

# Relentlessly Anjelica

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INT. KANE HOUSE, ELMHURST, QUEENS - NIGHT, PRESENT DAY

ANJELICA KANE, 25 - wild black hair surrounds her tired, angelic face.

A scraping sound - metal against cement.

INT. KANE HOUSE - DAY, (FLASHBACK, 20 YEARS AGO)

The trowel meticulously scrapes the cement, creating a smooth, wet, pristine surface.

Two small hands and two large hands press into the wet cement.

ANJELICA KANE, 5, looks up at PAT KANE, 40, tall, burly, in overalls. He nods. Slowly they remove their hands.

END FLASHBACK

INT. KANE HOUSE - NIGHT

The cement has hardened. Beneath them, carved in cement, are the names: Angie and Daddy. Anjelica, straddling the cement places her hand inside of her fathers handprint.

A black Kate Spade briefcase is on the floor. Anjelica opens it and removes the items: A laptop, a phone, and a handgun.

Anjelica grips the gun and looks up.

**THREE MONTHS EARLIER**

INT. FIFTH GRADE CLASSROOM, BROOKLYN - DAY

Anjelica, glowing, regal, hair on top of her head - white dress and black Chucks, in front of a thirty-three students.

She glides through the classroom and looks down at one of her students. Name tag on her shirt: ESME.

ANJELICA

Esme? Why does one half plus one third equal five sixths?

HARRY, a classmate, raises is hand.

HARRY

Ms. Kane? She don't speak English.

Anjelica smiles at Esme, squats down next to her desk.

ANJELICA  
Hablas inglés?

Esme shakes her head.

ANJELICA  
No problema. Te enseñare.

Anjelica stands and deliberately moves to the front of the classroom. Spins around. Faces the students.

ANJELICA  
Estudiantes. Quien no habla inglés?

Eight students raise their hands.

Harry raises his hand.

HARRY  
Ms. Kane!

Harry points to two girls in the back.

HARRY  
Them too. They're from Iran.

INT. VICE-PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY

VICE-PRINCIPAL BOOKER, middle-aged, cheap suit, behind a messy desk, rubs his bald scalp.

Anjelica stands above him.

ANJELICA  
Unexpected surprise on my first  
day. Ten out of thirty-three don't  
speak English.

BOOKER  
You're bilingual, right?

ANJELICA  
Spanish and English. Not Farsi.

BOOKER  
Yeah, yeah, I get it.

Impatiently she clicks her fingernails on his desk and leans forward. Waits for Booker's solution. Nothing.

ANJELICA  
And? The solution is --

BOOKER  
What do you want me to say?

ANJELICA  
That you'll find me an assistant  
who speaks Farsi.

BOOKER  
Even if we had money for  
assistants, they would go to the  
teachers with tenure.

Her piercing eyes cause Booker to look away.

BOOKER  
You don't have to do this. With  
your education, your background,  
there are better schools.

Furious, Anjelica picks up her backpack.

ANJELICA  
You've given up.

BOOKER  
Who do you think you are? This is a  
struggle for everyone.

ANJELICA  
Really? You're struggling?

BOOKER  
I can put them in a special class,  
one for problem students.

ANJELICA  
The students are not the problem.  
Forget it. I'll make it work.

She opens the door, without looking:

ANJELICA  
You have mustard on your tie.

Walks out. Slams the door.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Anjelica walks down the empty hallway. Slams her backpack  
against the wall. Squats down.

Heels click against the tile floor. Anjelica looks up, sees ELYSE, 35.

ELYSE  
Rough first day?

ANJELICA  
Not what I expected.

ELYSE  
What did you expect?

ANJELICA  
Better.

ELYSE  
Expectations are suicide around here. You gotta let that shit go.

Anjelica stands, forces a smile. Walks away.

INT. ANJELICA'S BUILDING - DAY

Anjelica climbs the stairs, stops on the landing digs in her bag for keys. She gets to the door and sees it is partially opened. Slowly she pushes the door. Steps into

INT. ANJELICA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Sparsely furnished. On the wall: academic awards, diplomas from Bard College and Columbia Teachers' College, both Magna Cum Laude.

ANJELICA  
Hello?

LEO (O.C.)  
Angie?

LEO LIBASSI, plump, mid-sixties, steps out of the bathroom followed by GREASY MAN in a leather jacket carrying a camera.

LEO  
Sorry, didn't mean to scare you.

He turns to Greasy Man.

LEO  
How long before I see the pictures?

GREASY MAN  
Get them to you early next week.

LEO  
Great. Thanks.

Greasy Man nods at Anjelica as he walks out.

ANJELICA  
Who was he?

LEO  
It's time to move on.

ANJELICA  
On?

LEO  
Leave Brooklyn. Matilda has a  
Brother in South Carolina. Never  
snows. Real Estate is pretty cheap.

ANJELICA  
You're selling the building?

LEO  
I met a realtor who says we can get  
five or six million. We bought this  
brownstone in eighty-five for  
seventy thousand.

ANJELICA  
Wow. I'm happy for you.

LEO  
We can't renew your lease, when  
it's up in January --

ANJELICA  
Why?

LEO  
A vacant brownstone is worth more.  
It's just business, Angie.

ANJELICA  
You wouldn't do this if Brad was  
here.

LEO  
Brad? Brad who? Your boyfriend?

ANJELICA  
Ex. He's my ex-boyfriend.

LEO  
It wouldn't change a thing.

Leo walks to the door.

LEO  
Blaming Brad. Matilda and me, our  
bedroom's right below here.

He shakes his head.

LEO  
The screaming. Every night. The  
shit you said to him, I'd have left  
to.

He looks back at her.

LEO  
So, January. Got it?

Leo leaves. Defeated, Anjelica sits.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Anjelica, in workout clothes, walks with MARGOT, 25 - short,  
cornrows, tattoos.

ANJELICA  
Can you believe he said that?

MARGOT  
What's the solution? Move on. Get a  
new apartment.

ANJELICA  
Not in the budget.

MARGOT  
Go to your Dad's house. You're  
paying the mortgage. You haven't  
been there once since he died.

ANJELICA  
I've been busy.

MARGOT  
Please! Who you talking to? It's  
time to confront those ghosts.

They arrive at the Kickboxing Studio. Enter.

EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL, BROOKLYN - DAY

Anjelica, distracted, walks slowly toward school.

Harry walks up to Anjelica.

HARRY  
Hey Ms. Kane?

ANJELICA  
Hi Harry.

HARRY  
Cool, you remembered my name.

She smiles.

HARRY  
Why you walking so slow?

ANJELICA  
I'm, just stuff. Doesn't matter.

HARRY  
It's the Iranian girls. You know  
the kid who sits behind me? Abdul?  
He speaks Farsi.

ANJELICA  
A man with a plan. Nice.

They walk inside.

INT. KANE HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY (FLASHBACK, ONE YEAR AGO)

Seated at the head of a a long farmhouse-style table, Pat,  
now 60, visibly sick, stares at a bowl of soup.

ANJELICA  
Daddy, try to eat.

He looks around the kitchen, then back at his daughter.

PAT  
You could live here when I go.

ANJELICA  
In twenty years? Sure.

PAT  
Lucky if I've got one.

ANJELICA  
Don't --

PAT  
This isn't a happy ending story.



ANJELICA

Eat your soup.

PAT

Feel like I'm gonna puke all the time. This house, the work I did, this table, all of it. I built it so you would have a home.

She nods.

PAT

There's a mortgage. You have to pay it every month.

ANJELICA

You're not going anywhere.

PAT

Dammit Angie! We don't have time for this denial bullshit! Face it!

I/E. KANE HOUSE, ELMHURST - DAY

Anjelica stands, frozen on the sidewalk, looks at the House.

MRS. CRUMB

Angie?

Surprised, Anjelica turns, sees an older woman, MRS. CRUMB.

ANJELICA

Mrs. Crumb!

MRS. CRUMB

I haven't seen you since the funeral.

ANJELICA

I wanted to, but...

MRS. CRUMB

Hush. So, are you selling?

ANJELICA

Selling? Why would I sell?

Points to a vacant lot next to the Kane's house.

MRS. CRUMB

Everyone's doing it. They're destroying the neighborhood.

ANJELICA  
What happened there?

MRS. CRUMB  
Elmhurst Development Corporation.

Anjelica shakes her head.

MRS. CRUMB  
They're buying up everything,  
tearing houses down and building  
condos. Ugly things, six stories  
high. Neighborhood's gone to hell.

ANJELICA  
My house isn't for sale.

MRS. CRUMB  
I hope that's true.

Mrs. Crumb pats Anjelica on the back and walks away.

Anjelica takes a deep breath, marches up to the house. Opens the door. Bends down, scoops up a pile of mail.

In the Living Room: the sofa bed, still covered with her late father's soiled sheets, pulled out to face the television. Medicine bottles line coffee table.

She walks into the kitchen. Puts down the mail.

Goes to the kitchen table. Slowly runs her hands over the wood and strokes the edge of the table with her fingertips.

Anjelica walks into the living room. Picks up a pillow from the sofa bed. Smells it. Gently lays the pillow down.

Returns to the kitchen, begins to sort through the mail.

Phone rings. Anjelica answers.

MARGOT (O.C.)  
Wanna go for a run?

ANJELICA  
Can't. In Queens.

MARGOT (O.C.)  
The house? Proud of you. How is it?

ANJELICA  
Smells like death.

MARGOT (O.C.)  
You okay?

ANJELICA  
I miss him so much.

Opens an envelope from Queens County Civil Court: Summons.

MARGOT (O.C.)  
Pat would be so happy if --

ANJELICA  
Shit! Margot, shit.

MARGOT (O.C.)  
What? What's wrong?

INT. ANJELICA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Anjelica, on the phone, paces the floor.

COLLECTOR (O.C.)  
Ms. Kane, your father owed more  
than three hundred thousand dollars  
in medical bills.

ANJELICA  
And you're suing a dead person?

COLLECTOR (O.C.)  
We're suing his estate.

ANJELICA  
Estate? That's insane. He didn't  
even have life insurance.

COLLECTOR (O.C.)  
He owned a house.

INT. KANE HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT (FLASHBACK, 15 YEARS AGO)

Pat Kane, in overalls, lays a board onto two sawhorses, hands Anjelica, 10, a tape measure. She measures six inches. He marks it.

He smiles at Anjelica and picks up a power saw. He turns on the saw, it screams. She covers her ears.

The cut wood falls onto a pile of sawdust on the floor.

END FLASHBACK

INT. ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - DAY

ATTORNEY BATES, 50's, grey suit, behind a large desk. Reads the collection letter. Anjelica sits across from him, her fingers drumming the arm of the chair.

ANJELICA  
They can't take my house.

BATES  
How would you prevent it?

ANJELICA  
You're the lawyer.

He raises his eyebrows, smiles.

ANJELICA  
Can you help me or not?

BATES  
Pat was underwater. Two mortgages.  
He owed more on the house than the  
house is worth.

He sits back.

BATES  
You might have a way out. Before  
Pat died, I was contacted by a  
developer looking to buy --

ANJELICA  
Elmhurst Development Corporation.

BATES  
Have they reached out to you?

ANJELICA  
No. But I know what they do.

BATES  
I'm guessing they would pay more  
than the house is worth.

ANJELICA  
And tear it down. Not happening.

BATES  
It may be your only way out.

ANJELICA  
I could pay the medical bills.

BATES

This is a time for pragmatism.

ANJELICA

Dad is dead. Don't they understand?

BATES

They're ruthless. But, I'll reach out, maybe they'll negotiate a lower price. No promises.

INT. ANJELICA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Anjelica stands in front of a large punching bag that hangs from the ceiling. She steps back with her right foot.

Masterfully she delivers a roundhouse kick, shaking the bag.

Transformation. She attacks with a flurry of kicks.

A knock at the door.

She opens the door. Margot greets her with takeout.

MARGOT

Hope you're hungry.

Margot enters.

MARGOT

I haven't eaten since breakfast.

ANJELICA

Not a good time.

Margot stops at the kitchen table, covered with papers and Anjelica's laptop.

MARGOT

What's this shit?

ANJELICA

I'm trying to pay bills.

MARGOT

Explains why you're all sweaty.

Anjelica relents and cleans the table.

MARGOT

Thanks for bringing dinner, Margot. I really appreciate how you look out for me, Margot.

Margot puts down the food. Takes a wine bottle from her bag.

ANJELICA

Sorry, it's, I've got this  
screaming monkey in my head.

Margot gets plates, wine glasses and a corkscrew.

MARGOT

I hope she's not staying for  
dinner, I didn't bring enough food.

She opens the wine. Pours.

Anjelica downs the wine. Margot watches.

MARGOT

Thirsty?

LATER

Dinner is finished.

ANJELICA

I was already drowning. Losing my  
apartment, cards maxed out, student  
loans. Now this!

Buries her face in her hands.

ANJELICA

Dad's policy was a travesty. The  
health care system is a disgrace.

MARGOT

I hear you. See it every day.

ANJELICA

There's no way out. I'm just --

MARGOT

Screwed.

ANJELICA

Completely.

MARGOT

It's pretty obvious, right?

ANJELICA

When my father got here he worked  
three jobs to put himself through  
school. If he can do it so can I.

