

OCCASIONS OF SIN

Based on, Occasions of Sin By:  
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EXT. RIVERSIDE DRIVE - NIGHT

A soft rain dampens the moonlit August night. The flashing red lights of emergency vehicles light up the side of the highway.

TITLE CARD: WISDOM COUNTY, GEORGIA

DETECTIVE MARGARITA MORENO (29), an attractive Puerto Rican woman steps out of her squad car and approaches the crime scene.

A local EMT DEWEY (23), a well built blonde man while his hair styled like a punk rocker examines the body of a young woman.

The victim is a young woman with her hair and makeup done nice, wearing a small, red party dress.

MARGARITA

What have we got here Dewey?

DEWEY

What we got here is a dead slut,  
Detective Chic-a.

Margarita glances at Dewey, but ignores the remark. She looks down at the body.

MARGARITA

She looks so peaceful.

DEWEY

Ain't nothin' peaceful about being  
dead. And this bitch is deader than  
shit.

MARGARITA

Why do you call the girl a bitch?

DEWEY

She doesn't look like one to you?

Margarita shrugs, unsure.

DEWEY (CONT'D)

The tramp's lying dead here under  
the moon at two in the morning. And  
look at how she's dressed. A whore  
in a red dress, dead at two in the  
morning in Wisdom County Georgia.

MARGARITA

What time do good girls die in  
Wisdom?

Dewey pauses to think about his answer.

DEWEY

Different times to be truthful. But  
definitely earlier than two in the  
morning. Maybe ten or 11PM, could  
be earlier. Your typical dying time  
is 10PM. But I suppose they  
wouldn't all have a reason for  
dying at the same time. Unless  
maybe a church bus drove off a  
mountain road. Most of them go to  
church you know.

He looks disapprovingly at the corpse in front of him.

DEWEY (CONT'D)

She probably didn't go though. No  
church bus crash for her. Just dead  
on the side of the highway in a  
slutty dress.

MARGARITA

Where is the coroner?

DEWEY

Charlie? I'm sure he's on his way,  
Chic-a.

MARGARITA

That's Detective Chic-a to you.

DEWEY

Yes, Ma'am.

CHARLIE FITZHUGH, a fat, balding man waddles his way onto the  
crime scene. He looks down at the victim and shakes his head.

CHARLIE

Such a pretty girl. Too bad she  
ended up like this instead of a  
nice, church-going young lady.

Dewey looks at Margarita as if to say "I told you so".  
Margarita ignores him.

Charlie turns to Magarita.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Pleasure to meet you Detective. My goodness you are beautiful. You Mexican?

MARGARITA

No, Sir. I was born in Puerto Rico but I grew up in South Bronx.

CHARLIE

You don't say. I wouldn't want any child of mine growing there. The world has become such a messy place.

MARGARITA

What can you tell me about our victim, Doctor?

Charlie turns away from Margarita to examine the body.

CHARLIE

She's a child, 18 at most. Is she a runaway?

MARGARITA

Most likely. Our people back at the station haven't found anything about her yet.

CHARLIE

What was the cause of death, Doctor?

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

You can call me Charlie.

MARGARITA

Thanks. So what was the cause of death?

CHARLIE

Statistics.

MARGARITA

Really? Statistics kill?

CHARLIE

Sure they do. 99.3% of the time.

Charlie laughs obnoxiously at his own joke. Margarita just stares while Dewey rolls his eyes.

MARGARITA

Can you be a bit more specific about how the girl died?

CHARLIE

At first glance I'd say head trauma, but our Medical Examiner will be able to tell you more once she does a full work up at the morgue.

Margarita takes a closer look at the body. More specifically, two knife wounds on the girl's neck.

MARGARITA

Why do you think the killer used two different knives?

CHARLIE

What makes you say that?

Margarita points at the two wounds.

MARGARITA

This one here at the back of her neck is larger, the one at the front is smaller.

Charlie lets out a low whistle while he takes a closer look at the body.

CHARLIE

I would have never even seen that. Are you trying to put me out of a job, Detective?

