

FADE IN:

TITLE CARD: "INSPIRED BY A TRUE STORY"

INT. HEAVEN'S GATE MOTEL - MANHATTAN - DAY

Roach motel. Peeled walls, a buzzing light bulb, one bed, two writhing bodies.

ALICIA, (25), a shapely knockout, lies on her back, staring at a PEELING MOLDED FISSURE bisecting the ceiling.

She averts her eyes as CHUBBY KOWALSKI, (39), pumps on top of her, dripping sweat onto her face. She grins and bears it.

As her blubbery customer HAMMERS away, she cocks her head, squinting.

CLOSE ON - CEILING CRACK

It looks like something. Someone. A *face*?

Chubby's breathing accelerates. Quick, shallow inhales.

ALICIA

Yeah! Oh, yeah! Bring it home, Mr. Kowalski!

CHUBBY

(gasping)

Can't breathe. Took Viagra and I--

He passes out.

ALICIA

No! You're the only regular I got now. Don't go and die! No, Mr. Kowalski!

Alicia rolls him off and SLAPS his greasy face several times.

Hesitantly, she presses her lips on his for mouth-to-mouth. Grimacing--

ALICIA (CONT'D)

Oh, Mother Mary--

A few more mouth puffs then she collapses, exhausted. Still unresponsive.

On her knees, she folds one hand over the other, rhythmically compressing his chest.

ALICIA (CONT'D)

One. Two. Three. One. Two. Three. I
got this from that hospital show I
saw on TV, Mr. Kowalski!

Only shallow breaths.

Catastrophe! Alicia stops. She stares at her broken
fingernail.

ALICIA

Oh no! Oh no! That did not just
happen. I'm done now. Done!

She hops off the drooling trick and dresses. She reaches for
the smartphone in his pants pocket.

EXT. HEAVEN'S GATE MOTEL - DAY

An ambulance pulls to the curb. Two EMTs search for the
correct address. Alicia hitches her thumb skyward.

ALICIA

Upstairs. 301.

With their gear in tow, they RACE into the motel.

A muscled Latino, NESTOR, (22), with a crescent scar on his
cheek and hair tucked tight in a do-rag, approaches.

NESTOR

What up, Alicia?

Fishing through her purse.

ALICIA

Tryin' to find a phone booth so I
can turn into Super Hooker.

He produces a Ziploc bag of packaged pills and powders.

NESTOR

No doubt. I got Special K, Tweak,
OC's, Mexican Crack, Liquid E, Hard
Candy, Vicodin, Ephedra, and
Anabolic Steroids. What ya takin'?

ALICIA

A grilled cheese sandwich?

NESTOR
 (clueless)
 I can get that.

EXT. WEST 163 STREET - DAY

Spanish Harlem. Bachata beat. Kids play stickball.

Old men crowd around television sets in open-air bodegas watching the Mets game. Bottles of Presidente Beer sweat through brown paper bags.

TATTOOED BORICUAS, in muscle cars with tricked-out speakers, cruise.

Alicia sashays down the block. Catcalls and offers abound.

ALICIA
 Let's see the bills, muchachos!

She turns the corner.

INT. OUR LADY DELI - DUSK

A VERITABLE SHRINE to the Virgin Mary. Her image on the walls, in the deli case, adorning a behind-the-counter altar, and so on.

Behind the counter, SAL GENETTI, (46), hirsute and stocky, hands an envelope to a muscled thug. He will be known as GOON FRANKIE, (26).

FILOMENA GENETTI, (41), gaunt, a furrowed brow, fervently prays with rosaries in hand through the exchange.

The bruiser pockets the pay-out. He grabs a "free" Snickers and ogles Alicia as she enters.

ALICIA
 What did the goon want, Mr. Genetti?

MR. GENETTI
 Nothing. It's nothing.
 (beat)
 The usual, my dear?

ALICIA
 Ya know it. Extra grease. Oils the hinges.