MARGOT

Yeah, well, the man didn't owe  
three hundred thousand dollars.

Margot pours the end of the wine into Anjelica's glass.

INT. STAPLES - DAY

A CASHIER checks Anjelica out. With her is Elyse.

ANJELICA

Thanks so much for driving me.

ELYSE

I know what it's like starting out.  
Always happy to help a newbie.

CASHIER

Miss, excuse me, your credit card  
didn't go through.

ANJELICA

Of course it didn't.

The Cashier shrugs.

ANJELICA

I'll just use my debit card.

She switches cards.

ANJELICA

I really need a second job. Do you  
do anything else for --

ELYSE

Money? God yes. I would crash and  
burn on my teacher's salary. I work  
in a club. Cocktail waitress.

ANJELICA

Good money?

ELYSE

Not too bad, the more I play the  
game, the more I make.

Anjelica picks up her bags. They exit to the

STAPLES PARKING LOT

ELYSE

There's a lot of deviant ratbags  
out there. A few drinks and --

She opens the trunk of her car. Anjelica puts her bags in.

ELYSE

Anyway, I put up with the  
occasional hand on my ass to keep  
food on the table.

Elyse shuts the trunk.

ELYSE

We should get a drink sometime.  
Share war stories.

EXT. VEGETABLE STAND, QUEENS - DAY

Anjelica and Margot shop for produce.

ANJELICA

Thanks for coming out here.

MARGOT

Like old times.

Margot examines the tomatoes.

MARGOT

Any luck with a second job?

ANJELICA

Not yet. Even Trader's turned me  
down. I'm tutoring five nights a  
week. It's nowhere near enough.

MARGOT

You tried getting a loan?

ANJELICA

Denied. My credit is in the toilet.

MARGOT

Angie, you're going to hate me for  
saying this.

ANJELICA

I already hate you.

MARGOT

Right. Just hear me out. I know  
things ended badly with Brad...



ANJELICA

No Margot, don't go there.

MARGOT

Already there. He has the money.

Anjelica throws a tomato in her basket emphatically. Shakes her head and walks away.

INT. KANE HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT

Anjelica, Margot, and two friends - RYAN, black and muscular, and CHUCK, geeky with glasses at the table: food, wine.

RYAN

Bottom line. Some people should leave their clothes on.

CHUCK

I wanted a quick exit, but Ryan.

RYAN

It's impolite to just leave.

ANJELICA

Under the circumstances...

CHUCK

Right?

RYAN

That's not how I was raised.

CHUCK

Your parents would have stayed to be polite? *Your* parents?

MARGOT

They would run for the door!

ANJELICA

Screaming!

They laugh.

RYAN

How's work Margot? Tell us all about the world of tits and ass.

CHUCK

Aren't they all bitter Upper East Side women desperately trying to recapture to their youth?

MARGOT

Some. Others need reconstructive surgery after breast cancer.

CHUCK

Put me in my place.

RYAN

What about Med school?

MARGOT

I've applied to six programs.

RYAN

And?

MARGOT

And the one that offers the best financial aid package gets me.

She takes a sip of wine.

MARGOT

This patient, Sydney, found out I'm applying to Med school and offered me some work on the side.

CHUCK

Sydney's a woman? A real one?

MARGOT

Yeah. She owns a high-end escort service called Delicious Treats.

RYAN

She wanted you to be one of her delicious treats?

MARGOT

She did. I said thanks, but --

CHUCK

Not your thing?

MARGOT

Ain't enough money for me to get naked with a stranger.

CHUCK

I have to say, this kitchen, love it! And the table is gorgeous.

RYAN

Angie's dad made it.

CHUCK

Get out!

ANJELICA

He built everything. The cabinets,  
laid the tile floor.

RYAN

Show Chuck the hands.

MARGOT

You gotta see the hands.

CHUCK

What hands?

ANJELICA

Come on.

She leads the way to a door, opens it to a pantry.

ANJELICA

Look up.

The ceiling is covered with handprints in primary colors.

ANJELICA

The big hands are Dad's, the small  
ones are mine.

Chuck smiles in delight.

ANJELICA

And he didn't tile this floor, it's  
cement. Down there, look.

She points to two sets of hand prints in the cement.

ANJELICA

Me and dad.

CHUCK

My god! This is so cool.

They return to the table.

ANJELICA

Every night he got home from work  
and grabbed his tool belt. I grew  
up inhaling sawdust.

She sits. Looks at her friends.

ANJELICA

This house was his gift to me.

CHUCK

It's amazing!

ANJELICA

He loved the work so much he quit teaching to become a contractor.

CHUCK

Followed his dream.

ANJELICA

Then he got sick. Shitty insurance. And now --

RYAN

What are you going to do?

ANJELICA

I pay off the bill collector, with the no money that I have.

CHUCK

You could work for Margot's friend and become a delicious treat.

ANJELICA

Uh, no, not happening. Margot thinks I should ask Brad.

RYAN

Not a bad idea.

CHUCK

Sure, just admit you treated him like shit and beg for forgiveness.

ANJELICA

I didn't treat him like shit.

She looks at Margot.

MARGOT

Ya kind of did.

ANJELICA

But he was such a --

MARGOT

Wonderful man who could potentially get you out of this clusterfuck.

INT. ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - DAY

Bates behind his desk. Anjelica holds a document, reads it carefully. Sitting next to her, HERB SANDS, of the Elmhurst Development Corporation.

SANDS

We think it's a fair offer. It will pay off both mortgages and provide you with a substantial profit.

ANJELICA

So, I sign this. You pay me. Then you tear down the house and replace it with a condo.

SANDS

We call it revitalization. At Elmhurst we create new living opportunities.

ANJELICA

After you destroy the old living opportunities.

Looks down at the document.

ANJELICA

So this is it.

Looks up at Bates.

ANJELICA

Your solution.

BATES

Your father wouldn't want --

She holds up her hand. Shakes her head.

She stands. Looks down at Sanders. Rips his offer in half.

She walks to the door, opens it and walks out.

SANDS

She'll come around. They always do.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Anjelica on the phone waits for an elevator.

ANJELICA

He's not going to go for it.

MARGOT (O.C.)  
That's a good attitude.

ANJELICA  
Not a good time for sarcasm.

MARGOT (O.C.)  
Then you called the wrong person.

ANJELICA  
I really hate you.

MARGOT (O.C.)  
I hate you, too.

Anjelica steps into an elevator.

MARGOT (O.C.)  
I know it's a stretch for you, but,  
be humble.

INT. BRAD'S OFFICE - DAY

Brad, early thirties, at his desk. Anjelica sits across from him. Smiles.

BRAD  
I miss that. The smile. I honestly  
never thought I'd see you again.

She smiles a little more.

ANJELICA  
Makes two of us.

BRAD  
And yet, here you are.

ANJELICA  
Leo said he didn't blame you for  
leaving. He heard us fighting.

BRAD  
We did fight.

ANJELICA  
I guess I wasn't very nice. I'm  
sorry about that, you know.

BRAD  
It takes two.

ANJELICA  
That it does. You, uh...

She catches herself.

ANJELICA  
You were so nice, sending flowers  
when my father died.  
(Beat)  
They're going to take the house.

He shakes his head.

ANJELICA  
The medical bills. It's a lot of  
money and, if I can't pay they'll  
take the house, so I need help.

He smiles. Then chuckles. Finally, laughter.

BRAD  
I see, explains the apologies.

ANJELICA  
Fuck you, Brad!

BRAD  
Ah, there she is.

ANJELICA  
I'm desperate, okay? The house is  
my father's gift to me, if I lose  
it then I've lost him.

BRAD  
Keeping the house won't bring him  
back. You know that, right?

She slams her hands on his desk. Stops herself. Deep breath.

ANJELICA  
It's all I have. Please. If you  
could loan me the money --

BRAD  
I'm not in a position to loan  
anyone money.

ANJELICA  
Please. I know how much you make.

BRAD  
You don't know how much I spend.

Annoyed, she looks away.

BRAD

Not that it's any of your business,  
but Mom's dementia, she's in a  
nursing home. Dad's nuts.

He shakes his head.

BRAD

I'm handling their bills. They're  
layoffs here. I could be next. So  
no, I can't loan you any money.

ANJELICA

I'm sorry about your mother.

BRAD

After everything, the irrational  
tirades, your rage, the ache in my  
gut I felt every night when I tried  
to get to sleep, please know, if I  
could help you I would.

ANJELICA

Why?

BRAD

I think you know why.

Uncomfortable silence.

She stands, forces a smile. Walks out.

INT. ANJELICA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Ferociously, Angelica hits the bag. Attack. Attack. Attack.

Stops. Sweaty and out of breath.

A knock at the door. She answers. Bates.

BATES

You have been ignoring my calls.

She lets him in.

BATES

Did you know, Anjelica, did you  
know? There was a hole in the roof  
when you moved into the house. All  
kinds of vermin lived in the attic.



Bates walks into the kitchen.

BATES

Pat fixed the hole. Scrubbed the attic down, top to bottom. And from that point on. He was obsessed.

He sets down his briefcase.

BATES

He replaced everything. The wiring, molding, floors. St. Patrick. I know what the house meant to him. What it means to you.

He opens his briefcase. Removes a contract from a folder.

BATES

I met with the collection agency. They've agreed to reduce the amount to two hundred thousand dollars.

ANJELICA

Okay. That's good, right?

BATES

By January fifth they want an initial payment. Twenty thousand. Then six thousand a month for the next thirty months.

He puts the contract on the table.

BATES

If you miss a payment you'll lose the house. I strongly recommend that you take Elmhurst's offer.

She picks up a pen. Before she signs Bates grabs her wrist.

BATES

Twenty thousand by January. That's less than four months.

Anjelica removes his hand from her wrist.

She signs the contract.

INT. KANE HOUSE, PANTRY - DAY (FLASHBACK, 20 YEARS AGO)

Two small paint covered hands reach for the ceiling.

Pat Kane lifts Young Anjelica up.

She presses her hands against the ceiling. Pulls them away, leaving two red hand prints.

END FLASHBACK

INT. ANJELICA'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Anjelica, in bed. Eyes closed.

BATES (V.O.)  
Twenty thousand by January. That's  
less than four months.

Opens her eyes.

EXT. KANE HOUSE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK, 6 MONTHS AGO)

Pat, on a gurney is wheeled to a waiting ambulance. Anjelica takes his hand. Leans down and kisses him.

PAT  
Be strong.

He is lifted into the ambulance.

END FLASHBACK

INT. ANJELICA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

At the table Anjelica Looks through her bills.

Writes on a pad: January 5th - \$20,000. Income: \$4,000/month.  
Total: \$16,000. Monthly bills: \$3800.

She writes: \$200. Circles it in red.

ANJELICA  
Only Nineteen thousand eight  
hundred short.

Stands up. Looks at a photograph of her father on the wall.

MARGOT (V.O.)  
She owns a high-end escort service  
called Delicious Treats.

CHUCK (V.O.)  
You could work for Margot's friend  
and become a delicious treat.

She opens up her laptop. Types in: Delicious Treats.

INT. DELICIOUS TREATS ESCORT SERVICE - DAY

White: Walls, Furniture, Carpet. Austere. Immaculate.

SYDNEY, regal, stunning, ageless, with short white hair.

Anjelica stares at SYDNEY'S mouth: moving, but what words are coming out? Anjelica blinks.

SYDNEY

This is a business. Everything you do, from the moment you meet the client, is about making money.

ANJELICA

How much money?

SYDNEY

That's up to you. You have to become the fantasy.

Anjelica shakes her head.

SYDNEY

Tell them the story they want to hear exactly as they imagined it. Pretend the clients are children...

ANJELICA

I don't think -

SYDNEY

needing comfort. Love them for their flaws and they will love you.

Sydney reaches out takes Anjelica's hand.

SYDNEY

Stand.

Anjelica obeys.

SYDNEY

Beautiful eyes. Men will be mesmerized by you. A fit, strong, beautiful, sexy woman.

Anjelica looks away, smiles.

SYDNEY

Don't be bashful. When you walk through the door. Take charge.

Sydney stands, pulls Anjelica close.

SYDNEY  
It's your show. You control  
everything.

Anjelica smiles.

SYDNEY  
Oh. You like that.

INT. FIFTH GRADE CLASSROOM, BROOKLYN - DAY

Harry near a pod, entertaining other students.

He looks up. Anjelica stands above him. Without saying a word she nods at his seat. He sits down.

SYDNEY (V.O.)  
We'll send you a text asking if  
you're available.

Anjelica returns to her desk. She has a text on her phone.

SYDNEY (V.O.)  
Type yes if you are.

Types "Yes" into her phone. Hits send.

INT. ANJELICA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Anjelica steps out of the shower. Wipes the steam from the mirror. Wet hair. No makeup. She prepares:

Red nail polish, makeup, hair, lingerie, stockings.

Finally. In front of the mirror she applies red lipstick.

Steps back. High heels, black stockings, black dress.

Metamorphosis.

Unable to look at herself she closes her eyes. Imagines:

INT. KANE HOUSE, PANTRY - NIGHT

Anjelica, on her knees, looks down at the handprints in cement.

She places her freshly manicured hands on the imprints. Suddenly the cement is wet, and her hands sink deeper and deeper. She struggles but is slowly sucked into the darkness.

