

LAUNDRY

Written by

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EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

MATT pushes the building's front door open with his shoulder, his hands are occupied -- one holds a cellphone and the other holds a laundry basket. The laundry basket has a suit in it. His mouth juggles a lit cigarette and an ongoing phone call.

MATT

Doubter's stayed in the corner
mostly, and he tries not to listen,
but when he does, he pretends the
other way, as if he wasn't, like...

He saunters down the deserted street, dragging his laundry basket.

He tilts his neck to the side, pinning the cellphone between his head and raised shoulder as his free hand pulls the cigarette out of his mouth. He exhales deeply.

MATT (CONT'D)

Kind of like Hillary, when they
said they didn't want a civil union
and they're not state-nationalists,
like, how did they feel, when you
take the state-nationalists
instead... Yeah... But she did...
She did that though, either way...
Doubter says it, no matter....
'Rien de rien', right, however she
put it... hm?

MATT slips the cigarette back into his mouth and goes back to holding the phone with the free hand.

He makes a sharp turn down a moderately-lit alleyway.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

MATT

Yeah... I'm like, super
enthusiastic... spontaneous...
adventurey-boy? Kind of like right
now. I'm walking through this-- oh,
this is great, life is so fucking
weird, there's way too much
happening, like, patterns are
fucking everywhere, why am I
walking here?

He gives a sudden high-pitched chuckle.

MATT (CONT'D)
Like, all of that. I feel so full
of energy. I have like, I guess
it's Doubter, I guess it's Jerry...
Jerry, originally, was like dark-
evil-hatred for everyone, and I
spent all this time thinking, like:
'Jerry, why do you hate everyone?'
I guess this is Lola now. Um... The
whole 'versions' thing only works
when you have someone in the third-
person at least once, have you had
that? Have you done that before?

MATT exits the alleyway and onto a large, square parking lot
surrounded by various shops. All of them are shut down,
lights off, except for the LAUNDROMAT.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

MATT
It's not as fucked up as it sounds.
Really kind of simple. You just
have them, then make them send it
back in the form of a short story.
That was Nishka, yeah, I did that.

He chuckle-shrieeks again.

MATT (CONT'D)
I did that to her... I know.

MATT walks across the parking lot, straight towards the
blinding, fluorescent-lit laundromat. Its pale shine is a
white beacon, illuminating the parking spaces directly in
front of its large storefront windows.

MATT (CONT'D)
Like the 'Monster Mash', writing a
song about a song, teasing a thing
that'll never happen, how good...
Or, okay, or how much Michael
Jackson looked like Goku if he
wanted... Okay... Yeah... But,
yeah... If you just, if you took
yourself...

MATT glances around the parking lot as he walks and talks.
He's completely alone.

MATT (CONT'D)
That's Lola, I'm sorry. L-O-L-A,
I'm sorry...

(MORE)

MATT (CONT'D)
If you could- if you could- if you
could watch... If you could watch
some Paul Thomas Anderson...
Trish.... Trish would...

He stops.

MATT (CONT'D)
(enunciating even more)
See that's the minor-- that's Jerry
maybe, you're hearing...

A muffled response from the person on the other line can be heard. Matt listens carefully for a beat.

MATT (CONT'D)
That's been fine, my mom takes care
of it through BMO. The updated app
is better... Oh yeah, it's so much
better with, let's say, uh,
security.

More talking on the other side of the line.

MATT (CONT'D)
But you can't tell someone that's
in love that they're not. You
can't, you can't, you really just
can't though...

EXT. LAUNDROMAT

The laundromat is plain, bleach-white, with powerful
fluorescent lighting that amplifies its minimalist interior.

The only thing in the laundromat other than its washers and
dryers is a desk where the owner of the laundromat assumedly
sits. A FURRY WHITE COAT is laying on top of the desk.

MATT walks up to the laundromat without breaking his stride.
He drops his laundry basket and uses a free hand to open the
front door. The door-bell chimes.

