

FAST TRASH

a screenplay

EXT. MCDONALDS-NIGHT

The glow of the fast food restaurant is like a jack-O lantern in the night. A short Hispanic woman is on her smoke break around back by the dumpsters. A girl pops out the side door

GIRL

Richard wants an apology or he's gonna quit

MANAGER

Don't count on it

The girl shrugs and goes back inside. The manager finishes her cigarette

INT. MCDONALDS-NIGHT

The manager comes through the back door. Richard is leaving through the front, throwing his work shirt and hat on the floor

MANAGER

(Half serious)

Now i feel bad

No sooner has Richard left than a man enters. His walk is fluid, unhesitant. He's ethnic, but impossible to tell what ethnicity he's from. His eyes are different from the average set; pure, unflinching. Alien

STRANGER

(Broken English)

Have work?

MANAGER

Yes we do. Want to work?

She furrows her brow. His accent is nothing shes ever heard

STRANGER

Yes. I want work.

MANAGER

Well...you don't smell bad. Alright, when can you start?

INT. MCDONALDS-DAY.

The stranger stands at his work station, rapidly assembling a double cheeseburger. He's very fast. Other workers loudly horseplay. Most of the workers are ethnic

MIKE
It's tough having a big dick! Its a lot to live with!

GIRL WORKER
Um...I don't think thats your problem.

MIKE
(To the stranger)
What about you, man? You got a big dick too?

Silence. The girl walks up behind the stranger, rubbing his shoulders

GIRL
Relax, we just want you to be one of us! Where are you from??

STRANGER

Nowhere

MIKE
Haha. Damn. Thats cold

The girl hits Mike, who defends himself, laughing. The Stranger continues working

FADE TO-THE BURGER CHAIN. Raw burger patties slowly approaching the flames of the oven...FADE TO BLACK

EXT NEIGHBORHOOD-DUSK

Children play in the street. Cars drive past slowly. We're now at a one level house, nothing fancy. Voices come through the open front door. Normal family conversation. We come slowly to the back of the house. The family dog trots past. At the edge of the trees is a small shed where trash is stored. The family dog comes and mischevously pulls a black trash bag out, stealing away with it into the tree line. He takes it up a small hill. He tears it open, picking something out, then trots off. We stay on the torn trash bag for a while. FADE OUT

FADE IN- NIGHT

We're above the neighborhood now, on the hill. The occasional headlight of a car cruising past from a nearby road. The dull glint of the metal from a fence or the sharp glint of a car mirror. Its silent. The neighborhood sleeps. The trash is as it was, paper, tooth paste tubes, yogurt cartons, a Mcdonald's burger box, smelly leftovers, rotting chicken hanging out of a hole in the bag, strewn on the ground. FADE OUT

FADE IN-EVENING

Its just barely dark. We hear the loud grumble of a bulldozer engine or some other heavy work vehicle. A cop car has someone pulled over on the street below. The flashing lights illuminate the trash bag allowing us to see that something is moving now in the trash. Something small protruding from the gaping hole. As we move closer amongst the rotting chicken and swarming flies, we're able to see what is moving, with the help of the continual pulse of red and blue light: a

human finger, all on its own,
flexing and extending like a snakes tongue licking at the air FADE OUT

FADE IN-EXT SMALL HILL

A human arm is sticking out of the trash bag. FADE OUT

FADE IN-TRASHBAG

The arm now extends from a male human torso, the rest is still veiled in the trash bag. But where a human head should be trying to burst out the other side of the bag, or legs at the opposite end, there is only the torso, and where presumably bloody stumps should be is also covered

CLOSE ON the torso. The belly heaves up and down, slowly but steadily, the lungs taking in and pushing out oxygen, there are slightly visible tremors in the chest from the pumping of the heart. FADE OUT

EXT. HOUSE-DUSK

The house below the small hill. A middle aged woman backs out the front screen door, still yelling to someone in the house.

WOMAN

I don't know, i haven't seen her in a while

She walks to the back of the house, non chalant. She stops, staring at something, a puzzled look on her face. We see the trash bag on the ground, mostly empty of trash now, bits and pieces trailing behind it. The developing body isn't there

EXT. NIGHT-STREET

The street is pretty much clear of people. A naked man crawls on the sidewalk, dragging himself, moving forward inch by inch. He paws at the pavement, flails his legs like a baby. He manages to crawl into an alleyway.

EXT. STREET-DAY

People are out now, going about their business. The naked man is in the alleyway leaned up against the brick wall now. A bum sleeps on a slab of cardboard, his dog curled up beside him. We see the naked man's face for the first time now. Its blank. Not afraid, not wanting or frustrated. Not inquisitive. Just watching. He watches the people walk. He turns his head to look at the bum.

EXT STREET-DAY

"Man" walks down the sidewalk, very awkwardly, unstable, like a baby taking its first steps. He's naked still. The perpetual traffic of people moves past him, each person in their own bubble of thought, of purpose. Looking down at their cell phones, listening to their i-pod, the presence of

the people surrounding them is arbitrary. He stops, staring at a building in the distance. He tries to grab it, puzzled that the space-time continuum doesn't bend to his whim

EXT. STREET-DAY

Man now walks down the street slowly, uncertain in his steps but more stable now. He wears clothes now. He stops at a bus stop where other people are waiting. A woman stops next to him, only concentrated on the baby in her arms. She bounces the baby, talking to her playfully.

WOMAN

A-boo-boo-boo-boo! La-da-da-dee!

The baby stares at Man, who is staring off into space. The baby reaches for him, smiling as she is bounced gently by the woman. The woman acts like "MAN" isn't even there

WOMAN

(Playfully)

What are you looking at? What do you see?

The woman looks where the baby is looking, and looks back at the baby

WOMAN

Are you looking at the clouds? At the clouds? They're pretty aern't they? ...FADE OUT

COFFEE SHOP-DAY

Man sits at a table with three people who are oblivious of his presence. The environment is filled with casual daytime social conversation. Man watches the people at his table, watches every movement. Their conversation is an imperceptible jumble of sounds to him. He opens his mouth, emitting a guttural whine, a premature attempt at forming English words. No one notices

EXT. BUS-DAY

The bus is packed. Man sits in the back, watching everybody. Everybody ignores each other. No one makes eye contact. The even hydraulic roar of the bus engine encourages a state of relaxation

INT. ELECTRONIC STORE-DAY

There's only one worker in the store, bored. A couple walks in, the bell rings. The worker smiles at them

WORKER

How are you guys doing today?

The couple smiles back. Man opens the door, walks in. He walks very easily now. The worker says nothing. Man stops at a TV. A movie is on, some old Asian action, john woo-esque cop vs gangster flick. A very intense scene of gunplay

EXT STREET-DAY

Man is standing up against a brick wall, mimicking a bob Marley styled man next to him. Bob Marley is leaned back against the wall, a hand in one pocket, his body weight shifted to his right side. He surveys his surroundings coolly. Man sees a young cop flirting with a cute blonde, his hands on his belt, cockily. Man walks over to him, pulls the gun out of his holster. The cop panics, slapping his hand against an empty holster. He looks around for the gun thief, confused. Man looks at the gun for a while, inspecting it. Almost in one fluid motion, he turns the safety off, cocks it and shoots the cop in the head. His head snaps back and his body goes limp. The blonde doesn't even scream shes so in shock. Blood patters her face. People run, scream, duck. People watch tensely from a distance. Man stares at the body, not understanding. The dead cop's partner leaps out the car. His gun is drawn. He's searching. Man drops the gun next to the body. At the clatter of the gun on pavement, the cop wheels on it, confused. He looks at the rooftops, searching. Man walks away

EXT STREET-NIGHT

The sidewalk is closed off. Cops and people are all around, watching the cops body being carted into an ambulance. Flashing lights. Man turns the corner. He stops and watches with the crowd for a bit, mainly interested in the flashing police lights. The electronic worker is standing outside his store, watching the scene down the sidewalk. Man walks past him and into the store. As he does the worker turns his head slightly as though he saw something for a second. He shakes his head and continues watching the commotion. In the store Man watches a TV program about china. He enjoys watching TV. It shows a street chef hacking up meat with a meat cleaver. He grabs a dead, skinned animal carcass

TV NARRATOR

Some times, the over abundance of stray animals can be put to nutritional value

EXT. STREET-NIGHT

It's a social night. People are out, stumbling around drunk. Packs of young women yelling, laughing. Packs of 20 something guys eyeing them covetously. 30 something couples clinging to each other, safe in the bubble of their relationship. Loud music coming from bars, etc. The usual Friday night. Man walks slowly down the street, unseen, drifting through the commotion purposelessly. There is a glow of light visible some distance into the city, peering above the building tops, and the amplified resonance of music. Groups of people walk towards it. Man follows

EXT. PARK-NIGHT

There is a huge mass of people packed tightly together, dancing, writhing, reaching for the sky, lost in a world of temporary freedom. It looks like an ant hive from above. The crowd seems to be moving as one, as though ripples are moving through it. Deafening music pumps from large speakers around the perimeter of the crowd. Man stands in the middle. He watches. He attempts awkwardly to mimic everyone else's action. Slowly his movement becomes more natural.

Eventually he is dancing just like everyone else though he's unsure of why he's doing it. He's one of them

EXT. STREET-NIGHT

The park is emptying out now.

A group of gay guys with one extremely attractive girl brush past Man

INT. BAR-NIGHT

Dimly lit mixer. Loud music plays. No one can hear. People squeezed together, bumping into each other; a tightly compacted social scene. Man is off in a sort of side area with other people, in a line, facing a flamboyantly gay man. The 20 something's in the line are bull shitting, laughing, stumbling in place. The ridiculously attractive girl is there, her arms crossed. She's the type who can never really open up in public because every guy who sees her stares at her like a piece of meat. So it's no wonder why she surrounds herself with gay guys

GAY MAN

Back to elementary school on you bitches! In case you were never in elementary school or just crawled from under a rock with your sexy ass-well degrees of sexy vary but obviously I'm second to none-

DRUNK GIRL

(Makes a dismissive motion at the gay man)

You're crazy Chris!

A friend next to her pushes her playfully

FRIEND

(Laughing)

Get the fuck outta here you're not even gay you bitch!

DRUNK GIRL

(Groping her friend's breast)

Gay for you, bitch!

GAY MAN

SO! We utilize the line by starting at one end and finishing at the other...had a boyfriend named Jerome, it took 12 inches for me to get from one end to the other. So! Tell us something about yourself! You!

FIRST UP

Well...my name is Sergio, I'm from Argentina, I was a dancer for eight years...

The drunk girl is giggling, swinging from her friend's neck like it's a fleshy stripper pole. The next guy is up. He says a few things. Now the guy next to Man is up. He finishes. Man still stares blankly ahead. There's a long pause

GAY MAN

(Smiling)

And you?...Compadre?...What's your name?

Man finally looks at him. A long silence follows. People in the line glance at him, seeing him. Man's mouth opens, hesitant, and then he starts speaking, saying something we cannot hear over the music

Everybody starts paying attention, even the scalding hot girl

Gay man's smile fades. Everybody in line has cut the foolery. They're all staring at Man as he talks, their facial features flaccid. Man's mouth continues to move, utterance inaudible to us

People in the main bar area continue to dance or move about but they all are glancing toward Man, turning their heads, bewildered.

Man stops talking. Everybody is still. He looks around at everybody staring then slowly backs away, frightened now

He stumbles, almost tripping. Gay man reaches for him, though he's too far away, cracking a desperate smile.

Man walks to a side door, his brow deeply furrowed, disturbed. He walks out the door. In the alleyway he walks hurriedly away from the bar. He stops walking, looking back

EXT. BAR-NIGHT

Man hangs around the front, watching the people, wary of being seen by them, like a wild animal. People stumble out the bar. A drunk guy stumbles and falls into Man. Man blinks rapidly, almost hyper ventilating, turning his head from side to side, avoiding eye contact. The drunk guy clings to him

GAY DUDE

You OK handsome? Looks like you have a problem. Here let me help.

He takes Man's hand, pulling him toward the alley.

Not sure what to do, Man just follows.

GAY DUDE

I don't bite...but i will if you want me to.

EXT. ALLEY-NIGHT

The Gay Dude is bent over a dumpster. Man standing behind him, not sure whats happening

GAY DUDE

Come on, do it.

MAN

Do what?

GAY DUDE

You mean its not even out yet?

A guy walking past the alley with his arms outstretched like Jesus takes notice. He turns down the alley. He's acting unnaturally calm. His face is too serene. This is Troy

TROY

Hey. What are you doing to him?

GAY DUDE

Mind you own fuckin business guy

TROY

You can't do that. He doesn't know what he's doing

MAN

Who doesn't know?

TROY

You're not gay, man

MAN

(Oblivious to the definition of gay)

Not?

TROY

Come on

He reaches for Man's arm, pulling him away.

The Gay Dude is reaching for his pants around his ankles

GAY DUDE

Who the fuck are you?? What the-

Man walks off with Troy.

