

**I 'LL SLEEP WHEN I 'M DEAD**

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I'LL SLEEP WHEN I'M DEAD

FADE IN:

EXT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

A converted warehouse filled with residential lofts. An industrial part of town. The street is quiet.

INT. INDUSTRIAL LOFT BUILDING - NIGHT

Two metal doors SHUSH open, revealing OWEN MURPHY ("MURPH", 40). Clean-shaven, close-cropped hair. He's in jeans and an LAPD windbreaker. He rubs the back of his head.

Murph steps out of the elevator, scans the hallway, peers down through four stories of partially grated walkways. His STEPS REVERBERATE through the empty space as he walks along the steel corridor.

He pauses before a unit, looks both ways, then removes a small object from his pocket. He massages the lock with it. The door opens.

INT. LOFT - CONTINUOUS

Ambient city light casts a faint glow on this room, a simple studio apartment. A heavy, wooden 4-poster bed in the corner; on it, a woman asleep, her jet black hair sprawled over a pillow. She's RUBY ALFONSECA (26).

Murph stands above her, studies her lips. Full, red, slightly parted. His eyes move to her silk negligee, which is riding up her thighs, then to her slender legs.

A small yellow butterfly is tattooed above her knee. More of the same flying up her thigh.

He traces a fingertip along the butterflies. She stirs, then SCREAMS as she feels his presence.

Murph grabs her hair and pushes her head violently into the pillow. She struggles, tries desperately to free herself.

MURPH

Shut up.

She bites his hand.

MURPH (CONT'D)

Ow, dammit

He climbs on top of her, flips her onto her back, and starts to strangle her. She can't breathe. He keeps one hand on her throat as he tears her negligee open with the other.

She digs into his skin with her nails. He releases her. She struggles for air.

MURPH (CONT'D)

You gonna shut up?

Vanquished, she nods. He unbuttons his pants, rolls her over, yanks her panties down. He leans close to her ear. She moans as he takes over, shushing her...

Murph looks out a large picture window as he drives into Ruby. A desolate urban landscape. Wisps of steam, a sprinkling of lights.

He stops, rolls off her. Ruby cranes her neck, looks at him. Murph massages the back of his head, close to his neck.

RUBY

What's wrong baby?

MURPH

My goddamned head.

She runs her fingers over the spot, massaging it.

RUBY

I told you when it happened to get it checked out. You don't mess with head shit. Look what happened to Sonny Bono, Liam Neeson's wife... Bob Saget even. And they were VIPs. Dead.

MURPH

I know. I will.

RUBY

When?

MURPH

Don't know. When I get some time.

Ruby grabs a joint from the nightstand, fires up.

RUBY  
Maybe this will help.

MURPH  
Put that away.

RUBY  
What you gonna do? Cuff me?

MURPH  
You'd like it too much.

RUBY  
It's legal, baby. Right?

MURPH  
Smell doesn't suit me.

RUBY  
You got worse smells on you.

MURPH  
(nods)  
I bought you something.

RUBY  
You did?

MURPH  
In my jacket.

She picks up his windbreaker, pulls a box out of it. She unwraps it suspiciously. Inside, a beautiful crystal butterfly. She holds it up to the light. It glistens.

Murph's phone BEEPS. He grabs it. Reads a text message.

MURPH (CONT'D)  
Gotta go.

RUBY  
Your wife?

MURPH  
(pulls on his jacket)  
Work.

RUBY  
We gotta talk.

MURPH  
About what?

RUBY

Her.

MURPH

Next time. Promise.

RUBY

At least meet me on the mountain  
when you're done.

MURPH

I'll try.

Murph ducks out. Ruby grabs the butterfly figurine, eyes it, tosses it onto the bed. She pulls open the door and calls out.

RUBY

You better!

EXT. RAMPART DISTRICT - DRONE SHOT - NIGHT

Los Angeles, spread out beneath us in all its grandeur. We float over the neglected Ambassador Hotel, to the Sheraton Townhouse, through MacArthur Park, past Langer's Deli. Vestiges of another era.

EXT. OFF 6TH STREET - NIGHT

Working Chicanos keep their heads down as they leave local markets, navigate through dealers, hookers, and gangbangers. Murph's '67 Mustang Convertible pulls up in front of a dingy tenement. He climbs out.

NIK SHARMA (35), a square-jawed Indian (South Asian) in an Italian suit, jogs across the street and joins him.

NIK

What's up?

MURPH

9-1-1 from a C.I., Leticia.

NIK

One of Gonzo's?

Murph nods. They enter the building.

INT. TENEMENT ROOM - NIGHT

LETICIA, a skinny crack whore, violently distraught, is sobbing over a woman lying motionless in a bed. When Murph and Nik enter the room, she turns and throws a lamp. It shatters against the wall beside them.

LETICIA  
Took you so long?!

Murph grabs her, pulls her into his arms. Nik moves to the woman in the bed, checks her pulse. He looks at Murph, shakes his head.

MURPH  
What happened?

LETICIA  
(fighting through tears)  
He killed her, fucking killed her.

MURPH  
Who did?

LETICIA  
For four fucking bags.

NIK  
She short him?

LETICIA  
No. She flushed'em, by mistake.

Murph closes his eyes.

LETICIA (CONT'D)  
I'm scared, Murphy.

He cradles her head with both hands.

MURPH  
We'll protect you. Come in.

LETICIA  
So I end up like her

INT. BODEGA - NIGHT

SALSA MUSIC and STATIC play through a shitty sound system. Murph and Nik are muscling a scrawny Mexican, PACO. The BARTENDER watches but doesn't stop pouring shots of tequila for his indifferent patrons.

NIK

¿Es lo que te dimos? ¿Paco?!

Paco glances around Nik to the Bartender, who shakes his head as he empties the tequila bottle.

PACO

Please, man! I don't know.

NIK

¿Dónde esta?

Nik lifts Paco, pushes him into the wall.

The Bartender SMASHES the empty tequila bottle on the bar. Murph and Nik turn, then break for the stairwell.

UPSTAIRS BEDROOM

Murph and Nik bust in. A NAKED WOMAN smoking a cigar in bed yanks a sheet up to cover herself, glances at an open window.

NAKED WOMAN

He jump out.

MURPH

Guess he got away, then, huh?

She gestures, like he flew away. Murph throws a violent kick into the open door, snapping it into a soft object behind it.

VOICE (O.S.)

Putas!

The door slowly swings back, revealing Mexican cartel Emelio Gonzalez, aka GONZO (30s), also nude, if you don't count the tats and jewelry.

Murph grabs him, throws him to the floor. He puts his foot on the side of his face.

MURPH

She was just a kid, Gonzo.

GONZO

I don't know what you talkin' about, homes.

Murph briefly lifts his other foot, placing all his weight on Gonzo's head.

GONZO (CONT'D)

Aaaahhh! Take it easy, bitch. I'm not black. Brown lives matter, too.

Murph pulls his foot off Gonzo's face, turns, then kicks him in the side.

MURPH  
Lucky for me then I'm a color  
blind.

Nik restrains Murph, pulls him back away from Gonzo.

NIK  
Enough, Murph.

MURPH  
You're fucked, cabron!

Two uniformed Cops show up. Nik nods to them, and they cuff and escort Gonzo out. Murph rubs the pain in the back of his head.

NIK  
I'll take care of him. You go  
home.

Murph concedes a nod.

EXT. MURPHY HOUSE - DAY

Inland Empire typical, '70s construction. One story, three bedroom. Assortment of roses in front of a bay window. Lawn and roof need work. Murph's Mustang pulls up behind a Voyager Minivan in the driveway.

A teenage girl, RHONDA, is walking across the grass. She waves to Murph as he collects his things.

MURPH  
How you doing, Rhonda? Rugrats  
give you any trouble?

RHONDA  
Nah. Now, last night different  
story.

MURPH  
Last night?

RHONDA  
Yeah. Mrs. M's meeting?

MURPH  
Oh, right. We should just move you  
in, huh?



She laughs, climbs into her car.

INT. MURPHY HOUSE - NIGHT

Towheaded sisters EMILY (3) and ERIN (5) run to Murph as he enters.

EMILY  
Daddy!

He swoops them up and kisses them.

MURPH  
There's my girls. Why are you up  
so late?

KITCHEN

ANDIE (37), blonde with frameless glasses, removes her glasses, leans over the sink and splashes tap water into her eyes. Murph walks in, girls hanging onto his legs.

ANDIE  
They wanted to wait up for you.

MURPH  
How was school? You get your test  
back?

He eyes her closely.

ANDIE  
Oh, yeah.

She dabs at her eyes with a dish towel, pulls on her glasses.

MURPH  
And?

ERIN  
Mommy aced it!

ANDIE  
Maybe I did.

Murph steps closer and kisses her on the cheek.

MURPH  
See? I told you. You been crying?

ERIN  
Yes.

ANDIE  
No. Stupid allergies.

Murph closes his eyes, buries his face in Emily's hair. He rubs the back of his head.

ANDIE (CONT'D)  
Headache again?  
(Murph shrugs)  
What'd the doc say?

MURPH  
Haven't had time yet.

ANDIE  
Right. Lemme get them to bed.

He squeezes the girls, kisses them.

MURPH  
Not a chance. Let's hit the bunks,  
troops.

He marches them out, throwing a look behind for Andie, who throws him a look of her own.

INT. MURPHY HOUSE - KIDS' ROOM - NIGHT

Murph sets Emily down on her bed. "Nemo" and "Hello Kitty" cartoon figures crowd the walls.

EMILY  
Can I sleep with Erin?

ERIN  
No, thank you.

MURPH  
Why do you want to sleep with Erin,  
honey?

ERIN  
She's been getting nightmares.

MURPH  
What kind of nightmares?

EMILY  
Fish kinds.

MURPH  
Too much Nemo.

Murph sets Erin down, tucks them both in.

ERIN  
Are you sick, Daddy?

MURPH  
Me? You kidding?

ERIN  
You look a little sick.

MURPH  
Nah.

EMILY  
Just keep swimming, Daddy.

Murph and Erin laugh.

MURPH  
Okay, Kiddo. I'll try.

He pretends to swim a bit, kisses them each on the forehead, flips the switch on their "Hello Kitty" lamp, pads toward the door, which he leaves half open. He enjoys a final glimpse of his babies before disappearing.

INT. MURPHY HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Andie sits at a small table in the kitchen. Murph walks in, opens a tall cabinet. He climbs onto a footstool, rummages through a top shelf.

ANDIE  
Not there.

MURPH  
Where then?

ANDIE  
Gone. Poured it.

MURPH  
Why would you do that? It was a bottle of Macallan, for shit's sake!

ANDIE  
Let's not go through this again.

MURPH  
It was way up here!

ANDIE

Owen, you --

MURPH

Jesus, Andie. I can't have a drink  
in my own house?

She stares at him, gets up, heads over to another cabinet, retrieves the bottle from behind a cereal box. She grabs a glass, places it on the counter in front of Murph.

ANDIE

You want a drink so bad, have a  
drink.

Murph looks at the bottle, then back at Andie.

MURPH

I'm sorry. Stupid of me. I know  
you're fighting it, and I'm not  
helping.

He puts the bottle back in the cabinet.

ANDIE

What?

MURPH

Rhonda said you went to a meeting  
last night.

ANDIE

Rhonda has a big mouth.

MURPH

I'm just, I don't know, sorry.

She pulls the Espresso maker out from under the upper cabinet.

ANDIE

Okay. Want me to make you an  
espresso? Finally got the new  
machine figured out.

MURPH

No. Thanks. Need to sleep  
tonight.

INT. MURPHY HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Murph leans against the doorway of the girls' room. He slides down to the floor, rests his head against the wall, watches them sleep.

INT. MURPHY HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Murph stares at the ceiling. He looks over at Andie, who's asleep, turned away, then up at the ceiling again.

INT. INDUSTRIAL LOFT BUILDING - NIGHT

Gonzo, whistling lowly, walks along the hallway, stops at Ruby's door. He knocks, waits. No response.

GONZO

Oye, Chica. Vino para una pequeña visita. Se-ñor-ita?

He knocks again, softer this time.

GONZO (CONT'D)

Papi te extraña.

INT. MURPHY HOUSE - BEDROOM/BATHROOM - NIGHT

BEDROOM

Murph looks over at the digital clock. 3:18 a.m. He pulls his pillow over his head. His cell phone on the nightstand CHIRPS. He grabs it quickly, mutes it, climbs out of bed and leaves the room.

Andie rolls over, wide awake.

BATHROOM

Murph, phone to his ear, studies himself in the mirror. His eyes, shot to hell.

MURPH

Yup, got it. On my way.

EXT. FIDELITY TOWER - NIGHT

Large presence of uniforms. Black and whites, Unmarked Cruisers, Coroner's van. Murph pulls up.

EXT. FIDELITY TOWER - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Door swings open, Murph steps out into the glare of a 10k. The roof is abuzz with Detectives and Techs. Crime scene. Choppers overhead. Murph signs in with a Uniform.

He is greeted by veteran LT. GUSSIE MOORE (44), black, short-haired female, and bald-on-top new kid, DET. TONY ZIZI (34).

GUSSIE

Murph, this is Tony Zizi. Chief sent him over from S-A-S.

ZIZI

Detective.

They join hands for a perfunctory shake.

