

THE BEWILDERING STATE OF BEING NOTHING

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. PARK - DAY

BECKY MOORE, 30's, smart and beautiful, sits on a park bench. Her gaze steady on something.

THE GREEN CUP CAFE

PEOPLE come and go, PATRONS drink coffee, chat, laugh.

PARK

Becky is nudged out of her trance by STACY WILSON, 30's, both could pass as sisters. Stacy being the dorky one of the two.

STACY

Hey.

BECKY

Hey.

Stacy sits next to her. Looks over at the cafe.

STACY

Another blind date from
TruMate.com?

BECKY

No.

STACY

So what's the emergency? I left a
really good hot yoga class early. I
think the instructor was digging my
downward coward dog pose 'coz he
finally asked me out. My face was
only inches from his crotch when he
did. I mean the balls on the guy...

Becky looks to Stacy for clarification on her statement which Stacy does as she continues.

STACY (CONT'D)

...for asking me out in front of
the whole class. Unbelievable-- I
said yes.

BECKY

Back to me for a sec please. I'm
meeting a guy.

STACY
But not from TruMate.com?

Becky stares into Stacy's eyes with an air of grave concern.

BECKY
This is not a date. This is
serious. I need you to watch me.
Make sure nothing funny goes down.

STACY
What are you talking about?

BECKY
I can't go into it. Please just
keep watch.

STACY
Yeah sure, no prob.

Becky gets up. Stacy touches her arm.

STACY (CONT'D)
Hey. Should I be worried?

BECKY
I'll know after I meet this guy.

Becky walks off toward the cafe.

STACY'S P.O.V - THE GREEN CUP CAFE

Becky crosses the street and enters the establishment. A few moments pass, then she exits with a MYSTERY MAN/MAGNUS MAGNUSSON, 50's, with thick, black, Silky hair. They take a seat at a patio table.

BACK TO SCENE

Stacy keeps a steady watch on the two.

Another man, MARK, 30's, tall with long dark hair in a pony tail, sits on the bench next to Stacy, he eyes her.

She gives him a quick glance. Mark pulls out a comic-book, he peeks at it.

Stacy goes back to watching Becky. She grows more and more concerned with every passing second.

STACY'S P.O.V - BECKY AND MAGNUS

Their inaudible conversation takes a sharp turn as Magnus grips onto Becky's arm, squeezing it tightly.

BACK TO SCENE

Stacy leaps to her feet, but keeps them grounded in place, waiting for better cause to rush over.

Mark looks over at her again. Stacy catches his gaze--

Mark goes back to his comic-book. Stacy back to the cafe.

STACY'S P.O.V - BECKY AND MAGNUS

A WAITER, 20s, comes to the table with two coffees. Magnus releases his hold on Becky's arm. Sits back, runs his fingers through his hair. Becky rubs her sore forearm. He jabs his index finger at her as he tells her something. Then gets up, tosses an envelope to her, then leaves.

BACK TO SCENE

Stacy sits back down on the park bench, mouth agape.

Then as if on que Mark gets up and leaves too.

STACY'S P.O.V - BECKY

She waits a moment or two, takes the envelope, places it into her purse, then gets up and heads back toward Stacy.

BACK TO SCENE

Stacy waits with baited breath as Becky makes her way back.

As Becky draws close.

STACY

What the fuck's going on?

Becky wipes the wet from her eyes with her sleeve.

BECKY

He's a fucking asshole.

STACY

Who is he? Did he hurt you? What's in the envelope?

Becky looks at Stacy without answering.

STACY (CONT'D)

Becky, who was that jerk?

BECKY

He's just some asshole. I don't want to talk about it. Can we just go, please?

Stacy stares at Becky not ready to let it go by a long shot.

STACY

Should I be worried?

Becky takes in a long drag of breath, then lets it out.

BECKY

Maybe.

CUT TO:

BLACK:

OVER BLACK:

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

Do you want to know the truth of it? You, me, and everyone plus their pet turtle are going to die. And once you're dead. You. Are. Dead. You cease to be a thinking, talking, wanking, selfish, self-serving, egotistical, anthropocentric piece of shit. Your soul won't go on to remember the life you lived, the people you loved, or hated. Natta, zelch, zero, nothing. There's no big spirit in the sky with open arms or fiery pitch fork enema awaiting you on the other side. Nope. When you leave this party, you go home to oblivion. That's what awaits you, an eternity of infinite nothingness.

An ALARM goes off

INT. TERRY'S BEDROOM - DAY

TERRY STOCKHOLM, 29, balding, but in decent shape, lies in his bed, his eyes open, he stares at the ceiling.

MALE VOICE/TERRY

They say the worst part of dying, is the dying part...

(MORE)

MALE VOICE/TERRY (CONT'D)

what the fuck do they know?
 Certainly not the dying part.
 They're still living, spewing their
 pseudo-philosophy. The worst part
 of dying, if you ask me, is the
knowing you're going to die. And
 that just sucks balls. And not in a
 good way, like Natalie used to do
 it. In a bad, cold, hard, merciless
 suckage-of-the-balls way. Kinda the
 way Natalie also did, now that I
 think of it.

Terry sits up in his bed. Slips down one side bar meant to help keep him from falling out of bed during the night. He swings his legs around for his feet to meet the floor.

INT. KITCHEN

His kitchen and the rest of the house is impeccably clean and organized. Everything has its place.

Terry makes a green smoothie, he cuts strawberries, kale, spinach and an avocado places it in the blender.

Terry hits the blender obliterating any solids into liquid.

TERRY (V.O.)

*And to add salt to injury our
 stinking lives are brief. "Life is
 short" as they say. Truier fucking
 words has never slipped from a
 dying man's last breath.*

Terry notices a dead fly on his counter. He leans in to look at it, he then notices five other dead flies, all around the same area on the counter.

MOMENTS LATER

Terry has on goggles, dish washing gloves, and a white cotton mask around his mouth and nose, as he scrubs the counters with cleaner.

*It must be some mishap in our
 evolution of the brain. This whole
 sense of just how futile and
 hopeless everything is. This
 knowledge of our own mortality is
 counterproductive to our survival,
 the illusion of having a future is
 the only drive we have, really.*

INT. LIVINGROOM

Terry does workout exercises following along with an online fitness program which plays on his large LCD TV.

The VIDEO FITNESS INSTRUCTOR, 20s, she is cute of course.

FITNESS INSTRUCTOR (O.S.)
 (from the TV)
 Now hold for twenty seconds. This will tighten up the core. Ten more seconds. Can you feel it?

TERRY
 (speaks out loud)
 I believe the brain must have tried to auto-correct this hiccup in our reasoning; this defeatist outlook on life. Rationality took a step backwards making room for religion, anti-reason. Which gave birth to the mantra, "ignorance is bliss". Pragmatic thinking was a mistake. Yeah, ignore reason, just have faith, you have a purpose, go forth and multiply, go and fuck your brains out. Return to bliss, return to ignorance. Men think with their dicks for a reason, cause that was our first fully developed brain after all.

The Fitness Instructor is in some workout pose that focus on her buttocks. Terry no longer following along stands still, mesmerized just watches her body and curves moving in an erotic workout way.

TERRY (CONT'D)
 All your anxiety over getting laid, chasing pussy is really for nothing. It's a pointless endeavor. Love is just another illusion.

LATER

Terry watches another video. A meditation video. He sits on some cushions. Eyes closed. He listens to the MEDITATION INSTRUCTOR, male, 20's, on the video as he inhales and exhales. Inhales and exhales.

MEDITATION INSTRUCTOR
 (filtered)
 Concentrate on your breathing.
 (MORE)

MEDITATION INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)

Empty your mind. Let whatever thoughts come and go. Don't fight them. Don't force them out or try to keep hold of them. Just let them be... in the moment. Good thoughts... or bad thoughts. Don't judge them, just let them be. Listen to your heart beat. Let go of your struggle for control--

TERRY (V.O.)

If its not mother nature, or freak accidents, diseases, wild animals, parasites, trying their darnedest to kill me. I must also worry, even more so, about my fellow man. Both abroad with an itchy finger on a nuke...

A dog BARKING breaks Terry's concentration of sorts. In frustration he goes to the front window.

He moves just enough of the curtain for a sliver of a view.

TERRY'S P.O.V

His next-door neighbor BEN, 34, military looking man, is training his pitbull, CUJO, to be a killing machine. Cujo tears the head off some plush animal. Ben has a political sign pegged into his green lawn that reads: "JESUS, FREEDOM, GUNS, AND GRAVY!"

TERRY

(out loud)

...and right here, right next door to me, with an itchy finger on the trigger of a gun. Ben Ford. He once told me, when the tree in my yard was shading on his lawn, that the only thing keeping him from killing me in my sleep... was Jesus's disapproval. I had the tree removed the next day. I realize Jesus is a forgiving man.

INT. BATHROOM

Terry's bathroom has all his corners rubberized & child-proof to prevent one from sustaining any kind of injuries.

SHOWER

Terry scrubs himself clean.

TERRY

Very few people kill for a good reasons. They'll kill you for kicks, for money, over *jealously, anger, ambition, or 'cause they're just plain fucked in the head; a mutant spawn of natural selection.*

LATER

Terry combs his thinning hair to part at the right. Terry addresses his reflection.

TERRY

It's getting thinner. It's happening, Terry. Nothing you can do about it but accept it- Fuck you hair!

Terry opens up his medicine cabinet and takes a bottle of ZENOXIN, he shakes it, unscrews the cap and looks inside.

TERRY (CONT'D)

(re: tablet bottle)

Empty. Just great.

INT. LIVINGROOM

Terry turns on his laptop. From the last web page he was reading, a headline pops up:

WAR ON XMAS!?! MALL SHOOTING, 20 DEAD, 54 WOUNDED. THIS COULD HURT XMAS SALES THIS SEASON, ECONOMIST WARN.

TERRY

They'll kill you because they believe in a god, their god, one who demands sole proprietorship over your thoughts, actions, and worship and they rather see you dead and burning in hell, than see you live with a different version of god, or worst, no version at all.

Terry clicks over to the Zenoxin hair growth for men website. He places an order for hair remedy tablets, hair stimulating shampoo, conditioner, spray and sleeping cap with gel.

He puts in his credit card info and hits purchase. A "thank you" and confirmation window pops-up.

LATER

Terry types for his blog : "THE BEWILDERING STATE OF BEING NOTHING." The voice in his head become the words on screen.

TERRY (V.O.)

*They'll kill you over political
ideals, policy, for land and power,
or just to send a message. I could
list off the many, many ways and
not-so-good reasons someone can die
or be killed in alphabetically
order, but you would be bored to
death by the time I reached "B"...*

The door bell RINGS.

Terry pauses, he stares in the direction of the front door.
It RINGS again. Terry heads to the front door.

FRONT ENTERENCE.

Terry peers through his peep hole.

TERRY'S P.O.V. - NICK, 20's, a delivery man waits for an
answer with a clipboard and a package in his hand.

NICK

(through door)

Hello. Someone there?

Nick is about to hit the door-bell again, when--

TERRY (O.S.)

You were suppose to call first.

Nick eases his hand from pressing the bell button.

NICK

Huh, what?

BACK TO SCENE

TERRY

I left specific instructions for
you to call me once you arrived.

NICK (O.S.)

(through door)

Oh... well, I'm here with your
delivery... Mr...

(reads clipboard)

...Stockholm?

Terry watches a little longer through the peep-hole. Then with a sigh.

TERRY

One second.

Terry punches in a code into a panel by the door, disengaging the alarm system. He unlocks the door then opens it.

Nick greets him with a smile.

NICK

Your package, sir?

He passes the package to Terry. Terry takes it.

TERRY

Thanks.

Nick hands him the work order to sign. Terry signs it.

TERRY (CONT'D)

How did you get through the gate?

NICK

Huh?

TERRY

The front gate, how did you get in?

NICK

It was open.

Terry hands the signed work order back.

TERRY

It's suppose to be locked. And you should have called first. When you arrived, you were suppose to call first. I don't like surprises.

Nick cradles the work order under his armpit.

NICK

Yeah, I'll remember that next time. Have a good one.

Terry watches as Nick exits the front gate of his steel, prison like fences leaving the gate partially open.

TERRY (V.O.)

My fences are rendered useless if the gate doesn't lock.

(MORE)

TERRY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*How long has it been like that?-
 How long since I've been out last?
 Three months maybe? Yeah, I think
 it's been three months. Where does
 the time go? I thought terror was
 suppose to slow down time. In my
 case living a life in fear has only
 sped it up. Typical Murphy's law.*

LIVINGROOM

Terry puts the package on the couch. And sits back in front of his laptop. The curser on his blog page blinks where he left off.

TERRY
 Where was I?

Terry stares at the screen, the YAWNS.

TERRY (CONT'D)
 (reading his words)
 "Bored to death... bored to
 death..."

Terry then clicks over to a web browser.

TERRY (V.O.)
*I'm bored to death with my own
 blog. Not a good sign for my
 readership in the blogosphere.*

Terry types into the search browser. "CAN YOU DIE FROM LONELINESS?" Then clicks on the "FEELING LUCKY" submit button. Quite a few links show up. Then an ad pops up:

INSERT:

"TRUMATE.COM MATCHING TRUE MATES FOR LIFE, SINCE 2004. FIND YOUR TRUMATE TODAY!"

Terry clicks on it. It brings him to the home page.

Terry stares at the screen...

TERRY (V.O.)
*What am I doing? What am I
 thinking? I can't just talk to a
 stranger, virtual or otherwise.
 It's been too long. They could be
 con-artist--"Man-eaters"... they
 could be more Natalies*

Terry clicks on the sign-up button. A blank profile template pops up on screen.

TERRY (V.O.)
*"Self-Summery"? I hate talking
about myself...*

TERRY
Unless it's to myself.

Terry starts typing.

TERRY (V.O.)
*"Let me be up front ladies.
Statistically speaking we will not
be compatible, and even if we are,
our relationship will most likely
last only for a brief few years at
best. I can't stand dishonest,
shallow, phony people. If you're
looking for an overly optimistic
guy, then you will be clicking up
the wrong tree. I'm a realist. I
live alone, and a home body. I
don't like crowds and loud places.
My sense of humor can be loosely
described as dry, and I hate
sarcasm." That should do it.*

Terry goes to the next portions of his profile.

TERRY (V.O.)
*"What am I doing with my life?"
What am I doing with my life? I
must be doing something worth
writing in this tiny box.*

Terry gets up and stalks away from his laptop.

TERRY
My life is too complex to reduce it
to a goddamn tweet.

Terry grabs some water, unscrews a bottle of multivitamin tablets and downs them with a swig.

TERRY (CONT'D)
Do I need to bother with a
relationship? People generally are
selfish assholes. Maybe I can just
live the rest of my one and only
existence alone.

Terry unpacks his hair products.

TERRY (V.O.)

And if I need a little human contact, I can always just pay someone for their services. A professional who can reset my primal urges from time to time. Keep me focus on the important things in life. Which are... survival. Yes survival.

Terry pulls out a box of "TOPGROW" shampoo and conditioner, his hair loss products. He studies the packet a moment, sets it to the side, then pulls out the bottle of "ZENOXIN" tablets. Terry unscrews the cap takes a couple of the pills and downs them with water.

TERRY

Just like that masseuse, she was good, and she did deliver as her moniker implied: "Lil' Miss Happy Ending". She was good. I should probably do that again.

Terry paces a little, before moving back to the front window.

TERRY (V.O.)

Maybe I should just order one of those mail-order brides. That might just make things easier-- easier than having to fill out these stupid dating forms. Why buy the milk when you could buy the cow. Not that Russian girls are cows-- Is that how that saying goes?

Terry stares at his front gate which is still slightly ajar.

INT. KITCHEN

Terry is on the phone.

TERRY

Well, Ernesto. You installed the gate. So you need to fix it.

(beat)

Yeah, I understand that. Okay, well let me ask you this. What would Jesus do?

(beat)

Good, thank you. So how soon can you get here?

(beat)

You can't get here any faster?

(MORE)

TERRY (CONT'D)

(beat)

Fine, fine, that's fine. Just
please call me when you arrive.
Call my number before you ring the
doorbell.

(beat)

Great, thank you.

Terry hangs up. He looks out the window again at his gate.

EXT. FRONT GATE

Terry gingerly approaches the gate, squinting his eyes from the bright sun. He closes the gate but it doesn't hold.

He bangs it shut- it swings open. He does this a few times, each time it doesn't stick. Then with one more attempt--

Cujo larches at the other side of the gate knocking Terry back but not over. Terry tries his best to hold the gate closed from the frothing and BARKING Cujo.

BEN

Cujo! Off! Off Cujo!

Ben saunters over screaming at his dog, but in no rush to stop him from trying to chomp down on Terry's delicate flesh. In fact, Ben's screaming seems only to encourage Cujo more.

BEN (CONT'D)

Off boy. Down! Down.

Cujo continues his rain of terror, his paws and weight against the other side of the gate, his barks frosted with thick saliva.

Terry struggles to keep the gate shut and monster at bay.

TERRY

I'm gonna call animal control, Ben!

Ben snatches Cujo's collar, and drags him from the gate.

BEN

Take it easy, Terry. He ain't gonna hurt you... not unless I say so.

Now with Cujo under physical restraint and back in his yard. Terry hurries back inside.

Once at his front door.

TERRY
 You should keep him on a God damn
 leash, Ben!

Ben gives Terry the "don't-tell-me-what-the-fuck-to-do" look.

INT. TERRY'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR

Terry closes his door, his breath is labored, he's a little shaken.

TERRY
 (to himself)
 Fucking dog. Fucking neighbors.

