

IN THE DARK

"PILOT"

Written by

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ACT ONE

OVER BLACK, we hear people having drunk sex. They are both into it. The moans are getting louder, both on the verge...

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INT. MURPHY'S ROOM - NIGHT

The sounds continue as the camera settles on a cute Golden Retriever, staring at the bed with noticeable judgment in his eyes. This is **PRETZEL**. We stay on the dog as...

GUY (O.S.)

God, you're so hot. Do you have any idea how hot you are?

GIRL (O.S)

Nope.

*

After a few more moans they both orgasm together. If Pretzel could roll his eyes he would.

*

The **GUY** collapses next to **MURPHY**. She appears like any average 27-year-old dysfunctional beauty who makes bad decisions on the reg. He kisses her shoulder.

*

GUY

That was legit incredible.

Murphy immediately tenses up, putting her walls back up. The guy doesn't notice but jumps when he notices Pretzel.

*

*

GUY (CONT'D)

I didn't know your dog was in here.

She didn't either. She can't stand this dog.

MURPHY

That dog is so weird. He follows me around everywhere. Like a stalker.

GUY

Awww. I'll protect you.

The guy playfully bear hugs her. She is unamused. Plus, he has already served his purpose.

MURPHY

Okay. Nice meeting you.

GUY

(taken aback)

That's it?

MURPHY
I'll text you later.

GUY
But you don't have my number.

MURPHY
I don't understand how you don't
get what's happening here.

He's shocked. Hurt, he starts to get dressed. He grabs his shoes and walks out. She waits for the sound of the front door closing. Once it does, Murphy breathes a sigh of relief. She then sits up, downs what's left of her vodka soda, throws on sweats, an old hoodie with no bra, and Uggs. Resting against her door is a... WALKING STICK.

Pretzel follows her down the hall, like a stalker. And into the living room where her roommate/best friend, **JESS** (think Beanie Feldstein) is waiting for her with nachos. Murphy sits next to her and feels for the nachos on the coffee table.

MURPHY (CONT'D)
What side is the guac on?

JESS
Upper left.

Murphy grabs a handful of chips from the upper left side of the plate and drunkenly stuffs her face.

MURPHY
(mouthful)
Hit me with it. I could tell he was
tallish. But that's it.

JESS
This one had a real gummy smile.
Like Napoleon Dynamite. I could
tell he was a mouth breather. He
only had his two front teeth. Like
a rabbit. And he definitely had
early onset alopecia --

MURPHY
I could feel his hair, jerk.

JESS
He was hot. Of course. Because hot
dudes are obsessed with you.

MURPHY
It's only because they aren't used
to being rejected.

JESS

He seriously looked like Alexander
Skarsgård. You're missing out. You
should've felt his face.

*
*
*

MURPHY

Way too intimate.

*

Murphy reaches in her hoodie pocket for her cigarettes -- she
realizes she only has a couple left.

MURPHY (CONT'D)

I'm gonna go to Rite Aid and get
some more smokes. Need anything?

Jess jumps to her feet, over-protective.

*

JESS

I'll go with you.

*
*

MURPHY

Jess, I'm fine.

*
*

JESS

It's no big deal. I'll just throw
on some clothes and --

*
*
*

MURPHY

We talked about this. I prefer to
do things on my own.

*
*
*

Jess chews her lip, conflicted. She finally relents.

*

JESS

Use the crosswalk that beeps and
text me when you get there.

*
*
*

Murphy gets up and Pretzel is RIGHT there.

MURPHY

Oh my God, dog. I'll be right back.

Murphy closes the door in his face. He waits by the door for
her to return. Jess relates to this dog.

*

JESS

I feel you, Pretzel. She's more of
a stick gal. Come here, bud.

*

But Pretzel doesn't budge. Just keeps staring at the door.

INT. RITE AID - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Murphy routinely feels for the familiar box of Plan B on the shelf. She locates the box and grabs it. She makes her way through the store, drunkenly tapping her walking stick.

A few **CUSTOMERS** in line stare at Murphy as she feels (with her stick) the line is longer than she was hoping. She routinely pretends to be lost and cuts the line. She approaches the counter, acting clueless.

MURPHY

Am I in the right spot? I'm looking
for the line...

(loudly)

But I can't see. Anything. Because
I'm blind.

MARIA, the clerk, knows Murphy and her antics well.

MARIA

You cut past it, Murphy.

All the customers simultaneously tell her "it's fine" "go ahead" etc. Murphy gives Maria a mischievous smile.

MARIA (CONT'D)

Your usual?

She nods and also places the Plan B on the counter. Maria rings up a pack of Parliaments and a bag of Cheetos.

MARIA (CONT'D)

You should really buy condoms.

MURPHY

They're bad for the environment. We
all got to do our part, right?

(then)

Can I get a Diet Coke too? I'll
grab it on my way out.

*

*

Maria nods and rings that up too.

*

MARIA

\$63.11.

Murphy pulls out a one dollar bill and hands it to Maria.

MARIA (CONT'D)

Nice try.

MURPHY

You'd be surprised how often that works.

Murphy reaches in her hoodie pocket and hands Maria her credit card. Maria swipes it and bags Murphy's items.

MURPHY (CONT'D)

Thanks.

Murphy turns around and heads out. As Murphy opens the refrigerator and feels for a Diet Coke, a **WOMAN** in line watches her, unbearably sympathetic. *

WOMAN

You're my hero!

Murphy gets this all the time. She sarcastically smiles.

MURPHY

I'm a regular Mother Teresa.

Murphy puts a cigarette in her mouth and walks out. The woman is horrified. Maria shakes her head: typical Murphy.

EXT. ALLEY - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Three young drug dealers hang in this isolated alley: **TYSON**, a handsome and sweet 17-year-old is with his pals **TEN** (chubby) and **XAVIER** (scrawny.) It's slow, so they shoot the shit -- or, Ten and Xavier do. Tyson mostly half-listens, off in his own world, reading a book. *

TEN

I made a new beat last night? Shit is fire. This my year, y'all. I'm takin' over. I'm talkin 'Ye status.

XAVIER

(scoffing)

Man, the only thing you takin' over is the McDonald's drive-thru, every night.

TEN

Oh, really? Okay. We'll see who hits me up for VIP when I'm at Coachella next year.

XAVIER

Please. Your beats is trash, fam.

TEN
 (getting heated)
 Your whole life is trash!

As they continue to bicker, we see Tyson spot someone O.S. A smile spreads across his face. He cuts the other two off.

TYSON
 You're both trash. Shut up a second.

Ten and Xavier turn to see what Tyson's smiling at: Murphy. She's in the alley, "looking" around for Tyson.

TEN
 Miss that. Darnell don't like when you talk to that chick. Says she's messy. *

TYSON
 Then don't tell Darnell. *

XAVIER
 Nah, bruh, I'm not lying to your cousin. Don't get me involved in that shit.

TEN
 He already gonna be heated when he sees the take for today. *

Tyson frowns at both of them. Looks back at Murphy.

TYSON
 Homegirl is blind. What's she gonna do to Darnell? Pick him out of a lineup? Just don't tell him.

Tyson hands them the cash he was counting.

TYSON (CONT'D)
 Drop it off to him, aight?

They nod, clearly not thrilled, and watch as Tyson rushes over to Murphy. Shaking their heads a little.

Tyson approaches Murphy.

TYSON (CONT'D)
 Yo, thank God you're here. For real. I couldn't hear their dumbass conversation for another second.

MURPHY

Aw. At least one guy uses me for my
conversation skills.

She routinely tosses him the bag of Cheetos she bought
earlier. Tyson takes a seat on the ground and helps Murphy as
she sits next to him. This is their thing. He opens the bag
of Cheetos as she smokes. She hands him the box of Plan B.

MURPHY (CONT'D)

Can you open this for me? And don't
give me any shit.

TYSON

I didn't say anything.

He starts to open the box as...

TYSON (CONT'D)

How's it goin'?

MURPHY

Oh fine... except everyone in my
life treats me like I'm incapable
of wiping my own ass.

TYSON

You're lucky you have people that
care so much about you.

(Murphy rolls her eyes)

Hey, for real. I wish I had that.

MURPHY

You do. With me, dummy.

