

Tempest of Time

By

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FADE IN

EXT.STREET-DEAD OF NIGHT

We move along a dark street. The houses look identical. Windows are closed and everything seems still. Soft, ominous music plays in the background

Abruptly stop at a house. A black car is parked a couple houses down from the door.

The windows are tinted but upon zooming in movements can be dimly seen in the car.

INT.HOUSE-NIGHT

Our attention is brought to a distant room where a single candle flicker can be seen in the total darkness.

A man (50's) sits on a rocking chair and pulls a long slow drag from his cigarette;

TIC TOCK

A GRANDFATHER Clock stands against the wall.

he looks up at the clock. 1:18 A.M. His face stares intently at the clock as the ticking continues.

BEAT

Another slow long drag from his cigarette, as he profusely sweats. The clock shows 1:19 A.M

The man sighs and wipes a bead of sweat from his forehead, not taking his gaze off the clock.

MAN V.O

Time, such a funny concept, yet
it's what we model our lives
around. It's an organizational
tool, a way of measuring the
instants of the moments that
remain. The final destination for
your time is unknown...usually. But
when it is known, time seems to be
the longest lasting real thing on
this planet and also the shortest.

The clock changes to 1:20

CREAK

(CONTINUED)

The front door is opened and gently closed. Shuffling is heard from the living room.

From the doorway emerge two men. One black man (late 30's), is short with a small belly protruding from his shirt.

The other is a taller Caucasian man (mid-20's) with a ponytail and a small goatee. He wears sunglasses even though it's the dead of night.

The man in the rocking chair looks up at them, his eyes wide in the gleam of the candle. He opens his mouth about to speak.

BANG BANG

Two simultaneous gun shots and the man slides off the rocking chair, leaving a trail of blood.

The candle is extinguished. A moment of total darkness.

A light turns on. The two men stand adjacent to each other. Both stare down at the body.

BLACK MAN

Yo, HILCO, you think there's anything worth taking in here?

HILCO

Maybe. There might be.

They begin tearing through stuff in the house, searching for valuables which they stow away.

Hilco abruptly stops and stares at something intensely.

HILCO

Hey, DEAN come over here.

Dean comes over holding a ring. He stops and his mouth stoops open. He stares at the same thing Hilco is looking at.

There is a fridge, the surface of which is almost entirely covered in PICTURES.

Dean reaches over and pulls one of the pictures off. We never see it clearly.

DEAN

Forget about it man. It was like what twenty years ago?

(CONTINUED)

HILCO
Seven, actually.

Dean crumples the image and throws it in the garbage; He walks away without a second glance.

DEAN
Screw it, let's get out of here.
We'll go hit a few from my new
bong.

Hilco nods, but continues to stare at the blank spot on the fridge where the picture stood mere seconds ago.

BEAT

He picks up the picture from the garbage and slides it into his pocket.

Dean is in the background moving around the door. The focus is completely on Hilco, who is rooted to the spot. One more flash at the bare spot on the fridge...

BLACKNESS-Fade into music.

EXT. STREET-MORNING

Cars are whizzing by; it's a crowded street. We see people in suits and on cell phones stuck in traffic on their ways to work, or wherever they aim to go. Life seems like one big cluster-fuck, everyone is on the move.

FAST MOTION: CARS

Hilco sits at an outdoor cafe. He has coffee on the table and watches the passers-by on the crowded street. He has a cigarette in his mouth.

HILCO V.O
I've always been an observer.
Watching people. I never seem to
participate, that's just not my
thing. I like to watch people and
sometimes, just sometimes I imagine
what sort of person they are. From
just looking, just observing.

Hilco takes a long sip of his coffee and takes a drag from his cigarette. He spits on the ground and continues staring out, observing people.

(CONTINUED)

A lady speaking on a cell phone passes by almost at a trot. She doesn't even turn her head, but merely walks right on past.

HILCO V.O

She, she's the type who feels high up in this world. She doesn't take time to look at others. She is the opposite of me. Probably an owl.

He takes another swig from his coffee as a fat man walks by. He stops and itches his ass directly in front of Hilco the keeps walking.

INT. HILCO HOME-NIGHT

Enter a small ugly apartment, the walls are plain and the room is extremely basic. There is a balcony where Hilco sits.

EXT. BALCONY-NIGHT

Hilco sits on the balcony; he has a beer in one hand and a cigarette in the other.

He stares over the balcony, observing the different people.

A group of drunk teenagers yell obscene things as they stumble along the sidewalk. Hilco merely watches as they walk further and further from view.

HILCO V.O

No, I'm not lonely.

He takes another swig of beer. Throws his cigarette over the balcony and walks inside. The light turns on then off.

But the focus is over the balcony, where a young man is vomiting all over the sidewalk while his friends howl in laughter.

INT. HILCO'S APARTMENT-COUCH-MORNING

Hilco is on his couch. He has a joint in his hand, takes a huge hit and smiles. He takes another hit.

Hilco watches Animal Planet. It's a shark special. A shark attacks a seal and rips it up.

Hilco lets out an awkward laugh; it is the first time we hear Hilco laugh.

(CONTINUED)

HILCO

Oh, shit...Those teeth were big.

He takes another hit from the joint and lays back. Animal Planet continues. He is enthralled by the show.

RING

The phone is on the night stand next to Hilco. He stares at it, and waits until the third ring before picking up.

HILCO

Hello?

DEAN O.S

YO, sir pussy lips. It's Dean.

HILCO

Oh.

DEAN O.S

It's time to collect. Meet me at RICH'S

HILCO

Oh.

DEAN O.S

3:45. Be there.

HILCO

Ok

Dean hangs up. but Hilco is slow reacting. After a few seconds of the DIAL TONE he hangs up too.

INT. RICH'S HOUSE-3:45

A blazing red fire is roaring around. The camera moves out from the fire. A huge picture is hung from above the fireplace mantle.

The picture is of a young man smiling, his arm is around an older man who is visibly his father, they both look happy.

Under the picture there is a plaque which reads JAMES VICTOR OLSEN, from 1986-2008

The face of the old man in the picture, the father appears. RICHARD (late 60's) sits in a chair, he lacks the happiness he had in the photo.

(CONTINUED)

Lines and wrinkles stretch across his face. He sits with the fire roaring behind him.

Door opens, Hilco and Dean enter.

HILCO
Hello Mr. Olsen

DEAN
Richard, my main man, what's up?

RICHARD
Please sit.

Hilco and Dean take a seat across the desk. Richard removes his glasses and wipes his face with his palm.

RICHARD CONT'D
So did it go well?

Dean and Hilco look from one another and shrug, then both simultaneously nod.

DEAN
Yeah, hell yeah, I think it went well.

HILCO
Agreed. We completed our mission

DEAN
He was definitely ready to die. No regrets. I am positive on that.

HILCO
He seemed ready.

Richard pauses with his fingers crossed on the desk, scanning their faces.

He turns and stares at the portrait for a while.

Hilco looks at Richard and pulls out a cigarette with a weak smile. Then slowly he takes out a lighter and his smile gets a little bigger.

HILCO CONT'D
May I?

RICHARD
Don't you know smoking kills?

Hilco lights the cigarette and takes a puff.

(CONTINUED)

Richard walks to the fireplace, where he stares into its red flames. Possessed by the flames he talks with his back to them.

RICHARD CONT'D

The envelope on my desk, pick it up. Inside you'll find the street of your next target. The back door will open. You are to enter at 2:16. Be humane and quick as possible.

DEAN

Thank you, thank you Rich.

RICHARD

Oh, and Dean, you better be taking care of my sister.

DEAN

Well what can I say? When you're in love, you're in love.

Hilco laughs slightly at this, Dean turns around and furiously stares at him.

Hilco pauses and takes a drag as he looks at Dean and Richard glaring at him. Both wait for an explanation.

His smile quickly fades.

HILCO

Sorry...Thought of something else...

EXT. CLUB-NIGHT

Well dressed people are entering and laughing, obviously inebriated. A small line of people stand outside the door.

Hilco and Dean walk towards the club. Dean is in a flashy suit as Hilco wears his clothes sloppily.

INT. CLUB-NIGHT

Dean and Hilco sit on adjacent chairs as they look out over the dance floor. Both hold CORONA'S

DEAN

So you scouting the area?

(CONTINUED)

HILCO

Nope. I'm just enjoying my drink.

DEAN

Honestly, I won't judge you.

Hilco ignores this and takes a small sip of beer.

Dean's eyes widen and he slaps Hilco's chest. He points through the crowded dance floor at a woman standing against a wall in a beautiful blue dress.

She catches Hilco's eyes as he cowardly turns away, breaking the connection.

DEAN CONT'D

Dude, you better go talk to her. I'm not fucking around. She is gorgeous. Hell if you don't go, I might have to.

HILCO

Aren't you married?

DEAN

Well...I guess I'm kind of...

HILCO

To your boss's sister?

DEAN

Ok, yeah I am married. But I can still feast with my eyes. It's not like I masturbate to my wife.

HILCO

Who do you think of?

DEAN

John Fuckin' Travolta. Fuck you.

Dean puts his drink down and looks at Hilco in all seriousness.

DEAN CONT'D

Don't you get bored man, lonely? I have to drag you out, you're not social, so what in the fuck is it? Do you enjoy being alone?

HILCO

I'm not lonely.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

Well, tonight you sure as shit
won't be.

Hilco looks at him confused. Dean stands up and grabs his
drink.

ANGLE ON

Dean as walks towards the woman in the blue dress.

Dean talks animatedly with the girl. She looks over as he
points at Hilco who gives a half assed wave.

The two of them begin to walk over. Hilco grabs his beer and
downs it.

HILCO

Come on courage. Come on.

The two of them arrive and take seats on either side of
Hilco. The woman in the blue dress looks at him.

BLUE DRESS

Hey I'm Hailey.

DEAN

Well, I'm just going to head out,
let you two talk.

Dean stands behind Hailey and silently mouths to Hilco.
"Your mom just died!"

INT. HILCO'S APARTMENT-NIGHT

Hilco and Hailey enter the apartment, she is laughing and
holding on to his arm.

She sits down on the couch and crosses her legs.

Hilco opens two bottles of beer from the fridge and walks
them over. He sits down opposite her.

HAILEY

So what exactly is it you do?

HILCO

I don't really like to talk about
my profession.

(CONTINUED)

HAILEY

Why? Are you ashamed of it? Because
it seems whatever you do, it pays.

She laughs and points around the bland apartment; he merely gives a pained smile and sips his beer.

She's one step ahead and her beer is chugged in seconds.

HAILEY CONT'D

So you want to take me to your
room?

INT. HILCO'S ROOM-30 MINUTES LATER

Hilco sits on the edge of his bed while Hailey lies there, the blanket covering only her lower half. Her breasts are completely exposed.

Hilco stares at a small crumpled picture, the same one we previously saw.

Hailey stirs and rests her hand on Hilco's back. He flinches slightly.

HILCO

You don't mind if I go out for a
smoke do you?

EXT. BALCONY-NIGHT

Hilco sits on the balcony, a cigarette in hand; He watches over the darkness and is at ease. Another long drag.

The door slides open and Hailey stands in the door frame. A blanket wrapped around her.

There is only one seat, which is taken by Hilco

HAILEY

Can I bring out a chair?

Hilco merely shrugs. She smiles back and carries out a chair.