The Gay Dude trips and falls over his own pants trying to run after them

EXT STREET-NIGHT

Hot chicks in skirts are mulling around outside a night club

A guy nervously talks to two of the girls. They placate him, feeding him bits of hope with a word here and there

Nearby, a girl is squatting in an alleyway, peeing. Troy and Man sit on the hood of a car, observing

Troy: Buddha. If Buddha were insane. 24, piercing unblinking eyes, curly hair. He seems to be in a constant state of nirvana. He speaks in a matter of fact way. Nothing he says has a hint of sarcasm or humor to it, only a literal, elated drone that might inspire envy. His arms stick out around his round belly like a kid encased in a water floaty tire tube thingy. He's absolutely blissful

TROY
That's how you got here?
MAN
Yes
TROY
Cool dude. Something from nothing

Man nods. He looks at the nearby people

MAN
(Broken English)
Guy like girls?
TROY
Predominantly, yeah.
MAN
Why need?
TROY
Mostly want
MAN
(Pointing at the peeing girl)
I try do that. People no like. (Pointing at the lovelorn young man) Why he still want?

TROY
The girl he wants right now isn't the one peeing
MAN
Whats difference?
TROY
Lets say you eat japanese food. Doesn't make you japanese. Same thing. He likes girls and they
pee. Doesn't mean he likes a peeing girl
MAN
But they're same
TROY
I guess they do look alike
MAN
No...

Man points one finger at the peeing girl and another finger at the 'hot shit' girl.
He brings the two fingers together

TROY
No, they're not the same person. Nobody is the same person as anyone else
MAN
How you know?
TROY
Because if I were the same person as someone else, i would know
MAN
So never?

TROY

Some time in the past, or three thousand years in the future there could be someone who looks just like you, acts just like you, and does everything you'll do in your lifetime exactly the same, down to the fart

MAN

Yea, so now

TROY

No in the future or the past, probably not now

MAN

I don't know what future-past

TROY

Past means before now. Future means after now; what happens next

MAN

Next...

TROY

Do you not understand the difference between now and then?

MAN

No

TROY

Right now, we're standing here, talking about these things. Fifteen minutes ago i was finishing a beer. Thats over with now. Now we're here

MAN

Now and then: same

TROY

So what am i saying now?

MAN

Everything

TROY

Who am i?

MAN

I don't know. It's confusing

TROY

(Cracking a pathetic grin)

Tell me about it

They keep watching the woo in play

MAN

So why he want her?

Troy explains as though there's nothing strange about explaining these things to a grown man. They're like two aliens pontificating humanity from outer space

TROY

He's attracted to her

MAN

Attrac...attac-

TROY

Attracted. He wants her body

MAN

For what?

TROY

It feels good for him to touch it, he wants her legs, her butt, her breasts, her face

Man looks perplexed

TROY

Look at her legs

MAN

Yea. She need for walk. I have legs. Why i need hers?

TROY

They're supposed to excite your penis...the thing between your legs

MAN

My jimmy

TROY

Yes. It needs to feel her. It has to get hard...just to warn you, men and women's brains are functioning on different understandings. Men are fragile beasts. Women are pshycotics. And they're self conscious about having a grotesque gash in between their legs which is why they act so strange. And the truth about-

Troy turns to see Man with his pants down, squatting, humping the club girl's bare leg. She whirls around. Her face is red with fear and outrage. She sees Man and immediately changes her tune. She's elated, as though Zeus himself had dropped his tunic and started fucking her leg

CLUB GIRL

(Each word sounds like a mini orgasm)

Oh my god, what...the...unhh...fuck...are you doing?

MAN

(Voice jumping from each pump)

Want...to...feel

He stops, looking down, confused. It must not be getting hard. He stands up, running off, almost tripping over his pants, pulling them up. The girl follows, her chest heaving

INT. TROY'S APARTMENT-NIGHT

Man sits on the floor transfixed on the TV. Club girl is attached to his arm, kissing it, staring into his eyes. A music video is on the TV, a woman in a kitchen making breakfast in sexy lingerie. A man comes in the kitchen and takes her in his arms from behind, kissing on her. More images of attractive women dancing and being sexy

LATER: A pornography video plays on the TV; two actors having hard core sex

LATER: Troy is in the kitchen, eating an ice cream cone.
Sexual sounds come from behind the other closed door

INT BATHROOM-NIGHT

Man looks in the mirror, examining his face, poking and prodding it. Suddenly, Man's face is replaced with another face, a face with tattoo's and brown tribal markings. Though the decor may be intense, the features are tranquil, as though deep in meditation. Then, Man's face snaps back into its rightful place. Man blinks, confused. He touches the mirror, pokes his own face. Nothing

INT. TROY'S APT.-NIGHT

Troy comes out his bedroom. Man is on the floor again, transfixed on the TV

TROY

Did you like that sex? Was it disco?

MAN

Yes. I enjoy it very much

TROY

You can have more if you want. Its up to you

MAN

It is?

TROY

Sure

INT. HALLWAY-DAY

Troy opens the apartment door, to find Man humping a woman's leg on the couch. Troy's not the type to react to anything less intense than a falling star landing two feet from him. He walks to his bedroom, seemingly unaware of the moaning and groaning, that same buddha like look on his face

INT. HALLWAY-DAY

Sex sounds resonate through the building. A woman peeks her head out of her door, upset

BEDROOM-DAY

Man is knocking that same upset woman's boots, under the covers

KITCHEN-SAME TIME

Troy is holding a hangar over the electrical burner until it turns red hot

BEDROOM

The humping continues. Troy enters, sizzling hangar in hand. He slowly extends it forward, until he touches Man's leg with it. He stops humping to scream but doesn't remove himself from coitus of the leg. He stares at Troy who stares back at him impassively

TROY

I'm trying to help you understand time

MAN

Time?

TROY

Then and now

WOMAN

(Muffled)

Geez, so kinky

Man slowly continues humping the woman's leg under the covers. Troy touches the hangar to his leg, leaving it there. Man takes the pain, still humping

INSERT-We see a flash of blue, then a flash of red, the two colors dancing back and forth

TROY

(V.O.)

Time happens in between pleasure and pain. Ten thousand years in the future, when everyone is immortal, people will have to use intervals of pain and pleasure, so they don't become catatonic. Alzheimer disease victim's experience a disjoint in conceptual time. What if they've just become sane?

EXT TACO BELL DRIVE THRU--DAY

Troy sits alone in a car, parked at the drive thru window, eating a chalupa. The passenger door is ajar, and so is the drive thru window. Suddenly loud moaning erupts from within the restaurant. We already know

EXT. TACO BELL-DAY

People are outside the glass windows, staring in, amazed at the sight inside the restaurant. Man has a taco bell girl on the counter and he's humping her leg, the head set still on her head. Other employees are in the lobby watching fearfully or leaving through the front door, looking over their shoulder, bewildered

EXT. DRIVE THRU-SAME TIME

Troy continues to eat his chalupa

INT. TROY'S APT-DAY

Troy is in the kitchen holding a box of assorted popsicles. Man sits on the couch, watching the news. At the same time he rubs his crotch, concerned

NEWS ANCHOR

Suicide fever: People have been committing suicide across the country at an alarming rate. No signs of struggle are indicated and these acts are occurring in public places, sometimes on the street in broad daylight. Passage of time in between these occurrences and the trajectory suggest that they are related. Detectives are working on theories about how that is possible. We urge all citizens to keep an eye out for signs of depression, people becoming withdrawn or isolating themselves. Try to stay upbeat

INSERT: A map of the US pops up on the TV, and red dots appear on this map, tracking the course of the suicides, starting with the first one. Hundreds of them, spiraling, changing direction, criss crossing, moving into neighboring states then doubling back again. Random, like some 4 year old going crazy with a paint brush

MAN

My penis is sore

TROY

Yea, you're actually supposed to put it in a woman's vagina. You're not supposed to fuck legs

MAN

Yea, well i like it that way

TROY

You can't make new people from humping a leg

Man nods, ignoring it. It doesnt compute

TROY

Hey, you wanna try a popsicle?

MAN

Are they disco?

TROY

They're better than sex

Man looks at him

INT. APT-NIGHT

Man sits on the kitchen floor, the outlines of his mouth sticky with dried food coloring. Many popsicle wrappers cover the floor. Man moans, clutching his stomach

INT. APT-DAY

Troy stands in the living room painting on a canvas. He paints a willow tree in a valley, all by itself. Its a realistic painting

MAN

What do people...do?

TROY

(Sighs)

I don't know, man. I got hit with a rock about 2 years ago. From a lawn mower. I was just sitting there and the rock came through the window and hit me in the head. Lost my memory

MAN

Sorry

TROY

I welcome your empathy

INT. BURGER KING-NIGHT

Troy is at the counter, ordering . Man sits at a table. People stare at him in awe

TROY

(At the counter)

How's that southwestern kicker sauce? Is it Disco?

The workers behind the counter seem uptight to the point of anger. One worker bumps into another roughly but doesn't apologize

Two women have a conversation nearby Man

WOMAN

Just shot him right in the head. Nobody saw who did it

WOMAN 2

Crazy world

WOMAN

He *was* divorced...but he had two kids

WOMAN 2

Whoever did that...they have no soul

WOMAN

They should get the death penalty

They notice Man for the first time, sitting next to them. They start touching their hair, touching their breasts, rubbing their thighs

Troy comes to the table with the food. Man unwraps a burger, he looks at it

TROY

Can you imagine working here?

They look at the workers behind the counter. They all look lackluster, temporarily drained of happiness

TROY

I probably have. They say most people do at one point or another

Man takes a bite of the burger. He lurches forward, puking on the floor, getting some on the woman's shoe

TROY

Yea, that would be the logical reaction

The same woman gets up, starts rubbing his back for him

INT. MOM AND POP DINER- LATER THAT NIGHT

An empty plate sits in front of Man. Two older guys talk in a nearby booth

OLD GUY 1

People dropping like flies

OLD GUY 2

Suicide. *Puhh*. It's a cult

BACK TO MAN AND TROY...

MAN

Whats a soul?

TROY

Something that makes you human

MAN

So if you don't have one?

TROY

Then you're not human...thats bullshit though. "Human" is a myth. We're really just animals

INT. MAN'S BEDROOM-NIGHT

Man sits up in bed. IMAGE: Shooting the cop in the head

INT. TROY'S APARTMENT-LATER THAT NIGHT

Man leans against the wall. Troy comes out

MAN

Can't sleep

TROY

I was dreaming about a bear, in the wilderness

Pause

MAN

What did you mean when you said you cant make people from fucking a leg?

TROY

I mean when a man shoots semen, from his penis, into a woman's vagina...9
months later a new person come out of her

Man snorts, shaking his head

MAN

What the hell are you talking about?

TROY

Man and woman create new people

MAN

Not all the time...Just sometimes right?

TROY

No, there's no other way. Well there are test tube babies, artificial insemination. But its pretty
much the same idea. Sperm goes into a woman, a baby comes out

MAN

Show me

TROY

Well I can't show you right now, but trust me, it has a history

MAN

Stop it, just stop

TROY

Its true

MAN

(becoming frightened)

You're lying

TROY

How do you think all these people got here?

Man starts breathing hard, emotional

TROY

Sorry man

Man grabs the TV remote and smashes it against the wall. He flips the couch. Troy watches, his
impassive look tremored by a slight unease. Man punches the fridge. He immediately keels over,
holding his fist in pain. He closes his eyes. In the darkness he see's...

IMAGE: The strange, tattooed face again, floating in the darkness, grinning now

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM-NIGHT

Man has his fist wrapped up, and he's holding a pack of ice to it. A security guard is nearby,
eating a big mac

TROY

Did you know the golden arches of McDonald's are almost as well known as the crucifix?

The guard just stares at him

A woman can be heard moaning and groaning, somewhere on that floor. Man gets up and starts looking for the sound. As he walks, the sound grows stronger

He comes to the room with the laboring woman inside. Two doctors assist her, the husband is holding her hand. The miracle of birth

They look up as Man enters, momentarily distracted by his supernatural aura

The soon to be new mother's eyes go void of pain for a moment, replaced with wonderment. The moment passes and they continue to focus on the bringing of the baby into this world

Man approaches the bed

INT. HALLWAY-MOMENTS LATER

Man backs out the room rapidly, the husband follows, burning with rage. He's as angry as a man can get in his lifetime. He throws a punch with all his weight into it. Man moves his head just in time to cause the husband to go tumbling into an empty wheelchair.

He fumbles furiously to get up to continue the attack. Two security workers reach the husband before he can launch a second attempt to obliterate Man from existence at any cost. The guards are big guys and it takes all their might to hold the husband back. Before anyone can stop Man, the door to the stairway is slamming shut behind him and Troy

EXT. STREET-NIGHT

TROY

Yea, just don't put your finger in a laboring woman's asshole and you'll be ok

MAN

I was just trying to understand everything that was going on down there

TROY

(Cracks a small grin)

First hand experience

MAN

You were right though. People come from other people

TROY

You know, nobody remembers being born

MAN

I do though

TROY

Maybe if you were born yesterday, man

INT. TROY'S APT-NIGHT

Troy is drawing something on a piece of paper. Man watches

MAN
Yea, the eyes are just right

THE DRAWING is of the tattoo'd face that haunts Man

TROY
Look good?