MURPH

What makes this a Special Assaults case?

ZIZI

Guess we'll find out.

MURPH

Whatta we got? Besides half the department out.

Gussie leads them to an alcove at the roof's edge. A crude bench. A paneled steel railing. A DEAD WOMAN, on her side, face down, skirt hiked up, panties at her ankles.

MURPH (CONT'D)

ID her yet?

ZIZI

That's why we dragged you out of bed.

MURPH

Why me, Lieutenant?

GUSSIE

Zizi thinks she might be a pro.

MURPH

(sotto)

Zizi thinks.

ZIZI

That's your department, right?

Murph eyes him as he moves in behind MAX TRUJILLO (42), a forensic tech, overweight, mutton chops.

MAX

Hey, Murph. How's the coconut?

MURPH

Over-ripe. Whatta you got?

MAX

Best guess maybe a .38.

ZIZI

Oh, like a cop BUG.

Murph eyeballs him.

MAX

No, like a .38. Won't know for sure 'til we dig out the slug. No casing.

(points)

Some bruising to the left bicep, to the right cheek. And this...

The victim's right hand, clutching a small canister.

MURPH

Pepper spray.

MAX

Yeah, not recommended for a gunfight. I'd say there was a struggle, she sprays the perp and starts to book but he takes her down with one pop to the head. Nice shot, actually. She drops. The perp regains his composure, decides to finish the violation, panties, etc., but takes off.

MURPH

Something spooked him.

MAX

Could be.

MURPH

When?

MAX

A day, maybe. Rig's come and gone. No one up here yesterday. Sunday.

(MORE)

MAX (CONT'D)  
Building maintenance guy checkin' a  
noisy A/C unit spotted her.

MURPH  
Let's have a look.

Max rolls the victim over. It's Ruby. Shot in the face.  
Her eyes are open, staring at Murph, cold, shocked. Gussie  
and Zizi study his reaction. It's stone cold.

MURPH (CONT'D)  
Uh... no, don't recognize her.

Gussie nods to Max. He returns the body to its original  
position. But this time the butterflies are exposed.

ZIZI  
Heard you knew all the ho's in  
Central.

MURPH  
Maybe you shouldn't listen to  
everything you hear, Detective.

GUSSIE  
Go home, Murphy, get some sleep.  
You look like shit.

MURPH  
I'll put my ear to the ground. Let  
you know.

GUSSIE  
Appreciate it.

Satisfied they're done, a Tech kneels down and resumes his  
work on Ruby. Murph watches him scrape her nails, walks off.

INT. FIDELITY TOWER - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Murph exits the elevator, spots Nik conferring with a  
Uniform. He walks over to him, pulls him away.

MURPH  
Where were you?

NIK  
Keeping my distance.

MURPH  
You talk to them?





EXT. CENTRAL COMMUNITY POLICE STATION - DAWN - ESTABLISHING

Traffic mounting on Los Angeles Street. WE FIND a third floor window and PUSH IN --

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAWN

Strips of red morning light filter through the sterile room. DET. DICK CHANDLER (48), gray haired, stoic, is at one end of a long table. Murph is at the other. Gussie paces.

MURPH

You set me up.

GUSSIE

We gave you an opportunity.

MURPH

To what? Ruin my marriage?

CHANDLER

You got bigger problems than your marriage right now, pal.

MURPH

Fuck off, Chandler.

CHANDLER

Detective, we found you in the woman's house, with a key, twenty minutes after you failed to ID her.

MURPH

I told you, I helped the girl out of some trouble. She thought of me like a big brother.

CHANDLER

Like a big brother who was stickin' it to her.

MURPH

Why are you wasting time with me here? You know I didn't kill her.

GUSSIE

Why on earth did you go to her place, Murph?

MURPH

To get the butterfly. I wanted to keep this out of my house.

CHANDLER

Maybe you should'a kept your pecker  
out of her house.

MURPH

Stick it up your ass. I don't need  
a marriage counselor.

CHANDLER

No. You need a lawyer.  
(counting off)  
Obstruction. Evidence tampering.  
Not to mention motive.

Murph looks to Gussie for help.

GUSSIE

He's right, Murph. Time to come  
clean.

MURPH

Jesus, I know what this looks like.  
But come on, Gussie. You really  
make me for this?  
(she crosses her arms)  
You booking me?

GUSSIE

You're on leave until we get a  
handle on it.

Murph pushes himself up from the table. Gussie holds the  
door open, watches him storm out.

CHANDLER

I'll call the lab.

INT. CENTRAL DIVISION - DAY

Murph enters, heads straight for Nik's desk. He speaks  
softly but the force of his tone snares everyone's attention.

MURPH

What the hell did you tell them?

NIK

All I said was you might recognize  
her. How the hell did I know you  
were gonna go to her place?

MURPH

You told me you didn't say  
anything. What else do they have?

Nik shrugs.

MURPH (CONT'D)

Jesus Christ, Nik. This is a shit show.

NIK

Relax. Serology'll be in this afternoon. When they get a T-O-D, you'll tell them where you were, it'll be the end of it. Go home. Sleep.

EXT. MURPHY HOUSE - DAY

The Mustang rounds the corner onto the street.

INT. MUSTANG - CONTINUOUS

Murph eyes a charcoal Interceptor parked at the curb in front of his house. His shoulders fall.

MURPH

I don't believe this.

INT. MURPHY HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Andie sits at the small table. Zizi and DET. TRUESDALE (40), Popeye wannabe, sit across from her.

ANDIE

You're kidding me, right?

ZIZI

Dead serious, ma'am.

TRUESDALE

We wouldn't be here if it wasn't.

ANDIE

I don't believe it. No.

ZIZI

Ms. Alfonseca was found dead last night. She was murdered.

ANDIE

Let me get this straight. Not only was he sleeping with this slut, you think he killed her?!

TRUESDALE

That's what we're trying to ascertain.

ANDIE

Well ass-ertain somewhere else, assholes.

Erin wanders in.

ERIN

Mommy, can we come out yet?

ANDIE

No, baby. Not yet.

ERIN

When?

ANDIE

Erin, go back to your room.

Erin pouts and marches off.

ANDIE (CONT'D)

I think it's time for you to leave.

Zizi places a photo of Ruby Alfonseca in front of Andie.

ZIZI

Do you recognize this woman?

ANDIE

No.

Zizi places another photo on the table. This is of Ruby and Murph, arms around each other, celebrating in a bar.

ZIZI

How about her boyfriend?

Murph opens the door. He eyes the photo, assesses the situation, lunges for Zizi. He lands a clean right to his chin, knocking him onto the table. Truesdale hops on top of Murph, restrains him.

ANDIE

Let him go.

MURPH

I didn't kill her.

Andie gets in Truesdale's face.

ANDIE

You heard him. Let him go.

MURPH

Andie, listen. I fucked up.  
I know that, but --

The kids enter, upset by the commotion. They erupt in tears at the sight of their father being restrained. Andie pulls them in, comforts them.

ANDIE

You should go, Owen. For tonight.  
Okay?

Truesdale releases Murph. He hesitates, goes for the kids. Andie won't allow it. Murph walks out.

EXT. OLIVE STREET/INT. MUSTANG - DUSK

A cloud of wildfire smog looms over the city. We DESCEND upon the traffic-laden street, find Murph's

MUSTANG

He's driving aimlessly, oblivious to what's going on around him. He's pissed and tired. He momentarily closes his eyes, then bumps them back open with a jerk of his head. He shakes it off, brings the car to a clumsy stop at a light.

His eyes slowly close, and he begins to seize violently. His foot jams the accelerator, sending the Mustang shooting through the light and off onto the sidewalk. Pedestrians dive out of its path.

The car hurtles toward a concrete half-wall. It clips it, sending block and plants flying, then careens left and down a flight of concrete steps, bouncing and rolling over stainless steel handrails.

A Woman and her three kids vacate a huge steel plate in the floor of the California Plaza Water Court as the car comes to a lurching stop atop it.

Inside the Mustang, Murph's head thrashes back and forth, off the steering wheel, off the door.

As people gather, the steel plate comes to life, shooting spouts of water skyward around the car.

A squatly JANITOR runs to Murph's door, reaches in, and attempts to restrain him, but his body is flailing too violently. The Janitor, now sopping wet, turns.

JANITOR  
Get help! Hurry!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ZUMA BEACH - DUSK

Overexposed images of the kids building sandcastles, Andie cradling Emily, Murph chasing Erin down to the water and back, then going after Andie. He spanks her playfully, kisses the baby's forehead.

EXT. OLIVE STREET - NIGHT

Two Paramedics load Murph, unconscious, into the back of an ambulance.

INT. AMBULANCE - NIGHT

ON MURPH. Broad, hairy chest rising and falling. IV. Heart monitor. His oxygen mask fogs and clears with every breath. His eyes explode open, he struggles to remove it.

The EMT leans over him.

EMT  
Stay still. You're in an  
ambulance. We're taking you to  
County.

Murph GROANS. His eyes roll, close.

INT. MURPHY HOUSE - NIGHT

Emily is asleep on her "Hello Kitty" blanket. Erin sits cross-legged in a recliner, watching late-night TV, oblivious to her mother, who is in the

KITCHEN

working on a bottle of Macallan, smudging tears away with the back of her hand.

INT. AMBULANCE - NIGHT

Murph begins to seize again. The EMT tightens the restraints.

EMT

Code 3, he's seizing again.

The ambulance lurches forward. Its SIREN comes to life.

INT. L.A. COUNTY HOSPITAL - ER/TRAUMA ROOM - NIGHT

The Paramedics roll Murph in, hand him off to an army of nurses, including LUCY and AMY. They roll him into a

TRAUMA ROOM

and shift him onto a bed.

LUCY

Amy, two milligrams Ativan, stat.  
Where the hell's neuro?

Murph begins to foam at the mouth. He drools uncontrollably. Lucy turns his head to the left to prevent aspiration.

AMY

Ativan.

Lucy takes it, administers an IV push. DR. CHANG, a young Chinese-American doctor, enters.

DR. CHANG

We've given him a Dilantin load,  
right?

LUCY

Yes, doctor.

DR. CHANG

Let's go to valproic acid. Fifteen  
per kilogram.

AMY

Pulse ox 85 and dropping.

DR. CHANG

Shit. We'll intubate. Call  
anesthesia, stat. Lucy, get the  
crash cart, let's start bagging.

Dr. Chang checks the monitor.



AMY  
Blood pressure's 75, dropping.

DR. CHANG  
Do we have succs ready?

Lucy wheels the crash cart in, cuts off the rest of Murph's clothing and begins attaching electrode pads to his chest.

LUCY  
Eighty milligrams.

DR. CHANG  
Get a hundred. I'm gonna want to pre-medicate with a hundred lidocaine. Blood pressure?

AMY  
60.

DR. CHANG  
Hang dopamine. Where's the Gas Man?

LUCY  
On his way.

All eyes on the monitors. Numbers are dropping. WARNING TONES begin to sound. Heart rate is accelerating. Blood pressure is 60 over 40.

DR. CHANG  
Fuck. He's in V fib. Call a code.

Amy hits the code button. An OMINOUS TONE rings out.

INTERCOM VOICE (OVER PA)  
Code blue, trauma seven. Code blue, trauma seven.

DR. CHANG  
Shock at 360.

LUCY  
Start at full power?

DR. CHANG  
Full power.

Lucy shocks him.

DR. CHANG (CONT'D)  
Give epi.

A long beat. Murph's vitals stabilize, his eyes shoot open.

INT. CENTRAL COMMUNITY POLICE CENTER - NIGHT

Conference room. Gussie, Chandler, a small crew of Detectives. Zizi and Truesdale hold notepads.

GUSSIE

The use of a gun indicates premeditation, as does the location. Assuming she would not have agreed to meet a stranger on an empty rooftop, the victim knew her killer.

ZIZI

I think we all did.

Gussie shoots him daggers, moves on.

GUSSIE

The use of force was however excessive and more consistent with a disorganized attack. Most likely a crime of passion.

TRUESDALE

We've had several conversations with the vic's family, coworkers, and friends. As far as we can tell, Detective Murphy was her sole romantic interest and had been for the better part of a year. Add this, she was not satisfied playing second fiddle.

CHANDLER

We got a stack of letters she wrote home. They confirm it.

ZIZI

So, we have motive. She was gonna out them.

TRUESDALE

Maintenance guy said he knew Murph and the vic and said he'd seen them visit the roof on a number of occasions. Showed Murphy after-hours access. Since he was a cop.

GUSSIE

Yeah. He was a cop. So, lab results are still coming in, but they seem to be pointing in the same direction.

Silence around the room.

INT. MRI LAB - LATER

Murph is out. He's been intubated. Two MRI Techs move him from a stretcher onto the MRI bed, then slide him into the disc. They leave the room.

INT. MRI ANALYSIS - CONTINUOUS

Adjacent room. Dr. Chang and two colleagues study the monitors as they come to life with images of Murph's brain.

INT. MURPHY HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Andie puts the bottle of scotch away, splashes some tap water on her face, moves to the

LIVING ROOM

A faint telephone RING drones on O.S.

ANDIE

C'mon. Time for bed.

Erin yawns, climbs out of her chair. She looks around.

ERIN

Is Daddy home yet?

ANDIE

No, baby. Not yet.