She sits next to Hilco and looks out over the vast silent darkness.

HAILEY CONT'D

You don't like company, huh?

(CONTINUED)

HILCO

What gave you that impression?

HAILEY

Well, you only got one seat on your balcony.

Hilco nods and takes a deep breath of air then turns to Hailey.

HILCO

I come out here a lot. To get away, you know. So an empty seat...It wouldn't feel right.

She leans back in her chair. Hilco doesn't say anything and stares absently ahead.

HAILEY

You haven't dated in a while, have you?

HILCO

You ask a lot of questions.

HAILEY

I always find that people who don't talk much, have the most to hide.

HILCO

How would you know, if they didn't talk much?

BEAT

HAILEY

Last question, I promise. Have you ever been in love?

HILCO

I don't know, I never understood the definition of love. It's used too loosely.

INT. HILCO'S LIVING ROOM-DAYTIME

Hilco sits on the couch by himself, he has the local news report on.

A picture of the man killed by Dean and Hilco appears.

(CONTINUED)

NEWSCASTER

The death of James Turner has now
been ruled a homicide. Although
there are no suspects as of now...

Hilco flips the channel and continues until he gets to the
MUPPET SHOW. He lights a joint.

Music plays as Hilco takes a few hits and lies back to watch
the show. He shows no emotion.

Music continues.

EXT. STREET-MORNING

We move along a dark street. The houses look shadier in this
part of town.

Stop at a rundown apartment complex, graffiti litters the
side of the building.

The black car with Hilco and Dean in it is parked. It's the
next hit. Music stops.

CUT TO

INT. HILCO'S CAR-2:13 AM

Hilco is in the driver's seat and Dean looks up at the
apartment.

DEAN

I hate, I fucking hate doing hits
in apartments, It's way too risky
man.

HILCO

Yeah. I know.

BEAT

Dean changes the topic after a moment of silence

DEAN

So you hit that shit?

HILCO

No, I didn't hit her.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

Come on man, you know what I mean.

HILCO

Yeah, I had sex.

Dean flinches a little, then recovers.

DEAN

When you say it like that, it sounds so slimy.

HILCO

Yeah, but it didn't feel right.

DEAN

What, was she bad? Tits uneven?

HILCO

It might be the fact you told her my mom died, you sick fuck.

DEAN

But you still fucked her.

HILCO

And that doesn't sound slimy? Never mind. Let's just get on with our damn job.

Dean nods a few times and looks out the window. The clock reads 2:15

HILCO

Should we go?

DEAN

Yeah

INT. APARTMENT ROOM 303-2:15

Enter a small cluttered apartment room. It's pitch black inside, except for a sliver of light coming from a room with the door closed.

Muffled music emanates from behind the door. Dean pushes the door open.

Immediately the music is intensified.

NEW ANGLE

A girl lies down with her head rested against the bathtub and her eyes closed. She is Unconscious.

INT. BATHROOM-2:15 AM

Dean steps in casually, while Hilco stays back along the wall. He gently removes his sunglasses, confusion creases his face.

Dean slowly pulls out his gun and cocks it. He points it at her head when...

HILCO

STOP!

Dean turns around. Hilco is rooted to the spot.

DEAN

What? She's clearly fucked; lets get this shit over with man.

Hilco looks down at her face. He puts his gun down, and scrambles backwards, slipping and adjusting himself on the sink ledge. Breathing heavily.

DEAN CONT'D

What the hell is going on?

HILCO

It's her man, it's her.

DEAN

Who? Calm down man. You're fucking with my brain.

HILCO

We can't kill her, we just can't

Dean is in shock, mouth slightly askew.

A frozen moment as Dean stares at Hilco, and Hilco watches the young woman lying against the floor.

DEAN

Have you gone out of your mind?
This is our job!

HILCO

No, it's her, it's her.

Hilco raises her head and her face can be clearly seen. Through all the pain, she is beautiful.

(CONTINUED)

Dean drops his gun and kneels down next to Hilco, together they pick her up. She's still passed out, her head lolling from side to side.

Hilco and Dean lay her down on her side and Hilco sits next to her.

Hilco reaches into his pocket and pulls out the crumpled picture. His hands shake as he un-crumpled it, obvious that it is the younger version of the same girl. JASMINE

HILCO
Jasmine...Jasmine.

DEAN
I'll ah...wow...I'll go tell Rich,
wow this is a fucked up situation.

Dean walks out the door, but not without a number of glances back at the still scene of Hilco sitting next to the unconscious Jasmine.

A tableau of Hilco looking at the picture of a happy, smiling Jasmine, with an ironic silhouette of her passed out behind the picture, waiting to die.

BLACOUT

INT.RICHARD'S HOUSE-DAYTIME

Richard sits behind the desk with the fire roaring behind him. Dean has his arms folded and his head down.

Hilco sits with a blank expression on his face, sunglasses on and a cigarette dangling from his mouth.

RICHARD
So, how'd it go?

DEAN
A minor problem occurred.

RICHARD
What problem is that? Is it serious
or not?

DEAN
It well, we didn't kill the target
per se.

(CONTINUED)

RICHARD

Didn't kill the target? Per se?
What the fuck does that per se
mean? You paralyze her or
something?

DEAN

Umm...no, we...well Hilco more
precisely didn't want to kill her.

RICHARD

What? WHAT? You're given one
goddamn job, carry it out and you
get money. Simple. Why the hell
didn't you kill her?

DEAN

Well we felt, or Hilco felt per se,
an attachment to the victim...sir

RICHARD

What? Hilco you fell in love with
someone who was about to kill
themselves? She is on the brink of
death and you decide you're in
fucking love?

HILCO

It wasn't new. I knew her from high
school. Dean's a prick. I'm not in
love.

RICHARD

So you boned her in high school?

HILCO

No, I never boned her

RICHARD

Then you don't love her.

DEAN

You can't love someone till you
find out how they dance the dick.

RICHARD

Shut up Dean.

Hilco sits in silence with Richard and Dean.

Richard ponders until finally he breaks the silence and
stares at Hilco intensely.

(CONTINUED)

RICHARD CONT'D

So, you actually serious about his.
You don't want to kill her?

HILCO

I can't kill her.

RICHARD

But she wants to die.

HILCO

She thinks she wants to die.

BEAT

Richard nods silently taking it in.

RICHARD

Well, you have one week to change
her mind. Next Wednesday I am going
to ask her, if she still wants to
die, I'll personally do it myself.
Remember, don't let this love or
whatever the fuck it is, mess
everything up.

HILCO

Yes, sir, thank you Mr. Olsen.

DEAN

Peace, man.

RICHARD

Oh by the way, Dean.

DEAN

Yeah?

RICHARD

Call me Mr. Olsen.

EXT. STREET-MIDDAY

Hilco stands outside facing Dean. They lean against a brick
building and Hilco has a lit cigarette.

DEAN

So where is Jasmine?

HILCO

She's at her house. I told her I'd
see her today.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

You want me to come with?

HILCO

No.

INT. JASMINE'S APARTMENT-MIDDAY

Freeze at Jasmine's door 303. The peeling, chipped white paint is prominent. Linger on the door for a few seconds, before a hand reaches in and knocks.

Hilco's face expressionless at the door. He has his sunglasses on his forehead.

The door slowly creaks open. On the other side a small sallow face appears, messy and pained, yet beautiful. She blinks a couple of times at Hilco, who stands motionless.

JASMINE

Hilco? I didn't think you'd come.

HILCO

Why not? I said I would.

Jasmine (20's) has jet black hair and large brown eyes, soft face and a complimentary body. But she is pale and tired.

JASMINE

It's just been so long. I haven't seen you for like, what, eight years?

HILCO

Seven.

Silence as they merely stare at each other through the small crack in the door.

HILCO CONT'D

May I come in?

JASMINE

No, I'll come out soon. Give me five minutes.

She indicates this by holding up five fingers, then she closes the door.

From a distance: Hilco leans across from her room. The emptiness and homogeneity of the hall is evident. All looks the same except Hilco in front of her door.

(CONTINUED)

Door opens and Jasmine stands there with a hoodie and a tint of makeup on. She comes out quickly.

HILCO

Ready?

JASMINE

Where are we going?

HILCO

Probably the park.

EXT. PARK-AFTERNOON

It is the end of fall, most the leaves have fallen.

Hilco and Jasmine sit on a bench. Both stare out over the pond. People pass walking dogs or just strolling.

SILENCE as they stare out over the water.

Jasmine speaks quietly, not taking her gaze away from the still pond.

JASMINE

A lot of time, I forget this park
is even here.

HILCO

Yeah, it's a nice place.

BEAT

Hilco looks at her, but she is concentrated on the glassy appearance of the water, obviously lost in thought.

She looks up at Hilco and lets out a long sigh.

JASMINE

You wanna know something weird? I
can't really remember being young.
It seems so long ago that I was a
child, carefree. Life hadn't taken
its toll yet, you know?

HILCO

(uncomfortably)

Yeah, life...it gets tough, I
guess...

(CONTINUED)

JASMINE

I bet you want to know why I wanted
to die

HILCO

Not really.

(PAUSE)

What I want to know is do you want
to live?

BEAT

Jasmine stops, surprised by his response. He stares at her intently. She shuffles in her seat uncomfortably and looks out across the water again.

JASMINE

Sometimes. Like right now.

Hilco pulls out a cigarette and lights it. He looks back at her and smiles slightly.

HILCO

But what about sometime in the
distant future?

CUT TO

INT. HILCO HOME-LATE

Hilco is at home watching TV. There is a BERRETTA-9MN on the table across from him. Hilco picks the gun up and grasps it hard in his hand.

BEAT

PHONE RINGS

Hilco picks it up after the third ring. He doesn't say anything and waits for the other voice to answer first.

DEAN V.O

Yo, ready?

EXT: shot of the car, parked inconspicuously in the dead of night.

INT. CAR-NIGHT-HOUSE

Hilco sits with his head leaning back against the car seat. Soft music plays from the car stereo.

DEAN

So? What's the news? Gimme the lowdown man. You guys finally in love?

HILCO

Huh?

DEAN

You fuck?

HILCO

It's not like that man. This isn't some lust thing. I don't think I love her, I just want to save her.

DEAN

Well. You gotta at least love her a little if you want to save her.

EXT:TARGET HOUSE-NIGHT

Hilco and Dean walk out of the car and stand outside of the small house. From across the street a light flickers on.

Dean, turning around to the light.

DEAN

Fuck!

HILCO

What?

DEAN

Little old neighborhood watch nana, is staring right at us man.

HILCO

She only sees our back.

DEAN

She'll call the fucking cops man.

Dean and Hilco look at each other, obviously flustered by the current situation.

Pan back and the little old lady stands at the window, staring intensely out over them.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN
For fuck's sake

Hilco goes casually to the door and opens it. Dean rushes in after him. The lady continues staring out the window.

INT.HOUSE-NIGHT

Immediately shut the door. Dean nods to Hilco who merely stares back at him.

HILCO
We gotta make this quick man.

They see the light at the end of the hall. Dean has the gun cocked and pointed out in front of him.

Dean kicks the door open, they walk in and see a man staring at the TV.

BAM

Dean shoots the man straight in the forehead with one bullet.

We hear Spongebob in the background of an otherwise silent scene.

