

So Much For My Happy Ending!

Screenplay by

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"All's well that ends well." - William Shakespeare

FADE IN:

INT. DRESSING ROOM-STRIP CLUB-NIGHT

SUPER: LAS VEGAS 2005

A woman sits at a **vanity**, with an open **romance novel** in front of her. BELLA (25) Exotic dancer. Naive, trusting and loving.

BELLA
(read)
The young princess rushes through
the field, meeting the man of her
dreams.

CUT TO:

EXT. FIELD-DAY

A young woman rushes through the field. PRINCESS (19)

A young man rushes towards her. FOREST BOY (20)

She then runs in the other direction.

PRINCESS
(laugh)

He runs fast.

The Princess falls to the ground.

The Forest Boy drops on top of her. He looks at her, admiring her beauty.

FOREST BOY
Bella!!

The Princess looks at him, trying to understand what he just said.

CLUB OWNER (V.O.)
Bella!! Get your ass out there!

CUT TO:

INT. DRESSING ROOM-STRIP CLUB-NIGHT

Bella closes the book and sets it down on the vanity.

BELLA

Alright!

She stands up and walks out of the dressing room.

INT. STRIP CLUB-NIGHT

A crowd full of MEN stand, leaned against the rails.

Bella spins around on a *pole*.

Stacks of *cash* are tossed at her feet.

She drops to her knees, shaking her butt.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM-STRIP CLUB-NIGHT

Bella stands in front of the mirror, spreading *concealer* to her black eye.

BELLA

(sob)

The tears in her eyes ruin the job she has done to cover the black eye.

BELLA (CONT'D)

Stop crying!!

A young woman steps into the bathroom. CYNDI (19) Exotic dancer. She stops and looks at Bella, rushing to her side.

CYNDI

When?

BELLA

Las night.

Cyndi takes the concealer from her.

CYNDI

This isn't the answer.

BELLA

What do you suggest then?

CUT TO:

INT. TRANSIT BUS-NIGHT

Bella is asleep with her head leaned against the window.

CYNDI (V.O.)
Get out of here -- Tonight!

CUT TO:

INT. LOBBY-HOTEL-DAY

SUPER: LOS ANGELES

Bella steps towards the counter. She taps on the **bell**. Her eyes glance around the waiting room.

The HOTEL CLERK steps towards the counter.

HOTEL CLERK (O.C.)
May I help you?

BELLA
Can I have a room, please?

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM #222-HOTEL-DAY

Bella sits on the bed. She lays back.

BELLA
(breath)

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM-HOTEL ROOM #222-HOTEL-DAY

Bella leans towards the bathroom mirror, squeezes a **bottle** of **hair dye** into the ends of her front bangs and the rest of her **blonde tips**.

BELLA
You're looking good there, Bella!

Her hair soaking underneath the **showerhead**. Bella dries her hair with a towel, wraps it and looks at herself in the mirror.

BELLA (CONT'D)
A whole new me!

CUT TO:

INT. DINING ROOM-PENTHOUSE-DAY

Cyndi lies on the floor.

CYNDI
(sob)
(cry)

A six-foot black man stands at the bar table, pouring himself a **glass** of **whiskey**. AMIR (32) Mob boss and brothel owner. Ruthless, cunning and manipulative.

AMIR
(gulp)

He slams the glass down on the bar table.

AMIR (CONT'D)
Ahh!!

Amir wipes his mouth.

AMIR (CONT'D)
Eventually you're gonna talk!

CYNDI
(cry)

He steps towards her, crouches down and touches her face.

AMIR
Where?

Her eyes on his.

CYNDI
(breath)
L.A.

AMIR
Los Angeles?

CYNDI
Yes.

Amir stands up and steps away.

Cyndi watches him.

CYNDI (CONT'D)
 (sob)
 (sniffle)

CUT TO:

INT. LOBBY-HOTEL-DAY

Bella steps out of the elevator, walks past the front desk.

HOTEL CLERK (O.C.)
 Good morning!

She stops and looks back at him.

BELLA
 Are you looking for a housekeeper?

HOTEL CLERK
 As a matter of fact, we are.

BELLA
 Okay.

CUT TO:

EXT. PATIO-COFFEE SHOP-DAY

Bella sits at a table, writing the last bit of her information at the bottom of the **application**. She smiles at the accomplishment of filling out her first job application since being independently on her own.

CUT TO:

INT. LOBBY-HOTEL-DAY

Bella hands the Hotel Clerk the application.

He looks at it.

HOTEL CLERK
 Okay. I'll give this to the manager as soon as possible.

BELLA
 Thank you.

CUT TO:

EXT. AIRFIELD-LAX-NIGHT

A *jet* lands on the airfield.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY-NIGHT

A *white limousine* drives down the highway, heading on I-101 south.

AMIR (O.S.)

Drink?

CUT TO:

INT. LIMOUSINE-NIGHT

Cyndi looks at Amir and the glass in his hand.

CYNDI

No thanks.

AMIR

You're loss.
(sip)

He wipes his mouth.

CYNDI

What's up with that?

AMIR

What?

CYNDI

With you wiping your mouth.

AMIR

That. Oh! It's just a thing. No big deal.

CYNDI

Why am I even here?

AMIR

You're her friend, right?

CYNDI

Right.

AMIR
You of all people should want her
somewhere safe.

CYNDI
How do you know she's not better
off where she is than in your
presence.

AMIR
Because she has something of mine.

CYNDI
And what's that?

AMIR
Nice try.

Amir looks at the exits just up ahead.

AMIR (CONT'D)
Driver, take us to the nearest
hotel!

DRIVER (O.C.)
Yes, sir!

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM #222-HOTEL-NIGHT

Bella sits up on the bed, reading a romance novel.

BELLA
(read)
She clutches her hands onto her
breasts as he proceeds to pleasure
her. Taking her each second to get
her to erupt with excitement. The
Duchess pants, moans and just like
that he kisses her.

She lays the book against her chest.

BELLA (CONT'D)
I'm hungry.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE-HOTEL-NIGHT

The Hotel Clerk sits at his desk.

The phone rings.

He grabs the receiver and pushes it to his ear.

HOTEL CLERK

Hello?

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM #222-HOTEL-NIGHT

BELLA

Room service?

HOTEL CLERK (V.O.)

Yes, what can I get for you?

Bella looks at the **menu** resting on her lap. Her finger goes down to the bottom, pointing at the **cheeseburger** and **fries'** meal.

BELLA

The cheeseburger and fries.

HOTEL CLERK (V.O.)

Do you want a drink with that?

BELLA

Can I get a **coke**?

HOTEL CLERK

Sure.

BELLA

Thank you.

A knock at the door.

Bella opens it.

A young man stands in front of her; his hands gripped onto the **handlebar** of the **room service trolley**. ANGEL (24) Chef. A goal-oriented man trying to make ends meet.

ANGEL

Room service?

BELLA

(wave)

Come right in!

Angel pushes the trolley in. He steps towards the table.

Bella steps towards him.

The tray in his hands as he sets it down on the table.

ANGEL
Your cheeseburger!

He removes the **cover** and steps back.

She smiles.

BELLA
Thank you.

ANGEL
Enjoy your meal.

BELLA
I will. Thanks again.

ANGEL
Good night.

Angel steps towards the door, opens it and steps out.

Bella takes a bite.

BELLA
Hmm --

She takes another bite.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY-HOTEL-DAY

Bella grabs **two towels** from the gurney, steps into the hotel room.

Angel steps down the hallway, making his way to the kitchen.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM #101-HOTEL-DAY

Bella sets the two towels on the shelf above the toilet. She glances back at the mirror, walks out and steps towards the hallway.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY-HOTEL-CONTINUOUS

Bella steps out in front of Angel. She bumps into him and drops to her back, falling to the floor.

ANGEL
Shit! I'm sorry.

BELLA
It's fine.

ANGEL
Are you alright?

BELLA
I'll live.

Angel reaches his hand out for hers.

Her hand grips onto his.

He pulls her up.

BELLA (CONT'D)
Thanks.

ANGEL
Not a problem.

He steps past her.

BELLA
Were you the one that cooked the
burger the other night?

Angel looks back at her.

ANGEL
Maybe. Why? Was it too dry,
overcooked? No flavor?

BELLA
No, it was delicious.

He smiles from hearing the words.

BELLA (CONT'D)
It was the best cheeseburger I had
in a long time.

ANGEL
Thanks.

Angel looks around and then back at her.

ANGEL (CONT'D)
I'll see you then.

