TRINKET

by

Ron Maede
INT. ASYLUM CELL - DAY

Bare little white room. An imposing steel door.

A girl in a straight jacket is laying on the floor.

She’s a dark-eyed blonde. Gaunt, pallid, and sweaty.

She has a bunch of tattoos and piercings but you can’t see most of them.

Her name is TRINKET (19).

And she’s royally pissed off.

An ugly metal speaker in the corner squawks. It’s DR.AGOONAH’s voice.

DR. AGOONAH (O.S.)
What are you doing, Trinket?

TRINKET
Escaping.

She strains against the jacket.

DR. AGOONAH (O.S.)
Oh, Trinket. I thought you liked it here.

TRINKET
That’s because you’re an idiot.

DR. AGOONAH (O.S.)
It’s not nice to call names.

TRINKET
It’s also not nice to pull people off the street and lock them up when they haven’t done anything.

DR. AGOONAH (O.S.)
That’s true. Except you did something. Can you tell me what you did?

TRINKET
Got caught.

DR. AGOONAH (O.S.)
Yes. But why?
TRINKET
Narcs. N.S.A. Chip implants. You name it.

DR. AGOONAH (O.S.)
I like you, Trinket. I really do. Do you know that?

TRINKET
Freak.

DR. AGOONAH (O.S.)
And because I like you...I want you to get better. I want to help you.

TRINKET
I have a better idea.

DR. AGOONAH (O.S.)
What’s that?

TRINKET
I’m going to find a way out of here.

DR. AGOONAH (O.S.)
There’s no way you can--

TRINKET
Shut up! I already figured it out! I knew there was a way, and I found it. Nobody ever found it before but I did it.

DR. AGOONAH (O.S.)
Okay.

TRINKET
All you ever want to talk about is the animals. And the parents. Why? Do you get off on it?

DR. AGOONAH (O.S.)
No. It makes me sad.

TRINKET
I need to get stronger. That’s the only way. People don’t get it. They think it’s tech devices, or clothes, or education. But it’s not. It’s strength.

DR. AGOONAH (O.S.)
Like working out?
TRINKET
As I said. You’re an idiot.

DR. AGOONAH (O.S.)
Trinket.

TRINKET
Mind strength. You have to be disciplined enough to face your doubts and fears. That’s the only way you can find ‘The Way’.

DR. AGOONAH (O.S.)
What is ‘The Way’?

TRINKET
The path is narrow. And few find it. I missed it myself the first few times.

DR. AGOONAH (O.S.)
I’d prefer if you confined your comments to reality.

TRINKET
Here’s your reality, asshole. When I get there, I’m going to go back in time. And then I’m going to find your father. And I’m going to cut his fucking nuts off.

Weird sounds start coming from the box like Agoonah put his hand over the microphone.

There’s a woman’s voice in the background but it’s garbled.
Trinket stares at it. Waiting.

DR. AGOONAH (O.S.)
Your session is over.

CLICK.

TRINKET
Back to work.

She closes her eyes.

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY
A sunny late-summer day.
Joggers, lawn sprinklers, and SUV’s full of soccer kids.
INT. LURVEY HOME, GARAGE

MARSHALL LURVEY (46) sitting on an old army cot shaking his cell phone.

            MARSHALL
Buffering? C’mon you piece of shit.

He’s a mess. The razor stubble, the flip-flops paired with the open bathrobe, and the coffee-stained T-shirt all indicate a man in decline.

Which is exactly what he is.

He looks up to see a Cadillac Escalade pull up the driveway.

His wife, VANESSA (43) milf, and her boy-toy LUKE (31) get out.

They start unloading grocery bags. Marshall gets up to help.

            VANESSA
Don’t worry about it.

Marshall reaches for a bag anyway.

            MARSHALL
It’s okay.

            VANESSA
No! We have it.

            MARSHALL
Fine.

Luke hefts a five-gallon water jug over his beefy shoulder.

            LUKE
How you doing, Marshall?

            MARSHALL
Yeah, real good Luke.

            LUKE
I’m putting this inside, babe.

He walks away with the water and 40 pounds of dog food under his arm.

            MARSHALL
I can’t believe you’re doing this.
VANESSA
Can’t believe what? That I’m living?

MARSHALL
Living with a guy right under my nose.

VANESSA
It wouldn’t be under your nose if you’d move out.

MARSHALL
It’s temporary.

VANESSA
Temporary is two weeks. This is like lymphoma.

MARSHALL
I’m working on my resume right now.

VANESSA
And another thing. I don’t want you dumping that disgusting pee jar on my lawn anymore.

MARSHALL
Why not?

VANESSA
It stinks. And the kids saw you.

MARSHALL
What am I supposed to do?

VANESSA
Use the gutter at the end of the driveway. But not where I’ll drive on it.

She carries some bags toward the door.

MARSHALL
Kirby pees on the lawn all the time.

VANESSA
Kirby didn’t get fired for sexual harassment.
MARCHALL
I told you, I accidentally walked into the wrong hotel room and fell asleep!

Luke trots back out.

LUKE
Everything okay, babe?

INT. OFFICE SUPPLY STORE - DAY

Marshall is working at one of the public computers.

His resume is on the screen. He used to be a "QUALITY CONTROL SUPERVISOR at TRUSK PHARMACEUTICALS".

He looks around.

Highlights his DATE OF BIRTH. Deletes the year, "1967". Retypes "1971".

Thinks. Shakes his head.

Deletes it again. Then types "1974".

A boisterous AMATEUR ROCK BAND barges into the quiet store.

All five of them are loud, and pierced, and skinny.

The leader, Denny (22), rings the service bell ten times.

Everybody laughs.

DENNY
C‘mon, lady. We don‘t have all day.

The counter clerk, Margarita (56) comes over.

Denny reads her name tag.

DENNY
Mar...ga...ree...tah? Are you fun at parties?

Everybody laughs. Margarita rolls her eyes.

MARGARITA
Can I help you?

DENNY
We’re here to pick up our flyers. ‘Satan’s Sandwich’. 
Marshall chuckles to himself.

One of the other band kids, BRIAN (24) takes out some drumsticks from his pocket.

He beats out a rhythm on the counter.

BRIAN
Satan’s fucking sandwich, man!
Alright!

Margarita hands them a box.

MARGARITA
Here you go.

Denny looks at the first one.

DENNY
No no no no! What’s this? This isn’t right.

BRIAN
What’s wrong with that, dude?

DENNY
The apostrophe! There’s no fucking apostrophe in ‘Satans Sandwich’, man! It’s just ‘s’ as in plural Satans.

BRIAN
No! The apostrophe is the shit.

Some of the band members nod agreement.

BRIAN
Like we’re owned by Satan. The apostrophe denotes ownership. Didn’t we talk about this already?

DENNY
You’re stoned dude. A bunch of full-on Satans is much cooler than being ‘owned’ by Satan. She’s gotta change it.

Marshall is now totally laughing to himself. Brian hears.

BRIAN
What do you know about it old man?

Marshall turns back to the screen.
One of the band chicks, NICOLE (20) pipes up.

NICOLE
I still think it should be ‘Snuff City’.

DENNY
‘Snuff City’ is by far the dumbest band name I’ve ever heard.

NICOLE
Fuck you, Denny. Just because your dad owns a sound board doesn’t mean you get to make all the decisions.

They start to file out.

Marshall turns back to his resume.

Brian taps the drumsticks on every surface he can reach on the way out. Including Marshall’s monitor.

Then Trinket walks up behind him. Leans in close.

TRINKET
That’ll never work.

MARSHALL
Mind your own business.

She’s dressed in leather and metal and ink.

She has facial piercings and her hair is loose. And she’s just about the sexiest thing in the fucking world.

TRINKET
Why can’t I make this my business? It’s a free country. Aren’t you free?

Marshall turns his chair to face her.

MARSHALL
Nobody is free.

TRINKET
Nobody tries. I’m free.

MARSHALL
You think you’re free because you have a bunch of earrings and your parents bought you that leather jacket?
She slaps him across the face. Hard. CRACK!

Margarita looks over.

TRINKET
Don’t ever mention my parents. Now write.

She spins his chair back to the keyboard.

TRINKET
Change your age back, dummy.

MARSHALL
Hey--

TRINKET
Do it.

And he does as instructed.

TRINKET
Now, for the last eighteen months you haven’t been ‘unemployed’. You left to start your own freelance consulting practice. Jesus! Everybody knows that.

MARSHALL
Who are you?

TRINKET
I’m Trinkel.

She leans in from behind and kisses him on the cheek.

TRINKET
Did I hurt you?

INT. DIVE BAR - DAY

Trinkel plays some all-girl punk band on the jukebox. Her hips keep rhythm as some drunks leer from the bar. Marshall is nursing a bourbon. Neat.

Trinkel sashays over.

TRINKET
Dance with me.
MARSHALL
Not really my kind of music.

TRINKET
Because you forgot how to feel.

MARSHALL
Are you going to hit me again?

TRINKET
Behave yourself.

She pulls him onto the dance floor.

MARSHALL
You sure know how to get what you want, don’t you?

TRINKET
I don’t have much time.

MARSHALL
Thanks for the drink.

TRINKET
You can have whatever you want.

She presses her body to him. Slow dancing. Total opposite of the beat.

TRINKET
Now just listen to the music. Rip out the clutter and just let the sound pour into you. Don’t use your ears. Use your heart. Even if you don’t like it. Watch where it goes inside of you.

Marshall closes his eyes.

Does his best to concentrate. Or understand.

Trinket tilts her head up. Pulls his face toward her.

Pause.

Kisses him. Lightly. Lovingly.

His shoulders slump as his resistance is destroyed.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

Deluxe multi-room suite. Amazing view of the twinkling city.
Trinket and Marshall make love like horny beavers.
It’s “R” not “X”. Get your mind out of the gutter.
Marshall awakes in the--

MORNING
Sprawled naked. Alone. Empty bottles on the floor.
A laser printer comes to life in the next room.
WHIRR, CLACK. WHIRR, CLACK.
It’s pumping out pages and pages of bizzaro technical drawings.
Marshall squints at the sunlight. Blistering hangover.
Looks around. Coughs.

MARSHALL
Hey?
No response.
An urgent knocking at the door. THUMPA! THUMPA! THUMPA!
Marshall pulls on some pants. Walks to the door.
He notices the papers on the printer as he passes.
THUMPA! THUMPA! THUMPA!
He opens the door. A large group of people stares at him.
An angry Chinese couple, MR. & MRS. LING (30’S) jabbers at each other and Marshall.
A bellboy and HOTEL MANAGER (55) stare in surprise.

HOTEL MANAGER
Occupied? Oh, Mister and Misses Ling, I am so sorry. There was obviously some confusion at the front desk. We’ll sort this out in a few minutes. Oscar, take Mister and Misses Ling’s luggage back downstairs--

MR. LING
No! No mistake. We pay. This our room! We not take other room!
He jabbers at his upset wife some more.