INT. LAUNDROMAT - CONTINUOUS

There's no one else inside, Matt doesn't care or bother to
put out his cigarette.

MATT
But no that's just, like-- that's,
that's the Bronze Age collapse
thing I was talking about...

Matt heads for a washing machine in the middle of the store, passing by the owner's desk with the WHITE FUR COAT on it.

He stares at the coat for a few seconds as he walks by, taking his attention away from the call for a moment.

MATT (CONT'D)

Wha-? No! That's the point, yeah.
Like, imagine 2012, but in Ancient
Egypt, more like. You've seen
Apocalypso. Yeah-- yeah that. That,
but like real society breaks down.

He listens.

MATT (CONT'D)

Yeah. No, exactly.

Matt heads over to a washing machine in the middle of the store, puts down the basket and throws the whole suit in.

MATT (CONT'D)

Have you heard about the Archimedes
sphere? It actually made the 18th
century look like the stone age.

He pays for the washing machine with coins, or whatever appropriate method.

MATT (CONT'D)

You could figure out the date,
time, you could navigate-- Yeah!
And who else could come up with
that? Wha- No, man... It's like,
it's documented and shit and...

Matt puts the laundry detergent in and closes the door of the machine.

MATT (CONT'D)

I told you, remember? The, okay,
bear with me, the sea people, right
-- Egyptians, Assyrians, they both
talk about them. A bunch of these
people that... they like... they rise
from the sea and just annihilate
all these empires around the
Mediterranean. Yeah -- exactly! --
Who else? Atlantians or Atlantis-
like, for sure. That's what the
paper was about, how these people
did it.

Matt calibrates and starts the washing machine while the person on the other end responds. Matt stands back once the machine starts its cycle, his eyes stay on it. His head bobs up and down as he listens.

MATT (CONT'D)
Boom, exactly. The fucking sphere.
That shit was like, like... Like
atmospheric triangulating before we
saw the earth was round. No, this
isn't a stupid constru -- What?...
Hello?...

He pulls the phone from his ear and looks at it. It's dead.

MATT (CONT'D)
Fuck me off...

Matt extinguishes the end of his cigarette in one hand. The other holds the phone, finger on the power button, hoping it will somehow turn back on.

MATT (CONT'D)
Of course I didn't... classic. No,
no, no, no. This is Doubter. It's,
it's just whatever, and happens.

Matt pockets the dead phone and pulls out his pack of cigarettes and a lighter.

He raises his head as he puts the new one in his mouth and lights it.

Bored, he starts looking around the laundromat. Stacked washers and dryers, a JANITOR'S CLOSET...

His eyes eventually drift to the view outside the broad storefront windows. We linger there for a moment, then: THE WHITE FUR COAT on the owner's desk.

Matt's eyes fix on the coat that caught his attention when he first walked in.

Matt takes a long drag of the cigarette and walks towards the desk.

He approaches the desk and begins stroking the coat's fur. It's beautiful.

MATT (CONT'D)
(whistles)
Well okay, sir.

He picks it up and PUTS IT ON.

He raises his arms out to his sides, nodding as does.

MATT (CONT'D)
You look way too good to let you
go, girly.

Matt looks up and scans the store for a quick second, before focusing back on the coat.

MATT (CONT'D)
(Shrugs)
Well alright, okay...

He looks up again and casually shuffles back over to the washing machine. He catches movement out of the corner of his eye and looks to the front of the laundromat: a dishevelled, far-off OLD WOMAN is walking through the parking lot. Her white coat caked in blood.

She looks distressed.

MATT (CONT'D)
The fuck?

She feels Matt's eyes on her and turns to look at him. As they make eye contact, the woman's mouth opens wide and she begins mouthing something, now slowly hobbling towards the laundromat when --

CRACK! A stream of blood shoots out from an exit wound.

MATT (CONT'D)
(Panicking)
Oh god!

Her body crumples to the floor like tissue paper.