INT. ANJELICA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Anjelica opens her eyes.

As if going to her execution, she slips on a black raincoat.

Opens the door. Turns out the light.

SYDNEY (V.O.)

Full disclosure, clients pay one thousand an hour. Your driver gets two. We keep three. You get five.

EXT. ANJELICA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Anjelica walks out of the building.

SYDNEY (V.O.)

The driver is your security.

MITCHELL, a cinder block in a suit, holds the door for her.

SYDNEY (V.O.)

You need help, he rescues you.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Eyes closed, Anjelica sits in the back seat.

MITCHELL

First time, huh?

She opens her eyes.

MITCHELL

I'm Mitchell. She always gives me the newbies.

She mouths the word "newbies"

MITCHELL

You'll be fine. Take this.

Mitchell hands her a small button.

MITCHELL

Any nasty shit goes down, the guy hits you, freaks out, won't wear a condom...press that button, I'm through the door.

ANJELICA  
 Won't the door be locked?

MITCHELL  
 I have pass keys for most hotels.

ANJELICA  
 You think of everything.

MITCHELL  
 Like I said, you'll be fine.

Anjelica looks down at her shaking hands. She clenches her fists and puts them in her lap.

INT. HOTEL - NIGHT

Mitchell leads Anjelica down the corridor. They get to the door. He nods at her and steps away.

She looks at the door then back at Mitchell. He pantomimes a knock. Anjelica puts her hand against the door. Shuts her eyes. Deep breath.

Opens her eyes. Knocks.

SYDNEY (V.O.)  
 Remember. One hour. Unless  
 otherwise specified. Not a minute  
 more. This isn't a charity.

The door opens. HOWARD, 40, tighty-whities and a dress shirt.

She steps inside the

HOTEL ROOM

Anjelica looks around the room. Then at Howard.

HOWARD  
 Drink?

He nervously stumbles to an opened bottle of Cutty Sark.

ANJELICA  
 No thanks.

He pours himself a glass.

HOWARD  
 Making me drink alone?

Anjelica turns to the door. Flight or fight?  
Shuts her eyes. Deep breath. Opens her eyes.  
Sets down her bag, phone, and emergency button.  
Spins around. Faces Howard. Removes her coat. He swallows.

SYDNEY (V.O.)  
Love them for their flaws and they  
will love you.

She smiles at Howard who is visibly sweating.

ANJELICA  
Hey Howard. Can you help me?

She moves in.

He pulls the glass to his mouth.

She stops him, takes the glass from his hand and puts it on  
the table.

ANJELICA  
See this button?

He looks down at a gold button on her dress. She takes his  
hands and puts them on the button.

ANJELICA  
It's okay. Do it.

He unbuttons her dress. She slides it off her shoulders and  
stands in front of him in black lingerie.

He grabs her suddenly, buries his face between her breasts.  
She looks at Mitchell's button.

Howard's body heaves. He is crying. Instinctively, Anjelica  
holds him in her arms.

He pulls away.

He grabs his glass and downs the scotch. Leans against the  
wall, eyes closed. A sniveling little boy.

She glides toward him. She rubs the outside of his underwear,  
then slides her hand into his shorts, manipulates him.

ANJELICA  
How's that? Keep going?

He nods.

She continues to touch him until he ejaculates.

He pushes her away and crawls into bed. He rocks back and forth on his knees.

Anjelica hurries into the

BATHROOM

Washes her hands. Looks at herself in the mirror.

SYDNEY (V.O.)

Everything you do is about making money.

Dries her hands. Walks out of the bathroom.

ANJELICA

Howard? That was fun. Would you like me to stay longer? An hour?

He is in bed with the covers pulled over his head.

ANJELICA

Or all night?

She pulls back the covers. He is asleep.

ANJELICA

Howard?

She climbs off of the bed. Laughs. Then a sigh of relief.

MONTAGE, ANJELICA'S CLIENTS - VARIOUS LOCATIONS

Mitchell and Anjelica walk down a hotel hallway

Hotel room door opens, an ELDERLY MAN

Hotel room door opens, a FAT NAKED MAN

Anjelica puts her keys, bag, alarm button down

Dress falls to the floor

She rocks on top of a MAN, sees her reflection in the mirror

INT. KANE HOUSE, PANTRY - DAY

Handprints, large and small, many colors.



Anjelica on her back. Stares at the ceiling. A single tear rolls down her cheek.

The doorbell rings.

I/E. KANE HOUSE - DAY

On the porch, Herb Sands of the Elmhurst Development Corporation. Anjelica opens the door.

SANDS

Miss Kane. I was walking by, saw the lights on. Took a chance.

He steps in, uninvited.

ANJELICA

Sure come in.

SANDS

Have you considered our offer?

ANJELICA

The one I tore up?

SANDS

We just bought the house next door. You're surrounded.

He laughs. She stares at him, expressionless.

SANDS

Sorry. Just kidding. I didn't mean to sound like, you know.

ANJELICA

A dick?

SANDS

Huh. Uh, well, good news for you. With your property bookended, we can up our offer.

ANJELICA

Oh boy.

SANDS

Three conjoining properties, that footprint gives us new options.

ANJELICA

More money for you.

SANDS

And you get to share the wealth.

ANJELICA

Great. Agree not to tear this house down, and I'll sell.

SANDS

Why would we do that?

ANJELICA

Three conjoining properties.

SANDS

Don't overplay your hand. Two hundred thousand, that's what you owe. On a teacher's salary.

Smugly Sands walks to the kitchen, peaks inside.

SANDS

That's right, I do my research.

She opens the door.

SANDS

We sent a new offer to your lawyer. One time. Your mortgage? Paid. Your father's medical bills? Paid.

He steps into the doorway.

SANDS

Shit happens. You get sick, lose your job, get hit by a car. Who knows? Then you miss a payment.

He steps onto the porch.

SANDS

The collectors take your house, and then it's ours. And you get squat.

ANJELICA

Don't bet on it.

SANDS

I am betting on it. We don't lose. You have thirty days to decide.

She slowly closes the door.

INT. HOTEL BAR - NIGHT

At a table, glassy-eyed, Anjelica sips on a Perrier. Mitchell sits across from her.

MITCHELL

We got fifteen minutes, you want me to get you something stronger?

Shakes her head.

She removes her rings and bracelets. Puts them in her bag.

MITCHELL

No jewelry while you're working?

ANJELICA

It belonged to my Mom. I can't, when I'm up there --

MITCHELL

Belonged to her? She's --

ANJELICA

Yeah. Died. She died. She's dead.

MITCHELL

Just happen?

ANJELICA

No, when I was two. She didn't actually give me the jewelry, my father did.

She closes her bag, forces a smile.

MITCHELL

Why you doing this?

ANJELICA

I love meeting new people.

MITCHELL

This ain't your thing.

Anjelica nervously tears at her napkin.

MITCHELL

Got a day job?

ANJELICA

I'm a teacher. Fifth grade.

MITCHELL  
You a good teacher?

ANJELICA  
Yes. Yeah. I am.

MITCHELL  
You must need it bad. The money.

ANJELICA  
You think?

Mitchell reaches into his jacket and pulls out an envelope.  
Hands it to her.

MITCHELL  
For your first two weeks. Open it  
later. Three thousand. Cash.

Shoves it into her bag. Removes her lipstick and compact.

MITCHELL  
Eventually she opens up her special  
book, you get higher end clients.

ANJELICA  
And it just keeps getting better.

MITCHELL  
Seriously, why are you doing this?

ANJELICA  
You really want to know?

He nods.

INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL, BROOKLYN - DAY

Frazzled, messy hair, and out-of-breath Anjelica runs down  
the hallway. Stops at her classroom.

Booker is in the doorway. He looks her up and down.

BOOKER  
This can't continue, Ms. Kane.

ANJELICA  
I'm sorry, but --

BOOKER  
This is the third time. Once more  
and I'll have to take action.

ANJELICA  
I have another job and --

BOOKER  
Other teachers have more than one  
job. They get here on time.

INT. FIFTH GRADE CLASSROOM, BROOKLYN - DAY  
Anjelica blinks. Looks out at the students.  
JENNIFER stands and reads.

JENNIFER  
Maria works three days a week. She  
makes five hundred dollars a day.  
Part one: How much money does she  
make in one week?

ANJELICA  
Keep going.

JENNIFER  
Part two: How much money does she  
make in one year? Part three: How  
many weeks will it take for her to  
make two hundred thousand dollars?

Harry raises his hand.

ANJELICA  
Harry.

HARRY  
What's she do?

ANJELICA  
It really doesn't --

HARRY  
That's a lot of cash, man.

ANJELICA  
It's not that much money.

HARRY  
My dad only makes thirty an hour.  
What is she, like an actress?

ANJELICA  
She's, she can be whatever you want  
her to be. Okay?

HARRY  
Like a Knick's City Dancer?

The class laughs.

ANJELICA  
It doesn't matter! Harry, sit down!

She collects herself. Takes a breath.

Abdul raises his hand.

ANJELICA  
Abdul.

ABDUL  
We figured this out together.

He smiles at the Iranian girls. Anjelica waits.

ABDUL  
Fifteen hundred dollars a week.  
Seventy-eight thousand dollars a  
year. And it will take one thirty  
three point three three weeks.

Anjelica stares at the wall.

ABDUL  
Right? Ms. Kane?

ANJELICA  
Right. Yes. Very good. Papers away.  
Books out. For the last twenty  
minutes read. In silence.

LATER

Anjelica, at her desk. On her phone, Text: Available tonight?

Bell rings. Students cheer. She looks up.

ESME  
Have a nice weekend.

Anjelica manages a smile. The students file out.

Harry waits behind. He cautiously approaches her desk.

HARRY  
You need to do something fun. You  
seem really haggard.

ANJELICA  
Haggard? Good word.

HARRY  
I hope you feel better. You're a  
really good teacher, Ms. Kane.

He runs out of the room.

Anjelica looks at her phone. Frozen. Then the tears pour out,  
she puts her head on her desk, her body heaving.

Elyse steps into the classroom. Sees Anjelica crying.

ELYSE  
Hey newbie, you okay?

Anjelica looks up, her face red, tears on her cheeks.

Elyse shuts the door.

ELYSE  
Whatever it is, you don't have to  
go through it alone.

Anjelica wipes her tears.

ELYSE  
Tell me.

INT. ELYSE'S CAR - DAY

Elyse drives. Anjelica in the passenger seat. The car stops  
in front of Anjelica's building.

ANJELICA  
Thanks for the ride home.

ELYSE  
Thanks for trusting me.

ANJELICA  
I don't know what I'm going to do.

ELYSE  
A woman who wants something, who  
wants something more than anything  
else in the world and she's...

Elyse puts her hand on Anjelica's arm.

ELYSE

....willing to crawl through the  
shit, do unspeakable things to get  
it. That's a woman to be admired.

Anjelica nods.

ELYSE

Love yourself, baby.

Anjelica smiles. Gets out of the car.

INT. FRANK LEE'S HOME, BEDROOM - DAY

FRANK LEE, well built, handsome, wearing a bathrobe stands at  
the foot of his bed.

His wife, CLAIRE 41, wearing a Black Alexander McQueen suit,  
on the edge of the bed, slips on her Black Ferragamo heels.

FRANK

A narcissist? *I'm* a fucking  
narcissist? What about you? With  
you're --

CLAIRE

We're not --

FRANK

"Look at me and all the dangerous --

CLAIRE

Frank.

FRANK

-- clients I have. Who knows --

CLAIRE

Frank.

FRANK

I could be gunned down". You  
actually said that at a party,  
which is such fucking --

CLAIRE

Frank! We're not doing this now.

She stands.

CLAIRE

Not when you're like this.



She picks up her bag.

CLAIRE

We can have a controlled, adult conversation when I come home.

He grabs her.

FRANK

What if I want to have an adult conversation now?

She pushes him away.

CLAIRE

I have work.

FRANK

Always that.

CLAIRE

You sound like a neglected housewife.

FRANK

Fuck you! You patronizing --

CLAIRE

Cunt? I can go much lower than you sweetie and do a lot more damage.

She pushes past him.

CLAIRE

Be grateful you've been spared the humiliation.

FRANK

Yeah, I'm so fucking grateful.

CLAIRE

Anyway. I'm going away tomorrow. Miami. Just a few days.

She looks at him. Half love, half disgust.

CLAIRE

It will give you some time alone, to think about things, decide how you want to move forward.

Claire looks away. Walks out.

Simmering, he picks up his phone. Dials.

INT. ANJELICA'S APARTMENT, BATHROOM - NIGHT

Anjelica holds the phone with one hand as she applies makeup.

ANJELICA

Yes, I know about the offer. Sands came to see me.

Drops her lipstick.

BATES (O.C.)

And?

ANJELICA

And what?

BATES (O.C.)

It's very generous. Pat would never want you to --

ANJELICA

I have a second job. I can make the payments.

Puts the phone on speaker.

BATES (O.C.)

You owe twenty thousand on January fifth. That's in three months.

ANJELICA

Like I said.

BATES (O.C.)

If you miss a payment --

Eyes shut Anjelica nervously taps her lipstick on the sink.

ANJELICA

Stop! I will have the money.

