

BROW BEATEN

Written by

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INT. BACKSEAT OF CAR - NIGHT

A leather backpack, open...lit by the interior lights of the parked vehicle.

A ominous, modified voice - with no source, speaks. THE UNREDEEMABLE ONE, is heard.

UNREDEEMABLE ONE (V.O.)
Oh, how I loathe humanity. Even before the time you defiled the Garden of Eden, I have detested your very existence.

An orange-colored mist seeps up from the ground...into the backseat, right through the floorboards.

UNREDEEMABLE ONE (V.O.)
You can change yourselves and the bad decisions made in your life and become a new person. The decision I made will last an eternity.

Now the orange mist, floats inside the backpack.

UNREDEEMABLE ONE (V.O.)
I will remove your protection and see how you fair, then. But as God used prophets, wise men and saviors, I too shall build my army of men to execute my will. Then open the door to the self-annihilation of this sub-species.

Inside the backpack, a large bag of white powder. It turns orange for a second...then back to white.

A sound of footsteps, comes closer to the vehicle.

UNREDEEMABLE ONE (V.O.)
I shall dwell within the very blood of my army and they shall obey me unto death.

The car door opens. The lights from the parking lot, floods the interior. A tattooed hand reaches for the bag.

DRUG DEALER (O.C.)
Hey, not so fast, dude. Where's the money?

MR. SPEEDY (O.C.)
Oh yeah, duh, just a minute.

The tattooed hand pulls back from the backpack.

DRUG DEALER (O.C.)
What? Hey...HEY!

Three gun-blasts...end the transaction. Red blood, splatters on the backpack.

UNREDEEMABLE ONE (V.O.)
And our pact is now sealed with the
blood of a human sacrifice. Now
there are none that can stop me.

Fresh blood drips off the tattooed hand as it snatches up the satchel from its resting place.

Seconds later, the motor of a chopper growls to life.

The rider guns the engine. Tires screech, as the Harley, peels out.

SUPER - DAYS LATER

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Keys are heard at the door. A chubby pit-bull sprints to the entrance, tail wags in anticipation.

Now inside, an African American woman, SONYA "SONY" ROBINSON (30s). Her sober face reflects that she is overworked, lonely and drained.

Her vibe changes, as she takes in the adoration of her dog. Sony's only companion. She closes the door.

SONY
(baby talk)
Ah, T-Rex. How's my puppy? How you
doing guy? I missed you too pretty
boy.

Sony plays with T-Rex, but keeps him away from licking her face, as she giggles.

SONY (CONT'D)
No dog tongue on the face, please.
I know where that thing has been.

She stands, goes back to the door.

SONY (CONT'D)
Okay, Mr. Wet Nose, you should know
the routine by now.

The off-duty cop locks the door with dead-bolts and chains.
She then programs the alarm, for inside the house.

She then takes out her police badge and puts it in a drawer.
The next item for the drawer...her service revolver.

SONY (CONT'D)
Okay, now we can play.

Sony un-tucks her shirt and flops on the couch. T-Rex jumps
in her lap, thrilled to death.

SONY (CONT'D)
Oh yeah. Need some love. Another
brutal day at work, little guy. Is
it me or are all the humans going
crazy? All at once?

After a while, Sony gets up and fills his dog bowl.

SONY (CONT'D)
Hey stud, after you eat, meet me at
the pool. I need to wash this day
away.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Several bathing suits face her as they hang in the closet.

SONY
Eh, I'm starting to get a headache,
maybe I'll just lie down for a
second. Either that or blow my
brains out. It's a toss up.

Sony drags herself to the bed. She passes at a mirror,
studies her face. Fingers caress crow's feet and mouth
wrinkles. She sighs...

SONY (CONT'D)
This stress. It's killing me.

Depressed, she stretches out on the mattress, stares at the
ceiling until her eyes close.

EXT. BACKYARD POOL - NIGHT

In a baby blue bathing suit, Sony stares into the water. Decorative white lights, illuminate it.

The shimmer of the water, stimulates memories. Images flash.

SERIES OF SHOTS - CRIME SCENE PHOTOS

1. A strangulation
2. A pedestrian, hit by truck
3. A newborn in a trash can.
4. A shooting victim, next to his car.

BACK TO SCENE

Sony searches the heavens.

SONY

Good Lord, please give me the
strength to go on. If there really
is a God...that is.

After a silent prayer, Sony closes her eyes, dives in.

As she comes up for air, a smile crosses her face.

SONY (CONT'D)

Damn, I needed that.

She now swims laps. After a while, T-Rex comes outside with urgency. He barks and barks.

At first Sony ignores it - but the dog seems to be agitated about the deep end of the pool.

SONY (CONT'D)

What's wrong, Tiger?

His barks get more intense. She stops her swim. Nothing seems wrong from what she can observe.

Still curious, she dives under the water.

INT. UNDERWATER - NIGHT

Sony turns towards the direction that her dog barks. In the corner, is an orb...that glows purple.

Her eyes get big. She propels herself to the surface.

EXT. BACKYARD POOL - NIGHT

Head out of the water, she gasps for air, then speeds over to the pool's stairs.

Fear on her face. Her breathing, heavy.

SONY

What the hell was that?

She stares back at the deep end, from pool-side. The purple color, hard to notice. T-Rex continues to bark at it.

SONY (CONT'D)

Boy...get away from there. I don't know what that is. Come to mommy. C'mon now.

The pitbull goes to his master with reluctance. She pets him as she ponders the purple-ness.

SONY (CONT'D)

Okay, am I supposed to call the Men In Black or what? Ha, we both know that if I got Will Smith up in here, I ain't letting his fine ass leave.

T-Rex, barks again in the direction of the intrusive object.

SONY (CONT'D)

Yeah, I know I need to do something. Hate to make a report to the station and it be something stupid. Maybe its just some trash that blew in there. I'll look.

Sony trots to the deep end and peers down on it. The louder barks from her canine attest to his protest of the idea.

SONY (CONT'D)

Don't worry fella. I'm a cop, remember? We run towards danger.

A pair of goggles is scooped up. She puts them on. A deep breath is taken in, then she dives into the pool.

INT. UNDERWATER - NIGHT

Now submerged, she swims towards the purple glow. Sony hesitates as she nears the orb. It glows from the inside.

She wipes her goggles to inspect it better. Sony reaches her arm out near it. The purple light shines on her hand.

Sony crosses herself, underwater.

With index finger extended, she advances her digit towards the mystery ball.

Her finger shakes, as it gets closer. Sony touches it.

A huge jolt...radiates goes through her body.

Air bubbles escape, as shock is seen on her face. She chokes and gasps for air.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Sony sits up in bed as she gags. She clutches at her chest as fear reigns in her eyes.

T-Rex gallops into the room and posts-up in front of her. Worry on his doggy face.

Finally able to control her breaths, she hangs her head...then reaches out to pet the dog.

SONY

What in the hell just happened?

She tries to shake the cobwebs away. Sony turns towards her closet. The baby blue bathing suit, still on the hanger.

Her face shows confusion. The dog whimpers concern.

SONY (CONT'D)

That was a dream? No way. It felt so real.

The alarm clock chimes. Sony dips her head in despair.

SONY (CONT'D)

Time for work already? You gotta be kidding me. Feels like I didn't get any sleep at all.

She winces from the harsh sunlight. Birds chirp outside.

SONY (CONT'D)

Oh shut up. I'm not in the mood for that noise this morning. Damn, I didn't even change out of my clothes. Must be losing my mind.

Sony's attention returns to the pitbull, as the birds decline her request for silence.

SONY (CONT'D)

Hey, T-Rex, how about some tweedy birds for breakfast? Yes. Yes indeed big boy. All you can eat.

She finally smiles as she plays with the dog. A moment later the reality of responsibility kicks in.

SONY (CONT'D)

Alright, off the bed champ. Don't need my pillows smelling like dog booty. Now git.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Now fully dressed, she puts food out for the dog. As he goes over to gobble it down, Sony steps to the drawer and extracts her badge and gun.

SONY

Check it out, tough guy. I'm going to work. You guard my house good, or else you get it, understand?

The dog ignores her and digs deeper in the bowl of food.

SONY (CONT'D)

I guess you got told, huh? Alright sweetie, see you later. Wait, I need to check something.

She strides to the patio doors, opens them.

EXT. BACKYARD POOL - DAY

Long silence as she scans the pool area. Sony creeps over to the deep end, as she clutches the handle of her gun.

She peers in. No orb, no purple.

SONY

Hmmm.

INT. FORENSICS DEPARTMENT - DAY

Sony drags herself into the office, but manages to smile and wave at co-workers in their cubicles. She stops at the door marked, FORENSICS DETECTIVES, then enters.

INT. SONY'S DESK - DAY

After Sony hangs her jacket on a hook, she turns and stares at the piles of files that overwhelms her entire work area.

She dips her head and lets out a big exhale, as she shuffles over to her chair.

Rubbing her forehead, she turns the computer on.

Sony digs in her purse, pours out a few pills and chases it down with whatever is left in her mug.

She makes a face, then peeks in the mug. She pours out what is left, into a plant.

SONY

Yuk.

Sony turns to the desk across from hers. It is empty. The name plate reads, RAPHAEL TERRANOVA.

SONY (CONT'D)

I miss you, clown. Hurry back.
This job is so much harder without
you here. Not loving it today. Not
sure how much more I can take.

The computer beeps. She sees an e-mail.

SONY (CONT'D)

Great, the boss is starting early.

Sony opens the e-mail, reads it.

SONY (V.O.)

Good morning, Detective Robinson.
I hope you are well. Sorry to send
you to that horrible murder scene
yesterday. Short-handed. You did a
great job. The photos came in, they
are attached. Hope we get this guy
soon. Keep up the good work. We
need you.

The attachments, open. From the expression on her face, the photos - repulsive. Flashes of light reflect on her face as she flips through the frames.

SONY

Good God, yesterday was my worst day on the force. By far and hell yeah. I'll never forget this one. Dirt-bag killed his whole family with a hammer. Then, I had to see the aftermath.

A photo on the screen shows a woman lying in a pool of blood. Skulls and upside down crosses, written on the wall.

Syringes lay nearby the body. Sony turns her face away and rubs her eyes.

She clicks the next photo. It shows the disheveled, heavily tattooed suspect...next to his beat-up, white truck. He poses on his Harley.

The license plate reads, SPEEDY. Of course MR. SPEEDY (20s. White) wears a wife-beater tank top, which compliments his shit-eating grin.

SONY (CONT'D)

Sick fuck. Burn in hell, you demonic bastard.

EXT. PHOENIX SKYLINE - DAY - ESTABLISHING

Buildings glimmer in the sunlight. Shadows of the evening stretch across the city as the sun starts to set.

INT. SONY'S DESK - NIGHT

The computer is powers down. She turns towards the window as darkness descends.

SONY

Time to go home. Finally. Long, ugly day.

She grabs her coat, goes to the door.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Sony, in her car at a grocery store parking lot.

SONY

I better get some dog food before T-
Rex chews my leg off.

She unbuckles...then freezes.

Sony's eyes, fix on a white truck near the store. The plate
on it reads...'SPEEDY'.

SONY (CONT'D)

Holy shit. That's him. Oh my God.
I'm calling this in.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

With her badge on a lanyard around her neck. Gun in her hand,
she sneaks up behind the truck.

Tension, on her face as she nears the window. She peers in
the cab. It is empty.

Sony faces the store and swallows hard. She puts the gun
behind her back and marches towards the store.

INT. GROCERY STORE - NIGHT

Cautious, Sony scans the area before she enters. The few
shoppers there, seem in good spirits. Aisle by aisle, she
hunts for 'SPEEDY'.

The next aisle, she spots him...shoplifting. She ducks back
behind a display.

Her eyes turn to the parking lot. Cops pull in with the
lights on.

A scream is heard in the aisle.

She peeks back into the store. Speedy has taken a butcher's
knife from the display.

He holds it to a woman's throat and uses the HOSTAGE (30s) as
a human shield.

Sony rolls her eyes, takes a deep breath.

She spins out into the aisle with her gun pointed at him. He
is near the end of the row, but close enough for a kill-shot.
Her hands do not shake.

SONY

Police! Drop it! Now.

Speedy smiles at her.

