

PARKER (CONT'D)

I knew the father was spiraling.  
Before I could make my next visit  
over, opened a newspaper and saw,  
he fired up the oven one night and  
took everyone out with him.

DAHLIA

Sharon called. You're not our case  
worker anymore. You don't even work  
for social services anymore. So go  
fuck yourself and your self pity!

Parker lowers his head in defeat. He gets up from the table,  
turns to go.

Once he's gone, she drops her impassive facade. She's  
worried, she just couldn't show it to him.

Parker moves past a small lounge, a graying African American  
man TERRY THOMPSON spots him.

TERRY THOMPSON

Parker Jode?

\*

Parker doubles back. Terry sips a highball in front of slot  
machine.

PARKER

Mr. Thompson?

The two smile at each other.

PARKER (CONT'D)

How are you?

TERRY THOMPSON

Living the dream, retired, losing  
my money in a riverside casino.

PARKER

Long time. You know, I've worked  
with social services over the last  
years.

\*

TERRY THOMPSON

Last I heard you were some kind of  
prize fighter.

PARKER

That's a long while back...You know  
I just dropped a kid off at the  
foster care the other day.

\*

TERRY THOMPSON

Ya, well like I said been retired.

PARKER

The place looks pretty much the same.

\*

TERRY THOMPSON

Did they rebuild it?

PARKER

Looks the same.

\*

TERRY THOMPSON

After the fire I heard that place was gonna be razed.

Taking a sip off his highball Terry looks on as Parker recoils, a little bewildered.

PARKER

I should get going.

84

EXT. ST. LOUIS - MORNING

84

The sun rises over the city. A new day.

85

INT. DAHLIA'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - MORNING

85

Dahlia walks in to find Mike and Ashley cooking breakfast. She's tired.

ASHLEY

Hey, Mom. We made you pancakes.

Dahlia kisses Ashley.

DAHLIA

Good for you baby. Why don't you get ready for school.

Ashley walks to her bedroom to pack her backpack.

MIKE

Hon foods ready for you, I'll go help.

DAHLIA

Hold up.

She stops him and whispers quietly.