

I WANT YOU DEAD

Written by

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Based on a true life experience

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FADE IN:

WHITENESS --

FADES TO:

We see the World from the Point-Of-View of God, a very white World, from high up a cloud. It's Our World, and -- perhaps, the only one we've got. And, therein that Whiteness sits this tiny other Black, looking like a little ink blot on a white paper-card. And, we --

ZOOM IN -- SLOW, on that dot, and descend upon a land, and upon a Neighborhood. And, therein that Neighborhood sits a HOUSE, an old house, with a new hope for a new life. And, inside that life --

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Therein sits an OLD FRIDGE. Some could say it stands, and not sits. GRANMA said it stands -- it stood the test of time, she meant. It's one of those very old crafts with serpentine-shaped hind and fore, and a pull arm on a mechanical lock door that was quite popular in the days of war.

But, in the days of new, The Old Timer has not much left of glory, and not much left to worry, or miss -- except for, maybe -- the preservation of an old story, a secret -- an old promise. And, we see what it is --

TITLE CARD: 'I WANT YOU DEAD'

We PAN away from the Septuagenarian, and --

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

We TRACK -- at SLOW pace, along the untidy place. Nothing is in place. It's as if someone has just moved in, someone beginning a new season --

Furniture, in sheets, is laid haphazard -- boxes, stashed, uncovered.

We TRACK -- toward the Passageway. It's silent, way too silent, way! But --

INT. PASSAGEWAY - CONTINUOUS

No way out, just doors. Others are closed, but one is open, the one we walk in as we, TRACK in --

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

There is a double-bed in the middle, nothing else. The bed is not made -- no sheets, no duvets. But, there is a woman on top of the bed, a completely naked lass, sitting cross-legged facing away from the door, and away from us, with her arms spread out wide as if she is in a meditative pass -- Yoga, Buddhism, Psycho-therapy, or whatever the hell that is.

This elegant woman is LYNN WILLINGHAM, thirty-one, she'll tell you thirty-two, because you don't tell her what to do, or say. She has her own way, a queen of slay -- bright and bubbly, but she looks nothing like a bubble, maybe an icicle - tall, lean, long-haired and your typical Long Island dream.

She turns her head all of a sudden, as if she has just remembered something she had almost forgotten. She quickly gets up from the bed. But, at no point in time do we ever see anything BAD, just clever SHOTS to suggest that she is bare.

WE TRACK BACKWARDS along with her, as she walks out, and --

INT. PASSAGEWAY - CONTINUOUS

We follow Lynn as she walks in, into another door, opens without knocking, goes in, and --

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lynn's hand doesn't leave the handle.

LYNN

You said five minutes.

The one that said five minutes has her head inside the bowel.

It's another woman, Lynn's woman, OCEANIA CHAPMAN, twenty-seven, and the actual bubble -- shorter, bulkier, but please, don't tell anyone. You might burst Lynn's bubble. Lynn literally thinks her better half is the better half -- the kind of half most other halves would find irresistibly beddable, whether they're a man, a woman, or a sick animal out to play with a nice little ball of yarn, boyish yarn, naked yarn -- and, Oceania is just as naked as a new born.

*** AND, MAY IT BE STRESSED OUT AT THIS VERY MOMENT THAT LYNN AND OCEANIA OR ANY OTHER CHARACTER, OR ANIMAL, THAT ARE WITHOUT CLOTHING ARE THUS SO THROUGHOUT, UNTIL OTHERWISE -- BUT, AT NO POINT WILL THEIR EXPOSURE BE FULLY REVEALED, ONLY IMPLIED THROUGH SOME VERY CLEVER CAMERA SKILL. ***

Oceania lifts her head, looks up at Lynn, who is waiting.

OCEANIA

Did you manage to take a chill?

LYNN

I should be asking you, Miss Head-In-The-Toilet-Bowel.

Oceania stands up, eyes Lynn in the pupil.

OCEANIA

(Firmly)

THE BED -- will be, in the middle, simple!

LYNN

(Tries to repress rage)

THE BED -- will be on one side of the room. That way, there is more space in the middle.

OCEANIA

(Takes a deep breath)

Fine! If you want it your way, then you will sleep on the bed on one side of the room, and I'll sleep on the floor in the middle. Deal?

Silence. No one wants another incidence, no doubt. Oceania walks slowly past Lynn, and goes out. Lynn doesn't stop her. She only stops herself from stopping her. She slowly heaves in, slowly heaves out, turns around, and --

INT. PASSAGEWAY - CONTINUOUS

WE TRACK behind Lynn as she attempts to follow her Pumpkin, but -- she sees no one ahead. She stops to take a look at the bed. That's not sitting anywhere she intends. She looks forward, she has to think forward, and let it all pass -- she lets herself pass by, and --

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lynn finds Oceania who is going through some boxes. Oceania is silent outwardly but, inwardly she is clearly voicing. Lynn sneaks up from behind her, palms her love handles and tries to steal a little kiss, but only meets a big resist.

OCEANIA

(Rolling eyes)

I honestly don't know how you can be this comfortable under this kind of a circumstance?

LYNN

Nobody is going to worry about what we do in our own house, Sweetest.

OCEANIA

(Crunches a brow)

But, I do. And, I'm worried. It's not just a house, Lynn. It's a house in a neighborhood. And, soon the neighbors will show up at the front door to welcome us and they will see that we are a wife and a wife and not a wife and husband.

LYNN

And, that is why we don't have to let anyone in. Officially, we are supposed to be on honeymoon -- and, we are supposed to be honeymooning.

Lynn makes another attempt at a kiss. Oceania smoothly dodges, and she misses. Oceania walks to the front window -- no curtain, no fleece. She stares outside and there's nothing to notice -- but, she doesn't trust what she doesn't notice.

OCEANIA

What if somebody comes knocking and they're seeing us and see that we are ignoring?

LYNN

(Looking up)

Somebody is always knocking, and seeing.

(Slowly walks to Oceania)

And, we're almost always ignoring.

OCEANIA

I'm talking about the neighbors.

LYNN

(Holds Oceania's arms)

Oceania, Sweetest, I kissed you in front of the whole world while our wedding was being livestreamed on Web TV and now you're worried about the neighbors?

OCEANIA

It could be a really big thing to some neighbor. What if there is someone in this area who doesn't accept what we are?

LYNN

Abnormal?

OCEANIA

(Steps back from the
window)

Abominable!

LYNN

Sweetest, it's not up to people to
accept what we are. It's up to us
to accept what we are -- and, what
we are to each other.

OCEANIA

What I only want to accept right
now, Lynn, is being SAFE. I don't
want to always have to look over my
shoulder to see if somebody is
pointing a finger at me and calling
names behind my back.

LYNN carefully steps behind Oceania's back, smells her hair --
breathes down her neck.

LYNN

I am the one that's behind your
back, O.C.. I'm always behind you.
If any one points a finger at you,
they are only pointing at me.

OCEANIA

(Places her hand over
Lynn's)

But, I don't want you behind me,
Babe. I want you beside me.

(Guides Lynn beside her)

We are equal.

LYNN

We are Biblical.

(Kisses her)

OCEANIA

(Pushes out of the kiss)

You think God accepts this?

LYNN

GOD doesn't accept a lot of things.
But, there are a lot of people that
stand against what we do yet they
have their own dirt up their
sleeves. This is our stand against
their injustice.

OCEANIA

They have their dirt behind closed doors, Lynn. We paraded ours on Live TV for everyone to see.

Lynn strokes Oceania's hair with her fingers, cups her face in her palms and whispers --

LYNN

(Softly)

Do you trust me?

OCEANIA

It depends in which area?

LYNN

Automotive Trend Styling!

OCEANIA

I would if I was your employer.

LYNN

Well, I can tell you that most Posh car designers take their inspiration from the female body. And, this is true. But, what I never told you is that my inspiration comes only from you.

OCEANIA

Ha-ha! You want your Posh cars to look like Freight-Carriers?

LYNN

No, just beautiful Posh cars! The secret is not in the chassis, but in the engine -- gentle, enduring, all weather condition. And, that's what you are. Whatever road you take, Sweetest, you will always conquer. Don't be scared. You're built for this.

OCEANIA

(Sighs, relaxes)

Fine! I'll believe you. But, stop calling me 'Sweetest'. I've told you that before.

LYNN

You know you're sweet though.

OCEANIA

Don't!

LYNN

So, what should I call you? Wifey?

OCEANIA

Maybe! But, BABE is what I would call me. I call you Babe, so you call me Babe, Babe. Sweet is for something you eat. I don't want to feel like I'm a meal.

LYNN

Fine! I get the deal. Commandment number one.

OCEANIA

And, what's that supposed to mean?

LYNN

New house, new rules. You are the lady of the house.

OCEANIA

We are both ladies of the house. What you say also goes.

LYNN

Then, I say -- the rules rule goes.

LYNN gently strokes a finger over Oceania's lips, about to kiss, but Oceania's uncontainable feeling that someone might be watching, or something, still kicks in. She pulls away, looks at the front window to see who is peeping.

THERE IS INDEED SOMEONE WATCHING!!

OCEANIA

(Panicking)

Lynn!

Lynn sees it also, an indistinct face peeping through the front window.

The face immediately disappears behind the wall. The two women stare at each other, frightened as Hell. Suddenly, there is the loud RING of the doorbell. The women startle. They nudge each other, who will answer. The continuous ringing is not gentle, they can't handle. They hold each other and walk in tandem -- cautiously, and they open.

It's a boy, and he is simple -- KELVIN THE PRO, twenty-four or so, a camera-boy, he has a small camera for a toy, in his hands, which is what he uses to make ends.

If not for that, we would have found him weird, because just like everyone else in their world, he also is naked. But, surprisingly, it's not a surprise to anyone.

KELVIN

Mrs. and Mrs. Willingham, or is it
Mrs. and Mrs. Chapman?

OCEANIA

Both!

LYNN

Willingham-Chapman!

OCEANIA

Or, Chapman-Willingham. It's your
choice.

Kelvin hands Lynn a DVD PACKAGE which was also in his hands and he immediately departs.

Lynn closes the door, and rips open the package.

LYNN

(Excitedly)

It's Our Wedding DVD!

OCEANIA

(Ecstatically)

Oh, my Fart! Let me see!

The two excitedly glow at the sight of their Wedding Video.

LYNN

You want to watch it?

OCEANIA

You bet!

(Looks at the mess in the
room)

But, how are we going to watch it?

LYNN

Not even a player on the list of
our very many gifts?

OCEANIA

(Approaches the very many
gifts)

I'm still surprised you have this
very many relatives.

LYNN

Very many friends.

OCEANIA
Who are very many girls.

LYNN
I work with very many girls.

OCEANIA
So, call them 'workmates'.

LYNN
Rule number two, I get the sense.

OCEANIA
Enough with that nonsense!

There is silence -- and, breathing. Each looks her own way, trying to figure out how to make things work, in a way.

LYNN
Is it the ring?

OCEANIA
It's not the ring.

LYNN
Granma insisted I give you that for the wedding.

OCEANIA
It's not the ring.

LYNN
I'll get you a new one next week.

OCEANIA
If you keep insisting it's the ring, then it will be the ring. You don't have to do anything to impress me, Lynn. Besides. You already got this big house for us.

LYNN
It's Granma's.

OCEANIA
Your Granma.

LYNN
(Sighs)
Come on, I'll race you to the kitchen.

The ladies scream out loud as they take off, Lynn ahead, Oceania tries to pull her back, fails, DVD falls, and --

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The newlyweds hold hands, stop and stand, heave for air, smile and stare, at the kitchen, their smiles grow thin.

Walls and floors are tired, the sink should be retired. The men hired delivered and left everything haphazard. It's not orderly, Cutlery in boxes, boxes scattered.

OCEANIA

It's not new.

LYNN

It's big. You wanted big. So, this should do.

OCEANIA

Big, yes. But, how about for two?

LYNN

It's not true if you're thinking about what they always say that two ladies can't share the same kitchen.

OCEANIA

They say two-ladies can't share the same bed. Do I look like I'm listening?

Holding hands, Oceania and Lynn approach the Old Fridge in the furthest corner that's looking creepy. It's not smiling, or frowning -- just sleeping.

LYNN

Granma wanted this to be mine.

OCEANIA

It's out of --

LYNN

Time?

OCEANIA

Place!

There's ANOTHER FRIDGE, new out of a case, a modern double-door, and a very good reason for its older colleague to be thrown into an Old Age's home.

Lynn sees it also, almost ignores -- sees a bathroom mirror in the middle of the stashed boxes.

LYNN

Seems like the Old Timer isn't the only thing misplaced. A bathroom mirror in a kitchen?

OCEANIA

(Looks at the Mirror)

Mm. I guess when they heard we dress salad in the kitchen they also thought we do its make-up!

Lynn laughs her lungs out. Oceania watches, smiles -- just.

LYNN

I can't believe you said something that stupid and I laughed at it.

OCEANIA

It's what I like about you.

They stare at each other, into souls, into hearts -- thoughts running into emotions, emotions running into thoughts. Lynn turns back to the Old Fridge. Oceania wraps her arms around Lynn from behind. Lynn places her hands on top of Oceania's. They both stare at that Old Thing.

LYNN

Granma likes me too. When she gave me the Old Thing, she said I should take good care of it, because -- it will take good care of me.

OCEANIA

(Sarcastically)

Then, I'm jealous.

LYNN

If it takes care of me, it takes care of you.

Oceania feels the fridge walls with her palm, adds a little force, to feel it's bulk -- it doesn't budge.

OCEANIA

It's so massive.

LYNN

It was built to double as a safe. It's thought to be made with metal and concrete.

OCEANIA

Is it? What did they keep in it?

LYNN
GRENADES -- World War days.

OCEANIA
Whoa! I hope we won't be needing
those in this place.

LYNN
(Smiles)
We went. And, Soldiers didn't just
hide bombs in there, they also hid
themselves. Enemies didn't know how
to open the Fridge doors because
they were made with special
mechanical seals.

Oceania gets the handle, yanks it back. The door doesn't even
nudge. She tries harder, but doesn't succeed much.

OCEANIA
How is it open?

LYNN
It's actually quite simple -- give
it a little kick on the bottom.

LYNN gives a demo, but has to use up a lot more, of her
strength -- and, it opens.

OCEANIA
A little kick?

LYNN
It's a little depending on how big
you are.

OCEANIA
(Pause -- Silence -- She
can't keep it silent)
Did you just call me fat?

LYNN
What! No. I said big.