Murphy smiles "at" him. It's clear from Tyson's face Murphy
is one of the few people who actually give a shit about him.

Tyson unwraps the pill and hands it to her. She cracks open
her Diet Coke and swallows the pill.

MURPHY (CONT'D)

I wish I didn't like sex so much.
It's a very expensive habit.

TYSON

I realized why you do.

MURPHY

This should be interesting. I love
being analyzed by a teenager.

TYSON

Because it's the one time you don't
feel blind. I mean... we all do it
with our eyes closed anyway.

Murphy is taken aback by his insight.

MURPHY

You're a smart kid. Too smart to be
doing what you're doing.

TYSON

I could say the same about you.

MURPHY

Just eat your Cheetos.

TYSON

So what did Jess tell you this guy
looked like?

MURPHY

Someone named Alexander Skarsgård.

TYSON

Who the hell is that?

MURPHY

Like I know.

Tyson pulls out his phone and Googles him. He looks at a
picture of him on his phone and makes a face.

TYSON

This is your type?

MURPHY

Dude, you've known me for two
years. I don't have a type.

Tyson shifts, a little annoyed. It's clear he's harboring a
bit of a crush on Murphy. She's oblivious to it.

TYSON

Have you ever slept with a guy that
looks like me?

MURPHY

A child? No.

TYSON

I'm grown.

MURPHY

You're 17.

TYSON

I'm goddamn adorable.

MURPHY

Yeah. Gonna have to take your word for it, kid. Also, I feel like only really ugly people try to convince a blind person they're hot.

TYSON

Okay. Feel for yourself.

Tyson grabs her hand and presses her palm to his cheek.

MURPHY

What are you --

TYSON

For real. Get at it. Let yourself feel my beauty.

He's only half-joking. Murphy plays along: She doesn't normally do this but she does feel comfortable around him. But as she slowly moves her hand across his face, memorizing every little curve, you can see her realize: Tyson isn't lying. He really is hot. And as he can see her realizing this, he can't take his eyes off of her...

Before he knows it, her hand is back in the pocket of her hoodie. She tosses her cigarette.

MURPHY

I should get back upstairs.

*

Tyson looks at her for a beat too long.

TYSON

See you tomorrow, Murph.

MURPHY

Yep.

Tyson watches her go, then goes back to his book.

*

INT. MURPHY'S ROOM - NEXT MORNING

As Murphy sleeps in the messy darkness Jess, dressed in scrubs, opens the door, purposely letting in Pretzel AND sunlight. She moans as Jess places Pedialyte, Advil, and toast on her bedside table. Pretzel licks Murphy's face.

MURPHY
 Get off me, dog. *
 (sneezing) *
 I swear... I'm developing an *
 allergy to him. *

JESS *
 Because he wants your love. That's *
 the only thing you're allergic to. *

MURPHY *
 Oh, look who's bringing the jokes *
 at the crack of dawn. *

JESS *
 It's nine in the morning. Come on. *
 You have to get ready for work. *

Jess opens the blinds. Murphy moans again.

MURPHY
 Why does morning have to happen,
 like, every morning?

Jess picks up Murphy's phone on her night stand. It's dead.

JESS
 You never plug in your phone.
 (then)
 Come on. I promised your parents
 you would be on time today.

Murphy crawls out of bed, hung over. She throws on what she *
 was wearing last night. She slowly walks from her room into *
 the bathroom, feeling the walls around her for help. Jess and *
 Pretzel follow Murphy into the bathroom. *

JESS (CONT'D) *
 Did you talk to Tyson last night? *

MURPHY *
 Of course. *

JESS *
 He can come over whenever you want. *
 You don't have to go down to that *
 sketchy alley to hang out with him. *

MURPHY *
 I like hanging with just him. *

It's clear from Jess's face that she's a bit envious of how *
 close Murphy is to Tyson. *

Murphy feels for the medicine cabinet and opens it. There are several bottles: face wash, face moisturizer etc. She has labeled them with puffy paint so she knows what's what. She routinely feels for her face wash and washes her face as --

JESS *
Ryan is sleeping over tonight. *

MURPHY *
Gross. *

JESS *
You guys have to get along at some *
point. *

MURPHY *
Or you could just break-up. *

Jess playfully pushes her. Murphy is feeling around for something... *

JESS *
Toothpaste? *

Murphy nods -- with a smile Jess grabs a tube of moisturizer and hands it to her -- Murphy squirts it in her mouth. She immediately GAGS and spits it out as Jess CRACKS up. *

EXT. BREAKING BLIND - LATER

Jess gets out of the car and grabs Pretzel before helping Murphy out. They walk toward a white picket fence surrounding an AstroTurfed area where TRAINERS lead a group of cute guide-dog-puppies-in-training. Jess sees the head trainer **KIMMY** (30s, one of those annoying overly enthusiastic types) leaning up against the fence, flirting with **JAKE** (late 20s, hot, somewhat douchey). *

JESS *
You're lucky you can't see how *
annoying Kimmy is. *

MURPHY *
Let me guess... she's flirting with *
that loser, Jake. *

Kimmy CACKLES loudly. *

MURPHY (CONT'D) *
Nailed it. *

They laugh. ANGLE ON: Kimmy and Jake. *

KIMMY

No waaay. That is amaze balls, bro!

JAKE

(fishing)

It's not that big of a deal.

Kimmy sees Murphy and Jess and waves at them.

KIMMY

You are not going to believe what happened to Jake! He's moving to Los Angeles to be an actor because he booked an Arby's commercial.

MURPHY

Wow. You know who else got their start that way? Leo Dicaps.

JAKE

Is that true?

MURPHY

No.

Jess swallows a laugh. Kimmy doesn't appreciate Murphy.

KIMMY

Jess, this dog has been dragging his tush all morning. I think it's hemorrhoids. But you're the expert, wanna take him into your office and check him out?

JESS

Of course. I dreamed of this moment during veterinary school.

Murphy laughs as Jess picks up the dog. Pretzel sits next to Murphy and looks up at her. Murphy ignores him.

INT. HANK AND JOY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The owners of this company/Murphy's parents **HANK** (earnest, well-intentioned) and **JOY** (joyless) are preoccupied as a DOG BREEDER proudly shows them a puppy.

DOG BREEDER

Isn't she magnificent? And already so well-trained. Sit, girl.

(floppy puppy stares)

Sit, girl. She was doing it all morning. Sweetie, sit. Siiit. Si--

JOY

We believe you. The last puppies we got from you were great. How many did you say you had in this litter?

DOG BREEDER

Eight more. So nine in total. I'll do thirteen hundred each.

HANK

Thank you. Let us get our ducks in a row and we will let you know.

The breeder smiles warmly and exits with the puppy.

JOY

Thirteen hundred?! That's over eleven thousand dollars.

HANK

We need dogs. I'll have Felix run the numbers and see what we can afford right now.

JOY

How can Jake leave us like this? An actor is a ridiculous career choice. And he's too tall for it.

HANK

I know he was a great fundraising coordinator, but I really think --

JOY

Murphy is not doing it.

HANK

Sweetheart, our daughter is very smart. She can handle it.

JOY

You know I wish that were true. But one of us has to live in reality. Until she gets her act together --

HANK

I think she's doing a lot better!

Just then Murphy walks by their office window, looking like shit, drinking a Pedialyte and holding an unlit cigarette in her mouth. Joy gives him an exasperated look.

JOY

We dumped our entire life savings into this place and took a second mortgage on our house. This is our life, Hank.

Hank knows this is true, but he is avoiding it.

JOY (CONT'D)

We both thought opening this facility would get her life back on track. Give her a sense of purpose. But... it hasn't worked. Nothing has. I'm not going to keep trying to fix Murphy when --

HANK

She's unable to be fixed?

JOY

You know that's not what I meant.

HANK

What happened to her --

JOY

Was horrible. Every day I wish it were me instead. But it's been two years and she's getting worse. Giving her a critical job that she can't handle isn't going to help her get any better.

The tension is cut by a KNOCK on the door.

HANK

Yeah, come in.

FELIX (picture Dev Patel) enters.

HANK (CONT'D)

Just the man I wanted to see. Felix, can you run the numbers and let us know how many puppies we can afford? Thirteen hundo a pop.

