

FRANKIE

By

Joshua Martes

Based on the short story "Frankie"  
by Joshua Martes

FIRST DRAFT  
OCT 5, 2014

Copyright(c)2014

Joshua Martes  
jshmartes@gmail.com  
(787) 240-7986

OVER BLACK:

Typewriter keys are being punched, then a small ding screamed out.

1 INT. MAX'S HOUSE - PATIO - DAY 1

MAX, 24, sits in front of a 1960's typewriter, he takes a sip from his coffee and punches down the keys. On the sides of the typewriter, there is a neat stack of white paper, and on the other side was a poorly stacked, typewritten manuscript with red markings. This indicated that he was trying to write a book. The title page was called: *Driving With The Top Down*.

The patio is a closed in back yard, with bar windows outside. The place resembles of a cage, you could smell the beautiful air in here. There is a shelf filled with junk and useless things. On the corner next to the door, there is another shelf filled with paint and gas, and on the corner, there are tools and shovels. By the bar windows, there is a hammock.

Max finishes up the last sentence and takes the paper out of the roller. He skims reads the page, muttering a few words. He sighs and shakes his head, he crumples up the paper and tossed it behind him. Behind him, there were forty scraps and crumpled paper.

2 INT. MAX'S HOUSE - MAX'S BEDROOM - LATER 2

Max is typing down a flier in his computer.

LATER

Multiple stacks of flyers were being printed out on the tray, the last flier is now printed. Max takes the flyers and rolls them up, he takes a roll of tape, thumbnails, and a stapler. He puts them in his bag and he leaves the room.

CUT TO:

3 EXT. STREETS - DAY 3

People walk on the sidewalk, minding their own business. Max rides down the street on his bike. He stops by a light pole. He takes one of the flyers out from his bag and tapes it on the pole. He gets back on his bike and rides down the next light pole.

CLOSE UP:

(CONTINUED)

on the flier:

*ROOM MATE NEEDED. Details will be explained once on arrival on this address: 1237 MAPLETON STREET. PHONE: 555-3948. My name is Max Stevens.*

CUT TO:

4 EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - LATER 4

Max cruises down the street, he turns right on the corner.

CUT TO:

5 INT. MAX'S HOUSE - PATIO - DUSK 5

Max white page on the typewriter, it was filled with repeated phrases (NOTE: Like the typewriter scene from *The Shining*). The phrase was, *All work and no play makes Max a dull boy*. About a moment later, he laid back on his chair, stretching down his face.

MAX

Bad, bad, bad, bad, bad!

He sighs. He takes his cup and drinks his coffee, not caring if it burned his throat. He takes another paper from the stack and inserts it in the roller.

He eyes a cigarette pack behind the typewriter, it's broad color tempting him to take a drag. He focuses back on the page and punched down keys.

The DOORBELL rings, making him, accidentally, press the key, misspelling a word. He rips the paper out with frustration, and tears it up with a grunt.

He stomps out of the patio.

6 INT/EXT. MAX'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS 6

Max marches his way to the front door. He opens it. Outside there was a young man, a year younger than Max. He is skinny and wears glasses. He carries a backpack with him. This is JOSH.

MAX

(yells)

No company for the moment! I'm busy! Thank you very much!

(CONTINUED)

Before Josh could say anything, Max slammed the door on his face. Max walks a feet away from the door, but stops dead on his tracks. He realizes that that man might be his new roommate. *And I shut the door on his face*, he thought.

He hurries back to the door and opens it. Josh was still there.

MAX (CONT'D)

I am sorry. Forgive me I had a bad day, I didn't mean to slam the door on your face.

JOSH

It's OK. Is this 1237?

MAX

Yes, yes it is. I'm Max Stevens.

Max offers a handshake to Josh, they both handshake.

JOSH

Josh Green.

MAX

Come on in.

Josh enters.

7 INT. MAX'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

7

Max gives Josh the tour.

MAX

This is the living room. It's big, spacious. There's a 60 inch flat screen there for you to watch a game -- if you're into sports.

JOSH

I'm not.

MAX

Suit yourself.

(points at the kitchen)

Kitchen is right there, foods all yours, but don't eat it all it's mine too.

JOSH

I can cook.

(CONTINUED)

MAX

Perfect, you could be my  
butler. Just kidding. On to the  
bedrooms.

They walked down the hallway.

MAX (CONT'D)

(points at the bathroom on his  
left)

Bathroom.

(he points to a room on his  
right)

Room's filled with stuff, I'll sort  
that out some other time.

They reached to the bedroom door on the right, they enter.

