

"BLOOD WING"
(Atlanta spec)

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NOTE: At the end of Season 2 of Atlanta, Earn, Paper Boi, and Darius leave for Paper Boi's first European tour. This spec tells the story of what might happen to them while touring abroad...

So I knowwww this is spec script for ATLANTA, but today we open with a sinister death metal drum beat, then up on...

INT. DARK CONCERT HALL. NIGHT.

...a totally fucking raging death metal show! Medium-sized venue. Strobe lights. Pounding drums. Roaring guitars. Sweaty black-clad fans packed like sardines. On stage...

THE BAND: Three aging rockers on guitars (MITCH, GLENN, JEFF, all 50s/60s) and a fourth, the drummer, very skinny and wearing a black leather GIMP MASK(MR. SINISTER, age unknown).

They may be old, but they fucking rock. And the fans love it.

The lead singer, Mitch, bellows his incomprehensible death metal roar... but somehow the audience knows every word.

Mitch steps forward, SPITS in a FAN'S face. The fan screams in angry joy, is congratulated by his fellow concertgoers.

And we see a huge BANNER above the stage, written in grotesque death metal script: **BLOOD WING**.

Then, a nearly imperceptible CUT...

We still see the band/banner, but now POV is inside the crowd. A bit less definition... **CELLPHONE POV**? Whatever, fans now surround us, we're inside the melee, and that's when...

Mitch stops singing, starts furiously waving his arms...

MUSIC STOPS COLD, the crowd BOOOOOS...

Mitch points frantically into the audience, yells in mic...

MITCH
Stop! Help!

SUDDEN TERRIFIED SCREAMS from the crowd. Our CELLPHONE POV now jostled by fans running every direction... *What's happening?*

CELLPHONE POV rotates, moves against the tide of fleeing bodies... **WHAT THE FUCK IS HAPPENING?**

People are freaking the fuck out. We hear their voices, not speaking English... What is it? German? Spanish?

But fear is the same in any language. Still our CELLPHONE POV advances, and the crowd clears and we see...

A DEAD BODY! A BLOOD WING FAN (30s), long hair, black tee shirt, curled up fetal, blood pooling from midsection onto the dirty concrete floor, FOOTPRINTS smearing the blood pool.

People surrounding, YELLING/SHRIEKING, hands covering mouths, these hard-core death-metal fans freaked by actual death...

PAPER BOI (O.S.)
Oh, shit! What the fuck man!

And that's when we realize we're watching all this on...

INT. FANCY HOTEL ELEVATOR (FLORENCE, ITALY). NIGHT.

...DARIUS' cell phone. He, PAPER BOI, and EARN ride in a ritzy elevator w/ two huge Italian bodyguards (aka the MARIO BROS., 30s). Darius smirks his usual stoned-Buddha-smirk, while Earn/Paper Boi are reeling, shocked by the video...

EARN
Wow. Wow! That's -- when was that???

PAPER BOI
(pissed at Earn)
You didn't know about this Earn?

EARN
Know what??

PAPER BOI
Man you booked me to open for this whack-ass band tonight! Someone just got murdered at one of their shows!

EARN
No, no, I didn't know--

DARIUS
Two murders actually. One month ago in Prague, dude was found with his jugular cut in the men's bathroom. And this was last week, in Barthelono.

EARN
Don't say it with the lisp when we're dealing with something... like this.

DARIUS
What? That's how they say it.

The elevator *DINGS*. Doors open and they enter...

INT. POSH HOTEL LOBBY. NIGHT.

An ornate Baroque lobby (packed w/ lots of RICH GUCCI-WEARING EUROPEANS). Convo continues as they walk...

PAPER BOI

A heavy metal serial killer?! Damn Earn!

EARN

Why are you pissed at *me*? Chill. Anyway we've got the Mario brothers for protection.

Earn thumbs at the MARIO BROS. They don't react.

DARIUS

(whispers)

Hey, man, I think that's like offensive. We don't even know if they're related.

PAPER BOI

Why am I opening for a metal band, Earn? They old! Blood Wing? Damn!

EARN

(losing patience w/ Al)

Two words, Al: Die Antwoord. We opened for Die Antwoord and you were cool.

DARIUS

Naw y'all. Blood Wing might be old, but they slay. Their new album is their best since "Blood Feast."

Paper Boi and Earn gawk at Darius in bewilderment, as they EXIT THE HOTEL LOBBY onto...