OCEANIA
Big and fat mean the exact same
thing.

LYNN
No, they don't. You are being
paranoid.

OCEANIA

And, you are being a fart for denying what you said.

LYNN

And, you are a bigger fart for thinking that I said anything.

OCEANIA

Ugh! You've just said it again.

LYNN

Said what?

OCEANIA

That I'm fat!

LYNN

I said a big fart!

OCEANIA

UGH!

Oceania raises her hand in the air, aims it for Lynn's head. Lynn closes one eye, tensing in dread. Oceania releases but, misses -- hits Lynn's shoulder instead. Lynn gets mad.

LYNN

Ouch! You really did that?

OCEANIA

Yes! And, I'll do it again.

Oceania tries again. Lynn steps back as far as she can.

LYNN

Is this why you put a ring on my finger?

OCEANIA

You should have put yours on my middle finger instead.

LYNN

(Gasps)
And, I'm glad I didn't tell Granma that it was you that I married.

OCEANIA

(Gasps)
What? You -- You didn't do what?

LYNN
 (Pointing)
 I never told her any of this, or
 any of that.

OCEANIA
 You Fart! You stupid Fart!

And, Oceania slams the fridge door -- BAM!

Silence -- it's tense, no romance. The couple stands, stares at the Old Refrigerator, not at each other, maybe only steal a glance.

The RINGING sound of a CELLPHONE coming in from the living room signals a call. They let it ring out, ignore, taken the better of by ego. The phone stops ringing but doesn't stop reminding, and starts another echo.

LYNN
 Expecting a call?

OCEANIA
 It's not even my ringtone.
 (Looks at Lynn)
 You have a phone I don't know?

LYNN
 No.

They stare at each other and wonder, and somehow in agreement, go out to discover, and --

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

WE TRACK along with Oceania and Lynn, as the two walk in and attempt to find the source of the RINGING.

Lynn picks up her phone, and it's not ringing. Oceania also picks up hers, and it's also not ringing.

They listen, closely -- the TONE is coming from the wedding gift boxes. The two women search through and pick out an ENVELOPE. They tear it open and draw out a SMART-PHONE. The gadget displays a mysterious number calling. They stare at each other wondering, worrying.

LYNN
 (Answering)
 Hallo?

Oceania touches the screen and puts the phone on speaker.

MRS. CHAPMAN (V.O.)
 (Filtered)
 Lynn? Hi! It's Mrs. Chapman.

OCEANIA
 -- Mum?

MRS. CHAPMAN (V.O.)
 (Filtered)
 O.C., Baby?

OCEANIA
 (Snivels)
 Mummy, I can't believe you called.

MRS. CHAPMAN (V.O.)
 (Filtered)
 Hey, I'm not that old. Look, Baby,
 listen -- I knew if I didn't put
 this phone amongst the gifts I was
 never going to reach you. And,
 don't you listen to whatever your
 Father told you. You know how this
 situation is hard for him to take.

MR. CHAPMAN (V.O.)
 (Filtered)
 I can hear you, Kate.

MRS. CHAPMAN (V.O.)
 (Filtered)
 Gerald? Get off the phone, Gerald.

MR. CHAPMAN (V.O.)
 (Filtered)
 No, Kate. I want to speak to my
 only child.

OCEANIA
 Daddy?

MR. CHAPMAN (V.O.)
 (Filtered)
 Honey-Baby!

LYNN
 (Whispering to Oceania)
 Honey-Baby?

OCEANIA
 Long story!

LYNN
 I have long ears.

MR. CHAPMAN (V.O.)

(Filtered)

I only have a few seconds before this call ends, so here goes. I never told you this. But, your Mother and I, we have a secret. Ever since we got married, we only use one telephone. We don't keep secrets and that's what makes us go on. So, if you want, um --

(Clears throat)

Your, um --

MRS. CHAPMAN (V.O.)

(Filtered)

Marriage!

MR. CHAPMAN (V.O.)

(Filtered)

Yes, Carnage.

MRS. CHAPMAN (V.O.)

(Filtered)

MARRIAGE, Gerald.

MR. CHAPMAN (V.O.)

(Filtered)

Yes -- Carnage! That's what I said. Do you want me to say what this is or do you just want me to give advice on what this is?

MRS. CHAPMAN (V.O.)

(Filtered)

You're just supposed to be her Dad.

MR. CHAPMAN (V.O.)

(Filtered)

Fine, enough said! Honey-Baby --

OCEANIA

Daddy?

MR. CHAPMAN (V.O.)

(Filtered)

My advice, um --

(Paper crumbles)

I can never know how much this means to you, and don't ever expect me to. Don't ever expect anyone else to. But, if you want something to mean anything to anyone, it's up to you to make something mean everything to you.

MRS. CHAPMAN (V.O.)
 (Filtered)
 Gerald, are you reading?

MR. CHAPMAN (V.O.)
 (Filtered)
 Why not? I wrote it.

OCEANIA
 (Snivels)
 Daddy, I can't believe you support
 this.

MR. CHAPMAN (V.O.)
 (Filtered)
 No, Honey-Baby, don't get me wrong.
 I don't support this, and I doubt
 that I ever will. But, what I do
 support, and always will -- is you.
 (Pause)
 Yah -- That's all I had to say.

The call ends. Oceania cries in Lynn's hands.

LYNN
 You are not the one who should be
 crying, you know. You made a
 choice. And, you live with it. It's
 anyone else out there who should
 choose to live with it or not.

OCEANIA
 And, if they don't?

LYNN
 Then, it's their problem.

OCEANIA
 And, if they choose to make their
 problem our problem?

LYNN
 Then, we'll just have to live with
 that too.

OCEANIA
 If we are able to live with that.

LYNN
 And, what's do you mean by that?

There is something amidst the stash of gift boxes that
 Oceania suddenly notices.

OCEANIA
And, what's that?

LYNN
What's what?

OCEANIA
(Exasperated)
Maxine?

LYNN
(Exuberant)
Maxine? Where?

Oceania picks up the box, reads the note.

OCEANIA
She sent a gift.

LYNN
She did? Wow, well, open it.

OCEANIA
No.

LYNN
What?

OCEANIA
I'm not going to open it.

LYNN
Why not?

OCEANIA
Because, I don't want to!

LYNN
Fine! Then, let me open it.

OCEANIA
No.

LYNN
And, why the hell not?

OCEANIA
Because, that is EVIL!

LYNN
And, how in the World is that evil?

OCEANIA
Because, MAXINE is your EX-THING!

LYNN

And, why would that be evil?

OCEANIA

Because, why would your Ex send you a gift?

LYNN

Maxine didn't send ME a gift.
Maxine sent US a gift.

OCEANIA

And, how would you know she sent us a gift when you haven't even read the note?

LYNN

Well, obviously -- we are now married and she is happy for us.

OCEANIA

You said IS as if you've been talking to her.

LYNN

Well -- YEAH, and why the hell wouldn't I be talking to her?

OCEANIA

Because, she is your EX.

LYNN

She is my EX-THING and not my EXISTING.

OCEANIA

And, that is exactly why you shouldn't be talking to her.

LYNN

No. That is only why it shouldn't matter if I'm talking to her.

OCEANIA

No. It matters. And, if it matters to me then it should also matter to you, unless -- if I DON'T MATTER.

LYNN

Of course, you matter.
(Gasps, realizes)
And, you're right. It's fine. Rule Number three. I get it.

OCEANIA

You know what, forget it!
 (Pause, Silence -- awkward
 silence)
 You know what, don't forget it!

LYNN

ABSO-FARTING-LUTELY!

OCEANIA

You can't talk to your EX, LYNN. If
 you are counting rules, then YES,
 count this as RULE NUMBER ONE.

LYNN

How do I avoid talking to someone
 that I work with every single day?

OCEANIA

By not working with them every
 single day! NO -- By not working
 with them any day.

LYNN

You want me to quit my job.
 (Silence, realizes)
 YOU WANT ME TO QUIT MY JOB?

OCEANIA

If it means not seeing Maxine, then
 ABSO-FARTING-LUTELY, YES!

LYNN

Because of a thing you have with a
 Maxine?

OCEANIA

I don't have a thing with a Maxine.
 You are the one with a thing with a
 Maxine and, yes -- I want you to
 stop working with her.

LYNN

Do you realize what you are asking
 for, Oceania? This job is what will
 pay the bills in this house.

OCEANIA

THIS HOUSE IS FART if you and I
 can't breathe in it.

Lynn realizes, they are raising voices. She breathes in,
 breathes out, calms down.

LYNN

This house is only fart if you and I allow others to fart in it. But, there are no others. It's just you and me, and nobody else.

OCEANIA

Do you even promise that?

LYNN

I don't believe in promises. I believe in practice.

(Breathes)

I was with Maxine for six years. And, I can't change that. She's a part of my past, and my past is a part of what I am today, and I can't change that. But, what I can change is my future -- and, I want that future to be with you.

Lynn softly kisses Oceania's doubt away. Oceania smiles, she knows that's what she needed to make her day.

OCEANIA

You are such an absolute Fart-head.

LYNN

You married an absolute Fart-head.

(They laugh, relax)

So, are you going to open it?

Lynn eyes the gift. Oceania opens it -- Two WALKIE-TALKIES.

OCEANIA

(Surprised, pleasantly)

Oh, wow! Radios!

Oceania marvels at the devices. Lynn grabs the note -- notes the hand, it's Maxine's, and Lynn's drawn in. She can almost hear Maxine's voice, interweaving with her own, as she reads.

LYNN/ MAXINE (V.O.)

(Reading, reminiscing)

Communication is the key. It's what makes or breaks a relationship. Many have failed in the past. Many will make it in the future. The difference is communication. Lynn, Oceania, if you guys can figure out this mystery, you'll be something that others talk about for the next century. I Love you both, truly. I always will, Maxine.

OCEANIA

(Breath-taken)

Wow. She really is happy for us.
She is not even jealous.

LYNN

(Taken-aback)

Yeah. It's indeed a surprise.

Lynn suddenly turns a face -- she has read deeper into the message than what's on the surface.

But, Oceania, on the other hand, is unaware and is just simply so excited. She unpacks the two radios, and finds another note sided.

OCEANIA

Hey, there is another note here.

LYNN

Oh, what does it say? I want to hear.

OCEANIA

(Reading)

A Walkie-talkie allows you to speak one person at a time while the other one listens. No one can talk over the other, do you understand what this means? The more you use the radios, the more you'll get to understand this principle. Go to the furthest corners of the house and see how much you can still hear each other's mouths. Even when you think the distance between you has grown so much that you feel you can no longer hear each other, you would have only given yourselves enough space to listen to each other and you will be surprised at how you can still communicate more clearly. WOW!

(Hands a radio to Lynn)

Come on, Babe. Let's give it a go.

Lynn reluctantly takes the radio.

OCEANIA (CONT'D)

(Playfully)

Calling FART-HEAD ALPHA, calling FART-HEAD ALPHA! This is HONEY-BABY ONE, come in, over!

Oceania's voice can be heard filtered through Lynn's radio.
But, Lynn remains aloof -- oomph!

OCEANIA (CONT'D)
Come in, over.
(Nudges LYNN)
COME IN, OVER!

Lynn suddenly smiles just for the sake of it.

LYNN
(Deepening her voice)
This is Fart-Head Alpha ready to
dispatch the, um -- uh, the -- THE
STARSHIP MARSHMALLOW.

They both laugh.

OCEANIA
Come on, go to another room. I want
to see how far we can hear each
other just like what the note said.

LYNN
I'll go to the kitchen.

OCEANIA
And, I'll go to the bathroom.

The two love-monkeys dart off excitedly in two opposite ends.
We TRACK Lynn, and --

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Lynn dashes in, and goes to the furthest corner next to that
Old Thing.

LYNN
(Into Radio)
Are you there yet?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Oceania can clearly hear Lynn's filtered voice through her
radio, as she rushes in and closes the door.

OCEANIA
(Into radio)
Locked in position, Fart-head
Alpha. Can you hear me? Over!

LYNN
Loud and clear, Honey-Baby!

They both laugh, excitedly.

OCEANIA
Um, Fart-head Alpha, please clarify
on what is a Starship Marshmallow?

LYNN
(Amused)
A very long tale!

OCEANIA
And, I have very long ears!

They chuckle.

LYNN
And, a very long antenna.

OCEANIA
Definitely.

LYNN
This is so exciting, O.C..

OCEANIA
It is, Babe.

But, Lynn is suddenly, drawn in -- reminiscent.

LYNN
I never realized all this time how
effective this could be.

OCEANIA
It's true, isn't it? Communication
is the key.

(Pause)
So, do you still think about her?

LYNN
(Thinks for a moment)
Well, we have to be honest with
each other from now on, right?

OCEANIA
Yes.

LYNN
I do.

OCEANIA

You do what?

LYNN

Think about her.

Silence, and -- controlled breathing, from both women. Lynn presses her button, continues.

LYNN (CONT'D)

Well, mostly, I think about why we broke up. And, um, at times I don't even understand how we came to a dump. I think about why we broke up not because I want to fix it. There is no way I can fix it. But, I think about it because I don't want to do the same mistakes that I did. I don't want you and I to break up for the same reasons. In fact, I just don't want you and I to break up at all for whatever reason.

Oceania suddenly marches in -- into the kitchen. Lynn gasps, almost stops breathing. Oceania stands arms folded, foot tapping, head tilted, heart beating, temperature peaking.

OCEANIA

Uh-hum! You were saying?

LYNN

You're not on your radio!

OCEANIA

Well, I'm right here. Tell it to my face.

LYNN

You're supposed to be on the other end. That's how it works.

OCEANIA

How it works?

LYNN

And, what was the last thing you heard me say to you?

OCEANIA

The part when I asked you if you still think about Maxine and you said that you do.

Lynn breathes in loud -- and, breathes out loud, turns back around.

LYNN

If we are both on the same end of the line we won't be communicating, we will be fighting.

OCEANIA

I'm not fighting.

Her foot is tapping. Lynn is noting.

LYNN

Yes, you are.

OCEANIA

If I'm fighting, then I'm only fighting for this relationship.

LYNN

Marriage.

OCEANIA

I don't want you to see Maxine ever again. Clear?

LYNN

I'm not seeing her.

OCEANIA

You see her every day. You see her when you do your designs every day. You see her more times in the day than you see me.

LYNN

You knew I was an Automotive Trend Stylist when we met, O.C., and now all of a sudden it's an issue?

OCEANIA

Yes, it's now an issue. You now have a ring on your goddamn finger. And, that means you can't stare at any other woman's body, especially when I don't want you to.