Matt's eyes go wild and he starts spinning, desperately looking for a place to hide.

MATT (CONT'D)
(Whispering)
Fuck me, fuck me, fuck me up--

He eyes THE JANITOR'S CLOSET and makes a beeline for the door.

He elbows the door open. It's pitch black inside.

INT. JANITOR'S CLOSET

He quickly swivels around to shut the door behind him. As he shuts it, he fumbles around the doorknob looking for a lock. CLICK!

He turns to face the pitch black of the janitor's closet and falls backwards into the door. His legs turn to jelly and he slumps to the ground.

He presses his ear to the door, listening.

Matt's heavy breathing is all we can hear.

Then -- DING! The laundromat's doorbell.

Footsteps -- slow at first -- searching.

Faster... closer...

Matt holds his breath...

UNKNOWN PERSON (O.S.)
(right against Matt's
door, knocking)
Hello?

Matt is startled, but doesn't respond.

UNKNOWN PERSON (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Hello?

Beat.

UNKNOWN PERSON (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Hey, I know you're in there!

Matt closes his eyes.

UNKNOWN PERSON (O.S.) (CONT'D)
(Sounding scared)
Please! I'm the owner! I-- I was
just on the walkway having a
cigarette. I, I heard a loud noise
and saw the body.

Matt listens further. More time passes.

UNKNOWN PERSON (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Your load is close to the end of
its cycle, seriously!

The person starts banging on the door louder. It startles Matt and sends him sprawling to the floor.

He quickly scampers to his feet and freezes, staring at the door.

UNKNOWN PERSON (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Please! What if he's still out
there? We-- we can call the police!
Please, I have kids!

Matt's hand eventually goes for the door handle.

MATT
(Voice breaking)
O-- Okay... Give me a second
here...

The banging stops. Matt's hand grasps the door handle and --
CLICK!

Matt retreats backwards, almost falling over himself. The
door handle turns.

It opens, carefully, to reveal a tall, middle aged man with a
scant but well-kept beard. This is LEOPOLD.

Leopold quickly shuts the door behind him, his figure
disappearing with the light. It's pitch black inside.

LEOPOLD
Hey.

Matt puts a hand over his nose and mouth.

LEOPOLD (CONT'D)
Ok-- Look, I understand you're
scared. I am too. I just need some
light to find my phone in here.

Silence.

LEOPOLD (CONT'D)
Alright... I'm turning the light on
now.

A blue-white fluorescent light flickers on. Matt is now
visible and crouched against a far wall, staring at Leopold.
Leopold stares back.

The janitor's closet immediately looks wrong, and it's not
just the unnerving, sterile lightning. A sparse work-desk
sits in a corner. A cordless home phone sits in its holder on
top of the desk, next to a photo of the OWNER AND HIS FAMILY.

There are bottles of bleach everywhere. Cartons, plastic
buckets, some of them open.

There are a few other mops and cleaning supplies scattered against the far wall, across from the closet entrance, right next to an EMERGENCY EXIT.

Matt can't see the exit sign however, his eyes are fixed on Leopold.

Leopold raises his hands, he's unarmed. He slowly walks towards the desk.

LEOPOLD (CONT'D)
(cautiously)
I'm going to pick up the phone.
Just going to call the police, get
this all sorted here.

Matt sizes him up. He's at least 6'3 and not lean enough for comfort.

MATT
Yeah... okay.

Leopold reaches the desk and picks up the phone.

He hits three distinct digits, then puts the phone to his ear.

He covers the microphone for a moment and turns to Matt --

LEOPOLD
It's ringing.

Leopold takes his hand off the microphone and waits a moment.

LEOPOLD (CONT'D)
Hello?
(Beat)
Y-- Yes, please. Someone was just
murdered outside my laundromat.
(Beat)
No... No, I don't know if the man
is still here, please come quick!

Matt manages to tear his eyes off of Leopold and take in the janitor's closet for the first time. His eyes widen as he takes in the strange bleach collection, it's excessive, even for a laundromat.

The walls are a discolored blue and there are strange, dark red-brown stains on them.

His eyes finally catch the emergency exit, he stares at it.

Leopold eventually jams the office phone back into its receiver.

LEOPOLD (CONT'D)
They're coming. Said to stay where
we are and wait for them to get us.

Matt nods, still staring at the emergency exit door.

Leopold starts snapping his fingers and Matt turns back to look at Leopold.

Leopold points to the janitor's closet entrance.

LEOPOLD (CONT'D)
I'm gonna go lock the door, okay?

Leopold slowly walks towards the entrance with his hands out, eyes trained on Matt.

As Leopold approaches the door, his eyes break from Matt and turn to the lock. He goes to the handle --

That's when Matt sees it: The slight gleam of a knife tucked into Leopold's waistband, reflecting off of the powerful industrial lighting.

Matt's eyes go wide, and he starts backpedaling towards the emergency exit. Leopold turns to find Matt almost at the emergency exit door.

LEOPOLD (CONT'D)
Hey man, what's wrong?

MATT
Stay the fuck back! There, where
you are!

Leopold takes a single step forward, hands outstretched again.

LEOPOLD
Look, we gotta calm down, and stay
put until the police get here.

MATT
I can see your knife, you fuck!
Stay the fuck back!

Leopold is confused for a moment before realizing what Matt is referring to. He reaches into his waistband to pull out the knife.

LEOPOLD

Well... hello! I own a laundrette
in Kensington! Do you know the kind
of characters we get around here?
Frequenting?

MATT

Okay, put it down, then.

Leopold takes another slow step closer.

MATT (CONT'D)

Whoah, hey I told you! Stay back!
Just-- just stay back, okay? If you
don't wanna freak me out just--
Stop!

Leopold slowly takes out the knife and puts it on the ground
beside him.

LEOPOLD

(Putting a finger to his
mouth)

Shh! Do you want that nutjob to
find us?

Leopold lightly kicks the knife away and takes another step
closer.

LEOPOLD (CONT'D)

There. Let's just calm down now,
the police will get here soon, any
minute.

Matt's relieved for a moment, until his eyes go wide at a
sudden revelation.

MATT

They always-- ask you to keep them
on the line.

Leopold's frantic look immediately drops. An agitated,
humorous frown appears on his face.

They stare at each other, both frozen.

LEOPOLD

You shouldn't have said that,
little lamb. I would have made it
real nice. Nice and quick.

He looks down at where his knife lies. He makes as if he's
going to pick it up, but just kicks it further from him.

He looks up at Matt for a reaction, and laughs.

He goes again to where it is, makes the same motion, and kicks it again. He laughs again.

LEOPOLD (CONT'D)
I'm so goddamn-- idiot!

He keeps doing it playfully for himself.

LEOPOLD (CONT'D)
Idiot, idiot, Myshkin, idiot...

Matt doesn't know how to react.

LEOPOLD (CONT'D)
I can see you've been thinking, 'if I did it', when I haven't. When you haven't even read the book.

Matt shivers and stares at Leopold.

LEOPOLD (CONT'D)
What did you hear?

Silence.

LEOPOLD (CONT'D)
What did you hear outside?

MATT
Bullet.

LEOPOLD
What?

MATT
I thought I heard a bullet...

LEOPOLD
A gunshot.

MATT
Yes.

LEOPOLD
So why would you think of me as--
the man who did?

Silence.

LEOPOLD (CONT'D)
I don't own a legal firearm. I own
the property making up a
laundrette.

Matt looks back at the emergency exit.

MATT
Can I go out through here?

LEOPOLD
Yes.

MATT
Okay, I'll go find someone.

He slowly gets up and makes his way to the door. Leopold plays the same game with the knife, kicking it in front of him and muttering to himself.