INT: RICHARD'S HOUSE-MIDDAY

Dean and Hilco both sit down silently and stare at Richard, Hilco has a cigarette in his mouth, yet to be lit.

The fire sparkles behind Richard and his son's picture hangs over the three of them.

HILCO
Do you mind?

Hilco points at the cigarette, not taking his gaze off of Richard.

RICHARD
No, I guess not.

Hilco lights the cigarette and sits there, drifting off into space. He lets out a sigh of smoke, and leans back against his chair.

RICHARD CONT'D
So, how's the love interest coming?
You see her yesterday?

(CONTINUED)

HILCO

Yeah

RICHARD

(Antagonizing)

How'd it go? What did ya do on the first date?

HILCO

I took her to the park.

Richard looks Hilco up and down, solemnly. He nods and leans in closer to the two of them.

RICHARD

The kill go ok last night?

DEAN

Yeah, I'll say. He was ready to go.

HILCO

(Zoning)

I'm taking her out again today, I just (sigh) don't know where to go.

DEAN

Strip joints...strip joints always make me enjoy life.

RICHARD

What about being in my sister's presence?

DEAN

Yeah that's number one...of course.

RICHARD

Of course.

DEAN

But, I couldn't give that to Hilco...could I?

Awkward beat

RICHARD

Well, you all make sure to stay low key for a while. Enjoy this week off. We're hitting high season soon.

Through the window a grey, windy day rolls in.

(CONTINUED)

The two men get up, Dean is already at the door and opening it, Hilco is a few steps back when Richard speaks again.

RICHARD CONT'D
Oh, and Hilco, Day 2.

INT. HALLWAY-EVENING

Hilco waits outside of Jasmine's room uncomfortably. The door opens and she smiles just at the edges of her lips.

They walk down the corridor towards the gleaming exit sign at the end of the hall.

Door SLAMS, but not before the faint echo of their footsteps are heard.

EXT: PARK-NIGHT

Hilco is on a bench staring up at the stars while Jasmine lies at the base of the slide, both parallel to each other, Hilco takes a joint from behind his ear and lights it.

He takes a PUFF and lets the smoke out slowly, letting it fade into the night. He holds it out to her.

She takes it.

JASMINE
You know, I thought of something
funny the other day.

HILCO
What's that?

JASMINE
I realized how much I miss high
school.

HILCO
You hated high school. I can barely
remember it...It's just a haze for
me really.

JASMINE
That's why I miss it I think.

BEAT

She passes the joint back to Hilco. He inhales and lets it out.

(CONTINUED)

They sit in silence, both entranced by stars twinkling in the distance.

Hilco sighs and takes another drag.

JASMINE

These are some of the best moments of my life.

HILCO

Really?

JASMINE

I can just relax out here. You know?

HILCO

Yeah I know...I know.

In the distance laughter and footsteps can be heard. The two of them pause as four young men walk into the park. They are around 18 years old.

One of the boys sticks a key into the side light...the park is instantly illuminated

The four of them freeze when they see Hilco and Jasmine sitting there, frozen and wide-eyed.

One of them steps forward and smiles.

BOY 1

Hey, am I...uh...am I disturbing anyone over there?

JASMINE

Oh, no, we were about to leave.

BOY 4

Well, hey, look you all don't have to go? We were just about to have a NERF GUN fight, if you want to join?

BOY1

Yeah. We got a few extra guns.

HILCO

No, really, no...but thank you.

Hilco takes Jasmine's hand and starts to walk away.

He slows down. Suddenly he stops. She looks at him confused.

(CONTINUED)

Hilco turns around and sees the four of them shooting the shit and loading their guns. He yells out to them.

HILCO CONT'D

Hey, you sure we can play?

MONTAGE SCENE, Music plays as everyone shoots at each other, running around smiling.

Focus in on Hilco and Jasmine, a smile spread across her face.

SLOW MOTION

She aims at Hilco's head from behind and fires. The Nerf finds its target, Hilco laughs. He turns around and chases her.

Fade slowly to black, with the image of the Nerf gun fight in the background.

CUT TO

INT. JASMINE HALLWAY-NIGHT

Jasmine leans against the door, as Hilco stands against the opposite wall. They face each other.

BEAT

They merely stand there silently and stare at each other. Hilco smiles and she smiles back.

HILCO

You doing anything tomorrow?

JASMINE

(Smiling)

Not yet. What do you have planned for tomorrow, paintball?

Hilco nods and grins. Jasmine kisses him on the cheek, opens the door so that only she can go in.

Halfway in the door, she turns around.

JASMINE CONT'D

Call me tomorrow?

HILCO

Yeah, I will.

INT. DEANS CAR-NIGHT

Dean drives with Hilco in the passenger seat.

DEAN
So you didn't do the deed?

HILCO
What deed?

DEAN
Don't be a smartass with me.

HILCO
What deed?

DEAN
Sex, fuck, make love, stick your
penis in her vagina. Still want me
to clarify?

Hilco merely continues to watch out the window, scenery whizzing by.

BEAT

HILCO
It's not how you would think.

DEAN
Well then, fuckin' surprise me. You
know I went to college, I might be
smarter than you think.

HILCO
You registered at a community
college, yet failed to attend a
single class.

Dean merely smiles and gives a small shrug. Hilco adjusts in his seat and stares back out the window.

DEAN
You know you been with that bitch
for three days. Has she changed her
mind yet?

HILCO
Yeah, she's just about gettin'
there, probably.

EXT. APARTMENT-NIGHT

The car rolls down a silent road before stopping at Hilco's apartment.

Hilco steps out of the car. He stands there for a moment as Dean drives away. He pulls out a cigarette and looks at it.

He casually runs it through his fingers. Contemplating. Then finally he lights it.

CLOSE UP: Shot of the cigarette burning a bright luminescent red.

INT. HILCO'S APARTMENT-MORNING

Pan along inside Hilco's apartment, moving to his bedroom where Hilco sleeps.

He is wrapped thoroughly under the covers.

ALARM CLOCK goes off, his hand limply reaches out and turns it off.

The Clock reads 10:03. Hilco sits up in bed, hair askew. He wipes his face, gets out of bed and throws a sweater on. He has more energy than usual.

EXT. BALCONY-MORNING

Hilco sits alone, he looks across the ground at all the new SNOW, about an inch or so.

ANGLE ON: Hilco as he exhales. Watch as his crisp breath disappears in the cold air.

He pulls his cell phone out and scrolls down the cell phone, name by name.

ACE, BOSS, DAD, DEAN, ELIZA, HAILEY

He reaches Jasmine and lingers for a moment. His finger slides along the green CALL button... Suddenly he hits cancel.

Hilco looks at the time. It is 10:48. He sighs and pulls out a cigarette, and lights it up.

FASTFORWARD

(CONTINUED)

The cigarette is gone and only the filter remains in his hand. Hilco tosses it over the balcony and takes out his phone. He Calls Jasmine.

RING RING

JASMINE O.S
This is the earliest yet.

HILCO
(Stutters)
I...I...

He is obviously taken back by her greeting, but recovers quickly.

HILCO CONT'D
I wanted to know if you wanted to meet up, or something.

JASMINE O.S
(giggles)
Alright, where to?

CUT TO

EXT. PARK-MORNING

Music plays as Hilco and Jasmine lay on the snow, Hilco talks and Jasmine lets out a soft laugh barely heard over the music.

SLOWLY fade in closer to Hilco and Jasmine.

Hilco stands up and pulls Jasmine to her feet. He wipes the snow off her back and they begin to walk.

Jasmine scans Hilco, who stares straight ahead.

JASMINE
So if you could go anywhere in the world, ANYWHERE, where would it be?

HILCO
You mean other than Disneyland?

Jasmine chuckles, but quickly straightens up. She urges him to give a straight answer.

HILCO CONT'D
I've always wanted to go to Paris.

(CONTINUED)

JASMINE

Same.

Immediately after.

JASMINE CONT'D

Have you ever been out of the
country?

HILCO

Yeah, once.

JASMINE

Where?

BEAT

HILCO

Miami.

She laughs at this joke and looks up at him beaming while they walk.

They reach a bench, covered in a small layer of snow.

Hilco begins brushing snow off the bench, while Jasmine brushes the other side.

HILCO

You don't really have to...

JASMINE

I want to.

After a few seconds of silent brushing they sit down simultaneously.

HILCO

I know I take you here a lot, but I
don't really know where else to go.

JASMINE

Well, I love this park anyways.
It's really pretty. I feel alive
here.

Hilco nods. He reaches into his pocket and fingers a pack of
cigs. He starts pulling it out

BEAT

Pauses and scans Jasmine, who is in a trance with the
half-frozen pond.

(CONTINUED)

He slides the cigarette back into his pocket and releases a heavy breath seen in the cold.

JASMINE

What's the funniest story you know?

HILCO

Oh, wow. Umm...oh so many.

JASMINE

Really?

HILCO

I'm not much of a story guy.

JASMINE

So you don't have many?

HILCO

(Taken aback)

Oh, I've got stories. I'm just not a good storyteller.

JASMINE

Try one.

Hilco glares out over the pond, incredulously. His face creases in concentration. Finally, he takes a deep breath.

HILCO

A funny one?

JASMINE

Yeah.

He shakes his head in disbelief and itches his hair under the hoodie.

PAUSE

HILCO

Alright, I got one. So this one time, I was driving through Texas at about, oh two in the morning. It was really fuckin dark outside...

Hr glances at her and she urges him to continue. A smile spread across her face.

HILCO CONT'D

And then, I see in the distance a hitchhiker, its dark I can't really make him out...So I pull over and

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

HILCO CONT'D (cont'd)
all of a sudden I see two WHITE
eyes and a deep, DEEP voice.

He lowers his voice.

HILCO CONT'D
(Deep tone)
Where you heading? Then all of a
sudden a BIG BLACK MAN gets in my
car.

She giggles at this.

HILCO CONT'D
He's about 6'3 300lbs, that big. So
I get a little nervous,
naturally...Ends up he was a
football player from LSU trying to
get back. Missed the bus, due to a
little partying and a visit to an
ex-girlfriend's.

She laughs and Rests her head on his shoulder.

HILCO CONT'D
Ended up being one of the nicest
guys I ever picked up.

JASMINE
That was a pretty funny story. See
you're not a horrible storyteller.

Hilco merely shrugs and pulls out a cigarette, he lights it
and stares ahead.

HILCO
Yeah, funny story.

We see a PANORAMA of the park. Some children make a snowman
in the distance. A couple walk their dog while chatting.

Hilco looks at her.

HILCO
Your turn.

CUT TO

INT. MALL-NOON

A crowded mall with clusters of people of people rushing around. Through the crowd Hilco and Jasmine can be seen walking in the distance, lost in the clutter as music plays.

FADE IN

They push their way through the mall till they reach the food court.

JASMINE
You hungry?

HILCO
Nope, just ate.

JASMINE
Same. We'll just rest a bit.

The roar of the crowd is heard as Hilco and Jasmine sit across from each other silently.

BEAT

HILCO
Any store in particular you wanna go to?

JASMINE
You're the one who brought me here, remember.

HILCO
Well, it's warm in here. I don't know, I figured I'd buy you anything you want. On me.

JASMINE
Thanks, but no thanks.

She 'smiles' at the offer and even turns a little red.

