

FROM WHAT WE WERE

Written by

Unknown

FADE IN:

EXT. GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE - NIGHT

An iconic structure, The Golden Gate Bridge, it's massive expanse caught in the black current of the night.

A few vehicles lazily traverse it's length as the stale hours of the night try and engulf the lights that dot the structure.

Lizzy Parker (25) stands at it's precipice, her dress billowing in the wind like a black flame.

She wears a long black evening gown, a type you might notice on the red carpet, definitely couture, definitely elegant.

Her hands, covered in black gloves that go to her elbows, reach for her face, which is covered by a porcelain mask.

She removes it, placing it in her hands. It glistens in the dim light, highlighting the rosy cheeks, deep red lips and a beauty mark just beside the cheek.

A tear splashes against the mask before she tosses it into the murky abyss below.

She steps towards the edge, the toes in her black stiletto's now peeking at her demise. She raises her foot...

EXT. PARKER MANSION - DAY

A sprawling oasis of lush greenery and palm trees dot the beautiful beachfront property, the ocean gently laps at the beaches edge as the mostly glass mansion sits like a beset jewel in the center of the sandbar.

INT. PARKER MANSION - BEDROOM - DAY

The large room, electronically shaded by glass panels that make up the entirety of the exterior wall, is sparsely decorated with nothing more than a king size canopy bed and a large mural of postmodern art.

The bed is in disarray as half eaten plates of food and empty bottles of chardonnay scatter across the duvet.

Mixed in that mess is Lizzy, her porcelain mask lays beside her as dark bars of shadow keep her face from view.

She brings a bottle up to her lips and guzzles the remainder of it's contents before a knock at the entrance reverberates the room.

LIZZY

What?

The door begins to creek open as Lizzy grabs the mask and secures it to her face.

HUNTER PARKER (31) dressed in an immaculate suit strides through the corridor.

His face is horribly marred by a series of scars stitched across his deformed face, but he walks with a practiced confidence groomed into him long ago.

Lizzy averts her gaze as he approaches, gripping the duvet as if it were a handle on a raft set upon rapids.

HUNTER

Lizzy!

The room echoes his voice, causing her to flinch, her grip tightening.

LIZZY

Stop!

Hunter stops just short of the bed and lets out a frustrated sigh.

HUNTER

Lizzy please...

LIZZY

You know, you're the only man I've ever met who threw away the only thing the world loved about him.

HUNTER

I don't care about the world, I care about you.

LIZZY

Me? You care about me? Is that what you thought?

(beat)

Now every time I look at you, I don't see the man I married, I see the fucking freak I've become!

HUNTER

Please, Lizzy I felt like I didn't know what else to do. I could feel you slipping away, like you started to hate...

LIZZY

Hate? The only thing I hate is the heart pumping in my chest, I'm indifferent to everything else.

HUNTER

Has your heart grown so cold?

LIZZY

Antarctica would be a tropical paradise in comparison.

HUNTER

I've tried, Lizzy I've sacrificed everything, including my sanity.

Lizzy scoffs.

HUNTER (CONT'D)

But this is a path I can no longer follow you down. This path to self destruction has gone on long enough, I haven't given up on myself, Lizzy.

He rubs a light band of skin on his ring finger.

HUNTER (CONT'D)

I hope you never give up either, and know, that I've always loved you, I always will.

Lizzy's finally meets his gaze.

He flicks something small, it rings like a coin as it flutters through the air. She extends her arms and catches it with both hands.

HUNTER (CONT'D)

I came here to give you this.

He turns to leave as tears begin to flood his eyes.

Lizzy opens her hands as a gold wedding band glints in her palms.

INT. PARKER MANSION - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Hunter sits on the closed lid of the toilet, he holds a bottle of whiskey in one hand and a lit cigarette in another.

His face, now without scars, looks as though he was pulled from the cover of GQ magazine.