LYNN

I only stare at women's bodies in a way that is professional.

OCEANIA

So, you don't stare at my body in a way which is other than professional?

LYNN

That's not what I said.

OCEANIA

That's exactly what you said.

LYNN

Stop twisting this around.

OCEANIA

It's already twisted. You work with someone that you see more times than me and oh, guess what -- that someone happens to be your Ex-girlfriend.

Oceania walks out, rocked. Lynn helplessly remains behind, gasping -- shocked. She thinks alone. She looks at the Old Fridge which sits alone. It whispers back silently, don't let her go, don't! So --

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lynn walks in and watches from a distance as Oceania sets up a LAPTOP on top of a make-shift stand.

LYNN

Fine -- I'll go.

(Sighs)

I'll quit.

(Waits for a response -- none is given)

I said I'll quit, O.C..

Oceania is failing to get the laptop on, Lynn goes near. She plugs the charger to the mains, the gadget lights up, wraps her arms around Oceania from behind and whispers into her ear.

LYNN (CONT'D)

I get it that if I want to be heard
I don't have to shout the loudest,
I just have to whisper the closest.
I'm not going to see Maxine again.

Oceania, smiling deviously, turns her head to see Lynn's troubled face and kisses her teasingly on the upper chest. She touches the tip of her nose with her index.

Lynn almost smiles, but just sighs. Oceania picks up the wedding DVD and slips it into the switched on device.

We see the visuals on the display. We see in flashes -- skip, play, skip, play --

EXT. BACK-YARD GARDEN - DAY

It's a small wedding, the backyard of a house type of thing -- but, no guests in sight, no chairs -- nothing. There is just the altar, and Lynn and Oceania face each other, smiling, holding hands and, -- NAKED, with just short veil, and a ring.

Kelvin the Pro, is there also -- naked, and taking a video, and streaming it live to the World.

We don't see the MARRIAGE OFFICER but, we hear her voice.

MARRIAGE OFFICER (O.S.)
For richer, for poorer, in sickness
and in health, till death do you
part, and nothing else?

LYNN
(Smiling)
I do.

MARRIAGE OFFICER (O.S.)
And, do you, Oceania Chapman --
(Fading)

CLOSE -- on Oceania's face. She is sunken, deep in doubt, hears no sound, just the voice of her own thoughts ringing inside her own world.

OCEANIA (V.O.)
I do -- do I do? What do I do? Do I
-- or, I do -- do I do? I don't do.
I do -- or, I don't?

MARRIAGE OFFICER (O.S.)
-- And, nothing else?

OCEANIA
(Spontaneously)
I do.

MARRIAGE OFFICER (O.S.)
And so, I now pronounce you wife
and wife. The brides may kiss.

LYNN
 (At Oceania -- softly,
 ecstatically)
 Are you ready?

Oceania smiles, shelves doubt for a moment. The two brides hold each other's hands and spin each other in a sort of a Tango Dance. They stand back to front with arms wrapped around each other. They turn their necks to reach for each other's lips and their well-rehearsed and choreographed kiss of the year sends the gathered into a clatter.

A FLASH -- The kiss is captured in a SHUTTER. And, the same kiss is in a NEWSPAPER PICTURE --

SERIES OF SHOTS:

- 1) ARTICLE HEADLINE: 'SAME-SEX VOWS WOWS THE WORLD'.
- 2) A Camera flashes, and we see another newspaper article -- 'PROTESTORS VOW DEATH TO SAME-SEX VOWS'

The IMAGE under the headline is of a large group of protestors in a street, all posed as MIMES, faces painted white, and no clothes, just like anybody else in that World.

The one in front of them all, infamously known as, THE MIME, a mime, age unpredictable, nobody can tell -- because he has white paint on his face, and his eyes are black, or maybe just missing. He is like any other mime, speechless. But, unlike any other mime, he has a white collar around his neck a Priest's, a small crucifix hanging down to his chest, and white gloves in his hands. Everywhere else he is naked, but that's no longer strange, now is it? And, over his groin, he is holding a Placard.

WORDS ON PLACARD: 'SILENCE THE LICENCE'

- 3) We see the photo of Lynn and Oceania's KISS again, and --

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lynn and Oceania are in each other's arms as they admire the wedding images scrolling before their very eyes -- their very teary eyes.

OCEANIA
 I almost swallowed my tongue.

LYNN
 No. That was my tongue.

OCEANIA

We could swallow each other right now if we keep arguing.

LYNN

True! Let's tidy up.

They stop the DVD, prepare to take action, but The LAPTOP screen is suddenly filled with a LIVE stream from Kelvin that draws their attention.

LYNN (CONT'D)

(Reaching out a finger to switch it off)

This thing needs to be checked for a virus.

OCEANIA

(Stopping Lynn)

No, wait.

LYNN

Wait, why?

OCEANIA

He is talking about us.

KELVIN (O.S.)

The video I posted a week ago, of the first same-sex marriage in this town after the Marital Rights law was passed by the State last week, has sparked massive protests.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

THE MIME, the protestor, is silent, but his protest is not silent. He stands behind Kelvin who is screaming ecstatically and who is holding the Camera and filming with it unsteadily.

KELVIN

It's literally crazy out here. Nobody can really hear what these Protestors are saying, but we can certainly see what these Protestors are saying.

Kelvin points to a Placard held by The Mime.

WORDS ON PLACARD: 'MOMMY + MOMMY = A MUMMY'

KELVIN (CONT'D)
 Take for instance, this Placard.
 The Mime says if a Mommy and
 another Mommy come together, they
 will become a mummy like in the
 Movie, The Mummy.

The Mime shakes his head.

KELVIN (CONT'D)
 (Asking The Mime)
 No, not the movie?

Mime nods head.

KELVIN (CONT'D)
 (To Audience)
 You know, mimes don't talk. Oh and,
 don't mind the dark contact lens
 and the white paint -- It's just
 part of their act.
 (To Mime)
 Not the movie?

Mime gestures 'A Globe'.

KELVIN (CONT'D)
 The -- the World, the REAL WORLD?

Mime nods head, energetically.

KELVIN (CONT'D)
 So, I believe he is saying that if
 two Mommy's, because they are two
 Mommy's and not a Mommy and a
 Daddy, they will become like The
 Mummy, in the real world -- or,
 shall I say, they will be
 Mummified.

The Mime shakes his head rigorously.

KELVIN (CONT'D)
 No?

The Mime scribbles on the back of his placard, flips it.

WORDS ON PLACARD: 'Till Death Do Them Part'

Kelvin reads, frets at the thought of it.

KELVIN (CONT'D)
 They will be -- DEAD!

Lynn and Oceania have also read.

OCEANIA
Should we be worried?

LYNN
(Thinks, worries)
I don't know.

OCEANIA
I mean, is it even legal to wish
somebody dead -- and, on Live TV?

LYNN
I don't think it's something anyone
can allow. Maybe, it's just a
prank.

OCEANIA
And, what if it's not?

LYNN
Nobody can want us dead. We haven't
done anything to deserve that.

OCEANIA
(Panicky)
Yes, we have. We are a mommy and a
mommy.

LYNN
If The State allowed us to get
married, The State will protect us.
(Looks around)
If not, this house will protect us.
We'll keep all doors and windows
locked.
(Takes Oceania's hand)
And, we will protect us. No one can
do anything to do us part.

Oceania's stomach turns, ALOUD, enough for them to hear the
grumbling sound.

OCEANIA
I hope not hunger will do us part.

LYNN
You haven't stomached anything
since that cake, last night! Come
on! Let's grab something quick.

LYNN presses a button on the Laptop and the machine goes into
hibernation. They hold hands, lead away to the kitchen, and --

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

All fridges, cupboards and drawers are without anything.

OCEANIA

Maybe, we should order something,
Lynn. Unless if you want us to go
out and do some shopping. Lynn?
Lynn, I won't last thirty more
minutes without eating.

LYNN

No. Nobody leaves the house and
nobody is getting in.

Oceania is dumbstruck.

Suddenly, there is a loud bang at the front door -- THERE IS
A KNOCK!

The two women stare at each other, and ponder -- they are not
expecting any delivery, or an order. But, they have to know
who is at the door. They agree, almost as if telepathically --

OCEANIA

We should --

LYNN

Yeah, we should.

They walk out together, and --

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Oceania grabs the door handle and opens it wide. She gasps at
what she sees. Lynn sees it also and is equally surprised.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. FRONT YARD - CONTINUOUS

The Mime stands halfway down the front yard with a happy
white painted face and holds a white placard over his groin
printed in bold red.

WORDS ON PLACADE: 'Hello'

The Mime looks down at the placard, then at Oceania, just to
gesture at her that she needs to read, which she does. The
Mime raises his right hand, holds it up, smiles, and waves --
deviously, yet almost, always -- joyous.

Oceania looks at Lynn -- are you seeing this with me? Yes, I am, girl! And, she closes in, and they hold hands firmly. They stare ahead, continue to see, curiously.

The Mime raises the other hand and strangely, the placard doesn't fall, a nice little trick. He waves both hands, throws a wink.

The Mime makes an okay sign with his white gloved fingers on one hand, and with the other hand he points an index. He curves his arms upward into the air like a huge smile -- like the one on his face. He nods his head in an instant.

The girls are watching.

Then, The Mime changes the hand with the pointed index into another okay sign. Two okay signs in two hands -- he shakes his head.

The girls are filled with dread, know what it means.

The Mime lowers down his arms -- slowly, the huge smile portrayed is turned into a huge frown -- so, too is the one on his face.

Oceania and Lynn grip onto each other's hand tighter.

The Mime holds his placard again, slips it off to reveal -- another placard! He slides the first one behind the second --

WORDS ON SECOND PLACARD: 'My name is...'

He looks up at Oceania and Lynn to see if they are seeing. Yes, they are. He looks down again, slides back the placard to reveal yet another one -- and, another message.

WORDS ON THIRD PLACARD: 'THE MIME...'

He checks to see if Oceania and Lynn have read. They have. Their breathing, and shaking, is notably escalating.

The Mime switches placards again, and a new message --

WORDS ON NEXT PLACARD: 'And...'

Switches again --

WORDS ON LAST PLACARD: 'I WANT YOU DEAD'

Both Oceania and Lynn gasp.

The Mime lets go of the set of placards and they fall to the ground. He puts his hands up on an imaginary wall on the side, and he mimics opening up a large door.

From that door, from the air that is, he mimics pulling out a very large Jackhammer, and pretends to pound the ground with it. He switches it off, looks up at Oceania and Lynn -- and, frowns.

Oceania and Lynn gasp out of control, bang into each other as they seek each other's console.

The Mime starts to walk with a very angry snarl, towards the women, dragging his jackhammer behind.

Lynn and Oceania attempt to run but confuse each other by pulling away in different directions.

Oceania quickly SLAMS the door shut as Lynn dashes back into the house, toward the kitchen, frantically -- but, then she stops, checks behind for her better half

LYNN
(Shouting)
Lock the door, O.C., and call the
cops!

Oceania had forgotten to lock. She just shut. She turns to dash back.

The door suddenly bursts open and, The Mime rams in. Both girls scream.

Oceania falls as she tries to backtrack. She crawls on her back on the floor, shivering, squirming.

The Mime stops, and stares -- the frown on his face is just about as illegal as his entry -- it oozes pure hatred out of an impure gut.

The girls freeze, but they are asking -- what on earth is this man, or thing, doing in their dwelling!

The Mime, or thing, watches both women, one at a time, one after the other, and back to the other. He lifts his hands up and points at both women.

The girls shiver out of their skins.

The Mime imitates lifting up a rope in his hands, ties it into a hangman's noose around his neck, and drops his head as he strangles himself to death.

But, then he lifts his head up again -- it's not him that he wants hanged -- it's the two women.

OCEANIA
LYNN?

LYNN
O.C.? -- RUN!

Oceania is scared frozen on the floor. The Mime turns his attention towards her. He picks up his imaginary Jackhammer and starts to move.

LYNN (CONT'D)
O.C., get up! GET UP!

Lynn makes an attempt to run over and help Oceania, but the Mime suddenly turns his head and throws his eye at Lynn. Lynn stops dead in her tracks, petrified.

The Mime looks down at Oceania, then at Lynn, down at Oceania, then at LYNN again. He shakes his head, DON'T -- he tells her. He maintains his glare on Lynn, don't-you-dare, as he walks across toward the passageway.

As the Mime continues to walk and goes past a couch, he simulates walking down an imaginary flight of stairs and he disappears behind the couch only to reappear at the end of it as if he is now climbing up another flight of stairs -- all the while he fixes his gaze at Lynn.

LYNN (CONT'D)
(Softly, to herself)
O.C., get up!

Oceania manages to force herself up, and speeds down the passageway, and out of sight. The Mime turns his gaze away from Lynn and stares down the passageway. He can see it, but, we don't. He stops, disappointed.

The SLAM of a door shut and locked somewhere down the passageway rocks the walls.

The Mime shakes his head. He casts his eyes at Lynn who has been watching rooted to her spot.

Lynn shudders at the sight of the playful yet dangerously unpredictable man.

The Mime suddenly starts stepping backwards, as if in a complete reversal of his previous movement, going down the stairs behind the couch and going up again, eyes on Lynn all the while.

He turns the rest of his body in her direction, throws away the imaginary Jackhammer, opens another imaginary drawer and mimics pulling out a very heavy machine gun. He throws the artillery belt over his shoulder, aims the imaginary weapon at Lynn and simulates opening fire.

LYNN startles as if she is hit, but almost instantly realizes it's just a mimic. She pulls herself together and dashes into the kitchen. The Mime follows, and --

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The Mime enters, make-believe gun in hands. He looks around. Lynn is nowhere to be found. But, there is no other way out. So, he knows she is hiding in there somewhere.

He drops his gun, checks the cupboards, even an imaginary one. There is no one.

He looks inside the modern fridge. It's empty. He picks up an imaginary apple, rubs it on his sleeve and starts to eat.

He sees the Old Fridge. It's big enough for someone to fit in. He tries the door. It won't comply. He puts apple aside, tries one more time. The mechanical locking system is unrelenting. He gives up -- or maybe, he has thought of something. He knocks twice on top of the Old Thing while he listens with an imaginary stethoscope to the sound of the echo from inside.

He knocks and knocks, playfully knocks -- RAT-A-TAT-TAT! He hears no echo, knows what it signals. He knocks once more, but this time only happier to use an imaginary sledge hammer - BANG! And, once again - BANG! He smiles. The Old War Time Hero didn't even feel anything.