MAN
Thats him...

TROY
Who is he?

MAN
I dont know

TROY
(Imitating ricardo from *I love Lucy*)

Well he's *got some explaining to do*...Did you know he didn't actually say that until the second season of that show?

MAN
(Looking at the drawing)

How will this help?

TROY
How do you know he's real?

MAN
How could i be dreaming about someone i've never met?

TROY
(Grinning ecstacally)

Thats deep...If we could get this out there...Maybe someone knows him. Maybe he'll see it

MAN
How?

TROY
I don't know...maybe like how people find their pets when they lose them. You know, their dog, their cat

MAN
...Cats

Man looks off for a moment, as though remembering something. Then he pukes all over the floor

TROY
Not disco

MOMENTS LATER

Man tosses a vomit soaked paper towel in the trash

MAN

How do we know he even lives in this country?

TROY

Yea, he does look tribal

MAN

How many people live in the world?

TROY

About 7 billion

MAN

Sorry, million?

TROY

No, billion. That means a thousand millions. And seven of those

Man sits down on the couch, overwhelmed

MAN

Will I ever meet everybody?

TROY

%.00000000001 of the people in the world meet %1 of the worlds population in their lifetime.

So, no, probably not

MAN

What percent of people in the world meet zero percent of the population?

TROY

Probably zero. Everybody meets somebody

INT. POLICE STATION-DAY

Man and Troy stand at the front desk. The woman officer behind it just stares at Man.
Man holds the sketch in his hand

INT. POLICE STATION-LATER

A senior looking official talks with Man and Troy. He's fixated on Man, a child like gaze.
We catch snippets of the conversation

OFFICIAL

I know someone in the business

INSERT-TV SHOW-INSIDE

The show host, Gabrielle Long, 65, grey, groomed hair, sits in a director type chair, facing us

LONG

Tonight, after years of searching for his estranged father, a young man full of courage seeks to
find the man who left him in a bag of trash so many years ago

Long stops talking, stares at the camera for a while, then suddenly continues

LONG

This man wants answers and hopefully, tonight you can help us. Tonight, he's standing up to say,
"I am not a piece of trash, I am a human being"

Again, he stops talking, stares at the camera for a while. He itches his nose

LONG

Go again?

PRODUCER

(O.S.)

Yea

LONG

Help us find the sick twist who left his newborn in a bag of trash and-

MAN

(O.S.)

I wasn't a baby

LONG

Whats that?

MAN

I told you it happened three months ago

LONG

(Grinning)

Lets take five. Larry? Take five?

He gets up, takes a cup of coffee from an assistant and walks over to the producer. He looks back at Man, sighing

PRODUCER

Is he serious?

LONG

I don't think he's completely with it...I mean don't get me wrong, he's an amazing guy

PRODUCER

(Without sarcasm)

Oh my god. THE best

LONG

Like maybe English is his second language. I was talking to him earlier, just small chat. Some things went over his head. Like a saying i used...O heck i forget what it was now

PRODUCER

Yeah...lets just keep shooting, we can always edit the feed later

LONG

(Going on)

And his breath...honestly...like a bag of trash

Producer nods

LONG

I mean there's nothing funny about the predicament he was placed in as a child, i wasn't cracking on that, i meant his breath literally smells like garbage

PRODUCER

(Uncomfortable)

Mhm, yea. Ok, lets keep going

INSERT-TV SHOW

Close up on Troy's sketch of the tribal man as the credits roll

LONG

(VO)

If you're out there and watching this, please, be a man and give our friend here some closure. Whatever dark corner of the world your sorry butt might be hiding in. Or if anyone might be aquianted with this scum bucket and happens to be watching, our friends address is 202 songhorn place, in the great state of-

INSERT-TV SHOW

We pull back from a TELEVISION SET, we stay CLOSE UP on it

LONG

-apartment number 7. Thanks for watching, i'm Gabe Long

INT APT-DAY

Troy puts the final touches on a painting. Man sits on the couch. Outside, a police car cruises slowly down the street, blaring a Bob Marley song from it's horn

BOB MARLEY

"...don't worry, about a thing, cuz' every little thing, is gonna be alright..."

Man looks out the window. People are holding hands. Walking down the street holding banners. 'Love yourself'. 'You are beautiful'. 'Life is great'

MAN

Why do you enjoy painting so much?

TROY

I think i was some sorta' artist before i lost my memory

Man shrugs

MAN

Hell if i know

TROY

Do you remember anything before you were here?

MAN
I remember everything
TROY
You remember not existing?
MAN
Yes
TROY
Cool...How was it?
MAN
Boring
TROY
Probably beats this
MAN
Not much difference. Just a lot more stuff here. I don't like talking about that though.
Tell me things you know
TROY
Like what?

MONTAGE: INTERCUT-Troy talking to Man, explaining things to him

INSERT-MAP OF US STATES-Splayed with red dots, new dots trailing slowly westward

INT-APT-NIGHT-Troy explaining things to Man. They drink coffee now

INSERT-US MAP-The dots abruptly stop, and reverse their current, heading east now

INT-APT-Fast motion now. The sun moves a hundred times the normal pace. Night comes, the sun rises again. Troy and Man move about the apartment, Troy all the while talking, elaborating exhaustedly, Man just listens

INSERT-US MAP-The red dots move closer and closer to the east coast. Slowly zoom in on NY state, and the red dots move closer and closer, one by one, like droplets of blood. They're almost there now...and...

INT APT-NIGHT

Troy sits back

TROY
And thats it. Thats everything I know about everything

Man sits there, wide eyed. Suddenly, a scream. Their heads snap toward the window

EXT STREET-NIGHT

A cop is parked against the curb in his cruiser. Troy and Man approach

TROY

Hey man, is there a storm coming?

The cop takes offense to Troy's casual address

COP

Do you live under a rock?

Troy blanks out, staring absentmindedly at the cruiser's tires

MAN

Sorry, we don't get out much

COP

It's called trajectory

The cops radio goes off

RADIO

Suicide on three hundred block of delaney

The cop takes off

EXT STREET-NIGHT

Flashing police strobes up ahead. Troy and Man walk towards them. A fresh crime scene? Police cars are still pulling up. A few devil may care civilians watch. A white sheet lays over a body, a pool of blood surrounding it

Troy and Man are walking back toward their building. Up ahead, two fresh bodies lead to the building, about a hundred yards apart from each other. Its like Jack the Ripper leaving a trail of dead whores behind him

INT. APT BUILDING

Troy and Man enter. A man is sprawled across the staircase, his wrists slit open, in the process of dying, a bloody shaving blade laying next to him

SUICIDEE

(Groaning)

I never liked me

They step over him cautiously walking up the steps to their apartment. A woman comes out of her apartment and screams at the grisly sight

HALLWAY

There is a little sticky note on their apartment door. An illustration of a puppy on it's haunches with a note in its mouth is stenciled on along with the words 'while you were away'.
Troy grabs the note

INT. KFC-DAY

Troy and Man enter. A blond woman enters behind them, bee lines straight for a not so confident high school kid manning the counter and launches straight into an unhesitant, one winded tirade

ANGRY WOMAN

You put season salt in my kid's chicken last night-

KID

Oh. I-I- I'm sorry

ANGRY WOMAN

-and i could let something like that go if it were just myself but he's allergic and his ear drums and the roof of his mouth were itching all night and he couldn't sleep and he was late for school this morning and now he's got detention for being late. And its all your fault

Man and Troy take a seat, watching

KID

Ma'm, season salt is-is-is al-always in the flour

ANGRY WOMAN

And I asked you to leave it out

KID

That would be like kind of hard for us to do,
i mean we use the same mixture of flour for all the chicken

ANGRY WOMAN

Then why'd you tell me you could do it if you couldn't?

KID

I wasn't even on last night ma'm

ANGRY WOMAN

You know what I mean, you're all the same person

KID

Well i'm sorry but i was home last night

Her face is as red as a tomato now but her resolve is falling apart. Other workers behind the counter have come out and are watching, little grins on their faces.

The manager watches but stays back

ANGRY WOMAN

Well who WAS on last night because i'd really like to speak to that person who did that like that

KID

You want us to go through the camera?

ANGRY WOMAN

(Blinking rapidly)

I don't know what goes on behind that counter, i've never worked in a place like *this*
but you need to get your shit together

She storms out the door. The workers come out and pat the kid on the back.
The manager rubs his shoulders like a coach would a boxer in his corner

KFC MANAGER
(Low so customer's cant hear)
Fuck that bitch

CUT TO: MAN and TROY

MAN
So...say you're doing number 2(A girl sitting nearby looks at him) and you have to pee. What do
you do?

TROY
I'd just do it

MAN
But how is that supposed to make a man feel?

TROY
I don't think it counts as sitting down to take a piss

MAN
You told me about gender roles

TROY
It gets a special privilege. Its an emergency. The human body is basically a sack of rotting mucus
that we're continually trying to keep clean. Some cross contamination is bound to happen

They look over to see the girl staring at them. Troy stares back at her. After a little while...

TROY
Did you know fifty percent of restaurant drink dispensers have fecal matter on them?

The girl moves her tray to a different table. Then she goes to the counter. She talks to the
manager, pointing back at them. The manager nods but gives a 'why the hell are you telling me'
look. When she turns around, a few of the workers laugh and point at her

MAN'S POV-A man shaped object suddenly appears near the entrance. Its the height of a man
but everything is off. Its like a Picasso painting. Some freaskish creature that cant make up it's
mind on what it is. The facial extremeties are out of place. The eyes are floating like small duel
planets six inches to the left of the head. As the thing levitates closer to Man and Troy's table, the
pieces come together in their proper place. Slowly it starts to resemble a human. The legs
straighten out and the feet hit the floor, walking for the first time. The eyes snap to their natural
position. The head takes on a humanly cranial shape. By the time it reaches the table, it's a man,
in his mid 30's, dark skinned, average size. Troy looks up at him, noticing him

TROY
Did you know the first KFC was actually in salt lake city?

“Azrael” gives him a malevolent look. Man shakes his head

INT. KFC

They’re all seated at the table. Azrael looks coyly neutral between evil and good will

MAN

Who is he?

AZRAEL

I don’t know

MAN

You see him though right?

AZRAEL

Yeah

MAN

When you close your eyes?

AZRAEL

Yeah

Man exhales, frustrated. Troy looks back and forth between the two like he’s watching something mystical take place

MAN

Where do you come from?

FLASHBACK-BATHROOM-NIGHT

A girl is cleaning her vagina out with a douche kit

INT SORORITY HOUSE-NIGHT

She comes down the stairs and puts the douche bag in a black garbage bag, laughing. There’s a sign that says ‘douche bag charity’ taped to it

CLOSE UP on the Garbage bag

END FLASHBACK

TROY

Douche bag

MAN

We’re alike

AZRAEL

You’re a douche bag?

MAN

No i’m trash(Pause)We want to find that man

AZRAEL

What does it matter?

MAN

I want to know why i'm here. Don't you?

Azrael looks off to the side, bored with the notion. Pause

AZRAEL

...I was on my way to see him...I think...(Man's head snaps to attention) he's in the south east section of the united states

MAN

How do you know that?

AZRAEL

Pressure. It gets tight, around my head

MAN

We could go together

Azrael stares at him

MAN

Why did you invite us here?

AZRAEL

Saw the television program. Was lonely

MAN

Well everyone you meet dies

Azrael looks down

MAN

How is that?

AZRAEL

Its not my fault

TROY

Nothing is anyone's fault

Troy offers him a potato wedge. Azrael looks at it. He gags. Dry heaves. He sniffles, wipes his nose. He looks like some innocent kid who just woke up

MAN

Maybe you should have a drink

AZRAEL

Can i?

MAN

Sure

Azrael gets up, walks over to the drink dispenser. Troy watches. He hesitates for a second then fills his cup with a little bit of each soft drink

TROY
Even worse
MAN
I told you he'd know something
TROY
He's evil though
MAN
He knows how to find him. And maybe this next guy has the answers
TROY
Well *this* guy killed five hundred people
MAN
We don't really know that

DRINK MACHINE

Azrael stands there, sipping his drink. A wiry black guy comes up, starts prepping his tray of food with salt packets, ketchup, etc.

BLACK GUY
(Without looking at him)
Hey, could you grab me a napkin please?

Azrael looks at him, surprised. The guy glances at him

BLACK GUY
I just need a couple. I ain't about that greed

Azrael hesitantly grabs one. He hands it to the guy

BLACK GUY
Thanks brotha
AZRAEL
You're...welcome...brotha

The guy looks at him now. He laughs good heartedly. Azrael smiles. He laughs a little too

BLACK GUY
You're alright man
AZRAEL
I'm not from around here

The black guy draws a conclusion. Hmm, he's about the same color as me. We could relate

BLACK GUY
Just visitin'?