Matt faces the door and bursts through to --

INT. HALLWAY

POOF! Matt is blinded by powder falling from above, it covers his arms, shoulders, coat and head. Matt stumbles forward, rubbing the substance from his eyes.

He's in a strikingly bright, hotel-like corridor. Everything is very neat and artificial, ongoing patterns track down the wall.

Looking closely at him, we notice he has very cheap, flesh-colored makeup, as if in some haphazard attempt to look younger.

There is elevator music playing, and faint voices in the background. He looks down the hallway to see; Two doors, a fork in the road.

Matt turns around to find: the emergency exit door is gone.

Matt walks towards the doors at the end of the hallway and stops, then:

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
(from within one of the
rooms)
Hello?

Matt looks to the door where the voice is coming from, looking almost relieved.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Is that someone for me?

MATT
Hello? Hello!?

He opens the door and walks in.

INT. FIRST ROOM - NIGHT

There's an OLD WOMAN, sitting on a chair in the middle of the room. She's surrounded by abject decay. There are time-worn human bones and remains all over the floor.

She has a box of knives on her lap. She appears to be blind.

OLD WOMAN
Have you got him?

MATT
Um... I'm sorry?

OLD WOMAN
When you get him, won't you tell me?

Matt turns to leave through the same door, but hears Leopold stumbling through the hallway.

Matt looks down to the handle, and locks the door quietly.

LEOPOLD
(from outside the door)
Babi! The lamb is with you.

Leopold tries the door handle.

LEOPOLD (CONT'D)
I will come around the other way,
let him bleed slow.

Leopold can be heard running through the opposite door.

Matt suddenly sees the door behind Babi, and begins carefully walking clockwise around her.

BABI
Oh you're a smart little baa-baa
aren't you? Thul'uum prefers the
stronger in spirit.

Matt is almost halfway across the room, hugging the wall left of Babi when -- CLANG!

A knife flies at Matt, chipping the concrete wall an inch from his nose.

Matt puts a hand to his mouth to stop himself from gasping.

He looks down at the knife BABI threw at him, it's a footstep away.

He bends down low and takes a cautious step forward, eyes planted on the knife.

His hand wraps around the handle when -- CRACK. Matt's stepped on a dried-out bone.

Babi looks to Matt's general direction and smiles, it's almost as if she can see him.

BABI (CONT'D)
It's ok my little baa-baa, Thu'luum
protects his flock in the next
life.

Matt continues towards the door.

A board creaks underneath Matt's foot -- THUNK! A second knife pierces Matt's foot. He holds back a scream. Matt looks down to his foot, anguish in his eyes. It's stuck firmly in his foot, he's got to pull it out.

Matt reaches down and grabs the handle of the knife carefully. He breathes deep and pulls the knife free of his foot.

He swallows a scream and sinks to his knees in silence.

BABI (CONT'D)
Temper it... temper this part.

He looks at the knife in his hands, then up at Babi. His eyes light up in rage. He crawls painfully towards the door.

BABI (CONT'D)
I throw well yes? I learned this
skill in the Great War. Thul'uum
met me there, on the Eastern Front.
I felt all alone. Then, he was
everywhere.

Matt makes it to the door and reaches for the handle.

He hesitates and looks back at the old woman, she's turned around and looking in Matt's general direction.

He raises the knife in his hand and looks at it, then at Babi, then at the knife again. He slowly winds his arm backwards and takes aim: He's looking right at Babi.

He throws it OVER Babi and onto a pile of dried bones on the other side of the room.

Babi spins around with remarkable speed and lets loose a knife, it clatters against the concrete wall on the opposite side of the room and to the floor.

Matt sees his chance, his hand goes right to the door handle and he pulls it open quickly.

Jumping out into:

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Another hallway.

Matt yanks the door shut behind him as fast as he can.

One of Babi's knives sinks into the door, the blade makes it through the wood, the penetrating blade just inches from Matt's chest.

Matt steps backwards and falls against the wall behind him.

