

Marcus and Faith

By

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INT. HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY

Graffiti on the wall, litter everywhere.

Empty, except for a pretty 16 year old -- neat, fancy fashion, nervous eyes. A bulky knapsack strapped to her back and two sizable books in each hand. She looks around. This is FAITH.

She places the books on the floor, takes her knapsack and removes a boom-box. Hand shaking, she plugs it into the wall while still looking around. She presses play -- dance music fills the hall. She cranks up the volume.

She stands up, eyes darting, then smiles. She sways to the beat and then starts dancing - wild and overly sexy, all over the hallway.

She stops, looks at her watch.

EMPTY STAIRWELL

Faith pushes the door open with her shoulder and makes her way up the stair.

The door opens again and this time a tall skinny student, 17, -- sleeveless T-shirt, ear rings, tatoos -- walks in. This is DELMAR -- shit-disturber, motherfucking flunk. He looks up.

DELMAR

Where you going garlic breath, do you have my money?

She freezes, turns around.

FAITH

I don't have it.

DELMAR

I won that bet bitch, you don't know shit, you're just a pussy sucking slut.

As Delmar makes his way towards her, she drops her books.

The second floor door opens. A 16 year old student -- shabby hair cut, checkered shirt, ripped jeans, knapsack, makes his way down the stairs. This is MARCUS ANDERSON. He senses something wrong. He stops.

Delmar walks up and pushes Faith, almost knocking her down.

DELMAR

You keep saying you're gonna bring it, where is it smelly?

FAITH  
I don't have it yet.

DELMAR  
Do you want me to call my boys over and  
take you to the rooftop?

MARCUS  
Leave her alone.

Marcus makes his way down and goes face to face with Delmar.  
Marcus drops his bag.

MARCUS  
Don't pick on her.

Delmar, confused. Marcus pushes his way into his face.

MARCUS  
You wanna start something?

Without warning Delmar pushes Marcus and then lands a  
towering punch. Marcus falls.

Marcus gets up and tries his hardest to fight, but he's not a  
fighter and he gets hit all over.

One final punch, Marcus releases a deafening scream and  
positions himself to fight again. Breathing heavily, blood  
dripping down his eyebrow and lips.

A teacher, MR. GARCIA, 40s, nerdy, tired looking, rushes in.

MR. GARCIA  
Okay guys, that's enough.

Faith picks up her books, continues up and at the same time  
glancing at Marcus. Their eyes connect.

MR. GARCIA  
(to Delmar)  
Get your ass to the principal office.

Marcus watches Faith climb the stairs.

MR. GARCIA  
Marcus, you never seem to surprise me.

MARCUS  
I'm full of surprises, just let me do my  
skit for the class.

MR. GARCIA  
Your skit has swear words in it. I cannot  
allow that.

Marcus wipes the blood with the back of his hand and gives  
Mr. Garcia a rebellious smirk.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - LATE AFTERNOON

Teenagers heading home.

Marcus, band-aid across his eyebrow, leaning against the  
wall. He sees Faith coming out, running and heading towards a  
Limousine with tinted windows. She gets in. The Limousine  
does not move.

Marcus keeps watching until the Limousine finally drives off.

Mr. Garcia walks out, sees Marcus.

MR. GARCIA  
You're always here, checking her out. Ask  
her out someday.

MARCUS  
Mr. Garcia, don't worry about it, I got  
this under control. I'm gonna ask her to  
the prom. She's my dream-boat among all  
these shipwrecks.

MR. GARCIA  
Prom night is just around the corner, get  
a head start.

Marcus smiles and looks away.

MR. GARCIA  
Go home Marcus, don't hang around, you  
been doing that all year.

LOW INCOME NEIGHBORHOOD - LATE AFTERNOON

Marcus, running, smiling, in high spirits.

INT. MARCUS' HOME - NIGHT

Front door opens, Marcus enters.

A gigantic, unfriendly looking man, 50s, with sleepless eyes  
comes down the stairs. This is Marcus' father -- ORSON.

ORSON  
What happened to your face?

Marcus smiles.

MARCUS

Dad you should of seen it, I got into a fight, he was so strong, he clobbered me, but next time I'll get him.

ORSON

Wait here.

His father disappears into a back room and closes the door.

Marcus looks at the door, waiting. Then, the sound of the door opening and footsteps quickly turning into running steps.

SMACK, Marcus gets it on the face with a belt. Reacting as if this is normal. The hitting continues, eventually forcing Marcus to cry. His father pushes/trips him to the floor. Marcus crawls to the corner as the hitting takes a turn for the worst.

His father grabs him by the hair.