BACK AT THE TABLE

TROY

Five hundred. That's encroaching on Hitler status

Man glances over at Azrael. He seems to be debating something with the black guy

MAN

Look at him. He's not hurting anyone. You know why? He just needed some company

TROY

Whatever...he's your relative. I gotta drain my lizard

He gets up, heads for the bathroom

THE DRINK DISPENSER

Suddenly Azrael has a lot to say. But apparently what he's saying is emotionally devastating to the black guy, who is shaking his head at the ground, his mind induced in a sudden state of turmoil

AZRAEL

You know that don't you?

An eavesdropping old woman gives Azrael a 'shame on you' look

AZRAEL

Oh i'll get to you

She recoils

MAN'S POV-Azrael hands the guy something. The black guy takes it and drags the small object across the inside of his forearm. Blood streams out

WORKER

Oh my god...

As the guy keeps slashing, tears running down his face, people start screaming, backing away. Somebody rushes him, tries to stop him. Too late

Troy comes out the bathroom. Azrael walks up to him

TROY

Hey buddy (Noticing the commotion) Whoa

MAN'S POV

Azrael goes in on Troy. No doubt saying something wretched and painfully true about the futility of Troy's existence. Man runs toward them

MAN
Troy! Get away from him!

NEAR THE BATHROOM

Azrael done talking, that star gazing look remains plastered on Troy's face. He stares at Azrael for a while then starts laughing. Azrael frowns

Man slams into Azrael, knocking him against the counter. Azrael kicks him then pummel horses over the counter. A fresh panic starts from this new bout of violence. Man follows into the worker's domain. The worker's are confused, still shocked by the sporadic suicide in their lobby

Azrael starts throwing stuff at him, a mixing bowl filled with flour, the mop bucket. He grabs the long squeegee and shoves the dirty end in Man's face. Disgusting. He rips the electric fryer out of the wall and tosses it at him. Man dodges, evades, gets close enough to throw a punch. But he doesn't know how to fight, nor is he capable of animosity toward another. He grabs his collar, swinging him around, knocking him into stuff. It's like two middle schooler's going at it. They're covered in flour

Azrael gets Man down and starts banging his head against the side of the fryer. A girl too scared to move stands right next to them, just praying for this hellish shift to miraculously end. Azrael switches it up and starts banging Man's head against the girl's leg so hard it breaks. The leg, that is. Man elbows him, breaking free. He grabs a knife off the counter and gives a shallow stab to Azrael's side. He hollers in pain

MAN
(Dropping the knife)
Oh-i'm sorry

Azrael grabs the closest hard object, a frozen chicken breast, smacking Man in the head with it before running out the back door. Man runs out the door after him, finding only a trail of blood. Azrael has disappeared...poof

EXT. KFC-LATER

A few witnesses hang around the fast food joint. An officer walks up to Troy and Man. Man's face is bloody, beat up. Troy grins at the cop. The cop grabs Troy, slaps the cuffs on our loveable psychotic...That made sense. The cop gives Man a pat on the back. Troy launches into sudden, bellowing song lyrics, his face still impassive but burning red

TROY
Everything changed, when i fucked a dike named freddy! She took my sanity and left my balls in a glass!

EXT. PARKING LOT-DAY

Man walks up to a man getting in his car

MAN

Excuse me, sir. I'm trying to get a ride down south. Do you think you could give me a ride?

The guy screws his face up in disbelief, turns,
then stops in his tracks as though the messiah is standing before him

GUY

I...I would love to...i really wish i could, sir. My daughter's birthday is tomorrow though. Tell you
what...

EXT. STREET-DAY

Man sits behind the wheel of that same car. He fumbles with the shifter, finally manages to put it
in drive. He floors it. Car lurches forward, burning rubber. BOOM. Runs into a tree

EXT. BUS STATION-DAY

People bustling about. The transitory atmosphere. Man stands at the counter. Counter man is
eager to please Man, despite his dreary looking face

MAN

One ticket to...

COUNTER MAN

Well where you tryin to get to sir?

MAN

Somewhere south

COUNTER MAN

Hows Georgia sound? Its lovely this time of year

MAN

Sure

COUNTER MAN

That'll be two hundred, sir

Man turns out his pockets. Lint falls out

COUNTER MAN

Well...

INT. BUS-DAY

Man has an aisle seat. The bus is loaded with travelers. Young folk, old folk, infants. Man notices
the bus driver's eyes in the mirror are fixed on him. It takes off. After a block, man looks up and

see's the drivers eyes are still glancing at him. He runs a red light.
A truck tee bones the side of the charter bus

INT. AIRPORT-DAY

The automatic doors slide open as Man enters. He see's a pilot walk past, staring at him, dumbfounded. Man stops for a second. Thinks....Nevermind. Bad idea.
Turns and walks out the door

INT.DINER-NIGHT

It's empty, except Man and four others, all seated at the same table. Like that scene out of *American Graffiti*. These guys are vibrant and...sociable? It certainly would look that way to anyone watching them bouncing conversation off each other. They're as close as friends can get. Rob. Bruce. Mike. Jenna. Their conversation seems elevated, as though they're putting on a show for Man

MIKE

Hey, i'm no young whipper snapper anymore, alright? I'm not Rob. He probably would have jumbled this old bag of bones if i didn't move my ass

JENNA

Oh, you unfortunate old man

BRUCE

It's true the likes of you have to be careful...you're not exactly me are ya Mike

MIKE

And pray tell what is your blessing?

BRUCE

I'm a hunk

Jenna smacks him in the head

BRUCE

I'm not ashamed to say so...look at these guns

MIKE

This guy. So full of shit. No, really, Gaston, i'm so impressed, asshole. You wern't there kid. You didn't see the look in that little guy's eye.

I thought he was gonna shoot me with that damn harpoon

ROB

Aw Mike, I didn't see any look

JENNA

Im sure they would have been happy with the catch. They pay by the pound over there

MIKE

Hey missy. You can go after my bag of bones but you're treading on dangerous ground, ragging on my figure

BRUCE

Standing next to me only makes it worse huh Mike

MIKE

Standing next to you almost makes me wish he pulled the trigger
BRUCE
Exactly

Mike chuckles, throwing a grape at Bruce who dodges it playfully

MIKE
(To Man)
I taught this little shit everything he knows
MAN
What does he know?

Mike sticks out his hand for a high five. Man apprehensively slaps it

MAN
So why do you guys do it?

They look at each other

JENNA
I was six. My father was on his death bed. And one day i was out by the pond and these boys were throwing rocks at a little family of ducks in the water. So i grabbed this stick and fought them off with it. My dad died the next day. Before he died though, he made me promise him that i would use my life doing something i love. I've been doing this kind of stuff ever since

There's a long pause. Then they all burst out laughing. Good one Jenna

ROB
Daddy issue's? Women's problems always come from the daddy
JENNA
Well Rob, with how much you hit the ganja i was hoping there was at least one person who'd fall for it
MIKE
I like the way they smell
BRUCE
Dolphins turn me on
ROB
I enjoy giving a helping hand to people and animals in need

They burst into laughter again

MIKE
There comes a time in a man's life where he has to decide which animal he relates to the most. (Leans in close to Man) But seriously. I wouldn't wanna be alive if I couldn't help others. Its all I live for

Nods of agreement

BRUCE

(Raising his cup of coffee)

Here here. To the dolphins and whales who live today because we were there. And to the ones who died because we weren't there

They knock their mugs together, take a swig

MIKE

And to the ones who perished because Bruce was busy looking at himself in the mirror

ROB

Tell him about the chickens Jenna

A tremor of laughter goes through the group. Their coolness seems damn real enough, but something is a little off, but that'll come to shocking realization soon enough

JENNA

This one's totally true, cuz I couldn't make it up if I tried. Five years back. Me and a friend managed to commandeer this van full of chickens before it gets to this "processing" plant. We know these places are fucking hell holes. Workers there must be complete fucking psychotics.

Rippin the chickens heads off, fucking beatin' them to death. Doin' all this twisted shit and probably laughing about it, like its male bonding over basketball or something. Anyway, i'm driving this van full of chickens, and this dog comes out of nowhere. Boom. Hit the poor pooch. He has no collar, and nobody comes running so he must be a stray. This is a paradox tailor made to my sensibilities. I'm not gonna leave this fucking dog there to die and i'm not aborting my chicken agenda. Problem is the dog gets p'd as hell every time i come near him. It's like he knows i'm the one who hit him. So putting him up front is out of the question. He could bite me and make us crash. Or if my friend is driving i'd have to hold him. I love dogs but either way i'm gonna get bit. We could stick him in the back but just because his legs busted doesn't mean he's not hungry, i mean this poor guy's ribs are poking through. Then, a miracle. There's someone out there who gives a shit. This guy pulls over, offers to help take the dog to the vet. So we say ok, he doesn't have to know about our current, so called 'illegal' activity. We can even see how it turns out with the dog and be on our way with the chickens. So I'm following behind Becky in the van and all the sudden the car turns off. They're not headed to the vet. Becky thought it'd make her look like a bad ass to tell the guy what we were doing with the van. I swear on mother earth i'm not making this up. The guy turns out to be an executive of the same chicken processing plant the van was headed to. He was probably on the way to the plant or police station to haggle over the same stolen van he just walked past like a dumb ass. I mean what the hell. What are the chances this sick fucker would stop to help a hurt animal?

Now for the first time they check Man's reaction, holding their breath, as though this whole conversation has all been theatrics for his benefit. Man gives a light laugh. They breath a sigh of relief, join in the laughter a bit

JENNA (CONT'D)

So Becky escapes, leaves the dog with the guy. Half an hour later he calls the phone in the van. Didn't go to the cops yet but he's saying all this sick shit he's gonna do to the dog if he doesn't

get the van full of chickens back. And we hear the dog screech in pain. He wants us to meet him at the police station, with the van of chickens. One dog or a bunch of chickens? We get to the station. The smug bastard is waiting in his car with the dog. "One more move and the dog gets it", you know, that kind of deal. Before he knows it I open the back of the van and the chickens fly out, they're running all over the place. They're all over the lot. Cops come running out, they dont know what to do. Becky grabs the dog out the guys car while he's pickin feathers out his throat. We get away scott free. Later i hear the chickens were saved, taken to some farm somewhere

BRUCE

Now as you all know it wouldn't be hard for me to top that story but I-

MIKE

You prick

BRUCE

What can I say? I am the best

MIKE

You could sell your soul and still not be the best

More laughter from the group

MIKE

So, hey man. Why do you need a ride...where again?

MAN

Somewhere south

MIKE

Ok, sounds great, who ya looking for?

MAN

Need to find somebody

ROB

He a friend?

MAN

Not really

MIKE

Well, you gotta settle the score with your past before you can have a future

JENNA

Totally man

MIKE

Anyone up for a road trip?

BRUCE

I'd enjoy that right about now

ROB

Totally, man

MAN

You're gonna give me a ride?

Just then Troy shows up at the window. He peers in at them. The group tenses.
Troy enters the diner

You could hear a pin drop. The change in the atmosphere is truly shocking. All the exuberance there was a minute ago goes dead immediately. They recoil from Troy, squeezing tighter together like sheep in the cold. Suddenly they're social retards

TROY

They let me go. I think I made them uncomfortable

MAN

This is Troy

Mike nods toward Troy then averts his eyes

MAN

They wanna give us a ride to find-

MIKE

Yea...about that...

EXT STREET-DAY

Troy and Man sit on a park bench

TROY

(Feeling his own his face)

I feel sorry for pretty boys. I get to fly under the radar

MAN

Can you drive?

TROY

Well...sort of. I wouldn't trust me though

MAN

How do you expect other people to trust you if you can't trust yourself?

TROY

I trust the simplicity of existence as a whole network of-

MAN

Can we talk about something else please. We need to be helping people

TROY

I thought you just wanted to find out who you are

MAN

I feel i have more to offer

TROY

Why can't you drive?

MAN

I had a bad experience

Troy gives him a look. Where's all this coming from?

EXT STREET-DAY

A girl, walking down the sidewalk. Its the ridiculously attractive girl from the bar Man was at earlier. She's an object of fixation for %99.99 of straight men she meets in her lifetime. The leftover %.01 are the times she pays her respects at a funeral. Shes quick to smile but there's a faraway look to her. A guy coming toward her stops her

GUY

Excuse me. Do you have the time?

ATTRACTIVE GIRL

No, sorry

GUY

(Voice shaking)

Thats ok. You know your purse is really cool looking, i mean i see a lot of purses but that one just seems different somehow, like its got soul to it

She blinks, nods, an automatic smile plastered on her face, barely hearing what he's saying

ATTRACTIVE GIRL

Right on

Compliment number 52 of the day. She moves on, leaving the guys endocrine system in smithereens

Another guy she passes opens his mouth to talk but shes mastered the art of appearing to be concentrated on something else. Pow. His endocrine system needs correctional surgery. That Bob Seger song 'Her strut' might come to mind here

Dozens of eyes molest her from a distance before hers fall on MAN and TROY rounding the corner. A look of recognition comes over her

EXT STREET-DAY

Troy and Man in the throws of a minor squabble

MAN

Can you at least tell me what people do??