EXT. FLORENCE STREET. NIGHT.

...the ancient glittering streets of FLORENCE, ITALY. A LIMOUSINE waits for them, convo continues...

DARIUS (CONT.)

What?? I'm just saying, mad respect they still don't use blast beats. And I'm legit stoked to meet their new drummer.

PAPER BOI
(anyway)
Earn, I swear to god, if I get
murdered at this show.

EARN
No one's getting murdered.

DARIUS
I mean, it's not entirely out of the
realm of possibility given the--

EARN/PAPER BOI
Shut up Darius!

As they climb into the waiting LIMOSINE, door held open by a
WHITE PORTER (20s). Immediately the limo pulls away...

INT./EXT. LIMOSINE/FLORENCE, ITALY. NIGHT.

...Convo continues inside the decadent limo...

DARIUS
(*mea culpa*)
Sorry, y'all. But... just look
around you. We're in one of the most
beautiful cities in the world.

PAPER BOI
Where are we again? It's yellow.

...As we INTERCUT IMAGES of the limo driving through...

EARN
Florence. Italy. Very yellow.

DARIUS
Il Duomo. The Uffizi. Dante.
Leonardo da Vinci. Michelangelo...

INTERCUT IMAGES of each thing Darius mentions... a quick tour
of Florentine art... then quickly back inside the limo on--

PAPER BOI
Man who cares! We leave tomorrow.
I'm done with white people art.

DARIUS
(*smiles naughtily*)
But are you done with those two
Japanese girls from the hotel I got
on the list tonight?

PAPER BOI
Oh word??

EARN
Great. Two girls. Lemme guess, one,
two, and I'm number three.

DARIUS
I'm not down for that kind of
threesome, Earn.

EARN
No! I'm saying... never mind.

PAPER BOI
Wait. You still a tour virgin?

Earn shakes his head, embarrassed. The boys laugh at him.
Even Luigi Mario cracks a grin, which Earn catches.

PAPER BOI
I mean who don't get laid on a
three-month tour in Europe man?!

EARN
(annoyed, to Al)
I've been really busy. Working. *For*
you. It doesn't just fall out of the
sky for the manager.

PAPER BOI
Man yeah it do!

DARIUS
I'm not a musician either.

EARN
But look at you, Darius! You're
like... born for European girls.

DARIUS
And Japanese girls, *hehehe*...

MARIO MARIO
Pronto?

They look at the Mario Bros. Luigi Mario translates...

LUIGI MARIO
We are here.

As the limo comes to a stop. (A very short ride.)

DARIUS
 (to Luigi Mario)
Grazie mille, signore.

PAPER BOI
 (to Earn)
 Listen man. This is the last week of the tour. I just want to go home, get in the studio, J.R. Crickets, chill. I'm done with this tour shit.

DARIUS
 (mumbles)
 I want this tour to go on forever.

EARN
 (irked, to Paper Boi)
 Al, you know I've been working my ass off for you, right? And the tour's been going *fucking* great--

PAPER BOI
 Whatever man. Just get me outta here alive.

Earn's protest is cut off as the limo door opens. LIGHT streams in. Mario Bros./Darius exit. We hear Darius say...

DARIUS (O.S.)
 Duomo arigato, ladies! Get it, Duo-mo arigato?...

Still in the limo, Earn sighs and says...

EARN
 Domo arigato means *thank you*.
 (still annoyed, to Al)
 Yo you ready man? You hype?

PAPER BOI
 I'm hype.

EARN
 Al, you know this is the job, right?

PAPER BOI
 Niggah what you think.

They climb out of limo. Flashbulbs FLASH. ANGLE ON their LUGGAGE sitting in the limo ... on a LUGGAGE TAG that reads:

ATLANTA

INT. CONCERT HALL (STAGE/BACKSTAGE). NIGHT

A HUGE CROWD CHEERS (about 5,000, all white Europeans). Paper Boi on stage accepting the praise, his set just finished.

PAPER BOI
Blood Wing's up next y'all! Ciao,
mother fuckurrrrrrs!

Crowd CHEERS again. Paper Boi exits stage left, where Earn stands with MITCH (Blood Wing's lead singer). Earn/Paper Boi hug it out.

EARN
Yo you killed it! Listen to them!

PAPER BOI
Thanks, man. That was fun. Is
this...

EARN
Mitch Satriani. Singer of Blood
Wing. He *really* wants to meet you.

Awkward.