BELLA
Yeah.

He steps down the hallway.

Bella steps towards the gurney, grabbing **toilet paper** and stepping back into the hotel room.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN-HOTEL-DAY

Angel flips **hamburger patties**. He smiles at his creation cooking on the **grill** right in front of him.

CUT TO:

EXT. EAST LOS ANGELES NEIGHBORHOOD-NIGHT

Angel pedals down the street of the East Los Angeles neighborhood on a **bicycle**. He turns left into a driveway, gets off the bicycle.

ANGEL (V.O.)
Here I am -- paranoid. All because,
one day, he's going to get out and
come after me.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY-EAST LOS ANGELES NEIGHBORHOOD-DAY-FLASHBACK

SUPER: TEN YEARS EARLIER

A teenage boy rolls **dice** on the ground. 14-YEAR-OLD ANGEL grips his hands onto the **dollar bills** in his hand.

A **REEBOK shoe** drops on top of the dice.

14-Year-Old Angel looks up at a teen boy, hovering over him like a helicopter on a suspect. HECTOR (18) Gang member. Ruthless and dangerous.

He punches 14-Year-Old Angel.

14-Year-Old Angel falls to the ground. He touches his bloody nose.

HECTOR (SUBTITLE)
 (In Spanish)
 Give me the money!

He hands him the dollar bills.

Hector snatches them away.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE CRUISER-DAY

Hector looks back at 14-Year-Old Angel.

CUT TO:

EXT. EAST LOS ANGELES NEIGHBORHOOD-DAY

14-YEAR-OLD ANGEL
 (flip off Hector)

Hector's face fills with rage.

14-Year-Old Angel stands and watches Hector's angry face
 stares back at him. A TEEN GANG MEMBER leans his mouth
 towards his 14-Year-Old Angel's ear.

TEEN GANG MEMBER
 (whisper)
 He's going to kill you when he gets
 out.

14-YEAR-OLD ANGEL
 (wave)
 If he gets out.

TEEN GANG MEMBER
 He will.

The Teen Gang Member steps away.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM-BACK TO PRESENT

Angel steps into the living room, gently closing the door. He
 sets his **backpack** down on the floor.

An elderly lady sits in a **recliner**, **TV remote** in her hand.
 CARLA (60) Nurse. Humble and kind.

A **crocheted blanket** drops to her lap.

Angel covers her, making her feel warmer for the night.

Carla opens her eyes.

CARLA (SUBTITLE)
 (In Spanish)
 Did you have a good day my son?

He crouches down to his knees.

ANGEL (SUBTITLE)
 (In Spanish)
 Yes. A very good day.

CARLA (SUBTITLE)
 (In Spanish)
 Good. I'm proud of you.

Angel kisses her cheek.

ANGEL (SUBTITLE)
 (In Spanish)
 Good night.

CARLA (SUBTITLE)
 (In Spanish)
 Good night.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN-NIGHT

Angel dips a **corn tortilla** into **red enchilada sauce** and sets it on top of **ground beef**.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY-HOTEL-DAY

Bella opens the door. She looks and sees a plate on a gurney.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM #222-HOTEL-DAY

Bella cuts into the piece of **enchilada casserole** with a **fork**. Bite after bite, she slowly eats, enjoying every ounce of it.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY-HOTEL-DAY

Bella grabs towels and steps towards a door.

Angel steps past.

She stops and looks at him.

BELLA

Hey!

He looks back at her.

ANGEL

Hey.

Bella steps behind him.

BELLA

Thank you.

ANGEL

What for?

BELLA

The food.

ANGEL

What food?

BELLA

The food you left for me.

ANGEL

That wasn't me.

Bella looks at him with doubt, knowing fully well it was him that left a plate for her.

ANGEL (CONT'D)

I'll see you later, okay.

BELLA

Okay.

He steps into the kitchen.

She turns around and steps away. Her eyes look back.

CUT TO:

INT. PATIENT ROOM-HOSPITAL-NIGHT-FLASHBACK

SUPER: EIGHT HOURS EARLIER

Angel sits alongside of Carla, his hand on hers.

Carla lays, comfortably.

CARLA (SUBTITLE)
(In Spanish)
Go to work, my son.

ANGEL (SUBTITLE)
(In Spanish)
I'm where I'm supposed to be.

She taps her hand on his

CARLA (SUBTITLE)
(In Spanish)
Go. I'll be fine.

ANGEL (SUBTITLE)
(In Spanish)
Okay but I'll be back to check on
you after work, okay.

CARLA (SUBTITLE)
(In Spanish)
Okay.

Angel stands up and steps out of the room.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN-HOTEL-BACK TO PRESENT

Angel drops freshly cut **French fries** into the **friers**. The oil sizzles as the French fries drop in.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM #334-BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL-NIGHT

Cyndi sits on a bed. She looks across the room, watching Amir button up his collared shirt.

CYNDI
Where are you going?

AMIR
We're going to go out and look
around.

CYNDI
Like where?

CUT TO:

EXT. EAST LOS ANGELES NEIGHBORHOOD-NIGHT

The white limousine drives through the streets of East Los Angeles.

KNUCKLEHEAD #1, #2 and #3, teens.

CUT TO:

INT. LIMOUSINE-NIGHT

Cyndi looks out the window.

CYNDI
This is not going to be pretty.

Amir looks at her.

CYNDI (CONT'D)
Relax! Stay here.

He pushes the passenger door open.

CUT TO:

EXT. EAST LOS ANGELES NEIGHBORHOOD-CONTINUOUS

Amir steps towards Knucklehead #1 and #2. He looks at Knucklehead #3.

KNUCKLEHEAD #1
Can we help you fool?

AMIR
Maybe. Maybe we can help each
other.

KNUCKLEHEAD #2
Why don't you help your ass out of
our neighborhood before you get
sent out on a stretcher!

AMIR
 Young people with big mouths.
 (laugh)
 I love it!

Amir takes off his jacket and tosses it to the roof of the limousine.

KNUCKLEHEAD #2
 Did you hear what I said
 motherfucker!!

He turns to him and raises his foot up.

KNUCKLEHEAD #2 (CONT'D)
 (laugh)
 (point)
 What the fuck is this motherfucker
 doing?

KNUCKLEHEAD #1
 Looks like he's doing one of those
 karate moves.

AMIR
 Not exactly.

Amir's foot flies across Knucklehead #2's face.

Knucklehead #2 spins around and hits the ground.

KNUCKLEHEAD #2
 (moan)

Knucklehead #1 looks at Amir.

KNUCKLEHEAD #1
 Motherfucker!!

He rushes at him.

Amir spin kicks Knucklehead #1.

Knucklehead #1 hits the ground.

AMIR
 It's kung fu.

Amir looks at Knucklehead #3.

Knucklehead #3 raises his hands up, surrendering.

KNUCKLEHEAD #3
 It's cool!!

AMIR
Cool?

AMIR
Yeah!

He reaches into his pocket and pulls out a **wad** of cash.

AMIR
Five hundred should cover the job.

AMIR
What job?

AMIR
Someone I'm looking for. A woman.
My girl.

Amir pulls out a photograph of Bella and hands it to him.

Knucklehead #3 looks at it.

AMIR (CONT'D)
I'll catch you later.

CUT TO:

INT. LIMOUSINE-CONTINUOUS

Amir sits down beside Cyndi. He shuts the passenger door.

He looks at Cyndi.

Cyndi looks at him.

AMIR
What?

CYNDI
What was that about?

AMIR
I'm just teaching the young
knuckleheads something.

CYNDI
I saw that but what did you give
them?

AMIR
Don't worry about it. It's my
business.

CYNDI

But I'm in your business. What
about me?

AMIR

You'll be taken care of. Trust me.

She looks away. A smile on her face at first until she
realizes what he said, thinking he means something horribly.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT-HOTEL-NIGHT

Bella stands in the middle of the parking lot.

ANGEL (O.C.)

Hey!

She looks back at Angel.

Angel speeds towards her on his bicycle.

BELLA

Hey.

He looks at her, puzzled at the way she's dressed.

ANGEL

Where are you headed?

BELLA

Out.

ANGEL

Do you need a ride?

Bella looks at the bicycle and then at Angel.

BELLA

It doesn't look safe.

ANGEL

Trust me it is.

He looks at her.

ANGEL (CONT'D)

Come on.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS-NIGHT

Bella rests her butt on the handlebars.

Angel leans forward, resting his chin on her arm.