8

INT. MAX'S HOUSE - ROOM MATE BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

8

The room has a grid sized window, a queen sized bed in the center next to the wall on the right, a small TV in the corner on top of a desk, another desk filled with junk and electronics, and a closet next to the door. There's a busted air conditioner below the window, and there is a ceiling fan.

MAX

This will be your room. Queen size bed, comfortable mattress, but the frames busted on the bottom. TV on the corner. There's also a desk, I'll clean out that stuff later. The AC is busted but I installed a fan up top. Other than that, this room is ready for someone to live in. Any questions? Forgive me if this room is a mess.

JOSH

No, no, it's perfect.

MAX

Are you sure?

Josh nods.

MAX (CONT'D)

OK. The bedroom, next door, is mine.

9

INT. MAX'S HOUSE - PATIO - DUSK

9

They walk into the patio.

MAX

This is the patio. My favorite place to be. Hammock's there in the corner if you want to read or do something. And there is a counter behind us if you want to work on something DIY.

JOSH

OK.

Josh eyes the manuscript and the typewriter on the table.

JOSH (CONT'D)

Oh, so you're a writer?

MAX

Not officially, no.

JOSH

(points at the manuscript)  
Do you mind if I--

MAX

Sure, go ahead.

Josh takes the manuscript and flips through it.

JOSH

Looks like you're about done.

MAX

Not quite. I'm about to, though. I got one more page to write down, but I'm in a bit of a block. I believe that if I publish this, maybe I might get a shot at taking it to the next level

JOSH

You also wrote this on a typewriter.

MAX

Yup, with trial and error. Been about three years now working on this.

(CONTINUED)

JOSH

Jeez. What's it about?

MAX

A boy goes traveling around the US by foot, encountering strange people at each state.

JOSH

Then, why is the story is called *Driving With The Top Down*, if the main character is walking?

Max thinks about this, *he has a point.*

MAX

Working title. OK, let's get down to business. I'm just going to put it as this: you're going to share my burden, like paying bills, buying groceries, doing house work, that kind of stuff. Do you have a job?

JOSH

Not at the moment.

MAX

Take your time. But just remember, my bills are your bills. I don't have a car, so I hope you don't plan on going anywhere a lot.

JOSH

Yeah, I got one.

MAX

Good. Another thing, you can bring company in the house, but no parties here, unless if I approve it.

JOSH

I don't have friends.

MAX

(beat)

OK...so, what if your car breaks down? I can't pick you up.

JOSH

I'll walk.

(CONTINUED)

MAX

...OK. So I think that's it for the tour. Do you want to tell me your background info and why you want to share the house with me?

JOSH

I'm currently attending college about a mile from here, um, they didn't have any spare rooms at the dormitories, so I was practically living in my car. From then on I tried to find a place to live and I found one of your flyers.

Josh gives Max one of the flyers.

MAX

That's good. So anything else you want to share.

JOSH

No.

MAX

OK. When are you planning on moving in?

JOSH

Today would be fine.

MAX

Damn -- I mean, perfect, yeah you could move in. You got your stuff with you?

JOSH

Yeah.

MAX

Alright, then let me help you unpack.

JOSH

Don't worry, I got it. It's just one bag.

MAX

OK. Another thing I could say is -- welcome home.

(CONTINUED)

JOSH  
It's a pleasure.

They smile and shake hands.

CUT TO:

OVER BLACK:

TITLE: *NIGHT ONE*

*CLICK! CLICK! CLICK!*

10 EXT. MAX'S HOUSE - NIGHT 10

The house was still and silent, except for the punching of keys from the typewriter.

11 INT. MAX'S HOUSE - PATIO - NIGHT 11

Max is typing up a storm. After a couple of paragraphs, he writes the last sentence. He skim reads it, dissatisfied, he crumples it and tosses it. Another bad ending. He butts his head on the typewriter by accident, and lifts his head up immediately, trying not to break the machine.

He places his head on top of his wrapped knuckles. He thinks. He looks--

CLOSE UP:

at the cigarette pack with one eye.

It was really tempting him. He snatches the pack and takes a drag out, he searches his shirt and pants pockets for a lighter, there wasn't any.

MAX  
(mutters)  
Damn it...

He takes the cigarette out of his mouth and walks around the patio, searching for a lighter. He lift up junk, it wasn't there; He checks in the counter, it wasn't there.

He checks the shelf, rummaging through things. Finally, he finds the lighter between small baskets.

*Ha! Ha!* He mutters. He flicks it, but only a spark comes out. He flicks it again, and again, and again. Just sparks.

(CONTINUED)

MAX (CONT'D)

Shit...