TERRY (V.O.)
*It was probably Ben who damaged my
 gate. I might need video
 surveillance, that sounds like a
 good idea.*

His face sours. He palms his forehead and groans. Terry moves to the--

KITCHEN

He pops three more multivitamin tablets and downs them with water. Terry does it a little too fast, he gags on the water and pills. Then he hiccups. Terry clinches his chest.

TERRY (V.O.)
*What was that? I think my heart
 stopped a beat. Fuck. Shit. Why did
 my heart just stop?*

Terry can't calm his breathing.

LIVINGROOM

He stumbles onto his couch.

TERRY (V.O.)
*Is this it? Is this the end of me?
 I'm dying-- No. No, I'm just having
 a panic attack. A good ol' panic
 attack.*

Terry turns on the T.V. Cartoons play, loud and fast. Terry hyperventilating, grabs a plastic bag the hair products were wrapped in. He breathes into the plastic bag.

TERRY (V.O.)

Distraction, that's what I need. I need to take my mind... off my mind. Meditation.

Terry watches as frantic cartoons and wild images from the T.V. jolt at him. He puffs on his bag desperately. It's not working, he flicks off the T.V.

TERRY

Fuck. Shit. Get a hold of yourself before you really do give yourself a heart attack, or brain aneurism.

Terry's breath is shallow, quick and frantic. He pulls the plastic bag all the way over his head. The bag balloons then sucks in tight around his face with every quick inhale and exhale. The BUZZING of the plastic bag swelling and collapsing, speeds up til it crescendos and Terry collapses onto the floor, the bag puffs out with on final breath, his eyes wide open, lifeless.

Terry is on the couch staring at his own lifeless body on the floor. A phantom version of himself, his wild imagination, his dead doppelganger then fades into nothing.

His breathing into the plastic bag calms. He slides into a lying position on the couch.

TERRY (V.O.)

Imagining my own demise always seems to calm me. Why is that? Is it because then it would be over? Finished. The weight of living off my chest at last? The chains of my anxiety broken? That's the thing about having a phobia of death as severe as I have. The only way to truly get over it... is to die.

Terry's eyes shut and he slips off to sleep.

BLACK

LATER

Terry wakes to the sound of a blender BUZZING from the kitchen. His eyes pop open.

He tries to move but there is resistance.

He is strapped down to his couch by cellophane. He panics as he struggles to free himself.

TERRY
Hey! Help! Hey!

The blender stops BUZZING.

Terry stretches his neck for a better view of the kitchen.
Where the intruder is making a smoothie.

TERRY (V.O.)
Who the fuck!?! Is it Ben? Has he finally given up Jesus just so he can water-board me into confessing how much of a faggot I am? Or to have his dog lock-jaw onto my balls, hear me squeak like one of his chew toys?

A blonde girl, early 20's, with pigtails and the devil's smile, saunters into the livingroom, a smoothie in her hand. This is...

TERRY
SUEZ! What the fuck?!

Suez sits on Terry's lap. Slurps her smoothie.

TERRY (V.O.)
Suez! Shit! I think Ben would have been a better option.

SUZE
Aunty Suze to you mister. And I couldn't help myself from tieing you down. You were flipping and flopping like a fish outta water. I didn't want you to hurt yourself. So I did like we use to do when we were kids.

Suze giggles.

TERRY
You were a kid. I was a fully grown adult. And I'm not calling you aunty. So get off and untie me.

SUZE
You still get them night terrors?

TERRY
No. Now get off me!

SUZE
Are you sure, nephew?

Suze gyrates her bottom against Terry's crotch.

SUZE (CONT'D)
You seem not to mind.

TERRY (V.O.)
Yes, I fucking mind!

TERRY
(begging)
Yes. Pleeeeease get off me.

SUZE
Alright...

Suze is about to get up but then smacks back down onto his lap, her ass deeply imbedded into his crotch. Terry groans.

SUZE (CONT'D)
but... I did have a favor to ask first.

TERRY (V.O.)
Money. It's always money.

TERRY
What?

Suze turns her devilish grin into a angelic smile.

SUZE
So, like, school is getting kinda expensive.

TERRY (V.O.)
Ha. Well, she's shit outta luck. I lost most of my inheritance on the bitcoin exchange. Bitcoins, who the fuck needs bitcoins? Oh now I ask that question.

TERRY
I didn't think you were still in school.

SUZE
Well life is a never ending education, Nephew.

TERRY
Trust me, it ends.

Suze sours her face.

SUZE

Death, death, death, you're always stressing about death... it's an unhealthy obsession you've got. That's gonna be what kills you, y'know.

Terry struggles to bump her off him.

TERRY

That's the irony of it. Now get off!

Suze bounces back in defiance, then stands up.

SUZE

So? You gonna help me out?

TERRY

Untie me first.

Suze stares down Terry a moment then goes into the kitchen.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Where are you going? My arm is going numb. I might get a blood clot!

TERRY (V.O.)

If hell had a sports team, Suze would be its cheerleader captain.

SUZE (O.S.)

You're a pathetic soul, Terry. One pathetic soul.

TERRY

What's that suppose to mean?

Suze comes back in to the living room with a pair of scissors. She gets on her knees and close to Terry's face.

SUZE

It means every choice you make is the wrong choice. You're a fuck-up, and you're fucked up, you can't help it. It's who you are.

TERRY

I'm not the one begging for money.

Suze hacks at the bands of tightly wound cellophane, releasing Terry from their constraints.

Terry sits up.

TERRY (CONT'D)
Jesus, Suze, you could have cut me.

SUZE
I could've done a lot of things,
but I didn't.

Suze plops onto the couch takes out a cigarette and lighter.

TERRY
You're not smoking in here.

Suze brings her lighter to the cigarette.

TERRY (CONT'D)
I swear to god, Suze. You light
that, you're definitely not getting
a cent.

Suze brings down the lighter, then the cigarette.

SUZE
When's the last time you got laid,
Nephew?

TERRY
Jesus, Suze. What the fuck?

SUZE
Don't tell me Nat was your last
lay.

TERRY (V.O.)
*Oh Natalie, she knew exactly what I
liked in the sack. God, I miss her.
The last time I had a glimpse of
what happiness was, was when I was
with her. Or was I just faking
happiness like she was faking the
relationship?*

SUZE
Shit, Terry. That was three years
ago. And I'd barley call whatever
you had, a "relationship". When's
the last time you even talked to a
girl?

Terry gets up, he picks up the pieces of cellophane wrap.

TERRY

I haven't been able to get out much. I've been busy, so...

SUZE

Jesus fuck Mary Magdalene. No wonder you're so wound up. You mean to tell me Lil' Miss Happy Ending was your last interaction with a female.

TERRY (V.O.)

Yeah, and coincidentally the last time you asked me for money.

SUZE

Look, I know I'm your aunt and all, so you know... family should help family out.

Terry throws the pieces of cellophane in the garbage.

TERRY

What are you getting at?

SUZE

I can help you out. Give you a handy or something. Unwind your tension.

TERRY (V.O.)

Great, my Aunt is prostituting herself to me. Not an unusual tactic of hers however.

TERRY

I think that would go beyond the call of family duty, Suze. And I don't have money to lend you.

SUZE

Jesus, you are a pathetic soul.

Suze breaks down and cries.

TERRY (V.O.)

Oh god, is she really crying? I don't think I've ever seen her cry. I'm sure whatever the reason, she probably deserves it. But... she is family, she is my aunt.

Terry sits beside her. Awkward in his consoling, gingerly patting her shoulder.

TERRY

Alright... so... why do you need
the money so badly?

She comes up from her weeping to look Terry in the eyes.

SUZE

That prick of a boyfriend of mine,
knocked me up.

TERRY

Gary?

Suze nods her head no.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Berry?

Suze nods no.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Jerry?

No.

TERRY (V.O.)

And that was just last month!

TERRY

Well, who?

SUZE

Ben.

TERRY (V.O.)

*Psycho, Cujo, next-door, Ben? What
the fuck?! I realize keeping up
with Suze's sexual partners is like
trying to keep up with the app
updates on your phone, but how?
When? Why?!*

TERRY

Ben?

SUZE

While I was passed-out cold, he
didn't even use a condom, the
prick. He just--

TERRY

I get the picture. No need to go
any further.

SUZE

I can't have this baby, Terry.

TERRY (V.O.)

Damn straight she can't have that baby! Ben can't be a part of my life!

TERRY

Did you even consider it?

SUZE

What the fuck?! Of course I considered it.

Suze cries again.

SUZE (CONT'D)

I can't have it. Not with him.

Terry nods his head in agreement.

TERRY

True, very true. How much... would it cost to... you know...

Suze's tears dry up, she has him hooked.

SUZE

Only a grand.

TERRY

Okay... I suppose I can scrape together that much.

Suze wraps her arms around Terry, pulls him tight to her.

SUZE

Thank you. Thank you!

TERRY (V.O.)

This feels a little too good. She smells a little too nice. Minus her cigarettes and booze sweat cocktail. But even that, her body manages to make appetizing. The miracles of youth.

SUZE

You know, if you do need a handy, I don't mind.

Terry pulls himself away from Suze.

TERRY

NO!

(then)

I need a to take a shower.

INT. TERRY'S BATHROOM

Terry fresh from the shower stands in front of his mirror. He puffs out his chest, takes a "power stance" and holds it.

TERRY

One, two, three, four, five...

TERRY (V.O.)

Does this posture bullshit really work? Do I feel any more confident, powerful, fearless, invulnerable?

Terry exhales, his "power stance" collapses to his regular deflated and folded posture. He stares at himself.

TERRY

You're still gonna die. And it seems you're gonna do so alone.

INT. TERRY'S LIVINGROOM

Terry walks in now dressed.

Suze is in front of the TV performing bastardized versions of the exercises on the TV.

Terry sniffs the air.

TERRY

Did you have a cigarette in here?

SUZE

No.

Terry sits at his desk. Beside his laptop is Suze's smoothie glass and a snuffed out cigarette butt inside it.

TERRY (V.O.)

No respect. Not a care. Lies as if she was merely breathing. I on the other hand have a hard time lying. Sometimes I find it hard breathing.

Terry wakes his computer from sleep mode. Instantly he sees his "TruMate" profile has been filled out for him. A "1 NEW MESSAGE" flashes.

He spins to confront Suze but catches her ass in the air as she attempts one of the exercises.

TERRY

Suze, did you mess with my computer?

Suze comes out of her position and smiles at Terry. Thrilled with herself, she stands by Terry.

SUZE

Yeah. I totally pimped your profile. You're not gonna have problems getting pussy now. Trust me I know what chicks want and it wasn't what you had.

Terry jumps up, panic, he paces back and forth.

TERRY

How could you do that?! Now they'll have some unrealistic expectations of me that I won't be able to live up to. They'll see right through me, they'll think I'm one of those "catfishes".

SUZE

Chill out. It won't matter, you just gotta play along til you hit balls to ass.

TERRY (V.O.)

"Balls to ass", it's that sort of loose practice that landed her in this predicament in the first place no doubt, and in turn my new predicament.

Suze looks at his computer.

SUZE

Shit, see, you've got a message already.

Terry stops his pacing

TERRY

I do?

TERRY (V.O.)

I do?

Terry approaches his laptop gingerly, as if it has some disease to be careful of.

INSERT: Computer screen. "YOU HAVE 1 NEW MESSAGE FROM **BECK TO THE FUTURE.**" Next to Becky Moore's picture.

Terry sits back down.

TERRY

What did you write about me?

SUZE

I just wrote you are a private eye, who knows how to handle a gun. You have a fondness for your dog. And that you're too busy solving mysteries that you don't have the chance to meet the right girl... And some other things.

Terry reads his profile.

TERRY

You changed my handle to "Shotgun TeddyBear". And you wrote I was a man of faith?

SUZE

Women like a man who can commit.

TERRY

(reading the screen)

A marksman winner three times over, the chairman of the local DIY club, and lifetime Movember member of the stache-man 365 division-- Suze, this sounds like Ben!

TERRY (V.O.)

This is Ben minus the "Teddy bear" part. Although he does remind me of a NRA Fozzy bear.

SUZE

Loosely based.

TERRY (V.O.)

That's using the term "Loosely" loosely.

SUZE

I had to draw from somewhere, didn't I? Besides it got you a friggin' message, didn't it? Women like men, Terry. Someone who they feel safe with. Not... well whatever you are.

Terry stares at Suze with contempt--

There's a KNOCK at the door. Terry gets up.

TERRY

Doesn't anyone call first? I think that's the gate repair man.

Terry swings open the door.

TERRY (CONT'D)

I had asked for you to call first--

Terry then sees it's Ben.

TERRY (V.O.)

Fuck!

Ben gives a shit-eating-grin.

BEN

Well I would have called first, if I gave a shit.

TERRY

What are you doing here?

BEN

Suze invited me over.

TERRY

Well this isn't Suze's house.

Suze comes over to the door.

SUZE

Come on in, Bunky. Tare, it's alright. We're just gonna watch a movie or something.

Ben pushes his way past Terry.

Terry closes the door.

TERRY (V.O.)

"Bunky". What kind of god-awful pet name is that? Why couldn't she go over to his place? They like fucking with me, I swear.

Ben sticks his tongue down Suze's throat, then after a moment of revolting slobbering, he turns to Terry.

BEN

She's a big fan of the Ben spunk.

Terry leaves them in disgust. Grabs his laptop on the way out of the living room.

Ben kisses Suze.

A DOOR slams.

INT. TERRY'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Terry lies in bed with his laptop. He clicks on the message.

INSERT: COMPUTER SCREEN

Message: "HI, MY NAME IS BECKY. YOU SEEM PRETTY INTERESTING. WOULD YOU LIKE TO MEET UP FOR COFFEE TOMORROW? - BECKY"

Terry slams the laptop shut.

TERRY (V.O.)

Shit. She's forward. What kind of desperate woman is this forward? Wait, wait a moment Terry, just cause she messaged you first doesn't mean she's desperate. Have a little respect man. For her and for yourself. She's a modern woman, not ashamed or afraid to be the pursuer. It's kinda refreshing really.

Terry opens up his laptop again. It starts up where he left off. He clicks on her profile. Then on her pictures.

INSERT: COMPUTER SCREEN

Attractive pictures of Becky in front of landmarks around the world. A few are of Becky and Stacy together.

Terry hovers over his keyboard, fingers poised over the reply message box. Curser blinking in wait. He just stares at it.

TERRY (V.O.)

I'm not who she thinks I am. She is very pretty. She must like something about me, she did message me first-- but I'm a total fraud.

Curser blinks. The reply box still blank.

TERRY

Fuck it. What's the worst that can happen?

TERRY (V.O.)

I fall totally head-over-heels in love with her. She finds out who I really am. Disappointed and betrayed she leaves me, but not before saying some really hurtful things that'll shred my dignity and self-esteem into a million pieces. Leaving me in a state of utter darkness and melodramatic despair and shame. Then not being able to stand the thought of existing in this bleak and cold world which doesn't have meaning anyways, I finally snuff out my own life. Leaving behind a tear soaked suicide note blabbering on about how no one loves me. Incidentally placed next to a protein starched single sock on my bed.

TERRY

That's one way it could go down.

Terry looks at Becky's pictures again.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Fuck it. I'm gonna die anyway. Might aswell do it with dramatic

TERRY (V.O.)

I should do some laundry before we meet up though.

Terry's fingers punches the keyboard.

TERRY (V.O.)

Just maybe I can pull a miracle out of my ass and dazzle her with my personality and charm. Or at least fake it long enough until I go balls to ass.

Terry finishes his reply and hits send.

TERRY (V.O.)

No going back now. I'm committed to see this through, no matter how it ends... which hopefully isn't with my death.

Terry stares at his computer screen for what seems like a while. There's no reply.

Terry gets up from his bed and paces the floor.

TERRY

Maybe she made a mistake, maybe she meant to message some other guy.

He laughs, caused by nerves.

TERRY (CONT'D)

She really wasn't meaning to message me--

A DING from his computer cuts Terry's revelation short.

Terry returns to his computer. A message flashes. He clicks on it.

It reads: "LET'S MEET TOMORROW AT 3PM FOR COFFEE. AT THE GREEN CUP CAFE. I LOOK FORWARD TO MEETING YOU."

Terry's mouth is agape... then it turns into a smile.

INT. TERRY'S LIVINGROOM - DAY

Ben and Suze snore on the couch. Ben has his shirt on, his bottom half is naked. His exposed pink butt cheeks flutter as they let a fart slip through.

TERRY (V.O.)

(re: Ben and Suze)

The horror. How is it one can be so afraid of death, yet want it swiftly and unapologetically.

LAUNDRY ROOM

Terry throws in a load of whites, including some suspect single socks. He takes out of the dryer a button-up shirt and does it up.

He catches his reflection in a mirror and gingerly touches his thin hair, then takes a baseball cap and puts it on.

FRONT DOOR

Now ready, he opens his door to the bright outdoors, but hesitates at the door's threshold. He studies the world.

TERRY (V.O.)
*I'm not agoraphobic I just hate
 going out into the world. The world
 sucks. Go on you fuck. Time to meet
 the future Mrs. Stockholm. The
 future mother of your progeny...*

EXT. HOUSE/FRONT PORCH.

Terry takes a single step outside his door, then another and another until he's all the way out. He closes his front door.

TERRY (V.O.)
*...Although who would want to bring
 a child into this shitty world?*

Terry hesitates, his body seems to be gravitating back towards the door when--

Cujo, appears from around the corner of the house. He SNARLS at Terry, his slobbering fangs exposed.

TERRY
 Shit!

Terry jiggles the front door handle, but it's locked. No time for keys, Terry darts for the front gate. Cujo at his heels, BARKING like a rabbit dog.

Terry panics, yanks on the gate, it wont open, he jiggles it again. Cujo is just about on top of him.

The gate opens. Terry gets to the other side of it, closing it on Cujo. Cujo leaps at the gate, barking. Terry holds it shut with his back.