BELLA
(laugh)

CUT TO:

EXT. KARAOKE BAR-NIGHT

Angel pushes on the brakes.

Bella gets off the handlebars. She steps towards the door of the karaoke bar.

BELLA
Come on!

He looks around and then back at her.

ANGEL
Okay.

CUT TO:

INT. KARAOKE BAR-NIGHT

Bella and Angel sit on **stools**, turn themselves to the bar table.

BARTENDER (30's)

The Bartender steps in front of Bella and Angel.

BARTENDER
What can I get for you two?

He looks at Angel.

BELLA
Two shots of **mead**, please?

BARTENDER
Coming right up!

The Bartender steps away.

Angel looks at Bella.

ANGEL
Mead?

BELLA
Yeah.

ANGEL
I never heard of that.

BELLA
Trust me, it's good.

The Bartender sets two **shot glasses** down in front of them.

She looks at Angel, picks up both shot glasses and hands him one.

BELLA (CONT'D)
One -- two -- three!!

ANGEL
(gulp)

BELLA
(gulp)

Bella slams the shot glass down on the bar table.

ANGEL
(suck lips)
It's a little sweet.

BELLA
The honey.

ANGEL
Hmm --

She turns and looks at the **microphone**.

BELLA
Hey, barkeep? Is it still Karaoke
hour?

BARTENDER
Yes. Go ahead.

Bella gets off the stool and steps onto the stage. She grabs the microphone, holding it in front of her mouth.

BELLA
This is an original song I came up
with when I was a teenager.

She looks around.

BELLA (CONT'D)
(clear throat)

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT-HOTEL-NIGHT

Angel rides the bicycle into the parking lot. He pushes on the brakes.

Bella gets off the handlebars. She looks at him.

BELLA
That was fun.

ANGEL
Yeah, it was.

BELLA
I'll see you tomorrow.

ANGEL
Maybe.

He pedals away.

ANGEL (CONT'D)
See you later.

BELLA
(wave)
Bye!

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM-NIGHT

Angel sits in front of a **desktop computer**. He reaches into his pants pocket and pulls out a **video recorder**.

ANGEL
Okay, people! I got something new
for you.

CUT TO:

INT. DINING AREA-COFFEE SHOP-DAY

Bella sits. She picks up a paper cup.

BELLA
(sip)

A WOMAN sits. An open **laptop** in front of her. Music plays and a singing voice fills Bella's ears.

She looks at the laptop screen. Her eyes look at her face like she's looking in a mirror --

BELLA (CONT'D)
-- What the --

Bella stands up and rushes towards the laptop --

BELLA (CONT'D)
-- Excuse me --

WOMAN
-- What!

The Woman looks at Bella and then back at the screen.

WOMAN (CONT'D)
It's you! The singer!

Bella rushes away, goes out the door, leaving her cup of coffee behind.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM #222-HOTEL-DAY

Bella grabs her **socks** and **underwear** from the **drawers**, tossing them into her **duffel bag**.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS-DAY

Bella steps down the street.

ANGEL (O.C.)
Bella!

She looks at him, angered by the sight of him as he approaches her.

ANGEL (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

BELLA
Leaving!

ANGEL

Why!

He rides the bicycle alongside of her.

BELLA

I don't know, maybe because you posted a video of me singing. Maybe because my ex has already seen the video and is stalking me!

ANGEL

I'm sorry I didn't know.

BELLA

No, you didn't think!

ANGEL

I'm sorry!

BELLA

Just leave me alone!

Bella steps away.

ANGEL

Bella!

He grabs his head in frustration.

ANGEL (CONT'D)

Fuck!!

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE-FAMILY LAW-DAY

Bella steps in. She looks around, hoping to get the right person to assist her.

BELLA

(breath)

A woman sets her mug of coffee down on the desk. BRENDA (24) Paralegal. Kind and down to earth.

BRENDA

Hello! Please, come and sit.

Bella steps towards the desk and sits.

BRENDA (CONT'D)
Can I get you something, coffee,
juice?

BELLA
Coffee's good.

Brenda steps away.

Bella runs her fingers through her hair, glancing at the framed photographs on the desk. Her eyes in disbelief as she sees a familiar face.

She steps back towards the desk and sits.

BRENDA
A fresh pot is brewing.

BELLA
Thanks.

Brenda catches Bella looking at the photographs.

BRENDA
Isn't he handsome!

Bella jumps from Brenda's sudden outburst.

BELLA
Yeah.

She picks up the framed photograph and shows it to Bella.

BRENDA
My husband, Nick with our daughter.

BELLA
Beautiful.

She sets the photograph down.

BRENDA
Thank you.

Bella looks around, worried that someone is watching her every move.

The sound of the *coffee maker* sounds.

BELLA
I --

BRENDA
-- Hold that thought, please.

Brenda stands up and steps out of the office.

CUT TO:

INT. BREAK ROOM-FAMILY LAW-DAY

Brenda pours the coffee into a mug.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE-FAMILY LAW-DAY

BRENDA
I hope black is fine --

Brenda steps back into the office, looks at the empty seat at her desk.

BRENDA (CONT'D)
Shoot.

INT. BUS STATION-DAY

Bella steps up to the counter.

CLERK (40's)

CLERK
How can I help you?

BELLA
One way ticket to San Francisco,
please.

CUT TO:

INT. PATIENT ROOM-HOSPITAL-DAY

Angel steps into the room. He looks around, not seeing his grandmother lying on the bed.

ANGEL
What the --

CUT TO:

EXT. EAST LOS ANGELES NEIGHBORHOOD-DAY

Angel walks his bicycle down the sidewalk.

ANGEL
I'm sorry. You were right. He is
after you.

Bella smiles.

CUT TO:

INT. LIMOUSINE-DAY

Amir presses a cell phone against his ear.

AMIR
Yeah, we just got here! Thanks a
lot, dudes.

He ends the call. His eyes wander, looking outside the
window.

AMIR (CONT'D)
Come on! Where are you going?

The transit bus passes, revealing the destination on the
front.

AMIR (CONT'D)
San Francisco here we come!

CUT TO:

INT. TRANSIT BUS-DAY

Angel sits by the window while Bella sits close to the aisle.

CUT TO:

EXT/INT. LIMOUSINE-DAY

Amir opens the passenger door. He stands to his feet,
watching the transit bus leave the bus station.

AMIR
I'm coming for you.

CUT TO:

EXT. PATIO-BISTRO-DAY

Bella sits across from Angel, her mouth wide open.

Angel tosses pieces of a **Baggett** at her mouth, missing.

BELLA
(laugh)
You have a bad aim.

ANGEL
Sorry.
(laugh)

Angel smiles, setting the Baggett down.

ANGEL (CONT'D)
Can I ask you something?

BELLA
Sure?

ANGEL
Why is he after you?

BELLA
Can I ask first?

ANGEL
Go ahead?

BELLA
Why'd you leave everything you care
about behind?

ANGEL
I have nothing there anymore.

He looks at her.

ANGEL (CONT'D)
Everything I care about now is
sitting right in front of me.

A look of happiness and sadness fills her eyes with emotions.

He grabs her hand.

ANGEL (CONT'D)
Now, can I ask my question?

BELLA
Yes.

ANGEL
Who is the man that's after you?

BELLA
His name is Amir.

CUT TO:

INT. LIMOUSINE-DAY

Amir looks straight at the front of the limousine.

ANGEL (V.O.)
Who is he?

BELLA (V.O.)
My husband.

He looks at Cyndi.

Cyndi looks at him.

CUT TO:

EXT. PATIO-BISTRO-BACK TO PRESENT

ANGEL
Husband?

BELLA
Ex.

Angel looks around, seeing a **sign** for a hotel.

ANGEL
We better get someplace safe.

He reaches his hand out for hers.

She grabs a hold.

Angel pulls her up.

ANGEL (CONT'D)
Ready?

BELLA
Yes.

Angel and Bella run towards the hotel.

CUT TO:

BACK TO SCENE

She looks at Amir.

AMIR
You know what to do.

Cyndi opens the passenger door.

CUT TO:

INT. LOBBY-HOTEL-NIGHT

A NERDY CLERK stands at the front desk.

Cyndi steps in, looks at the Nerdy Clerk.

CYNDI
(breath)
I need a joint!

Slowly making her way to the front desk, Cyndi leans herself on the counter.

CYNDI (CONT'D)
Hi!

The Nerdy Clerk looks at her, feeling nervous by fixing his tie.

NERDY CLERK
Hello? How can I help you?

CYNDI
Maybe I can help you?