He looks down the hallway he's jumped into to find: Another pair of doors at the end.

He pushes off the wall and hobbles down the hallway.

Learning his lesson, Matt puts his ear to the door on the left -- Footsteps -- Walking towards him.

Matt shoots up and through the opposite door.

INT. SMOKEHOUSE - NIGHT

On one side of the room, dozens of meat hooks hold slabs of dry human flesh. Skins are laid out on large racks on the other side. Everything looks very industrial. Matt hears faint voices from a far corner, near the drying racks, but he can't see past the wall of skin and flesh. He drops flat on the ground.

He looks off to the corner, trying to identify the source of the talking: Two sets of legs, working at machines of some kind, chatting as they work.

Matt looks from their legs to his real target: The door leading out of the smokehouse -- A few feet away from the couple.

Matt crawls along the floor, underneath the skin racks and dripping meat hooks, heading for the exit.

As he approaches the door, he inevitably gets closer to the two people talking -- He is now close enough that he can see the corner they're in clearly: A TV is on in front of them showing some local programming. There's a wide glass table in front of the couch, with sewing materials and what look like patterns of inedible skins being stitched together in long pieces.

The pair looks around 14: a GIRL and BOY, both working their way at their own patchwork, sewing each piece together delicately.

Their conversation comes into earshot:

BOY

Would you pass me that, the two inch?

GIRL

(handing him some pieces of sewing materials)

The two inch.

BOY

What other segments?

GIRL

This segment, and that one.

BOY

Them both.

She fans out panels that she's referring to.

GIRL

About them both, yes, dumbo, them. Both of them, there.

BOY

Okay, so give me them. Both of them, then--

He takes them out of her hands. She steals them back from him, and they start playing over it.

The boy gets on top of her, they start breathing more heavily. He eventually stops and gets off.

He slowly goes down with his hand, and reaches into his pants. He pulls out a seemingly used condom. He was wearing it throughout. There is some semen inside.

The boy gets frustrated and hysterical. He starts waving around the condom from its tip, and spreads the semen on himself and the Girl. She starts to complain, and covers her face with her hands.

Seeing that they're distracted, Matt crawls to the exit. He opens it, and he goes through.

INT. HALLWAY

He enters into another hallway. There are two doors down the hallway across from each other.

Matt hobbles towards them, eventually limping over to the door on the right -- He puts his ear to it: The whistling of a cool night breeze.

Matt feels it on his skin as a gust of air escapes through the gaps between the doorframe and door.

MATT

Fresh air?

Matt stands back, crouches slightly and extends a hand out towards the doorknob. He pulls the door open, praying it to be an exit it when --

The bloodless face of the woman he saw die through the store window stands in the doorway, her face twisted in confusion, pain and horror.

ACT IV. THE PRAYER ROOM

GIRL

(An almost indecipherable,
blood-curdling screech)

HEEEEEEEEEEEELLLLPPPPPP MEEEEEEEEEEE!

Matt flies back against the door he chose not to open just moments ago.

He slides to the ground, and covers his face and chest with his arms, cowering -- waiting to die.

That's when he hears it, a sharp object, dragging along the floor. Slowly walking towards him.

It gets louder -- Closer -- It can't be more than a foot away now. Matt pulls his body in close...

Silence.

Matt lowers his arms, confused: The doorway is empty, the girl is gone, and so is the sound.

With nothing blocking his view, Matt can now make out the contents of the PRAYER ROOM: A large wooden slab raised to waist-height sits in the middle of the room. Matt, still sitting on the ground, can't see what lies on top.

A ladder leading up to the ceiling of the room stands behind the raised slab, and leads to an OPEN HATCH IN THE CEILING, an almost cartoonish-looking full moon illuminates the centre of the room in an eerie light.

A cool night breeze hits Matt's face and he closes his eyes -- Only to open them moments later, something sharp and delicate is poking at his jeans.

Matt pushes off the door and turns around to see what it is -- A sharp, claw-like object underneath the door is protruding out, searching for Matt.