TERRY (CONT'D)
 Fucking dog!

Ben swings open the front door. His T-shirt on, but naked from the gut down.

BEN
 What the fuck, Terry! I'm tryn' to sleep.

TERRY
 Call your god-damn dog off!

BEN
 What'd I tell you 'bout using the Lord's name in vain?

Cujo jumps at the gate with madness, snapping his jaws.

TERRY (V.O.)
Jesus Christ!

TERRY
Please... call off your dog!

Ben whistles. Cujo immediately backs off from his attack and goes to his master. Ben crouches, his dingleberries dangling. He pets Cujo.

BEN
Good boy!

Terry with a sigh of relief eases away from the gate. No longer able to stay even slightly shut, the gate swings wide open. Terry watches as Ben heads back in and Cujo goes and finds a spot in the shade to rest.

Terry looks around at his front yard.

His house is the only one on the block that is fenced in like a prison. Wired steel fences eight feet high. No one getting in, no one getting out.

Terry eyes Cujo, who barks a warning at Terry. Terry shuffles farther away from his home.

INT. THE GREEN CUP CAFE - DAY

Terry sits by himself. He looks to his phone for the time.

INSERT: PHONE

It reads "2:47pm"

Terry scopes the place. A few OTHER PATRONS eat and drink.

CARLOS, 20's, comes to the table with a menu.

CARLOS
Something to drink?

Terry takes the menu.

TERRY
Just a water. Bottled, not tap.

CARLOS
Sure thing. I'll be right back.

Terry takes another look around, a few of the cliental glance at him. All seem to acknowledge his existence with disdain.

Carlos returns with a glass and bottle of water.

CARLOS (CONT'D)
Would you like anything to eat?

TERRY
Uhhhh... just the water for now
thank you.

CARLOS
Okay.

He walks off.

Terry takes a sip of his water, then his phone rings. He answers it.

TERRY
(into phone)
Hello.

EXT. TERRY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

ERNESTO, 40's, a Latino man, talks into his cell phone, staring at the open gate. A work truck parked on the side of the road just behind him. Ernesto has a thick Mexican accent.

ERNESTO
(into phone)
Mr. Terry Stockholm?

NOTE: WE CUT BACK AND FORTH BETWEEN THE CONVERSATION.

TERRY
Speaking.

ERNESTO
Yes, hi Mr. Terry, sir. It's
Ernesto. We are here to fix your
fence, sir.

TERRY
Oh... Well, I'm not there at the
moment.

ERNESTO
We could come back another day.

TERRY

No. No. I need it fixed today, can you fix it today?

ERNESTO

Yes we can start work on it today?

INT. THE GREEN CUP CAFE - CONTINUOUS

TERRY

Yes, please.

Terry spots Becky through the window of the cafe. She is out of his league in every department, smarts, looks, humor.

ERNESTO (V.O.)

(filtered)

Will do that sir, Mr. Terry. You want a new fence? We can replace everything.

TERRY

(distracted)

Yes. Yes, replace it. I need it fixed. Thank you. Sorry Ernesto I have to go.

ERNESTO (V.O.)

No problem my friend. We'll start work on it right away, sir.

TERRY

Great, thank you.

EXT. TERRY'S HOUSE

Ernesto puts away his phone. He WHISTLES and waves to the truck. A bunch of MEXICAN WORKERS file out.

ERNESTO

(to himself)

What would Jesus want me to do, Mr. Terry? He would want me to make it worth my while to come out here.

WORKER

What's that, Ernesto?

ERNESTO

Huh? Nothing. Start tearing it all down.

INT. THE GREEN CUP CAFE

Terry hangs up his phone the time reads: "3:00 p.m."

Becky walks through the doors, she spots Terry.

BECKY

Terry?

Terry stands up with nervous attention.

TERRY

Yes, that's right. I'm Terry.

He stands there saying little else. After a beat, Becky takes a seat. Then does Terry.

BECKY

I know it was such short notice,
but thanks for meeting me.

TERRY

Sure. Of course.

BECKY

Were you waiting long.

TERRY

No. Not long.

BECKY

I like to be right on time. I don't
like being early and I don't like
being late. If you set a time,
that's the time you should arrive
at. Right?

TERRY

I know exactly what you mean.

BECKY

Otherwise you're just wasting time.
I'd be wasting my time if I showed
up early, or I'd be wasting your
time if I showed up late. Timing is
everything.

TERRY

That's very true. It only took five
billion years of evolution for us
to finally meet.

Becky raises an eyebrow. Terry goes quiet, his smile flattens.

BECKY

One could actually say it's taken
thirteen-point-eight billion years
for us to meet. But who's counting?

Becky smiles. Then Terry picks up his smile again.

Becky takes off her coat and places it on the chair.

TERRY

Would you like something? A drink
or something to eat?

Terry stands up.

BECKY

Maybe an orange juice... or water
would be good.

TERRY

You got it. I'll be right back...
don't move.

BECKY

I won't.

Terry walks over to the counter.

As Terry orders. Becky spots Terry's jacket hanging on the
back of his chair. She looks around to make sure no one is
watching then she takes a memory stick from her pocket and
slips it into Terry's breast jacket pocket as subtle as
possible.

Terry returns with a glass of water and a glass of orange
juice. He puts it in front of Becky.

TERRY

Just our luck, they had both.

Terry smiles.

BECKY

Thank you.

Becky takes a sip of the orange juice.

BECKY (CONT'D)

So. Terry, I'm intrigued with your
line of work.

TERRY

My line of work?

BECKY

Being a private eye- sounds pretty... well a little "eighties"-- but pretty cool-- I love anything eighties. Magnum P.I., right? How long have you been one? Were you a cop before... or...?

TERRY (V.O.)

What did Suze say? Balls to ass. Just stick with it. She seems pretty into me being a P.I. Just stick with it. And it's balls to assville.

TERRY

Ahhh... well... actually I'm... not really a private detective.

Becky expression drops like a stone.

TERRY (V.O.)

But boy I must seem like a real dick though. Come on Terry, not the time for bad puns.

BECKY

You're not?

TERRY

Yeah... you see- it wasn't me who- it was my aunt who filled out my profile for me. She didn't even ask me or anything. She just took it upon herself to redo my whole online persona. She's impulsive and intrusive like that- I'm sorry.

BECKY

So what do you do?

TERRY

Me?... ah... well. I don't do much of anything... I occasionally write for my blog.

Becky face slacks with a disheartened expression.

TERRY (V.O.)

My god, I fucked it up. I am "one pathetic soul".

TERRY

So, what kind of work do you do?

BECKY
 (perfunctory response)
 I'm a research lab assistant for a
 bio-tech lab.

An awkward silence slips between them. Becky is distracted and absent. Then her phone jingles "Huey Lewis & the News: The Power of Love"

Becky answers it.

BECKY (CONT'D)
 (into phone)
 Hey.
 (beat)
 Yeah.

Becky gets up. She gestures to Terry "one sec" and slips outside to talk.

Terry watches her through the glass windows. Her gestures on the phone are nervous, uneasy, concerned.

TERRY (V.O.)
Shit. Fuck. Mother fuck. Here it is, the call away. The excuse. Natalie would do this to me all the time. Even when we were making-out. The call came and she had to go. Now it's her friend. It's over. She's gone.

Becky walks back into the cafe. She smiles apologetically.

BECKY
 Hey, look. I'm sorry, but I've got to go.

TERRY
 Oh. Okay. So soon? Should we try for another--

BECKY
 Look, here's a tip- maybe you should be honest about who you are. And that starts with being honest with yourself. Otherwise you're just wasting everyone's time. And I don't have time to waste, especially on losers.

Becky walks out.

Terry watches in silence as Becky vanishes from his sight.

EXT. TERRY'S NEIGHBOURHOOD - DAY (DUSK)

Terry walks towards his house with his head down. He stares at his feet as they take one step after another.

TERRY (V.O.)

"To be, or not to be." It's times like these to recall your high school Shakespeare and it's 16th century propaganda for suicide. Life sucked back then and I can't see much has changed in four hundred years other than slightly better hygiene.

EXT. TERRY'S HOUSE

Terry halts. He gazes upon his house in shock.

All his protective gates are torn down. His exposed front lawn and home has a few construction pylons around them.

TERRY

What the fuck? Nooooo. What the fuck?!

Terry runs to his front door puts his key into the lock, but finds the door already unlocked.

TERRY (CONT'D)

What the fuck?

He enters.

INT. TERRY'S HOUSE/LIVINGROOM

Terry finds Suze on his laptop, smoking a cigarette.

TERRY

What the fuck?!

SUZE

What?

Terry points through the bay window to the front yard.

TERRY

My fence. What happened to my fence?

Suze shrugs.

SUZE
They took 'em down.

TERRY
Why!?

Suze shrugs.

SUZE
You told them to.

TERRY
I didn't tell them to. I told them
to fix my gate. That's it!

Suze shrugs.

SUZE
I think they're putting up new ones
on Monday.

Terry bites his fist. And lets out a muffled growl.

Suze goes back to Terry's laptop.

SUZE (CONT'D)
Your blog is really funny, but I
don't think it's meant to be. What
does "The Bewildering State of
Being Nothing" mean anyway?

TERRY
It's suppose to be a clever way to
say "my fear of death".

Terry punches in the alarm code and locks the door.

SUZE
I don't think it's all that clever.
You should really call it "The
Nothing That is Terry Stockholm."

Terry stares at her as she takes a drag of her cigarette.

TERRY
Should you be smoking while you
have... you know, while you're
pregnant?

SUZE
What does it matter? I'm aborting
it anyway.

TERRY

Well could you not smoke in the house. I don't feel like getting lung cancer.

Suze snuffs out the cigarette in a soda can.

SUZE

Why do you gotta be a spaz, huh?

TERRY

How long are you planing on staying?

Suze slaps her stomach.

SUZE

Just til I take care of this, and get back on my feet- Hey, you know what's kinda of cool about being pregos? Ben can like come inside me as many times as he wants-- no condom or anything and I don't have to worry about getting pregnant... like, again.

Suze flashes a proud smile at this thought.

TERRY

For someone who doesn't want children, you have an unhealthy obsession with sperm.

Suze narrows her eyes.

SUZE

Hey, I'm not the freak here. It's just cleaner that way is all. No mess. I'm doing you a favor really. So when are you gonna get that money? I'm kinda getting sick of... getting sick in the mornings.

TERRY (V.O.)

Favor!? If they sprayed their bodily fluids all over Ben's house instead of mine, that would be a favor.

SUZE

Well... when? It gets more dangerous the longer I wait, you know.

Terry says nothing more, he goes straight to any room that doesn't have Suze in sight.

INT. BATHROOM

Terry sits on the toilet.

TERRY (V.O.)

Natalie had an unhealthy obsession with sperm. She insisted I doused her with it. Put it all over her face. Her final words to me were "I like my sperm thick and abundant. Full of great human potential. Not watered down and weak like yours." Then she got up wiped her face with my tee-shirt and walked out for good.

Terry stands up, he looks at himself in the mirror.

TERRY (V.O.)

I could have been born anywhere at any time. I could have been a southern, black slave. I could have been born a poor, young girl in Cambodia or Bosnia, kidnapped and sold into the sex trade... But I wasn't. I have all my limbs, fingers and toes. I have my mind and health. I was born a privileged white man in the land of the free with the right to pursue happiness... and yet...

TERRY

Fuck you! Fuck you, Terry. You are not going to find happiness. Resign now to the fact you are going to live and die alone. And that's it you balding fuck.

Terry then contorts his soured face into a forced smile. He puffs out his chest. He holds this ridiculous position for a minute. Then exhales. Then does it again--

His phone RINGS. Terry exhales out of his stance and pulls out his phone and answers.

TERRY (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Hello.

BECKY (V.O.)
(filtered)
Terry?

TERRY
Yes?

BECKY (V.O.)
It's me, Becky.

Terry becomes upbeat.

TERRY
Hi. How are you?

BECKY (V.O.)
Uhhmm... I'm fine... I just wanted
to apologize for snapping at you
earlier. I was... kinda... well I
want to make it up to you.

TERRY
It's no problem. Really. I
understand about these things... I
want to apologize for--

BECKY (V.O.)
Yeah so, I'd like to buy you
coffee. Try again. Start fresh?

TERRY
Yeah, sure. That sounds great.

BECKY (V.O.)
So tomorrow, same place, same time?

TERRY
Okay, sure. I'll be there.

BECKY (V.O.)
Good, so I'll see you then. I've
gotta go.

The line goes dead.

Terry looks at his phone surprised.

Then he looks at the mirror again, this time with an
authentic grin plastered across his face.

INT. THE GREEN CUP CAFE - DAY

Terry enters, he looks at his phone: 3:00pm on the dot.

He looks about the cafe, but does not see Becky. He does notice Carlos behind the counter who nods.

Terry takes a seat at the same table as before.

Carlos comes around to greet him with a menu.

CARLOS

Hey, hey. Back again. A new date?

TERRY

No. A redo.

Carlos smirks.

CARLOS

That's not all bad then. What can I get you? Water?

TERRY

No. I think I'll have a... a green tea, please.

CARLOS

Sure. You got it hombre.

Carlos heads back behind the counter. Terry looks at his phone again: 3:01 p.m.

TERRY (V.O.)

Three-0-one. I thought she was punctual? I thought she didn't like to waste time? Did I get the wrong time? Is this some cruel revenge for not being honest on my profile?

Terry looks around the cafe again. He spots a man (Magnus Magnusson) looking at him. Terry instantly looks away. He glances back at Magnus who still stares right at him. Terry looks away again.

TERRY (V.O.)

Shit. That's weird.

Magnus then gets up from his table and walks over to the counter and pays Carlos.

Terry sneaks a peek at him. Magnus runs his right hand through his lush, thick, silky hair. Then Exits the cafe. Terry discreetly follows him with his eyes until he is gone.

TERRY (V.O.)

That was a nice head of hair. Lucky bastard.

Carlos puts down the Tea. Terry nods.

LATER

6:30 p.m. flashes on Terry's phone.

He sits alone at the table, obsessively looking at his phone.

TERRY (V.O.)

My god, it was a set-up. She set me up to stand me up. She's probably laughing at me right this very moment. Why does the sound of men's hearts breaking tickle the femme fatale so?

Terry goes to his last incoming call on his phone. Not many numbers are in his history. He finds Becky's number and dials. He waits as it rings.

TERRY (V.O.)

I'm going to give her a piece of my mind. Who the fuck does she think she is anyway?

A male voice picks up.

MAN (V.O.)

(filtered)

Hello.

Terry, surprised, doesn't speak.

MAN (V.O.)

Hello?...

TERRY

Can I speak to Becky please?

MAN (V.O.)

Who is this?

TERRY

This is Terry, she knows me.

MAN (V.O.)

Terry... Terry, I'm sorry to say there's been an accident. Rebecca did not pull through.

Terry's face falls slack in shock and awe.

TERRY

When did this happen?

MAN (V.O.)

Earlier today while driving. Her car lost control and she flipped it. I'm sorry, Terry.

TERRY

No. I'm very sorry.

There is silence, then the CLICK that ends the call.

Terry slowly pulls the phone from his ear, unable to believe what he's been told.

EXT. CITY STREET/ URBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

Terry walks in a hurry, constantly looking over his shoulder.

TERRY (V.O.)

How could this happen? This is crazy. And now it's night. Where did the day go? I don't think this short-cut was a good idea. I should have just taken a taxi. I'm sure I'd be equally risking my life in one of those metal death boxes-- God, she's dead! Car accident?

A group of five TEENS hang out on the other side of the street. Three of them start surrounding one of them, while another sits on some steps and lights a pipe. The three start attacking the one, who tries and defend himself.

TERRY (V.O.)

Are they play fighting, or is this for real? I've never seen a real fight before, how can I tell?

The one smoking the pipe, looks up at Terry, eyeing him.

Terry turns his head straight ahead picking up pace.

TERRY (V.O.)

Just keep going. Straight ahead. You'll make it unharmed. It's none of your business. You'll make it alive.

A car passes from behind Terry, the headlights create a strong shadow of Terry in front of him-- Terry leaps and spins behind him to find nothing, no one. The car passes. Terry breathes rapidly. He leans up against a near by fence to catch his breath.

TERRY
Fuck! I'm literally scared of my
own shadow.

Teens behind him are all laughing at him now. Terry moves on.

INT. TERRY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Terry enters his house, quickly locking the door then punches in the alarm code. He looks nervous, panic, dishevelled.

Suze and Ben are on the couch, watching a movie. Suze looks over at him, Terry leans against the door.

SUZE
Hey, did you get me my...

Suze looks at Ben, before continuing her sentence.

SUZE (CONT'D)
...thing?

TERRY
No. Not yet.

SUZE
Damn, Terry, this is kind of a time
sensitive issue.

BEN
What is? What was dickless suppose
to get you?

Ben looks over at Terry.

BEN (CONT'D)
What'd you fuck up this time dick-
cunt?

Suze turns back to Ben.

SUZE
Nothing, Bunky.

Terry moves from the door and heads to his bedroom.

TERRY
Why don't you go on and tell him.
He's got a right to know.

SUZE
Fuck you, Terry.

BEN
Know what, Pumpkin?

SUZE
I'm on my period is all. Terry was
suppose to get me some tampons. A
lady issue.

BEN
Well why don't you just borrow some
of his.

Ben snickers. As Terry leave them alone.

Ben then turns attentively to Suze.

BEN (CONT'D)
So that's not gonna... stop our
love making, is it?

Suze strokes Ben's cheek.

SUZE
No, of course not, babe.

INT. TERRY'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Terry flops face first on to his bed hard. Then rolls over
onto his back.