Even with bags under his eyes and stubble forming around his chin, he looks like what people would imagine Adonis to look like.

Hunter chugs back a hefty swig and winces, followed by a drag of the cigarette. He blows the smoke towards the bathroom fan before chucking the cigarette in the sink.

He tries to stand, but his knees buckle, causing him to grab the sink for support.

He staggers drunkenly in front of the vanity before catching his reflection in the mirror.

He smiles at himself, his perfect teeth lining up effortlessly, he cracks for a second, letting a whimper escape as his eyes fill with tears.

He opens the vanity and closes it with such force that the mirror shatters, sending shards in all directions.

He surveys the mess before noticing a silver glint emanating from the shelves of the now broken vanity.

He reaches up and grabs it, a straight razor, he opens the blade and marvels at it's ornate beauty.

He brings it to his throat, pressing into his jugular, fury flashing before his eyes before removing it from against his Adam's apple.

A small amount of blood stains the blade as he reaches for the wound. He pulls back and a small amount of blood covers his finger tips.

He smiles at the apparent lack of feeling this gave him.

He takes the blade and nicks his chin, he reaches up and wipes the drop of blood, he laughs, and does it again, and again.

He starts to slash against his cheeks and mouth, blood now splashing against the sink and walls, slowly turning the bathroom into a horror show.

INT. PARKER MANSION - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lizzy is laid in her bed, sheets drawn up to her chin, gauze wrapped securely around the entirety of her head, only leaving her eyes and mouth exposed.

Hunter, with not a mark on him, wearing a blue housecoat, enters the room. He holds a white box with a red ribbon tied around it.

Lizzy sits up from under her sheets and eyes Hunter as he approaches.

LIZZY

What's that?

Hunter sits on the edge of the bed and hands the box over to Lizzy.

HUNTER

Something I'm hoping will get you out of this room.

Lizzy scoffs while pulling at the tails of the red bow.

She removes the lid and pulls red decorative tissue from the box before unveiling the porcelain mask.

LIZZY

A mask?

HUNTER

I commissioned Giovanni Accardo to create the mask for you.

She looks up at him.

HUNTER (CONT'D)

I know how he's your favorite sculptor.

He casts a perfect smile, just to have her avert her attention back to the mask.

LIZZY

And how is a mask supposed to help?

HUNTER

Metaphorically we all wear masks, yours will just be the literal kind.

LIZZY

Poor, Lizzy, the freak that has to wear a literal mask.

HUNTER

That's not what this is.

LIZZY

Than what the fuck is this!

HUNTER

You haven't set foot outside since you've gotten back, you won't let people close to you, you're even turning down consultations with the best surgeons in the world!

LIZZY

You will never understand, I've lost everything.

HUNTER

You still have me.

LIZZY

My mister, fucking perfect, how fate favors her chosen.

HUNTER

I would change positions with you in a heartbeat...

LIZZY

And I'd let you, but you can't, can you?

HUNTER

Lizzy please...

LIZZY

If I take this mask will you leave?  
(beat)  
The mere sight of you reminds me of everything I've lost.

Those words seem to cut deeper than any knife as Hunter tries and fails to hold back his tears.

Hunter gets off the bed and leaves, his footsteps echoing across the tile floors.

Lizzy takes the mask in her hand as a tear splashes against it's surface.

EXT. ROADWAY - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Hunter and Lizzy zip through the streets in a 1984 Ferrari Testarossa. The pair look like a Hollywood couple, pulled straight from the silver screen.

Lizzy absolutely glows, rosy cheeks, deep red lips and a beauty mark just beside her cheek.

HUNTER

We sold an NFT today. The bidding went amazing.

LIZZY

Who won the bid?

Lizzy digs through her small purse.

HUNTER

Some financier, but the good news is that he has a daughter that wants to get into the fashion industry.

She pulls out some lip gloss, unscrewing the lid.

LIZZY

So she's the one I'll be meeting?