MATT

Jesus!

Matt scrambles to his feet in a panic and bursts straight into:

INT. THE PRAYER ROOM - NIGHT

As soon as Matt's through the doorway he spins, closes, and locks the door behind him.

There's a thin layer of smooth stones covering the cement floor, he picks one up: Nothing special, just wet, smooth rocks.

Matt lets out a breath and turns to face the moonlit centre of the room, his feet pushing around the rocks as he does.

There, on the table: The woman from the storefront window, the same pale faced girl who'd stood in the doorway just moments ago. Only now she lays still, body expertly carved open, ribcages split apart and veering outwards, just like her arms -- She looks like a dead butterfly, stretched and pinned wings outward, like in a display case. Her organs gone, thick, overlapping rose vines having taken their place, a rose vine crown adorns the woman's head.

Matt tears his eyes from the girl and looks to the large concrete pedestal behind the wooden operation table -- On top lies an open book with strange, alien words and next to it, a chalice, full of a dark red liquid.

Behind the body and pedestal lies the ladder -- leading up to the open hatch.

Matt starts walking forwards when -- A door on the opposite side of the room flies open -- Leopold calmly steps into the room -- He's smiling.

MATT

Who the fuck are you people?

LEOPOLD

There was no water; times were hard. The neighbors were about to starve.

Leopold walks forward -- Matt takes a step backwards.

LEOPOLD (CONT'D)

Peter's icebox brimmed with food.
But would they find eating ankles
rude?

MATT

What?

LEOPOLD

He seasoned each with special
flair, and cooked them up, medium
rare.

Matt runs to a nearby corner of the room, doing his best to hide in the shadows. Leopold walks past the ladder, by the chalice and the operating table -- Tracing a finger along the forehead of the woman's corpse.

LEOPOLD (CONT'D)

And those who once thought killing
hellish. Now ate marrowed bones
with relish

Leopold then stops and kneels down to pick up a blood-soaked rock. He picks one up and rises to his feet -- Fingers gently caressing the still wet stone.

LEOPOLD (CONT'D)

(Eyes locked on the stone
in his hands)

These are all we have left of home...
But it's enough.

(MORE)

LEOPOLD (CONT'D)
You can still feel the cold air
from the stones, the smell of moss,
the rain. Enough to still hear him,
to feel him close.

Leopold licks the rock before dropping it to the floor.

LEOPOLD (CONT'D)
Hopefully you've seen enough little
lamb.

Leopold looks up, back at Matt.

LEOPOLD (CONT'D)
You don't have to be afraid
anymore. We heard you, talking
loudly into your phone every time
you come here. Do you want to know
why I think you do this? You want
to be seen. You realized that phone
was only a fetish. That when you
lost your mother, when no one came
to comfort you, that you were
alone.

MATT
So you comfort me? Because I
couldn't off myself, you're going
to what, help me along?

LEOPOLD
Everyone dies alone. And most, like
your mother and mine, senselessly.
I was younger than you when I lost
her, but old enough to remember her
face. I remember the empty rage,
begging, hopelessness. Then HE came
to me, to my family. After this,
you will never be alone again.

Leopold takes another step closer. Matt's hands search the
floor blindly for the largest rock he can find.

MATT
(looking at the book and
chalice)
Did he write that? Is that how you
speak to him?

LEOPOLD
HE is much like a black hole. Once
you feel his pull, you are trapped
in his gravity.

(MORE)

LEOPOLD (CONT'D)

The book brings our world and HIS
closer. It keeps Babi strong, you
have seen this.

Matt's eyes are fixated on the large man slowly walking
closer.

Leopold is now a foot or so away from Matt, he raises his
blade above his head, primed to swing when -- Matt hurls a
rock right at Leopold's head, hitting him just above the eye.

Leopold stumbles back in pain, temporarily blinded.

LEOPOLD (CONT'D)

AGH!