TERRY (V.O.)
*Jesus Christ. Becky is dead. I just
spoke to her yesterday, face to
face. And now... she's fucking
dead. I should feel something,
shouldn't I? I should be weeping or
something. What if she was rushing
to see me? God, I'm responsible for
her death.*

TERRY
I killed her. I fucking killed her.

Terry shoots up from his bed, he paces back and forth.

TERRY (CONT'D)
(to himself)
One moment she's here, smiling,
happy and the next. Gone. Never to
grace us with her smile again. What
am I going to do? What can I do?
What should I do? I barely spent
twenty minutes with her.

There's a KNOCK on his door. Terry freezes...

TERRY (CONT'D)

Yeah?

Suze's voice speaks from the other side of the door.

SUZE (O.S.)

Terry, you got a guest.

Terry is perplexed.

TERRY

Who?

SUZE (O.S.)

I don't know. Some chick.

TERRY (V.O.)

Some chick? I don't know any chicks.

SUZE (O.S.)

That's what I told her.

INT. TERRY'S LIVINGROOM

Ben's on the couch. Suze eyes Stacy who is by the door.

Terry walks in. He just stares at Stacy. Stacy then breaks the awkward silence in the room.

STACY

Sorry to just drop in like this.
I'm Stacy. A friends of Becky.

TERRY

Becky's friend?

STACY

Yes. It's kinda important I speak
with you. Can we talk... in
private.

TERRY

Sure, okay...

Terry glances at Ben and Suze who gawk at the two of them.

Terry gestures towards the other side of the house.

TERRY (CONT'D)

We can talk over here.

INT. TERRY'S GARAGE

The fluorescent lights flicker to luminance as Terry and Stacy enter. They stand next to a car covered under a car blanket that seems to have been there for too many years.

A beat of silence...

TERRY

I'm sorry to hear about Becky.

Stacy is surprised.

STACY

You know about her...

TERRY

Yes.

STACY

Who told you?

TERRY

A man told me. I called her number.
And a man answered. Her father I
think.

Stacy moves to the garage door and peers out the little windows. She moves back to Terry and leans against the car.

She bites her thumb as she stares at the concrete floor. She's silent in thought.

Terry watches her, confused but can't help notice her subtle beauty.

TERRY (V.O.)

*Becky is not even a day dead and
I'm already eyeing her friend. And
the only guilt I'm feeling is the
guilt of having no guilt. Love
waits for no woman... is that how
it goes? God, I must get a better
grasp on these idioms.*

STACY

Becky lost her parents when she was
twelve. She was like a sister to
me. And I was the only family she
had.

Stacy looks back up at Terry.

STACY (CONT'D)

I believe she was murdered. And the person who answered her phone, the man you talked to was the killer. She always had her phone with her. It was like an appendage. If she had crashed her car, her phone would have been smashed to pieces along with her.

TERRY (V.O.)

Perhaps my heart skipped a beat too soon. Is this the delusions of a distraught girl trying to cope with the lost of her friend?

STACY

I need your help.

Terry pauses, his throat dry of words.

STACY (CONT'D)

I need your help, Terry. Your life is in danger too.

Terry swallows a rock of a gulp.

TERRY

Perhaps I'm not the right person to talk to about this at the moment. Losing a friend is...

STACY

Becky gave you something the other day. A memory-stick. That's why she was killed. And now they'll be coming for you.

TERRY

She didn't give me anything.

STACY

She must have. You might not even know you have it.

TERRY (V.O.)

I'm not emotionally equipped to help this poor, sweet, beautiful girl through this trauma. I'm barely emotionally equipped to handle it when the internet goes offline.

The door swings open. Suze stares at Terry with a serious look on her face.

SUZE

There's someone else who wants to talk to you.

STACY

(to Terry)

Don't go out there.

(to Suze)

Tell them he's not here.

Then Magnus slips out from behind Suze.

Terry recognizes Magnus from the cafe.

TERRY

You were at the cafe earlier, weren't you?...

Magnus reveals his gun and points it at Terry and Stacy.

MAGNUS

Mr. Stockholm, Miss Wilson would you please accompany me into the living room.

Terry takes a moment to register what he's holding but when he does. Terry faints...

BLACK

A WHISTLE BLOWS

INT. TERRY'S KITCHEN

Terry comes to.

A kettle on the stove has reached boiling point. It's removed from the stove top. The hot water poured into a cup. Magnus steeps a tea bag.

Terry looks around him, he spots his hair-growth tablets and products on the kitchen table, displayed before him.

He then notices it's only him and Magnus. He becomes frantic.

MAGNUS

Settle down. Your friends are safe in the living room.

Terry goes to stand up--

MAGNUS (CONT'D)

Sit down!

Terry sits.

Magnus sips from his cup. He comes to the kitchen table and sits down across from Terry. Terry trembles, not able to make eye contact.

MAGNUS (CONT'D)

Let me be straight with you, son. I don't want to hurt you or your friends. I want to leave here with your home and you in one piece. But in order for that to happen you have to give me the memory stick.

Terry adjusts himself in his seat.

TERRY

I don't know what memory stick in specific you want.

Magnus adjusts the positions of the hair-growth products on the table, then runs his gloved hand through his hair.

MAGNUS

Do you know why I have such lavish and prodigal hair? And yours is so... limp and impaired?

Terry stares at Magnus with no verbal answer.

TERRY (V.O.)

It's because our universe is random and chaotic, and regardless of merit or worthiness, it all comes down to luck. And by god, you got lucky with that hair.

MAGNUS

It's because I'm better than you. I'm superior. I'm more powerful. Your life hangs on a thin thread, which you weaved into a delusion that someday you will be a great man with a great head of hair. But that is wishful thinking. And wishful thinking gets you nowhere but dead. So if you think I'm going to just go away if you close your eyes hard enough. You're wrong.

Magnus leans back, he places his gun on the table, then takes another sip of tea.

Terry swallows a large, hard ball of spit.

Magnus stares at the Terry's trembling face--

TERRY (V.O.)
*Sure that sounds fancy in a
 threatening way, but what does it
 really mean?*

BAM!-- Magnus slams his hand down on the table.

MAGNUS
 Give me the fucking memory stick!

Terry eyes the gun on the table. Then pats his pockets.

MAGNUS (CONT'D)
 I already did you the courtesy. It
 seems you don't have it on your
 person.

TERRY
 I'm sorry... I don't know where it
 is. She didn't give me anything, I
 swear. I would give it to you. I
 would. I just don't have it.

Magnus' flings the cup from the table and it smashes into the wall. He gets up, snatches his gun from the table with one hand and pulls Terry from the lapels with the other. He drags him into the living room.

INT. LIVINGROOM

Stacy, Suze, and Ben sit on the couch their hands bound behind them.

Two MEN stand on guard. MARK and RONNY, 30's, Mark's brother, a portly version, with short hair and glasses.

Magnus throws Terry on the ground, then gestures to Mark.

Mark yanks Suze to her feet, pointing a gun in her face.

Ben attempts to get up, but Ronny holds him back sticking a gun in his face.

BEN
 You motherfuckers are gonna be real
 sorry--

Ronny hits Ben across the face with the butt of the gun. Ben crashes to the ground.

Tears stream down Suze's face as Mark pushes her to the her knees, she resists, she he hits her in the stomach, she collapses to her knees execution style.

Magnus runs his hand through his hair as he paces.

MAGNUS

When I was a child- not to get into the particulars- but no one liked playing games with me. And in turn I hate... playing... games... but if you force me to play this game with you, then there will be only one sure winner... and that's me. The losers...

Magnus bends down to Terry's level and jabs his gun into Terry's face.

MAGNUS (CONT'D)

That would be you.

Ben rolls about on the floor. He works his tied hands to his ankle, where he has a snub-nose pistol holstered under his pant leg.

MAGNUS (CONT'D)

Give me the memory stick, Terry.

TERRY

I really, really wish I could.

Magnus stands up straight. He SIGHS.

MAGNUS

Alright. We have to do this the hard way. I didn't want to get my hands dirty but...

(to Mark)

Kill away.

Mark places the nozzle of his gun to the back of Suze's head, he raises his other hand to shield his face from the potential blood splatter.

Suze whimpers. Tears stream down her cheeks.

Terry shakes uncontrollably. He shuts his eyes.

TERRY

I swear to God I don't know where
it is. Please!

Stacy is about to stand up, when--

Ben whistles!

All look towards Ben. Who works his way up to kneeling,
bracing himself against the couch.

BEN

This doofus ain't lying. He ain't
got the balls to lie. If he says he
don't know where it is, then he
don't know where it is.

Magnus mulls this over--

A THUMP then hits the front door.

MAGNUS

What was that?

No one answers.

MAGNUS (CONT'D)

(To Ronny)

Will you please go see what that
is.

Ronny goes to the front door and peers through the peep hole.

Ronny's P.O.V - PEEP HOLE. No one is on the other side.

BACK TO SCENE

Ronny looks back at Magnus and shrugs.

Then another THUMP at the door.

Ronny opens the door...

Cujo rushes in and chomps down onto Ronny's crotch. Ronny
drops his gun and howls in pain.

Ben twists himself, his hands tied behind his back grips a
pistol, he squeezes off a shot which hits Mark in the arm
causing him to drop his weapon.

Magnus leaps for cover.

Ben moves to Suze. Stacy follows, she spits something into her hand from her mouth. Magnus catches sight of it. It's the memory stick.

BEN

Lets go. Move it!

Ben tries to help Suze to her feet but can't do it fast enough. Ben looks at the cowering Terry.

BEN (CONT'D)

Hey fuck-nuts, get up and help me!

Magnus reaches for his gun. Ben fires at him. Magnus dodges out of the way and lands behind the couch.

Ben kicks Terry in the side which helps Terry snaps out of his fright. He gets up and helps Suze to her feet.

Ben, Terry, Suze and Stacy run through the kitchen and out to the garage.

Magnus pursues.

INT. TERRY'S GARAGE

Ben and Magnus exchange gun fire, both missing. Terry shuts the door. They knock shelves over to block the door.

BEN

Get something to cut my hands free.

Terry finds some box cutters and free's Ben's hands.

Ben flings the car blanket off a very dusty 1988 Ford Thunderbird. Dust flies everywhere. Ben coughs.

BEN (CONT'D)

Does this dust-bucket work?

TERRY

I don't know. I don't drive.

A bullet shoots through the blocked door. Everyone ducks.

Ben opens the car doors. They all climb into the car.

BEN

Where's the keys.

Terry frees the binds from Stacy and Suze.

TERRY
The visor, maybe.

BEN
You're shittin'--

Ben flips down the visor. The keys fall into his hands.

BEN (CONT'D)
(to himself)
Fair enough.

Ben puts the key in and turns. The car heaves and coughs but doesn't start.

BEN (CONT'D)
(to the car)
C'mon you fucking piece of shit.

He pumps the gas and turns the key.

More gunfire rips holes in the door.

The car starts.

BEN (CONT'D)
Thank you Jesus!
(to everyone else)
Heads down.

Ben reverses the car and squeals back smashing through the garage door. A cloud of dust in its wake.

EXT. TERRY'S HOUSE - STREET

Ben slams on the breaks, swings open his door and whistles.

Cujo comes running and hops into the car.

Magnus bursts through the garage door and fires at them.

Ben hits the gas peddle and speeds away.

INT. TERRY'S LIVINGROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Magnus storms back in. Ronny still rolling on the ground, holding his shredded groin, crying.

Mark is tying a bandage around his arm.

MAGNUS

This is exactly the kind of stress
I don't FUCKING need right now!

RONNY

(in anguish)
My dick, oh God my dick!

Magnus walks over to Ronny.

MAGNUS

Can you walk, son?

RONNY

(In pain)
My dick! My fucking dick--

BANG!

Magnus shoots Ronny in the head. Ronny slumps dead, brains
and blood soak the floor.

MARK

What the fuck, man!? That was my
brother!

Magnus looks over at Mark.

MAGNUS

What? Were you going to carry him?

Mark says nothing.

MAGNUS (CONT'D)

Think of it as one less Christmas
gift you have to buy.

MARK

We ain't never exchanged gifts.

MAGNUS

Then he won't be missed.

Magnus looks back at Ronny's corps, then turns to Mark.

MAGNUS (CONT'D)

You have a cousin, right?

POLICE SIRENS are heard in the distance.

MAGNUS (CONT'D)

Let's go.

They leave.

EXT. SUBURBAN ROAD - NIGHT

The 1988 Ford Thunderbird rips down the street. Pulls a tight right down another street, wheels SQUEALING.

INT. CAR - NIGHT - TRAVELING

Terry clings onto the front seat from the back for dear life.

Cujo directs a low growl at Terry, who whines with every sharp turn.

TERRY

I think we're far enough away. You don't need to drive so fast. I get car sick. I might just vomit.

Another extremely tight and fast turn.

Suze in the front passenger seat, groans in pain.

SUZE

Ouch! Fuck, Tare, you're hurting my arm.

Terry realizes he's gripping Suze's arm and lets go.

TERRY

Sorry.

BEN

Don't tell me you're afraid of cars too. You're too much of a pussy even for pussies.

Stacy holds up the memory stick in her hand.

Ben sees it through the rear-view mirror.

BEN (CONT'D)

What's that?

STACY

It's what they were looking for.

TERRY

(through his teeth)
Jesus. You had it the whole time?

Cujo Barks and growls at Terry.

BEN

(to Terry)

Do not take the Lord's name in
vain, you cocksucker.

(then to Stacy)

You had it the whole time?

STACY

I found it in Terry's jacket, when
he fainted.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. TERRY'S GARAGE

Stacy bends down to tend to the passed-out Terry.

TERRY (V.O.)

I didn't faint. It's just when I
envision my own death it really
puts me in a relax state.

She puts her hand on his chest to shake him awake, but then
feels something in his breast pocket.

THE MEMORY STICK.

She sneaks the memory stick from his pocket into her mouth.

END FLASHBACK:

INT. CAR - TRAVELING

Stacy gives Terry an arched eyebrow... then continues...

STACY

I figured they wouldn't look in my
mouth.

SUZE

Why didn't you just give it to
them? I almost died because of it.

STACY

We would be dead for sure if I had
handed it over. It was a power-
play. We have this, we have the
advantage... besides, I was just
about to before--

BEN

Before I saved our asses.

They all go silent and awkward.

Ben then pulls into...

EXT. THE BABS MOTEL

Your run-of-the-mill seedy motel on the edge of town, that offers color TV, AC and adult entertainment, or so it proudly states on the neon sign.

Ben pulls the car up to door 21 and kills the ignition.

INT/EXT. CAR

BEN
Alright, we're here.

STACY
Where's here?

Ben steps out of the car ignoring the question.

Suze, Cujo, then Terry and Stacy follow in tow.

Terry, as he exits, leans against the car doubles over and blows chunks.

EXT. MOTEL ROOM 21

Ben inserts three different keys into three different locks in the door unlocking them, then he swings the door open. He extends his arm in a gesture for the rest to step inside.

One by one they file in, Ben tailing them.

INT. MOTEL ROOM 21

Ben shuts the door, then locks all three dead-bolts.

The room's decor has all the trappings of a dingy seventies motel, with well worked in stains and grime. It also clearly doubles as Ben's office.

Suze flops onto the single bed with a GROAN, she curls up into a ball.

Cujo goes to his corner and lies down.

Stacy and Terry stand awkwardly and quiet as Ben pulls a chair up to Stacy.

BEN
Have a seat.

Stacy looks at the chair, she nervously swirls the memory stick in her hand.

BEN (CONT'D)
Have. A. Seat.

After another moment she takes a seat.

Ben pulls up another chair and places it backwards across from her, he straddles the chair but can't find a comfortable position so he turns it back around and sits normal.

BEN (CONT'D)
I think now's the perfect time for a little exposition. Who are you?

STACY
Stacy Wilson. My best friend was Becky Moore.

BEN
Who's Becky Moore?

Stacy points to Terry.

STACY
This moron's online date.

TERRY
C'mon. A moron? You don't even know me.

STACY
(to Terry)
That's the thing about morons, they're pretty easy to spot.

Suze without moving from the bed pipes in.

SUZE
She's got a point, Tare.

TERRY
What's with all the hostility. Haven't we dealt with enough hostility tonight?

BEN
(back to Stacy)
What do you mean, "was"?

STACY

She's dead.

BEN

And those fuckers back there are responsible?

STACY

Yea. Those fuckers are.

BEN

What's on the stick? Why do they want it so bad?

Terry takes a seat by the window. The red neon sign outside burns its red color onto his face. Terry looks off into the calming hum of neon.

STACY

Becky worked for a bio-tech lab. Stuff for the government or something. Anyway they discovered a cure for baldness.

Terry perks up.

TERRY

Baldness... they found a cure for baldness?

BEN

Don't get your pecker in a knot, it ain't like they discovered a cure for being a loser.

Terry slumps in the chair.

Ben turns back to Stacy.

BEN (CONT'D)

Okay, so?...

STACY

So, Stacy had the bright idea to sell off the cure to some hair growth corporation. For big bucks. She had a ton of student loans, and credit card debt, you know, and so she thought this was an easy way to make money...

Ben leans back in his chair, combs his mustache with his finger, a smirk on his face, taking pleasure in figuring out the obvious rest of the story.

BEN

So she stole the cure, reached out to some hair-growth corporation to rake in the dough, only to find herself over her head...

STACY

Turns out she was just the messenger. She later confessed to me that the head of her research team, Dr. Folly, was the real brains behind the operation, they were his contacts, but--

Ben contorts his smirk into a confused look.

BEN

But why kill her? I mean, that's a little extreme isn't it? And why in heavenly father did she give it to Terry?

TERRY

I didn't know she gave it to me.

Ben is annoyed at Terry's interruption.

BEN

I'm talking about you, Terry. Not to you.