Felix already knows the answer: Not a lot.

FELIX

Sure thing, boss.

(then)

I heard about the Jake/Arby's news. Have you filled the position yet?

HANK

We're still weighing our options.

FELIX

My friend does fundraising for the
Children's Hospital but he's
looking for something full-time.

JOY

We'd love to meet him.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Just like before Ten and Xavier are shooting the shit as
Tyson is in his own world, reading a book.

TEN

Anyone wanna grub?

XAVIER

Fo sho. I'll text Darnell and tell
'em we'll be back in an hour.

TYSON

I'll stay here.

TEN

Awww... you're waiting on Stevie
Wonder to bring your little
Cheetos. Isn't that adorable.

Tyson gives them a look: 'Ha, ha.'

INT. JESS AND MURPHY'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Murphy lies on the couch, drinking vodka, drunk. Jess is in
the adjacent kitchen with her boyfriend, **RYAN** (30s.) Jess is
plating dinner. There's no love lost between Murphy and Ryan.

RYAN

Let's eat in your room. We can
watch something in bed.

JESS

You know I can't ditch Murphy.
(Ryan rolls his eyes)
Murph, come on! You should eat
something. A bite of chicken?

MURPHY

You treat me like an infant.

RYAN
I wonder why.

MURPHY
I'm not the one who forces my
girlfriend to cook me dinner.

JESS
He doesn't force me to do anything.
My mom always said a way to a man's
heart is through his stomach.

MURPHY
Your mom has clearly never heard of
a BJ before.

RYAN
Can we please eat in your room?

MURPHY
It's cool. I'll give you guys your
privacy to make sweet love. I'll go
hang with Ty.

Murphy grabs her cigarettes from the coffee table and
stumbles to her feet. She loses her balance for a second.

MURPHY (CONT'D)
(to Ryan)
How much time do you need for the
love making? Three to four minutes?

RYAN
I can't tell you how much I enjoy
our time together, Murphy.

Murphy smirks as she heads for the front door. Pretzel
follows. Murphy ignores him once again.

JESS
I should take Pretzel out.

RYAN
Murphy can do it for once. It's her
dog. Come on, let's eat.

JESS
Do you mind, Murph?

Pretzel looks up at her and pants. Off Murphy, horrified.

INT. RITE AID - A COUPLE MINUTES LATER

Murphy routinely tries to cut the long line, but Pretzel guides her to the back of it. She fights him.

MURPHY

I said, right. Dude, right. Stop, dork. I know where I'm going.

ANGLE ON: Maria is amused as Murphy drunkenly struggles with Pretzel. Pretzel plants his paws at the back of the line. The MAN next to her smiles warmly at her and Pretzel.

MAN

How does he know where to go? Does he wear a GPS or something?

Murphy grits her a teeth.

EXT. ALLEY - FEW MINUTES LATER

Murphy, smoking, enters holding a bag of Cheetos.

MURPHY

Tyson? Hello...

Pretzel tugs at the leash and growls. He's trying to pull her deeper in the alley. Murphy is getting more annoyed.

MURPHY (CONT'D)

I've had it with you! Chill.

But Pretzel won't chill, he just keeps pulling her deeper and deeper. We reveal what Pretzel sees... SOMETHING LARGE WITH A BLANKET OVER IT. Pretzel starts barking at it. Murphy has had it -- she finally gives in, stumbling over. Murphy trips over the blanketed heap and eats shit.

MURPHY (CONT'D)

Oww. What the hell was that?

Murphy, still lying on the ground, feels to see... WE ARE CLOSE ON HER -- WE NEVER SEE WHAT SHE FEELS. But we see her heart stop as she removes the blanket. As she feels around...

MURPHY (CONT'D)

No, no... Help! Somebody HELP!!!

But no one can hear her in the darkened alley. Murphy pulls out her cell phone but the battery is dead. Off Murphy, screaming to no one and everyone --

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWOINT. JESS AND MURPHY'S APARTMENT - LATER

Ryan is with Jess at the door as two cops **DEAN** (30s, salt of the earth) and **JUAN** interview a distraught/drunk Murphy. *

RYAN *

You sure you don't want me to stay? *

JESS *

I should be alone with Murph. I'll call you tomorrow. *

Ryan exits. Jess walks back in and joins Murphy for support. *

JUAN *

You're sure it was him?

MURPHY

Yes. I felt his face. Did they identify him yet?

DEAN

Our guys are checking it out now.

MURPHY

Is it going to take them over an hour to get here too?

JUAN

We've had a busy night.

Murphy is not understanding. She takes a gulp of vodka.

DEAN

Hey, it's going to be all right. We're doing everything we can.

JUAN

(all business)
And what was Tyson's last name?

MURPHY

Umm... Davis. Tyson Davis.

DEAN

Do you know where he lived? How old he was? Anything else?

MURPHY

He was 17 and lived in Riverdale.

JUAN

Tough neighborhood. You know what he did for work?

MURPHY

He was a Quantum Physicist. What do you think he did for work? *

Juan doesn't appreciate Murphy's sarcasm. *

JUAN

You guys are an unlikely pair. How did you become friends? *

This is a touchy subject for Murphy. Jess knows this. *

JESS

They would talk while she smoked. *

DEAN

Anything else you can remember? *

Murphy thinks, really thinks... *

MURPHY

He didn't smell like himself. Whoever killed him was wearing a distinctive cologne. *

JUAN

Right. Because your other senses are heightened. *

MURPHY

That's not a thing. I'm not Daredevil. I just smelled it. *

Juan's radio on his shoulder grumbles to life. There's some police jargon Murphy doesn't understand before -- *

MURPHY (CONT'D)

What are they saying? *

JUAN

Give me one sec. *

Juan steps out of the apartment. Murphy is losing her shit. She takes another giant gulp from her drink. *

DEAN

The reason I got dispatched here is because my daughter is blind as well. She lost her vision in a car accident a couple years ago.

(MORE)

DEAN (CONT'D)

She gets that heightened senses question too. And random people tell her she's their hero. It really pisses her off and --

MURPHY

I have to puke.

Murphy stumbles to the bathroom and shuts the door. Jess watches her, worried. Dean gives Pretzel a little pat. *

DEAN *

Is this her guide dog? *

JESS *

(distracted) *

Yeah, that's Pretzel. *

DEAN *

I'm thinking about getting one for my daughter. Giving her a pal. *

(noticing) *

Your friend is going to be okay. *

JESS *

You don't understand. Something happening to Tyson is the worst thing that could happen to her. *

DEAN *

They were really that close? *

Jess looks back at the bathroom, making sure Murphy can't hear. She takes a seat next to Dean and talks quietly. *

JESS *

A couple years ago she got mugged. What kind of sociopath mugs a blind woman? Murphy, is... well, Murphy and she wouldn't just give the guy her purse. She put up a fight. And he beat her up. It was brutal. She probably would have died if Tyson didn't see it and stop the guy. A 15-year-old kid saved her life. That's how they really met. *

DEAN *

That's awful. *

JESS *

She refuses to talk about it. Murphy isn't great about dealing with her feelings. *

Juan reenters the apartment.

JUAN
There was no body.

DEAN
Did they check the alley?

JUAN
Yep. And the surrounding streets.
No trace. Not even a drop of blood.
(to Dean)
Let's go.

JESS
Wait -- that's it?

JUAN
Did you hear what I said? There was
nothing there. Your friend is
wasted. She probably blacked out
and imagined the whole thing.

Jess feels bad. Dean can see this.

DEAN
Take care of your roommate, okay?

Jess nods. Dean gives Pretzel one last pat before they leave.
Jess walks down the hall and opens the bathroom door. Murphy
is lying on the tile floor... A DRUNK MESS.

MURPHY
(unintelligible)
Did they identify him?

Jess frowns, walks in and lies down on the floor with her.

INT. JESS AND MURPHY'S BATHROOM - NEXT MORNING

Murphy stands in the shower, numb. A KNOCK on the door.

JESS (O.S.)
Murph, you okay? You've been in
there for over an hour.
(more KNOCKING)
Please just talk to me...

Overwhelmed, Murphy sits in the shower and rests her head on
her knees as the water continues to cascade off her body.