TROY

I'm not some answering machine ok?

MAN

Well you've said a lot before

TROY

There isn't always a straight answer

The Attractive Girl walks up to Man, planting herself deep in his comfort zone, showcasing a smile with no subterfuge

ATTRACTIVE GIRL

Hi

MAN
Hi?

The three form a triangle of awkwardness. Troy stares at her though he's probably too crazy to care about looks

TROY
Do you like your dad?
ATTRACTIVE GIRL
(Laughing)
Um... Yeah

TROY
Did you know there are still cultures that don't value the concept of physical beauty?

This is a conversation nobody would put up with from a complete stranger under any ordinary circumstances

ATTRACTIVE GIRL
I did not know that
TROY

I'd apologize to people for the way i am but then i'd be apologizing every time i meet someone.
It'd probably be easier to change but
I get this nagging feeling my attitude will benefit mankind some day

ATTRACTIVE GIRL
Right on, be the change you wish to see in the world...I'm Flower

TROY
Somebody got creative
FLOWER
Yea...

Pause

TROY
I named myself Troy
FLOWER
Oh did you now?
TROY
Yeah... You're cool

She lights up. Shes in with the psychotic friend

FLOWER
Well, *somebody* likes me

She holds onto her purse strap, aiming an ear to ear smile at Man

EXT. FRUIT STAND-DAY

Flower has an aloof attitude kind of like shes off in another world. She picks out fruit

FRUIT STAND WOMAN

The pears are half off this week...excuse me, ma'm? Ma'm?...Ma'm?

FLOWER

Sorry, what?

FRUIT STAND WOMAN

The pears are half off this week

FLOWER

Right on

MAN

So then what?

FLOWER

...then I went to this alternative school for the rest of high school

MAN

I never went to school

FLOWER

Self educated?

MAN

Mostly

He looks over at Troy who is staring at a peach. The three keep moving.
The fruit stand woman turns to her friend

FRUIT STAND WOMAN

That girl is a space cadet

INT APT-DAY

Flower is going through old pictures of herself. She hands one to Man. Her as a little girl. Troy is on the floor in the lotus posture, sketching a picture of Man and Flower.
The sketch is terribly distorted

MAN

Everybody has kid pictures of themselves?

FLOWER

Unless you had crappy parents

MAN

I'm starting to think I did

She gets on the bed with him, hugs his midsection. Man gives Troy a quizzical look. Troy nods.
Man apprehensively puts his arm around her. Hmm, could get used to this

MAN

My sibling turned out pretty bad

FLOWER

Whats wrong with him

MAN

He's not very nice

FLOWER

I know we just met but...

The TV plays on low volume

NEWS MAN

-national cheer hasn't helped in stopping the grisly suicides. They continue to head south now. Trajectory has them hitting Florida in a weeks time. What the fuck. Excuse me i'm sorry I don't understand this

NEWS MAN 2

Now Will-

NEWS MAN

What the hell is going on? This is complete fuckin' insanity. Can someone explain why the fuck these people are killing themselves? I just-

A commercial for laundry detergent cuts over him

MAN

He's down south

FLOWER

I can tell you're different from the usual pieces of trash I end up with

TROY

Well..

FLOWER

I wanna know you. Everything about you

MAN

There's not a lot to know

FLOWER

I doubt that

TROY

(To no one)

Sorry ladies and gentlemen, the archives don't reach very far back

FLOWER

...You know how you get that disappointing feeling when you wake up from a really good dream?

I feel like i'm going to sleep when i'm around you(Laughs) I didn't mean that in a bad way. I mean in the context that i just said. Like some people might be like 'you're boring, you put me to sleep'...i'm not talking too much am i?

MAN

It's fine

FLOWER

I've never felt so close to a guy. I just end up with these fast pieces of trash with no substance. They don't understand me

Troy nods at him

MAN

I understand you

FLOWER

Its just so lonely waiting years and years for someone to come along and say that.
I've always felt so separate

Man strokes her hair, awkwardly, like you'd pet a dog.
He gets sight of her leg and his eyes go wide

MAN

Is...is this right?

TROY

Haven't figured that out?

MAN

What do you mean?

TROY

Thats pretty much it. Making new people

MAN

Helping people. Making new people. Helping people. Making new people

INT. CAR-NIGHT

Flower drives the car, Man and Troy in tow

MAN

What if I came from nothing?

TROY

Nothing comes from nothing

Flower keeps glancing at Man

MAN

Listen

FLOWER

Yes?

MAN

If you really care about me, you'll watch the road

FLOWER

Yes

MAN

Please, there's nothing special about me

FLOWER

Stop

MAN

I'm actually a little less than human

FLOWER

Don't say that

MAN

Please, watch the road, you don't have to keep checking, i'm here. I told you, people are dying,
we need to catch up

FLOWER

And what happens when we get there?

MAN

Please, just drive the car

She starts to cry inexplicably

MAN

Um...thank you...i mean...Please

FLOWER

You're just like everyone else, you just wanna fucking use me, you don't wanna get to know me!

MAN

I-

FLOWER

You're just gonna leave aren't you?

MAN

No I-

FLOWER

Why did you get inside my head if you don't feel the same way?

MAN

I-

FLOWER

You're not normal

The car starts to swerve. Starts to go off the road

MAN

Stop the car. Stop it now!

They pull over at a highway diner. She jumps out. Man goes after her, trying to calm her. The struggle leads to a mint condition muscle car. The hood gets scratched up. The owner, a young guy, comes out the diner, angry. He stops in his tracks, dumbstruck by Flower

YOUNG GUY

(Staring at her)

Oh. Thats ok

FLOWER

'Thats ok'??

She grabs a rock and busts his window out

YOUNG GUY

You're just blowing off steam

INT DINER-NIGHT

They all sit in a booth. Outside the young guy is in his car, pulling away, carefree of the shattered window. Flower's arms are wrapped around Man once more, tears streaming down her face

FLOWER
(Sobbing)
I'm so sorry

INT.MOTEL-NIGHT

Troy awakens in cold sweat, on the floor. He trembles. Man and Flower fumble around in the bed

FLOWER
Almost there
MAN
I think that's it...Is it in?

INT CAR-DAY

The radio plays

FLOWER
They're gonna be such beautiful children

Man looks at her. He takes a swig from a coke can

INT CAR-DAY

Troy chow's down on fast food

FLOWER
You should stop eating that stuff
MAN
He has an addiction
TROY
It's true
FLOWER
You need fruits, vegetables, real wholesome foods. Poor diet can lead to mental issues
TROY
Oh no that would be from the psychedelics
FLOWER
Oh
MAN
What are psychedelics?

EXT. FIELD-NIGHT

The car parked, the three lay on their backs, looking up at the stars

MAN

I don't feel any different

FLOWER

It's so beautiful up there. The moon...the clouds

TROY

And i'm sure all this would be beautiful from up there. What does that tell you about what it's really like on the moon?

INT CAR-NIGHT

Man and Troy sleep. Flower drives. She keeps glancing at Man in the passenger seat. The car swerves, almost goes off the road. Man awakens, startled

INT CAR-NIGHT

The car in park, Man sits in the driver's seat, Flower in the passenger, showing him the ropes

INT CAR-NIGHT

The car moves slowly down a city street where packs of people are lining the side, probably headed to some event. As they cruise through, Man stares out the window at the people, his mind turning, an epiphany in progress

INT CAR-NIGHT

CLOSE UP on Man's face. Something's happening under the surface, his brain is in a cocoon

Flower looks over at him. She blinks, as though shes waking up

EXT COFFEE SHOP-DAY

The partner of the cop Man shot in the beginning, is sipping a cup of coffee

IMAGE: His partner's head snapping back, a fresh bullet wound in the forehead

The cop shakes his head, upset

IMAGE: A flicker of Man standing there with the gun

The cop blinks rapidly, concentrating

IMAGE: The image of Man flickers rapidly like a faulty projection

INT CAR-DAY

A highway sign up above says, "Tallahassee, 1/2 MILE"

EXT STREET-DAY

Troy sits in a bench, watching Man and Flower from a distance. Flower holds his hand but is pulling away, a sympathetic look on her face. She lets go

EXT PARK-DAY

Man sits on a bench with Troy. Troy pats him on the back

EXT STREET-DAY

Man walks down the sidewalk with Troy. People walk past them, paying them no mind. One or two pair of eyes glance at them, nothing of consequence though

INT. BAR-DAY

Day time in a bar. Not the most hopping spot. A 30 something woman having a casual drink. Man eyes her, angrily. He goes over, pushes the guy shes talking to out the way, starts trying to hump her leg, forcefully. Shes not happy about this. The bartender jumps over the counter, has to pry him off

EXT PARK-DAY

Man and Troy sit on the same park bench. Man has a bloody lip

TROY

I told you about taboo subjects right?

EXT STREET-DAY

Man holds his head in pain

TROY

What is it?

MAN

...pressure

Troy walks past an old book store. He blinks. Something has caught his eye. He goes in. Man follows. Its dusty and we can almost smell that smell of old book pages that makes you woozy. He goes over to the window. A bunch of books are piled messily on top of each other. A man's face is partially visible through the pile. He picks it out. The title is 'Our Country'. Troy is on the front cover, an intensely arrogant, cold look on his face, his arms crossed, his head held high. A

big swastika (Nazi symbol) is printed on the cover. He stands in front of the window, looking through the pages. The swastika catches passerby's attentions. A group of rowdy looking teenage black kids are standing near the shop but don't notice.

The Indian guy inside the shop does though

EXT BOOK STORE-DAY

Man and Troy exit. The Indian guy exits the shop and starts talking casually to the group of kids. They become silent. Then...

KID
Dmk bgt?

Troy turns around. The group of kids get close now

KID
Ajuread dlor meesh lok ruptin?

It's complete gibberish. Troy pauses, confused

TROY
What?
KID
Dkab eipep vwiuer yutrye ojd huve edoie?
TROY
Ever seen that movie 'Marathon Man' with a very young Dustin Hoffman?
KID 3
Nudje?
TROY
Sorry?

They get close up now, almost in his face and they're growing angrier

KID 2
Dbjed eoi eioe bophf hle!
TROY
Sorry I-That wasn't me on that cover. Me, but not me

Kid 1 socks him in the jaw. Troy and Man run

INT BATHROOM-DAY

A random, large public bathroom. Troy with his swollen jaw, Man with his busted lip

MAN
(Coyly)
I told you about taboo subjects right?

TROY
I don't think i was a painter

INT MCDONALDS-DAY

Troy is at the counter, ordering. The workers seem irregularly uptight as though someone is holding a gun to their head. Four of them hang around the front counter, paying Troy undue attention

TROY
Yea, super size it
WORKER 1
How are you doing sir?
TROY
Um, fine

A well groomed corporate looking guy is patrolling the lobby, engaging customers, making genuinely invested small talk. The worker's eyes dart toward him occasionally

TROY
Oops...know what...I don't have any money

Their strained smiles don't change, but their eyes flicker briefly toward the corporate guy

COUNTER GIRL
(Jovially)
Oh thats ok sir

Man comes out the bathroom just then. Troy turns away

WORKER
Have a nice day!
WORKER 2
Come back soon!

CUT TO: TABLE

Troy looks grouchy. He rubs his stomach. Man winces, shakes his head

MAN
Its so tight. The pressure. Feels like my head's gonna bust
TROY
Good
MAN
He must be close now
TROY
Like, in this restaurant?
MAN

Have you noticed a guy with big tattoo's on his face?

TROY

Well we can't see everyone behind the counter

MAN

Seriously?

TROY

Yea you're right. Be more likely to see Freddy Krueger filling out an application here

Man looks around the restaurant, slowly, searching

TROY

Something i was thinking of yesterday. When a person with tattoo's has a kid...could the kid come out with tattoo's?

MAN

Thats a weird thought

Man's eyes fall on something of importance. He gets up, curious, starts walking towards it, slowly. Suddenly a worker comes out the bathroom, upset, his eyes fixed on Man

JOE

Hey, man, why'd you do that?

MAN

(Blindsided)

What?

JOE

You blew up the bathroom and clogged the toilet. You left a huge log in there, a bunch of freakin toilet paper, and a banana peel

He's doing little to constrain his voice and people are starting to notice

JOE

And you smiled at me and said thank you when you came out the stall

MAN

I-I-didnt?

JOE

You didn't stuff a banana peel down there or you didn't smile at me and say thank you when you left the stall?

