

A HAUNTING DEEZ STREETS  
(The Series)

"Do The Math..."  
(Episode 3)

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Freddie's face is pressed up against a brick wall. He winces from the pain. An Undercover Cop aggressively checks Freddie's pockets. The Police Officer yells in Freddie's ear.

COP

Freddie! Good to see you... my man!

COP (CONT'D)

How much did you make so far today buddy?

The Cop snatches Freddie's hat off. He throws it on the ground. He whisper's in his ear.

COP (CONT'D)

Get on it... Bro.

A call comes over the radio from the car.

VOICE (V.O.)

One Firebird 2 break in and entering near your location please respond.

COP

Gotta go Freddie!

The Cop pushes pass Freddie. He walk to his car. Freddie looks back at the Cop. He cocks his head to the side.

FREDDIE

Lu.

The Cop points at Freddie.

COP

That's right... Freddie.

He smiles. Suddenly, his face changes into something hideous. He winces at the sight of his distorted face. Freddie stares back at the officer. Freddie pulls his shoulders back. He stands his ground. The car speeds off. Freddie checks the money in his sock. He picks his hat up and dusts it off. He puts his hat on. Freddie wanders down the street mumbling to himself.

FREDDIE

(mumbling)

885...885...885...885...885.

2 EXT. STREETS - DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES - MORNING 2

Freddie cleans a car wind shield for money. He collects his tip from the Driver. The Driver holds onto Freddie's hand. Freddie pulls from his grip. He stares at the Driver. Freddie winces.

FREDDIE  
(mumbles)  
Still... Lu.

The Driver's face morphs.

DRIVER  
(Whispers)  
Yes... Freddie.

He slowly drives away.

3 EXT. PARKING LOT - LOS ANGELES - MORNING 3

Freddie helps a woman carry groceries to her car.

SHOPPER  
Oh, thank you son. I really appreciate the help. Since my Manny's gone, everything is harder. Just put them in the back seat... would ya?

Freddie nods and mumbles.

FREDDIE  
885...885...885.

The woman reaches in her purse.

SHOPPER  
Okay, young man... here's a tip.

She places a quarter in his hand. Freddie looks at her strangely. The woman's face is slightly distorted.

FREDDIE  
(Mumbles)  
Mammon... still here.

SHOPPER  
(Whispers)  
Yes... I am... Freddie.

The woman smiles at him. Freddie shakes his head. He backs up. Freddie walks away from her quickly. He heads off down the street mumbling.

FREDDIE  
(Mumbles)  
885...885...885...885.

4

EXT. WAREHOUSE - LOS ANGELES - MORNING

4

Freddie stacks boxes. A worker bumps Freddie on the way out the door. He sits on pallet with his lunch box. He stares at Freddie. The worker insults Freddie.

WORKER  
Estupido!

Freddie turns and looks at the man.

WORKER (CONT'D)  
Eh Holmes what chew lookin' at!

The worker lurches at Freddie. Freddie doesn't flinch. The worker smiles.

WORKER (CONT'D)  
Get out of here... Brah!

Freddie reaches for his hat. The worker jumps. Freddie reaches in his pocket and counts his tip. The man's face distorts.

WORKER (CONT'D)  
(Whispers)  
I see you...

FREDDIE  
(mumbles)  
Sa...tan.

Freddie winces. He quickly turns and walks down the street.

WORKER  
(Whispers)  
That's right Freddie...

He smiles at Freddie.

WORKER (CONT'D)  
I'm still here.

Freddie continues to walk down the street.

FREDDIE  
885...885...885..885.

He looks back at the Worker.

5 EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - LOS ANGELES - BACK ALLEY - MORNING 5

Freddie sweeps up in the back alley of a store. The store owner comes out and tips Freddie.

STORE OWNER  
Here ya go Freddie! Same time  
tomorrow?

Freddie looks at the man curiously. He walks away counting his money. Freddie passes a man lying in the alley. He begs for money. The man's face distorts. He reaches for Freddie.

FREDDIE  
(mumbles)  
Belphe.

MAN  
I see you.

Freddie stares at the man. He keeps walking.

FREDDIE  
(He mumbles)  
885...885...885.

Freddie disappears down the alley. He runs into a woman. She is dress provocatively.

HOOKER  
Hey Daddy! Want some company?

Freddie looks at her. The woman face changes. She laughs.

FREDDIE  
(mumbles)  
No... As...

Freddie quickly turns his head away from her.

FREDDIE (CONT'D)  
...modeus.

Freddie walks away mumbling.

FREDDIE (CONT'D)  
885...885...885.

6

INT. LIQUOR STORE - LOS ANGELES - AFTERNOON

6

Freddie walks through the store mumbling.

FREDDIE  
(Whispers)  
885...885...885...885.