HILCO
Seriously, we'll go window shopping. Anything you want on me.

JASMINE
(Stutters)
I...I...really don't want anything. Honestly.

Hilco looks at her baffled. Jasmine abruptly stands up.

(CONTINUED)

JASMINE CONT'D
Screw the mall. Let's go somewhere
else.

She turns around to go. Hilco shrugs and follows her to the
escalator.

WALK ON ESCALATOR

Jasmine turns around to face Hilco.

JASMINE CONT'D
The reason I don't want anything is
not completely because I feel bad
taking your money, it's just that I
truly believe nothing in here is
really going to have an impact on
my life.

BEAT

LONG SHOT: As they walk out of the mall.

INT. CAR-AFTERNOON

Hilco and Jasmine drive in silence. The road is covered in a
light snow.

After a few awkward moments Hilco turns off at a gas
station. He glances at Jasmine as they sit in the parking
lot.

HILCO
I gotta use the bathroom.

INT. GAS STATION-AFTERNOON-4:30

Immediately inside he opens his cell phone and calls...

RING

DEAN O.S
Hello?

HILCO
Dean, have you eaten dinner yet?

DEAN O.S
No. Why?

(CONTINUED)

HILCO

You and STEPHANIE should come to
dinner with me and Jasmine.

INT. CAR-PARKING LOT-AFTERNOON

Jasmine's POV of Hilco walking to the car through a frosted
window. Finally he opens the door.

HILCO

So, Dean invited us to go to dinner
with them tonight.

CUT TO

INT. RESTAURANT-DUSK

Hilco and Jasmine sit in a booth. Silence washes over them
for a few moment.

Hilco grins and waves.

ROLL OVER as Dean walks in with his wife Stephanie (40's)

She is short and white, a little chubby, but with a cute
face.

The four of them greet and shake hands from afar. They all
get situated in the booth.

DEAN

(Directly at Jasmine)

Well, you look better than the
first time I saw you.

His wife laughs and Hilco lets out a nervous chuckle.
Jasmine blushes, but quickly regains her composure with a
smile.

JASMINE

So how long have you two been
married?

STEPHANIE

Eight happy years now.

Dean winks at Hilco and raises his beer glass high. All of
them toast and drink.

A montage of them laughing and talking while more and more
food arrives.

(CONTINUED)

Zoom in as Stephanie takes a chug.

DEAN
Careful, STEPH! Remember what
happened last time?

STEPHANIE
(loud and obnoxious)
Shut Up!

Jasmine turns to Hilco, reaches under the table and grabs his hand. Hilco's face lights up.

The Waitress returns and places food on their tables.

Fun, festive atmosphere as the four of them animatedly converse. Music slowly fades out.

Dean begins a story.

DEAN
All right, fine...one of the
craziest things that happened to
was...well

HILCO
Before you go on, try and keep it
clean.

DEAN
Well, Fuck.

Hilco rolls his eyes and looks at Jasmine. She laughs along with Stephanie.

DEAN CONT'D
All right, alright, I'll try and
keep it PG.

JASMINE
Keep going!

DEAN
Fine, damn...well, there are some
images that stay with you forever.
For me it was when I went to a Cast
production of 'ROCKY HORROR PICTURE
SHOW' with a kid named GLENN

He is surprisingly energetic and a passionate storyteller. Everyone is absorbed in the story.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN CONT'D

So the Rocky Horror picture show is a cult classic movie musical. In case you don't know what it is, it's a story about Dr. Frank N. Furter who refers to himself as a "sweet transvestite from transsexual Transylvania."

WIDE ANGLE

Everyone laughs. Dean's enthusiasm is contagious and exciting.

DEAN CONT'D

I was warned of the perverted theme of the show and how audience members tend to dress up and pick on the first timers or 'VIRGINS.' I thought this would make for an interesting fucking night. Around 9:00PM I drive up to Glenn's house, where my friends and I were meeting to carpool. But, when I got there, I found out they all bailed, so it would just be us going with his friend SAMANTHA.

FLASHBACK

INT. GLENN'S HOUSE-LIVINGROOM-NIGHT

A young Dean, stares awkwardly as SAMANTHA sits next to him in a gothic emo costume, with heavy white and black makeup on her round face.

DEAN V.O

Samantha and Glenn were regulars, so looking at Samantha's clothes I realized that my jeans and black shirt didn't match her gothy, emo style, but I still had no idea how out of place I would be.

Dean's awkwardness turns to uncomfortableness, as Glenn walks out in a priest outfit.

The scene is eccentric as Dean stands between the two

SAMANTHA

(Sweetly)

Ready to go Glenn?

(CONTINUED)

GLENN

Yeah

SAMANTHA

(Darkly)

Virgin?

PRESENT

INT. RESTAURANT-EVENING

His audience is intently listening. A grin spread across their faces. Hilco reaches for his beer.

DEAN

We finally got to Nuart Theatre and my godly shit was it different;

EXT. NUART THEATER-NIGHT

A long line of die hard fans.

Girls with black leather pants wearing nothing but a fishnet shirt and black tape covering their nipples. While others are dressed in a more S&M style.

The men are either in dresses clad with makeup or in clothes so tight and tiny that nothing is left to the imagination.

One guy is dressed as Rocky and wears nothing but a GOLDEN SPEEDO.

He smiles creepily at Dean.

INT. RESTAURANT-NIGHT

Everyone laughs.

Dean pauses and takes a sip of water, while holding a finger up.

DEAN CONT'D

The atmosphere was like a bunch of horny teenagers with every song from the movie memorized. It was so new and different that it was actually kinda fuckin fun as a onetime thing, of course. OH and sorry, Hilco

(CONTINUED)

HILCO

For what?

DEAN

For cursing right there.

HILCO

By all means, I didn't even know
you were this coherent.

Hilco turns quickly to Jasmine.

HILCO

(Whispers)

He only said fuck three times
without noticing.

Dean doesn't notice this, and he continues his story,
cutting Hilco off.

DEAN

Anyways, around 3:00AM we arrive
home. I was still in awe at how
crazy and different it was from
anything I had ever experienced. It
was late so he offered to let me
crash at his place and judging from
this evening he was a pretty cool
guy, maybe a little weird, so...I
accepted.

FLASHBACK

INT. GLENN'S HOUSE-LIVINGROOM-3:00AM

Door opens and Glenn walks inside, still in his priest
costume, Dean walks over and sits on the couch in front of
the TV.

DEAN V.O

We chilled for a bit, watched a
little TV. He went back to his room
to change from his priest outfit.
Nothing could have prepared me me
for what came next. A few minutes
later he comes out and my jaw
dropped. I couldn't believe what I
was seeing!

BEAT

Young Dean stares perplexed at something. His eyes are wide
and he wears a look of utter disbelief on his face.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN V.O

Let me tell you about my "friend."
Imagine, a 6'2" hippy with curly
brown hair who weighs 290 pounds
and looks like Seth fuckin Rogen
with acne.

CUT TO

INT. GLENN'S HOUSE-MORNING

Glenn's hairy exposed legs. Keep moving up and see...

DEAN V.O

So there he is standing in the
hallway and he had traded his
priest robes for, get this... a
blond wig!?

A huge Glenn dressed in a French Maid outfit and a blond
wig, leans against the door frame seductively, he holds a
feather duster in his left hand.

DEAN CONT'D

I realize that he is wearing a
black dress, with a white apron.
Then I notice that in his hand is a
white feather duster... Wait a
feather duster, black dress and
white apron... God he's wearing a
French maid outfit! *Rocky Horror*
was strange enough, but this just
couldn't be real. I'll never forget
the words that came next...Dean, I
know you're straight and all but...

CUT TO

INT. RESTAURANT-NIGHT

Everyone around the table bursts out laughing at this.
Jasmine smiles and leans against Hilco's shoulder.

DEAN CONT'D

I was so fucking shocked by what
was going on that I couldn't move,
let alone utter a single goddamn
phrase, so he continued...Dean, I
know your straight and all but, if
anything happens tonight, it
doesn't mean you're gay.

(CONTINUED)

Everyone begins laughing and Hilco takes another drink of beer.

DEAN CONT'D

I was stunned. All I could do was stand there like an idiot. He starts apologizing all sad, I am sorry, it was stupid of me, I am so embarrassed... but after a few minutes of trying to console him, he insisted on cooking me breakfast. Even though his French Maid outfit was out of place when he hit on me, it fit in quite well while making me bacon and eggs.

After the story they continue laughing, Dean smiles and takes a sip from his beer.

JASMINE

(Through laughter)

Wow, that's really messed up.

HILCO

That's only the PG version. Guess what the alternate ending in the R version was.

DEAN

Fuck you.

EVERYONE LAUGHS and looks so at ease. The music continues as they keep talking and smiling before...

CUT TO

EXT. RESTAURANT-PARKING LOT-NIGHT

Hilco and Jasmine come out of the restaurant as Dean and Stephanie follow.

The car backs out of the parking lot and drives down the dark road.

INT. CAR-NIGHT

Jasmine is in the passenger seat looking out the window, while Hilco stares out towards the road.

(CONTINUED)

JASMINE

That was fun.

Slicing the silence

BEAT

HILCO

Yeah, yeah... it was a lot of fun.

JASMINE

Good guy.

HILCO

Yeah, yeah he's a laugh.

It's quiet as Jasmine stares out the window at the oncoming traffic.

HILCO CONT'D

Pretty good food, huh?

Jasmine nods and continues to look out the window.

HILCO

Come back to my place?

Jasmine nods. She leans her head back against the rest.

INT. HILCO HOME-NIGHT

Jasmine and Hilco sit on the couch. She giggles and leans her head back and whispers something seductively into his ear.

BEAT

Jasmine looks up at Hilco from the couch. He is rendered speechless for a moment...

HILCO

I'm not doing all this just to sleep with you.

JASMINE

I know, that's why I want you to.

INT. HILCO'S ROOM-NIGHT

Through a haze, we see the naked outline of Jasmine and Hilco in bed.

Jasmine on top, her hands around his waist, THRUSTING slow and steady.

A brief scene.

EXT. HILCO'S BALCONY-NIGHT

Both are under a huge blanket. The stars are overhead.

JASMINE

It's really peaceful out here.

HILCO

Yeah, it is.

BEAT

JASMINE

Do you ever feel like maybe, if things went differently when you were younger, certain situations avoided, you'd somehow turn out a more complete human being?

Hilco is in awe as he looks out over the stars. He slowly gazes down at her.

He wraps the blanket tighter around them, and merely looks up at the stars again. He opens his mouth to answer...

INT. IHOP-MORNING

Hilco slides into a booth and immediately looks out the window. Grey skies fill the air. The cold can be seen.

He glances at the still door, then after a moment he looks down at his newspaper.

Waitress comes up from behind, startling Hilco.

WAITRESS

Hi, I'm PAM and I am going to be your server today. Can I get you something to start out with?

(CONTINUED)

HILCO

Nope, waitin' on one more, thanks.

PAM

Ok, well you sure you don't need water or drink or sumthin'?

HILCO

Oh, no thanks, I'll uh...wait for her.

PAM

Shoulda known you woulda been with a lady.

The door to IHOP opens and Jasmine walks in.

WIDE ANGLE of her standing in the doorway.

Pam walks up and greets her kindly. Pam's voice continues as they pull up to the table.

PAM

And here we are! I'll give you two a minute.