ORSON

You little faggot, next time you come home like a little sissy, I will break that little fucking head of yours.

He drags Marcus by the hair down the corridor. He opens the basement door, thinks and then lets go of Marcus' hair. Marcus collapses at the entrance.

His father goes into another room, comes out and then walks out through the front door, leaving the door wide open.

Marcus sits up, catches his breath, looks out into the night.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

10 YEARS LATER

Marcus, now 26, lying on a floor, ripped jeans, shirt-less, eyes wide open, staring at the ceiling. Face all sweaty.

He sits up, grabs a piece of paper and a pen off the floor and jots down something.

Books, magazines, newspapers, DVDs, VHS -- scattered everywhere.

Computer monitor on.

Table lamp in the middle of the room.

Window, opened.

On the wall -- posters -- Richard Pryor, Lenny Bruce, Hollywood Sign atop Hollywood Hills, Scarface (Tony Montana).

Marcus gets up, pins the piece of paper on a board next to his computer.

Bright light radiating out from the washroom. Marcus walks in, picks up a towel from a laundry basket and wipes the sweat off his face.

He returns to the living room, takes out a key from his pocket and opens a drawer. He stares inside for a while. Full of pill containers and small plastic bags with hand written labels - MORP, DEME, VICO, OXY, FENTA etc. He picks one, rolls out two capsules and washes it down with black coffee.

He sits down at his computer and starts typing intensely.

INT. HAIR SALON - DAY

Ethnic dance music.

Large, neat, high-end, tasteful. A sizable window overlooks the parking lot.

She's sexy -- bare-footed, tight skirt, sleeveless top, colorful bracelets. She's dancing into a sensual flow. This is Faith, now 26.

The place is empty, except at the end. Young Man, early 20s, well-dressed, fit, gentle looking, sitting on a modish barber chair.

She stops dancing and grabs a pair of scissors and makes her way to him.

She starts cutting his hair.

He checks out her body. She's unpredictable -- cutting, posing and moving.

Slowly, he starts to feel her back, trying to unzip her blouse.

She stops cutting and walks away. Young Man takes a good look at her. She swings that curvaceous ass as she makes her way towards a shelf layered with cosmetics. She picks up a lipstick, looks in the mirror and applies it.

She rushes back to him.

FAITH

Do you like my new lipstick? It changes colors every few minutes. Maybe later I'll give you a rainbow.

She glances between his legs for a few seconds, smiles.

She resumes cutting his hair.

Young Man starts to feel her leg. Slowly moving his hand up her skirt. She moves away, cutting the other side.

He now goes for her skirt zipper. Finally he unzips it. It falls to the ground, exposing her tight underwear. He starts to feel her thigh and waist.

FAITH

I'm tired of working here. One day the world will see me dance on stage.

She smiles and moves in a full circle around him, showing off her body. Her curves pulling him in. She continues cutting. He now feels her back and attempts to unzip her top.

FAITH

What is happening to us? You have to open your eyes and live your life. The future is here with me baby. I'm gonna become the greatest dancer on this planet.

She continues cutting, this time a bit faster, upset. He now moves his hand down to her ass, slowly feeling her underwear and trying to pull it down.

But something else is taking place. Through the front window, an image is growing. Slowly, the image gets bigger and bigger. It's a car. Damn, it's not just a car, it's a torn down white Cadillac racing towards the window.

Young Man notices the Cadillac closing in.

YOUNG MAN

Jesus Christ!

His hand freezes, only one-third of Faith's underwear is down, exposing part of her crack.

EXT. CADILLAC - MOVING - DAY

Bumper, wheel -- dirty, worn-out.

INT. HAIR SALON - DAY

Young Man gets up, runs and climbs over the counter.

Faith watches in horror as the Cadillac closes in. Quickly she picks up her skirt and makes a run for it. Awkwardly, she climbs and falls over the counter.

CRASH. The Cadillac goes through the window, slamming into her chair and coming to a full stop.

The front door opens. A sinister looking man, 40s, gets out. He's dressed in a black suit and has a posturing of eminence as if his life is forever exciting and dangerous. Holding a rifle. This is OSCAR.

The other door opens. A stocky looking cop in uniform walks out -- messy hair, sunglasses, lethargic -- road hog prodigy. This is SADAK, 40s.

Oscar makes his way towards the counter and points the rifle over the counter.

From underneath the counter, the Young Man stares at the tip of the rifle while Faith puts on her skirt.

OSCAR

(o.s)

We're back. Come out slowly and I promise to make it as painless as possible.

Faith gives the Young Man a sad look and then decides to make her way up on the counter and slides down.

OSCAR

What the fuck is the matter with you, running away like that. It took us a good fucking month to find your sweet ass.