INT. NEUROLOGY ICU - PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT

Nik RAPS on the inside of the door, nods to Murph, his cell phone to his ear.

MURPH

Pick up, dammit!

He tosses his phone across the room. Nik retrieves it, places it on the nightstand.

MURPH (CONT'D)  
She's not answering.

NIK  
How you feeling?

MURPH  
I'm just beat.

NIK  
What'd the docs say?

MURPH  
That I'm fucked in the head.

NIK  
I could have told you that, free of  
charge.

They exchange small smiles. Murph's cell phone emits a text  
ALERT. He grabs it anxiously, tabs it.

NIK (CONT'D)  
Andie?

MURPH  
No. Leticia. Got three 9-1-1's  
from her today.

NIK  
I spoke to her. She's okay.

MURPH  
So, why's she texting me?

NIK  
They let Gonzo skate. His lawyer  
was waiting for him when we brought  
him in.

MURPH  
How long did we hold him?

NIK  
Couple hours, tops. So, she's  
worried she'll be next.

MURPH  
And you're just now telling me  
this?!

NIK  
You've had your own shit going on.

MURPH

Son of a bitch. It was him.

He struggles to get out of bed. An ALARM sounds as he pulls the oxygen sensor off his finger.

NIK

Easy, yaar.

MURPH

I got Ruby out. That pissed him off. Then the takedown. It was Gonzo, Nik.

Dr. Chang enters, points, and Murph settles back onto his bed with a GROAN.

DR. CHANG

(to Nik)

Detective, I need to have a word with your partner.

MURPH

Nik, talk to Andie. Please. Get her to call me. And find Leticia, get her someplace safe.

Nik nods, exits. Dr. Chang closes the door, places the sensor back on Murph's finger.

DR. CHANG

Mr. Murphy, the MRI showed a lesion near your reticular activating system. A mass on your brain stem.

MURPH

So, let's get it out of there, right?

DR. CHANG

Do you have family here?

(Murph shakes his head)

Okay, I'm gonna tell you straight. If we go in, you'll lose more neurologic function, and you probably won't survive the procedure.

MURPH

What? What's going on?

DR. CHANG

You have a variant of something called Ondine's Disease.

(MORE)

DR. CHANG (CONT'D)  
 It's a condition that disables the  
 body's ability to breathe  
 involuntarily.

MURPH  
 What? When did I... ? What the  
 fuck is this varian thing?

DR. CHANG  
 The CCHS variant -- congenital  
 central hypoventilation syndrome  
 is what the name implies,  
 congenital. From birth. But your  
 mass would indicate severe trauma  
 to the brain stem. Do you recall  
 anything that might have caused  
 something like this?

DR. CHANG (CONT'D)  
 A fall, a blow to the back of the  
 head? You're a police officer,  
 right? Might be work related?

Murph looks away.

MURPH  
 No. I was, um, playing outside with  
 my kids...

INT. RUBY'S PLACE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Murph and Ruby going at it. Murph on top. Ruby writhing,  
 screaming wildly...

MURPH (V.O.)  
 We were horsing around and I  
 stumbled back, hit my head on the  
 cement step in front of my house.  
 Hard.

Ruby fights Murph off, pounding him on his chest 'til he  
 falls back and smacks his head on the wood footboard of the  
 bed. He tumbles down, and he's out cold. Ruby scrambles to  
 his aid.

INT. NEUROLOGY ICU - PRIVATE ROOM - RETURN TO SCENE

DR. CHANG  
 Did you lose consciousness, black  
 out?

MURPH

I think, yeah, maybe for a second or two. Been battling these headaches ever since.

DR. CHANG

What about sleep? Anything irregular before tonight?

MURPH

I wake up. A lot, feel like I'm gonna choke, ya know?

(Chang nods)

So, what, this is gonna happen again?

DR. CHANG

I will speak plainly to you, okay?

(Murph nods, eyes narrowed)

You most likely will suffer massive seizures and cardio-vascular collapse. What happened to you in your car... Like that. Except...

MURPH

Except?

DR. CHANG

Except, worse.

Murph processes for a long moment.

MURPH

So... what do we do?

DR. CHANG

I know this is difficult. There's nothing we can do.

MURPH

What the fuck are you saying? Exactly.

DR. CHANG

We're going to give you an intravenous stimulant to keep you going.

MURPH

Then what, surgery?

Dr. Chang shakes his head slowly.

DR. CHANG

No, not surgery. I'm afraid, maybe tomorrow, maybe two or three days from now, when you fall asleep... you'll --

MURPH

What? Wait. You mean like, "I'll sleep when I'm dead," except the opposite?

DR. CHANG

Yes. You'll fall asleep and not wake up. I'm sorry.

Murph stares back at him in stunned silence.

INT. NEUROLOGY ICU - PRIVATE ROOM - LATER

Murph stares at the cold equipment in the sterile room, at the dark window, at the bare walls closing in on him. He grabs his phone, tabs it once. WE HEAR faint ringing then Andie's outgoing.

MURPH (INTO PHONE)

Andie. Please call me back.  
Please, huh. Need to talk to you.

He waits in silence. Nothing. He drops the phone, pumps his drip violently. The fluid GLUGS, courses down the clear hose that leads to the IV in his arm. His eyes blast -- full open.

INT. NEUROLOGY ICU - HALLWAY - NIGHT

An ALARM sounds at the nurse's station. A NEUROLOGY NURSE looks up, walks towards a door. Murph, fully clothed, emerges from it. He has the drip concealed under his jacket.

NEUROLOGY NURSE

Sir, you can't leave.

He keeps walking. She stands in his way.

NEUROLOGY NURSE (CONT'D)

Detective, I can't let you leave.

MURPH

I'm gonna say this the nicest way  
I can: back the fuck off, lady!



He walks around her. She jogs back to the station, pulls a phone from her apron. Murph ducks into an emergency stairwell.

EXT. MURPHY HOUSE - NIGHT

An Uber SUV slides up to the curb, stops.

INT. MURPHY HOUSE - NIGHT

Andie on the living room sofa, staring at the ceiling, illuminated by a dead blue screen on the TV. An empty glass sits on the table in front of her. Murph appears in the darkness of the doorway, watches her.

MURPH

You been drinking, And?

Andie, startled, twists to him.

ANDIE

Jesus, you scared the shit out of me. What are you doing here?

MURPH

We need to talk.

A DOOR CLOSES OS. Nik enters, carrying two espressos.

NIK

Murph.

MURPH

Little late for a house call, isn't it, partner?

NIK

You asked me to stop by, I did.

MURPH

And stayed for the night?  
(to Andie)  
Do the kids know what's going on?

Andie bows her head.

ANDIE

Whatta you want me to tell them?  
They're going to indict your Daddy  
for murder.

MURPH

What?

Murph turns to Nik.

NIK

DNA just came in. They're on their way to the hospital right now. That's why I'm here.

MURPH

Why didn't you tell me you talked to Gussie, Nik? Before I walked into her trap.

NIK

It's over, Murph.

Murph grabs Nik by the collar and pushes him back over the sofa, sending his face crashing into the edge of an end table. Nik recovers, rises calmly, wiping blood from the side of his chin. He doesn't retaliate.

ANDIE

Owen, go before they come here looking for you. Please.

Emily is standing in the hallway, sobbing softly. Murph turns to her, his world collapsing. He leaves.

INT. NEUROLOGY ICU - NIGHT

An army of Cops, including Gussie and Zizi, are facing off against Dr. Chang and several Neurology Nurses. Gussie is beside herself.

GUSSIE

I don't believe this. You didn't call security?

NEUROLOGY NURSE

I told the charge nurse, Detective. No one told us he was a fugitive!

ZIZI

You let people with brain damage walk out of here? Just like that?

NEUROLOGY NURSE

I tried to stop him.

GUSSIE  
 (to Chang)  
 How bad is he, Doctor?

DR. CHANG  
 Bad.

GUSSIE  
 How long can he make it?

Dr. Chang shrugs, considers.

DR. CHANG  
 How long can he stay awake?

EXT. MURPHY HOUSE - NIGHT

Murph drops his IV drip as he walks down the driveway. Liquid pours out.

MURPH  
 Dammit. Son of a bitch!

He grabs it, stops the flow, then kicks a garbage bin as he hustles into Andie's minivan.

He drives twenty feet, then screeches to a halt. He climbs out with the kids' seats hanging from each hand.

He strides quickly across the lawn, deposits them on the front porch, then returns to the car.

EXT. HANCOCK PARK HOME - NIGHT

A large estate. Murph stands at the doorway amidst bougainvillea and spiraling Italian cypress. He yawns. ARTHUR FLEMING, ESQ. (60s), hair disheveled, opens the door. He studies Murph.

INT. ARTIE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN/STUDY - NIGHT

ARTIE, 60s, in a Hotel Jerome bathrobe, pours coffee. Murph, exhausted, leans over the oak island.

ARTIE  
 What are you doing, Owen?

MURPH  
 I'm sick, Artie. Bad sick.

ARTIE  
What's wrong with you?

MURPH  
My head. Inside. It's serious.

ARTIE  
Talk to me.

MURPH  
Called Ondine's disease. They don't know how to treat it.

ARTIE  
Ondine's Curse?

MURPH  
What, you heard of it?

ARTIE  
Before law. Foreign Lit. Total waste.

Artie motions for Murph to follow. They walk into the STUDY of wall to wall books. A veritable law library. Artie pulls a large text from a shelf.

MURPH  
How's Joy?

ARTIE  
My daughter is happily remarried. Five years now. Doing well, actually.

MURPH  
Tell her, you know, hi.

ARTIE  
I probably won't, Owen. You understand.  
(back to the book)  
Ondine. Yup, yup, memory pills are kickin' in. Here, Baron Friedrich de la Motte Fouqué, 1811. From the German myth.

He turns the book for Murph to read.

ARTIE (CONT'D)  
A water nymph named Ondine trades immortality for a knight who vows eternal love.

(MORE)

ARTIE (CONT'D)

When she catches him banging a farm girl, she casts a spell on him. He sleeps, he dies.

While Murph reads, Artie grabs another book, a Medical Dictionary, thumbs through until he finds what he's looking for. He reads lowly to himself, closes the book before Murph can read it.

ARTIE (CONT'D)

They're sure?

Murph nods gravely. Artie, stunned, devastated, retrieves a bottle of brandy from a shelf, pours himself a glass.

MURPH

Listen, I need your help.

ARTIE

Tell me.

MURPH

I'm in the wind. They're trying to pin a murder rap on me. A girl I was seeing... you know.

ARTIE

Jesus Christ, kid. It's all tumbling down on you, isn't it?

MURPH

I didn't do it, Artie.

ARTIE

Of course you didn't. You're a shit husband, but not a murderer.

MURPH

I'm not going down for this, Artie.

ARTIE

Who caught the case?

MURPH

Gussie Moore. There's a lot of heat but she's still running point.

ARTIE

I'll talk to her. What do you have?

MURPH

I think the shooter's a guy named Emelio Gonzalez. Goes by Gonzo. Deals drugs and women.

(MORE)

MURPH (CONT'D)

We have some history. I pinched him on a one eighty-seven this week. Charge didn't hold. He got out a few hours before Ruby was killed. She used to be one of his girls.

Artie makes notes on the back of an envelope.

ARTIE

Anything else?

MURPH

Soon.

ARTIE

How do I get ahold of you?

MURPH

Call you in the morning.

He downs the rest of his coffee, stands.

ARTIE

I'm sorry, kid. This is a real bad hand.

He leads Murph out into the foyer. Murph grabs the handle on the front door, looks back to Artie, who nods.

INT. MINIVAN - NIGHT

Murph taps the remaining juice out of the drip bag and watches it drain through the hose and into the spike in his arm. Finished, he pulls the IV out of his arm and throws it in back. A drop of blood trickles down to his hand.

EXT. FASHION DISTRICT - NIGHT

The minivan cruises down a seedy section of downtown.

INT. MINIVAN - CONTINUOUS

Murph sips coffee, fights the grip of sleep. He surveys the street. Whores, drug users, a wall of homeless tents and cardboard condos. He steers the minivan into an alley, parks, climbs out.

EXT. DARK STREET - NIGHT

Murph walks past fortified storefronts, spots two Hookers, CHERRY and LOTUS.

CHERRY

A little off course, ain't you detective?

MURPH

What's going on, Cherry?

CHERRY

You know. Rollin' my stroll.

MURPH

Either of you seen Leticia?

LOTUS

Uh-uh, not for a while. She been working MacDaddy Park.

MURPH

What about Jojo?

CHERRY

She in her office.

Murph heads off, down an alley.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

JOJO (33), wild-haired transsexual, looks like she could use a good meal, hands a ball of aluminum foil to a female JUNKIE. The Junkie searches her pockets for cash.

JOJO

C'mon, Sister. Time and tides. I gotta crawl back in my casket, get my beauty sleep.

The Junkie hands her a few gnarled bills.

JOJO (CONT'D)

What's this shit?

Jojo snatches the foil back, drops the money like it's contaminated.

JOJO (CONT'D)

You know where I stay. When you scrounge up the real jack, get with my Executive Assistant.

The Junkie reaches for the foil. Jojo whaps her across the arm. She starts crying, bends to scoop up the money.

MURPH (O.S.)  
Give her the rock, Jojo.

JOJO  
Say what?

Murph steps into the light.

MURPH  
Give it to her!

Jojo hands the Junkie the crack.

JOJO  
What about my money?

Murph gestures with his head for the Junkie to pay up. She does, digging more bills out of her bar, then squeezes into a hole in the building wall.

MURPH  
What else you holding?

JOJO  
Awww, c'mon. This is a victimless crime! Like cheating on your taxes or votin' Republican.

MURPH  
When was the last time you voted or paid taxes? You holding any crank?

Jojo throws up her arms, like, "C'mon." Murph glares at her.

JOJO  
I don't carry that shit. You tweaking?  
(A beat)  
Let me check in the back.

She reaches into her back pocket.

JOJO (CONT'D)  
Nope. Just my Turmeric.

MURPH  
Dump 'em. Your pockets, now!

JOJO  
Why you rainin' on my parade, Murphy?



MURPH  
Everything. On the ground.

Jojo reluctantly complies. She starts emptying her pockets. A regular pharmacy. Not to mention three different cell phones, two of them pink.

MURPH (CONT'D)  
What's that?

Murph points to a small ball of foil. Jojo scoops it up, unwraps it just enough to peek inside.

JOJO  
Where did that come from?

MURPH  
Hand it over. And a cell phone.  
The black one.

JOJO  
My phone? You gonna run up my  
T-Mobile?

MURPH  
You'll get it back in a few days.

JOJO  
You sure ripping me off!

MURPH  
Yup. Consider it bail, without all  
the time in the tank.

Murph pockets the drugs, eyes the black phone closely, goes for a pink instead, walks off. Jojo mutters to herself.

EXT. MACARTHUR PARK - NIGHT

The minivan slowly circles the perimeter, cruises on.

EXT. BUNKER HILL - PARKING STRUCTURE - NIGHT

The minivan parks on one end of the roof. The lights go off.

INT. MINIVAN - CONTINUOUS

Murph drops a small yellow crystal into a glass pipe, lights up. He hesitates, re-evaluating. Finally, he gives in, takes a hit. The rush consumes him instantaneously, knocking him back against the window.

EXT. BUNKER HILL - PARKING STRUCTURE - NIGHT

We PULL OUT from Murph's van and out over downtown. In TIME LAPSE, traffic dissipates, the city goes to sleep.

INT. MURPHY HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Andie, wide awake, sits up in bed, stares at the ALARM CLOCK as it changes from 3:59am to 4:00am. She turns away from it.

INT. MINIVAN - DAWN

Murph, his head against the driver's side window. His eyes open, bloodshot. A thin smile on his face. Now he is tweaking. He squints out at the morning sun.

INT. ARTIE'S OFFICE - DAY

Downtown law firm. Books, degrees, plaques. Gussie and Zizi seated before Artie. Behind him, a view of Los Angeles and the San Gabriels in the distance.

ARTIE

Come on, Detective. I've known the guy since he was a teenager. He's no killer.

GUSSIE

I thought I knew him too.

ARTIE

Did you look into this Gonzo guy?

GUSSIE

We unzipped him and pulled out all the stuffing. Nothing.

ZIZI

Counselor, we have Murphy's DNA.

ARTIE

So he was fucking her.

ZIZI

Under her nails?

ARTIE

You got epithelials?

ZIZI

Matched this morning. And we got a stack of letters to go with 'em.

ARTIE

From Murph?

ZIZI

Response letters from her mother. The girl thought they had a future. She and Murph, that is.

GUSSIE

You're not helping him, are you, Artie?

ARTIE

I haven't been retained, but I will help him if it comes to that.

GUSSIE

Best thing you can do for him, client or not, is tell him to come in.

ARTIE

You know what? He is my client as of right now. How about you show me what you got?

GUSSIE

I'll talk to the D.A.'s office. Let you know.

ARTIE

Do that.

Gussie and Zizi rise to leave. Zizi stops.

ZIZI

Tell your client, the harder he makes this for us, the harder it'll be on him.

INT. MURPHY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Nik, asleep on the sofa. He rolls over, opens one eye. Emily stands there staring at him, her "Hello Kitty" pillow tucked under her arm. She hands him a fat joint.

EMILY  
I think this fell out of your  
pocket.

Nik grabs it, crams it back into his shirt pocket.

NIK  
Thank you, honey. I like your  
kitty pillow.

EMILY  
You can't keep it.

Emily turns and trundles off toward her bedroom.

NIK  
Shit.

EXT. PARKING STRUCTURE - DAY

The lot has filled up. The minivan cruises around, pulls into a spot next to an identical car.

INT. MINIVAN - CONTINUOUS

Murph digs in the console, comes up empty. He slams it shut, moves to the back of the van. He sorts his way through a heap of toys, finds a toolkit behind the spare tire.

INT. PARKING STRUCTURE - DAY

Murph unscrews the minivan's tags. An elderly couple approaches. He slides out of view until they pass, then gets back to work. As he lifts the rear plate off, Jojo's cell erupts with "GOT TO BE REAL." Murph quickly digs it out.

MURPH  
(into phone)  
Out of business. Don't call back.

EXT. PARKING STRUCTURE - DAY

The minivan pulls out of the structure, drives off.

EXT. CALIFORNIA PLAZA WATER COURT - DAY

Sounds from the stepped WATERFALL. Murph takes in the damage from his accident. The railings are taped off, bent out of shape. He places a call on Jojo's cell.

INT. ARTIE'S OFFICE - DAY

Artie, on the phone, gestures for his Secretary to close the door.

ARTIE  
Owen, you need to come in.

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION

MURPH  
What did they say about Gonzo?

ARTIE  
Nothing. They're not looking at him. They're looking at you.

MURPH  
Then you know I can't come in.

ARTIE  
You have to see a doctor.  
When was the last time you slept?

MURPH  
I don't know. Couple days now.

ARTIE  
Let me help you.

MURPH  
No, I don't want this stink on you.

ARTIE  
I'll put everything into this. You have my word, son.

MURPH  
It's too late, Artie.

ARTIE  
No it's not. Don't make this worse than it is. Meet me for lunch.

Murph stares off.

INT. MURPHY HOUSE - DAY

Andie and Nik, weary from a long sleepless night, saying their goodbyes at the front door.

ANDIE

Thank you. It means a lot to me  
that you're here, Nik.

NIK

You gonna be okay?

ANDIE

Probably not.

NIK

How you getting to class?

ANDIE

Having a rental delivered.

NIK

All right. Call me if you need  
anything.

Andie nods. Nik kisses her on the cheek, leaves.

INT. GUSSIE'S OFFICE - DAY

Nik pokes his head in the door. Gussie is sitting on the  
edge of her desk, watching the local news.

NIK

They have it yet?

GUSSIE

Soon.

NIK

You wanted to see me?

GUSSIE

Have a seat.

Nik closes the door, sits on the couch.

GUSSIE (CONT'D)

You interested in adding another  
chevron to your uniform, Detective?

NIK

That's the goal.

Gussie mutes the television, turns to him.

GUSSIE

You think I made this rank because  
I'm a black woman, Sharma?

(MORE)

GUSSIE (CONT'D)

(a beat)

It's okay. I've heard it before.

NIK

Not from me.

GUSSIE

Well, there's no curry quota up here either. Just performance.

And team play.

(eyeballs him)

Are you a team player, Detective?

NIK

Absolutely.

GUSSIE

Good. Where's Murphy?

Nik's expression changes.

GUSSIE (CONT'D)

I know you know. You're his partner.

NIK

I'm also a cop.

Nik rises, opens the door.

GUSSIE

That's right. Just don't lose sight of the big picture, Detective.

Nik exits.

INT. SIESTA CAFE - DAY

Dim Mexican restaurant. Mid-afternoon calm. Murph and Artie sit in a corner booth, reviewing files. Murph's food remains untouched. A young WAITRESS, pretty, long braided hair, warms up his coffee.

WAITRESS

You don't like?

MURPH

No. It's muy bueno. Thanks.

Murph pores over the contents of the Ruby Alfonseca file. A photo of the victim in situ. He jots notes on the folder, pulls out another photo. Ruby's face, half destroyed.

MURPH (CONT'D)

This is all they gave you? There's nothing here. Just the initial report and the autopsy protocol.

ARTIE

We were lucky to get it this fast.

MURPH

I need to book.

Artie sips his coffee.

ARTIE

How's your wife holding up?

MURPH

She won't talk to me.

ARTIE

That's tough, kid.

MURPH

Haven't told her about the medical thing yet.

ARTIE

Jesus, son. Don't you think she has a right to know?

MURPH

Why, just to add more shit to the pile?

ARTIE

Maybe let her be the judge of that.

MURPH

She'll find out soon enough.

ARTIE

I could talk to her for you.

Murph turns another page in the file.

MURPH

You want to do something for my wife, help me crack this.

ARTIE

Listen to me. As your attorney... as your former father-in-law, and as your friend --



MURPH

Artie. I gotta do this.

Artie stares at him a long beat, then stands. He puts his hand on Murph's shoulder, then disappears out the door.

Murph turns his attention back to the evidence sheet. "1 GSW, slug recovered. No casings found at scene." "Excessive force indicates possible passion kill -- victim knew perp."

He looks up at the Waitress. She is smiling at him flirtatiously. He smiles back thinly, looks back at the file. The autopsy protocol. He runs his finger down to "Stomach Contents," stops abruptly.

EXT. SUB SANDWICH SHOP - DAY

On a downtown street, lots of foot traffic. Max emerges, toting his lunch. He stands at the intersection, waiting to cross. A man in a lowered Dodgers cap approaches from behind.

VOICE (O.S.)

Spare change, mister?

Max threatens him with his wrapped sandwich.

MAX

Fuck off. Get a job!

MURPH

Max Trujillo. Ever the humanitarian.

Max recognizes the voice, takes a closer look.

MAX

Murphy?

They step into the crosswalk together but Murph keeps his distance.

MURPH

Keep walking, ahead of me.

MAX

You okay? What's going on?

MURPH

I need some help.

MAX

Dude, you're a fugitive.

MURPH  
What's polyethylene glycol?

Max shakes his head, stops.

MAX  
It's a laxative.

MURPH  
Why was it in Ruby Alfonseca's  
system?

MAX  
Not enough fruits and vegetables?  
How did you get the protocol?

The light changes, leaving them alone in the middle of the street. A HORN sounds. Max flips the driver off, starts walking again.

MURPH  
Don't worry about that. Can you  
help me?

They're on the sidewalk now, and people weave around them.

MAX  
Help you. C'mon, what the fuck do  
I know?

MURPH  
Did you find anything else in her  
system?

MAX  
Like what?

MURPH  
Like heroin. Or fentanyl.

MAX  
Thought you had the report.

MURPH  
Not the tox.

MAX  
Sorry, I gotta go, Murph.

Max walks off quickly.

EXT. ZUMA BEACH - SUNSET

Murph sits on a rock above the beach with the case file. He is reading copies of Ruby's letters from her mother. There are butterflies added in different color ink in the corners. He sets the letters aside, stares out over the Pacific.

He pulls out his phone, tabs it.

MURPH

Hi, it's me.

INT. CHICAGO APARTMENT - NIGHT

High-rise. LILLIAN MURPHY (late 60s), phone to her ear, stands with a martini and cigarette in hand before her panoramic view of the city and lake.

LILLIAN

Someone called for you. From the police department.

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION

MURPH

What did they want?

LILLIAN

Looking for you. I told them I hadn't heard from you in a while. But that wasn't so unusual.

MURPH

How are you, Mom?

LILLIAN

Oh, you know. Nothing works the way it's supposed to. The air conditioning. The stupid wifi. My legs.

MURPH

Yeah. Listen, I might be sick.

LILLIAN

Did you see a doctor?

MURPH

Yes, Mom. I did.

LILLIAN

I got rid of Dr. Johansson. Did I tell you that?

MURPH  
 (losing it)  
 Uh-huh.

LILLIAN  
 I'm seeing a new guy now. Supposed  
 to be top notch. Of course he  
 makes you wait like you're a peon.

Lillian's doorbell RINGS.

LILLIAN (CONT'D)  
 Oh, Vincent's here. We're having a  
 night on the town. He's taking me  
 to the ballet this weekend too.  
 That's something your father would  
 never have done.

MURPH  
 Mom.

LILLIAN  
 I better go, Owen. I don't want to  
 keep him waiting.

MURPH  
 Yeah. Okay. So long.

CLICK. He hesitates, tabs off his phone, watches the sun  
 touch the water.

EXT. THE STARLITE - NIGHT

Upscale Westside strip joint. Lot nearly full of cars. The  
 minivan parked amidst them.

INT. MINIVAN - CONTINUOUS

Murph, watching the building, sucks on his glass pipe. The  
 meth rock inside glows as he draws from it. His eyes roll  
 back.

EXT. THE STARLITE - AROUND BACK - NIGHT

A makeshift smoking area where a Black Dancer in a satin  
 cover-up finishes a cigarette and stubs it out in a concrete  
 ashtray. She walks to a wedged-open exit door, steps inside.

The door closes slowly behind her. It's nearly shut when  
 Murph catches it.