MR. SPEEDY
Bitch, get outta my way.

SONY
Do it or I'll blow your brains out.
Let her go!

MR. SPEEDY
I killed my own family a few days ago. You think I give a damn about this bitch?

The hostage - terrified.

SONY
Do you give a damn about a gaping hole in the middle of your forehead? I'm not playing.

MR. SPEEDY
Bullshit. Ya don't have the balls.

SONY
You think I'm a rookie? Ain't my first rodeo. I'll bag and tag you and not give it another thought.

The stand off continues as civilians run outside. Cops are just getting to the door.

Speedy's face, as red as his eyes. Sweat drips from him.

MR. SPEEDY
I'm getting outta here and you can't stop me, pig.

SONY
Pig? Now you pissed me off.

Sony sees a quick flash of purple light behind Mr. Speedy.

In back of him, on the floor, she spots a hand with a can of soup in it.

The can is placed right behind the heel of Mr. Speedy.

A man with huge eyebrows sticks his head out and smiles at Sony. She nods to him, subtly.

He ducks back out of sight.

Mr. Speedy steps backwards onto the can. He loses his balance and his arms flail.

SONY (CONT'D)

Run!

The woman breaks loose and sprints towards Sony.

Mr. Speedy gathers himself - flings the knife.

Cops come in - draw their weapons.

Sony lets loose three shots...just as the knife glances the hostages arm.

Mr. Speedy hits his final speed bump. Dies a bloody death.

SONY (CONT'D)

You deserved that, friggin' animal.

The hostage runs to Sony and embraces her tight. Cops go over and check for vital signs. No pulse is indicated.

HOSTAGE

Oh, thank you, thank you. You saved my life. God bless you. Thought I was gonna die.

Sony rubs her shoulders for comfort, as the woman trembles in her arms.

SONY

It's okay. It's alright now.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The door swings open. An exhausted Sony slides inside. T-Rex scampers over.

SONY

Hi, baby. Miss you too. Give mama a minute. Been a rough day.

She pets him, locks the door and goes to the desk. The badge is put in, but she hesitates with the gun.

SONY (CONT'D)

I think I'll keep Roscoe with me tonight. Come on, dog. Let's get you fed.

Sony grabs the bag of dog chow, she notices how light it is. The human gives an apologetic glance to the dog.

She empties it all into the bowl, which isn't quite halfway.

SONY (CONT'D)

Sorry. Funny thing happened on way
to the grocery store. I got you
tomorrow. Believe that.

The cell phone rings. Sony goes over and digs it out of her purse. A roll of her eyes occurs as she reads the caller ID. Sony answers.

SONY (CONT'D)

Hi mom. How's your day?

MOTHER

(over phone)

Girl, you were supposed to call me
an hour ago. What happened?

Sony hangs her head.

SONY

Crazy day at work. Just got home.
Had to bag a perp. He deserved it
too. Be grateful you don't have to
save humanity from itself. It's
exhausting.

The bottle of dark rum, lifted off the table, poured into a tumbler. Sony slurps down a swig. Her face reacts from the burnt innards.

MOTHER

(over phone)

Aww, sorry to hear that child.
That's one helluva job you got
there. Have Spark-Plug Doug take
you out somewhere tonight.

As Sony holds the phone away from her ear, she exhales frustration. More rum, cascades. Her butt finds the couch.

SONY

That loser left me last week.
Found some star-struck coed with a
trust fund. Washed out with me,
like he did in the NFL. I don't
miss him, one bit. None.

Awkward silence.

MOTHER

(over phone)

Girl, you need to go to church and find you a good man. Meet more people.

SONY

People? I've seen what people do. Even to their own families. And God? From the cruelty I've seen, the idea of God is a myth. As is human kindness. Even in church there are power struggles, fragile egos and predators. Would rather feed stray dogs at the kennel.

A laugh from mom, heard over the phone.

MOTHER

(over phone)

Do not give up on people, baby. They're naturally good, but the world turns them bad. Even the bad can be changed to good, sometimes.

She takes another big gulp as she searches her purse, pulls out a bottle of pills. Sony takes out four.

SONY

Bad going good? That's a rare one, mom. Not quite familiar with that animal. All I see is bad, bad, bad. It's getting to me.

The pills, chased down with spiced rum. Only a squint this time. Goes down like apple juice.

MOTHER

(over phone)

And God is not a myth. Thought I taught you better than that, Missy.

SONY

Let's talk again tomorrow. After the shooting today, I had to be interviewed, then filled out a mountain of paperwork. I probably have a bad case of the grumpys. Love you, good-night.

Sony clicks off the phone, tosses it farther down the couch.

SONY (CONT'D)

Yeah I grew up with those old fairy tales but I've seen reality. If God ain't a myth, then he sure is pissed off at us Earthlings for some reason.

She takes another swig.

SONY (CONT'D)

Oh yeah, we killed his son. And just about anybody else that stood up for goodness. Hmmm, he's putting the screws to us...and we deserve every minute of it.

Sony wobbles as she rises from the couch.

SONY (CONT'D)

And lucky me, I investigate who killed who...and never have to worry about unemployment. Only if...I can avoid going bat-shit crazy.

After a twirl, soaked sarcastic glee...she has to steady herself with the side of the couch.

SONY (CONT'D)

I think the tweaker killer, needs to hit some mattress meat. You coming, furry-man?

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Propped-up with pillows, Sony surfs through channels, bored. Finally, she flicks it off. T-Rex walks in.

SONY

I can't believe I'm paying for this crap. And of course I can't sleep tonight. Shit. Ain't gonna let no meth-head rob me of my shut-eye.

Sony snatches more pills from the night-stand. She chases it down with booze.

SONY (CONT'D)

That's right, bitch. I got a prescription. Ha. Clinical depression comes in handy.

She leans over the bed, pets the pit bull.

SONY (CONT'D)
 You know what bothers me, buddy?
 The guy with the soup can. Not
 found anywhere in the store, Did he
 run? I would have seen him. Doesn't
 make sense.

The dog barks and wags his tail.

SONY (CONT'D)
 Good idea. I'll check the security
 video tomorrow. Who needs a washed
 up football player acting a fool,
 when I got you?

As Sony stares at him. A tear falls, then more.

SONY (CONT'D)
 Humans suck. I hate my life.

The tears turn into an all out waterworks. Her eyes travel
 to...her gun on the night-stand.

SONY (CONT'D)
 Barrel in mouth. Pull trigger. Easy
 stuff. Maybe one day...but not
 tonight. Right...Right?

She reaches towards the firearm...hesitates, then stretches
 her arm past it - turns off the light.

INT. SONY'S DESK - DAY

Sony pulls herself into the room, hangs her jacket, opens the
 shades. A panoramic view of clouds over the city.

SONY
 Yuk.

The blinds are closed again. Sony powers up the computer as
 she sips the coffee she brought with her.

Her e-mail notification is heard.

SONY (CONT'D)
 Oh, a love letter from the Captain.

SONY (V.O.)
 Good morning and congratulations,
 Sony. You made the streets of our
 city a little safer and the entire
 force is proud of you.

She takes another sip and smiles. Continues reading.

SONY (V.O.)

The security cam at the grocery store was horrible. We'll try to get some stills from the scene.

SONY

Good, need to find out what happened to the Soup Can Man. Disappeared like he owed me money...poof.

SONY (V.O.)

Attached are files from a case we can't figure out. Car accident. The driver died on impact. The passenger should have died too. Instead they found her a safe distance away with both legs broken. She can't remember anything. How'd that happen?

Sony puts down her cup and leans into the screen.

SONY

Say what?

She opens the attachment. Photos from the accident scene flip across the computer screen.

The cursor stops on the photo of the woman...quite a distance from the wreck. Her legs look dysfunctional, for sure.

Sony frowns, stares sideways at the screen.

SONY (CONT'D)

Hmm. What's up with that? I don't think even Criss Angel could do that trick.

She enlarges the photo. Drag-lines that match the woman's shoes, stands out to her.

SONY (CONT'D)

Let me see if I can get the security video from the store across the street. You didn't walk, sister. Somebody dragged you.

Sony snatches her jacket, slips out the door.

INT. CAR - DAY

Her car comes to a stop in a butcher shop parking lot. She pulls a small bottle from her purse - sprays on some perfume.

SONY

Might be funky in there. Hate that dead pig smell. Rather go to the morgue and sniff dead people, ha.

She grabs her briefcase, leaves the car.

INT. SONY'S DESK - DAY

The door swings open, Sony dashes inside as she tries to dig something out of her purse.

SONY

Where the hell? Uh, here it is.

Between her fingers, a small disk drive. Sony scurries over to her computer, plugs it in.

Sony removes her jacket, puts it on the hook, then hesitates.

SONY (CONT'D)

Dammit. Do I smell bacon? Urrg.

She rolls her eyes. As Sony is about to take a seat at her desk, she spots a manila envelope on her chair.

SONY (CONT'D)

Whoa, this must be the pics of my boyfriend at the grocery store.

With a hunger, she opens the envelope. Sony pulls out the 8 x 10 pics, one by one.

SONY (CONT'D)

Let's see what you look like lover.

The first photo shows Speedy, shoplifting.

SONY (CONT'D)

Ah yes, the meth head who kills his family for fun. What a guy.

Next photo, she is coming in the door. After that, a close up shot of her drawn-down on Speedy, in shooting stance.

SONY (CONT'D)
Whew, I like that one. Look at that
bad bitch. Blow that up a put it in
a frame, kid.

The action photo is put to the side.

SONY (CONT'D)
He must be on the next one.

As Speedy holds the hostage by knife-point, an arm with the
can of soup is seen behind his feet.

SONY (CONT'D)
Soup Can Man. There you are,
player. Let's see that pretty face
on the next one.

The next one comes up.

SONY (CONT'D)
Damn. They didn't get the money
shot. Oh, come on.

She looks at a ventilated Speedy, bleeding out, in front of
the PROGRESSO soup display.

SONY (CONT'D)
That's disappointing. At least I
know he was there and can prove it
to myself, even if no one else saw
him. Still sucks. Oh well.

Sony moves the pictures away and pulls up her seat to the
computer. She clicks away at the keyboard till the
surveillance video pops up.

SONY (CONT'D)
Time to figure this out for the
captain. I'll probably never see
Soup Can Man again, but if I do
I'll buy him a drink.

Sitting forward, she clicks the play button.

SONY (CONT'D)
Well alright. Let's solve the
puzzle.

INSERT - COMPUTER SCREEN

The video, crisp and clear. The tree where she was found is
prominent in the frame. Several cars pass by.

SONY (O.S.)
 Gee, did they shoot this in HD or
 what?

There seems to be an explosion, just off screen. Flames from
 the crash are seen reflected off of the tree leaves.

SONY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Wow, no accident to see? Fine. At
 least I'll see where she landed and
 how she got there.

Seconds later...a quick flash of purple.

SONY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Where did that flash come from?

Into the frame...she sees a man dragging an unconscious woman
 towards the tree.

His face is not seen as he transports the woman to her
 resting place, with ease. The shirt he wears, white...but the
 sleeves are like a daishiki.

SONY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Alright mister Good Samaritan.
 Look at the camera for mommy.

After the crippled woman is placed against the tree, the
 stranger seems to talk to her, then he kisses her forehead.
 As he gets up to step away...he looks forward.

Sony pushes back from her desk. Surprise and fear on her
 face. She gasps and cannot believe her eyes.

It appears that the Good Samaritan...is the Soup Can Man.

SONY (CONT'D)
 You must be shitting me. No way.
 How the hell?

The video is paused, rewind...played again.

SONY (CONT'D)
 That's him! I'd know those damn
 eyebrows anywhere.

She stops on the frame that shows his face the best. Sony
 enlarges it for a close-up.

Next, she clicks the screen-shot button. She clears the crap
 off of her printer, turns it on.

SONY (CONT'D)

Let me get a hardcopy of that mug.

Sony clicks the print button. The photo slowly comes out as the printer wheezes and whines. She snatches it up...inspects it like the detective she is.

SONY (CONT'D)

Who in the name of God are you?

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A bag of dog food is the first thing through the door. Sony wiggles it around, as the canine goes a little crazy, for her entertainment.

Sony finally steps inside with two other bags. With tail wagging, T-Rex jumps up and down.

