

THERE GOES THE SUN  
. . .AND I SAY. . .

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FADE IN:

INT. RESORT BATHROOM - DAY

JACK (36) shoulder length, blond hair, classic, steely blue eyes is staring at his handsome face, six inches from the vanity mirror.

His athletic, tan torso is towel wrapped; just out of the shower.

Jack begins addressing his face in the mirror.

JACK

Jack is nimble. Jack is slick.  
Jack is cool. Jack's not sick.  
. . . just another guy, ya know.  
So let it go. You stupid prick.

Jack looks down at the vanity surface. His hands are pressing down hard on either side of the sink; arms trembling.

There are a dozen vials; prescription drugs. They cover the surface of the vanity.

EXT. A SOUTH PACIFIC ISLAND RESORT - DAY

A dozen manufactured grass shacks surround a large beautifully sculptured swimming pool.

One very large "tropical" structure is centered behind the pool. Palm trees, exotic flowers and ferns highlight cement paths all throughout the resort.

The pool is surrounded with all the familiar but extravagant pool accessories: lounge chairs, tables, umbrellas.

The pool atmosphere is very social; busy, noisy. "Island Girl" waitresses are doing their best to keep up with the drink demands of their customers.

In the distance, behind the **Tiki Bar**, is an expansive beach and a rhythmically pounding blue surf.

The Tiki Bar is brimming with swim suited tourists; an upper crust millennial crowd.

EXT. TIKI BAR - DAY

JUNE (29) short, cute, brunette is seated at the bar. BRENDA (40) the bar tender, very attractive and "bar tender smart", serves June a brightly colored tropical drink; umbrella and all.

BRENDA

There ya go hun. One frozen  
strawberry daiquiri. The rum; all  
the way from the Caribbean. . .  
So you're waiting for your date?

June is looking into the distance towards the paths leading from the grass shacks.

JUNE

Yeah. Just met him yesterday but I  
think he's a keeper.

She looks back to Brenda. Brenda removes a ten from the pile of cash in front of June.

JUNE

Great looking and he isn't afraid  
to spend money. AND unbelievable  
blue eyes. I mean unbelievable!

June looks toward the shacks again.

BRENDA

Wait! Unbelievable blue eyes?

JUNE

Uh, yeah. Oh good, here he comes.

Brenda looks out in the same direction as June. Jack is in the distance, walking slowly towards the Tiki Bar.

BRENDA

Yup. I thought so. Mr. Jingles!

JUNE

Mr. Jingles?

BRENDA

Uh, June right? Be careful with  
that one. I'm gonna tell you about  
Mr. Jingles even if you don't wanna  
hear it. . . He visits the resort  
every couple of months. I remember  
his first visit . . .

SUPER: THREE YEARS EARLIER

EXT. TIKI BAR - NIGHT - FLASHBACK SEQUENCE

Jack is seated at the bar. Brenda is standing behind the bar leaning into Jack. It is an off season night. There are no other patrons at the bar.

Jack has his hand covering Brenda's hand on the bar. Brenda is mesmerized, lost in Jack's piercing blue-eyed stare.

JACK

Brenda, Brenda please surrender  
Be with me this night.  
Our fling, tonight,  
A sheer delight.  
For sure, a Never Ender.

Brenda finally regains her composure.

BRENDA

Okay, Jingle Man. Enough. So you  
make money with that crap?

JACK

Yeah, commercials and stuff.  
"Ultra white, ultra bright  
A smile they will remember . . ."  
And blah, blah, blah.

BRENDA

(not sure)  
Yeah, I think I remember that one.

JACK

You ready to pack it in?

BACK TO PRESENT:

EXT. TIKI BAR - DAY

The afternoon is fading and the bar is clearing. June places the remainder of her bar money into her bag and leaves a generous tip.

JUNE

(laughing)  
He hasn't "jingled" me yet; maybe  
tonight. We had a great time  
yesterday.

BRENDA

Well, his "Never Ender" ended pretty quick. One other thing, honey. He gets jealous easy; A temper.

JUNE

Really? Now that you mention it, he was a little upset when we met yesterday. I was having a drink with the guy who rents the beach stuff. . . Yeah? Whatever. Thanks.

June and Brenda fist bump. Brenda moves to the other side of the bar.

Jack arrives at the bar and plants a cheek kiss on June.

JACK

You ready? The cooler's in the jeep.

EXT. A SMALL SANDY BEACH - DAY

June and Jack are breathless, laughing; giddy as they team to spread a blanket out on the sand.

The steep dune, directly behind them, shows evidence of their troublesome descent.

This small sandy outcropping is isolated from the rest of the island.

The couple finally collapse and take their places on the blanket, facing the ocean.

Jack removes a bottle of Merlot and two wine glasses from a small cooler.

The wine is poured. A toast is made. A kiss is shared.

JACK

I am so relieved you understand about the "Brenda" incident.

JUNE

Oh, come on Jackie, we're bigger than that. Besides, you didn't give me much crap about that drink I had with William the surfer guy; did you?

A lost in space look from Jack.

June and Jack are perfectly alone. Heels dug in, toes, occasionally, sand wiggling, they push back and forth against each other; a playful romantic joust.

Suddenly, simultaneously, their attention is captured by the westerly, late afternoon aura before them.

They appear almost hypnotized; a hint of a smile on both their faces.

Their eyes anxiously, acknowledge that the show is about to begin.

The ocean is a giant sapphire. Rhythmic waves caress the glistening sand. Clouds cumulus-ly dot the navy blue sky.

But the sun, seconds away from piercing the horizon is, as expected, the show headliner.

The first ray cuts through the horizon and initiates an explosion of orange and red hues; a glorious epiphany illuminating the entire sky.

June's gaze is fixed on the scene; her mouth is slightly open in awe.

Jack, is now, staring, intently, at June.

All at once, his hands move to her throat.

Seconds later, he is straddling her body, trembling and squeezing the last breath of life from her body.

JACK

(psychopathically)

Jack and June went down the dune to  
watch the sunset's splendor but  
June is dead, a lifeless head, a  
scene she won't remember.

Just before losing consciousness, June reaches beneath the blanket and grabs a six inch stiletto.

She thrusts it upwards, piercing Jack's genitals. A second thrust is, dead center, through his heart.

Jack falls onto June.

She is finally able to push his body aside. Panting, June rises and stands over Jack's bloody, lifeless body.

The stiletto is poised for continued action.

## JUNE

So it's a fact, I went with Jack to  
watch the sunset's splendor;  
they'll find this prick without a  
dick, a heart quite nicely  
rendered.

FADE OUT.