STACY

I have no clue why she gave it to him. But she was desperate, spooked. Afraid...

BEGIN FLASH BACK:

INT. BIOLIFE LABS - DAY

DR. LOUIS FOLLY, 50's, a tall, jolly fellow with a neatly combed full head of hair, pops a champagne cork in jubilation, with his five LAB ASSOCIATES including Becky, over their breakthrough.

STACY (V.O.)

Dr. Folly was found dead a couple of days before Becky was to hand over the files.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

DETECTIVE LANCASTER, 40's, a hard-boiled cop, with a Kleenex sticking out from his right nostril. Looks over the grim scene of Dr. Louis Folly. Face down, naked, on the bed in a massive pile of cocaine, his arms hooked around two HOOKERS, their eyes open and with an expression of shock, but both equally dead.

Lancaster picks up Dr. Louis Folly's neatly combed toupee with a pair of tweezers. He studies it.

INT. BIOLIFE LABS - DAY

Uniformed cops question the other lab technicians.

Becky is in tears on the phone. She shakes her head. Then hangs up the phone.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Stacy in her running outfit, stares at her phone, worried.

STACY (V.O.)

She grew quiet after that. She didn't want to tell me anything more. I think she was afraid to involve me further than I already was.

INT. YOGA CLASS - DAY

Stacy is in her down-dog position. LUKE, late 20's, has his hands on her hips, adjusting her position.

Stacy's phone dings with a text message. Stacy looks to Luke apologetic, Luke just shakes his head and moves on. Stacy tends to her phone.

INSERT: Text message: "I need backup."

STACY (V.O.)

But she did ask me to tag along when she met up with...

END FLASH BACK:

INT. MOTEL ROOM 21 - NIGHT

Stacy gestures towards Terry.

STACY

...him.

BACK TO FLASHBACK:

EXT. THE GREEN CUP CAFE - DAY

Stacy sits at a table on the patio, she watches Becky and Terry through the window.

STACY (V.O.)

I watched them from a distance.
When Becky left their date, she was
so upset, but she still didn't want
to tell me anything about it. As
was her M.O. those last few weeks.

Stacy waits as Terry leaves the cafe.

EXT. TERRY'S NEIGHBOURHOOD/HOUSE - DAY

Stacy is in her car.

INT. STACY'S CAR

Stacy's P.O.V:

Terry stands silent before his front yard, staring at his knocked down fences. After a few minutes he enters his house.

STACY (V.O.)

I followed him home, to try and
figure out more about what was
going on.

END FLASH BACK.

INT. MOTEL ROOM 21 - NIGHT

STACY

Then this morning I got a text from
her, all it said was "DeLorean".
Which I knew meant the memory
stick. That's what she called it-
When she paid off all her debts,
she was going to buy herself the
DeLorean car.

BEN

Like from "Back to the Future"?

STACY

Yeah.

TERRY

She had a thing for the "Back to the Future" movies.

Both Stacy and Ben give Terry dagger-eyes.

Ben turns back to Stacy.

BEN

Boy she picked the wrong guy for help. Thankfully for you, however, I'm here.

Terry retreats to the neon lights outside. Terry then catches something outside window.

Terry's P.O.V. - PARKING LOT

Three, dimly lit men, peer into cars, edging closer to their motel room.

BACK TO SCENE

Terry moves closer to the window for a better look.

Ben notices Suze is not in the room. He calls out for her.

BEN (CONT'D)

Babe!

Ben gets up and goes to the bathroom door, he knocks on it.

BEN (CONT'D)

Babe?

Terry's P.O.V. - PARKING LOT

The men, draw closer. One man appears to hold something, he runs his gloved hand through his hair--

It's Magnus.

BACK TO SCENE

Terry steps backwards from the window.

TERRY

Jesus fuck, it's them. How did they find us? What the fuck.

Ben opens the bathroom door.

INT. BATHROOM

Suze is in the bathtub, her pants down to her ankles and knees drawn to her chest. Tears stream down her cheeks.

BEN

Babe, what's wrong?

Ben gets closer. He sees a large amount of blood at the bottom of the tub. Ben rushes to Suze's side.

BEN (CONT'D)

Babe, what happened, are you injured? Are you shot?

Suze shakes her head no. Ben spots something else among the bloody pool. A fleshy lump.

INT. MOTEL ROOM 21

Terry heads to the bathroom, Stacy behind him.

TERRY

They're here. They found us...

INT. BATHROOM

Terry stops in his tracks, as he takes in the grim scene.

TERRY

Suze?

BEN

What do you mean they're here?

TERRY

They tracked us somehow. They're in the parking lot.

Ben gets up and walks back into the main room.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Suze, you okay?

SUZE

(bleak and distant)

I don't think I need your money anymore, Tare.

EXT. MOTEL PARKING LOT.

Magnus, Mark and JIMMY, 30's, Mark's cousin. Lurk about the parking lot.

Magnus looks to a tracking device in his hand.

MAGNUS

They're here somewhere. We just need a sign.

The light in room 21 goes out.

MAGNUS (CONT'D)

I believe that was it, gents.

Magnus puts the device into his pocket and takes out his gun.

MAGNUS (CONT'D)

Watch that one chap with the mustache. I don't think he'll be as easy to deal with as the others.

INT. BATHROOM

Ben comes back in, a bag in his hand. Cujo right behind him.

BEN

Give me your cell phones.

Terry hands his over. Stacy is hesitant.

Ben gestures to Stacy to give it.

BEN (CONT'D)

Give me your cell phone. We don't have time.

With a sigh she hands it over.

STACY

What are you going to do with it?

Ben puts them on the ground and smashes them with his boot. They burst into pieces.

STACY (CONT'D)

Hey, what the fuck, man!?

BEN

They're tracking us with the GPS.

STACY
What about your phone?

BEN
I don't have one.

STACY
You could have just take the
battery out.

BEN
Well, too late for that now.

Ben gets on bended knee, opens his case and pulls out a couple of hand guns, he holds one up to Terry and Stacy.

BEN (CONT'D)
Any of you two know how to use one?

Terry and Stacy both shake their heads no.

Ben draws the gun back and shakes his head in disappointment. He then looks over at Suze, still in the bathtub.

BEN (CONT'D)
Babe, we have to go now, Okay? I
need you to pull yourself together.

Suze is slow to respond, she's in a weakened state. She pulls up her pants and buttons them, but doesn't move from the tub.

NOISES come from outside the front door.

BEN (CONT'D)
You two take off. There's a trap
door in the back. It'll take you
outside. Go to the police. I'll
take care of Suze, and these
douchebags.

Stacy moves from the bathroom, but before Terry leaves...

TERRY
Thanks, Ben.

Ben looks up at Terry.

BEN
Don't thank me...

Ben pulls out of his bag a stainless steel Dan Wesson 715-.357 Magnum revolver. With a custom grip that has the crucified Jesus on either side. He waves it at Terry.

BEN (CONT'D)
...thank Jesus. His gonna baptize
these son-of-bitches.

Terry nods, appreciating ever-so slightly the crazed sparkle in Ben's eye for the first time. Then leaves the bathroom.

INT. MOTEL ROOM 21

Stacy finds the trap door, it's the size of large doggy-door. They crawl on their hands and knees to get through it.

EXT. MOTEL ROOM 21

Magnus, Mark and Jimmy sneak up to the front door. Magnus and Mark keep pressed to the wall and clear of the door.

Jimmy stands behind Mark in front of the window with its curtains drawn. All three have their guns readied.

Magnus reads the "Do Not Disturb" sign on the handle. Then motions for Mark and Jimmy to get ready. He knocks.

INT. MOTEL ROOM 21

The room is dark. The silhouette shape of Jimmy's torso and head through the curtain resembles a shooting target.

MAGNUS (O.S.)
(through door)
It's the manager. I need you to
open up.

The Magnum 715 raises up and aims at the silhouette through the window.

EXT. MOTEL ROOM 21

Magnus knocks again--

BANG!

A bullet shatters the window and rips through Jimmy's neck. Jimmy hits the ground. Magnus and Mark take cover.

Jimmy is not dead, but he palms his neck trying to stop the massive sputtering of blood.

Magnus shoots at the door blowing the handle and three dead bolt locks clear off. He kicks open the door and fires into the dark room.

Mark shoots through the shattered window.

Ben fires back from the dark and so the gun play pursues.

EXT. ROAD

Stacy and Terry stop for a moment, hearing GUN FIRE in the distance.

STACY
Will they be okay?

TERRY
Do you believe the power of Jesus Christ can be found in a pair of hand guns?

STACY
Not really.

TERRY
Me neither. We better hurry.

They continue on.

EXT. MOTEL ROOM 21

Jimmy rolls on the ground, his hands on his neck, blood still gushing out of his bullet wound at an alarming rate, yet he still holds on for dear life.

Mark opens a duffel bag full of guns and grenades.

MARK
Holy shit! Where'd you get all this shit?

MAGNUS
I have friends.

MARK
No, really. Where did you get all this shit?

Magnus narrows his eyes at Mark, then grabs a grenade, pulls the pin and tosses it into the room. Tear gas sprays the room and fills the space. COUGHS erupt from inside.

BEN (O.S.)
 You fuck...*cough*...ers! You
 cough cock...*cough*...suckers.

INT. MOTEL BATHROOM

Ben covers his mouth and eyes the best he can, as does Suze.

Ben grabs Cujo.

BEN
 Get, boy. Get!

Cujo moans, cocking his head sideways, hesitant to leave.

BEN (CONT'D)
 I said, get! Go on!

Cujo runs out of the bathroom and exits through the doggy door in the back.

Ben crawls into the tub with Suze and turns on the shower. The water washes over them. He kisses her.

BEN (CONT'D)
 We're gonna be just fine babe. I'm
 not leaving you. No way in hell am
 I leaving you.

Suze shakes her head, believing Ben's words.

EXT. MOTEL ROOM 21

Mark tosses Magnus a gas mask. He then gestures to Jimmy.

MARK
 What about Jimmy?

MAGNUS
 We'll take care of him after we
 take care of them.

Magnus puts on the mask.

Mark looks to his cousin. Jimmy reaches out one of his bloody hands, he gargles something which Mark can't make out.

MARK
 We'll be back for you, Jimmy. Hang
 in there, man.

Mark puts on his mask then they both enter the motel.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Terry and Stacy walk in silence along the side of the road, there's nothing insight for miles other than vacant industrial buildings. Stacy leads, Terry in tow.

TERRY

Do we know where we are going?

STACY

No. My phone was smashed to pieces, remember?

Stacy stops.

STACY (CONT'D)

We could be going in the wrong direction for all I know.

Terry looks down one direction then the other.

TERRY

Sorry. I'm not good at this.

Stacy then falls to her knees, she covers her face with her hands. Her shoulders shudder.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Are you okay?

STACY

(muffled)

No.

Terry puts his hand on her shoulder--

Stacy jerks up, swiping he hand off her.

STACY (CONT'D)

Don't touch me!

Terry recedes back creating a good distance between them.

Stacy looks at Terry, her cheeks wet, eyes red.

STACY (CONT'D)

We don't know each other. You shouldn't touch me, okay?

TERRY

I'm sorry.

Stacy wipes her eyes with her sleeve.

STACY
Let's just keep going.

Stacy continues down the road. Terry follows, slogging along.

EXT. MOTEL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

A wet Ben and Suze are tied and gagged stuffed into the trunk of Magnus' car.

MAGNUS
Watch your toes, fingers and nose.

He SLAMS the trunk shut.

Magnus looks over to see Mark near Jimmy who is still rolling in a puddle of his own blood.

EXT. MOTEL ROOM 21

Mark tosses a rag at Jimmy.

MARK
You'll be fine, Jimmy.

Jimmy, his face pale as a ghost, gives a faint nod--

BANG!

A bullet to the head puts Jimmy out for good.

Magnus holds the smoking gun.

MARK (CONT'D)
C'mon, man!

MAGNUS
He wasn't going to make it anyhow.
I put him out of his misery.

MARK
How am I gonna explain this to his
mom? I told her he'd be back for
breakfast.

MAGNUS
Family matters concern me not.

Magnus heads back to the car. SIRENS in the distance.

EXT. MAGNUS' CAR

As Magnus is about to get in-- he stops and looks over at Mark who opens the passenger side car.

MAGNUS

Don't you have a second cousin, who needs a job?

Mark sighs.

MARK

Cousin twice removed.

They climb into the car.

EXT. ROAD

Terry and Stacy spot police cars coming down the road, their sirens blaring and light flashing.

STACY

The police!

Stacy hops onto the road waving her hands. A few of the police cars speed by her. One finally pulls over.

A POLICE MAN hops out.

POLICE MAN #1

What are you doing? Off the road.
You're going to get hit.

STACY

You have to help us!

POLICE MAN #1

What's wrong?

INT. TERRY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Lancaster, signature Kleenex in his right nostril, hovers over the dead body of Ronny, analyzing his shredded crotch and the bullet hole in his head.

Other POLICE OFFICERS place down markers, take pictures, it's a bustling crime scene.

OFFICER DUNCAN, 30's, approaches Lancaster.

DETECTIVE LANCASTER

(without looking up)

Duncan. You think this poor shlup was grateful to be put out of his misery? His mangled balls are hanging out of his sack. That couldn't have been a pleasant sensation.

OFFICER DUNCAN

I think he would have preferred not to have been killed.

DETECTIVE LANCASTER

Bad guy or not, balls are the most sacred part of a man. The furnace that forges billions of wasted souls.

OFFICER DUNCAN

Huh?

Lancaster finally brings his eyes to Duncan

DETECTIVE LANCASTER

Nothing... whatta ya got?

OFFICER DUNCAN

The shooting across town is connected. The body of Jimmy Falcon was found. Jimmy Falcon is the cousin of this poor "shlup". Both known to be petty thugs for hire. Ronny here has a brother, Mark. He's the ring leader of this little band of career criminals. So no doubt his involvement here is pretty likely.

DETECTIVE LANCASTER

Alright put an APB out for Mark as a person of interest.

OFFICER DUNCAN

We also have Terry Stockholm in custody. Patrol car picked him up not too far from the other shooting.

Lancaster adjusts the tissue in his right nostril.

OFFICER DUNCAN (CONT'D)

Bleeding again?

DETECTIVE LANCASTER
Never stops-- Alright, forensics
can take it from here. Let's go
talk to Mr. Stockholm.

INT. MAGNUS' CAR - TRAVELING - NIGHT

Magnus drives, Mark is in the passenger seat, he prods at his
arm wound, wincing at ever touch.

TOMMY, 20's, Mark's cousin twice removed, sits in the back
scratching an itch in his crotch.

TOMMY
Who are these fuckers again?

MAGNUS
They are collateral.

TOMMY
And I can do whatever I want with
the girl after we're done? Whatever
I want?

MAGNUS
Yes. As payment for your help.

TOMMY
I get money too tho, right?

Magnus sighs.

MAGNUS
Yes.

Tommy leans back with a putrid grin. He scratches his crotch.

TOMMY
You ever see a woman cry? Don't
know 'bout you, but boy that's a
real turn on for me. When a woman
is balling her eyes out, tears
streaming down her cheeks and shit--

Mark turns around.

MARK
Don't start gettin' all sicko on
us, Tommy. I ain't in the mood for
your shit.

TOMMY
When can I have her?

MAGNUS

When the job is done!

Magnus' cop scanner beeps to life. A FEMALE COP's voice through the speakers.

FEMALE COP (V.O.)

(filtered)

Attention all units, be on the lookout for a Mark "Dirty Bird" Falcon. White Male. Age: thirty-eight. Height: six-foot. Last known to have long, black hair in a pony tail. Wanted for questioning. If you spot him, please proceed with caution. He is known for lower level criminal activity. And considered potentially dangerous.

MAGNUS

That's just fucking magnificent!

Hits the steering wheel.

MARK

(to the scanner)

Lower level criminal? Not anymore bitch. I'm moving up in the criminal world. With a capital "C".

Magnus looks at Mark with contempt and disappointment.

MAGNUS

Are you a fucking complete cunt?

MARK

Don't call me a cunt, bitch!

TOMMY

Speaking of a bitch's cunt--

MAGNUS/MARK

Shut the fuck up!

BANG!

The passenger side window cracks but holds together.

Magnus and Mark look at the window. There's a hole at the center of the crack. They look at each other confused.

BANG... BANG... BANG!

Shots rip through the seats then through the windshield. Another shot rips through Tommy's lower back.

Magnus swerves the car to the shoulder of the road, screeching it to a halt.

BANG... BANG!

EXT. MAGNUS' CAR/ROAD

Magnus and Mark both leap out and draw their guns, aiming them at the trunk. Each on either side of the car.

Tommy is still in the back seat. He brings his hand up, it's red and soaked with blood.

MAGNUS

You didn't clear him of his weapons.

MARK

Yes I fucking did.

MAGNUS

Did you clear her of weapons?

MARK

Shit!

Tommy starts to freak out.

TOMMY

My legs! I can't feel my fucking legs. God, my legs! I can't move.

Magnus looks at Tommy freaking out, bleeding out. He then looks over at Mark.

Mark nods in a silent compliance.

Magnus points his gun at Tommy...

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Guys, I can't feel my legs. I can't move them. I think I'm hurt. I think I need help. Oh god!--

Magnus pulls the trigger.

BANG... BANG... BANG.

Tommy's cries goes silent as his body slumps forward.

Magnus and Mark approach the rear. Cautiously moving towards the back end of the car.

MARK

You fuckers better be outta bullets.

Mark taps the hood of the trunk.

BANG... BANG... BANG!

Three bullets puncture holes in the lid.

Mark and Magnus skittle back.

MARK (CONT'D)

Shit. Mother-fuckers!

Magnus nods to Mark, they both draw their beads on the trunk. With his other hand, Magnus pops the lid with a remote control.

