

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.

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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.