

Club Mephistopheles

Screenplay by

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***"Stop making love to your misery, it eats away at you like a vulture!" -Johanna Wolfgang von Goethe***

**FADE IN:**

**EXT. ALLEY-DAY**

SUPER: PASADENA 1927

Two young boys sit on their knees, playing **craps**. RAY-RAY, 11. TYRONE, 10.

The **dice** hit the wall and lands on the biggest number.

RAY-RAY  
Yes!!

TYRONE  
Ahh!!!

RAY-RAY  
Pay up!

Tyrone hands him a bag of change.

OFFICER, early 30s.

The Officer steps towards Ray-Ray. He pulls him up by the shoulder.

OFFICER  
Enough of that!!

He snatches the bag of change from Ray-Ray.

RAY-RAY  
That's mine!

Tyrone snatches it from the Officer.

TYRONE  
Mine!

OFFICER  
You dirty little hoodlum!

RAY-RAY  
(point)  
Run, Tyone, run!!

The Officer raises his night stick over Ray-Ray's head and smacks him.

Ray-Ray drops to the ground.

Tyrone runs down the alley. He looks back.

The Officer runs after him.

OFFICER  
Get back here!!!

CUT TO:

**EXT. ORCHARD-DAY**

His feet drag into the gravel. Tyrone drops to his knees.

TYRONE  
(breath)

A young girl stands at a distance, picking oranges from the bucket in front of her. ISSIE, 7. She looks back at him.

Tyrone drops face down.

Issie grabs the **water bucket** and rushes towards him. The water spills as she makes her way to him.

Issie crouches down and pulls him up by his shirt.

ISSIE (SUBTITLE)  
(In Spanish)  
Drink!

Tyrone opens his eyes. He looks at her. He dunks his head into the water.

TYRONE  
(gurgle)

Issie pulls his head up out of the water.

A man steps out of the barn. He looks and sees Issie with Tyrone. MATEO, 27. Farmhand. A strict and demanding man.

MATEO (SUBTITLE)  
(In Spanish)  
Isabelle!!!

Mateo leans down and picks her up from the ground.

MATEO (SUBTITLE) (CONT'D)  
(In Spanish)  
Are you okay!!

ISSIE (SUBTITLE)  
(In Spanish)  
He needed water!!

He carries her away.

Issie looks at him.

MATEO (SUBTITLE)  
(In Spanish)  
I told you that we don't help those  
kinds of people.

Issie smiles.

Tyrone looks at her. He smiles. The water in the palms of his hands. Tyrone splashes the water on his face.

TYRONE (V.O.)  
That was the moment that changed  
our lives. Bringing us closer, no  
matter what her father thought of  
me.

CUT TO:

# **EXT. BRIDGE-NIGHT**

SUPER: LOS ANGELES 1938

A man and a woman step across a bridge. TYRONE, 21. Construction worker. A hard-working black man with a heart of gold. A young woman walks alongside of him, admiring the **crucifix** in her hand. ISSIE, 18. Waitress. Kindhearted and humble.

Hand in hand, Tyrone holds Issie's hand close to his chest, gently kissing it.

ISSIE  
This has been one of the best  
nights of my life.

TYRONE  
Come on! I thought it would be the  
only.

ISSIE  
Are you really that confident?

TYRONE  
I have to be to survive in this  
world.

He stops at the edge of the bridge. His eyes on hers.

TYRONE (CONT'D)  
Have you told your pops about us?

Issie looks away.

He moves his head in front of her, looking her in the eyes.

ISSIE  
(sob)  
It's not a good time.

A green pick-up drives up. The driver door opens and closes.

Mateo walks towards Tyrone and Issie.

MATEO (SUBTITLE)  
(In Spanish)  
Isabelle!

ISSIE  
Papi!

Mateo steps towards her and grabs her hand.

MATEO (SUBTITLE)  
(In Spanish)  
Come now!!

He pulls her towards the pick-up.

Tyrone steps towards Mateo, grabbing his arm from hers.

TYRONE  
Get your hands off of her!

Mateo grabs the **flashlight** from his back pocket and hits Tyrone over the head.

Tyrone feels the back of his head. He falls to the ground, unconscious.

Issie rushes towards Tyrone.

ISSIE (SUBTITLE)  
(In Spanish)  
What did you do!

MATEO (SUBTITLE)  
(In Spanish)  
Get in the truck!!

Issie runs to the truck and pulls the passenger door open.

Mateo looks back at Tyrone.

MATEO (SUBTITLE) (CONT'D)  
(In Spanish)  
He just had a little accident.

Mateo steps to the driver door. He sits.

The pick-up truck drives away.

Tyrone lays, unconscious.

CUT TO:

**INT. MATEO'S PICK-UP TRUCK-NIGHT**

Issie looks back. She looks at Mateo.

ISSIE (SUBTITLE)  
(In Spanish)  
We have to go back!!

MATEO (SUBTITLE)  
(In Spanish)  
No. You're going home and that's  
the end of it!!

She covers her face in frustration.

ISSIE  
(sob)

CUT TO:

**EXT. BRIDGE-NIGHT**

His eye twitches.

DEVIL (V.O.)  
(whisper)  
Tyrone.

He opens his eyes.

DEVIL (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Tyrone.

Tyrone pushes himself up.

TYRONE  
Who are you?

DEVIL (V.O.)  
Follow my voice and find out.  
(laugh)

Tyrone stands to his feet.

TYRONE  
Ugh!

He walks down the sidewalk.

DEVIL (V.O.)  
Warm.

Tyrone looks up at the sky.

Another five steps.

DEVIL (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Warm.

Tyrone looks to his right.

DEVIL  
Hot!

Lights light up the sidewalk. The sign reads: Club  
Mephistopheles.

He looks puzzled at the sign.

The doors open.

TYRONE  
What!

DEVIL (V.O.)  
Come!

Tyrone steps closer. He looks around at the entrance doors.

TYRONE  
Here goes nothing!

Step by step, Tyrone walks in.

# **INT. CLUB MEPHISTOPHELES-NIGHT**

The doors close.

Tyrone turns to them.



TYRONE

No!!

He grips his hands onto the door.

Jazz music plays inside.

Tyrone steps in.

DANCING GIRLS #1, #2, #3 and #4. Early 20s. Their matching corsets and hair make every man want to be entertained by them.

DANCING GIRLS

(sing)

Come in, sir! Be our guest!

Dancing Girls #1 and #2 walk Tyrone to a table.

Dancing Girl #2 pushes him into the chair.

Dancing Girl #1 leans towards his ear.

DANCING GIRL #1

Enjoy the show!

TYRONE

Thank you.

Dancing Girl #1 and #2 walk away.

Tyrone looks around the club.

TYRONE (CONT'D)

Wow!

WAITRESS, early 20s.

WAITRESS

Can I get you a drink, sir?

Tyrone closes his eyes, trying not to look at the Waitresses netted stockings.

TYRONE

Water, please.

WAITRESS

Water?

TYRONE

Okay, **scotch**.

WAITRESS  
Very good, sir.

The Waitress steps towards the bar table.

TYRONE  
(breath)

He lays his head down on the table.

A glass is set beside his head.

He looks at the glass and the Waitress.

TYRONE (CONT'D)  
Thank you.

The Waitress steps away.

Tyrone takes a sip.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
And now, gentleman! Direct your  
attention to the stage for the  
lovely and mysterious Sierra!!

The curtains open.

A young and beautiful woman steps out, covered in pearls.  
From head to toe, her breasts and groin are concealed.  
SIERRA, 20. Singer and exotic dancer. A woman with a secret  
identity. Manipulative, cunning and tricky.

Tyrone's eyes look in amazement.

She puts the microphone close to her mouth.

"It Ain't Gonna Rain No Mo' by Wendall Hall plays.

She steps closer towards the MEN AUDIENCE.

Sierra gets onto a table. She shakes her body, loosening the  
pearls from her breast.

MEN AUDIENCE  
(whistle)

Tyrone drops down to the floor, trying to hide himself from  
becoming aroused.

She crouches down. Her buttocks in the Men Audience's faces.

Sierra steps off the table.

Sierra steps gently close to Tyrone. She leans her face towards his. Her hand under his chin. She lifts it up, his mouth coming close to hers.

Tyrone sits down on the chair.

She sits down on his lap.

Face to face with her.

Sierra grabs the glass of scotch from the table.

SIERRA  
(gulp)

She kisses him. Pouring the scotch into his mouth from hers.

The music stops.

SIERRA (CONT'D)  
(smirks)

She stands up.

Dancing Girl #1 steps behind Sierra and covers her with a **robe**.

TYRONE  
(breath)

Sierra steps away from him. She looks back.

SIERRA  
(laugh)

TYRONE  
Whoa!

CUT TO:

**EXT. CLUB MEPHISTOPHELES-NIGHT**

Tyrone steps outside. He lights a cigarette.

DANCING GIRL #1  
Tyrone!

He looks back at Dancing Girl #1.

TYRONE  
I don't remember giving out my  
name.

Dancing Girl #1 hands him his **wallet**.

DANCING GIRL #1  
You left this on the table.

Tyrone takes it from her and slides it into back pocket.

DANCING GIRL #1 (CONT'D)  
Sierra wanted me to give this to  
you.

She hands him a piece of paper with red lips on it. It reads:  
Come back!

He tucks it away in his pocket.

TYRONE  
(smirks)  
See you tomorrow.

Tyrone steps away.

CUT TO:

**INT. LIVING ROOM-TYRONE'S APARTMENT-NIGHT**

The front door opens.

Tyrone steps in. He shuts the door.

CUT TO:

**INT. BEDROOM-TYRONE'S APARTMENT-NIGHT**

Tyrone lies face up. He looks outside the window at the  
starry sky, his hands underneath his head. He closes his  
eyes.

