

THE HELPER

By

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FADE IN

EXT. WASTELAND - TWILIGHT

JAY, A nondescript individual, early forties, medium height, makes his way through what seems to be a deserted wasteland. There's a glassy, unfocused look in his eyes.

He turns his collar up against a strong breeze that ruffles his hair.

A pale, raven haired WOMAN waits for him in the near distance.

She smiles as he draws near.

WOMAN

Hi.

Jay can only stare at her in wonder.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

So, where are you headed?

Jay glances behind him.

JAY

I ...

He looks back in front.

Finally, he shakes his head.

JAY (CONT'D)

I'm not sure. I can't remember.

WOMAN

That's okay.

She takes a couple of steps closer.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Why don't I help you? Let's go and get a drink somewhere. What do you say?

CUT TO:

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Jay and the pale Woman sit at a bar. It's just the two of them, no bartender, no customers. The place is quiet and serene.

Each has a half empty beer in front of them.

When they got there and how they got there are questions we can't answer.

WOMAN

So...

She lifts the glass to her lips and takes a drink.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Can I ask you a question?

JAY

Sure.

WOMAN

Do you regret what you did?

Jay is about to take a drink of his own beer but stops. He lays the glass down.

JAY

What do you mean?

WOMAN

Think Jay. What's the last thing you remember?

JAY

Seeing you.

WOMAN

Before that. Before you found yourself out in the wasteland.

He thinks for some moments, chewing a nail as he does.

Then realization dawns in his eyes.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

That's right.

She slides a bowl of nuts in front of him.

Instead of peanuts however, he's looking at an array of pills, sedatives and barbiturates.

(CONTINUED)

He picks one up, a capsule, turning it around in his fingers.

JAY
I remember.

He drops the capsule.

JAY (CONT'D)
What I did. Does that mean I'm....?

WOMAN
No, not yet.

He regards her closely.

JAY
Are you a dream?

WOMAN
I'm here to help you.

JAY
Help me? How?

WOMAN
You're at the ultimate crossroads.
I'm here to show you the paths.

She leans forward, laying a hand over his.

WOMAN (CONT'D)
If you wish, you can get up off
your stool right now, head out that
door. If you do, you'll wake up in
hospital with your stomach pumped
and tubes in your arm. It won't be
pretty, you'll be in a bad way. But
eventually you'll go back to your
regular life.

Distaste animates Jay's usually bland features.

JAY
Or?

WOMAN
Or, you can simply stay here with
me.

She glances out the window.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

We can drink, talk, even dance if
you like, that is until those stars
out there fade away. It will be
very gentle.

Jay looks out at the stars.

JAY

So beautiful.

He continues to stare for some moments. Finally, he turns
his attention back to his companion.

WOMAN

It's your choice, Jay. What would
you like to do?

He raises his glass to his lips.

JAY

Well ...

He finishes his drink.

JAY (CONT'D)

I think I'd like to get another
beer, if it's all the same to you.

FADE OUT