SONY

How you doing sweetie? Oh I missed you too. Sure did. Mommy didn't forget the puppy chow today.

She puts the groceries, purse and briefcase on the table with a thud, then sets the home alarm.

SONY (CONT'D)

And I didn't have to shoot anyone today either.

T-Rex watches her go to the kitchen with the dog food. He is right on her heels.

SONY (CONT'D)

Let's get some grub, then you can help me bust open this mystery man case. I can't sniff it out. We'll put that wet nose to work.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

At the desk, in her bedroom, Sony hunches over her computer and types away. Photos of the once Soup Can Man, now...Eyebrow Man - grace the open spaces on the desk.

Her focus, broken by a cell phone. Frustration is on her face as she pulls away from the project.

Suddenly, she smiles when she picks up the phone and sees the picture. It is her partner, RAFAEL TERRANOVA aka YOGI (late 40s, Latino).

SONY

You must be kidding. T-Rex, go
fetch mommy a beer.

The faithful dog smiles at her , wags his tail, but makes no
moves towards the fridge.

SONY (CONT'D)

After I'm done on the phone, you're
getting shot. Don't try to talk
your way your way out of it either.

T-Rex barks back in a playful mood and continues to smile.
Sony gives him the evil eye, then answers the phone.

SONY (CONT'D)

The party you are trying to reach
doesn't live here anymore. The
Cartel pays better and there are
less dead people. She ranaway from
home, sorry. Beep.

The sound of laughter erupts from the other end of the phone.
Sony smiles about her zinger.

A raspy male voice, with a strong Spanish accent responds
back to her.

YOGI

(over phone)

Ay Chica, the cartel? Easy to find
you. Don't you know all Mexicans
are related to each other? I'm sure
I'll see you at a Quincinera soon.

Sony chuckles.

SONY

Can't go to anymore Quincineras.
Mexican food makes me farty. I have
to share my office with a straight-
up diva, so...

More laughter on both sides.

YOGI

(over phone)

I'm a diva now? I went to all that
trouble of getting shot to show the
macho...and I'm still a diva? How
about, mini-stud?

SONY

Only if you don't get shot again.
How you doing partner? Boring as
hell around there without you.

YOGI

(over phone)

Boring? I hear you're shooting up
the town like Wyatt Earp, lady.
Good job tagging that meth-head
piece of shit. Everyone can sleep a
little better tonight.

SONY

Thank you. Had to do it. All is
good with the department about it.
So, Yogi, my man, when are you
coming back?

Sony gets up from the chair and has a seat on the bed.

YOGI

(over phone)

Well have yourself some tamales
tonight so you can make my nose
bleed tomorrow. Doc says manana is
okay to deploy back to the
battlefield. No parades please.
Strippers are okay.

The news makes Sony sit straight up. Excitement in her eyes.
She lets out a scream of joy. The dog is startled, barks.

SONY

Wow. Yes! Great news. Can't wait to
see you. I'm gonna get extra spicy
tamales and melt your whole face
off tomorrow. You ready?

YOGI

(over phone)

My wife says its okay to fart on my
face, but don't get any on my
lips...She still has to kiss me.

Laughter makes her double over.

SONY

Okay, Loco. See you tomorrow. Got
one of them mystery cases you love.
Will be great to have your help.

YOGI
(over phone)
You got it. Manana, hermana.

All smiles, she puts the phone down. Sony gets up and goes back to the desk. She looks at the pictures of Eyebrow Man, then waves it off.

SONY
That crap will keep me up all
night. Just some news, then snooze.

Turns off the light on her desk, snatches the remote control and flops on the bed.

SONY (CONT'D)
I'm so beat I could crash, right
now.

The TV flickers on. Trees bend, debris flies in the high wind and rain.

SONY (CONT'D)
Oh boy. Looks like somebody is
gonna eat a hurricane sandwich for
dinner.

The dog sits by her bedside.

SONY (CONT'D)
My guess? Florida.

A caption comes across the screen announcing the location as Marcos Islands, Florida. Seventy four mile an hour winds.

SONY (CONT'D)
Damn, hope folks had a chance to
evacuate.

Scenes of hurricane devastation the area are shown. Flooded streets, roofs ripped off homes...

Men try to push a car out of a wash in the downpour.

SONY (CONT'D)
Oh no, people are still stuck
there?

One of the men who push the car falls down. The other guy seems to push it out, on his own. The camera from the news chopper goes for a close-up of the hero.

Sony's jaw drops wide, when she sees the face on the screen.

SONY (CONT'D)
No way. What? WHAT?

The face of the man on the screen looks remarkably like the elusive - Eyebrow Man.

SONY (CONT'D)
You see what I see?

Her pitbull barks.

SONY (CONT'D)
This fool got a twin? Didn't think
there was enough eyebrow hair in
the world for two of them.

The scene on the TV changes. Sony scrambles for the remote control. She hits the pause button.

SONY (CONT'D)
I need to preserve this somehow.
Why doesn't this TV have a screen-
print button?

She rolls her eyes, exasperated. The remote's rewind button is pushed.

The video is reversed to show the point where both men are pushing the car.

SONY (CONT'D)
Okay, Now what?

Sony looks around searching for something to help.

SONY (CONT'D)
Of course I sold my video camera
last month.

As she sits up, her phone falls off the bed.

SONY (CONT'D)
Duh. Yeah, I must be stupid-tired
to forget that option.

She grips it and gets situated in the bed for her project.

SONY (CONT'D)
Alright. Let me hook this up.

Sony fumbles with the phone.

SONY (CONT'D)
Okay doggie-woggie, you hit the
play button and I'll record it,
bet?

The dog just blinks at her and hangs his tongue out as he
smiles.

SONY (CONT'D)
Lucky you're so cute. I could buy a
monkey to handle my light work. Oh,
you think I'm kidding? Don't give
me that look. I'll grab my
Mastercard and get a banana eater
from Amazon, delivered tonight.

With remote in one hand, she tries to focus the phone's
camera on the TV with the other.

SONY (CONT'D)
Here we go.

The TV plays as she records it on her cell phone. When the
scene ends, she clicks off the recording.

SONY (CONT'D)
Gotcha. Even if I don't find you,
it's nice to know there is some
goodness in the world. Haven't seen
that too much lately.

She reviews the recording, smiles.

SONY (CONT'D)
Can't wait to show this to Yogi.
Boy must be taking a truckload of
vitamins to push a car like that.

Sony puts down the phone, stretches out in bed and reaches
for the night-light.

SONY (CONT'D)
Old boy is kinda cute. Gotta do
something about them Neanderthal
eyebrows though. I could use a new
cabana boy.

Out goes the lights.

INT. SONY'S DESK - DAY

With both hands full, Sony swings open the door of the office. In one hand is her purse and briefcase. The other hand carries a large box of donuts.

SONY

Good, he's not here yet.

She puts down the articles on a desk and removes her jacket. She hangs it, makes a face.

SONY (CONT'D)

I gotta get this thing cleaned.

INT. CITY MORGUE COLD CHAMBER - DAY

Speedy, pale. His dead body, stretched-out on the cold slab. Shirtless, a hole right between the eyes comes into view.

INT. SPEEDY'S CHEST CAVITY - DAY

All organs, still. No blood flow. An orange light flashes and lights up Speedy's insides. A modified voice, almost a whisper...

UNREDEEMABLE ONE (V.O.)

Wake up.

Nothing happens. It is much louder this time.

UNREDEEMABLE ONE (V.O.)

WAKE UP!

The heart starts to beat again. Blood begins to course through veins.

UNREDEEMABLE ONE (V.O.)

Yes. Obey my command. It's better that you are dead. This way, your stupidity and weakness won't get in the way. I, the Unredeemable One...will take over this useless body. And use it until it falls apart. Be honored.

INT. CITY MORGUE COLD CHAMBER- DAY

Speedy's eyes pop open. He growls louder and louder.

INT. SONY'S DESK - DAY

Sony turns away from her paperwork when she hears cheers in the office, the noise seems to be coming her way.

SONY
Hot damn. Here comes the man.

She smiles and goes to the door, opens it. Yogi's wide body fills up the door-frame. His grin lights up the room.

YOGI
Hey, hey. How's my work wife doing?

They hug.

SONY
Missed you like mad. You know that.
Mommy got some goodies for you.

She nods towards the donuts in the corner. He gives a thumbs-up and a smile.

YOGI
Donuts? My favorite. And...do I
smell some bacon too? That's
awesome. Thank you.

Sony rolls her eyes.

SONY
Sorry, just donuts.

YOGI
But...I'm sure I smell bacon.

SONY
Ain't no bacon. It's a long story.
Stuff one of them eclairs in your
pie-hole and let's get to work.
Tired of being the only one out
here saving the city.

They have a laugh as he grabs a donut and sit at their desks. Yogi leans back and smiles.

YOGI
Great to be back. Got tired of talk
shows. I'm used to the mindless
chatter - but you cuss more...and I
guess I miss that.

She peers over at him.

SONY

Blow me.

They both have a hearty laugh.

YOGI

Yea, yea, I get that same answer from my wife everyday. So, other than popping a tweaker, what did I miss around here?

With a wide smile, Sony picks up a stack of files and plops it close to Yogi. The folder on top is marked, EYEBROW MAN.

SONY

I think it's time you boys become acquainted.

Yogi considers the pile with curiosity.

YOGI

This the case you mentioned on the phone?

He starts to check through it. He pauses on a still photo of the subject.

SONY

Yep, I have some clips of big boy in action too.

YOGI

How come he's got caterpillars where his eyebrows should be?

EXT. HEDGEROW - DAY

His head can barely be seen behind the bushes, but Speedy's orange eyes glow bright.

A man who jogs near them doesn't see the hidden menace...until it is too late.

He is snatched, choked and dragged - back into the cover of the greenery.

INT. SONY'S DESK - DAY

The material about Eyebrow Man is on both desks. Yogi is on the phone, then hangs up.

YOGI

Nope, looks like none of the officers at the car accident saw a soul. How could he disappear so quickly?

SONY

Strange shit, huh?

YOGI

Speaking of shit, they are having some crappy little award thing for me getting shot on duty next week. Love for you to come.

SONY

I might have my goat-yoga class that day. I have to check.

YOGI

You pop into my award ceremony smelling like livestock you will be forcibly removed. Letting you know up front.

They both laugh. After it dies down, Sony leans in.

SONY

So, actually taking a bullet. What was that like? What exactly went down?

Her partner pushes away from the desk, rests his head back.

YOGI

First, I'm not really comfortable with being called a hero. Was just doing what was right. Had just got groceries and turned on the police radio on the way home. Heard the call about an active shooter.

SONY

And at a high school too. What did you think at the time?

Yogi reaches over, grabs another donut.

YOGI

Sister, it was like I swallowed an ice glacier. Nausea and anger.

(MORE)

YOGI (CONT'D)

The school was right across the street, so I drove over the lawn and ball field to get up close. Jumped out, put my badge on and went hunting.

SONY

How did you find him so quickly?

YOGI

Kids told me. He was covered with body armor. I had on a SANTANA T-shirt, shorts and flip flops.

Sony smiles.

SONY

He should have given up when he saw Santana. What happened next?

YOGI

This fool had an arsenal with him. I figured the more I engaged him the more kids could run to safety. I had to make every shot count.

SONY

And you did a great job. No fatalities after you confronted him. Take long for back-up to get there?

YOGI

Just felt like an eternity. Especially when I ran out of bullets and he didn't. High stakes hide and seek. Then he cornered me.

SONY

Glad you ducked and he only got your shoulder.

YOGI

Not sure if I ducked or tripped. Another inch or two and we'd be having this conversation at my tombstone.

SONY

So that's when our boys came in and took him out?

Yogi chuckles and bites his donut. Jelly rolls down his chin. He answers with his mouth full.

YOGI

They lit his ass...ALL the way up.
Little punk. Now my dream of
pitching in the Major Leagues is as
dead as his rotting corpse.

Just as Yogi wipes the jelly from its perch on his beard, the phone rings. Sony gets it.

SONY

This is detective Robinson. Yes.
Oh really?...I kinda figured that.
Thanks anyway.

She hangs up and rolls her eyes.

YOGI

Was that the Marcos Island PD?