MITCH
Paper Boi! Dude, it's a real
pleasure. That was a *great* set!

PAPER BOI
Oh for real? Thanks man.

MITCH
Seriously. I've been listening to
your stuff all month since we found
out we're on the bill together. I
really dig it, man.

PAPER BOI
Word? That's cool man, thanks.

Mitch is being sincere, so is Paper Boi, but...

PAPER BOI
I gotta be honest though, I don't
really know y'all's stuff. I hope
that's...

MITCH
That's cool man! I get it. Why don't
you hang, check out our set. I'd
love to talk after the show.

PAPER BOI
 (was hoping to leave)
 Yeah, man. Cool.

MITCH
 We gotta get out there! You got them
 hyped for us brother!

Paper Boi/Earn laugh awkwardly, though Mitch's enthusiasm is actually quite infectious. CROWD CHANTS for Blood Wing.

MITCH
 It's go time. Where's--

KARLA (O.S.)
 Here!

They turn. It's KARLA (20s), who we will learn is...

MITCH
 Guys, this is Karla, our tour
 manager. Seen my fellow Bloods,
 Karla?

EARN
 (to Karla, shocked)
You're Blood Wing's tour manager!?

Because Karla is a young black woman, which yeah, unexpected.

KARLA
 That a problem?

EARN
 No, it's cool. You're just... young?

MITCH
 Karla's on her way up, doing her
 time with us old fogies.

KARLA
 The label says jump, and I say ROCK!

Karla flashes metal horns. Mitch and Karla hug/smile. They seem to really like each other.

MITCH
 Speaking of, Karla, the other old
 fogies?

KARLA
 I'll just go--

GLENN
Let's go Bloods!

Two Blood Wing bandmates appear: GLENN and JEFF, big muscles, grey hair, wrong side of 50, greasy metal energy.

MITCH
And our notorious drummer?

Just as Darius approaches...

DARIUS
Mr. Sinister? I saw him over there.

MITCH
Getting in his zone.

As MR. SINISTER, gimp mask, holding drumsticks, struts up like a rock-god demon. Paper Boi/Earn subtly back away from him.

DARIUS
Hey Mr. Sinister. I'm a *huge* fan...

But Mr. Sinister ignores Darius as he joins Blood Wing.

DARIUS
(whispers reverently to
Earn/Paper Boi)
No one's ever seen him without his
mask. And he *never* speaks.

PAPER BOI
(whatever)
Cool.

MITCH
Okay Bloods!

The four members of Blood Wing lock up, hands on shoulders, do some primal grunting/screaming. A moment later they burst on to stage. CROWD GOES NUTS!!!

Paper Boi et al. watch from backstage. Impressed by the reception Blood Wing receives. The fans really love them.

The MUSIC STARTS, instant raging metal gloriousness...

PAPER BOI
Whoaaaaa!

Just then, Darius taps Earn on the shoulder, points at Karla standing nearby. Subtle head-nod: *Yo she hot, give it a try.*

Earn approaches Karla awkwardly. They both watch the band, Earn trying to work up the courage... we can't hear their voices over the MUSIC, so we see **subtitles** for...

EARN
So where you from?

KARLA
You're kinda cute.

Earn: *Oh, okay.*

CUT TO:

INT. OLD DRESSING ROOM. DAY.

Earn/Karla get dressed, just post-coitus on an old dusty couch, old dusty dressing room. Blood Wing MUSIC plays in bg, concert still going. Karla stands. Earn looks embarrassed.

KARLA
I needed that.

EARN
It's been a couple months since I actually... had sex? So sorry if...

KARLA
What do you mean? That was perfect. We can't go for an hour backstage during a show.

EARN
Oh. Cool.

KARLA
Next time though, we take our time.

EARN
Definitely.

The flirt is strong with these two, some real magnetism. Then Karla switches gears...

KARLA
So you're Paper Boi's cousin?

EARN
Yeah. We grew up together. That's how I got the job but *HOW DO YOU MANAGE A METAL BAND???*

KARLA

(laughs)

I know. I don't seem the type. I'm not the type. But I do what I have to do. Plus they're pros. Legends.

EARN

Legends?

KARLA

Yeah! They've made money every year since the nineties. Every show's sold out. Especially since...

EARN

What?

KARLA

I know you heard about murders.

EARN

Oh. Wow. So you're saying--

KARLA

It's fuuucked up right? But it helps the band. It is *death* metal after all. We're adding extra shows in almost every city.

