

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREETS OF BOSTON-NIGHT

It's completely SILENT. We see a SHADOWY FIGURE hiding behind some bushes. He reaches into the back of his pants and pulls out a HANDGUN. The Shadowy Figure keeps his eyes fixed on one of the homes on the street.

Two men, JIMMY AND OWEN, come out of the home the Shadowy Figure is focused on. The two men, carrying suitcases, walk out to a car parked in front of the home.

Two uniformed police officers, REESE and KENNY, are waiting in a Boston Police cruiser that's conveniently tucked around the corner. They are watching Jimmy and Owen's every move, though Jimmy and Owen cannot see them.

The Shadowy Figure quietly comes out from behind the bushes and creeps closer to the car.

Jimmy and Owen are now at the car and have opened the trunk. We see TWO HANDGUNS in the trunk. Owen reaches in the trunk to grab a gun.

Reese and Kenny are now on foot with their guns drawn and are approaching the car as well. They SUDDENLY NOTICE the Shadowy Figure.

The Shadowy Figure NOTICES the Officers and so does Jimmy.

The Shadowy Figure takes AIM at the officers. Reese takes AIM at The Shadowy Figure, while Kenny takes AIM at Jimmy and Owen. Owen quickly AIMS in the direction of the officers.

CUT TO:

BLACK SCREEN

BANG,BANG, BANG! The silence is broken by the thunderous claps of several shots being fired. After the shots are fired it's SILENT once again.

FADE IN:

EXT. DORCHESTER AVENUE, BOSTON, MA 1991-EARLY MORNING

It's a beautiful Friday morning in the middle of June. We see an extremely wide view of Dorchester Avenue, commonly referred to as Dot Ave. by the locals. The street is busy. The camera slowly pushes into the window of a beautifully structured two story VICTORIAN HOME. As we get closer to the window we see a man sitting at a desk. Once the camera gets close enough we move into...

INT. MOORE'S HOME OFFICE

We see OWEN MOORE, an attractive, yet passive male in his late 20's/early 30's sitting at his desk lamenting. After a few moments Owen pulls out a note pad and begins to write a letter. We can see the start of the letter, but we can't make out what he is writing. It is obviously serious.

INT. MOORE'S BATHROOM-CONTINUOUS

ANITA MOORE, an attractive and well poised woman in her late 20's dressed in business attire is getting ready for work. She lifts up the toilet seat and pulls down her pants to urinate. She looks down at her panties and sees that they are covered in THICK BLOOD. She panics, grabs toilet paper and wipes her vagina. The toilet paper is smothered in BLOOD.

INT. MOORE'S HOME OFFICE-MOMENTS LATER

Anita enters as if nothing had happened. Owen quickly acknowledges her and crumples up the letter and gathers his composure.

ANITA

What's that?

OWEN

Nothing. Old note to myself.

Anita quickly disregards the crumpled up letter.

ANITA

Listen, I'm gonna be running late this evening. I've got a 7 o'clock showing over in J.P. I don't have time to write RENSO and his wife a receipt for this month's rent. I need you to write them the receipt and make sure to log it in the computer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OWEN

Yeah, no problem.

ANITA

Don't forget. I know how you are.

Anita gives Owen a kiss.

ANITA (CONT'D)

Okay, I'm off.

Anita heads out for work. Owen throws away the crumpled letter. He continues to lament.

EXT. MOORE RESIDENCE--CONTINUOUS

Anita is heading out the front door. We see RENSO ROJAS, a Dominican Male in his late 30's on a ladder fixing a broken gutter.

RENSO

Good morning, Anita.

ANITA

Hey Renso. Good morning.

Anita notices that Renso still hasn't fixed the same gutter he promised to fix a few days ago.

ANITA (CONT'D)

You're still working on that one?

RENSO

Yeah, but I'm almost done.

ANITA

You said that a few days ago.

Renso is a bit uncomfortable.