Behind the counter, Young Man, listening -- suddenly, the sound of Faith getting slapped/punched around and falling to the ground, crying.

Young Man decides to climb up. He slides down. Stunned and scared shit-less at the sight of Faith on the floor.

Sadak takes his gun out and points it at the Young Man.

SADAK

Take a hike kid, before you wet your pants.

YOUNG MAN

That's my girlfriend.

Sadak walks over.

SADAK

Turn around.

YOUNG MAN

Why?

Quickly, Sadak knees him in the groin. Young Man falls to his knees, shrieking in pain. Sadak puts his gun away, takes out a pair of handcuffs and applies it on him. Sadak looks around and sees an office door. He grabs the Young Man by the hair, drags him, opens the office door and hurls him in.

Before entering, Sadak gives Oscar a sickening perverted smile.

OSCAR

Don't waste my fucking time, do your shit and let's get the fuck out of here. Adam doesn't like waiting.

Sadak enters the room and shuts the door.

Oscar picks up Faith by the arm.

OSCAR

You know the rules. No one leaves Kama-Sin. You belong to Adam.

He shoves her into the back of the Cadillac. He slides into the driver's seat and lights up a cigarette, relaxing, staring at the closed office door. After a few seconds, he puts his cigarette out.

Oscar, holding his rifle, makes his way towards the closed door. Escalating, harrowing sound of someone being tortured primp through the door.

Oscar opens the door, enjoying the show.

OSCAR

Hurry up, he's half your age for god's sake, you're gonna kill the poor guy.

Sadak walks out, tying his belt. Young Man crying in the background.

SADAK

Why you always fucking rushing me. You want to know what happens when people rush me, I'll show you motherfucker.

Sadak goes back in and comes out holding the Young Man by the hair and throws him to the floor.

Young Man -- breathing heavily, not crying anymore. His underwear pulled down to his ankle.

Sadak grabs Oscar's rifle, sees the Young Man struggling to get up and without hesitation fires three shots into his back.

Faith closes her eyes, crying. Inner-torment devouring her beyond imagination.

Sadak, bemused, tosses the rifle back to Oscar. He makes his way to the Cadillac. Oscar follows. They get in, reverse and speed off.

INT./EXT. CADILLAC - MOVING - NIGHT

Smooth ride, down the highway. Faith, oblivious, looks out the window -- industrial deserted area.

EXT. KAMA-SIN - NIGHT - LATER

It's a falling apart WAREHOUSE-LIKE BUILDING with boarded windows on the first floor.

Cop Car and the white Cadillac parked in front.

All the 2nd floor lights go off one after another, except for one.

INT. KAMA-SIN - ROOM - NIGHT

The room has an antique but stable look. A side door opens, Oscar walks in. He makes his way to the opposite side and opens another door and enters...

INT. KAMA-SIN - OFFICE - NIGHT

Huge office -- furniture meagerly scattered. Sitting at his desk, ADAM, 50s, perfectly groomed, expensive and stylish suit. Busy staring into a laptop. Next to the laptop, photographs of attractive but somber looking women lined up against a wall in a subterranean-like cell.

ADAM

I was getting worried.

Oscar, staring out the window.

OSCAR

This is a business, run it like one. We all know you need her for the Sita Room. So why don't you keep her on a fucking leash.

Sadak barges in, holding Faith by the arm and throws her on the couch.

Adam gets up from his desk, walks over and sits next to her.

ADAM

Okay guys, I need some time alone. Go downstairs and keep an eye on things.

INT. KAMA-SIN'S PIT - MAIN AREA - NIGHT

Oscar and Sadak making their way down the stair into the zone -- poorly lit, dusky, shadowy.

All of a sudden, the stage is lit. Light volleys from the empty stage, onto the watchers -- men of all nationalities, dapperly dressed, some standing, others lounging around. Alone and in groups.

Three sinfully sexy ladies emerge from the back of the stage. They have a number tag around their neck. They grind into a slow sophisticated tease.

Patrons observing with lustful eyes. Some taking notes while others talking on their cell phones.

The dancers go topless and then quickly exit the stage. Music stops.

Next, a sexy hard-body dancer with tight shorts and T-shirt appears from the back, dragging a chair, making her way to the centre of the stage. She sits on the chair and crosses her leg.

Music kicks in.

She gets up, moves to the beat. Using the chair she demonstrates some kinky hard-core sexual positions with her ass and legs. Her costume does not come off. She finishes up -- posing with her legs stretched wide open and smiling as if she got some sexual joy out of this act.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. KAMA-SIN - OFFICE - NIGHT

Faith's eyes, tearful and anguished.

