

ONE DIME

Written by

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Address  
Phone Number

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

A DIME, Extreme Close Up - tossed, flying in mid air.

The camera zooms out, we see a MAN(34) backing brick wall. Post light contours his face. He tosses the dime idly.

It is a dim street, cobblestone pavement, several businesses. Late night, but bustling. The man stands under a neon sign, waiting for something.

LADY (O.S.)

Hey.

Man turns to the sound, while casually thumbing the coin.

A LADY(30) in sight. They eye each other. A beat. Man breaks into radiant smile. Beautiful lady takes his heart away for a moment.

The lady trudges to him in high heels. He throws and catches the dime unconsciously, all eyes on her.

LADY (CONT'D)

Let's go.

Doesn't spare a moment, she whooshes into the door behind, seems like a speakeasy. Man follows. At the door, he feels something. Man looks down to his palm.

The dime is not there. Bewildered, he pokes head out to the street, looking around, perplexing.

Date night, no time for a petty crook, he thinks. Man resigns and shakes head, follows the lady in.

EXT. ROOFTOP NOT FAR AWAY

A dark shadow conceals itself within the night. With little beam of post light, we see the silhouette of a lady in black full body suit.

A DIME in hand, she grins, disappears in the darkness.

EXT. REAR WINDOW OUTSIDE A CONDO

Dilapidating building, top floor. A window panorama of the city night. A man behind it. He witnesses the whole crime. Shadow slides over head, disappearing into distance.

INT. CONDO

Close up on the window, reflection of the man walking out of screen.

EXT. ROOFTOP

The shadow bounces off roofs over roofs. Finally settles.

She takes off overhead mask. There we see a beautiful face of a young girl, twenty-ish. Her name is V(26). V's hands full of jewelries, several over her neck.

Siren roars the alleyway. V rushes into dark, soon leaves neon light and chaos behind. She slows down, takes a breath. All of a sudden, she turns and see:

A person over roof across the street.

V alerts. She hops to next building, trying to catch speed. Hops over several cargos, a narrow alley way, into another roof. A huge leap takes her into rolling, she steadies herself.

The person presses close. V bends herself to duck over a water tower. She is exhausted, leans on the edge. Nowhere to go. She turns. The person is now few feet close. Blood rushing, her pupils dilate.

There it is. A guy, backing the light, looming over her.

V

Don't even try to move.

She's fast. V maneuvers out a handgun, Walther PPK 9mm, black, points right into the guy.

V (CONT'D)

Don't come closer. I will shot.

Guy presses closer to her. V's hands quiver. Her index finger tightens the trigger.

GUY

Yoo. Chill. V.

A beat.

V is through off. Her half-shown face twitches for a millisecond. She thinks of something. A deja vu.

She takes a breath, a long breath.

V  
 ... J...What A long time...

She puts the gun down.

GUY  
 You still out here doing those  
 penny business?

Now we see the guy, J(29), steps forward. Under light. A dapper man, in his most casual shirt, tossing A DIME.

V  
 Not like you, big boss. I have no  
 where to go outside the street.

A beat.

V (CONT'D)  
 How's life.

J  
 It is going.

A BABY pops half of her head out J's back.

V's shocked. But soon turns into smile.

J throws the dime back to her. It shines, draws a perfect curve under yellowish light. V catches. It takes her a while before she reopen her mouth. But she fumbles, and end up not saying a thing. J watches her disappear again.

J (CONT'D)  
 (under breath)  
 Good night.

His voice engulfs by the police siren, street shooting, and slugger's yelling punctuating the night.

**THE END**