MAN

Well I thought I could-

JOE

If you try to flush a banana peel down those pipes, its gonna clog, dude

MAN

I'm-I

JOE

I usually wouldn't step out like this but thats like...psycotic shit, man. I don't know who taught you to take a shit

Man is perplexed, caught in a surreal nightmare of embarrassment. Its quiet now, the customers enjoying this sick theater of human vulnerability

JOE

I'm the type to let a stranger know if a dollar falls out their pocket. You can do whatever you want with your own toilet but don't come in public and-

Just then a 6 year old kid comes up to Man, pulls his pants down and kicks him in the leg. His mother grabs the boy. Everyone laughs, even the mother. The moment is so surreal he doesn't even pull his pants back up. His face burns red

EXT STREET-DAY

Man wears a perturbed and violated look

TROY

Whats wrong?

Man shoots him an incredulous look

TROY

Is he still close ?

MAN

Not as...I thought i saw something in there...

EXT STREET-DAY

Man winces hard, as if the sun is shining too bright

MAN

He's very close

TROY

What profession do you think requires a person to access the most areas of their brain? Would you believe me if i told you it was a matador?

Man latches onto Troy's shoulder, almost keeling over from the malignant pressure in his head. They pass by an open door to a bar

PERSON

(OS)

You need an aspirin buddy?

Troy and Man stop, peering into the dimly lit watering hole. The person wasn't talking to them. Inside, a guy is sitting at a table with hip looking friends, holding his head in pain. They enter the bar. Once they get close to this mystery man, the pressure eases off. The guy lifts his head. No tattoo face. He's about 37, black, GQ styled with cool looking clothes and a wrist watch. But he

looks slightly out of place, like he fell out of the sky into this situation. There's recognition on his and Man's face

IMAGE: A human foot sticking out of a huge pile of horse shit

BAR-NIGHT

A busy night. Not quite friday busy, more likely thursday busy. A man sits at the bar, 50, messy hair, down in the dumps, whacked out of his mind on depression. He stares down at the beer in front of him. Isolated in a room full of people. He's not some scum bag who goes out every friday night and lets his immature impulse to bother hot women run wild, but rather someone who is genuinely down on his luck. An attractive middle aged woman sits nearby. He glances at her

SAD DUDE

(VO)

Why do we have to be so far apart when i'm sitting right next to you? God I would give anything right now for you to smile at me. Just let me make love to you and I could go for the rest of my life off that memory. I'd literally give my right hand for that. One priceless fuck with a beautiful thing is better than ten thousand lonely jerks with your ugly hand. No...I don't even need for it to get that far. I just want to touch you, just wanna hold your hand. I'm not a pervert i just wanna feel that warmth. Just give me one genuine look into my eyes. Can't you see i'm so fuckin sad?

Can't you see i'm so in pain I can't even feel my own face? Don't you care? I'm sure you've cared for so many pieces of shit who don't care about you, but can you care for something worth it please? And that might make you feel good too

A single tear drop runs down his face. Just then, a guy enters the bar, it's the GQ guy, only he's dressed in holy salvation army threads. He goes and sits at the bar. He's wide eyed, childishly bliss. The middle aged woman's head snaps toward him. A hot chick saunter up next to him

HOT CHICK

Hi, i'm Maya

GQ GUY

Um...Hi

HOT CHICK

Me and my two friends rented this limo for the weekend...ever been in one?

GQ GUY

In what?

HOT CHICK

In me- I mean...in a limo

She laughs, touching on him. A cool looking young guy comes up on his other side

COOL YOUNG GUY

Whats up dude?

GQ GUY

Um, Nothing

COOL YOUNG GUY

Hey, you're cool man. Me and my friends are going on this snow boarding trip this weekend,
wanna tag along?

People continue to crowd around him. The Sad dude's mouth literally hangs open

SAD DUDE

Shit

EXT STREET-DAY

The GQ guy we can now assume is a piece of crap walks down the street with Troy and Man. His movement is experienced, his body language welcoming. He smiles broadly at each person that comes their way which in turn inspires them to smile. He speaks with a new orleans drawl. Troy bumps into a man coming the other way. He's out of it. They take a seat at an out door cafe

CRAP

People just gave me things-

TROY

Wish somebody'd give me a big mac

CRAP

-i was still a little confused about the meaning of *things* and their existence
and why people wanted them

TROY

Eight piece with potato wedges and a pepsi

CRAP

Luckily, my first experience was being kicked by a horse. That was right after I came out of its
ass. Next was a month of living in a barn, healing from that kick

MAN

Sorry for your misfortune

TROY

Five layered beef burrito

CRAP

I'm so grateful that was my first experience, it made everything to come so much better, know
what I mean?

TROY

Number 8 from Wendy's with a dr pepper

CRAP

Is your friend alright?

MAN

He has an addiction

TROY

Funny, I was never addicted to the psychadellics

MAN

I told him he should quit

CRAP

No addiction is any good. I knew this one guy, he was a friend of Robert,
had an Indian trail of dots goin up his arm

MAN

Who's Robert?

CRAP

Great guy, taught me a lot, showed me around. I ran into him early on, we just started hangin out.

He was an American rap artist in the 9th decade of the 20th century. Stage name was Master P.

He told me his rap music, like most popular modern music, was purely satirical

MAN

Whats that mean?

CRAP

It wasn't to be taken literally

MAN

Oh

CRAP

Must have met half the people in the world-

MAN

No one has

CRAP

Is that a bad thing?

MAN

Well...How can people live in the world without knowing everything? I don't get it

CRAP

Ain't no need to give yourself a headache, player. We all equals on this social landscape, man. It's
all laid out for ya'. Sample it all. A little o' this, little o' that. Buy into it. Do what you want before
you decide to settle down, ya know?

MAN

We need to stop him from killing people

CRAP

The douche bag?

MAN

It's wrong to kill. To hurt. I know that now

CRAP

Can you find him?

MAN

He's good at hiding

CRAP

I'm not about killing anyone

MAN

Are we the only ones?

CRAP

I've been all over this country. I've only ever seen tattoo in my head until you

MAN

Does he say anything?

CRAP

I think he wants me to hurt people

MAN

Why do you say that?
CRAP
Just a feeling

A couple girls nearby are looking their way, smiling flirtatiously. Crap flashes them a big warm smile. He breaks into a gentle rendition of Stevie Wonder's *'Mi cheri amor'*, stretching his arm toward them theatrically. The girls laugh, impressed

TROY
(His head suddenly snapping to attention)
The more powerful men are perceived in a culture, the more malicious women are in that culture!

Pause. The girls look uncomfortable now

TROY
People are fucking animals. And I eat animals. People are fucking animals!! And I eat animals!!
People look at them. Man gets up, pulling on Troy's arm

MAN
Alright, time to go buddy

INT TACO BELL-DAY

Workers behind the counter are cheery, very friendly with each other. Man and Crap hold Troy up in between themselves at the counter. The counter guy eyes Troy pitifully

COUNTER GUY
Well whats wrong with him?

Man and Crap look at each other, pooling their collectively limited words together

MAN
I'd say its a-
CRAP
Psychotic
MAN
Yea, psychotic...induced-psychotic induced
CRAP
Induced Psychotic withdrawl
MAN
-fast food withdrawl induced psychosis
COUNTER GUY
I've never heard of that
MAN

It's new...Plus he lost his memory a while back, I don't know how to fit that in the sentence
COUNTER GUY

Oh God...i wanna help but you don't have money

MAN

Can't you forget about that?

COUNTER GUY

What if we forgot about it every time someone came through here?

MAN

No, just this time

COUNTER GUY

Well through that logic, every person in the world could come through here and we could forget about it. Theoretically its the same thing

MAN

(Becoming angry)

He's not every person in the world. This is one person. Not 7 billion. That doesn't make sense

TROY

(To counter man)

I have the greatest respect for your profession

CRAP

Hey. We just wanna help our friend.

If you happen to have anything back there just layin around to hold him over

A guy grabs a leftover soft taco from the heat rack and hands it to them. He smiles at them

EXT RESTAURANT-DAY

They unwrap the taco, holding it before Troy who looks to be fading in and out of consciousness

CRAP

Wait. This is immoral

MAN

What

CRAP

Look. He's sick for it

MAN

Helping people is important

CRAP

People don't always know whats good for them

MAN

He could die

CRAP

(Unsure)

I don't think people die from with drawl

MAN

Yea?

CRAP

It might help him more if we don't let him have it...I sure don't want it

Man looks around. An Asian homeless man is pushing a cart of cans past them. Man offers the taco to him. He humbly refuses

EXT STREET-DAY

MAN

Is this the street?

CRAP

This is where it happened

MAN

What if I never find this tattoo man?

CRAP

Maybe you wouldn't wanna meet him

MAN

I just want to find out the truth so I can stop caring about it. So far, not knowing is the worst pain i've felt

CRAP

You know why I never went looking for him? There'll always be something you don't know, know what I mean? And thats fine. Besides, even if he did make me, I know who made him. Master P always said never forget to give God his credit. I know where my blessings come from

Man gives him a strange look. They now come to a point where a section of the sidewalk is locked off with caution tape. There's a large dark stain there. A woman walks past

WOMAN

The world is goin to crap. Right in front of a school

They look up at a sign. It reads "Immaculate conception school. Faith in every child"

Just then, a man pushes past them without saying excuse me. It's AZRAEL, staring off into space. He turns toward them briefly with an awkward attempt at a smile

AZRAEL

Um...Hi

Then he continues to walk, ignoring them. Awkward

MAN

Thats him. The douche bag

They follow

CRAP

Hey...hey man

He keeps walking, stiff and awkwardly. Guarded

MAN
Hey...what are you doing?

He walks into a corner store. They follow closely behind him. He seems oblivious of their presence. The clerk looks at them curiously. Azrael goes into the hygiene section. Starts searching for something

MAN
Stop

He rolls his eyes, as though annoyed by a fly. He grabs a pack of razor blades. He tries to go to the front counter. Man smacks the package out his hand, and they both grab him, wrestling him to the ground right at the counter. He screams in fury as Crap and Man restrain him

CLERK
What the hell dude
CRAP
We need rope

The clerk just stares. Man gets up and grabs a hair clipper set and rips the package open. Uses the cord to tie Azrael's hands. He screams in fury

MAN
You gotta stop. You don't know what's good for you
CLERK
Um-
MAN
(Motions to clippers)
Seriously? Are you really gonna ask us to pay for these?
CLERK
I-
MAN
I'm not even a citizen. Why should i have money?

INT CRAP'S APT-DAY

There's nothing in the place but a single chair, a plate, a spoon, a cup, and a pot, all sitting on the counter. They enter, with Azrael as prisoner. Troy is already there, curled up in a corner, holding his stomach. Vomit is on the floor

MAN
Is that normal?
CRAP
Sure

They put Azrael on the floor

MAN
I'm sorry about stabbing you before. It's not right to treat people that way...What should we do?

CRAP

God has a plan for everything, know what i mean?

MAN

Me and Troy were talking about killing him before...thats wrong though

CRAP

(To Azrael)

Hey, do you hear him? Bro here's givin' you a second chance

MAN

He doesn't want to change

CRAP

A mind can never change itself

MAN

Something from nothing

CRAP

What?

MAN

Nothing

CRAP

He needs people

Troy starts shaking. Man fills a glass with water and offers it to him

CRAP

You're great friends aren't you?

MAN

Well...I guess so...

AZRAEL

Have you spent more than an hour with him with out wanting to kill him?

They look at him

AZRAEL

Then yea, he's your friend

They stare at Azrael for a while, then Man turns to Crap

MAN

Yea. I think it'd help him a lot more if we had more people here. You must know a lot of people

CRAP

Well I-

MAN

I was expecting this place to be packed with them

CRAP

Well they ain't exactly...you know

MAN

Condiments?
CRAP
Yea, condiments
MAN
You could call someone
CRAP
I could. They'd probably come
MAN
Then why don't you?
CRAP
I...I don't know. I just...don't

Pause

AZRAEL
I don't know why I do it. Feels like I have to
CRAP
You wanna be this way the rest of your life? Killing everyone you meet before you can get to
know them?
AZRAEL
No
CRAP
Just gotta have a positive attitude man
AZRAEL
I wanna change
CRAP
You gotta ask for the help. We're right here. You know what I mean?
AZRAEL
I can see what I'm gonna do next but I just can't stop
CRAP
We hear ya, brother. We know
AZRAEL
I think I could be nice if i tried real hard
CRAP
You can be whatever you want, know what I mean?
AZRAEL
I want to be part of the team
MAN
Team?
AZRAEL
I heard that somewhere
CRAP
Robert used to say you cant tell you're in a storm when you're in the middle of it
AZRAEL
No, I see other people and I know I'm different
CRAP
We gotta stick together. We're all different

AZRAEL
I need help

Man rushes to the window. Troy is trying to jump out of it. He struggles with him, pulling him back in. They glance at Azrael

AZRAEL
I didn't say anything

EXT APT BUILDING-DAY

All four men are outside, watching people pass. Troy is seated on the curb, staring at the ground

MAN
Will I ever matter? Will my thoughts ever mean anything? Will people hear my voice?