MARGARITA

No, Sir. Just making my own observations. I'm sorry if I stepped out of line.

Charlie lets out a deep, belly laugh.

CHARLIE

I'm just teasing you, Señorita. Good for you, on noticing such small details. Good for you.

Margarita turns away embarrassed, and a little confused by the interaction.

The crack of a gunshot sounds behind Margarita.

She spins around, gun drawn to see an old car driving off. She holsters her gun.

MARGARITA

It was just a car backfiring.

She turns to see Charlie cowering in the ditch and Dewey laughing at him cruelly.

CHARLIE

What's so funny?

DEWEY

Nothing, Doctor. You and the detective have everything under control.

MARGARITA

Do you have a lot of friends Dewey?

Dewey thinks for a moment.

DEWEY

Non that come to mind. It's probably for the best though; they seem like quite the hassle.

Dewey bends down to sit the body up into the bag.

Margarita and Charlie share a look.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - BULLPEN - DAY

Margarita arrives at her desk and plops down with a heavy sigh. The phone on her desk rings and she picks it up.

MARGARITA

Moreno

CARSON (O.S.)

(through phone)

Get in here. Now.

Margarita hangs up the phone and with another heavy sigh pushes herself out of her chair.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - CARSON'S OFFICE - DAY

KIT CARSON an angry, pudgy man with a leathery face eyes Margarita as she enters the office.

CARSON

Have you solved the murder yet?

MARGARITA

No, Sir. We only found the body a few hours ago.

CARSON

Bullshit!

MARGARITA

Sir?

CARSON

I don't want to hear your bullshit excuses. How long have you been in Wisdom now?

MARGARITA

I've been here for two weeks, Sir. Before that I worked in The Bronx for eight years.

CARSON

Two weeks you've been here and this is the first time you are reporting to me? That is unacceptable. You never go that long without reporting to your CO.

MARGARITA

Sir, you weren't here when I arrived from New York. I believe you were traveling to South America for some reason.

CARSON

Never you mind where I was, That's non of your damn business.

MARGARITA

Of course. I didn't mean to imply that you were somewhere you shouldn't be.

Carson's face turns bright red.

CARSON

Do you like being a cop?

MARGARITA

Not so much at this moment, Sir.

CARSON  
I didn't think so. You don't have  
it in you to be a cop.

Carson leans back in his chair to think.

CARSON (CONT'D)  
Okay, this is what I'm going to do.  
First, I'm going to call the  
Georgia Bureau to provide some real  
direction to this so-called  
investigation of yours. Second, I'm  
moving you to the sidelines,  
Moreno. Way to the sidelines. I'm  
going to give you just enough rope  
to hang yourself so take your time.  
Don't make any problems for me,  
Moreno. You got that?

MARGARITA  
Got it, Sir.

CARSON  
Say it back to me.

MARGARITA  
I shouldn't make any problems for  
you.

Carson picks up a newspaper and shows Margarita the front  
page.

CARSON  
Good. Now there's a reporter that  
interviewed an unidentified woman  
who believes that the devil killed  
this girl. Find the reporter, and  
find that witness.

He tosses the paper to Margarita who reads the reporters  
name.

MARGARITA  
Not a problem, Sir.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - BULLPEN - DAY

As Margarita leaves Carson's office, she pulls out her cell  
and dials.

PENNY (O.S.)  
(through phone)  
Hey, Girl. What's up?



MARGARITA

Did you publish an article about the devil murdering the girl on the highway?

PENNY

Yeah, this lady came up to me when she saw me leaving the office and just started talking. I figured it would be a good breakout piece.

MARGARITA

I need her info. Meet me at the cafe near the precinct.

Margarita hangs up and goes to her desk. She grabs her jacket off the back of her chair and rushes out of the precinct.

INT. CAFE - DAY

Margarita sits patiently and sips her coffee.

PENNY, a British journalist with doe-like eyes and a figure to die for rushes in.

PENNY

The men in this city are just ridiculous. I had four men proposition me on the way here, and it was not in a flattering way at all.

Margarita points at Penny's shirt. The top three buttons are undone, leaving Penny's bosom dangerously close to falling out.

