CUTTING ROOM FLOOR

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BLACK.

DOCTOR MARX (V.O.) Action. That's what they want...

FADE IN:

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

A microwave counts down from twenty eight seconds.

A gasp.

CONNOR, late thirty's, pale with dark circles under his eyes, steadies himself against the counter. He gulps down some water from the tap.

The microwave counts down from twenty two seconds.

Connor wipes his mouth, rubs his tired eyes.

CONNOR Starting again, huh?

A knife and fork are in the sink.

The microwave counts down from eighteen seconds.

Connor grabs the knife and fork, focusing on the knife. He turns his attention to the microwave, noticing his reflection in it.

CONNOR (CONT'D) Ugh, you're getting old...

He drums the cutlery on the counter, takes a quick look at his surroundings.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

Nice place.

He checks the watch on his left wrist, the hands tick away. Turning his hand over, a scar runs down his forearm to his wrist.

The microwave beeps.

Connor opens the microwave; A piece of bloody steak on a plate. He looks around the kitchen.

CONNOR (CONT'D) Really? No severed heads? Nothing? He removes the plate and studies it closely.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

Thrilling.

Connor places the plate down on the counter and cuts the steak into tiny pieces with the knife and fork.

INT. CAR - DAY

Connor sits behind the wheel. He blinks several times, disoriented. He shakes his head, clearing cobwebs.

CONNOR Could of at least let me try the steak.

He grabs a half-full water bottle from the cup holder and drinks. He tosses the bottle into backseat full of empties.

CONNOR (CONT'D) Fuck this. I'm hungry.

He opens the car door...

INT. CAR - DAY

Connor sits behind the wheel, the door closed. He groans and grabs an unopened water bottle from the front seat.

CONNOR Okay, okay. I don't eat. I get it.

He unscrews the cap and drinks.

Turning the key in the ignition, the engine falters and dies.

CONNOR (CONT'D) Oh here we go...

INT. CAB - DAY

A CAB DRIVER looks in the rearview mirror.

CAB DRIVER I'm starting to feel like I'm your chauffeur.

Connor is in the backseat holding his stomach, sick.

CAB DRIVER (CONT'D) Still get motion sickness, huh?

CONNOR Yeah, still.

CAB DRIVER Well try to relax, you oxymoron. I may find a home for you yet.

CONNOR Where are you taking me?

CAB DRIVER I have an idea.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Connor looks up from his coffee, surveying the shop. He swallows dryly, takes a sip of coffee.

A YOUNG WOMAN, early twenties, sits across from him at the table.

YOUNG WOMAN Are you even paying attention to me right now?

Connor stares at her blankly.

CONNOR Uh, yeah sorry. I just... have a lot on my mind.

The Young Woman scoffs.

#### YOUNG WOMAN

Don't make me laugh. I know you. If you're mind isn't on sex then it isn't on anything at all.

CONNOR

I mean, I don't know. Sounds like me, I guess.

# YOUNG WOMAN

Like I appreciate you taking me out somewhere for once instead of just using me for a booty call, but a little meaningful conversation wouldn't hurt, you know? Some maturity from someone older than me isn't asking too much. Connor and the Young Woman stare at each other for a moment.

YOUNG WOMAN (CONT'D) So, you hungry or...?

CONNOR

I could eat.

YOUNG WOMAN You're paying right?

CONNOR

I assume so.

YOUNG WOMAN What does that mean?

CONNOR It means I probably will but most likely I won't know about it.

The Young Women studies Connor, taking a sip of her coffee.

YOUNG WOMAN You're still confusing as ever. And FYI, you look like you should be in some crack house somewhere staring out the window all paro with those dark circles under your eyes.

CONNOR That's quite the assessment.

YOUNG WOMAN I'm just saying. You should prob see a doctor for real though. You look brutal.

CONNOR

Thanks.

YOUNG WOMAN Have you been sleeping? You know I read online that if you don't- -

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Connor is on top of the Young Woman, moving back and forth quickly, sweat dripping from his face. He looks around for a moment, getting his bearings.