A model-like lady spread makeup on Faith's face. She then applies ear-rings and a pearl necklace on Faith.

FAITH

(to Adam)

You promised to take me away from this place.

ADAM

Be patient, one day we'll have that house next to the beach and one day you'll be dancing in all leading stage shows around the world. You're gonna become a star.

FAITH

This place is changing, it's not what it used to be. I wanna be part of the outside world. The real world.

Adam caresses her hair, admiring her beauty.

ADAM

You're my most beautiful dancer. You wanted to dance, I let you dance. I bought you the best dance instructors on this planet. But if you break the rules, it leaves me no choice. You will not survive in the Sita Room. Be a nice girl and keep those damn legs shut. We're venturing into a new line of business, I need you to act like a lady. In the Sita Room, no one will be able to help you, no one will hear you scream, no one loves you more than I do.

Faith, speechless, staring at Adam with grief-stricken eyes. She looks down, holding back tears.

INT. KAMA-SIN - BASEMENT - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Sexy Asian Lady -- 20s, blindfolded, sweat rolling down her forehead, hand tied to her back, a piece of rope with intricate knots secured around her neck. A tall fit man with an old-fashioned black suit, thick frame glasses, crew cut, very hideous looking, grabs the rope and pulls. This is JAMES, 30s.

He stops, opens a door cloaked into the side wall. He pulls her in.

Then emerging from darkness two other MEN, neat looking, T-shirts and jeans. One holding a camcorder and the other, a huge bag. They enter. Sadak emerge from darkness and closes the door. On the side of the door, a sign -- SITA ROOM.

INT. DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

Quiet. Shadowy. Marcus, sitting on a stool, sad, motionless, staring into the mirror. He's clenching a pill container.

Someone knocks on the door, loud. His eyes open up with excitement. He stands up, smiles, puts on his sunglasses and looks in the mirror. He places the pill container on the dresser, labelled -- PERC. Only two capsules left.

EXT. DOWNTOWN MIAMI - NIGHT

Skylight. Glimmering lights.

EXT. THE COMEDY ZONE - DOWNTOWN - NIGHT

Busy. Noisy. It's Friday night.

INT. THE COMEDY ZONE - BACKSTAGE - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

The dressing room door opens. No one comes out.

At the end, there's a stairway leading up to the stage, separated only by a thin curtain, blown gently by a small electrical fan. As the curtain move -- glimpses of the microphone stand, stool and the audience.

Marcus makes his way down the corridor.

He climbs the stairway and waits at the side, nervous.

STAGE

A potbellied man with an inexpensive suit makes his way on stage.

HOST

Ladies and gentlemen please welcome an aspiring stand-up comedian. From what we know, he has received rave reviews and not so rave reviews...

BACKSTAGE

Marcus, looks down, concentrating.

HOST

(o.s)  
Folks we don't know what else to tell you. Please welcome, MARCUS ANDERSON.

STAGE

Marcus moves through the curtain, onto the stage with his slow long strides. He reaches the edge and stands there for a few seconds staring at the audience with a cocky attitude.

Marcus takes off his sunglasses, throws it to the back where it goes flying through the curtain. He moves to the center, near the microphone stand, starts pacing and circling with a "bad boy" attitude.

Audience -- laid back, quiet, waiting...

Marcus then grabs the microphone, ripping it off its neck. He looks at the audience and shakes his head.

Pacing slowly, starting his routine...

MARCUS  
(softly, looking down)  
Hi everybody, my name is Marcus Anderson.

Pacing faster.

MARCUS  
(looks up, angry, loud)  
I said, my name is MARCUS ANDERSON.  
I WANT EVERYBODY TO SAY HI TO ME.

No one is responding to his command.

MARCUS  
Didn't you guys hear me, I said, I want  
everybody to say HI to me.

Still no major response from the audience.

MARCUS  
You know what, I don't give a FUCK if  
you guys say hi to me or not, FUCK ALL OF  
YOU, I'm gonna say hi to myself.

Marcus, jumping and screaming.

MARCUS  
HI MARCUS, HI MARCUS, HI MARCUS.

He freezes.

MARCUS  
I don't know what the FUCK I'm doing  
wasting my time up here.

Pacing.

MARCUS

(sneaks out a very small smile)  
I know what you guys are saying. Hey  
Marcus this is a comedy show.

Marcus all excited, into it now...

MARCUS

Just quick show of hand, how many ladies  
in the audience love receiving deep oral  
sex.

Some of the ladies are cheering with their hands up in the  
air.

