

SHOTGUN
by
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INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - BAY 5 - MID NIGHT

DOCTOR 1

Can you wiggle your fingers for me?

DOCTOR 1, White female, 40's, examines the upturned palms of KEVIN SLOAN, Black male, 30's, hard-faced, stocky, intimidating.

SLOAN

Yeah.

He wiggles his thick fingers.

DOCTOR 1

Okay, good. Now turn them over and make fists.

Sloan does as instructed revealing cut and bleeding knuckles.

DOCTOR 1 (CONTD)

Does that hurt?

She gently probes his massive fists.

SLOAN

Nah.

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - BAY 6 - SAME TIME

DOCTOR 2

So, can you tell me what happened, Ms. Lockheart?

BILLIE LOCKHEART Black female, 20's, curly hair, short slim build, sits on an examination table clutching a pink gym bag in her bruised arms while DOCTOR 2, Male, 30's, gingerly probes the discolored flesh around her left eye.

BILLIE

I was...I was at a club, and...and these girls jumped me.

Her bottom lip is split and swollen, and Doctor 2 cocks an eyebrow at the red welts on her exposed calves and shins below the hemline of her dress.

DOCTOR#2

Girls did this? You sure?

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - BAY 5

SLOAN

Yeah, it was about six or seven
knuckle-heads with something to
prove. One of them caught me with a
bottle.

Doctor 1 cleans jagged lacerations on the side of Sloan's
bald head.

DOCTOR 1

Ever think about a different
profession?

SLOAN

(smirks)

Eh, it was a lucky shot. Part of
the job. It's the other dudes you
should be worried about. I only
came here cause my boss made me.

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - BAY 6

DOCTOR 2

And when did this happen?

Doctor 2 cleans dried blood from Billie's split lip.

BILLIE

About...an hour ago.

She winces from his touch.

DOCTOR#2

An hour ago?

BILLIE

Yeah...Why?

Doctor 2 sighs, choosing his words.

DOCTOR#2

Well, Ms. Lockheart,...I just have
to say...none of your injuries look
that fresh. You sure all of this
happened only an hour ago?

Billie stiffens and fixes him with piercing dark eyes.

BILLIE

That's what I said, right?

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - BAY 5

DOCTOR 1

To be on the safe side, I'd like to get some X-Ray's of your hands to check for fractures, just in case.

She bandages Sloan's ragged knuckles.

SLOAN

Nah, Doc, I'm fine. These hands have seen worse. I'll sign the wavier.

DOCTOR 1

Okay, if you insist. I'm totally against it though, just so you know, but I'll have the nurse bring the papers.

She pulls back the privacy curtain and leaves the bay.

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - BAY 6

BILLIE

Look, I have to go. I just need something for the pain. My head hurts. Can you give me something?

DOCTOR 2

Well, Ms. Lockheart, you've been beaten pretty bad. Your injuries could be much worse than they look. There could be some internal damage. You should really let me check you out thoroughly.

Billie winces as she pushes herself off the examination table.

BILLIE

I don't have time for all this shit. I gotta go!

She yanks back the privacy curtain-- and pauses, staring at a massive Kevin Sloan standing in the bay across from hers.

Sloan glances at Billie, does a double-take, and locks eyes with her. He eyes her bruises: black eye, split lip, bruised arms and legs, but he's drawn back to her dark eyes.

Billie stares up at Sloan's as if in a trance--

DOCTOR#2

Ms. Lockheart, wait! Let me help
you!

Billie glances at Sloan's bandaged hands, the bandage on the side of his head, then pulls her gaze away to Doctor 2.

BILLIE

I gotta go. I-- I gotta go!

She storms off-- Sloan watches-- A smiling nurse approaches.

NURSE#1

Mr. Sloan? The Doctor has some
papers for you to sign.

She hands him a pen and clipboard--

Sloan looks clear over her head to see Billie disappear through double doors.

INT. DARIUS'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

There's a Black male sprawled on floor, face down, in a pool of blood. CSI Agents scour the room with their instruments dusting for prints, searching for fibers, and other forensic data.

DETECTIVE SEAN DENNING, White male, 30's, sharp-eyed and focused, kneels over the body as he slaps on a pair of latex gloves.

DET. DENNING

Well, looks like we got three
bullets in his back...and one in
his head.

He gently turns the body on it's side--

DET. DENNING (CONTD)

Two more in the chest. Six shots.

DETECTIVE ERICA WHITE, Black female, late 40's, attractive, seasoned veteran, stares down at the victim's face.

DET. WHITE

Ever seen Halloween Two?

DET. DENNING

Yeah, why?

DET. WHITE
Remember Doctor Loomis? I shot him
six times, I shot him six times, I
shot him six times!

Denning looks up at her.

DET. DENNING
Yeah, so?

DET. WHITE
I love that movie.

Denning cocks his head confused.

DET. DENNING
okay...?

White kneels down for a closer look at the victim, then
stands.

DET. WHITE
Ha, I know this guy.

DET. DENNING
Really? Who is he?

DET. WHITE
Darius Farmer. Small time partner
to his big time brother Malcolm
Farmer, aka: Black. A Drug Dealer.

Denning Stands.

DET. DENNING
Well, that narrows the suspect pool
down a little.

DET. WHITE
Eh, a little.

She scans the area around Darius's body, then the entire
room.

DET. WHITE (CONTD)
No gun. No shell casings. The
shooter either collected them, or
used a revolver.

DET. DENNING
Well, The six shots *would* put it
right with a revolver.