EXT. BREAKING BLIND - NEXT DAY

It's the same wholesome mini white picket fence surrounding an AstroTurfed area we saw earlier.

The camera pans over and settles on Murphy, slouched on a bench in her black hoodie, smoking. She looks like a distraught Unabomber. Jess approaches her with a Snickers bar and hands it to her. She barely takes it. *

JESS
Feeling any better? *

MURPHY
I just don't get it... how could the police not find anything? *

JESS
I don't know. But whatever happened will eventually reveal itself. *

Murphy exhales a cloud of smoke, upset. *

JESS (CONT'D)
Kimmy is throwing a good-bye lunch for Jake. You wanna come? Maybe some food will be good for you. *

Murphy gives her a "look": 'I would rather kill myself.' *

EXT. BREAKING BLIND - LATER

BRADLEY, a handsome banker in his 30s, walks with his polished wife **GAYLE**. They see something and stop.

GAYLE
There's someone... I think.

REVEAL Murphy, now asleep on the bench, with a half-eaten Snickers bar on her stomach. *

GAYLE (CONT'D)
Hello? *

Murphy struggles to wake up. They both notice her stick and realize she's blind. *

GAYLE (CONT'D)
Sorry to disturb you. We couldn't find anyone in the building.

MURPHY

They're at a lunch for one of our
coworkers who is moving to Los
Angeles to be a d-list actor.

*
*
*

GAYLE

Oh! So you do work here?

Murphy realizes she must look worse than she feels.

MURPHY

Sorry. I had a rough night. You'd
think blacking out would be a
little easier when you're blind.

Bradley laughs, surprised by her joke.

BRADLEY

(to Gayle)

I wish your mother had a little of
that attitude about vision loss.

GAYLE

(to Murphy)

Mummy went blind ten years ago and
we couldn't even talk about it.

MURPHY

Your mummy sounds like the worst.

GAYLE

(offended)

She just passed away. And she was
absolutely wonderful.

MURPHY

Mm. Everyone thinks everyone is
better after they die.

*

Gayle looks at Bradley: 'Can you believe this woman?!'
Bradley shakes his head, pretending to be as upset as she is,
but he's clearly entertained by Murphy.

GAYLE

We got her guide dog at this
facility and we're so grateful for
the companionship he gave mumm --
my *mother* in her final years. We
wanted to donate ten thousand
dollars as a thank you. Can you
please give this to the owners?

*

Gayle reaches in her purse and hands Murphy the check.

MURPHY
That would be my parents.

GAYLE
(to Bradley)
Darling, we should go. I still have
to pack and run errands before I
leave for the airport tonight.

BRADLEY
All right. Let me just use the
bathroom real quick.
(to Murphy)
Where is it?

MURPHY
It's inside. I'll show you. I need
Advil anyway. *
*

We FOLLOW Bradley and Murphy inside the building.

BRADLEY *
Rough night, huh? Hair of the dog *
always does the trick for me. *

MURPHY *
It's eleven in the morning. *

BRADLEY *
When you get off work. Trust me on *
this. There's a great bar called -- *

MURPHY *
Thanks but I only go to Flemming's. *
Bathroom is on your left. *

Murphy continues walking. He stares at her perfect ass for a
beat before entering the bathroom.

INT. BREAKING BLIND CONFERENCE ROOM - SAME TIME

It's a typical 'goodbye' lunch: A couple lukewarm pizzas,
wilted salad, and a bottle of cheap wine left over from the
last time this happened. But it's a break from work so *
everyone is happy to be there. *

ANGLE ON: Felix, eating his pizza with a knife and fork, *
sitting at the table quietly talking with Hank and Joy.

FELIX
You can purchase three puppies if
we cut back on office supplies.

JOY

We've already cut back as much as we can. Anywhere else where we can pinch a few additional pennies?

FELIX

(sighs, then)

You pay Murphy to work here and... she doesn't do anything besides eat Snickers bars and take naps.

HANK

Out of the question.

JOY

Hank, we should hear him out. It's not like she even wants to be here.

*
*

Just then Murphy enters. Hank jumps to his feet as Joy notices she looks worse than usual.

FELIX

The wine is already gone.

Murphy grits her teeth. They hate each other equally.

MURPHY

Who is that? It sounds like a prepubescent girl.

*

Felix smirks, he's used to this. Murphy turns to her parents.

MURPHY (CONT'D)

I need to talk to you.

*

INT. HANK AND JOY'S OFFICE - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Murphy sits across from Hank and Joy as they stare at the check in shock. Hank picks it up and examines it.

*

HANK

They just handed you a check?

*
*

MURPHY

Yep. Look, I'm not feeling great. I think I need to go home.

*
*
*

Joy is staring at Murphy, worried.

*

JOY

When are you going to stop partying like this, Murphy?

*
*
*

MURPHY

Mom, I'm really not in the mood for another one of your lectures --

JOY

Tough cookies. Because you're about to hear another one --

Murphy gets up and grabs her walking stick.

JOY (CONT'D)

Excuse me, young lady. Where do you think you're going?

MURPHY

I need to be alone.

Hank grabs his keys off his desk.

HANK

I'll take you home --

MURPHY

I'm fine! Jesus! Can everyone just back off for a goddamn second?!

Hank and Joy are shocked into silence as Murphy exits.

INT. FLEMMING'S BAR - LATER

Murphy is hammered, sitting at the bar, despondent. A hand TAPS her on the shoulder. She doesn't react.

BRADLEY

Guess who?

MURPHY

This game is only fun for sighted people.

We reveal it's Bradley, who isn't exactly sober himself.

BRADLEY

It's Bradley. I met you earlier.
(Murphy doesn't respond)
Crazy running into you here.

MURPHY

Uh-huh. I could feel your eyes burning a hole in my ass earlier, much like they are now, *annnnnnnd* I told you this is the only bar I go to. Yeah, it's a real coinkydink.

BRADLEY

(busted)

Sorry... you're right. I haven't
been able to get you off my mind.

Murphy is used to this. And she's not in the mood.

MURPHY

I get it. Your wife is out of town
and you're bored and horny. You got
to thinking, I've never boned a
blindy before. Porn has made all
dudes a little kinkier.

Murphy goes back to her drink. This is the first time he
notices how distraught Murphy is. He takes a seat.

BRADLEY

Hey, are you okay?

MURPHY

No.

BRADLEY

You want to talk about it?

MURPHY

No.

BRADLEY

Is there anything I can do?

Murphy closes her eyes. She desperately needs an escape. She
"looks" back at him: 'Yeah. There's something you can do.'

INT. BRADLEY'S PENTHOUSE APARTMENT - LATER

A beautiful place overlooking the city. Bradley and Murphy
burst through the door, making out. Murphy tosses her stick
as they rip off each other's clothes. They're about to have
sex when the light in his bedroom turns on --

GAYLE

(groggy)

Sweetheart?

Bradley panics as he starts putting his clothes back on --

BRADLEY

Hi! One sec!

(to Murphy)

You need to hide.

We STAY ON Murphy as she desperately tries to feel around this unfamiliar space, trying to hide. She hears Bradley rushing down the hallway, but it's too late.

BRADLEY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Honey, what are you doing home?

Murphy slowly crawls to the coffee table and feels it.

GAYLE (O.S.)
My flight got cancelled. I wanted
to surprise you.
(looking around)
Is there someone here? *

Gayle turns the lights on and sees a half-naked Murphy lamely hiding under the glass coffee table. Gayle is furious.

GAYLE (CONT'D)
What the hell is going on?!

MURPHY
(feeling the table)
This is glass, isn't it?

Murphy crawls out from the table as --

GAYLE
How could you bring this blind
whore into our home --

MURPHY
Whoa.

GAYLE
GET OUT!!!

Gayle grabs her clothes and pushes her out of the apartment!

INT. BRADLEY'S PENTHOUSE HALLWAY - NEXT MOMENT

Murphy stands outside the door, half-naked, realizing...

MURPHY
(motherfucker)
My stick...

She's about to knock when she hears screaming, crying, and lots of glass breaking. Maybe now is not the best time.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREEEXT. STREETS OF CHICAGO - LATER

Murphy, without her stick, just looks like a regular person. Well, not that regular... she's frozen in fear, holding on to a hot dog cart. The **HOT DOG VENDOR** is staring at her.