NERDY CLERK
How?

CYNDI
Well, you look like could use a little bit of assistance.

NERDY CLERK
With what?

CYNDI
A makeover.

He looks at himself.

NERDY CLERK
Is it that noticeable?

CYNDI
You're crying to come out.

She looks down to his groin.

The Nerdy Clerk looks down and back at her.

NERDY CLERK
Okay.

He grabs a **sign** and sets it down on the counter. It reads:
Back in 10 minutes!

Cyndi steps towards him and grabs a hold of his hand.

NERDY CLERK (CONT'D)
Right this way miss!

CYNDI
(giggle)

With no one in the lobby or behind the desk, The Nerdy Clerk and Cyndi are free to leave.

Amir steps in.

AMIR
Good girl.

He steps around the desk and types on the keyboard. His eyes on the screen of the **monitor**. A wicked smile stretches across his face.

AMIR (CONT'D)
Got you!

CUT TO:

INT. MEN'S BATHROOM-HOTEL-NIGHT

The Nerdy Clerk unbuttons his shirt.

NERDY CLERK
Are you sure about me taking off my
shirt?

CYNDI
Yes.

NERDY CLERK
Why?

CYNDI
I got to see the goods.

She pulls the collared shirt off, tosses it to the floor and grabs a hold of his belt.

CYNDI (CONT'D)
Pants?

NERDY CLERK
Really!

CYNDI
Do you want a girlfriend or not!

NERDY CLERK
Yes.

CYNDI
Take them off then!

He unzips his pants, lets them drop to the floor.

Cyndi picks them up and tosses them to the sink.

CYNDI (CONT'D)
Underwear.

The Nerdy Clerk looks at his underwear and her.

CYNDI (CONT'D)
Seriously?

CYNDI (CONT'D)
Girlfriend!

NERDY CLERK
Okay!

He lowers his underwear down to his ankles.

CYNDI
Whoa!

NERDY CLERK
What?

CYNDI
(laugh)
Nice.

She crouches down to her knees.

CYNDI (CONT'D)
(giggle)

CUT TO:

INT. LOBBY-HOTEL-CONTINUOUS

Amir looks at his watch, standing at the counter, waiting.

AMIR
Come on, come on already!

CUT TO:

INT. MEN'S BATHROOM-HOTEL-CONTINUOUS

Cyndi spits out mouth wash and rinses her mouth out.

NERDY CLERK
Can I have my clothes back?

CYNDI
What's the magic word?

NERDY CLERK
Can I please have my clothes back
queen?

CYNDI
Okay.

She tosses him his uniform.

CUT TO:

INT. LOBBY-HOTEL-CONTINUOUS

Cyndi steps into the lobby. She looks at Amir.

AMIR
(point to watch)

CYNDI
(motions hand)

Amir shows disgust.

The Nerdy Clerk steps behind the desk.

NERDY CLERK
Can I help you, sir?

AMIR
Yes, I need a room.

NERDY CLERK
Okay.

Cyndi stands beside Amir.

The Nerdy Clerk looks at Amir and then at Cyndi.

NERDY CLERK (CONT'D)
I'm sorry.

AMIR
Don't worry about it. We're good,
right.

NERDY CLERK
Right.

He slides a room key to Amir.

AMIR
Thank you.

Amir looks at Cyndi.

AMIR (CONT'D)
Come on, dear!

She grabs his hand.

He walks her to the elevator.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM #454-HOTEL-NIGHT

An alarm sounds.

Bella sits up. She looks around.

BELLA
Good morning.

She looks back at Angel.

BELLA (CONT'D)
Angel.

Bella pulls a pair of jeans up to her waist, fastens her belt and slides her feet into her shoes.

CUT TO:

EXT. COFFEE SHOP-DAY

Bella steps outside of the coffee shop, holding two cups of coffee, feeling like she accomplished something so early in the morning.

CUT TO:

INT. LOBBY-HOTEL-DAY

Angel steps towards the front desk.

The Nerdy Clerk stands behind the desk. He looks at Angel.

NERDY CLERK
Is everything alright, sir?

ANGEL
Did you see the lady I checked in with?

Amir steps quietly behind Angel. He wraps his arm around him.

AMIR
You must be Angel.

Angel looks at Amir.

AMIR (CONT'D)
Let's talk.

ANGEL
I'm good, thanks.

AMIR
I'm not asking.

Amir turns Angel around and walks him towards the elevator.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM #767-HOTEL-DAY

The door opens.

Cyndi looks at Angel. Her eyes go to Amir.

CYNDI
Who is this?

AMIR
(point)
Sit right there!

Angel sits on the couch. He looks at Cyndi.

ANGEL
(wave)
Hi.

CYNDI
Hello.

She looks at Amir.

CYNDI (CONT'D)
Who is he?

AMIR
Her new best friend.

Amir looks at Angel.

AMIR (CONT'D)
So?

ANGEL
So what?

AMIR
What did she tell you?

ANGEL
Oh, you mean about you beating her!

AMIR
How do you know she didn't make
that up?

ANGEL
What?

AMIR
How do you know she didn't do that
to herself.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM-MANSION-NIGHT-FLASHBACK

A *plastic bag* of *oranges* and *apples* in the grip of Bella's hand.

Bella smacks herself across the face.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM-MANSION-NIGHT

Bella jumps over a *plate glass table*. It shatters as she drops on top of it.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM #767-HOTEL-BACK TO PRESENT

ANGEL
That's bullshit!

AMIR
You just met her, like when! Four days ago!!

ANGEL
You're lying!

AMIR
You'll see!

Amir steps towards the phone and picks up the receiver. He dials in the room phone number.

AMIR (CONT'D)
Hopefully she picks up!

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM #454-HOTEL-DAY

Bella steps into the room.

The door closes behind her. Nothing but quiet in the room.

The phone rings.

She steps towards it, setting the two cups of coffee down on the table.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM #767-HOTEL-CONTINUOUS

BELLA (V.O.)
Yes?

AMIR
You have what I want?

BELLA (V.O.)
You got him?

AMIR
Yeah.

BELLA (V.O.)
Let him go and I'll give it to you.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM #454-HOTEL-CONTINUOUS

AMIR (V.O.)
No, same time.

Bella looks around the room and sees a *painting* of a *trolley*.

BELLA
The trolley.

AMIR (V.O.)
What?

BELLA
The trolley. Be there or be a square in twenty minutes!

She hangs up the receiver.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM #767-HOTEL-CONTINUOUS

Amir hangs up the receiver. He looks at Angel and then at Cyndi.

AMIR
Field trip time.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM #454-HOTEL-CONTINUOUS

Bella reaches down under the bed. She pulls her duffle bag out.

BELLA
You want it. Here it is.

Her hand reaches down to the bottom of the duffle bag. She pulls up a **heart locket**.

CUT TO:

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO STREETS-DAY

Amir, Angel and Cyndi stand.

The trolley stops.

AMIR
Get on!

Angel steps on.

Cyndi steps on.

CUT TO:

EXT/INT. TROLLEY-DAY

Amir looks at Cyndi and then at Angel.

AMIR
Where are you!

From behind, Bella sits, clothed in a **baggy trench coat**. She stands up and steps past Amir.

He looks around, looking down at the empty chair once occupied by the unsuspected Bella. A big note on the seat. It reads: Opera House! 10 minutes!

Amir looks at Cyndi.

AMIR (CONT'D)
I'm getting tired of this.

CUT TO:

EXT. OPERA HOUSE-DAY

Amir steps towards the front doors of the opera house.

A note on the door. It reads: Rehearsals!!

Angel looks at Amir.

CUT TO:

INT. THEATER-OPERA HOUSE-DAY

Amir, Angel and Cyndi step into the theater.

DANCERS #1, #2, #3 and #4 dance around.

OPERA SINGER (40's)

Amir looks at the dance scene with disgust.

AMIR

What the hell is this!

ANGEL

It looks like she's trying to
brighten our horizons.

Amir looks at Angel.

AMIR

When I want your opinion, I'll ask
you for it.

The Opera Singer sings.

Amir sits.

AMIR (CONT'D)

Sit down!

Cyndi and Angel sit.

AMIR (CONT'D)

Come on already!!

DANCER #1

Shh!!

Amir stands up.

AMIR

I'll be back!

He steps away, making his way to the bathroom.

Dancers #1, #2 and #3 step off the stage.

Cyndi looks away.

CYNDI
Where is she?

She looks back --

CYNDI (CONT'D)
-- Hey --

-- No Angel in sight, just an empty seat.

