
Go over and point them out Mr. Bell.

Arthur steps down from the stand, walks over to the easel, points to the Black Thug.

ARTHUR
This one.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
(points to the Jamaican)
This one.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
(points to the Puerto
Rican)
And that one.

PAULA
Jumped whom?

ARTHUR
(points to Miguel)
That guy.

PAULA
So he was the one given the street
beat-down?

ARTHUR
Yes ma'am. Lost his life. Stabbed
and beat.

PAULA
Which on did the stabbing?

ARTHUR
Hard to say? All three of them was
over him.

PAULA
Thank you Mr. Bell.

JUDGE MATHERS
You may return to the witness stand
Mr. Bell.

Arthur does so.

PAULA
(walks before him)
Was there anything else that happen
Mr. Bell?

ARTHUR
Gunshots.

PAULA
How many?

ARTHUR
Five.

PAULA
And did you see who fired the
shots?

The Jury listens on.

Seekins.

Connor.

ARTHUR
Yes.

PAULA
Who did you see Mr. Bell?

Paula walks over and stands next to Connor.

PAULA (CONT'D)
This one? Connor Ferguson?

The Jury looks on.

Seekins.

Judge Mathers.

ARTHUR
No ma'am. The man I saw was Black.

Connor, sighs with relief.

Seekins buries his face into his hands.

PAULA
And do you see that man in the
courtroom today?

Arthur scans the room...

Ronjae, watches.

Arthur lock eyes with him.

Ronjae glares.

PAULA (CONT'D)
Mr. Bell?

ARTHUR
(looks at Paula)
No ma'am. I don't see him.

PAULA
And what was description of the
Black man you seen with the gun?

Seekins peeks through his hands eagerly.

ARTHUR
Tall. Bout' 6'5. Strong body build.

PAULA
And what was the last thing you
seen him do?

ARTHUR
Tucked away that gun and walked out
that alley.

PAULA
Did he come back? Check things out?
Look behind the dumpster?

ARTHUR
No. I'd never seen him again. I
believe if he did I wouldn't be
here.

PAULA
And what time did you leave from
behind that dumpster Mr. Bell?

ARTHUR
Way later, when the coast was
clear. Way clear ma'am.

PAULA
(smiles)
Thank you Mr. Bell. No further
questions your Honor.

Paula returns to her table.

Seekins eyes her, seething.

JUDGE MATHERS (O.C.)
Counsel Seekins? Prosecution's
witness.

SEEKINS
(gathers himself)
Uh, no... Prosecution rest.

EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

Paula trots down the building's stairs victorious, an "Asskicker" at heart. She arrives at the curb, hails a cab. One arrives, drives by, and picks up Seekins down the way.

Paula, loses her zeal, glares.

Seekins smirks, climbs into the cab, and shuts the door.

Paula turns and head towards the subway, seething. The cab drives up.

SEEKINS
(head out the window)
Words of advice Counsel Kahn!

PAULA
(stops and glares)
What?!

SEEKINS
(walks before her)
Treat your colleagues with more respect.

PAULA
Excuse me counsel?!

SEEKINS
(smiles)
Don't be so mean next time.

He presents a hand.

Paula, awestruck... shakes it.

SEEKINS (CONT'D)
Good job in there.

PAULA
(manages a grin)
Why not great?

SEEKINS
Don't push it.

PAULA
I take what I can get.

SEEKINS
So accept good job.

PAULA
I think I could do that.

SEEKINS
(opens the cab door)
And the cab too?

PAULA
(smiles)
Thank you... Counsel Seekins.

SEEKINS
Catch you on the next one. Counsel
Kahn.

PAULA
Better be ready.

SEEKINS
Oh, I will Counsel. I will.

Paula climbs into the cab, Seekins closes the door behind her. The cab drives away. Seekins hails another one. A cab drives up, he climbs in. It drives away.

INT. CELL, RIKER'S ISLAND - NIGHT

GUARD, huge, stone-faced, looks through the bars.

GUARD
Open 34!

Cell-door unlocks, slides past his face, and opens.

INT. RELEASE AREA, RIKERS ISLAND - NIGHT

Door buzzes open, Connor exits in street clothes.

CHARLENE
(runs up, embraces him)
You're alright? You hungry?

CONNOR
I just wanna get out of her.

CHARLENE
(smiles)
That's fine with me.

LATER:

INT. RONJAE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Front door opens, Charlene and Connor enters. Ronjae runs up, embraces him.

CONNOR
(embraces him back)
Thanks.

RONJAE
Man, you're some mother's son.

They hold one another, Charlene closes the door.

INT. NEW YORK CITY - MORNING

Pedestrians, Sightseers, go about their way in Times Square.

INT. RONJAE'S KITCHEN - MORNING

Bacon and eggs fry in a skillet, Charlene cooks them at the stove.

INT. RONJAE'S LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Ronjae, relaxed on the sofa, reads the newspaper.

Connor, exits his room, crosses over to the sofa, flops down beside him.

RONJAE
(looks from the newspaper)
So what's up with you today?