RENSO

I'm sorry. I had a job come up and needed to make the money, but don't worry it'll be done by the time you get home.

ANITA

Renso, we let you pay half rent so you can take care of things like this.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RENZO

Yeah, I know, and I appreciate that.

ANITA

Do you?

Anita gives Renzo an unsettling look and heads off before he can respond. Renzo feels really bad and hastily starts working on the gutter as Anita gets into her 1990 VOLVO and pulls away.

INT. TWO STORY VICTORIAN HOUSE IN DORCHESTER-LATER

Anita is showing JAMES AND LISA FOSTER a Victorian home that's in good condition. The architecture is amazing and it still has its original wood floors.

JAMES

This place is great.

LISA

What year did you say this was built?

ANITA

1908, and you'll notice that all of the mouldings are from when it was originally built. Same with the hardwood floors. I don't foresee this being on the market too long.

JAMES

Have you gotten any offers on it?

ANITA

We have, but I can't disclose the amounts, sorry.

JAMES

And they're asking two hundred thousand, right?

ANITA

Right.

Anita's phone rings

ANITA (CONT'D)

Can you excuse me?

LISA

Sure.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Anita steps away for a moment while Mark and Lisa discuss purchasing the house.

ANITA

Hello?

INT. SOCIAL SERVICES AGENCY-OWEN'S OFFICE-CONTINUOUS

Owen is sitting in his office with the door shut. He is still carrying a heavy burden.

OWEN

Do you have a second?

INTERCUT BETWEEN THE OFFICE AND THE VICTORIAN

ANITA

I'm at a showing. Is it important?

Owen thinks of the right words to say, but ends up speechless.

ANITA (CONT'D)

Hello?

OWEN

Yeah, I'm still here.

ANITA

Well is it important?

OWEN

No. Sorry to bother you.  
(pause)

I'll call you later.

ANITA

(a little annoyed)  
Okay. Bye.

OWEN

Bye.

Anita quickly gets back to the Fosters.

ANITA

So, shall I show you the upstairs?

JAMES

Yeah, let's check it out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANITA

Right this way.

They all make their way upstairs.

INT. SOCIAL SERVICES AGENCY-LOUNGE-LATER

Owen sits with a co-worker ELLEN HOWE. She's an attractive Caucasian female in her mid 30's.

ELLEN

I got a new client today.

OWEN

Oh yeah?

ELLEN

Yeah. He's a homeless guy.

OWEN

That's a change of pace.

ELLEN

(sarcastically)

Yeah, it's very refreshing.

(beat)

So how's Vanessa coming along?

OWEN

I'm not quite sure.

ELLEN

Is she going to school?

OWEN

She says she is.

ELLEN

And she's not...? You know?

OWEN

I don't know.

A RECEPTIONIST comes in.

RECEPTIONIST

Owen. Jimmy's here to see you. I didn't see him on the schedule though. Shall I tell him he's gotta schedule an appointment?

(CONTINUED)

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OWEN

No it's alright. Have him grab a seat in my office. I'll be right there.

RECEPTIONIST

You got it.

Owen starts to pick up his lunch.

OWEN

To be continued.

ELLEN

Sure thing.

INT. SOCIAL SERVICES AGENCY-OWEN'S OFFICE-CONTINUOUS

JIMMY, an African American male in his early 30's is anxiously waiting. Jimmy's a street guy who's trying to clean up his act. He's dressed in painter's clothes that have a few marks of paint on them. Owen enters and shuts the door.

INT. SOCIAL SERVICES AGENCY-LOUNGE-CONTINUOUS

Ellen is throwing her trash away. She proceeds to her office to get back to work.

INT. SOCIAL SERVICES AGENCY-MAIN HALLWAY-CONTINUOUS

Ellen is walking by Owen's office when she notices that Owen and Jimmy appear to be having a serious argument. She can't make out what they're saying but their physical motions make it clear that Jimmy is very upset and Owen is trying to settle him down. After a few moments Jimmy storms out of the office leaving the door wide open. Ellen and a few employees are taken off guard as they see Jimmy head out. They all peak into Owen's office to see what the commotion was about. Owen stands quietly, embarrassed by the outburst. He tries to gather his composure and then shuts his door. Ellen looks on concerned.