A loud wheezing sound was coming from Josh's room, Max listens. Max goes to the window, where Josh's room is. He puts his ear by the closed window and listens. The sounds were snores, probably coming from Josh. They were weird snores, though, they were really loud, loud enough for people in three rooms to listen.

Max mutters a word. Then the snoring stops. He smiles. Then something else comes next.

JOSH (O.S.)

Frankie...hey Frankie. How are you doing?

Sleep talking.

Max continues to listen.

JOSH (O.S.)

I'm good...I'm good. Hey, Frankie, do you want to go on a date with me?

Max snorts a giggle.

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

No?

Max laughs quietly.

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

OK. Just like the other girls...

Max was almost losing it.

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

I'm sorry, I'm just upset, that's all. But I'll always love you Frankie, just you.

Max shakes his head with a smile.

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

What?

(beat)

Why?

(beat)

Why do you want me to kill my roommate?

(CONTINUED)

Max's grin fell flat, he stepped away from the window. Josh could still be heard inside.

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

He didn't do anything to you. We just met. You could have liked him.

(beat)

No, Frankie. I'm not going to kill him.

Max's heart was racing.

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

No, Frankie...No. I won't kill him. I won't kill him! Not like the others. No! NOOO!

Max bumps into something behind him, and falls down. The patio light goes out. The window from Josh's room opens. Max ducks behind the table. The room was dark, but it feels like Josh was watching. Max holds his breath.

After a few seconds, the window slowly closes. Max slowly exhales. He buries his face in his legs, then nods out.

JUMP CUT TO:

12 INT. MAX'S HOUSE - PATIO - DAY 12

It's morning. The sun shines on Max's face, making him wake up. His face grimaces when his neck was stiff, due to sleeping in a sitting fetal position from last night.

He slowly strain his neck to the side, forcing a relieving crack.

He extends his legs, cracking them as well.

He gets up and slowly walks out the patio.

13 INT. MAX'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - ABOUT 10 SECONDS LATER 13

Max enters the kitchen, goes to the refrigerator, and gets a carton of orange juice. He drinks it without pouring it into the cup. As he closes the refrigerator door--

JOSH

appeared out of nowhere, making Josh startled and dropping his juice all over the floor.

(CONTINUED)

MAX

Shit!

JOSH

Jesus, sorry I scared you. I'll  
clean it up.

MAX

No, don't. It's my fault. I got  
it.

Max gets a mop from the corner next to the door. Josh takes out a loaf of bread, ham, and cheese from the fridge, gets a butter-knife from the cabinet. and goes to the dining room table, making his sandwich.

JOSH

Nightmare?

Max pauses.

MAX

Yeah, I guess you could say that.

Max mops the floor. He's thinking whether he should tell Josh about the sleep talking the night before. He has considered.

MAX (CONT'D)

By the way, you've, uh, you've  
talked in your sleep.

Josh drops the knife on the floor by accident, but the way he dropped the knife on the table made it suspicious to Max, as if Josh knew that his sleep talking was something from the past. Max raises a brow.

JOSH

I had, huh?

MAX

...Yeah...don't worry it--didn't  
bother me.

JOSH

No, it's fine.

Josh takes the knife, scooped up a chunk of mayo and splats it on the bread, not bothering to spread it.

Josh puts down the knife, still smeared with mayo, on the corner. Max sees this.

(CONTINUED)

He splats the cheese and ham on the bread, takes the other bread and squishes it hard like if he's crushing something.

Max sees this and continues mopping, trying to pretend he didn't see what Josh was doing.

Josh takes the sandwich and walks back to his room slowly. Max sees him go.

MAX

Are you OK?

JOSH

(monotonic)

Yeah, I'm terrific.

He goes in his room and closes the door. Max sees the bread, cheese, ham and mayo on the table, then he just realized that the knife was missing. Only a small bit of mayo was left on the corner of the table.

DISSOLVE TO:

14 EXT. MAX'S HOUSE - SUNSET

14

The sun was setting, and the punching of the typewriter can be heard. Then a ding. Then a sound of crumpling paper.

CUT TO BLACK:

TITLE: *NIGHT TWO*

15 INT. MAX'S HOUSE - MAX'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

15

Max is tossing and turning on the bed, he's having trouble sleeping. He wakes up, inhaling heavily. He grabs his phone from the corner of the bed and turns it on to see the clock: 2:00 a.m.

He hurls his head hard in the pillow.

Then the wheezing noise started. Max slowly raises his head, listening.

The snore lasted for only a minute, then Josh talks distinctively through the wall.