MARCUS

I know it's a lot fun, but be careful of  
the Loose Pussy Syndrome. You don't want  
that. When your partner is eating your  
pussy, don't get carried away by  
spreading those damn legs in the air and  
getting too comfy by putting pillows  
under your ass and trying to grab your  
toes. Stop doing that. It's like giving a  
fat kid the whole cake. If you're going  
to do that, you're going to get the Loose  
Pussy Syndrome. Who wants to fuck a loose  
pussy? Ladies, please keep your legs  
together.

A few of the ladies in the audience immediately cross their  
legs, others bring their legs together, tight.

MARCUS

Better yet, let your partner eat your  
pussy from the back. It'll keep it nice  
and tight. No guys gonna marry you if you  
have the Loose Pussy Syndrome. He's gonna  
say "'man that pussy is too motherfucking  
loose, what will happen after she gives  
birth, it'll be like fucking a clown's  
shoe."

Slowly, Marcus extends his arm, as if he's about to be  
crucified.

MARCUS

Believe it or not I come from the most  
fucked up family in the world.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

During Halloween my old men would force us to watch "Friday the 13th" and then he would pretend he's going to the washroom but actually he tip toes to the basement and cut off the electricity and then, he would take his chain saw and go to the outside window -- VRMM, VRMMMMMMM. I pissed in my fucking pants. Moron. My mother found out and kicked him in his fucking nuts. Good for him. My mother was tough. Actually she was a slut. She was fucking everyone in the neighborhood. I swear if she could hold a snake straight, she would fuck it.

Marcus smiles and winks at a lady sitting in the front row. She gives him a devilish smile.

MARCUS

As you can see, my childhood was fucking fantastic. But what I remember the most is Grade One when the President of the United States dropped by to read us a fucking book. Could you believe that, taking time from his other not so important shit like...anyway, he walks in, bodyguards everywhere, WOW, the President is in the house. So I got to ask the President a question -- "Mr. President, why is the White House called The White House? Is white your favorite color? Did you paint it white yourself? Do you only like the color white? "oh my god" my teacher said, standing next to me, that's right -- OH MY GOD.

Marcus grabs one of the glasses of water on the stool and drinks the whole thing. He grabs the second glass and as he raises it -- GUNSHOT -- the glass shatters. Marcus, in a state of shock, stare at his hand -- bleeding. More gunshots, now hitting the stage floor and back wall. Marcus looks around -- chaos, panic -- people screaming, running out.

We see someone, not his face, putting a pistol inside his jacket and running away.

Marcus continues looking everywhere. The Club is now almost empty -- tables and chairs flipped over. Marcus jumps off the stage. His blood-stained hand shuddering. Scared and disoriented, he falls to his knees.

A sloppy looking man, 40s, cheap suit, out-dated eye glasses, makes his way on stage from the back. This is VINCENT. He looks around, sees Marcus on his knees.

He jumps off and walks over. With one hand he grabs Marcus by the collar and with the other hand picks up one of the knocked over chairs. Ruggedly, he sits Marcus down.

VINCENT

(sleepless eyes)

Last week you got beaten up in the alley and now someone tries to shoot you. I told you a million times Marcus, that shock humor style of yours will one day get you killed. First it was religious jokes, then 9-11 jokes and now this crap. Your stuff is not funny, they're just plain offensive.

Marcus gives Vincent an intense look.

MARCUS

You heard the joke where they say you're mama is so fucking ugly that when she was a baby they had to tint the incubator.

Marcus smiles.

EXT. COMEDY ZONE - NIGHT

Marcus goes flying through the entrance door, plunging into the sidewalk. Vincent walks out, intense.

VINCENT

GO HOME MARCUS.

Marcus gets up, disappointed, walks away.

EXT. SEEDY NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

Marcus parks his time-worn car. He gets out.

On the other side of the street, odious looking guys hanging around the doorway of an abandoned house. They stare at Marcus. He ignores them.

INT. APARTMENT - LOBBY - NIGHT

Dismal. Marcus walks in. Graffiti crowd the damaged drywalls. Trash everywhere. A pretty young woman -- heavy on the make-up, mini-skirt, no top (just a bra) -- sits in the middle of the rotting steps. Her eyes, all red. Her hands shaking and she's mumbling something. There's a syringe next to her feet.

Marcus takes a good look at her and then hurries up.

3RD FLOOR

The corridor is lined with more junk. Lights flickering. Holes in the walls.

At the end, a shirtless, unshaven, Skinny White Guy, 30s, leaning against the wall, smoking. Marcus arrives, freezes. He gives Marcus a hostile look.

Scared, Marcus continues. He stops and as he's about to knock, he notices the door left ajar.