She takes a deep breath.

ANJELICA

Sorry, I'm sorry. I gotta go.

Anjelica hangs up. Looks in the mirror. Powerful.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Anjelica in the backseat. Mitchell Drives.

MITCHELL  
Big night tonight. Two hours.  
Double your money.

ANJELICA  
Oh boy.

MITCHELL  
Dude lives in a Chelsea townhouse.  
Bookoo bucks. Play it right he  
could become a regular for you.

Anjelica stares out the window, watches a young girl skipping  
with her father.

MITCHELL  
I've been thinking about what you  
told me.

ANJELICA  
What?

MITCHELL  
The house.

ANJELICA  
The house.

MITCHELL  
Sydney could help you. Pay the  
creditor and then you work it off.  
Then there's no deadline.

ANJELICA  
Thanks, but I wanna get this over  
with as soon as possible.

EXT. CHELSEA STREET - NIGHT

Mitchell walks with Anjelica. A tall, older man, CHARLIE  
BLACK, 55, walks toward them. Mitchell's face lights up.

MITCHELL  
Sergeant Black. How you been?

CHARLIE  
Great Mitchell. You?

MITCHELL  
Retired last year.

Charlie smiles at Anjelica.

CHARLIE  
Retirement is treating you well.

MITCHELL  
Can't complain. You take care.

CHARLIE  
You, too.

Mitchell leads Anjelica away.

MITCHELL  
We were on the force together. He  
left about five years before me.

ANJELICA  
You were a cop?

MITCHELL  
Twenty-five years.

Mitchell stops.

MITCHELL  
This is the place.

DOWN THE STREET

Charlie watches them. Anjelica to the door of a luxurious  
townhouse. Rings the bell. The door opens. She goes inside.

Charlie gets into a Black SUV.

INT. FRANK LEE'S HOME - NIGHT

Surrounded by modern art and leather furniture Anjelica  
stands in the middle of the living room.

Frank, with a ruthless confidence à la Gordon Gekko, circles  
her like he is admiring a beautiful car. He sits.

FRANK  
Your coat.

She hesitates, then removes her coat.

Anjelica freezes in his gaze.

FRANK  
The bar. There's a bottle of  
Patrone. Pour us each a shot.

Anjelica obediently turns around, goes to the bar. Finds the bottle. Gets one shot glass. Pours. Takes the glass to him.

FRANK  
Where's yours?

ANJELICA  
I don't drink when I work.

FRANK  
I insist.

She relents and pours herself a shot, then returns to him.  
He raises his glass.

FRANK  
To a delightful evening.

He drinks. She takes a sip.

FRANK  
Finish it. Please.

Intimidated, Anjelica drinks.

FRANK  
That's a sweet angel.

Wheels turning, Frank sits back in his leather chair.

FRANK  
Now. Undress.

She removes her dress. Stands in front of him in lingerie.

FRANK  
Keep going.

Hungry, he watches as she slowly strips. Finally, naked.

FRANK  
Sydney has outdone herself.

He holds out his glass.

FRANK  
Refill.

Unsteady, Anjelica takes his glass. She returns to the bar.  
Hands shaking, she pours Frank another shot.

Frank follows Anjelica with the eyes of a predator. She returns. He takes the glass, swallows the tequila.

FRANK

Kneel. In front of me.

Anjelica awkwardly gets on her knees. He drinks her in.

FRANK

If my wife walked in right now, she would shoot us both. She's bloodthirsty like that.

Anjelica looks over her shoulder.

FRANK

No worries. She's away. Far away.

Frank stands and walks behind her. Leans over and smells her hair. Whispers.

FRANK

You want to get dirty with me?

He licks her earlobe. She shivers.

FRANK

Get up.

Anjelica stands. He holds out his hand.

FRANK

Shall we?

She hesitates.

FRANK

The bedroom is upstairs.

Anjelica takes his hand. He leads her upstairs.

INT. CHARLIE'S CAR - NIGHT

Charlie drags on a cigar. From a speaker on his dashboard violent moans can be heard.

FRANK (O.C.)

Fuck. Fuck. Fuck!

A primitive groan. Charlie chuckles.

INT. FRANK LEE'S HOME, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Anjelica, in bed, naked, on her knees. Frank stands.

FRANK

That was what I fucking needed!

Frank pulls on his pants, catches Anjelica looking at a photo of a WOMAN on the night stand.

FRANK

It didn't have to come to this.

ANJELICA

What?

Anjelica slides out of bed. He hands her a bathrobe.

FRANK

Such an angel. If you don't mind me asking. What do you get? What's your cut?

He pulls her close.

ANJELICA

My what?

FRANK

From this. What's your cut?

ANJELICA

Oh. Half.

FRANK

Only half? Seems a little unfair.

ANJELICA

Yeah, well, I knew what I was signing up for.

FRANK

Must be difficult. Different man every night. How about we eliminate the middle...person.

ANJELICA

What? How?

FRANK

I deal with you. Pay you in cash.

ANJELICA

Is that okay?

FRANK

I think it's okay. Don't you think it's okay? Our secret.

ANJELICA

I don't know.

FRANK

I'm not a bad guy, right? You get two thousand. In cash. Once a week. Better for me, no credit card bills. Better for you, too.

Frank gets a business card, hands it to her. He reaches into his pants pocket and hands Anjelica cash.

FRANK

So you know it's a serious offer. Think it over.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Mitchell drives. Anjelica removes the cash from her pocket.

MITCHELL

How was it?

ANJELICA

Okay. Nice place.

MITCHELL

Damn right nice place. Probably cost six or seven million.

She counts out ten one-hundred dollar bills.

She looks up. Smiles.

ANJELICA

That's a lot of money.

INT. ANJELICA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Ryan and Margot are at the table.

MARGOT

Hope you don't mind us dropping in. We're not interrupting anything?

ANJELICA

Of course not, I --



RYAN

You've been hard to reach --

ANJELICA

I know, sorry, lots of work.

MARGOT

Yeah? What kind of work?

ANJELICA

I found a way. To get the money.

MARGOT

About that. Sydney called me.

Anjelica looks at Ryan who is staring at the floor.

MARGOT

To thank me. For sending you to her. She said you're doing very well. I told her I'm not surprised.

Margot takes Anjelica's hand.

MARGOT

But I am. Very surprised.

RYAN

Angie, what the fuck are you doing?

ANJELICA

I'm saving my house.

MARGOT

When things are going well we think we control more than we really do.

ANJELICA

I'm in control.

RYAN

Of course you are. Because you control everything.

ANJELICA

Meaning?

RYAN

You've always been relentlessly focused. For most of us losing a parent may have slowed our momentum. But not you.

ANJELICA

That house is the only connection I have to my father.

MARGOT

We know Angie.

ANJELICA

Then shut up! Just, both of you!

She puts her hands on Margot's shoulders.

ANJELICA

I'm tired. I'm alone. In all of this. I don't have anyone. And the one person I did have is...That house means everything to me.

She looks at Ryan.

ANJELICA

What I need is your support. Not whatever the fuck this is.

MARGOT

Let us help. I've got some savings.

ANJELICA

Two hundred thousand dollars?  
Twenty by January? In twelve weeks?

Margot looks at Ryan. They shake their heads.

ANJELICA

Right. So, anything else? Or is the ambush over?

INT. FRANK LEE'S HOME, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Frank hands Anjelica cash.

MONTAGE - VARIOUS LOCATIONS

Bank - Anjelica deposits cash

Frank's House - Anjelica opens her coat

Bank - Anjelica makes another deposit

Elementary School Cafeteria - Anjelica watches the students at lunch, her phone buzzes: Tonight, 8:00 pm. She smiles.

INT. FRANK LEE'S HOME, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Frank finishes. Stands up.

Anjelica rolls over.

ANJELICA

Ah! Ouch! What?

She sits up and picks up an earring.

FRANK

Sorry. It's hers.

Anjelica hands it to him.

FRANK

What's that look?

ANJELICA

No look.

FRANK

Yes, this is where she sleeps.

She slides out of bed.

FRANK

You ever been married?

ANJELICA

No.

FRANK

It's not, I mean yeah, at first  
it's heaven, but after a while. The  
distance is almost...

ANJELICA

I don't need to hear this.

He picks up his wife's photograph and puts it face down.

FRANK

Sorry for boring you. Let yourself  
out.

ANJELICA

You didn't pay me.

FRANK

Oh, right, about that, busy day,  
kinda slipped my mind. Next time.

Gut punch.

FRANK

If that doesn't work for you, I can find someone else.

EXT. FRANK LEE'S HOME - NIGHT

Anjelica goes down the stairs, head down. She runs into Mitchell's friend Charlie. Startled, she looks up.

CHARLIE

You're Mitchell's friend. We met a few weeks ago. Got a minute?

She storms off. Charlie looks up at Frank's house.

EXT. SMITH STREET BROOKLYN - NIGHT

Anjelica and Margot walking down the street.

MARGOT

Angie, in so many ways this is unhealthy for you.

ANJELICA

It's not me. I'm playing a role.

MARGOT

That's some heavy duty bullshit.

ANJELICA

The thing with Frank. I thought one guy, instead of three every week. Then he stiffes me.

MARGOT

That's why you work for a service. Tell him he has to pay up front.

ANJELICA

What if he refuses?

MARGOT

You walk away. You gotta decide what you will and will not accept.

They stop at a restaurant and enter.

INT. RESTAURANT, SMITH STREET BROOKLYN- NIGHT

Chuck, Ryan, and Anjelica watch as Margot opens a gift. She reads the card.

MARGOT

"For those hard to get to places.  
Love Chuck"

She opens the present. A vibrator.

MARGOT

Oh. Is this? A vibrator?

CHUCK

I read about it on Instagram. It  
supposedly gives the best orgasm.

MARGOT

Oh. Thanks. I'll let you know.

CHUCK

Go try it now, we'll wait.

MARGOT

Uh, no, I'll save it for later.

RYAN

We have one more gift. For Angie.

ANJELICA

What? Why?

Ryan hands Anjelica a card. She looks at her friends. Opens it. Inside is a check for fifteen hundred dollars.

CHUCK

We each chipped in five hundred.

ANJELICA

You guys, no, I can't take this.  
Margot, you have med school.

MARGOT

I'm a minority with five fifteen  
MCATs. I'll be fine.

RYAN

With this, maybe you won't have to  
do the other thing as much.

Anjelica's phone rings. She looks, turns it off.

RYAN

Work?

ANJELICA

Elmhurst. They call every day.

MARGOT

You should take the money.

Silence.

MARGOT

Just saying that's what I would do.

ANJELICA

You're not me.

CHUCK

Who wants more wine?

On cue, Ryan refills their wine glasses.

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Mitchell leads the way. Stops at the door. There's a note: Just come in. He looks at Anjelica. Nods. She enters the

HOTEL ROOM

The bathroom door is closed. Water running.

ANJELICA

Hello?

VOICE (O.C.)

Be right out.

The bathroom door opens. Attorney Bates steps out.

Shocked, Anjelica can't move. Bates stands between her and the room's door. No escape.

BATES

Angie. This isn't what you think.

She tries to speak. Can't.

BATES

I don't want to be your customer.

ANJELICA

I can't stay.

BATES  
I'm paying for this hour.

He sits.

BATES  
Please.

She sits.

BATES  
When you said you'll have the  
twenty thousand by January...

He leans forward.

BATES  
I asked myself, how is she getting  
the money? Where is this sudden  
wealth coming from?

ANJELICA  
It doesn't concern you.

BATES  
And then, last week, at this very  
hotel, I was meeting a client.

Tears run down Anjelica's cheeks.

BATES  
I saw you at a table with, I guess  
your bodyguard. You didn't see me.  
You stood up walked to the  
elevator. It hit me.

He gives her a handkerchief.

ANJELICA  
Good for you, you figured it out.

BATES  
I used to work for the DA, I called  
some friends. Got Sydney's number.

ANJELICA  
And here I am.

BATES  
This is not the way.

She stands and walks toward the door.

BATES

Elmhurst's offer, it's a fantastic opportunity.

ANJELICA

I'm sorry you wasted your money.

BATES

What would your father say?

She shakes her head and walks out.

INT. ANJELICA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Alone, in her bedroom. Candles lit. Meditating.

She picks up a stack of her students' papers. She pulls out Harry's titled: Grandma's eyes. She reads.

HARRY (V.O.)

Here's a secret. I love my mom and dad and sister. But my favorite person is my grandma. She had a stroke and can't talk any more. But her eyes talk to me. They tell me when she's happy or sad or thinking of a joke.

Anjelica smiles.

HARRY (V.O.)

They hold me and tell me she loves me. She says so much, without speaking a word. Like magic. That's why she's my favorite person.

She reaches over to the night stand, takes down a photograph of her father. Holds it to her chest.

INT. FRANK LEE'S HOME - NIGHT

Anjelica, wearing a long raincoat and heels, hands Frank a shot glass. She sets the bottle down on the coffee table.

He sits.

FRANK

What do you have for me tonight?

She slowly unbuttons her coat. Opens it, she's wearing nothing but lingerie.



FRANK

Come here.

ANJELICA

You like it?

FRANK

Don't make me wait.

ANJELICA

First, the money.

He clenches his jaw.