INT. THE STARLITE - DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

HOUSE MUSIC in the b.g. JASMINE (25), sexy, enters, sits down at the makeup counter. Music thumps in the bg. She pulls out her dark red lipliner, leans closer to the mirror, spots Murph's reflection. She wheels, frightened.

MURPH

Hi, Jaz.

She bolts for the door. Murph, shaking visibly, catches her by the arm.

MURPH (CONT'D)

Relax.

She looks up at him, terrified.

MURPH (CONT'D)

You know I didn't hurt Ruby.

JASMINE

What do you want?

MURPH

Information.

JASMINE

Aw, shit, please don't do this to me. Anyone sees you here --

MURPH

No one's gonna see me. Talk.

JASMINE

I already talked to the cops.

MURPH

Did you tell them she was muling fairy dust and fentanyl for Gonzo?

JASMINE

No, no, no, she quit that shit.

MURPH

Jasmine, stop fucking with me. I don't have time.

She looks around the room, makes sure they're alone.

JASMINE

She told me someone was makin' threats.

MURPH  
Who? Gonzo?

JASMINE  
I don't know. But she was scared  
about it. Like, for real scared.

MURPH  
So he was threatening her.

JASMINE  
I would say from her level of  
scared, yeah.

She pulls out a cigarette, tries to light it. Her hands are  
shaking now too.

JASMINE (CONT'D)  
Shit.

She finally gets the thing going. She takes a long drag.

JASMINE (CONT'D)  
All she wanted to do was send money  
home. That's all. It's not fair.

MURPH  
So, she was making runs again. For  
Gonzo. Did you tell the cops this?

Jasmine stares at him.

JASMINE  
Fuck the cops. Fuck you, too,  
Murphy.

She steps on her cigarette and walks out.

EXT. STRIPMALL - NIGHT

A SoCal stripmall. The minivan is parked in front of a  
mattress store. Murph wipes his face with a paper napkin. He  
tabs Jojo's phone, stares at a pillowtop bed in the window.

INT. MURPHY HOUSE - NIGHT

Erin runs to the phone in the kitchen.

ERIN  
I got it!  
(picks up)  
Murphy residence.

INTERCUT MURPH ON THE PINK PHONE

MURPH  
Hiya, baby.

ERIN  
Daddy? Where are you?  
(calls out)  
Mommy, it's Daddy!

Andie's at the sink. She looks over at Erin.

ANDIE  
Honey, tell your daddy...

ERIN  
Tell him what?

ANDIE  
Erin, tell him you have to go.

She shoots Erin a serious look.

ERIN  
Mommy says I have to go. Love you,  
Daddy.

MURPH  
Listen, listen, listen. Don't hang  
up...  
(a click)  
Honey?

He smacks the phone into his forehead, takes a deep breath,  
tabs more numbers, waits.

ID RECEPTION (PHONE)  
Detective Services.

MURPH  
I need a twenty on a John Q.

ID RECEPTION (PHONE)  
Name and Badge.

MURPH  
(after a moment)  
Sharma, Nik. 3-4-5-3.

ID RECEPTION (PHONE)  
What are you giving me?

MURPH  
Name, Emelio Gonzalez. Released  
from custody on Monday or Tuesday.

INT./EXT. MINIVAN/DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

Murph drives. He's fighting through the meth high, trying to maintain steady motor function. The minivan blows a red light, causes a Boxster to spin out. The BOXSTER DRIVER, looks back at the minivan, which continues on.

BOXSTER DRIVER  
Motherfucker.

The Boxster takes off after the minivan, gets jammed up in traffic. The Driver waves people out of the way, HONKS his horn. He swerves into a turn lane and blows a fresh light himself.

A MOTORCYCLE COP approaching from the other direction turns after him, lights flashing, SIREN BLARING.

Murph spots the Cop in his rearview, puts his foot on the gas. The Boxster follows suit. They swerve through more traffic.

The motorcycle pulls up alongside the Boxster.

MOTORCYCLE COP (LOUDSPEAKER)  
Pull over.

The Boxster Driver throws his arms up, pulls over, and jumps out of his car.

MOTORCYCLE COP (CONT'D)  
Get back in the car!

Murph watches this in his rearview mirror. He turns a corner and disappears down the street.

EXT. EAST LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

A well-kept home in the barrio. Murph, a 3-ft. length of reinforcement rod in hand, walks furtively along the side of the house. He peers through windows, sees no life inside.

AROUND BACK

A beat-up Camaro is parked under a corrugated tin roof. Murph touches the hood. Cold. He climbs onto the porch, knocks on the door. Nothing. He uses the rod to pop the lock free.



INT. GONZO'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A huge TV flickers with late-night Telemundo. A hot chick shakes her half-exposed tits.

Paco is out cold on a corduroy sofa. On the coffee table before him, empty bottles of beer, drug paraphernalia. The VOLUME on the television rises steadily until it stirs Paco. He opens his eyes, looks around.

Murph is watching TV on the couch beside him, holding the remote and tapping the reinforcement rod on his foot.

PACO

Christ, man, what the fuck you doing here?

MURPH

Where's your boyfriend?

PACO

You're crazy, man. Gonzo finds you in here, he gonna kill us.

MURPH

When's he coming home?

PACO

I don't know, man. I don't run his schedule.

Murph stands up.

MURPH

Let's watch something else. You like baseball, Paco?

PACO

What?

Murph draws the rod back like a bat, smashes it into the television. Glass shatters, sparks fly. LAUGHTER from the Telemundo show continues. Murph braces himself on the television, exhausted by this energy expenditure.

MURPH

Why did Gonzo take out Ruby?

PACO

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

MURPH  
Paco, I'm very tired.

PACO  
Huh? Who the fuck is Ruby?

Murph raises the rod. Paco protects his head. Murph brings it down on the glass coffee table, SMASHING it.

PACO (CONT'D)  
You can't come in here and bust  
shit up, man! You're a cop!

MURPH  
Where-is-Gonzo. Last chance.

He raises the re-in rod.

PACO  
Come on, man.

MURPH  
You got three seconds before I  
mistake your head for a piñata,  
ese.

PACO  
What the fuck? You're sick, man.  
(covers up)  
I don't know where he is. I swear.  
He ain't been here for days.

MURPH  
Not good enough, pendejo.

Murph moves in closer, rod ready to drop.

PACO  
Wait, man. I know shit about Ruby.

MURPH  
What? Whadda you know?

PACO  
She was carrying for him.

MURPH  
Old news. What else?

PACO  
He had a thing for her, man. She  
tried to stop doin' his shit, he  
wouldn't let her.

MURPH

What do you mean he had a thing for her?

PACO

He was soft on the bitch, man. They were like together.

MURPH

You're lying.

PACO

From way back, man. From their Los Mochis days. I swear.

MURPH

Why'd he kill her?

PACO

I don't know how she got dead, man.

Murph lifts the rod higher. Paco curls up into a ball.

PACO (CONT'D)

I swear!!

Murph's barely able to hold the rod over his head.

MURPH

Tell Gonzo I'm coming for him. MAN.

When Paco unfurls, Murph is gone.

INT. MINIVAN - NIGHT

Murph drives, his eyes stretched wide, riveted on the road ahead. He mumbles to himself, then pulls a photo from the visor. The girls in a Finding Nemo photo-setting.

MURPH

(sotto)

Just keep swimming.

INT. BODEGA - NIGHT

Murph enters through a back door, walks up to the Bartender. The reinforcement rod by his side, his trembling makes him a menacing presence.

MURPH

Where's Gonzo?

BARTENDER  
No hablo Inglés.

Murph sweeps the rod across the bar, sending everything atop it flying.

BARTENDER (CONT'D)  
I ain't seen him, okay. Shit.

MURPH  
Who has?

BARTENDER  
I look like his P.O.?

MURPH  
I'm going upstairs.

BARTENDER  
Be my guest, Officer Badass.

Murph eyes the stairs. He starts to take a step up, using the handrail to steady himself. But he spins and falls down on his ass.

The Bartender laughs.

BARTENDER (CONT'D)  
Yeah, stairs can be tricky.

Murph pushes himself up, takes the rod, flips it into a Corona clock.

MURPH  
Fuck!

He exits the bodega.

The Bartender looks to the restroom door, where a man wearing a black fedora steps out. It's Gonzo, toking on a cigar.

GONZO  
Bien hecho, Miguel.

He drops some ashes into the palm of his hand, strolls over to a dark corner table, sits down.

EXT. LAUNDROMAT - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

Downtown Los Angeles. Street a sea of homeless encampments.

INT. LAUNDROMAT - CONTINUOUS

Bright fluorescents BUZZ overhead. The place is empty. Murph, his eyes toasted, sits on a chair, his head pressed against a dryer window. A lone sock spins inside it.

When the cycle comes to an end, Murph drops more quarters in, keeps the wheel turning.

EXT. RIORDAN CENTRAL LIBRARY - DAY

LA Public Library mothership surrounded by corporate towers.

INT. LIBRARY - COMPUTER AREA - CONTINUOUS

Murph, biding time, browses the web on a public computer. He is researching Ondine's Curse.

Catch phrases appear on-screen. "Congenital Central Hypoventilation Syndrome," "Hirschsprung Disease," "Idiopathic Central Alveolar Hypoventilation." Finally, highlighted: "No known cure."

Exhausted, rubbing his eyes, Murphy pushes back from the workstation.

INT. LIBRARY - ATRIUM - DAY

Columns, railings, twelve-foot aluminum light sculptures. Murph is on the top floor, looking down into the cavern of escalators. He watches Nik ride up. No one following him.

Murph moves to a bench in a corner, sits, leans back against the wall. Nik gets off the escalator, walks over.

MURPH  
How's my family?

NIK  
Okay.

Murph fidgets nervously. He twists his wedding band over and over again.

NIK (CONT'D)  
Are you on something?

MURPH  
Just high on life, Nik.  
(a beat)  
(MORE)

MURPH (CONT'D)

Of course I'm on something. How do you think I'm staying awake?

NIK

What are you talking about?

MURPH

Forget it. I need your help, partner.

NIK

They're all eyes on me now.

MURPH

You got a tail?

NIK

No. But Gussie's on it. They've got a real hard-on against you.

MURPH

It's bullshit, Nik. It was Gonzo. Payback.

NIK

They checked him out. He's alibied up.

Murph rubs his head.

MURPH

There's more to the story. Ruby. Gonzo was fucking her.

NIK

So were you.

MURPH

She was running drugs for him. I knew about it. It's how I met her. I thought I got her out.

NIK

C'mon, Murph.

MURPH

No, listen. The polyethylene glycol in her system. You'll find it in Maria's too. Gonzo uses it to flush all his mules.

NIK

So, why would he take her out?

MURPH

Because she was... with me. That macho "my woman" crap.

NIK

And you think he set you up. A cop. For what, jealousy?

MURPH

I need the crime book, Nik. And the protocol on Maria.

NIK

I can't do it.

MURPH

Why not?

NIK

Because it's crazy. And like I told you, Gonzo has an alibi. You don't.

MURPH

You think I did this.

Nik stares back at him blankly. Stung, Murph walks away as quickly as his tired legs will carry him.

INT. LIBRARY PARKING STRUCTURE - DAY

Murph climbs into his car, pulls a flyer off the windshield. The Watchtower. "Come meet Jehovah..." He crumples it up, throws it on the floor. He pulls out, drives off.

EXT. MACARTHUR PARK - DAY

The minivan cruises the perimeter.

INT. MINIVAN - DAY

The van is parked in an alley. Murph takes the last bit of his crank out of the foil. He bites it in half, folds the rest back in. He smokes, lets the familiar buzz infuse him. He watches a stray dog struggle to dig out dumpster scraps.

INT. CENTRAL COMMUNITY POLICE CENTER - RHD - DAY

Gussie, Zizi, Truesdale, another Suit at a conference table.

GUSSIE

It doesn't add up. Why's he  
wasting his last hours on this?

TRUESDALE

Maybe he's on to something. Could  
be it is motive for Gonzalez.

ZIZI

Don't insult my intelligence. For  
one, Gonzo's alibi checks out, for  
two, this wasn't a hit and we all  
know it. If anything, this goes to  
Murphy's motive. He was putting it  
to a felon. His family's in the  
shitter, just like his job.

Truesdale shrugs.

GUSSIE

Well, at this point, we don't even  
know if he's still alive.

Gussie looks in the corner. We PULL BACK, revealing Nik,  
participating from a distance, elbows on his knees, eyes to  
the floor.

ZIZI

What're we at? Five, six days?

Nik looks up.

NIK

Still alive? What the fuck are you  
guys talking about?

INT. MINIVAN - DAY

Murph slouches low in his seat, reads the crumpled Jehovah's  
Witness flier. His eyes begin to close.

The flier falls from his hands to his lap. His head's dipping  
that way, too. He's almost out when his cell phone plays  
"GOT TO BE REAL."

Murph's eyes open. Disoriented, he grabs the cell, tabs it.

MURPH

Yeah. Max.



INT. CRIME LAB - DAY

Max is huddled at a phone.

MAX  
I can't do it.

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION

MURPH  
You have the files?

MAX  
Yes, but it's too risky.

Murph pinches the bridge of his nose, tries to focus.

MAX (CONT'D)  
There's eyes everywhere, buddy.  
Don't push this.

A beat, as it sinks in for Murph.

MURPH  
Who got to you?

MAX  
Well, for one, your partner.