Cyndi looks around. She stands up.

CYNDI (CONT'D)
Hey!

Amir steps towards Cyndi.

AMIR
What's going on!

CYNDI
He's gone!

AMIR
What! Where the fuck is he!

He looks around.

CUT TO:

INT. WOMEN'S BATHROOM-OPERA HOUSE-DAY

ANGEL
(muffle)

Bella pushes him into a stall, covering his mouth.

BELLA
Shh!!

She closes the door behind her and looks back at Angel.

ANGEL
What are you doing!

BELLA
I'm giving them what they want.

ANGEL
And what's that?

BELLA
Don't worry about it. I got it.

She turns around and steps out of the stall.

BELLA (CONT'D)
I'll buy you five minutes.

ANGEL
What!

BELLA
Go out the back door!

CUT TO:

INT. LOBBY-OPERA HOUSE-DAY

A cell phone rings.

Amir pulls his cell phone from his pocket. He hits the answer button and pushes it against his ear.

AMIR
Hello?

BELLA (V.O.)
Hey there!

A look of disappointment grows on his face, knowing she is playing mind games.

AMIR
Hey.

BELLA (V.O.)
Are you feeling the pressure yet?

AMIR
Where are you?

BELLA (V.O.)
Do you think I'm going to tell you that?

AMIR
Maybe.

BELLA (V.O.)
 (laugh)
 Very good.

AMIR
 Where -- are -- you?

A man steps beside Amir. TAILOR (50's)

TAILOR
 Sir?

Amir looks at the Tailor.

AMIR
 Who the fuck are you?

BELLA (V.O.)
 Say the suit?

AMIR
 What?

BELLA (V.O.)
 Say it!

He looks at the Tailor.

AMIR
 The suit?

The Tailor hands him a brand-new suit.

BELLA (V.O.)
 Now, hand the phone to Cyndi.

Amir hands the cell phone to Cyndi.

Cyndi holds the cell phone to her ear.

CYNDI
 Yes?

BELLA (V.O.)
 There's something waiting for you
 in the women's bathroom. Hurry!

Amir snatches the cell phone back from Cyndi.

Cyndi rushes into the opera house.

He holds the cell phone to his ear.

AMIR

When are you going to stop playing
games with me?

BELLA (V.O.)

After you are sitting down and
watching the opera.

AMIR

Fair enough. Play me, I'll make
sure you never wake up.

He ends the call.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY-OPERA HOUSE-DAY

Angel steps down the hallway. He looks back to see if the
coast is clear.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT-OPERA HOUSE-DAY

Angel rushes through the parking lot, making it across the
street.

CUT TO:

INT. BALCONY-THEATER-OPERA HOUSE-DAY

Amir steps towards an empty row of seats on the balcony.
Cyndi sits.

AMIR

This better be good.

He sits.

MONTAGE

-- Concertgoers step by.

-- Concertgoers sit.

-- Concertgoers scatter.

BACK TO SCENE

Amir's eyes begin to close.

Cyndi elbows him.

He jumps up.

AMIR (CONT'D)

Is it over!!

CONCERTGOERS (O.C.)

Shh!!!

AMIR

You shut up fat bitch!!

Cyndi stands up.

CYNDI

I'll be right back.

AMIR

Hurry!!

She steps away.

CUT TO:

INT. WOMEN'S BATHROOM-OPERA HOUSE-NIGHT

Cyndi steps out of a stall. She steps towards the sink and washes her hands.

BELLA (O.C.)

Hello --

-- Cyndi turns to her.

CYNDI

Bella --

BELLA

-- You know, don't you?

CYNDI

What?

BELLA

You know what he's after and that's why you're here with him, isn't it!

CYNDI

-- No.

BELLA

Stop lying!

Bella pushes her.

Cyndi falls to the floor.

CYNDI

Bitch!!

She kicks her foot into her stomach.

Bella backs up into the wall. She looks at the **trashcan**.

Cyndi swings her fist at Bella.

Bella picks up the trashcan and swings it across Cyndi's face. Over and over again, Bella slams the trashcan onto Cyndi's back.

CUT TO:

INT. BALCONY-THEATER-OPERA HOUSE-NIGHT

Amir drifts off to sleep.

CONCERTGOERS

(applause)

He opens his eyes and stands up.

AMIR

Is it over yet!

CUT TO:

INT. THEATER-OPERA HOUSE-DAY

On the stage, Dancers #1, #2, #3 and #4 dance around Cyndi.

CYNDI'S POV:

Dancers #1 and #2 twirl in circles.

Dancers #3 and #4 pull flags around in a circle.

Bella gets closer.

BELLA
It's time for your big finale!

CYNDI
Huh!

BACK TO SCENE

Dancer #1 puts a **trampoline** down on the floor.

BELLA
Come on!

Bella grabs a hold of Cyndi's hands, leading her towards the trampoline.

Cyndi jumps onto the trampoline, bouncing herself as high as she can.

Bella looks at the height she's going. Nothing seems more satisfying to her than hurting the one that she thought was her friend.

Cyndi closes her eyes.

BELLA (CONT'D)
Goodbye!

Bella kicks the trampoline out of the way. She rushes off the stage.

Cyndi drops to the stage floor, breaking her legs, folding herself into a body blanket.

CUT TO:

INT. BALCONY-THEATER-OPERA HOUSE-CONTINUOUS

CONCERTGOERS
(scream)

AMIR
What the fuck!!

CUT TO:

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO STREETS-NIGHT

Angel sits. He looks off into space. Nothing catches his attention, not even the PEDESTRIANS passing by him.

BELLA (O.C.)
 (whisper)
 Hey!

Angel starts to look back.

BELLA (O.C.) (CONT'D)
 (whisper)
 Don't!

ANGEL
 What now?

BELLA (O.C.)
 (whisper)
 I can't tell you it's going to be
 alright. Get to the bus station and
 don't look back.

ANGEL
 Give me something?

Bella takes off the heart locket from around her neck. She drops it into his backpack.

BELLA
 I'll be back for that.

Angel looks back --

ANGEL
 -- Do you have --

-- No Bella in sight --

ANGEL (CONT'D)
 -- Protection.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM #767-HOTEL-NIGHT

Amir sits on the bed, slouched over with a bottle of vodka in his hand. He pours the rest of it down his throat.

AMIR
 (gulp)
 (burp)

The bottle shatters as it hits the floor.

AMIR (CONT'D)
 (grunt)
 (moan)

A knock at the door.

AMIR (CONT'D)
 Fuck off!!

Another knock at the door.

Amir stands up and steps towards the door. He pulls it open.

AMIR (CONT'D)
 What!!

His eyes wander from the left to the right, no one in his eyesight.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY-HOTEL-NIGHT

Amir steps into the hallway. He looks down the left side of the hallway and then to the right.

AMIR
 Motherfuckers!!

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM #767-HOTEL-CONTINUOUS

Amir steps into the room. He closes the door and drops down to the bed, going headfirst.

AMIR
 Ugh!!

CUT TO:

INT. JET-DAY

Amir opens his eyes. He looks around. A sudden jolt goes through his body, realizing he's not in the hotel room.

AMIR
 What -- the -- fuck!

A woman steps towards him.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT (30's)

FLIGHT ATTENDANT
Sir, are you alright?

He looks at her.

AMIR
How'd I get here?

FLIGHT ATTENDANT
You walked on.

AMIR
I did?

FLIGHT ATTENDANT
Uh huh.

Amir looks outside the window.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT (CONT'D)
Can I get you something to drink?

AMIR
Vodka, please.

The Flight Attendant steps away.

Amir thinks to himself, not believing he got onto the jet on his own. Almost like he's being played.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM-MANSION-NIGHT

The door opens.

Amir steps into the living room. He shuts and locks the door.

AMIR
(breath)

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM-MANSION-NIGHT-FLASHBACK

Laid face down on a *massage table*. A MASSEUSE rubs *oil* onto his legs, torso and back.

AMIR
(moan)

MASSEUSE
How do you feel now?

AMIR
Better. Thank you.

MASSEUSE
I'll leave you to it then.

The Masseuse starts to step away.

AMIR
Wait!

She looks back.

MASSEUSE
Yes?

AMIR
Stick around, pour yourself a drink
and get comfortable.

MASSEUSE
Okay.

AMIR
I'll be there in ten minutes.

The Masseuse steps out of the room.

The shower comes on.

