

(Name of Project)

by
(Name of First Writer)

(Based on, If Any)

Revisions by
(Names of Subsequent Writers,
in Order of Work Performed)

Current Revisions by
(Current Writer, date)

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The room comes into focus. Kyle's lopsided POV lying on his side on the floor. Carlos is laying next to him, a knife protruding from his back.

MAIA (O.S.)
(agitated)
Kyle?

Kyle's POV as he looks up. Pinkie and Maia stand over him, staring down, concerned. Maia falls back relieved and starts pacing. She's shaking. Pinkie looks to her.

PINKIE
(calming)
He's okay, Maia, honey.

Pinkie hauls Kyle up with the chair still attached.

PINKIE (CONT'D)
There you are, sugar. Let's get you untied.

Pinkie unties him.

MAIA
We've got to get you somewhere safe.

KYLE
I didn't steal his fake Rolex.

Maia and Pinkie look at Kyle and shake their heads.

PINKIE
Fake is, my dumpling, beside the point. Maia's right. Let's get this mess cleaned up.

Pinkie looks at the corpse, blood still slowly oozing.

PINKIE (CONT'D)
I'm not sure how...
(pause)
...but you just need to pack up and hide yourself away for a couple of weeks. Until we're sure the storm has passed.

MAIA
You'll go back to the Twilight. It's just out of the 'hood far enough.

PINKIE

(to Kyle)

Ah'm strangely excited, while also
bein' repulsed. Like an episode of
"The Sopranos." I'm Carmela, Maia
is Tony and you're Paulie Walnuts,
no no no. Truth be told you're
more like Janice, Tony's sister.

MAIA

This isn't a joke, Pinkie.

PINKIE

I know. I know. I'm nervous.
Sorry. I think I'm a little
scared, too.