Ben holds a 9mm Walther PP in his tied up hands, he aims dead on Mark and squeezes the trigger...

CLICK...CLICK...CLICK...

Mark fires with a knee-jerk reaction, but his aim is sloppy, he hits the rear tire, blowing it out.

Magnus comes from the other side and presses the muzzle of his gun to Ben's head.

MAGNUS

Toss the gun. I only need one of you alive.

Ben tosses the gun.

Magnus turns to Mark.

MAGNUS (CONT'D)

Did you shoot out the tire?

Mark looks at the flat tire.

MARK

Yea, sorta.

INT. POLICE STATION/INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

It's what you would expect a police interrogation room would look like.

Terry sits across from Lancaster who thumbs through a file folder.

Terry eyes the tissue protruding from his nostril.

TERRY
(re: tissue)
You get into a fight?

Lancaster looks up from the folder to Terry.

DETECTIVE LANCASTER
Huh?

TERRY
The Kleenex in your nose, someone punch you in the nose?

DETECTIVE LANCASTER
No. I have a nasty habit of picking my nose. It bleeds like a motha-fucker.

Lancaster goes back to looking at the file.

DETECTIVE LANCASTER (CONT'D)
(without looking up)
Lets go over it just one more time. How did this poor shlup manage to have his balls perform a Houdini trick and slip out of its sack?

Lancaster places a close-up photo of the mangled and exposed testis in front of Terry.

Terry winces at the sight of it.

TERRY
Jesus... Well we were being held at gun point by three guys. The main bad guy. He really wanted the memory stick.

Lancaster gestures to the memory stick beside him.

DETECTIVE LANCASTER
This memory stick?

TERRY
Yeah, that memory stick. I didn't know I even had it at the time.
(MORE)

TERRY (CONT'D)

Anyway my neighbor, Ben, who was at my house- uninvited I might add- whistled and his dog charged in and locked-jaw his snout onto one of the gun man's balls.

Terry taps the photo.

TERRY (CONT'D)

That's the result.

Lancaster throws down another photo

INSERT: close up of Ronny's head wound.

DETECTIVE LANCASTER

Did you, or any of the others shoot this man?

TERRY

No! Or at least I know I didn't. There was a lot going on.

Lancaster picks up the memory stick.

DETECTIVE LANCASTER

What's on this thing that's worth killing for?

TERRY

Supposedly a formula that cures baldness. Pretty big, right? So if I were to guess a motive, it would be corporate espionage.

DETECTIVE LANCASTER

Corporate espionage? For a hair product?

TERRY

(Really serious)
That cures baldness.

Lancaster takes a beat, then goes over the notes.

DETECTIVE LANCASTER

And why did Becky place this in your jacket when you were "unaware" as you say?

TERRY

I really don't know. It seems like odd behavior to me.

(MORE)

TERRY (CONT'D)

She was under stress. Probably wasn't really thinking about what she was doing.

DETECTIVE LANCASTER

You say, she thought you were someone else? You lied on your dating profile?

TERRY

Yeah- well it was actually my aunt who did the lying for me. I just went along with it.

Lancaster jots something onto a pad of paper.

DETECTIVE LANCASTER

And you believe that your aunt is being held captive by the same perpetrators from earlier this evening? Along with your neighbor, Ben.

TERRY

Well you didn't find them at the Motel, right?. So they must have them... or they're dead.

DETECTIVE LANCASTER

Umm Hm.

TERRY

What do you mean "Umm hm"? Did you find them dead?

DETECTIVE LANCASTER

What? No. I was just listening. A common sound one makes when listening.

TERRY

Oh.

Lancaster finishes jotting down on his pad and gets up with the memory stick in hand. He walks to the door.

DETECTIVE LANCASTER

We're gonna have our lab geeks look at this. In the mean time you can wait in the lounge area. But you or your friend are not to leave the station. Is that clear? Not 'til we sort this out.

TERRY

Aren't you going to look for Suze?

DETECTIVE LANCASTER

Yeah. We're gonna look for 'em.

Lancaster leaves.

INT/EXT. MAGNUS' CAR - NIGHT

Ben and Suze, now only in their underwear are freshly tied up and lay in the trunk, which rocks up and down.

Tommy lies dead in bush on the side of the road, having been haphazardly tossed there.

Mark is working the jack on the rear axel, the spare tire ready to be changed over. He winches with every jerk of his soar arm.

Magnus is in the driver seat looking into the visor mirror at his hair, he finds a strand of grey. He yanks it out and holds it up to berate it.

MAGNUS

I got you, you insidious bastard.
Trying to skull fuck me.
Erroneously claim the fertile, lush
paradise of my crowning mane...

Mark calls from the rear tire.

MARK (O.S.)

You say something?

MAGNUS

No!

Mark goes back to changing the tire.

The police scanner comes on again.

FEMALE COP (V.O.)

(filtered)

Be on the look out for Ben Ford:
white male, short dark hair, age
thirty-Six. And Suze Ohman: white
female, age: twenty-three. Long
blond hair. Possible two-0-seven.
Last seen at Bab's Motel off
Highway one-o-one. Repeat. Suspect
is Mark Falcon, aka: "The Dirty
Bird".

(MORE)

FEMALE COP (V.O.) (CONT'D)

And a unknown accomplice: White male, over six-feet, with dark, silky hair.

MARK (O.S.)

Hey, did I hear my name again?

MAGNUS

Hurry up! I know where they are.

INT. POLICE STATION - LOUNGE - NIGHT

It's a windowed room that looks out onto the rest of the police station. It's furnished with a few couches, chairs a small kitchenette and a couple of vending machines.

Terry is asleep on the couch. Stacy grabs a coffee from the vending machine. The hot water SPUTTERING into the paper cup, wakes Terry. He rubs his eyes and stretches.

TERRY

(yawns)

Man, I didn't realize I fell asleep.

Stacy pours sugar and creamer into her cup.

STACY

Did you know you cry in your sleep?

Terry rubs his cheeks, they're wet.

TERRY

I'm under a lot of stress.

Stacy sits on the other couch.

STACY

You were balling. It kinda freaked me out. I was afraid, thought maybe I should wake you.

TERRY

Balling? That's nothing. I use to have night terrors. Made me thrash about like crazy.

TERRY (V.O.)

I'd wake up on occasion to Natalie trying to "ride the wild bull" as she put it.

STACY

How come?

Terry goes quiet.

STACY (CONT'D)

Was that rude of me to ask? I'm sorry. I'm... just... curious.

TERRY

It's okay, it's just when you're plagued with night terrors it's usually due to things that are hard to talk about is all.

STACY

Right. I guess that makes sense.

Stacy looks out through the glass walls onto the busy police station. She spots an OLD HOMELESS MAN, late 50's, sitting next to an OLD HOMELESS WOMAN, 40's, on a bench by some desks. Stacy points him out to Terry.

STACY (CONT'D)

You see that guy over there. The homeless dude.

TERRY (V.O.)

You mean the dirty bum that has better skin and hair, albeit dirty but better than main still? And that even he seems to have someone in his life. Yeah. I see him.

TERRY

Sure.

STACY

How many years you think he's got left on this planet?

TERRY

That's kinda grim, isn't it? Especially with our present circumstance.

STACY

It's just something I like to think about, a distraction. A game. Would it be better if I rephrased the question. How many summers do you think he has left?

TERRY (V.O.)

I really don't know if that's a better way to phrase it. But I'll play along.

Terry studies the man.

HOMELESS MAN

Underneath tattered clothes and dirt is a coughing skeleton.

TERRY

I would say he's already spent his last summer.

STACY

Now who's grim. He has one more.

TERRY (V.O.)

Great. One more year of misery to suffer through. Being ignored, invisible, a ghost who's forgotten what it feels like to be touched by another person's embrace. The leaper of society.

Then a HOMELESS woman sits next to him, gives him a paper-cup of water to drink and pats him on the back.

TERRY

Great! Even he has someone in his life.

Stacy stares at Terry. He notices her perplexed look.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Did I say that out loud?

She then points to another one, OFFICER CHESNUTT, 20's, he fills out paperwork at a desk.

STACY

Okay, what about that guy?

Terry sighs...

TERRY

Well, taking into account his occupation. I'd say... uhmm... thirty. I even go one step further. Cause of death... too many donuts.

STACY

Har, har, har. I give him five max.

TERRY

Five?

STACY

Look at his gun holster.

OFFICER CHESNUTT

His holster's strap is unsnapped. His gun is not secured.

STACY (CONT'D)

He doesn't have his gun secured in his holster. He's careless. In his line of work he'll be on the coroner's carving table in no time.

TERRY

Yeah. Or he'll put some other innocent guy on the slab.

(then)

You know I can tell you the age, date, and cause of any famous figure in history?

STACY

Oh yeah? So if I said... Mark Twain?

TERRY

Died April twenty-first, nineteen-ten at the age of seventy-four. Heart attack. He predicted when he was going to die too.

STACY

Darwin?

TERRY

April nineteen, eighteen-eighty-eighty. Seventy-three. Heart-failure.

STACY

Nixon?

TERRY

April twenty-second, nineteen-eighty-four. Stroke. Was in a coma for four days. Eighty-one.

STACY

Hunter S. Thompson?

TERRY

February twentieth, two-thousand and five. Suicide by gun. Sixty-seven.

STACY

Hitler?

TERRY

April thirtieth, nineteen-forty-five. Suicide by gun. Fifty-six.

STACY

Wow. A lot of famous people die in April, huh? So much for spring being the month of birth. Why do you know all that?

TERRY

Just a hobby of mine.

STACY

Looking up when and how people die?

TERRY

Yeah, I guess.

Stacy then pulls a one-eighty on the conversation--

STACY

Why did you lie about who you were?

TERRY

What?

STACY

On your dating profile. Why did you completely fabricate who you were? Did you think girls wouldn't notice. That they would just fling themselves at you with legs wide open? I don't get why people have to lie about who they are. Why did you?

TERRY

I don't know... I mean, it was Suze, my aunt who wrote out my profile.

STACY

That young chick at your house is your aunt?

TERRY

Unfortunately yes. She made me out to be like Ben, her revolting primate boyfriend and my asshole neighbor.

STACY

He did kinda save our asses though.

TERRY

That's besides the point. I didn't lie... I just... went along with it.

STACY

That's just as bad, dude. And now my best friend is dead.

Terry hangs his head gravely. Then looks out onto the police station beyond the glass walls unable to look at Stacy. He spots someone--

TERRY

Holy shit! It's him.

Stacy quickly spots who Terry is talking about--

MAGNUS MAGNUSSON

Is greeted by Lancaster. Magnus pulls out a badge.

Terry and Stacy can't hear their conversation.

TERRY (CONT'D)

I think he's a cop.

STACY

They always are. That's our que.

TERRY

For what?

STACY

To get the fuck outta here!

INT. POLICE STATION

DETECTIVE LANCASTER

My apologies, but when we deal with the Feds usually it's the FBI not the FDA.

MAGNUS

I'm an OCI special agent for the FDA. I believe you have in your custody two individuals a Terry Stockholm and a Stacy Wilson. They are suspects in the theft of stolen government property.

DETECTIVE LANCASTER

And what sort of property has been stolen?

MAGNUS

A memory stick in particular. To be even more precise, intellectual property stored on that memory stick. Beyond that I can't elaborate.

DETECTIVE LANCASTER

Great, so what can we do for you?

MAGNUS

Well you can hand over the government property and the two suspects to me. And I'll be out of your hair

Officer Duncan walks in, Stacy and Terry in front of him.

OFFICER DUNCAN

I found these two trying to sneak out.

Stacy points her finger at Magnus.

STACY

That's the guy who killed Becky, and tried to kill us!

TERRY

He was at my house. It was him. The criminal master mind.

DETECTIVE LANCASTER

Were you at his residence earlier this evening?

MAGNUS

They're the criminals, Detective. I don't want to pull rank here...

DETECTIVE LANCASTER

Not sure that you can.

MAGNUS

I can. And I will. So lets not test me on it. It would be an embarrassment for you if you did.

All stand quiet for a moment. Lancaster calculating what his next move is.

A few COPS including Officer Chesnutt stand close by.

Stacy without thinking yanks out Officer Chesnutt's gun from his holster.

OFFICER CHESNUTT

Hey my gun!

Stacy jabs the gun in Magnus' face.

Everyone else stands back.

The whole precinct is quiet and focus on Stacy and Magnus.

DETECTIVE LANCASTER

Let's not do anything we'll regret Miss Wilson. This is not a good place to do something drastic. This is probably the worse place to do what you're thinking of doing. There's no real good place for what you're doing, but this here is probably the worse of all options so lets put the gun down, okay?

Stacy just eyes Magnus, gun in his face.

MAGNUS

(re: gun)

What are you going to do with that, girl?

STACY

You killed Becky you asshole! What do ya think I'm gonna do with it?

Magnus reaches out and snatches the gun from Stacy's hand, then clocks her with his other hand knocking her flat out.

Officer Chesnutt seizes the opportunity to slaps handcuffs on the unconscious Stacy.

TERRY

Hey come on' take it easy. She's unconscious for God's sake.

Officer Duncan grabs Terry and slams against a near by desk, and slaps handcuffs on him.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Ouch! Police brutality. Police brutality. That man is the criminal not me you idiots!

INT. MAGNUS' CAR - LATER

Terry and, the still unconscious, Stacy sit hand-cuffed in the back seat. Magnus is in the driver seat. They sit idol in the police parking lot. Magnus turns to Terry.

MAGNUS

You ever thought about just how and when you were going to die?

TERRY

Every day of my life.

MAGNUS

Thought so. You seem like one of those guys. Well look at the bright side, you won't need to guess any longer, chum.

Through the windshield they watch as Lancaster walks up to the car. Magnus steps out to greet him.

Lancaster hands over the memory stick.

Terry shouts out to the two of them.

TERRY

Police incompetence abound! When you find us dead, you'll know it was your incompetent police work that was to blame! Incompetent police abound!

Stacy stirs awake, she groans to consciousness with a fresh black eye.

STACY

I feel like God sucker punched me.

TERRY

(re: Magnus)

Don't let him hear you say that he'll take it as a complement.

Stacy jiggles her cuffed hands.

STACY
Shit. Are we--

TERRY
Yep. We're fucked by the police.

Magnus gets back into the car. He sees Stacy is awake.

MAGNUS
Oh good, you look refreshed from
your nap.

STACY
I'm gonna kick that smirk off your
face.

MAGNUS
What? I am happy. I got everything
I wanted so there is no need to
spoil the mood, princess.

Magnus runs his hand through his hair. Then starts the car.

STACY
And after I kick that smirk off
your face I'm gonna scalp your head
Tare that hair of yours right off
you mother fucker.

MAGNUS
Now you just spoiled the mood.

Magnus throws the car into gear and hits the gas.

EXT. POLICE STATION - PARKING LOT

Lancaster watches as Magnus drives off, but as he does he notices the three bullet holes in the trunk lid. And the spare tire. He furrows his brow.

INT. POLICE STATION

Lancaster calls over to Officer Duncan.

DETECTIVE LANCASTER
Duncan, do we have any footage from
the motel shooting?

Officer Duncan moseys on over to Lancaster's desk.

OFFICER DUNCAN

We just got the footage in. Only one camera was working. The parking lot entrance.

DETECTIVE LANCASTER

I want to review it.

INT. MAGNUS' CAR - NIGHT - TRAVELING

TERRY

Did you kill Ben and Suze?

MAGNUS

Why? Eager to have them emancipated from your dreadful life? No. All four of you will be united again. In a loving embrace I'm sure.

STACY

You going to dispose of us? They know you were the last one to be seen with us dip-stick.

MAGNUS

I've been put in a position where I have to be creative in how I handle the four of you. But you need not to worry, princess. I've been in sticker jams.

Stacy starts kicking at the back of Magnus' seat, her feet catching some of his shoulder.

Magnus swerves the car.

STACY

I'm gonna kick that smirk off your face fucker! You motha-fucker!

Magnus pulls over to the shoulder of the road. He gets out in a puff and comes around to the side where Stacy is. He climbs in the back and smacks her, then presses his gun to her forehead.

MAGNUS

Listen up you fucking bitch. I will put a bullet in your brain. Unless you sit nice and quiet and still like a fucking doll. You got it!

A vein throbs with a life of its own on Magnus' forehead.

MAGNUS (CONT'D)

(a quiet intensity)

I don't need you anymore. The only thing that is keeping me from snuffing out the light in your baby blues is the inconvenience of it. But if you become more trouble alive than dead. You can bet your life I'm going to snatch it from you faster than it took your daddy to spit you out of his balls.

Magnus squeezes her cheeks together, tears stream down them. She becomes very still and very quiet.

Terry watches frozen in terror.

Then Magnus' cell phone RINGS from his pocket. He releases Stacy, not taking his eyes of her he answers his phone.

MAGNUS (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Yes?

A voice on the other end snaps Magnus from his concentration on Stacy. He climbs out of the car and closes the door.

MAGNUS (CONT'D)

(into phone)

It's not getting out of control.

I'm handling it just fine.

(beat)

He called you about what?

Magnus steps away from the car making the conversation hard for Terry and Stacy to hear.

Terry just stares at Stacy for a moment as Stacy chokes a little on her tears.

TERRY

Are you okay?

STACY

Fuck no.

INT. POLICE STATION - MENS RESTROOM - NIGHT

Lancaster stares at himself in the mirror as he places a new piece of tissue paper up his nostril.

He then stands back, and draws his attention to his pelvis. He thrusts it forward and turns slightly to the side to extenuating the bulge in his pants. He turns from one side angle to the other.

Officer Duncan enters the men's room carrying a laptop.

OFFICER DUNCAN

Sir?

DETECTIVE LANCASTER

Duncan, are your boys... do they ride high and mighty, just beneath the plumbing or are they low-boys?