SONY

Yep, and nope. No record of our
bushy browed friend.

Sony's computer beeps. An e-mail notification pops up.

SONY (CONT'D)

Is this great timing or what? I
asked my friend at the news station
to look through clips of local
rescues to see if our boy shows up.

Yogi looks over her shoulder as she pulls up the attachments on her e-mail. Eyebrow Man is seen in several photos.

One shows him at a mountain rescue. Another shows him pulling someone from a house fire.

In monsoon rains he is seen extending a hand so the person in a flooded stream, so they don't get swept away.

YOGI

I remember this next one. Happened
right down the street. The mom said
she saved her kid.

The photo shows Eyebrow Man at pool-side, giving a pre-school kid CPR.

SONY

She lied.

YOGI

Guess so. Knowing that drunk, she probably tossed him in there while she went on a booze run. Look at him. If we find him, we should offer him a job on the force.

SONY

Some kinda first responder, huh? He's doing the work already, might as well get paid for it.

YOGI

What is the time span of all these good deeds?

Sony checks the dates.

SONY

Looks like it only goes back for six months. And I bet some of his best work never made it onto film.

Yogi paces and smiles.

YOGI

I realize no crime has been committed here but I'm as curious as a nun outside a topless bar. I gotta find out what's going on here. I'm gonna call in a favor.

With a squint of one eye, Sony turns her chair to face him.

SONY

C'mon. The only person that can figure this out, lives in a bat-cave in Gotham City.

Yogi chuckles.

YOGI

Oh my dear, did you forget I have access to even more toys than any bat-cave around? My sister Dee Dee works for the N.S.A., and she actually works in the facial recognition department.

SONY

Ahhh. Yes, see if he is taking the tour nationally. Great idea, if she will do it.

(MORE)

SONY (CONT'D)

Yea, that beats Batman for real.
Maybe I should start calling you
the Joker.

YOGI

Well, I look as fat as the Penguin
and I feel old as King Tut.

They laugh.

YOGI (CONT'D)

Call me anything you want, except
to be late for dinner. I'm basic
like that.

SONY

Cool, hook that up with her. I just
forwarded all my info to you.

Yogi fiddles around on his keyboard.

YOGI

Done.

The phone rings. Sony gets it as she is still smiles at the silliness of her partner.

SONY

Hi, detective Robinson here. Uh,
say that again, sounded like...No,
no fricking way. If this is a joke,
you sure the hell ain't funny. At
all.

Concerned about the sudden mood swing, Yogi pays close attention to the call.

SONY (CONT'D)

It's impossible...Yes, e-mail it
over. I'm at my desk. Soon as
possible please. I have to see this
with my own eyes.

The phone, slammed down. Sony stares at it in the cradle, not saying a word.

YOGI

Sounded rough. You wanna talk about
it?

Sony lifts her head and looks Yogi in the eye, furls her brow, then turns away.

SONY

What the...No way. There is no way
this can be true. Must be a trick,
but why?

Stress wrinkles and sweat-beads form on her forehead.

YOGI

How about a donut?

SONY

No, I don't want no fricking donut.

YOGI

I hear you. I'm still waiting for
the bacon.

A smile worms its way out.

SONY

Clown. And thank God for it. I
can't believe what they just told
me. How?

YOGI

Who told you?

SONY

The hospital morgue. They
said...oh, this is crazy. They said
that tweaker I shot dead - with a
hole in his forehead...just got up,
killed somebody and left the
building.

Her face shows her total astonishment. So does his.

YOGI

People don't usually walk around
too much after cranial ventilation.

SONY

Right. A security video is supposed
to be sent over soon.

YOGI

Just looked at your calendar and it
sure as hell ain't April the First.
If it's a joke, somebody needs to
lose their cajones over this.

She turns to him...fear in her eyes.

SONY

And if in fact its real? Then what?

YOGI

Then that would definitely be above
our pay grade, for starters.

Her computer beeps. They look at each other with wide eyes.

SONY

What say we pack up for the day and
look at it tomorrow? This whole
thing kinda freaks me out.

YOGI

Ha, you wouldn't sleep a wink
tonight if you did that.

SONY

Not sure I will be able to sleep if
I see it either. As a cop, I will
assume that if he is shown...it's a
camera trick or edited video,
right?

YOGI

Absolutely. Just another fraud
case. We find out who did it and
toss their little creative ass in
jail for a while.

Sony, comforted, smiles...plays the video.

INSERT - SECURITY VIDEO

The door marked 'MORGUE', swings open. A shadowed figure
comes into view, shirtless, he wears a blood-stained pair of
scrub pants.

The man looks like Speedy, except his skin is beyond pale,
almost blue.

He stumbles through the door into the sunlight of the
outdoors.

YOGI (O.S.)

Your boy don't look too good. Is
that really him?

Speedy tilts his head up before he moves out of the frame.
His eyes seem to glow orange.

SONY (O.S.)
Looks like the zombie remix of him.
It's crazy, he's got to be dead.
You can still see the entry wounds.

The video gets reversed, then frozen on a full frontal view of the walking dead.

YOGI (O.S.)
Dios mio. Look at the way you lined
up those shots. Abdomen, chest and
forehead. Boom, boom, boom.

BACK TO SCENE

Sony pretends her thumb and index finger are a gun. She points it at the screen.

SONY
Pop, pop, pop...from the
department's fly-est cop.

She then blows imaginary gun-smoke from the tip of her painted fingernail.

SONY (CONT'D)
That's one bad bitch.

Yogi laughs.

YOGI
How come he's not dead? You use
bird shot instead of lead?

SONY
Look at that thing. Hardly looks
human anymore. This might be like
some X-FILES shit.

YOGI
Why would aliens want to mess with
a tweaker? I think a ninja or a
power forward would payoff better.

Sony hits the print button on the computer, copies of the morgue's refugee...spew out on a tray.

SONY
We need to get an A.P.B., out on
this guy.

YOGI
But what do we say about it?

Sony seems stumped. Suddenly...

SONY

We'll say he escaped. Well, it's true isn't it?

Yogi throws up his arms comically, which reflects the insanity of the moment.

YOGI

Sure. Why not?

SONY

In the meantime, I'm signing out a shotgun and go tune-up at the shooting range. A hand gun doesn't seem to do much to him. You with me?

He heads towards the door.

YOGI

Only if we stop for some bacon along the way. Someone has been teasing me all day.

Sony gets her stinky jacket and joins him.

SONY

Very funny. Come on then. I'll feed you so much dead pig, you'll smell like you were gargling with chitterlings.

They laugh and exit through the door.

YOGI (O.S.)

What are chitterlings?

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sony places a framed picture on the wall and smiles. It is the blown up photo of her as she busts a cap at the grocery store. T-Rex barks, happy.

SONY

Yes, I know. Pretty cool to have a badass mommy, huh?

The phone rings. She picks up the cell from the desk.

YOGI
(over phone)
Hey, they spotted him.

SONY
Spotted who? Oh, the dead man
walking? Where is he?

YOGI
(over phone)
There was a disturbance at a
hardware store on the West-side.
Guy matched Speedy description,
blue skin, hole in forehead, all
that.

SONY
He still there?

YOGI
(over phone)
Not even. Took some axes from
display and killed four people
before he left. I'm processing the
crime scene right now, it's under
control. I'll see you in the
morning.

SONY
Sure you don't need me?

YOGI
(over phone)
Well, I could use a back-rub.

SONY
Good night, perv. Be safe out there
please.

As she plugs the cell into the charger, she notices a purple
flash in the living room. T-Rex dashes out there.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Sony follows her dog into the other room. T-Rex acts like
someone is on a chair...and he is plays with him. His tail
wags in joy. Sony, totally confused.

SONY
You see something I don't see? Have
fun. I'm dosed up, ready to sleep
and not in the mood.

She goes back to the bedroom and closes the door.

INT. SONY'S DESK - DAY

Yogi sits on the edge of Sony's desk as she listens to him .

SONY

But he looked so sickly and weak.
How could he kill four people?

YOGI

This idiot has been a mystery since
he bashed his family's heads in. He
must have found strength from
somewhere. Ugly crime scene.

SONY

I have yet to see a pretty crime
scene. I assume he used the ax to
kill them.

Sony sips some coffee.

YOGI

Kill them? He took time to slice
and dice each body, into several
pieces.

She shakes her head in disgust.

SONY

Yuk.

YOGI

Strange thing is he didn't even
attempt to rob anyone. One guy had
five hundred dollars in his pocket.
Junkies usually don't let that
kinda thing slide.

SONY

Word. Serial killer. God help us. I
liked him better as a junkie...and
I hated his guts THEN.

YOGI

It's a priority to take this fool
off the street, hopefully back to
the morgue.

SONY

Those four dead plus the guy he
killed at the morgue.

(MORE)

SONY (CONT'D)

Yep, priority for sure. Might have to chop him up with his own ax to make sure of no return trips.

The laugh they share is disrupted by a loud SMASH. The sound of broken glass hits the ground. A car alarm goes off.

YOGI

Sounds like somebody's evening just got ruined.

SONY

As long as they are outta my way when its quitting time...which is right about now.

She gets up and goes to get her jacket.

YOGI

Aw, don't take your coat. I was going to eat it for breakfast with eggs and pancakes.

Sony turns to him, gives him the evil eye, as he chuckles at his shot.

SONY

You ain't funny. Not in the least.

The work phone rings. She stares at it, then continues to put on her jacket.

YOGI

That's your phone. Don't you wanna pick it up?

She makes a face and straightens the collar on her jacket. The phone stops.

SONY

See, must not have been important.

Just then, Yogi's phone rings. He raise his eyebrow.

YOGI

Or it could be very important.

Yogi picks up the phone.

YOGI (CONT'D)

Hello, Forensics Unit...Yes, one moment. She's right here.

He hands her the receiver. Sony takes it with a grimace, then plays like she is going to hit him in the head with it. They both laugh.

SONY

This is detective Robinson, how can I help you?

As Sony listens, the playfulness from seconds earlier fades. It is replaced...by anger.

YOGI

You okay?

She holds up her index finger, to signal she needs to focus on the call.

SONY

Goddammit. Did you catch him or get it on film? Okay, I'll be right down.

Sony slams the phone down, furious.

YOGI

What is it? I'll go with you.

SONY

That sound we heard. That was MY CAR. Somebody smashed the windshield in. Broad daylight. Police parking lot. But that's not the worst part.

YOGI

I'm kinda afraid to ask what that could be.

SONY

The guy who did it..Used an ax.

He gets his jacket and keys.

YOGI

I'm right behind you.

They leave the room with haste and dread.

EXT. BACKYARD POOL - NIGHT

Sony strolls to the pool in her swimsuit. T-Rex trails behind. The dog seems to sense her mood.

SONY

Mommy had a CRA-ZAY ass day. Time for some tranquility and Chakra alignment. You watch my back and if there's a problem, me and Roscoe will handle it.

She puts the towel down on a lawn chair. Her handgun sticks out from it.

Sony walks to the edge of the pool, then dives in.

After she resurfaces, Sony does a lazy backstroke as she gazes at the stars above.

SONY (CONT'D)

Ahhh. Love it. Melt away evil day, melt away.

The happy off-duty detective continues to swim, then does a lap underwater. When she comes up for air near the wall...all hell is breaks loose.

Her house alarm blares. The dog barks like mad...at the inside of the house.

She wipes the water from her eyes, strains to look inside.

SONY (CONT'D)

Shit.

Sony hoists herself from the water. She moves with stealth, towards her well-armed towel.

SONY (CONT'D)

Come here, Roscoe. We got business.

She stays low, eyes wide. Sony makes her way towards the patio door...peeks in, then back to the cover of the wall.

When Sony peers inside again...she slides the glass doors open a bit. Sony glances at her hyped up dog.

SONY (CONT'D)

Ready to chew some ass?

The pitbull charges past her and into the house.

Sony does a forward roll into the living room and comes up with her gun...straight ahead.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Sony's eyes dart around, breathing heavy. She sneaks over and peeks in the kitchen, then later the bedroom, nothing.

The dog barks at the door. She goes towards it, with dread. The blade of an axe, stuck in the door, glimmers in the light.

SONY

Oh really? You stay right there.

Sony snatches a shirt...and her shotgun. Dashes to the patio.