Jasmine approaches the table and Hilco stands up to greet her. He smiles a little, but only at the corner of his lips.

HILCO

Hey, how are you?

The two of them slide into the booth on opposing sides.

JASMINE

Good, but I couldn't sleep last night.

HILCO

Why?

JASMINE

I had a weird dream.

HILCO

Huh. Good thing it was only a dream.

Hilco picks up the menu and begins scanning it quietly. Jasmine merely stares at him from across the table.

(CONTINUED)

JASMINE

You don't wanna know about my dream?

HILCO

You interested in telling it?

JASMINE

Well, not anymore...

HILCO

But you wanted to talk about it?

JASMINE

I guess so.

HILCO

Let me hear it.

Jasmine sighs and lies back against the cushion of the booth. Hilco leans forward in response. Intent

JASMINE

It sounds stupid now, running it back through my head. I don't know.

HILCO

(uncomfortably)

Come one, tell me. I want to know.

JASMINE

It's stupid thinking about it.

HILCO

Okay, fine...tell me when you're ready.

JASMINE

Well...I mean

HILCO

Look tell me the fucking story or don't tell me...shit

Pam enters right in the middle of Hilco's sentence. She maintains a real smile this time.

PAM

Hello! Have you decided what I can start you off with?

(CONTINUED)

HILCO
Ummm...could you give us two more
minutes?

PAM
Certainly.

HILCO
Thanks, Pam.

Pam goes over to the next table and begins picking up the
cutlery and plates.

Hilco turns to Jasmine. He leans in forward again.

HILCO
Do you know what you want to get?

JASMINE
Yeah, I want the international
breakfast.

HILCO
I think I'm just gonna get
pancakes.

JASMINE
Huh, don't I feel like the fatass.

HILCO
No, of course not, you
look...pretty.

BEAT

Jasmine looks down at her lap and back up at Hilco. They
gaze at each other. The moment is broken by Hilco who turns
around...

HILCO CONT'D
Pam, I think we're ready to order.

INT. BUSINESS OFFICE-MORNING

A high up office, pan up the building. Stop at the 12th
floor.

A man sits inside a large office overlooking the city. Glass
windows cover an entire side of his office.

Upon closer view, it is Richard in a huge business chair,
cigar in hand.

(CONTINUED)

Another man sits across from him. His hands move fervently, his hallow eyes frantically scanning Richard all the while.

RICHARD
Choosing to die, well, it's your
God-given right.

The man in the chair doesn't speak or even look at Richard.

RICHARD CONT'D
Free will, well that's something
that comes with a burden son. A
major burden. The choices we make
in life lead us down different
paths. Correct?

The man continues to look down, twitching at random intervals.

BEAT

RICHARD CONT'D
TIM, am I correct?

TIM
Yes.

RICHARD
Listen, Tim. This isn't a game, you
know that. People have the right to
die. If the pain in this world is
too strong, why not pass on? Let go
of the pain. Free will means a lot
of things, even if that means
having the will to die.

BEAT

TIM
I want to die.

RICHARD
OK. 2:13 your house.

Tim turns and starts walking toward the door when Richard calls...

RICHARD
Oh and TIM!

TIM
Yes?

RICHARD

You sure? Cause once you walk out those doors you can't change your mind.

Tim shows no facial expression, walks to the door, opens them and violently slams it as he leaves.

CUT TO

INT. IHOP-MORNING

Hilco and Jasmine already have their food half eaten.

Jasmine takes a bite of bacon and looks at Hilco.

BEAT

JASMINE

Hey, Hilco. Remember prom? Do you remember what I wore?

HILCO

I didn't go to prom with you.

JASMINE

I know, but do you remember?

HILCO

I know you're hoping for a romantic answer, but I was high and drunk as hell for prom.

JASMINE

Why?

HILCO

Cause I was going with Izze, and that's the only time she looked hot.

JASMINE

Well, that's fairly rude. She was a good friend of mine, and I was wearing a purple dress.

HILCO

Huh, actually I vaguely remember.

Hilco takes a bite out of his pancakes. He smiles at her but she merely stares back coldly.

(CONTINUED)

Hilco's cell phone begins RINGING. He looks down and sees Dean calling.

HILCO CONT'D
I gotta get this.

He answers the phone.

HILCO
Hello?

DEAN O.S
Hilco, we are meeting with the boss
at 4:30.

HILCO
What? I thought we had the week
off?

DEAN O.S
Well, apparently not.

Hilco hangs up the phone and looks at Jasmine. She glares at him.

JASMINE
So who was that?

HILCO
I gotta meet my boss at 4:30, no
biggie, it shouldn't take more than
an hour, promise.

Hilco smiles at her. She turns away to look out the window at the cold November morning.

JASMINE
Am I a special case, or has this
happened before?

BEAT

Hilco is taken aback. He straightens up in his seat and looks into Jasmine's face.

HILCO
What?

JASMINE
Am I special case, or have you
tried to save all of your clients?

(CONTINUED)

HILCO
(Hesitation)
You are a special case.

He takes a bite of his food and lets the silence fill up between them. Jasmine continues to stare coldly out the window.

Hilco realizes this and puts his fork and knife down, opposite her. Finally he clears his throat.

HILCO
Something wrong Jasmine?

Jasmine doesn't break her gaze from the outside world and as she speaks, it's clear a tear falls from her eye.

JASMINE
You know you killed my father,
right?

Hilco stares at her, incredulous. His eyebrows crease and he lets out a heavy sigh. He leans in and reaches for Jasmine's hand. She immediately pulls back.

HILCO
I never knew that was your father.
Had I known now, I never would have
killed him.

Jasmine closes her eyes and a new, fresh set of tears spill down her face.

HILCO CONT'D
I promise you I didn't know.

JASMINE
Why do you do that Hilco? Why did
you choose this job?

BEAT

Hilco takes a large deep breath and starts to turn his coffee mug in circles.

He slowly lifts his head to make eye contact with her. His shoulders hunched forward...

CUT TO

INT. RICH'S HOUSE-4:30

Hilco and Dean sit across from Richard who gazes at them intently.

RICHARD
You guys got another one tonight.

HILCO
I thought we had the week off?

RICHARD
You did. You got four days off you lazy prick.

DEAN
That's not a week.

RICHARD
Why don't you two go blow each other and then do your damn job? Would that help?

BEAT

DEAN
Probably.

FADE TO

INT. DEAN'S CAR-AFTERNOON

SHOT OF DEAN'S CAR

Hilco is in the passenger seat, expressionless. Out the window he watches the scenery fly by.

Dean drives when suddenly he pulls over in a parking spot.

HILCO
Why are you stopping?

DEAN
Something's wrong man.

HILCO
With what?

DEAN
Your sorry ass.

Dean leans back in the car and shrugs. He locks all the doors.

(CONTINUED)

HILCO
Nothing.

DEAN
Don't lie to me.

HILCO
So you gonna take me hostage?

DEAN
Is that what it takes?

Hilco sighs and also leans back...

HILCO
Well, since I'm gonna be here for a
while...

Hilco pulls out a cigarette and a lighter, Dean's eyes
become wide in fear.

DEAN
Hey, motherfucker, you better not.
Steph'll be pissed.

Hilco proceeds to light it and takes a long drag, letting a
waft of smoke come from his mouth and fill the car.

DEAN
Fine! Fuck you, get out.

Dean unlocks the door and Hilco climbs out. He turns and
waves at Dean, who drives off.

EXT. STREET-AFTERNOON

Hilco walks down the road.

HILCO
(Mutters)
Two goddamn miles away.

As Hilco walks down the road we get a PANAROMA of the city.
People walk about as music plays

Hilco is distracted by a farmers market.

A man, presumably in his late 50's, stands behind a booth of
bananas and grapes.

(CONTINUED)

MAN

Have you ever tried real grapes?

HILCO

(smiles)

As opposed to fake grapes?

MAN

Funny guy! Try one of these grapes
and tell me what the world has to
offer.

Hilco takes a few grapes, he inhales and eats a few. His head nods in approval after a second. He gives the man a thumbs up.

He buys some grapes

MONTAGE

Hilco walks along the vendors, smiling, talking and just taking it all in. Music plays on top.

He sees a stand, where an old man sits, (late 60's). He has a worn look, as though he has seen too much. He peels an orange with a weak smile.

Hilco's attention is captured by the ruggedness of his small stand.

He walks over, observing the old man, who is selling a BOOK OF POEMS. The cover is simple, with white bold block letters.

HILCO

So who wrote these poems?

The man greets him with a large grin. He reaches his hand out and Hilco takes it, giving a firm shake.

OLD MAN

Why, I did. Every poem in there is from me. I wanted to come out on a lovely day and spread my rambling thoughts to fellow earth dwellers.

HILCO

huh.

OLD MAN

The name's Frank. Just Frank.

(CONTINUED)

HILCO

Hilco.

He gives a strong smile. Hilco can't stop himself as a laugh escapes from his lips.

HILCO CONT'D

What gave you the inspiration to write poems Frank?

FRANK

Well, I thought where has poetry gone? Where are the current day philosophers? I have experienced my own adventures and my own thoughts, I recognize that those things I have experienced are solely mine. But I always ask myself why that is? That's why I started poetry.

Hilco nods in approval. Grin spread from ear-to-ear as he gazes along the Book of Poems.

HILCO

OK, how much?

FRANK

It's free.

Hilco looks at him, baffled.

HILCO

What? Why not put up a free poems sign? Tons of people would come.

FRANK

It's only free for those who truly want it.

Hilco picks one up, he nods at Frank who returns the favor and leans back to soak up the cold winter sun.

Hilco takes the small BOOK OF POEMS and slips a five dollar bill onto the table while Franks not looking.

He turns to leave and manages a few steps as Frank calls out to him.

FRANK

Fair warning! It's been a tough year. This issue is a little darker than usual.

DISSOLVE TO

INT. HILCO'S APARTMENT-LIVING ROOM-5:30

Door opens and Hilco emerges into the room carrying a couple bags which he places on the counter.

INT. BEDROOM

Hilco wanders in and plops down on his bed, holding the book of poems, he opens it and reads one random poem.

HILCO V.O

The trees around me sway. I know it
will be my last day. I plan it
wisely to make sure my disguise
does not confess the true meaning
of this day. It flashes by, I try
but I do not succeed, my time is
up.

BEAT

His eyes linger on the page for a few seconds, running the poem over again in his head.

He goes through his phone and stops at Jasmine. He looks down at the phone for a second, then back out the window.

INT. JASMINE'S APARTMENT-LIVING ROOM-5:30PM

Jasmine lies on her torn-up couch, broken down and defeated.

Her apartment is dark and cluttered. There is very little light in her apartment. Dull and depressing. She is in a trance with her cracked ceiling.

She slouches over to her table, goes into the drawer and pulls out a small bag of COCAINE.

Her hands shake as she lays out a line on the table.

INT. HILCO'S APARTMENT-5:30

Still image of the door.

KNOCK KNOCK

Hilco from O.S walks into view.

KNOCK

He reaches the door and gingerly opens it.

(CONTINUED)

In the doorway stands a mid-aged (40's), average, clean-shaven man. He's and average height and weight. He wears a nice suit.

HILCO
Can I help you?

MAN
Yessir, The name's HUCK JENSEN.