The Mime walks out, smiling.

Stillness ensues -- Silence, and not peace -- Just, silence!

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Oceania leans her back against the door catching her breath, listening to any sounds and trying to understand.

She picks up the sound of radio waves as the walkie-talkie on the floor which she had left earlier picks up a signal. She picks up the timely gadget, listens -- she can hear breathing.

OCEANIA

Lynn? Lynn?

LYNN (V.O.)

(Filtered)

O.C.? O.C., are you okay?

OCEANIA

I -- I'm fine. What about you?
 (Waits for a delayed
 moment)
 Lynn?

LYNN (V.O.)

(Filtered)
 Yes, I -- I'm fine.

OCEANIA

(Sighs -- relieved)
 Where are you?

LYNN (V.O.)

I'm in the kitchen.
 (Pause)
 I'm inside the Old Fridge.

OCEANIA

(Gasps)
 Oh, my fart! Are you okay?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. FRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Lynn sits with her knees up inside the small gap. The radio in her hands has a small torch which she has managed to switch on.

LYNN

Yes. I'm fine. I think so. But --
 I'm locked in. This door can't be
 opened from within.

OCEANIA

It's fine. As long as you are okay.
 I'll come and get you out. Is The
 Mime still there?

LYNN

I don't know. I can't hear much
 from inside this thing.

They stop talking for moment, breathe in -- it's not just air they are letting sink in, it's also the reality of the situation.

OCEANIA

God, I'm scared!

LYNN

YEAH, me too.

(Catches her breath)

How did we end up like this?

OCEANIA

(Cries briefly, snivels)

Are we going to really die?

LYNN

No, NO! We can make it out. We are going to make it out. We just have to think.

OCEANIA

But, maybe you were right, Lynn. Maybe, it's just a prank. I've seen enough of this on TV.

(Snivels)

LYNN

I've seen enough of this guy to know that he is not bluffing!

OCEANIA

Maybe, he is as part of his act, you know, just to scare us off.

LYNN

It's not a prank when somebody invades your home, O.C.. This guy is dead serious that he wants us dead. He doesn't just want us not to live together, he doesn't want us to live at all.

OCEANIA

He was acting, Lynn. You think he is going to kill us with an imaginary Jackhammer, or an imaginary rope? He is miming.

LYNN

He can just use his bare hands or use whatever he can get his bare hands on. Whatever the case, O.C., we cannot assume that we are not in any danger when a stranger comes into our home.

OCEANIA

So, what do you want us to do?

LYNN

I think we should call for help,
don't you?

OCEANIA

Call with what? Do you have your
phone with you?

LYNN

No. It's in the living room. You?

OCEANIA

No, I don't have my phone. So, what
are we going to do?

LYNN

I don't know.

Oceania thinks. But, it's almost impossible to think. She
sits on the toilet, puts her head in the sink.

OCEANIA

Lynn, Babe, talk to me. I don't
want to feel lonely.

LYNN

I'm here, Babe. I'm here.
(Heaves a little heavier)
I -- I just don't know how long I
have before the oxygen in this
place runs out.

OCEANIA

Please, don't say that.
(Snivels)

LYNN

I'm pretty much locked air tight in
here so you are the one with the
better chance of getting the both
of us out of this situation. So,
I'm counting on you.

OCEANIA

Okay! Okay!
(Walks carefully towards
door -- suddenly stops)
The radios!
(Gasps)
That's it! We can call the cops
through these radios. Cops use
radios, right?

LYNN

No! Don't touch that dial, O.C..

OCEANIA

Why not? We need to call the cops.

LYNN

Our two radios are locked in together. If we try and change the frequency on any one of them, we'll never be able to talk to each other ever again. And, besides, our signal range doesn't go far enough to get to a police station.

OCEANIA

So, what are we going to do?
(Stares at the door,
hesitant to touch it)

LYNN

(To herself)
Think -- Think -- You are a Mech-Tech, think!
(To Oceania, gasps)
THE WINDOW! There is a window in there. Can you fit through?

OCEANIA

Are you seriously kidding me?

The only WINDOW in the room is high up on the wall and a size-4 could fit through, but not a size-Oceania.

LYNN

It's an option. We could do with anything right now to save us.

OCEANIA

You just can't help yourself make fun of my size, can't you?

LYNN

Seriously?

OCEANIA

And, worse at a time like this.

LYNN

Wow!

OCEANIA

I'm going to pretend I'm not insulted.

LYNN

The things you worry about! But, will you at least look outside that window and see if anyone is out there that can help us?

OCEANIA

You seriously have me believing that you are completely sincere when you say these things.

(Yells)

NO. I can't look outside the window because it's too high up and I'm too much DOWN TO EARTH.

LYNN

Shout then, like you are doing now. Someone might be passing by out there and hear us.

OCEANIA

Whatever!

(Sighs -- walks to the window, puffed up)

Help. Somebody, please -- Help.

LYNN

You are not even shouting.

OCEANIA

(Shouting)

HELP! SOMEBODY, PLEASE -- HELP US!

(To Lynn)

Happy? And, I can tell you there are no thin people out there.

LYNN

How about in the house? Can you still hear The Mime?

OCEANIA

(Listens)

No. I don't think so.

LYNN

Maybe, he's gone. Then, try the door.

OCEANIA

(To herself)

I'm sure I'll fit through nicely.

LYNN

Check to see if you can get the phone. But, just be careful.

We TRACK sideways with Oceania as she takes slow and careful steps towards the door, her eyes transfixed on that door and her ears listening to any sound coming from the other side of it. There is perfect silence, but --

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. PASSAGEWAY - CONTINUOUS

SILENCE is the Mime's romance, and The Mime has his ear pressed hard against the door of the bathroom -- he has been listening in all this while.

Oceania approaches the same door from the opposite side, presses her ear against it, listens to any sound coming from the passageway. She leans in at almost the exact same spot as the Mime.

Two curious ears listen in to each other. There is a deep hollowness -- like the sound of nothingness.

Oceania touches the door with one hand, as does the Mime -- almost as if the Mime is not only aware of Oceania's presence, but also her movement, but could be just a coincidence.

Oceania takes her other hand and reaches for the door handle, as does the Mime from the other side. Oceania, convinced there is no one in the passageway, touches the handle, about to unlock and open, but --

She suddenly hears a voice coming from outside the window, coming from DOCTOR NICK SPELLING, an elderly man all too happy to retire from his career, but not from his life.

DR. SPELLING (O.S.)

Hello, is anybody in there?

OCEANIA

YES! YES, I'M HERE! I'M IN HERE!

Oceania lets go of the door handle and dashes to the window. She can't see outside, and neither can we.

DR. SPELLING (O.S.)

My name is Doctor Nick Spelling. I heard your call and do you need any help in there, Miss?

OCEANIA

Yes. Yes, please. My wife and I, we are --

DR. SPELLING (O.S.)

(Interjecting)

Did you just say your wife?

OCEANIA

Yes, my wife.

DR. SPELLING (O.S.)

So, you must be the husband, then?

OCEANIA

Um, uh, I mean --

(Clears throat, deepens voice)

Yes, I am the husband, and my wife and I we are trapped. There is this guy, or is it a thing, that wants us dead.

DR. SPELLING (O.S.)

Did you just say some THING wants you dead?

OCEANIA

(Deep Voice)

YES.

DR. SPELLING (O.S.)

(Pause)

Okay. I'm going to go down to the Cop Station and see if I can get a someone to come over.

OCEANIA

Yes, please, just hurry.

Dr. Nick Spelling's voice is last heard. Oceania walks back to the door, relieved. She opens, and --

There is nobody in the Passageway.

She walks stealthily.

LYNN (V.O.)

(Filtered)

Tell me what's happening.

Oceania startles at the sound of Lynn's loud voice fearing someone could have also heard. She looks around. There is no one near.

OCEANIA

(Whispering)

I don't see the Mime. I think he is gone. But, keep your voice low.

LYNN (V.O.)

(Filtered)

Well, are you able to get a phone and call for help?

OCEANIA

I just talked to someone outside who is going to call for help. Right now, I'm walking through the house to see if the Mime is still there.

LYNN (V.O.)

(Filtered)

If he is not, then come and get me out of this thing.

Oceania keeps the button on her Radio pressed to stop Lynn's voice from coming through. She leans against the wall, and peeps, and --

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The room -- is empty, well, the boxes and furniture don't count as killers -- so, it's really empty. But, Oceania sees something rather strange -- the front door is wide open. Someone must have left, or come in.

OCEANIA

(Into radio, whispering)

Lynn, are you still there?

LYNN (V.O.)

(Filtered)

Yes, I'm here. And, I'm not going anywhere until either one of you comes and gets me -- you, or that Mime of Death.

OCEANIA

Don't say that.

LYNN (V.O.)

(Filtered)

Well, then hurry up. Is he anywhere in the house?

OCEANIA

I think he is gone out.

Oceania carefully walks past the stash of gifts on her way to the kitchen.

She suddenly hears a sound coming in from outside the front of the house. She quickly takes cover behind the couch, but takes a curious peak to see what it is.

LYNN (V.O.)

(Filtered)

What's happening?

OCEANIA

I think he is coming back in.

LYNN (V.O.)

(Filtered)

Get out of there, O.C.! GET OUT!

It's too late. The Mime returns, comes in backtracking, dragging in on the floor what appears to be an unconscious, if not dead, man -- Doctor Nick Spelling, naked, with just his spectacles, and a name tag tied around his neck.

Oceania gasps but quickly holds her mouth to let no sound come out and she ducks, again behind the couch, presses the button on her radio to keep it silent.

The Mime closes the front door and drags the body all the way into the kitchen. As soon as he is gone --

Oceania gets up, but stops to think, looks at the front door, looks at the corridor -- run out, or run in.

She sees the phone that came as a gift from her Mom and Dad. Suddenly, the Mime walks back in and their eyes make contact. The Mime is not pleased -- slowly shakes his head.

Oceania quickly picks up the phone and dashes away, into the passageway.

The Mime simulates running, but running in one position while screaming, mocking Oceania who is already fleeing. He stops, walks, looks down that corridor, and BAM -- a door, somewhere down there is shut and locked.

The Mime walks back and disappears into the kitchen. Moments later he returns. In his hands, is a metal can about a gallon in size and labelled, INFLAMMABLE.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Oceania shuts the door, leans against it, catches breath.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. FRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

LYNN is getting a little uncomfortable. She is sweaty and finding it harder to breathe by the minute.

LYNN

O.C., talk to me. What's happening?

OCEANIA

(Breathing Escalating)

Help is not coming, Lynn. That's what I can tell you.

LYNN

What? Why?

OCEANIA

That guy that I called to help us out, he is dead. The Mime killed him. And, you were right, Lynn. This Mime is really serious. He really wants to kill us.

LYNN

Oh, no! And, where are you, right now? Are you okay?

OCEANIA

(Shaky)

I'm fine. But, we need to get out of here. We have to find a way.

(Looks at the phone in her hands)

I found the phone my parents gave us for our Wedding.

LYNN

That's great! Call the cops, then.

Oceania is still in shock.

OCEANIA

Lynn, the Mime is coming to kill me. I saw the look on his face.

(Snivels)

LYNN

No, O.C., You'll be fine. If you call the cops now, they will come and help us out.

OCEANIA

I think he heard me when I yelled out. And, he could be listening to us even right now.

LYNN

This is no time to panic, O.C.. Come on, you've got this. Touch that phone and call right now.

OCEANIA

And, when I looked at his face, and when he looked at mine, I could see the hate in that Mime, and it was as if -- as if it's someone that doesn't just hate what we are, but someone that hates who we are.

LYNN

What are you talking about?

OCEANIA

And, it started to add up, that underneath all that white paint, black contact lens and make-up, lies a broken heart that wants nothing more than just revenge.

LYNN

I'm not getting your sense.

OCEANIA

Let's face it, LYNN. None of the protestors in the street know where we are living. Hell, I didn't even know this place myself until after our wedding.

LYNN

What are you saying?

OCEANIA

This guy is your guy, hey!

LYNN

What? How can you say that?

OCEANIA

How else could he have known about us?

LYNN

Maybe, he is just a random killer who happens to have randomly chosen our place? Did you even stop to think about that?

OCEANIA

No, you stop, Lynn! A random killer dressed like an anti-same-sex protestor, with an anti-same-sex poster, who winds up in a very pro-same-sex home? Do you even hear yourself beaker?

LYNN

O.C., I can't even hear myself think in this freezer! Please, call for help. I probably have less than half an hour.

OCEANIA

I'm calling. But, you also need to be calling this off! Who is he?

LYNN

I don't know. I swear, I've never seen him before.

OCEANIA

Maybe, it's the make-up, or the gesture. But, just try to remember.

LYNN

Please, try to call.

OCEANIA

No. You try to recall.

LYNN

This is not the time for this.

OCEANIA

This is the time for this. Otherwise, there isn't going to be any time for either of us.

LYNN

Say what you want to say but I'm not going to confess to FART THAT I DON'T KNOW.

OCEANIA

YOU ARE THE FART that I don't know.
And, it's killing me that I don't
know you. And, IT'S KILLING ME,
literally.

Silence -- heavy heaving, shaky bodies.

LYNN

I last dated a guy more than a
decade ago, you know that.

OCEANIA

No. You told me that.

LYNN

Maybe, I just don't remember who
this guy is.

OCEANIA

But, he remembers you.

There is a sudden loud THUD on the door behind Oceania. She
startles, and at almost the same time, she feels something
wet under her feet. She looks down to see what it is.

LYNN

What's that?

KEROSENE flows in from underneath the door.

OCEANIA

LYNN!

LYNN

What, O.C.! What's happening?

OCEANIA

(Shaky)

It's gas! He is pouring in gas!

LYNN

What the Fart!

OCEANIA

He is going to burn me alive!

(Cries, pants)

LYNN

(To herself)

Okay, think -- Think! You are a
Mech-Tech, think!

Gas continues to flow over the tiled floor. Tears continue to flow over Oceania's cheeks.

OCEANIA

LYNN, I'm going to die. I'm going to die.

LYNN

Babe, listen to me. Just calm down!

OCEANIA

I CAN'T CALM THE FART DOWN!

LYNN

Just listen to me, O.C., and do exactly as I tell you to.

OCEANIA

(Taking in deep breaths)
Okay, Okay, okay!

LYNN

Do you see that mat by the tub?

OCEANIA

(Seeing the mat)
Yes! Yes!