EXT. BACKYARD POOL - NIGHT

Sony puts on the button up shirt, then attaches a strap to the shotgun.

She slings it around her back and jumps from garbage can, to wall, to the edge of the roof.

EXT. ROOF - NIGHT

Sony hangs on the lip of the roof...then does a flip and lands on her feet.

She scampers up to the crest of the roof...lines up her front door, through her gun-sight.

No one is there. She scopes over the street. She spots Speedy as he sprints away.

Sony hoists the gun to shoot it - but there is too much traffic for a clean shot.

SONY

Damn.

INT. SONY'S DESK - DAY

Yogi stews with concern on his face. Sony's confusion and anger, cannot be hidden.

SONY

I just don't get it. How can he remember? Hell...How can he not be dead? I killed him. I blew his brains out the back of his head.

YOGI

I saw his rap sheet. He barely had any brains to begin with. What is even more crazy is that he knew what car you drove and where you live. He must be working with someone else.

SONY

I got enough bullets for him, his buddy - and his momma...if she wants to step up stupid.

They laugh, but Sony struggles to keep her eyes open.

YOGI

Did you sleep at all, after it happened?

SONY

Even with a shotgun as my Teddy bear...Not a wink.

YOGI

We both could use some coffee. I'll get it. You just rest. Want a donut?

SONY

Eh, naw, better not.

YOGI

I'll get you one. If you don't eat it, I gotta feeling it won't go to waste.

He grabs his jacket and goes to the door.

SONY

You're so helpful. Okay, drive safe, silly.

Yogi leaves the room with a smile on his face. Sony takes a deep breath and kicks back in her chair.

SONY (CONT'D)

Come on, shut-eye. Save me.

DREAM SEQUENCE

INT. SONY'S DESK - DAY

Sony, out cold. Suddenly, her eyelids flutter, then open. The room is filled with a hazy, purple mist.

She sits up straight, eyes wide open. In Yogi's chair...the outline of a man. Too slim to be Yogi.

Mist clears. Eyebrow Man smiles. Her hand jumps to her heart.

He leans forward. She cringes.

EYEBROW MAN

Greetings, Sony. Please relax. I mean you no harm.

Astonished and mouth hanging open, she clears her throat to cancel her temporary paralysis.

SONY

You. It's you. Oh my God.

EYEBROW MAN

Yes, we have met before.

SONY

Who are you? How do you know my name?

EYEBROW MAN

Listen carefully and remember this well. You are in grave danger.

SONY

Hell yeah. A damn dead man, I saw die...now has me as a target. Danger? Brotha, I'm deep in it. Can you help me?

Eyebrow man stares directly into her eyes.

EYEBROW MAN

I vow to protect you. With all of my power. Fear not.

SONY

My man. Hey...you got some kinda gun to kill this fool with? Mine ain't working too good.

A hearty laugh echoes through the room. The Eyebrow Man takes seconds to dissipate into the mist.

EYEBROW MAN
Be blessed, child.

SONY
Hey...Hey...Hey.

END OF DREAM SEQUENCE

INT. SONY'S DESK - DAY

Yogi comes into the non-purple office and hears her speak in her sleep. He smiles and imitates a famous cartoon voice, singing the title song...

YOGI
(Singing)
*Hey, hey, hey. It's Fa-at Albert.
And I just brought some coffee for
you-ou. And plus, a jelly
donut...or two.*

He beams with pride about his creativity, then spots the shell-shock in her eyes. He steps closer, studies her face.

SONY
Whoa.

YOGI
What's up? You okay?

She shakes the cobwebs away...blinks her eyes to wake up.

SONY
Freaky dream...Wow....COFFEE...NOW.

Yogi comically tip-toes it over to her with a funny expression his face. He places it near her...backs up quick.

Sony snatches it, slurps half of it down in one gulp. Then releases a huge belch.

YOGI
Ahh, all better now?

SONY
Hell no. Man, I just...I had a
dream about...Eyebrow Man.

YOGI
Damn, I hope you had enough time to
tell him to shave them things down.
(MORE)

YOGI (CONT'D)

The Neanderthal look went out with
the Woolly Mammoths.

Her icy glare...freezes further jokes.

SONY

He said I was in grave danger.
Don't think he was kidding.

Yogi's face gets serious.

YOGI

Danger? Is he connected to the dead
tweaker?

SONY

He's aware of it, I think. At least
it sounded like he's on our side.
Sure, it was a dream, but it seemed
so real.

YOGI

Where did the dream take place?

SONY

Right here. He spoke to me from the
chair you're sitting in.

In a flash, Yogi leaps up and turns back to the chair. He
scans the area up and down...then backs away.

The next place for his buns, the corner of his desk.

YOGI

I see.

SONY

I'm torn. I want to find out what
the Eyebrow Man meant and who he
is...but there's a homicidal maniac
running loose...and I'm the goddam
bulls-eye.

YOGI

Might have to do both at the same
time. Got a call back from the lady
he saved. She's willing to come in.

SONY

Good, hopefully she can remember
something. How did he get in my
dreams? Warlock or something?

He leans over to her.

YOGI
Just be glad it's him in your
dreams...and not Freddie Krueger.

SONY
This tweaker zombie in real-life is
just fine, thank you.

YOGI
I'll see if the witness can come in
tonight.

INT. SONY'S DESK - NIGHT

On a cane, with a limp...enters, JANIS TRACY (40s, white) in
her business office attire.

YOGI
Greetings, Miss Tracy. This is
Detective Robinson. Glad you could
find time to help us.

JANIS TRACY
Actually its a total pain in the
ass. Worked all day when I should
still be out on medical, then have
to limp over here. But you know
what?

SONY
Uh, what?

JANIS TRACY
Wouldn't miss this for the world.
I'm dying to find out who saved my
life. And how.

SONY
That makes two of us, ma'am.

Yogi motions her to a seat in front of a laptop.

YOGI
Please, have a seat.

He helps her sit down, turns on the video. They huddle beside
her as it plays.

SONY
That flash you see, reflected on
the tree...was the crash.

JANIS TRACY

Oh my God. Is that me? I don't remember any of this.

SONY

The man helping you. Did he talk to you? Mention his name?

The woman's eyes are huge as her mind relives the incident she witnesses on film. Her hand goes over her wide open mouth in horror.

JANIS TRACY

Look at my legs. Holy crap....I think he was saying that everything will be alright and relax.

YOGI

Anything else?

JANIS TRACY

He didn't give a name. Wow, look at those eyebrows. Are they real?

YOGI

As far as we know.

JANIS TRACY

Who ever he is, God bless him. He saved my life. He's like a guardian angel. Hope you find him. I'll pray for you.

SONY

Prayers don't work for me.

Janis reaches over and touches her hand.

JANIS TRACY

There are things in the world that are mysterious and go beyond logic. Don't lose faith in the goodness of our human existence.

SONY

Sure...Thanks. Is there anything else about it that you remember?

In deep thought, Janis kicks back and scratches her chin... then abruptly sits forward. Sony sips her coffee.

JANIS TRACY

I remember something, I think. It's not on the tape.

(MORE)

JANIS TRACY (CONT'D)
Right after the wreck, I think
there was like a purple mist. I
thought it was a light at first.

The coffee cup Sony drinks from, crashes to the floor. She stands there in shock. Mouth wide open.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

In bed, Sony reaches into the night stand and pulls out several prescription bottles.

SONY
One of you bitches are gonna put me
to sleep tonight. Which one of you
sorry suckers are gonna step up?

T-Rex barks, concerned.

SONY (CONT'D)
Which one of these pills do you
suggest, Dr. T-Rex?

Suddenly, a thought hits her. She throws up her hands in frustration...seems dejected.

SONY (CONT'D)
Dammit. I can't get into a deep
sleep...with that asshole gunning
for me. Crap.

Sony pulls back her bedroom curtain. A squad car...parked in front of the house.

SONY (CONT'D)
I don't even know if they can stop
him. This is crazy.

She pretends to yell out the window.

SONY (CONT'D)
If you can't stop his ass, at least
honk the horn.

Her hands go to the shotgun that is in the bed next to her. She pets the cold steel like it was a kitty cat.

SONY (CONT'D)
If I go down, I'm taking your ugly
ass with me. Ask your momma about
that.

The dog whimpers and wags his tail.

SONY (CONT'D)

Fine, come on up. Don't make it a habit.

T-Rex excitedly jumps on the bed and scampers around.

SONY (CONT'D)

Hold up.

Sony repositions the several different handguns under her pillow.

SONY (CONT'D)

Okay, Tiger. Let's try and catch a wink or two.

She reaches over, clicks off the light.

INT. SONY'S DESK - DAY

Sony and Yogi, fast at work on their computers.

YOGI

Looks like your boy took the night off. Didn't attack you, and no new dead bodies found.

SONY

Hooray. Let's proclaim it a holiday and go home.

YOGI

Ouch.

SONY

Sorry, this shit is wearing on me. How are we gonna catch this guy? And how do we stop him? Bullets are like mosquito bites to this clown.

Yogi jolts up. Mind blown.

YOGI

You're right. We could track him down, five minutes from now...then what?

She leans back in her seat.

SONY

You think the department has any flame-throwers that we could sign out?

(MORE)

SONY (CONT'D)

My original plan was to blast his head off with a shotgun. But, what if I miss?

YOGI

Can you imagine if you blow his head, clean off...and he...just keeps coming?

The Frankenstein-walk is invoked by Yogi.

SONY

Maybe you can bore him to death with your humor.

YOGI

I'll send him a video. Got his e-mail address?

SONY

Yeah, right here.

She flips him off. He chuckles.

YOGI

My uncle just bought a new chain-saw...but he would be upset about zombie blood on it.

SONY

I'm screwed. Holy shit. It's like I'm waiting for the Grim Reaper. Nothing and no one can stop him.

Yogi face shows empathy as he puts his arms around her shoulders. She closes her eyes.

YOGI

We'll figure out something.

Sony shakes her head in despair.

SONY

I don't know. Maybe we should head over to the hardware store and take a look around. We have to find him, before he finds me.

Yogi grabs his jacket.

YOGI

Let's go. We can't wait for this loco to pop up again.

(MORE)

YOGI (CONT'D)
We'll find him...call SWAT,
National Guard and Buffy the
Vampire Killer if we need to.
Vamanos.

A smile finds its way to her face. Sony rises to her feet with determination in her spirit.

SONY
Now you're talking.

They both head towards the door.

INT. HARDWARE STORE - DAY

Sony and Yogi push past the police tape and enter the crime scene. Chalk outlines of several bodies...etched on the floor.

YOGI
Welcome to the Homicide Hotel. The
bellhops are all dead, so you have
to carry your own damn bags.

SONY
Comedy. We're after the most
indestructible killer since the
Terminator. I'll laugh after we
shut his ass down for good, thank
you.

Both detectives scan the area.

YOGI
Got to find out what makes him
invincible. Take it away - then
hopefully, our fine taxpayer
financed bullets...will do what
Mister Remington designed them to
do.

SONY
Let's see if there's anything the
crime scene team missed. Even the
slightest thing might help.

They inspect an area with chalked out bodies, in close proximity. It is near the ax display.

SONY (CONT'D)
Looks like they tried to gang up on
him. Maybe they gouged out a hair
patch or something.

In the search around the garden tools, a rake seems out of place. Sony moves it away...hears a tinkle sound.

It resembles a tooth. She picks it up with tweezers and holds it in the light. Yogi hustles over.

SONY (CONT'D)

Any of the deceased missing teeth?

YOGI

They weren't smiling, but in the report, the grill seemed intact. They died from body blows.

Sony puts the specimen in the lab bag. When in the darkness of the bag...it glows orange, near the root.

SONY

What the hell is that? You seeing this?

YOGI

Yeah, orange? Don't get it. Is that where the stink is coming from? Smells like dead rats.

A hoarse, demonic voice is heard from behind them.

MR. SPEEDY (O.S.)

That's mine.

Speedy jumps out at them. Two axes. One of his front teeth is missing from his grill.

SONY

Well, we meet again. I'll make sure you are dead this time.

Sony and Yogi draw their weapons.

MR. SPEEDY

You know better, don't you, detective Robinson?

SONY

How do you know my name?

MR. SPEEDY

I know everything about you, my dear. Even your menstrual cycle, ha. You are mortal, I am not.