MR. LING
Move him! Not us!

HOTEL MANAGER
(to Marshall)
I’m sorry, sir. This is a most unusual situation. Were you checking out today per chance?

MARSHALL
Uh, yeah, yeah. I’m not sure what happened either. My, uh, my niece checked us in. Here, I can bug out in two seconds. No problem.

He closes the door on them. Tours the wrecked room.

Grabs his shoes and a shirt.

The printer has spit out about 20 pages by now.

MINUTES LATER

Fully dressed, he grabs a half-empty vodka bottle and exits.

HALLWAY

HOTEL MANAGER
If you wouldn’t mind, sir, meeting me downstairs so we can sort this out.

A couple of SECURITY GUARDS are walking down the hall.

MARSHALL
Sure, whatever.

The manager snaps his fingers at the security guards and points to Marshall. They follow him to the--

ELEVATOR

The linebacker-sized guards flank Marshall. He looks from side to side. Shakes his head.

Takes out the vodka bottle. Takes a long swig. Offers it to them.
MARSHALL
You guys want a hit?

BLACK GUARD
It’s ten o’clock in the morning, man!

MARSHALL
More for me.

Takes another swig.

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY
Marshall exits the building. Rubs his wrists.
Turns. Flips off the building.
Walks off.

EXT. LURVEY HOME - DAY
Marshall trudges up the driveway.
Looks around.
Walks to the lawn. Unzips. Pisses.
The garage door opens.

LUKE
Oh, totally not cool, dude.
Marshall turns to face him. Pees in his direction.

MARSHALL
Who fucking cares?
He tucks and zips.

LUKE
It really bothers Nessie, man. You
have to show her more respect.

MARSHALL
Here’s a news flash for you, dumb ass. I don’t give a shit.

Luke’s jocular attitude begins to fade.
LUKE
What did you call me?

MARSHALL
You want to talk respect? You fuck my wife? In my bed? In my house? Fuck you, you miserable piece of shit. And that cunt!

LUKE
Now we got a problem.


MARSHALL
You want to hit me, now?

LUKE
I can’t let you talk that way about Vanessa, man.

MARSHALL


Vanessa steps outside. Surprises them both.

VANESSA
Luke!


LUKE
We’re not done. You better take her advice and get packed. Got me?

MARSHALL
Hi, honey. I was just explaining to your boyfriend that I need to take a shower, okay?


VANESSA
We’re going out. You can use the kid’s bathroom. Stay out of the master.

MARSHALL
Thanks.
LUKE
(whispering)
We do it in there.

MARSHALL
Hope you rinse.

INT. LURVEY HOME - LATER

Marshall walks through the deserted house. Sticks his head into the kids’--

BATHROOM

Looks around. Leaves. Notices the doorway to the--

MASTER BEDROOM

Walks in. Huge room. Sitting area, plus a separate dressing area, and of course the king-sized bed.

Marshall creeps around like a foreigner. Walks into the--

MASTER BATHROOM

Also super-lux. Shower big enough for a football team.

LATER

Marshall is lathering up in the steam shower.

LATER

Shaves.

Coifs.

Sits on the toilet.

Goes to flush. Stops. Thinks. Decides to leave it unflushed.

MARSHALL

GARAGE - LATER

Sits on his army cot, looking at his iPhone. Types in ‘SATAN’S SANDWICH’.

    MARSHALL
    (reading)
    Cabaret Metro. Eleven o’clock?
    Jesus! What do these kids do? Sleep all day?

EXT. CABARET METRO - NIGHT

Long line of Goth kids waiting to get in.

Even in leather jacket and black pants, Marshall is horribly out of place.

He goes to the front of the line. Talks to the BLIND BOUNCER (60).

    MARSHALL
    Um, hey there. I’m not really here to see the show.

    BLIND BOUNCER
    Then you’re here to make trouble.

    MARSHALL
    No, no, really. I’m looking for a girl.

    BLIND BOUNCER
    Uh, huh. That’s trouble, like I said.

The bouncer is shaking hands with all the people in line.

    BLIND BOUNCER
    (shakes hands)
    Okay.
    (shakes again)
    You’re okay.

    MARSHALL
    Are you blind?

    BLIND BOUNCER
    Less than some.

    MARSHALL
    How do you check i.d.’s?
He holds his hand out.

BLIND BOUNCER
Take my hand.


BLIND BOUNCER
You’re forty-seven. You never done an honest days work in your life. And you’re desperate about something.

Some RANDOM HOTTIE in line overhears.

RANDOM HOTTIE
Desperate to get laid.

Her friends giggle.

Marshall gets embarrassed.

BLIND BOUNCER
Come on now. You know better than that. A desperate man is a man making trouble. You can’t come in. Don’t need no trouble.

MARSHALL
Maybe you could just tell her I’m here?

BLIND BOUNCER
Who you want to see?

MARSHALL
Trinket? She’s with the band.

BLIND BOUNCER
I don’t think so.

MARSHALL
Yeah, she is. I met her yesterday.

BLIND BOUNCER
Nobody named ‘Trinket’ in here. I would know.

MARSHALL
How would you know?

BLIND BOUNCER
You like this kind of music?
MARSHALL
Probably not.

BLIND BOUNCER
Then you in the wrong place. Right?

Marshall takes the hint. Cranes his neck into the doorway.

Skinny bodies and colored lights. But no Trinket.

He wanders around the corner to the--

EXT. BACK ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

The band, “Satan’s Sandwich”, is outside smoking by the rear entrance.

DENNY
So she’s all like, ‘We don’t count the door until Monday. You have to come back then’.

NICOLE
That’s fucking bullshit, man!

BRIAN
They’re ripping us off!

DENNY
What am I supposed to do? Drag her to the office and count it? Now?

BRIAN
We can’t let that coke-whore keep our money all weekend! How do we even know how much it is?

NICOLE
Did you see that fucking line out there?

Marshall walks up.

MARSHALL
Hey guys. I don’t mean to interrupt.

They face him in unison.

DENNY
Then don’t.
MARSHALL
I was wondering if I could talk to Trinket.

The band members all stare at each other.

NICOLE
That’s the guy from the store yesterday.

BRIAN
You’re following us?

MARSHALL
I ‘liked’ you on facebook.

DENNY
Yeah, we really don’t need you to do that.

MARSHALL
Sorry. Is she here?

DENNY
Is ‘who’ here?

MARSHALL
Trinket.

BRIAN
Trinket? She’s here and not here.

They laugh.

NICOLE
Trinket is not a girl. It’s a song we wrote.

DENNY
I wrote.

NICOLE
For fucks sake, Denny! Jesus. I get a writing credit on that. Don’t fucking tell me you don’t remember!

MARSHALL
A song?

DENNY
‘Lyrics by’. You get half credit on lyrics, that’s it.
NICOLE
Half credit! I totally wrote the entire thing in psych class. I still have it--

She whips out her phone. Holds it under Denny’s nose.

NICOLE
Check, cash, credit bitch!

MARSHALL
Look! There was a girl with you in the store yesterday. Her name was Trinket. We uh, we got to talking and uh--

The band stares in confusion.

MARSHALL
Can you just please bring her out?

They look at each other and shrug.

EXT. CITY STREET - LATER

Marshall walks alone as the sounds from the club fade away. He passes some kids DRUMMING on upturned water jugs and buckets.

They’re pretty good. They have quite a wacky rhythm going. Marshall takes a moment to focus on the pounding.

BOOM BADA, BOOM BADA, BOOM BADA.

Trinket appears next to him.

TRINKET
It’s cold.

She presses into him. Marshall puts an arm around her.

MARSHALL
Where--

TRINKET
Shhh. No questions, okay?

MARSHALL
No! Not okay. I got arrested. ‘Theft of Services’ they called it.
Trinket laughs.

TRINKET
You’re funny. Do you really care
about that right now?

He takes a quick mental inventory. Gets a surprised look.

MARSHALL
No.

TRINKET
You know why?

MARSHALL
Because you’re here?

TRINKET
No, dummy. Because you’re
outgrowing it.

He struggles to understand.

TRINKET
You’re becoming a man of power. A
man people respect.

MARSHALL
I doubt it.

TRINKET
Doubts have been your enemy your
entire life. I wish you could
figure out ‘why’. This’d be a lot
easier.

MARSHALL
I made a lot of mistakes.

TRINKET
Did you get those papers I sent?

Long pause. (We never really saw him touch them.)

MARSHALL
I have them.

TRINKET
Good boy.

MARSHALL
What was I supposed to do with
them?
I thought you might have figured it out.

I was in jail most of the morning.

Who wasn’t?

She laughs.

Okay, look. You’re going to take those documents to Duncan Sheehy.

Duncan Sheehy?

Ever heard of him?

No.

He’s a man of power, too. Don’t let him see your weaknesses. In fact, don’t say anything. Not a word.

Marshall is staking out Duncan Sheehy’s swanky hi-rise apartment building.

Soon his quarry emerges. Dressed in I-don’t-care-what-you-think-of-me hipster chic, DUNCAN SHEEHY (26) is the picture of youthful energy and success.

He wheels his ten-speed to the curb as Marshall approaches.

Mister Sheehy?

He turns. Sees Marshall holding out a sheaf of papers.

Business stays in the office, man.

Marshall shoves the papers into his hands anyway.
Duncan reluctantly takes them.
Casual and dismissive, he does a quick riffle.
But something catches his attention.
He slows down. Looks closer. Straightens his glasses.
Smiles and chuckles a little.

DUNCAN
Wow!

Marshall can’t believe it.

DUNCAN
Where did you get this?

No response.

DUNCAN
Did you write this?

No response.

DUNCAN
Does it work? I mean, I can see that it works. I’m just surprised nobody has thought of it yet.

No response.

DUNCAN
Did the Russians send you?

MARSHALL
What?

DUNCAN
The Russians. Are you working with the Russians?

No response.

DUNCAN
Why did you bring this to me?

Duncan laughs at his own joke.

DUNCAN
Like, who else would you bring them to? Right?

No response.
DUNCAN
What do you want for this?


MARSHALL
A job?

Duncan stares at him for a few seconds.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. MARSHALL’S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - MORNING

Sweet bachelor pad. Lots of space and light.

Great view.

The clock radio alarm is a woman’s electronic voice.

CLOCK RADIO
Good morning, Mister Lurvey. Time to get up.

The clock makes the sound of WIND CHIMES and OCEAN WAVES.

CLOCK RADIO
Time to get up, Mister Lurvey.

Marshall turns it off and burrows back under the covers. Smiles.

FRONT ROOM

Marshall is working out on the treadmill. He’s really hauling ass.

KITCHEN

The coffee maker comes on automatically.