TYRONE  
(breath)

CUT TO:

**INT. BATHROOM-TYRONE'S APARTMENT-NIGHT (DREAM SEQUENCE)**

The water running in the bathtub. Bubbles running over the  
edge.

Tyrone steps into the bathroom.

Sierra's head rises up from the water. Her bare breasts bust through the bubbles. Her eyes on his.

SIERRA  
What are you waiting for!

Tyrone leans his face towards Sierra's. The warmth hits his face instead of her lips.

CUT TO:

**INT. BEDROOM-TYRONE'S APARTMENT-DAY (END DREAM SEQUENCE)**

Tyrone sits up.

TYRONE  
(breath)

He looks around.

CUT TO:

**INT. BATHROOM-TYRONE'S APARTMENT-DAY**

Tyrone steps towards the sink. He turns on the cold water. Dipping his face deep into the palms of his hands. His eyes drawn to the empty bathtub.

He shuts his eyes.

TYRONE  
I must be going crazy!

CUT TO:

**EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE-DAY**

A wall of cinderblocks is just getting started.

Tyrone takes a sip from his coffee mug. He looks across the street. He sees Sierra at the crosswalk.

Sierra looks at him.

WORKERS #1 and #2, early 20s.

WORKER #1  
What are you looking at?

TYRONE  
That dancer from the club the other  
night.

WORKER #2  
Beautiful.

TYRONE  
Beautiful doesn't cover it.

Worker #1 stands up.

WORKER #1  
Where?

TYRONE  
(point)  
Right there!

Worker #1 looks at Tyrone.

WORKER #1  
I think you need glasses.

TYRONE  
I'm telling you, she's right there!  
(point)

Worker #1 sits down.

Tyrone looks at the crosswalk and doesn't see Sierra.

CUT TO:

**INT. KITCHEN-TYRONE'S APARTMENT-NIGHT**

Tyrone sits at the dinner table, an empty plate in front of him. He wipes his mouth with a *handkerchief* and sets it down on the table.

CUT TO:

**EXT. CLUB MEPHISTOPHELES-NIGHT**

He stops at the doors.

TYRONE  
(breath)

HARRY (O.C.)  
Beware!

Tyrone looks at the old man sitting on a wooden crate. HARRY, 50. A homeless veteran. A man paying for his past sins because of his greed.

TYRONE  
Excuse me?

HARRY  
Watch out and be cunning.

Tyrone steps closer to the doors.

The doors open.

HARRY (CONT'D)  
Cunning!

TYRONE  
Okay.  
(laugh)

Tyrone steps in.

The doors shut.

TYRONE (CONT'D)  
(breath)

CUT TO:

**INT. CLUB MEPHISTOPHELES-NIGHT**

Tyrone sits at a table. He looks around.

The Waitress steps towards Tyrone.

WAITRESS  
Drink, sir?

TYRONE  
Scotch, please?

WAITRESS  
May I suggest the **bourbon**, sir?  
It's smoother and takes the edge  
off quickly.

TYRONE  
Alright. Thanks.

WAITRESS  
Will that be all, sir?

TYRONE

For right now, yes. Thanks.

The Waitress steps away.

Tyrone reaches into his pocket and pulls out a **dollar** in **quarters**. He sets them down on the table.

A hand drops down on his shoulder.

Tyrone looks at Dancing Girl #1.

DANCING GIRL #1

Tyrone?

TYRONE

Yes?

DANCING GIRL #1

Miss Sierra would like for you to watch the show from the balcony.

TYRONE

Why there?

DANCING GIRL #1

A great view.

Tyrone stands.

TYRONE

What about my drink.

DANCING GIRL #1

I'll have it brought to you.

Tyrone steps towards the stairs.

CUT TO:

**INT. BALCONY-CLUB MEPHISTOPHELES-NIGHT**

Tyrone sits.

The Waitress sets his glass of bourbon down.

Tyrone looks at the glass and then at her.

TYRONE

Thanks.

WAITRESS

Anytime.



The Waitress steps away.

The club goes silent.

CUT TO:

**INT. CLUB MEPHISTOPHELES-CONTINUOUS**

ANNOUNCER

Gentleman! Put your hands together  
for the flames of hell! Sierra!!

The curtains open.

A bathtub in the middle of the stage.

Her head rising out of the water.

Sierra's soaking body.

MEN AUDIENCE

(whistle)

Music plays on the piano.

She stands up from the bathtub.

Her naked body walking past the Men Audience.

Sierra looks at Tyrone.

A swing drops down.

She sits on it.

The swing lifts up towards the balcony.

Sierra swings herself onto the balcony.

CUT TO:

**INT. BALCONY-CLUB MEPHISTOPHELES-CONTINUOUS**

She lands on Tyrone's lap. She leans back, laying herself  
against him. Her mouth close to his.

The music stops.

Dancing Girl #1 steps towards her with a robe in her hands.

Sierra stands up. She slides her arms into the robe, covering  
herself.

Tyrone's heart is pumping, unable to take his eyes off of her.

SIERRA  
(wave finger)

Tyrone stands up.

SIERRA (CONT'D)  
Follow me.

CUT TO:

**INT. SIERRA'S DRESSING ROOM-CLUB MEPHISTOPHELES-NIGHT**

Sierra steps behind a **privacy screen**.

Tyrone sits down in a **recliner**.

Her **silhouette** on the other side of the screen. Tyrone's eyes drawn to the screen.

TYRONE  
(breath)

His heart racing.

Tyrone looks away.

SIERRA (O.C.)  
Turned on, huh?

TYRONE  
No.

SIERRA (O.C.)  
I can hear your breathing a mile away.

Sierra steps out from behind the privacy screen.

He looks at the corset wrapped tightly around her waist and how her breasts are busty.

Tyrone looks away again.

TYRONE  
What are you doing!

Sierra steps towards him. She turns his head to look him in the eyes.

SIERRA  
I know what you want. All you have  
to do is say it.

She sits on his lap, leaning towards his face.

CUT TO:

**INT. BEDROOM-TYRONE'S APARTMENT-DAY**

Tyrone opens his eyes. He looks around.

TYRONE  
Ahh!!

He touches his head.

TYRONE (CONT'D)  
My head!!

CUT TO:

**INT. DINING ROOM-DAY**

Across the table from her father, Mateo, Issie looks at her plate. The last bit of **chorizo & eggs**.

Mateo takes a sip from his water glass.

Issie stands up and walks out of the dining room.

MATEO (SUBTITLE)  
(In Spanish)  
Isabelle!!

CUT TO:

**INT. BEDROOM-DAY**

Issie looks outside of her window. She covers her face, fighting back the tears.

ISSIE  
(cry)

CUT TO:

**EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE-DAY**

Tyrone places a cinderblock at the top of the wall.

RAY-RAY (V.O.)  
Are you going to make the roll or  
not!

He leans his head against the wall.

TYRONE  
Ray-Ray.

CUT TO:

**INT. BATHROOM-TYRONE'S APARTMENT-NIGHT**

A razor pressed against his face, giving himself a clean shave. Tyrone looks at the bathtub in the mirror. He cuts himself.

TYRONE  
Ahh!!

He presses a piece of tissue against the cut.

CUT TO:

**EXT. BRIDGE-NIGHT**

Tyrone steps across the bridge.

Harry sits at the corner of the crosswalk. A cup in his hand.

HARRY  
Spare some change, sir?

Tyrone looks at Harry, his eyes recognizing him.

TYRONE  
Oh, it's you.

He pulls out his wallet and takes out a five-dollar bill.

TYRONE (CONT'D)  
Here you go, sir.

Tyrone drops it in. He takes five steps forward.

HARRY  
Whatever she's selling you, don't  
buy it.

Tyrone looks back Harry, a look of confusion on his face.

TYRONE  
What are you talking about!

HARRY  
Nothing is what it seems young man.  
Come back and see me some time.  
I'll tell you a story.

TYRONE  
Alright old man.

Tyrone steps towards the open doors to Club Mephistopheles.

CUT TO:

**INT. CLUB MEPHISTOPHELES-NIGHT**

He pulls out a chair and sits at his regular table.

The Waitress steps towards the table.

TYRONE  
I'll take a bourbon, please!

WAITRESS  
We're not serving bourbon. May I  
suggest Vodka.

TYRONE  
Sure.

WAITRESS  
Coming right up.

The Waitress steps away.

Dancing Girls #1 and #2 step towards Tyrone.

He looks at Dancing Girl #1.

DANCING GIRL #1  
Tyrone.

Tyrone stands up.

TYRONE  
I know, she wants me up on the  
balcony!

DANCING GIRL #1  
Not tonight. She's a little busy at  
the moment.

Tyrone digs into his pocket and drops a dollar in quarters on the table.

The Waitress steps towards the table and sets a glass of Vodka down.

Tyrone takes the shot.

TYRONE  
(gulp)

He stands up.

TYRONE (CONT'D)  
You ladies have a good night.

CUT TO:

**EXT. CLUB MEPHISTOPHELES-NIGHT**

Tyrone steps towards the crosswalk.

He looks at the diner across the street and at Harry.

CUT TO:

**INT. DINING AREA-DINER-NIGHT**

Tyrone steps towards the bar table. He leans down.

WAITER, early 20s.

The Waiter steps towards the counter and Tyrone.

WAITER  
Can I help you, sir?

TYRONE  
Can I get two steak sandwiches and  
a large order of fries, please?

CUT TO:

**EXT. BRIDGE-NIGHT**

Footsteps approach.

Harry listens to the gravel crunching under someone's shoes.

HARRY  
Is someone there?

TYRONE  
It's me, the young man.

HARRY  
Oh. Did you change your mind?

TYRONE  
No. She's not selling tonight.

Harry lifts his head up.

HARRY  
(sniff)  
I smell steak and fries.

Tyrone reaches into the paper bag and pulls out the sandwich.  
He places it into Harry's hand.

TYRONE  
I thought we could share the fries.