MURPH  
Max, I got kids. They're gonna  
grow up thinking their dad was one  
of the bad guys. I need you to  
come through here.

MAX  
Sorry, pal. I just can't.

MURPH  
Max, I know you'll think about it,  
and you'll do it. Because you know  
it's right, huh? I'll be on the  
corner of Mission and Alvarado  
tonight, seven-thirty.

Murph tabs Jojo's phone off. He pulls out his meth but drops the last rock on the floor. Disgusted, He bends over, runs his hand all over the mat at his feet. He picks up tiny bits of trash, examines them. He can barely lift his arm.

He GROANS as he lifts his feet and still finds nothing but garbage. Finally, he looks under his shoe; the last rock is ground into its sole.

EXT. MURPHY HOUSE - DAY

Erin and Andie pick roses. Emily takes the flowers and lays them gently in a wicker basket.

A black Caprice slides by. Andie's eyes follow it.

ANDIE

Careful of the thorns, Em.

Andie stops picking and slowly turns. She senses something. She gathers the girls up and they walk into the house.

Murph steps out from behind a stone wall marking the neighborhood perimeter. He walks away.

INT. OUT OF THE CLOSET - DUSK

Thrift store. Murph hands cash to a male checker, who eyes him carefully as he sorts through the crumpled bills. Murph gathers his bag and drags himself out.

EXT. GAS STATION - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Murph, thrift store bag in tow, waits until a Fat Trucker pushes his way out, then steps inside.

INT. GAS STATION BATHROOM - NIGHT

Murph, shirt off, uses paper towel to clean his armpits. He runs his hands under water, pushes his hair back, retrieves a white shirt from the thrift store bag. He pulls it on, glances down, and spots a small aspirin bottle in the trash.

EXT. MISSION & ALVARADO - NIGHT

Max, carrying a folder, walks slowly along the crowded street. An unmarked car follows cautiously.

INT. UNMARKED CAR - CONTINUOUS

Gussie rides shotgun, Zizi drives. Gussie is on a rover.

GUSSIE

Any sign of him?

ROVER VOICE

Negative.

ROVER VOICE 2  
Nothing on my end.

She looks out the window, up to a roofline where a TACTICAL OFFICER with NVGs is stationed.

EXT. MISSION & ALVARADO - CONTINUOUS

Max glances around nervously. He slows and stops, looks up at the street signs. He's in the right place. He turns around.

MAX  
(into his jacket)  
I don't see him.

INT. UNMARKED CAR - CONTINUOUS

GUSSIE  
(into her rover)  
Stay alert, people. He's here somewhere.

ZIZI  
(eyes pedestrians)  
Too many people.

GUSSIE  
Sorenson, check in.

T.O.'S NIGHT VISION VIEW:

Scanning the people below again, landing on Max, on the corner, fidgeting.

TACTICAL OFFICER  
Still nothing.

GUSSIE  
Do we have the phone yet?

ROVER VOICE 3  
Another minute. Subpoena just came through.

EXT. MISSION & ALVARADO - CONTINUOUS

Max looks up at the building behind him. A banner stretches across the facade: "Come Meet Jehovah." A well dressed man approaches --

JEHOVAH'S WITNESS

Hello, friend.

Max turns away.

INT. CRIME LAB - NIGHT

Murph, shirt and tie on, walks into the lab with a small cooler. He wipes sweat off his brow as a young TECH with a thick crewcut turns to him.

TECH

Can I help you?

Murph flashes an ID.

MURPH

I need you to check something out for me.

Murph opens the box. The Tech walks over.

TECH

What'cha got?

MURPH

Stay very still.

Murph removes the aspirin bottle from the box, holds it on top of the Tech's head. The Tech freezes, looks at him like he's crazy.

TECH

Is this a joke?

MURPH

Do-not-move.

TECH

Why? What's in the bottle?

Murph, sure the bottle is steady, removes his hand.

MURPH

Ricin.

TECH  
No it's not. Very funny.

Murph removes a gas mask from the cooler.

MURPH  
(donning the mask)

Yeah, I'm just kidding.  
(muffled)  
I'm not sure about the top on that  
thing. So, be careful. Is your  
hand shaking?

Murph walks into

MAX'S OFFICE

He jimmys a cabinet, rifles through files.

In the b.g., the Tech inches his hand up to his head.

Murph taps on the window, waves his finger.

The Tech freezes again.

Murph finds what he's looking for, grabs a set of files,  
stuffs them into the box.

CRIME LAB

On his way out --

MURPH (CONT'D)  
Let me know how it goes.

EXT. MISSION & ALVARADO - NIGHT

Max walks back to Gussie's car, leans in.

MAX  
Guess he made you guys.

Gussie eyeballs him.

GUSSIE  
We got his phone. Get in.

EXT. DOWNTOWN - NIGHT

Patrol cars storm the County Courthouse. Uniformed cops pile out, approach the main entrance, weapons drawn. A Homeless Man stirs from his corner, terrified.

"GOT TO BE REAL" sounds. Everyone turns to a statue. The Scales of Justice.

A COP walks over to it, finds Jojo's cell phone lit up on one of the scales. He slides the green arrow, looks around.

COP

Hello?

INT. UNMARKED CAR - NIGHT

The rover BEEPS. Gussie snatches it, tabs it.

COP (ROVER)

We found the phone right where he left it for us.

GUSSIE

Son-of-a-bitch. He deeked us.

She tabs the rover again.

GUSSIE (CONT'D)

Four-King-Niner-Zulu to Central K.

DISPATCH (ROVER)

Go for Central.

GUSSIE

Possible four-fifty-nine at the S-I-D Crime Lab. Repeat, four-fifty-nine at the S-I-D Crime Lab. Request immediate lockdown.

INT. ARTIE'S HOUSE - DEN - NIGHT

Murph sits on a leather sofa, sipping coffee, sorting through files. Crime scene report: "Det. Nikhil Sharma, Central Vice, identifies victim as Ruby Alfonseca."

SWISH TO: "Det. Sharma indicates a sexual relationship existed between his partner, Det. Owen Murphy, and victim."

Murph cycles through more files, reports. We SWISH from one to the next, Nikhil Sharma, Nikhil Sharma, Nikhil Sharma...

His name is everywhere. Murph looks up, his hands trembling as they run through his hair. He MOANS in angst.

Artie enters.

MURPH  
God dammit!

ARTIE  
What?

MURPH  
He set me up.

Artie sits down beside him.

ARTIE  
Who did?

MURPH  
My partner.

ARTIE  
Nik? Come on.

Murph looks up at Artie, his eyes crazy. Artie lifts the coffee cup from the table.

ARTIE (CONT'D)  
I'm gonna freshen this up for you.

Murph's eyes follow Artie out.

INT. ARTIE HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Artie is at the phone, speaking in a low voice.

ARTIE  
No, I will not hold.

OS, a door SLAMS.

Artie wheels, drops the phone, dashes for the den. Murph and his files are gone.

ARTIE (CONT'D)  
Fuck me.

EXT. DESOLATE STREET - NIGHT

Not one street light operational. The inside of the minivan illuminated by its dim courtesy light. Murph studying files.

EXT. EMPIRE COMMUNITY COLLEGE - NIGHT

Andie walks out of the building, climbs into a rental car.

INT. RENTAL CAR - NIGHT

Andie stops at an intersection, proceeds through it.

MURPH (O.S.)  
I need to talk to you.

Andie freaks, pulls the car over to the curb, which she hits. After a moment, they both collect themselves.

ANDIE  
God, Owen, why didn't you tell me?

She eyes him in the rearview. He's hunkered down, looks like hell.

MURPH  
I tried.

ANDIE  
You tried? You should have tried harder.

MURPH  
Drive. They're probably close.

ANDIE STARES STRAIGHT AHEAD, HANDS  
FROZEN ON THE WHEEL.

MURPH  
Jesus, Andie. Please. Let's go!

ANDIE  
Where?

MURPH  
Anywhere.

Andie cheats a look back at him, pulls the car into traffic. Murph's face has changed. It's drawn, devoid of any color.

MURPH (CONT'D)  
How are the kids holding up?

ANDIE  
They're afraid. I'm afraid.



MURPH

Andie, I didn't kill her. I'm being set up. I'm sorry for everything. I really am.

ANDIE

Owen, are you really dying?

MURPH

What's Nik been telling you?

ANDIE

Nik? Nothing. He's just being supportive.

MURPH

I know it sounds like... I don't know, but Nik, he's not who you think he is.

ANDIE

Owen, I'm taking you to the hospital right now.

MURPH

Listen to me.

ANDIE

No, you listen. Nik's a good person. Better than you or me. Don't you dare put any of this on him. I won't let you.

MURPH

Okay, I see how it is.

ANDIE

No, you don't. Dammit, Owen. All I'm saying is that Nik's been there for me. Every step of the way.

Murph pulls back.

MURPH

Okay, babe.

ANDIE

He's my friend, too.

MURPH

Shit, shit, shit. You're fucking him, aren't you?

ANDIE

Don't you dare ask me that.

MURPH

Okay. You're right. It's my fault. I was a shit husband. But, Andie, he's involved with this murder somehow.

ANDIE

How can you say that?

MURPH

He's been lying to me from the start. He's all over the investigation.

ANDIE

Owen, what possible reason would --

MURPH

Pull over.

ANDIE

I'm taking you to the hospital.

MURPH

No, pull over right here.

She pauses, then complies, defeated. He reaches for her hand as he climbs out the door. Before he climbs out, he touches her hair softly.

MURPH (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry, honey.

ANDIE

So am I.

He pushes the door open and steps out into the dark night.

On the verge of tears, Andie watches him briskly walk away.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Murph uses a piece of wire and a small screwdriver to pick a lock. He inserts the screwdriver as a tension wrench, looking around cautiously, then uses the pick device to lift the pins. He's done this before.

INT. NIK'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Murph finds a small light near the sofa. He turns it on, dims it with a kitchen towel. He flips the deadbolt closed, moves quickly into the

BEDROOM

He rifles through dresser drawers, finds a photo of Nik with Andie. Her hair's shorter. They're celebrating with soft drinks. Others crowd around them.

Murph puts it back where it was. He continues sifting through Nik's possessions, looking for any piece of evidence.

He moves past a sliding door, the balcony, and opens a closet. He pulls on the light. Shoes, clothes, the usual stuff. He spots some boxes on the shelf, a black plastic case. He reaches for it, opens it. A Glock 17.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Nik, two gallons of water in hand, struggles to remove his keys from his pocket.

INT. NIK'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Murph, still in the closet, turns to the SOUND OF THE DOOR OPENING. He kills the light.

NIK (O.S.)  
Who's there?

Murph heads for the balcony, slides the door open.

NIK (CONT'D)  
Police! Don't move!

Nik, in the doorway with his .38. He flips the lights on, sees Murph, on the balcony, the Glock trained back on him.

NIK (CONT'D)  
What are you doing, Murph? Put the gun down.

MURPH  
You're not going to get away with this.

NIK  
I won't ask you again. Drop the gun.

Murph makes a move. Nik FIRES a shot. The door shatters, sending glass everywhere. Nik races onto the balcony, reaches back inside to turn on a light.

Murph is sprawled on the ground below.

Nik holsters his .38.

EXT. NIK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Nik runs out to the back yard. Murph is gone.

Nik wipes his finger on the grass where Murph fell. Blood.

INT. MINIVAN - NIGHT

Murph, speeding dangerously down the 101, tears off his shirt. He holds the wheel with his knees, examines the shard of glass protruding from his torso. He removes it, winces from the pain. Blood oozes out.

EXT. VENTURA FREEWAY - MINIVAN - CONTINUOUS

The minivan careens across three lanes, regains control. Cars swerve out of the way.

INT. RITE AID - NIGHT

Murph, in an overcoat, cases the store. He slips a bottle of peroxide into a pocket and heads for the exit.

A SECURITY GUARD, big black guy, eyes him.

SECURITY GUARD  
Nothing for you tonight?

Murph glances up at him quickly.

Murph's POV - A GIANT CLOWNFISH, gills extended, in uniform.

Murph shakes his head, trying to jostle his brain back into place. Disturbed, he hurries past the guard.

MURPH  
left my wallet in the car.

The Guard, back to normal, nods suspiciously.

INT. MINIVAN - NIGHT

Murph, sweating profusely, pours peroxide over his wound. He cringes, tries not to pass out. He grabs gauze from a stash of medical supplies on the passenger seat, dresses his wound. He uses his teeth to cut the adhesive tape.

Murph falls back into his seat, exhausted. His eyes begin to close. He wants so badly to sleep. He starts the ENGINE.

EXT. INTERSTATE 5 - NIGHT

The minivan cruises slowly down the freeway. A CHP UNIT pulls out from under a bridge, tucks in behind it.

INT. CHP UNIT - CONTINUOUS

The PATROLMAN checks his screen, keys his radio.

PATROLMAN

Three-seven-Adam, southbound five,  
in pursuit of stolen white Plymouth  
Voyager, license plate Six-Julia-  
Papa-India-Five-Niner-Niner,  
request backup.

DISPATCH (O.S.)

Ten-four, Adam. Proceed with  
caution, suspect armed and  
dangerous. Repeat, suspect armed  
and dangerous.