ANJELICA

I need to get paid. For last time  
and tonight.

FRANK

Fucking cunt.

She closes her coat.

ANJELICA

So that's a no?

FRANK

Wait. Open it. Open it again.

ANJELICA

Sorry.

He stands.

FRANK

Okay. Okay. You'll get the money.

He looks at her. Smiles. His smile fades.

Frank launches himself at Anjelica, tackles her.

She struggles. He puts his hand on her throat. Squeezes. She  
gasps for air. He leans forward as he unbuttons his pants.

FRANK

You want the fucking money? You  
have to earn the fucking money!

Anjelica stabs him in the eye with her thumb, then punches  
him in the nose. Frank falls off of her.

She stands. He grabs her leg.

She picks up the bottle of tequila and smashes it over his head, knocking him out.

Anjelica looks down at him. Sees some cash on the floor. She picks it up, then notices more cash sticking out the pocket of his unbuttoned pants. Carefully, she removes it.

Stands. Shoves the money into her pocket. Backs slowly toward the door. Watches.

Frank moves. Stunned, head and face bloodied, he looks up.

She opens the door and walks out.

INT. CHARLIE'S CAR - NIGHT

Charlie drags on his cigar. Watches Anjelica descend the steps of Frank's house and disappear into the night.

INT. ANJELICA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

In a bathrobe, Anjelica alone on her couch, clutches a glass of red wine and counts Frank's cash. Four thousand dollars.

She squeezes the glass. It shatters in her hand.

Wipes her bloody hand on her robe, leaving a handprint.

Paces. Stops at her diplomas hanging on the wall. She removes a frame from the wall and smashes it onto the table.

Looks around. Frantic. Lost. Walks to the punching bag and launches herself into it. Screams.

INT. FRANK LEE'S HOME - DAY

Claire stops in the doorway. Sees Frank's face.

CLAIRE

Jesus! What happen to you?

FRANK

I got attacked.

CLAIRE

By?

FRANK

Some kids. I went for a walk. Late.

CLAIRE

A walk? Why?

FRANK

Because I did okay? I get tired of being alone, without you here. I couldn't sleep so, Christ Claire! I could have been killed.

CLAIRE

Did you call the police?

FRANK

No. No, I came home and passed out on the floor.

CLAIRE

We should call the police.

FRANK

No! No, let's, I'm okay, let's just forget it.

EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL, BROOKLYN - DAY

Anjelica slowly walks toward the entrance. Her hand bandaged.

Harry runs up to her.

HARRY

Hey Ms. Kane! I scored two goals last night!

She forces a smile.

HARRY

But, we lost. The Dragons.

He shrugs his shoulders.

HARRY

It's okay. We'll get them back. We play them in the playoffs. My dad says revenge is sweet.

He stops.

HARRY

What happened to your hand?

ANJELICA

Hey, I read your paper. It was really beautiful.

He smiles up at her and nods. They enter the school.

INT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT

Margot and Anjelica sit at their usual table drinking wine.

ANJELICA

I'm such an idiot. I should have waited until after we were done.

MARGOT

Maybe he wouldn't have paid you.

ANJELICA

If I just kept it up, once a week, it would have paid for everything.

MARGOT

How much do you still need?

ANJELICA

Sixty five hundred in seven weeks. And then six a month.

Anjelica gets a text.

ANJELICA

Sydney. She needs me tonight.

Looks at Margot.

ANJELICA

I can't turn down the work.

Margot nods. Anjelica gets up and walks out.

INT. LUXURY APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Mitchell walks Anjelica down the hall. She is ready to work.

MITCHELL

You haven't been working much.

ANJELICA

Sydney sent a different driver.

MITCHELL

No she didn't.

ANJELICA

You don't know everything.

MITCHELL  
Wish that was true.

He stops. Knocks on a door.

ANJELICA  
Step back.

He doesn't move.

The door opens. Sydney stands in front of Anjelica.

INT. SYDNEY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Anjelica sits on a straight back chair. Sydney stands above her. Mitchell leans against the wall.

SYDNEY  
A client called. He accused you of  
stealing four thousand dollars.

Nervously, Anjelica looks at Mitchell, then back at Sydney.

ANJELICA  
Frank? No. No. I didn't steal it.  
He owed me that money.

SYDNEY  
For what?

ANJELICA  
He attacked me when I asked to be  
paid and I hit him. Then --

SYDNEY  
Answer the fucking question!

ANJELICA  
I am!

SYDNEY  
No! You're telling me a story. I  
didn't ask for a story. The money  
he owed you. What was it for?

ANJELICA  
He hired me.

SYDNEY  
He didn't owe you money. He owed me  
money. That's how this works.

Sydney spins around.

SYDNEY

You stole from me!

She goes to slap Anjelica across the face. Anjelica stops her hand. Holds it firmly. The two women stare at each other.

ANJELICA

I didn't steal from you.

Sydney steps back.

Sydney pours herself a glass of red wine. Sits. Opens up a box on the table. Removes a joint. Lights it. Takes a long drag. Puts her head back and shuts her eyes.

SYDNEY

I vent my customers. My reputation is impeccable.

She opens her eyes.

SYDNEY

Do you have any idea who my clients are? I could make you rich. And instead you go behind my back?

She stands.

SYDNEY

Tomorrow Mitchell is going to take four thousand dollars to Frank.

ANJELICA

Are you crazy?

SYDNEY

I can't have it get out that one of my girls stole money.

ANJELICA

I didn't steal it from him.

SYDNEY

It's perception. He got my number from a very influential person. That person got my number from another influential person.

Anjelica nods.

SYDNEY

As for you. You're fired.

ANJELICA

No!

SYDNEY

Don't try to go to another service.  
By tomorrow morning, word will be  
out. No one will hire a thief.

Sydney opens the door.

SYDNEY

Get out.

Anjelica looks at Mitchell.

SYDNEY

Mitchell won't be driving you home.

Anjelica nods. Walks out. Sydney shuts the door.

SYDNEY

And that's how it's done.

Mitchell sits.

SYDNEY

What?

MITCHELL

You were too hard on her.

SYDNEY

Give me a break.

MITCHELL

She's desperate. She's not one of  
your floozies. She's a real person.

SYDNEY

They're all real people.

MITCHELL

She made a mistake. It didn't have  
to go down like this.

(Beat)

Fire her and I quit.

SYDNEY

What are you? In love with her?

MITCHELL

Fuck you, Sydney. Fuck you!

FRANK LEE'S STREET - NIGHT

Across the street from Frank's townhouse, Anjelica, still dressed in her work clothes, stands, lost in thought.

Hears laughter, turns her head.

A couple, holding hands. They stop, the man kisses the woman. Anjelica watches.

A noise. She looks down, a rat runs in front of her. She steps back and trips, falls to the ground.

Stands up.

The couple has reached Frank's townhouse and ascends the stairs. In the light from the stoop Anjelica sees Frank.

They kiss again. Recognition: the woman in the photograph - FRANK'S WIFE. They go inside.

Anjelica starts to cross the street. A car pulls in front of her. Mitchell.

MITCHELL

Get in. Now.

She gets in the passenger side.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Mitchell drives in silence. Then

MITCHELL

Why did you steal from this dude?

ANJELICA

He stiffed me. I went back and asked for the money.

MITCHELL

Then what?

ANJELICA

He tried to rape me. I hit him over the head with a tequila bottle and knocked him out. The money was on the floor so I took it.

MITCHELL

And just now, what? You were going to go in there, hit him again while his wife watches?



ANJELICA  
It crossed my mind.

MITCHELL  
And what's that gonna get you, huh?

ANJELICA  
He lied to Sydney.

MITCHELL  
After you did what you did, he  
could have called the cops.

ANJELICA  
Why didn't he? Call the cops?

MITCHELL  
Power move. Calling Sydney. You hit  
him, he hit back.

He looks at her.

MITCHELL  
I talked to Sydney. Let her cool  
down for a week or two. She'll take  
you back.

Mitchell drives in silence.

ANJELICA  
And Frank? He gets away with it?

MITCHELL  
Be grateful. You got off easy.

INT. KICKBOXING STUDIO - NIGHT

Crowded class. Anjelica, focused, spars with the heavy bag,  
throwing hard punches. Next to her Margot is less forceful.

The TEACHER blows a whistle. Anjelica keeps hitting the bag.

TEACHER  
Get some water. Then we go again

Anjelica doesn't stop.

Margot, breathing heavy, looks up at Anjelica.

MARGOT  
Angie?

Anjelica screams, kicking the bag one last time.

ANJELICA  
Motherfucker!

Everyone in the class stops what they are doing and stares.  
Teacher walks over.

TEACHER  
Everything okay?

Anjelica picks up her gear and storms out.

MARGOT  
Jesus. Angie!

Margot runs after her.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Anjelica walks quickly. Margot chases her.

MARGOT  
Angie wait! Wait.

Catches her, grabs her arm.

MARGOT  
What the hell?

ANJELICA  
I'm done.

MARGOT  
What?

ANJELICA  
They win. Elmhurst, the collection  
agency, Frank, Sydney, they win.

Anjelica shakes her head, starts to walk away.

MARGOT  
Turn your ass skinny around Kane!

Anjelica stops. Turns around.

MARGOT  
Remember when we were young, kids  
made fun of me cuz I was fat? You  
stood up for me.

ANJELICA  
That was a long time ago.

MARGOT

After high school you pushed me to go to college. Then you convinced me to apply to medical school.

Margot steps toward Anjelica.

MARGOT

You even helped me study for the MCATs. You never once lost confidence in me. Let me help you.

ANJELICA

I've got nothing left.

Anjelica shakes her head. Walks away.

I/E. KANE HOUSE - DAY

ANJELICA'S DREAM

A bulldozer rolls across the front yard and crashes through the side of the house.

Handprints in the cement.

A sledge hammer slowly comes down. YOUNG ANJELICA runs through the house, enters the pantry. Stops as the hammer smashes into the cement, destroying the handprints.

INT. ANJELICA'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Anjelica stares at the ceiling.

EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL PLAYGROUND - DAY

Anjelica on a bench with Elyse. Her students play tag.

ELYSE

Don't let him get away with it.

ANJELICA

I'm out of options.

ELYSE

No. You want to keep the house. Make Frank pay.

ANJELICA

So I should grovel, beg for forgiveness?

ELYSE

No fucking way. You take what is yours. Think strategically.

Harry runs up to them.

HARRY

Hey Ms. Kane. We're in the semis. We beat the Dragons!

ANJELICA

Revenge.

HARRY

Revenge!

He let's out a whoop and rejoins his classmates.

Anjelica follows Harry with her eyes. The word "revenge" echoes in her ears. She looks at Elyse.

ANJELICA

So what are you thinking?

INT. ANJELICA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Anjelica works on her financial spreadsheet. Stops. Picks up her phone. Texts Frank: Can we meet?

Waits. A minute later. From Frank: Where?

INT. MALIBU DINER, CHELSEA - DAY

Anjelica sits alone in a booth drinking coffee. Frank enters. Sees her. Slides into the booth.

FRANK

I was surprised to get your text.

ANJELICA

No you weren't.

A WAITER walks up.

FRANK

Coffee.

Frank opens his menu.

FRANK

You're bodyguard paid me the money you stole. So, all is forgiven.

ANJELICA  
You tried to rape me.

FRANK  
Did I? Really?

ANJELICA  
Your fingers were around my throat.

FRANK  
But was that rape? After all, I was  
paying you for sex.

ANJELICA  
And you cost me my job.

FRANK  
I'll make it up to you. My wife is  
going away for Thanksgiving.

ANJELICA  
Why aren't you going with her?

FRANK  
It's a meditation retreat.

ANJELICA  
Not your thing, huh? She leaves?

FRANK  
Wednesday.

ANJELICA  
How would she react, do you think,  
if she knew? About this.

FRANK  
You're trying to blackmail me.  
Aren't you?

She looks at him, amused. Laughs.

ANJELICA  
No, I hadn't thought about it.

FRANK  
It just sounded like --

ANJELICA  
Why do you pay for sex?

FRANK  
I love Claire.

ANJELICA

That's why you pay for sex?  
Because you love Claire?

FRANK

I would do anything for her. But  
the passion has evaporated.

ANJELICA

That's what this is? Passion?

FRANK

It is for me.

ANJELICA

I can't do Thanksgiving Day. But  
the rest of the weekend works.

She looks at her menu.

ANJELICA

Tell me about Claire. How did you  
two meet?

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Anjelica and Margot at a table.

ANJELICA

Sounded romantic. How they met. He  
would do anything to win her back.

MARGOT

What? Your look scares me.

ANJELICA

Frank wants to be her hero.

MARGOT

Why is that your problem?

ANJELICA

I'm going to let him. But I need  
help. Your help.

MARGOT

My help?

ANJELICA

Can you get me this?

Anjelica slides a white index card across the table. Margot  
reads the card.

MARGOT  
Are you fucking insane?

ANJELICA  
Frank asked me to get it.

MARGOT  
Why?

ANJELICA  
I can't say. Can you get it or not?

MARGOT  
How could you even --

ANJELICA  
I don't need a lot.

MARGOT  
You know what would happen if I got caught? This is my career.

She pushes the card back.

MARGOT  
I could lose it all.