Amir sits up.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM-MANSION-NIGHT

AMIR
I hope you're ready for me --

-- He pulls the *shower curtain* open. He looks in and sees no
sign of the Masseuse.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM-MANSION-NIGHT

AMIR
Babe! Where are you!!

A **dart** flies across the room, and hits Amir on the back of the neck.

AMIR (CONT'D)

Ahh!!

He pulls the dart out, looks at it --

AMIR (CONT'D)

What the --

He drops down to the floor. His eyes still open, paralyzed.

AMIR'S POV:

Bella's steps closer. She crouches down.

BELLA

Well, honey, I'm home!

(laugh)

Just what the doctor ordered,
right?

BACK TO SCENE

Bella pushes Amir to his back. She drags him towards the dining room.

BELLA (CONT'D)

I got a surprise for you!

(laugh)

CUT TO:

EXT. SAND DUNES-DAY (DREAM SEQUENCE)

Amir stands. He looks around.

AMIR

Hello?

Bella leans her mouth towards his ear.

BELLA

(whisper)

Amir!

He looks back.

No sight of Bella.

She leans towards his other ear.

BELLA (CONT'D)
 (whisper)
 Amir!!

He looks to his left.

AMIR
 What do you want!

BELLA
 (giggle)

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM-MANSION-DAY (BACK TO REALITY)

Amir opens his eyes. He pushes himself up.

AMIR
 (moan)
 (grunt)

A cell phone rings.

AMIR (CONT'D)
 What -- Who!

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM-MANSION-DAY

Underneath the showerhead, soaking up as much water as he can to wash away how he's feeling.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRONT YARD-MANSION-DAY

Amir steps towards a limousine.

BELLA (V.O.)
 Amir!

He stops and looks around.

AMIR
 Bella?

A man stands in front of him. DRIVER (30's)

DRIVER (V.O.)
Sir?

AMIR
(shake head)

DRIVER (V.O.)
Sir!!!

AMIR
What!!!

DRIVER
Are you alright?

AMIR
Yes. Why wouldn't I be?

DRIVER
Because you been standing here for
ten minutes.

Amir puts on ***sunglasses***.

He steps towards the passenger door.

AMIR
Door, please?

DRIVER
(whisper)
Asshole!

AMIR
What?

DRIVER
Those sure are some nice glasses
you have there!

AMIR
Oh, thanks.

CUT TO:

INT. LOBBY-CASINO-DAY

Amir steps into the lobby.

Two men step towards Amir. PIT BOSSES #1 and #2 (40's)

A look of stress on Pit Boss #1's face.

AMIR
What is it?

PIT BOSS #1
Boss, the machines?

AMIR
What! What is it?

PIT BOSS #1
Their rigged!!

He looks back at the **slot machines** and sees **coins** spread out on the floor.

SLOT PLAYERS #1, #2, #3 and #4 drop to the floor and grab coins.

Amir rushes towards the coins.

AMIR
(yell)
Get the fuck away from there!!!

Slot Players #1, #2, #3 and #4 run off before Amir can kick them with his foot.

PIT BOSS #2
Boss?

Amir looks back, frustrated.

AMIR
(yell)
What!!!

PIT BOSS #2
There's something else?

AMIR
What now! Fuck!!

PIT BOSS #2
The **safes**.

AMIR
What about them!!

PIT BOSS #2
Their empty.

AMIR
(yell)
What!!

BELLA
 (whisper)
 Wake up!

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM-MANSION-DAY (BACK TO REALITY)

AMIR
 Ahh!!!

Amir jumps out of his sleep. He looks around.

A ring from a cell phone echoes in his ear.

He feels a hangover as well as the throbbing ring echoing in his ears.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM-MANSION-DAY

Amir lays in a bathtub full of cold water. His eyes in a daze.

AMIR
 (moan)

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT-NIGHT (DREAM SEQUENCE)

Amir stands in the middle of the desert.

BELLA (V.O.)
 (whisper)
 Wake up!!!

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM-MANSION-DAY (BACK TO REALITY)

AMIR
 Ahh!!!

Amir sits up in the bathtub, spilling the water over the edge. He looks around, wiping his face.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE-CASINO-DAY

Amir sits in his *desk chair*, eyes closed and quietness filling the room.

Pit Boss #1 looks at him.

PIT BOSS #1

Boss?

He jumps out of his skin from hearing his voice.

AMIR

What?

PIT BOSS #1

The bosses want to see you.

AMIR

Tell them I'm sick.

PIT BOSS #1

They know you're in the building.

AMIR

I'm sick!!

Pit Boss #1 steps out of the office.

CUT TO:

INT. LIMOUSINE-CONTINUOUS

Amir's head leaned against the door. His eyes closed.

BELLA (V.O.)

(whisper)

Amir!!

He opens his eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM-MANSION-NIGHT

Amir stands in the middle of the living room. He pours vodka down into his mouth.

AMIR

(breath)

Wiping his mouth with the sleeve of his robe.

AMIR (CONT'D)
 Are you there?
 (sip)

He drops the bottle to the floor.

AMIR (CONT'D)
 Come out. I just want to talk. Come
 on, Bella, you owe me that much!

CUT TO:

INT. DINING ROOM-MANSION-NIGHT

The *shelf* of **glasses** and **plates** moves to the left side of the wall.

Bella steps out of a doorway to a panic room.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM-MANSION-CONTINUOUS

Amir sits on his knees.

AMIR
 (sip)

Bella steps in front of him.

BELLA
 I'm here.

He looks at her up and down.

AMIR
 You look good.
 (sip)

BELLA
 You're drinking too much.

Amir pushes himself up. He walks with a wobble.

AMIR
 Oh, am I!

Bella steps towards the kitchen.

AMIR (CONT'D)
 Get back here!!

BELLA (O.S.)
I'm making coffee dumbass!!

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN-MANSION-NIGHT

Bella pours water into the coffee maker, sets the **coffee grounds** into a **filter** and turns it on.

Amir pulls himself towards her, leaning on the **isle counter**. His eyes on Bella.

She looks back at him.

AMIR
You!!

BELLA
(motions hand)
Me, Bella. You, Amir. Anything else you want to say?

AMIR
You took everything!! Didn't you!

BELLA
Sorry, I don't know what you're talking about.

He pulls himself towards her.

AMIR
Yes, you fucking do!! Don't lie to me!!

Bella steps to the counter.

BELLA
Cream, sugar?

AMIR
I don't want no fucking coffee!!

BELLA
Too fucking bad.

She pours coffee into a mug, handing it to him.

He smacks it out of her hand.

The mug breaks as it hits the floor.

BELLA (CONT'D)
And that was your favorite mug.

AMIR
Who gives a fuck!

BELLA
You will, once you sober up.

She pours more coffee into another mug.

Amir swings his arm fast, missing the mug by an inch.

BELLA (CONT'D)
Whoa!! You almost got me there!
This is why we can't have nice
things.

AMIR
Ahh!!!

He grips his hands around her throat and squeezes.

Bella scratches Amir across the face.

BELLA
Ahh!!!

She digs her fingers into his eyes.

AMIR
Ahh!!!

Bella knees him in the groin.

AMIR (CONT'D)
(grunt)

He drops to his knees.

Bella rushes out of the kitchen.

AMIR (CONT'D)
You bitch!!

Amir crawls to the counter. He grabs a **butcher knife**.

AMIR (CONT'D)
(moan)

His hand grips onto the counter, pulling himself up to his feet.

CUT TO:

INT. DINING ROOM-MANSION-NIGHT

Amir walks into the dining room.

AMIR

I saw you run in here. Don't make
this hard for yourself.

He looks underneath the table.

AMIR (CONT'D)

You've always been the type to
hide, huh?

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM-MANSION-NIGHT

AMIR

Those two years, you hid your past.
Why's that?

He lowers himself to look underneath the couch.

AMIR (CONT'D)

Because your past is in Los
Angeles, right!

CUT TO:

INT. PANIC ROOM-MANSION-NIGHT

AMIR (O.S.)

Yeah, I read your diary. The day
was not like any other. I was
escaping L.A. thanks to a man.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM-MANSION-CONTINUOUS

AMIR

And what was that man's name,
Bella!! I just can't put my finger
on it. It starts with an N. I guess
when you're gone, I'll go pay him a
visit.

CUT TO:

INT. PANIC ROOM-MANSION-CONTINUOUS

BELLA
(sob)

CUT TO:

INT. DINING ROOM-MANSION-NIGHT

The shelf moves to the left.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM-MANSION-CONTINUOUS

Footsteps echo and approach the living room.

Amir smiles.

AMIR
That's my girl!