EXT. RUN DOWN TRIPLE DECKER HOUSE-CONTINUOUS

REESE HUNTER, an Irish American UNIFORM COP in his early 40's, slowly approaches the front door with his revolver down. He moves quickly to one side of the front door.

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Reese is followed by his partner, MARK NEWSOME, a multiracial UNIFORM COP in his late 20's. Mark moves to the other side of the doorway.

REESE

You ready?

MARK

Shouldn't we wait for backup?

REESE

No time for that.

MARK

Alright, I'm with ya.

REESE

Why don't you take the lead?

MARK

What?

REESE

You gotta bust your cherry some time.

MARK

Fuck.... Alright, let's do it.

REESE

I got your back.

Reese moves away from the door and kicks it open. Mark barrels through without hesitation.

INT. RUN DOWN TRIPLE DECKER HOUSE

Mark moves through the dark interior of the sparsely furnished home. Reese follows several steps behind.

Mark comes to the stairs leading up to the second floor. He pauses and waits for Reese's signal. Reese points to the top of the stairs. Mark nods and slowly makes his way up the steps. Reese follows.

Mark reaches the top of the steps and quickly scans the area. He sees a light from under a closed bedroom door. He listens for a moment. He can hear a woman crying. Reese signals Mark to go in.

Mark slowly makes his way toward the bedroom, while Reese covers the stairway.

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Mark turns the doorknob and eases the door open, revealing TERRENCE, a skinny African American male, in his mid 30's, HOLDING A GUN to the head of a young African American GIRL. Lying on a bed in front of Terrence and the girl is ROCHELLE, a crying pregnant African American woman in her mid 30's.

TERRENCE

You gonna take her from me?

ROCHELLE

(Crying)

No baby!

TERRENCE

This is my girl. You got that bitch!

ROCHELLE

Yeah baby, I know. I know.

Mark enters the bedroom slowly with his GUN POINTED at Terrence. Rochelle sees Mark approaching and SCREAMS. Terrence turns and holds the gun tightly to the girl's head.

MARK

Wait!

Mark lowers his gun slowly and sets it on the ground.

MARK (CONT'D)

Stay cool.

Terrence stands and watches Mark, not relaxing his grip on the girl nor removing the gun from her head. Mark takes a few steps back.

MARK (CONT'D)

Look man it's cool. Put the gun down and let the girl go.

Terrence moves the gun from the girl's head and aims it at Mark instead.

TERRENCE

You a stupid motherfucka, you know that?

Terrence takes aim at Mark. Mark's eye's grow wide as Terrence sneers and is about to PULL the trigger. A SHOT goes off and we see a chunk of Terrence's head get blown off. Reese walks in keeping his gun pointed at the now crumpled body of Terrence.

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                                  REESE  
You alright?

                                  MARK  
                                  (stunned)  
What?

                                  REESE  
Are you hurt?

                                  MARK  
No, I'm okay.

Rochelle and the young girl are crying hysterically.

                                  REESE  
                                  (to Rochelle and the  
                                  girl)  
Will you shut the fuck up!?

Rochelle and the little girl continue to cry. Mark stares down at Terrence's corpse as if it were the first time he's seen a dead body.

EXT. RUN DOWN TRIPLE DECKER HOUSE-LATER

Reese and Mark are waiting while a crew of POLICE OFFICERS and other LAW ENFORCEMENT are going through the crime scene.

                                  MARK  
Just say it.

                                  REESE  
Say what?

                                  MARK  
I know what you're gonna say.

                                  REESE  
Yeah, and what's that?

                                  MARK  
Never give up your weapon.

                                  REESE  
Right.

                                  MARK  
Never enter a situation until you know what you're doing.

(CONTINUED)