

INT. JULIETA'S STUDIO APARTMENT - DAY

VINCENT, 40s, shorts and Hawaiian shirt, steps up to the open door holding a newspaper, knocks. Craig intercepts him.

CRAIG

Sorry, pal. This is a crime scene.

VINCENT

Yes, I know. I was Julieta's boss. The girl who... Can I speak with Theresa for a minute? It's really, really important.

Craig sighs, looks at Theresa skeptically. She nods eagerly. He shrugs. To Vincent:

CRAIG

What the hell. Why not make a party out of it. Just don't touch anything.

Eyes wide, Vincent holds up the rolled newspaper to Theresa, waves her over to the table. He passes Craig, who sits on the couch as Theresa and STACEY join Vincent at the table.

VINCENT

(frantic)

Have you seen this? Have you seen this? We got to get you out of here!

THERESA

Seen what? What are you talking about?

VINCENT

Just listen.

(reads from paper)

"A young Mission Beach woman who worked as a singer and dancer for a San Diego musical message company was found strangled in her apartment shortly after midnight Monday. Julieta Raines, 21, also had been beaten and apparently sexually assaulted, police said."

STACEY

(sobbing)

Oh my God! Poor Julieta! Poor Julieta!

THERESA

I thought she might have.

VINCENT

No! That's not what I meant. Just listen. "Police believe she surprised a burglar who entered her apartment after stealing a wallet from an adjacent apartment. Raines' roommate, Theresa Reuter, discovered the body at about 12:15 a.m. when she returned to the studio apartment--

THERESA

Wait. What? My name is in there? My name? They...identified me?

VINCENT

(as STACEY cries more)  
You've got to get out of town right away or else this guy is going to find you and kill you.

THERESA

(in shock, then--)  
Let me see that.  
(accepts paper, studies it)  
The Times. The Times did this. The L.A. Times. The L.A. fucking Times...