YOGI

Let's put that to the test.

Yogi fires first...then Sony.

Speedy flies backwards from the force.

On one knee...Speedy smiles back at them.

MR. SPEEDY

Did I pass your test, little man?

YOGI

Um, yeah. Yes you did. Flying colors. You can go home now.

Speedy laughs so hard another tooth falls out. Suddenly, the laughter stops and he stares them down.

MR. SPEEDY

Killing you will be fun.

In a swift motion, he grabs a nearby lawn mower and flings it at them with ease. They duck.

He charges them.

Yogi knocks over a display of toolboxes into his path.

Speedy flings away the metal tool boxes like they are paper origami. Sony and Yogi...astonished.

They fire on him again. It knocks him back...but does not stop him.

MR. SPEEDY (CONT'D)

Don't run out of bullets.

Again, Speedy charges.

They fire, which slows him down...but only for moments.

SONY

Ain't you at least getting a stomach ache? Goddamn.

MR. SPEEDY

I'm dead, stupid. Come, join the team.

This time he leaps on top of the counter.

YOGI

Let's get outta here.

They fire backwards as they run. Yogi sprints to the metal door that leads to the office.

Locked.... They are cornered.

Sony pops of one shot, then the 'click-click' sound. She has run out of ammo. Speedy smiles.

Yogi shoots him in the gap of his smile. Speedy goes down. He doesn't move.

SONY
Did we get him?

Speedy sits-up, he chews...something. His mouth spits out the bullet.

MR. SPEEDY
Tasty...but lead is bad for your health.

He stands to his feet. Now Yogi is out of firepower.

They do not notice the purple mist under the door.

MR. SPEEDY (CONT'D)
Now...you are mine.

Sony and Yogi have their backs against the wall. Yogi snatches two nearby sickles. Hands one to Sony. She flings her gun at Speedy, then takes the sickle.

MR. SPEEDY (CONT'D)
Where is your friend? Has he abandoned you?

YOGI
We don't have friends. We're cops.

SONY
And your under arrest. Stand down and surrender. That's an order.

Speedy swings his ax and knocks an air conditioning unit, five yards to the side. Yogi faces Sony...

YOGI
Really?

MR. SPEEDY
I'd rather resist arrest...but thanks anyway.

Sony and Yogi sweat...as they stand side by side. Sickles ready. Speedy inches towards them.

SONY
Ready, partner?

The ax, raised in the air. Speedy stands in front of the door. He sneers at his prey.

Suddenly, the metal door swings open...with velocity.

Speedy is knocked across the room...laid flat.

Hands appear on the shoulders of both officers. Something yanks them...they fly backwards.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Sony and Yogi find themselves inside the room that was locked. At the doorway...Eyebrow man.

EYEBROW MAN
Sorry.

Eyebrow man reaches out to close the door, as they spot Speedy get to his knees, across the room. The metal door, slams shut.

A second later, Eyebrow Man touches the door with both hands. The sound of the metal door, as it buckles, is heard.

MR. SPEEDY
Let me in. You can't protect her
forever, Uriel.

He makes eye contact with the detectives. Points to the window on the back of the opposite wall.

EYEBROW MAN
RUN!

As they dash out the window...the sound of the ax vs metal door, pierces the air.

Sony is the last one out. She turns back for a moment, to glimpse Eyebrow Man.

He winks at her, smiles...motions for her to leave. She nods, jumps out the window.

INT. SONY'S DESK - DAY

Yogi holds an ice pack on his knee as Sony types away on the computer.

YOGI

Jumping out of windows ain't as fun
as it used to be.

SONY

Got the police report. No sign of
our somewhat dead ax man or the
purple one. But plenty damage.

YOGI

Seems that those two had some kinda
feud going on. Long before we were
on the scene.

EXT. BACKYARD POOL - NIGHT

At home, Sony swims under the stars. Handgun, nearby. Out of
the corner of her eye...a purple glow.

She hurries to the ladder. Pinches herself to make sure she
is not asleep.

Sony trembles...breathes hard. Scared to death.

T-Rex comes outside, tail wagging. The happy dog bounces over
towards the deep end - where the light is.

SONY

No! Get away from there.

The dog peers down in the water, barks - jumps around in joy.
Sony, now looks confused and curious...dives underwater.

EXT. UNDERWATER - NIGHT

Sony eyeballs a small purple sphere. The glow radiates.

She swims towards it. When close, Sony studies it. After
hesitation...she grabs it.

It seems to be a gem on a chain. It glows in her hand. She
kicks off from the bottom, rises to the surface.

EXT. BACKYARD POOL - NIGHT

Sony kicks herself to the side of the pool. She clutches her
new jewelry tight.

At the ladder, she holds it up to the light, inspects it.
The glow decreases, then fades from it.

Eyebrow Man, emerges nearby. Startled...she screams.

SONY

Holy shit! Don't do that.

EYEBROW MAN

Sorry. No harm intended. Please, calm down. Breathe.

SONY

How did you get in my goddam pool? What are you doing here, huh? Is this thing yours?

EYEBROW MAN

It is yours now. Wear the necklace everywhere. It will help keep you safe. Things might get strange and maybe, dangerous.

Sony furls her brow...scans him up and down.

SONY

Maybe dangerous? Dude, what do you call dangerous? A zombie who smells like rotted meat is trying to split my head open.

EYEBROW MAN

I was there, remember?

SONY

Yeah, thanks by the way. So like, what the hell is going on?

EYEBROW MAN

Not sure yet. That's why it's dangerous.

He winks at her and backs away.

SONY

What's your name, bro?

Eyebrow Man dives underwater and a purple glow is seen, as it travels towards the deep end.

The light, disappears. Sony shakes her head in disbelief. She dives.

EXT. UNDERWATER - NIGHT

Submerged, Sony checks right and left...no sign of him. She swims over to the deep end, nothing.

INT. SONY'S DESK - DAY

At work, Sony wears the purple necklace with a lavender top. Yogi lets out a large belch.

YOGI

Good donuts. Hey, nice jewelry.
What kinda stone is that?

SONY

Thanks. Not sure. Was a gift.

Knock at the door. A woman eases her way inside. DEE DEE (30s, Latina), is greeted by Yogi's smile.

YOGI

Oh my God. Dee Dee? I can't believe this. What is my sister doing here? Holy crap.

She smiles as he gets up, gives her a hug.

DEE DEE

Surprise, little brother. You smell like a donut factory.

YOGI

I'm a living breathing stereotype, what can I say? I guess you feds have caviar with your coffee? Who let this 'boo-gee' woman in here?

Sony joins them in a laugh as she notices the NSA badge around her neck.

DEE DEE

Always the clown. Missed you.

YOGI

This is my sister, Dee Dee. The one we sent the face recognition stuff to. Sis, this here is my partner, Sony Baloney.

With a smile, Sony gets up and greets Dee Dee.

SONY

Glad to meet you. What a good looking sister. More proof that you must have been adopted, after you were first raised by wild dogs.

YOGI

Man eating Chihuahuas. Chew up the bad guys...one small bite at a time.

SONY

Only if they wear a donut costume.

YOGI

So abusive. Did you come here to rescue me from her?

DEE DEE

Wouldn't dream of it. Your abuse is well deserved.

The ladies high five each other.

YOGI

Thanks. So why are you back home? All okay?

Dee Dee puts her briefcase on Yogi's cluttered desk.

DEE DEE

After that shit you sent me? First, I gotta know...was it some kinda joke?

SONY

It's deadly serious. Some whack stuff is going on here and we need some help getting a handle on it.

Yogi's desk, cleared off by Dee Dee's forearm. Some stuff falls on the floor.

YOGI

Really?

The briefcase is opened...it is packed with files and photos.

DEE DEE

I think this case broke the entire facial recognition program. That's why I thought it was a joke or a Russian plot.

SONY

Black Russian. What did you find?

DEE DEE

Which era? This guy must have the most common face in the history of mankind. We never had so many hits on our system.

YOGI

We got a lot of hits in Phoenix, alone.

DEE DEE

A lot? Let me show you what a lot really looks like.

She lays out photos of the subject across the desk. They fill up the table top. Different backgrounds...same face. The detectives, slack jawed.

YOGI

Where are most of the pics from?

DEE DEE

These are from coast to coast, cities and farms. This huge pile is just from the last two years and only in America.

Dee Dee digs in the pockets of the briefcase and pulls out a handful of disk drives.

SONY

Those can't be more pics.

DEE DEE

Sister, these are all of, him. From all over the world. Pop this one in your computer.

Sony takes it and runs the disk on her laptop. They peer over her shoulders as she clicks through the pics.

The prominent eyebrows are seen saving people in the Filipino war, a mining accident, an avalanche and even the Civil war.

SONY

This is unreal.

DEE DEE

We ran out of photos because photography wasn't invented until then.

(MORE)

DEE DEE (CONT'D)
 Just for kicks we checked paintings
 and sculptures. Click the next one.

The likeness of Eyebrow Man, is seen in paintings of the Seminole wars, Boston Massacre, the French revolution, the Aztec downfall, Moorish battles, Japanese typhoons and on hieroglyphics.

The detectives freak out. With each image, their jaw drops farther down.

SONY
 Wow, how can it be?

DEE DEE
 I hoped that you had figured it out
 by now.

YOGI
 Straight up, Twilight Zone.

DEE DEE
 Soon as I got these results, I
 jumped on the first plane out of
 DC. Any new developments?

Yogi plops on Sony's desk.

YOGI
 We have another unexplained case we
 are working on that might be
 related.

DEE DEE
 If it's a long story, let's talk
 over dinner. I'm starved. Get some
 real Mexican food for a change.
 Julioberto's still around?

SONY
 Your brother keeps them rolling in
 cash, single-handedly.

YOGI
 Gee, thanks. Since I'm getting
 abused, some comfort food sounds
 good to me.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The crew laughs as they pile into her house. Dee Dee has her briefcase. They go over, flop on the couch.

YOGI

I'm stuffed. Break out some booze.
Helps me digest my food better.

DEE DEE

We're here to brainstorm, not to
chug a lug.

YOGI

These cases demand alcohol if any
ever did. Am I right?

SONY

Agreed. What's your poison? Patron
sound good?

YOGI

We're Mexican, mija. What do you
think?

Sony goes to the bar, retrieves the bottle...

LATER

The bottle of Patron on the counter, half empty. The side
effects of the consumption are obvious.

SONY

That fool smelled worse than that
body we found, that was in
somebody's car trunk for two weeks.

DEE DEE

Maybe that was his dad.

YOGI

Here I am, trying to shoot him,
while holding my nose.

Yogi acts out the comic version of the gunplay, as the women
laugh. The photos from Dee Dee are strewn across the table.

SONY

I don't understand this shit. We
shot him in the head so many times,
you can see his childhood memories
through the holes.

YOGI

And he keeps coming. Mija, I swear
to God, we were dead. Then her boy
shows up, boom, flexing. Don't know
what happened after we left.

SONY

Zombie boy called him some name.
Can't remember it. They knew each
other. You could tell.

YOGI

Wasn't it, Uranus or something like
that?

Dee Dee smiles.

DEE DEE

Anus? You guys share a nickname.

YOGI

Funny. I bet you Eyebrow Man is
some kinda alien. The spaceship
beams him down to where he's
needed. You heard about the Phoenix
lights?

DEE DEE

Yeah, maybe he's like Doctor Spock.
Except Spock had them ears.

SONY

Maybe. I think Lieutenant Uhuru
made him manicure them pointy-ass
ears before she gave him some play.

Yogi speaks into his cell phone, clowning.

YOGI

Beam me up, Scotty. No intelligent
life on this planet.

DEE DEE

Good. Next time we see him we'll
ask him to mind melt with my
brother so he gets some sense in
his head.

YOGI

Spock's a punk compared to Eyebrow
Man. He might have a better S.A.T.
score, but our boy buckled a metal
door with one touch.

SONY

Spock ain't never saved me from a
blood thirsty zombie. Hell, I'm
about ready to start a fan club for
my guy. Where's my cheerleader
outfit?

YOGI

Did you say cheerleader outfit?

Yogi picks up two spent rinds from a lime used to escort the tequila. He holds them to his forehead, above his eyes, to mock huge eyebrows.