HARRY  
Sounds good.

Tyrone sits.

Fries in his hand, Harry shoves one at a time into his mouth.

TYRONE  
Tell me, were you ever married?

HARRY  
Yes, a long time ago.

TYRONE  
How'd you end up here?

HARRY  
It's a long story.

TYRONE  
I got time.

HARRY  
Okay.

Harry smiles.

HARRY (CONT'D)  
I was only eighteen when I went  
overseas to the Spanish-American  
War.

CUT TO:

**EXT. SHIP-DAY-FLASHBACK**

SUPER: SPANISH AMERICAN WAR 1899

The ship drenched in the ocean water. A young man ducks down to the floor. HARRY, 19. Soldier. Naive but caring.

Bombs crash around the ship.

SERGEANT, early 30s

The Sergeant drops to the floor.

SERGEANT  
Get your head down!!

Dirt flies over their heads.

HARRY (V.O.)  
It was a harsh time. War was crazy.  
It made those men crazy. Bodies  
piled up. I made a mistake and got  
injured.

CUT TO:

**EXT. JUNGLE-DAY**

Harry steps on a piece of ground. A sharp stick goes through his right foot.

HARRY  
(yell)

Harry drops to the ground.

CUT TO:

**EXT. BEACH-DAY**

SOLDIER #1 and #2, late teens.

Harry lays in a stretcher while Soldiers #1 and #2 carry him towards the shoreline.

HARRY (V.O.)  
I had ruined my tour. No army wants  
an injured soldier back in combat.  
I didn't care.

CUT TO:



**INT. NURSERY-DAY**

Harry holds his newborn daughter in his arms.

HARRY (V.O.)  
I had a wife and daughter to be  
with.

A woman walks into the nursery. MARGARET, 18. College student. She kisses Harry on the cheek.

Harry looks down at where his right foot used to be.

HARRY  
That wound of course, caused my  
foot to get infected with gangrene,  
so I had to lose it.

CUT TO:

**EXT. BRIDGE-BACK TO PRESENT**

Harry takes a bite out of his steak sandwich.

HARRY  
A hell of a time for us back then.  
It's late young man. I'll tell you  
more tomorrow.

Tyrone stands.

TYRONE  
See you tomorrow.

Harry sits down on the ground. He covers himself.

HARRY  
Good night.

Tyrone steps away.

TYRONE  
Good night.

He steps away. His eyes on the lights. Tyrone looks back at Harry.

CUT TO:

**EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE-DAY**

In the front of the line, Tyrone waits patiently.

FOREMAN, early 40s.

The Foreman looks at Tyrone.

FOREMAN

Next!!!

Tyrone steps towards him.

The Foreman counts out twenty-five dollars in dollar bills.

TYRONE

Do you think I could get more  
hours?

FOREMAN

Sure. Just come a little bit early.

TYRONE

Sure thing.

Tyrone steps away.

CUT TO:

**EXT. BRIDGE-NIGHT**

He steps towards Harry. A paper bag in his right hand and a cup of water.

HARRY

I thought you might have some place  
better to be.

Tyrone sits across from him.

TYRONE

I bought you dinner.

He hands him a **Cheeseburger**.

HARRY

(sniff)

I love a good cheeseburger!

TYRONE

So, what happened after your  
daughter was born?

HARRY

I really couldn't do much. My right  
foot was gone. I went door to door  
selling cleaning products.

(MORE)

HARRY (CONT'D)  
My daughter was growing up rapidly  
in front of me. The money was  
tight. My wife was sick, and I was  
desperate.

CUT TO:

**INT. LIVING ROOM-NIGHT**

Harry sits on a recliner, putting a briefcase together to  
sell the cleaning products.

A sweet and much innocent Sierra steps towards him.

SIERRA  
Daddy?

HARRY  
Yes, darling?

SIERRA  
Can I go out tonight?

HARRY  
I need help with mama.

He looks at the disappointed look on her face.

She steps away.

HARRY (CONT'D)  
Hey!

Sierra looks back at him.

He lifts a dollar up.

HARRY (CONT'D)  
Go have fun.

A smile stretches across her face; she jumps in the air with  
excitement.

SIERRA  
Thank you, daddy!

She kisses him on the cheek.

Sierra rushes towards the door. She pulls it open.

A piece of paper on the door. It reads: Eviction Notice.

Harry stands up and grabs his cane.

Sierra looks at the paper.

SIERRA (CONT'D)

Daddy?

Harry rips it from the door.

HARRY

It's nothing honey. Go have fun.  
I'll handle this.

Harry steps outside into the hallway.

CUT TO:

**INT. HALLWAY-NIGHT**

Harry pounds on the door.

Sierra stands behind him.

He looks at her.

HARRY

Sierra, go!

HARRY (V.O.)

I only did what I thought was best  
for us, little did I know, I was  
taking away my daughter's  
innocence.

The door opens.

LANDLORD, early 40s. A slum lord and disgusting man.

LANDLORD

What do you want!

HARRY

Can we talk?

CUT TO:

**INT. LIVING ROOM-NIGHT**

Harry sits across from the Landlord.

HARRY

Perhaps we can work something out?

Sierra stands and looks around at the photographs on the walls.

The Landlord looks at Sierra.

LANDLORD  
I am a lonely man.

Harry looks at Sierra and then looks at him.

He stands up.

The Landlord stands.

HARRY  
She's my --

LANDLORD  
-- Only way out of this!

He looks at her.

LANDLORD (CONT'D)  
She's maybe worth three months. If  
you bring her back, six and a year.  
If you turn around and walk out of  
here, it'll be two years.

Harry grabs his cane and steps towards the front door. Tears  
of sadness stream down his cheek.

CUT TO:

**INT. HALLWAY-CONTINUOUS**

The door shuts.

Harry leans back against the door. He covers his face.

HARRY  
(sob)  
(cry)

SIERRA (O.S.)  
(scream)  
Daddy!!!

CUT TO:

**INT. BEDROOM-NIGHT**

Harry sits in front of the mirror. He punches it. A shard of the broken mirror in his hand.

CUT TO:

**EXT. BRIDGE-NIGHT**

Sierra steps towards the edge of the bridge. She looks down at the bottom of the viaduct.

SIERRA  
(breath)

Sierra closes her eyes.

HARRY (V.O.)  
I sold my own daughter out! She  
lost her innocence that night.

Sierra jumps off the bridge, falling to her death.

CUT TO:

**EXT. VIADUCT-NIGHT**

Her lifeless body lies on the ground. Her eyes stare up at the starry sky. Sierra's eyes go pale. They turn brown. She snares.

SIERRA  
(laugh)

HARRY (V.O.)  
My girl, Sierra.

CUT TO:

**EXT. BRIDGE-BACK TO PRESENT**

Harry reaches down and lifts up a framed photograph of Sierra. He hands it to Tyrone.

Tyrone's eyes look in shock. He looks at Harry.

TYRONE  
She's your daughter!

Tyrone stands up.

HARRY  
Sit, please!

TYRONE  
Why!

HARRY  
Please!

Tyrone sits.

HARRY (CONT'D)  
That's not my daughter!

TYRONE  
Who is she?

HARRY  
She's the devil.

TYRONE  
(laugh)

HARRY  
It's true.

TYRONE  
Okay, she's the devil and I suppose  
the dancing girls are demons as  
well.

HARRY  
Exactly!

Tyrone stands.

HARRY (CONT'D)  
If you think I'm crazy, ask  
yourself why you keep coming here  
and going into that club. It's  
because you're stuck.

Tyrone turns around. He looks away.

HARRY (CONT'D)  
Make the right choice!

CUT TO:

**INT. BATHROOM-TYRONE'S APARTMENT-NIGHT**

He looks at himself in the mirror.

TYRONE  
What's happening to me!

CUT TO:

**INT. DINING AREA-DINER-NIGHT**

Harry steps towards the bar table.

The Waiter steps towards him.

WAITER  
Can I get you something, sir?

HARRY  
A glass of water, please?

The Waiter steps into the kitchen.

A strong Frangrance enters into the dining area.

HARRY (CONT'D)  
(sniff)  
All that jazz!

DEVIL (V.O.)  
(laugh)  
Garden!

Harry falls to his butt, hitting the floor. He crawls away.

SIERRA (V.O.)  
Daddy!!

Harry crawls on his arms and leg.

CUT TO:

**INT. PATIENT ROOM-HOSPITAL-DAY**

Harry lies in bed.

HARRY  
(breath)

His heavy breathing echoes throughout the entire room.

CUT TO:



**INT. KITCHEN-DINER-NIGHT**

The Waiter backs away as he sees Harry crawl past him.

WAITER  
What is wrong with you!

Harry pulls himself up to the counter. He grabs a **kitchen knife**.

SIERRA (V.O.)  
Daddy!!!

HARRY  
(wave knife)

SIERRA (V.O.)  
Daddy!! Why'd you do that to me!!

HARRY  
(sob)  
I'm sorry!!

The Waiter reaches his hand out to Harry.

WAITER  
Give me the knife, please!

SIERRA (V.O.)  
Why'd you do that to me!  
(cry)

HARRY  
I'm coming darling!

Harry drives the knife through his chin, all the way up to his head. He drops to his knees and to the floor.

The Waiter looks at Harry, watching the veteran die right in front of him.

Sierra steps towards Harry. She grabs a hold of his arm.

Harry looks at her.

HARRY (CONT'D)  
Darling?

SIERRA/DEVIL  
Not even close, daddy!

She pulls him out of the kitchen.

HARRY  
(scream)

SIERRA/DEVIL  
(laugh)

CUT TO:

**INT. PATIENT ROOM-HOSPITAL-CONTINUOUS**

HARRY  
(breath)

Harry dies.

CUT TO:

**EXT. STREETS-DAY**

Issie steps past a newspaper stand. She looks at the headlines. It reads: Comatose man found on bridge.

