

EXT. WEST LA ANIMAL SHELTER - DAY

Buddy walks Oscar to the door. The dog wags his tail, excited and curious.

Overhead, a billboard for THE DASH looms over the lot.

INT. WEST LA ANIMAL SHELTER - MOMENTS LATER

Buddy and Oscar are at the counter. It's a shabby, government-funded shelter with pamphlet-covered bulletin boards and oily tiled floors smelling of soap and urine.

From behind some swinging doors comes the sound of dozens of dogs barking. It's intense. Oscar peers around the counter, scared of what lies beyond.

He looks up to Buddy for reassurance.

But Buddy's dealing with a CLERK, who leans lazily against the counter while filling out a form.

CLERK  
Sex?

BUDDY  
Male.

CLERK  
Breed?

BUDDY  
Not sure...

The clerk glances at Oscar.

CLERK  
That's a Brittany.  
(scribbles)  
Rare breed.

Oscar looks down at Oscar, who wags his tail when their gazes meet. There's a sliver of guilt in Buddy's eyes.

CLERK  
Weight?

BUDDY  
I don't know. Fifty... sixty.

CLERK  
Big for a Brittany.  
(scribbles)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLERK (CONT'D)

You mentioned this isn't your dog.  
Where'd you find him? If he's  
chipped we can-

BUDDY

No... I was taking care of him for  
a friend... But he... he died.

The clerk looks up.

CLERK

My condolences.

Buddy nods. The clerk finishes writing.

CLERK

So, we're pretty full-up here. Not  
to say we don't have room, but it  
fills up quick. City's not exactly  
short on strays. Policy's that if  
the dogs don't find an owner  
within thirty days, we put em'  
down. Just so you know.

BUDDY

Jesus.

(beat)

What are the odds?

CLERK

Of what?

BUDDY

Of him finding someone.

CLERK

Sometimes good. Sometimes bad. He  
looks like a nice dog, he might be  
okay. I'll put him in one of the  
front cages.

Buddy exhales. Takes another look at Oscar.

Oscar stares back, eyes full. There's a glimmer in there  
that suggests he almost knows what's going on.

Behind the swinging doors, the dogs bark so loud you can  
almost feel the spit.

BUDDY

I mean... He's not my dog.

The clerk shrugs.

INT. WEST LA ANIMAL SHELTER - MOMENTS LATER

Buddy's finished up the paperwork. Hands the clerk Oscar's leash, who leads Oscar toward the swinging doors.

Buddy stands there, looking at them go. Oscar sees the doors coming. His tail goes down and his ears pull back against his head. He looks back at Buddy.

Buddy meets his eyes.

Oscar's terrified. Betrayed. Pleading.

Buddy turns away and walks out.

TEASER

INT. COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

TITLE CARD: YONKERS, NY.

The tables are empty except for CARMINE (50s) who sits at a corner booth sipping coffee while reviewing paperwork.

DANTE (O.S.)

Hey Car.

Like a specter, DANTE (50s) appears behind Carmine.

DANTE (CONT'D)

Mind if I join you?

Carmine looks stunned for a moment, but then casually motions for Dante to sit.

CARMINE

You want a coffee or--?

DANTE

(sitting)

I've got a flight to catch.

CARMINE

When did you get the call?

DANTE

Last week. I'd have been here sooner but I got a bit backlogged.

Carmine takes long sip of coffee. He tries to appear calm but the tension is palpable.

DANTE (CONT'D)

You knew I would come eventually.  
Why didn't you run?

CARMINE

Run to what?

Dante considers this. Smirks.

DANTE

You ever miss it?

CARMINE

I miss the quiet.

Dante glances around.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DANTE

Seems quiet now.

Carmine motions to his head.

CARMINE

Up here.

(beat)

Dante... when you told me you felt nothing, did you mean it?

Dante nods.

CARMINE (CONT'D)

Still? After all this time?

DANTE

That's why we were paired up, right? It was all in the eyes. When they looked at the others they would see a catalogue of emotions but when they looked into ours they were empty. "Give 'em the nasty ones." Remember that?