YOGI (CONT'D)

I'm here. Straight from the mother-ship, baby. Slide into that outfit and don't forget the pom-poms.

They all laugh hard.

SONY

No more hard stuff for you. I need a beer, anyone else?

Negative for both. An ice cold beer waits on the counter.

She screws off the top, takes a swig. Sony stops in mid gulp, studies the beer, confused.

YOGI

Your beer flat?

Sony checks around herself.

SONY

No. But where did I get it from?

Everyone's eyes get big. The pitbull yaps, wags his tail in happiness.

A hearty laugh is heard behind them as the dog gallops to a chair on the side.

T-Rex jumps into the lap of the man in the chair, with big eyebrows. He smiles as he pets the dog.

All gasp. Shock covers everyone's faces. Yogi pulls his gun, his shaky hand points it at the uninvited guest.

YOGI

You? How did you get in here?

Sony reaches over and pushes Yogi's arm, so the gun now points to the ground.

EYEBROW MAN

I mean you no harm. You should know that by now. Heard you were looking for me.

DEE DEE

It's him. I don't believe this.

SONY

Thanks for the beer. Yeah, we want to know what the hell is going on. Let's start with your name.

EYEBROW MAN

My name is Uriel.

DEE DEE

We've got a lot of questions, Uriel. Where are you from? You seem to be everywhere. How?

YOGI

And why?

EYEBROW MAN

I am what humans refer to, as a Guardian Angel. And no, I don't own a red beret.

Silence.

YOGI

Where are your wings?

EYEBROW MAN

Only when I want to show off.

DEE DEE

You're not human? Come on.

EYEBROW MAN

I am incapable to tell lies.

YOGI

Then you're my kinda guy. Want a beer? Maybe a shot or two?

EYEBROW MAN

No alcohol, but I do have one request.

EXT. BACKYARD POOL - NIGHT

Sony and Dee Dee chill pool-side, by Uriel in bathing suits.

DEE DEE

Where's my brother? I'm ready to get started.

Her briefcase is open with photos exposed.

SONY

He's changing. He has to use the
trunks of my ex.

Yogi comes through the patio doors in swim wear, that is
three times too small. He tugs on his T-shirt to cover the
muffin top that the trunks produce.

The women giggle. He walks over to them.

YOGI

No laughing. Not funny. I don't see
why this is necessary.

EYEBROW MAN

I need to be near the water.

Still fully dressed, Eyebrow Man jumps into the pool. After
he submerges and comes back up, he sports a wide smile.

YOGI

Why do you need water? Are you a
mermaid too?

EYEBROW MAN

I come from the land of souls.
Water dominates and permeates
everything.

SONY

Heaven is wet?

EYEBROW MAN

When your body comes to life as a
baby, are you not in water? Water
makes the transition to life in
this world, easier.

SONY

I never thought of that.

EYEBROW MAN

What is blood, but enriched water?

YOGI

Heaven is a water park? Awesome.

Yogi gives two thumbs up.

EYEBROW MAN

Did you notice how the sound of rain or that of a babbling brook sends relaxation to your core? It reminds you of where you came from.

SONY

You must hate Arizona and our dry heat.

EYEBROW MAN

I can dip in any of the pools around and replenish myself. In places like the Sudan, things get uncomfortable quick.

Sony slides into the water.

SONY

Ahh, heaven. Know what you mean. I love my pool. Stand over there, I'll turn on the hydro jets.

EYEBROW MAN

The what?

The host turns on the hydrotherapy jets as Uriel bursts into a big smile.

EYEBROW MAN (CONT'D)

Oh, I like that. Very nice.

Dee Dee jumps in and swims over to Sony.

DEE DEE

Am I seeing things or is your necklace glowing?

SONY

Uh, yeah. It glows when wet.

All eyes focus on the adornment.

DEE DEE

I never heard of a gem that does that. Where did you buy it?

SONY

It was a gift. I keep it on me, always.

YOGI

You got Spark Plug Doug replaced already? You don't mess around.

Sony rolls her eyes and then swims over to Uriel and the photos.

SONY

And I ain't messing around now.
Let's get this info. I'm sure Uriel
is a busy man, I mean angel.

EYEBROW MAN

I am glad to help you but I may
have to depart now and then. The
people need me. Rarely do I have
time to have conversations.

Dee Dee spreads out the pictures for him to see.

DEE DEE

Are all these images, you?

Uriel looks them all over.

EYEBROW MAN

Yes. All of them. This is
distressing. I'm not supposed to
leave a trace. Most humans have no
recollection of my intervention.

YOGI

Everybody got them cell phones now,
bro. That could be a problem.

Dee Dee moves closer to the archangel.

DEE DEE

Simple question. You've been doing
this since the beginning of time.
Why?

EYEBROW MAN

It is my duty. Due to the mercy of
your maker...his love for your kind
is without equal. To be honest, I
wonder if humans are worth it.

SONY

I see the ones you didn't save.
Bloody, mangled bodies everyday.
What humans do to each other is
disgusting. How can our creator
still love us?

YOGI

Yeah, man. We suck. If I was God,
I'd consider bringing back the
dinosaurs.

DEE DEE

They killed each other too.

Uriel laughs.

EYEBROW MAN

As stupid as humans can be, they
all have the ability to change
their ways and become something
GREAT, that benefits mankind, more
than I ever could.

YOGI

So Mijo, have we gotten any better
over time?

EYEBROW MAN

There has been progress. Slow.
Three steps forward, two steps
backwards. But yes, there are
generational improvements.

YOGI

I'm a shallow mortal, forgive me
but I gotta know. Are you La Raza?
You look like my Cousin Esteban.

EYEBROW MAN

I consist of all the races upon the
Earth. I am you. And--

Uriel perks up like he hears something. He rubs his massive
eyebrows, eyes closed.

SONY

Are you okay?

EYEBROW MAN

I must go now.

The Eyebrow Man, they now know as Uriel, dives
underwater...then disappears.

YOGI

Wow. I guess we know what the
eyebrows are there for now.

DEE DEE

This is unbelievable. Maybe you guys covered this in your police academy, but mine sure didn't.

SONY

The Shaolin Temple doesn't even teach that.

YOGI

I'm disappointed. If he was an alien, he could have showed me where the Lost Dutchman's gold mine was hidden.

DEE DEE

The Lost Dutchman...in the hands of a lost Mexican? Don't think so.

A purple flash is seen in the deep end. Something rises to the surface.

It is the Eyebrow man, but underneath him...a surf board. On his face a big smile.

YOGI

Kowabunga, bro. I figured you to be more of a body surfer.

EYEBROW MAN

I am. This is a gift for our host.

He paddles it over to Sony and hops off. The design of a tropical beach adorns the top of it. Sony is taken back.

SONY

For me? Really? Wow cool, thanks.

EYEBROW MAN

Had a case in Manila. Found this floating off the coast.

DEE DEE

How do you know where to go to save people? And so quickly?

Uriel points to the bushy outgrowths above his eyes.

EYEBROW MAN

I get a message from the land of souls, through these. They direct me where to go...and help me get there, instantly.

DEE DEE

Did you see my brother making fun of you with them limes? You should turn him into a lizard or something.

YOGI

Hey. Don't kid like that. Not nice. I'd ask him to turn you into a wicked witch...but you already beat him to it.

Sony hops on her surf board and paddles around a bit.

SONY

Uriel, what do we do about that slime-ball who doesn't want to stay dead? Seems like he knows you.

EYEBROW MAN

He is a demon who uses a human body as a host. There are many such demons. Not sure why he chose you specifically.

YOGI

Must be her bubbly personality.

Yogi gets playfully slapped.

SONY

Shut up, Yogi. All I know is that I'm ready to shoot him, until the rest of his head gets blown off.

DEE DEE

I have a question, Mister Archangel. What exactly are we here for? Life, in general.

EYEBROW MAN

The challenge of living...is to find that answer for yourself.

Dee Dee looks disappointed.

DEE DEE

You can't speak on it more?

EYEBROW MAN

When you find the answer on your own, it is more profound. But yes, I can elaborate.

SONY

We'd all like to hear it, Uriel.

EYEBROW MAN

Humans are God's way of experiencing this time/space dimension. He's the essential part of every one of you. The reason charity feels so good is because that sliver of God in all of you...gets touched by that act.

The officers draw closer to their celestial friend.

SONY

Isn't charity a form of love?

EYEBROW MAN

Correct. Even if poor, you can donate time. You are blessed when you walk on the righteous path. When you are knocked down, get back up again. You are never truly alone on this journey. The point is to evolve oneself towards higher forms of oneness, creativity and love.

YOGI

Can we evolve faster? Some days it feels like the rot in humans is moving faster than that evolution you're speaking on.

EYEBROW MAN

Prioritize your own salvation. Stand up against injustice everywhere. If all were worried about their karma...as they should be...many problems would cease.

Yogi puts up his hand for a high five. Uriel looks confused. Sony and Dee Dee bail him out. Uriel catches on, awkwardly.

SONY

Okay, thanks for letting us know how to live. What happens when we die? Can you tell us?

EYEBROW MAN

Although great care and attention went into your design, your bodies are disposable. Like a temporary suit for your soul. The true self emerges from the useless body.

(MORE)

EYEBROW MAN (CONT'D)

The spirit goes to the land of souls and the perfection of that paradise.

YOGI

So we all get to heaven? Good, I was worried for my sister. She's a bad girl.

Dee Dee splashes pool water at him as he giggles.

EYEBROW MAN

Most spirits look over their lives and the mistakes they made, and are ashamed. They decide they would like another try, rather than be judged on that recent life.

DEE DEE

So we're willing to go through all of this, stuff, again? Why?

EYEBROW MAN

Another chance is begged for. There is a strong desire to show our creator that you are worthy of his love and worthy to dwell in heaven, after a good job is done on earth. Much more desperately than you can imagine.

SONY

So we keep trying until we get it right? That could take Yogi forever.

He gives her a lethal side-eye.

EYEBROW MAN

All souls want to be good, but distractions and environments sometimes take people down the wrong path. Unlike the fallen angels, he allows you to reset, and make up for your transgressions.

YOGI

There is still hope. Thank God.

EYEBROW MAN

I have a question. Why do people try to kill themselves when they worked so hard to get born?

SONY

Some of the saddest cases I've seen
have been suicides.

Sony looks lost for words, sad...shrugs her shoulders.

YOGI

Overwhelmed by problems. See no way
out.

EYEBROW MAN

This is why it is essential to be
thankful everyday. With gratitude
in your heart, depression and hate -
stands no chance.

YOGI

Right. They forget the good things
they have done and seen. The
battles, the victories. This life
can be rough. People can be jerks.

EYEBROW MAN

Is that why I see people love their
house pets more than their fellow
humans? It baffles me.

The archangel shakes his head in true confusion.

DEE DEE

People have a fear of hurt and
rejection. Animals don't judge.
Finding a mate or best friend is
much better than a pet...but there
are larger risks.

EYEBROW MAN

The rewards outweigh the risk,
though. You are put here to
interact with each other.
Sometimes just one individual can
change the way the whole world
looks at things. Then you evolve.

SONY

Where do you think we need to
evolve the most?

Uriel rubs his chin in contemplation.

EYEBROW MAN

The poor and humble, vastly
outnumber the rich and greedy.

(MORE)

EYEBROW MAN (CONT'D)

Why can't something be done to stop starvation, wars, disease and destruction of the planet? That would be a good place to start.

YOGI

Greed, it's like a game to them. People's lives don't matter. Feels like...we're powerless.

Yogi throws up his hands in exasperation.

EYEBROW MAN

There is a surface reality and many get lost in it. But there is another reality that exists side by side to your Earthly existence. It is unseen. Limitless power is there.

SONY

You would think that with all of these churches around, we would be in a peaceful world.

Sony puts her hands together, in mock prayer.

EYEBROW MAN

Churches, with the best intentions, also succumb, just as individuals do. They become more interested in making money, living with luxury and having power over others. They forget the primary mission.

YOGI

Yeah man, these preachers buy private jets and mansions like it's some kind of competition.

EYEBROW MAN

Your life and how you live it...is of the utmost importance. You must find your own peace and strength from within. Why can't mortals see no moments are guaranteed, so...why not cherish each moment? Don't forget that this is a finite experience. It ends one day.