Max listens to him, he even put his ear in the wall, but he couldn't hear, so he goes back to bed. Then he could hear the door opening from the other room. Max lays down, covers his body under and pretends to sleep.

(CONTINUED)

Max's bedroom door opens slowly, a figure's shadow on the door. This was Josh, the room was dark so he couldn't be seen. Mark closes his eyes.

Josh slowly walks over to the bed. There was a flash of light coming from his hand, it was the butter-knife.

He stands above Max and stares at him.

Max slowly opens his halfway, only to see the knife face to face. Max was still, frozen in terror, he looks up to Josh and he can see a flash coming from Josh's eyes. A murderous gleam.

Max begins to have beads of sweat on his nose. His heart was going up to his throat. Many emotions washes over his face: fear, sadness, anger. He didn't even realize that his eyes were fully open. He couldn't take it anymore.

Max turns the opposite way and braces for a sharp of pain, or strangulation, he was thinking about how Josh was going to kill him. Max was holding his breath.

Then he hears the door close. He opened his eyes and exhale. He turns over.

Josh was gone.

16

INT. MAX'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

16

Max enters to the bathroom, closes the door softly, turns on the light, and goes to the sink. He opens the faucet and washes his face.

He looks at himself in the mirror, thinking how he almost got killed by his roommate, he instantly regrets making flyers for roommates.

He could only think of two things: Throw Josh out or Kill him.

He shakes his head and turns off the faucet. He shuts off the light and opens the door, only to meet face to face with a figure who jumped on him, hands on Max's neck, strangling him. They both land on the floor.

The murderous gleam flashes again.

The flash illuminated the figure's face, it was Josh.

(CONTINUED)

JOSH  
 (distorted voice)  
 Frankie doesn't trust you. She  
want's you dead!

Josh pulls out the butter-knife from his pocket.

JOSH (CONT'D)  
 I'm gonna make sure you are!

He raises the knife and strikes.

17 INT. MAX'S HOUSE - MAX'S BEDROOM - THE NEXT MORNING 17

Max screams himself awake. He feels something wet on his waist, he lifts up the sheets and immediately knows, he shakes his head. He gets out of bed, pulls down his pants and puts on a pair of shorts.

His head rises when he heard the door from Josh's door opening and closing. Then he hears footsteps. Max goes out of the room.

18 INT. MAX'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS 18

Max walks to the living room and looks out the window, he sees Josh throwing away two small bags in the trash, he then gets into his car and leaves.

19 EXT. MAX'S HOUSE - DAY 19

Max takes out the small bags and brings them inside.

20 INT. MAX'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS 20

Sit down on the floor and spill the contents, from the trash bag, over the floor. There was crumpled up recites and empty pill bottles. Max looks at all of them, seeing the items purchased and their dates. Then he looks over to the pill bottles, they all have the same name: SOMNISYDE (use before sleeping).

He spills contents from the other bag. More crumpled up paper showing nothing but old news. As he pushed aside more paper, he sees a silver cardboard box. He picks it up and feels the weight, part of the box falls down and an object clattered into the floor, springing something, it was a switch-blade knife with a blue translucent hilt.

(CONTINUED)

Max looks at it for a moment, and picks it up. There was dullness into the blade, including a couple of scratches, and a brownish stain. He puts the blade back in the hilt, puts it back in the box and puts the box in his back pocket. He also takes one of the empty pill bottles on the floor and puts it in his pocket.

He puts the trash back in the bags and ties them up.

CUT TO:

21

INT. MAX'S HOUSE - MAX'S BEDROOM - LATER

21

On his laptop, Max looks at the name of the pill bottle and searches it in the internet.

A bunch of results popped up. He clicks on one link and skim reads the page, then he clicks on another link. One of the links said that *it helps preventing SOMNILOQUY*.

JUMP CUT:

He then looks up sleep disorders; people who have had over excessive sleep talking, SOMNILOQUY popped up from the search bar. He clicked the link and reads it, *severe sleep talking disorders, sometimes causes sleep walking*.

JUMP CUT:

He searches down people who have killed people in their sleep and million results popped up, he sighs. He clicked a link and a picture popped up, revealing a mug shot of a man with sad eyes. There was a subtitle below the picture, *I didn't kill her, I WAS ASLEEP!!!*

Max furrows a brow.

He went back to the search bar and typed down, *FRANKIE*. There were no results.

Max shakes his head. He closes his laptop.

His door opens, Josh enters. Max immediately snatches the bottle next to him and wraps it tight in his fist.

MAX

Hey, Josh.

JOSH

Sorry, was I suppose to knock?

(CONTINUED)

MAX

Next time would help.

JOSH

OK. I bought us some new O.J. if that's alright with you.