He pushes the door open and sees a black muscular man, MURPHY, 30s, totally nude, making frantic love to this a model-like beauty, stretched out on a floor mattress. Her dress pulled over. This is SHEILA, 20s. She's not reacting at all to the thrust. A syringe stuck in her arm. Eyes slowly closing.

Marcus makes his way in.

MARCUS

Hey buddy, that's my girlfriend.

Murphy turns around. Sheila's tries to open her eyes.

SHEILA

Marcus baby what are you doing here? I thought you were performing.

Murphy gets up.

MURPHY

Who the fuck are you?

Marcus afraid, steps back.

Sheila gets up.

SHEILA

He's just a friend.

MARCUS

Five years Sheila, we were gonna go places.

Marcus looks at the Murphy, top to bottom.

MARCUS

Haven't I seen you in some gay porn before? I don't usually watch those shit but I had to do some research on the cruelty to animals, you know for the Wildlife Society.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Marcus goes flying out into the dry wall. Murphy comes out. Skinny White Guy walks over.

MURPHY

Throw this white trash motherfucker out before I break his face and use it as a paint brush. I'm getting bored of these fucking walls, maybe I'll go for dark red this time.

MARCUS

(to Sheila)

I got the methadone, why didn't you wait?

Skinny White Man rams a punch into Marcus' face. Marcus falls.

SKINNY WHITE GUY

Don't lecture our employees.

The Skinny White Man goes through Marcus' pockets. He finds a small bottle and two empty pill containers. He opens and smells the methadone and then with revulsion hurls it down the corridor, crashing it into the wall.

SKINNY WHITE GUY

Fucking crap gave me nightmares for weeks.

Marcus gets up slowly, lips bleeding, sees Sheila in the middle of the apartment.

MARCUS

Take care of yourself.

SKINNY WHITE GUY

This motherfucker is still talking.

Marcus leaves.

MURPHY

(to Skinny White Guy)

You wanna come in?

SKINNY WHITE GUY

Why?

Fear takes over Sheila's face.

Skinny White Man obediently enters. Murphy goes in and shuts the door.

EXT. SHEILA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Marcus steps into the night. He freezes in the middle of the sidewalk, looks up to a 3rd floor window, the light goes off.

As he walks to his car, the loneliness of the night reads off his face.

Marcus notices that the front tire of his car has been punctured. Upset, he walks away.

EXT. RESTAURANT - "CENTRO" - NIGHT

Marcus crosses the road and looks inside the restaurant through the window.

INT. RESTAURANT - "CENTRO" - NIGHT

Marcus walks in. Party just finished, closing for the night. Cleaning staff busy.

A tall ugly looking man gets in his way.

MARCUS

I'm here to see Delmar.

Ugly moves out of the way, shakes his head and gives Marcus a wretched look.

Marcus walks to the back.

Delmar, now 27 -- thick eye glasses, suspenders, tight white shirt, busy filling out a ledger at his desk. A heavysset man, smartly dressed in a three-piece suit stands at his side.

DELMAR

(looks up)

Marcus, back so soon.

MARCUS

I need five hundred, you know, for the rent.

Delmar opens a drawer and throws a box of tissue to Marcus.

DELMAR

Clean you fucking face. Don't you know the AIDS virus from Africa are becoming airborne, it's the latest news on the internet. I'm tired of seeing your blood on your fucking face. Like a fucking animal.

Delmar shuts the ledger. Marcus wipes the blood from his lip

and eyebrow.

DELMAR

You owe us close to four thousand dollars. Soon you'll be way over your limit and that's when you'll wish you had arthritis. We will hit you so fucking hard that your bones will vibrate into your dick. Just get a fucking job and pay us back.

MARCUS

You'll get your money.

DELMAR

This book (bangs the ledger with his hand) will one day be delivered to the big boss and then it's out of my hand. Look at me, I wanted to be an actor. You remember in high school, I told you I was gonna become the next Pacino, but then like a fucking sledge hammer reality kicked in. I will be the first to slit my wrist before I become one of those loser motherfucking starving artist. I went to college. I made something out of myself. You're a big fucking loser Marcus, just like in high school.

MARCUS

Don't worry about me.

Delmar opens a drawer, takes out some bills, puts it in envelope and throws it on the desk.

DELMAR

Take it before I change my mind.

Marcus grabs it, looks inside.

MARCUS

You're a good friend. Not like in high school.

DELMAR

Those were the good old days.

Delmar opens his ledger and records the loan.

EXT./INT. LIMOUSINE - DAY

Driver -- 30s, white hair, heavy make-up, leather fashion. This is JOSEPHINE.