CRAP
You wanna be a pop star?

MAN
What? No... Well, do people listen to them?

CRAP
No. Just pretend to. It'd be rude not to look at someone who's puttin theirself out there like that

An average looking woman is walking their way

MAN
How about that one?

AZRAEL
I-I don't want to say the wrong thing

CRAP
You can say whatever you want to people, as long as you say it in the right way

MAN
Just do it

AZRAEL
I'm nervous. I think I'm shy

CRAP
Ma'm you look wonderful today

AVERAGE WOMAN
Why thank you

CRAP
Where did you get that purse? It looks different, like its got a nice vibe to it

She pauses for a while, pleasantly surprised, almost taken aback

AVERAGE WOMAN
(Smiling)
I-well it's just some old purse

Crap nudges Azrael

AZRAEL

What do you do for a living?

AVERAGE WOMAN

Um...I work over at starbucks right now

AZRAEL

Is that what you wanna do with your life?

Her face turns stern, she walks away

CRAP

You gotta think positive

AZRAEL

(Hanging his head)

I know, I know

CRAP

Try this one coming up. He looks down to earth

MAN

Yea, and remember, people don't know what you're thinking. So just try to let them know what you're thinking, but not exactly what you're thinking or they'll get scared. Just vaguely what you're thinking. But throw other stuff in there too

Azrael gives him a look

CRAP

Choose one of the standard greetings

CLOSE UP on AZRAEL. The GUY's voice is pleasant, carefree, and accented

AZRAEL

Hi, how are you today sir

GUY

I'm fine, thank you

AZRAEL

I am glad to hear that. May I ask you where you're from?

GUY

Nowhere

CRAP nudges AZRAEL

AZRAEL

Um, well have a good day then, sir

We see the guy now. He is the stranger from the very beginning of this story. He's at least 15 years older, more mature, but still has that un earthly look to him. He stays planted there, having a careful look at them all, a knowing grin on his face. Then he walks off slowly

CRAP
He didn't want to talk
MAN
That was a little better though

Nearby a dumpster is being lifted up by the forks of a dump truck. Also, a dog is taking a crap on the sidewalk. The four men move on

EXT STREET-DAY

Troy falls over. Crap and Man catch him, steadying him. AZRAEL strays off a bit. A worn for wear looking guy in a kitchen apron with tats stands up against the brick wall, smoking a cigarette. He nods at AZRAEL with a lazy grin

COOK
Sup bro

AZRAEL forces a grin, along with a nod

CUT TO: TROY stretches his arms toward the pavement, like some reverse television evangelist

TROY
Satan, I declare you my God. Keep the flames hot and broil me a two patty special sauce lettuce
cheese-
MAN
(Looking around)
Where'd he go?

EXT ALLEYWAY-DAY

They come around the corner. The guy is laying on the ground, his wrists cut open

AZRAEL
I'm sorry, I'm sorry. I'm trying-I-Hey, you should have heard what he said to me
MAN
Looks like you got the last word

INT HOUSE-DAY

The partner of the cop Man killed is lounging in a Lazy-boy recliner

IMAGE-Man shooting the cop in the head, crystal clear this time

The cop blinks

INT STORE-DAY

They're all standing in the cereal aisle. A worker eyes them. Troy is nearly brain dead

MAN

I might have liked it better when I didn't know time

CRAP

Yea? Wanna go back already?

MAN

I think I have it figured out. Helping people, and making people. Having babies.

I met someone...a little while ago

CRAP

She was your boo?

MAN

What? Um Yea. I think I impregnated her

CRAP

You didn't

MAN

(Pointing at Troy)

Well he says it takes a while to-

CRAP

You didn't

A look of understanding comes over Man. He looks suddenly depressed

CRAP

Sorry... You ok?

MAN

(snapping)

Whats the point? No new people will come from me

CRAP

Hey I'm not sure why the three of us are here, but i think its the same reason everyone else is here. Know what I mean?

MAN

So I'm like a rock in a stream. Everything moving around me

CRAP

Life goes on. Robert said that a lot too

MAN

What if he lied?

CRAP

Well its just a comforting saying

MAN

I mean what if he didn't know he was lying

CRAP

I dont-

MAN

What if something that could help you know the truth, i mean the real, ultimate truth, never gets said to you? What if you miss it because you're only hearing the wrong information?

CRAP
Then its meant to be. God has a plan
MAN
Can he tell me?
CRAP
No man knows his plan
MAN
Why can't I be different? Why can't I know everything?
CRAP
You wouldn't want to
MAN
I do

TROY is eating out of a box of raisin bran, carefree. A security guard comes over to him.
AZRAEL gets in his path

MAN
No, don't-
AZRAEL
I apologize for my friend, he's feeling a little on the weather. If you could give him a cut this time,
that would be excellent. We'll pay for the cereal and leave

The guard sighs, and steps back a few. Man and Crap look at each other

MAN
Better
CRAP
Definitely

They make for the exit, walking past the cash registers hastily. The guard trots after them

SECURITY GUARD
Hey! Hey!...Know what, I'm not even gonna run. Contribute to society and get a damn job,
freakin' bums

EXT STREET-DAY

Troy is munching on the box of raisin bran. He looks much healthier, mentally. Azrael is leaning
against a car talking to a pretty girl, smiling. Man turns his head away, perturbed

MAN
There's gotta be more than...(Motions to his surroundings)all this
CRAP
Isn't it more than enough??

Man snorts, angrily

CRAP
Hey. Just let it go

EXT STREET-DAY

Man is posting copies of the tattoo'd man's face on lamp posts. He walks over to Troy. Crap and Azrael are nowhere in sight. Nearby a bus is idling on the curb

MAN
(Looking around)
Where'd they go?

Troy shrugs. The bus pulls off, turns the corner.

TROY
I feel...like...normal
MAN
Yea?
TROY
Like a genuine, authentic person
MAN
(Sourly)
Good
TROY
So you know what I wanna do now?
MAN
What?
TROY
I wanna be an actor
MAN
What does that mean?
TROY
Means I wanna play in movies
MAN
Yeah I know what an actor is
TROY
Did I tell you about that?
MAN
(Clears throat)
No I heard about that myself
TROY
I'm an artist. I know I'm-
MAN
I meant what does that mean as in, why the hell would you wanna do that?
TROY
Oh...I know it sounds strange but I know how to do it
MAN

You just know how to act

TROY

Yea

MAN

Hows that?

TROY

It's...hard to explain, it's like I know something that no one else has thought of...what?

MAN

Just saying, your chances aren't good

TROY

Maybe it's not up to chance

MAN

All the other people out there who want to be in movies too. They're probably trying their hardest everyday to get in...so you think you're special now?

TROY

I know what I want to do

MAN

No offense but, don't they have to be good at showing emotions?

TROY

So?

MAN

Not to try to bring you down or anything but you can be a little...

TROY looks down

MAN

I mean, I don't really care what you want to do. Don't know why you wanna tell me for, just go ahead and do it

TROY

I wasn't asking you anything

MAN

Good

TROY

Whats your problem?

MAN

Who says I have a problem?

TROY

Hey man, I'm feeling great. I'm feeling almost sane for the first time I can remember. I have direction-

MAN

Good

TROY

And you're the only person I know-

MAN

Yea. Sorry bout that

TROY

-and its too bad you can't be happy. Maybe thats something I forgot to teach you

MAN
Teach me? What'd you teach me? A bunch of psycho shit. Wish I would have had a normal friend
TROY
Sorry I tried to help you
MAN
Fuck your help
TROY
You know...you *are* a piece of trash
MAN
Yea, go walk off a cliff you fat psycho

He walks away angrily

EXT STREET-NIGHT

Police sirens ring out. Man rounds a corner, as though fleeing from the hounds of hell

INT DRAINPIPE-NIGHT

Man is hunched in a large drain pipe. The sirens continue somewhere out there. We can see his dark silhouette, his form encased in light. We hear his heavy breathing, each cycle of breath gets louder and louder...

INTERROGATION ROOM-DAY

A detective comes in, sits down across from Man. Sets a manilla folder on the table. He speaks with a deep southern accent. Man makes a movement to shake his hand, accidentally knocking the manilla folder off the table, scattering a few papers

MAN
Sorry
JR
(Picking up papers)
Thats alright...do you uh...know what you did?
MAN
Yea, I'm sorry about that

JR looks at him, then at the papers. He thinks Man is referring to the papers. Decides to play along, testing his psyche

JR
It's not a big deal
MAN
Yes it is
JR
Why is that?
MAN

It's wrong. It's taboo

JR

No, not at all

MAN

I've heard different

JR

There are...uh...much worse things

MAN

There are? Like what?

JR gives him an intensely dead pan expression

JR

How can this concern you, given your current very uhhh...special...situation

MAN

Well everybody has problems

JR

I'm curious about what yours is

MAN

There's no excuse for what I did

JR blinks

JR

Wait, you-

MAN

I'm sorry about spilling your papers too

JR's head jerks and he makes a scoff of disgust at the realization of what this conversation has actually been about

JR

You killed a cop

MAN

Yes, I'm very sorry. I truly am

JR

It's great that you can live with yourself. That's important

MAN

I don't think i'm there yet

JR

You're gonna need that quality

MAN

Could use it

JR

You might have plenty of time to develop it

MAN

Why is that?

JR

You've just confessed to murder of a police officer. You'll probably get life in prison.

The chair is another way to go

MAN

But i've felt genuine remorse...in my soul. I know I might not have one, but i've been doing some soul searching

JR

I honestly don't know whether to laugh or throw up

MAN

You-listen-you can't send me to prison

JR

I'm not gonna debate a psychotic psychopath socio...whatever the fuck you are

MAN

You-

JR

Crime and punishment. It's been around in some form since records were invented as far as we know. There's nothing to do to escape it unless you go and live on another planet or something. Down here with us humans, you do a crime, you kill an innocent person, a slap on the hand won't do. Are you capable of understanding that? Do you need someone here to explain this to you?

MAN

You can't do this to me. You don't understand

JR

It's a black and white world you live in son. If you didn't know that before, well...now you do

INT INTERROGATION ROOM-LATER

A psychiatrist is there, he is wrapping up the equipment on a lie detector machine.

Man is gone from the room

JR

He'll never see the chair

SHRINK

He believes his delusion whole heartedly. Inside his mind, he was born 8 months ago. He's a child

JR

That wont save him from gen pop.

SHRINK

Actually it probably will

JR

So he really doesn't understand what he did

SHRINK

He almost does. There's just a small piece missing. His delusion of being a newborn is where he attributes that lapse in reasoning. Now he could have been terribly undermined early on in life.

Could be he was horribly abused as a child-

JR

Jesus

SHRINK

What?

JR

We were watching this television program-I knew he looked familiar. A guy with tattoo's...

SHRINK

What?

JR

Nothing. What about the other thing?

SHRINK

Bic?

JR

I made some calls. That information was never released to the public

SHRINK

It's a very popular brand of razor blade. I use it myself. I'd say he has a deep seeded guilt complex. He saw the suicides in the news and decided to strap that weight on his back too

JR

He said his friend did it though

SHRINK

His mind's attempt at some small alleviation

JR

Yea

SHRINK

And yet refusing to give up the "real"
culprit is an attempt to treat himself with some sense of honor

JR

No...no, he might just be insane, but because of the freak strangeness of those suicides, we're taking all comers

INT INTEROGATION ROOM-DAY

JR enters, with a bag of Mcdonald's. JR takes a savored chunk out of a quarter pounder.
Man almost gags

JR

Information you gave, could be useful. We-

MAN

I'm not giving up my friend. He's happy

JR

Yea, we'll see. You're the only bozo out of all those conspiracy theorists and phony psychics who has given correct information on the suicides. You just happen to be a filthy cop killer, and outside these walls everybody wants the death penalty for you. The suicides stopped after we got you. It's proposterous to think that one person could be responsible for all those mysterious deaths. Responsible? No. Involved? Maybe. Anyway it'll take a while to sort your bullshit all out. Meanwhile we'd like to help you feel at home

INT ISOLATION CELL

The door closes behind Man. It's a narrow room with a toilet and a bed.
The guard outside the door opens the food slot

GUARD

(OS)

Rot in there you cop killing piece of trash

Man has a seat

MONTAGE

Man sits on the toilet.

He sits on the bed.

He sleeps.

He eats.

He cries.

He stares numbly at the wall. Repeat. Time wears on

Now he's pacing. Back and forth, in circles

Constant pacing. Pacing uncontrollably.