BATHROOM - LATER

Coiffed and showered, Marshall checks his look.

He’s trying to copy Duncan’s hipster look. Not quite there. But it’s a lot better than before.
INT. REGENT CHEMICAL OFFICE - LATER
Cubicles, computers, and ringing phones.
Marshall nods at assorted “Good Mornings”, coming his way.
Glares into his--

OFFICE
Another amazing view of the skyline.
Big WORLD MAP on the wall. Little push pins all over it.
Marshall sits in his comfy executive chair and can’t resist a
little spin to face the window. Whee!
Turns back to his array of monitors and starts working.
A KNOCK at the door.
KIZARD GYÖNK (60’s) pokes his fat round head in.

            KIZARD
            Got a second, Marshall?

            MARSHALL
            Sure, Kiz. What’s up?

Kizard sits down. He’s carrying a skinny manila folder.
Alligator smile.

            KIZARD
            I was talking to Duncan this
morning and he wanted me to check
in on you.

Marshall is vaguely alarmed at this.

            MARSHALL
            Okay?

            KIZARD
            Happy here?

            MARSHALL
            Sure. It’s terrific. Everything’s
great.

            KIZARD
            Personal problems, maybe?
MARSHALL
Nothing out of the ordinary. We’re hashing out some divorce details.
That’s a bitch.

KIZARD
It’s just that--

Beat.

KIZARD
In terms of...production, we’re not seeing the kind of results we were hoping for at the outset.

MARSHALL
Meaning what?

KIZARD
Look, the project you brought us is going to be a blockbuster. It’s revolutionary, really.

He smiles.

MARSHALL
Damn right.

KIZARD
But the threshold of profitability is years off. And you’re not proving yourself to be effective in moving the timeline, so to speak.

MARSHALL
The stock added fifteen percent the day you announced it. And it’s up another fifteen percent in the last four months.

KIZARD
We---. That is, Duncan and I, thought it best if we transition your role to more of contingency partner. In the future, if you have additional industry insights that you’d like to make us aware of--

MARSHALL
You’re fucking me.

KIZARD
Excuse me?
MARSHALL
Are you hard of hearing you fat fuck?

KIZARD
It’s an upsetting subject, so I’ll let that go.

MARSHALL
Duncan’s not man enough to come down here himself?

KIZARD
Viewed from the proper perspective it is entirely likely that our new agreement may prove to be even more lucrative for you.

Kizard takes some papers out of the folder, and slides them across Marshall’s desk.

MARSHALL
Oh, I get it. Next time I’m beating off in the shower and I get a billion dollar idea I should bring it to you fucks? Is that your strategy?

KIZARD
Heidrick was in the meeting too.

MARSHALL
Must’ve been some party.

KIZARD
Did you present him with a compound that would mimic the formation of human skin?

MARSHALL
Yeah, for burn victims. And after surgery. Shooting victims. Military applications, it was--

KIZARD
He said it was poisonous.

MARSHALL
Bullshit.
KIZARD
Not only that, but he said the compound was so basic and well-known that any high school chemistry student could tell immediately what it was.

MARSHALL
No way.

Marshall swings to his monitor and taps out a few keys.
Looks at a chemical drawing for a few seconds.

MARSHALL
Shit.

His shoulders slump. His bravado evaporates.

KIZARD
Now we have a very fair separation agreement which reflects both your relatively short tenure--

EXT. REGENT CHEMICAL - LATER
Marshall pushes through the doors onto the street.
Looks up at the shimmering tower. Flips off the building.
His cellphone RINGS. He whips it out.
Looks at the i.d.

MARSHALL
Shit.

Answers.

MARSHALL
Yeah, Kyle?

KYLE CANT is Marshall’s divorce attorney. Young (26), and top-of-his-class expensive.

KYLE
Dude! You forget me? We got depos in here that started fifteen minutes ago!
MARSHALL
I totally forgot. Can you keep them happy for twenty minutes? I’ll be right there.

KYLE
Nobody can make that bitch happy.

He laughs at his own joke.

MARSHALL
Yeah. I’ll be right there.

KYLE
Five hundy an hour, man. Take your time.

CLICK.

INT. KYLE CANT’S LAW OFFICE – LATER
Tastefully appointed meeting room. Long table dominates.
She is WREN GIBSON (40’s). Starvation skinny and dressed in black, she is a battle-axe-hag.
She’s showing Vanessa where her new SHARK TATOO will be.

WREN
See, I thought right here or--

She holds a by-hand drawing over her hip bone.

WREN
Maybe like this. But which way should he be swimming?

VANESSA
That looks great. Very...um--

LUKE
Sexy.

Vanessa shoots him a look.

VANESSA
I’ve been thinking about getting something like that.
WREN
This is a time for you to make a
clean break. Be your own person.
Discover yourself. You’ll find--

Marshall barges in. He’s all sweaty, like he jogged over.

KYLE
There he is!

MARSHALL
Sorry I’m late.

WREN
Mister Cant, I want you to be aware
that you’ll be receiving an invoice
from my office for the--

Checks the time on her droid.

WREN
--Thirty-eight minutes we’ve wasted
waiting for your client to arrive.

KYLE
We’ll look forward to that, Wren.

MARSHALL
Ugh.

Kyle tries to quiet him with a little ‘stop’ hand.

KYLE
Okay. Based on our previous
discussions, I’ve drawn up this
preliminary agreement. Basically,
you get the house and the car. We
split the 401-K, and share the
kids. Is that about right?

WREN
We want to amend the agreement to
include spousal support.

MARSHALL
Alimony? Are you fucking kidding
me?

WREN
Mister Cant, I’ll ask you again to
please moderate your client’s
language. Professional discourse
will benefit everyone. Don’t you
agree?
MARSHALL
That bitch made me live in the fucking garage for six months.

Luke snorts a laugh.

KYLE
Easy there, big guy. Let’s just hear what they have to say.

WREN
As the aggrieved party we feel a modest sum is both warranted and expected.

MARSHALL
‘Aggrieved.’ Aggrieved? You’re the aggrieved party? I peed in a mayonaise jar while she fucked her boyfriend in my bed. And she’s aggrieved? No. No way.

VANESSA
You have a job now and you can well-afford to compensate me for all the years--

MARSHALL
Oh, my job, is it? I got a little surprise for you on that front, honey.

He points his chin at Luke.

MARSHALL
You too, dumb ass.

Luke turns to Vanessa.

LUKE
I told you I’m not taking it anymore.

MARSHALL
What are you even doing here? How does this possibly concern you?

LUKE
I’m here to support Nessie. In any way I can.

VANESSA
Don’t call me that here.
KYLE
See? This is how these meetings get
out of hand.

WREN
We’re leaving.

She gathers some documents.

KYLE
Hold on just a sec. Marshall why
don’t you and I huddle up for a
minute?

INT. KYLE’S PRIVATE OFFICE

Diplomas, books, and a Segway. A Segway? Yes, a Segway.

KYLE
Whew! You’re like a M.M.A. fighter
in there. Do I have to get you a
rub down?

MARSHALL
Sorry.

KYLE
There’s no possible scenario where
this goes good for you if you can’t
keep it together.

Marshall casually glances at a photo on Kyle’s desk.

It shows: KYLE AND HIS GIRLFRIEND SMILING IN FRONT A SKI
LODGE.

Marshall does a double take. The girlfriend is Trinket!

He forces a couple of blinks.

Then the girl in the photo changes into a comely brunette.

Marshall huffs a breath.

KYLE
You okay? You’re not stroking out
are you?

MARSHALL
I got to go.
KYLE
Right. Let me work them over by myself. I’ll get you a good deal. Don’t worry.

Marshall starts walking out.

KYLE
You got a check for me today?


MARSHALL
I don’t have my checkbook. I’ll bring it by tomorrow. Okay?

KYLE
How about later today?

Marshall just keeps walking.

MARSHALL
If that works better for you...

EXT. KYLE CANT’S LAW OFFICE

Marshall exits. Flips off the building. Busy city street. Cabs. Busses. Rushed pedestrians. Across the street a group of protesters is marching in a circle in front of a fast food restaurant. They have signs that read, “FAIR PAY NOW, ON STRIKE, & JUSTICE FOR ALL,” etc. A PROTESTER (55) is barking slogans into a megaphone.

PROTESTER
What do we want?

ASSEMBLED
Justice!

PROTESTER
When do we want it?

ASSEMBLED
Before the lunch rush!

Marshall watches them briefly.
Wait! Was one of the marchers Trinket?

Looks again. No. Not there.

He starts walking away. Shoulders slumped. Becoming the old Marshall again.

Then the protesters change the chant.

ASSSEMBLED
Justice now! Justice now!

And somebody bangs a DRUM to the cadence. BOOM, BOOM, BOOM.

Marshall whirls!

There she is! Trinket is by his side.

TRINKET
How’s it going there, old pal of mine?

MARSHALL
What’s happening to me?

Trinket pulls his arm. Stops his walk.

Pulls him in.

TRINKET
Oh, baby. I know it hurts. It hurts bad.

MARSHALL
Are you doing this to me?

TRINKET
No, no, no, no. I’m not here to hurt you. I’m here to help. Make you strong.

MARSHALL
I’m so... What am I going to do?

TRINKET
Don’t worry, baby. I’m going to take care of you. Trinket is going to take care of everything.
INT. MARSHALL’S APARTMENT, FRONT ROOM - DAY

Trinket and Marshall are sitting on a leather couch. A glass coffee table is littered with the detritus of fast food burgers and a twelve-pack of beer.

MARSHALL
What I really need is a big idea. Something that will really blow them away!

TRINKET
Uh huh.

MARSHALL
Have anything like that?

TRINKET
Do you?

MARSHALL
Come on.

TRINKET
Are you sure?

She slides a leg across his lap. Straddles him. Grinds.

TRINKET
Maybe you just can’t focus properly.

MARSHALL
I’m focussed now.

Marshall puts his hands on her hips. Tries to kiss her.

TRINKET
Don’t touch me.

She pushes him back.

Marshall is disappointed. Confused.

TRINKET
Do you think I gave you that last idea?

MARSHALL
Didn’t you?

TRINKET
It didn’t seem familiar to you at all?
Like maybe something you saw in a
dream or thought about when you
were in school?

MARSHALL
Maybe a little.

TRINKET
It’s inside you. Magic. And power.
And foresight. And innovation.

MARSHALL
What is? Insurance ads?

TRINKET
No jokes!

She reaches back to slap him again.

He catches her arm on the down swing. Full stop!

MARSHALL
Don’t. Hit me. Anymore.

Trinket smiles. Likes his resolve.

TRINKET
All the ideas you need are already
inside you. But they’re blocked. By
doubt. And fear.

Marshall struggles to understand.

MARSHALL
How do you get rid of fear?