Bella raises a **double-barreled shotgun** up and fires two shots.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. LIVING ROOM-DAY

The front door opens.

Angel steps in and shuts the door. He sits down on the couch.

THERAPIST (V.O.)
How are things at home?

ANGEL (V.O.)
Good.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN-RESTAURANT-NIGHT

Angel slices a piece of **steak** into four pieces.

THERAPIST (V.O.)
And your new chef position?

ANGEL (V.O.)
Going pretty well.

He looks away from her. A painting of stars in his eyesight.

ANGEL
Every day.

CUT TO:

INT. GRIFFITH OBSERVATORY-DAY

Angel sits. His eyes in amazement at seeing all the **constellations**.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN-RESTAURANT-NIGHT

Angel slides two plates onto a tray.

ANGEL
Order up!

THERAPIST (V.O.)
Is there anything you wish you
could do?

ANGEL (V.O.)
Yeah.

THERAPIST (V.O.)
And what's that?

ANGEL (V.O.)
Go on vacation.

THERAPIST (V.O.)
Where would you go?

CUT TO:

INT. LOBBY-CASINO-DAY

Angel steps into the lobby. He looks around at all the slot machines.

ANGEL
Wow!

Two dice roll onto a **craps table**. They land on nine.

Angel throws his arms up in the air.

ANGEL (CONT'D)

Yes!!

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM #132-HOTEL-NIGHT

Angel steps into the room. He drops his duffle bag onto the floor.

CUT TO:

INT. DINING AREA-BUFFETT-NIGHT

Angel wipes his mouth with a *napkin*, drops it to the table and sets a couple of *twenty-dollar bills* down.

His hand holding the heart locket. He looks at it, somehow wishing that Bella will show up if he holds it and thinks of her.

CUT TO:

INT. LOBBY-CASINO-DAY

Angel sits and plays a slot machine, pulling the lever down. Bella stands behind him, leaning towards him.

BELLA
(whisper)
Angel!

He looks back.

ANGEL
(gasp)

A woman holding a tray of glasses stands behind Angel.
WAITRESS (20's)

WAITRESS
Drink, sir?

ANGEL
Can I get a coke, please?

She hands him a glass of *ice* and a can of coke.

ANGEL (CONT'D)

Thanks.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM #132-HOTEL-NIGHT

Angel sits on the bed, holding the locket in the tips of his fingers. He attempts to open it but sets it down on the nightstand.

ANGEL

Good night.

CUT TO:

INT. BUS STATION-DAY

Angel sits on the bench. A coffee cup in his hand.

ANGEL

(sip)

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM #454-HOTEL-NIGHT-FLASHBACK

Bella sits up on the bed, leaning her head towards Angel's ear.

BELLA

(whisper)

Please, please, don't leave me.

Angel looks at her and kisses her on the lips.

ANGEL

I won't, I won't, I won't.

BELLA

(laugh)

CUT TO:

INT. TRANSIT BUS-BACK TO PRESENT

Angel jumps out of his sleep. He looks around.

ANGEL

(gasp)

His head resting on the window.

ANGEL (CONT'D)
(breath)

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN-RESTAURANT-NIGHT

Angel finishes plating the protein with the garnish.

A man steps towards him. RESTAURANT OWNER (40's)

RESTAURANT OWNER
Angel!!

Angel puts the plate on a tray.

RESTAURANT OWNER (CONT'D)
Hey, Angel!!

He looks at him.

ANGEL
Yeah?

RESTAURANT OWNER
We have a special guest eating here
tonight.

ANGEL
Yeah.

RESTAURANT OWNER
Yeah, so, cook them your best
dishes.

Angel looks at the Restaurant Manager with seriousness.

ANGEL
Really?

RESTAURANT OWNER
Yes. Go for it!!

Angel smiles.

MONTAGE

-- Angel cooks the steak tips.

-- Angel cuts up the asparagus.

-- Angel spreads the mashed potatoes across the plate.

BACK TO SCENE

Angel sprinkles **gravy sauce** across the steak and mashed potatoes.

He sets five plates on a tray.

CUT TO:

INT. STORAGE ROOM-RESTAURANT-NIGHT

Angel sits up top on a **large crate**, writing in a **notepad**.

The sound of the door opening alarms Angel, making him look down.

The Restaurant Owner steps in. He looks up.

RESTAURANT OWNER

Angel!

ANGEL

Yeah?

RESTAURANT OWNER

I been looking for you!

ANGEL

What? Is the food bad?

RESTAURANT OWNER

What? No. The guest of honor wants to meet you.

Angel steps down from the crate.

CUT TO:

INT. DINING AREA-RESTAURANT-NIGHT

A woman sits at a table amongst her fellow OPERA PERFORMERS #1, #2 and #3. Her **white puffed up hair, white gown** and pale painted face stick out as she sits in the midst of the restaurant. DUCHESS (20's) Opera singer and performer. A self-absorbed and entitled woman.

The Restaurant Owner steps towards the table.

RESTAURANT OWNER

My lady!

Duchess looks at him up and down.

DUCHESS

Yes?

RESTAURANT OWNER

(point)

The chef.

Angel steps towards her.

She looks at him. A wide smile on her face forms.

DUCHESS

(wave)

He steps away.

DUCHESS (CONT'D)

Delicious!

Angel looks back at her.

ANGEL

Thank you.

He makes his way to the kitchen.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY-NIGHT

Angel steps through an alley, walking his bicycle, preparing to ride home.

A limousine drives alongside of him, pulling over to the left.

The driver door opens.

LIMO DRIVER (30's)

The Limo Driver steps towards Angel.

ANGEL

Hello?

LIMO DRIVER

Hello sir.

ANGEL
Can I help you with something?

LIMO DRIVER
The Duchess has requested your company.

ANGEL
Where to?

LIMO DRIVER
The Roosevelt Hotel.

ANGEL
Okay.

LIMO DRIVER
I'll take you.

ANGEL
No, I'll ride my bike.

LIMO DRIVER
The Duchess insist.

CUT TO:

INT. LIMOUSINE-NIGHT

Angel looks outside the window, seeing the height of the hotel.

ANGEL
Wow!

CUT TO:

INT. ELEVATOR-ROOSEVELT HOTEL-NIGHT

Angel clutches his hands together, his nerves rattling, knowing he's about to be in the company of a famous opera singer.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY-ROOSEVELT HOTEL-NIGHT

Angel steps down the hallway of the sixth floor.

CUT TO:

His eyes on hers, a look of disbelief.

BELLA
(sip)

She smiles, glancing her eyes at him.

BELLA (CONT'D)
What?

ANGEL
The Duchess?

BELLA
Shh! Don't tell anybody.

ANGEL
Wow!

Angel grabs his glass of **orange juice**.

ANGEL (CONT'D)
(sip)

He sets it down.

ANGEL (CONT'D)
Could you -- bring me up to speed
of how or what happened?

BELLA
I did what I had to -- I wasn't
going to be able to live my life
the way I wanted to --

ANGEL
-- Change.

BELLA
Yes.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM-MANSION-NIGHT-FLASHBACK

A double-barreled shotgun shoots two shots.

Amir flies back into the wall. He slides down.

AMIR
(gurgle)
(breath)

Bella looks at him with intensity in her eyes.

BELLA
Fuck you!

BELLA (V.O.)
Someone saved my life once; I
wasn't going to let Amir hurt him.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM-MANSION-NIGHT

Bella drags the Masseuse's DEAD BODY into the bedroom.
She pours gasoline all over the bed and carpet.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY-MANSION-NIGHT

Bella pours it down the hallway.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM-MANSION-NIGHT

She pours the last bit of gasoline poured on the sofa and floor. Bella tosses the gas can to the floor. She lights a **match**.

The flame burning in the tips of her fingers.

BELLA
Goodbye!

The lit match hits the floor.

BELLA (V.O.)
Confession?

ANGEL (V.O.)
Yes?

BELLA (V.O.)
We were never really married.

ANGEL (V.O.)
What?

BELLA (V.O.)
That was a way of him keeping me
all to himself. Every business
partner he had, they could never
trace me as his wife.

The living room ignites in flames.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM-MANSION-NIGHT

The flames spread into the bedroom.

CUT TO:

EXT. MANSION-NIGHT

Bella steps away from the mansion.

The flames rise and the mansion burns to the ground.

CUT TO:

INT. DINING AREA-RESTAURANT-ROOSEVELT HOTEL-BACK TO PRESENT

BELLA
Here we are.

Angel smiles.