EARN

(jokes)

So you're exploiting it?

KARLA

(doesn't like his joke)

We're not being idiots, if that's what you mean. You've got to know how far you're willing to go.

Earn stands. *How far are you willing to go?* Good question.

He walks across the room, pushes open a door to find...

A STUFFED COSTUME CLOSET. He flips on the light, smiles, sees frilly dresses, carnevale masks, a bear suit, a creepy big-nosed *Eyes Wide Shut* mask, and then...

EARN

Oh shit!!!

KARLA

What?

He's frozen. Karla approaches, then GASPS. They both look down at the floor of the CLOSET at something we don't see.

KARLA

That's...

EARN

That's a dead body.

(beat)

That's a dead body!

BLOOD WING'S MUSIC, still raging in the bg, drops out suddenly as we...

CUT TO:

INT. BACKSTAGE. NIGHT.

...ECU on the face of CAPTAIN MORELLI (50s), a Carabinieri investigator in a rumpled suit. He's smiling a huge smile. In a heavy Italian accent + terrible English, Morelli asks:

MORELLI

What were you do in the room?

Man, he's really smiling. (We'll learn this is Morelli's investigative style, like this is all a delightful game for him. Basically he's being super-Roberto Benigni about it, which come to think of it would be crazy-perfect casting).

Moving out, we see Morelli is speaking to Earn/Karla. Earn is nervous, Karla cool. Behind them stands another investigator, CERAMI (30s), flat affect, Morelli's straight man.

EARN

We were... talking? We're both managers--

KARLA

We were having sex.

Earn is shocked by her admission. Morelli shakes his head: his smile gets even bigger, and he laughs at them.

MORELLI

Sex, eh? Ha!

Weird. Morelli turns, approaches Cerami. His smile drops a moment, he mutters something in Italian to Cerami as...

EARN

(whispers angrily to Karla)

What the fuck?

KARLA
There's no reason to lie.

EARN
(still whispers angrily)
You're probably right!

Morelli turns back to them, huge smile returning.

MORELLI
So you are famous American rappers?

EARN
No. I mean we're American, but not rappers.

KARLA
We're man -- a -- gers.

MORELLI
Oh, managers! Tell me!

EARN
Tell you what?

MORELLI
Managers are for find drugs? Sex?
For the rappers. This is your job?

EARN
No.

MORELLI
I think yes! Ha!

EARN
What is happening here? I need to see--

MORELLI
Don't worry my friend! You are not murderer. This is very clear. Why find the body if you kill him?

EARN
Yeah.

MORELLI
Except... is perfect for us not to think you make the murder.

EARN
No but that's not--

MORELLI

(laughs)

Don't worry! I say you not murderer.
Ma dimmi, tell me, where were you
before the concert?

EARN

Before the concert?

Karla speaks for the first time in a while...

KARLA

We were having sex in the limo.

Earn looks at her: Now you lie? What the actual fuck?

Morelli laughs his biggest laugh yet.

INT. GREEN ROOM. NIGHT.

Bottle of GRAPPA, poured into a tumbler glass. Mitch hands
Paper Boi the glass. They cheers, drink. They're in the Green
Room, but the door is open, Carabinieri/etc. milling outside.

MITCH

I'd get you high, but fuzz.

PAPER BOI

Good call.

MITCH

So this is your first tour, right?

PAPER BOI

Yeah basically.

MITCH

What did you think of our set?

PAPER BOI

I mean, y'all are good. Really
tight. It's not... my kinda music,
you know? But it's cool.

MITCH

I feel you. All good.

Paper Boi studies Mitch as he sips his grappa.

PAPER BOI

I gotta say, you seem real calm?

MITCH
About what? This murder stuff?

PAPER BOI
Yeah.

MITCH
Gotta be a reed in the wind, bro.
And anyway, I'm the lead fucking
singer. I'm never alone. I've got
alibis coming out of my asshole.

Paper Boi digests this... the idea that he might never be
alone again. Now Mitch watches him...

MITCH
You know, you got the thing.

PAPER BOI
The what?

MITCH
The thing! The fire, man. Fans love
you. You're smart. I don't want to
say *real*.

PAPER BOI
(laughs)
Yeah, don't say *real*.

MITCH
Whatever it is, you've got it. It's
rare. But if you can learn to, you
know, flip the switch, you get to
feel it every night.

PAPER BOI
Feel what?

MITCH
The love, man. The fans. Best drug
there is.

Paper Boi mulls this over...