ANJELICA  
I can't do this any more. These men touching me, everywhere. And I do mean everywhere.

Anjelica slides the index card back.

ANJELICA  
This is the solution. If you can get me this drug I'll get the money from Frank.

Margot nervously folds the index card.

MARGOT  
He's gonna kill his wife.

ANJELICA  
You're wrong. He'll save her.

INT. CAFE, VANDERBILT AVE, BROOKLYN - DAY

Mitchell's cappuccino leaves a foam mustache on his lips. Carefully he wipes the foam away with a napkin.

MITCHELL

You don't want a taste?

Anjelica, in a gray hoodie, no makeup, shakes her head "no".

Mitchell shoves some chocolate croissant in his mouth.

MITCHELL

It's nice. Seeing the real you, not all, you know. You remind me of my daughter, she's got hair like yours, black curls.

ANJELICA

How old is she?

MITCHELL

Twenty-two. Raised her myself, but, that's a story for another day.

Mitchell wipes his hands. Serious time.

MITCHELL

What you're proposing. It's stupid.

ANJELICA

That's your response? To tell me I'm stupid.

MITCHELL

It's one of 'em, yeah. Look, Sydney says she'll take you back. Just call her. Apologize.

ANJELICA

Thanks, but, I've got it handled.

MITCHELL

No you don't.

ANJELICA

Frank wants to be her hero.

MITCHELL

You don't know that.

ANJELICA

Thanks anyway. Bye Mitchell.

She stands and quickly leaves.



EXT. VANDERBILT AVE, BROOKLYN - DAY

Anjelica hurries down the street. Mitchell runs after her.

MITCHELL  
Angie! Angie! Wait.

She turns. Out of breath he catches her.

MITCHELL  
Gotta lay off the pastries.

He laughs.

MITCHELL  
This plan of yours is garbage. You think you can control this but so many things could go wrong.

Catches his breath.

MITCHELL  
I like you. The others, you know, they're already jaded when they come work for Sydney.

He leans closer to her.

MITCHELL  
You still got light in your eyes. I don't want to see you lose that.

ANJELICA  
One thirty three and one third.

MITCHELL  
What's that?

ANJELICA  
Weeks. How many I have to work to make two hundred thousand dollars. Four hundred men. Think I'll still have light in my eyes then?

She walks away and turns the corner.

Mitchell takes a deep breath and jogs after her.

INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL, BROOKLYN

Anjelica and Elyse walk down the hallway.

ELYSE

Thanksgiving weekend is perfect.  
You won't be missed. No school.

Anjelica nods.

ELYSE

You said it yourself, he wants to  
be her hero.

ANJELICA

And yet he wants to see me again.

ELYSE

He thinks he's lost her. You're his  
escape. His drug.

Elyse takes Anjelica's arm.

ELYSE

He plays the hero, you get the  
house. That's what you want, right?  
It's a win-win.

ANJELICA

Yeah, yeah, I guess it is.

INT. RESTAURANT, SMITH STREET BROOKLYN- NIGHT

Ryan, Margot and Anjelica in a crowded vestibule.

RYAN

You gotta come.

MARGOT

I'm there.

RYAN

Angie?

ANJELICA

We'll see, I'll do my best.

RYAN

Tell me you're not working on  
Thanksgiving. You know my parents  
would love to see you.

ANJELICA

Like I said, I'll do my best.

RYAN

You better not flake.

He looks at the line.

RYAN

Let me check on the table. Chuck  
will be here soon.

Ryan walks to the host stand.

MARGOT

Are you?

ANJELICA

What?

MARGOT

Working on Thanksgiving Day?

ANJELICA

I have to keep my options open.

MARGOT

Ryan's not an option. He's one of  
your oldest friends.

Margot looks around. Reaches into her backpack and hands a  
small bag to Anjelica.

ANJELICA

What's this?

MARGOT

What do you think? Call me later,  
I'll walk you through it.

ANJELICA

Walk me through what?

MARGOT

Those drugs could kill somebody.

ANJELICA

He's not --

MARGOT

Not intentionally, maybe, but if he  
fucks up --

Ryan swoops in.

RYAN

Table's ready.

Ryan leads the way. Margot follows. Anjelica looks at the  
drugs, shoves the drugs her pocket.

INT. CARGO VAN - DAY

Anjelica parked on a side street near a parking garage.

Elyse gets in.

ELYSE

Nice ride.

Anjelica forces a smile.

ELYSE

I have the phone.

Elyse holds it up.

Anjelica nods.

ELYSE

If you want to call this off you better decide quick. She gets out of the subway in fifteen minutes.

Anjelica looks out the window.

ELYSE

Just accept that if you don't do this you lose the house.

Anjelica shuts her eyes.

ELYSE

Well?

Anjelica takes a deep breath. Points to a parking garage down the street.

ANJELICA

That's where she parks her car. See the fire hydrant?

ELYSE

Yeah.

ANJELICA

She can't go past that spot, otherwise the camera in front of the garage will see you.

Elyse nods.

ANJELICA

Where I'm parked now, this is a blind spot. No cameras.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Claire climbs the steps from the subway. Walks by Elyse.

ANJELICA (V.O.)  
Wait by the subway. Text me when  
she comes out.

Elyse sends a text and follows Claire.

A MAN in a blue jumpsuit lifts a box into Anjelica's van as Claire passes.

Elyse comes up behind her.

ELYSE  
Excuse me.

Claire nears the fireplug and Elyse steps in front of her.

ELYSE  
I'm looking for Elmo's Restaurant.

CLAIRE  
Elmo? Walk to the end of the block.  
You'll see it on Seventh Avenue.

Mitchell, in the blue jumpsuit, comes up behind Claire and grabs her in a choke hold. She loses consciousness.

MITCHELL  
Grab her feet.

They carry Claire to the van. Anjelica has opened the door. The three carefully pull in the unconscious woman

INSIDE THE VAN

MITCHELL  
Get her coat off. Quick!

Elyse removes Claire's coat and blazer.

Anjelica, syringe in hand, sticks a needle into Claire's arm.

INT. KANE HOUSE, PANTRY - NIGHT

Claire, unconscious, mouth duct taped. A black sleep mask covers her eyes. Rope is wrapped around her waist tying her to the chair. Her legs are duct taped to the chair's legs.

Anjelica, Elyse, and Mitchell look at her. They step out of the pantry into the

KITCHEN

Anjelica shuts the door.

MITCHELL

We can still undo this. Leave her  
on a park bench somewhere.

ELYSE

Aren't you having fun?

MITCHELL

This isn't your call.

He steps in front of Anjelica.

MITCHELL

Look at me in the eyes and tell me  
you want to go through with this.

ELYSE

You want the house? This is how you  
get it.

MITCHELL

Will you please shut up?

Anjelica nods.

ANJELICA

Yeah. Yeah I want to do this.

Victorious, Elyse winks at Mitchell.

The doorbell rings. The three freeze.

MITCHELL

What the fuck?

ANJELICA

What should I do?

MITCHELL

Answer it. Stay cool.

Anjelica goes to the door. Opens it. On the porch, Herb Sands  
from Elmhurst.

SANDS

Happy Thanksgiving.

ANJELICA

Not a good time.

SANDS

January is only four weeks away. I just wanted to check in. If you're not going to make the payment --

ANJELICA

I am going to make the payment.

SANDS

Rob a bank?

ANJELICA

My friends helped me.

SANDS

Friends with deep pockets.

Mitchell steps behind Anjelica. Puts his arm around her.

MITCHELL

That's right.

SANDS

Who's he?

MITCHELL

I'm the one who calls the cops you don't get off our front porch.

SANDS

Just wanted to wish Ms. Kane a happy holiday.

He steps off the porch. Mitchell and Anjelica watch him go.

She shuts the door. Locks it. Looks at Elyse and Mitchell.

MITCHELL

You okay?

She nods.

MITCHELL

We're going to take off.

ANJELICA

Right. Yeah. Elyse, Mitchell will drop you off in Chelsea.

MITCHELL

Under no condition do you remove that mask from her eyes. And if the cops show up at Frank's place you call me. We bail.

ANJELICA

Yeah.

MITCHELL

That was our deal. He calls the cops and we scrap the whole thing.

ANJELICA

He won't call the cops.

MITCHELL

Promise.

ANJELICA

Yes. Yes. Frank calls the cops and we scrap the whole thing.

MITCHELL

Meantime, I'm making my world famous stuffing for my daughter.

ANJELICA

World famous. Wow! Save me some.

ELYSE

Stay strong.

They leave.

INT. KANE HOUSE, PANTRY - NIGHT

Claire's briefcase is on the floor. Anjelica opens it up and removes the items: A laptop, a phone, and a handgun.

Holding the gun Anjelica looks up at Claire.

Claire's phone pings. Anjelica picks it up. A text, from Charlie: Left at 5. Not home yet.

ANJELICA

Charlie? Who's he?

Anjelica's phone pings. From Elyse: Called. No answer.

EXT. FRANK LEE'S HOME - NIGHT

Elyse looks around. Tries to see inside. Sits on a stoop.



DOWN THE STREET

In his SUV Charlie watches Elyse as she takes out her phone and dials. Listens. Shakes her head and hangs up.

INT. KANE HOUSE, PANTRY - NIGHT

Claire stirs. Shakes her head. Realizes she cannot move. Through the duct tape she screams and wildly rocks back and forth in the chair.

Anjelica springs forward and puts her hands on Claire's shoulders. She leans close to Claire and whispers.

ANJELICA

It's okay. Don't be afraid.

Claire screams hysterically through the duct tape.

Anjelica squeezes Claire's throat.

ANJELICA

I'll do it you know. I will. Quiet!  
Not a sound. Okay? Okay?

Releases her grip. Tears roll down Claire's face. Anjelica wipes the tears with the sleeve of her sweater.

Claire breathes deeply. Calms herself.

Anjelica leaves the pantry, returns with a cup of water.

ANJELICA

I have water. Are you thirsty?

Claire nods.

ANJELICA

I remove the tape. You don't scream  
the tape stays off. You scream, the  
tape goes back on and stays on.

Anjelica removes the tape. She holds the cup to Claire's mouth. She drinks.

CLAIRE

I've been kidnapped?

ANJELICA

Figure it out.

CLAIRE  
Who are you working for? Who's  
paying you to do this?

ANJELICA  
Who are you that someone would pay  
to have you kidnapped?

CLAIRE  
Figure it out.

ANJELICA  
Explains the gun.

Anjelica's phone rings. She answers and walks into the

KITCHEN

ELYSE (O.C)  
No answer, and no one is home.

ANJELICA  
He'll be there.

ELYSE(O.C.)  
Big house, you should ask for more.

ANJELICA  
What?

MARGOT(O.C.)  
You could get a million, easy.

ANJELICA  
No. I need two hundred thousand.  
Got it?

Hangs up.

EXT. FRANK LEE'S HOME - NIGHT

Elyse on a stoop across the street. Changes phones. A man  
stops at Frank's House. Climbs up the steps. Opens the door.

ELYSE  
Hello Frank.

INT. KANE HOUSE, PANTRY - NIGHT

Anjelica sits on the floor in silence.

CLAIRE

Two hundred thousand. That's what they're paying you? To watch me?

Anjelica listens.

CLAIRE

Not a very big cut. You're the one taking the risk. The ransom must be in the millions.

ANJELICA

You think a lot of yourself.

CLAIRE

I know what I'm worth. I could pay you more.

ANJELICA

So I let you walk and you will give me a reward for rescuing you?

CLAIRE

That's right.

Anjelica's phone pings. From Elyse: Frank's home.

Claire's phone pings. From Charlie: Home. Alone.

ANJELICA

Charlie's home. Alone.

CLAIRE

That's my husband.

ANJELICA

Yeah?

CLAIRE

We planned to cook together, for Thanksgiving.

Anjelica puts down Claire's phone.

CLAIRE

So what about it? My offer.

ANJELICA

Sorry. I don't trust you.

Anjelica looks up at the ceiling.

EXT. CHARLIE'S CAR - NIGHT

Charlie has turned on his laptop. On the screen: the interior of Frank's home. He lights a cigar and cracks his window.

Looks at the screen, sees Frank in the living room.

Blows a puff of smoke out the window.

On the laptop screen: Frank goes to the bar.

INT. FRANK LEE'S HOME - NIGHT

Frank pours himself a shot of tequila. Drinks.

His phone rings. He answers.

FRANK  
I'm not buying.

ELYSE (O.C.)  
I'm not selling, baby.

FRANK  
Baby? Okay baby. Who is this?

ELYSE (O.C.)  
It's your wife, Mr. Lee.

I/E. CHARLIE'S CAR/STREET - NIGHT

In his car Charlie drags on his cigar, he listens to Frank's side of the conversation.

FRANK (O.C.)  
Claire?

ON THE STREET

Elyse walks toward Charlie's SUV.

ELYSE  
Pay attention asshole. I have her.

FRANK (O.C.)  
You have Claire?

IN THE SUV

Charlie's eyes widen.

ELYSE (O.C.)  
I sent you a text.

FRANK'S HOME

Frank looks at a photograph of Claire, bound, in a chair.

FRANK  
You really do have her. So?

STREET

Elyse paces near Frank's house.