MAX

Hey, excellent man. Hey, um, have you happen to have that butter-knife? I was looking for it.

JOSH

Yeah, as of matter of fact, I have it in my room, I don't know why it was there, sorry.

MAX

Hey, don't be. *Mi casa, su casa*, right?

JOSH

Yeah, cool. I'll put back in the sink.

Max nods. Josh leaves. Max sighs.

CUT TO:

22 INT. MAX'S HOUSE - PATIO - DUSK 22

Max stares at a blank piece of paper on the typewriter. He rips the paper out of the roller.

CUT TO BLACK:

TITLE: *NIGHT THREE*

23 INT. MAX'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 23

Max looks out the window to see Josh reversing out of the driveway.

24 INT. MAX'S HOUSE - JOSH'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 24

Max looks around the room for something, he has a camcorder in his hand and tape recorder on the other. He eyes on the desk in the corner, he goes to it, puts the camera there, presses the record button, and places a couple of photo frames in front of the lens.

(CONTINUED)

Then he goes to the drawer next to the bed and puts the tape recorder there, he puts a t-shirt on top of it.

He can hear a sound of a car approaching, he goes out of the room and closes the door softly.

DISSOLVE TO:

25 INT. MAX'S HOUSE - MAX'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 25

Max looks up at the ceiling, waiting for the sound of loud wheezing from the next door.

He looked at his watch, which read, 12:59 - 1:00.

Max wraps his bed sheet around the pillow, takes another sheet and tip toes out of the room.

26 INT. MAX'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS 26

Max enters and softly closes the door, he sets the sheets and pillow down, and lays down.

JUMP CUT:

Max is sleeping, only to be awakened by a loud snore. He looks at the threshold of the bathroom, the moon light shines below it. Max slowly takes the switch-blade out of his pocket, he holds the blade while un-latching it. He crawls back slowly.

The snoring stopped. Max stopped. A few seconds later, the bedroom door creaks open.

Two small feet-sized shadows obscured the light. Max looks at the shadows, then he looks at the door knob, which was slowly turning left and right slowly, then rapidly.

Max readied the knife. The door knob turned violently now, even the door was being pushed. Then a metallic object clattered in the floor outside the bathroom. Max looks down to see that it was the BUTTER-KNIFE. A HAND picks up the the knife. The door is being pounded now.

Max was ready to stab the attacker.

MAX  
(quietly under his breath)  
Come on...

(CONTINUED)

Then the pounding and the turning of the knob stopped. Max looked down to see the shadows disappear. Then he hears the door close.

Max waits for a moment, he reached his hand by the knob, but holds back. He goes back a little bit and sits back by the wall. He sighs.

DISSOLVE TO:

27 INT. MAX'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - NEXT MORNING 27

Max sleeps by the wall. There was a soft knock by the door, Max opens his eyes and looks at the door. Another knock.

JOSH

Max?

Max doesn't bother answering.

28 INT. MAX'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS 28

Josh waits outside. Max opens the door, sheets and pillow under his arm. He looks at Josh with an attitude.

JOSH

Good--morning.

Max continued looking at Josh, he then walks to his room.

JOSH (CONT'D)

I was--

Max points his index finger at him. Josh shuts up.

MAX

Listen. I have had a rough night. I need silence. OK?

JOSH

OK.

MAX

And do me a favor. Don't talk to me, until I say we can, OK?

JOSH

...OK.

(CONTINUED)

MAX  
And if I hear you sleep-talking  
again, I will kill you.

Josh was about to say something.

MAX (CONT'D)  
Shut up, don't think as if you  
don't know. Look, do whatever you  
can to sleep, but don't come near  
me, OK?

Josh doesn't say anything.

MAX (CONT'D)  
Who is Frankie?

Josh still doesn't say anything. He stares at him.

Max goes into his room, leaving Josh.

29 INT. MAX'S HOUSE - MAX'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 29

Max sits down on his bed, staring into nothing.

CUT TO:

30 INT. MAX'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER 30

Max sees Josh leaving the house. He goes into--

31 INT. MAX'S HOUSE - JOSH'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 31

Max takes the camcorder and tape recorder out of their  
places.

32 INT. MAX'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS 32

Max uploads the video and audio in the laptop. The video  
screen popped up.

The footage was on night-vision mode, it showed Josh getting  
up, walking around the room, grabbing a butter-knife from  
the desk, and leaving the room.

Max skipped over the part of the bathroom, Josh gets back to  
his room. He stops then looks toward the desk where the  
camera was at.

Max swallows.

(CONTINUED)

Josh comes over to the camera, and looks at it, his eyes flashed on the lens. He tilts his head.