OFFICER DUNCAN

Depends on the temperature, sir.

DETECTIVE LANCASTER

Mine are low-boys. Always dangling free-range. Don't matter if my drawers is an ice-box. That's why I don't wear shorts. Afraid I'll get them snagged on something.

OFFICER DUNCAN

I've always wondered why that was, sir. The department's tennis team has had their inquiries about it too.

DETECTIVE LANCASTER

Find anything on that tape.

OFFICER DUNCAN

Yes sir, we sure did.

Duncan places the laptop on the counter. A freeze frame image of Magnus' car entering the Motel parking is up on the screen. The passenger side and backseat are visible, Mark in the passenger seat and Jimmy in the back.

DETECTIVE LANCASTER

Looks like his car.

OFFICER DUNCAN

The video wasn't able to get plates, but...

Duncan fast-forwards the footage until the Magnus' car is exiting. Duncan slams on the spacebar freezing the image again. This time Magnus in the driver seat is visible.

OFFICER DUNCAN (CONT'D)
That looks like him, sir. Less one
person in the car. Our D.B.

Lancaster points his finger at the trunk.

DETECTIVE LANCASTER
No bullet holes. Those bullet holes
are fresh. Get the footage from our
parking lot pull an image of his
plates. Can't trust a Fed,
especially a druggie Fed.

OFFICER DUNCAN
Or a foodie Fed.

DETECTIVE LANCASTER
Track him down.

Duncan picks up the laptop and exits.

Lancaster goes back to examining his crotch. He feels his
bulge til it stop midway down his thigh.

DETECTIVE LANCASTER (CONT'D)
(to himself)
Maybe I should invest in some
tighty-whities.

EXT. ABANDONED CANDY FACTORY - NIGHT

The car zips past the gates of the dilapidated candy factory.
Two signs hang on the fence entrance.

SIGN ONE: "This building is CONDEMNED. All trespasser will be
PROSECUTED."

SIGN TWO: "PUBLIC NOTICES OF DEMOLITION"

Magnus' car pulls into the large, empty parking lot. Then
through large cargo doors.

INT. ABANDONED CANDY FACTORY/SHIPPING BAY

Magnus exits the car, and with his gun he prods Terry and
Stacy out of the car too.

Mark and BOBBY, 30's, greet them. Mark slings a shotgun over
his shoulder as his hawks a loogy.

MARK
Lookie what we got here--

Magnus cuts Mark off.

MAGNUS

Quit your pathetic show of virility. You're more a chimp than a man.

(re: Bobby)

Who is this equally inadequate ape?

Mark's disposition changes to a more subservient one.

MARK

Ah. It's Bobby. He's my aunt's third cousin's, twice removed, adopted son--or some shit like that.

Bobby with a goofy smile and salute.

BOBBY

Hi ya.

Magnus shoots Bobby square between the eyes. Bobby's eyes fix inwards/cross-eyed onto the bullet hole in his forehead for a beat before he keels over dead.

MARK

Jesus fuck, Magnus! Why did you shoot Bobby for?

MAGNUS

I'm sick of your fucking family. Clearly he was mentally undeveloped.

MARK

But you can't just go killing 'em all!

MAGNUS

Mark, how's your arm?

Mark feels his arm.

MARK

A little soar still. I might need to change the bandage--

Magnus shoots Mark in the chest twice. Mark spins then slumps to the ground. Blood pools around his body.

Magnus steps to Marks body.

MAGNUS

You are a useless twat.

Magnus turns to see Terry and Stacy cowering together by the car. Magnus sighs.

MAGNUS (CONT'D)

Well that was a bit cathartic, I must admit. Being in law enforcement, you just can't get use to criminal scum.

He waves his gun.

MAGNUS (CONT'D)

Come on. This way.

INT. ABANDONED CANDY FACTORY - VESTIBULE - MOMENTS LATER

Magnus unlocks and opens one of the many doors. Inside is a Ben and Suze in their underwear, tied to a chair, gagged and blindfolded. They shake at the sound of the door opening but their bonds limit them to do little more than that.

MAGNUS

These two are a hand full. I honestly don't know where I found the Zen within me not to kill them. It's their vigor I respect, their brio.

Magnus slams the door shut again and locks it up.

MAGNUS (CONT'D)

You on the other hand Mr. Stockholm. Your vigor is as potent as those hair growth placebos you consume like candy.

Magnus jabs the two of them with the barrel of his gun.

MAGNUS (CONT'D)

Let's go.

HALL/JANITOR'S CLOSET

It's bare and a small space.

STACY

You gonna tie and gag us too?

MAGNUS

Honestly I'm tired, princess. It's been a long fucking night. So probably not.

TERRY

I have a thing about confined spaces.

Magnus shoves Terry into the closet. Magnus then stares at Stacy. After a beat she steps into the closet too.

MAGNUS

If I were you two. I suggest you take this opportunity to enjoy each other's company. You only have a few hours left. So make the most of it.

TERRY

I don't like what that implies.

MAGNUS

Perhaps the problem lies more in how you infer than in what I'm implying... then again, maybe not.

TERRY

Wait!

Magnus slams the door on them and locks it. Then bends down and places a grenade on one side of the door, then slips a fishing wire through the safety ring and then fastens the wire to the other side of the door. Creating a booby trap, if they open the door it goes BOOM.

INT. JANITOR'S CLOSET

It's dark. Stacy and Terry listen as Magnus walks off. His footsteps become fainter and fainter till a door slams shut somewhere in the distance and then nothing.

Terry can't see all that well.

TERRY

Hey, Stacy, where are you?

STACY

On the floor.

TERRY

Oh.

Terry trips on Stacy's feet as he fumbles onto the ground.

STACY

You're not gonna start freaking out
are you?

TERRY

No... It's hard to see just how
small it is in here so that helps.
I just hope the air doesn't run out
anytime soon.

Terry breathes heavy. Every inhale and exhale louder than the
last.

STACY

Terry!

TERRY

(hyperventilating)
Yeah?

STACY

Breathe normal.

TERRY

(hyperventilating)
I'll... try...

Terry then goes silent.

STACY

Thank you.

Terry's head then slumps onto Stacy's shoulder.

STACY (CONT'D)

Terry?... Terry?

Terry is passed out on top Stacy.

STACY (CONT'D)

(between her teeth)
For realz!?!

EXT. ABANDONED CANDY FACTORY

Magnus' car peels out the dock doors and onto the road.

INT. GOVERNMENT BUILDING/BASEMENT - NIGHT

It's dim, the lights are sparse. It's quiet and eerie.

Magnus walks down a tight, low ceiling, concrete corridor until he comes upon a door, cramped with boxes all around. A plate on the door reads: "FDA: Regional Office"

Magnus enters.

FDA OFFICE

A small crowded space, a make-shift office that was once a storage room.

CSO Investigator PETER PANOVKA, 40's, a man of small stature of 4'2", in a wife-beater. Counts off as his does sit-ups.

PETER

Sixty-eight... sixty-nine...
seventy.

Peter stops. He's sweaty, he's breath heavy. He turns to Magnus who closes the door behind him. Peter wipes his brow with a towel.

PETER (CONT'D)

Well did you finally get it?

Magnus holds up the memory stick.

MAGNUS

It is in our grasp.

PETER

Not without a shit storm of a mess
that you made, all willy-nilly.

MAGNUS

But it effectuated results, didn't
it?

PETER

It effectuated a god-damn stick up
my ass.

Peter sits at his desk. His name plate has been vandalized. The letters "OVKA" of his last name has been blacked out so the name reads: "PETER PAN_____".

MAGNUS

(re: name plate)

Who was responsible for that?

PETER

Some idiot from the FBI. We're a
god-damn joke, Magnus.

(MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)

We're up there with the V.A. for being the butt-end of 'em for god-sakes.

Magnus hands over the memory stick to Peter.

MAGNUS

It won't matter soon enough. Our payday has come.

Peter gets up to take the memory stick.

PETER

A lot of dead bodies.

MAGNUS

A lot of money.

Peter sits down again. His legs not quite reaching the floor.

PETER

Why did you have to kill that Becky girl?

Magnus sits on the corner of the desk.

MAGNUS

I didn't. We were just following her to get the memory stick. And she, being a foolish girl, was texting while driving. She almost hit another car, swerved and flipped her car into the ditch. She didn't have her seat belt on either. I took her phone to see who she was trying to reach.

PETER

Oh. Well that's tragic.

Peter plugs the memory stick into the computer. He clicks on the folder, but his face furrows.

PETER (CONT'D)

What in Saint Peter is this?

Magnus cranes around to see what Peter is talking about.

VIDEO PLAYER

A "FITNESS INSTRUCTOR", 30's, hard body and shirtless. Comes on screen.

FITNESS INSTRUCTOR

Hi, I'm Chet. And I want to welcome you to "Work out for your balls. Let's keep them hanging healthy."

The title graphic comes on screen of the same name.

Video pulls back to reveal a completely naked Chet save for socks and cross-trainers.

FITNESS INSTRUCTOR/CHET

Your testicles are often the most overlooked part of the man's body for exercise and their health often neglected. Those two glands that reside at the back of your penis and in the scrotum are what manufactures sperm and other important hormones. So I'm here to show you some exercises that will keep your testicles nice and healthy.

A YOUNG WOMAN ASSISTANT, 20's, Enters frame with a wide smile. She is in tight spandex workout clothes.

CHET

For our first exercise you will need a partner to assist you.

Chet nods to his assistant.

CHET (CONT'D)

This exercise involves both your testicles and your penis. Now if you are capable, hold your breath for two minuets while you squeeze your PC muscle. That's the support muscle that stops the flow of urine. While you have your partner gently pull down on your scrotum.

The Assistant takes hold of Chet's scrotum and still with a presenting smile pulls down. Chet continues.

CHET (CONT'D)

Now it's best to warm your scrotum beforehand with hot water.

Peter and Magnus are perplexed yet intrigued and engaged by the video -- then Peter turns off the player.

PETER

What the fuck is this? Where's the data?

Magnus swings around, he clicks through the folder. There are nothing but more of these videos.

MAGNUS

That sunnofabitch! That son...of..a...bitch!

Magnus runs his hand through his hair. He then notices a clump of hair in his palm.

Magnus' face goes white. He squeals like a baby.

MAGNUS (CONT'D)

That son...of...a...bitch.

Magnus finds a chair to sit in, without taking his eyes of his strands of hair in his hand.

PETER

You fuck up. Now what? Huh? What about the others?

MAGNUS

I'm going to kill that cop.

PETER

You're going to kill a cop? You're the one that should be put down out of respect to idiots across the globe. What about the others?

MAGNUS

They're takin care of. Once they demolish that candy factory in the morning, we won't have to worry about them a moment more.

PETER

You think they're not going to check to see if the building is clear before blowing it up! Magnus, you better handle this personally.

MAGNUS

But the demolition.

PETER

You know what your problem is? You think you're fucking smarter than you really are.

(MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)

I knew this was going to blow up in my face. I knew I shouldn't have involved you. But you were the only one stupid enough to go along with this cockamamie scheme of mine. It was suppose to be a simple exchange!

Peter slumps in his chair.

PETER (CONT'D)

No. No. Maybe it's me that's the real idiot here. Either way you have to clean up your own fucking messes. So go and take care of it.

Magnus and Peter stare at each other for long beat. Then Magnus places the hair in his palm back onto his head.

MAGNUS

This is not over.

Magnus leaves.

Peter picks up his phone.

PETER

(into phone)

Detective Lancaster, please.

(beat)

Hi, Detective Lancaster, I think I can be of some help to you. You can find Magnus Magnusson down by the old candy factory. I'm worried that your suspicions are correct.

(beat)

Of course. It's my pleasure to help. I'm just sadden to hear that even the FDA is not immune to such corruption.

(beat)

Peter gives a polite chuckle.

PETER (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Yes you could say that even we have some bad apples. Keep me posted. Good luck detective.

Peter hangs up but just as he slams the phone down. Magnus bursts back into the room his gun aimed at Peter. Peter looks up surprised.

MAGNUS
You two-faced, perfidious shrimp.

PETER
I resent the name calling from the
likes of you.

Magnus fires. BANG! BANG! BANG!

Peter flies back into his chair dead.

Magnus talks to the life-less Peter.

MAGNUS
Who's the obtuse one now? You
homunculus, bottom feeding,
cockalorum.

Magnus runs his hand through his hair again. More hair
gathers in clumps in his hand.

Magnus screams to the heavens with rage, clenching his
fists...

MAGNUS (CONT'D)
Nooooooooooooooooo!

INT. ABANDONED CANDY FACTORY/JANITOR'S CLOSET

Terry jolts awake.

TERRY
Oh god!

Stacy is working on the door, trying to jimmy it open. But
she's has no luck.

TERRY (CONT'D)
Why didn't you wake me? I could
have helped.

Stacy breaks from her efforts somewhat exhausted.

STACY
I tried. Several times. But every
time I touched you, you would start
crying.

Terry feels his wet cheeks.

TERRY
(to himself)
Goddamnit.

Stacy lean back against the wall again.

STACY

You seem like you've got some real issues, huh.

TERRY

Got ninety-nine problems and being trapped in here doesn't even scratch the surface.

There's a moment of silence between them.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Can I ask you a question?

STACY

I won't stop you.

TERRY

When you look at me. How many summers do you think I have left?

STACY

Sorry Terry, but that's a stupid question to ask in our current position.

TERRY

No. I mean when you first saw me, on that date with Becky. You probably had some kind of calculations.

STACY

Weeelll. When I first saw you. I guess I thought... ten summers.

TERRY

What of?

STACY

What of what?

TERRY

What do I die from?

STACY

I don't know, it's just a stupid game.

TERRY

But you thought of something. I know you did. How do you think I would kick it?

STACY

I guess... I guess- I took one look at you and the first thing I thought was you'd go out in a murder slash suicide of some sort.

TERRY

Jesus.

STACY

I'm sorry. It's just a stupid game. It means nothing.

TERRY

Jesus.

STACY

I'm sorry.

A long silence. Then Terry breaks it.

TERRY

Do you want to know what I always dream about?

STACY

Okay. Yeah. Sure.

TERRY

I'm five years old and I'm playing in the park. I'm in a sand pit making a sand castles or something. It's the brightest day ever. The sky is the clearest blue. My mother and father sit on a bench close by. We are the only three people in the whole world. My parents and I. I just know we're the only three souls anywhere. My parents aren't doing anything in particular; they're just quietly staring off into space in opposite directions. Then for some reason I start crying. Just balling my eyes out. I know that my crying is going to upset them so I try my best to stop. But I can't, the harder I try the harder and louder the crying gets.

(MORE)

TERRY (CONT'D)

I'm wailing and balling and screeching. My cheeks are soaked my eyes red. My mother, she finally just gets up, a blank expression on her face; void of all emotions as she always is. And she just walks off, far away from us. I knew that she was leaving us for good. My father's face it becomes red and strained with an eruption of anger, insanity, murder in his eyes... My mother is a fading ghost in the distance until she just disappears completely. My father stares at me. I know he blames me. And I'm still crying. I can't stop. His mouth opens wide, unnaturally wide, like some kind of serpent snake about to swallow its prey. And a river of blood flows from it. The blood pours into the sandbox, mixing with the sand, making it into some sort of red quicksand. I begin sinking. I cry out to my father, grasping at anything to stop from drowning in the sand pit. Blood continues to flow from my father, more and more until I'm nearly completely under... Then I wake up...

STACY

Jesus.

TERRY

Natalie use to like me telling her that dream.

STACY

Who the fuck is Natalie?

Terry looks to Stacy.

TERRY

Nobody. Nobody important. I think my life is meaningless. I don't want it to be meaningless. I'm just not stupid enough to believe in fairy tales, nor am I smart enough to reconcile my own mortality.

Stacy wraps her arms around Terry, hugging him.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Why are you hugging me?

STACY

You need it.

They stay like this for a while in silence. Then Stacy pulls away from Terry.

STACY (CONT'D)

Look, the way I see it, you've got two ways to look at it. One: you can come to terms with the fact that death is a part of life, yes, even yours. Make peace with it and learn to enjoy the here and now for as long as you can. Or... two: allow that fear of death drive you so bat-shit crazy and mad to the point where you're life is so miserable that eventually you'll just want to die. Which quality of life would you prefer?

TERRY

In our current situation I'm more concerned about our quantity of life at the moment.

Terry looks away. Silent. Stacy nods in agreement. Then changes the subject.

STACY

You wanna know something about me?

TERRY

Sure.

STACY

I only like to watch black comedies. Not, like, a Woody Allen films. But, like, "black" comedies. Like "Next Friday" or Tyler Perry films, those kind. They're only kind of movies I'll watch.

Terry and Stacy laugh a little.

TERRY

I never thought Woody Allan to be "Dark" Comedy... But that's a fairly particular genre' for a white girl to only watch.

STACY

I was pretty much raised by my nanny. She was black.

TERRY
(mockingly)
Really?

Stacy pauses, she thinks a moment about what she has just said. Then she giggles a little in embarrassment.

STACY
Okay, that may have sounded a bit ignorant. But Abalene was like family. I loved watching "Big Mama's House" with her-- sometimes that's all we did. She had such a big laugh.

Stacy SIGHS...

STACY (CONT'D)
You know, you have families that laugh together around the dinner table, those who yell at each other at the dinner table and those who just sit in silence eating their peas and carrots.

TERRY
Which were you?

STACY
My family never ate at the dinner table. Never really in the same room long enough to slurp clam chowder. Sometimes I swear my parents were phantoms. Characters in a bed time story Abalene would tell me before I fell asleep.

TERRY
Yeah. I know what it's like. I wasn't raised by a nanny, but I know what it's like.

STACY
You know what you learn when you eat alone?

TERRY
What?