The Young Woman screams with pleasure.

YOUNG WOMAN Fuck me harder!

CONNOR

Shut up.

YOUNG WOMAN Make me! Choke me!

Connor stops and turns her around, doggy style. He takes a second to catch his breath.

CONNOR Got any water? I'm dying here.

YOUNG WOMAN Are you serious right now? Just keep going.

CONNOR Okay, just... don't get too vulgar.

YOUNG WOMAN

What?

CONNOR It's gonna end quick if you keep screaming like that.

YOUNG WOMAN Oh, you can't hold out for me anymore?

CONNOR That's not what I meant...

YOUNG WOMAN Then shut up and go.

Connor grits his teeth and thrusts into the Young Woman violently.

YOUNG WOMAN (CONT'D) Yeah, just like that! Harder!

CONNOR Quiet, I want to finish.

YOUNG WOMAN Fuck me just like that!

Connor closes his eyes tight, concentrating, sweat dripping.

Don't...

The Young Woman screams.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Connor sits up on his bed, different clothes on, not sweating. He slams his fist down on the bed.

## CONNOR

Fuck.

He grabs a bottle of water from the bedside table, takes a drink. He spots a pad of Post-It notes on the table.

A handwritten note reads. 'Dr. Marx tomorrow... right now'.

INT. CAB - DAY

Connor doubles over in the backseat and swallows hard like he's trying to hold something down.

The Cab Driver looks in the rearview, shakes his head.

CAB DRIVER Well, not exactly right now. Please don't vomit in here.

CONNOR Why can't you just leave me alone for awhile?

The Cab Driver sighs.

CAB DRIVER I don't know about you sometimes...

CONNOR Are we almost there?

The Cab Driver looks at the road ahead and speeds up.

CAB DRIVER I know a shortcut.

INT. WAITING ROOM - DAY

Connor sways on his feet. Steadying himself, he notices a paper cup full of water in his hand. He drinks.

Empty chairs fill the waiting room.

A RECEPTIONIST is reading a book at her desk.

Connor approaches.

CONNOR I have an appointment with doctor Marx.

The Receptionist doesn't take her eyes off her book, bored.

RECEPTIONIST Doctor Marx is losing patience with you.

CONNOR

Excuse me?

The Receptionist looks up from her book.

RECEPTIONIST That was a joke.

CONNOR

Oh.

RECEPTIONIST You can have a seat.

CONNOR

No point really, I'll be seeing him in a few seconds. Unless... you have something else you want to tell me maybe? Something important that I'll reference later?

The Receptionist goes back to her book.

RECEPTIONIST There's plenty of magazines to read.

CONNOR Yeah, didn't think so.

RECEPTIONIST Stand if you like but you could be waiting a long time.

CONNOR I doubt it the way this is going... INT. OFFICE - DAY

Connor opens his eyes. He is seated on a leather couch. He looks around the office, taking it in.

DOCTOR MARX, early fifty's, sits crossed legged on a chair across from Connor. He has a note pad in his lap.

DOCTOR MARX Water is front of you.

Connor grabs the glass of water off the table and drinks.

DOCTOR MARX (CONT'D) So how's things going so far?

CONNOR What do you mean?

Doctor Marx stares at him, waiting.

CONNOR (CONT'D) Well I mean, it's a frustrating start. Obviously.

DOCTOR MARX Anything new is frustrating. There's a learning curve to everything.

CONNOR I'm just not really seeing the point to this yet.

DOCTOR MARX Let me worry about that. In the mean time, give it some time to get yourself emotionally invested. How's your sex life?

Connor flashes Doctor Marx an annoyed look.

Doctor Marx chuckles to himself. He holds up a hand defensively.

DOCTOR MARX (CONT'D) Sorry, I couldn't resist.

CONNOR It would be nice if I got to finish every once in awhile. DOCTOR MARX You know that's not how it works, Connor.