CLERK, late 40s.

CLERK  
Can I help you with something miss?

Issie grabs a newspaper. She hands him a quarter.

ISSIE  
Keep the change!

Issie steps away, unfolding the newspaper, looking on the inside. She looks at the comatose man.

ISSIE (CONT'D)  
(read)  
Unknown man found on the bridge  
with a fracture on the skull is  
comatose. No known family has come  
forward.

Issie folds the newspaper. She runs down the sidewalk.

ISSIE (CONT'D)  
I'm coming, Tyrone!

CUT TO:

**INT. BEDROOM-DAY**

Folding her clothes and placing them into a **suitcase**, Issie closes it.

The door opens.

Mateo steps in.

MATEO (SUBTITLE)  
(In Spanish)  
Where are you going?

ISSIE (SUBTITLE)  
(In Spanish)  
I'm leaving.

Mateo grabs the suitcase.

Issie pulls it away from him.

MATEO (SUBTITLE)  
(In Spanish)  
Why are you doing this? Because of  
that man?

ISSIE (SUBTITLE)  
(In Spanish)  
He needs me!

Issie rushes out of the bedroom.

CUT TO:

**EXT. STREETS-CONTINUOUS**

Issie rushes down the sidewalk.

Mateo steps behind her.

MATEO (SUBTITLE)  
(In Spanish)  
Isabelle!!!

ISSIE  
(sob)

She wipes the tears from her face.

CUT TO:

**INT. PATIENT ROOM-HOSPITAL-DAY**

Issie sets the suitcase down. She looks at Tyrone. Her hands touch his face.

ISSIE  
I got you something.

She grabs his left hand. A **golden ring** in the tip of her fingers. The ring slides down with her assistance.

ISSIE (CONT'D)  
Come back to me.

Issie kisses his hand.

CUT TO:

**EXT. BRIDGE-NIGHT**

Tyrone rushes towards Harry's spot.

TYRONE  
Harry!!

Tyrone lifts the blanket from the ground. No sight of Harry.

TYRONE (CONT'D)  
Where is he!!

DEVIL (V.O.)  
He's gone.

Tyrone looks around.

TYRONE  
Where are you?

DEVIL (V.O.)  
Where else would I be!

The doors to the club open.

DEVIL (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
(laugh)

Tyrone stands up. He balls up his fists.

TYRONE  
Okay.

He steps towards the doors.

CUT TO:

**INT. CLUB MEPHISTOPHELES-NIGHT**

The doors slam shut.

DEVIL (V.O.)  
You're cold!

TYRONE  
Not as much as you!

Tyrone steps towards the stairs.

DEVIL  
Warm!

CUT TO:

**INT. BEDROOM-CLUB MEPHISTOPHELES-NIGHT**

The door creaks open.

Tyrone pushes the door.

A woman and man lie underneath the covers. The man goes back and forth.

DEVIL (V.O.)  
Hot!! Isn't it!

Sierra comes from underneath the blanket.

The Landlord right behind her. He goes back and forth.

DEVIL (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Behind you!

Tyrone looks back. He sees the corrupt Sierra. His attention returns to the innocent Sierra.

TYRONE  
Why her?

SIERRA  
Look at her!

Tyrone looks at the innocent Sierra, feeling the betrayal in her eyes.

SIERRA (CONT'D)  
She enjoyed that. What was Harry  
really protecting her from? Me!

TYRONE  
Why are you showing me this?

SIERRA  
Maybe to dig a little deeper.  
Sierra clutches her hand over his head.  
Tyrone drops to one knee.

TYRONE  
What -- are -- you -- doing --

SIERRA  
Digging deep!

CUT TO:

**EXT. ALLEY-DAY**

Tyrone drops to the ground. He looks down and sees a  
reflection of his younger face.

TYRONE  
What is this!

Sierra steps around him.

SIERRA  
History has a way of repeating  
itself. You ran away that day to  
save yourself. Don't you agree.

TYRONE  
No!!

Tyrone covers his ears.

SIERRA  
No!!!

Tyrone drops his head to the ground. His forehead up against  
the damp ground.

RAY-RAY  
Run!!

TYRONE  
It wasn't my fault!

DEVIL (V.O.)  
(laugh)

Feet approach Tyrone.

He raises his head up.

Issie crouches down to one knee. She touches his face.

Tyrone returns to his normal age.

TYRONE  
Is it really you?

ISSIE  
Yes.

She kisses his cheek.

He leans his mouth towards hers.

CUT TO:

**INT. BEDROOM-TYRONE'S APARTMENT-NIGHT**

Issie pulls down the straps to her blouse. Her eyes on his.

Tyrone smiles.

She pulls him down on top of her.

ISSIE  
Come on!

He leans down towards her, about to kiss her.

Issie's eyes are eager.

TYRONE  
No!

Tyrone sits up.

Issie's face changes into Sierra's.

SIERRA  
(laugh)

Sierra crawls towards him.

SIERRA (CONT'D)  
Nobleness is hilarious on you!

Snake fangs appear out of her mouth. She transforms into a **serpent**.

TYRONE

Ahh!!!

The serpent crawls around his body.

TYRONE (CONT'D)

Get it off!!

DEVIL (V.O.)

(laugh)

He smacks himself.

The serpent crawls to his neck, biting him.

TYRONE

Ahh!!!

Tyrone rips it from his neck and tosses it to the bed.

Tyrone drops to the floor. He crawls away.

Sierra's feet appear in front of him.

He looks at her face.

SIERRA

(snap fingers)

CUT TO:

**INT. KITCHEN-TYRONE'S APARTMENT-NIGHT**

Tyrone sits at his dinner table.

A hand in front of him.

SIERRA

(snap fingers)

His eyes blink.

SIERRA (CONT'D)

Times wasting away. Better hurry!  
(snap fingers)

He blinks again.

Sierra is gone.



Tyrone looks around.

TYRONE  
Figures!

CUT TO:

**INT. CHAPEL-HOSPITAL-NIGHT**

Issie's eyes wander around the chapel. She sits on the front pew.

ISSIE  
God -- Please! Please be with him.  
He needs you now! I'm sorry I  
wasn't here sooner.  
(sob)

PASTOR (O.C.)  
Can I pray with you?

Issie looks at a man standing in the doorway. PASTOR, early 40s.

Tears stream down her cheek. She wipes them away.

ISSIE  
Yes. That would be nice.

The Pastor sits alongside of her. He reaches for her hand.

Issie grabs a hold of his hand.

She shuts her eyes.

He shuts his eyes.

PASTOR  
Dear God, please be with --

ISSIE  
-- Tyrone.

PASTOR  
Tyrone. Be with him and guide him  
back to us. Protect him on his  
journey.

**INT. BEDROOM-TYRONE'S APARTMENT-NIGHT**

PASTOR (V.O.)  
Bring him back to everyone.

Tyrone looks around the bedroom. He smiles.

CUT TO:

**INT. CLUB MEPHISTOPHELES-NIGHT**

Dancing Girls #1, #2 and #3 drop to their knees.

DANCING GIRL #1  
(scream)

DANCING GIRL #2  
(scream)

DANCING GIRL #3  
(scream)

CUT TO:

**INT. BEDROOM-CLUB MEPHISTOPHELES-NIGHT**

Sierra lies on the floor, her hands over her ears.

SIERRA  
Ahh!!! Make it stop!!

She rolls around on the floor, trying to take her mind off of the pain in her head.

CUT TO:

**INT. BEDROOM-DAY**

Mateo sits on Issie's bed. A knife in his hand. He turns the knife and sticks into his leg.

MATEO  
(grunt)

Sierra crawls onto the bed. She leans towards his ear.

SIERRA  
(whisper)  
He doesn't deserve her. She's too good for him.

She touches his groin.

SIERRA (CONT'D)  
(whisper)  
Do it for her!

CUT TO:

**INT. PATIENT ROOM-HOSPITAL-DAY**

Mateo steps into the room. His hand gripped onto the handle of the knife.

ISSIE (O.C.)  
Papi!

Mateo looks back at Issie. He lets go of the knife and turns to her.

ISSIE (CONT'D)  
What are you doing here?

MATEO  
I thought I would pay him a visit.

ISSIE  
I thought you hated him.

MATEO  
No, not true. I only wanted what was best for you.

He hugs her.

MATEO (CONT'D)  
Why don't you go home and get some rest. I'll stay with him.

ISSIE  
No, I rather be here in case he wakes up.

MATEO  
Okay.

Mateo steps back and turns around.

ISSIE  
Wait!

He looks back at her.

MATEO  
What?

ISSIE  
I thought you wanted to see him.

MATEO  
I'll be back.

Mateo steps out of the room.

CUT TO:

**INT. BALCONY-CLUB MEPHISTOPHELES-NIGHT**

Tyrone sits.

The Waitress steps towards him. She passes his glass of bourbon to him.

He grabs it.

TYRONE  
Thanks.

She steps away.

Tyrone takes a sip.

ANNOUNCER  
Gentleman! Please welcome to the stage, the lovely Sierra!!

CUT TO:

**INT. CLUB MEPHISTOPHELES-NIGHT**

The curtains open. **Two fans of feathers** cover her buttocks and her side boob. She spins herself around.

The piano plays classical overtures.

Flying into the air like a **giant fan**.

ANNOUNCER  
Gentleman!! This has to be the greatest show tonight!! Time to pitch in and stop being cheap!!

Bills of money fly into the sky, landing on the stage.

The Audience looks for Sierra but there's no sign of her.

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)  
Where is she!

Sierra appears from behind the curtains.

The Men Audience stands to their feet.

MEN AUDIENCE  
(applause)

CUT TO:

**INT. BALCONY-CLUB MEPHISTOPHELES-CONTINUOUS**

Tyrone stands.

TYRONE  
(clap)

CUT TO:

**INT. CLUB MEPHISTOPHELES-CONTINUOUS**

Sierra looks at him. She walks backstage.