STACY
Just how much it sucks.

Terry touches Stacy's arm.

TERRY
Are you lonely?

STACY
Me? No. I've got a boyfriend.

TERRY
(dejected)
Oh.

Terry pulls his hand away. They just sit in silence again for a few beats-- Then an anxious Terry stands up.

TERRY (CONT'D)
I think it's time we get the fuck
out of here.

Terry rams, shoulder first into the door. It doesn't break but his shoulder sure feels like it did.

TERRY (CONT'D)
God almighty! Ouch.

Stacy gets up.

STACY
Let's try together.

They both fling their body weight against the door. It doesn't budge-- then Stacy stops for a moment.

TERRY
Sonofabitch! Ouch

STACY
Do you hear that?

TERRY
What?

A BARKING is faintly heard.

TERRY (CONT'D)
Holy shit. Is that? No.

The BARKING becomes louder and louder. It's Cujo. He sniffs at the doors.

HALL

Cujo stops at the door that Ben and Suze are locked behind.

At the base of the door is a grenade tied to a string. A booby trap set to explode if the door is opened.

Cujo scratches at the door and BARKS a few times. Cujo nearly scratches at the trigger string when he hears Terry call out to him from behind his door.

TERRY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Come here boy. C'mon boy. Come here.

Cujo looks down the hall to where Terry calls out from.

Then Stacy WHISTLES. Cujo runs to their door.

Cujo comes up to the door Terry and Stacy are behind. And sniff at another grenade booby trap put into place set to go off if the door is opened.

JANITOR'S CLOSET

From the slit under the door, Cujo's snout sniffs at them.

Terry turns to Stacy.

TERRY (CONT'D)
Okay, now what?

STACY
I dunno.

Terry then talks to Cujo.

TERRY
Go get help boy. Go on. Go get help.

Cujo scratches at the door and BARKS.

TERRY (CONT'D)
Go on boy. Go get help! Go!

Cujo BARKS and then takes off back down the hall, his clawed paws CLACK against the floor until they a faint and then finally gone.

TERRY (CONT'D)
Do you think it'll work.

Stacy shrugs.

STACY
Lets keep trying the door anyway.

They both slam against the door again.

HALL

The door shakes at the force of Terry and Stacy hitting it. It moves again. A bar keeps the door locked down.

BAM! the door rattles again, millimeters from setting off the booby-trapped door frame.

EXT. ABANDONED CANDY FACTORY

The first signs of day break are glowing red, yellow and purple hues on the horizon.

A work truck pulls into the abandoned parking lot. And out from the driver's seat hops Ernesto.

ERNESTO

Okay amigos. Let's blow some shiiiiit up.

His crew hops out. And starts pulling detonation gear, dynamite, etc, from the truck.

INT. JANITOR'S CLOSET

Terry and Stacy slam their bodies against the door with little result. They take a moment for a breather.

TERRY

This fucking door. This God damn fucking door.

CANDY FACTORY/PRODUCTION FLOOR

Ernesto straps dynamite to columns as he listens to his mp3 player.

ERNESTO

(singing along)

"Hit me baby one more time"

JANITOR'S CLOSET

Stacy and Terry take a breather, both are exhausted.

STACY

Look. If we get out of here. I want you to know that I would totally like to hang out with you sometime.

TERRY

Yeah?

STACY

Yeah.

Terry runs at the door with all his might. BANG. THUD.

TERRY

AHHHRGGG! Son-of-a-cuntballs.

HALL

Ernesto continues to place dynamite while singing along with his mp3.

ERNESTO

"Ooops I did it again. I played--"

BANG.

Ernesto stops. He pulls the ear bud from his ear and pauses to listen.

BANG.

Echoes down the corridors.

ERNESTO (CONT'D)

Felipe? Luis?

BANG.

Ernesto follows the origins of the banging.

JANITOR'S CLOSET

Terry crashes into the door once again with a thud. He stumbles backwards, the wind knocked out of him.

TERRY

We're doomed. This is it. We're never getting out of here. This is how it all ends for me. I've failed. I've failed in life!

STACY

Let's ease it on the dramatics, it's not an attractive attribute. Especially in a time like this.

TERRY

I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

STACY

Let's try the both of us again.

Then a voice calls from the other side of the door.

ERNESTO (O.S.)

Hello.

Terry jumps up.

TERRY

Hello. Help us!

HALL

Ernesto looks at the steel door. It's got a cross bar and heavy duty lock on it. Along with the booby trap grande.

ERNESTO

You're locked in.

STACY (O.S.)

We know!

ERNESTO

Also, the door is rigged to exploded if you open it.

TERRY (O.S.)

That we did not know.

ERNESTO

I'll be right back. Stay there.
I'll be back in a jippy.

JANITOR'S CLOSET

Stacy hugs Terry.

STACY

Holy fuck, thank god. Thank. God.

TERRY

I can't believe it.

HALL

Ernesto returns with giant bolt cutters.

ERNESTO

It'll be one moment.

Ernesto snaps the lock. It drops to the floor. Then he cuts the wire attached to the grenade. And raises the cross bar to open the door.

Terry grasps for air as he and Stacy climb out of the closet.

Ernesto and Terry look at each other in surprise.

ERNESTO (CONT'D)
Mr. Stockholm?

TERRY
Ernesto?

ERNESTO
My lord, how Jesus has guided me to you, Mr. Terry, so I can do his work and save your life in order to save your soul too. Plus also I feel kinda bad about taking down your fence, so this makes up for it, yes?

TERRY
Sure, Ernesto. Sound great to me. What are you doing here?

Terry looks at the pile of dynamite on the floor.

ERNESTO
I was going to blow the shit out of this place. "Kaaboom".

TERRY
Oh. So that's what he meant.

ERNESTO
Who?

Terry then runs down the hall to where Ben and Suze is locked in and gagged. He waves to Ernesto.

TERRY
We need to open this one too.

Ernesto brings his bolt cutters and removes the lock and wire trap. Terry opens the door.

Stacy and Terry untie Ben and Suze. Ben gives a grand smile as he sees who it is.

BEN
My fucking hero. I wouldn't have thought the day would have come that you, Mr. Weirdo, next-door, ten-second wing-wang ringer himself would be saving my ass.

TERRY
Yeah. Well, you're welcome.

Suze wraps her arms around Terry's neck.

SUZE

Thank you, thank you, thank you.

She kisses him on the cheek.

SUZE (CONT'D)

I'm so going to give you a handy.

BEN

Babe. What the fuck? He's your nephew.

Suze unwraps herself from Terry and wipes the tears of joy from her cheeks.

SUZE

I was only fucking with him, Babe. It's an inside joke. An expression.

STACY

Yeah, well. Can we get outta here, please.

Ernesto points in one of the directions.

ERNESTO

I think it's this way.

They all head in that direction.

CARGO BAY

The five of them halt in shock as they stumble on to Cujo gnawing on one side of the dead Mark's face. Cujo chomping on the human flesh and blood. Tearing the muscle from the bone.

BEN

Jeeesus!

TERRY

I think he's got the taste for human flesh now. There's no going back from that.

BEN

Cujo. Stop it boy!

Cujo GROWLS as he tears another piece of flesh.

ERNESTO

That dog is the pet of Diablo now.

Sirens blare in the distance.

BEN

The five-0 are here.

Magnus appears, out of nowhere, behind Stacy and grabs her placing a gun to her head.

Everyone jumps back, surprised by the sudden attack.

Large chunks of hair have completely fallen out of Magnus' head creating a hap-hazard, patchiness of hair and baldness.

Stacy struggles a little trying to free herself.

MAGNUS

Quit it, princess.

Hair falls from Magnus' head and onto Stacy.

STACY

Are you sheading on me?

MAGNUS

Quiet!

BEN

What the fuck happened to your head, man? Your barber have a seizure?

MAGNUS

You really think this is the time for jokes, son? While I have a gun to this pretty head?

BEN

Well, it ain't like I know her that well. So maybe I'm not taking it as serious as I should.

TERRY

Shut the fuck up, Ben!

Magnus points his gun at Terry. Then gestures to his balding head.

MAGNUS

Terry, Terry, Terry... I guess we're bald brothers now my friend. How can you stand living like this.

(reciting)

"A pointless blip in an endless eternity of time.

(MORE)

MAGNUS (CONT'D)

So practically nonexistent, and within only a few generations will be surely forgotten. Life is not a gift, it's a curse. Being pulled into this miracle of being alive, which is not the norm mind you, only to have it taken away again is a cruel thing. I won the golden ticket, but not to any chocolate factory, to hell itself. Crying coming into this world and you'll be crying going out."

Terry is frozen. He swallows a large gulp of dry spit.

TERRY

That's from one of my blogs.

MAGNUS

I do my research, son. Horribly written, an absolute travesty. Even to an illiterate nation of web-mongers.

Terry swallows another hard gulp of dry spit.

TERRY

Okay. Look. Take me as your hostage, or whatever. Let Stacy go. I'll go in her place.

MAGNUS

Your pathetic life is my last chance at a good deed. To end your misery for you, Terry. To do what you can not. That will be my last good deed in this ungrateful world.

TERRY

I'm not certain my life is all that miserable. I mean, this is not a great time for me, granted but--

MAGNUS

Are you switching places...or...?

Terry after a moment forces his leg to step forward. Then the other. Sweat beads on his brow. He takes another step forward. Then forces another one.

Everyone watches at the painfully slow progression.

Then Magnus shuffles to Terry instead.

MAGNUS (CONT'D)
Let's speed this up a little.

Magnus now close to Terry, releases Stacy and grabs hold of Terry as his hostage.

Everyone else distances themselves farther from Magnus and Terry, including the now free Stacy.

Magnus raises his gun to them again.

MAGNUS (CONT'D)
Ah Ah Ahh. Not too far.

All stop in place.

MAGNUS (CONT'D)
(to Terry)
You ever notice that bravery and
brevity are similar sounding words.

TERRY
No.

MAGNUS
It's suiting really. Bravery is
usually short-lived.

More hair fall, some on Terry's face.

TERRY
What did happen to your thick, full
head of hair?

MAGNUS
Alopecia. I had it as a child. Now,
because of all this fucking stress,
it seems to have come back. My
strength, and power fleeting. My
life is over, and so is yours.

Lancaster, Duncan and other UNIFORMED POLICE OFFICERS enter the cargo bay their guns drawn and aimed at Magnus.

Magnus brings his gun to Terry's head, now using him as a human shield.

DETECTIVE LANCASTER
Drop the gun Magnus.

MAGNUS
Ahh. You finally showed up
Detective Scrotum McBalls.

OFFICER DUNCAN

That's not his name, Magnus.

DETECTIVE LANCASTER

Yeah. I think he knows that,
Duncan.

MAGNUS

Yes. I fucking know that's not his
God damn name!- You robbed me you
mother fucker!

Magnus aims his gun at Lancaster and fires.

BANG.

The bullet goes through Lancaster's upper leg.

Terry faints. His dead weight is too much for Magnus to hold
onto. Terry drops to the ground. Exposing Magnus.

The police fire their weapons, riddling Magnus with bullets.

Magnus flies back and hits the ground, blood gushes out of
his chest and abdomina.

Officer Chessnutt drags the unconscious Terry away from
Magnus to safety. Stacy goes to his side.

The other officers surround Magnus. Their guns aimed on him.

Duncan kicks Magnus' gun away.

Lancaster hobbles over with his wounded leg.

Magnus is still barely alive, coughs up blood.

DETECTIVE LANCASTER

You only got me in the leg. You son
of a bitch.

MAGNUS

(his dying breath)

I was... aim...ing... for...
your... ballllls...

And Magnus dies.

DETECTIVE LANCASTER

You should of aimed a little lower.

More SIRENS echo in the background.

Stacy hovers over the passed out Terry. She places her hand over his forehead, petting it gently.

Terry then opens his eyes coming too.

STACY

Hi.

TERRY

Hi.

STACY

(mockingly)

It amazes me how calm you can be in these high-tense, life threatening situations.

Terry looks around him a bit, getting his bearings. Magnus' dead body not too far from him. He then looks to where he is, lying on the ground.

TERRY

You know, I think I might just be a little too calm and cool in these type of situations.

Stacy laughs a little, and Terry smiles.

EXT. ABANDONED CANDY FACTORY -- PARKING LOT - NIGHT (LATER)

An ambulance caring Magnusson's body drives off, so do some other patrol cars.

Terry sits in the back end of an ambulance with Stacy, both have blankets around them. Then Lancaster, hobbles up to them, on a crutch, his leg bandaged.

DETECTIVE LANCASTER

Alright, everything is in order. Thanks for the statements. You're free to go.

Terry stands up.

TERRY

That's it. Back to normal?

DETECTIVE LANCASTER

I don't know what normal is for you. But yeah, I guess so.

A PARAMEDIC, 30s, comes around back and nudges Stacy up and off from sitting in the back. She a little confused.

TERRY

So what happened to the memory stick -- the cure for baldness?

Lancaster adjusts his tissue in his nostril.

DETECTIVE LANCASTER

Well, there never was one. Just an audio recording of her meeting with Magnus Magnusson. And Some encrypted files, which we decod and turned out to be the schematics of the DeLorean car.

TERRY

So... I nearly died for something that doesn't even exist.

The paramedic closes the back doors of the ambulance. Then takes the blanket from around Stacy, who has to give it up.

DETECTIVE LANCASTER

Yep. Pretty much. Sometimes people do die over nothing. Look, we don't believe Becky was the sole brains behind the scheme to sell a fake formula. We think that Dr. Louis may have been the spearhead on the scam. And when he died of a cardiac arrest during a drugged induced psychotic frenzy which he strangled two prostitutes. Becky was left alone. She was scared and she needed help and was over her head. So she reached out to you.

TERRY

But I wasn't who she thought I was.

The Paramedic then takes the blanket from around Terry, who gives him a WTF look. The paramedic is dead pan.

DETECTIVE LANCASTER

No one ever is who they say they are. That's what makes my job annoying. Stay out of trouble.

Lancaster leaves. The paramedic bangs on the ambulance, hops in and it takes off, kicking up dust as it does.

Terry looks at Stacy.

STACY

How are we getting home?

Terry runs after the hobbling Lancaster, yelling after him...

TERRY

Hey! Hey! Hey!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. TERRY'S HOUSE - DAY

A nice white picket fence lines Terry's front yard. Ernesto is on the last few fence post painting them white.

SUPERIMPOSE: "One Year Later"

TERRY (V.O.)

Another year gone, and one more year closer to oblivion. What have I gleaned from my life-threatening ordeal, what nugget of wisdom, what higher understanding did I extrapolate from that dance with the devil and his bitch, death?

INT. TERRY'S HOUSE - GUEST BEDROOM

TERRY

Looks down at something...

TERRY (V.O.)

Fuck if I know, I'm still just trying to cling onto the hope of immortality for as long as I can. Fend off the nothingness and hopelessness with my spark of light, coddling it so it won't go out...

...Terry plays with a NEW BORN CHILD on the guest bed.

The baby giggles with delight and wonderment.

TERRY (V.O.)

Pass on my thin hair, pasty skin, and general fear of everything to some after-market version of myself before I bugger off into the end...

Suze then walks in the bedroom and picks up the child.

SUZE

Thanks for looking after him while
I had to piss like a motha-fucker.
(to the baby)
Say bye to your cousin, Max.

Suze waves Max's chubby little hand bye to Terry.

TERRY

So you're really going on this trip
with Ben.

SUZE

Yes Tare, Ben is supper psyched
about his "My Open Carry Jesus"
book tour. And I'm getting a sweet-
ass three month vacation out of it.
Just our little family traveling
all across the country. It's going
to be balls.

TERRY

I didn't even know Ben knew how to
write.

SUZE

Meh, it's a children's book. Who
can't write one of those. He's a
better drawer than writer though.
The man knows how to draw dicks and
vages like he was Da Vinci or
somethin'.

Suze kisses a very perplexed Terry on the cheek.

SUZE (CONT'D)

Bye, Tare-Bear. Give that sweet
cheeky chick Stacy my love.

Suze leaves. Terry looks out the window

TERRY'S P.O.V. - BEN'S WINNEBAGO

Ben's giant Winnebago. Whistles. Cujo comes running to meet
him. He then looks up and spots Terry. Ben gives Terry the
middle finger.

BACK TO SCENE:

Terry returns the middle finger salute.

Terry's P.O.V

Ben laughs. Then Suze joins him. Ben picks up his son high in the air with glee on his face.

STACY (O.S.)
You going to miss your aunt?

BACK TO SCENE

Terry turns around to see a very pregnant Stacy.

TERRY
Fuck no. It's hard to believe those two could produce something so adorable and innocent.

STACY
Stranger things have happened--
Oooo...Ohh.

Stacy sits on the bed. Terry ogles her with his eyes.

TERRY (V.O.)
I'm still not sure about God. Or an afterlife. Nope. What I'm left with for certain is this one and only life, as brief and volatile as it may be. But that woman right there. That beautiful creature for which angels themselves were moulded after. She's the one I want to spend my one and only life with.

She places her hand to her stomach.

STACY
Shit, he's moving. Like, a lot. I think he's performing an exorcism in there or something.

Terry puts his hand on Stacy's stomach. Feels the movement. The grandest smile spreads across his face.

TERRY (V.O.)
And in there is something remarkable, something meaningful. Yes sir, yes ma'am we are all going to return to the big sleep, kick up our feet and slip back into the empty void of nothingness evermore, and there's nothing we can do about that shitty fact.

(MORE)

TERRY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

And although our deaths might just end up being meaningless. It doesn't mean our lives have to be. Maybe, just maybe, if I'm going to have a snowball's chance in hell at immortality... it might just lie in the love I leave behind.

Terry leans over and kisses Stacy's pregnant belly. Then kisses her.

THE END.