PAPER BOI
Thanks, man. I guess touring just
wasn't part of my... thought process
when I started all this. It's a lot.

MITCH
Come on, man. You've got to love it.

PAPER BOI
I don't know.

MITCH
No, I'm saying you've got to love
it, or you won't be able to do it.

Oh. Paper Boi gets it. But he doesn't have a response. Then--

Mitch peels off a HAIRPIECE OF LONG GREY HAIR glued to his head. His crown is bald. Paper Boi's eyes go wide. Mitch sets down the mangy mane, pulls on a skullcap to cover the bald.

Paper Boi is grossed out/blown away, off which Mitch says--

MITCH
All about the show, man.

Paper Boi is speechless.

INT. CORNER OF BACKSTAGE. NIGHT.

Another part of backstage, Darius approaches Mr. Sinister (still in creepy gimp mask). Cops all around. Darius nervous.

DARIUS
Yo this shit is crazy, right?

Mr. Sinister: No response. Just distant wet eyes behind black mask. Weird.

DARIUS
I'm Darius. I'm with Paper Boi. Part
of the *en-tou-rage*.

He says *entourage* in a bad French accent. Still no response.

DARIUS
Anyway, I just wanted to say, I dig,
you know, the way you play, your
principles. Always wearing the mask,
no blast beats, no interviews...

As Darius fan-boy babbles, Mr. Sinister sees: A few CARABINIERI are looking at him very suspiciously, speaking furtively to one other...

Mr. Sinister's eyes go wide, nervous. We hear his BREATH QUICKENING through the mask...

DARIUS
(still fan-boying)
I mean, I've never even heard you
speak. You're an artist, man...

Mr. Sinister's BREATHING gets even louder. The cops are clearly making him nervous, and that's when he whispers to Darius, a heavy Swedish accent MUFFLED by the mask...

MR. SINISTER
Need iPhone.

DARIUS
(taken aback)
What?

MR. SINISTER
iPhone. Need iPhone.

DARIUS
Oh.
(beat)
Does it have to be an iPhone?

EXT. BACKSTAGE. NIGHT.

Earn/Karla walk (followed by smiling Capt. Morelli) through the crowded backstage. Earn whispers to Karla, irritated:

EARN
I thought you said no lying.

KARLA
Please. We've got a flight to catch.

EARN
Yeah but lying to Italian police?

KARLA
They're called Carabinieri, and
they're idiots.

Earn sees Paper Boi standing with Mitch.

EARN
Al!

Earn/Karla approach Paper Boi/Mitch.

PAPER BOI
Yo where you been??

EARN
They were interviewing us.

PAPER BOI
Both of you? Why?

EARN
Because we...

Just then they notice Morelli standing nearby, eavesdropping the conversation, smiling like a big dumb idiot.

PAPER BOI
Man who are you?

EARN
It's cool, Al. I think he's in charge. Of the police.

MORELLI
(gives them a happy wave)
In charge!

PAPER BOI
Yo, get me out of here, Earn. I'm not trying to go Italian prison.

EARN
It's fine. We didn't do anything.

PAPER BOI
Man that don't mean shit!

EARN
Chill, man. I'll make a call.

Frustrated with Al, Earn takes out his cell phone, starts making a call, walks off. Darius approaches Earn and asks:

DARIUS
Yo is that an iPhone? Can I...

Earn scowls, waves him away, as Morelli steps up to Paper Boi/Mitch/Karla.

MORELLI
You are rapper! And you--

And Morelli starts doing a ridiculous impression of metal guitar for Mitch. Mitch interrupts, speaking perfect Italian:

MITCH
 (Italian, **subtitled**)
 Are you in charge, sir? Can you tell
 me what's happening?

MORELLI
 You speak Italian! Bravo!

MITCH
 Who was the victim? No one's told us
 anything.

Morelli beams.

MORELLI
 Excellent question! No one has asked
 this question yet!

INT. CORNER OF BACKSTAGE. NIGHT.

Darius, now holding an iPhone, runs up to find... Mr.
 Sinister being wrestled to the ground by FIVE CARABINIERI...

DARIUS
 What the hell!

They wrestle Mr. Sinister, now handcuffed, into a chair. The
 Carabinieri speak Italian to each other, Darius completely
 lost, as Mr. Sinister yells...

MR. SINISTER
iPhone! iPhone!

Morelli approaches, says to Darius...

MORELLI
 They say he refuses to remove mask.
 Then he tries to leave. He can no
 leave now.