MARGARITA

You missed a button.

Penny looks down alarmed. She looks back up at Margarita.

PENNY

No I didn't.

Margarita smiles and pushes a tea towards Penny.

PENNY (CONT'D)

Oh, you doll! Just what I needed.

Margarita let's Penny enjoy her first sip of tea.

MARGARITA

So, tell me about this woman.

PENNY

I wish I could. I'm sorry, Hun.  
What kind of dunce reporter doesn't  
get someone's name after  
interviewing them?

MARGARITA

How did you meet her?

PENNY

Like I said, she grabbed me as I  
was leaving the office. I suppose  
she would have snatched anyone, I  
was just the first one she saw. It  
was last night just after the  
murder. Oh before I forget, our  
neighbors stopped by today to bring  
us a casserole. They say we can't  
let it sit too long so we should  
eat it tonight. Such nice people to  
welcome us to the neighborhood like  
that.

MARGARITA

Focus, Penny. Tell me about the  
woman.

PENNY

Oh yes, of course. Well I'm afraid  
that's all I know.

MARGARITA

She didn't leave a number or  
anything?

PENNY

Honestly, I don't think the poor  
dear even has a phone. She says she  
goes to the same coffee place every  
day. If she needs a phone there's a  
pay phone right outside. Assuming  
she can get a hold of some  
quarters.

Margarita gets up from the table and gathers her things.

MARGARITA

Take me to the coffee shop then.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Penny and Margarita sit with their coffees watching the  
crowd.

MARGARITA

Are you sure you're going to recognize this woman when you see her?

PENNY

Absolutely. You can't miss her.

As if on cue, a wild-eyed, wild-haired woman bursts through the door. She marches her way up to the counter and slams down a fistful of coins.

WOMAN

The usual.

The barista takes the change without a word and hands the woman a single cookie.

The woman turns with her cookie, taking small, nibbles at a time.

Penny stands up and blocks the door.

PENNY

Hi there. Nice to see you again.

The woman clutches the cookie closer, as if afraid it would be taken from her.

WOMAN

You're that reporter.

PENNY

That's right. I was wondering if me and my friend could ask you a few more questions.

The woman glances over Penny's shoulder at Margarita who waves politely.

WOMAN

That's a cop.

MARGARITA

What makes you say that?

The woman inhales deeply and crinkles her nose.

WOMAN

I can smell it on you.

Margarita looks at the woman confused and performs a subtle sniff test of her clothes. She shrugs at Penny who shrugs back.

MARGARITA

Can we please ask you some questions?

WOMAN

No point. Cops never believe me. Crime in this city would be a lot lower if they did.

PENNY

I thought the crime rate here was low.

The woman shrugs.

WOMAN

Some of them listen to me.

Penny gestures for the woman to take a seat. She complies reluctantly.

MARGARITA

I'm Margarita, of course you met Penny already. And you are?

WOMAN

Doesn't matter. It's just a name. You can call me Katherine if you like.

PENNY

You're name is Katherine?

WOMAN

Of course not.

Penny and Margarita share a confused look.

MARGARITA

Your name isn't Katherine, but you want us to call you Katherine?

WOMAN

I don't care what you call me. Why do you have to call me anything?

PENNY

Because that's what people do. They call each other by a name.

WOMAN

What people.

PENNY

I don't know, people. Everybody.

WOMAN

I don't think so.

MARGARITA

We're getting off track. You claim to have witnessed a murder.

WOMAN

Why aren't you in a uniform?

MARGARITA

Because I'm a detective. Detectives don't wear uniforms. Even if they did, I'm not on duty right now.

WOMAN

You should be on duty. There was a murder last night. I saw it with my own eyes.

MARGARITA

That's what I'm trying to ask you about, Katherine.

WOMAN

Who's Katherine?

MARGARITA

Jesus Christ.

WOMAN

That's my name either.

PENNY

Can you please tell us about last night?

WOMAN

Well I went for a night walk on the highway, and nearly fell over a dead body. It was very dead. Had a rope around it's neck.

MARGARITA

What did you do?