LYNN

Take it and slide it under the door. It will stop the gas from spreading and it will keep the fire in one place, and stop more gas from coming in.

Oceania slides the rug underneath the door.

OCEANIA

Yes. I'm done. I'm done.

LYNN

Now, go to the shower and open it.

Oceania opens the shower tap.

OCEANIA

Then, what?

LYNN

If there is too much heat, stand in the shower, but never direct the water at the fire. It will only make the fuel spread. Now, go by the window, and -- wait.

OCEANIA
And, wait for what?

LYNN
For hope -- that there will be more
air than fire.

Oceania goes under the window, and waits, catches her breath,
and waits, shaky.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. PASSAGEWAY - CONTINUOUS

A MATCH is lit -- and, it's held between thumb and index by
the Mime. But, before he can drop it to the floor, he looks
down and realizes his feet are wet, with the flammable
liquid. He can see that the gas is flowing back from
underneath the bathroom door --

The Mime puts out the match and cowers away.

OCEANIA
There is nothing.

LYNN
If the gas flowed back out, he will
not light it because it will burn
him also.

OCEANIA
So, he is gone.

LYNN
But, if he is gone, that only means
he is coming -- for me. I don't
think this guy wants us both dead.
I think he wants either one of us
dead -- because what he only wants
to be dead, is this marriage.

OCEANIA
(Recalling)
Till DEATH do you part -- either
one of us' death!

LYNN
Call the cops, Oceania.

Oceania swipes open the Android in her palm -- A PHOTO, a wallpaper, of an elderly couple, her Parents, MR. AND MRS. CHAPMAN, very mature and very happy, flashes on the screen and makes her burn with envy. Somehow, she is caught up by the splendor of love exuding from the happily ever after.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

THE MIME makes his way in. He ignores the dead, if dead, body of Doctor Spelling laid on the floor, leaned against the wall. He goes to the Old Fridge in the corner, inspects it -- for any means to get it open. He tries the handle -- again it doesn't comply.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. FRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Lynn hears the noise and startles.

LYNN
He is here.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Oceania swipes the dialer keys onto the phone's screen.

OCEANIA
What's happening?

LYNN
He is trying to open. But, I don't think he is able to.

The Mime goes round the Fridge looking for any way to break in. He finds none, but notices the temperature control dial which is turned off. With a devious look upon his face, he turns it on, and up to maximum chill. The Fridge starts to HUM and hum loud like a drill.

LYNN hears the noise, feels the vibrations.

It's even audible through the radio.

OCEANIA
What's that noise?

LYNN
Winter is coming. The freezer has
just been turned on.

OCEANIA
Oh, no!

LYNN
Babe, did you make the call?

OCEANIA
I am calling.

It's hard to distinguish between tears and sweat on Oceania's face as they both mix and fall off from her literal shaking from fright. She struggles to key in digits But, eventually she gets it right.

Lynn can hear the ringtone from the other end that goes answered until it stops.

LYNN
That's strange. The police line
never goes unanswered.

OCEANIA
It's not the cops. It's my Dad.
(Looks at the photo of her
parents on the phone in
her hands)
He is not answering.

Lynn puts it together -- understands.

LYNN
Don't think what I think you're
thinking, O.C.. I heard your Dad on
the phone. He supports you.

OCEANIA
He supports me, but not this.

LYNN
I know your Dad doesn't want me,
but he wouldn't want me dead.

OCEANIA
You don't know that. But, in his
lifetime, he has killed enemies
over a hundred.

LYNN
He doesn't know this place.

OCEANIA

He was in the navy for fart's sake.
He gave us this phone so he can
track this address.

LYNN

(Pause)
Call the cops.

Oceania keys in the three digits. The line is instantly
answered.

CALL OPERATOR (V.O.)

(Filtered)
9-1-1, what is your emergency?

OCEANIA

(Ventilating)
Someone wants us dead?

CALL OPERATOR (V.O.)

(Filtered)
May you please clarify your
situation, Ma'am.

OCEANIA

There's a man, a Mime. And, he
wants us dead.

CALL OPERATOR (V.O.)

(Filtered)
Did I hear you correctly, Ma'am, A
MIME?

OCEANIA

Yes. And, he wants us both dead, my
wife and I.

CALL OPERATOR (V.O.)

(Filtered)
And, you said your WIFE? Is that
correct?

OCEANIA

Yes, my farting damn wife. Just get
over here and help us. Just hurry,
okay -- Okay? Hallo? -- Hallo?

LYNN

They are gone.

OCEANIA

They must have hanged up. Do you
think they'll call back?

LYNN

No, I don't think so. They usually hang up when they think it's a prank call.

OCEANIA

Fart!

LYNN

But, you could use another line.

OCEANIA

Yes, your phone.

LYNN

Do you think you can get it without getting caught?

(Listens to the banging
and clanking on the
fridge door)

The Mime is still in the kitchen. I can still hear him.

OCEANIA

I'll have to try.

Oceania sneaks out, and --

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Oceania carefully makes sure the coast is clear before sneaking in. She grabs Lynn's purse and pulls out Lynn's CELLPHONE. The gadget is not on. Oceania presses the on button and the phone makes a loud sound, and --

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The Mime is preoccupied trying to get the Old Fridge door to open, trying every kick, yank and shove he can think of -- perhaps, not so much as to open the door, but rather just as to frustrate the occupant.

The unmistakable Cellphone lullaby drifts into the Mime's educated ears. He stops. He knows. He instantly marches to --

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The living room is silent but far from fooling the Master of silence. The Mime moves around searching, looks meticulously behind every object, even under it, even in it -- even the objects that we cannot see, the ones only a Mime can see.

But, what the Mime does not see is that Oceania isn't behind, under or in. She is on -- on top of a couch covered by a sheet and looking like a set of cushions -- she could be a set of cushions.

Almost convinced the room is as lifeless as he intends it to be, he turns to the kitchen, about to go back. But, before he starts to move, an unexpected sound wakes to life.

The Laptop switches on all on its own and Kelvin the Pro is on screen. The Mime turns his neck almost instantly to see as the Live Update MUSIC plays briefly, before a pre-recorded STUDIO STICKER plays --

KELVIN (O.LYNN.)

These Live Updates will always come to your PC whenever they come to us so do not be surprised if your pc wakes up from sleep on its own. I'm Kelvin the Pro, and don't forget to subscribe if I haven't already done that for you. So, please subscribe!

The Mime walks over to the Laptop, with a mean frown on his face. On the screen, we see that the live feed from the street starts to play --

EXT. STREET - DAY

Kelvin is backtracking, breath-taken.

KELVIN (O.S.)

It looks like the general consensus out here is that the Protests are proceeding to the Married Same-Sex Couple's Residence. And, according to what lawyers are saying, the State did allow same-sex marriages but, they have not yet granted same-sex cohabitation. And, that means the protestors can enter the home of this couple, and there is no trespass law that can prevent that from happening at the current moment. I believe that's according to my research. So, Ladies and Gentlemen, or shall I say, Lady and lady, the Protest is coming to town, and the town is coming to Protest. Welcome to the Neighborhood, Neighbors.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

From above the sheets, Oceania is almost invisible. But, from underneath it, Oceania can see everything in front of her through the thin sheeting material. She catches every word of what Kelvin said.

She has one thumb pressed on the button on the Radio to keep it from speaking, which means LYNN on the other end can also hear every word from this side.

Suddenly, one of the two cell phones in Oceania's other hand, the one from her parents, suddenly rings. The Mime is alerted, looks back at the couch. The flashing light under the sheet sells it away. He walks there slowly. Oceania can see the Mime approaching -- too late to switch it off.

The vibrations of the phone, if not just Oceania's own, causes the gadget to slip out of her hands and down the side of the couch and onto the floor. The Mime gets to the gadget and picks it up. He looks at the caller, 9-1-1. He answers.

CALL OPERATOR (V.O.)

(Filtered)

This is 9-1-1. We received an emergency call from this number and we are calling back just to clarify on the situation. Is everything okay with you there, Ma'am?

The Mime is silent, apart from his composed breathing.

CALL OPERATOR (V.O.)

(Filtered)

Is everything okay, Ma'am?

The Mime slowly turns around and walks over to the laptop. He clicks on a different video hosting site -- clicks on kids' content. A nursery tune starts to play. He brings the phone closer to the laptop speakers and the MUSIC speaks for him --

'Dance around together, in a sunny weather --'

He waits until the line is cut, dumps the phone -- turns around. He walks over to the couch and pulls away the sheet. Oceania is lying on the couch about to piss on it.

The Mime startles, perhaps pretentiously, as if he already knew what to expect. He takes a few steps back, stares at Oceania, giving her space.

Oceania, almost out of breath, rises onto her knees, on the couch, and faces -- The Mime, and realizes -- he is not advancing. She pulls herself together, not a relax -- she needs to ask.

OCEANIA

Did he send you? My father, Gerald -
 - Gerald Chapman, did he send you?
 (No response)
 Who sent you, Mr. Mime?

The Mime stays numb for a little while before raising a finger and pointing it straight at Oceania.

OCEANIA (CONT'D)

Me? You're saying that I'm the one
 that sent you?

The Mime nods his head.

OCEANIA (CONT'D)

What do you mean?

He points the same finger to his head.

OCEANIA (CONT'D)

You want me to -- figure it out?

The Mime shakes his head.

OCEANIA (CONT'D)

No.

The Mime turns and types on the laptop, lifts the gadget as he makes a turn, and shows Oceania the bold message on the screen: 'I DO WHAT YOU SAY YOU DO'

OCEANIA (CONT'D)

(Reading)

I do what you say I do. What did I
 say I do?

The Mime turns, types, turns, shows --

MESSAGE ON SCREEN: 'YOU WANT TO BE DEAD'

OCEANIA (CONT'D)

(Reading)

You want to be dead. I want to be
 dead? But, I never said that.

The Mime navigates through the laptop, and shows a video to Oceania of their Wedding:

MARRIAGE OFFICER (O.S.)
 -- In sickness and in health, till
 death do you part?

OCEANIA (V.O.)
 I do.

The Mime ends the video.

OCEANIA
 So, it was Kelvin that sent you?

The Mime shakes his head, points a finger straight at Oceania instead. She breathes faster, realizes The Mime is just a lone Protestor.

The Mime puts the laptop aside, crunches his knuckles aloud, and marches towards Oceania, hands stretched in front aimed for her neck.

Oceania panics, tries to jump off the couch, but she can't make it all the way over, and -- she causes the couch to tip over and she falls behind it, and -- as she does so, the raised couch hits the Mime in the jaw and The Mime collapses to the floor.

Oceania cries as she gets up, tries to run, but -- remembers to collect her radio which had slipped out of her hand. As she picks it up, she sees The Mime and sees that he is not moving, or maybe just mimicking not to move.

Oceania stops. In her mind she knows it could be a trap. But, she approaches The Mime just to check. She cautiously walks, gets closer, and closer -- and, much too close. She leans down towards his static body, towards his face. There is no response. She raises her radio to her mouth, presses button.

OCEANIA (CONT'D)
 Lynn? Lynn? I think -- I think the
 Mime is dead. I think I killed him.

LYNN (V.O.)
 You killed him? That's great, Babe.
 Now, will you come and get me.

INT. FRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

LYNN is starting to shiver, uncontrollably. There are droplets of water forming on the walls of the Fridge. There are droplets on her bare skin. The hand stretched out and holding the light on is weakening. It slips off, lights out. She holds it steady again, and the light comes back on. She moves her head closer to that lamp. It could keep her warm.

She lifts up her radio, blows her hot breath over it to keep it from icing out of functioning.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Oceania walks in. She stops dead in her tracks as soon as she sees the dead body, if dead, of Dr. Nick Spelling.

LYNN (V.O.)
(Filtered, shivering)
Oceania?

Oceania snaps back, rushes to the Old Fridge -- slams on it, speaks through their radios --

OCEANIA
LYNN, Babe, I'm here! I'm here!

They can't hear each other through the thick Fridge walls. They use their radios.

LYNN
Open the door, O.C.. Get me out.

Oceania tries and fails.

OCEANIA
I can't get it to open.

LYNN
Babe, you need to relax. Just remember what I told you. Kick it from the bottom left at the same time as you give it a little yank backwards and to the right.

OCEANIA
You never told me that.

LYNN
I'm telling you now. Just do it.

OCEANIA
(Just doing it)
You said left or right?

LYNN
Kick bottom left, pull right.

Oceania tries the technique. It's not working.

OCEANIA
It's not working!

LYNN
Are you doing it the way I told you
to do it?

OCEANIA
YES. But, it's not working.

LYNN
You're rushing! Just try to relax
and breathe -- and, while you're at
it, will you turn off the chill on
this thing. I feel like I've just
hit an iceberg.

Oceania breathes in and breathes out -- goes round the fridge
and turns off the dial.

The humming stops, Lynn is a little relieved, but continues
to shiver and heave.

Oceania tries the unlock sequence a littler calmer, but still
the door is not opening.

OCEANIA
It's not opening, Lynn!

LYNN
(Thinks)
Fart!

OCEANIA
What?

LYNN
Maybe, it's jammed.

OCEANIA
What the FART do you mean it's
jammed?

LYNN
It means The Mime wasn't trying to
open it. He was jamming it.

OCEANIA
What?

LYNN

Just as there is a way to open the door, there is also a way to jam the door so it never ever opens again.

OCEANIA

What are you saying?

LYNN

I'm trapped in here forever, O.C..

OCEANIA

No! Don't say that. There has to be another way to get you out.

LYNN

The only other way is to grind through the walls. But, that's far from practical because we'll need some very powerful grinders to do that. I hate to tell you this, Babe, but -- you're going to have to do without me. I'm not coming out of this thing.

OCEANIA

No. No, don't say that.
(Keeps trying to open the door and keeps failing)
Maybe, it's not jammed. Maybe, I'm just not trying hard enough.

LYNN

It's not going to open, O.C..

OCEANIA

(Teary)
No. Wait, THE FIRE GUYS, Yes -- They have grinders, right? They can break you out. I'll call them. I'll send a message on their text platform. It's faster.

LYNN

Even if they bring those grinders here, it'll still take a long time to break me out. And, the oxygen in here would have long run out.

OCEANIA

(Crying)
But, I'm not going to just wait and watch you die, Lynn. I'm not!

LYNN

(Crying)

Please, Babe, Please. I know it's not easy. But, you have to face it. I'm not going to be a part of you from now on.

OCEANIA

No! I'm not going to give up on you. I'm not going to give up.