DARIUS
 He's just looking for a phone. He
 wants to make a call or something.
 Here! See!

Darius holds up the iPhone he found. Mr. Sinister yells in
Swedish, his native tongue...

MR. SINISTER
 (Swedish, **no subtitles**)
Snälla du! Låt mig ringa! Snälla du!

Tears run down over his gimp mask. Morelli shakes his head at Darius: *I have no clue what he's saying.*

EXT. FLORENCE STREET. NIGHT.

Mitch, Morelli, and Paper Boi are led by a CARABINIERI OFFICER to the back of an ambulance. Paper Boi looks off, sees the MERRY-GO-ROUND at nearby PIAZZA DELLA REPUBBLICA...

He gets lost staring at the GLITTERING, SPINNING LIGHTS... kids/families running around... hundreds of white tourists...

But he snaps back to attention as--

MORELLI
(more serious than usual)
Now, are you ready to see--

But then the other Carabiniere Officer opens the back of the ambulance, revealing the CORPSE OF DMITRI (50s): white guy, aging rocker-type, like the rest of Blood Wing.

Morelli is annoyed at the other Officer for jumping the gun--

MORELLI
Que stronzo!

PAPER BOI
Yeah I don't know that niggah.

Mitch deflates, suddenly very sad.

MITCH
I do.
(beat)
It's Dmitri.

MORELLI
(big smile)
Ah! You know him! He is in rock metal band!

MITCH
Yeah. Well no. He's... a friend.
(beat)
We grew up with him.

Morelli's is gleeful at this discovery... then, realizing Mitch is devastated, Morelli wipes the glee away.

INT. CORNER OF BACKSTAGE. NIGHT.

Lots of YELLING... Carabinieri yelling at Carabinieri in Italian... Mr. Sinister (still handcuffed) yelling in Swedish... Darius yelling in English... Earn approaches...

EARN

Man what the hell Darius???

DARIUS

He just wants to make a phone call!

EARN

What does that have to do with you??

DARIUS

I'm trying to help him.

EARN

By arguing with the police in a foreign country during a murder investigation!?

DARIUS

(light bulb)

Wait! He's Swedish! I know the numbers!

EARN

What??

Darius turns to Mr. Sinister, holds up iPhone, mimes typing.

DARIUS

Ett, tva, tre, fyra...

MR. SINISTER

Ja! Ja! Ja!

(Yes! Yes! Yes!)

And Mr. Sinister starts calling out numbers, Darius typing...

MR. SINISTER

Noll, noll, frya, sex...

DARIUS

(chuckles)

Sex.

Earn can't believe what's happening...

NOVELLI

Mr. Marks?

Earn turns to see NOVELLI (40s), an Italian lawyer, slick suit, confident like there's a gun in his pocket. TWO OTHER LAWYERS (30s) stand with him. Novelli's English is excellent.

NOVELLI
I'm Silvio Novelli, from the law
services contracted by--

EARN
Yo, you guys got here *fast*!

NOVELLI
Of course. Now please tell me in
detail everything that's
happening...

Novelli glances over Earn's shoulder at the ongoing scene with Darius/Mr. Sinister/the Carabinieri...

DARIUS
I got it! *Damn girl!*

On the iPhone, Darius sees the face of a GORGEOUS BLONDE WOMAN, who we will learn is Mr. Sinister's wife, DANICKA (25). She is confused, doesn't know who Darius is...

DANICKA
(Swedish, **no subtitles**)
Vem är du?? Vad är detta??

DARIUS
Well I--

MR. SINISTER
(Swedish, **no subtitles**)
Danicka! Är det du!?

Darius turns the phone toward Mr. Sinister. Mr. Sinister/Danicka cry out to each other. Followed by...

More chaos, yelling in Swedish, yelling in Italian, Mr. Sinister weeping, Carabinieri bickering, and then one particularly pissed Carabinieri...

Rips off Mr. Sinister's gimp mask...

And we see that...

Mr. Sinister is just a kid, maybe 22. He looks soooo young. Moppy blonde hair. Flushed pink skin. He's the most uncool, most un-death metal dude you've ever seen. And...

He's weeping like a baby. His young wife is weeping too...

Darius can't believe what he's seeing...

INT. GREEN ROOM. NIGHT.

Now all the members of Blood Wing (except Mr. Sinister) sit in the Green Room. Along with Karla, Earn, Paper Boi, Novelli the lawyer, the Mario Bros., and two cute Japanese girls (YUA and SAKURA [20s], who we're seeing for the first time).