EXT. INTERSTATE 5 - NIGHT

A CHOPPER and a phalanx of CHP units, lightbars ablaze, trail the minivan as it cruises along the freeway. Cars pull off to the side of the road, clearing a path.

UP AHEAD

Officers stand on the shoulder and median. They toss a spike-strip into the minivan's path.

The minivan, under the Chopper's spotlight, rolls over it. Its two right tires BLOW OUT, sending it to a smoking stop on the shoulder.

Cruisers descend upon it. Officers, weapons drawn, use their cars as shields.

CHP OFFICER (OVER LOUDSPEAKER)  
 Hands! I want to see hands now!  
 Out the driver's side window!

The minivan's side door rolls open, releasing the dulcet tones of the Dinah Shore singing "SLEEPY LAGOON" and a seemingly endless procession of ELDERLY PEOPLE with their hands in the air.

EXT. MACARTHUR PARK - NIGHT

Seventh and Alvarado. Crack whore Leticia climbs out of a white Taurus. She adjusts her miniskirt, struts away, swinging a small sequined purse.

Murph pulls out of a parking spot, follows her. After several paces, she notices the minivan crawling next to her. She stops, leans into it. The passenger window rolls down.

LETICIA  
 You wanna party, baby?

INT. MINIVAN - CONTINUOUS

Murph, face hidden in scruff and darkness, nods.

MURPH  
 How much?

LETICIA  
 Depends on what you want.

MURPH  
 Half and half.

LETICIA  
 You a pimp?

MURPH  
 Do I look like a pimp?

She checks out his ride, flashes a gap-toothed smile.

LETICIA  
 If you is, damn recession hit you.  
 Two bills, Papi.

MURPH  
 Buck fifty.

Leticia opens the door, climbs in.

EXT. ABANDONED TENEMENT - NIGHT

The minivan pulls up behind a mountain of trash.

INT. MINIVAN - NIGHT

Leticia wipes off her lipstick.

LETICIA  
Show me the money, honey.

She pulls out a condom, sticks it in her mouth. Murph grabs her arm, leans in close to her.

MURPH  
Leticia.

She looks closer, spits the condom out. Murphy's barely recognizable now.

LETICIA  
What the hell happened to you?

MURPH  
Bad night. Did my partner get with you?

LETICIA  
'Bout what?

MURPH  
Shit. Never mind. Call Gonzo.

LETICIA  
Uh-uh. I ain't crazy.

MURPH  
I'm taking him down, kid. It's over.

She pauses too long.

MURPH (CONT'D)  
CALL HIM, GODAMMIT!

Startled, Leticia backs away.

LETICIA  
What I'm supposed to say?

MURPH  
Tell him your john ripped you off so you took his keys.

She hesitates.

MURPH (CONT'D)  
 Woman, come back to planet Earth  
 for one second. You know what he  
 did to Maria. You wanna be next?

EXT. ABANDONED TENEMENT - NIGHT

The Escalade slows to a dusty stop. Gonzo climbs out, flicks away a cigarette. He walks up to the side of the minivan, pulls open the door, looks inside. Empty.

GONZO  
 Dumbass puta!

He turns, just in time to get pistol-whipped by Murph. He goes down in a heap. Murph removes a gun stuffed into the back of Gonzo's pants, then kicks him for good measure. When Gonzo tries to move, Murph kicks him again.

GONZO (CONT'D)  
 Fuck you, you mick fuck.

Murph, trying to catch his breath, kicks him yet again.

MURPH  
 Why is everything about race?

Murph kicks him harder.

GONZO  
 You're making a big mistake.

MURPH  
 Shut up!

GONZO  
 What you gonna do, cop? Shoot me?  
 I don't think so.

BANG. Murph fires a shot into Gonzo's leg, with Gonzo's gun, producing a guttural MOAN that echoes through the open tenement yard. Gonzo grabs his knee, fights the pain.

GONZO (CONT'D)  
 You're a dead man.

MURPH  
 Tell me about it. How long you  
 been working with my partner?



GONZO  
 Your partner? Who, the dot head?  
 Fuck your partner. And fuck you,  
 too.

Murph CAPS his other leg. Gonzo rolls onto his back, writhes in pain. Murph drags Gonzo up against the car.

MURPH  
 Ruby. Talk.

Gonzo is in too much pain to speak.

MURPH (CONT'D)  
 Why'd you do it?

Gonzo shakes his head from side to side.

MURPH (CONT'D)  
 Last chance. I do have more  
 bullets.

GONZO  
 I loved that girl!

Gonzo begins to whimper. Murph puts the gun to his head.

MURPH  
 Detective Sharma. Did he put you  
 up to it?

GONZO  
 I told you, homes. It wasn't me.  
 I swear.

Murph is boiling over, ready to fire again, but Gonzo doesn't budge. He's telling the truth. Murph lowers the gun, then slides down the van, deflated. He pounds his elbows into it over and over, until he's too exhausted to continue.

On the verge of tears, he stares off at the abandoned tenement.

INT. FLOP HOUSE - NIGHT

A condemned building. Old mattresses, broken down stoves, windows blown out, foul graffiti on what's left of the walls. Candles burn in dank grottoes.

Murph wanders through a hallway lined by junkies, their eyes vacant. He tries to communicate with a number of them. Most are too stoned to speak, a few wave him on, others just stare.

MURPH'S POV

The junkies, the flop house, all a blur. The walls tilt, then disappear into darkness.

Junky heads morph into fish faces, heaps of trash into coral and crustaceans. A large jellyfish slithers past.

MURPH

Too much Nemo.

He floats backwards, giving in to his new environment. A BLUE TANG surgeonfish swims up to him.

BLUE TANG

Hey there, Mr. Grumpy Gills. When  
life gets you down do you wanna  
know what you've gotta do?

(beat, then singing)

Just keep swimming. Just keep  
swimming. Just keep swimming,  
swimming, swimming. What do we do?  
We swim, swim...

Paralyzed, Murph settles to the bottom. An air bubble rises from his mouth.

He gives in, stops fighting. His eyes close.

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

INT. FLOP HOUSE - LATER

A decrepit-looking Smackhead stands over Murph, kneels closer. Cautiously, he reaches even closer, begins digging in Murph's pockets. He pulls out a few singles, some change.

Murph SNORES. The Smackhead rolls up Murph's sleeves, looks for jewelry. Murph's bare except for his wedding band. The Smackhead twists it, begins to slide it off, keeping his eye on Murph. Almost there...

Murph's eyes BURST OPEN. He begins to seize. The Smackhead draws back in horror. He pushes away from the neighboring junkies. No one pays attention.

Murph's face turns white, his lips deep blue. He convulses violently, GASPS for air with an awful noise.

A big black man pushes himself away from the wall and ambles toward Murph. This is JACKSON.

Fifties, silver hair, he wears overalls over a thermal shirt. A long plaid scarf is wrapped around his neck.

Jackson stands over Murph. He reaches down, tries to settle him with his big hands.

JACKSON

Hush now.

He reaches into his overalls, pulls out a syringe. From the same pocket, he retrieves a small bottle. With one hand and the dexterity of a nurse, he loads the shot.

With the full weight of his body, he pins Murph with his knee and opens his mouth with his free hand. He blows dirt off his fingers, grabs Murph's tongue, and sticks the needle into his lingual frenulum membrane, the tissue under his tongue.

PRELAP - KNOCKING --

INT. MURPHY HOUSE - NIGHT

Andie is looking through an old photo album. Pictures of her and Murph, much younger, happier. She stands up slowly, answers the door. It's Nik.

NIK

I saw him.

ANDIE

Me, too.

NIK

Can I come in?

Andie pulls open the door. Nik steps inside.

NIK (CONT'D)

Are you okay?

Andie nods. She leads him into the living room.

ANDIE

Where'd you see him?

NIK

He broke into my place. I shot him.

Andie covers her mouth.

ANDIE

You what?!

NIK

I think he's okay. But he got away.

ANDIE

What happened? Why did you shoot him?

NIK

He had a gun pointed at me. I can't help him anymore.

He sweeps the hair away from her eyes.

ANDIE

I'm scared, Nik.

He hugs her. After a moment, she pulls away from him and sits on the sofa.

ANDIE (CONT'D)

He was in my car, after school.

NIK

When?

ANDIE

Tonight.

NIK

You should've called me.

ANDIE

Why, what would you have done?

NIK

Taken him to a hospital. What the hell do you think?!

She touches his hand.

ANDIE

I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. This is such a mess. Why's he doing this? I don't understand.

NIK

He's putting on a show, Andie. For you. And the girls.

He sits down beside her. She looks into his eyes. He wipes a tear from her cheek and pulls her into a passionate embrace.

INT. FLOP HOUSE - NIGHT

Jackson, kicking garbage out of the way, carries Murph's lifeless body down the hallway.

EXT. TENEMENT - NIGHT

A quagmire of reject appliances, doors, furniture. Jackson pushes his way out into the night air with Murph over his shoulder. He places Murph in a torn-apart Barca Lounger, breaks it into a reclining position.

He rolls up Murph's sleeves, checks for tracks. Clean.

Jackson sits down on an adjacent garbage can and sparks a joint. He gazes up at the waning, curved stripe of moon.

CU - TWO CLOSED EYES

They burst open.

MURPH

Where am I?

MURPH'S POV: Jackson's face upside down.

JACKSON

You don't belong here.

Jackson circles around. Murph grabs his head.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

You took some bad shit. You was spazzing out.

MURPH

What, like a seizure?

Jackson shrugs.

JACKSON

I fixed it.

Murph tries to focus. He's not seeing clearly.

MURPH

What'd you give me?

JACKSON

Special K. The for-real breakfast of champions.

Murph sits up, rubs his head.

MURPH

You gave me a sedative?

Jackson flashes a bright innocent smile.

INT. MURPHY HOUSE - NIGHT KIDS BEDROOM

Emily is having a nightmare, calling for Daddy. Andie, in a loosely-tied bathrobe, rushes in to calm her. The child tosses from side to side. Andie lifts her off the bed.

EMILY

Daddy! The fishes. Stop, no!

ANDIE

Shhh... It's okay, baby.

ERIN

Is Daddy home yet?

Andie turns to Erin, carries Emily over to her bed. She holds them both tightly.

ANDIE

Just a bad dream, honey. It's just a bad dream.

ERIN

She can sleep with me.

ANDIE

Thank you, baby.

Andie looks up. Nik, shirtless, shorts on, a silhouette in the doorway.

EXT. TENEMENT - NIGHT

Jackson and Murph, both gazing at the stars.

JACKSON

Your wife just kicked you out?  
Sick and all. That's rough,  
brother.

MURPH

Yeah, well, fuck it.

JACKSON

So, what you gonna do?

MURPH

Go to sleep. Don't wake me up this time.

Jackson takes a beat, as he remains fixed on that distant star.

JACKSON

I had me a woman once. Kid too. I used to drive rigs. Spent too much time on that old highway. Played around some. Then I got my first taste. My first taste...

(exhales dejectedly)

One night I pull up at home, no lights on. I walk in, they both gone. No note. Nothing.

MURPH

Sad fucking story, pal.

JACKSON

I had it coming. She was a good woman. Name of Roberta. Pretty, dark, rowed up hair, big old soft rear end, you know?

(laughs to himself)

I had me a chance, I'd go back to Roberta, ride out the rest of it with her, my kid. If he's still around.

MURPH

Yeah, you got time, Jackson.

Jackson rolls up his sleeve. His forearm is black and blue, cratered with track marks.

JACKSON

No cure for what I got neither.

INT. MURPHY HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Andie sits up in bed, climbs out, grabs a robe.

INT. MURPHY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Nik's on the sofa, spots Andie tiptoeing up.

NIK

Hey.

ANDIE  
Did you hear something?

NIK  
What'd you hear?

ANDIE  
I don't know. Not even sure I did.

INT. MURPHY HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Nik checks in on the girls. They're both asleep.

He walks back to the

LIVING ROOM

He peeks through the curtains. An unmarked cruiser is parked across the street out front.

NIK  
(to Andie)  
We're okay. Go back to bed.

Andie complies with a nod.

Nik pulls on his pants, heads for the door.

EXT. MURPHY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

CLOSER on the unmarked car. Two Detectives inside, heads tilted back on their headrests. Save for the faint HUM of insects, the street is quiet. A TAPPING on the window.

STAKEOUT COP 1 sits straight up, spots Nik, wakes up his partner. Nik shows them his badge.

NIK  
Friend of the family. I'll be here all night. He shows up, I'll call it in.

STAKEOUT COP 1  
You're Sharma.

NIK  
Yup.



STAKEOUT COP 1  
You're that piece of shit's  
partner. Well we got orders to  
keep an eye on you, too.

Nik flips his badge cover closed.

NIK  
Whose orders?

STAKEOUT COP 1  
Up top.

NIK  
Well, you're doin' top notch work.

The window glides up. Nik walks back to the house.

INT. MURPHY HOUSE - KITCHEN

Nik opens the fridge, studies its contents. He grabs some  
chocolate milk, takes a sip.

MURPH (O.S)  
You all moved in, Nik?

Nik wheels, carton in hand. The fridge light finds Murph in  
a corner, supported by the cabinets, pointing a gun at him.

MURPH (CONT'D)  
How stupid could I be?

NIK  
It's not what you think.

MURPH  
Yeah, I bet.