TRINKET
You don’t. Fear is confronted.
Controlled. Made impotent.

MARSHALL
What am I afraid of?

She leans into him. Whispers in his ear.

TRINKET
Blood.

MARSHALL
What blood? Mine?

She giggles.
TRINKET
No.

MARSHALL
Yours?

TRINKET
I would kill you first.

He grabs her shoulders. Throws her off.
Pins her down in the corner of the couch.

MARSHALL
Oh, yeah?

TRINKET
Don’t stop there.

He gets off her. Paces the room.

MARSHALL
You’re a trip. You know that?

Yes.

MARSHALL
Blood? Give me a fucking break. Did my wife send you or something?

TRINKET
You want me to leave?

MARSHALL
God, no.

TRINKET
You want me to help you?

MARSHALL
You have to.

TRINKET
Don’t tell me what I ‘have’ to do.
I can do whatever I want.

MARSHALL
I meant ‘please’.

TRINKET
Your clarity of thinking is being interrupted.
MARSHALL
Okay.

TRINKET
The interruption can be described in one word.

MARSHALL
We’re not exchanging vows here. Just say it.

TRINKET
Cuckold.

Marshall’s shoulders slump. He shakes his head.

TRINKET
Humiliation is a powerful, destructive emotion. And you were humiliated. By a man. A man sleeping with your wife.

She gets up. Confronts him.

TRINKET
He stole your manhood. You have the right to get it back.

MARSHALL
But I didn’t care.

TRINKET
Correction. You convinced yourself not to care. Out of fear.

MARSHALL
How do I get it back?

TRINKET
Only one way.

MARSHALL
This is the ‘blood’ part you were talking about?

She nods innocently.

MARSHALL
Oh, yeah. And so what? I’m going to, like, beat him up?

Trinket looks down. Slowly shakes her head.
TRINKET

Worse.

MARSHALL

Kill him? Is that seriously your suggestion here you crazy bitch?

TRINKET

A man. A fearless man. A man of power. He would have done it a long time ago. Can’t you see?

MARSHALL

This isn’t ancient Rome!

TRINKET

That’s the lie they made you believe.

Marshall looks out the window. Gulps air.

TRINKET

Can’t you feel the indecision inside yourself? Feel your guts shaking? That’s your soul. It knows what you have to do.

MARSHALL

You expect me to just go get a gun and shoot the guy?

She giggles again.

TRINKET

No.

She reaches inside her leather jacket. From an inner pocket she pulls out a SMALL AXE.

One side is like the claw of a hammer, and the other is an axe head. It’s cool, and sleek, and threatening all at the same time.

MARSHALL

You just happen to have that handy, huh?

She hands it to him. He feels the heft, the balance.

Takes a few swings. Looks at her...
MARSHALL’S BEDROOM - LATER

Marshall is roughly railing Trinket and she’s taking it like a champ! Feet flying.

    TRINKET
    Fuck me like you hate me!

The axe head is buried in the wall above the bed.

EXT. LURVEY HOME, FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT

Luke is watching a basketball game. He looks ridiculous in his bathrobe and unlaced cross-training shoes.

Kirby-the-dog dozes nearby.

Luke downs the foamy dregs of a beer. BELCHES.

Kirby looks up.

    LUKE
    Sorry, dude.

Luke gets up and walks to the--

KITCHEN

Opens the fridge. Grabs another beer.

Picks up his cell phone. Thumbs a quick text.

Puts it down.

Opens the bottle. Drinks.

His phone makes a TINKLE sound. He reads a text.

    LUKE
    Hmmm? Good news Kirb-oh. Just you and me for another hour. What do you feel like?

He grabs a doggie treat and tosses it to the dog in the next room. It lands right next to Kirby.

    LUKE
    He scores!

Kirby starts munching.
LUKE
Maybe a little treat for me, too.

He unplugs his laptop from the kitchen charger. Walks into the

MASTER BEDROOM
Lays the computer on the bed.
He disappears into the bathroom.
Quickly emerges with a box of tissues and skin lotion.
Slings off the robe. Keeps the tighty-whities on for now.
Fluffs some pillows. Lays down.
Pulls the laptop closer. Clicks a few keys.
It starts making PORN SOUNDS. Luke settles in.

LUKE
Oh, you nasty little bitch. You like it rough, don’t you? Hmmm? You like getting bent over the couch, huh? Mmmmm. Me too. Me and my friend can both do you can’t we, you fucking whore.

Marshall is hiding behind the curtains.
Watching.
He’s breathing hard. But trying to keep quiet.
His gloved hand squeezes the axe handle.
Luke squirts some lotion into is palm.
Clicks the computer with his other hand.

LUKE
A vibrator in your ass? We can do that. I know you like it--

Marshall leaps out! Axe raised high!
Rolls across the bed. Computer and tissues scatter.
Hits his shoulder. Close to his neck.
The axe head slices deep. Gets stuck!
Luke is jerked back by the force. Screams in pain.
He rolls back, and kicks his leg at Marshall’s gut.
WHOOMPH!
Marshall doubles over. Lets go of the handle.
The axe is still embedded in Luke’s flesh. He stares in shock.

LUKE
Whatthefuckwhatthefuckwhatthefuck!

He crawls off the bed. Staggers to the door.
Luke whirls.

LUKE
What’s your problem, dude?

He tries to kick him again. Marshall dodges.
Luke reaches for the axe head and tries to pull.
Agonizing scream!
It comes out. Dripping blood.
Marshall and Luke both stare at it.
Luke blinks. Tries to focus. The blood loss is showing.
Drops the axe. Covers the wound with his other hand.

LUKE
Fucking dick. You’re dead.

Luke backs out of the room. Staggers down the--

HALLWAY
Kirby is standing there looking confused.
Marshall picks up the axe. Follows.
MARSHALL
Hey, Kirby. How you doing boy?

Kirby whimpers. Barks.

Luke disappears around the corner to the kitchen.

Returns with a butcher knife.


It’s hard because he keeps one hand clamped over his wound.

Marshall retreats backwards into the--

MASTER BEDROOM

He parries Luke’s multiple thrusts.


Marshall swings the axe upwards.

Kill shot! Right in the face.

Luke’s computer is still whispering PORN SOUNDS.

PORNO BABE (O.S.)
Oh, yeah! Oh, yeah! Do it to me! I want you now!


Marshall is breathing hard. Stares down.

Talks to Kirby in the doorway.

MARSHALL
That was easier than I thought. How you doing? You alright, boy?


MARSHALL
Now, don’t eat his brains, okay? You’ll be a zombie dog. And who wants that?

INT. GAS STATION, BATHROOM - NIGHT

Marshall is naked. He’s washing himself from the sink.
Scrubs himself thoroughly with wet paper towels.
Pulls on a pair of sweat pants.
Zips up a hoodie.
Stuffs his other clothes in a black plastic bag.

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT
Tosses the bag in the dumpster.

EXT. BRIDGE - NIGHT
A long moonlit bridge over a slow moving river.
Marshall stands at the railing.
He looks both ways for approaching cars.
Drops the axe over the side. SPLASH.

INT. MARSHALL’S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT
Looks around. Notices an ENVELOPE on the table.
‘MARSHALL’ is written in girlish scrawl. He tears it open.
Reads.

    MARSHALL
    Mother fucker!

He drops the note on the table. It reads, “SHOULD PROBABLY DO
THE WIFE, TOO. TALK SOON. LOVE T.”

There’s a pounding KNOCK KNOCK on the door.
The cops.

    COP VOICE (O.S.)
    Mister Lurvey? Mister Lurvey?
    Police, sir. Are you in there?

Marshall is surprised. Apprehensive.
Gulps some air. Tries to calm down.
MARSHALL
Yeah! Yeah! Just a second.

Looks around. Opens the door a crack.

The two cops are a dyke white woman, FAYE THORPE (56), and a nerdy black dude, DESHAWN SAMPSON (28).

FAYE
Mister Lurvey? Are you Marshall Lurvey, sir?

MARSHALL
Uh, yes. Is there a problem?

DESHAWN
Is there a problem? Is there a problem, Mister Lurvey? Yes. There is a very big problem.

MARSHALL
I’ve been here all night. I didn’t know anything.

FAYE
What didn’t you know?

Marshall struggles to answer.

MARSHALL
Uh. I. Uh. I don’t know.

DESHAWN
You don’t know what you don’t know?

FAYE
Can we come in Mister Lurvey?

MARSHALL
What’s this all about?

DESHAWN
Could we talk inside? The neighbors. You know.

MARSHALL
Uh, sure. Why not?

Marshall backs up. Let’s them in.

They split up and take a quick look around.
FAYE
There was a murder tonight, Mister Lurvey. At your wife’s house.

MARSHALL
My God! Is everybody alright?

DeShawn snorts a laugh. Faye smiles.

FAYE
You do understand the definition of murder, right?

DESHAWN
Not alright. Not alright by a mile.

MARSHALL
What happened? Uh, I mean, who--

FAYE
Luke Stoic?
(to Deshawn)
What was it?

DESHAWN
Stowvich.

FAYE
What is that? Is that Russian?

DESHAWN
Lithuanian.

FAYE
Luke Stowvich. Do you know him?

MARSHALL
Yeah. He’s a friend of my wife’s.

FAYE
Your wife’s boyfriend?

MARSHALL
I guess.

FAYE
And when was the last time you saw him?

MARSHALL
Couple of days ago. I have visitation.
FAYE
And did you speak to Mister Stowvich at that time?

MARSHALL
Not really. What happened to him?

DESHAWN
Careful what you ask, Mister Lurvey.

Marshall notices he left Trinket’s note on the table!

Starts trying to edge toward it.

Sits on the couch. The cops share a look.

MARSHALL
This is quite a shock! Vanessa must be...umm. Upset.

DESHAWN
Yes, sir. She was emotional.

Marshall reaches for the envelope and note. Starts folding.

Tries to act nonchalant about it.

MARSHALL
I always liked that guy. You know? He was always pretty cool with me.

FAYE
It didn’t bother you that he was sleeping with your wife?

MARSHALL
Oh? Uh...a little, I guess. I mean, what are you going to do, right?

DESHAWN
While you lived in the garage?

MARSHALL
Oh, that was...just temporary.

Faye points to the envelope.

FAYE
What’s that you’ve got there.

MARSHALL
This? Nothing. Just tidying up, you know.
DESHAWN
Strange time for house cleaning.

MARSHALL
I’m just a little nervous is all.

FAYE
Why so nervous?

MARSHALL
Okay, look! I think I got your whole little cat and mouse routine going on here! I don’t know what happened to the fucking guy. I can just imagine what kind of bullshit my bitch wife fed you, but none of it is true, okay? Now, I’ve answered just about all the questions I’m going to for right now! So if you have any evidence you can just go ahead and arrest me. Otherwise, you need to get the fuck out.