CUT TO:

**INT. BEDROOM-CLUB MEPHISTOPHELES-NIGHT**

Tyrone steps behind Sierra.

She pushes him onto the bed.

He sits.

Sierra climbs onto his lap. She pushes him down to his back.

Tyrone looks up at the ***diamond chandelier***. His mind becomes filled with how to stop Sierra from driving him into committing adultery.

PREACHER (V.O.)  
The lord is my shepherd, I shall  
not want.

CUT TO:

**INT. AUDITORIUM-CHURCH-DAY-FLASHBACK**

SUPER: 1925

Tyrone and Ray-Ray sit in the far back pew.

Ray-Ray counts out the dollar bills between him and Tyrone. His eyes on the man on the stage. PREACHER, early 30s.

PREACHER  
The lord will guide us physically  
and spiritually! That's the number  
one weapon. Scripture!!

CUT TO:

**INT. BEDROOM-CLUB MEPHISTOPHELES-BACK TO PRESENT**

Tyrone closes his eyes.

TYRONE  
The lord is my shepherd, I shall  
not want!

Sierra covers her ears. She rolls off Tyrone and onto the floor.

SIERRA  
Ahh!!!

She stands to her feet and finds no sign of Tyrone.

SIERRA (CONT'D)  
No!!!

CUT TO:

**INT. PATIENT ROOM-HOSPITAL-DAY**

Issie is asleep on the couch.

TYRONE  
(cough)

She opens her eyes. Issie stands up.

ISSIE  
Tyrone!

He opens his eyes.

TYRONE  
Issie -- what are --

She wraps her arms around him, hugging him.

ISSIE  
I'm sorry!

TYRONE  
For what!

ISSIE  
My father. For what he did to you.

TYRONE  
What did he do?

ISSIE  
You don't remember?

TYRONE  
No. What did he do?

ISSIE  
He hit you.

Tyrone closes his eyes, rubbing them due to the bright light above his head and from outside the window.

Issie closes the blinds and turns off the light.

ISSIE (CONT'D)  
Is that better?

TYRONE  
Yes. Thank you.

ISSIE  
Can I get you anything?

TYRONE  
No, I'm fine. I'm just going to lay here.

ISSIE  
I got to go back to my house. I'll be back to check on you.

TYRONE  
Okay.

Issie kisses him on the forehead.

ISSIE  
See you in a bit.

TYRONE  
Okay.

Issie steps out of the room.

CUT TO:

**INT. HALLWAY-HOSPITAL-DAY**

Issie's eyes wander, feeling worried and confused about her father's behavior. Tears fill her eyes. She wipes them away as they start to fall down her cheek.

CUT TO:

**INT. BEDROOM-DAY**

She steps onto the step stool, grabbing a box. Issie steps down and sets it down on the bed.

ISSIE

Oh Papi.

Issie lifts a stack of photographs out of the box. She looks through them and comes across one of Mateo and Sierra.

SIERRA

Who is this?

A door slams shut.

Issie grabs the box from the bed and steps onto the stool. She sets it back on the top shelf.

Issie lays down on the floor and rolls under the bed.

Mateo steps into the bedroom.

ISSIE

(breath)

He lifts the wet **collared shirt** over his head and tosses it to the dirty **clothes basket**. Mateo steps towards the closet and realizes it's open.

Issie drops her head down.

He grabs a shirt.

Her eyes on his feet as they step under the bed. Issie's eyes grow wide, her heart racing.

Mateo crouches down. He pulls the blanket up and looks underneath the bed. No Issie in his sight.

MATEO

Ugh!

He stands up and steps out of the bedroom.



CUT TO:

**BACK YARD-DAY**

Underneath the window, crouched down, Issie leans her head back against the wall. She looks at the photograph.

ISSIE  
Who are you?

CUT TO:

**INT. PATIENT ROOM-HOSPITAL-DAY**

Tyrone steps down on one foot. Feeling the ache in his legs from not being awake for the last three days.

TYRONE  
Ahh!

NURSE, early 20s.

The Nurse steps into the room.

NURSE  
Sir!!

TYRONE  
What!

NURSE  
You need to rest.

TYRONE  
I need to get out of this place.

NURSE  
Sir!!!

TYRONE  
No. Discharge me!

Tyrone rips the gown off.

CUT TO:

**EXT. STREETS-DAY**

Tyrone steps slowly.

Issie walks in his direction. She stops and sees Tyrone.

ISSIE  
Tyrone?

TYRONE  
Yeah.

She steps towards him.

ISSIE  
What are you doing?

He walks towards the crosswalk.

TYRONE  
Ah!

ISSIE  
Let me get a cab, please?

TYRONE  
No cab.

Tyrone leans himself against a pole.

ISSIE  
Where do you want to go?

TYRONE  
Some place quiet.

Issie looks at the library across the street.

She lifts his arm over her shoulder.

ISSIE  
Come on. I got the perfect place!

CUT TO:

**INT. LIBRARY-DAY**

Sitting across from each other, Tyrone and Issie look around.  
LIBRARY PERSON #1, #2 and #3.

TYRONE  
They're staring at us.

ISSIE  
Yeah, so. Let them.

TYRONE  
What were you doing?

ISSIE  
What do you mean?

TYRONE  
You been running, and you're  
sweating. Why?

Issie reaches into her purse and pulls out a photograph. She sets it down on the table.

Tyrone picks the photograph up. He flips it over and looks at Sierra's face. He looks at Issie.

TYRONE (CONT'D)  
Where'd you get this?

ISSIE  
In my father's closet.

He drops the photograph to the table, grabbing at his head.

TYRONE  
(breath)

ISSIE  
Tyrone?

He looks at her.

ISSIE (CONT'D)  
What's going on?

TYRONE  
You wouldn't believe me.

ISSIE  
Try me.

His eyes wander as he thinks to himself of how long he was in his coma.

TYRONE  
How long was I asleep?

ISSIE  
Three days, why?

Tyrone steps towards the front desk.

LIBRARIAN, late 50s.

The Librarian looks at Tyrone.

LIBRARIAN  
How can I help you?

TYRONE  
Can I get the obituaries from the  
last three days?

The Librarian steps towards their table and sets the papers  
down. She looks at Tyrone and Issie.

LIBRARIAN  
Can I get you anything else?

ISSIE  
No, that's it.

The Librarian steps away.

Tyrone spreads the newspapers out.

ISSIE (CONT'D)  
What are we looking for here?

He looks down the lists of names of the deceased.

TYRONE  
A man named Harry.

ISSIE  
Why him? What's so special about  
him?

TYRONE  
He guided me while I was in a coma.

ISSIE  
Like a guardian angel?

TYRONE  
Sort of.

Tyrone hands her a page.

TYRONE (CONT'D)  
You look on that one, I'll look  
here.

Tyrone runs his finger down the names.

Issie looks down the line on her page. Her finger comes to a  
"Harry Summers."

ISSIE  
I got something.

TYRONE  
Where?

Tyrone flips it around on the table.

TYRONE (CONT'D)  
(point)

He looks closely.

TYRONE (CONT'D)  
(read)  
Harry Summers. Wife, deceased.  
Daughter, deceased. Died of natural  
causes.

Tyrone closes the page.

TYRONE (CONT'D)  
Poor guy.

Issie looks at him.

ISSIE  
There's something else, isn't  
there?

Tyrone stands up.

TYRONE  
Do you believe in the devil?

ISSIE  
Seriously?

He nods "Yes".

ISSIE (CONT'D)  
You're telling me that you  
interacted with the devil?

Tyrone grabs a hold of the photograph and shows it to her.

TYRONE  
The devil used her to tempt me.

Issie takes the photograph from him, looking closely.

ISSIE  
We have a name but what does she  
have to do with my father?

TYRONE

We can ask around town, see who remembers her.

He thinks to himself.

Issie looks at him.

ISSIE

What?

TYRONE

The bridge.

CUT TO:

**EXT. BRIDGE-DAY**

Issie looks around.

Tyrone stares at the apartment building. He steps towards the boards. He tries to pull them off.

A woman walks past, watching Tyrone tug away at the boards.

ELSA, 40. Homeless. A tough and cunning woman.

ELSA

It's condemned! Can't you read the sign!

Tyrone looks at her.

TYRONE

Did you used to live here?

ELSA

Like twenty years ago. What brings you to these parts?

TYRONE

Harry.

Elsa reaches into her pants pocket and pulls out a pack of cigarettes.

ELSA

There's a name I haven't heard of in a long time.

TYRONE

Harry, he had a daughter, right?

ELSA  
Why are you asking me about this?

TYRONE  
Because I knew him.

Elsa steps towards her corner tent.

ELSA  
(wave)  
Come on.

She sits on a **cushion**. Issie and Tyrone step towards her.

ELSA (CONT'D)  
Sierra, yeah! I knew her. Every guy  
on our block knew her. Harry fell  
apart after what happened.

ISSIE  
What happened to her?

ELSA  
She jumped off the bridge, right  
down the block.

Elsa lights a cigarette.

ELSA (CONT'D)  
Shame about her baby being without  
a mother.

TYRONE  
Baby?

ELSA  
Yeah. She had a baby. A girl.

Issie looks at Tyrone.

Tyrone looks at Issie.

TYRONE  
Show her.

Issie reaches into her purse. She unfolds the photograph and  
shows Elsa.

Elsa takes it from her and takes a closer look at Mateo's  
face.

ELSA  
Mateo! That's the landlord's son.

TYRONE

What?

ELSA

The landlord was the scum of the earth. So was Mateo.

Tyrone looks at Issie.

Tyrone wraps his arm around Issie's back.

ISSIE

(sob)

ELSA

Oh, I didn't mean to upset you sweetheart. You know, you kind of look like her.

Elsa hands the photograph to Tyrone.

TYRONE

Thanks.

He reaches into his pocket and pulls out a dollar bill.