HOT DOG VENDOR

Lady, order a dog or move it along.

This is the first time that we've seen Murphy scared. She lets go of the cart and takes a few slow steps. Annoyed pedestrians bark at her to "move..." etc. The vendor watches her, confused. Murphy takes a step and CRASHES into a WOMAN. *

WOMAN

Watch it!

Murphy is fucked. She turns back to the hot dog vendor.

MURPHY

If I buy one of your disgusting hot dogs can I use your phone?

HOT DOG VENDOR *

(rolling his eyes) *

Fiiiiiiine. *

She slowly makes her way back over. He holds the phone out for her -- but when she doesn't notice, he realizes for the first time she's blind. He feels bad for her. *

HOT DOG VENDOR (CONT'D)

Yo, I'll dial it. Who do you want me to call?

MURPHY

(realizing)

I don't have anyone's number memorized.

HOT DOG VENDOR

No one?

MURPHY

Do I look like I have my life together, sir?

(then)

Okay... let me think. Can you google Breaking Blind? Maybe my parents are still there.

EXT. STREETS OF CHICAGO - CONTINUOUS

Felix walks with his annoying TINDER DATE.

FELIX

I'm pretty new to Tinder. But my brother met his wife on it so I thought I'd give it a try. He says she's his missing puzzle piece.

TINDER DATE

Aww... that is adorbz!

Felix smiles. But she is on her phone not listening.

TINDER DATE (CONT'D)

You have to see this penguin video my friend just posted on Insta.

She shows him her phone. He sighs. This is off to a bad start. He is saved by his cell phone vibrating in his pocket.

FELIX

(answering)

This is Felix.

(listening)

Because I have the office calls forwarded to me after hours...

How does that make me a loser?

(losing his patience)

What do you want, Murphy?

*

*

INT. FELIX'S CAR (MOVING) - LATER

Murphy sits in the backseat, zoning out, distraught, eating her hot dog. Felix drives her home as his date talks LOUDLY and SLOWLY to Murphy. Murphy is over her. Over everything.

TINDER DATE

Wait -- but you can still see a little, right?

Murphy doesn't respond. Felix shakes his head: 'She can not.'

TINDER DATE (CONT'D)

So... do you, like, memorize the furniture in your house?

(Murphy doesn't respond)

Can you use a computer?

(Murphy doesn't respond)

You guys are messing with me!

You're not really blind, are you?

FELIX

She is.

She turns around and stares at Murphy, playfully suspicious.

TINDER DATE

Why don't you look blind?

MURPHY

The same reason you probably don't look stupid, but you are.

His date gasps and looks to Felix to defend her but he doesn't. Thankfully, they arrive at Murphy's apartment.

FELIX

We're here.

His date gets out of the car with Murphy and whirls on Felix.

TINDER DATE

Don't text me!

His date storms off. Murphy exhales.

MURPHY

Sorry about ruining your one chance at losing your virginity.

Felix sarcastically laughs. Murphy turns to him, serious.

MURPHY (CONT'D)

Thanks. You sorta saved me.

FELIX

You sorta saved me. I'm done with online dating.

*

MURPHY

All dating sucks.

He nods, agreeing with her. Then realizes she can't see him.

FELIX

Sorry... I was nodding. Yes. It does suck. Big time.

It's the first nice moment these two have shared.

MURPHY

See you tomorrow.
(then)
Figuratively, obvz.

*

INT. JESS AND MURPHY'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Pretzel is waiting by the door. Jess is watching TV with Ryan. She keeps checking her phone, worried.

RYAN
Put your phone down, babe. Murphy will turn up. She always does.

JESS
Sorry, okay? My best friend is in the middle of a crisis.

RYAN
She doesn't want your help. She doesn't want anyone's help. You have to just let her do her thing.

JESS
You sound like Murphy.

Finally, Murphy enters. Jess rushes over to her.

RYAN
Speak of the devil.

Pretzel jumps on Murphy, excited.

MURPHY
Dude, get off.

RYAN
Hey, nice of you to return one of Jess's million text messages.

MURPHY
My phone died, dingus.

Jess can see Murphy is distraught and shutdown.

JESS
Where were you?

MURPHY
Nowhere.

JESS
Murph, come on. You can talk to me.

MURPHY
Yeah, well, the only person I want to talk to is dead whether the police believe me or not.

That hurt Jess more than she's willing to show. *

MURPHY (CONT'D)

I really need a cigarette. Do you know where my old walking stick is?

JESS

What happened to yours?

MURPHY

I lost it.

JESS

You lost it?

MURPHY

(short)

Yes, I lost it, okay? Because I'm a disaster. Just give me my stick. *

Jess, upset, walks to the closet and grabs Murphy's old walking stick and hands it to her. Murphy walks out, again shutting the door in Pretzel's face. Ryan looks at Jess. *

JESS

Don't say anything. *

He makes a surrender gesture: 'I wasn't going to.' *

EXT. ALLEY - A FEW MINUTES LATER *

Murphy enters with her stick. But this one makes a screeching noise every time she taps it, annoying her. She lights a cigarette and sits where she used to with Tyson, solemnly. *

ANGLE ON: Ten and Xavier are sitting with **DARNELL**, (think Mahershala Ali). He's not anyone you want to fuck with. He spots Murphy and his eyes narrow. He approaches her. *

DARNELL

Well... look what we have here. *

But since Murphy can't see his intimidation doesn't work. She stays sitting and continues to smoke. *

MURPHY

Who are you? *

DARNELL

Darnell. I don't believe we've met. *

Murphy stands up, eager to talk to him. *

MURPHY

Wait -- you're Tyson's cousin. The drug guy! His boss --

DARNELL

Yo, let's not yell it from the rooftops.

MURPHY

Thank God! Look, I found Tyson's body here last night and the cops don't believe me because they said there was no body and --

DARNELL

Tyson texted me this morning. He met a girl and went to Madison for a couple days with her.

MURPHY

What?

Murphy is reeling. Darnell takes another step toward her.

DARNELL

Is that why the cops were sniffing around here last night?

MURPHY

Well... yeah. I called them after --

Darnell GRABS her wrist and stares her right in the face.

DARNELL

You ever talk about my family to the cops again, you and I are gonna have a problem. And you don't want a problem with me.

She YANKS her hand away and in the process accidentally ELBOWS him in the jaw. He holds his chin: 'WTF?!'

MURPHY

Don't ever touch me again.

Murphy stands her ground. And even Darnell has to respect her for that. He SPITS on the ground before he disappears into the alley. Off Murphy, second guessing everything.

EXT. BREAKING BLIND - NEXT MORNING

Hank and Joy, along with the rest of the trainers, are gathered in the AstroTurfed area meeting the new litter of puppies. Kimmy picks up a puppy and cuddles it.

KIMMY

I am going to call this one Liam Neeson. Because he's taken!

JOY

Unless you have thirteen hundred dollars he is not.

Joy, the fun sponge, takes the puppy back. *

INT. BREAKING BLIND KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS *

Murphy sits at a table, eating a Snickers bar, talking into her cell phone. *

MURPHY *

Text Tyson: "Can you call me? I'm really worried about you." Send. *

She sets her phone down and waits. Felix enters. *

FELIX

Where are your parents?

MURPHY

Introducing the new puppies to the trainers. *

FELIX

Tell me they didn't already buy the dogs. *

MURPHY

This morning. Why?

FELIX

Because the donation check you got yesterday had a stop payment ordered on it. I'm trying to figure out what's going on.

Murphy hangs her head. She knows EXACTLY what's going on.

INT. HANK AND JOY'S OFFICE - LATER

Murphy sits across from Hank and Joy, having just told them what happened. Joy quietly seethes. Hank remains calm.

HANK

Okay... no big deal -- we'll see if we can return the dogs.

JOY

We can't return them, Hank. We didn't buy them at Nordstrom.

HANK

What if we explain the situation?

JOY

Great idea! Sorry. A nice married couple donated ten thousand dollars to us but our daughter had SEX WITH THE GUY AND HIS WIFE WALKED IN.

MURPHY

We didn't have sex, okay?

JOY

Well, there's a first!

HANK

Everyone just calm down.

Joy can't even look at Murphy. Hank sits next to Murphy.