Now we see tracks of blood from his feet on the cell floor, and yet he can't stop pacing in the confined space

IMAGE: The tattoo'd face, smiling at him

He awakes in the night, sweating, breathing hard, thrashing at an invisible enemy

He reaches up and pulls out a clot of hair

END MONTAGE

INT CELL

Man rocks back and forth, compulsively, in despair. He's in hell

MAN

(To no one)

You were right, I don't need to know. I wanna go back, please. Oh God, please

INT CELL

Man clings to the door

MAN
(Pleading)

I lied...about everything. Let me be with the other prisoners please

No response. He curls into a fetal position, shuddering from uncontrollable sobs

INT HALLWAY-DAY

Man awakens, on the floor, to the cell door opening. Two guards come in, frantic, stand right next to him

GUARD 1
Houdini
GUARD 2

WHERE. THE. FUCK. DID. HE. GO

Man looks up at them. They're standing right next to him. He gets up, gets close in Guard 1's face. The guard doesn't blink. Man walks out the cell. The guard follows, running down the hall. A minute later the alarm sounds

EXT PRISON-DAY

Man walking away from the prison. Cop cars rush past him

EXT STREET-DAY

Man looks like shit, dead to the world. He stops in front of a TV in the window of an electronic store. On the TV, a movie critic sits facing the camera

GENE

Truly extraordinary. This guy just walked into a casting studio one day, out of the clear blue-

JOAN

-thats whats so amazing about it. No one knows where he came from

GENE

Now he's the most promising thing to hit hollywood since Brando

JOAN

Brando, De niro, Pacino, Streep, rolled into one...and thats mildly putting it

GENE

I can't argue with you for once Joan. It's not even acting. It's like he's literally becoming different people. It's freaky

JOAN

In case you're just joining us, we're talking about actor Troy Fiddle, a complete unknown who literally walked into a casting studio off the street one day

GENE

Yes, and now he's up for 3 oscars, one for each of the 3 films he's played in in the past several months, one of those films being 'Killer sharks 4, the final bite'

EXT STREET-NIGHT

Man walks down a vacant street in the wee hours of the morning. He looks around, looking for someone, anyone. Only people in sight are two guys, shooting the shit, drunkenly, standing next to a parked, idling car. Man walks over to them, stands next to them, sighing, relieved

Suddenly, Man he jolts in place, his eyes go wide. A sudden epiphany. Then resolve comes over his face. He gets into the car, and pulls off. One of the guys runs after it. He stops, seeing a driverless car, roaring away

EXT WAREHOUSE-MORNING

Man pulls up, gets out the car, in no rush. The place is run down. Abandoned

INT WAREHOUSE-MORNING

The place is vacant. Reminiscent of 'Reservoir Dogs'. In fact, you can think of that place, if it'll help. The early sun shines through the windows. Man enters. And there he is. The tattoo'd man. In the flesh. Sitting on the floor in the middle of the huge space, cross legged, looking up at Man with a peaceful look. Man's voice is cracked, feeble when he speaks

MAN
Why am I here?

Nothing

MAN
Did you put me here?
VOICE
(OS)
He made you. I told him to

Out comes a figure. The head honcho. The Stranger. He stands next to tattoo face

MAN
Why? Why is *everybody* here? Whats the point?

Stranger walks up to him, slowly. Studies him for a bit... and slaps him in the face. He continues to slap him, repeatedly. Man shields himself

STRANGER
Who taught you to philosophize, you little shit...why aren't you working at McDonald's?

The barrage of slaps stop. Man holds his cheek. Stranger observes him, a non plus look on his face

STRANGER

Still wanna know?

MAN

Why did you do that?

STRANGER

Philosophy is for losers

MAN

Are you an alien?

STRANGER

You could put it that way

MAN

How did you create me?

STRANGER

We...got creative

MAN

Where are you from?

STRANGER

You know i havn't had a real conversation with anyone in 17 years

MAN

Who the fuck are you?

STRANGER

I've never met one of you. Thought I should, before...

MAN

One of you...the other two...you made them too

STRANGER

We did. There're more than three of you

MAN

How many?

STRANGER

How many leaves can you count on a blooming tree?

MAN

How come I never felt them?

STRANGER

They all work in fast food. So naturally they're zombies

MAN

Where do you come from?

STRANGER

Nowhere. I couldn't find it on a map if i tried. An island. Living uncontacted for I don't know how long. Then one day, people found us. Outsiders came amongst us. I still remember that feeling, pure shock, that there were other people besides us. We threatened them off. We were confused and frightened. Later they came back. This time we let them in. Communication came only through pointing and body language. After they left, nobody could sleep, but me, my mind was on fire. I had to know just how big the world was. The others were happy to stay alone, not knowing, not learning. Why was I the only one who wanted more? I had to see it all. I had to get

out. I had to know the truth. I left the unknown and came to the known when i was 28. It fascinated me. The impossible vastness of it. Building after building. Every man created object multiplied by infinity. Mind boggling. And nothing could prepare me for the best thing i'd ever experience in my life: warm water. Amazing. I was speaking fluid English in less than a year.

Incredible how fast a pure mind can learn

MAN

Why fast food?

STRANGER

Listen. Here's the truth. Your truth at least. You were here to poison someone. Just one person

MAN

Poison? Kill?

STRANGER

Well every major fast food chain wouldn't shut down over a world wide,
instantaneous tummy ache

STRANGER

There're billions of truths on the planet, one for each person. It's what you decide to do with your life. You had a purpose. You went off track. You and the other two. Well one of you was doing what he was supposed to, in a way. He was just a broken record

MAN

Who was I supposed to poison?

STRANGER

Whoever's big mac was up next

MAN

You're crazy. I wouldn't do that

STRANGER

You would have done it, just like the others. But you're special, if such a thing exists

MAN

Thats...that's...oh my God

STRANGER

There is no regret in action, only truth. We honor the creator by building and destroying

MAN

You can't poison that many people

STRANGER

Whats the difference between one person dying and a hundred thousand dying?

MAN

More...grief...more effect. More...it's just more

STRANGER

If you say so

MAN

Were they attacked? Your tribe?

STRANGER

No

MAN

Did people from the outside try to invade or something?

STRANGER

No

MAN

Then why would you want to do this?

STRANGER

(Slyly)

Being isolated taught me nothing. Learning what I was isolated from taught me everything

MAN

I think when you came to the real world you fucking went crazy

STRANGER

I wouldn't expect anyone to understand because not many people have experienced pure, unadulterated life like I have...and then left it

MAN

This...isn't what I expected...

STRANGER

So what did you want to hear? You want me to say something profound? You want me to tell you how we're all clones, how there are thousands of other people like you, and I'm not talking about the ones I made, who're just like you in every way except maybe they're from another country or they don't like lemonade? Or maybe their parents were killed in a car accident

MAN

What are you talking about?

STRANGER

Copies. Categories. Type A personality. Type B personality. Type D personality

MAN

What type are you?

STRANGER

I'd have to say E

MAN

But you're still a type. You're still human

STRANGER

True. Am I original? No. Is what I'm trying to do original? Probably not. This guy copied him, and he copied him, and he copied someone else. And so on. Every story, every thought there ever was, has all been about one thing: the beginning

MAN

So what's the point of doing anything? If-

STRANGER

-if it can all be taken from you at any time? Your life isn't yours to covet. It's ok to be the way you are, because you can't be anything else. And it's ok if a stranger walks up to you on the street one day and stabs you through your heart. You honor the creator by dying

MAN

You are crazy

STRANGER

Could I be anything but?

MAN

You're a magical terrorist

STRANGER

Your feelings aren't even yours. The only thing you truly own is nothing.

And that should make you happy

MAN

That...
STRANGER
It makes me happy
MAN
This...this isn't fair. I'm a little underdeveloped. I don't know enough yet to...to...
STRANGER
Articulate?
MAN
Articulate...what a prick you are...I can't believe this. I'm a...tool
STRANGER
You had to be something
MAN
Is that true? Everything you just said?
STRANGER
...No. Just bullshitting. See? Anyone can do it
MAN
Why fast food?
STRANGER
You've never worked in one of those places. So i'll forgive that question

Stranger looks down at tattoo face, who still sits there, trance like.
They speak covertly in an unheard of language

MAN
Has it happened yet?
STRANGER
It will. Soon
MAN
Don't do it, please
STRANGER
You don't know these people. You would have never met them
MAN
(Desperate. Looking for a pressure point)
Your tribe...you can't go back can you?

A inkling of sadness crosses Stranger's face

STRANGER
I'm fine with that
MAN
No you're not
STRANGER
Not entirely, no...we all have to grow up sometime
MAN
You're alone. Your life is fucked

Stranger smiles at him, like an adult would at a child who's looking for attention

MAN

There's no place for you in the world. You're gonna die alone, and nobody would like you if they got to know you because you're a psychotic piece of trash and no one wants to be around someone like that...That's the truth. Even if I am just repeating something I heard

Stranger just smiles pleasantly at Man, unfazed

STRANGER

Look at you. Learned...down to the square mile

MAN

Don't I get a say?

STRANGER

You could hit him in the head hard enough

MAN

Hard enough?

STRANGER

To kill him

MAN

I...I-I can't

STRANGER

One person, for a hundred thousand

MAN

I just can't

STRANGER

You can't...Interesting. Very

He turns to Tattoo face, says something. Tattoo's eyes roll back in his head. The eye lids flicker. Out of nowhere, Troy appears out of thin air. He's dressed in an ancient Egyptian pharaoh's costume

STRANGER

Perfect. The two actors together again

MAN

...Troy...what, why is he here?

Troy just stands there, hardly surprised by his sudden uncooperative conjure. He sighs, as though waiting for this experience to end

MAN

Troy

Troy ignores him but looks at Stranger and tattoo face, fascinated

TROY

This is the most vivid trip I've had yet

MAN

Troy

TROY

I've gotta take notes on this one

He starts looking around on the bare floor for a pen and paper

MAN

Why is he-

STRANGER

It makes no difference, but an action has to be paid either way. Its up to you. Choose

MAN

Choose what?

STRANGER

You know

MAN

Please don't. He's my friend

STRANGER

Good point

MAN

Those are a hundred thousand people

STRANGER

Choose one. Or kill us

MAN

What do you want?

STRANGER

Nothing

MAN

Whats so great about you? What are you going to do with your life?

STRANGER

(Smiles)

Maybe i'll die a sandwich artist. Thats fine

TROY

Strange. My trips never had actual words in them. Mostly just sounds trying to be words

MAN

Troy...I'm sorry...about before. I should have supported you

TROY

Sounds trying to be words. Gotta write that down

MAN

I'm glad you're the best. Everyone should get to be the best at something I think

STRANGER

He wants to know why you're so good at it, Troy

TROY

(Responding to the supposed delusion)

When you don't know who you are, and you're not afraid, you can become anybody

MAN

Don't make me do this

STRANGER

I wish you felt how I did. Then this would be an easy choice for you. Now choose

A tear runs down Man's face. He looks over at Troy. Troy looks towards him. Its impossible to tell whether he's looking through him or at him...then he implodes. His body turns in on itself and is sucked into nothingness. He's gone. Man is shocked

MAN

Oh God...

STRANGER

I gave you options

MAN

I'm sorry Troy

STRANGER

He was your tribe...I would have destroyed the whole world for my tribe

MAN

I had to. Those were too many people

STRANGER

Congratulations. You just saved the fast food business. Whoopy do

MAN

I'm sorry I came here

STRANGER

You know...any thoughts you ever have in your life...they never leave your head

He says something to tattoo face and they both get up, walk out the exit. Man goes after them. Getting outside, he finds nobody. Poof. They're gone

EXT STREET

Man wanders aimlessly down the sidewalk, shoulders hung low, invisible to everyone. Defeated. He holds the pharaoh costume in his hand

INT BUS-DAY

He sits by the window, staring out

EXT STREET-DAY

He sits in the middle of the street, on the yellow line, staring at the ground. The cars pass on either side of him, harmlessly. No one even beeps

EXT ROOFTOP-DAY

He sits on the edge, looking down at the people below. He starts taking off his clothes

EXT HOUSE-DAY

We're at the house from the beginning, the one Man was born next to. Man walks inside, naked

INT HOUSE

The father is on the couch, watching a football game. The mother is in the kitchen washing plates. A young girl is sitting at the table eating. A toddler is playing with toys at his father's feet. Man sits in a recliner, which is perceivably empty to the family. He stares at the wall, expressionless. He gets up. Stands before them for a while, unnoticed. Then he walks out the back door. We hear the light sound of cans and various objects dropping to the ground simultaneously

EXT HOUSE-DAY

A pile of trash lays on the ground

INT HOUSE-DAY

The father and mother are in the kitchen, kids watching TV now

SON

People have tattoos on their face?

FATHER

What'd you say kiddo?

SON

You said-

FATHER

Oh right, me and your mother were just mentioning something that happened here a long time ago

DAUGHTER

What happened dad?

FATHER

Well...over 20 years ago-

MOTHER

Honey...

FATHER

What, they gotta know about bad stuff too

The mother shrugs

FATHER

Back when my cousin Helen owned this place, way before you were born, a not so nice man with tattoo's all over his face came by and left a newborn baby in one of the trash cans out back.

Then ran off

SON

Why?

FATHER

No tellin

MOTHER

Strange but I think about that baby sometimes

DAUGHTER
Is he okay now?
FATHER
Hope so...hope so

FADE OUT