TYRONE (CONT'D)

For you.

Elsa takes it.

ELSA

Thanks.

Tyrone walks with Issie, holding her close.

TYRONE

Come on, let's get you to my place.

CUT TO:

**INT. BEDROOM-TYRONE'S APARTMENT-NIGHT**

Issie sits down on the edge of the bed. Her eyes filled with tears.

Tyrone crouches down.

ISSIE

My own father is bad -- A bad --

He pats her on the back.



TYRONE

You're not him, get it! Your you.

Tyrone lays her down, getting her comfortable.

TYRONE (CONT'D)

Calm down.

She grips her hand onto his arm.

ISSIE

Don't leave me.

Tyrone lies down with her.

She rest her head on his chest.

TYRONE

I'm not going anywhere.

CUT TO:

**INT. LIVING ROOM-NIGHT**

Mateo steps into the living room. He sets his tool belt down on the coffee table.

MATEO (SUBTITLE)

(In Spanish)

Isabelle!!

He steps down the hallway.

MATEO (SUBTITLE) (CONT'D)

(In Spanish)

Isabelle!!!

CUT TO:

**INT. BEDROOM-NIGHT**

Mateo steps into the bedroom. He looks around.

A gold crucifix lays underneath the bed.

His eyes puzzled, Mateo steps towards it and lifts it up with his hand. Fury in his eyes.

CUT TO:

**EXT. BRIDGE-NIGHT**

Slowly stepping past Tyrone's apartment building, Mateo clutches his hand onto a knife.

CUT TO:

**INT. BEDROOM-TYRONE'S APARTMENT-CONTINUOUS**

His head resting on her shoulder, Tyrone sleeps peacefully.

Sierra touches his shoulder, leaning her face towards his ear.

SIERRA  
(whisper)  
We know how this ends.

Tyrone hugs onto Issie, showing her the affection she deserves and showing the Devil that he can't be influenced by her words.

CUT TO:

**INT. KITCHEN-TYRONE'S APARTMENT-DAY**

The coffee pot heating up on the stove.

CUT TO:

**INT. BEDROOM-TYRONE'S APARTMENT-CONTINUOUS**

Issie opens her eyes. She sits up, stretching.

ISSIE  
(sniff)  
I love the smell of coffee in the morning!

CUT TO:

**INT. KITCHEN-TYRONE'S APARTMENT-CONTINUOUS**

She steps into the kitchen, looks at the nicely set table. Her eyes on him while he scoops the scrambled eggs onto a plate.

Tyrone turns to her. He smiles.

TYRONE  
Good morning!

She steps towards him, hugging him.

He kisses her on the cheek and sets the plate down.

TYRONE (CONT'D)  
Eat!

Tyrone pulls out a chair.

Issie sits.

He looks around the kitchen.

TYRONE (CONT'D)  
Shoot!

ISSIE  
What?

TYRONE  
We need toast.

ISSIE  
It's fine.

Tyrone wipes his hands clean with a towel.

TYRONE  
No. I'll be right back.

He rushes towards the door.

CUT TO:

**EXT. STREETS-DAY**

Tyrone walks past Mateo.

Mateo's eyes on him.

Tyrone stops walking. He suddenly feels eyes are on him. He looks but sees no sign of Mateo. He steps to the crosswalk.

CUT TO:

**INT. KITCHEN-TYRONE'S APARTMENT-CONTINUOUS**

The front door closes.

Issie sits and eats.

Footsteps sound.

ISSIE  
Did you forget something?

MATEO (O.C.)  
You did!

Issie looks at Mateo. She stands up and steps back towards the counter.

Mateo steps towards the table. He raises the crucifix up, showing her what she left behind.

MATEO (CONT'D)  
I keep that room tidy, clean and  
know when something is out of  
place.

He tosses the crucifix to the table.

MATEO (CONT'D)  
How do you know?

ISSIE  
My mother never left me, she wanted  
me, didn't she?

CUT TO:

**INT. HALLWAY-NIGHT-FLASHBACK**

Sierra stands, looking at the photographs on the wall.

A young man steps into the hallway.

20-YEAR-OLD MATEO steps towards her, wraps his hand around her mouth and pulls her into the bedroom.

SIERRA  
(muffle)

The bedroom door slams shut.

CUT TO:

**HALLWAY-APARTMENT BUILDING-NIGHT**

Sierra's face leaned against the wall of the hallway.

MATEO (V.O.)  
Nine months after that, you were  
born.

CUT TO:

**INT. BEDROOM-NIGHT**

Sierra holds her newborn daughter in her arms.

SIERRA  
Mommy loves you.

MATEO (V.O.)  
I never knew she was pregnant until  
I stopped by for a special visit.

CUT TO:

**INT. HALLWAY-APARTMENT BUILDING-NIGHT**

Mateo stands in front of Sierra's door.

The door opens.

Sierra stands in front of him with the newborn.

He looks at the newborn, a shocked look on his face as he  
looks at the newborn.

CUT TO:

**EXT. BRIDGE-NIGHT**

Sierra runs.

A pick-up truck drives up alongside of her.

She steps to the ledge of the bridge. The newborn tucked  
underneath the blanket in her arms.

The driver door slams shut.

Mateo steps towards her.

MATEO  
Give me the baby and you can go.

SIERRA  
She needs me.

MATEO

Come on, you know she's too much to handle. You're still young.

Sierra lifts the newborn up.

Mateo raises his hands up.

SIERRA

Take care of her, please.

She hands him the newborn.

MATEO

She's in good hands.

He pushes Sierra over the ledge.

She falls to the viaduct.

SIERRA

(scream)

Mateo smiles. He looks down.

Sierra's eyes stare up.

MATEO

Time to get you home.

Mateo steps towards the pick-up truck.

CUT TO:

**INT. KITCHEN-TYRONE'S APARTMENT-BACK TO PRESENT**

Mateo pulls out a knife.

MATEO

Now it's time for you to experience the same thing.

Issie looks at the coffee pot boiling over on the stove.

Mateo steps closer.

Issie grabs the coffee pot and tosses the coffee into his face.

MATEO (CONT'D)

(scream)

Mateo drops to his knees, covering his face, fighting back the pain he's experiencing. He removes his hands.

MATEO (CONT'D)  
Now I'm really going to enjoy  
this!!

Issie kicks him across the face.

He drops down, unconscious from the kick.

Issie step past him and walks into the living room.

CUT TO:

**INT. LIVING ROOM-TYRONE'S APARTMENT-NIGHT**

Issie slowly steps into the living room.

Hands grab a hold of her legs. Issie falls to the floor.

Mateo crawls on top of her. He wraps his hands around her throat.

MATEO  
Die little bitch!!

Issie reaches her hand for the loose leg on the coffee table. She breaks it off and aims it towards his eye.

ISSIE  
For you Papi!!

She stabs him in the eye.

MATEO  
Ahh!!!

He falls on top of her.

Issie pushes him to the floor.

The front door opens.

Tyrone walks in.

Issie looks at him while she lies on the floor.

ISSIE  
Did you get the bread?

His eyes in shock.

TYRONE

Uh --

Mateo looks around the living room. He sits up and feels around his face.

MATEO

Issie! Where are you?

His eyes wander but he can feel someone behind him. He looks back and sees Sierra.

MATEO (CONT'D)

Sierra?

Sierra wraps **chains** around his neck.

MATEO (CONT'D)

(choke)

She drags him across the floor to his doom.

MATEO (CONT'D)

(gurgle)

SIERRA

(laugh)

Out of the doorway, into the hall, Sierra pulls him away.

The door slams shut.

CUT TO:

**EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING-NIGHT**

Mateo's body is wheeled towards a hurst.

Issie sits on the front steps of the apartment. She looks away from the sight of Mateo's face.

Tyrone sits alongside of her.

ISSIE

This whole thing is a mess. My  
life, my family. Worst family ever.

She looks at him.

ISSIE (CONT'D)

Here, you're still here.



TYRONE  
I'm not going anywhere.

He kisses her on the cheek.

CUT TO:

**EXT. POTTER'S FIELD-DAY**

Alongside Tyrone, Issie looks at the **wooden caskets** covered in dirt. She crouches down and sets a red and white roses down.

ISSIE  
Rest in peace, Harry.

She stands up.

Tyrone looks down at the caskets.

TYRONE  
Thank you.

Issie steps away.

Tyrone steps away. He wraps his arm around Issie.

CUT TO:

**EXT. FRONT YARD-DAY**

Issie steps outside onto the front porch.

Tyrone sets a box down beside her.

TYRONE  
That's the last one.

ISSIE  
Thanks.

TYRONE  
Are you sure about this? I mean,  
don't you want to finish nursing  
school first before getting  
married.

Issie steps towards him, wrapping her arms around the back of his neck.

ISSIE  
I can be a wife and a nurse at the  
same time.

She kisses him.

CUT TO:

**INT. AUDITORIUM-CHURCH-DAY**

Tyrone looks at Issie. A smile on his face. He slides a ring onto her finger.

PREACHER  
By the powers invested in me, I now  
pronounce you husband and wife! You  
may now kiss your bride!

Tyrone and Issie kiss.

CUT TO:

**INT. BEDROOM-DAY**

SUPER: ELEVEN MONTHS LATER

Sound asleep in bed, Tyrone lies face up, his nose able to catch the scent of **buttermilk pancakes**. He opens his eyes and sits up.

CUT TO:

**INT. KITCHEN-DAY**

Piling one more pancake to the rest, Issie turns off the burner.

He wraps his arms around her from behind. Tyrone kisses her on the cheek, touching her nine-month pregnant belly.

TYRONE  
How are my girls?

ISSIE  
Good.

He grabs the plate of pancakes and steps towards the table. Tyrone pulls out a chair for her.

ISSIE (CONT'D)  
Thank you.

Issie sits.

Tyrone leans over her and sets two pancakes down on her plate.