#### CONNOR

It could. If it's done right.

### DOCTOR MARX

It's not about that anymore. People don't want to see you having that kind of... how should I put this... boisterous sex, for too long. It gets awkward for them.

## CONNOR

It's fine for someone alone though. Most times.

# DOCTOR MARX

People, a person... two entirely different entities. We aren't trying to create something for a person. It's people we want.

### CONNOR

Yeah yeah, I know the drill. Look, there's been something I want to talk to you about.

DOCTOR MARX That's what I'm here for. Go on.

#### CONNOR

The whole sleep issue. You know, outside this office...

Doctor Marx shakes his head, frustrated.

CONNOR (CONT'D) I know it's pointless to discuss but- -

DOCTOR MARX We can't fix that issue. You need to stop asking.

CONNOR I'm exhausted all the time. I can't think straight.

DOCTOR MARX You're not supposed to think straight. Learning *curve*, remember? (MORE) DOCTOR MARX (CONT'D) Besides, you can catch up on your sleep here.

CONNOR It's not enough. There's got to be a way to work in some time for me to rest out there.

## DOCTOR MARX

Let me ask you this... Would you want to watch someone sleep for 8 hours straight?

## CONNOR

No.

## DOCTOR MARX

Well...

Conner sits back on the couch, brooding.

DOCTOR MARX (CONT'D) It's boring, Connor. Boring is your enemy, remember? No one wants to watch the everyday minutiae of life unfold. The devil really is in the details for you. You need to find God.

## CONNOR

Find God... And what is God, exactly? Other than dog spelled backwards.

DOCTOR MARX God is what people want.

Connor considers this.

A clock ticks.

CONNOR What about what I want?

DOCTOR MARX It doesn't really matter what you want, now does it? You're not here for that. That's not your job.

CONNOR If it's a job I should at least be getting paid.

#### DOCTOR MARX

You do. In a way. And you're richer than most for it. But you're also very numb to it. Now whether that's your fault or not is another issue entirely. Besides, what use is money to you?

## CONNOR

It's not about the money. It's about being appreciated.

DOCTOR MARX You're here, aren't you? That's appreciation enough.

Connor looks at the scar running from his forearm to his wrist.

DOCTOR MARX (CONT'D) Hazards of a work in progress, I'm afraid.

## CONNOR

This scar... I was just wondering about it... You think it was it done out of anger... or sadness?

DOCTOR MARX What's the difference?

### CONNOR

Could be important. You know, later on.

DOCTOR MARX Let's get back to what we were talking about last time.

CONNOR I didn't know there was a last time...

DOCTOR MARX Don't play games with me, Connor. I'm trying to help.

Connor drops his eyes to the floor.

Doctor Marx looks down at his note pad.

DOCTOR MARX (CONT'D) I want to talk about your whole time travel theory more in depth.

#### CONNOR

What about it?

## DOCTOR MARX

During our last session you said that you felt like you have the ability to travel through time. I want you to expand on that.

### CONNOR

Well, isn't that kind of what I do?

## DOCTOR MARX

Technically, I suppose. I just... never heard it described in such a way. It got me thinking.

#### CONNOR

Honestly, I was just trying to come up with another way for me to get some sleep. If an idea is interesting to people, you can get away with almost anything.

# DOCTOR MARX

But for how long? People have very limited attention spans nowadays.

#### CONNOR

I'd settle for a cat nap at this point. But I think in a way, everyone time travels.

### DOCTOR MARX

How so?

## CONNOR Everyone sleeps.

Doctor Marx nods his head slowly.

#### DOCTOR MARX

So you believe sleep is a form of time travelling?

# CONNOR

Why not? People lay down, go to sleep at night, next thing they know, it's morning. Has time passed? Yeah. But have they felt that time pass? No. Never the full extent of it anyway.

## DOCTOR MARX

Fascinating that you believe you can perceive what other people feel. But let's explore this. If sleep is time travelling then what are dreams?