WOMAN

I kept walking. Very invigorin' night walkin' is.

PENNY

Invigorating.

Margarita holds her hand up to Penny, warning her not to distract the woman, lest she get off track again.

MARGARITA

What did you see next?

WOMAN

A car pulled up, so I crouched down so it couldn't see me. A white man got out of the car and bent over the corpse. He pulled out a knife and stabbed her right in the throat. Then he said something to her, though I imagine she didn't hear on account of her being dead and all. Then he got back in the car and left.

MARGARITA

And what did you do after that?

WOMAN

I got up and kept walking.

PENNY

You didn't think to call the police.

WOMAN

Don't see what good it would have done. She was already dead.

MARGARITA

Would you recognize the man if you saw him again?

WOMAN

Nope.

MARGARITA

What color was his hair?

WOMAN

Black I think.

The woman turns to Penny.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

What do you think?

PENNY

I don't know . . . I wasn't there.

MARGARITA

What about the car? What color was that?

WOMAN

Probably black. It was dark though, so everything looked black. Except for the moon. That was moon colored.

The woman scrunches her face up as if deep in thought.

PENNY

What are you thinking about right now?

WOMAN

I'm thinking I better do something.

MARGARITA

Like what?

WOMAN

Pee. I have to pee.

Without another word the woman stands up and rushes straight out of the restaurant. In the process, she passes a sign that points in the other direction to the washrooms.

PENNY

Where do you think she's going to pee.

MARGARITA

I'd really rather not think about it.

EXT. BUS DEPOT - DAY

An empty bus depot with one ticket booth manned by a bored attendant. CANDICE "CANDY" SANCHEZ (17). Approaches the booth. This future murder victim looks nothing like her future corpse. Full of life and bright energy, she's the kind of girl that people follow around simply because she asked them to. Unfortunately she's not the type to ask.

TITLE CARD: CORPUS CHRISTI, TEXAS - 12 MONTHS EARLIER

Candy offers the attendant a warm smile but it is not returned.

CANDY

One ticket to Miami, please.

The attendant lazily taps at his computer. He accepts Candy's cash and hands her the ticket without once looking up.

Unfazed by the attendant's attitude, Candy bounces her way over to the bench to await her bus.

She sits herself next to a friendly-looking OLD MAN.

OLD MAN

Miami, huh? Whatcha' gonna do there?

CANDY

Not sure yet. I guess the first thing will be to find a job.

OLD MAN

Well if you're looking for work you should look into Human Resources or something with computers. That seems to be where all the work is these days.

CANDY

Thank you, but I'd rather be a singer. That's what my real passion is.

OLD MAN

Singing is hard to get into but who knows, maybe you'll make it. If not you could always become a prostitute. You're pretty enough for it.

Candy looks at the old man, shocked.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)

If you really want to find work in Miami, you got to talk to Billy Obregon. He runs a bar called Billy O's. If there's work in town, he's the one to get it for you.

CANDY

Thank you.



EXT. BILLY O'S - DAY

Loud dance music pours out onto the street, drawing people in to the bar.

TITLE CARD - MIAMI FLORIDA

Candy approaches the large man guarding the velvet rope as though it were the gates of Buckingham palace.

CANDY

Excuse me, I'm here to see Mr. Obregon.

The man shakes his head. He barely glances at Candy.

MAN

No one here by that name.

CANDY

Mr. Billy Obregon?

MAN

You mean Billy?

He looks at Candy, sizing her up.

MAN (CONT'D)

You looking for work?

Candy nods her head eagerly. She flashes her most charming smile at the man but he seems to be looking at every part of her but her face.

MAN (CONT'D)

Billy's not here right now. I'm the general manager, Mr. Y. If your looking for a dancing job, you get one free beer, the rest are on your own dime. Agreed?

Candy nods her understanding and Mr. Y leads her inside.

INT. BILLY O'S - BAR - DAY

Mr. Y hands Candy and beers and motions for her to sit.

MR. Y

Wait here till Billy gets back.

Without waiting for a response, Mr. Y goes back to his post at the front door.