Uriel slaps the water, for emphasis.

SONY

It's too easy to get lost in the events of the day. I know I'm guilty of that.

EYEBROW MAN

Develop bravery, insight and confidence. Empathy for others. Respect for all life.

Dee Dee goes to the ladder and starts to get out.

DEE DEE

I have to empty my bladder so I can make room for more wisdom. Need anything while I'm in there?

YOGI

If there's no more Holy Water, a couple more beers will do, Sis.

Going through the patio doors, she gives them a thumbs up.

SONY

I have a question. If you get to heaven, do you see your dead relatives who went before you?

EYEBROW MAN

Well--

From inside the house, they hear glass break. Dee Dee screams.

Sony and Yogi bolt from the pool. Wet and barefoot, they rush to the sliding doors.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The detectives dash in. Speedy has an ax to Dee Dee's neck. He used the weapon to get through the window.

MR. SPEEDY

Now you are mine...and I will watch you all die, slowly.

Speedy's eyes glow. The room is enveloped with an orange light and mist.

Everyone's feet seem glued to the floor. They gag from the toxic vapors...collapse To the floor.

Just as they struggle to breathe...a purple light glows behind the rotting zombie.

Uriel knocks down Speedy in a flash. His ax goes flying.

EYEBROW MAN

Be gone, demon.

Speedy gets up. Laughs through what is left of his face.

MR. SPEEDY

Perfect. It worked. I don't care about this human garbage. I just used her to lure you here. Now I'll kill one of God's favorites.

The demonic zombie lurches towards Uriel.

He knocks the angel down and chokes him on the floor.

SONY

No, get off him.

She cannot move her legs, but tries to grab the nearby ax.

MR. SPEEDY

Not fair that God won't forgive me and other angels for joining Satan in rebellion. He forgives humans all the time...no matter how low down and evil they are.

The orange mist starts to cover the archangel.

MR. SPEEDY (CONT'D)

Now...die!

Uriel makes eye contact with Sony. Motions for her to throw him the necklace he gave her. She does.

He catches it in one hand...then jams the gem, into the hole in Speedy's forehead.

EYEBROW MAN

Go back to Satan. And stay there!

Speedy's body starts to convulse. Sony, Yogi and Dee Dee can move now.

EYEBROW MAN (CONT'D)

RUN!

The humans scramble to their feet...dash out of the patio doors and into the backyard.

EXT. BACKYARD POOL - NIGHT

They turn to face the house. A super-bright light grows in the house. So blinding, it makes them turn away.

A loud boom.

The sonic waves, knocks them all into the pool.

When they resurface, all gasp for air. A purple light is now seen in the house. They observe in breathless silence.

YOGI

Holy crap. Can you believe that?

DEE DEE

I hope Uriel is alright. My God.

SONY

If my house is tore up, I'm gonna whip whatever is left, from that zombie's stanking ass.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Inside, they find Speedy's weapons and the clothes he wore. Now rags, they are somewhat burnt.

SONY

Do you see, Uriel?

They split up and search around the house. No sign of Uriel. The crew meets back in the living room.

YOGI

You guys find anything?

Both women shake their heads, no.

SONY

I hope he didn't die trying to save us. I couldn't handle that.

DEE DEE

Uriel. You around? Give us a sign. Please.

Silence. They mourn and hug each other, in sadness.

INT. SONY'S DESK - DAY

Sony and Yogi...tired and sad, as they type on their computers.

SONY
Has this been the longest week of
my life or what?

Yogi's phone rings. He exhales, answers...

YOGI
Detective Terranova here.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

A phone in one hand, broom in the other...Dee Dee speaks to her brother.

DEE DEE
You hear anything yet?

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION

Yogi kicks back in his seat.

YOGI
Nope, no sign of him. I guess he
didn't show up there either?

Dee Dee takes a seat.

DEE DEE
Hell no. I cleaned up here pretty
good though. Ask Sony if she minds
me making dinner for you guys.

Yogi smiles. He gets Sony's attention.

YOGI
My sister wants to know if she can
make us dinner tonight. She's
leaving in the morning.

SONY
She doesn't have--

The homeowner is waved off.

YOGI

She said she'd love it. Maybe we'll have another swim in that magic pool. I'll bring my OWN trunks this time.

EXT. BACKYARD POOL - NIGHT

Sony, Yogi and Dee Dee, occupy the patio furniture, as dirty plates cover the table. All sip beer, as they stare up at a starry sky.

SONY

Out of all the billions of people on the planet...how come all that, stuff, was revealed to us?

YOGI

Deep. Got any other thoughts to freak me out?

DEE DEE

Here's one. If he somehow died. How will God react?

YOGI

If he gets mad at you, ain't no where to hide. Might as well lay down and die right now. If that was the Last Supper, it was a good one.

SONY

He's not dead. I feel it.

YOGI

Let's toast to that.

The three beer bottles clink together.

DEE DEE

I wish I took notes. The things we talked about, wow. When I get back, I need to make some changes.

SONY

I hear you, sister. I'm even thinking of going to church with my mom this weekend. Even volunteering at work to help crime victims. We all should be guardian angels in our own way. Right?

They high five.

YOGI

Damn right.

DEE DEE

Got to catch a flight in the morning. How about a last dip in honor of our angel.

YOGI

Archangel. My boy was a boss.

All three slide into the water. Sony swims over to her new surf board. She gives it a long embrace.

SONY

I miss him.

YOGI

Me too. I needed to ask him another question. Since heaven is a water park...do people skinny dip?

Dee Dee and Sony splash him with water as he laughs.

DEE DEE

You're hopeless.

After some raucous play, the mood turns contemplative again.

SONY

I feel bad, that stupid, rancid tweaker used me...to get to Uriel.

DEE DEE

Tweaker? No. He was a demon who has been here thousands of years. Don't beat yourself up about it.

Sony sighs, then starts to swim around.

Underwater...Sony sees a purple light.

She goes to the surface overcome with joy and can barely speak. Sony points to it.

The light gets closer. Uriel comes to the surface, joyous.

Happy reunion. Hugs, smiles and laughs.

SONY

Welcome back, soldier.

DEE DEE

We were worried that he got you.

EYEBROW MAN

Good has always has the power over
evil. Always will.

Sony cries with joy.

YOGI

So he's not coming back, right?

EYEBROW MAN

The flesh is no more and the demon
did not escape either. He and his
hellish spirit shall not return.

SONY

I'm so glad you survived. Thank you
for the talk we had. It really
changed my whole outlook on life.

EYEBROW MAN

The world needs all the Guardian
Angels it can get, mortal and
otherwise. You are your brother's
keeper and Guardian Angels...in
your own way, already. Think of all
the cases you solved for families
of murder victims.

SONY

We didn't stop the death from
happening, like you do.

She dips her head downward in defeat.

EYEBROW MAN

Sometimes the role is to comfort
the afflicted and pursue justice.

YOGI

That's us. All day long.

EYEBROW MAN

Deaths will happen eventually.
With or without my intervention.
When they do, it is good you people
are there to help explain how it
happened.

YOGI

To give closure.

EYEBROW MAN

Exactly. You are like a Guardian Angel to them, in that way. Not knowing is a huge mental burden.

Sony laughs. Eyes turn towards her.

SONY

That's a lot better than being called a pig.

The others join in for the chuckle.

YOGI

Good to know someone appreciates our work, even if he's from another dimension.

EYEBROW MAN

We appreciate and love you more than you know. Come here young man. Let me show you something.

Yogi makes his way over to Uriel. He rubs his eyebrows.

Both close their eyes. Yogi's mouth drops open. Tears fall. Uriel removes his hand.

Through watery eyes, Yogi looks at him, then gives him a hug worthy of a war hero. His voice trembles.

YOGI

It was you. You saved my life that day. Thank you, Thank you. Now I remember. How could I forget that?

EYEBROW MAN

I caused you to forget. It's easier to go on that way.

SONY

What happened?

YOGI

The day of the school shooting. I thought I tripped and missed the killer's shot that way. This guy. This angel. He tripped me. Or I'd be dead now.

DEE DEE

Oh my God....Thank you for saving my brother. Wow.

Dee Dee hugs him too.

EYEBROW MAN
This is what I do. Glad to help.

DEE DEE
It's time that we help you. Follow
me, big guy.

She swims over to the edge of the pool where her briefcase of photos are.

EYEBROW MAN
Oh yes, those.

DEE DEE
I will throw out every bit of it.
Shred it, better yet.

Uriel smiles.

SONY
Can we save at least one? Please?

EYEBROW MAN
Sure, but do not disclose who I am.

Sony takes the one that shows him pulling Janis Tracy from the vehicle.

SONY
Thank you.

DEE DEE
I'll shred the rest tomorrow.

EYEBROW MAN
No need.

He rubs his eyebrows, then reaches his hand out over the photos. His image has been removed.

YOGI
Dude, can you do that for my
waistline?

They have a laugh.

EYEBROW MAN
You are already beautiful my
brother. Your life is beautiful.
Look around you and take in the
moment. It will not last forever.

DEE DEE

That message is glorious...and sad
at the same time.

EYEBROW MAN

As is life. Learn from both sides
of that equation.

SONY

I had just about given up about
seeing the beauty of life and
having faith in humanity...until
you got here. I can't thank you
enough.

More tears as she claps her hands like a prayer.

EYEBROW MAN

Deep down, you are spiritual
beings, most forget that. No matter
how down you get, if you can
remember that you are connected to
the Supreme Being and that all of
this is a learning process for your
soul...it is easier to accept and
fix if need be.

YOGI

A learning process? I think we all
just moved up a grade. I'm not the
same person I was a week ago.

EYEBROW MAN

The reality of what you're made of
is undeniable. It is pure
spirit...living in a human suit.

DEE DEE

Are there more angels like you?

EYEBROW MAN

Yes, there are a few more
archangels. You also have
individualized, guardian angels
too...usually a relative.

YOGI

Really?

EYEBROW MAN

Let me show you.

In the pool, an orb is seen in the water. It glows. As the
glow fades...an OLDER BLACK MAN stands up. He smiles.

SONY

D-Dad? Daddy is that you?

He holds his arms out to her. They reunite, tears flow.

DEE DEE

Wow.

More orbs appear in the water now. A YOUNG WOMAN stands up.

YOGI

Dios mio. That's my baby sister.

Rising next to her...an OLDER WOMAN.

DEE DEE

Mom? Mommy?

The brother and sister descend on the ancestors, with open arms and teary eyes.

More deceased relatives pop up. They are greeted with heartfelt hugs and tears of joy.

EYEBROW MAN

You see? There are forces around you, that cannot be seen, but actively love and protect you. There should be no fear to follow your dreams...and help evolve your species. You are not alone.

SONY

I know that now. I had no idea before. It's beautiful.

EYEBROW MAN

Your creator has boundless mercy and wants you to succeed...We must go now.

The man with the bushy eyebrows, rubs them again. The spirits who returned momentarily...wave good bye. They go underwater, then vanish.

SONY

We owe you so much. How can we--

EYEBROW MAN

You owe me nothing. If you owe anyone, it is your creator. All that he wants is for you to love your fellow humans, as he has loved you.

SONY

In my job, forensics, I see the very worst things that humans can do to each other. I can't express how good it is to know that ultimately there is goodness in this world. Not sure I could have gone on without it.

DEE DEE

Even if we weren't cops...this experience would help me cope.

Uriel smiles and hugs them all, individually.

EYEBROW MAN

Remember, you are not machines. You are animal, only through evolution. What you truly are...is a spirit, trying to live a life, based on love. Connect to your higher self. Bring light, inspiration and understanding...to all that cross your path.

One by one, Uriel kisses their foreheads and smiles.

SONY

Will we ever see you again?

EYEBROW MAN

I will be with you, always.

He takes another necklace from his pocket like the one he gave her before. It glistens in the lights from the pool.

The angel puts it on Sony, as she valiantly tries to fight back her tears.

Uriel smiles, then dives underwater.

A purple light is seen for a moment...then, the light...and the angel, vanishes.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Sony takes down the picture of her shooting her gun in the supermarket...puts it to the side.

She replaces it with the photo of the Eyebrow man, Uriel... saving Janis Tracey. Sony gazes upon it, with a wide smile.

THE END