HANK (CONT'D)

Most importantly, are you okay? Did this Bradley force himself on you? *

MURPHY *

I forced myself on him. *

JOY *

How does it feel not to care about anyone but yourself? I want to know. I'm awfully curious. *

MURPHY *

I don't care about myself... like at all. Isn't that obvious? *

That shuts Joy up for a second. *

HANK *

We both have no idea what life must be like for you. *

MURPHY

Dad, stop. My issues have nothing
to do with me being blind. I'd be a
mess even if I could see perfectly.

Murphy walks out, with her dumb stick that screeches.

INT. MURPHY'S ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Murphy is upset, lying in bed. A TEXT ALERT comes in. She
feels on her night stand for her phone and grabs it.

MURPHY

(into her phone)
Read text.

IPHONE VOICE

One new text. From Tyson. I can't
talk right now. What's up?

Murphy is JOLTED awake. She's holding her phone, stunned.

EXT. ALLEY - A LITTLE LATER

Ten and Xavier spot a frantic Murphy entering the alley.

MURPHY

Hello? Is anyone here?

XAVIER

Your boy isn't back yet --

MURPHY

Tyson isn't in Madison. Something
happened to him. Where do I find
Darnell?

On Ten and Xavier, staring at her like she's insane.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOURINT. MURPHY'S ROOM - NEXT MORNING

Murphy throws on her hoodie and pants. Jess is freaking out -- *

JESS

No. This is insane! Riverdale is
the most dangerous neighborhood in
Chicago -- *

MURPHY

I'll be fine. My phone is charged.
Don't worry. *

JESS

You're meeting a druglord!

MURPHY

For lunch. In public.

JESS

Oh, because no one gets murdered in
public at lunch? Have you seen 'The
Sopranos'?

MURPHY

I don't catch a lot of TV. Jess,
I'm going. I need to tell him what
I know about Tyson. *

JESS

Let me come with you. *

MURPHY

I don't think that's a good idea. *

JESS

You have to let me in, Murph. I'm
trying here. I want to help you. *

MURPHY

I know. *

But Murphy doesn't want her help. Jess feels like shit.
Murphy grabs her stick and the handle falls off. *

MURPHY (CONT'D)

Are you kidding me?

Pretzel is panting, staring at Murphy. She sighs, relenting.

INT. TRAIN - LATER

Murphy sits on the train with a happy Pretzel. It's empty except for a **WOMAN** sitting across from her, sadly staring.

WOMAN
(loudly and slowly)
Arrrrre yooooou okaaaaaaay?

This is something Murphy gets all the time. Murphy decides to fuck with her and fakes a seizure. The woman freaks out and screams for help – Murphy keeps "seizing" until the train stops. She casually walks out. *

INT. KATE'S DINER - LATER

This place feels and looks like we traveled back in time to the 1950's. She sits across from Darnell. He watches as Pretzel lays his head on her foot. She instinctively moves her foot away from the dog and shoos him away. *

DARNELL
You like pancakes?

MURPHY
Sure.

Darnell waves the tired **WAITRESS** over, who is sitting at the counter. She slowly puts down her coffee and walks over.

WAITRESS
Yeah, go ahead.

DARNELL
Two pancake breakfasts and two coffees --

MURPHY
Water. I don't drink coffee. And I'll actually have eggs over easy and a side of crispy bacon. Thanks.

The waitress nods and walks away. Darnell looks at her.

DARNELL
You said you wanted pancakes.

MURPHY
You asked me if I liked pancakes. And I hate when dudes order for me. Whoever started that horrible trend should be shot in the face.

He shakes his head. This chick is unreal. *

DARNELL
So, what do you want? *

MURPHY
Tyson texted me last night. Someone
has his phone. *

DARNELL
You still on this? *

Murphy hands Darnell her phone to read. *

DARNELL (CONT'D)
(reading)
*Whoever you are, I will hunt you
down and kill you --* *

MURPHY
Scroll up. That's what I wrote
after I asked Tyson what his
favorite snack was and whoever has
his phone replied, "Sun Chips." *

DARNELL
So? *

MURPHY
He only likes Cheetos. *

DARNELL
Is this some sort of joke? *

MURPHY
If you don't believe me, text him
something that only he would know -- *

DARNELL
Ty is fine. *

MURPHY
I'm telling you, he's not. *

DARNELL
And I'm telling you, he is. *

MURPHY
I can't believe you don't even give
a shit about your cousin. *

Darnell stiffens, pissed. *

DARNELL

What did you just say to me?

MURPHY

I said you don't give a shit about Tyson. If you did you wouldn't have let him sell drugs for you when he was FIFTEEN YEARS OLD. He was so much smarter and more capable than that. And now he's dead. And you don't believe me. No one seems to believe me --

DARNELL

Because you're a drunk mess.

Murphy is taken aback. Darnell leans forward, getting real.

DARNELL (CONT'D)

Look, my boys told me about you stumbling drunk into the alley to have Tyson open Plan B for you and shit. So who am I going to believe? Two kids who'd take a bullet for me or some sloppy, blind, white girl rambling about Cheetos. You're not even nice to your own dog.

Murphy's face falls, for the first time she has to deal with the reality of who she is.

INT. RITE AID - LATER

A deflated Murphy approaches Maria with Pretzel. She is ringing up a pack of cigarettes and the bag of Cheetos.

MURPHY

Actually, I don't need the Cheetos.
(deciding in this moment)
Or the cigarettes. Do you have,
like, Nicorette gum or whatever?

MARIA

What happened to you?

MURPHY

In the last 24 hours I've come to the realization that I'm garbage.

Maria grabs a box of Nicorette gum.

MARIA

You're not that bad, Murphy.
(then)
\$42.93.

MURPHY

For a pack of gum? Are they high? *
Give me the cigarettes. *

Murphy hands over her credit card. Maria looks at her with a *
maternal-like compassion. *

MARIA

You can change or stay the same, *
there are no rules to this thing. *

Murphy absorbs her advice. Pretzel looks up at her, rooting *
for this advice to sink in. *

INT. FLEMMING'S BAR - LATER THAT NIGHT

Pretzel lies on the floor of this dive bar. Murphy sits, *
numbly drinking vodka. After a moment, Bradley enters,
looking a lot less pulled-together than when we saw him
before. Spotting Murphy, he walks over.

BRADLEY

Hey...

MURPHY

Tell me you have my stick. This *
dog's judgement of me is palpable. *

BRADLEY

No, I don't. And I can't handle any
more women being upset with me
right now. I tried, okay? I went
back to the apartment but Gayle
already had the locks changed --

MURPHY

Okay, okay. Relax.

BRADLEY

I'm sorry. *

Bradley takes a seat at the bar, on the verge of a breakdown.
Murphy and Bradley sit in silence for a few beats.

MURPHY

You sound sad.

BRADLEY

Yeah... I guess I am. Gayle and I
have been married 15 years. I love
her. I'm just... messed up.

*

Murphy stirs her drink. She relates far too well.

MURPHY

I'm pretty messed up too.

*

*

BRADLEY

I already miss her so much. Isn't
that ridiculous?

*

*

*

MURPHY

Not really.

*

Murphy gets in her head. A few beats of silence before...

*

MURPHY (CONT'D)

What do you miss the most?

*

*

Bradley thinks, getting sad all over again.

*

INT. FLEMMING'S BATHROOM STALL - LATER

Bradley and Murphy are now having sex in the dingy bathroom
stall. Neither one is all that into it. Over this we hear --

BRADLEY (V.O.)

There are so many things. But...
I loved talking to her. It's such a
basic thing, but I don't know...

*

*

*

We stay CLOSE ON Murphy. She "stares" at the floor numbly as
Bradley has his way with her.

BRADLEY (V.O.)

Have you ever had anyone you can
talk to? Like, really talk to? For
hours and hours? The sound of their
voice was... instant comfort.

*

*

*

*

*

MURPHY (V.O.)

(after a long, sad beat)
Yeah.

*

*

*

BRADLEY (V.O.)

That's what I'll miss the most.

*

*

Bradley climaxes. He pulls his pants back on, gives her a
perfunctory kiss on the top of her head, and walks out.

Murphy sits on the toilet, naked, and unexpectedly cries. It's the first time she's done so in years. And she can't stop. She tries to pull herself together but can't.