He reaches out his hand as Hilco reluctantly looks at it. He hesitates before giving a firm shake.

HUCK JENSEN
I'd just like to introduce myself
and tell you that I'm running for
Mayor of this great city.

HILCO
Republican or Democrat?

HUCK JENSEN
Independent.

BEAT

HILCO
Come in.

INT. HILCO'S APARTMENT-LIVING ROOM-6:00PM

Hilco leans casually against the wall, He has his phone in hand calling someone. Phone keeps ringing.

PHONE
JASMINE...is not available...

Hilco immediately hangs up, leans back and places the phone next to himself.

INT. KITCHEN

Hilco pulls out a beer. He sits and watches the clock intensely. It is 7.55 PM.

He lets out a heave.

INT. JASMINE'S HOUSE-7:55

Jasmine is passed out on her bed. Finally she stirs. She Abruptly sits up as beads of sweat linger on her forehead.

She gets out of bed wearing only underwear and strolls over to the shower. Turns it on. The water runs freely for a moment as she watches it. MOTIONLESS.

Momentarily see her in the shower. She focuses down at the ground and is very pale. She leans over, about to vomit.

CUT TO

INT. HILCO'S APARTMENT-NIGHT-8:45

He sits on his balcony, cuddled in a blanket against the harsh winter air. He smokes a cigarette and peers out over the darkness. He sees a shooting star overhead.

He takes a deep breath and tightens the blanket over himself.

RING

Suddenly, his phone rings; he reaches over clumsily and grabs it. Answers immediately.

HILCO
Hello?

JASMINE O.S
(attitude)
You called...

HILCO
Yeah, I...

JASMINE O.S
(interrupting)
Six times.

BEAT

Hilco sighs and a thick frost is omitted from his mouth. He glances at the stars again.

HILCO
Yeah, I wanted to see you.

Silence as Hilco watches his breath amidst the frosty frozen air.

(CONTINUED)

After a moment Jasmine still does not respond.

HILCO CONT'D
I wanted to tell you something.

JASMINE O.S
What?

HILCO
After tonight, I'm done. I promise.

BEAT

He waits on edge to hear her response.

JASMINE O.S
I've forgiven you.

Hilco closes his eyes, nodding in approval. There is still some acidity in her tone.

HILCO
How did you know it was me?

JASMINE O.S
My picture was gone from the fridge.

FADE OUT

EXT. CITY-DUSK

The sprawling city landscape shapes an outline amidst the gray industrialized buildings.

Snowflakes fall in the dusk and the gloomy mood is felt through the dull colors.

INT. HILCO'S APARTMENT-MORNING-12:30

Hilco watches T.V. His expression is blank. He surveys the table where his gun sits.

TV continues as a cluttered background noise, while Hilco reaches over and slowly picks up the gun. He examines it.

He runs his hand slowly and intricately over the metal barrel...

KNOCK KNOCK

(CONTINUED)

Knocking startles Hilco, he places the gun down, turns off the TV and stands to get the door. Before he can reach it, the knob turns and Dean lets himself in.

HILCO

Shit Dean, you could wait till
I get the door.

DEAN

Fuck no. You know what the
temperature is?

Dean makes his way to the kitchen, where he pulls out two beers.

He comes over to the couch and hands one to Hilco. Both open it and take a giant gulp.

HILCO

I'm done.

DEAN

With Jasmine?

HILCO

No, with my job.

BEAT

Dean gawks at Hilco like he's crazy. He sips his beer and puts it down before clearing his throat.

DEAN

Excuse me?

HILCO

Tonight's my last night.

DEAN

These people want to die, we're
helping them.

HILCO

Are we really?

DEAN

Come on, we'll talk to Richard,
he'll know what to say. It's a
phase, snap out of it.

HILCO

It's not a phase. I'm done after
tonight.

(CONTINUED)

BEAT

DEAN

Then what you gonna do?

Hilco leans back on his couch, blinking a few times. He takes his time answering Dean.

HILCO

I got a cousin up in Madison, said he could hook me up with a job. Starting pay is substantially less, but I won't feel like a dirtbag every night.

DEAN

You're not a dirtbag. These people had the same opportunities and they are making the same conscious decision.

Dean finishes of his beer in a victorious fashion. Hilco glares at him.

HILCO

I'm done.

DEAN

So you're done. Now what? So after tonight, you just pick up and leave?

HILCO

I'm going on a spiritual self journey.

BEAT

Dean gapes at him in disbelief. His eyes narrow suspiciously.

DEAN

What the hell is that? Like jacking off? Cause that's spiritual and self satisfying.

HILCO

God damn it Dean, I wanna try and find myself, or God, or something. Somehow. You know?

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

You wanna find God? Honestly?

Silence as Hilco takes in the change of tone.

HILCO

Yeah, I do.

DEAN

Well, take some acid man.

INT.CAR-MORNING-2:00 AM

Dean and Hilco cruise up the dark road. They park a few blocks down.

Hilco lets out a nervous gasp and looks out the window. He shakes his head and turns to Dean.

HILCO

I wanna call this one off. I don't think I can do it tonight.

Dean looks at him perplexed.

DEAN

What? Tonight? We're already here shitstick.

HILCO

I don't feel like killing someone tonight.

DEAN

I'll do the killing, shit.

HILCO

Call Richard make sure it's clean.

Dean continues to give Hilco a confused look. He shakes his head incredulously at Hilco.

DEAN

What the fuck is wrong with you tonight? Seriously? You know he woulda called us.

Hilco glares at Dean who shifts uncomfortably in his seat. He turns to Hilco angrily.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN CONT'D

Alright I'll make the fucking call.
Goddamn Hilco.

Dean yanks out his his phone and quickly dials RICHARD'S number. Dean stares directly at Hilco as it rings.

RICHARD O.S

Hello?

DEAN

Hey is it clean?

RICHARD O.S

If it wasn't I would have called
you.

DEAN

I know, that's what I sa..

Cut Off

RICHARD O.S

He's at home alone. Even though
it's his parents place and he
hasn't called the cops.

EXT. TIMS HOUSE-MORNING-2:11

Hilco and Dean stand outside the door. Luckily the house is fenced. It's a large house, with a nice garden in the front.

DEAN

It's showtime. Glory Lakers days.

BEAT

He grabs the door, turns the lock and pushes the door open.
DARKNESS.

HILCO

Dark in there.

Dean pulls out his gun and steps into the house. He is directly underneath the door frame; He steps into the darkness as Hilco slowly follows behind.

INT. TIM'S HOUSE-2:12AM

Dean takes a step past the edge of the door when...

BAM

A bullet flies through Dean's head. He falls lifelessly to the floor. Blood drains from his head.

BEAT

Hilco stands stupefied for a split-second before he SLAMS into the door.

A CRUNCH is heard as the door makes contact with TIM. Hilco drops down, kicks the door close and grabs Tim's leg.

Tim CRASHES into the floor, the gun spiraling out of his hand. He grabs Hilco's head and THRUSTS it into the wall. He then kicks him square in chest.

Tim reaches for the gun but Hilco shoots him through the foot, pulls him closer and slams his knee into Tim's chest, he puts his gun right on his forehead.

HILCO
(Flustered and Shocked)
Fuck you...What the fuck you doing?

Tim trembles as blood drips from his mouth while the gun indents his forehead. Tim mouths something but no words come out.

HILCO
You fuckin sayin something?

TIM
(Barely audible)
I changed my mind.

HILCO
Too late, motherfucker.

BAM

The bullet flies into Tim's head. Hilco stands completely still for a split second and looks out over the scene.

Dean's body lies on the ground sprawled out, his eyes stare blankly at the pale white ceiling.

Hilco runs to Dean and grabs his body. He starts dragging him out of the house.

EXT. TIMS HOUSE-MORNING-2:17AM

Hilco sprints out to the car, but not without trouble. He tries to get Dean out as quick and inconspicuous as possible.

He reaches the car, flings Dean into the back seat and sits for a moment. HEAVING.

He turns on the car and drives off into the night.

Police sirens can be heard in the distance as the house slowly fades out.

INT. HILCO'S APARTMENT-LIVINGROOM-MORNING

Hilco is on his couch. Sweat drips from his face. The phone is in his lap as he keenly watches over the balcony. His Car is in sight.

RING

Hilco picks the phone up on the first ring.

RICHARD O.S
What happened?!

His tone is above all confused and worried.

HILCO
Dean. Fuckin shot Dean.

The rest of the conversation drowns out, as music softly plays and Hilco's outline becomes fuzzier. His facial expressions become more detached as he stays on the phone.

Hilco is dazed as he stares absently ahead, letting the phone fall out of his hands.

EXT. DEAN'S HOUSE-MORNING

A quaint house sits on a slight hill in a nice neighborhood. The morning frost sweeps the ground.

A CRUNCH is heard as Richard walks across the frozen grass, leading to the door.

He walks as slowly as possible. He stops momentarily at the door. Knocks three times before taking a step back.

BEAT

(CONTINUED)

Door swings open, Stephanie stands there with a blanket wrapped around herself and a confused look on her face.

Richard nods at her and she solemnly nods back.

STEPHANIE

Hi, Rich what brings you over? Come in, for goodness sake you'll catch a cold.

Richard shakes his head no and stands his ground in the frosty cold.

RICHARD

I come with bad news.

BEAT

Stephanie looks even more confused and leans up against the wall.

Richard opens his mouth, about to speak but abruptly closes it.

RICHARD CONT'D

There's no easy way to say...

STEPHANIE

Spit it out Rich, what's wrong?

RICHARD

It's Dean, he was...killed last night.

BEAT

Silence fills the void. The heavy breathing of Stephanie can be seen through the cold.

RICHARD CONT'D

Him and Hilco were out walking back and they decided to take a shortcut. A few gangsters tried to rob them. When Dean refused, they shot him.

INT. HILCO'S APARTMENT-BEDROOM-MORNING

Hilco sits up in his bed. He stares out at nothing, lost in thought.

BEEP BEEP

(CONTINUED)

His alarm clock goes off. It is 8:10AM.

Hilco reaches out and slams it off, before returning to his vacant position.

Music begins to play as Hilco walks to the couch and plops down. Linger on a motionless Hilco.

He then picks up his phone and sees a missed call from Jasmine. He closes his eyes and leans back against the couch.

INT. RICHARDS HOUSE-MORNING

Richard is at the breakfast table with his wife (late-50's) who is older and has a look of despair. She stares at him, sadly.

RICHARD

Goin to work early today.

WIFE

So what happened with Dean?

Richard sighs and glances up at her, never making eye-contact. He shakes his head glumly.

RICHARD

I told you last night, LISA. He was mugged.

LISA

I know that, but have the police found any leads?

RICHARD

They're not going to find any leads.

Lisa's attention moves to the window and she sighs. She turns back directly at Richard.

LISA

Sad, sad thing to lose a life.

The grey from outside looks daunting and yet darkly beautiful.

BEAT

(CONTINUED)

RICHARD
I gotta go hon.

INT. HILCO'S APARTMENT-MORNING

Hilco hangs up the phone and stares in his lap. A pained expression etched on his face.

RING RING

Hilco slowly reaches out and with no energy picks it up on the third ring.

HILCO
Yeah?

JASMINE O.S
Hilco?

HILCO
Yeah.

JASMINE
I really wanna see you. I need to see you. What happened with Dean?