She pulls in at the back of the Kama-Sin. She locates a key from underneath the passenger's seat. She rushes out and unlocks a rusty shipping door. As the door creaks opens, Faith emerges -- wearing sunglasses, purse in one hand and out of breath.

JOSEPHINE

Lets go, I have to be at the airport in one hour, some Judge from Germany wants a tour of this godforsaken place.

Josephine hurries to the Limousine and gets in. Faith, makes her way, slowly. Before she gets in, she takes a deep look at the Kama-Sin Building.

INT. LIMOUSINE - MOVING - NIGHT

FAITH

Thanks for doing this.

JOSEPHINE

We risked our lives for you.

FAITH

Why do you stay?

JOSEPHINE

Adam takes good care of me. The money I make will pay for my son's college.

FAITH

It used to be like paradise. Now I hear screams. I hear rumors about the Sita Room.

JOSEPHINE

Unspeakable things are happening. It's all being filmed in the Sita Room for distribution. One of Adam's loyal customer from Japan have asked for you.

Faith does not say a word, sad, looks out the window.

EXT. DOWNTOWN - DAY

The Limousine pulls over in front of a coffee shop. Faith gets out.

Before driving off, Josephine rolls down the window and gives her a piece of paper.

JOSEPHINE

Here's the address, you could only stay there for a couple of weeks.

JOSEPHINE (CONT'D)

And remember, whatever happens, never  
mention our names.

FAITH

No one will know.

Josephine drives off.

Faith crosses her hand, looks around, desperate.

EXT. DOWNTOWN - NIGHT

Busy.

Marcus crosses the road.

INT. SUBWAY STATION - NIGHT

Marcus strolls down the stairs.

He makes his way down the platform. Semi-crowded.

INT. SUBWAY CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Empty. Marcus, bummed out, tired.

The subway gradually comes to a stop. Marcus exits.

PLATFORM

As he makes his way down, something catches his attention.  
He's immediately captivated by someone sitting on a bench.  
It's Faith, spaced out. He approaches her and as he sits next  
to her, he notices blood running down her nose.

MARCUS

You're bleeding.

Marcus takes out a tissue from his pocket and gently wipes  
the blood, leaving a stain near her nose.

She doesn't look at him. Marcus stares at her face as if he  
has seen her before.

FAITH

Do you ever get these headaches, where  
you can smell blood climbing into your  
head?

Marcus, taken aback.

MARCUS

Are you okay?

She turns to Marcus.

FAITH  
The headaches eventually disappear.

MARCUS  
I can take you to the hospital if you're not feeling well.

FAITH  
I'm alright. You know, girl in big city, I just need to get organized.

MARCUS  
Where are you off to?

FAITH  
Where are you going?

MARCUS  
Back to my apartment to do some writing.

FAITH  
Writing!

MARCUS  
Yeah, I write jokes.

She smiles at Marcus.

FAITH  
Sounds like a fun job. We all could use more laughter in this world.

Faith, more relaxed.

FAITH  
I heard Miami is not the place for Dancers. You ever been to New York?

MARCUS  
One day I plan to go there.

FAITH  
The neon lights of Broadway.

MARCUS  
You're pretty ambitious. So what kind of dancing do you do?

FAITH  
You know, the typical stuff.

Marcus takes out a piece of paper and a pen from his pocket

and jots down something.

MARCUS

You look like you'll make a great dancer.  
Here's my number, give me a call someday.  
I don't know if I could help you with  
your dancing, but maybe someday we'll  
meet in New York.

She smiles and with her trembling hand takes the piece of paper and looks at it.

MARCUS

I feel like I've met you somewhere.

FAITH

Marcus Anderson.

She looks at Marcus, thinking.

FAITH

I like your name, it sounds like a  
Hollywood name.

She holds the piece of paper tightly in her palm and looks Marcus in the eyes and gives him a sweet smile.

FAITH

Tell me a joke.

Marcus smiles.

We hear the sound of the Subway approaching.

She gets up.

FAITH

I think I'm gonna take this one. So are  
you gonna tell me a joke?

She walks away and looks down the tunnel.

Marcus catches up with her.

MARCUS

Okay, here's the joke.

Faith crosses her arm, posing.

MARCUS

Where did the belly dancer learn to  
dance?

FAITH  
From watching "Dance Fever".

MARCUS  
No, from the Navel Academy.

She laughs.

FAITH  
That's awful! Is that what you write?

MARCUS  
Not always.

Subway pulls in.

There is a moment of silence. Marcus is hooked, checking her out from head to toe.

Subway stops. Door opens.

She gives Marcus a final smile and gets in. The door closes.

Marcus watches the Train as it departs.

MARCUS  
(to himself)  
Bye.

Marcus, spellbound. He looks at the tissue with the blood smear on it.