Then he walks over to where the tape recorder is at takes it out of his hiding place. He puts it over his mouth.

Max puts up the audio tape and scrub through it.

JOSH

Max...Frankie want's death,  
Max. She wants death.

Max shakes his head.

JOSH (CONT'D)

Get ready tomorrow night. Get all  
the rest you need. Because I'm  
coming.

The tape and footage ends.

The only thing that Max could do is watch the paused footage, his heart could practically be out of his mouth by now.

He looked at the knife, and decisions were floating over his head.

CUT TO:

33 INT. MAX'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER

33

Max goes to the kitchen and fills up a glass of water in the faucet, he puts the glass on the table next to the refrigerator. He goes to the counter. While he looks for something in the cabinet above him--

CLOSE UP:

on the glass of water. A pill drops on the water, it fizzes rapidly.

MAX

still looks for something on the cabinet.

THE PILL

stops fizzling, just in time for Max to turn around and grab the glass of water, he had a box of crackers in his other hand.

34

INT. MAX'S HOUSE - MAX'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

34

Max enters into his room and puts the glass and box down, he sits down in front of his laptop and sees the footage again.

CLOSE UP:

on Max's mouth as he sips the glass of water.

He puts the glass down.

He unwraps the packet of crackers, takes one and bites it.

He takes another long sip of the water, and shakes his head fast.

He scrubs through the video looking over peculiar things.

MAX'S POV:

His vision becomes blurry.

MAX

shakes his head, and looks at the laptop. His vision becomes more blurry. Exhaustion crept up on him, he stands up, dizzy.

He looks at the glass and picks it up, he peers through it. He can see small traces of drug smudge on the bottom of the glass.

His eyes begin to flutter, his arms begin to feel heavy, he drops the glass and it shatters into the floor. Max staggers a little bit.

MAX'S POV:

He drops to the bed.

CUT TO BLACK:

TITLE: *NIGHT FIVE*

DISSOLVE TO :

35 INT. MAX'S HOUSE - MAX'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 35

Max slowly opens his eyes, he is on the bed. He looks around the room, which was dark. He breaths heavily. He feels for his back pocket to grab the knife, but it's not there.

Max stops his breathing. He slowly looks up to the other side and sees--

TWO GLEAMING EYES

flashing, beaming down on him. The knife brandished into the air. It strikes down--

Max dodges the knife. The figure jumps on him, trying to stab him. Max grabs the figure's knife-wielding arm. Max couldn't hold on to the figure's arm, the knife slowly reached down, nearly digging into his shoulder.

Max punches the attacker off him. He runs out of the room and--

36 INT. MAX'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS 36

Closes the door.

THE KNIFE

bursts through the door, near to Max's face.

Max backs away to--

37 INT. MAX'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS 37

Max halts. The hallway was dark. The door opened and footsteps were approaching. Half of Josh's body shined from the moonlight. Max clenched his fists. Josh walks out from the shadows revealing his face. His eyes were white, or sunken back, it was as if he was possessed. The knife was glued into his hand.

MAX

Josh. Josh, what are you doing?!

Josh slowly approached him.

MAX (CONT'D)

Wake up! Wake up!

Josh stops.

(CONTINUED)

JOSH  
 (quietly)  
 Josh is not here anymore.

Max only looked at him. Josh all the sudden screams and charges at Max and they launched each other at the couch. Max held on to Josh's hand. He slaps Josh in the side, making fall to the floor, with Max on top of him. Max bangs the knife out of Josh's hand, and punches him multiple times.

Josh, on the other hand, punches Max square in the face with enough force that it launched him out to the floor. Josh gets the knife, Max gets up. Josh, with one swing, slices Max's arm. Max screams. Josh kicks him down to the floor.

Max crawls to the--

38

INT. MAX'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

38

Josh was standing above and raised the knife. Just in time, Max grabs a small stool and raises it above him. The knife pierces through the plastic of the stool. Max crawls out of Josh's legs and goes to the counter. He goes to the knife holder and takes out a butcher knife. He raises it towards Josh.

MAX  
 Josh, listen to me! Don't do  
 this! Wake up!

Josh punches the butcher knife out of Max's hand and grabs his throat. He squeezes tight, Max struggle to breath.

Josh's eyes flashed.

MAX (CONT'D)  
 Don't let her do this... Don't let  
 Frankie get to you....fight it..

Josh blinked.

MAX (CONT'D)  
 Fight it!

Josh raises the knife and strikes.