HILCO
(barely audible)
He was mugged.

He looks helplessly at his reflection in the mirror as he whispers this lie.

EXT. SNOW COVERED FIELD-AFTERNOON

The sun is up and no clouds are in the sky. Hilco and jasmine come walking from around the corner.

BACK SHOT

They leave a trail of footprints behind in the snow. Hilco peers over at her and she stares ahead, not acknowledging his look.

JASMINE
I still think there's more to the story.

HILCO
We were walking back...

(CONTINUED)

JASMINE

I don't want to hear it again. And that's why I know you're lying. It's too traumatic and you remember that story too well.

Hilco stops in his tracks as she continues walking. He looks at her baffled.

She speaks from ahead.

JASMINE CONT'D

So, you going to tell me the real story?

Hilco stands rooted to his spot. Little white flecks of snow come down on his face. She keeps walking, not turning around. After a second he picks up his pace and catches up with her.

HILCO

It is the real story.

JASMINE

Stephanie told me. She believes it. But I know you're lying.

BEAT

HILCO

His funeral's tomorrow. I'm making a speech.

Hilco pulls out a cigarette and tries to light it a few times.

HILCO CONT'D

And the worst part of it all. I don't feel like I'm the right person to give a speech for him.

JASMINE

Why not?

HILCO

I'm...I'm not prepared. I feel almost guilty giving the speech.

JASMINE

So there is more.

Hilco, entranced by the ground, barely nods. He gazes right into her eyes.

(CONTINUED)

HILCO

I didn't tell the truth. Not to
Stephanie, not to you and not even
to myself.

His eyes are slightly glazed before he breaks eye contact
with Jasmine and looks down at the ground.

INT. HILCO'S APARTMENT-BEDROOM-DUSK

Jasmine lies under the covers. Hilco has his arm around her
and speaks quietly into her ear.

HILCO

I really like holding you. It makes
me feel...feel...I don't know. It
just makes me feel.

Jasmine lets out a quiet laugh. She turns around and kisses
Hilco on top of the head.

Hilco shows a small pained smile.

HILCO

You won't tell Steph the truth will
you? It'll kill her and destroy so
many bonds. I promise you she won't
want to know the truth...

JAMSINE

(cutoff)

Everyone wants to hear the truth.
She might regret the truth, but she
would want to know.

HILCO

She doesn't know what we do.
There's almost no one who knows
what we do.

JASMINE

I promised you I would not tell
anyone. I keep my word.

Hilco is silent. He finally speaks after a few seconds.

HILCO

I don't know what it all means
anymore.

(CONTINUED)

JASMINE

You had it figured out?

HILCO

No, but now I know I'll never have
it figured out. Not completely.

EXT. FUNERAL-MORNING

There are around twenty people of all different creeds about
as the funeral service takes place.

A small layer of fresh snow covers the ground and the
surrounding sky is grey and bleak.

A long cardboard box is placed down in the opening of the
earth.

Hilco makes his way to the front with Jasmine. They peer
down into the pit at the cardboard box.

HILCO

What is that?

JASMINE

Is it cardboard?

They look at each other perplexed as Richard walks behind
them holding Stephanie's arm. They reach Jasmine and Hilco.

Tears streak down Stephanie's face, she nods at them.
Jasmine gives Stephanie a hug.

JASMINE

I'm so, so sorry for the loss.

Hilco awkwardly hangs back. He veers over towards Richard
while Jasmine and Stephanie talk.

HILCO

Is Dean in cardboard?

RICHARD

Yeah.

BEAT

Hilo nods a few times, waiting for more of an explanation.

RICHARD CONT'D

Yeah, he wanted to die and
Eco-friendly way. Top of his will.

(CONTINUED)

HILCO

Huh.

RICHARD

Cheered Steph up a little bit. Good to see a smile.

INT. HILCO'S APARTMENT-ROOM-MORNING

Hilco is on his bed and stares stupefied at the blank wall in front of him. He begins to get up before letting out a sigh and lying back down.

CUT TO

INT. JASMINE'S HOUSE-ROOM-NOON

Jasmine and Hilco look around the room silently. It's a dark and crowded. She is slumped against the chair.

HILCO

We should leave. Just go.

JASMINE

What?

HILCO

I don't know maybe Boston? Maybe not.

JASMINE

You want a change?

HILCO

I need a change.

Jasmine waits for a second. She takes a deep breath and looks directly at him.

JASMINE

Weren't you the one who told me not to run from my problems?

HILCO

I'm not running from my problems. Wanting to die, or killing yourself is running from problems. I'm trying something new. Change. Keeping the idea that there is still something.

BEAT

(CONTINUED)

She stands still. He braces for more negative words. Strangely, she looks up at him with a smile.

JASMINE

When do we go?

Hilco nods and bites his lower lip.

CUT TO

EXT. ALLEY-NIGHT

A deserted alleyway. There is a door at the other end of the alley with a dim light coming from inside.

A musky sign, obviously not well maintained which reads TADS TAVERN.

The wind blows against the sign, creating a creaky ominous shaking.

Out from around the corner a woman bundled up in a heavy coat treks towards the tavern. She slowly reaches the door and enters.

INT. TADS TAVERN-NIGHT

It is a shady place, with a few hood rat looking men who sit around the bar.

She slowly circles the edge before seeing a tall skinhead man.

The man turns around and catches her eye. He signals for her to come closer. She moves towards him capturing the eyes of most men at the bar.

She takes a seat next to him, takes off her hood. JASMINE.

JASMINE

JULIAN

The man sitting next to her shifts and stares at her for a second, taking it all in.

JULIAN

I knew you'd see me again Jasmine.

JASMINE

This is my last time. I'm moving, starting over.

(CONTINUED)

Julian lets out a mix between a laugh and a grunt. He shakes his head in disbelief at her.

JULIAN

This isn't your last time. You tink
you move and it stops everything?
Life just magically gets better.

She sits in silence. Absorbing his words, while in a trance with the ground.

JULIAN CONT'D

You're a dumb bitch. Moving changes
nothing, I've moved over seven
times and I'm the same fuck up. You
don't run.

BEAT

She merely continues to concentrate on the ground. He notices this.

JULIAN CONT'D

So you think you run away, then
what? You're not depressed anymore?
You just magically not want coke
anymore? Good God you are a dumb
bitch.

She still doesn't stir, eyes rooted to the same spot. He looks at her disgusted.

BEAT

JULIAN CONT'D

So that's it? Silence? You got
nothing to say?

JASMINE

I am moving. It may not change
anything but I am leaving. I have
to.

JULIAN

So new person, huh, why are you
here then?

Jasmine still stares down at the ground, not making eye contact with Julian. She mutters something inaudible.

JULIAN

What? I couldn't hear you?

(CONTINUED)

She looks up, ashamed and broken down before she mutters quietly.

JASMINE
(quietly)
You know why.

BEAT

JULIAN
Come with me to the back.

He quickly stands, but she remains sitting, deflated. Julian begins to walk away.

He turns around to look at her and she finally stands with no energy, dragging her feet to follow him.

EXT. RICHARDS HOUSE-NIGHT

Richard's gigantic house looms over the surrounding landscape. Richard comes out of his house wearing a heavy coat.

He treks over to his car and gets in. He pulls out of the driveway and out of view, leaving the house in the background.

INT. RICHARDS CAR-NIGHT

Richard drives his 1972 CAMARO S.S while listening to VIVALDE. He stops at a light and continues down the road.

The passenger door opens and Hilco enters the car. They silently nod at each other as Vivaldi continues to play.

INT. ENVY NIGHTCLUB-VIP-NIGHT

Hilco is in the VIP booth overlooking the dance floor. People mingle with each other, but Hilco merely sits gazing out the window alone.

Richard walks over and places a beer down in front of him. He goes to sit opposite of Hilco.

HILCO
Thanks.

Richard nods and looks out across the dance floor. He smiles and shifts back towards Hilco, who stares down into his beer.

(CONTINUED)

RICHARD

Bet you I've fucked at least three chicks here.

BEAT

Richard continues to smile.

RICHARD CONT'D

Being rich probably helped a little.

HILCO

Am I supposed to congratulate you here?

Richard lets out a forced laugh and sinks back into his chair.

RICHARD

So...any plans with umm...Jasmine?

HILCO

Um, not tonight. But tomorrow we got big plans.

Richard looks at him suspiciously, takes a large swig of beer and slams it down.

RICHARD

You know, I'm still going to ask her if she wants to live.

HILCO

She does.

RICHARD

Well, I'll just have to ask her won't I?

Hilco merely turns away and sips his beer. He avoids eye contact with Richard.

RICHARD

Listen Hilco, I know you've got some stuff to get off. I know you're damn well planning to do something drastic, I know it. I don't know what it is, but let me be clear to you. If our operation is found out we will both be behind bars, so...

(CONTINUED)

HILCO
(cut off)
No, no. I'm not planning anything
like that. I swear.

After Hilco swears, Richard's face softens and even a small smile forms.

RICHARD
I know you're a man of your word
Hilco. I know that about you, above
all.

He holds up a finger, indicating one second. He gets up and disappears.

Hilco sits gazing out amongst the party when Richard returns with four beers. He slides two at Hilco as he sits down.

They open it and take a gulp simultaneously.

RICHARD
So what are you planning to do?

HILCO
Nothing. Leave.

Richard pauses, processing these words. He firmly stares at Hilco

RICHARD
Can't say I didn't suspect it. You
got plans kid, Anywhere to go?

Hilco tears his gaze from Richard, out onto the lively dance floor.

CUT TO

EXT. FOREST-NIGHT

A lantern creaks through a misty forest as a hooded figure moves along the path.

He STOPS at a tall tree, with branches leading to the top.

The figure reaches back and pulls out a noose, which dangles around the him. He pulls off his hood and we see that it is one of the boys from the NERF GUN wars.

He climbs up the tree to one of the highest branches and ties the rope around the tree.

(CONTINUED)

He slowly raises the noose in his hands and stares at it.

BEAT

The boy sits on the ledge for a second and looks down below him. About 15 feet high. Sweat comes down his forehead.

The boy takes a few deep breaths.

Slowly, he raises the noose, places it over his head and pulls it tight around his neck.

He inhales deeply three times

Carefully he stands up on the tree branch. It goes hazy as the boy rigidly stands up and looks down at the forest floor.

From the top branch of the the tree, there is a gorgeous PANAROMA view of the forest, its jagged edges slice the mist.

It's an elegant sight. He takes a moment to take it all in then he drops.

BAM

He smashes onto the forest floor.

CRACK

He lies motionless on the floor for a second.

NERF BOY
FUCK! SHIT! FUCKSHIT!

The rope was too long. Fade away as the boy is writhing in pain.

INT. ENVY NIGHTCLUB-VIP-NIGHT

Hilco sits directly across from Richard.

HILCO
I don't know I guess I have no
plans, I really don't know. I'll
just be. You know? Just be, with me
and Jasmine.

Richard shakes his head in disapproval. He swigs his beer clean. Hilco watches this then looks down at his half full beer.

(CONTINUED)

RICHARD

It don't work like that, it never did, never will. You need a goddamn plan in life. How the fuck do you think you're gonna succeed?

Hilco merely avoids Richards heated gaze. He chews on his tongue when...