Someone bumps into him. It's James. He looks at the departing subway and then turns, sees Marcus walking away.

INT. MARCUS' APARTMENT - 2ND FLOOR - NIGHT

Marcus, smoking, typing into his computer. Pill containers on his desk.

The phone rings. Marcus turns and looks at the phone. The answering machine comes on.

ANSWERING MACHINE  
You have reached the direct line of  
Marcus Anderson, kindly leave a message  
at the beep.

FEMALE VOICE  
(message, jittery)  
Marcus, it's Faith, please call me back,  
I need your help.(hangs up)

Marcus plays the message over.

Then all of sudden Marcus notices two guys on the balcony.

It's Oscar and James. James picks up a marble statue and hurls it into the glass door.

Marcus scrambles out of the way. Glass flying everywhere.

James enters, followed by Oscar, holding a gun(silencer attached).

Marcus, afraid, eyeing both of them as they make their way toward him.

OSCAR

(looks around)

This is a real shit-hole you got here.  
You would think she could find someone  
with a little bit more taste.

MARCUS

Who are you guys?

JAMES

You really don't want to know that.

OSCAR

Let me guess, we're two desperate  
rapists, bored to death fucking our  
sisters and today we want to try  
something new.

Oscar throws a towering punch at Marcus, landing him to the floor. He then picks him up by the collar and points the gun to his head.

OSCAR

That lady you were with last night, keep  
away from her.

MARCUS

Why?

James explodes and drives some crowning blows into Marcus' rib while Oscar is still holding on to him by the collar. Marcus, buckles, about to collapse.

OSCAR

Open your ears wide, stay the fuck away  
from her.

MARCUS

Okay, I'll try, but right now I can taste  
my ribs breaking, so please don't fucking  
hit me again.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

And what is a nice girl like her doing  
with you two faggots anyway.

Oscar hurls Marcus to the floor. James delivers some vicious  
kicks. Oscar aims his gun at Marcus' face.

OSCAR

So, do we have a deal?

MARCUS

(thinking...he finally gives  
in)

Alright, she's history.

OSCAR

Good boy. Just forget about her. She will  
never be part of this pathetic little  
world of yours. Try not to be so  
romantically ambitious, keep your life  
simple.

MARCUS

Simple does not exist in my world.

Oscar bends down and pushes the silencer against Marcus'  
forehead.

OSCAR

I think it does. Just like how SIMPLE it  
would be for this bullet to travel  
through your FUCKING HEAD to the next  
floor.

JAMES

Adam said no more dead bodies, I think  
this guy got the message.

Oscar puts his gun away. They leave through the front door.

INT. MARCUS' APARTMENT - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

As Oscar and James make their way, they brush by MRS. LOPEZ --  
landlord -- 40s, flip flops, socks, pudgy all over. She's  
intimidated by their size.

INT. MARCUS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

She walks in, shocked to see Marcus on the floor. She rushes  
over to comfort him and help him sit up on the couch.

MRS. LOPEZ

Marcus, what happened to you, all this  
noise, tenants downstairs are complaining  
again.

MRS. LOPEZ (CONT'D)

You're three months late with rent and I see you like this, like you got hit by a truck.

MARCUS

Don't worry Mrs. Lopez, I'm working like a dog and sooner or later I'll have things under control. It gets lonely up here. You know what they say "In this country, you gotta make the money first. Then when you get the money, you get the power. Then when you get the power, then you get the women."

MRS. LOPEZ

You're still living in that fantasy world. How many time are you going to do that Tony Montana line.

MARCUS

I'm not joking. I don't just dream of the American Dream. The future looks good, wife, kids and some dogs and my gig on the Tonight Show.

MRS. LOPEZ

Those dirty girlfriends of yours, they will never give you family and make chicken soup for you when you get sick, they will give you AIDS. Just get a real job and forget about this stand-up comedy thing. Marcus, even if you make, the big money and drugs will kill you.

Marcus gives her a warm smile.

MARCUS

So Mrs. Lopez, tell me, how's your husband.

MRS. LOPEZ

He's much nicer now. Ever since you filmed him on your cell phone hitting me with that frying pan, he never hit for over two weeks. He got scared when you told him how you're gonna put it on Youtube. Now he's like a sex machine. He wants it everyday. If he doesn't hit me, he wants sex, men are so complicated.

MARCUS

Just let me know if he starts up again. I'll put it on Youtube, you'll be on Oprah and he'll be in big trouble.

The phone rings. Painfully, Marcus gets up and answers.

MARCUS

Hello.

FAITH'S VOICE

(v.o., filtered)

Hi Marcus, it's Faith.