Alongside of her, Tyrone sits and drops two pancakes onto his plate. A slice into the fluffy cake, he stabs it and puts it into his mouth.

Issie pours coffee into the coffee mug right in front of him.

TYRONE

Thanks.

Issie smiles.

She digs her fork into a pancake, cutting it with the side of her fork.

ISSIE

How long do you think you'll be on the road for?

TYRONE

Maybe a few days. Don't worry.

ISSIE

I'm not worried.

TYRONE

Just think, I'll make enough selling home goods.

ISSIE

It's just a long way on the road.

He leans towards her.

She moves her head back.

TYRONE

You know I can't stand to see you upset.

He kisses her on the cheek.

Tyrone rushes down the hallway.

ISSIE

I'll get your thermos ready!

CUT TO:

**INT. BEDROOM-CONTINUOUS**

Tyrone stands in front of a mirror.

**MONTAGE**

-- Tyrone slides his arms into a collared shirt.

-- Tyrone ties his tie.

-- Tyrone puts on his jacket.

**BACK TO SCENE**

Issie steps behind him. She kisses him on the cheek.

ISSIE  
You look very handsome.

He kisses her.

CUT TO:

**EXT. FRONT YARD-DAY**

Issie stands in the driveway.

ISSIE  
(wave)

She watches Tyrone's *master deluxe* drive away and out of the neighborhood.

CUT TO:

**INT. TYRONE'S MASTER DELUXE-DAY**

Tyrone turns the steering wheel. He looks back at Issie.

CUT TO:

**EXT. FRONT YARD-DAY**

His finger presses onto the doorbell button.

A door opens.

LADY, early 40s.

Lady opens the front door.

TYRONE  
Hi, I'm here to offer --

The door slams in his face.

He turns around and walks away.

CUT TO:

**INT. LIVING ROOM-DAY**

A knock on the front door.

**MONTAGE**

-- The door slams shut on Tyrone.

-- Tyrone holds his hand up as the door closes.

-- Tyrone smiles as the door slams shut on him.

**BACK TO SCENE**

Tyrone walks away from the front door.

TYRONE  
(breath)

CUT TO:

**INT. TYRONE'S MASTER DELUXE-DAY**

Tyrone leans his head back.

TYRONE  
So much for being friendly.

He turns the key in the ignition.

CUT TO:

**INT. DINING AREA-DINER-DAY**

Tyrone sits. He drinks from a mug.

WAITRESS #1 and #2, early 20s.

Waitress #1 steps towards Tyrone.

WAITRESS #1  
Can I get you anything else honey?

TYRONE  
Just the check please.

WAITRESS #1  
Alright honey!

Waitress #1 steps away.

He pulls out a five-dollar bill.

Waitress #1 steps towards him. She lifts a brown paper bag up.

TYRONE  
I didn't order anything.

WAITRESS #1  
No, this is for you. It's on the house, the coffee too. That's my homemade **apple pie**. I made it from scratch. Do you know what makes it special?

TYRONE  
No?

WAITRESS #1  
I made it from here and here!!  
(point to head)  
(point to chest)

Waitress #2 steps past him.

WAITRESS #2  
She does. This diner's never quiet when she's here.

Waitress #1's eyes follow Waitress #2.

WAITRESS #1  
Get back to work!

Tyrone smiles.

WAITRESS #1 (CONT'D)  
Are you married?

TYRONE  
Yes.

WAITRESS #1  
Lucky lady. If you can get her,  
then you can sell.

Tyrone steps away from the bar table, the paper bag handle in the palm of his hand.

CUT TO:

**INT. MOTEL ROOM #12-MOTEL-NIGHT**

Tyrone sits up on the bed. He looks at the pie sitting on the nightstand.

TYRONE  
Let's see how you taste.

Scooping a spoon into the apple pie and putting the golden **flaked cinnamon dough** into his mouth. The taste of the apple hits his taste buds.

TYRONE (CONT'D)  
Mmhmm --

He smiles.

The empty pie pan is set on the nightstand.

Tyrone is asleep, feeling content from the late-night dessert.

CUT TO:

**INT. LIVING ROOM-DAY**

The front door opens.

HOUSEWIFE, early 20s.

HOUSEWIFE  
Can I help you?

TYRONE  
Good morning, ma'am? Question?

HOUSEWIFE  
Yes?

TYRONE  
What's the one thing that makes you  
want to get up in the morning?

HOUSEWIFE  
I don't know, maybe make my husband  
happy?

TYRONE  
Interesting.

HOUSEWIFE  
Why is that interesting?

TYRONE  
Your home, taking care of the  
house.

Tyrone looks her in the eyes.

TYRONE (CONT'D)  
Newlyweds?

HOUSEWIFE  
Yes. How'd you know?

TYRONE  
Good eye.  
(point to eyes)

The Housewife smiles.

HOUSEWIFE  
Would you like to come in?

She opens the door for him.

Tyrone steps in.

TYRONE  
Thank you.

The Housewife closes the door.

CUT TO:

**INT. TYRONE'S MASTER DELUXE-DAY**

He sits in the driver seat. Tyrone folds the cash and puts it  
into his pocket.

CUT TO:

**EXT. FREEWAY-DAY**

SUPER: SAN ARGO



The master deluxe drives down the freeway.

CUT TO:

**INT. TYRONE'S MASTER DELUXE-CONTINUOUS**

Tyrone stays in the middle lane.

CUT TO:

**EXT. FREEWAY-CONTINUOUS**

An eruption in the pavement of the freeway.

The master deluxe turns off the road.

CUT TO:

**INT. TYRONE'S MASTER DELUXE-CONTINUOUS**

Tyrone turns the steering wheel.

CUT TO:

**EXT. FREEWAY-CONTINUOUS**

The master deluxe drives towards a wall.

CUT TO:

**INT. TYRONE'S MASTER DELUXE-CONTINUOUS**

Tyrone's eyes grow wide.

TYRONE  
Oh no!!!

CUT TO:

**EXT. FREEWAY-CONTINUOUS**

The master deluxe hits the wall.

CUT TO:

**INT. TYRONE'S MASTER DELUXE-CONTINUOUS**

Tyrone's head is leaned against the steering wheel.  
Unconscious from the blow to his head.

CUT TO:

**INT. CLUB MEPHISTOPHELES-NIGHT**

His eyes open. Tyrone sits up. He looks around.

TYRONE  
Why am I back here?

DEVIL (V.O.)  
Didn't you feel that bump to the  
head! Wasn't it proof enough that  
you are not invincible.

Tyrone stands up. He looks around.

TYRONE  
Where are you?

SIERRA (O.C.)  
Right here!

He looks at Sierra.

TYRONE  
What do you want?

SIERRA  
(clap)

Dancing Girl #1 and #2 swing out on **aerial silk**, dropping  
down like spiders.

His eyes in amazement as Dancing Girl #1 and #2 spin around  
him.

Tyrone stops himself from being hypnotized by the  
performance.

TYRONE  
Enough!!

He turns around and steps towards the exit doors.

ISSIE (O.C.)  
Help!!

His eyes drawn to Issie hanging onto the ledge.

TYRONE

Hold on!!

Issie lets go. She falls.

ISSIE

(scream)

He holds his arms out, hoping for dear life to catch her.

She drops down into his arms, unconscious.

His eyes scared she's not going to wake up.

SIERRA (V.O.)

Tyrone, you're my hero!!

Issie's face changes into Sierra's.

SIERRA

(laugh)

Tyrone drops her to the floor.

SIERRA (CONT'D)

Oo --

She rubs her butt.

SIERRA (CONT'D)

Just kidding.

TYRONE

I guess I know why he invented  
butts!

(point)

Because I'm looking at the biggest  
ass in the universe.

Sierra stands to her feet. She pushes her chest onto his.

SIERRA

(snap fingers)

CUT TO:

**INT. BEDROOM-CLUB MEPHISTOPHELES-NIGHT**

Tyrone lies in a bed, covered with a **silky white blanket**. He opens his eyes.

From under the blanket, Sierra crawls to Tyrone's chest, running her finger from his chest to his face.

SIERRA  
This could all be yours. All you  
have to do is say yes.

He leans his mouth towards her ear.

TYRONE  
(whisper)  
I'd rather live a happy life with  
Issie.

She looks at him.

TRUCKER (V.O.)  
Are you alright!!

Her face turns to ash and blows away.

CUT TO:

**EXT. FREEWAY-DAY**

His eyes open. He looks at the man standing in front of him.  
TRUCKER, early 30s.

TYRONE  
(cough)  
What happened!!

TRUCKER  
You hit a wall and took a big bump  
to the head!

Tyrone looks around at the sky, making sure that it's all  
real. He smiles.

TYRONE  
Thank you.

CUT TO:

**INT/EXT. TAXI-DAY**

The taxi stops and parks at the curb.

Tyrone looks outside, his eyes on the door to his house.

TAXI DRIVER, early 20s.

TAXI DRIVER  
Merry Christmas, sir.

Tyrone reaches into his pocket and pulls out forty dollars. He hands it to the Taxi Driver.

TYRONE  
Merry Christmas to you too.

Tyrone opens the door and gets out. He slowly steps towards the front door.

NEIGHBOR #1 and #2, early 30s.

NEIGHBOR #1 (O.C.)  
Tyrone!!

Tyrone looks across the street at Neighbor #1.

TYRONE  
Yeah!!

NEIGHBOR #1  
Issie just left for the hospital!

TYRONE  
Shoot! Thanks!

Tyrone rushes towards the passenger door. He pulls it open and gets in.

TYRONE (CONT'D)  
To the closest hospital please!

He slams the door shut.

The taxi drives away.

CUT TO:

#### **INT. HALLWAY-HOSPITAL-DAY**

Tyrone rushes down the hallway, a *bouquet* of *flowers* in his right hand and suitcase in the other.