Faye and DeShawn share a look.

MARSHALL’S APARTMENT - LATER

Marshall is on his cell phone with Kyle-the-lawyer.

MARSHALL
Yeah. They just left. I thought I should call you in case they come back.

KYLE (O.S.)
You owe me twelve-thousand dollars and your check bounced. I hope they give you ‘the chair’ you prick.

CLICK. He stares at his phone.

LATER

He walks to his bedroom.

Starts undressing.

Finds the note from Trinket in his pocket. Reads it again.
MARSHALL
Yeah, right. You crazy little bitch.

He tears the note into confetti.

BATHROOM
He scatters the bits in the toilet and flushes.

LATER
He lathers up in the shower. Tending to lingering evidence.

LATER
Towels off in front of the mirror.
Taps the small radio on the counter.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
--You’re listening to NPR’s account of the life of Odawale Svenjuni who escaped his native war-torn Guinea Bissau to become a hip hop sensation in the clubs of South London.

The radio starts playing pre-recorded tape of AFRICAN DRUM-HEAVY TECHNO beats.

Spastically smashes buttons until it goes off.
Nothing.
Smiles at his paranoia.

BEDROOM - LATER
He walks out of the bathroom. Same shitty bathrobe we first saw him in.

Looks out the window. The streets are quiet. Deserted.
Then a sleek low-rider glides up the block.
THUMPING BASS BEATS come from the car.

Marshall slams the window. Yanks the curtains.

Turns.

Trinket is standing there.

    MARSHALL
    About time.

    TRINKET
    You’re making this very hard on me.

    MARSHALL
    I’m done with you.

Trinket snorts a laugh.

    TRINKET
    You threw away my note?

    MARSHALL
    What do you care?

    TRINKET
    I don’t like her.

    MARSHALL
    You don’t even--

    TRINKET
    I know what she did to you.

    MARSHALL
    I’m fine.

    TRINKET
    You disobeyed me. Again. When you disobey you make my life more difficult. Understand?

    MARSHALL
    Hey! Look, I uh--. I (whispers) --killed that guy!

    TRINKET
    Oh, baby. I know you did. I was so proud of you. I never left your side.

She lays on the bed. Props her head on an elbow.
MARSHALL
No! No more. I’m not doing this.
We’re done. I want you to leave.

TRINKET
Tell me how it felt. Did you feel
him die? People say sometimes they
can feel the soul escaping.


MARSHALL
I liked it.

Trinket laughs.

TRINKET
I have a surprise for you. People
don’t like to hear it. Doctors
won’t admit it. But, everybody
likes it. Humans are bred for
killing.

MARSHALL
C’mon.

TRINKET
I like it, too.

MARSHALL
I don’t care what you do to me. I’m
not doing that again.

TRINKET
You’ll do what you’re told.

She raises a knee. Rubs her inner thigh.

TRINKET
Want to see something?

She sits up. Leans against the headboard.

Takes out her iPhone. Taps a few keys. Holds it out to him.

It plays a video.

INSERT VIDEO

Crappy video quality. But the image is unmistakable.

It shows Marshall on the bridge earlier tossing the axe.
What is this?

You want me to send it to the cops?

She starts clicking with purpose.

Who are you?

I’m Trinket, silly.

She keeps clicking.

What do you want from me?

She finally stops. Looks at him.

You can start by obeying instructions.

I, ah, I did everything. I thought.

Do you have any idea how hard it is for me to get here?

No.

You wouldn’t believe it.

Like traffic? Where do you live?

She laughs.

‘Where do you live?’

He laughs at the stupidity of his own question.

Stupid question, right? I looked you up online! Know what I found? Nothing!
TRINKET
Good.

MARSHALL
Nothing at all! No facebook. No twitter. No high school awards. Nothing!

TRINKET
Think I’m a ghost?

MARSHALL
I don’t know what you are. I don’t know what you’re making me. I can’t do anymore.

TRINKET
We have a long way to go. And not much time.

MARSHALL
No more.

TRINKET
It’s your fault. If you had done what I told you. ‘A job.’ Who told you to say that?

MARSHALL
That was okay. I got a great job. A hundred a fifty grand a year!

TRINKET
You could have owned it!

MARSHALL
Owned what?

TRINKET
Regent Chemical. The entire corporation.

MARSHALL
Charge it on my cancelled Amex?

TRINKET
An idea like that? That makes that much money? You work behind the scenes. You go to investors. You raise gobs of cash. You force the punk out in a proxy battle in front of the board. Bangity-boom. Next thing you know, you’re running the show. You’ve got ALL the money.
Marshall is stupefied. Sees the strategy clearly.

TRINKET
But no, not you. You’re too afraid to aim high. So what do you do? You grovel for some shit corporate gig that pays nothing. And what happened? They stole your idea and kicked you out. All because you can’t follow simple fucking instructions.

She begins jerking spasmodically!

She makes weird guttural choking sounds.

Clutches the covers.

TRINKET
They’re taking me back!

Marshall is terrified. Rushes to her.

Tries to soothe her, but she’s wild, feral.

TRINKET
Get off me!

MARSHALL
What’s wrong? Should I call a doctor?

TRINKET
No doctors!

She falls off the side of the bed.

TRINKET
Find Ida Woolskin. Ida Woolskin!

Marshall rushes to the

FRONT ROOM

Fumbles with his phone. Dials.

911 OPERATOR (O.S.)
Nine one one. What is the nature of your emergency?

He rushes back to the
BEDROOM
Toes the crumpled covers on the ground.
No Trinket.

MARSHALL
I’m sorry. I misdialed.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR
A long corridor of linoleum, fluorescent bulbs, and doorways
to God knows where.
A team of doctors and nurses in scrubs and masks is pushing
Trinket down the hall on a gurney. One of them is DR.
AGOONAH, (57) a caramel-colored Fijian.

NURSE
We’re losing her!

Trinket is pallid. Barely conscious. Her lips are blue.

TRINKET
Ida Woolskin.

DR. AGOONAH
What was that, Trinket?

NURSE
Stats are dropping!

DR. AGOONAH
Come on, honey. You’re not going to
die today. Come back now.

A portable monitor starts BEEPING.

NURSE
Flatline!

DR. AGOONAH
Too deep. Damn it!

They BANG through double doors into an

OPERATING ROOM
They work on her.
Blood pressure cuffs are squeezed tight.
Electrodes are attached to her skin.
Shock paddles are pressed to her chest.
Syringes are prepped.
Inserted.
Trinket sits up! Gasping like she’s been underwater.

TRINKET
You can’t keep me here!

The doctors and nurses breathe a sigh of relief.
Step back and stare.

TRINKET
I’m getting stronger every day.

DR. AGOONAH
We might not be able to save you next time.

TRINKET
Good.

DR. AGOONAH
Put her in a coma.

Trinket freaks out!
Starts kicking and lashing out at anybody close.
The orderlies move in to restrain her.

TRINKET
I’m not finished.

Then she passes out.

EXT. CITY STREET – DAY
Marshall is walking and checking addresses.
Stops in front of a tiny shop.
The window sign reads, “WOOLSKIN IMPORTS”.
Bunch of weird tribal shit on display. Sacks of tea, wood carvings of giraffes and gorillas, and (of course) a wide assortment of drums.
INT. WOOLSKIN IMPORTS

The bell TINKLES as Marshall enters.

A black woman, IDA WOOLSKIN (72), is behind the counter. Hefty and stern, she regards him suspiciously.

IDA WOOLSKIN
Help you?

Her accent is African, and Jamaican, and old-timey Southern, and New York all mashed together.

MARSHALL
Just looking.

IDA WOOLSKIN
If you’re looking for merchandise or for some kind of art to impress your black girlfriend, well, by all means keep looking.

Marshall stares at her.

IDA WOOLSKIN
But if you want information it’d be easier if you didn’t start off by lying to me.

MARSHALL
I’m looking for somebody.

IDA WOOLSKIN
Nobody here but me and Popcorn.

She indicates POPCORN her skeletal and ancient husband standing nearby (90’s at least).

Marshall nods.

MARSHALL
Afternoon.

Ida and Popcorn share a quick look of understanding.

IDA WOOLSKIN
You been getting visitors?

MARSHALL
I don’t know. Visitors?
IDA WOOLSKIN
Yeah. Folks coming 'round. Giving advice. Talking in your dreams, maybe?

MARSHALL
Uh, yeah. That's her. Do you know her?

IDA WOOLSKIN
Didn’t say I know them. I just know 'of' them.

MARSHALL
How do you know?

IDA WOOLSKIN
Just know.

MARSHALL
What is this crap? Huh?

POPCORN
Watch out, boy.

MARSHALL
You know but you don’t know. Half answers that just lead to more questions. You sound just like her!

IDA WOOLSKIN
How’d you find this place?

MARSHALL
She told me. Trinket told me.

IDA WOOLSKIN
Trinket?

MARSHALL
You know her? You know that name?

Popcorn shakes his head at Ida. (Don’t tell him.)

Ida hesitates.

IDA WOOLSKIN
I heard that name before. Traveling.

MARSHALL
Traveling? Where to?
IDA WOOLSKIN
Hard to say.

Marshall huffs a laugh.

MARSHALL
Course it is.

POPCORN
Mind you manners, son.

MARSHALL
I need to talk to her. She was, ahh, in trouble the last time I saw her.

IDA WOOLSKIN
You traveling, too?

MARSHALL
I don’t think so. Maybe. Who the fuck knows anymore?

Catches himself.

MARSHALL
Sorry. I don’t even know what that means.

IDA WOOLSKIN
Sometimes they come to you. If you’re too weak.

MARSHALL
That’s me.

Ida and Popcorn share a deep long laugh.

IDA WOOLSKIN
That’s everybody in the beginning, baby. I give you a tour if you want.

INT. WOOLSKIN IMPORTS, BACKROOM – LATER

Crammed little room stacked with tons of old books. You can smell the mustiness.

A hanging picture shows JESUS WITH LITTLE CHILDREN.

Ida is lighting a bunch of candles on a wall shelf above a small twin bed.
Marshall sits on the bed.


    POPCORN
    Drink this.

    MARSHALL
    What is it?

    POPCORN
    Help you relax.

    MARSHALL
    It’s not drugs, is it?

    IDA WOOLSKIN
    Little something to help you focus.

    MARSHALL
    Why?

    IDA WOOLSKIN
    Your whole head is full of ‘why’ isn’t it?

Marshall drinks.

Ida fluffs some pillows behind him.

    IDA WOOLSKIN
    You want to get naked?

    MARSHALL
    Serious?

    IDA WOOLSKIN
    Clothes anchor you. Imagine a bird trying to fly wearing a coat and shoes.

Marshall looks at the two of them standing side by side.

They smile in unison.