Oceania wakes up Lynn's phone, tries the unlock pattern with her jittery fingers, can't get it right.

Lynn reflects, sulks, very low -- talks without pressing the button on her radio.

LYNN

Thanks -- for not giving up.

Lynn realizes Oceania didn't hear it. She presses the button on her radio, and speaks but, her shivering shifts the weight on the button and her communication breaks on and off.

LYNN (CONT'D)

You know, I'm glad I have -- had, someone like you, O.C..

OCEANIA

(Into radio)

Sorry, Lynn, you are breaking. I can hardly hear you. What are you saying?

LYNN

(Presses button more firmly, rethinks)

I just said, I'm glad that I married you. O.C..

OCEANIA

(Taken aback)

And, I'm glad I married you too, Lynn. But, don't think this is the end. It's not. We still have a lot more chapters together, a lot more episodes.

(Tries to unlock phone, fails, realizes)

Did you change your unlock code?

LYNN

Yes.

OCEANIA

And, why the hell would you do that without telling me? I've just spent the past five minutes trying to get in so I can text the Fire Guys!

LYNN

It's not even five minutes.

OCEANIA

That's besides the point. Why the hell did you change your unlock code?

LYNN

Too many people at work knew the code.

OCEANIA

Too many girls, you mean!

LYNN

It's not Maxine if that's who you are thinking. And, besides, me changing it only goes to show that I'm committed to us and I don't want anybody else to be part of us.

OCEANIA

No. You changing the code only goes to show that someone was already a part of us before you changed it.

LYNN

This is absolutely not the time for this.

OCEANIA

This is the time for this. What's the new pattern?

LYNN

The letter 'E', upper case.

OCEANIA

And, you didn't change it to an 'O'?

LYNN

The purpose of an unlock pattern is to make it not obvious. Everyone knows I'm married to an 'O'

OCEANIA

So, who is E' -- Last letter of
'Maxine'?

LYNN

Granma! Did you get in?

OCEANIA

I already sent a message to the
Fire Department and they replied
and said five minutes.

There is a sudden KNOCK at the front door.

OCEANIA (CONT'D)

I guess, five seconds!

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Oceania opens the front door and a naked man with a utility
belt around his waist steps in.

It's OFFICER WILBUR HILL, forties, well chiseled, polished
and shines with honor, humility and authority, but doesn't
have any use for the internet.

WILBUR HILL

Good day to you, Miss.

OCEANIA

Mrs.

WILBUR HILL

Well, yes. My name is Officer
Wilbur Hill, Neighborhood Watch. I
received an alert call from The
Central Department following a 9-11
that came from your address. Are
you aware of such a call, Miss?

OCEANIA

Ma'am! And, YES. I'm the one that
called. My wife is locked up inside
a Fridge and we need your help.

WILBUR HILL

(Closing the door)
Did you say your wife?

OCEANIA

YES, MY WIFE! We are a same sex couple and we are legal because the State approved of same sex marriages last week in case you weren't aware.

Hill is not aware, eyes Oceania suspiciously. His eyes move all over, scanning like the Watch he's trained to be.

WILBUR HILL

So, you say your WIFE is where?
(Walks around, cautiously)

OCEANIA

In a Fridge, in the kitchen, trapped. We need to get her out before she suffocates!

WILBUR HILL

(Noticing The Mime)
And, who is that?

OCEANIA

The farting guy that wanted us dead!

(Pointing)

The kitchen is that way.

(Fuming)

Why do you keep moving around?

WILBUR HILL

(Kneels next to the Mime)
I have to access the situation.

OCEANIA

No. No, I get it. It doesn't make sense to you that I have a wife.

WILBUR HILL

(Puts a hand over The Mime's nostrils)

This man is not breathing.

OCEANIA

I DON'T GIVE A FART if he is not breathing. He killed a guy who is in the kitchen. And, now wants my wife to join them and you have to get her out of this situation.

WILBUR HILL

Wait! There is a dead guy in the kitchen?

OCEANIA

YES! That's what I'm saying!

Hill gets up quick, marches to the kitchen, and --

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Hill sees the unconscious man, checks, with two fingers pressed on his neck, he feels a pulse.

WILBUR HILL

He's not dead.

OCEANIA

He is not? But, I watched him get dragged.

WILBUR HILL

Maybe, he just got a bump on the head.

Hill checks the name tag hung around the man's neck.

OCEANIA

What's his name?

WILBUR HILL

(Reading)

Doctor Nick Spelling, a certified specialist in opening closed doors.

(Shaking Doctor Spelling)

Doctor Nick Spelling, can you hear me? Doctor Nick Spelling?

The Doctor is not responding. Hill gets on his radio.

WILBUR HILL (CONT'D)

Central Station, come in, over!

(Waits, momentarily)

Central Station, this is Neighborhood Watch, Wilbur Hill.

Come in, over!

CALL OPERATOR (V.O.)

(Filtered)

N.S. Hill, we are getting you loud and clear. Over!

WILBUR HILL

Central, I would like to call in a possible 10-54, male, middle-aged, no sign of weapon used, and a single casualty, also male, middle-aged, down but not out, possible concussion. 10-66, female, twenties, not armed -- secured, possibly 51-50 requiring assessment. Requesting immediate assist. Over.

CALL OPERATOR

(Filtered)

Okay, N.S. Wilbur Hill. Fire and rescue is on it's way.

OCEANIA

A female, twenties, requiring assessment? I know what that means. My Dad was in the Navy. You are saying I'm crazy?

WILBUR HILL

Please, calm down, Miss.

OCEANIA

Ma'am! And, I won't calm down. Not until you help Lynn out!

LYNN (V.O.)

(Filtered)

Babe, is that you? What's going on out there?

Both Hill and Oceania can hear Lynn's voice through the radio in Oceania's hand.

OCEANIA

(Walking towards the Fridge)

It's me, Babe. This Fart of a Watch Guy came to assist but thinks it's a joke that I have a wife, first of all, and secondly, that you are trapped inside that fridge.

LYNN (V.O.)

(Filtered)

That's a loud FART for sure.

Oceania tries to suppress a laugh, not fully. Hill realizes it's not a joke -- approaches the Fridge.

WILBUR HILL
How did she get trapped in there?

OCEANIA
We were fleeing from the Mime that wanted to kill us the one lying dead on the floor in the living room. That's how.

Hill inspects the Fridge.

WILBUR HILL
These kind of models have a specific unlock sequence.

OCEANIA
How do you know that?

WILBUR HILL
Anybody who's been in the Military long enough will know that. These were used back in the day to keep volatile missiles from setting off.

Hill tries what he was taught -- a kick to the bottom left, a yank at the handle backwards and to the left, but -- the door won't open. He tries another sequence -- same result.

OCEANIA
Lynn said the Mime could have jammed it.

WILBUR HILL
(Inspecting handle)
Yes. It is jammed. A jamming sequence was used. And, there is no way of ever opening it now.

OCEANIA
(Crumbling)
No, please!

WILBUR HILL
(Sighs)
The only other way --

OCEANIA
(Hopeful)
YES --

WILBUR HILL
We could use grinders.

OCEANIA

That's what Lynn said. What about air -- won't she run out before you get her out?

WILBUR HILL

We drill a hole in the wall first, pump in oxygen, then deal with the walls. How long has she been in there?

OCEANIA

About twenty minutes.

WILBUR HILL

We need for her to hang in there for another thirty, if whoever is getting here gets here in five.

(Looks at Oceania's radio)

Can I speak to her using that?

OCEANIA

Yes.

Hill puts his radio onto of the Fridge while he gets Oceania's.

WILBUR HILL

Her name is Lynn?

OCEANIA

Yes.

WILBUR HILL

(Into radio)

Lynn, this is Neighborhood Watch, Wilbur Hill. Can you hear me?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. FRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

LYNN

Yes. Yes, I can hear you.

WILBUR HILL

I need for you to save as much oxygen as you can. Try to relax and avoid a lot of movement so you can lower down you metabolism rate.

LYNN
 (Shivering uncontrollable)
 Yes, sir. Please, help me.

WILBUR HILL
 Help is on its way. We will get you
 free.

Lynn tries to relax, but the coldness especially of the walls that she tries to rest upon makes her jitter and shiver even worse.

OCEANIA
 Will she make it?

WILBUR HILL
 As long as help gets here within
 the next four minutes, she has a
 chance.

Hill and Oceania wait, check outside, check time -- wait. Oceania stretches her hand towards Hill for him to give back the radio, which he does.

OCEANIA
 (Into radio)
 Lynn?

WILBUR HILL
 Don't make her talk. She'll use up
 more energy which means she'll use
 up more oxygen.

OCEANIA
 Hang in there, Babe, okay. Help is
 coming.

LYNN
 Okay. I farting love you, Honey-
 Baby.

OCEANIA
 Farting love you too, Fart-head
 Alpha.

Oceania is almost in tears as she stands looking at the Old Fridge which she wishes had never been there. Hill can see the sorrow but cannot understand it.

WILBUR HILL
 So, you guys love farting?

OCEANIA
 What?

WILBUR HILL

You've said the word fart like five times since we encountered. Is that what brought you two together?

Oceania looks at the Watch Guy completely lost for words -- for some time, thinking.

OCEANIA

It's because I'm fat, right? All of a sudden, you are thinking to yourself that fat people fart more times than thin people because they are fat. And, somehow you think that maybe I am so full of fart that it's making me look so fat. And, you hope that one day I'm going to release all of that fart and then I'll become just as thin as you are.

WILBUR HILL

I have no idea why you would even think that.

OCEANIA

Same way I have no idea why you would even say that.

Silence.

WILBUR HILL

So, what brought you two together?

OCEANIA

She loves cars, I love to eat.

WILBUR HILL

(After a moment)

I don't see the connection.

OCEANIA

She has money and I spend it.

WILBUR HILL

And, that's it?

OCEANIA

You asked what made us meet. There is obviously more.

WILBUR HILL

And, how long have you guys --

OCEANIA

Two years. We married last week.
Anything else?

WILBUR HILL

And --

OCEANIA

It works just fine. There is a lot
of technology these days and we
have a lot of money.

WILBUR HILL

Yeah, technology. I'll never know.

Hill opens the Modern Fridge -- no beer, no bread, closes the
door, walks towards the exit, forgets his radio, on top of
the Old Fridge.

OCEANIA

Where are you going?

WILBUR HILL

Back to the future.

OCEANIA

(Running after)
Hey, don't leave.

WILBUR HILL

Why?

Hill exits, Oceania follows, and --

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Hill stands surprised. Oceania sees why. The Mime is gone.

OCEANIA

Maybe, that's why.

Hill studies the scenario. The door was never opened -- The
Mime is obviously still in the house.

WILBUR HILL

You said this Mime wanted you dead?

OCEANIA

Wants us dead!

WILBUR HILL

Well, today is not your death day.

Hill draws out pepper spray, creeps toward the passageway.

OCEANIA

Where are you going? What about the head start?

WILBUR HILL

I have to secure the perimeter.

The sound of water splattering from a distance has caught Hill's attention. He disappears stealthily into the passageway.

Oceania is torn between following Hill and going back to Lynn. The Laptop behind her suddenly switches on. She turns and looks at the screen -- once again, it's Kelvin.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

Kelvin is taking a video of himself walking up the street.

KELVIN

The trouble with a silent protest is that you never know when it's in your area. It could be in your area right now. It could be there tomorrow. Maybe, it was there yesterday. But, you don't know because it's silent. But, what we do know is that if same-sex cohabitation is not yet recognized, then its address should also not be recognized, which is what the protestors have done here already.

INT. FRONT YARD - CONTINUOUS

Kelvin stops in front of Lynn and Oceania's front yard where the tag which is supposed to have a house number has been detached.

KELVIN

They have silenced the house address of the same-sex couple.

OCEANIA

NO.

Oceania rushes to the front door, opens and looks outside -- There is no one in the front yard when Oceania checks, but --

On the laptop screen, Kelvin is standing right there in the front of the house. Oceania realizes what it is.

OCEANIA (CONT'D)

(To herself)

It's a pre-recorded video. I can't believe this!

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Hill cautiously walks in, pepper spray in hand, sees the source of the splattering -- the shower is spilling. He walks, bare feet over the wet floor and turns off the tap, puts away his weapon, and turns around to depart. But, suddenly stops -- something ahead has given him a shock.

The Mime stands at the door, holding the door handle with one hand. In the other hand, he has a white torn out piece of paper. It's handwritten in bold with a marker.

WRITING ON PAPER: 'TODAY IS YOUR DEATH DAY'

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Oceania shuts the front door. She hurries towards the corridor -- stops, freezes, she is seeing something breathtaking, up ahead, and it's --

INT. PASSAGEWAY - CONTINUOUS

The Mime -- wrestling with Hill.

OCEANIA

No.

They are standing, locked, The Mime behind Hill. Hill is choking and trying to get free. But, The Mime's hands are trained, a possible war veteran -- and, before the Watch Guy can do anything, SNAP -- his neck is broken.

Oceania gasps. The Mime grasps -- Hill's body, preventing it from falling, doesn't notice Oceania who is half way down the corridor noticing. He tussles back into the bathroom with the body, and --

Oceania takes a stride forward, tip-toes, hurriedly -- scurries to the bathroom door, and --

The Mime is tucking the dead body into the tub, sees Oceania stand at the door. He realizes what she is up to.

Suddenly springs forward intending to stop her, but --
Swiftly, she executes her premeditated plan -- grabs the key
from the door, swings the door, slams it shut, locks, just in
time and The Mime gets locked inside the bathroom.

Oceania catches her breath, looks at the door -- it's very
still, very silent, not a struggle from inside. She steps
back, dashes back to --

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The Stranger on the floor is lying still. The Strange Fridge
in the far corner is unopened still. The Call Operator's
voice filters in from the gadget on top of the Fridge, the
radio that belonged to Neighborhood Watch, Wilbur Hill --

CALL OPERATOR (V.O.)
(Filtered)
N.S., Hill, this is Central.
Please, respond.

Oceania races in, phone and radio in hand.

CALL OPERATOR (V.O.)
(Filtered)
N.S., Hill, please respond. Assist
has arrived in the area but cannot
locate the address. Please, provide
your correct position.

OCEANIA
(Gets radio, pushes
button)
Yes, Police -- this is the address!
This is the correct address!

CALL OPERATOR (V.O.)
(Filtered)
What is your address, Ma'am?

OCEANIA
My address? I don't know the
address. This is my first time in
this place.

