

She looks around the room, breathing hard. She's alone. But her phone is BUZZING LOUDLY.

Early 30's now, Camille has grown into her native beauty. A rare, searing combination of lush features and an untouchable, dark center.

She throws her legs over the side of the bed and grasps for her phone -- her hangover hitting like a ball-peen hammer to the forehead. She mutters into the phone:

CAMILLE

Preaker.

FYI

EXT. HOTEL -- NORTH SAINT LOUIS -- DAY

It's a hot day. Men in shirtsleeves and women baring arms, legs -- anything semi-decent just to stay cool.

The neighborhood is poor, mostly black. Ramshackle shops and streets dumped with litter and broken furniture, etc.

Camille, in a long-sleeved shirt and jeans, approaches a dreary hotel circled by police cars and emergency vehicles.

She assesses the scene, slips past police to speak to a bystander who wears only pajama bottoms.

START

CAMILLE

You staying here? At the hotel?

BYSTANDER

Yeah. You a cop?

CAMILLE

Reporter. Do you know what happened?

BYSTANDER

Somebody got shot. Slept right through it, I guess. I sleep heavy.

Camille glances at the tracks on his arms. Bets he does.

CAMILLE

You know who runs this place?

BYSTANDER

That's him. Lives here, too.

The bystander nods to an older, greying black man who hovers around the investigators.

CAMILLE

Thanks.

Camille nods to the bystander, moves off. **END**

We hang back, see Camille talk to the owner of the property.
After a moment, she subtly passes a bill to the man. He nods.

INT. HOTEL -- BEDROOM -- DAY

QUICK POPS:

* Two bloodied, entwined naked bodies -- a white tattooed woman and a black man, both 30's. Meth addicts.

* A splatter of blood across a stained and yellowed lamp shade.

* The woman's head is tilted back, mouth agape -- her eyes closed and matted with blood. Her expression could be mistaken for erotic ecstasy.

* A crime scene investigator takes a sample off a cheap SEX TOY.

* The man's groin, shredded by bullet-fire.

ON CAMILLE

Who surveys the scene, her expression more fascinated than repulsed. A COP, 40's, sees her from across the room. He knows her and moves to her, only a little exasperated:

COP

Preaker--

Camille's a bit of a wiseass with the guy. She's good at this part of the job and they both know it.

CAMILLE

Mr. Lee, the owner, invited me in.
You want to ask him?

COP

Naw. He's probably hoping more people get knocked off here, so he can scam another brick off you.

CAMILLE

(smiles a little)
Half a brick.
(then)

(MORE)