Matt jumps up to his feet but still does his best to stay
low. With one hand against the wall of the room as his
support, Matt hobbles past Leopold, staying as close to the
wall as possible.

Leopold blindly swings the knife in Matt's general direction,
missing him.

Once he gets around Leopold, Matt pushes off of the wall and
hobbles for the centre of the room, his bad foot half-
dragging along the floor, parting the smooth rocks beneath
his feet.

Leopold spins, fire in his eyes. A stream of blood now rolls
down his face from a cut just above his right eye.

He closes the distance between himself and Matt fast, with
his injury, Matt can't outrun Leopold let alone climb out in
time.

LEOPOLD (CONT'D)

Not fast enough my lamb.

Leopold is almost on him when Matt grabs at -- THE BOOK AND
CHALICE.

Matt lifts them off of the pedestal and turns to face
Leopold.

Leopold freezes.

MATT

Would Babi live through a spill on
your diary?

Matt swirls the cup, the liquid coming dangerously close to
spilling.

MATT (CONT'D)
My, that's a lot of --
(He glances down at the
crimson liquid)
Whatever the fuck this is...

Leopold relaxes slightly.

LEOPOLD
You die either way, boy. The only
choice is whether you join your
mother in the discard, or if you go
someplace better.

Matt looks to the ladder, Leopold follows his eyes.

LEOPOLD (CONT'D)
You cannot make it. It's time to
let go.

Matt's arms start to droop, he realises Leopold is right, he cannot run.

Leopold lowers the knife slightly, hands gesturing for Matt to put the objects down.

LEOPOLD (CONT'D)
It won't hurt, this I promise.

Leopold takes another step closer, he is less than a foot away from Matt when --

Matt flings the crimson liquid into Leopold's eyes, Leopold begins to scream in pain.

Leopold drops the knife instinctively, hands going to clear his eyes.

Matt pounces, dropping the book and grabs the knife off the floor.

Leopold manages to wipe his eyes clear of most of the liquid just as --

LEOPOLD (CONT'D)
(Breathless)
Ahhhhh!!

Matt sinks the knife into Leopold's lungs.

Leopold looks down at the knife incredulously, then to Matt, who looks equally disgusted and determined.

Matt pulls out the knife, Leopold stumbles back a step.

Matt launches himself onto Leopold, tackling the big man to the floor and continues stabbing off camera.

We catch Leopold's twitching feet as Matt continues to stab him. Little rivers of blood flow past Leopold's feet.

EXT. LAUNDROMAT ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Matt climbs the last step of the ladder and hoists himself up onto the roof with the last of his strength, he's got blood all over him and his now tarnished, white coat. He rolls away from the ceiling hatch and onto his back. He catches his breath between crying fits.

He breathes deep, swallows his tears and eventually gets up.

He heads over to the side of the building facing the parking lot. He reaches the edge of the roof and checks to see if he can get down -- He eyes a ledge halfway down the front wall of the laundromat's neighbouring establishment.

Matt climbs down carefully -- Lowering his good leg down onto the ledge and using it, hops down the last few feet to the ground.

It's a rough landing. Matt groans in pain.

He rises to his feet, slowly straightening up and zombie-walking forwards -- Matt's exhausted.

He looks for signs of life.

Matt spots a 24/7 convenience store a few hundred feet away, he just needs to cross by the front of the laundromat again to get there.

Matt tries to sneak a look into the laundromat but he's at an odd angle, he can't make out the whole interior, but as far as he can tell, no one's there.

He looks back at the convenience store and begins walking by the large laundromat windows.

As he hobbles by the laundromat entrance, he hazards a look -- A woman is staring at Matt. It feels oddly familiar.

The sound of something sharp scraping against the asphalt parking lot creeps into earshot -- Getting closer by the second, but Matt hardly seems to notice.

He takes a few hesitant steps towards the storefront window, his mouth agape, eyes wide -- She's wearing a white fur coat.

--END--