She applies a thin layer over her lips and screws it back together.

HUNTER

This could pay big dividends in the future.

LIZZY

Well I'm just glad it won't be another creepy old man.

A bump in the road causes Lizzy to drop the small bottle between the seats.

She begins to dig for it but the buckle of the seatbelt gets in the way.

Unclipping it, she digs further.

HUNTER

What happened?

LIZZY

(straining)  
I dropped my gloss.



Hunter takes his eyes off the road in order to help her look, just as another car pulls into their lane.

Hunter slams the breaks, but it's too late and T-bones the vehicle.

Lizzy hits the windshield face first and goes right through, her body skips over the hood and lands on the pavement with a slickening thud.

Hunter, still strapped in by his seatbelt, grabs his head in agony, but otherwise seems unscathed.

Lizzy, unmoving, is face down on the pavement, a pool of blood forms around her matted hair.

INT. PARKER MANSION - DAY

The mansion hosts a FEW GUESTS as they mill about, eating hors d'oeuvres and sipping on expensive wine.

Lizzy, sits elegantly posed on a leather Roman Ottoman, her hand loosely holds a glass of red wine as her dark eyes stare out over the horizon of the expansive sea.

Hunter comes and sits beside her, his eyes lock with hers as they share a warm smile.

He leans over and gives her a kiss, producing a magazine with Lizzy on the front cover.

The picture seems to be of her caught in some fierce storm, her hair and dress pushed to one side, her arms being used to keep the dress from revealing too much, just as Marilyn Monroe had done in her famous portrait.

LIZZY

Oh god.

She takes the magazine from Hunter and examines herself.

LIZZY (CONT'D)

I swear, I'll never do another photoshoot with a goddamn wind machine.

HUNTER

You do look iconic.

LIZZY

That's because I am iconic, darling. Still didn't stop shit from getting caught in my eye.

Hunter smiles his practiced smile, causing Lizzy to blush ever so slightly.

HUNTER  
Should I be jealous?

LIZZY  
What?

HUNTER  
The only thing I want caught by  
your eye is me.

Lizzy rolls her eyes into a smile.

LIZZY  
You're lucky you put a ring on it.  
"Beauty Is You" just named me, "the  
woman the lens loves most".

HUNTER  
Nobody needs to read an article too  
know that's true.

She smiles again, this time without the eyeroll.

HUNTER (CONT'D)  
I was thinking about branding some  
NFT's. A few of your photo sets  
that never reached circulation,  
with a promise of a meet and greet.

LIZZY  
Hopping on the bandwagon are we?

HUNTER  
What's that saying? Strike while  
the iron's hot.

LIZZY  
You do have a point, but no creepy  
old men.

HUNTER  
That's ninety percent of the client  
base.

LIZZY  
That still leaves ten.

He smiles, conceding to her demand.

HUNTER  
As you wish.

LIZZY  
Now help me up.

She extends her free hand, prompting Hunter to stand up and pull Lizzy into his arms.

LIZZY (CONT'D)  
Thank you, love.

She leans in and gives him a passionate kiss, pulling her hand up to his face.

As they finish, she notices her wedding ring glinting on her finger.

LIZZY (CONT'D)  
I'm still getting used to wearing  
it. Still feels strange.

They both look at the large diamond ring on her finger.

HUNTER  
There will come a time when the  
thought of not wearing it will feel  
even stranger.

She pulls up his hand, checking the solid gold wedding band on his finger.

LIZZY  
And how does it feel on your  
finger?

HUNTER  
Like it belongs there.

LIZZY  
Now you're just trying to make me  
feel bad.

HUNTER  
Never.

He pulls her in for another kiss.

EXT. GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE - NIGHT

Lizzy, no longer standing on the bridge's edge, is instead replaced by a pair of wedding rings. They seem to jostle against each other, caught briefly by a gust of wind.

FADE OUT.