CONNOR
Filling out some applications for work. Then I'm going over to Central Park to see some trees, water, and wildlife.

RONJAE
I feel you. Getting back in touch with nature huh?

CONNOR
Never know how much you can appreciate it until you miss it.

RONJAE
I'd learned.

CONNOR
Thanks again for everything.

RONJAE
(laughs, sheds a tear)
Man, you're gonna start that shit
again?

CONNOR
Hey? I really appreciate all you've
done.

RONJAE
(embraces him)
I'm just glad you're back.

INT. BROOKLYN MARKET - DAY

Mr. Kim rings items up at the register, places them into a
bag, and hands them to a Customer.

The door swings open, Ronjae and Conner enters, heads over
to the counter.

RONJAE
Afternoon Mr. Kim?

MR. KIM
Ronjae?
(recognizes Conner)
You're Miguel's friend, saw you at
the funeral.

RONJAE
Connor? Mr. Kim.

They shake hands.

RONJAE (CONT'D)
Mr. Kim, I need a favor?

MR. KIM
Connor needs a job?

RONJAE
How'd you know?

MR. KIM
Because you and Miguel were alike.

RONJAE
I take that as a compliment.

MR. KIM
A good one.

RONJAE
Thanks. So can you help?

MR. KIM
(nods)
He can start Monday morning. Can you work a cash register Connor?

CONNOR
Without a problem.

MR. KIM
Then the position's yours. It was Miguel's.

CONNOR
(presents a hand)
I'm honored, thanks so much, it means a lot.

MR. KIM
(shakes his hand)
To me also.

Drawer opened, an application pulled out. Mr. Kim places it on the counter, pulls a pen from his shirt pocket, presents it to Connor.

MR. KIM (CONT'D)
Place all your information there.

Connor takes the pen, fills out the application.

RONJAE
Well I'll let you two get acquainted. See you Mr. Kim. Talk to you at home Connor.

CONNOR
Yeah, take care.

MR. KIM
Thanks again Ronjae.

RONJAE
No doubt.

Ronjae leaves, exits the store.

EXT. BROOKLYN BOROUGH - DAY

Ronjae strolls down the sidewalk high spirited, arrives at his brownstone. Paula steps down off the stairs before him.

RONJAE
Ms. Kahn?

PAULA
Hey, Ronjae?

RONJAE
What brings you to Brooklyn?

PAULA
Connor. I had to drop off some forms for him to fill out.

RONJAE
So he's all set?

PAULA
Just gotta mail everything in and he is. I'd instructed Charlene on all he has to do.

RONJAE
No doubt. Let me walk you to the subway?

PAULA
I have a rental parked up the street.

RONJAE
(shrugs)
So I'll walk you to your car.

PAULA
(smiles)
Fine by me. Thanks.

They walk.

PAULA (CONT'D)
Didn't get a chance to thank you for getting me the witness Arthur Bell.

RONJAE
No problem. Connor's like a brother, whatever I can do to help.

PAULA
That's what friends are for.

RONJAE
No doubt. Just got him a gig at the market down the way. Like, I'd said, I'd do anything for my man Connor.

PAULA
Even if it calls for doing a homicide?

RONJAE
(stops)
Connor told you?

PAULA
(walks back up to him)
Nope. You just did. But I had my suspicions about everything. I put it all together. It all came back to you being that Black man in the alley, just not as tall and well built.

RONJAE
So what happens now?

Paula's Lover walks up, embraces her around the waist.

PAULA
Live your life.

Ronjae, speechless.

PAULA (CONT'D)
Far as I'm concerned, the case is closed.

LOVER
(eyes Ronjae)
This the guy?

PAULA
The one and only.

LOVER
(smiles)
Thanks Ronjae.

Walks over, embraces him, kisses him on the cheek.

LOVER (CONT'D)
Gays need guardians like you. Stay
you.

She walks back over to Paula, embraces her.

PAULA
Goodbye Mr. Thomas. I'm taking a
vacation.

Paula escorts her Lover away.

Ronjae, awestruck, watches them head down the sidewalk.

Paula opens the door of the car for her Lover. She climbs
in, door closed behind her. Paula walks around to the
driver's side.

PAULA (CONT'D)
(yells out)
Stay you Ronjae!

RONJAE
(smiles, yells back)
No doubt!

Paula steps in the car, closes the door, and starts the
engine.

Ronjae heads back towards his Brownstone.

Paula and her Lover passes, blows him a kiss.

Ronjae grins, blows one back.

The rental car rounds the corner ahead and disappear.

Ronjae trots up his Brownstone's stairs, goes inside.

INT. 56TH PRECINCT - DAY

A permanent marker, taken from a cup of pens and pencils. Cap
removed --

"Cold Case" written...

Uncategorized items and case files in a box. An 8x11 photo
dropped into it -- Miguel: smile of pride. A lid placed on
the box, *"Cold Case"* inscribed on it.

85.

O'Brien grabs the box, carries it away, and exits his office, closes the door.

FADE TO BLACK:

THE END