TYRONE  
Issie!!!

CUT TO:

#### **INT. PATIENT ROOM-HOSPITAL-DAY**

Tyrone rushes into the room. He looks at Issie with a frightened look on his face.

TYRONE

Issie!!

Issie looks at him. She smiles.

ISSIE

Merry Christmas daddy!

Tyrone sits on the bed. He kisses Issie.

ISSIE (CONT'D)

Here she is!

The newborn resting against Issie's chest.

TYRONE

What name do you have for her?

ISSIE

I thought we both could say them out loud.

TYRONE

Okay. How about Carol?

ISSIE

Eww, no.

TYRONE

Carmen?

ISSIE

Double no.

TYRONE

Carly?

ISSIE

Yes. I like it!

Issie hands the newborn to Tyrone.

He rests the newborn against his chest.

TYRONE

Merry Christmas Carly.

CUT TO:

**EXT. STREETS-DAY**

An empty box in his hand, Tyrone steps towards his partially damaged master deluxe. He pops the trunk open and tosses the small box in.

TYRONE  
Something has to happen.

He slams the trunk shut.

CUT TO:

**INT. SUPER MARKET-DAY**

He pushes the grocery cart through the produce aisle. His eyes on the list in his hand.

TYRONE  
**Carrots!**

He grabs a bag. Carrot after carrot drops into the bag. Tyrone glances into the bakery section, looking away for a second and then an idea comes to mind. He smiles.

He steps towards the **cookbooks**.

TYRONE (CONT'D)  
(point)  
Pies!

A picture of a cherry pie on one of the covers of the books in his eyesight. He grabs it.

TYRONE (CONT'D)  
Here we go!

He sets it down into the cart.

CUT TO:

**INT. BEDROOM-NIGHT**

Tyrone paces back and forth in front of Issie well she nurses the newborn.

TYRONE  
I'm telling you; this has to work!  
It's got to!

ISSIE  
It's late. Let's get to bed.

TYRONE

I will, just as soon as I try to  
figure out how I'm going to do  
this.

Issie pats her hand on the mattress.

ISSIE

Come sit.

Tyrone sits.

Issie hands him the newborn.

ISSIE (CONT'D)

Mommy has to use the bathroom.

Issie steps out of the bedroom.

Tyrone looks around the bedroom, his eyes wandering. He looks  
at his newborn daughter. He smiles.

TYRONE

Yes. Thank you beautiful!

Issie steps into the bedroom.

Tyrone steps past her and kisses her on the cheek.

TYRONE (CONT'D)

Thank you!

Issie looks at him with a confused look on her face.

ISSIE

Your welcome. I'll take the baby!

He hands her the newborn and rushes away.

CUT TO:

**EXT. COFFEE SHOP-DAY**

An apple pie in his hands, Tyrone steps towards a coffee  
shop.

CUT TO:

**INT. DINING AREA-COFFEE SHOP-DAY**

Tyrone sets the apple pie down on the counter.



COFFEE SHOP OWNER, 30s.

The Coffee Shop Owner looks at the apple pie and then at Tyrone.

COFFEE SHOP OWNER  
I don't know, I sell coffee, not  
baked desserts.

Tyrone pulls out his **wallet** and takes out his business card.

The Coffee Shop Owner looks at the inside of his wallet and sees the photograph of his newborn daughter.

COFFEE SHOP OWNER (CONT'D)  
Is that your baby?

Tyrone looks at the photograph. He closes his wallet and slides it into his pants pocket.

TYRONE  
Yeah, that's my baby Carly.  
Beautiful, isn't she?

COFFEE SHOP OWNER  
Yes.

The Coffee Shop Owner looks at the apple pie. He lifts it up.

COFFEE SHOP OWNER (CONT'D)  
(sniff)  
Alright, I'll give you a chance.

Tyrone shakes his hand.

TYRONE  
Thank you.

CUT TO:

### INT. KITCHEN-NIGHT

Her hands deep down in the dish water, Issie sets the clean plates in the **dish rack**.

The phone rings.

Tyrone steps towards it. He grabs the **receiver** and presses it to his ear.

TYRONE  
Hello?

ROBERT (V.O.)  
Hello, is this Tyrone?

TYRONE  
Yes.

ROBERT (V.O.)  
My name is Robert Marks. I'm in the  
pastry business. I came across your  
apple pie in the coffee shop.

TYRONE  
You did?

Issie looks at Tyrone. She steps closer.

ROBERT (V.O.)  
I would like to arrange a meeting,  
talk about marketing your products.

TYRONE  
Yes, that would be great.

ROBERT (V.O.)  
I'll be in touch soon.

Issie leans her ear towards the receiver.

TYRONE  
Okay. Thank you. Goodbye.

Tyrone hangs up the receiver. He looks at Issie.

ISSIE  
What happened?

TYRONE  
They want to buy my pies.

ISSIE  
(scream)

She wraps her arms around him, hugging him.

CUT TO:

**INT. GROCERY STORE-DAY**

In the bakery aisle, stacks of pies are set in the midst of  
the grocery store. Tyrone's pies are branded with a name. It  
reads: Carly's pies.

OLD LADY, mid-60s.

An Old Lady picks up a pie. She smiles.

OLD LADY  
Mmhmm, apple pie.

She sets it down in the cart and steps away.

TYRONE (V.O.)  
Thanks to the vote of confidence,  
and the advice I got, I became the  
most successful man in the bakery  
business.

CUT TO:

**EXT. MANSION-DAY**

SUPER: SIX MONTHS LATER

A moving van parked in the driveway.

MOVERS #1 and #2, early 20s.

Movers #1 and #2 carry a sofa towards the mansion.

CUT TO:

**INT. BEDROOM-MANSION-DAY**

Tyrone pushes the bedroom door open. He looks at his seven-month-old daughter in Issie's arms.

TYRONE  
Come here!

He takes the infant from her.

TYRONE (CONT'D)  
Look! Look at that!

He steps towards a **princess castle bed**.

Issie steps in. She smiles.

ISSIE  
You're going to spoil her!

TYRONE  
I thought I could.

She steps towards the bed.

He sits. He holds the infant up on his lap.

Issie sits next to him.

TYRONE (CONT'D)  
What do we think?

ISSIE  
She likes it.

Tyrone leans towards Issie and kisses her.

TYRONE (V.O.)  
Times changed after that. The great depression had ended, and the success went up. Issie and I had four more children. It was because of our little Carly that brought us wealth.

CUT TO:

#### **INT. FARMERS MARKET-DAY**

Tyrone stands in front of a man, shaking his hand. MARKET MANAGER, 40s.

Tyrone looks down at the pie's setup on an *aisle table*. He smiles.

TYRONE (V.O.)  
I'm forever grateful for the life I lived. The success and being able to see the smiling faces on people when they ate my pies.

CUT TO:

#### **EXT. CEMETERY-DAY**

SUPER: SIXTY-YEARS LATER

OLDER ISSIE, 79. Former nurse. Humble and caring.

Older Issie sits on her knees.

CARLY (O.C.)  
Mom, it's time to go!

Older Issie looks at a woman stepping towards her. CARLY, 59. Heiress to Carly's Pies. Head strong, strict and loving.

Older Issie reaches her hand out for Carly's.

Carly helps her to her feet.

Older Issie falls onto Carly.

OLDER ISSIE

Ugh!

Carly looks at Older Issie.

CARLY

Mom!

Older Issie falls to her knees, feeling her time has come to join Tyrone.

OLDER ISSIE

Tell your brothers and sister I  
love them!

Older Issie falls to the ground.

Carly leans down. She shakes her to wake up.

CARLY

Mom!!

CUT TO:

**INT. LIVING ROOM-MANSION-DAY**

The living room is full of momentums from the past years.

Carly stands up, she steps towards the window.

A little girl steps into the living room. LAURA, 6.

LAURA

Grandma!

Carly looks back at her.

CARLY

Yes?

LAURA

It's time to go!

Carly steps towards her. She leans down and lifts her up from the floor.

CARLY  
Out with the old, in with the new.  
You know.

LAURA  
Yes!

Carly steps out of the living room.

CARLY  
(laugh)

CUT TO:

**EXT. FRONT YARD-MANSION-DAY**

A moving van drives out of the driveway. A For Sale sign in the front yard.

CUT TO:

**INT. LOUNGE-GENTLEMAN'S CLUB-NIGHT**

Sierra sits on a man's lap, grinding herself against his groin.

SIERRA (V.O.)  
One or two less souls don't hurt  
me. Regardless, I'm still getting  
what I want. Life goes on for them.  
Me too!  
(laugh)

CUSTOMER, 20s.

The Customer slides a hundred-dollar bill under her top, pressing it against her breast.

CUSTOMER  
What will that get me?

SIERRA  
Plenty!  
(laugh)

CUSTOMER  
What's so funny?

SIERRA  
You'll see.

She kisses him.

CUT TO:

**INT. GROCERY STORE-DAY**

SUPER: EIGHTY-FOUR-YEARS LATER

A woman steps past an aisle of pies in the middle of the bakery section. SIERRA, 24. Writer. Kind and caring.

She feels her pregnant belly.

SIERRA  
This will hit the spot!

Sierra grabs the apple pie and sets it down. She pushes the cart through the produce section.

CUT TO:

**INT. CAR-DAY**

Sierra sits in the driver seat. Her eyes wander around.

SIERRA  
Where the -- My forks!

She looks at the apple pie.

SIERRA (CONT'D)  
Screw it!

She pops the lid up and digs her hand into the pie. She licks the filling off her hand.

SIERRA (CONT'D)  
Mmhmm --

Sierra sets the pie on the dashboard. She grabs a **pen** with her sticky hand. Her other hand writes. It reads: Carly's Pies hit every craving, especially for a pregnant woman's sweet tooth.

SIERRA (V.O.)  
We all have to start somewhere.

**FADE OUT:**

**THE END**