Carmine nods. Collects his thoughts.

CARMINE

You know, my father was a hunter... Used to drag me on all these trips. He knew I hated it but I think he convinced himself that if he forced me long enough I would start to enjoy it. He was always saying how he was "determined to make a man" out of me.

CARMINE (CONT'D)

This one time we were up in the Yukon. My father was tracking this massive buck for a couple days. We were in heavy grizzly territory so we set traps all along the perimeter. Our last night, he wakes me up- must have been two in the morning- says he'd heard one of them go off.

CARMINE (CONT'D)

We go out to check and we discover that's it's actually only a cub.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CARMINE (CONT'D)

It's trapped by the tip of its paw. My father hands me his forty-five and tells me to shoot it.

CARMINE (CONT'D)

I pleaded with him to let me go back to the tent- all the while I was hoping this stupid cub would just get free and run away. But it didn't. Eventually I just had to close my eyes and pull the trigger. When I opened them again, the cub was dead. Do you know what happened then?

Dante shakes his head, intrigued.

CARMINE (CONT'D)

Nothing. Nothing happened. I waited to feel anything. But I stared at it and felt nothing. Just like I felt nothing when my father passed in eighty nine. Just like I felt nothing with every hit. Until we took out the Beans family two years ago. Remember?

Dante nods.

CARMINE (CONT'D)

Billy Beans was a rat fuck. I enjoyed spraying his gutless brains on his kitchen floor. Even his wife, I was okay with that, but you know what it was? His fucking kids.

CARMINE (CONT'D)

Those kids... I couldn't sleep after that. I just kept seeing them whenever I closed my eyes. And then I started seeing all the people we'd done in. Beans, the Twins, Danny Dumonte, even those Albanians at the drugstore. All of them. Even my father. They all started coming back.

Carmine brings his hands to his temples.

CARMINE (CONT'D)

Fuck I miss the quiet.

Carmine then looks to Dante. Pleading.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CARMINE (CONT'D)

C'mon Dante, can you honestly tell  
me you still don't feel anything?

BEAT. Then-

Quick as a flash, Dante pulls out a SILENCED PISTOL and  
aims it at Carmine's head.

THWIP! THWIP!

Carmine's head SNAPS BACK, blood and skull fragments  
hitting the floor behind him.

Dante stands and stares down at Carmine, his face empty.

DANTE

Still nothing.

A small GASP interrupts this "intimate" moment.

Dante spins around to see a YOUNG WAITRESS (20s) coming  
from the kitchen, hand covering her mouth. She eyes  
Carmine's body and then Dante's gun, backing away.

WAITRESS

Please-- please don't---

Dante raises the gun.

THWIP! THWIP!

The waitress drops dead.

INT. DANTE'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Dante enters his car and starts it. He glances to the  
passenger seat where a PLANE TICKET is visible.

INSERT PLANE TICKET: Destination MONTREAL, QC.

Lying next to it...

A photograph of FRANK BYRON, Dante's target.

END OF TEASER.

Sample 3: A Fold In The Heart (Daytime Romantic Comedy Film, packaged for Reel One)

EXT. ROBERTSON RESIDENCE - MORNING

A quiet residential street in a small town.

ALICIA WALSH (30s, adorably awkward) knocks on the front door of a quaint house, holding a neatly-folded pile of DRY CLEANING in her free arm.

Parked on the street is a small CUBE VAN. A logo on its side reads: "Walsh's Door2Door Dry Cleaning".

Alicia waits a beat.

No answer. Knocks again.

ALICIA  
(calling out)  
Mrs. Robertson?

Alicia peeks through the window.

ALICIA (CONT'D)  
Mrs. Robertson... your dry-  
cleaning's ready...

Alicia sighs, turning to leave... but the door opens.

Alicia spins around and sees DAMON ROBERTSON (30s, charming but a bit unkempt) standing there.

ALICIA (CONT'D)  
(confused)  
Oh-- hi.