ELYSE  
She won't be hurt. Two hundred  
thousand for her safe return.

He smiles.

FRANK (O.C.)  
Fuck you. I won't pay. Guess you'll  
have to kill her...baby.

ELYSE  
Hey asshole. Did you hear me? Your  
wife is dead if you don't pay.

FRANK (O.C.)  
I heard. No deal sweetie.

She looks at her phone.

Elyse switches phones. Dials.

INT. KANE HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT

Anjelica answers the phone.

ANJELICA  
Hello.

Shuts the door to the Pantry.

INT. CHARLIE'S CAR - NIGHT

Elyse next to the SUV, oblivious to Charlie sitting inside.

ANJELICA (O.C.)  
Did you send him the pic?

ELYSE  
Of course.

ANJELICA (O.C.)  
What did he say?

ELYSE  
Something like "fuck you, I'm not going to pay sweetie. Guess you'll have to kill her."

Charlie looks out the window.

INT. KANE HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT

Doubled over Anjelica speaks slowly into the phone.

ANJELICA  
Okay. Okay. Let me think.

ELYSE (O.C.)  
What should I do?

ANJELICA  
Stay put. I'll call back.

Claire's phone pings. Anjelica looks at it. From Charlie: Are you okay?

She opens the pantry door, steps inside.

ANJELICA  
Who is Charlie?

CLAIRE  
I told you, my husband.

ANJELICA  
Wrong answer. Frank is your husband.

CLAIRE  
Okay. He's my boyfriend.

ANJELICA  
He wants to know if you're okay.

CLAIRE  
It's late. He's waiting for me.

Anjelica looks at Claire's phone.

ANJELICA  
Home. Alone. Home alone. Shit. No.  
No. He's home and he's alone.

CLAIRE  
What?

ANJELICA  
That's why he asked --

Anjelica leaves the pantry. Shuts the door.

Dials her phone.

ANJELICA  
Mitchell? I need to know something.  
The first night I went to Frank's.

MITCHELL (O.C.)  
What about it?

ANJELICA  
We met someone, a friend of yours  
on the street.

MITCHELL (O.C.)  
Sergeant Black.

ANJELICA  
I saw him. Again. A few times.  
Outside of Frank's house.

MITCHELL (O.C.)  
Maybe he lives on that street.

ANJELICA  
What's his name? His first name?

MITCHELL (O.C.)  
Charles. Charlie.

EXT. FRANK LEE'S STREET - NIGHT

Elyse sits on a stoop. Her phone rings. She answers.

ANJELICA (O.C.)  
Elyse, leave.

ELYSE  
Why?

ANJELICA (O.C.)  
Come out here. Meet me at Mooney's.

ELYSE  
What's?

ANJELICA (O.C.)  
It's a bar on Queens Boulevard.

ELYSE  
What's going on?

ANJELICA  
Just do it. I'll explain when you  
get here.

INT. KANE HOUSE - NIGHT

Anjelica opens the Pantry door.

CLAIRE  
What's happening?

Anjelica bends down, picks up Claire's gun.

INT. CHARLIE'S CAR - NIGHT

Elyse stands on the street. A black car rolls up. She gets  
in. The car pulls away.

Charlie pulls his car out and follows the Uber.

LATER

Charlie tails the Uber onto Queens Boulevard.

The car stops. Elyse gets out and goes into a bar.

INT. KANE HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT

Anjelica places Claire's gun, laptop, and phone on the  
kitchen counter next to the syringe.

She locks the pantry door, first the deadbolt, then two heavy  
duty padlocks.

INT. KANE HOUSE, PANTRY - NIGHT

Claire, mouth taped, hears the outside door shut. She screams  
through the duct tape. Stops.



She begins to rock back and forth in the chair. Finally the chair tips backward and she lands on the floor. Stuck.

EXT. MOONEY'S BAR - NIGHT

Anjelica crosses the street. Stops.

Sees Charlie looking in the window.

Anjelica dials her phone.

ANJELICA

Elyse. Listen. There's a guy  
outside the bar.

In front of the bar Charlie looks through the window. He see's Elyse on the phone. She looks up, sees him.

Charlie looks up. Sees Anjelica. Eyes meet.

She hangs up the phone. Walks toward him.

ANJELICA

I know you.

CHARLIE

Yeah, yeah. You're Mitchell's  
friend. Didn't recognize you.

ANJELICA

Sergeant Black, right?

CHARLIE

Good memory.

ANJELICA

Live around here?

CHARLIE

No. You?

Sensing the trap she smiles.

ANJELICA

Happy Thanksgiving.

She begins to walk away.

CHARLIE

About Frank. That night I ran into  
you. Remember?

Anjelica stops.

CHARLIE  
I asked if you had a minute?

She turns around.

CHARLIE  
I work for Claire.

ANJELICA  
Who?

CHARLIE  
Frank's wife. That's her name.

ANJELICA  
Funny, he never mentioned it. But I think you know that.

She steps closer to him.

ANJELICA  
You're watching Frank, aren't you?

CHARLIE  
Yes.

ANJELICA  
And listening, obviously. And you sit outside his house and write it all down for - ?

CHARLIE  
Claire.

ANJELICA  
Claire. Is that what you do?

CHARLIE  
Everything is recorded. She watches the videos herself.

ANJELICA  
Videos?

CHARLIE  
We have cameras everywhere.

Anjelica processes this new information.

ANJELICA  
Everywhere. Then, I guess you saw him attack me?

CHARLIE  
Frank's a dog.

ANJELICA  
That's a yes? Yes? And Claire?

CHARLIE  
She saw the tape.

ANJELICA  
But you watched it live.

She slaps him across the face.

ANJELICA  
That's for not helping me.

CHARLIE  
Didn't look like you needed help.

ANJELICA  
He was choking me, asshole!

She catches herself. Backs away.

CHARLIE  
You're out of moves.

He moves toward her.

CHARLIE  
He's not going to pay. And he  
doesn't care if you kill her.  
That's out of moves.

Anjelica shakes her head.

CHARLIE  
Where's Claire? Take me to her and  
I won't call the police.

ANJELICA  
Claire is...

He waits.

ANJELICA  
...at a meditation retreat. At  
least that's what Frank told me.

Anjelica backs away.

ANJELICA  
Happy Thanksgiving Sergeant Black.

She runs up the stairs to the elevated train.

Charlie looks through the window of the bar. Elyse is gone.

INT. MOONEY'S BAR - NIGHT

Charlie enters. Bartender looks up.

CHARLIE

There was a woman sitting at your  
bar. Where is she?

BARTENDER

She said some scumbag was following  
her. You must be the scumbag. Get  
the fuck out of my bar.

Charlie sees a back door. He goes out to the

STREET

Elyse has disappeared.

INT. KANE HOUSE, PANTRY - NIGHT

Claire, still blindfolded, on her feet, chair tied to her  
back. She slams the chair into the wall, over and over.

Frantically she pounds into the wall until part of the  
chair's back breaks.

Gasping for breath, she pulls the back of the chair and the  
ropes over her head. Her blazer comes off. She rips off the  
tape and uncovers her eyes. Light. She blinks.

She tries to open the door. Locked.

Her bag on the floor. She looks through it. Empty.

Claire, kneels down. Looks up at the ceiling. Sees the hands.

EXT. KANE HOUSE - NIGHT

Anjelica walks up the sidewalk. Stops. Looks at the House.

Elyse steps out of the shadows, puts her hand on Anjelica's  
shoulder.

ANJELICA

Jesus!

ELYSE  
What's going on?

ANJELICA  
Nothing. It's over. Mitchell's  
coming out after midnight. We're  
going to end this.

ELYSE  
You can't just give up.

ANJELICA  
There's no choice. Frank won't pay  
and...look, just, thanks, thanks so  
much. I gave it a shot.

ELYSE  
No! We can figure this out.

ANJELICA  
It's over. Go home, Elyse.

ELYSE  
Your house.

ANJELICA  
I've lost it. I lost it months ago.  
Before I even knew I lost it, it  
was gone. Please. Just go.

ELYSE  
I never thought you were a quitter.

She walks away.

Anjelica walks toward the House, each step more difficult  
than the last. She sits down on the steps, her body shaking.

Alone, tired, beaten. Then it hits her.

She takes out her phone and dials.

BRAD (O.C.)  
Angie?

ANJELICA  
Brad. Brad, you were right.

BRAD (O.C.)  
What?

ANJELICA  
Keeping the house, it won't bring  
him back.

Silence.

ANJELICA  
Are you there?

BRAD (O.C.)  
Yeah, yeah I'm here.

ANJELICA  
When he was dying, this rage I felt  
all the time, and, and I took it  
out on you.

BRAD (O.C.)  
It's okay.

ANJELICA  
No. Brad, no, it's not. I don't  
even know who I am any more.

BRAD (O.C.)  
You're Anjelica Kane, you took care  
of your father under excruciating  
circumstances, you're brilliant,  
beautiful, you're a great teacher.

ANJELICA  
What I've done.

BRAD (O.C.)  
What?

ANJELICA  
Terrible things, Brad.

BRAD (O.C.)  
What terrible things?

She hits her leg with her fist again and again.

ANJELICA  
I'm sorry Brad. I'm really sorry  
for everything. I gotta go.

BRAD (O.C.)  
Angie, you're a good person.

ANJELICA  
I wish that were true. Happy  
Thanksgiving. Good night.

She hangs up. Slowly stands. Goes to the front door and opens  
it. Steps inside.

INT. KANE HOUSE - NIGHT

Anjelica locks and chains the front door. Stops.

A noise from the kitchen. She sees the handle of the pantry door jiggling.

Anjelica throws her keys on the kitchen counter.

Jiggling stops.

She steps toward the door.

Claire's phone rings. Startled, Anjelica grabs the phone. Looks at it: Charlie.

Anjelica powers down the phone.

INT. CHARLIE'S CAR - NIGHT

Charlie looks at his phone. He scrolls through the contacts. Finds "Mitchell Harrison". Dials.

INT. MITCHELL'S HOME - NIGHT

Mitchell in the kitchen. Cooking.

His phone rings. Looks at it: "Sgt. Black".

MITCHELL

Sergeant Black? What's going on?

(Listens)

You must be confused, sergeant. I drive for a limo service.

INT. KANE HOUSE, PANTRY/INT. KANE HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT

INTERCUT

Anjelica paces back and forth.

Claire on the floor, clutches a leg from the broken chair.

Anjelica stops. Looks at the gun on the counter. Picks it up.

ANJELICA

We have a problem.

She pounds on the door.

Claire remains silent.

ANJELICA

Can you hear me? We have a problem.

END INTERCUT

INT. MITCHELL'S HOME - NIGHT

Mitchell, still on the phone, brines the turkey.

MITCHELL

Love to help you, but that woman  
you described could be anyone.

CHARLIE'S CAR

CHARLIE

I can pay you.

MITCHELL'S HOME

Mitchell washes his hands.

MITCHELL

I'm listening.  
(Listens)  
That much? You must be doing well  
for yourself. Just like when you  
was on the force.

Mitchell dries his hands.

MITCHELL

I'll tell you what Charlie, you can  
take that money and shove it up  
your ass. How's that?  
(Listens)  
Yeah, well, Happy Thanksgiving to  
you, too.

Hangs up.

INT. KANE HOUSE, PANTRY/INT. KANE HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT

INTERCUT

Anjelica leans against the door



ANJELICA

It's time for us to have a heart to heart. You want to have a heart to heart with me?

Claire moves closer to the door.

CLAIRE

Love to.

ANJELICA

I think you know who I am.

CLAIRE

No. How could I?

ANJELICA

You saw the tapes, Frank attacking me. And you probably know that he accused me of stealing money.

Claire opens her mouth to speak. Says nothing. Waits.

ANJELICA

Charlie told me.

Claire leans against the door. The two women, inches away.

CLAIRE

Is that why you doing this?

ANJELICA

So you do know who I am.

CLAIRE

I'm so sorry for what Frank did.

ANJELICA

That could be true, but I have my doubts.

Looks at the gun in her hand.

ANJELICA

I've never shot a gun before.

CLAIRE

Just let me go, let me go and I promise, I'll forget this whole thing. You have my word.

ANJELICA

The tape. Frank throwing me to the ground, putting his hand around my throat. You saw that?

CLAIRE

It was horrific to watch.

ANJELICA

You shoulda been there.

She slams the gun against the door. Claire jumps back.

CLAIRE

I'm, I'm going to make him pay.

ANJELICA

Yeah, that was my plan. I wanted to take from him the two things he loves more than anything else in the world. You and money.

Anjelica grabs the doorknob.

Claire watches it slowly turn.

ANJELICA

Simple. He gives me money, he gets to be the hero. Turns out, he loves money more than he loves you.

CLAIRE

Two hundred thousand. That's what you asked him for?

ANJELICA

Yep.

CLAIRE

I would have thought I'd be worth more than that.

ANJELICA

That's how much I need.

CLAIRE

Why do you need the money?

ANJELICA

Because I'm an idiot.

CLAIRE

That's why you took the cash when he offered.

ANJELICA

You really do know everything.

CLAIRE

And then he attacked you, falsely  
accused you, probably cost you your  
job. And that's where I came in.

ANJELICA

Yeah. Yeah. It is where -

Anjelica's eyes well up with tears.