Connor looks down at his empty glass on the table, moisture running down the sides.

CONNOR I guess... their interpretation of the wormhole? I don't know.

DOCTOR MARX So you're saying people *do* perceive time when they sleep...

CONNOR Not fully consciously, no.

DOCTOR MARX What's the difference?

CONNOR Consciousness is everything, isn't it?

DOCTOR MARX If a tree falls in the woods...

Connor rolls his eyes.

CONNOR

Come on.

DOCTOR MARX Truth is perception, plain and simple. And perception is inherently warped in different ways between different people. There is no universal consciousness.

Connor shakes his head and chuckles to himself.

DOCTOR MARX (CONT'D) What's funny?

CONNOR It's just... there's no way I could have a conversation like this outside of this office. DOCTOR MARX What makes you say that?

CONNOR I know the routine. I'd be somewhere else before I knew it.

Doctor Marx smiles.

DOCTOR MARX Well, good thing the rules you know don't apply here. But I think you underestimate people and what they might want from you.

CONNOR People is a generalization, Mr. Universal consciousness...

Doctor Marx laughes.

DOCTOR MARX Well, some people.

CONNOR Some isn't enough.

DOCTOR MARX You're right. Forgive me.

CONNOR Got to give people what they want. God, not the Devil.

DOCTOR MARX I'm glad you're staying on track.

CONNOR Well it's either get on the train or get run over by it. Not much of a choice.

DOCTOR MARX But a choice nonetheless. I'm just trying to keep you pointed in the right direction. That's my job.

Connor nods his head, he blinks slowly, tiredly.

Doctor Marx looks at the clock on the wall. He stands up.

DOCTOR MARX (CONT'D) Alright look, get some sleep, you look like you need it. (MORE) DOCTOR MARX (CONT'D) When you wake up I'll have Linda bring you some food.

CONNOR

Who's Linda?

DOCTOR MARX My receptionist.

CONNOR So that's her name...

DOCTOR MARX You never asked her name?

CONNOR Never there long enough for it to matter.

Doctor Marx nods to himself, makes a quick note on his note pad.

DOCTOR MARX That seems to be a recurring issue with you and the women you meet. But we'll delve into that next time.

CONNOR

Next time...

Doctor Marx opens the door to leave, he stops, looks back at Connor, studying him.

Connor lies down on the couch, settling in. He closes his eyes.

CONNOR (CONT'D) You know, I just wish sometimes I could stay in one place that I really enjoy. Not have to worry about it ending. That would be nice to do. Just once.

DOCTOR MARX Then take your own advice and give people what they want.

Connor opens his eyes.

CONNOR What do they want?

#### DOCTOR MARX

Action. That's what they want. A distraction in the form of entertainment. That's about as universal as it gets. You just have to find out what makes people tick.

Doctor Marx shuts the door.

Connor settles back into the couch, his eyes closing.

A clock ticks.

INT. GUN SHOP - DAY

Connor gasps, steadying himself. He looks around at the various guns mounted on the walls and in display cases. He chuckles to himself, rubs his eyes.

## CONNOR

Typical.

A CLERK glares at Connor from behind the counter.

CLERK Somethin' I can help ya with, sir?

Connor licks his dry lips and approaches the counter.

CONNOR I guess I want to buy a gun.

CLERK Not quite simple as that these days. Need a license first. Got to fill out some paperwork- -

CONNOR It will be that simple for me. Trust me.

The Clerk stares back blankly.

CONNOR (CONT'D) Watch how easy it is. It's a cool little trick. Ready?

CLERK

Sir?

Connor clears his throat.

INT. CAR - DAY

Connor blinks his eyes rapidly and lets his hands fall from the steering wheel. He looks at a handgun on the passenger seat, a box of ammunition beside it.

#### CONNOR

Ta da.

He grabs a bottle of water from the cup holder and unscrews the cap...

INT. SHOOTING RANGE LOBBY - DAY

Connor sways on his feet, steadying himself against a glass divider. He swallows dryly, looks around, spots a coke machine in the corner, heads toward it.

## CONNOR

This is a real waste of time.

Just beyond the glass several SHOOTERS fire at stationary targets.

Connor digs around in his pocket for some change. Leafing through the coins, his left hand shakes slightly.

He gets a coke from the machine and drinks; a muddled gunshot forcing his attention to the shooting range beyond the glass.

INT. SHOOTING RANGE - DAY

Connor, wearing protective eye and hearing equipment, fires a wild, unbalanced shot into an adjacent target. He looks down at the handgun gripped in both hands. His left arm is shaking.

A fellow SHOOTER beside him laughs.

SHOOTER Well, nobody's perfect.

Connor looks up at the Shooter, confused.

The Shooter points to Connor's target; The target has multiple bullet holes dead center.

SHOOTER (CONT'D) I was calling you nobody for awhile though. Least I know you're human.

CONNOR And making a mistake confirms that for you?

The Shooter grins, lines up his next shot.

SHOOTER My Mother told me once that I was a mistake. But hey, I'm still here aren't I? Doing okay. Sometimes you owe your life to a mistake...

Connor looks down at his trembling left hand, it shakes violently. He grips it tight and closes his eyes in pain. He falls to the floor in a heap, unconscious.

The Shooter is frozen in place; the bullet from his gun suspended mid-air.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CAB - NIGHT

The Cab Driver looks in the rearview, driving slowly.

In the backseat, a FEMALE, good looking, mid twenties, adjusts her glasses on her face.

CAB DRIVER I have the feeling that you're not just another pretty face.

The Female flashes a sly grin.

FEMALE Whatever would give you that idea?

CAB DRIVER No clue. So, first thing's first... What's your name?

FEMALE You don't know my name?

CAB DRIVER Not yet. But I'll think of it.

FEMALE Can't be that difficult. CAB DRIVER Everything is difficult when you care.

The Female nods to herself.

FEMALE So where are you taking me?

CAB DRIVER I have an idea. Just bear with me, I have to wrap up some loose ends first. Mind if I drop you off just up here?

FEMALE As long as you don't forget about me.

The Cab Driver smiles.

CAB DRIVER Not possible.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

A house under the stars.

A taxi cab stops in front of the house.

A NEIGHBOR with a scar on his face is frozen in place on his driveway, empty garbage can in hand.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Connor is lying on the floor, asleep. He sits up suddenly, looks around, startled. He looks down at his left arm, the scar now runs from his wrist all the way up his arm.

A cell phone rings on the bedside table.

Connor takes a seat on the bed, picks up the cell phone. The screen reads, 'Unknown Number'. He answers.

CONNOR Who is this?

CAB DRIVER (V.O.) It's your favorite chauffeur. This is your wake up call.

CONNOR Was I sleeping?

CAB DRIVER (V.O.) More of a nap really.

Connor notices his watch on the bedside table, the hands have stopped moving.

CONNOR How is that possible?

CAB DRIVER (V.O.) I just don't think this is really working out.

CONNOR

What?

CAB DRIVER (V.O.) You heard me.

CONNOR I don't understand.

CAB DRIVER (V.O.) That's how it works.

CONNOR

And I'm just supposed to go along for the ride like always, right?

CAB DRIVER (V.O.) It's for your own good. I feel like I'm losing control of this.

CONNOR Maybe you never had control to begin with.

CAB DRIVER (V.O.) I always have control. If I don't then there's no control to be had.

Connor spits into a nearby waste bin.

CONNOR Why am I not thirsty?

The Cab Driver exhales a deep breath.

CAB DRIVER (V.O.) I'm going to wrap this up shortly. I just thought I'd let you know.

CONNOR Or you could give me more time to see where this goes...

CAB DRIVER (V.O.) This was never meant to be a longterm thing. More of an exercise really.

CONNOR Why are you telling me this?

CAB DRIVER (V.O.) Maybe I feel like I owe you that much.

CONNOR You don't owe me anything.

CAB DRIVER (V.O.) I owe you more than you know, Connor.

Connor shakes his head.

CONNOR I don't even want to know what that means.

CAB DRIVER (V.O.) And because I'm responsible for your successes and failures, I feel I have to set you free.

CONNOR Set me free...

CAB DRIVER (V.O.) The only way I know how. Are you ready?

CONNOR For what exactly?

CAB DRIVER (V.O.) To end this.

CONNOR No. I'm not. At all. I was just getting started. CAB DRIVER (V.O.) Well, freedom is rarely a choice. And sometimes it's offered to you before you're ready.

CONNOR I don't under--

INT. CAB - NIGHT

Connor blinks his eyes rapidly. He is seated in the backseat, the gun in his right hand. He looks sick.

The Cab Driver stares at Connor in the rearview, driving fast.

CAB DRIVER

See?

CONNOR So what happens now?

CAB DRIVER Now... you shoot me.

Connor slowly looks down at the gun in his right hand.

CAB DRIVER (CONT'D) Don't listen to the doubt in your head. That's just me. My own self preservation acting up. Ignore it. Just shoot me and you will feel better, I promise.

CONNOR I'm not gonna shoot you.

CAB DRIVER We'll see about that.

INT. CAB - NIGHT

Connor sways in the backseat. He steadies himself against the window and groans.

The Cab Driver looks at Connor in the rearview.

CAB DRIVER Shoot me. You won't miss. I made sure you're one hell of a shot. No.

CAB DRIVER Suit yourself.

INT. CAB - NIGHT

Connor falls sideways in the backseat, he holds his stomach, his eyes shut tight in pain.

The Cab Driver looks through the rearview.

CAB DRIVER I can do this all night. It's not going to get any better for you.

CONNOR Stop. Just wait a minute...

CAB DRIVER I don't have a minute. Someone's waiting.

INT. CAB - NIGHT

Connor collapses and dry heaves in the backseat. The Cab Driver watches with no emotion.

CAB DRIVER

You know what I'm thinking right now? I'm thinking, God, I'm so glad I didn't let you eat that steak. You see, you didn't miss eating that steak by accident. It wasn't a "mistake". There was meaning there, you just didn't see it yet. I'm clever like that. With words. Now just shoot me and end this because I just get more annoying with time.

Connor drops the gun on the floor. The Cab Driver sighs.

INT. CAB - NIGHT

Connor coughs up blood on the backseat.

## Stop... Please...

The Cab Driver stares out the front windshield.

CAB DRIVER I don't like this anymore than you do. Just pick up the gun.

#### CONNOR

Okay... okay...

Connor slowly reaches to the floor and picks up the kitchen knife.

The Cab Driver looks in the rearview, confused. He slams on the brakes.

CAB DRIVER Where did you get that? That doesn't belong here.

Connor slowly sits upright and wipes the blood from his mouth. He studies the knife in his hand.

CAB DRIVER (CONT'D) Where's the gun?

Connor locks eyes with the Cab Driver in the rearview mirror.

CAB DRIVER (CONT'D)

No.

INT. CAB - NIGHT

Connor quickly lunges forward and grips the Cab Driver's hair with his left hand, pulling the head back. He holds the knife to the Cab Driver's throat.

> CAB DRIVER Wait. I made a mistake. I can fix this.

CONNOR No, you can't. Not anymore.

The Cab Driver closes his eyes, concentrating.

CONNOR (CONT'D) Don't bother. I'm in control now. Not you. Now it's your turn to have a scar... The Cab Driver's face relaxes, he laughs softly.

CAB DRIVER You know, even after all this time, I'm still not sure if you're any good. And if you're not good, then what does that say about me?

CONNOR I don't care. Take me home. Now. This isn't over.

CAB DRIVER It was over before it began. But if you want to know why I cut you short Conner, if you really want to know the cold hard truth, I'll tell you.

Connor brings the blade closer to the Cab Driver's throat.

CAB DRIVER (CONT'D) It's because I'm working on something better than you could ever be. You're just a warm up, you hear me? A fucking microwavable meal. Live with that.

Connor grits his teeth and slices the Cab Driver's throat.

An empty driver's seat.

Connor looks at the knife, clean of blood. He sits back, breathing heavily. He looks out the windows, considers something. He opens the door and leaves the cab.

WE FOLLOW.

Connor moves to the sidewalk, knife in hand.

Various PEDESTRIANS are frozen in place; Scars are visible on the face/arms/legs of every one of them.

Connor stands still, waiting. He sits down on the sidewalk, waiting.

A Dog passes by amongst the many unmoving legs, it's tail wagging. It disappears into the night.

Connor stands and moves passed the frozen Pedestrians and into an alleyway.

WE FOLLOW.

An overhead light flickers briefly, catching Connor's attention.

DOCTOR MARX (0.S.) I guess God doesn't matter anymore.

Connor turns around to face Doctor Marx.

Doctor Marx takes a few steps closer, his face illuminated by the flickering light.

DOCTOR MARX (CONT'D) I don't want you to feel responsible for this. It was my fault the way things turned out.

Connor grips the knife tightly in his hand, his jaw set firm.

DOCTOR MARX (CONT'D) I overestimated your importance this time around. I gave hope where there was none. For that, I apologize.

CONNOR It's not fair to end it this soon. I have potential.

DOCTOR MARX

I know, Con'.

CONNOR I could of made this work.

DOCTOR MARX

This kind of thing happens all the time. It's no one's fault really. Everyone involved starts out with the best of intentions. It's just sometimes you need to see how it plays out before you make the ultimate decision.

CONNOR You could of fought for this.

DOCTOR MARX Believe me, I did.

CONNOR But you gave up.

Doctor Marx lowers his head for a moment. He sighs.

### DOCTOR MARX

All those people that you passed on the sidewalk to get here? The ones frozen in time? They all thought they were worth fighting for too. They all thought they were the ones. But in reality? They are nothing but empty shells. Just the forgotten remnants of a once promising idea.

Connor shakes his head defiantly.

## CONNOR

I'm not them. I'll never be them.

## DOCTOR MARX

This is where you belong now, Con'. And I call you Con because that's what you are. A con. It's just the way it is. You were never intended to be anything but what you are. So in a way, you are unique and you are different from them, because you never had a chance to begin with. You're just... one big metaphor for their failure. A scene left on the cutting room floor. That's all you are. That's all you were ever designed be.

Doctor Marx looks at the flickering light then up into the night sky. He exhales a deep breath.

DOCTOR MARX (CONT'D) Get used to the darkness of night, because you will never see the light of day.

Connor's eyes well up with tears.

Doctor Marx tilts his head to the side, curious.

DOCTOR MARX (CONT'D) Are those tears of anger... or sadness?

Connor smiles, a tear rolls down his cheek.

CONNOR What's the difference?

Doctor Marx smiles.

## DOCTOR MARX

You know, you do have a choice. You can stay here. This is your world, after all. It always was. It's not exactly the freedom you had in mind, but it's freedom nonetheless.

CONNOR I'm not staying in this place.

DOCTOR MARX Careful, Connor. Pride is a dangerous thing.

Connor touches the tip of the knife to his scar on his left forearm.

CONNOR It's not pride. It's determination. Determination to be something better. And I will be, I can promise you that.

In the distance, somewhere, a train rattles along its tracks.

Doctor Marx looks at the knife, then back to Connor. He nods.

DOCTOR MARX Very well. I guess then... there's really only one thing left to do...

# CONNOR

And what's that?

Connor tightens his grip on the knife, pressing it deeper into his skin, drawing blood. He stares at Doctor Marx, waiting... waiting...

DOCTOR MARX (O.S.)

Cut.

CUT TO BLACK.