He shrugs and huffs a laugh. Past caring.

    MARSHALL
    Whatever.

He starts unbuttoning his shirt, then

Shucks off his pants, then
Bends at the waist a final time, then
Holds his arms out wide, Ta Da!

MARSHALL
Here I am.

IDA WOOLSKIN
Lie down.

MOMENTS LATER
Marshall is lying down. Eyes closed.
Popcorn has a large tribal drum between his knees.
Ida stands over the bed.
Popcorn strikes the drum. BOOM.
It’s a deep, resonating, vibrato. He hits it again. BOOM.

IDA WOOLSKIN
Listen to the drum.

BOOM, again.

IDA WOOLSKIN
Listen to the entire note. The vibration, the echo, the hollow emptiness when it stops.

BOOM.

IDA WOOLSKIN
Picture yourself standing on the edge of that sound.

BOOM.

IDA WOOLSKIN
The sound has light. And structure.

BOOM.

IDA WOOLSKIN
I comes up from deep. Deeper and darker than you’ve ever seen.

BOOM.
IDA WOOLSKIN

And when the sound comes, it pushes you up.

BOOM.

IDA WOOLSKIN

You ride the light. Your body can’t hold you. You weigh less than a single thought.

BOOM.

IDA WOOLSKIN

And you escape.

MARSHALL

Can’t breath.

IDA WOOLSKIN

Push him up, baby.

Popcorn picks up the pace. BOOM, BOOM, BOOM, BOOM.

EXT. OCEAN - DAY

Marshall is under water. Kicking hard for the surface.

His heartbeat takes over the rhythm. BA’DUBB, BA’DUBB.

The sun shimmers. Pointing the way.

He breaks the surface.

Gasping.

Fully clothed in a black suit, tie, and sunglasses he floats on his back for a moment.

Giddy, he laughs. And laughs. Swimming in circles.

Turns. Kicks for shore.

EXT. CRAGGY BEACH - CONTINUOUS

Hauls his soggy ass ashore.

Looks around.

Hikes up an embankment. Crests the top.

Finds himself on the edge of a--
EXT. MEADOW - DAY

In the distance, about fifty people are milling around an open-air tent attending a festival or celebration of some kind.

Kids scamper around. Adults laze with drinks and plates of food.

Everybody seems to be having a good time.

Marshall takes a few steps towards them.

As he gets closer it becomes apparent that everybody is wearing a distinct period costume. There are Roman togas, peasant tunics, renaissance gowns, colonial garb, and western wear.

A couple of kids are chasing each other and accidentally run up to him.

    MARSHALL
    Hey, guys.

They scream.

Everybody turns. The music stops.

The kids run off. He offers a weak wave.

A COWBOY (20’s) in chaps and a ten-gallon hat walks over.

    COWBOY
    I never thought you’d make it this far.

    MARSHALL
    I didn’t choose this.

And suddenly, Marshall is choking.

He falls to his knees, clutching his throat!

    COWBOY
    All the way back, now.

INT. WOOLSKIN IMPORTS, BACKROOM

The cops burst in, guns drawn, led by the homicide detectives Faye Thorpe and DeShawn Sampson.

    FAYE
    Everybody down!
DESHAWN
On the ground now!

Popcorn stops drumming.

He’s pushed out of his seat to the ground.

IDA WOOLSKIN
Don’t hurt my husband! He old!

The detectives stand over Marshall.

He’s convulsing, drooling and naked. Still in a half-hypnotic state.

FAYE
What the--

DESHAWN
(into the radio)
We’re secure. Send the ambulance.

EXT. WOOLSKIN IMPORTS - LATER

Marshall is being wheeled out on a gurney.

He’s awake, but woozy. Looks around vacantly.

The cops are reading him his rights.

DESHAWN
You’re under arrest for the murder of Luke Stowwich. You have the right to remain silent...

INT. POLICE STATION, INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

A uniformed cop ushers Marshall in. He is chained hand and foot, dressed in orange.

COP
Sit.

He sits at a tiny table.

The guard secures his chains to the floor.

COP
Your lawyer is here.

Marshall is surprised by this.
MARSHALL
What lawyer?

The cop ignores him. Exits.

Marshall sits alone for a moment, then the door opens again.

BELA DOBCHICK (40’s) enters. He is repulsive and monstrous. Tall, fat, bad skin, and overly long thinning hair.

He sits. Marshall recoils.

Bela clears his throat. Even his voice is gross.

BELA
I’m Bela Dobchick. I’ll be representing you at the arraignment.

MARSHALL
Public defender?

BELA
No.

MARSHALL
I ain’t got any money, pal. So...

BELA
My fee has been taken care of.

MARSHALL
By who?

BELA
Do you really want me to answer that here?

Marshall thinks.

MARSHALL
Uh, yeah. I think so.

BELA
Trinket.

MARSHALL
You know her?

BELA
Obviously.

MARSHALL
How--
BELA
We don’t have much time. Do you know what an arraignment hearing is?

MARSHALL
Not really.

BELA
They’re going to charge you. Murder one. Their case is weak. They have some fingerprints and a little blood. But that’s no big deal, you lived there for a long time, right?

MARSHALL
Yeah.

BELA
There’s no murder weapon, no eyewitnesses. A neighbor saw a man walking down the street, but that could be anybody.

MARSHALL
Okay.

BELA
Right now, they’re searching your apartment. Will they find anything?

MARSHALL
I don’t know.

BELA
‘No’ would be more convincing.

MARSHALL
No.

BELA
They’ll ask for no bail. I think we can get it down to fifty thousand. Can you raise that much?

Marshall laughs.

BELA
It’s only ten-percent of that. Five grand? Can you do that?

MARSHALL
I have some stock options, but it’ll wipe me out.
BELA
That’ll work.

MARSHALL
Where is she?

BELA
When Trinket told me about you I offered to kill you. But she said ‘no’. You should remember that when ask me questions.

INT. COURTROOM - LATER

A judge slams a gavel down. BANG!

EXT. COURTHOUSE STEPS - DAY

Marshall and Bela walk down the stairs. Free again!

MARSHALL
You’re fired.

BELA
I made a promise.

MARSHALL
I don’t care.

BELA
This is what she wanted.

MARSHALL
How does that concern me?

BELA
I volunteered, you know. She came to me first. I volunteered. But she said ‘no’. Kept saying it had to be you.

MARSHALL
You can have it, whatever it is.

Marshall starts walking away.

BELA
You’re a failure here and you’ll be a failure there.

BELA
That’s what I told her.

MARSHALL
There? That place? What is that place?

BELA
What difference does it make to you?

MARSHALL
I think I deserve to know. You know about it?

BELA
I know everything. I know enough to save her.

MARSHALL
She’s in trouble? Something’s wrong?

Bela laughs. Another disgusting sound he makes.

BELA
She visits you from the future? Gives you advice? Changes you. At great risk to herself, by the way.

Marshall is confused. Doesn’t understand.

BELA
You just think it’s because you’re special or something?

MARSHALL
The future? You’re as batshit as she is.

BELA
She’s in prison. They know how powerful she can be. They’ll never let her go.

MARSHALL
Later, nut bag.

Marshall starts walking away again.

Bela shouts after him.
BELA
She needs a strong man. A man powerful enough to save her. She thinks that’s you. We both know she was wrong, don’t we?

INT. MARSHALL’S APARTMENT, LOBBY - LATER
Marshall swipes his KEY CARD through the entry scanner.
It BEEPS. Doesn’t open.
Tries again. BEEP. Doesn’t open.
Frustrated, he pulls on the doors. No effect.
He starts banging on the glass.

MARSHALL
Hey! Hey, in there! Kaipo!

KAIPOO, the building Super is a tiny Hawaiian woman (30’s).

KAIPOO
Easy on the door, man!

Marshall waves his card at her.

MARSHALL
It’s not working. Can you let me in?

KAIPOO
Oh, sorry. They didn’t tell you?

MARSHALL
Look, I have i.d.. Can you just open the door for me?

KAIPOO
Not your place. A new tenant already moved in. The movers were here this morning. I thought you knew. They said you knew all about it.

MARSHALL
Open this fucking door right now.

KAIPOO
Easy bra. This isn’t my fault.
MARSHALL
This is one hundred percent illegal.

KAIPOO
Don’t live here, bra. Stuff’s all in storage. I thought you knew.

MARSHALL
You are totally breaking the law. I signed a lease!

Kaipoo shrugs.

KAIPOO
The company has the lease. That’s the chemical company’s apartment. Your stuff’s good, though. In storage. You want the address? Real safe and sound. I made sure.

EXT. MARSHALL’S APARTMENT - DAY

It’s raining.

Marshall slinks away. Looks up and shakes his head.

Flips off the building.

EXT. SEEDY MOTEL - MORNING

Single-story drive-up off the interstate circa 1960.

Marshall exits one of the rooms.

Walks to the office.

INT. SEEDY MOTEL, MANAGER’S OFFICE

The manager looks up from a Penthouse magazine.

MARSHALL
Know where a guy can find a day’s work around here?

EXT. ROADSIDE EMBANKMENT - DAY

Marshall is wearing an orange safety vest and gloves.

He’s part of a mostly Mexican crew of 7 or 8 guys.
They are cutting twigs and branches from the roadside.
Marshall hauls an armload toward a waiting chipper.
He stops to wipe his brow.

FOREMAN
   It ain’t break time, güero.

He hustles back for more.

INT. - SEEDY MOTEL, MARSHALL’S ROOM - NIGHT

Marshall is sipping a cheap beer.
He’s thumbing through iTunes on his phone.
He’s looking at the entry for SATAN’S SANDWICH. He scrolls down to the song “TRINKET”.
He’s just about to click it when he gets a text from BELA DOBCHICK.

The text reads, “I SENT THIS TO THE COPS. GET READY.” And it links to a URL.

Marshall clicks it, and it opens a video.

INTERCUT VIDEO of:

INT. BELA DOBCHICK’S LAW OFFICE - DAY

Bela makes a video selfie.

BELA
My name is Bela Dobchick. I am an attorney representing Marshall Lurvey. If you come to my office you will find all the evidence you need to positively identify Mr. Lurvey as the killer of Luke Stowvich.

The camera pans around. Zooms in on the desk.
The AXE is laying there.

Comes back to Bela’s selfie.

BELA
Let yourselves in, because I will be dead when you get here.
The camera tilts up. A HANGMAN’S NOOSE dangles ominously.

END INTERCUT


Goes back to iTunes. Downloads the song.

It starts playing. A percussion-heavy rock anthem.

Puts in earbuds. Downs the last beer.

Then totally wrecks the room!

Pushes the dresser against the door.

Turns over the bed, leans it against the wall.

Throws his meager possessions back towards the bathroom.

At first it looks like he’s building a barricade and preparing for a siege.