NIK  
Put the gun down, Murph. There's a  
unit outside.

MURPH  
I know. You distracted them just  
long enough, partner.

NIK  
Glad I could help.

MURPH  
Are you? Get on your knees.

NIK  
What are you doing?

MURPH  
On your knees.

Nik drops to his knees, sets down the milk.

MURPH (CONT'D)  
Hands up high where I can see 'em.

Nik complies.

NIK  
What are you gonna do? Execute me?  
In the house with your wife and  
kids?

MURPH  
Maybe I can muffle the sound, not  
wake 'em up. Open your mouth.

NIK  
What?

MURPH  
Say AHHHH, motherfucker.

NIK  
You're crazy.

MURPH  
No, just tired. Say it.

NIK  
Ahhhh.

Murph shoves the gun into Nik's mouth.

MURPH  
This what you been doing to my  
wife?

NIK  
No! I swear.

MURPH  
Don't bullshit me, Nikhil. Why'd  
you do it?

NIK  
(muffled)  
Do what?

MURPH  
 Why'd you kill Ruby? Were you  
 putting it to her, too? Or is this  
 strictly a family matter?

Nik struggles to speak, the gun barrel gagging him.

Andie walks in.

ANDIE  
 Owen, no! Please!

Murph stares at her, sees the pain in her eyes. He removes the gun from Nik's mouth, falls to his knees, then onto his back. Nik grabs the gun from Murph's limp hand. Murph's eyes close.

Andie falls to Murph's side.

ANDIE (CONT'D)  
 No! Stay awake!  
 (shakes him)  
 Nik, help him! Please!

Nik hesitates, then joins her, trying to rouse him.

No reaction. Murph's closed eyes seem at rest, peaceful.

Andie fights on.

NIK  
 C'mon, jaar. Wake up.

He pulls back, then slaps Murph across the face twice.

Murph's eyes flash open. He looks up at Andie.

INT. MURPHY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Murph is on the sofa, his head propped by small pillows. Nik peeks through the curtains. The Uniforms are still in place. He frowns, then lets the curtains fall back in place.

Andie examines Murph's stomach, redresses his wound. Murph looks at her as she rubs his face with a damp cloth.

MURPH  
 It's okay. I'm not afraid. I just  
 don't want the girls to grow up  
 thinking --

ANDIE  
 Shhh...

Nik joins Murph and Andie. He speaks softly.

NIK  
It wasn't me, Murph.

MURPH  
I should believe you. And you  
won't believe me. Man, that's some  
cold shit.

Andie retreats to the kitchen with the old dressing.

NIK  
Help me believe you, partner.  
C'mon. Walk me through it. There  
was a struggle. Even if you  
eliminate your epithelials.

MURPH  
The contusions.

NIK  
On her face and arm. There was  
also the pepperspray, which she  
used. We found residue across a  
fifteen foot radius.

MURPH  
The pepperspray. It was in her  
hand. Right?

NIK  
Yes.

MURPH  
It wasn't hers.

NIK  
I don't follow.

MURPH  
That shot hit her standing up, Nik.  
She fell. You think it would have  
stayed in her hand?

NIK  
Okay... Say it was the perp's.  
Why would he put it in her hand?

MURPH  
Because the shit was all over the  
place. He knew we'd find it and he  
wanted us to think it was hers.

NIK

Why?

MURPH

Because pepper spray's a woman's weapon.

NIK

Anger, but no rape. The facial contusion? Max said it was more consistent with a slap than a punch.

MURPH

That wasn't in the protocol. A slap?

NIK

Jealous rage.

MURPH

(sotto)  
Ondine's Curse.

Murph looks to Nik, who's checking Murph's pulse. Nik closes his eyes momentarily, draws in a breath, then turns to Andie as she returns from the kitchen.

NIK

Andie, is the espresso maker on?

ANDIE

What?

NIK

Is it on?

ANDIE

I guess so. What? Why?

Nik dashes off to the kitchen.

Andie turns to Murph, sensing his eyes penetrating her. She bows her head.

MURPH

Why, Andie?

She covers her face.

ANDIE

I didn't mean to.

Murph sits up.

MURPH

Tell me...

Andie walks over slowly, kneels beside him, takes his hand.  
After a beat...

ANDIE

It was killing me, Owen. I wasn't going to let it happen. Not to us. We beat my drinking. We were going to beat this too. I warned her. I went to that awful place she worked at and warned her. You know what she said to me? If I had taken care of you, you wouldn't need her. Was that it? I wasn't taking care of you?

A tear rolls down Murph's cheek.

ANDIE (CONT'D)

Then, on that roof...

EXT. FIDELITY TOWER - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Andie and Ruby on the roof.

ANDIE (V.O.)

I followed her up there that night after you left.

Ruby leans over the railing, lights up a joint. When she turns, Andie is in her face. Talking, then shouting, struggling, slapping ensues, mostly MOS.

ANDIE (V.O.)

When you took me up there, you said it was our special place. But her. You know what that did to me?

Andie reaches in her purse and pulls out pepper spray. She aims it at Ruby, but Ruby snatches it away and sprays Andie. She runs off, laughing.

RUBY

What'd I tell you, bitch?! You stay away from me!

Andie gropes at her eyes and in a fury, reaches back into her purse and pulls out a handgun.

ANDIE (V.O.)

I had one of your guns. From the safe.

Andie can't see, spray still clouding her vision, but FIRES.

ANDIE (V.O.)

I just wanted to scare her...

Ruby's face explodes, and she falls down dead. But Andie can't see shit.

ANDIE

Don't you go anywhere! I'm not done with you!

Andie stumbles along the rooftop, until she trips over and lands on top of Ruby. She lets out a short scream.

She scrambles off the body, feeling her way to her feet. She rubs her eyes, can't stop tearing, hyperventilating. Sobbing, she frantically searches her purse for something to wipe her eyes with. She finds a tissue.

As she dabs her eyes dry, RUBY'S LIFELESS BODY comes into full focus. Andie's horrified at what she's done.

ANDIE (V.O.)

I - I panicked. You told me stories. So, I tried to make it look like a sex crime... not you. Not you, baby.

Andie stares down at Ruby, then pulls down her panties. She walks away from her, then returns. She picks up the pepper spray, wipes it off, places it back in Ruby's hand, finds the bullet casing, then stumbles off.

As WE PULL AWAY --

INT. MURPHY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - RETURN TO SCENE

Andie's sobbing. Murph steals a look toward the kitchen, Nik.

MURPH

(quietly)

The gun. Where is it?

EXT. A STREET - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Andie's minivan slides to an abrupt stop. She climbs out, holding a small bundle wrapped in a Nemo towel. She looks around.

No one. She dumps the contents of the blanket down a storm drainage sewer. She hustles back to the van, drives off.

ANDIE (V.O.)

Gone, Owen.

INT. MURPHY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - RETURN TO SCENE

Murph pulls her head into his chest.

Nik watches quietly from the hallway, and lights a joint. He has a toilet paper roll, and he's pulling the last of the toilet paper off it, as he walks in, also carrying a cup of espresso, in a regular sized coffee cup.

Nik kneels beside Murph, takes a hit on his joint, sucks in the smoke.

NIK

Here, open your mouth.

Nik pours espresso into Murph's mouth, followed by the toilet paper roll stovepipe, into which he expels the marijuana smoke. Murph accepts it, coughs.

NIK (CONT'D)

There ya go, pal. Hippie speedball.

MURPH

Nik, just let me go.

NIK

No! Again. This'll keep you awake 'til we get you to the hospital.

Murph opens his mouth, allowing Nik to pour more espresso and shoot more smoke.

The front door opens, Gussie, Zizi, and the two Uniforms from outside, enter. Zizi draws his gun on Murph.

ZIZI

Freeze, Murphy.



NIK

Don't get your tits in a tangle,  
Zizi. He's sick, can barely move.

Gussie moves in closer, drops to a knee.

GUSSIE

You're alive.

MURPH

Am I?

GUSSIE

There's an ambulance on the way.

Gussie sizes him up. Murph looks into her eyes.

GUSSIE (CONT'D)

Owen Murphy, you're under arrest.  
You have the right to remain  
silent. Anything you say can and  
will be used against you in a court  
of law. You have the right to an  
attorney, should you --

MURPH

I know my rights. Listen to me,  
boss.

A long moment, as Murph eyes Andie, tears. He reaches out,  
pulls Gussie closer, so only she can hear him.

MURPH (CONT'D)

She was going to destroy everything  
I had. I lost my mind.

GUSSIE

(just for Murph)

Are you confessing to the murder of  
Ruby Alfonseca?

MURPH

(for all to hear)

Yes. I killed her. I killed Ruby.

Andie is overcome with emotion. Murph reaches out and she  
takes his hand. EMTs enter and take over.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - A FEW BLOCKS AWAY - DAY

The HISS of SKATEBOARD WHEELS on cement. Two SKATERS (12), clip along the sidewalk. They scream past Andie's minivan, which is parked inconspicuously among other vehicles, but is rocking violently back and forth.

SKATER 1 kicks his board up, grabs it, WHISTLES to his buddy. A finger at his lips, he points to the van and sneaks closer to it. SKATER 2 glides over.

SKATER 2

'Sup?

Skater 1 motions him to be quiet, winks, and makes a sex gesture with his finger and fist. He peaks in a side window. Skater 2 looks around, makes sure no one else is watching, follows suit. They squint, but can't catch a glimpse.

Skater 1 tries the door. It's unlocked. He eases it open.

INT. ANDIE'S MINIVAN - CONTINUOUS

The Skaters lean in through the gap between the front seats, their eyes wide as moon pies.

SKATER 1

Whoa, dude!

THEIR POV

In back, Gonzo is tied up and gagged with adhesive tape, jumper cables, and his own gold chains. Two fabric tourniquets are crimped tight on his upper thighs. He glares back at the Skaters, SWEARS a muffled blue streak.

INT. NEUROLOGY ICU - PRIVATE ROOM - DAY

Murph lies in bed, awake, the drip back in place. His eyes fight desperately to stay open. Andie and Nik sit by his side.

EXT. NEUROLOGY ICU - CORRIDOR - DAY

Two Cops at Murph's door.

Dr. Chang stands with Nik and Andie down the hall.

ANDIE

There's nothing else you can do for him?

DR. CHANG  
No, I'm sorry. Frankly, I'm  
surprised he's still with us.  
He's a very strong man.

Andie nods. Dr. Chang pats her shoulder, and walks off.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Andie holds Emily on her lap. Erin squats on the end of the  
bed between Murph's legs.

MURPH  
They've gotten bigger in the last  
few days, huh, Andie?

ANDIE  
Yeah. They sure have.

MURPH  
You kids are so lucky. You have  
the best mom in the whole world.

ERIN  
The whole wide world?

MURPH  
Definitely.

EMILY  
And you're the best daddy?

Murph shakes his head.

ANDIE  
Of course he is.

Murph smiles.

ERIN  
When are you coming home?

MURPH  
That's a tough one, baby. Daddy's  
got this thing he has to do.

ERIN  
Will you be late?

MURPH  
Think so. Sorry.

Nik pushes the door open.

ANDIE

Girls, kiss Daddy goodbye and wait  
in the TV room with Artie, okay?

EMILY

I want to stay here.

MURPH

Do what your Mommy says, Em.  
Always do what she says.

EMILY

I will.

MURPH

Promise?

Emily nods. The girls smother Murph with hugs and kisses.

MURPH (CONT'D)

Wow...

Murph holds them both by their tiny fingers, finally lets go.  
Andie walks to the window, stares at the city life below.  
Nik ushers the kids out, leaving Murph and Andie alone.

MURPH (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.

ANDIE

It's my fault, Owen.

MURPH

No, don't even try. I kicked it  
off. I betrayed you and you didn't  
deserve that. I let you down.  
It's all on me.

Murph extends his arm. She moves closer and takes it, sits  
down beside him. He pulls her on top of his chest.

ANDIE

I don't want to let go.

MURPH

It's okay. Just so damned tired.  
I'm ready.

She kisses him gently on the lips.

Nik pushes open the door again, sees them.

NIK

I'll come back.

MURPH

No. Please.

Nik enters, stands several feet away.

Murph looks at them both, waves Nik closer. Nik leans on the bed, just barely touching it.

Murph holds Andie's hand in his right, takes Nik's hand with his left.

MURPH (CONT'D)

Take care of them, Nik.

Andie starts to cry.

ANDIE

Your girls will know the truth  
about their father. They'll know.  
I promise.

Murph sighs in resignation, pulls Nik's and Andie's hands together.

MURPH

Okay. Gotta go. Past my bedtime.

They huddle there a long moment. Murph's eyes slowly close.

Andie presses the back of her other hand to Murph's cheek.

His face twitches slightly, then settles.

She looks up at Nik, who draws a deep breath and leads her out, passing a medical team on their way in.

INT. FAMILY WAITING ROOM/HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

Erin, in Artie's lap, watches TV. Emily's asleep in a stiff chair.

Nik delicately lifts her into his arms, allowing her to stay asleep. But her eyes open. She sees that it's Nik, and allows her eyes to close.

Andie reaches down for Erin's hand and nods to Artie. He dips his head.

Together, they all walk down the long corridor and out through automatic doors which close behind them with a SHUSHING SOUND.

FADE OUT.