CUT TO BLACK:

39

INT. MAX'S HOUSE - KITCHEN

39

Max opens his eyes to see the knife close to his nose. He looked at Josh, whose mouth was slightly open. He blinked and the whiteness of his eyes faded. His eyes were back to normal. Josh's grip on Max's neck slowly opens. Max breaths heavily. Josh looks at the knife, his eyes widened. He drops it to the floor and steps back.

JOSH

Oh...god....

He looks at Max, whose also looking at him. Max slowly bends down and picks up the knife.

JOSH (CONT'D)

Max...I'm so sorry. I've should have--

Max throws a mean hook at Josh, Josh steps back. Max grabs Josh by the shirt and punches him again, this time Josh falls to the ground.

Max has the knife pointed at Josh.

MAX

WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU?!!

JOSH

Please, let me explain, you don't understand!

MAX

I understand enough that you tried to kill me, asshole!

JOSH

Please, listen, I wasn't trying to kill you.

MAX

Trying!?! You drugged me! You cut my arm! You were throwing me left and right and choked me to death!

JOSH

IT WASN'T ME, IT WAS FRANKIE!

Max kicks his face. Josh begins to bleed through his nose.

MAX

Stop lying!

(CONTINUED)

JOSH  
I'm not! Look, I know it sounds  
crazy!

MAX  
What, an imaginary friend telling  
you to kill me? That sounds like a  
great explanation.

JOSH  
Just shut up and listen!!!

They both went silent and looked at each other. Josh begins  
to shed tears.

JOSH (CONT'D)  
She came when I was 7. I didn't  
know who she was, she was a pretty  
girl. She always came to me in my  
dreams. We talked to each other  
constantly, I was falling in love  
with her. Until a month later, she  
was making me do things that I  
shouldn't do. Do things that I  
didn't want to do...she made me try  
to kill my parents for damn sake!

Max listened, knife still poised at Josh.

JOSH (CONT'D)  
She made me kill our family  
cat. All of these things happened  
when I was asleep. And-and- if I  
resisted, somehow, she finds a way  
to control, to possess me, like  
what happened now. I can't control  
her. Frankie sometimes goes, and  
she mostly comes back. We went to  
the Doctor and he gave me these  
pills.

Josh searches for the pill bottle.

A PILL BOTTLE

drops in front of him. Josh looked at it, and looked up to  
Max.

JOSH (CONT'D)  
What..

(CONTINUED)

MAX

I looked through your trash. A lot of those, and receipts...

(re: knife)

And this. Care to explain why was this in the trash.

JOSH

...I don't know where I got that.

MAX

Don't push it.

JOSH

I'm not. I got that thing years ago, I don't know where, I woke up looking at that thing on my bed with blood in it. The pills were to stop Frankie from entering in my mind, and they were working fine.

MAX

Until you ran out...I taped you, last night. You said others, and that she wanted death.

JOSH

...I killed three people when Frankie got worse...she was telling me that she needed death, for reasons I don't know. It's as if death fuels her somehow.

MAX

Then why did she want to kill me?

JOSH

I don't know...I didn't come here to find a place to stay. I came here because she wanted me to. When I saw the flyer she talked to me when I was awake. She made go to your house. And I did.

MAX

So you had a place to stay?

JOSH

Yeah...I had a place...in a rubber room.

Max clenched the knife tighter.

(CONTINUED)

JOSH (CONT'D)

I told you everything I know  
Max...I can't expect you to believe  
me. All I know is that I didn't  
this to happen, but it did, and it  
was my fault...do what you have to  
do.

Max looked at him with his hard eyes for a long time. Then  
he slowly closes the knife. Josh looked up at him.

MAX

Is there a way to get her out of  
you?

JOSH

Yeah. I know one way.

MAX

What is it?

JOSH

I'll kill myself.

They stood silent for a moment.

MAX

Leave. Leave, get help, and don't  
come back.

Josh nods.

MAX (CONT'D)

If you do come back, awake or  
asleep...I will kill you. Do you  
understand?

Josh looked at him. Max takes that as a yes.

CUT TO:

40

EXT. MAX'S HOUSE - SUNRISE

40

Josh puts his suitcase in the trunk and slowly goes to the  
car door. Before opening it, he looks at Max one last  
time. Max stands by the door, a bandage wrapped around his  
arm.

They looked at each other for a while. Josh nods, Max does  
to. Josh gets into his car, turns it on and leaves.

Max watches him go.

(CONTINUED)

Josh turned to the corner of the street and drives away.

CUT TO:

41 EXT. STORM DRAIN - LATER 41

Max walks to the cemented railing of the storm drain. He looks at the murky water running. He takes the knife out of his pocket, and looks at it. There was blood stained on the blade.