A very gorgeous woman walks up to them carrying a 360 VODKA to the table, as she places it down her shirt flaps forward. Both men stare down her shirt in silence.

She stands back up.

WAITRESS

Enjoy, Rich

RICHARD

Thanks NINA.

Nina turns and walks away. As she walks away both men stare at her ass.

RICHARD

So. Let us drink some more.

He pours four shots and passes two to Hilco who reluctantly takes it.

He drinks them both quickly. Richard follows suit.

HILCO

You know, I think it could work.

RICHARD

What?

HILCO

Moving with Jasmine. Starting from scratch.

Richard nods.

RICHARD

Yeah, no, you're right it's a wonderful idea. Let two people, both with undeniable loneliness and depression problems and let them loose in an unforgiving world. It sounds like a brilliant plan. So no plans, no fucking clue where you're leaving to?

(CONTINUED)

He pours another shot and glares at Hilco. Shooting straight.

RICHARD CONT'D

Three days ago this chick was on the verge of fucking killing herself. You know this. I don't need to remind you, right?

HILCO

No.

RICHARD

And now your idea is to take a suicidal for who cares what reasons and take her away from everything she knows into the unknown and just hope you two float?

BEAT

Richard leans in towards Hilco, his temper rising a little. The drunk belligerence is beginning to kick in.

RICHARD CONT'D

You realize what I'm saying. Let her go, damn it. Move on, you're already fucked. You don't need someone even worse off than you in your life right now.

Hilco mumbles something inaudible under his breath. Richard gives him a confused stare.

RICHARD

What? Speak up son, couldn't hear you.

Hilco looks directly into Richard's eyes and speaks up. Boldly.

HILCO

I said, maybe the unknown is the cure for her. Since everything she knows turned her suicidal.

BEAT

Richard is taken aback. He blinks a few times and hangs his head.

(CONTINUED)

HILCO CONT'D

It's not even for her. It's for me too. I need the unknown, I need something new.

Richard perplexed leans back and slumps into the sofa. He reaches over, grabs the vodka bottle and takes a straight pull.

HILCO CONT'D

I need something new, I just feel trapped. You know?

Richard veers his gaze from the ground to Hilco.

RICHARD

We all feel trapped kid. Moving won't change that. Dying will.

Richard takes a large pull directly from the bottle.

Passes it to Hilco who looks at the bottle for a second, before taking it.

BEAT

He pulls the bottle...

INT. HILCO'S APARTMENT-NIGHT

Hilco stumbles in and falls into the couch, clearly drunk.

Softly MUSIC starts playing.

He stares at the TV, which is turned off. He looks up at the ceiling, down at the ground and all around.

It's like he does not recognize anything in the room. Finally he kicks his table hard, making it fly into the wall.

He grabs a cup and throws it into the window smashing glass onto the balcony. He then punches the wall, creating a large hole.

He falls back on the couch and looks around the room. The destruction is prominent.

He is still obviously raged.

Hilco sees the gun on the counter. He stumbles over towards it, reaches out and cautiously picks it up.

(CONTINUED)

HILCO

Hello. Look at this fucker.

He looks directly down the barrel and rubs the gun along his forehead.

HILCO CONT'D

Scumbag, huh.

He raises the gun into his mouth, securing lips around it. He looks down at the gun resting in his mouth.

His finger slithers around the barrel down towards the trigger.

BEAT

He yanks the gun out of his mouth and thrusts it against the counter. The gun spins and falls off the counter.

BAM

The gun shoots through the fridge.

All the while Hilco throws up intensely.

EXT. SKY-MORNING

A plane flies overhead amongst a sunny morning sky with a few imaginative clouds. The plane slowly flies out of view and the clouds simmer for a moment.

TABLEAU

INT. RICHARDS HOUSE-MORNING

Richard wakes up in his large bed and sits up as music continues. He looks down at his wife and smiles.

He sits on the side of his bed and looks out the window. He sees the clear sky as a plane flies into the distance.

Richard picks up his phone. He presses VOICE COMMAND. His voice is weak and tired. He mumbles.

RICHARD

Hilco.

VOICE COMMAND

Calling Hilda.

(CONTINUED)

RICHARD
No! No! HILCO

VOICE COMMAND
Please Identify Valid Caller.

RICHARD
HILCO

VOICE COMMAND
Calling Hilco.

Richard lets out a frustrated sigh. He seems nervous about the call.

The phone rings a few times.

CUT TO

INT. HILCO'S APARTMENT-MORNING-9:45

Hilco lies in bed. He sees Richard calling and leaves it ringing.

He rolls over and takes a deep breath.

RINGING continues in the background

INT. RICHARD'S HOUSE-MORNING

Hilco's answering machine is heard and Richard sighs in relief.

RICHARD
Hey Hilco, last night was
a...passionate...no, ummm...well I
want to say I have an offer. I can
get you a job. Here. It pays a
little less. About \$50,000 a year
and some benefits. Let's just talk
about it, yeah?

Richard hangs up his phone and gingerly places it on the table. He stares outside for a few seconds before getting up.

EXT. STREET-AFTERNOON

Hilco drives slowly through the streets, a cigarette in hand resting out his window.

It's grey and there are bleak industrialized buildings looming in the background.

Hilco pulls into the parking and waits for a song to finish. He rests his head back, closes his eyes and nods to the music.

After the song finishes he lets himself out of the car.

EXT. STREET-AFTERNOON

Hilco and Jasmine walk along an ordinary street.

JASMINE

So where are we going?

HILCO

To Cafe Starbucks first...I thought?

JASMINE

No, I mean where are we going, to leave this place. The city. Where should we go? Because I've been thinking...

PAUSES

Hilco bites his lower lip sadly as she continues.

JASINE CONT'D

How about somewhere like Seattle? We could both start working modest...

Hilco CUTS her off.

HILCO

Listen, Jasmine. I wanted to talk to you about this later...after coffee. I have some stuff to tell you. Regarding the situation.

JASMINE

Well now I'm curious.

(CONTINUED)

HILCO

Just....

JASMINE

I won't be able to think of other things.

BEAT

Hilco looks at her.

HILCO

Should we at least sit down over there?

Jasmine nods and they head over to a bench. They nestle themselves in and Hilco sighs.

JASMINE

So what's the news?

HILCO

Well, I've been thinking. We have nothing to go to. Anywhere.

JASMINE

That's the point, we create a new start.

HILCO

How Jasmine, let's face it. You're depressed and I'm probably pretty bummed out.

JASMINE

So why do you wanna stay?

HILCO

I've been offered a job, not a bad one. It's clean too. But it's here.

Jasmine immediately deflates. She rests her face in her hands and shakes her head.

She lets out a muffled scream from under her hands.

HILCO CONT'D

Please, please listen Jasmine. We'll change here. You and me together. New house and a new start.

Jasmine brings her face up, eyes glossy and red. She fights the urge not to cry and gives a measly nod.

(CONTINUED)

Hilco closes his eyes, hurt in his face.

HILCO CONT'D
We'll start fresh. But, we can't
just leave. You know that.

Jasmine nods in understanding.

JASMINE
(Whispers)
We can just leave, it's not
rational but it's possible.

INT. HILCO'S APARTMENT-NIGHT

Empty apartment, depressing with no character, white paint peels from the wall. The door swings open and Hilco stands in the threshold.

He looks at the clock on the wall. 9:55. He glances around his empty apartment.

Walks over to the couch and plops down.

Turns on the TV. As his face zones out and only noises from ANIMAL PLANET can be heard.

Hilco pulls out a joint and lights it. He takes a few rips.

Animal Planet goes onto commercial. Hilco picks up the remote and surfs the channels.

STOPS.

An unknown voice speaks from the television while the focus is on Hilco's passive face.

TV VOICE
The biggest mistake, that
economists make...I they judge the
human race, as in fact, rational.
Mankind is not rational. In fact we
are the most irrational of all
species...

CUT TO

EXT. HILCO'S BALCONY-NIGHT

Hilco sits with a blanket wrapped around him. He looks up towards the stars. They can't be seen due to the light pollution tonight.

He leans back.

HILCO V.O
I am lonely.

He gets up and leaves the seat.

Hear him go inside, but we linger on the empty chair for a split-second.

INT.HILCO'S APARTMENT-ROOM-NIGHT

Light turns on. Hilco stands there motionless.

On his desk a picture a Jasmine lies facing him. He picks it up. He stares at the picture, his hands shake slightly.

He puts it down and sits on his bed. Under the bed a part of a book sticks out.

He grabs it, THE BOOK OF POEMS. Hilco randomly opens the book and reads.

HILCO V.O
She sits on the rock. She stares
into the sea. Only to see. Anything
but the sea. She makes a break. In
order to take. Her mind to that
beautiful place once again.

He looks down at the POEM once again, quickly skims it over in his head.

He sighs and leans back.

BEAT

He stares at the blank wall for a while, takes out his phone and calls Jasmine.

After two rings she answers.

JASMINE O.S
Hello?

(CONTINUED)

HILCO
Jasmine...I'm really sorry. I
really want to make this right.

JASMINE O.S
It's already alright. I...I'm.
Just.

She is lost for words and can't explain her feelings.

Hilco cuts her off.

HILCO
Well, pack your bags, because we're
going to leave.

BEAT

She mutters in disbelief a few times.

JASMINE O.S
(excited)
What? Really? Where? When?

Hilco smiles, closes his eyes and shakes his head. He is at ease.

HILCO
(laughing)
Calm down. I'm serious and this
Sunday we're leaving.

Cool laughter comes from the other side.

INT. JASMINE'S APARTMENT-NIGHT

She rests her hands on her forehead and shakes her head in happiness.

HILCO O.S
And the where, well that's just
going to have to be a surprise.

Jasmine looks up as tears slide down her face as she nods.

JASMINE
Okay, that's okay. I like
surprises.

She smiles and Hilco laughs on the other end.

INT. HILCO'S APARTMENT-NIGHT

He surveys the room grasping for something else to say.

He clears his throat.

HILCO

Well, umm...I'll call you tomorrow
with details and a time to meet,
discuss travel arrangements and
such.

SCREEN SPLITS

Both smile and seem truly happy.

JASMINE

Yeah, well for sure, for sure we'll
discuss that tomorrow.

HILCO

Wow, just give you time to
process...And me, and me of course.
It's a big move, huh?

BEAT

Jasmine speaks. Change in her tone, quieter and somber.

JASMINE

Hilco, I have some money. From my
father's, you know. Life insurance.

Hilco doesn't speak and is frustrated. He opens his mouth to
speak but before he can say anything.

JASMINE CONT'D

Talk tomorrow?

HILCO

Yeah, for sure.

Music begins as Hilco hangs up the phone with a smile on his
face. He lies down on the bed and reaches out to the BOOK OF
POEMS.

INTERTWINE

Hilco reads poem as a VO while...

CUT TO

EXT. SKY-MORNING

A plane flies overhead amongst a sunny morning with a few imaginative clouds. The plane slowly flies out of view and the clouds simmer for a moment.

It's remarkably similar to the scene earlier with clear skies. As the plane slowly flies across the screen...

HILCO CONT'D

Power plunges the depths that
darkness exceeds. Light, laying the
land with a gold studded
appearance. Waves that that brush
upon your face so softly, a single
tear treads down your fiercely
sallow face. Turn your head and let
life grow, turn your head and let
life grow.

FADE OUT

THE END