DAMON  
Can I help you?

ALICIA  
Ummm... Yeah- well... I was just  
dropping these off for Mrs.  
Robertson...

DAMON  
She's at a yoga class.

Alicia looks surprised. Damon chuckles knowingly.

DAMON  
I know... I'd give anything to  
have half her energy these days.  
(re: dry cleaning)  
I'm her grandson, Damon. I can  
take those for her.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

Alicia goes to hand it over, but seems to realize something, stopping just short.

ALICIA

Wait. Sorry, you're... Damon Robertson?

DAMON

That's... me.

ALICIA

Like... THE Damon Robertson?

DAMON

If by "the" Damon Robertson you mean the writer The New York Times called "decent, but hardly groundbreaking" then... yup, that's me.

ALICIA

Well, I don't know about the New York Times... but I thought "Indigo Sierra" was... incredible. Much better than just "decent".

DAMON

Wait... you've actually read my books?

ALICIA

Your grandmother's the one who got me into them. You're really good.

DAMON

Come on...

ALICIA

You "come on"... I'm sure you get this all the time.

DAMON

Definitely not. Pretty sure you, my grandmother, and an old Polish man named Lewis are half my fanbase.

ALICIA

Well, I guess me and Lewis are suckers for a good love story.

Their eyes glimmer. A spark of intrigue. Damon notices the cube truck over Alicia's shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DAMON

So... are you THE "Walsh" from  
"Walsh's Dry Cleaning"?

Alicia's smile vanishes for a second.

ALICIA

Ummm... Well, technically I am...  
But... it's actually my Dad's  
truck.

DAMON

Oh? Helping out with the family  
business?

ALICIA

You... could say that.

Awkward pause. It's clear this is a touchy subject.

ALICIA

So! You working on anything new  
book-wise?

Damon flinches- this is also touchy.

DAMON

Ummm... Well-

MRS. ROBERTSON (O.S.)

Is that Alicia Walsh?

MRS. ROBERTSON (85, adventurous and bold) walks up from  
the street . She has a thick Scottish accent and carries  
a rolled-up Yoga mat.

ALICIA

Hey Mrs. Robertson.

MRS. ROBERTSON

Good to see you darling... AND my  
dry-cleaning.

She takes the clothes from Alicia.

DAMON

God- I never even got your name.  
Alicia. Sorry...

He extends his hand to Alicia. She shakes it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MRS. ROBERTSON (CONT'D)

I see you've met Damon. He came into town to make sure I wasn't lonely over the holidays. Isn't that sweet?

ALICIA

Very. I was actually just telling Damon how much I love his books.

MRS. ROBERTSON

Aren't they something?

DAMON

I didn't know you were passing them around, Gran.

MRS. ROBERTSON

Well someone has to get the word out... It's not like your publisher's putting in much effort. Regardless, you've got to keep at it, sweetie. Don't let the bog suck your boots into the muck and whatnot.

(to Alicia)

He hasn't written anything since the divorce.

Alicia clocks this. Damon looks horrified.

DAMON

Gran...

MRS. ROBERTSON

Would you like to come in for some tea, Alicia?

Alicia and Damon lock eyes. As strange as this encounter was... there's something there. But, alas...

ALICIA

I wish I could, but I've got a lot of running around to do. Another time?

MRS. ROBERTSON

That'd be lovely, you're always welcome, dear. Please say hi to your father for me.

Alicia nods.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Mrs. Robertson gives a knowing look between them and enters the house.

Alicia and Damon linger a moment.

ALICIA

Well, it was nice meeting you.

DAMON

Yeah...

Alicia starts walking back to the van.

DAMON

Maybe we'll... run into each other sometime... Before I head back to New York and all that.

ALICIA

(over her shoulder)

Yeah... maybe!

She keeps walking, but then turns back to Damon as she keeps heading toward her van.

ALICIA

Hey, for what it's worth, I definitely think you should keep writing. You know... for Lewis' sake!

Damon chuckles and watches her get into the van and drive off.