Max pulls a long arm and throws the knife down the drain.

The knife disappears into the murky water.

He walks away.

CUT TO:

42 INT. MAX'S HOUSE - PATIO - DAY 42

Max looks at the blank page on the typewriter. He looks at the pack of cigarettes on the table. He looked back on the typewriter and cracked his knuckles. He begins typing up a storm.

JUMP CUT TO:

After a couple of paragraphs more, he writes: THE END.

He takes the paper out of the roller and reads it. Reading slowly, he curls his lips. He got his ending.

He puts the last page on top of the manuscript, takes the manuscript and lines the pages up perfectly. He takes two rubber bands and sticks them around the height and width of the stack of papers.

He takes the manuscript and leaves the patio.

CUT TO:

43 EXT. POST OFFICE - DAY 43

Max rides into the post office, puts his bike on the wall grabs the manuscript, which was inside a large manila folder, and goes inside.

44 INT. POST OFFICE - CONTINUOUS 44  
Max goes to the front desk.

CUT TO:

45 EXT. STREETS - DAY 45  
Max rides down the street, he lets the wind hit him in the face.

CUT TO:

46 INT. MAX'S HOUSE - PATIO - DAY 46  
Max looks at his typewriter, there was another pack of paper, which he ripped open. He closes his eyes, thinking. Then he opens them, a light bulb turned on inside him.

He puts the paper in the roller and rolls the paper to the center. He presses the space bar several times.

CLOSE UP:

on the typewriter.

He writes: FRANKIE by Max Stevens.

CUT TO BLACK:

TITLE: *A MONTH LATER*

CLICK! CLICK! CLICK!

47 INT. MAX'S HOUSE - PATIO - DAY 47  
Max types away. He smokes a cigarette, he breaths out the smoke. He dips the cigarette into the ash tray. Max types down one more sentence and takes the paper out of the roller.

The DOOR BELL rings.

Max listened. He blows the smoke out of his mouth and walks away from the patio.

48

INT/EXT. MAX'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

48

Max opens the door to see a young girl, the same age as him, she has red hair, wears a beanie, and wears leggings below her red plaid skirt. She carries a ruck sack filled with clothes.

MAX

Hello.

GIRL

Hi, is this 1237?

MAX

Yes.

GIRL

I read your flyer, you were looking for a roommate?

MAX

Oh, uh, not at the moment. I've changed my mind about it.

GIRL

Oh please, I'm need--

MAX

No, listen, I had an altercation with a previous roommate and it didn't go so well.

GIRL

Please! I need a place to stay. My boyfriend and I split up and he kicked me out of his place. My mom can't take me in, my dad's a prick, no one would take me in. Please. Please take me in.

She makes a face of sad innocence. Max sighs, almost feeling sorry for her. He hoped that the incident from Josh doesn't happen again. He nods.

MAX

I'll give you the grand tour.

The woman smiles gleefully and jumps at Max hugging him. He blushed.

GIRL

Oh my god, thank you so much!

(CONTINUED)

MAX  
You're welcome.

CUT TO:

49 INT. MAX'S HOUSE - PATIO - LATER

49

Max and the woman enter the patio.

MAX  
This is the patio. Hammocks over there. A counter behind us if you want to make something. Oh, I should tell you I smoke, so I hope that doesn't bother you.

GIRL  
No. I'm a smoker myself.

MAX  
OK.

GIRL  
Ooooooh!

The girl skips to the typewriter.

GIRL (CONT'D)  
You're a writer?

MAX  
Yeah, I guess you could say that. I just turned in my first book last month. Now I'm working on a new one.

The girl picks up the manuscript.

GIRL  
Frankie.

MAX  
Yeah. It's about a man who sees a girl in his dreams that makes him do things in his sleep. And deaths are involved.

GIRL  
Cool, great story. Same thing happened to my boyfriend.

(CONTINUED)

MAX

Oh.

Max chuckles, but stops he realizes something.

MAX (CONT'D)

Who was your boyfriend? What his name I mean?

GIRL

His name was Josh.

MAX

...Did you guys split up or--

GIRL

Actually, we didn't split up...he hung himself...guess he got tired of me.

Max takes a step back. Epiphany hits him like a curve ball.

The girl takes a cigarette, lights it and smokes.

GIRL (CONT'D)

I guess you know who he is...

MAX

Yeah...who are you?

GIRL

Don't you know?

She taps at the manuscript.

GIRL (CONT'D)

I'm sure you already know about me, Max.

Max eyes widened.

MAX

No...

GIRL

Yes... it's me...Frankie.

Frankie smiles.

FADE OUT.