The cashier looks at him suspiciously. Freddie makes his way through the store isles. He runs into a man stuffing his face with food. The man hides behind some boxes. Freddie looks at him. His face morphs.

FREDDIE (CONT'D)  
(Whispers)  
Beelz.... Bub....

MAN  
Freddie....

Freddie turns away from him. He searches the isles. Freddie walks up to a tent display. The price reads \$885.00. Freddie picks up a tent. He heads toward the check out counter mumbling.

FREDDIE  
(mumbles)  
885...885...885...885.

Freddie reaches the cashier. He places the tent on the counter. He nervously takes his money out of his pockets. The woman behind the counter, Marleena looks at Freddie annoyed.

MARLEENA  
Yeah... that will be \$885.00.

Freddie looks at her shyly. He puts all his money in mostly change on the counter. He mumbles.

FREDDIE  
885...885.

She looks at him irritated. Freddie notice the girl's face changes abruptly. He winces, but stands his ground.

FREDDIE (CONT'D)  
...885.

MARLEENA  
Yeah... well, how am I suppose to know that's \$885! I don't have time for this!

She pushes his money aside. Freddie drops his head. He nervously starts to count the change on the counter. Marleena is annoyed. She stares at him.

FREDDIE

Not afraid of ... "Levi".

He tries not to look at her. Freddie continues to count. He stutters. Freddie is horrified at the sight of her distorted face.

MARLEENA

You should be... Freddie.

Suddenly, the manager Benjamin appears.

MARLEENA (CONT'D)

Nobody's got time for this!

Marleena is startled.

BENJAMIN

Marleena Isn't it time for your break?

Benjamin dismisses her. She rolls her eyes at Freddie.

MARLEENA

I guess! I could use a smoke.

BENJAMIN

Sounds like a plan my dear.

Benjamin turns his attention toward Freddie.

BENJAMIN (CONT'D)

Now, what can I do for you Sir? My name is Benjamin, I'm the store owner.

He smiles at Freddie.

FREDDIE

885... 885. I need.... 885.

Freddie continues to count his money nervously. Marleena grabs her cigarettes. She heads for the door. Freddie notice the woman's face changes abruptly. Freddie is horrified at the sight of her distorted face. He quickly looks away.

FREDDIE (CONT'D)

I need.... 885.

Benjamin grabs Freddie's shaking hand. Freddie looks at him curiously. Benjamin smiles at him.

BENJAMIN

Let's do this together... okay son?

Freddie shakes his head in agreement. Benjamin counts out his change. Freddie is relieved.

BENJAMIN (CONT'D)

Okay Freddie...that's eight dollars and eighty-five cents on the dot.

Freddie smiles. He's very proud of himself.

BENJAMIN (CONT'D)

But guess what? This item is on sale today. Half off.

Benjamin hands Freddie his change. Freddie's eyes well up with tears. He looks at Benjamin curiously. Freddie grabs his tent. He stutters.

FREDDIE

Thank... you.

Benjamin nods at him. Freddie walks toward the exit. He looks over his shoulder at Benjamin. He waves at Freddie.

BENJAMIN

Have a good day Sir!

Freddie exits the store.

7 EXT. STREETS - LOS ANGELES - STREET - EVENING 7

Freddie quickly walks down the street carrying his tent.

He reaches an abandoned car. Freddie bends down and looks inside.

8 INT. STREETS - LOS ANGELES - ABANDON CAR - EVENING 8

A woman cradles a little girl in her lap draped with her jacket. The two huddle together inside trying to keep warm. They smile when they see Freddie. The little girl calls out to him.

LITTLE GIRL

Daddy!



Freddie smiles.

DISSOLVE TO:

- 9 INT. STREETS - LOS ANGELES - TENT - MORNING 9  
 The woman and little girl enjoy their breakfast. Freddie takes one more look in the tent before he leaves.
- 10 INT. STREETS - LOS ANGELES - TENT - MORNING 10  
 Freddie watches them for a moment. He smiles and zips up the mouth of the tent.
- 11 EXT. STREETS - LOS ANGELES - TENT - MORNING 11  
 Freddie walks passed the tent. He notices the Cop waiting by his car across the street. The Cops's face is distorted.

FREDDIE  
 (mumbles)

I ... see Lu ... don't want too.

Freddie sees a flyer displaying a steak dinner costing \$10.78. He quickly turns on his heels. Freddie heads down the street in the other direction mumbling.

FREDDIE (CONT'D)  
 1078...1078...1078...1078.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN: (GRAPHICS)

According to the Los Angeles Homeless Services Authority, more than 5,000 of the County's 58,000 homeless people are children and more than 4,000 are elderly.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN: (GRAPHICS)

About one-third are mentally ill...

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN: (GRAPHICS)

...or are they?

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN: (GRAPHICS)

He goes by many faces and many names... however,

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN: (GRAPHICS)

... his greatest trick... is still convincing everyone he  
doesn't exist.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END