

EXCERPT FROM ONE HOUR DRAMA PILOT "PURA VIDA" BY JIM SERPICO
 FULL SCRIPT AVAILABLE UPON REQUEST

EXT. IRA'S CAR - DAY

Ira's driving, his face covered with two-day-old bruises. Returning from work, he pulls his Subaru hatchback into his driveway. He exits the car and unstraps his surfboard from the roof rack.

EXT. IRA'S YARD - DAY

Ira enters the yard looking for the hose to wash down his surfboard. He's surprised to see Jim mixing concrete mix with a hoe in the wheelbarrow. The dirt patch is completely dug out.

IRA
 Jim, you should have told me. I would give you a hand.

JIM
 I got this pal. I felt bad about what happened between you and Eddie and had some time on my hands. So I thought I'd lay the patio for you.

IRA
 Really? Wow. Okay, but I was thinking of putting it over there.

He motions about ten feet in the other direction.

JIM
 Oh fuck. Sorry man. You should have told me.

IRA
 But I had no idea you were doing this.

JIM
 I was expecting a thank you. But whatever. You want me to move it?

IRA
 No. It's fine. Let me help.

JIM
 That would be great. You want to mix this concrete for a few minutes? My back is killing me.

Ira leans his surfboard against the house. Sandy peers down from the window upstairs in Ira's apartment. He doesn't notice her.

Ira grabs the hoe from Jim and begins mixing the concrete. Jim takes a drink from a bottle of water on the grass. On his walk back towards Ira, he removes a pistol from his waistband.

Ira looks up, catches Jim aiming the gun right at him.

IRA
What the fuck?

Jim squeezes the trigger, a pop echoing amongst the trees as a cherry red dot appears in the center of Ira's forehead. He drops dead to the ground.

Sandy, who witnessed the whole thing, leaves her perch at the window.

Jim tucks the pistol into his pants, rolls Ira over on his back and reaches into his pockets, emptying them. He rests the contents, cash, wallet, keys, on the grass. He drags Ira in the middle of the dirt patch.

Sandy enters the yard carrying a green garbage bag. As Jim's unbuttoning Ira's shirt:

JIM
You find the deed?

SANDY
Found everything.

JIM
Great.

Jim removes Ira's shirt. Sandy holds the bag open and Jim tosses the shirt inside it.

ANGLE ON ... Ira, sprawled out face up in the middle of the dirt patch. Jim dumps concrete from the wheelbarrow, over Ira's face. He empties the wheelbarrow covering Ira's entire body. Sweaty, he grabs a drink of water.

Sandy uses the hoe to smash open a new bag of Quikrete. She pours it in the wheelbarrow, adds just the right amount of water from the bucket. She begins mixing.

INT. JIM AND SANDY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jim and Sandy are working with supplies spread out across the kitchen table. Pens, X-acto Knife, box cutter, ruler and camera.

A color copy/printer is plugged in on the counter. Sandy is forging the deed to Ira's house over to Jim.

SANDY
Want to sleep upstairs?

JIM

We should wait. Maybe a few months. Just in case they start looking for him. You should know this by now.

SANDY

But he's got one of those new Ultra High Def tv's.

JIM

So I'll bring the fucking tv downstairs. What's wrong with you?

CUT TO: