VIVA MATRYOSHKA

(Live The Nesting Doll)

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FADE IN:

INT. DETENTION ROOM - DAY

The walls are gray and plain. Not much has changed since Norman Bates was incarcerated.

DOCTOR HYPNASTY (QUINN 30) sits in a straight back chair at a table in the middle of the room.

His raven black hair and his goatee suggest a sinister, doctoral appearance. The enigmatic Quinn focuses on a fly landing on a tape recorder set on the table. A Mexican Matryoshka (Nesting Doll) is next to it.

The fly BUZZES and lands on his hand. -- He does not flinch or move.

HALL

A DETECTIVE (50) carries two coffees. A POLICE WOMAN snaps her fingers in his face.

POLICE WOMAN

Making sure he hasn't hypnotized you.

POLICE DETECTIVE

He IS making me sleepy.

DETENTION ROOM

The Detective sets both cups on the table.

Unlike Psycho, the fly is smashed dead on the table. The Detective inspects the fly and the emotionless Quinn. With a quick flick of his index finger, the fly is discarded to the floor.

DETECTIVE

Shall we start the show over.

Quinn sips the coffee as the Detective flips on the recorder.

QUINN

The curtain came up before I even took the stage. Seemed I had the starring role of the ruse.

INT. QUINN'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

QUINN (V.O.)

It started on Manhunt.

Quinn clicks on profiles of nude men.

DETECTIVE (V.O.)

The dating site? -- Like Christian Mingle?

QUINN (V.O.)

If Peter was blowing Paul. I was horny, cruising profiles.

An adorable photo of a bare-chested, sandy-haired twenty-five year old hugging an acoustic guitar clicks to screen.

The profile name is PHIL OAKS.

DETECTIVE (V.O.)

Can you spell Oaks? Like the tree?

QUINN (V.O.)

Doesn't matter. -- It's fictitious.

A message box pops open on the computer from Phil. It reads...

PHTT

(types)

Can you hypnotize me?

QUINN (V.O.)

That night, I was hypnotized into a compelling, dangerous murder-mystery of seduction and make-believe.

Quinn answers while typing on the computer.

QUINN (CONT'D)

(typing)

Yes, I'm not making it up. I'm a professional hypnotist and perform at the Gold Coast. The popular and award winning Doctor Hypnasty Show - the X-Rated Hypnotist"

PHIL

(types)

Really?

QUINN

(types)

Partly correct. I perform, but award winning and popular are lies.

PHIL

(types)

I'm sure you are being modest. You are probably amazing.

QUINN

(types)

I'm entertaining... and a doctor. I do self-improvement, stop smoking, weight loss hypnosis too.

PHIL

(types)

Ever practice regressive hypnosis?

QUINN (V.O.)

That should have been the red flag, but he is so adorable.

DETECTIVE (V.O.)

What is "regressive?"

QUINN (V.O.)

It is a form of psycho-analysis which helps a person relive and discover repressed experiences and memories.

Quinn studies his question and types a response.

QUINN (CONT'D)

(types)

Never. However, always willing to try new experiences. Wink. LOL

PHIL

(types)

Want to meet?

QUINN

(types)

Yes!!

PHIL

(types)

Meet me at First Friday tomorrow night.

DETECTIVE (V.O.)

First Friday?

QUINN (V.O.)

The art and music festival every first-friday of the month downtown.

Quinn quick-glances at a pile of coupons on his desk.

QUINN (CONT'D)

(typing)

Sure. I was planning to go. Handing out 2-1 tickets for my show.

PHIL

(types)

How can I find you? - What will you be wearing?

QUINN

(types)

A cape and top hat of course. Look more like Doctor Jekyll than Mr Hyde. LOL

PHIL

(types)

We'll see you there.

EXT. FIRST FRIDAY - NIGHT

Hip LOCALS revel in a 2013 Bohemian street carnival of art, music, and food.

Quinn is dressed in his stage persona of Dr. Hypnasty, wearing a black cape and top hat. He hands out coupon leaflets to those reluctantly to take them. Most folks accept with feigning interest as others drop it or rudely crumble it.

He leans next to a beer stand and orders one with his finger since the rock band is playing loudly.

A chubby cherub in a too thigh-high mini skirt saunters up to him with her fourth beer. DOLLY (22) leans into him with a drunken, seductive smile.

DOLLY

Are you a performance artist?

OUINN

(shakes his head)

I do perform. I'm a hypnotist.

(MORE)

QUINN (CONT'D)

I have a show off the strip at the Gold Coast.

He hands her a coupon.

QUINN (CONT'D)

Two-for-one to the Dr. Hypnasty Show.

DOLLY

"X-Rated?" -- I could use a doctor like you.

Quinn gets his beer and takes a sip.

DOLLY (CONT'D)

Do you show cock?

Quinn chokes it down.

DOLLY (CONT'D)

Your show? -- How X? Soft or hard?

QUINN

Usual "T" and "A." I found tourists don't like dick.

DOLLY

Too bad. I love cock. I could use some tonight. -- Lost my job.

She takes a big gulp of beer.

QUINN

Sorry.

DOLLY

Fired my fat-ass cuz it didn't fit in the cocktail toga. Fuck, it's the Pompeii Palace not Caesars. Are you planning on going home with someone tonight?

QUINN

Waiting on somebody.

DOTITIY

Me too. He's a folksinger, musician. (nods over at the band) He's performing a couple of songs with them. -- He is into dudes.

Suddenly, the Partiers part allowing an aisle of asphalt carpet for a queen-saint of sorts.

DYMPHNA (25) struts thru dressed in a crazy combination of Janis, Stevie, and Madonna. Everybody greets her and celebrates her arrival.

Quinn is entranced by her.

DOLLY (CONT'D)

Aw shit. -- There goes my night.

QUINN

Who is she?

Dymphna manuevers closer, stopping occasionally to greet an artist.

DOLLY

Saint Dymphna. -- Unfortunately, the WRONG person I was waiting for.

Dymphna's eyes fixate on Quinn. She bee-lines it over to Dolly and Quinn.

She stands before Quinn with a wicked smile. -- Her eyes burning with mischief.

DYMPHNA

You must be the Mighty Quinn.

Quinn studies Dymphna's LARGE FEET, his MANLY HANDS, and finally the protruding ADAM'S APPLE. -- Dymphna is a dude. She is Phil.

DYMPHNA (CONT'D)

You aren't an Eskimo.

DOLLY

(to Dymphna)

Where's Phil? -- He was performing tonight.

DYMPHNA

He's so acoustic. Tired of his droning basic folk chords. (to Quinn) He said you are a doctor too?

OUINN

Stage persona, Dr. Hypnasty. A hypnotist-comedian.

DYMPHNA

(giggles)

That is funny.

She rips the coupon from his hand and reads it. She smiles and stuffs it next to her heart in her bra.

BAND LEADER (O.S.)

(in microphone)

There was a guest to perform an original acoustic set tonight, but it appears the sister of rock showed up tonight. Maybe Saint Dymphna will grace us with a song instead.

AUDIENCE claps and cat-calls to Dymphna.

DYMPHNA

(to Quinn)

Phil apologizes. -- Till we meet again Doctor. Adieu.

She spins to the stage. A LOCAL lifts her to the stage. She greets the Band Leader with a whisper in his ear.

He nods to his BAND MATES.

The Band explode into the Black Sabbath song, "Paranoid."

Dymphna commands the stage like Patti Smith, grabbing the mic with biting anger.

DYMPHNA (CONT'D)

(singing)

Finished with my woman 'cause she couldn't help me with my mind people think I'm insane because I am frowning all the time All day long I think of things but nothing seems to satisfy Think I'll lose my mind if I don't find something to pacify.

The Audience swells as Quinn views the musical onslaught.

DYMPHNA (CONT'D)

(singing)

Can you help me occupy my brain? Oh yeah.

She sings the next verse directly at Quinn.

DYMPHNA (CONT'D)

(singing)

I need someone to show me the things in life that I can't find.
(MORE)

DYMPHNA (CONT'D)

I can't see the things that make true happiness, I must be blind. Make a joke and I will sigh and you will laugh and I will cry. Happiness I cannot feel and love to me is so unreal.

INT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Music from First Friday can still be heard from a distance.

A GRAFFITI ARTIST wearing a bandana over his mouth and a backpack shakes a can of spray paint. He flips on a head-lamp strapped around his baseball cap and tags walls as he goes along. A dog barks a few hundred feet down the alley and is pulled away with a quick yelp.

The Artist tosses an empty can into a trash bin and cleans debris from his next canvass wall. He bends down to remove a large cardboard box. His head-lamp lights a...

BLOODY, NAKED DEAD BODY OF A TEENAGE BOY.

He falls back in horror as his paint can rolls down the asphalt.

INT. DETENTION ROOM - NIGHT

Quinn sips coffee as the Detective writes notes.

DETECTIVE

That was the night of the first murder. -- You were watching the band the whole time?

Quinn nods.

QUINN

Until bout ten. I had a new routine I was preparing for the next night. I needed to get up early the next day. The show was already dangling by a stage rope and my head was in the noose.

INT. DR. HYPNASTY SHOWROOM - DAY

A hunky ACTOR (BRICE 23) and a sexy ACTRESS (22) wait on chairs on a rundown, third-rate stage. Brice reads his phone as the Actress adjusts her large breasts in her pop-up bra.

BRICE

The boy was fifteen. -- He was rapped.

ACTRESS

That's some twisted shit.

Quinn joins them with a pair of thin scripts.

QUINN

Revised the script just a bit.

BRICE

(nervous reading the script)

There is one thing I worry about. I'm not really sure I can, you know, hard-on.

The Actress tosses her head in frustration.

BRICE (CONT'D)

(to Actress)

Nothing against you. -- You are hot. Just, just, you know? Boner problems.

QUINN

Erectile dysfunction.

He pulls out a dildo from a prop box and hands it to him.

QUINN (CONT'D)

I can help you with that. A few hypnosis sessions and you can rise at "hello."

The Brice sniffs the dildo.

ACTRESS

Gross.

QUINN

Only a prop. -- A stage prop.

INT. DR. HYPNASTY SHOWROOM - LATER

There is a sparse AUDIENCE waiting for the show to begin.

A retired ELDERLY COUPLE (60) sips dinky drinks.

ELDERLY MAN

We have juice glasses bigger than this. -- We could have stayed in Omaha and gone to the Elks club. Could have saved a couple hundred bucks. Fuckin Wizard of Oz slots. You had to keep playing until you made the Emerald City. (shaking his head) Your brother's oom-pa-pa band would be more entertaining than this.

ELDER WOMAN

Tickets were free with the room.

Suddenly, they are sharing the table with Dymphna and Dolly. The Elderly Couple are shocked by their sudden appearance.

The room dims to darkness as a film screen lowers from the ceiling above the stage.

A NUDE COUPLE ENTWINED ON A SWING GOES BACK AND FORTH LIKE A SEXUAL PENDULUM ON SCREEN.

AUDIENCE (O.S.)

Oooo... Ahhhh....

DR. HYPNASTY (V.O.)
Now FOCUS. If you're a female FOCUS
on the male. If you are a male
FOCUS on the female. If you feel
inclined FOCUS on your own gender.
ME, I like em both, so if you're a
SWINGER like me, double your
pleasure.

Embarrassed laughter peppers the audience.

Dymphna focuses on the swinging couple.

DR. HYPNASTY (V.O.) (CONT'D) Now FOCUS. Close your eyes. Feel the rhythm of the swing, swinging back and forth. Relax your body. Feel the sensation of the moment. Relax with the ebb and flow. Let your uninhibited spirit soar entwined in an awakening of love and sex.

Dympna and the Elderly Man are breathing hard, swaying in their chairs. The Elderly Lady is downright flabbergasted by her hypnotic, aroused spouse. DR. HYPNASTY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

When I count to ten you will wake with the best orgasm you have ever had. One... Two...

The volume of the deep breathing rises.

DR. HYPNASTY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Three... Four... Five...

The Elderly Man pants, almost crying in ecstacy.

A HEAVY SET WOMAN wiggles in rhythm.

HEAVY SET WOMAN

Oh, Daddy. (deep breath) Give it to me Daddy.

DR. HYPNASTY (V.O.)

Six... Seven... Eight... Nine...

Intense, animal panting captures the audience.

DR. HYPNASTY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

TEN!

LIGHTS GO ON.

AUDIENCE MEMBERS SCREAM IN ECSTACY AS OTHERS LAUGH!

Dymphna exhales from exhaustion, perspiration beads on her forehead.

The Elderly Man is crying from the pleasure as his wife wipes the spittle from his mouth.

The Heavy Set Woman is awake immersed in relaxed contentment. She straightens her clothes as her SPOUSE is straight-up proud.

HEAVY SET WOMAN

Whoa...(fanning herself) I could use a Kool right now.

ELDERLY MAN

I need a drink!

Dr. Hypnasty bounds to the stage as the projection screen disappears.

DR. HYPNASTY

Now as you witnessed, some of you are hypnotized.

(MORE)

DR. HYPNASTY (CONT'D)

Those audience members who did not, and who had spouses that did, remember they were only thinking of YOU (wink, wink) as they climaxed.

Audience laughs.

DR. HYPNASTY (CONT'D)

I know Americans don't like to admit they enjoy or have sex, but can I have the ones that did onto the stage.

Dymphna rises toward the stage before Dolly could stop her.

The Elderly Woman just misses grabbing her husband's hand as he bounds for the stage.

DR. HYPNASTY (CONT'D)

It's only imaginary sex. No one will be persecuted on this stage today. This is Vegas, not Nebraska.

The Actress and Brice take the stage with Dymphna, the Elderly Man, and the Heavy Set Woman.

DR. HYPNASTY (CONT'D)

Have a seat, don't be nervous.

All five have a seat facing the audience.

Quinn halts his routine, surprised in finding Dymphna, a hypnotized participant. He scans the audience and finds Dolly giving him a coy wave.

The Doctor flips back to his stage persona.

DR. HYPNASTY (CONT'D)

As they say, pretend all the people out there have no clothes on...AND they look mighty funny without them.

Suddenly, all five of the participants laugh hysterical as they point out into the laughing audience.

Dr, Hypnasty goes to the two beautiful actors and closes their eye lids.

DR. HYPNASTY (CONT'D)

Now, I want you two to sleep for a second.

(MORE)

DR. HYPNASTY (CONT'D) (he takes notice of the actress's breasts) Oh my Lordy, those are beautiful tits. Do you want to show them to me first?

The "supposedly" hypnotized Actress lifts up her top showing some skin. Dr. Hypnasty halts her before a nipple is seen.

DR. HYPNASTY (CONT'D)
No, no, no. It's not show and tell
yet. I think we have an
exhibitionist fellas.

MAN (O.S.)
C'mon show us your tits!

DR. HYPNASTY

(to Man)

Keep it in your pants sir. (to Actress) Now sleep.

He spins to the three actually hypnotized.

DR. HYPNASTY (CONT'D)

(to all three)

Hello.

THREE

Hello.

He closely observes Dymphna.

DR. HYPNASTY

Hmmm... Where are you all from?

ELDERLY MAN

Nebraska.

The Audience laughs.

DR. HYPNASTY

Oops... Let's NOT go there. Sir, were you born in the city of Oppression, Nebraska?

ELDERLY MAN

No, Omaha.

DR. HYPNASTY

Oh my mistake, You were born in the STATE of Oppression, the STATE of Nebraska.

Sparse laughter.

DR. HYPNASTY (CONT'D)

Now, (to Heavy Set Woman) where you from?

HEAVY SET WOMAN

New Orleans.

He mischievously glances at the Audience.

DR. HYPNASTY

I can't say it.

AUDIENCE MEMBER (O.S.)

Say it!

DR. HYPNASTY

(laughing)

Alright... But (he points to the audience member who said it) you get the jeers. (to Heavy Set Woman) Did New Orleans get their nickname from you?

She cocks her head.

DR. HYPNASTY (CONT'D)

...the BIG EASY!

The Audience BOO'S in unison.

DR. HYPNASTY (CONT'D)

(points to Audience Member)

Blame that asshole.

Audience laughs.

DR. HYPNASTY (CONT'D)

However, (to Heavy Set Woman) I heard you call out "Daddy." I bet he likes when you call him "Daddy?"

She coyly smiles.

HEAVY SET WOMAN

I do.

A huge smile enlightens her face.

DR. HYPNASTY

Nough said. (to Dymphna) Where ya from?

DYMPHNA

Las Vegas.

DR. HYPNASTY

A local, huh? (he looks closer at her) You are drop-dead gorgeous. I bet you'd make a cute dude.

DYMPHNA

I'm a woman.

Sparse laughter.

DR. HYPNASTY

How bout yesterday?

DYMPHNA

You met Phil on Manhunt.

AUDIENCE MEMBER (O.S.)

Transvestite!

DR. HYPNASTY

(to Audience)

Quiet, please.

Dr. Hypnasty kneels down studying Dymphna's smiling face to make sure she is still under hypnosis.

AUDIENCE MEMBER (O.S.)

Gonna give him a blow job?

DR. HYPNASTY

(whispering to Dymphna)
Think of a song. Think of a song
that makes you happy. Allow it to
play in your mind. Don't listen to
the audience, only to me. NEVER
listen to the audience.

The Audience is restless by the lack of entertainment.

AUDIENCE MEMBER (O.S.)

What's he doing?

ANOTHER AUDIENCE MEMBER

C'mon.

Dr. Hypnasty pats her knee and flips back to his schtick.

DR. HYPNASTY

I told her to think of a song... Yes.

(MORE)

DR. HYPNASTY (CONT'D)
I want all three (to Elderly Man,
Heavy Set Woman, and Dymphna) to
think of a song. Yes. While you sit
on the toilet, taking a massive
dump.

The Audience comes back laughing.

Dr. Hypnasty spins to his actors.

DR. HYPNASTY (CONT'D)
Now, (to actors) you all have a
change of employment. You both are
strippers and those people in the
audience have hundreds of dollars
clinched in their hands to put in
your underwear.

A Male howls (O.S.).

DR. HYPNASTY (CONT'D)
It's time to shake your money
maker. Go make some money!

Brice strips to the music.

Dr. Hypnasty focuses his attention back to Dymphna, the Elderly Man and the Heavy Set Woman.

The Man and Woman grunt like they are on a toilet.

Dymphna sings a comforting song while being frightened by those around her.

While the Audience roars approval to the strippers, Dr. Hypnasty studies Dymphna. However, Dymphna is now Phil, a boy alone and scared.

PHIL

(singing the Donovan song)
"Wear your love like heaven, wear
your love like heaven, Lord kiss me
once more fill me with song, kiss
me once more, la la la...Wear my
love like heaven..."

Dr. Hypnasty kneels down in front of Phil.

DR. HYPNASTY
Dymphna? Phil? What is wrong?

Phil trembles from fright as he tries to comfort himself in song.

PHTT

"Wear your love like heaven...Lord kiss me once more, Lord kiss me once more...fill me with song..."

DR. HYPNASTY

(grabs Phil's shoulders)
Dymphna! Phil!

The music abruptly stops. The undressed Strippers stop in confusion. Everybody focuses on Dr. Hypnasty and Phil.

DR. HYPNASTY (CONT'D)

Phil! Where are you? -- Get out.

PHIL

(crying like a child) I can't. It's locked.

DR. HYPNASTY

No Phil. There's no lock on the door. Phil, get out!

Phil convulses and speaks like an eight-year old child.

PHIL

I can't! It's always locked. Please open it. Daddy, I'm hungry. Please. Don't leave me alone. Please!

DR. HYPNASTY

(scared and nervous)

Not this time. I'm here. I unlocked the door. You're free. Nobody is going to hurt you. You are not alone.

PHIL

Daddy! He thinks I'm pretty.
Daddy?!

Dr. Hypnasty pulls Phil in a comforting hug. The wig falls off his head reveling the sandy-haired young man in the Manhunt photo. The audience GASPS.

DR. HYPNASTY

It's alright. (patting his head) You're out. Wake up. (snaps his fingers) Wake up Phil.

Phil cries into his arms.

The Audience is shocked in stunned silence.

Disoriented, lost, and alienated, the grown up Phil stares into the audience like an attraction at a carnival freak show.

Dolly comes to his aid and yanks him off stage.

Dr. Hypnasty and the Audience watch as Dolly and Phil exit from an emergency door.

The new routine was a train wreck.

EXT. ART DISTRICT - MORNING

Police cars circle the area.

QUINN (V.O.)

Next morning, the Dr. Hypnasty Show was on permanent hiatus. A retired couple from Omaha logged a complaint. However, the free time allowed me to work detective.

Quinn drives his decade old pick-up behind the police car.

QUINN (V.O.) (CONT'D) Appears we were both looking for a person of interest that day.

They pass the crime scene alley where Detectives still sniff for clues.

INT. GAINSBURG STUDIOS - DAY

Quinn asks questions of rock sculpting STUDENTS.

QUINN (V.O.)

Appears they all knew Phil and Dymphna, but it was like pulling teeth to give up any information on them.

INT. COCKROACH THEATRE - DAY

Quinn talks to ACTORS rehearsing a production.

QUINN (V.O.)

This was a tight artist community and they protect their own. Mostly given the recent circumstances of the killing. Finally...

EXT. PHOTOGRAPH STUDIO - DAY

A PHOTOGRAPHER provides directions, pointing down the street where POLICE are rousing up a HOMELESS PERSON.

QUINN (V.O.)

...found a starving artist in need of a vegetarian burrito and a monthly bus pass.

EXT. CAR REPAIR GARAGE - DAY

Quinn stands before the two-story shop with it's open garage doors. A MECHANIC confronts him with a wrench.

MECHANIC

(nods to Quinn's pickup)
What is wrong with it?

Quinn follows his gaze back to his truck.

OUINN

Nothing. (he holds up two plastic grocery bags) Looking for Phil.

MECHANIC

Do they know you?

Quinn nods.

MECHANIC (CONT'D)

Upstairs. Better not be one of those G-Men sniffing around. You may find your truck in need of repairs when you get back.

Quinn walks around the rear of the building where a flight of stairs lead up to an apartment.

QUINN (V.O.)

Who needs a guard dog when you have a car repairman with a wrench.

EXT. PHIL'S APARTMENT - DAY

Acoustic Dylan drifts out of the screen door. Quinn sniffs the air. He knocks on the door with the plastic grocery bags around his wrists.

PHIL (O.S.)

Come in. -- I just printed out the copies of your resume.

Quinn clumsily enters.

INT. PHIL'S APARTMENT - DAY

BANG! The screen door slams behind Quinn. The apartment is a Smithsonian of hip, pop culture bric-a-brac from the 1970's bean bag to the 2010 laptop on the wicker coffee table.

PHIL (O.S.)

Relax. -- I have a couple of rolled ones on the table.

There is herb and paper on the table with a couple of tight joints nearby.

Quinn falls into the bean bag and nestles for comfort. He studies the room. A Mexican version of a RUSSIAN MATRYOSHKA DOLL is next to a toy slinky and Yoda doll.

QUINN

(loud)

I don't believe you are expecting me.

Deathly silence.

Phil peeks around the corner and measuredly enters his own living space.

Phil only wears a pair of baggy dungarees. The only resemblance of Dymphna is the lavender toe polish. He picks up his protective, acoustic guitar and sits facing Quinn on the couch. They measure each other for a moment. Phil is the living embodiment of his Manhunt photo Quinn is desperately attracted to.

PHIL

(quoting the Hobbit)
"If I say he is a Burglar, a
Burglar he is, or will be when the
time comes. There is a lot more in
him than you guess, and a deal more
than he has any idea of himself.
You may all live to thank me yet."

Quinn lifts the grocery bags.

OUINN

I may not be Gandalf, but I bear
gifts. -- Peace offerings.

Quinn rolls a beer across the carpet which Phil stops with his bare foot.

He rolls the cold beer in the arch of his foot as he studies Quinn.

Phil picks it up and opens it. He takes a drink of the peace offering.

QUINN (CONT'D)

I want to apologize for the show.

PHIL

I bet I was entertaining fodder.

QUINN

Actually, you weren't. My show is on hiatus.

Phil puts on sunglasses and strums his guitar.

PHIL

I'm a real downer then.

Phil becomes aloof like a young Dylan.

Quinn notices an article on the laptop screen. "BOY MURDERED IN ART DISTRICT" reads the banner of a local news website. It appears Phil is doing his own investigation.

PHIL (CONT'D)

(sings Dylan's Quinn the Eskimo)

"Ev'rybody's building the big ships and the boats, Some are building monuments, Others, jotting down notes, Ev'rybody's in despair...
Ev'ry girl and boy, But when Quinn the Eskimo gets here, Ev'rybody's gonna jump for joy.

Phil meets Quinn eye to eye.

PHIL (CONT'D)

(singing)

"Come all without, come all within, You'll not see nothing like the mighty Quinn."

Phil puts down his guitar and swigs the beer.

QUINN

Nice voice.

PHIL

You know that will not help me.

 $\ensuremath{\mathsf{DVDs}}$ of SYBIL and THREE FACES OF EVE are popping out of one of the grocery bags.

PHIL (CONT'D)

I know what I am. Believe me, I understand the definition of a dissociative personality disorder. - We live it. We are not a charity case or lab rats for psycho-analysis. Keep your drugs, your DVD's, and your handsome hypnotic eyes away from us.

BOUNDING UPSTAIRS (O.S.)

PHIL (CONT'D)

There is more to us than meet the eye Doctor Quinn.

DOLLY (O.S.)

Huh-low!

PHTT

Beware. There are those with dangerous intentions and violent tendencies.

Dolly enters and abruptly stops upon finding Quinn rising to his feet to leave.

DOLLY

(to Quinn)

Dude! -- You are the last person I expected to see and I've seen bunches (thumbs over to Phil) in this dude.

PHTT

He was just exiting. -- Stage left.

Quinn leaves.

DOLLY

(yelling)

Liked your show.

EXT. CAR REPAIR GARAGE - DAY

Quinn encircles his truck for damage.

The Mechanic leers from the garage while slapping a wrench in his other palm.

QUINN (V.O.)

He was protecting Phil from "G" Men. Government men. Was it you guys or another government agency?

DETECTIVE (V.O.)

How does this tie into the murders?

QUINN (V.O.)

Getting to it. You, and I, will soon find more evidence than tying two strings together. It will be knotted, twisted tight.

Quinn drives away and flips on the radio to America's "Horse With No Name."

MONTAGE - Various

- A) EXT. LIBRARY DAY Quinn parks his truck at Clark County Library.
- B) INT. LIBRARY DAY Quinn is on a computer and talking with LIBRARIAN.
- C) EXT. MENTAL HEALTH DISTRICT DAY Quinn leaves the building in frustration.
- D) INT. HOSPITAL DAY A NURSE shakes her head to Quinn.
- E) EXT. NEVADA PSYCHIATRIC ASSOCIATION Quinn leaves with some pamphlets.
- F) EXT. SONIC DRIVE-IN Quinn munches on tator-tots.
- G) EXT. SOUTHERN NEVADA SOCIAL SERVICES DAY Quinn tosses his Sonic cup in a trash receptacle and enters.

END OF MONTAGE

INT. SOUTHERN NEVADA SOCIAL SERVICES - DAY

Quinn waits at a counter with a female CASEWORKER (30) who references information on a computer.

CASEWORKER

Even if I confirm the name, I can only nod "Yes." Nothing else. Privacy and security precautions.

QUINN

Please, I'm his brother and he is lost. He has MPD, Multiple Personal...

CASEWORKER

I know what it is. I work with it everyday.

A DOCTOR (65) walks behind her making the hand gesture of she "never stops talking." He searches behind the counter for something.

CASEWORKER (CONT'D)

Mostly, here in the office. (to Doctor) When are you retiring? (back to Quinn) Not here. Can't help you.

QUINN

It's Oaks. Phil...

She rudely walks away.

QUINN (CONT'D)

(trailing)

Phil Oaks.

The Doctor rises from behind the counter. Quinn notices his name badge "Ruben."

DOCTOR

I had his albums. -- When there were vinyl albums. "I Ain't Marching Anymore," "Tape From California," and "Greatest Hits."

QUINN

"Greatest Hits?" Phil Oaks?

DOCTOR

The folk singer.

QUINN

Yes. -- You know him?

DOCTOR

Sure. Was right up there with Dylan, Baez, and Seeger. Better known as a protest singer.

QUINN

Phil O-A-K-S.

DOCTOR

No O-C-H-S. He's dead. Hung himself. Some wrote he suffered from a multi-personality disorder. Had some Elvis and James Dean alter ego.

Defeat captures Quinn.

QUINN

Should have known.

DOCTOR

Deja Vu. Had this very conversation ten years back with Rosie.

Quinn studies him.

QUINN

Rosie?

DOCTOR

A Caseworker. (to Caseworker) Rosie? You remember Rosie?

CASEWORKER

She left when I started.

Another CASEWORKER 2 strolls past picking up the conversation.

CASEWORKER 2

Went to her retirement party. Family lived in the bad neighborhood behind K-Mart off North Las Vegas boulevard, but the house was best manicured on the street. Her flowers were amazing.

The Doctor turns back to Quinn, but he is long-gone.

EXT. NORTH LAS VEGAS STREET - NIGHT

Quinn drives on the street until he finds a well manicured lawn with a blooming rose garden.

EXT. ROSIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Quinn rings the door bell. -- DOG BARKS (O.S.)

ROSIE'S SON (O.S.)

Get the door before Fido breaks it down.

DOG GROWLS behind the door. -- Door opens with a pitbull lunging at Quinn.

ROSIE'S GRANDSON

(pulling back on the dog

collar)

What up?

QUINN

I'm here to talk with Rosie.

ROSIE'S GRANDSON

Grandma?

ROSIE'S SON nudge the dog and the Grandson from the door. He is a tough hombre with a beer belly of Corona.

ROSIE'S SON

What you peddling to my mom?

QUINN

I work for Social Services and have this case she used to work when she was there. Just a few minutes if she could spare it.

EXT. ROSIE'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - LATER

Under a lit patio, Quinn waits with Fido sniffing his shoes.

ROSE (67) bangs out the screen door with a cane while messaging her stiff back.

She feigns taking a cane-whack at Fido and the dog yelps into the house.

QUINN

Rosie?

ROSE

(Spanish accent)

Call me Rose. -- I'm tired of the "E."

He pulls out a patio chair for her.

QUINN

Thanks for giving me your time.

She uncomfortably sits.

ROSE

Damn arthritis. Can only prune two rose bushes a day? -- When I was younger I could do the garden in a half-day. Now it takes two weeks. Who are you?

QUINN

My name is Quinn.

ROSE

You work out of which office?

QUINN

Nellis. Ruben says, "hello." They really miss you there. They said you had a wonderful retirement party here.

Rosie beams as Quinn gains her confidence.

QUINN (CONT'D)

I have this case which I inherited which used to be in your case load.

ROSE

I had so many. So many folks were hurtin.

QUINN

You may remember Phil, Phil Ochs?

She freezes and focuses on Quinn.

ROSE

How did that case get back open? -- I closed it years ago. Did something happen to that boy? Better not.

QUINN

Umm. I don't know. That's why I'm here.

ROSE

Best thing you could do for that boy is to close it. He is safer in multiple personalities than trying to combine him into one. He has constructed a complex web of collective characters to survive.

(MORE)

ROSE (CONT'D)

Not only was he surviving, he was self-sufficient and thriving. Let that boy be.

QUINN

I wish I can, but it's the government.

She cringes from her pain as she adjusts to the seat.

ROSE

I won't be a part of it.

QUINN

I want to help him. Can you please provide me with any details that is not in the file?

ROSE

Find the murderer who did that to him. -- That's what you can do. No more! -- I'm done. Retired.

Quinn studies her painful rise.

QUINN

I can help you.

ROSE

Get back to work.

QUINN

I'm a hypnotist. -- Part-time. I can help you overcome that pain.

EXT. ROSIE'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - LATER

Rosie has her eyes closed and is breathing deeply.

QUINN

... Everything is relaxed. When you hear the snap of my fingers, you will wake and feel twenty years younger.

He snaps his fingers. Her eyes open with a changed, alive appearance.

A smile captures her face as she wiggles in the chair and touches her toes.

QUINN (CONT'D)

You have no pain. Your fingers and hand which ached so badly can now prune a palace garden.

She wiggles fingers and claps her hands together.

Quinn catches Rosie's Son peeking out the back window.

QUINN (CONT'D)

Since you are so young take me back to when you met Phil Ochs.

ROSE

Lovely boy. -- That girl thou, whoa she is a hot mess. (she grabs Quinn's arm) Stay away from Bart. -- Black Bart I called him. Mean S.O.B.

QUINN

Is that his real name?

She shakes her head.

ROSE

I can shake my head. (she twists it to the side) I'm an owl. Hoo-hoo.

OUINN

What is his real name?

She shrugs lifting her shoulders.

ROSE

Looky-here.

She lifts her arms high.

Rosie's Son slams out the back door.

ROSIE'S SON

What the hell is happing?!

Quinn leans into Rosie.

OUINN

What is Phil's real name?

ROSE

It's in the nesting doll. Under the layers upon layers of those who protect him.

QUINN

When I snap my fingers, you will wake wanting to perform a marathon.

ROSIE'S SON

Mom, what is he doing?

Quinn snaps his fingers. -- She wakes and rises to her feet. She jogs in place like an athlete. She hands her son the cane.

ROSE

(to Son)

Run with me!

Quinn rises to leave.

QUINN

She may need some lower tab tomorrow.

EXT. ART DISTRICT - NIGHT

Quinn drives the side streets.

QUINN (V.O.)

Before going home to do more research, I decided to pass Phil's.

DETECTIVE (V.O.)

Ever thought of another line of work? If you are found not to be guilty, you may have a future in law enforcement.

A Police Car, with sirens, blares past him.

QUINN (V.O.)

Ever thought of taking the stage? -- Performing stand-up?

DETECTIVE (V.O.)

Go on. Let's not ruin our moment together.

Quinn follows the police in his rear view mirror as it turns down an adjacent street.

Quinn parks his truck a short block from Phil's apartment.

He flips on his phone and texts into its search engine, "nesting doll."

A MATRYOSHKA DOLL pops on screen.

He reads a Wikipedia definition.

QUINN (V.O.)

(reading)

"Matryoshka, also known as a Russian nesting doll. The first nesting doll set was carved in 1890 by Vasily Zvy-something. Blah, blah blah...The figures inside may be either gender; smallest, innermost doll is typically a baby. The onion metaphor is of similar character. If the outer layer is peeled off an onion, a similar onion exists within."

He glances up at Phil's dark apartment.

FLASH BACK:

INT. PHIL'S APARTMENT - DAY

Beside the toy slinky and Yoda is the kitschy MEXICAN VERSION OF THE MATRYOSHKA.

KNOCK! - A WINDOW SLAP (O.S.)

FLASH BACK ENDS:

INT. ART DISTRICT - NIGHT

In the pickup, Quinn jumps from fright from the window slap.

Quinn is surprised to find Phil staring at him from outside the truck.

Quinn quickly jumps out.

QUINN

I'm sorry. -- It's not what it
appears. Really, I'm not a stalker.

Phil is dressed in a black hoody.

PHIL

Follow me.

Quinn trails Phil thru a back alley.

QUINN

Where are we going?

PHIL

Stalk together.

Phil pulls out a hand-held police scanner.

QUINN

Police scanner?

They quickly walk past an upscale high rise apartment building.

A scared RESIDENT (60) holds a dog staring down the street at flashing red and blue emergency lights.

Quinn understands the direction they are heading.

Police tape secure an empty factory building. An ambulance is parked next to the numerous police cars. BYSTANDERS watch the crime scene from afar.

Quinn turns to Phil, but he is gone. Quickly, Quinn scans the area and catches a quick glimpse of Phil jumping a fence.

Quinn chases after him.

Quinn climbs the fence and finds himself stalking down a dark alley.

A cat jumps out and scares him against a wall. Suddenly, a hand grabs his shoulder from above.

QUINN (CONT'D)

WHAT the...

Phil looks down from a window ledge.

PHIL

Shhh...Grab my hand. I'll help you up.

EXT. WAREHOUSE ROOF - MOMENTS LATER

Quinn and Phil duck behind air conditioners to the end of the building. The factory is next door with a police beacon of light coming out of broken windows almost three stories above the factory floor.

PHIL

Watch your step.

Phil jumps over the roof wall onto a catwalk between buildings. He scampers across like a tomcat.

Quinn follows, but is unsteady as he goes across.

Quinn finds Phil peeking thru the broken glass down into the crime scene.

INT. FACTORY CRIME SCENE - NIGHT

Generator lights shine on the bloody, dead body of a young teenage girl.

A CORONER studies the corpse with DETECTIVES surrounding the body. (The Detective from the first scene is one.)

CORONER

Given the blood surrounding her rectum and vagina, it is safe to surmise she was rapped in both locations. The trauma alone should have killed her, but...

He carefully pulls back the little girl's matted hair with tweezers and discovers bruises of hand marks on her neck.

CORONER (CONT'D)

...probably strangled.

FACTORY WINDOW

Quinn glances over to Phil who is spellbound by the crime scene.

Every word from the Detectives echo up to them.

DETECTIVE

What is that nasty smell?

CORONER

The body hasn't been dead long.

Detective 2 wipes shit off his feet.

DETECTIVE 2

Stepped in dog shit outside.

DETECTIVE

(to Detective 2)

Change shoes. -- Get out of here. (to Coroner) What about, you know?

The Coroner tweezers back the girl's bloody hair by the ear.

PART OF HER EAR IS RIPPED OFF.

The Detectives look away in disgust.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

There you have it. The second victim of the Nibbler. Spread out! - Find the piece of ear before a rat does.

Phil stares with far-away eyes. He feels his right ear hidden under his scruffy hair.

Quinn grabs his shoulder and Phil jumps in fright breaking a piece of glass.

FACTORY FLOOR

Glass falls and shatters on the floor.

The Detectives quickly peer up into the dark broken void of night.

INT. PHIL'S APARTMENT - LATER

Phil and Quinn enter.

QUINN

Phil, are you alright.

Phil goes straight thru the door beads into the bathroom and falls down on his knees to the toilet.

He vomits into the toilet.

Quinn stands at the entrance holding the beads apart. He notices the bathroom has no doors. -- No privacy.

Quinn wets a corner of a nearby towel and bends down wiping Phil's mouth.

Phil flicks his hand aside.

PHIL

We can do it ourselves.

Phil flushes the toilet and rises to his feet. He gains composure and faces the mirror. He gulps mouth wash and spits it out into the sink. He delicately opens a lipstick tube.

DYMPHNA

Ever since he contacted you, we have been mixed up. -- One after the other.

She applies red lipstick to her lips.

DYMPHNA (CONT'D)

You are lucky I'm here.

QUINN

Instead of Bart?

She peers at him through the mirror.

DYMPHNA

Appears someone is doing their homework.

She slowly unzips the hoody reveling nothing underneath.

QUINN

I'll go now.

Dymphna grabs a towel and tosses it over the shower curtain bar.

DYMPHNA

Phil doesn't want you to leave.

QUINN

How bout you?

She drops her pants to boxers.

Quinn stares at his body.

DYMPHNA

I want our life to get back to normal. I'll do whatever it takes.

She flips on the shower.

DYMPHNA (CONT'D)

Why don't you sleep in Phil's room tonight?

HALL

There are beads hanging as replacement doors to the bedrooms.

Quinn pokes his head in one.

DYMPHNA'S ROOM

It is decorated with crazy black light posters. Dresses and wigs dot the room.

PHIL'S ROOM

Quinn enters and finds modest living quarters. There is a large record collection and numerous instruments.

DYMPHNA SINGS IN THE SHOWER (O.S.)

Quinn snoops in the drawers and open closet.

He stands next to the bed and begins to undress.

SHOWER WATER STOPS.

He takes off his shirt and trousers.

He stands in his briefs and socks facing the entrance.

THE BATHROOM BEADS OPEN (O.S.)

He slowly takes off his socks.

PHIL'S BEDROOM BEADS slowly rattle as if somebody was breathing on them.

Quinn pulls the final sock off and glances at the bottom of the beads.

Bare feet quickly disappear from the doorway.

EXT. ART DISTRICT - 4 HOURS LATER

The streets are bare.

Paintings hang on darken gallery walls and stone sculptures are silent.

INT. PHIL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Quinn opens his eyes and listens intently to only silence.

He slowly spins his feet to the floor and quietly crosses the room.

He delicately pulls one side of the beads apart.

HALL

He enters the hall, but spins around and catches the beads before they announce his exit.

Silence.

LIVING ROOM

He tip-toes across the floor to the nested doll.

He begins to silently unscrew the outer-layer which leads to another layered person.

He unscrews this one and the wood makes a sharp creak.

He glances around for something to muffle the opening.

He drops a teardrop of spit to lube the crack and unscrews it.

Another person is inside.

Quinn becomes frustrated with the toy.

He unscrews the next and the next.

Finally, there are numerous people pieces on the table.

He unscrews the smallest one to find a small piece of paper.

BEADS RATTLE (O.S.)

He freezes in horror.

Silence.

He puts the piece of paper between his lips and begins hurriedly piecing the puzzle back together.

INT. PHIL'S LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The Matryoshka is back as one.

PHIL'S BEDROOM

Quinn inserts the piece of paper in his sock and lays quietly to bed.

A PHONOGRAPH NEEDLE strikes vinyl with a snap and crack.

Quinn is frozen in fear.

SEDUCTIVE 70's MUSIC PLAYS

A nude silhouette of Phil crosses the room and gets under the sheets next to him.

Quinn is petrified.

Phil's hand caresses the sheet covering Quinn's chest. Seductively, his hand goes under the sheet reveling Quinn's hairy chest.

Phil kisses his nipple and then his neck. Lastly, he kisses Quinn on the lips. Quinn surrenders to temptation and lustfully embraces Phil. He kisses his face and pulls back his hair to nibble on his ear. He kisses the lobe...

THE REST OF HIS EAR IS MISSING.

Quinn caresses the ear and finds it partly missing. He meets Phil eye-to-eye. Phil winks and kisses him even deeper.

INT. PHIL'S BEDROOM - MORNING

QUINN

That was fucking amazing.

Quinn's hand pats an empty side of the bed. (His face is never seen.)

He rises in the nude and walks out into the hallway.

PHIL (O.S.)

I left a clean towel on the counter.

BATHROOM

Quinn yawns and looks at his reflection in the mirror.

His face is painted in red lipstick depicting a horned devil.

On his chest is written, "DIE."

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Quinn enters fully dressed. Two toasted Pop Tarts wait for him on the plate. Phil is on the laptop.

PHIL

Made breakfast. Hope you slept well. I make my measly living writing term papers for college kids and most of the cheats are on the East Coast.

I need to get going myself. Work on getting my show back and running.

PHIL

Take them with you. -- I hope it wasn't something I said.

Quinn grabs the tarts and leaves.

QUINN

Not at all.

PHIL

I want to thank you for staying with me last night. -- I don't think I woke all night.

INT. DETENTION ROOM - NIGHT

Quinn sits in the chair watching the Detective circling him and cracking his neck.

DETECTIVE

You are telling me this Phil was missing part of an ear?

Quinn nods.

OUINN

And I knew Phil's birth name. -There is a cold case in your office
with his name on it. It is just
waiting to be thawed out like a
holiday Butterball Turkey.

DETECTIVE

What's his name?

INT. QUINN'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

Quinn unfolds the small piece of paper reveling the name.

QUINN (V.O.)

Billy Fletcher.

He Googles on a laptop at a desk.

QUINN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I felt I was starting from the beginning.

(MORE)

QUINN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

There was nothing I could find online about a crime seventeen odd years ago. And Billy, being a minor at the time, his name would not be in print.

He spins around in his desk chair.

QUINN (CONT'D)

(to himself)

Billy, Billy, Billy. You spin me right round, right round. If you are the killer, you must be stopped.

QUINN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Then it hit me.

He stops spinning and goes back to Manhunt online.

QUINN (CONT'D)

(to himself)

Back to the beginning.

There is an unread email from Phil Oaks.

QUINN (CONT'D)

(to himself)

"Can you hypnotize me?" -- "Ever practice regressive hypnosis?"
There is someone inside wanting to remember. Billy, is that you?

He mouse clicks on the mail which reads, "Would you like to go on a REAL date? Best, Phil."

DOOR BELL RINGS (O.S.)

Quinn goes to the door and leans into it.

QUINN (CONT'D)

Who's there?

BRICE (O.S.)

Doctor, it's me.

Quinn opens the door and is surprised to see Brice, the actor from his show.

BRICE (CONT'D)

Sorry, to show up unannounced, but I wanted to know, if like, you know, you'd be willing to help me out with that boner problem.

Quinn smirks.

QUINN

Sure. -- Come in.

INT. DETENTION ROOM - NIGHT

The Police Woman hands a file to the Detective.

POLICE WOMAN

So old, it was never scanned into the computer.

Quinn watches her leave.

The Detective thumbs thru reading the file.

QUINN

So, Billy wanted me to hypnotize him. I'm unsure of his, their motive. Either it was to make himself whole again? Admit to the murders? Or find the killer? (shrug) Maybe, all three. But I know it was my job to help him relive (nods to file) that fateful night. I had to carry Billy back to that bloody bathroom floor. The bludgeoning of his father, his rape, and his ear being bitten off.

DETECTIVE

How do you know this?

QUINN

I have a copy of your report in a file in my apartment. Upon researching regressive therapy it was imperative I knew some basic facts of that night. I needed details to nudge him downward into that hell.

EXT. SOUTHERN NEVADA SOCIAL SERVICES - PARKING LOT - EVENING

The Doctor unlocks his car to go home.

Quinn holds up a signed copy of an original print Bob Dylan, "Freewheelin" album.

QUINN (V.O.)

Damn case file cost me a few grand on E-Bay.

INT. QUINN'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Quinn flips over repulsive, murder color photo copies.

BILLY'S FATHER SAVAGELY BEATEN AND BLOODY ON A STAINED WEEK-BY-WEEK MOTEL ROOM FLOOR.

BLOOD STAINS ON THE BATHROOM FLOOR.

A BATH TUB MADE INTO A BED WITH GUITAR, SOILED BLANKETS, AND PILLOWS.

FAST FOOD REMAINS ARE ON THE BATHROOM SINK.

A PIECE OF LITTLE BILLY'S EAR IS NEXT TO THE TOILET.

Quinn looks away in disgust.

QUINN (V.O.)

I knew I had to help Billy find his way back. But I kept remembering what the caseworker warned.

ROSE (O.S.)

Not only was he surviving, he was self-sufficient and thriving. Let that boy be.

Quinn flips the photo to another.

A SMALL TRANSISTOR RADIO DANGLES FROM A CORD KNOTTED ON THE SHOWER CURTAIN BAR.

QUINN (V.O.)

He was kept inside the bathroom. A prisoner? Sex slave?

INT. DETENTION ROOM - NIGHT

The Detective slides over a mug shot across the tabletop to Quinn.

DETECTIVE

A photo I'm sure you didn't have access to. Maybe didn't recognize from the blood.

Quinn studies it.

Who is he?

DETECTIVE

Billy's father. -- A known card counter who was black-balled from every casino on the strip. Arrested numerous times. His work was legendary. -- Knew all the angles.

QUINN

That's why there is mention of mob connections to his killing. Revenge?

Detective shakes his head.

DETECTIVE

Explains Billy in the bathroom.

OUINN

I'm not following.

DETECTIVE

Many cases of child neglect are due to children locked or bound in a room while their parents gamble.

QUINN

Billy was sleeping in the bathtub. Food on the counter. The radio to entertain him. -- It was a child's prison cell.

DETECTIVE

That is why this Phil has no doors on his bathroom. (reading report) That is why there was a latch on the outside. -- To keep him in.

Quinn gazes off in thought.

QUINN

But why was he rapped? Mobs don't rape children.

DETECTIVE

Why three teenagers with the same M.O.? Seventeen years later? Same city where it just so happens Sybil lives a walking distance to each crime scene. At some point, didn't you snap your fingers and call the police.

Maybe I should have. -- I had suspicions, but I later found Billy didn't do it. However, I helped him find out who did.

DETECTIVE

Maybe we could have stopped the third victim? How bout you?

Quinn leans back in the chair.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

You an accomplice? -- Have you registered as a sex offender in Clark County?

Quinn studies him.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

Appears Doctor Hypnasty is very nasty indeed. You were convicted of a sex crime.

QUINN

That was when I was twenty-one in Utah. -- I met the friggin kid in a Gay Bar drinking shots. The bar never carded the kid, why should I ask for I.D. before I fucked him. That bastard kid was more adult than I was.

DETECTIVE

You took the plea deal.

QUINN

Cuz I was offered one year at county instead of five years in the Department of Corrections. -- I would have been murdered for my "so-called" crime in prison. I couldn't risk it.

DETECTIVE

However, you never registered with us. Too bad, so sad.

The Detective checks the recorder.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

Back to date night?

EXT. PHIL'S APARTMENT - DUSK

Quinn is parked along the curb in his truck.

QUINN (V.O.)

After that first night, there was no way I was going to be left alone with whomever wrote "die" on my chest.

Brice is in the passenger seat.

QUINN (CONT'D)

Thanks for doing this. -- It may be a good way of testing the therapy sessions.

BRICE

Holy shit!

QUINN

Just be cool. (wipes his forehead in relief) Be grateful Phil showed up.

BRICE

I like. -- Really like.

Phil and Dolly bound to the truck dressed in swim wear. Phil tosses a beach bag and his guitar in back by tied-down innertubes.

Brice opens the passenger door for them.

QUINN

It may be a little tight seating.

Dolly and Brice measure each other.

DOLLY

(to Brice)

Take the day off stud. I'll do the lap dancing today.

EXT. LAKE MEAD - DIRT ROAD - DAY

The truck bounces over ruts in the road.

Dolly is on Brice's lap enjoying every bump.

DOLLY

Yeee.

BRICE

Doctor, I think I'm cured.

Phil is in the middle holding two large pizzas and beer.

EXT. LAKE MEAD COVE - DAY - MONTAGE

PARTY ROCK MUSIC PLAYS

-Dolly jiggles as she runs into the water in her mini bikini.

-Quinn, Phil, Dolly, and Brice splash-fight on inner-tubes.

-They enjoy pizza and beer on the beach.

-Dolly and Brice dance to music from Phil's guitar playing.

-Phil and Quinn dance to Dolly's bongo playing on the back of the guitar.

EXT. LAKE MEAD COVE - LATER

The Dolly and Quinn lazily float in the lake on inner-tubes as the sun sets.

Brice and Phil are building a bonfire on the sand.

Dolly splashes around with her feet.

DOLLY

I always believed the Pitt's only liked Jolie's.

QUINN

You aren't giving yourself enough credit. -- You are cute and fun.

DOLLY

He already asked for a (shakes her boobs) second helping.

She playfully splashes her feet.

OUINN

Have you met Billy?

DOLLY

Who's Billy?

QUINN

Have you met them all? How many personalities does Phil have?

DOTITIY

You met Dymphna.

She counts on her fingers adding and subtracting one away.

DOLLY (CONT'D)

It's tough. They don't come out and introduce themselves. You can tell in his eyes. One appears for a split second and then another takes over. Depends on the situation. Similar to how we react in different circumstances. We all change personalities. Paint a smile on our face when we are sad. You have the Doctor and, then, you have Quinn. Phils come and go.

She peers onto the shore finding Phil starting a fire.

DOLLY (CONT'D)

There was this one time. We were at First Friday and this drunken loser...not me for a change, but this middle-aged tourist kept grabbing (points her body) some of this. Suddenly, Phil flipped into a violent rage.

OUINN

Bart?

DOLLY

You've seen him?

He shakes his head.

DOLLY (CONT'D)

Don't. It is a bloody mess. He beat the crap out of him. Phil is lucky he has so many friends in the district. He would be doin time for sure.

QUINN

Does he ever talk about his past childhood?

DOLLY

Every once in awhile foster homes. But Christmas with mom and dad? (shrugs) Never. Something awful happened.

Quinn focuses his attention to Phil who stands before a ragging fire.

DOLLY (CONT'D)

What made you become the hip-hypnotist?

QUINN

Conversion therapy my parents enrolled me in. I was a terrible hetero patient, but a great gay student. I learned a great deal from the hypnosis sessions. Best guidance my parents ever gave me.

EXT. ART DISTRICT STREETS - NIGHT

Quinn drives Phil home.

PHIL

Dolly is so happy. Can Brice be trusted?

QUINN

Can Dolly be trusted?

PHIL

Good point.

They turn a corner to a crime scene . Emergency lights flash. POLICE cordon off an area. PARAMEDICS roll out a black body bag.

Quinn and Phil drive past.

The Detective flicks his cigarette to the pavement and snuffs it out with his gum-shoe.

QUINN (V.O.)

That is when I realized Phil or any of his personalities were not the killer.

DETECTIVE (V.O.)

How do you know the body was dead over a day ago?

QUINN (V.O.)

I read your report. -- It's amazing the power of a signed Dylan cover has over a person. However, this was a turning point in my case... relationship. Quinn turns to Phil who is cornered against the seat and the door. He is visibly shaking.

QUINN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I knew the killer wasn't Phil.

QUINN (CONT'D)

Phil? Phil?

He pulls over the truck.

QUINN (CONT'D)

Are you alright?

PHIL

(timid little boy's voice)

We need to help them.

Quinn is dumbfounded and unable to speak.

PHIL (CONT'D)

(timid little boy's voice)
We know the monster. (he looks at
Quinn with teary eyes) You must
help us.

QUINN (V.O.)

He wants me to hypnotize him. This was the person who contacted me with, "Can you hypnotize me?"

GUN SHOTS (O.S)

EXT. LAS VEGAS DESERT - DAY

Quinn is shooting a pistol at beer bottles and cans. He misses them terribly.

DETECTIVE (V.O.)

You bought a gun?

Finally, he breaks a bottle with a shot.

QUINN (V.O.)

If I was going to perform regressive hypnosis, I wanted protection. I wanted nothing to do with Linda Blair head-spinning.

INT. QUINN'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

It appears Quinn is getting set for a date more than a therapy session.

He darkens the room with a snap of the curtains. He lights a couple of candles and plays soft jazz. He pours a glass of water.

He extracts the gun from the night-stand and checks for bullets.

DOOR BELL RINGS

LIVING ROOM

Quinn double checks the apartment and nods approval.

He opens the door.

DYMPHNA stands before him in all her glory.

Quinn's mouth drops. -- He didn't plan for this.

Her smoking, mysterious demeanor and 1950's femme fatale disguise encapsulate all of film noir lore.

DYMPHNA

Close your mouth before you stutter.

She crosses the room surveying every wrinkle.

DYMPHNA (CONT'D)

Puny-size passion pit.

QUINN

I wasn't expect...

DYMPHNA

Expect the unexpected Doctor. Your hypnotic charm may work on Phil, but nothing gets past me. Oh how you made Phil love you so. His trust is blinding.

QUINN

He loves me?

DYMPHNA

We all question it. -- Where do you want us?

Quinn leads to bedroom.

QUINN

I set up the bedroom.

DYMPHNA

Do you want me naked too?

BEDROOM

Dymphna lays comfortably upright on the bed.

Quinn is shaking while lighting a candle and sits next to the bed. He opens Billy's case file.

DYMPHNA (CONT'D)

Your Mormon parents must be very proud of their son.

Quinn glances past the file to her.

DYMPHNA (CONT'D)

The runt of the brood excommunicated and shunned. Conversion camp filled with thirty gay boys must have been stimulating for you?

Quinn angrily pierces his lips and tightens up.

DYMPHNA (CONT'D)

Your mother is so amiable online at Mormon Mother's Chat Soup.

Dymphna delicately touches the case file.

DYMPHNA (CONT'D)

Your arrest and sentence for having sex with a minor devastated her. Scarred the family forever in their church. Oh how I just wanted to travel thru that computer wire and comfort her in a hug.

Quinn goes back to the case file. Dymphna caresses his knee.

DYMPHNA (CONT'D)

How does it feel... to never be able to hug your mother again? Or was it your daddy?

QUINN

I'm here to help you.

DYMPHNA

Did it ever occur to you that I was the one to seek you out?

Confusion captures Quinn's face.

DYMPHNA (CONT'D)

Doctor, we've been psycho analyzed by professionals from eight to adulthood. We needed someone to come on stage that we could trust, put faith in... who wasn't a professional.

QUINN

Encouraging endorsement.

DYMPHNA

If this works, you may not see Phil again. Are you prepared for that?

QUINN

If it is meant to be. Billy will love me.

Dymphna studies him and laughs.

DYMPHNA

Candide, ou l'Optimisme.

INT. DETENTION ROOM - NIGHT

DETECTIVE

"Candy?"

The Detective is slouched in his chair with heavy eye-lids.

Quinn sits at the table as before.

QUINN

Candide -- The Optimist. The character, in the French satire by Voltaire, who loses his optimism as he is confronted with life's harsh realities. Dympna was being a sarcastic cunt.

The Detective motions with his waving hand for Quinn to keep going with his story.

INT. QUINN'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

A candle flickers on the coffee table between Quinn and Dymphna. Quinn is hypnotizing Dymphna.

Focus on the flicker of the candle. Watch it playfully jump and sway with the unseen breeze from each, deep relaxing breath.

Dymphna inhales and exhales deeply going under hypnosis.

QUINN (CONT'D)

Your relaxing, feeling the warmth of it's protective glow. Your eyelids are getting heavy in the safety of sleep. Close your eyes.

Her eyes close.

QUINN (CONT'D)

Billy, can you hear me?

Billy nods. Quinn silently reads Billy's case file.

QUINN (CONT'D)

Now, Phil...(he catches his mistake) Billy.

BEAT

Too late, Phil reveals himself.

PHIL

Quinn, so glad to hear your voice. How are you?

Quinn is surprised by the quick change in personalities.

QUINN

Is this Phil?

PHIL

I never was able to thank you for the date. -- The lake was a blast.

QUINN

Your welcome.

PHIL

They say you love me?

Quinn is uneasy, not knowing what to do.

PHIL (CONT'D)

If you love me, why are you wanting to hurt me?

Is Billy there?

PHIL

He's always with us Quinn. Why do you want him? We lock him safely away from those who would like to hurt him. Why do you want to hurt him, us?

QUINN

I'm not going to hurt him.

PHIL

Actually, if he comes out, he will hurt us all. Hurt himself. You wouldn't want that. -- Would you Quinn?

QUINN

All I want to do is to talk to Billy. Can you get him for me?

PHTT

Don't you want to talk to Dymphna?

QUINN

Oh hell no!

Phil laughs.

Quinn wipes the perspiration from his palms on his trousers.

QUINN (CONT'D)

Goodbye Phil, I'll talk to you again, I promise. Please let me talk to Billy. I demand to talk to Billy.

Phil's head falls down and slowly raises.

QUINN (CONT'D)

Ph...Billy?

BILLY

Yes, Doctor.

Quinn goes back to the file.

Now Billy...I want you to go back deep in the recess of your memory to the date of September 12, 1996...It was Friday in the morning.

Billy's head falls back panting deeply.

QUINN (CONT'D)

Can you tell me what you see?

Billy lowers his head to revel the characteristics of an eight year old child.

He is HUMMING a song while strumming an unseen guitar.

QUINN (CONT'D)

Billy, what song are you humming?

BILLY

(eight year old voice)
I know a new song. (sings) "Wear
your love like heaven...Lord kiss
me once more, fill me with song..."
Daddy likes my singing.

QUINN

Where are you?

BILLY

In my room.

QUINN

What does your room look like? Can you describe it to me?

BILLY

Daddy calls it the little boy's room.

QUINN

Where do you sleep in this room?

BILLY

Bath tub.

OUINN

Where is your daddy now?

BILLY

Dunno.

Is he gambling?

Billy shrugs.

QUINN (CONT'D)

What do you do in your room all day?

FLASHBACK 13 YEARS AGO SEPTEMBER 12, 1996.

INT. MOTEL - BILLY'S BATHROOM - DAY

Like the crime scene photos, the room is covered with filthy clothes and kitchenware.

Innocent and sweet, BILLY (8) applies makeup as he giggles to some unheard music from the transistor radio which hangs from the shower curtain rod.

BILLY (V.O.)

I play.

QUINN (V.O.)

What are you playing with?

BILLY (V.O.)

Colored stuff Daddy's friends left.

He smears on a glob of lipstick like war paint on his cheek.

QUINN (V.O.)

Friends? Are they your friends too?

He mushes the lipstick all over his cheeks.

BILLY (V.O.)

They bring balloons sometimes.(giggles) They laugh at me when I blow em up. Daddy gets mad at me...he says he needs them to keep the tadpoles in and the crabs out.(giggles) Tadpoles turn into frogs and crabs are in the ocean.

FLASHBACK ENDS:

INT. QUINN'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

Quinn pities Billy, the poor child in front of him.

He gulps a big swig of beer, unsure he can go on.

He sits beside Billy and holds his hand.

OUINN

Billy, I want you to go to the time your father came home that day.

FLASHBACK 17 YEARS AGO SEPTEMBER 12, 1996.

INT. MOTEL - BILLY'S BATHROOM - DAY

Young Billy is playing in the tub with some toy army men. They are dancing to...

"WOOLEY BULLY" by "Sam the Sham and the Pharoahs"

DOOR CLOSING (O.S.)

Billy quickly turns down the volume of the radio.

TWO MEN TALKING AND LAUGHING (O.S.)

He listens at the door and sniffs the cracks like a puppy.

BILLY'S FATHER (O.S.)

Let me feed my kid. -- I don't trust baby-sitters in Vegas.

KNOCK ON DOOR (O.S.)

BILLY'S FATHER (O.S.) (CONT'D) Billy it's Dad. -- Unlock the door.

Billy unlocks the door and BILLY'S FATHER (40) enters with fast food.

BILLY'S FATHER (CONT'D)

Got your favorite Happy Meal.

Billy's Father is a weasly, unkept slob of a drifter.

The bathroom door is ajar and Billy can peek out finding a COWBOY (CHARLIE MCCALLISTER 38) and DODGE MCCALLISTER (18) scrutinizing him. Dodge is a country teenager trying to be a Rap street thug like a Justin Bieber.

CHARLIE

I know how it is bringing up a boy on your own. Mother left us bout five years back.

DODGE

I have to stay here? With the caged kid?

FLASH BACK ENDS:

INT. QUINN'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

Quinn is writing in the file as Billy is hypnotized.

OUINN

Do you remember what this man looked like? A cowboy?

BILLY

A cowboy hat. -- Bad man.

OUINN

How do you know he is a bad man?

BILLY

He wore a black hat.

QUINN

Anything else about him?

BILLY

Daddy closed the door.

FLASHBACK 13 YEARS AGO SEPTEMBER 12, 1996.

INT. MOTEL - BILLY'S BATHROOM - DAY

Billy's Father closes the door as Billy takes the food to the tub.

Billy's Father pisses in the rancid toilet.

BILLY'S FATHER

This is it Billy. -- I feel it. This guy is gonna give us some seed money. -- We're gonna get out of this fly trap. Buy a place down in Baja. Wouldn't you like Mexico?

BILLY

Taco Bell.

BILLY'S FATHER

No. Real tacos. -- Not gringo.

He zips up his fly.

BILLY'S FATHER (CONT'D)

Your Daddy is coming home a rich man tonight. -- Kiss for good luck.

He bends down so Billy can kiss his stubbly cheek.

FLASH BACK ENDS:

INT. DETENTION ROOM - NIGHT

The Detective rolls in a TV on a stand.

Quinn views from the table.

DET, ECTIVE

Only evidence or footage, found on Four Queens surveillance of Billy's Father that night.

On grainy video...

BILLY'S FATHER IS PLAYING BLACKJACK WITH A FEW AMOUNT OF CHIPS. HE IS VISIBLY FRUSTRATED AT LOSING, TOSSING HIS BUSTED CARDS ASIDE.

QUINN

He's losing.

DETECTIVE

(reads case report)
We interviewed the dealer. She
didn't remember anything out of the
ordinary. There was a big
convention in town with higher

wages. -- Nothing else.

Video shows a blurry dark object over one of the OTHER PLAYER'S hands.

QUINN

What is that?

The Detective pauses the tape.

QUINN (CONT'D)

(points to dark object)

There. It's the brim of a black cowboy hat.

The Detective presses play. -- The video reveals CHARLIE MCCALLISTER AS ONE OF THE PLAYERS.

DETECTIVE

He was playing the spotter.

The Detective points at Charlie McCallister's pile of chips.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

The bastard was winning, winning big.

QUINN

He was losing on purpose and counting for the Cowboy to win.

DETECTIVE

Classic misdirection and the house ... and our detectives missed it.

INT. QUINN'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Billy's head sways to unheard music as he is still hypnotized. Quinn silently reads the case.

QUINN

Billy. Billy, can you hear me?

He nods.

QUINN (CONT'D)

Do you remember when your Daddy came home?

Billy's eyes grow large as he shakes his head.

Ouinn is confused and thumbs thru the file.

BILLY

Can I get out now?

Quinn focuses on Billy and waves his hand in front of his eyes to make sure he is still under hypnosis.

FLASHBACK 13 YEARS AGO SEPTEMBER 12, 1996.

INT. MOTEL - BILLY'S BATHROOM - DAY

RADIO

Welcome to the blast from the past, the summer of love...where music had a message and that message could change the world.

The stained shower curtain is pulled closed.

RADIO (CONT'D)

Today we visit the folk pioneers of the past.

(MORE)

RADIO (CONT'D)

So dust off those road weary boots, pick up that finger pickin, worn guitar. Sit a spell. It's time for an old fashioned hootenanny.

TAPPING ON DOOR (O.S.)

Billy strums a guitar like petting teddy bear. He's laying down on a makeshift bed of pillows and blankets in the tub.

MORE TAPPING ON DOOR (O.S.)

Billy snaps off the radio and sneaks over to listen at the door.

DODGE (O.S.)

Hello.

Billy watches as the door knob wiggles.

DODGE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I can hear your breath. What is your name?

Billy cautiously steps back from the door.

DODGE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Don't worry your Dad is gone with mine. What is your name? My name is Dodge. Let me in and we can play together.

BILLY

Daddy says only open for him.

DODGE (O.S.)

You must get lonely Larry.

BILLY

Billy.

DODGE (O.S.)

Sorry, Billy. Do you know what I have in my hand?

Billy shakes his head.

DODGE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I have a talking mouse.

BILLY

Nuh-uh.

DODGE (O.S.)

I do. -- Open the door and I'll show you.

BILLY

I don't believe you.

DODGE (O.S.)

O.K. -- He doesn't want to see you either.

Billy unlocks the door and jumps back.

The door handle turns and the door creaks open a crack.

Suddenly, a fist slowly sneaks thru like a mouse. There are red lips tattooed around the side of his index finger and thumb. When he makes a fist it makes a mouth like a child's hand puppet.

DODGE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Hello.

Billy giggles.

Dodge steps in while opening the bathroom door wide.

He studies the feminine boy in make-up.

DODGE (CONT'D)

My, you are a pretty thing.

Billy brightly smiles.

DODGE (CONT'D)

You a boy or a girl?

Billy rolls his eyes.

DODGE (CONT'D)

Why don't you show me? Show me like you get ready to take a bath.

Dodge steps further into the room. -- An arm-stretch away from Billy.

DODGE (CONT'D)

Do you want to see me naked?

Billy is confused as Dodge unzips his pants and allows them to fall below his knees. He stands in his underwear.

DODGE (CONT'D)

Do you want to touch me?

Billy shakes his head.

Dodge lunges and yanks Billy, by his arm, into him.

BILLY SCREAMS.

DODGE (CONT'D)

Stop screaming! -- I'll bite your ear.

FLASHBACK ENDS:

INT. QUINN'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

Billy screams and kicks at his unseen assailant.

Quinn snaps his fingers while trying desperately to hold Dymphna to the bed.

Dymphna's wig is off revealing an adult Billy.

QUINN

Billy! -- Wake up! Wake up!

Billy pushes him away.

BILLY

Don't touch me!

Billy shivers and curls up in a ball against the bed headboard.

QUINN

Billy? Are you alright?

BILLY

Don't fucking touch me. -- Who are you?

Billy rises confused and disoriented.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Where am I?

QUINN

Stay here. -- I'll get you something to calm you down.

He leaves to the...

BATHROOM

He rummages thru the medicine cabinet.

QUINN (CONT'D)

Stay there.

BEDROOM

Quinn comes out with a pill bottle in his hand.

Dymphna stands by the bed in complete composure. Her wig is adjusted in the proper place on her head.

Quinn notices the bed stand drawer is open.

His pistol is in her hand pointing at him.

DYMPHNA

Doctor. We have seen what we wanted to see. -- We have seen enough.

Quinn lunges for the gun.

Dymphna pistol whips him into unconsciousness.

INT. DETENTION ROOM - NIGHT

The Detective is going over files on the table with the Police Woman who is on a laptop.

Quinn watches them.

QUINN

I didn't see him again until last night. -- First Friday. He left with another man.

DETECTIVE

(to Police Woman)

Look for a finger print match. We need to know his name.

POLICE WOMAN

No other people than the dealer was interviewed.

DETECTIVE

Were there any finger prints taken from the Billy Fletcher scene?

POLICE WOMAN

Nothing, wiped clean.

QUINN

What about Billy's ear?

The Detective and the Police Woman lock eyes.

DETECTIVE

(snaps his finger)

You can't just bite a person's ear off without getting saliva. Take a DNA sample of all the Nibbler victims. Compare them all. (points to Quinn) Still listening.

EXT. PHIL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Quinn is in his truck spying with binoculars upon the stairs.

QUINN (V.O.)

I didn't see Phil in the past few days. -- I kept waiting for him to leave his apartment. I tried contacting him thru Dolly, but she went on a Hollywood vacation with Brice who had The Bachelor auditions.

Quinn ducks down in his truck as a Patrol Car slowly drives past.

QUINN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

You folks were canvassing the streets. You couldn't get past a city block without seeing one of your cruisers. But I knew this night was going to be different. It was First Friday.

Door opens on Phil's apartment.

Suddenly, Phil appears. He gets to the bottom of the stairs and is dressed like a teenage skateboarder in a hoody and baggy jeans.

He drops the skateboard down and rides down the street away from the truck.

QUINN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

This was my only chance to get the gun back.

INT. PHIL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Quinn busts out a window and crawls into the apartment.

LIVING ROOM

He rummages thru the room searching for his gun. He finds pot and a bong. He picks up the Mexican Matryoshka and shoves it in his coat pocket.

BATHROOM

He finds a pile of shaved hair in the sink.

PHIL'S BEDROOM

He quickly scavengers thru dresser drawers and closet.

DYMPHNA'S BEDROOM

He snaps open a dresser and finds a decade old Kodak Instamatic camera.

There are photos in a pile. He thumbs thru them.

EACH PHOTOGRAPH DEPICTS A PERSON WALKING A DOG.

Quinn tosses the photographs in a sudden realization.

QUINN (V.O.)
Then it hit me. They are going fishing and Billy is the bait.

EXT. PHIL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Phil drives in his truck passing another Police patrol.

QUINN (V.O.)

I had to stop him before the line was cast.

EXT. FIRST FRIDAY - NIGHT

As the same as the beginning, hip LOCALS revel in a 2013 Bohemian street carnival of art, music, and food.

However, Quinn is urgently searching thru the crowd for Billy. He almost runs into a couple of BEAT COPS.

Quinn watches the ROCK BAND playing on stage. DANCERS party below the stage. A dancing BOY catches his eye.

Quinn winds his way thru the crowd.

Billy is dancing shirtless with a skateboard. He appears to be about seventeen.

Quinn surveys the crowd. It appears to be the usual party people, but somebody catches his eye.

A well dressed MAN (DODGE MCCALLISTER 35) leers at Billy's every move. He holds the leash of a beautiful Golden Retriever.

The Band reaches a climax and stops to a clapping audience.

Quinn goes back to Billy, but he has disappeared.

He spins back to Dodge. -- He is gone to.

Quinn hurriedly slaloms thru the crowd and catches a glimpse of the dog.

He finally makes it to where the dog was. He lost them again.

DISTANT DOG BARK (O.S.)

He runs to the outskirts of the street fair.

POLICE take notice of Quinn running and pursue him.

ALLEY

Quinn catches a glimpse of the silhouette of Dodge and his dog a few hundred feet down the alley.

Suddenly, Billy comes out of hiding behind a dumpster.

BILLY

I believe Mr. Hyde is out tonight.

Quinn studies his little boy charm.

OUINN

Billy, I know what you are planning.

Billy grins and pulls the pistol from his trousers.

BILLY

You'll always play catch-up with us.

He hands the gun back to Quinn (handle first) as Police turn into the alley.

Quinn spins around to the Cops holding the threatening weapon.

They draw their guns.

POLICE MAN

Slowly, lay the gun to the ground.

QUINN

I'm not...

BILLY (O.S.)

Help me, help me.

Quinn spins to find Billy face down on the pavement with his pants pulled down showing part of his ass. Quinn is being portrayed as the molesting Nibbler.

INT. DETENTION ROOM - NIGHT

Quinn shakes his head in anguish as the Detective and the Police Woman listen.

QUINN

You arrested the wrong person. -- I could have stopped him.

POLICE WOMAN

We will stop him. -- There are Police surrounding his apartment as we speak.

Quinn shakes his head.

QUINN

Haven't you been listening. It's been hours since you arrested me. Hours since you let Billy go. Whatever they have planned is over.

He stands up and grabs the Mexican Matryoshka doll.

QUINN (CONT'D)

You don't understand.

He opens the first doll to find another.

QUINN (CONT'D)

It's never ending. Layer upon layer. Once you have it figured out, there is another twist. Let me go!

The Detective rises with the Police Woman.

DETECTIVE

I think we'll give you an eight hour cooling off period.

EXT. ART DISTRICT - NIGHT

Billy skateboards the dark streets and alleyways of empty buildings and businesses.

He spins around a corner.

DOG BARKS scare him off the board.

BILLY

Shit!

Dodge comes out of the shadows with his dog.

DODGE

Sorry to scare you. -- What happened back there with the police?

Billy comes up to the dog and allows him to sniff his palm.

BILLY

I think they caught the Nibbler. -The guy like grabbed me. Thank God
the Police came. I would have beat
the shit out of the guy.

Dodge smiles as Billy pets the dog.

DODGE

Very brave young man.

Billy shrugs like a modest super-hero.

BILLY

Nice dog. -- Does it do any tricks?

DODGE

He's a sniffer. Can follow a trail bout a mile long?

BILLY

Bullshit?

DODGE

Really.

BILLY

Can he find me?

DODGE

Put a wager on it?

Billy pulls out his empty pockets.

DODGE (CONT'D)

I think we can think of something.

Billy nods and holds out his hand for a shake.

BILLY

Cool.

Dodge reaches out his hand. -- There is red lip tattoos on his thumb and index finger.

Billy gets the chills as he shakes his hand.

DODGE

Make sure you are well hidden. -- Take off your hoody.

Billy unzips the hoody revealing his shaved-bare chest.

Dodge allows the dog to sniff the hoody to get the boy's scent.

Billy vanishes down the street.

Dodge sniffs the hoody.

DODGE (CONT'D)

Find'em boy.

The dog gives chase with Dodge following, holding the leash.

ALLEY

The dog leads him down a dark alley.

DESERTED COMMERCIAL STREET

The dog sniffs the ground in a circle and then gives chase.

EXT. VACANT MOTEL - NIGHT

The dog leads Dodge to a fence encircling a gutted, fifty year old motel waiting for the wrecking ball.

Sign reads, "No Trespassing."

Dodge scrutinizes the dark, foreboding two-story structure.

The dog finds a hole in the fence and scampers thru it.

Dodge squeezes thru the hole.

He unleashes the dog.

DODGE

Get'em.

The dog sniffs the ground and finds scent. He bounds up the rusted stairs leading up to the second level.

Dodge climbs the stairwell as the \log sniffs at each open room.

Dodge stalks down the corridor.

The dog sniffs and points to a room.

Suddenly, 1960's music plays from inside the room.

INT. OLD MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Dodge enters the makeshift flop house. A stained mattress is in a corner with discarded clothes. Dodge steps and breaks a used syringe.

Light flickers from the bathroom and casts shadows on the room.

The dog sniffs at the opening which is made of hanging beads. The same beads that covered the opening of Phil's bathroom.

The beads glow with the illumination from inside the bathroom.

DODGE

(petting dog)

Stay. Keep a watch at the door and bark if anybody comes.

Dodge pulls back the beads as the dog follows his command, keeping watch at the door.

BATHROOM

A candle flickers on top of a broken, dusty sink.

The room is reminiscent of the one Dodge rapped Billy seventeen years ago.

There is a closed shower curtain and a transistor radio plays dangling from the shower curtain rod.

A LITTLE BOY GIGGLES (O.S. Behind the curtain)

Dodge turns off the music.

BILLY (O.S.)

(as a boy)

Show me the talking mouse again.

Dodge finally remembers and balls his hand into a fist.

THE RED TATTOO LIPS ARE PIERCING TOGETHER.

Dodge searches for a makeshift weapon.

DODGE

You were such a pretty boy.

BILLY (O.S.)

(as a boy)

Why did you kill my daddy?

Dodge picks up a piece of broken ceramic sink.

DODGE

I didn't. -- Seemed your daddy wasn't very pleased with me finding you soiled and defiled. Daddy put up quite a struggle until my father bashed his skull.

Silence.

Dodge is ready to pull back the curtain and strike.

DODGE (CONT'D)

That was my father's intention from the start. He wasn't going to share any winnings. -- He had plans. However, he never expected on raising a deviant son such as me.

Dodge snaps open the curtains and finds the tub empty.

There is a couple of soiled pillows, a torn blanket, and a worn quitar.

A tile falls from the back of the shower wall.

Before Dodge can react. -- A rebar spear jettisons thru and thrusts into his chest.

Dodge is impaled against the sink with blood dripping from his back into broken drain.

His eyes are pained.

Suddenly, the back of the tub tiles are smashed out from behind.

Billy wears goggles and gloves holding a sledge hammer.

Billy flips up his goggles. -- His eyes are in rage with the reflective flicker of the candle flame.

However, this is not Billy. -- Bart has taken over.

BART

Murder 101. -- Never go back to the scene of your crime.

He raises the sledgehammer.

BART (CONT'D)

Smile wide.

He swings it into Dodge's mouth.

Bloody teeth lay on the floor.

EXT. VACANT MOTEL - NIGHT

POUNDING AND SCREAMS (O.S.) are the only dying sound near the deserted motel.

EXT. CLARK COUNTY DETENTION CENTER - MORNING

Quinn exits the jail with his belongings in a brown paper sack.

DETECTIVE (V.O.)

You can go now. We registered you as a sex offender.

QUINN (V.O.)

Did you find Phil?

DETECTIVE (V.O.)

His clothes were missing. Appears your little boyfriend plans to leave town.

Quinn walks down the road behind the jail.

EXT. EXCLUSIVE DOWNTOWN HIGH RISE APARTMENTS - MORNING

A window is open on a balcony facing the Art District.

DETECTIVE (V.O.)

Found another body.

QUINN (V.O.)

Was it him? Phil?

Dymphna walks out onto the balcony dressed like Barbara Stanwyck in "Double Indemnity."

DETECTIVE (V.O.)

He was beaten to a bloody pulp.

EXT. QUINN'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Quinn exits a taxi and walks to his apartment.

DETECTIVE (V.O.)

Can't I.D. the body yet.

QUINN (V.O.)

Will you call me when you do?

DETECTIVE (V.O.)

Read it in the news.

The Golden Retriever waits for Quinn on his front door step.

The dog greets him with a wag of the tail.

Quinn pets him and finds a note attached to the dog collar.

EXT. EXCLUSIVE HIGH RISE APARTMENT - MORNING

A open convertible BMW leaves the parking structure.

QUINN (V.O.)

(reading note)

Dear Doctor, Quinn, The Mighty Quinn, or Hypnasty. Please accept this gift as gratitude for your wonderful service.

Dymphna drives down the streets of the Art District.

Her purse reveals a wad of cash before Dymphna snaps it closed.

QUINN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

(reading note)

We could not have done it without you. You, my lover and friend, have help saved many lives.

The BMW turns on the I95 freeway entrance.

Highway sign reads, "North to Reno."

QUINN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

(reading note)

Give the dog a loving home. His last owner was not very kind. Till we meet again. Adieu.

Dymphna speeds along the desert. -- Las Vegas is in the background.

INT. QUINN'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NEXT DAY

The dog drinks from a Tupperware bowl as Quinn dices up chicken into a dog bowl. He has a phone to his ear.

QUINN

(in phone)

...Not a word from him. You? (to dog) Need to get you some real dog food. (to phone) Really? He left you five thousand dollars? -- I got a dog.

DOOR BELL.

QUINN (CONT'D)

Hey Dolly, have someone at the door. Congratulations on the engagement. Call you tomorrow. Bye!

LIVING ROOM.

Quinn answers the door and is surprised to find the Detective.

QUINN (CONT'D)

Detective?

The dog bounds over and sniffs the Detective's shoes.

DETECTIVE

Imagine this. -- A new dog?

QUINN

Come in.

The Detective kneels petting the dog.

DETECTIVE

We have I.D.'d our John Doe. It appears the Nibbler cared more about his dog than humans.

(MORE)

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

Your new pooch has a G.P.S. tracker which led us back to you.

OUINN

Phil, Billy, whomever left the dog on my doorstep with a note.

DETECTIVE

Can I see the note?

QUINN

Sure.

Quinn hands him the note to read.

DETECTIVE

He never contacted you?

Quinn shakes his head.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

Appears your boyfriend exacted revenge on the Nibbler.

QUINN

Stop calling him that.

DETECTIVE

Nibbler?

QUINN

Boyfriend.

DETECTIVE

We have a name for the Nibbler. -- Dodge McCallister.

EXT. NEVADA BROTHEL - DAY

Dymphna pulls the BMW into the dusty parking lot of a lonely brothel along the deserted desert.

DETECTIVE (V.O.)

Charlie McCallister was his father.
-- A miner from Lincoln county.
Seems some seventeen years back ol'
Charlie came into a wad of dough.

Dymphna exits the car and walks up to the door.

DETECTIVE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

He bought the rights to the mine he was working from the owner.

(MORE)

DETECTIVE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

He probably swindle the old codger. Right after the deed was signed, he hit pay dirt in an offshoot vein of silver.

She rings the bell.

DETECTIVE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Year after, he sells the rights to Comstock mines for millions.

INT. NEVADA BROTHEL - DAY

Dymphna stands before a lineup of PROSTITUTES in a gaudy decorated foyer.

DETECTIVE (V.O.)

He dabbled in politics a bit and ended up buying himself a brothel.

Dymphna picks out a large breasted, MAE WEST PROSTITUTE.

QUINN (V.O.)

What about Dodge?

DETECTIVE (V.O.)

The kid stayed at the ranch. --Brothel. Prostitutes started to disappear and Dodge was shipped oversees to find new Asian employees.

Dymphna follows Mae down the hall. Dymphna peeks in each room as she walks by.

DETECTIVE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I'm sure he could satisfy his salacious appetite for young men and women in Bangkok.

Dymphna is lead into a girly bedroom.

BEDROOM

Dymphna sits at the end of the bed.

DETECTIVE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The old man lost his legs and health to diabetes and is wheelchair bound. Dodge came back to roost in his father's exclusive condo which had a wonderful view of the Art District.

Mae performs a old West strip tease for Dymphna.

QUINN (V.O.)

Where's the old man?

DETECTIVE (V.O.)

Police are driving to his remote brothel now. We may not have enough evidence to convict him, but it'll be entertaining to watch him squirm as we detail his son's crimes.

QUINN (V.O.)

You won't get there in time.

DETECTIVE (V.O.)

Come again?

Dymphna rises and puts a wad of bills into Mae's bra.

QUINN (V.O.)

As they said, "You'll always play catch-up with us."

DYMPHNA

If I was here to fuck, I would surely love a long romp with you. However, can you point me in the direction of a Charlie McCallister.

Mae counts the hundreds.

Dymphna puts a finger to her lips.

DYMPHNA (CONT'D)

Our secret. -- I want to surprise him.

MAE

Follow me.

EXT. CHARLIE MCCALLISTER HOUSE - DAY

Dymphna stands before the front door of a lush double-wide mobile home. A PROSTITUTE abruptly comes out in disgust.

CHARLES (O.S.)

You're fired! Whore!

Dymphna enters.

INT. CHARLIE MCCALLISTER HOUSE - DAY

Dymphna walks thru the hall and snaps up a two-foot high stone statuette depicting a nude man and woman entwined.

CHARLIE (55) rolls out in his wheelchair. He is missing both legs below the knees. He wears a black cowboy hat.

CHARLIE

Who the fuck are you?

Dymphna steps forward to confront him.

DYMPHNA

Charlie McCallister?

CHARLIE

That's my name. -- Now blow me.

She swings the statuette and knocks him across his head. The blow flips the wheelchair over with him.

EXT. CHARLIE MCCALLISTER HOUSE - LATER

Mae and the Prostitute watch as Dymphna carries Charlie like a backpack. He is slung over her shoulders as he holds his arms together like straps in front.

She backs up and plops him in the open convertible passenger seat. The wheelchair protrudes from the rear seat.

DYMPHNA

Can one of you dears get me some masking tape before he wakes?

MAE

What are you going to do with Charlie?

DYMPHNA

He's taking a ride to hell.

MAE

Honey, that asshole has been on that ride since I first met him.

DYMPHNA

Then I'll end it.

EXT. DUSTY DESERT ROAD - DAY

Dymphna drives the convertible across the desolate desert with a cloud of dust bellowing up behind her. She wears dark sun glasses.

Charlie opens his eyes in the passenger seat. He is surprised to find his mouth and hands taped together.

DYMPHNA

Thought I killed you.

He moans.

DYMPHNA (CONT'D)

Your son has a pimped-out ride.

Charlie examines the car. -- He is frightened.

DYMPHNA (CONT'D)

He did. -- We killed your little Nibbler.

Charlie wiggles on his limbs and thrusts himself over the door.

Dymphna locks the brakes into a skid in a cloud of dust.

She lifts her glasses to peer back. Charlie wallows on the dirt road.

DYMPHNA (CONT'D)

Honestly?

EXT. GHOST MINING TOWN - DAY

Dymphna drives past remains of Nevada ghost mines. Charlie is back in the saddle, the passenger seat. He is covered with blood and dust from the road accident. Dirty tape dangles from his lips.

CHARLIE

You are a dude.

Dymphna brakes near an old mine.

DYMPHNA

And so much more.

CHARLIE

What are you going to do with me? Why are you doing this? -- I'll pay you.

DYMPHNA

With my dead Father's money? -- You'll pay.

EXT. MINE SHAFT - DAY

Dymphna rolls Charlie in the wheelchair toward an open mine shaft.

Signs reads "DANGER - BEWARE OPEN MINE PITS."

Charlie flops out of the wheelchair.

DYMPHNA

Really? -- Again, Charlie?

CHARLIE

I'm handicapped.

DYMPHNA

Boo-hoo.

Dymphna grabs Charlie's arms and drags him toward the shaft.

Charlie bites her hand.

She stops at the crest of the hole as Charlie chomps deeper into her skin.

She yanks herself away from him.

CHARLIE

I'll triple your salary. -- What do you get out of this?

DYMPHNA

(spelling)

R.E.V.E.N.G.E.

CHARLIE

(quietly)

Revenge.

She kicks him into the hole.

SCREAMS. -- THUD!

She reviews her bloody wound from his bite.

DYMPHNA

Like father, like son...

She rolls the wheelchair into the hole.

DYMPHNA (CONT'D)

Both dead.

She puts on her sun glasses and strolls back to the car.

DYMPHNA (CONT'D)

Why don't you drive for a change?

Dymphna pulls off her wig and wipes the makeup off her face in the side mirror.

PHIL

Better have packed my jeans. -- Guitar.

He jumps into the front seat.

PHIL (CONT'D)

This car is so not us.

She drives away and the black cowboy hat flies from the back seat and floats in the wind.

EXT. OFF STRIP CASINO - NIGHT

A cheap billboard introduces, "The New and Improved, DR HYPNASTY SHOW. (Now With Full Nudity)."

INT. CASINO SHOWROOM - NIGHT

A LARGE CROWD is being hypnotized.

A NUDE COUPLE ENTWINED ON A SWING GOES BACK AND FORTH LIKE A SEXUAL PENDULUM ON SCREEN.

AUDIENCE (O.S.)

Oooo... Ahhhh....

DR. HYPNASTY (V.O.)

Now FOCUS. If you're a female FOCUS on the male. If you are a male FOCUS on the female. If you feel inclined FOCUS on your own gender. ME, I like em both, so if you're a SWINGER like me, double your pleasure.

Embarrassed laughter peppers the audience.

Dolly and Brice are mesmerized in amongst the audience. Dolly is seven months pregnant.

Quinn sadly scans the audience for anyone that resembles Phil or Dymphna.

DR. HYPNASTY (V.O.) (CONT'D) Now FOCUS. Close your eyes. Feel the rhythm of the swing, swinging back and forth. Relax your body. Feel the sensation of the moment. Relax with the ebb and flow. Let your uninhibited spirit soar entwined in an awakening of love and sex.

EXT. BLACK ROCK DESERT NEVADA - DAY

The ever-burning sun warms Phil as he strums the guitar on the hood of a car.

The classy BMW is now painted into a colorful, psychedelic abstraction of their self-expression.

Phil sings a folk song.

As we pull back, it is revealed Phil is not alone. -- He is part of a community.

He is at the center of the universe which is BURNING MAN. FESTIVAL FOLKS surround him listening to his song.

Here amongst the thousands of colorful characters, the Nesting Doll is celebrated.

FADE TO BLACK:

THE END.