INT. HANK AND JOY'S HOUSE - LATER

It's a modest house. There's a KNOCK on the door. Hank enters and answers it. He's stunned to see Murphy and Pretzel. Eyes red from crying. He immediately helps her inside.

INT. HANK AND JOY'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

Murphy, sipping tea, sits on the couch with Hank.

MURPHY

I can't believe Mom still goes to her support group for parents with disabled kids. She joined that thing when I was like ten.

HANK

That was when you guys stopped getting along. It's given her a lot of comfort over the years.

Murphy tugs on her hoodie, troubled.

MURPHY

I'm sorry... I know I'm not what you guys wanted.

HANK

Hey, you are exactly what we wanted.

MURPHY

Oh yeah, I was every adoptive parents' dream. That's why I sat in foster care for two years.

HANK

You sat in foster care because you were waiting for us.

Murphy tugs on her hoodie again. He turns to her, very serious. More serious than we've seen him.

HANK (CONT'D)

Do you know how many stars have to align to bring two people together?
(MORE)

HANK (CONT'D)

Think about how many billions of people are on this planet and how few of them we know. And every moment that brought you to that seemingly random person. When I think about all the paths that led me to you... it's nothing short of miraculous. I might not have been there when you were born, but you were my daughter all along, Murphy.

Murphy wants to cry, but doesn't. For the first time, we can see the sweet little girl she once was.

MURPHY

I love you, Dad.

Now Hank looks like he might cry. Murphy is oblivious.

MURPHY (CONT'D)

I don't say that a lot, do I?

HANK

Come on. Three times in 27 years is more than enough.

Hank laughs as he pulls her in for a hug. This feels better than Murphy expected. Before she knows it, she cuddles up next to him, resting her head on his shoulder. He strokes her hair, sweetly. After a few content beats --

HANK (CONT'D)

I just wish you could see how beautiful you are, kiddo.

INT. HANK AND JOY'S HOUSE - LATER

Joy opens the door and is shocked to find Murphy sleeping on Hank's lap. Hank smiles, giddy.

HANK

(whispering)

I've had to pee for two hours.

Joy smiles tightly and tosses her keys on the table, waking Murphy up. Hank gives her a look: 'Honey, really?'

MURPHY

What time is it?

JOY

Late. Ten. You can stay here. I'll pull out the couch in the office --

MURPHY
 No, it's fine. I'll go.
 (grabbing her phone from
 her hoodie pocket)
 Let me call an Uber --

JOY
 I didn't realize you were Bill
 Gates. I'll take you home.

Murphy begrudgingly gets up, Pretzel leading the way.

I/E. JOY'S HONDA ACCORD (MOVING) - LATER

Pretzel is in the backseat. Joy and Murphy drive in silence, both too proud to talk first. Murphy unzips her hoodie, hot.

MURPHY
 Why is your car always a sauna?
 Please turn the air on.

JOY
 The temperature is just fine.

MURPHY
 It's like you enjoy making everyone
 around you uncomfortable.

JOY
 No dear, that's you.

Murphy rolls down the window. Joy rolls it up. Pretzel watches the window battle until Joy locks the child lock.

MURPHY
 Oh my God, I'm sweating profusely!

JOY
 Maybe you're having alcohol
 withdrawal. It has been a whole 45
 minutes since you've had a drink.

MURPHY
 It's actually been a day.

Joy does a sarcastic slow clap. Murphy grits her teeth. *
 Murphy reaches into her hoodie and hands Joy a check. *

MURPHY (CONT'D) *
 I forgot to give this to Dad. *

JOY *
 What is this? *

MURPHY

It's a check for ten thousand
dollars. I messed up. I'm sorry.
And I'm never sorry about anything.

*
*
*
*

Joy is taken aback.

*

JOY

Am I supposed to go to the magic
bank and cash this?

MURPHY

I post-dated it for 2025. I'm going
to work at Breaking Blind until you
can cash that check.

*
*
*
*

Joy is pleased, but won't show it. They arrive at Murphy's
apartment. Joy finally gives in.

*
*

JOY

We need someone to fill Jake's
position and thanks to you we can't
afford anyone else. You're hired.

*
*
*

MURPHY

Okay.

Murphy gets out of the car. Joy smiles faintly. That was the
nicest moment they've had in a while.

*

Joy watches Murphy as she walks to her apartment with
Pretzel. As they approach the front door, Pretzel stops. Joy
sees Murphy give Pretzel a very small pat on the head.

*
*
*

JOY

(in shock)

What in the hell is happening?

*
*
*

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVEINT. MURPHY'S ROOM - NEXT MORNING

Jess enters to wake Murphy up, but to her surprise Murphy is already awake. Her room is clean. She's freshly showered. And she's on her computer using her visually impaired software.

JESS

Hey...

MURPHY

I'll be ready for work in a sec.

MURPHY'S COMPUTER

(robotic voice)

White blood cells, also called leukocyte or white corpuscle --

MURPHY

I hate this thing.
(to her computer)
A cell phone, you idiot.

JESS

What are you doing?

MURPHY

I'm trying to figure out how to track a cell phone.

JESS

You should let the cops do this.

MURPHY

The cops are utterly useless... so.

JESS

So... you're next in line? You can't solve a murder case. You got bored during 'Gone Girl'!

Murphy ignores her, keeps typing on her computer.

MURPHY

I just wish someone else saw what I couldn't.

Pretzel lifts his head and rests it on her foot. It's then that Murphy realizes...

MURPHY (CONT'D) *

Oh my God... this stupid dog was
there. He was the one that found
the body. He's going to help! *

JESS

Of course he is. A blind girl and
her guide dog. This is, like, the
worst crime solving team... EVER. *

Murphy gives her pal a sarcastic smile. *

EXT. MURPHY'S OFFICE - LATER *

Murphy is in her new office, behind her desk, engrossed on
her visually impaired computer. Felix enters. *

FELIX *

There's a cop here to see you.
Because of course there is. *

MURPHY *

Really? *

FELIX *

And congratulations on the
promotion. It's nice to see there
is zero nepotism at this company. *

Dean and his blind daughter, **CHLOE** (13, precocious, angsty),
enter her office. Felix walks out. *

DEAN *

Murphy? It's me, Dean. We met a
couple days ago. *

MURPHY *

I remember. Is this about Tyson? *

DEAN *

What? No. I'm actually here with my
daughter, Chloe. We were thinking
about getting her a guide dog. *

MURPHY *

My parents can help you. They are
in the office next door. *

DEAN

(noticing)

You look like you're doing better.

MURPHY

I am.

DEAN

(to Chloe)

I'll be right back. Why don't you sit with Murphy. Perhaps you guys have a couple things in common.

Chloe rolls her eyes as Dean walks inside the building.

CHLOE

What could we possibly have in common? My dad is such a goober.

Murphy laughs. Chloe sits on the couch, puts her headphones on, and cranks up the music. *
*

EXT. BREAKING BLIND - LATER

In the AstroTurfed area Chloe unenthusiastically picks out her future guide dog from the litter of puppies.

Murphy stands with Dean off to the side.

DEAN

Thanks for talking to her.

MURPHY

We didn't talk much. We sorta sat in silence for ten minutes.

DEAN

That's been the last two years of my life. She refuses to talk to me. I just want her to be happy.

MURPHY

Is anyone really happy? You want some advice? Treat her like you did before the accident.

DEAN

Thanks... that's, uh... maybe the best advice anyone has given me.

MURPHY

Great. Now you get to help me.

INT. JESS AND MURPHY'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Jess cooks with Ryan. Murphy is sitting on the couch, holding her phone, anxious. Ryan opens a bottle of wine. He starts to pour two glasses, then grabs an oversized coffee mug.

RYAN

Murphy, you want a giant mug of wine I'm assuming?

MURPHY

I'm actually good for now.

Ryan shoots Jess a confused look. Jess smiles and CLANKS glasses with Ryan. Just then Murphy's phone RINGS. She immediately answers it. INTERCUT AS NEEDED --

INT. POLICE STATION - DEAN'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

Dean sits behind his police computer.

DEAN

Okay... Tyson's cell phone was never in Madison. It's been in the same place now for 12 hours.