Candy slowly sips her beer while she watches the crowd. Waitresses weave through the crowd of rowdy men while the dancer move to the music on stage. The men howl in excitement with every clothing item that is removed and the girls gladly snatch up the bills tossed their way.

BILLY

I hear you're looking for a job.

Candy turns to see BILLY standing beside her at the bar. Though slightly overweight, Billy was not bad looking. He had a charming smile.

CANDY

Yes, that's right.

BILLY

You know how to give a lap dance? It's not the hard. Just put yourself between their legs and do whatever comes naturally. Do you know how to perform?

CANDY

Yes I do, Mr. Billy. The Pastor at my church says I have great performance ability.

BILLY

Mr. Billy. That's cute. But this ain't no Church, Muchacha. \$6.65 An hour plus whatever tips you hustle. You can start now.

Billy turns away but Candy calls him back.

CANDY

I don't have a costume with me.

Billy looks her up and down and smirks.

BILLY

No problem, the costume's only needed for the first 30 seconds of the dance. Go talk to Maxi in the back. She'll get you set up.

He winks and Candy and makes his way to the office on the second floor.

Candy hops off the bar stool and makes her way to the back door.

She takes a deep breathe before stepping through.

FADE TO:

INT. BILLY O'S - BAR - NIGHT

Candy steps out of the back door. She is now completely dolled up. Her quite innocence is replaced by quite, yet sexy submissiveness.

TITLE CARD: ONE MONTH LATER

Her make-up is done to the nines and she wears a skimpy little outfit with heels that make a good couple inches taller. This is quite the change from the little Texas girl.

BILLY

Candy. Get over here.

Candy complies and heads over to where Billy sits at the bar with Mr. Y.

BILLY (CONT'D)

How long have you been here now?

CANDY

It's been one month Mr. Billy.

BILLY

Would you say I've been good to you?

CANDY

Of course! You've been very nice to me.

BILLY

Good. I've got a special project for you.

Candy smiles in excitement.

CANDY

Me?

BILLY

Yes you, you're my Chosen One. I want you to go to Georgia and act as a courier between me and my brother Arturo in Athens. He's a big player on the music scene there.

CANDY

Would he be able to get me a singing job? I have a great voice, really!

BILLY

What he does with you is up to him. But first I need you to bring him a package. Can you do that for me?

CANDY

I'll do my best to make you proud, Mr. Billy.

BILLY

Of course you will. Now go and get washed up.

Candy bounces away happily.

MR. Y

You think giving her to Artie is going to smooth things over between the two of you?

Billy watches Candy bounce away.

BILLY

With an ass like that? It certainly can't hurt.

INT. MEDICAL EXAMINER'S OFFICE - DAY

The Medical Examine office is over crowded, but not by the living.

Margarita and VERONICA (34), high spirited and spunky, stand over Candy. She is laid out on the ME table, modestly covered by a sheet.

Margarita goes back and forth between reading the medical report and glancing at the body.

VERONICA

Sorry, about the crowding. We're doing some renovations and it's made the space a little smaller than expected.

MARGARITA

I don't mind.

VERONICA

I would think the only ones that would mind are them.

Veronica gestures at the various bodies laid out on the

crowded tables.

VERONICA (CONT'D)

But I haven't heard any complaints yet.

MARGARITA

I'd be a little concerned if you did.

VERONICA

How are you liking Wisdom so far?  
Is it very different from New York?

Margarita shrugs.

MARGARITA

Dead bodies, coffee breaks and  
Police Chiefs. It's all pretty  
similar. I do have to admit the  
weather is better though.

VERONICA

And how are things with the new  
Police Chief?

Margarita hesitates.

MARGARITA

It's always difficult moving to a  
new job, and I'm sure he has his  
own pressures to deal with.

VERONICA

That's a very diplomatic response.  
I hear he's an asshole.

Margarita's eyes widen at Veronica's bluntness, but she smiles.

MARGARITA

What can you tell me about our  
friend here?

VERONICA

Right, lets get into it. Always  
best to start from the top.

Veronica pulls the sheet down on Candy exposing her head.