ANJELICA

Wow. It's been a really long day.

She shuts her eyes.

ANJELICA

I wanted to hurt him so bad, you  
don't fucking know.

CLAIRE

Every time I came home from a trip  
I knew what he had done and I had  
to hold it in.

Claire leans close to the door.

CLAIRE

Going to bed, I could smell you on  
my sheets. My sheets! In my bed!  
And I had to sleep in that.

Anjelica slams her fist against the door.

ANJELICA

Shut up! Please!

CLAIRE

I don't blame you for wanting to  
hurt Frank, but why did you do this  
to me?

ANJELICA

I don't know! I didn't see you.

CLAIRE

Well, here I am!

Anjelica steps away from the door. Screams wildly.

END INTERCUT

Anjelica walks through the house.

Wipes her tears. Collects herself. Returns to the kitchen.  
Picks up the keys.

Still holding the gun, Anjelica unlocks the padlocks. Opens  
the door.

Claire, broken chair leg in her hand, faces Anjelica.

Anjelica turns away, goes to the kitchen table and sits.

ANJELICA

My father built this table. I was  
five or six, a couple years after  
my mother died. Everything you see,  
he built.

Claire looks around.

CLAIRE

The money you asked for.

She sits at the table with Anjelica.

CLAIRE

Frank doesn't have two hundred  
thousand dollars.

Anjelica looks up.

CLAIRE

He did at one time, but his  
restaurants closed during COVID.  
That, combined with years of  
mismanagement, and now he's broke.

ANJELICA

He paid me.

CLAIRE

I give him a thousand a week.

ANJELICA

You pay him an allowance?

CLAIRE

He had some of his own, but not two  
hundred thousand. Probably not ten.

ANJELICA

You're the one with the money?

CLAIRE  
I'm the one with the money.

Claire looks at Anjelica.

CLAIRE  
I loved Frank more than anything in  
the world. He was a brilliant chef.  
His food a work of art.

Anjelica shuts her eyes.

CLAIRE  
And when he touched me I melted.  
Every time. Then his business  
failed, his dreams died, and he  
faded away.

She shakes her head.

CLAIRE  
Maybe it was always just an  
illusion.

Claire points to the pantry.

CLAIRE  
Those hands on the ceiling? Yours?

ANJELICA  
And my father's.

CLAIRE  
This is your house.

ANJELICA  
Not for long.

CLAIRE  
When I was in law school I got an  
internship at a small firm. I was  
putting myself through school  
waiting tables and telemarketing.

Laughs.

CLAIRE  
God, I was so poor. Anyway, one of  
the lawyers at the firm, Bobby,  
very handsome. Offered to help me  
financially in exchange for --

Anjelica looks up.

CLAIRE

Well, I did it. Became his lover,  
no more waiting tables. He was  
married, but I needed the money.

Claire takes Anjelica's hand.

CLAIRE

After law school I joined a large  
firm. Eventually became a partner.  
I initiated the purchase of Bobby's  
firm. Became his boss.

ANJELICA

And?

CLAIRE

I fired him, of course.

Anjelica looks up at Claire.

CLAIRE

What's your name?

ANJELICA

Anjelica.

CLAIRE

My grandmother used to say "what  
happens to a person".

ANJELICA

My father used to say that, when he  
was sick.

CLAIRE

He was referring to physical  
ailments. But there are other  
things, right? There's other pain  
that no one can see.

Anjelica nods.

CLAIRE

Tell me, Anjelica, why do you need  
two hundred thousand dollars?

INT. FRANK LEE'S HOME - NIGHT

Frank, silk bathrobe, sits in his leather chair.

Dressed in lingerie, Anjelica delivers him a shot of tequila.

He drinks.

ANJELICA  
I've been looking forward to this.

She straddles him.

ANJELICA  
Two days. Non-stop.

She licks his ear.

ANJELICA  
You wanna get dirty with me?

She stands.

ANJELICA  
Let's get the money out the way. It  
will be ten. Thousand. You're good  
with that, right?

Frank sneers, bites his lip.

ANJELICA  
Too expensive?

FRANK  
You fucking had to ruin it.

He stands.

ANJELICA  
Babe, just ask Claire to increase  
your allowance.

Frank charges Anjelica. She kicks him in the crotch. He  
stops, stumbles toward her. Shuts his eyes.

FRANK  
What the fuck!

His eyes open. He tackles Anjelica. On the floor Frank pins  
down her arms.

FRANK  
You're not getting up this time.

CLAIRE  
Frank!

He stops. Looks up. Claire stands in the living room doorway.

Frank scrambles to his feet.

FRANK  
Angel! I'm so happy you're home.

CLAIRE  
No doubt.

FRANK  
Baby. This isn't --

Anjelica gets up. Frank grabs her coat and hands it to her.

FRANK  
Go. Leave!

Looks to Claire.

FRANK  
I'm, I've never done this before,  
Claire, she's --

CLAIRE  
She's what?

FRANK  
She's a hooker. I was lonely.  
Thanksgiving. It was a mistake.

CLAIRE  
We all make mistakes.

FRANK  
A terrible mistake.

CLAIRE  
Terrible mistakes.

Frank nervously takes Anjelica's arm.

FRANK  
Get out!

Anjelica pulls away from Frank.

ANJELICA  
I need to get paid.

Frank seething.

ANJELICA  
Ten thousand.

FRANK  
What?



ANJELICA

That's what you owe me.

FRANK

I never fucking said --

CLAIRE

That's what she told you Frank. I heard the whole thing.

FRANK

No! I never agreed!

CLAIRE

Forty-eight hours! Non-stop. You should expect to pay more than you did the other times.

Confused, Frank shakes his head.

CLAIRE

Sweetheart. I've seen the tapes.

Frank stares at his wife. It sinks in.

FRANK

What the fuck is happening here?

He steps toward her. She pulls out her gun. Points it at him.

CLAIRE

You know what a good shot I am.

FRANK

Claire, after what I've been through? How hard this last year has been.

CLAIRE

Truly pathetic.

FRANK

You cut me off. No love, just "buck up, Frankie, life is full of challenges." Buck up!

CLAIRE

It gave me the opportunity to see what kind of person you really are.

FRANK

I love you. You know that.

Claire circles her husband.

CLAIRE  
 You thought I was kidnapped Frank.  
 That I was being held hostage. "I  
 guess you'll have to kill her."

FRANK  
 Claire.

CLAIRE  
 That's on tape, too.

He steps toward her.

FRANK  
 Claire. Angel. Honey. You're not  
 going to shoot me.

CLAIRE  
 No?

FRANK  
 We can fix this.

CLAIRE  
 It's over. Get out.

He puts his hands to his eyes.

FRANK  
 Please. Claire.

Suddenly he grabs her arm and throws her to the ground. He  
 pulls the gun from her hand. Points it at her.

FRANK  
 I'm not the one who's leaving.

ANJELICA  
 Frank, no!

FRANK  
 You're still here? Get the fuck  
 out. Leave! Now!

Anjelica slips out of her shoes.

ANJELICA  
 Put the gun down.

He points the gun at Claire.

FRANK  
 Fucking bitch!

Anjelica delivers a roundhouse kick to Frank's rib cage. He falls in a heap on the floor, dropping the gun.

Anjelica grabs the gun. Frank tackles her. They struggle.

GUNSHOT.

Frank laughs. He rolls to his back. Blood on his bathrobe.

Anjelica stands up. Holding the gun. Horrified.

Frank looks at Anjelica. Winks.

Frank dies.

Charlie bursts through the door and runs toward Anjelica. He takes the gun.

CHARLIE

Go. Go!

ANJELICA

I didn't mean to. It was an accident.

Claire picks up Anjelica's shoes. Hands them to her.

CLAIRE

You need to go. Now!

She pushes Anjelica out the door.

OUTSIDE

Anjelica breathes. Puts on her shoes. Then slowly walks down the steps.

Anjelica exhales and, one foot after another, walks away.

EXT. ANJELICA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Charlie leans against his SUV, smoking a cigar.

Anjelica approaches him. Nods.

CHARLIE

You probably have some questions.

ANJELICA

Yeah I probably do.

He laughs.

ANJELICA

Frank?

He looks away. Shakes his head. Looks back at Anjelica. Opens the back door.

Anjelica looks in the car, then back at Charlie.

Anjelica gets into

CHARLIE'S CAR

Waiting in the backseat is Claire.

The door is shut.

CLAIRE

You look well.

ANJELICA

I'm okay.

CLAIRE

We had an agreement.

Claire reaches into her pocket, hands an envelope to Anjelica.

Anjelica opens the envelope. Takes out a piece of paper.

CLAIRE

That's the bank, website, account number, password and username.

ANJELICA

For?

CLAIRE

The money for your house.

Anjelica shakes her head.

ANJELICA

No. I'm not keeping the house. I thought having it would, but, he's gone, my father, and keeping the house...

CLAIRE

So, pay his medical bills. Buy a new house. Look, we do what we need to do. To survive. Sometimes it isn't pretty.

Claire takes Anjelica's hand.

CLAIRE  
You probably saved my life.

ANJELICA  
Is he?

CLAIRE  
The money in the account. It's more  
than we agreed to. I trust that I  
can count on your silence.

Anjelica nods.

CLAIRE  
Go change the world.

ANJELICA  
Thank you.

Anjelica opens the door, steps

OUTSIDE

Shuts the door. Looks up at Charlie.

CHARLIE  
Here's the deal. You never met  
Frank. Never met Claire. None of it  
ever happened. That work for you?

She nods.

CHARLIE  
To open the account we needed your  
social security number, birthdate,  
all kinds of personal shit.

He smiles.

CHARLIE  
So, when I say none of it ever  
happened. None of it ever happened.  
This ain't no game.

He opens his SUV door.

CHARLIE  
Take care of yourself teacher.

ANJELICA  
You know I'm a teacher?

CHARLIE

I know your grades since middle school. Pretty damn impressive.

ANJELICA

It's not the grades that you get, it's the lessons you learn.

Charlie gets into his SUV and drives away.

Anjelica looks down at the paper.

INT. ANJELICA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Anjelica at her table. Laptop opened. Bank's website. She types in the username and password. Homepage opens.

She scrolls down. Available Balance: \$500,000.

She sits back in her chair.

INT. VICE-PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY

Booker, harried, sits at his computer. A knock at the door.

BOOKER

What?

Anjelica sticks her head in.

ANJELICA

Got a minute?

BOOKER

Um, um, sure.

Anjelica steps in, followed by HASSAN and MARIA.

ANJELICA

Mr. Booker. This is Hassan, and this is Maria.

Hassan extends his hand.

HASSAN

A pleasure sir.

Booker, uncertain, shakes his hand. Maria holds out her hand.

MARIA

Hi Mr. Booker.

They shake.

ANJELICA

They're graduate students at Columbia. Hassan is fluent in Farsi and Maria is fluent in Spanish.

BOOKER

Okay.

ANJELICA

They're my new assistant teachers.

BOOKER

What? No. We discussed this.

ANJELICA

Before you pop a blood vessel.

BOOKER

We can't afford them.

ANJELICA

I know.

BOOKER

So what are they doing here?

ANJELICA

I arranged for their salaries to be paid by an outside donor.

BOOKER

Who?

ANJELICA

An angel.

BOOKER

Does this angel have a name?

ANJELICA

Hassan and Maria have both been student teachers so they're certified to work here.

Booker looks from Hassan and Maria back to Anjelica.

ANJELICA

And their salaries will be taken care of.

BOOKER

By an angel?

ANJELICA  
It's time for class.

BOOKER  
Maria and Hassan? Uh, well,  
welcome.

He looks at Anjelica.

BOOKER  
Who are you?

Anjelica opens the door. Smiles at Booker. Steps into the

CORRIDOR

Leading the way, Anjelica glides through the sea of children.

INT. KANE HOUSE, PANTRY - DAY

Work boots step over the handprints in cement. The sound of a jackhammer.

EXT. KANE HOUSE - DAY

A moving truck sits on the street.

Anjelica stands on the sidewalk with Margot. Ryan walks up with a bottle of champagne. He pops the cork. Looks around.

RYAN  
Glasses?

ANJELICA  
All packed.

Anjelica takes the bottle and swigs some champagne. Hands it to Margot who does the same. She hands the bottle to Ryan. He hesitates. Wipes of the top.

MARGOT  
Seriously. You're wiping it off?

He shrugs. Takes a drink.

Two MOVERS walk out carrying a removed section of the ceiling with the handprints.

ANJELICA  
There they go.



Margot puts her arm around Anjelica's waist.

A moment later the kitchen table is carried out.

Mrs. Crumb walks up.

MRS. CRUMB

Angie?

ANJELICA

Hi Mrs. Crumb.

MRS. CRUMB

They got you.

ANJELICA

Who? Oh, oh no. I sold it to a family. They have two children.

MRS. CRUMB

Elmhurst didn't get it?

ANJELICA

I told you I wouldn't sell.

MOVERS roll a cart down the sidewalk with a block of cement.

Anjelica steps up to the cart. Puts her hand inside her father's handprint.

The movers load the block onto the truck. Shut the gate.

Anjelica turns around and wraps her arms around Ryan and Margot.

The truck pulls away.

FADE OUT.