ANGEL
I should have seen it.

BELLA
What?

ANGEL
The Duchess.

She presses her index finger to her mouth.

BELLA
Shh!

ANGEL
(sip)

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM #605-ROOSEVELT HOTEL-NIGHT

Angel sits across from Bella. He touches her cheek, caressing it gently.

Bella unbuttons her top, letting it slide down to the bed.

His hand in her hair.

She kisses him.

He falls back, brushing his hands through her hair.

Bella's naked body pressed against his.

BELLA
(moan)

He kisses her while she goes up and down.

She rolls to the bed.

Angel goes back and forth.

ANGEL
(grunt)

BELLA
(exhale)
(breath)

Bella rests her head against his.

The sunlight through the curtain's peeks in.

CUT TO:

EXT. BALCONY-HOTEL ROOM #605-ROOSEVELT HOTEL-DAY

Bella holds a coffee mug in the palm of her hand.

BELLA
(sip)

She looks back at Angel while he sleeps in the bed.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM #605-ROOSEVELT HOTEL-CONTINUOUS

Angel opens his eyes. He sits up and looks around.

ANGEL
Bella?

BELLA (O.S.)
Coming!

Bella steps into the room. She sits alongside of him.

BELLA (CONT'D)
Good morning.

Her hand grips onto his leg, caressing his thigh.

He kisses her.

BELLA (CONT'D)
Room service?

ANGEL
Sure.

Bella stands up, steps towards the bathroom and unties the robe.

It falls to the floor, exposing her buttocks.

Angel grabs at his groin.

She looks back at him.

BELLA
Shower?

He nods his head "Yes."

BELLA (CONT'D)
Come here!

Angel rushes to her, wrapping his arms around her and lifting her off her feet.

BELLA (CONT'D)
(laugh)

CUT TO:

INT. ELEVATOR-ROOSEVELT HOTEL-DAY

ANGEL
(breath)

His butt leans against the rails.

Angel can't help but smile at the fact he got to spend the night with the woman of his dreams.

CUT TO:

EXT. EAST LOS ANGELES NEIGHBORHOOD-DAY

Angel steps towards the mailbox.

A man steps into the middle of the street. HECTOR (28) Gang Member. Manipulative, dangerous and ruthless.

HECTOR
Got a smoke?

ANGEL
Hector?

HECTOR (SUBTITLE)
(In Spanish)
Yes.

He steps close to Angel.

ANGEL
Been a while.

HECTOR
Ten years.

Hector looks at Angel up and down.

HECTOR (CONT'D)
Got any money?

ANGEL
Yes.

HECTOR
Give it to me!

ANGEL
Sure.

Angel reaches down into his pocket. He raises his hand up.

ANGEL (CONT'D)
(flip off)
There!

He kicks him in the groin.

HECTOR
 (groan)
 (moan)

Hector drops to his knees, grabbing at his groin.

ANGEL
 Welcome home bitch!!

Angel pushes Hector's head.

Hector falls to the ground

HECTOR
 (moan)

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM-ANGEL'S STUDIO APARTMENT-DAY

Boxes stacked to the top.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM-ANGEL'S STUDIO APARTMENT-DAY

Angel looks through a small box. He lifts the heart locket up, looking at it.

ANGEL
 Hmm --

CUT TO:

INT. ELEVATOR-ROOSEVELT HOTEL-DAY

The heart locket in the palm of his hand, Angel stares a hole into the doors of the elevator.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY-ROOSEVELT HOTEL-DAY

BELLA (SUBTITLE) (O.S.)
 (In Italian)
My love, my love, we can't, we can't!

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM #605-ROOSEVELT HOTEL-DAY

A soft knock at the door.

BELLA

Come in!

The door opens.

Angel steps in.

BELLA (CONT'D)

Close the door please.

He shuts the door.

Bella smiles.

ANGEL

I have something for you.

BELLA

What?

He drops the heart locket from his hand, hanging it from his finger.

ANGEL

This!

She looks at it, shocked she forgot it but relieved he still has it.

Bella steps towards him, takes it and looks at it.

ANGEL (CONT'D)

That's what he was after, wasn't it?

BELLA

What do you want me to say?

ANGEL

Humor me.

She looks at him, smiling.

BELLA

He gave this to me to hide. I asked him what it was.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM-MANSION-NIGHT-FLASHBACK

AMIR

Don't worry about it!!

He ties it around her neck.

AMIR (CONT'D)

Love you!

A kiss to her cheek.

Amir steps away from her. He smacks her on the butt.

AMIR (CONT'D)

Bitch!!

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM #605-ROOSEVELT HOTEL-BACK TO PRESENT

BELLA

Do you know what's worse than being
with a man?

ANGEL

What?

BELLA

The way he talks to you, treats you
or pretends to be in charge. The
truth is the woman is the real one
in charge.

She opens the heart locket.

He looks and sees an **orange amber diamond**.

BELLA (CONT'D)

The queen bee.

Angel reaches for it.

Bella closes it.

BELLA (CONT'D)

Thanks Angel baby!

She steps towards the vanity.

BELLA (CONT'D)

Room service?

ANGEL

Sure.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM-ANGEL'S STUDIO APARTMENT-NIGHT

Angel lies asleep.

CUT TO:

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO STREETS-DAY-FLASHBACK

Angel holds the heart locket in his hand.

BELLA (V.O.)

I'll be back for that.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM-ANGEL'S STUDIO APARTMENT-BACK TO PRESENT

Angel opens his eyes. He sits up and gets off the bed.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY-ROOSEVELT HOTEL-NIGHT

Angel steps down the hallway. His eyes look straight towards the door to the room.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM #605-ROOSEVELT HOTEL-NIGHT

Angel pushes the door open. He looks around the empty room, seeing no sign of Bella or her belongings. His face in disbelief.

ANGEL

Oh no.

He drops to his knees.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS-NIGHT

SUPER: TEN YEARS LATER

A **2013 Toyota Corolla** drives down a street and turns into a parking garage.

CLARA (V.O.)
Where are you?

ANGEL
I'm just pulling in!

CLARA (V.O.)
Inside voice, hone.

ANGEL
Sorry.

CUT TO:

INT. AUDITORIUM-PERFORMANCE CENTER-NIGHT

Angel steps down a row of chairs, stepping towards a woman.
CLARA (34) Homemaker. Humble and caring.

He sits.

ANGEL
Hey!

She kisses him.

Angel kisses her on the cheek.

ANGEL (CONT'D)
When is it supposed to start?

CLARA
Why? Do you have a hot date or something?

ANGEL
Very funny.

The lights dim down.

A piano plays.

GIRLS #1, #2 and #3 dance across the stage. A girl spins across the floor of the stage, making her solo performance.
REBECCA (10) Fourth grade student.

CROWD
(applause)

Clara smiles.

CLARA
Here she comes!

ANGEL
Where?

A girl steps out, twirling her way past Rebecca, spinning and lifting her leg up. LAURA (8) Second grade student.

CROWD
(applause)

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY-PERFORMANCE CENTER-NIGHT

Laura rushes towards Angel and Clara.

LAURA
Did you like it!

Clara crouches down and hugs Laura, lifting her from the floor.

CLARA
That was beautiful.

She lowers her down to the floor.

Laura hugs Angel.

Angel lifts her up, high fives her and kisses her on the cheek.

ANGEL
You did a great job.

LAURA
Really?

ANGEL
Yes.

LAURA
(point)
Look, Rebecca and her mom!

Angel looks at Rebecca. He lets Laura down.

LAURA (CONT'D)

Rebecca!!

Rebecca rushes towards Laura.

REBECCA

Hey mom, come on!

Angel looks at Rebecca's mom, who turns out to be Bella.

His eyes in disbelief.

Her eyes in shock.

Bella steps towards Rebecca and Laura.

BELLA

You both did a great job.

REBECCA

Thank you.

LAURA

Thank you.

He looks at Laura and then at Bella.

ANGEL

And what's your name?

BELLA

Arabelle.

CLARA

It's good to meet you.

He looks at Clara and then at Bella.

ANGEL

Maybe we'll see you around.

BELLA

Yeah.

Angel turns around.

Clara turns around, walks with him and Laura.

CLARA

So, what do you want to eat?

LAURA

Pizza!!

Angel looks back at Bella.

Bella looks back at Angel.

REBECCA
Mom, can we get pizza?

BELLA
Sure.

ANGEL
Pizza it is.

Angel, Clara and Laura step towards the exit doors, moving forward with their lives.

FADE OUT:

THE END