But really he’s just created a large open space in the middle of the room. An altar.

He strips naked.

Lies down.

Focusses on the song.

The song continues playing over the next few scenes.

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS

DeShawn Sampson is working at his computer. Opens Bela’s vid.

Gapes. Waves Faye over. She looks.

INT. BELA’S OFFICE

Bela locks the door.

 Starts to climb on the desk. Unsteady, he reaches up.

EXT. SEEDY MOTEL

Storm clouds are gathering.

Fall leaves are scattered. Trees bend to the wind.
We zoom in on the exterior of Marshall’s room.

INT. BELA’S BUILDING, LOBBY

The cops, led by Faye and DeShawn, enter the lobby.

Like a military unit, they fan out and climb both sides of a split staircase.

BELA’S OFFICE

Bela finally has the noose around his neck.

He teeters on the edge of his desk.

BELA
Rezerya mi o loc, mama.

Pushes off!

He doesn’t exactly drop. He actually SWINGS across the room.

Slams into the book shelf.

Twitching and contorting and kicking, he swings back.

MARSHALL’S ROOM

Marshall’s closed eyes twitch spasmodically.

His fingers stretch wide. Then relax.

His breathing deepens.

INT. BELA’S OFFICE, HALLWAY

The cops creep along the corridor toward the office door.

They take up positions. Faye knocks.

No answer.

Tries the door. Locked.

FAYE
Mr. Dobchick? Bela Dobchick? Police, sir.

No answer. She nods to DeShawn.
He kicks the door. It doesn’t open.
He’s embarrassed. Shrugs at Faye. She rolls her eyes.
One of the cops has a battering ram. He uses it.
The door opens violently. They all rush in.

BELA’S OFFICE
Too late.
Bela sways gently, even uglier.
Faye spots the AXE on the desk. It’s laying on a note.
She reads, disturbing nothing.

FAYE
Let’s go.

MARSHALL’S ROOM
His rhythmic breathing suddenly stops.
No twitching. No finger movements.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY
A procession of cop cars tears down the road. Lights and sirens blaring.

INT. COP CAR
Faye is on her cell phone as DeShawn drives.

FAYE
When you get the warrant, e-mail it to my phone. Try to find the fax number of the motel, too.

EXT. OCEAN
Marshall is deep underwater. Kicking hard for the surface.
He breaches. Gasping, coughing.
Bobs for a moment. Spots the shoreline.
Swims towards it.
Stops.
Bobs on the tide for a moment.
Hears DRUMS. From behind. The opposite direction.
He turns. Scans the horizon.
Nothing but water in every direction.
The picnic people come down to the beach en masse.
They start shouting and waving to him.
They wade in knee deep.

**ASSSEMBLED**
This way! Over here! Come on!

He looks at them.
Turns to the drum sounds again. Listens. Decides.
Kicks for the open sea.

**ASSSEMBLED**
No! This way! What are you doing?
You’re going the wrong way!

**OCEAN - LATER**
Marshall swims with determination.
Long, even strokes.
Stops and turns.
Now totally out of sight of any shoreline.
Catches his breath.
Listens. No drums! He’s alarmed, unsure.
Scans the bobbing horizon. No clue.
Still breathing hard, he resumes swimming anyway.

**INT. TRINKET’S HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY**
Trinket is in a hospital bed.
She’s unconscious.

But--

Her eyelids flutter, her fingers twitch, and her lips purse. She’s surrounded by Dr. Agoonah, and three other attendants and nurses. They all wear surgical masks and scrubs.

Dr. Agoonah is reading the chart. He asks the nurse,

**DR. AGOONAH**
Are you sure you gave her the proper dose?

**NURSE**
Quite sure, doctor. Twenty cc’s.

**DR. AGOONAH**
Raise it. Twenty-five.

One of the attendants, **DR. MELO (30’s)**, interrupts.

**DR. MELO**
Standard dosage is three cc’s per hour!

**DR. AGOONAH**
Look at her. Does she look like she’s in a coma to you?

**DR. MELO**
Her vitals are shit.

**DR. AGOONAH**
She must be subdued on a mental level, doctor. I’ve never seen a patient so...so resistant. She’s trying to kill herself.

**DR. MELO**
And you’re trying to beat her to it!

**DR. AGOONAH**
We can’t save everybody, can we?

**EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY**

Faye and DeShawn’s procession of cop cars tears off the highway onto a local road. Lights and sirens at full blast.
BELA’S OFFICE - DAY

Two cops, FRESH FACE (20’s), and MUSTACHE (30’s), stand around the office.

Bela’s corpse dangles behind them.

FRESH FACE
Who cuts him down? Do we have to do that?

MUSTACHE
Don’t touch anything.

FRESH FACE
This is totally freaked out. Ever seen anything like this before?

MUSTACHE
Mostly it’s jumpers. Jumpers are real serious. Not usually like this. Shooters are a fucking mess, too. They never shoot straight. They’re too nervous.

FRESH FACE
It looks like he stood on the desk.

MUSTACHE
Really, Columbo? What else would he have stood on? It’s probably the only thing in here that could support his fat ass.

FRESH FACE
You think the other end is on a pipe, or--

As they examine the logistics of Bela’s suicide...his eyes open.

FRESH FACE
Holy shit!

MUSTACHE
(into radio)
We need EMT’s up here, now!

OCEAN - DAY

Still water.

A sudden splash as a swimmer breaks the surface.
Bela!

He turns away from the nearby shore and swims in the same direction as Marshall.

**OCEAN - LATER**

Marshall is still swimming.
But the strokes are slower. Nearing the end of his endurance.
Then...

He spots something just over the horizon.
The point of a building. A spire top of some kind.
He blinks. Not sure if he’s hallucinating.
Breathes deep. Swims toward it with renewed vigor.

**EXT. BEACH - DAY**

A desolate strip of grey sand and dry seaweed. Overcast sky.
A 1930’s version of a sanatorium rises in the background.
Rundown and abandoned.
The tower and spire rise over it.
Trinket is there.
In a wispy nightgown she lurches along the shore. The wind swirls her hair.
She coughs, snifflles. Blinks at the sky. Looks out to sea.
Nothing but tiny waves coming in.
Goes down on one knee.

**TRINKET**
You can do it.

**EXT. MEADOW - EVENING**

All the costumed people we saw earlier are now gathered in a circle around a fire.
In a quasi-religious ceremony, they all beat drums in unison.
EXT. SEEDY MOTEL - DAY

The cop cars pull into the parking lot.

Faye gets out. She’s talking on her cell.

FAYE
Where the hell is it then?
(beat)
We don’t have ten minutes! I’m not losing this guy again.

Hangs up.

DESHAWN
Is there any reason to think he has a gun?

FAYE
Don’t take any chances.

DeShawn turns to the other cops. Waves them back.

DESHAWN
Back! Get back! Set a defensive perimeter, along that line Sergeant. Get some guys around back, too.

They walk over to the manager who has come out to see what the commotion is.

OCEAN - DAY

Bela takes long determined strokes.

Sharks aren’t this single-minded.

BEACH - DAY

Marshall swims.

The shoreline and sanatorium are clearly in view now.

He scans the beach for signs of life.

Sees Trinket sitting there but she’s looking the other way. Doesn’t see him. He waves and yells.

MARSHALL
Trinket! Trinket! Over here.
No response.

Marshall is close enough to stand up in the shallow surf.
He wades ashore.
Her head droops and her body is wracked with sobs.
Marshall finally makes it to the beach.
Goes to her. Puts his arms around her.

MARSHALL
Okay, honey. I’m here. I made it back to you.

TRINKET
(still sobbing)
I knew you’d come. Look what they did to me.

She holds up her arms, presenting herself.

But Marshall is confused. He doesn’t see any injuries.

MARSHALL
What, baby? Are you hurt? Did they hurt you?

TRINKET
No, I’m stuck. They figured out a way to trap me. This is as far as I can go.

MARSHALL
Who did this? Where are they?

She looks to the spooky building.

TRINKET
They’re in there.

Marshall scans the aging facade.

MARSHALL
Can you show me?

MARSHALL’S ROOM
Still laying on the floor. Motionless.
The motel phone starts RINGING.
Marshall jerks a little.

EXT. SEEDY MOTEL
Faye and DeShawn take cover behind a cop car.
Faye has her cell phone to her ear.

FAYE
Nothing.

EXT. ABANDONED SANATORIUM - DAY
Marshall and Trinket stand at the seaside entrance.
Dust on the windows. Boards hastily nailed over the door.

MARSHALL
Nobody’s here.

TRINKET
They’re here.

Marshall pulls at the boards. One of them comes away. CRACK!
He pulls another down.
Tries the door. Locked.
Finds a brick from the crumbling edifice. SMASHES the glass.
Reaches in. Unlocks the door.
It swings open to--

INT. SANATORIUM, KITCHEN
Plumbing ripped out. Marks on the wall show where the ovens and refrigerators would have been. A couple of dilapidated counters and sinks are all that’s left.

An alarm starts blaring. Ringing, like a fire alarm, or a really loud phone. BRRRRNG!

The sound has a physical effect on Marshall.
He staggers. Covers his ears. Looks up for the source.
Bends over, leaning against the wall.
Finally, it stops.

Trinket goes to him.

**TRINKET**
- They’ll try to take you back soon.
- We don’t have much time.

**MARSHALL**
- I can’t fight them.

**TRINKET**
- We’re almost there. This way.

She leads him out of the kitchen.

**EXT. BEACH**

Bela staggers ashore. Wipes his face. Looks around.

He jogs up the beach towards the sanatorium.

**INT. SANATORIUM, STAIRWELL**

Trinket and Marshall climb the stairs.

**TRINKET**
- This place is a portal.

Marshall hears the echo of a CHILD’S LAUGHTER.

He looks around nervously.

**TRINKET**
- Most places are like doorways. They open to the same place every time.

Marshall looks over the railing. It’s a long way down.

**TRINKET**
- But this place is like an elevator. You never know what it’ll open on. The future, the past. Sometimes both at the same time. That’s how I found you.

Marshall is confused.

**MARSHALL**
- How can we be in both?

Trinket points to the stairway landing one flight above her.
A door there is slightly ajar.

TRINKET

Look.

Marshall follows her pointing.

Suddenly, three or four kids run by. Chasing each other, LAUGHING and SCREAMING.

Marshall is shaken. Stops climbing.

MARSHALL

Who was that?

TRINKET

It took me a long time to find you. We’re connected. You and I.

MARSHALL

I know. I knew from the moment I met you in the store.

TRINKET

We share a...a kinship.

MARSHALL

Like family?

TRINKET

Our lives are a chain. Each link is a separate person, in a separate time. When your time is done another’s will start.

MARSHALL

Reincarnation.

TRINKET

More than that. Continuum. And we ‘improve’. So whoever comes after can have a better life.