CALL OPERATOR (V.O.)
(Filtered)
Can you take a look at the tag at
the front of the house and tell us
what it says?

OCEANIA

The tag has been removed. The Protestors removed it.

CALL OPERATOR (V.O.)

(Filtered)

How about the name of the street you are in, Ma'am? If you can tell us your street, at least, we can start from there.

OCEANIA

I don't know.

CALL OPERATOR (V.O.)

(Filtered)

Where is N.S, Hill, Ma'am? Can you put him on the radio?

OCEANIA

No. N.S. Hill, he -- he is dead.

CALL OPERATOR (V.O.)

(Filtered)

What is your current situation, Ma'am?

OCEANIA

I'm fine. It's my wife. She's the one trapped inside this safe-like fridge and the door can't open.

CALL OPERATOR (V.O.)

(Filtered)

And, what's your name, Ma'am?

OCEANIA

Oceania, Oceania Chapman!

CALL OPERATOR (V.O.)

(Filtered)

Shane. Listen --

OCEANIA

Oceania!

CALL OPERATOR (V.O.)

(Filtered)

Yes, do you have a cellphone with you there?

OCEANIA

Yes. Yes, I have one.

CALL OPERATOR (V.O.)
 (Filtered)
 I'm going to have to ask you to dial 9-1-1 on that phone and keep it on for at least a minute. Can you do that, right now?

OCEANIA
 Yes.
 (She dials)

CALL OPERATOR (V.O.)
 (Filtered)
 We're going to locate your position using your cellphone, Shane. It'll take about fifteen minutes. In the meantime, I'm going to have to ask you to stay put. Do you think you can do that, Shane?

OCEANIA
 Yes.

CALL OPERATOR (V.O.)
 (Filtered)
 Good.

OCEANIA
 (To herself, looking at the Old Fridge door)
 But, I don't know if she can.

CALL OPERATOR (V.O.)
 (Filtered)
 I'll get back to you.

The Call Operator goes off the radio. Oceania puts Hill's radio on top of the Old Fridge, speaks into her own --

OCEANIA
 Honey-Baby to Fart-Head Alpha. Come in, over!

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. FRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Lynn is frail.

LYNN
 I'm not supposed to be talking.

OCEANIA

Hang in there, Babe. Fifteen more minutes, and help will be here.

LYNN

Where are you?

OCEANIA

In the kitchen.

LYNN

And, where is The Mime?

OCEANIA

(Pause, thinks)

It doesn't matter.

(Slips down to the floor
and sits, leans against
the Old Fridge door,
stomach grumbles, holds
it, sighs, contemplates)

I could really use something to eat, right now.

LYNN

Wish I was out there. I could be making some salami for you.

OCEANIA

I can almost taste it in my mouth.

LYNN

I can almost taste you.

OCEANIA

Honeymoon was too short. We didn't even board the Starship.

LYNN

Oh, that!

OCEANIA

You said you were going to tell me about it.

LYNN

Starship Marshmallow. Are you sure you want to hear about it?

OCEANIA

If you open up, I open up.

LYNN

It was a game, that we used to play, me and Maxine. You know, all couples have these little games they always like to play in private. I wanted to tell you about it at our honeymoon but I was afraid you were going to tell me that I think too much about Maxine.

OCEANIA

You talk a lot about Maxine, and you can only talk about something you are thinking about.

LYNN

It's why I didn't talk about it.

OCEANIA

So, what was the game?

LYNN

You really want to know?

OCEANIA

Maxine is your past. If this game interests you, I cannot hold it away from you. It will only make you wish to go back to your past. So, I want to do whatever I can to make you forget your past. So, tell me about it. What's Starship Marshmallow?

LYNN

Okay, I'll tell you. You go on the side of your bed, looking up, your head is down, you are upside down. Every blood cell in your body flows to your head, and when your ship takes off, you will feel like you are on your way to the stars -- you will touch the stars, you will touch the moon, you will have the universe handed to you. And, that's something you'll never forget.

OCEANIA

Unless if another captain comes and takes over that ship.

LYNN

Welcome aboard Captain Honey-Baby.

OCEANIA

(Chuckles, wipes off a
tear)

You know, my Dad -- um, yah! I used to go out hunting with him, when I was little. He would catch rabbit, wild-pig sometimes, and I was there to watch his back, because he would carry me on his back, in a pouch. So, one day this big honey-bear came out of nowhere and picked me up with its jaws and ran away with me. By the time my dad got up and got his gun, the bear had fled. I didn't even scream because it happened so fast. My dad spent the whole day looking for me, and by the time he found us, I was sitting amongst three cuddly bears in a nest in a cave and the big mother bear was feeding us all honey. Of course, Dad had to kill Mama-Bear and skin the babies to get me back. But, the story after that was laughable and the name Honey-Baby stuck. But, I don't know if the story is true or not, because it happened when I was two, according to what my dad tells me. So, what do you think?

(No response)

Lynn?

Lynn had drowsed off, wakes at the mention of her name, but struggles to keep awake, if not -- keep alive.

LYNN

O.C.?

OCEANIA

That's why my dad calls me, Honey-Baby.

LYNN

Oh, yah!

OCEANIA

Are you with me, Lynn?

(No response)

LYNN!

LYNN

(Frail)

Yes -- I'm here.

OCEANIA

Stay with me, Lynn. Don't go to
sleep yet.

The cellphone in Oceania's hands suddenly rings. She is
shaky, frail, but desperate -- determined. She answers.

OCEANIA (CONT'D)

Hallo?

CALL OPERATOR (V.O.)

(Filtered)

Shane Chapman?

OCEANIA

Yes, yes -- I'm here.

CALL OPERATOR (V.O.)

Yes, we managed to locate your area
but we are still working on your
exact position. So, if you don't
mind coming outside of your house,
the assistance which is already in
the area will find you quicker. Do
you think you can do that, Shane?

OCEANIA

Yes. I can do it. I have to do it.

Oceania struggles to get up -- famished, fatigued.

OCEANIA (CONT'D)

Lynn, hang in there, Babe. Help is
here.

Lynn sighs, maybe just breathing -- a little relieved. She
lets her head drop back, she is much too weak.

OCEANIA (CONT'D)

Lynn, Babe, stay with me. Say
something, Lynn.

Lynn lets go of her radio, unable to press the talkback
button, let alone, lift the radio.

OCEANIA (CONT'D)

Lynn! Lynn!

(Realizes)

Okay, just -- just hang in there,
Babe. We're almost getting you out.

Oceania staggers to the door, determined, cellphone and radio
in hand.

The radio on top of the fridge, Hill's, is just left there, unattended --

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Oceania stops, shocked -- sees the front door open, she had left it closed. And, there is more --

The Mime is there also, let loose in a way, waiting in the way, facing away -- Oceania's way is blocked.

But, what is more of a shock is that Oceania's pose, is exactly the same as The Mime's pose.

Oceania tip-toes, hoping she has not been noticed, but as she moves, The Mime moves, tip for tip, toe for toe.

Oceania stops, The Mime stops also, exact motion, as if The Mime is Oceania's shadow, or a mirror reflection.

Suddenly, red and blue lights reflect in the room, coming in from outside in the street through the windows, and the door's opening.

Oceania can see the PATROL CAR slowly passing by, and knows she has to call out at it at that moment but she's too weak to give a good shout but still gives it a try.

OCEANIA

Hey, I'm here! I'm here!

She is not heard. She takes a step ahead. The Mime takes the same step forward. She takes another, so does The Mime, all too identical, altogether.

Oceania tries to run to the door, sees The Mime running also, to the same door, in the same way, and she stops. The Mime likewise stops, imitating Oceania's movement breath for breath.

Oceania, heaves for air, worn out, scared. She looks at The Mime realizing what he is doing, and as she is looking at him, he turns his neck and looks at her.

She startles, gadgets in her hands fall, one shatters.

OCEANIA (CONT'D)

No.

She crouches, checks, tries to reassemble the gadgets -- almost hopeless.

The Mime crouches, checks -- reassembles his imaginary devices, expresses the same expression of despair as her.

Oceania gets up, and takes off for the door --

OCEANIA (CONT'D)
Please, come back! Come back!

But, The Mime has run also, ahead of her, with her, and his back to her front forms a block at the door.

Oceania is unsettled, desperate -- looks around, for a way around. She picks up a small box, God knows what's in it.

The Mime picks up one of his own, an imaginary one of course.

Oceania hurls the box at the door, aimed outside to give the Patrol a signal, but she misses, hits the wall and the box crashes, cutlery shatters.

The Mime hurls his at the door, doesn't miss, but who can tell.

Oceania trembles, weak, out of ideas. She runs to the door again, Mime blocks.

She hammers The Mime's back with her frail fists, wails and more tears being shed -- he just stands there unaffected, hammers the air instead.

Oceania drops to the floor, heaves for air. The Mime closes the door, slowly lowers himself down to the floor, and takes the same stance as her.

LYNN
(Filtered, frail)
O.C., Babe, are you still there?

Oceania gasps, cries, The Mime doing the same on her side, besides, beside -- and, she crawls to the radio, it's still alive, she is still alive.

OCEANIA
(Frail)
Lynn, I'm here, Babe.

The Mime is also talking on a radio, imitating.

LYNN
(Filtered)
I just want to say -- Goodnight!

OCEANIA
No, no! Babe, no! Lynn!

There are no more replies. Oceania cries. Mime mimes.

Oceania cries as she crawls, leans against the wall.

She sees the Mime, gets angrier, picks up a butter knife from the shattered box, gets up, with a burst of strength, who knows from where, tries to stab The Mime but only manages to stab the air.

As she is trying to stab The Mime, The Mime is also trying to stab another imaginary Mime in the air. So, Oceania never gets close to The Mime because the Mime, like a shadow, keeps moving away from her.

Oceania gives up, spent, bows down, hands on knees, knife drops to the floor, she heaves.

She goes all the way down to the floor, SLOW, crawls as she cries, on her way to the kitchen. The Mime crawls likewise, besides her, imitating ingeniously.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

As Oceania, frail, crawls in, crying, she bumps into the unconscious body of Doctor Nick Spelling.

She almost apologizes, but as she raises her head, she realizes --

Suddenly, feeling energetic, hope restored, she leaps up and looks at the Doc's name tag --

'Dr. Nick Spelling, Specialist in opening locked doors.'

OCEANIA

(To Herself)

He can open locked doors.

(Shouting, Shaking him
desperately)

Doctor Nick! Doctor Nick! Please,
wake up! Please, you have to unlock
my wife out of the Fridge, Please.

(Pounds on his chest her
palms)

Please, wake up! Wake up!

The Mime continues to mimic Oceania's actions.

Suddenly, Doctor Nick Spelling coughs as he regains consciousness.

Oceania lightens as the Doctor sits up, shakes his head, holds it, twitches from pain and reorients.

OCEANIA (CONT'D)

Please, you have to unlock my wife
out of the Fridge.

DR. SPELLING

Shane Chapman.

OCEANIA

Oceania Chapman. Wait -- you know
me?

DR. SPELLING (V.O.)

Yes, Shane. You are the one that
called me here so I can help you
and your wife get out of your
jeopardy.

OCEANIA

Yes, I remember. I called you
outside the window. But, I never
told you my name though. So, how do
you know?

DR. SPELLING

Because, Shane, we have met before.
And, we have been meeting since a
week ago.

OCEANIA

But, I don't know who you are.

DR. SPELLING

It's not that you don't know me,
Shane. It's that you don't know
yourself. But, I'm going to show
you who you really are?

Oceania is confused.

The Doctor walks to the bathroom mirror which is in the wrong
place but at the right time, lifts it and lets Oceania see
her own reflection.

She is surprised at what she sees. What she sees as her own
reflection is that of --

SHANE CHAPMAN, twenty-seven, a short and stout man, short-
haired, looks like Oceania but is the version of her as a
man.

Oceania is troubled, shocked -- how can this be, she doesn't
understand.

She stretches out a hand, touches the mirror, and as she is does so, her reflection, which is Shane's, mirrors her action, just as The Mime standing beside her is doing the same.

OCEANIA

I don't understand. What does this mean?

DR. SPELLING

The mirror never lies. What you see is who you really are. Only the mind chooses to deceive itself. You are Shane, the man. And, Oceania is the outer ego, a girl, of the man, Shane.

OCEANIA

But, how can --

DR. SPELLING

It can. You said there is a Mime -- what Mime?

OCEANIA

(Looks at the Mime)
That Mime.

DR. SPELLING

What Mime, Shane?

The Doctor shifts the mirror to the side, in the direction pointed by Oceania.

Oceania turns her head and looks in the Mirror, then turns and looks behind. Behind her, she can see The Mime, but in the Mirror, she sees herself as Shane, alone, without a Mime behind.

OCEANIA

(Realizing)
There is no Mime.

DR. SPELLING

And, there is not you as a girl but a man.

OCEANIA

But, how did that happen?

DR. SPELLING

I'll start by asking you, Shane, where is Lynn?

OCEANIA

(Walks slowly toward the
Old fridge)

In there, trapped. You said you can
get her out, Doctor Nick Spelling.

DR. SPELLING

No, Shane. It's you who has to open
up to her.

OCEANIA

What are you saying?

DR. SPELLING

Open yourself up to Lynn, Shane.
Put yourself out there. Bare
yourself in front of her.

OCEANIA

But, I'm already bare.

DR. SPELLING

Not all. You have a secret that you
are not telling her. When a secret
goes for a long time, it will trap
you, restrain you wherever you go,
like a shadow. But, If you unlock
that secret, you will also unlock
that door.

She looks to the side. Doctor Spelling can see that she is
looking at The Mime which he cannot see.

OCEANIA

I do what you tell me to do. That's
what The Mime said.

DR. SPELLING

Yes, of course. Like a skeleton
which does what the body does.
That's why secrets are called
skeletons in a closet. What you do,
they do. Where you go, they go. So,
Please, open up your secret.

Oceania looks down, troubled -- ponders.

OCEANIA

My secret? But, I don't know my
secret.

DR. SPELLING

Then, why do you want your wife
dead?

OCEANIA

(Looks up at the Doctor
surprised)

Is that what she said?

DR. SPELLING

No. That's what you said.

OCEANIA

(Looks at the Mime)

That's what The Mime said.

DR. SPELLING

And, The Mime is you, the shadow of
your outer ego.

OCEANIA

But, why would I want Lynn dead?

DR. SPELLING

That's what Lynn wants to know.

OCEANIA

What Lynn wants to know? Lynn sent
you?