MURPHY

Where?
(listening)
Okay, got it. Thanks.

Murphy hangs up the phone. She turns to Jess.

MURPHY (CONT'D)

I know where Tyson's phone is!

Murphy starts to put the harness on Pretzel.

JESS

You're going to go right now? It's dark. What if it leads you right to the person who killed him?!

MURPHY

What? Should I bring some mace?

JESS

Let me come with you.

MURPHY

Okay.

Jess nearly dies from shock. She looks at Ryan: 'Can you believe this?! Finally!' Ryan SIGHS.

RYAN

This is insane. You girls aren't doing this by yourself.

MURPHY

(making fun of him)

We're so weak and vulnerable. Thank God a man is here to protect us. We're good, dude.

JESS

Honey, we're good.

Ryan doesn't like this at all.

EXT. BACK OF LOU MALNATI'S PIZZERIA - LATER

A very scared Jess is with Murphy and Pretzel. Jess looks around the parking lot, nervous.

JESS

Are we going to find a dead body? I'm not mentally prepared for that. I can't even watch "Bones."

MURPHY

Oh, grow a pair.

A car headlight passes them and Jess shrieks! Murphy rolls her eyes and grabs her cell phone from her hoodie pocket.

MURPHY (CONT'D)

(into the phone)

Call Tyson.

It takes her a second, but they locate the vibrating phone in the dirt by the fence. They slowly approach with Pretzel, afraid of what they are about to find... but as Murphy bends over and starts to feel... it's just his phone. That's it.

END OF ACT FIVE

ACT SIXINT. LOU MALNATI'S PIZZERIA - LATER

Murphy and Pretzel are waiting with pizza and mozzarella sticks on the table. Darnell approaches her and sits. Even he can't believe he's here.

DARNELL

Yo.

MURPHY

You should know that I've been nicer to my dog. Look.

Murphy feeds Pretzel an entire piece of pizza. Darnell ignores her and finishes a text message.

MURPHY (CONT'D)

I really appreciate you meeting me.

DARNELL

I was hungry.

MURPHY

Okay, look... someone was texting us from Tyson's phone.

DARNELL

This again?

Murphy holds up Tyson's phone. Darnell stops, recognizing the familiar stickers on it. He's stunned to say the least.

DARNELL (CONT'D)

Where in the hell did you get that?

MURPHY

I traced it.

Darnell looks at her sideways.

DARNELL

How in the hell did you trace a cell phone?

MURPHY

I have my ways. And I also learned this phone was never in Madison.

For the first time he is forced to take Murphy seriously.

DARNELL
Wait... hold up. His phone was
never in Madison?

MURPHY
Nope.

Murphy leans in... forcing him to hear her this time.

MURPHY (CONT'D)
Someone killed your cousin,
Darnell. And whoever it is... they
are really trying to cover it up.

Darnell is reeling in his chair. Emotions aren't his thing
but it's clear he is struggling here.

DARNELL
You're sure it was him.

MURPHY
(more than sure)
I can count the number of faces on
one hand that I have felt.

He takes a moment as he grapples with this reality.

MURPHY (CONT'D)
We have to go to the police.

DARNELL
Are you forgetting what line of
work I'm in?

MURPHY
It doesn't matter. We are dealing
with a murder.

DARNELL
And what? You think the police are
going to give a shit about a black
kid from the projects?

MURPHY
They have to.

Darnell shakes his head, upset. This girl doesn't get it.

DARNELL
If you went missing there'd be a
search and rescue team on every
inch of this city until you were
found.

(MORE)

DARNELL (CONT'D)

Do you know how many people I had
to bury without anything to bury at
all? My father was my first and
Tyson won't my last.

*
*
*
*

Murphy shifts, uncomfortable. But she can't let this one go.
She holds up Tyson's phone.

*
*

MURPHY

I still think we should try.
Whoever was texting us from his
phone must have left prints --

*
*
*

DARNELL

You're touching the phone. Whatever
prints were there are gone.

Murphy panics and drops the phone right into the marinara
sauce. He just looks at her, stiffening.

DARNELL (CONT'D)

Stay away from cops. And let me
handle this, aight?

On Murphy, chewing her lip, conflicted.

*

INT. POLICE STATION - DEAN'S OFFICE - NEXT DAY

Murphy (with Pretzel) sits across from Dean, who's holding up
Tyson's cell phone. It's now in a plastic baggie, marinara
sauce pooling around it at the bottom.

DEAN

I'll try to dust as much as I can,
but... it's going to be hard.

MURPHY

When are you going to do it?

Dean has a stack of police reports in front of him.

DEAN

I'll try to get to it this week.

MURPHY

That's not good enough. Dude, this
city is already approaching three
thousand shootings this year alone
and the homicide rate is up 50
percent since last year.

(MORE)

MURPHY (CONT'D)

Your department's inability to catch anyone isn't helping, since you currently solve a whopping 30 percent of homicides. I'm not going to let Tyson's killer run free. So... maybe you can do it sooner.

Dean is impressed. He knows she isn't going to quit.

DEAN

Let me grab a cup a cup of coffee and I'll get right on it.

MURPHY

I'll come with you. I have more questions.

DEAN

I don't doubt it.

INT. STREETS OF CHICAGO - NIGHT

Pretzel leads Murphy who is walking with Dean. They get along shockingly well. But both are keeping it professional. *

DEAN

Murder is rarely random. Nine out of ten times it's someone the victim knows. Usually a jilted family member. But since Tyson was in the game, it could have been random. A drug deal gone wrong. *

MURPHY

I don't think so. If it was random, wouldn't they have left the body?

DEAN

That's a good point. It's actually a really good point.

Dean notices construction on the sidewalk and instinctively grabs her hand but Murphy instinctively pulls it away. *

MURPHY

Sorry... I don't do that.
(laughing at herself)
I'll sleep with a guy whose name I don't even know but holding hands is where I draw the line. I have it all figured out, don't I?

DEAN
Calm down. This isn't romantic.
There's construction.

Dean reaches over and grabs her hand again.

DEAN (CONT'D)
Just pretend it's a bottle of vodka
and you'll never let go.

MURPHY
Shut up.

But to her surprise, she lets him hold her hand. A first. *
They walk in content silence for a few beats. They approach
Murphy's apartment. Pretzel stops in front of the door.

DEAN
That's a good dog.

MURPHY
He's whatever. *

But it's clear she is growing a little more fond of him. *

DEAN
I took your advice. I'm taking
Chloe to a Cubs game. I know she
can't see it but I used to take her
all the time. You want to come?

MURPHY
I wouldn't enjoy a baseball game
even if I had eyes that worked.
(laughs, then)
But I do like nachos and beer.

Dean smiles. Sounds like a plan.

DEAN
You want me to walk you up? *

MURPHY
That's okay. I have to do
something. Looking forward to the
game. *

Murphy smiles and walk off with Pretzel. *

INT. ALLEY - A LITTLE LATER *

Murphy sits in the same spot she did with Tyson but now with
Pretzel. She cracks open a bag of Cheetos and starts eating. *

MURPHY
 (to Pretzel)
 Want one?

Murphy offers Pretzel a Cheeto and he eats it. They sit in silence for several somber beats.

MURPHY (CONT'D)
 You're not as good of a
 conversationalist.

Pretzel wags his tail. Murphy is now in her head.

MURPHY (CONT'D)
 You saved my life, Tyson. I'm going
 to find out who took yours.

Murphy's eyes narrow... nothing can stop her. She leans on her hand as she "looks" down the alleyway.

But what she doesn't realize is she has orange Cheeto dust all over her fingers which is now all over her face. Her bad ass moment clearly ruined. Pretzel immediately licks the dust off her face as she pushes him away. He won't stop licking.

EXT. SMALL BOAT - NIGHT

A couple TEENAGERS joke around as they speed through the Chicago River drinking beers. But the boat HITS something.

TEENAGER
 What the hell was that?

The camera PANS and we reveal a suitcase stuck in the engine.

EXT. SMALL BOAT - A FEW MINUTES LATER

The teenagers are dragging the suitcase onto the boat when they notice the hood of a jacket sticking out. They back away from it, scared. They finally get the courage to open it...

...and Tyson's body rolls out and onto the deck.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF SHOW