Morelli stands before them all, Cerami stoically behind him. Morelli smiles his huge smile.

MORELLI

Now, I'm sorry for my English. My English is not good for you. But I speak in English. I'm sorry.

NOVELLI

(in Italian, **subtitled**)

Our clients are cooperating, Captain. Can we please--

Morelli holds up a hand, silencing him.

MORELLI

The victim of murder is Dmitri Malchase. Age fifty-four. Not known to Alfred Miles, "Paper Boi," or the rest of his rapper entourage. Coroner place time of death approximately two hours ago, when Paper Boi is performing.

Oh. Morelli's English (and maybe his investigative prowess) is a bit better than we thought.

Just then, Darius enters, led by another Carabinieri officer. He sits dejectedly between Yua and Sakura, who comfort him.

MORELLI

(to Darius)

Mr. Epps, thank you to join us. I have just tell everyone that Paper Boi, who was on stage is, how do you say, off a hook!

PAPER BOI

Oh hell yeah.

Morelli laughs. But no one else laughs. So Morelli stops laughing.

MORELLI

Now, we found no cell phone on Mr. Malchase. Strange. Must have been taken by the killer, the one who killed. Which lead us to believe maybe there is some sort of evidence on his phone. Evidence of... motive?

MITCH

What motive? Dmitri was... everyone loved him.

The members of Blood Wing are all somber, as aside...

DARIUS

(whispers to Paper Boi)
Wait, so who was the dead guy?

PAPER BOI

He was like their friend.

DARIUS

Their friend?

PAPER BOI

Like just touring with them.

DARIUS

Oh.

Darius sits back... as it sinks in... Dmitri, the dead guy, was Blood Wing's Darius. Then Mitch says to Capt. Morelli:

MITCH

What about his laptop?

MORELLI

Laptop?

MITCH

Yeah. It's probably in his luggage, in our limo. Maybe... his email, or his messages?

Morelli thinks about this... then his eyes go wide... smiles!

MORELLI

Yes! Laptop!

Everyone is taken aback by Morelli's gleeful enthusiasm (it's not exactly something you get used to)...

As in a VERY BRIEF SHOT, we see Karla, sitting next to Earn, looking down as everyone around her looks up at Morelli.

EXT. 3RD FLOOR BALCONY. NIGHT.

Minutes later... Earn and Karla step onto a small stone balcony of the concert venue, overlooking a BEAUTIFUL PIAZZA.

They sit down in two chairs. Earn lights her cigarette.

EARN

I think we're missing our flights.

KARLA

Sometimes you've got to be Zen about it. This shit is inevitable.

EARN

What?

KARLA

Chaos. Fuck-ups...

EARN

Serial killers?

They both chuckle, look out over the Piazza.

EARN

It's really yellow here.

KARLA

Better than shit-brown. My hometown.

EARN

(beat)

Who would you manage, ideally? What musician, band?

KARLA

Honestly?

EARN

Yeah.

KARLA

(hesitates)

Tina fuckin' Turner.

EARN

Whaaaaaat!!??

KARLA

I know. I just... she's a bad-ass boss bitch. The original. She's still making music.

Earn laughs, nods assent.

KARLA
What about you? What would you do if
you could?

Earn's smile softens. Looks again at the Piazza. And then...
in the quickest of CUT-AWAYS...

INSERT: VAN, the woman Earn left behind, smiling at camera.

Back to the present, Earn still looking at the yellow...

EARN
I'm doing exactly what I want.

A long, somewhat doubtful glance from Karla.

INT./EXT. LIMOSINE/FLORENCE STREET. NIGHT.

Mitch sits in a limousine, going through bags. He finds a
LAPTOP, pulls it out. He climbs out of the limo, where
Morelli/Paper Boi stand. He hands the laptop to Morelli.

MITCH
There. Password is "seven churches."
Seven spelled out, no space.

Morelli smiles eagerly.

MORELLI
Posso... may I sit in limosine? I
never sit in limousine.

Mitch/Paper Boi share an awkward glance.

MITCH
Sì, certo.

Morelli giddily climbs in.

PAPER BOI
Man that guy loves his job.

INSIDE THE LIMO, Morelli looks around in childlike amazement
at all the posh limo shit. Then looks down at the laptop, as
if remembering it's in his hands...