DR. SPELLING

Yes, Shane. Lynn is the one that
asked for this interview. She and
you have not gone for a day without
having to argue. And, the last
thing you said to her, which raised
her concern, was that you want her
dead.

Oceania stands surprised.

OCEANIA

But, I never said that.

DR. SPELLING

You said The Mime did, your inner
self.

OCEANIA

My inner self, is Shane. I'm only
the outer ego, like you said.

DR. SPELLING

So, I want you dead is only Shane's
sentiment.

OCEANIA

And, only Shane knows the secret,
the reason for the arguments.

Doctor Spelling ponders, realizes it.

DR. SPELLING

So, I have to take you to meet
Shane?

OCEANIA

Will that take Lynn out of that
Fridge?

DR. SPELLING

It will take you out of this
fantasy world and back to reality.

(Leaves Mirror, walks
towards the door, turns)

Are you coming?

(He walks out)

Oceania is torn between staying and leaving. She dashes out
after Doctor Spelling, the Mime also following.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Oceania and her Mime follow the Doctor in. They see the Watch
Guy, piled up in the tub.

OCEANIA

So, the Watch Guy, what is he if
The Mime is my shadow?

DR. SPELLING

What's his name?

OCEANIA

N.S. Hill, that's what I heard them
call him.

DR. SPELLING

N.S.H is a medicinal drug we
sometimes recommend to patients
that suffer from occasional
delusional episodes.

OCEANIA

So, the police -- are like pills.
And, Shane is your patient?

DR. SPELLING

Shane is Lynn's husband, and Lynn is my client.

(Goes to the window)

Come. It's time to meet yourself, Shane. Climb out through that window.

OCEANIA

What! Are you insane? I'm obviously not going to fit through that, let alone reach up for it.

DR. SPELLING

But, that's only a reality that you imagine. Let me ask you this -- how did you end up in this place?

Oceania thinks, realizes -- turns her neck and stares at the toilet bowl, then at the window.

She stands underneath the window which is much higher than where she can reach.

DR. SPELLING (CONT'D)

Go on, reach for it.

She lifts up her arms to reach for the window, and suddenly, somehow, she sees herself holding the seal, her height at the window level.

She looks through that window, and --

WHITENESS --

On the other side of the window is an all white space.

DR. SPELLING (V.O.)

Come on, Shane. Come back to reality.

Oceania opens that window, and the glass vanishes into thin air. She lifts herself up and into that small opening, and suddenly, the opening is somehow big enough for her to fit through, and --

FADE TO:

INT. DOCTOR SPELLING'S OFFICE - DAY

Shane, fully dressed, shirt and jeans, is sitting in a double sofa, static, distant.

DR. SPELLING (O.S.)
Come back, Shane. Come back.

Shane snaps out of the somewhat trance.

He looks around, sees Doctor Spelling, also fully dressed, sitting in a single-sofa adjacent his.

The two stare at each other for a moment -- Doctor Spelling accessing whether Shane is back to himself and Shane trying to understand what is happening.

DR. SPELLING (CONT'D)
It's common for people who sometimes experience delusional episodes to have outer egos that exhibit extreme intentions such as violence, even murder especially on their loved ones, and especially if there is a secret that they would rather have them die, than know. So, Shane, I'll ask you again. What is that secret?

Shane doesn't respond. He shifts his eyes down, looks at the small glass table in between them. He sees a Tab on top of that table, picks it up, puts in the unlock pattern which he already knows -- an 'S', and the phone is unlocked.

He switches on the phone's front camera, looks at himself as if in a Mirror -- The reflection is his, and no Mime around him or anywhere else.

Doctor Spelling watches Shane quietly, allowing him to discover things.

Shane looks around. There is an office desk on the other side. The name tag on that desk reads: 'Dr. N. Spelling, Psychotherapist.'

Shane looks up. There are printed posters on the walls:

Poster 1: 'We don't believe in promise. We believe in practice.'

Poster 2: 'If you want to be heard loudest, whisper closest.'

Poster 3: 'If you speak in rhymes you will not just pay attention to what you say, but you will pay attention to what others say.'

DR. SPELLING (CONT'D)
I want to show you the cards again,
Shane and I want you tell me the
first thing that comes into your
mind.

Doctor Spelling holds up a white card, a placard, with a
small little dot, an ink blot in the middle.

Shane looks closer at the card.

DR. SPELLING (CONT'D)
Tell me what you see.

SHANE
I see -- a small black world in the
middle of a much bigger white one.

DR. SPELLING
But, that's the same answer as
before, Shane.

SHANE
So, what do you want me to see?

DR. SPELLING
I'm the one that wants to see what
sort of a person you are.

SHANE
So, I'm delusional?

DR. SPELLING
You have an inferiority complex.
You don't speak your mind because
you feel you will not be heard.
But, a little flame can light the
world on fire -- even that big
white world.

Doctor Spelling lights a cigarette lighter and places the
flame underneath the card. A small little singe starts at the
center of the card and spreads out consuming the entire paper
and Doctor Spelling throws it into a bin.

He takes another card, also white, which has an odd looking
shape like a fluffy round ink blot, black.

DR. SPELLING (CONT'D)
How about this one? What do you
see?

SHANE

(Looks closely)

I honestly can't see anything else other than what I've told you before.

(Looks up at the Doctor)

You want me to say something else?

DR. SPELLING

No. I want you to tell me what you see. If it's the same thing, then say what it is.

SHANE

It is the same thing.

DR. SPELLING

A marshmallow?

SHANE

Yes.

DR. SPELLING

It only means you want to hold on strongly to an opinion that you would rather not have change.

Shane looks down, a little shy, maybe ashamed -- doesn't what to say if the doctor is right or wrong. The Doctor notices.

DR. SPELLING (CONT'D)

Or -- That could be your secret. Is it? What does a Marshmallow remind you of?

Shane almost raises his heard to speak, but holds back. Doctor Spelling is noticing much closer.

DR. SPELLING (CONT'D)

Or -- Marshmallow could be a name of some one or, something, maybe a game.

Shane raises his head.

DR. SPELLING (CONT'D)

It's a game.

Shane almost lowers it again.

DR. SPELLING (CONT'D)

Or -- a play.

Shane holds his breath, stops breathing.

DR. SPELLING (CONT'D)
It is a play. Oh -- PLAY.

SHANE
Where is Lynn?

Doctor Spelling puts the card away, searches for another one.

Shane puts down the phone in his hands back on the table, and notices the radio -- laid there, picks it up, looks at it.

DR. SPELLING
She is still in the other room,
Shane. She will only come back in
if you tell her what you are really
holding back from her.

Shane thinks, raises the Walkie-talkie to his mouth. Doctor Spelling sees Shane ready to speak, stops searching, hopeful.

DR. SPELLING (CONT'D)
Don't forget to press the button
when you speak, and to let it go
when you listen. The idea is to
give each other time to speak, and
time to listen.

Shane presses the button, speaks into the radio.

SHANE
Lynn? Lynn? Are you there?

LYNN
(After a moment, filtered)
I'm here, Sweetie.

Shane suddenly feels agitated by the sound of that. Doctor Spelling can tell.

DR. SPELLING
Tell her everything, Shane.
Everything and you'll set her free.

SHANE
I don't want you to call me
Sweetie, Lynn. It -- it irritates
me. It makes me feel like I'm
something you eat, something sweet.
Just call me Babe, or Honey. No,
not even Honey. Honey is edible.
Just Babe, that's all.

Doctor Spelling looks at the radio, waiting for the response,
hopeful --

LYNN (V.O.)
 (After a moment, filtered)
 Okay -- Babe. I hear you.

Silence.

Doctor Spelling sighs, relieved. Shane doesn't move an inch.

DR. SPELLING
 What else is there, Shane? Are
 there any more shadows?

Shane looks to the side, for The Mime.

DR. SPELLING (CONT'D)
 Is there still a Mime?

There is no Mime -- no shadow.

SHANE
 No.

DR. SPELLING
 What else do you want to tell Lynn?

SHANE
 (Pause, sighs)
 She spends too much time on Maxine.

DR. SPELLING
 Who is Maxine?

SHANE
 A Computer Software on her laptop
 that she uses to make car designs.
 She spends all her time on it, and
 not on me.

DR. SPELLING
 Then, tell her.

SHANE
 (Thinks, Speaks into
 Radio)
 Lynn, I -- I don't want you to
 spend so much time working on your
 laptop, on Maxine. I need you to
 spend some time with me too.

Doctor Spelling raises an eye-brow, trying very much to
 contain his judgment.

LYNN (V.O.)

(Filtered)

Shane, you know those designs are required on schedule at the firm. If I fail to finish on time, I don't get paid. And, that means I won't be able to pay the bills, and I'm the only one who --

(Pause -- a sigh, a little snivel)

So, how much more time do you want?

Shane becomes quiet. Doctor Spelling looks at him, gestures, just slight, for him to say something. Shane shakes his head, just slight. It's the same thing all over again.

LYNN

(Filtered)

I'll give you more time, Shane. I promise -- I mean, I'll practice.

Shane throws a little smile, just slight -- a little relief.

Doctor Spelling breathes in, sits back, just slight, relief.

DR. SPELLING

Tell her about the Marshmallow, also. It'll do good if you just conclude the issue to do with giving each other enough time.

Shane suddenly looks at the Doctor, a little shy. Doctor Spelling nods, once, with a reassurance look, as he lifts himself up from the sofa.

DR. SPELLING (CONT'D)

Don't just tell her, but -- whisper. She'll hear you. But, I don't have to hear it. No one else has to hear it because from now on, it's not just your secret alone, Shane -- it's now your little secret together.

(Smiles)

Doctor Spelling packs up his materials. Whatever Shane whispers into the radio thins out as Doctor Spelling walks away to a corner.

SHANE

(Softly)

Lynn -- There's something that I have to tell you.

(Fading)

In the corner, therein sits a SINGLE-DOOR FRIDGE, vintage, with serpentine-shaped legs and a pull arm, looking like a safe, much like in Shane's fantasy, but a little different.

A little kick on the bottom left, a yank of the handle to the right, and the Doctor opens the door.

Inside, there are stashed documents on shelved compartments.

Doctor Spelling puts his cards in there, stares -- a little smile, perhaps an acknowledgement of a job well done.

He shuts the door, and --

CU, on the brand name engraved on the front: 'KELVIN'.

Doctor Spelling walks back to Shane as Shane finishes his talk with Lynn on the radio.

SHANE (CONT'D)
That's all I had to say.
(No response)
Lynn?

LYNN (V.O.)
(After a moment, filtered)
Okay. I heard you.

Shane puts down the radio, not sure how Lynn has taken it. Doctor Spelling picks it up -- picks it up from there.

DR. SPELLING
Mrs. Chapman, this is Doctor Spelling. I didn't hear the last part your husband said to you, but whatever it is, you are not obliged to do it. It's not what he said that matters. It's that he said it. So, if you are ready, you can come back in now and we will carry this over into the next session.

LYNN
(After a moment, filtered)
There's not going to be a next session.

Doctor Spelling can hear the device on the other end switch off. He tries to press the button on his, but can hear that there is no more response. He puts the radio down, sits down.

But, just in that moment, the door is opened.

Lynn walks in, dressed, long skirt and blouse, very decent.

She looks at Shane, he is looking down, drowned in shame. She sits down, next to her man.

LYNN (CONT'D)

There is not going to be a next session -- because, this one is solved.

(Looks deep at Shane)

Shane, Babe -- I heard what you said. It's strange, and weird -- But, Ha-ha! --

(Snorts)

I'm going to have to research on it, and as soon as we get back home, I promise -- I mean, I'll practice and that's the first thing we are getting at.

She draws to him and they kiss. The Doctor smiles, pleased.

The resolved couple let go, smile at each other more.

LYNN (CONT'D)

(Holds Shane's hand lovingly)

So, are you ready to go?

SHANE

Yeah, sure!

LYNN

(At Doctor Spelling)

Doc, I don't know, I can't thank you enough for all you have done for us. Is there anything I can do?

DR. SPELLING

Just settle the bill with my secretary and that will be all.

LYNN

Yes, of course!

(To Shane)

Come on, Babe, let's go!

(They get up)

Once again, Doctor Spelling, thank you so much.

DR. SPELLING

You are welcome, Mrs. Chapman.

Lynn walks out of the door. Shane stops just before he walks out, perhaps unsure.

He turns and looks behind. He looks at what is there next to Doctor Spelling. The Doctor can see that Shane is looking at something to his side. The Doctor looks there also, sees nothing. Looks back at Shane, wonders what he is looking at.

From an angle from behind Shane, we see what he is looking at. Right next to Doctor Spelling, there is --

ABSO-FARTING-LUTELY NOTHING!

No, more shadows, no more secrets. Shane exits.

CUT TO:

INT. A DUNGEON OR A BEDROOM - NIGHT

It looks like a medieval dungeon, lit by torches, containing spiked whips and heavy chains -- maybe make-shift, maybe not!

But, there is no furniture. Shane in the middle is lying on his back, arms and legs spread out wide, wrists and ankles shackled, the chains hooked to the floor and walls.

He is wearing a man-thong, nothing else. There is tape over his mouth, no one will hear his voice. His eyes tear, maybe pain, maybe fear. His breathing is heavy, his body shaky.

TRACK UP -- from bottom, two feet walk up to his. They are in high heels, high boots up to the knees.

It's a lady in latex bikini pants and bra, short whip in one hand and in the other a feather tickler.

On her head is a pirate's hat, and we see her face. She is Lynn, the new version of her that's mean.

LYNN

Hi. I'm the New Captain of this Ship. And, what I'm about to do to you, you are not going to want to miss.

Shane's eyes open wider -- a little smile hidden within his fear-stricken expression.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

INSIDE Oceania's fantasy, the house is empty apart from the haphazardly stashed boxes that are as they always are.

TRACK INTO --

THE KITCHEN:

And, there is no one. The appliances and utensils are alone.

TRACK TO -- The Old Fridge. The Mime walks up to it, and we see him dragging imaginary heavy machinery.

He stops, wipes off a sweat. He puts on a welding hat, imaginary.

He grabs the make-believe gadget, starts to mimic grinding through the Old Fridge's door handle.

Moments later, the door swings open -- the real door.

The Mime pushes away the unseen machine, opens the Fridge door much wider and peeps in, and --

There is no one in, no Lynn. There is instead a card, a white paper card.

The Mime picks up the card out of the hollowness and looks at it.

We see what The Mime sees, what is written in black on that piece of paper:

'I WANT YOU DEAD TOO'

THE END