MARSHALL

‘Please wipe sink for the next passenger.’

TRINKET

That’s one way of putting it. And you didn’t clean up very well for me. Not very well at all.

Trinket reaches the landing.
I’m sorry.

It’s atonement day.

There’s a heavy metal door with a tiny window.

This is it.

Marshall peeks through the dusty glass.

A deserted hallway littered with crumbling wall and ceiling material.

I don’t see anything.

Keep going.

Marshall pulls the door open. Peeks. Nothing. Steps into the--

HOSPITAL CORRIDOR

Trinket follows.

They creep along.

At the end of the corridor a uniformed nurse wheels a supply table across the hall.

Marshall is startled.

There’s somebody else here.

It’s okay. Come on.

She leads him down the hall.

Open doors on either side reveal debris-strewn, wrecked rooms. Some contain frightening hardware of restraint...or torture.

Trinket stops in front of a room. Motions to him.

Here.

He catches up. Peers around the corner.
INT. SEEDY MOTEL, MARSHALL’S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A tear gas cannister shoots through the window. CRASH! Choking white fog.

It rolls into the mattress standing against the wall.

The mattress catches fire.

Marshall stays unconscious.

TRINKET’S HOSPITAL ROOM

It’s clean and tidy, and bright.

Trinket lies in the bed, unconscious. Connected to a bunch of BEEPING and BUZZING machines.

Marshall walks in but the OTHER Trinket stays in the hallway.

   MARSHALL
   What’s wrong with you?

   TRINKET
   I’m a monster. They’re putting me to sleep. They’re putting me down like a cur.

   MARSHALL
   What should I do?

   TRINKET
   Pull it out! Pull it out of my arm, now!

Marshall lifts her little girl arm.

Then YANKS a collection of tubes out.

She grabs his arm with her free hand.

Marshall jerks back reflexively, but her grip is strong.

He looks at her face. It contorts into a ghoulish mask of jagged teeth and yellow eyes.

He jerks back again.

EXT. MEADOW - EVENING

All the costumed people STOP DRUMMING.
COWBOY
She’s loose! Get away!

And they all start running in terror.

TRINKET’S HOSPITAL ROOM
Trinket stares at him LAUGHING.

Marshall is frightened. Doesn’t understand the change.
He turns but the OTHER Trinket is gone.
He backs into the--

HOSPITAL CORRIDOR
Her mocking laughter follows him.
He’s breathing hard, choking.
Then Bela grabs him. Throws him against the wall.
Marshall is wide-eyed. Surprised and confused.
Puts his arms up to protect himself, but he’s wracked with another spasm of coughing.
Bela hauls him up.
Punches his face. Again and again. Marshall is woozy, on the verge of passing out.
With the last of his strength he knees Bela in the balls.
Marshall follows that up with a couple of jabs to his face.
Marshall tries to run, but Bela gets him around the waist.
Tackles him.
Lands on top of him. Knocks the air out of him.
Makes his cough worse.

BELA
She wanted me! It was supposed to be me! She gave me everything! And you took it all away!

He starts bashing Marshall’s head into the linoleum floor.
SMASH! SMASH! SMASH!
Marshall’s face is a bloody mess.

Marshall looks up in a daze and sees firemen rushing down the hospital corridor then realizes he’s back in--

INT. SEEDY MOTEL, MARSHALL’S ROOM

The room is almost fully engulfed in flames. The firemen burst in and drag Marshall--

EXT. SEEDY MOTEL

--into a waiting ambulance.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Crisp spring morning.

Vanessa gets parks the Escalade and gets out.

Looking hot, as usual, and carrying a flower bouquet.

She walks up the path and locates

EXT. LUKE’S GRAVE

Puts the flowers down.

Looks at the grave and headstone for a moment.

VANESSA
I’m sorry I haven’t visited more. It’s ah--. It’s hard for me, you know? Hard for me to think about. But I miss you very much. And I think about you every day. I thought I should let you know...the execution is scheduled for tomorrow. So maybe that will bring you a little comfort in...wherever you are.

INT. PRISON, MARSHALL’S CELL - DAY

Marshall is alone in his tiny cell, surrounded by the accumulated belongings of an extended stay. Books, paper, toiletries, etc.

A prison guard walks to his cell.
PRISON GUARD

Marshall looks up from a book. Adjusts his glasses.

INT. PRISON, VISITING ROOM

Marshall is seated. Chained to the ground in front of a metal table.

The door BUZZES, opens. Trinket walks in.

She’s beautiful...but different. Less disheveled. More made-up. More mature?

She sits. Adjusts. Stares at him.

He meets her gaze. Then looks away.

MARSHALL
I know who you are.

TRINKET
Good.

MARSHALL
And what you did.

TRINKET
I know you were there. You couldn’t keep that a secret from me.

MARSHALL
Your parents had you committed for hurting...animals.

TRINKET
You know I don’t like that.

MARSHALL
And after awhile they let you out. For a visit.

TRINKET
Yeah?

MARSHALL
And you killed them too.

TRINKET
I know what you’re trying to do.
MARSHALL
Think so, huh?

TRINKET
You could free yourself. I know it.
But you stay. Do you need my help?

He huffs a laugh.

MARSHALL
I saw them.

TRINKET
I did it for you. For us.

MARSHALL
No! Don’t you dare put that on me.

He looks way, remembering what he saw in the--

EXT. MEADOW - DAY

Marshall walks through a gruesome scene of bloody mass murder.

All the people Marshall saw on the beach are now dead. Their bodies strewn about.

They lay in a grotesque still life. As if arranged that way.

Marshall stops over the body of a young boy. Kneels.

Puts his palm on the kid’s forehead. Straightens his hair a little.

M ARSHALL (V.O.)
We owe a debt to the people who came before us.

Trinket laughs.

TRINKET
Spare me.

M ARSHALL (V.O.)
We might inherit their sins, sure.
And atonement is not fun. Or easy.
But we also carry their honor, and their joy...and their hope. And without it we’re just--.
PRISON, VISITING ROOM

MARSHALL
Just empty.

TRINKET
I like it that way. It’s freedom.

MARSHALL
Being alone is not freedom.

TRINKET
If you come after me, I’ll kill you.

MARSHALL
I have nothing left for you to take.

The door opens. A guard sticks his head in.

GUARD

Marshall and Trinket stare at each other.

MARSHALL
Guess this is goodbye.

TRINKET
I hope so.

INT. MARSHALL’S PRISON CELL - LATER

From behind the bars, Marshall looks up and down the corridor. Sees nothing.

Turns.

Takes off his glasses.

Stretches. Rolls his shoulders. Strips.

Lays on the floor.

Closes his eyes. Flays his fingers out. Relaxes.

As he breathes deeply we get a close look at the seven or eight book titles on a small shelf. “TRANSCENDENTAL MEDITATION, EASTERN PHILOSOPHIES, REINCARNATION, THE NATURE OF BUDDHA, LUCID DREAMING,” and others.

But then we see a huge stack on the floor of 50 more!
He’s used his time in prison to become an expert.

On traveling.

EXT. BEACH – EVENING

Marshall looks up the beach to the hulking sanatorium.
It is dark and menacing in the gloaming light.
Suddenly, an upper window EXPLODES in a shower of glass!
Fire erupts out of the window.
Soon it spreads to other parts of the building.
As Marshall watches, the entire structure goes up in flames.

INT. MARSHALL’S PRISON CELL

Two guards, BALDY (40’s) and SKINNY (30’s) and an Asian PRIEST (20’S) are standing at the entry.

BALDY
Come on! Quit screwing around.
They’re waiting.

No response.

SKINNY
He looks dead. You think he offed himself?

BALDY
He’s not dead. He just screwing with us. Marshall! Come on! This is no joy ride for us, either.

He steps inside. Kicks Marshall’s foot.

BALDY
Come on! Warden’s waiting. They’re all waiting!

No response.

SKINNY
Christ. Jesus.

Looks at the priest.
SKINNY
Oh, uh, sorry.

Baldy stoops over Marshall’s inert frame.

BALDY
What the hell did you take you sumbitch?

He rolls him over.

A BIC LIGHTER falls from his hand. The guards don’t notice.

PRIEST
Should we call for a doctor?

BALDY
(to Skinny)
Give me a hand with this.

SKINNY
I don’t want to touch no dead guy!

BALDY
He’s not dead. He’s faking, or stoned or something. Probably thinks it real God damn funny.

Together they hoist his body to a standing position.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

Marshall turns to the open sea as the sanatorium burns behind him.

Yells.

MARSHALL
I think I’ll stay right here, if that’s okay with you! You can’t touch me! None of you can reach me here!

He laughs and laughs and laughs.

INT. PRISON CORRIDOR - NIGHT

The guards drag Marshall’s unconscious body down the cellblock.

The priest intones a prayer behind them.
They pass through a doorway. It slams shut behind them. CLANK!

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - NIGHT
The elevator door opens. Marshall staggers out.

Drunk.

He’s wearing an ugly plaid blazer, and a sticker name tag that reads, “HI. MY NAME IS MARSHALL LURVEY”

He careens into a wall. Leans on it for support.

Looks down at his key. Blinks at the numbers.

Looks up and down the hallway. Lurches down the hallway looking at room numbers.

Then...

A door opens as he passes.

He peers inside. It’s dark. He checks his key again.

Looks at the number on the door.

 Pushes it open further. Starts to walk in.

But he’s startled by a voice behind him.

    POPCORN (O.S.)
    Sir! Mr. Lurvey, sir?

Marshall turns rheumy eyes down the hall.

Ida Woolskin’s husband, Popcorn stands nearby. He’s wearing a formal doorman’s uniform.

    MARSHALL
    Yeah?

    POPCORN
    I’m sorry, Mr. Lurvey, sir. But that’s not your room, sir.

    MARSHALL
    What?

    POPCORN
    It’s not your room, sir. Your room is six-nineteen.
That there is five-nineteen. The elevator let you off on the wrong floor, sir.

MARSHALL
Oh?

POPCORN
Come on, now. I’ll take you to your room. You don’t want to go in there, believe me.

He chuckles a little. And puts a steady arm around Marshall’s shoulders.

POPCORN
You know, I believe that’s your bosses room. You definitely don’t want to go in there. She’s sleeping now. Nothing but trouble for you.

He chuckles again.

MARSHALL
Thanks.

POPCORN
Don’t mention it, sir. That’s what we’re here for.

As he leads Marshall back down the hallway, they pass Trinket leaning against the wall.

Marshall shows no recognition.

POPCORN
Now you too. Go on! Git! You’re just trying to cause a bunch of trouble for this nice man.

TRINKET
You won’t win the next one.

POPCORN
We’ll see about that.

FADE OUT.

NO ANIMALS WERE HARMED IN THE WRITING OF THIS SCRIPT.