His expression goes intensely serious. He opens the laptop...
BLUE LIGHT on his face. Starts typing. Eyes scanning back and
forth...

Until they stop. Eyes go wide. And then...

The huge smile returns. He LAUGHS. He's cracked the case!

EXT. 3RD FLOOR BALCONY. NIGHT.

Earn/Karla still looking out at the yellow Piazza below, when both of their cell phones DING simultaneously. Earn looks...

EARN

I guess they're looking for us?

KARLA

Yeah.

Then, on the street three stories below, Morelli runs into view, trailed by FIVE CARABINIERI.

EARN

What is it now?

Karla says nothing...

As Morelli spots them on the balcony. He smiles and yells:

MORELLI

Stay, my friends! Stay! We are come to you now!

As all the Keystone-Carabinieri run into the building.

KARLA

I guess that's it.

EARN

What?

Karla's voice is matter-of-fact...

KARLA

The first one, in Prague, that was just some random shit. I didn't do that one. But the one in Barcelona... it was a fan. I shouldn't have... to a fan.

EARN

What???

KARLA

I was just... the guy tonight... Dmitri. Prick. He figured it out somehow. He was texting me, he was going to... I had to.

EARN
You had to *what*?

KARLA
I had to.

Behind them we hear RUSTLING, Carabinieri entering the room attached to the balcony... Earn and Karla stand...

EARN
Yo I don't know this bitch!

As Earn points to Karla... but she's vanished...

Because she's now standing on the edge of the balcony and...

She jumps!

EARN
What!!!?

Earn looks over the edge. Three stories down, Karla lies face down on the cobblestones. Morelli reaches Earn, looks down...

Karla doesn't move. Must be dead. And then...

She stirs. Gives a GUTTURAL MOAN we can hear from above. She slowly stands. Earn/Morelli are aghast in horror.

Karla starts limp-running through the Piazza.

MORELLI
(to other cops)
Dai! Dai! Dai!

The Carabinieri all make chase, as a terrified Earn watches Karla limp away around a corner, out of sight.

EXT. PIAZZA DEL DUOMO. NIGHT.

Hours later... WIDE SHOT of Il Duomo (Florence's most famous church/tourist destination)... its absurd size... its insanely ornate facade... statues, gargoyles, green marble...

It's quiet. No tourists. No music. No cops... Only...

Paper Boi and Darius walking into frame. A few steps behind them Earn appears talking on his phone. A few steps behind Earn, their limo creeps with them.

Earn's call ends...

EARN

(to Paper Boi)

Hey. I just got off with the booking agency. They want to add more shows.

PAPER BOI

What?

EARN

Three more weeks. In Germany.

PAPER BOI

We've already been to Germany.

EARN

They're good shows, man. I know you're over it, but... It's up to you, Al. You just have to say yes.

Paper Boi deflates. Any relief from getting out of the Blood Wing show alive has vanished.

DARIUS

I should tell you guys, I'm going to Japan. Like, tomorrow.

EARN

What?

DARIUS

Japan. I've always wanted to go.

PAPER BOI

With those girls from the hotel?

DARIUS

No, actually with these other girls. They're not Japanese. But they're going to Japan.

PAPER BOI

(confused)

I don't--

DARIUS

I mean, I'll see y'all again. This shit today was just.... and you know I've got a two-regret life--

PAPER BOI

A two-regret life limit. Yeah I know man.

Silence. They look up at Il Duomo. It's preposterously large. We see the dirty faces of statues, the grotesque scenes carved in stone, the ornate brass doors...

It's truly awe-inspiring, if gaudy as fuck. White people art.

DARIUS

You know, the upper part of the dome, they didn't finish it, because Michelangelo said he thought it looked more pure that way. Unfinished.

They keep looking up at Il Duomo.

PAPER BOI

It's green. Not yellow.

EARN

Yeah.

(beat, then to Paper Boi)
So what do you think, Al?

PAPER BOI

I don't even know what I'm looking at, man.

EARN

I mean about the tour. They're good shows.

Paper Boi keeps looking at Il Duomo. All three of them are.

Finally Paper Boi turns to Earn and says...

PAPER BOI

Niggah what you think.

Earn nods. Raises phone, makes a call, walks off talking...

EARN

Yeah, we're good to go...

The three of them climb into the limo.

The limo drives off.

As in the foreground, **Karla limps into view**... she's still on the run... she keeps Quasimodo-ing her way through the empty Piazza... then finally out of frame as...

END.