

65. EXT. MAGNOLIA BOULEVARD - DAY

65.

CAMERA looks straight down on an intersection. Jim Kurring's POLICE CAR drives past....a little SUNLIGHT that hits the intersection goes away as if covered very quickly by a grey cloud....End Title Que and Sequence A.

CUT TO BLACK.

TITLE CARD reads: Partly Cloudy, 75% chance of rain

FADE IN:

66. INT. APARTMENT COMPLEX/NORTH HOLLYWOOD - DAYSequence B

66.

**START**

CAMERA (STEADICAM) follows behind JIM KURRING. He walks through a courtyard, past some young mexican and black kids playing, up a staircase and arrives at a door that is half open;

JIM KURRING

Hello?

He knocks, pushes the door open a bit, steps in: A very, very large black woman, MARCIE (40s) appears, coming at him, ranting and raving;

MARCIE

What? What? What now?

JIM KURRING

Quietly, slow down, whoa --

MARCIE

You can't just come in here.

JIM KURRING

The door was open, I got a call --

MARCIE

You're not allowed to just come in --

JIM KURRING

Calm down.

MARCIE

I am calm.

JIM KURRING

I got a call to this apartment, report of a disturbance --

MARCIE

There's no disturbance.

This is a long scene. Do one part one week and then another part another week. May need to be in three parts.

JIM KURRING

I got a call of a disturbance, you're door was open, I just wanna see what's goin' on --

MARCIE

There's no disturbance.

JIM KURRING

Then you've got nothin' to worry about.

MARCIE

You don't tell me, I know my rights, just come right in, you can't --

JIM KURRING

Don't test me, you wanna talk about what the law book says, we can do that, push me far enough and I'll take you to jail -- now calm down.

MARCIE

I AM CALM.

JIM KURRING

You're not calm. You're screamin' and yellin' and I'm here to check on a disturbance that was reported and that's what I'm gonna do - now are you alone in here?

MARCIE

I don't have to answer your questions.

JIM KURRING

No you don't: But I'm gonna ask you one more time: Are you alone in here?

MARCIE

What does it look like?

JIM KURRING

No one else in here?

MARCIE

You're here.

JIM KURRING

OK. That's true. Is anyone else, besides me and besides you in this house?

MARCIE

No. I said that.

JIM KURRING

Are you lyin' to me?

MARCIE

I live alone.

JIM KURRING

Maybe so, but I'm gonna ask you one more time: Is Anyone Else In This House Right Now?

MARCIE

No I Said.

JIM KURRING

Ok. What's your name?

MARCIE

Marcie.

JIM KURRING

Ok. Marice why don't you take a seat for me?

MARCIE

I prefer to stand.

JIM KURRING

I'm not askin', Marcie.

Marcie sits down.

MARCIE

I didn't do anything.

JIM KURRING

Maybe you didn't, but I'm here to find out about a disturbance. Some neighbors called said they heard screaming and a loud crash.

MARCIE

I don't know a loud crash.

JIM KURRING

And what about screaming?

MARCIE

I said: I DON'T KNOW. You can't just come in here and start pokin' around --

JIM KURRING

What's this, how did this happen?

INSERT, ECU. THE FLOOR.

An ashtray has fallen on the floor, cigarette butts all around.

MARCIE

An ashtray fell, I don't know, maybe last night, I just woke up.

JIM KURRING

You just woke up. And what'd you have a party last night, the way this place looks?

MARCIE

I went out last night.

JIM KURRING

Ok. Marcie. Starting now I want you to have a new attitude with me. The more you play games, the more suspicious I'm gonna become that you've been up to something.

MARCIE

It's a free country, you can think anything you want.

JIM KURRING

Yes I can, Marcie. And until you start givin' me some straight answers: I'm gonna assume that some mishchief has been goin' on here.

MARCIE

Mischief? What the fuck you talkin' about, mischief?

JIM KURRING

Bad and illegal behavior. That's what I mean. Ok? Mischief. Now have you been doin' some drugs today?

MARCIE

No.

JIM KURRING

You on any medication?

MARCIE

No.

JIM KURRING

Been drinkin' today?

MARCIE

It's ten o'clock in the morning --

There's a small THUMP noise OC. Jim turns his head quick and looks and Marcie freezes.

JIM KURRING  
--- what was that?

MARCIE  
I didn't hear anything.

Marcie stands up.

JIM KURRING  
No. No. Stay down, Marcie, sit  
back down on that couch --

MARCIE  
I don't have to do a god damn thing.

Kurring gets his handcuffs out and handcuffs her wrist to the couch, she goes crazy, screaming and yelling the whole time;

MARCIE  
WHAT'S THIS? WHAT'S THIS? GOD DAMN  
BULLSHIT. BULLSHIT. DON'T PUT THOSE --

JIM KURRING  
Marcie - CALM DOWN. CALM DOWN  
and don't do this. I want you to stay --

Continue with that until he's got her cuffed to the couch.  
He removes his REVOLVER from his holster and starts to move  
slowly down the hall to the back bedroom --

MARCIE  
WHAT THE FUCK IS THIS BULLSHIT?  
WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING, MOTHERFUCKER?  
MOTHER-GOD-DAMN FUCKER. WHERE ARE YOU GOIN'?  
DON'T GO IN MY GOD DAMN BEDROOM.

Kurring keeps moving slowly, gun drawn, CAMERA behind him;

JIM KURRING  
This is the LAPD. If anyone is  
back here I want you to come out  
and I want you to show yourself  
to me with your hands in the air --

MARCIE  
THERE'S NO ONE IN THERE. STAY OUT  
OF MY MOTHERFUCKIN BEDROOM.

Kurring moves into the BEDROOM now and sees that the CLOSET is  
closed and probably the only place for someone to be hiding;

JIM KURRING

This is the LAPD, if anyone is in the closet I want you to come out and show yourself to me, slowly and with your hands up --

MARCIE (OC)

THERE'S NO ONE IN THERE!

JIM KURRING

Marcie - quiet down! Now if anyone is in the closet, come out now --

MARCIE (OC)

THERE'S NO ONE IN MY MOTHERFUCKIN CLOSET AND STAY OUT OF MY BEDROOM, STAY OUT OF MY GOD DAMN BEDROOM.

JIM KURRING

-- do not do this -- my gun is drawn and If I Have To Open That Closet you will get shot -- Step Out Now.

Jim inches towards the closet, flips it open real quick and stands back, ready for something to jump out -- nothing.

MARCIE

I told you there was no one in there!

Jim looks down the hall at Marcie who has physically dragged the large couch handcuffed behind her;

JIM KURRING

Marcie - Do not drag that couch any further!

JIM'S POV, CAMERA DOLLIES IN SLOWLY TOWARDS THE CLOSET. He pushes some sheets aside and burries around to reveal:

A DEAD SKINNY WHITE MAN (50s) curled up in a ball on the floor of the closet. He'd dead and he's been covered in dirty laundry. He has a gag around his mouth.

HOLD on Jim for a moment, he panics a little and swings his REVOLVER towards Marcie:

JIM KURRING

What the hell is this Marcie?

MARCIE

THAT'S NOT MINE.

Jim swings the aim of his gun back at the dead body. **END**

CUT TO: