

THE ENDLESS ROAD

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FADE IN:

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

Typical abandoned gas station with a diner nearby. Sun is almost setting, but there's some kind of life going on at the moment as the cars stand in line for the fuel dispensers.

FRANK (skinny young man with a raspy voice, wearing a black coat, looking tired and upset) fills the tank of his old, used car and gazes at it for some time. Other drivers beep in distance.

WAITING DRIVER #1
(to Frank)
What the hell are you looking at?!

Long, unbroken beep comes from the WAITING DRIVER #2's car.

WAITING DRIVER #2 (O.S.)
Come on, move!

Frank stands still. The car from the side with the other dispenser leaves. Another one takes its place.

The GAS STATION OWNER (middle-aged, chubby, overly confident, clumsy "businessman" with a ketchup stain on his shirt) comes from the diner and approaches Frank. He waves to other drivers as everything's fine and under his control.

GAS STATION OWNER
(unfriendly)
Hey, man, you've been standing here for like ten fucking years, I just wanna know if you need any help.

The gas station owner rubs his hands nervously while short beeps continue ringing. He takes a look around as Frank completely ignores his presence.

In one of the cars a middle-aged, somewhat disgusting, fat couple pours potato chips from a bag into their mouths.

Woman drinks a soft drink from a can, husband unsuccessfully waits for his turn to drink, so he just grabs the can, but the woman looking surprised hits his hand and continues drinking.

The station owner pretends to get serious and tries to convince Frank.

GAS STATION OWNER (CONT'D)
Man, those guys are getting a little bit nervous, maybe you should go, okay?

Frank ignores him and continues to hold the gas pump.

GAS STATION OWNER (CONT'D)

Did you hear me, ass clown? I said,
get your rusty catafalque out of
this place!

Gas station owner grabs Frank by the shoulder. Frank quickly turns around and "accidentally" pours gasoline on the owner.

GAS STATION OWNER (CONT'D)

Come here, son of a bitch, I'll
teach you a lesson!

Gas station owner attacks Frank.

Frank ducks away and chases the owner with the gas pump, pouring more gasoline on him.

Furious owner runs back to the diner entrance.

GAS STATION OWNER (CONT'D)

That's it, I'm calling the fucking
cops, your ass is going to get
fucking fucked, you fucking
bastard!

Frank flips the station owner off and gets into his car.

Frank hits the road.

INT./EXT. FRANK'S CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Inside Frank's car we see a real mess of bottles, cans, cigarette packs, food containers and different boxes everywhere.

Frank drives along an empty straight two-lane road.

Frank grabs an empty beer bottle from the mess, checks it, throws it to the backseat, grabs a next one, checks, drinks it with a concerned, pensive look on his face.

FRANK (V.O.)

Up there, in a deep blue sky so
free and unbounded, the sun starts
to slowly vanish, resembling the
idea of change. Indeed, the concert
is over and all instruments are
accurately stacked in a particular
order, but for the musicians it's
just the first part of the show.
The show goes on in their heads, to
each his own. Mine is as deranged
as possible.

Frank reaches for something in the pocket of his coat, but doesn't find anything. He seems upset, but continues quietly.

FRANK (V.O.)

Hard work pays off. I've been told that promising tale many times. The magic words always rang loud in the air and dispersed into the ether after, leaving me with plenty of questions that no one could answer.

Frank grins sorrowfully and chuckles a bit.

FRANK (V.O.)

They never told me how soon was the big payout and when exactly would my own cup runneth over, so I chose a different path, a path of tragic demise in order to resurrect myself. To this very moment there was a great sense of emptiness in everything I have already done.

Frank goes through the mess in the interior once again and finally finds a cigarette pack there. He starts smoking.

FRANK (V.O.)

The cold surroundings felt callous and unnatural and just the concept of any kind of progress in life was staler than ever. My dreams, friends, family, an ideal job, or perhaps a prospect of having an ideal job - it all seemed rather pointless at the moment. Just like the expression on the face of a damned soldier during a war, my world became bleak once, and it never restored its colors since.

Frank lights another cigarette. He looks at himself in the rear view mirror smiling with two cigarettes in his mouth.

FRANK (V.O.)

When things don't go the way you want them to go, you tend to think a lot, but thinking is a very nasty habit and all my thoughts somehow always resulted in one remarkable thought that thinking won't really help here. I needed a plan so simple that the whole idea would fit on just one page of "Teeny Fucking Ted from the Goddam Turnip Town".

Frank throws one cigarette butt through the window just as when a car passes by in opposite direction-- Long BEEP as the butt flies straight into the passing car's window and both cars distance away.

FRANK (V.O.)

One way or another I was going to leave, burn the bridges between the burdens I carried on and the shallow remains of the real me.

Frank takes a beer bottle and drinks the remains.

FRANK (V.O.)

I was dying to distance myself from the dismal past which seemed even more dismal in the present back then. And that's how I ended up on this unfamiliar road with this oh so familiar bottle in my hand. My plan worked out perfectly because there was no plan at all. With no directions, no destinations and no routes, in the end it's just me and the old car going where the road leads you. And that's the beauty.

Frank shoves the second cigarette butt into the bottle and throws it away.

FRANK (V.O.)

Moving farther down the road, the landscapes begin to blend. You pass the never-ending forests which scare you at heart with their mystical majesty, the lonesome hills proudly resting in the distance, and the dim fields stretching miles and miles across the vast lands, but all the true joy from these sights is just a temporary moment. The greatest gift of nature is something else.

Frank takes a deep breath of fresh air breaking through.

FRANK (V.O.)

It's a part of the atmosphere that we get to keep. Of course, the human nature thrives on ruining it, but still there's nothing like a light breeze hitting you in the face and that might be the sweetest punch you will ever receive in your life.

Frank sticks his head out of the window.

FRANK (V.O.)

With every new grasp of fresh air breaking through the window I felt like a marauder of the sky.

(MORE)

FRANK (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 For the first time in ten long
 years spent without a single light
 of hope I felt alive.

Car approaches in opposite direction.

Frank drives with his eyes closed, enjoying the coming
 streams of wind. Frank opens his eyes grinning at the driver.

The driver seems confused. As his car passes by, he rolls the
 window up. Now Frank looks confused, he gets back into the
 interior.

Frank begins to channel the radio. He skips several radio
 stations:

RADIO HOST #1 (V.O.)
 (man)
 Can you imagine how hard it is to
 masturbate in boxing gloves?

RADIO HOST #2 (V.O.)
 (woman)
 No, but I tried wrestling with
 Jesus once.

Both RADIO HOST #1 and RADIO HOST #2 laugh on the broadcast.
 Frank seems dazed by what he's hearing. PSHHHH... as he
 switches to another station.

Low-quality, generic POP song plays. PSHHHH... next station.

RADIO HOST #3 (V.O.)
 (man, distorted)
 And now Shitbull's new single
 called "I Want To--

FRANK
 (unhappy)
 Oh, come on! He's still alive?!

PSHHHH... next station. Muffled generic, ballad POP ROCK song
 plays... PSHHHH... Cheesy, distorted erotic JAZZ melody
 accompanies the next broadcast.

RADIO GUEST #1 (V.O.)
 (woman, seductive)
 I love having guests at my house. I
 don't understand those who don't
 enjoy the company of my guests. I
 wish I could bring more guests.

RADIO HOST #4 (V.O.)
 (man, kinky)
 Does this mean that I can come over
 to your house any day?

The generic horny stock SOUND EFFECT plays on the radio.

RADIO GUEST #1 (V.O.)
 (chuckling)
 Hm, I will think about--

We hear someone TRIPPING on wire, SMASHING the microphone and FALLING DOWN on the broadcast. The erotic melody keeps playing the whole time.

RADIO GUEST #1 (V.O.)
 (muffled, distorted)
 Jesus Christ, Joe, you can't even walk straight?! I told you not to come here, mom's busy!

KID (V.O.)
 (muffled, distorted)
 But, mommy, I wanna eat--

RADIO GUEST #1 (V.O.)
 (muffled, distorted)
 Go learn how to stand on your feet, little dumbfuck!

The kid CRIES. RADIO GUEST #1's and kid's quarrel is barely audible as they MUTE the microphone.

RADIO HOST #4 (V.O.)
 Just a little technical difficulty and that's all. Be patient, folks, we'll be right back!

RADIO HOST #4 mutes his microphone. The erotic song keeps playing on repeat.

RADIO HOST #4 (V.O.)
 (muffled, to someone)
 Hey, can you play another fucking song?!

RADIO HOST #5 (V.O.)
 (man, muffled)
 No, this is the only song you downloaded!

RADIO HOST #4 (V.O.)
 (muffled)
 Fuck, man. What do we do now?

RADIO HOST #5 (V.O.)
 (muffled)
 I don't know, dude.

Now the erotic song just keeps playing for a while as everyone stays silent. Suddenly we hear activity from RADIO GUEST #1's microphone.

RADIO GUEST #1 (V.O.)
(distorted)
Sorry, guys, had to give my son a
couple of lessons about respect--
(long beat)
Hey, can you, motherfuckers, play
something else?!

Now activity from the radio hosts as well.

RADIO HOST #4 (V.O.)
I don't care how! I don't care what
it's gonna take! Just find me
another fucking song!

RADIO HOST #5 (V.O.)
Suck my dick, asshole! What kind of
idiot downloads only one song for a
broadcast anyway?

RADIO GUEST #1 (V.O.)
(confused)
Uh, guys?

Frank turns off the radio completely shocked.

FRANK (V.O.)
Turning on the radio was a bad
idea.

Frank looks for something in the interior.

FRANK (V.O.)
Usually after a couple of minutes
all songs begin to sound the same,
it feels like you're just hearing
one painfully long, bad song
divided into countless parts. This
revolting sound begins to drone on
you just like the thud of wheelsets
hammering down the tracks on a
subway.

(beat)
After spending hours under the
ground all people you see become
vague in their form. Every new
stranger that enters seems like
someone you have already seen a
couple of rides before.

Frank finds a compilation CD in the mess and takes out the
disc.

FRANK (V.O.)

I wasn't having any of those flashbacks this time and I definitely wasn't having a bitter taste of that garbage that is labeled as 'popular music' these days. Rather stick to the classics.

Frank inserts a disc into the player and a dynamic, energetic, emotional 90s PUNK, POST-HARDCORE song starts playing.

FRANK (V.O.)

Although I liked to seize this moment of bliss for as long as possible, I needed to figure out what should I do next. Even if I really wanted to, I couldn't stay on the road forever.

Frank stares musingly on the road in front of him.

FRANK (V.O.)

The way I see it, every road has an ending attached to it, whether it's a heroic yet poor act of escapism or a long, hard-fought path that someone walks from the mother's womb to his own grave. All forced complications aside, we live to die. But it'd be a truly foolish thing to say that it's death that we all eagerly await for. No. It's the reward of getting to capture the value of life that still remains sacred to the human kind.

Frank looks out of the window and sees smashed auto parts all scattered near the road fence.

STAINS OF BLOOD ON THE ROAD

FRANK (V.O.)

Life doesn't stop with you and it never waits as well. We're living on borrowed time. Every person experiences something that becomes very close to his heart and in the end we get a chance to cherish those memories. The final heartbeat is the exclamation point to the story of our sad, pathetic lives.

Frank grabs a new beer bottle, opens it and drinks a lot.

FRANK (V.O.)

However, I, like a veteran of a fun game called heartbreaking fiasco, wasted most of my life on blind, meaningless anger. Anger at the ridiculously unstable karma which never seems to work in my favour, anger at some people I never managed to tolerate, or even anger at the damn dog who barks in what some could call a false falsetto every time I close the door to my apartment.

Frank gently drops his head on the wheel with a desperate look on his face.

FRANK (V.O.)

That's my regret. But I carry it on my sleeve, I don't deny it. And I'm sure someone enjoys collecting all our lost souls. Watching us quietly, laughing at our mistakes, getting a kick out of our misery.

Frank puts his head up and takes another long sip of his beer.

FRANK (V.O.)

Forget it. Marching to death should be easier. Life is not worth giving a shit about what other people think, is it? That's what happy people say. I guess they're right. Guess there's still hope for a better day. But what do I know?

Frank looks around.

FRANK (V.O.)

All I know is that I'm driving this ramshackle elimination chamber in the middle of fucking nowhere with nothing to do for the rest of my stupid fucking life--

FRANK

Fuck!

Frank hits the wheel a couple of times, looks at himself in the rear-view mirror and calms down.

FRANK (V.O.)

(smiling with a sense of bitterness)

Way to go, Frankie, way to go. Your parents would be so proud of what you have become.

Frank takes a pack of cigarettes, puts it down after observing it for a while with a look of disgust on his face.

FRANK (V.O.)

I haven't eaten for more than twelve hours and haven't slept for even more. I hardly drink water anymore. These kinds of things are never good for your health. Broken, weary and jaded you beg for shelter, but nothing ever comes. But as long as the alcohol keeps my blood rushing I'm in no mood to shut the engine down. I've got to keep driving for better or worse. Otherwise, there's no point in running from the growing abyss I left behind. If there ever was one.

Frank searches for something to eat all over the interior, finally finds a box of donuts, eats some.

FRANK (V.O.)

Life wasn't so point-blank empty all the time. I constantly come back to the vivid images from my childhood, evoking only the brightest memories about the best period in my idle existence.

Frank, not paying attention, passes a BILLBOARD that says:

"DON'T DIE ON US"

On the back side it says:

"RULES DON'T EXIST"

FRANK (V.O.)

I reminisce about the places we used to visit in our small town as we were just dumb kids looking to have fun - the ugly football fields where grass no longer grows green, the smoke-filled clubs where all the teenage population of our town gathered to play video games, the abandoned buildings and construction sites where most of the local on-the-spot fight clubs were randomly organized, the playgrounds where the concrete always looked harsh as it belonged to some far-away prison.

Frank closes his eyes for a while and opens them with a sad smile on his face.

FRANK (V.O.)

I recall smoking my first cigarette pack at the age of six when none of us knew what the hell we were doing and amazingly it all made sense back then. I remember skating from dusk till dawn and vice versa in the alleys and parks and all the humorous chatter after the whole pack happily walked to their homes.

(beat)

We used to run away from raging neighbors and play hide-and-seek not only with each other, but with the future which was patiently waiting for us to make a thoughtless mistake of growing up. Looking back, everything, even my mother's tears after I hurt her feelings for real, seemed like it was in the right place, like it was a part of a massive mechanism that helped us carry on in this world.

Frank lights up a cigarette and takes a long drag.

FRANK (V.O.)

Growing up wasn't as easy as I hoped it would be after seeing all the flamboyant images of rock stars perfectly displayed on the screen of my TV. I was offered a lot more freedom in what to do, but, to paraphrase the immortals, with such great freedom comes a shit-ton of not so great responsibility which I wasn't willing to accept at the time. Yet the whirl took me by surprise and eventually I ended up being nothing more than an epitome of a human failure.

Frank looks out of the window in a darkening sky at pre-dusk.

FRANK (V.O.)

First off, high school was rough, but at least it was entertaining. We were all being told what to do and what not to so many times, that for me the distinct definitions of good and bad suddenly blended together and from that point I was going by a much more simpler and effective moral code - don't do stupid shit. Soon enough I gave in to the art of fundamental vandalism, but remained the same person I always was on the surface.

Frank rubs his eyes and blinks again.

FRANK (V.O.)

Going from a tiny town to the monstrous capital to study something I knew nothing about was the turning point in my story of great descent. After a couple of years spent in the university I felt like my life was viciously spinning in a washing machine all along. But that chunk of desolation came and went rather quick and I was left all alone with a fuzzy, distorted perspective of a career in some stuff I should have really fucking studied.

(beat)

Still I managed to get a job in some shitty local office, where people used their brains only on special occasions like choosing birthday presents or during the regular meetings of the assembly of world's greatest philosophers in the smoking room, and ever since that day I've been trying to handle the biggest portion of responsibility I ever had in my entire life.

Frank throws the cigarette butt through the window.

He takes out round black eyeglasses, a black hat and three beer cans from the interior's mess.

Frank puts on the hat and the eyeglasses, then opens all three cans in order.

Frank looks at himself in the rear view mirror.

FRANK (V.O.)

(smiling, happy)

But no matter how many obstacles I had to overcome I always kept it even and that's why they call me Frankie The Chaser, The God's Beloved Fool.

Frank turns on an old-school, energetic, wild HARD ROCK song and satisfyingly bangs his head to the opening of the song.

LONG EMPTY STRAIGHT TWO-LANE ROAD AHEAD

Frank begins to wag his car from side of the road to another, crossing lines, beeping and going full speed on the opposite lane.

Frank stick his head out of the window and pours beer all over his face. Frank keeps shouting to the song.

Suddenly video conference call sound RINGS in the car and Frank calms down.

Frank goes back to the interior looking surprised.

Frank turns off the music, takes off the hat and the eyeglasses, accepts the call on his phone placed in a mount kit.

INSERT -- THE PHONE'S SCREEN -- MICK sits in his DIY-decorated room with punk posters.

Frank clumsily wipes the beer off his face.

INT./EXT. FRANK'S CAR (MOVING)/INT. MICK'S ROOM - DAY

Mick seems very happy to see Frank.

MICK
Hey, Frankie, long time no see!

Mick notices the mess in the car and Frank's look.

MICK (CONT'D)
Lookin', uh, sharp. How's it going there, brother?

FRANK
Hell yeah, glad to see you too, Mick. I'm alright--

FRANK (V.O.)
I was alright all the time. Like there were no other words in the dictionary to describe how I felt.

Frank pulls out a random beer bottle, shows it to Mick, both laugh.

MICK
Shit, good ol' Frankie never changes. Going on a trip somewhere?

FRANK
Yeah, I'm going, just haven't figured out where yet.

MICK
What do you mean?

Frank smiles and drinks his beer.

FRANK

Well, it's a complicated story, but, I might have accidentally told my boss to fuck off, quit my job, loaded my car with tons of unhealthy stuff and left in an unknown direction.

MICK

Whoa, dial back just a little bit. You did what?

FRANK

You heard it, you little fuck.

MICK

No, it must be the road. So, yeah, something about your boss?

FRANK

Listen, man, that rat fucker comes to my desk with paperwork every single week. I don't even know where he gets it, probably prints it himself in his fucking dungeon. But that is not exactly my job, you know. I didn't sign for that bullshit. Do it yourself, you fucking mong.

MICK

So what is your job then?

FRANK

I don't know.

Mick's kind of confused.

MICK

Al-fucking-right, man.

Mick chuckles.

MICK (CONT'D)

And what happened next?

FRANK

That pig informed me that he didn't like my tone and I said that the only paperwork I will fill again is the petition to roast him on a fucking bonfire. Long story short, he was really angry and I was very happy to see him like that, soon enough I walked out on them.

Mick shakes his head with a smile on his face.

MICK

Oh really, I'm pretty sure you got fired, dude.

FRANK

How can you be sure, you weren't there. All that really matters now is that I'm a fucking free bird flying high in the ambient air.

MICK

Fuck, man, you're crazy. What are you going to do now?

FRANK

Drive.

MICK

That's it? That's your plan? Just drive around in a fucking World War I tank?!

FRANK

I guess so.

Frank sips more beer while Mick looks stunned.

MICK

You know, Frank, for a guy with such complex, well thought-out plan for a further living, flipping off your own boss wasn't the best idea from the catalogue.

FRANK

Relax, buddy. I'll be fine. It's just that when shit adds up at the bottom, it's time to get a shovel and clean out the mess. You know what I'm saying?

MICK

Whatever you feel like doing, dude.

FRANK

By the way, where's EMILY? Dead?

MICK

She's in the kitchen, lunatic. I'll call her right now. Just want to see the look on her face when you tell the whole story again.

Frank mimics Mick and flips him off.

FRANK

Whatever you feel like doing, dude.

MICK

Alright, I'll be back soon. Don't kill yourself in a car crash yet.

FRANK

I'd love to, but seems like today is not the day. Not a single car on the road besides me and the road is stretching out straight ahead for miles. I'm pretty much safe here.

MICK

No, brother. YOU are not safe anywhere.

Mick leaves the room, Frank takes the time to throw all the empty cans and packs to the backseat.

Frank leans on the headrest and observes the landscapes.

FRANK (V.O.)

The sun almost sank to the horizon, giving the whole brand new meaning to the scenery I was presented to. The eerie tones were dawning on me now, but my mind was distracted by the committed desires to eat and sleep. My stomach was going through violent motions and I felt like someone cut a hole through my body. I told myself that I needed to rest or I might as well collapse right down in the middle of the road, but there was not one small sign of life around in sight.

Frank finds a bag of chips in the interior, opens it and eats.

FRANK (V.O.)

Talking to Mick was one thing, Emily was a whole 'nother, way more diversified spectacle. She was very smart and generally a thinking, intelligent person. She kept her heart on a sleeve, and on the outside she was the most positive human being I ever had the chance to meet. The trick here is that no one really knows what these people feel like on the inside, but it's still impossible not to notice the energy they possess.

Frank looks at his sad, tired face in the rear view mirror.

FRANK (V.O.)

I myself didn't possess any energy at all. But I was truly blessed to get to know Emily's better side. And if I could, I would envy Frank. In many things Emily resembled me. We were both isolated from our social surroundings, so when she married Mick, I knew that she found a home for her happiness. I've known Mickey for many years and their romance advanced exactly like the stars originally intended, freeing Emily from the chains that were holding her back.

Frank looks at Mick's empty room on the screen.

FRANK (V.O.)

In many ways Emily was everything you would wish to find in a woman. She was very outspoken, but always friendly and faithful. Because of her nature Emily was genuinely fun to be around and she was true to the people she loved. Emily's enigmatic features made her face glow with beauty that couldn't be defined by a thousand poems and she was full of grace in her brisk, lively movements like a charming ballerina floating all over the stage. But did it matter for me? Not really. I was happy for Emily and Mick. Most of the time I was unhappy for myself. I missed out on many things in life and love was one of them.

Frank pulls out a cigarette, lights it, but doesn't take a drag because he's too tired.

FOCUS ON FRANK'S SLEEPY FACE

Frank almost falls asleep. We hear distant sounds of EMILY and Mick entering the room.

MICK (V.O.)

(distant)

Yeah, he's right there. You know his bitter ape face.

Frank suddenly hears them clear and throws away the cigarette through the window.

INSERT -- THE PHONE'S SCREEN -- Frank and Emily both see each other on the screen.

EMILY

Aw, look at this cute little gloomy man. Who ruined your day this time, sweetheart?

FRANK (V.O.)

Me and Emily had a special connection, so we could say anything to each other and no one would get mad. Unfortunately, this wouldn't work with other people, so we both figured out on our own that it's better to keep your mouth shut.

FRANK

Fuck you, Emily.

EMILY

(pleasantly)

Well, I think that's enough of conversation with you for today, Frank.

FRANK

(to Mick)

And that's how you please a woman, my dear friend.

MICK

You live and learn.

EMILY

So what's going on? Mick told me that you have a great story to share with me.

MICK

Uh, well, I kinda got fired.

Mick checks on Emily's surprised expression.

EMILY

Please, elaborate, sir.

FRANK

I told my boss that he's a fucking pig and he sent me packing right away. Fuck that guy.

Mick bursts out with laughter.

MICK

Frank, you're my hero, always was and always will be.

Emily kindly hits Mick who's trying to catch his breath.

EMILY
(to Mick)
Come on, this is serious.

FRANK
(in jest)
Yeah, shut the fuck up, Mick.

Mick and Frank smile.

Emily throws a serious look on Mick to calm him down.

Frank smokes another cigarette.

EMILY
So what exactly made you do that,
Frank?

FRANK (V.O.)
I knew that things would get
serious after I told Emily what
happened, but I was prepared to lay
all the cards on the table because
I knew she would understand me.

FRANK
I don't know, I think that the
state I'm in is altering with each
passing day and my condition has
been going downhill gradually. That
was like a moment of clarity for
me. I already made a choice in my
mind and took my time to execute
the plan.

MICK
Now we both know, you're a damn
good expert in plans.

Frank, with a cigarette in his mouth, raises both of his
hands up in the air.

FRANK
Guilty as charged.

Frank and Mick chuckle, Emily doesn't react.

EMILY
So where will this plan lead you
eventually?

FRANK (V.O.)
I wish I knew the answer to this
question. I wish I had one to tell
Emily, but nothing came to mind. It
was free of any thought like the
mind of an executioner ready to
swing his axe.
(MORE)

FRANK (V.O.) (CONT'D)

But in my case the executioner and the damned were the same person.

FRANK

I have no idea. Right now I'm just looking for a place to stay for a night. I need to pull myself into the right direction and to do that I need to get some sleep.

EMILY

Frank, listen, I always worshipped our friendship as something that was given me for a purpose. But, as you know, I can't support every decision of yours. If you keep blaming other people for the things that happen to you, you will achieve nothing and in the end you will be left with no other reward but regret. I don't want that to happen to you.

FRANK

So is life just a race for achievements?

EMILY

No, I think that life is a revolving wheel of struggle, an eternal quest for retribution and a pretty terrible thing to experience overall.

In the background Mick pours whiskey for him and Emily.

EMILY (CONT'D)

But I do know that since we're put here to grace this planet, we must find something to live for. Happiness hides in many details, sometimes not even visible to us at the first sight. Life as it should be can take a form of some forsaken place that you visit with your guitar just to find solitude, it can be a movie that you watch over and over again because for some reason it makes you feel inspired.

Mick gives a glass to Emily and drinks his.

EMILY (CONT'D)

For some people life is dedicating all the time to a certain craft or sharing love in prosperity and misery.

(MORE)

EMILY (CONT'D)

First kiss, new shoes, a
ridiculously loud sound system,
scoring a last-minute goal in a
video game, dodging a snowball,
watching a fat cat jump, laughing
about something only you and your
friends can understand, seeing your
parents dance on your wedding.
That's how I see life. That's what
I want it to be.

Frank nods his head and takes one last drag of the cigarette.
Emily takes a sip of her whiskey.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Blaming yourself all the time,
thinking that everything is fucked,
grabbing the imaginary brass rings
and dragging your body through this
mess, waiting for a miracle to
happen. I know exactly how you
feel. We both see the glass half-
empty and I say, to hell with that
damned glass.

(beat)

Remember, Frank, people like us are
most likely destined to fail and I
believe that someone gave us arrows
that were already aimless, but if
we keep shooting just for spite,
the one that will reach its
destination might be the most
vital.

Frank throws the cigarette through the window as both Emily
and Mick drink up.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Anyway, I've got to go back to the
kitchen.

(to Mick)

I'll call you in a few minutes,
hon.

(back to Frank)

Frank, comrade, I hope you will be
staying with us when I come back.

FRANK

Honey, I'm trapped in a fucking
jungle here.

Emily smiles, Mick and Emily kiss.

EMILY

Wait, where did you get the money
from? Did you rob a bank to buy a
store and rob it as well?

(MORE)

EMILY (CONT'D)

How are you even alive right now,
Frank?

FRANK

That's called economy, sister.

EMILY

Oh yeah, of course.

Emily leaves as Mick takes her place.

FRANK

See 'ya!

Mick starts to pour whiskey into his glass again.

FRANK (V.O.)

When Emily left, a big feeling of relief sailed through my body. It must have been the effects of her lovely talk about life because I felt fresh air once again breaking through the window and realized that it was one of the little things she imagined as life.

Frank closes his eyes and enjoys the air coming in.

FRANK (V.O.)

Indeed, life is a lucid painting composed of different fragments that shine firmly in the night altogether.

(beat)

Or maybe I was just glad that she left. That woman could bring you down alright. For all I know, it was me in the company of my good pal Mickey again and we needed to secure my well-being until I found a place to stay.

MICK

So, tell me, Frank, you still watch wrestling and shit?

Mick takes a cigar out.

MICK (CONT'D)

I caught it on TV recently. Fucking masquerade, that's what it is these days.

FRANK

Not really, times are a-changin', my man.

Mick kicks back and smokes the cigar with his whiskey.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Stopped watching it when Shawn
Michaels retired.

MICK
Oh, I met Emily during that period
of time--

FRANK
That's exactly when I stopped
watching it.

Frank grabs a beer can, opens it and drinks.

MICK
Hell, I remember when Stone Cold
used to come out and beat the shit
out of everybody in the ring. He
was fucking mad at the world.
Someone ate his sandwich and he
couldn't just sit there and deal
with it. Not that's fucking art.

FRANK
Yeah, it was crazy out there. Like
Sleepy Lagoon all over. Remember
The Rock? He probably invented sex,
what a genius.

MICK
I had sex for the first time during
his promo.

Frank takes another sip of beer, but nearly spills it--

FRANK
What?! How can you fuck during The
Rock's promo?! What is wrong with
you, ya fucking goose?!

MICK
I don't know, man, it just felt
like the time was right.

FRANK
Alright, let's leave the past
behind, tell me, if you had a
chance to spend a night with Emily
or watch The Rock's promo, what
would you choose?

MICK
Emily, of course.

FRANK
Come on, man, fuck off with this!

Frank shakes his head in disbelief.

MICK

What?! She's my wife!

FRANK

And he's The Rock! You don't get to be The fucking Rock for no reason. Get your shit together, man.

Mick smiles as he drinks up his whiskey.

FRANK (V.O.)

I don't know why we suddenly ended up talking about wrestling, but that was exactly what I needed. My stomach was swirling and my head began to hurt more and more, but I was too busy digging up the dusty memories from my childhood.

MICK

By the way, Frank, I just wanted you to know that if you get into some kind of trouble, neither me nor Emily will drive to wherever you are just to pull you out of a fucking snake pit or something.

FRANK

Thank you, I truly appreciate your concern. And don't invite me to your funeral if possible.

Frank finds his glasses and hat and puts them on, opens two cans of beer and turns on a classic, carefree HARD, PSYCHEDELIC ROCK song.

FRANK (CONT'D)

And now, my friend, the greatest wrestler in history of wrestlers that never made it, Frankie The Chaser will show you how free birds have fun in the evening.

MICK

By drinking beer?

FRANK

Amen!

Frank cranks up the volume and sticks his head out of the window screaming.

INT./EXT. FRANK'S CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

It's evening already. Darkness devours the glowing road.

Frank drives swinging and drinking beer.

He sees the MYSTERIOUS STRANGER (all black, wearing a hat and a coat, hiding his personality) on one side of the road.

Frank's car goes fast, so he just screams loudly while quickly going past the MYSTERIOUS STRANGER and throws away the beer cans in that direction.

Frank's facial expression changes as he realizes his mistake.

FRANK

Oh shit, I think I just passed a fucking human being. Fuck.

Frank looks concerned.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Hey, Mick, do you hear me down there?

Frank looks back to see that he drove too far and the MYSTERIOUS STRANGER disappeared out of sight.

FRANK (CONT'D)

(muttering)

Fucking hell, this is not good.

Frank gets back into the interior.

Frank looks at the screen and sees a frozen, slightly glitching picture of Mick.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Man, I'm the dumbest motherfucker in the world. I think I just drove by some guy, but I didn't realize that until now. I could have asked where the nearest motel is and what the fuck is this damn road anyway.

Frank looks at the screen - still frozen.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Fuck you, Mick. You planning to say something or not?

Frank takes a cigarette without looking at the screen, lights it.

FRANK (CONT'D)

And I've been told that when someone asks you a question, you should answer it. It's how fucking communication works, man. The art of conversation and shit.

Frank notices that something's actually wrong with the picture.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Mick?

Frank takes the phone out of the kit.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Do you hear me, Mick?

No response from Mick on the screen.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Oh, fucking perfect!

Frank reboots his phone and puts it back into the kit.

Frank takes a few drags and throws the cigarette away.

Frank grabs a brand new bottle of Jack Daniels.

FRANK (CONT'D)

I wanted to save you for the better times, but seems like these are the best times I could afford.

Frank hears the sound of his phone rebooting, puts down the bottle of Jack Daniels and looks at the road.

Suddenly a wounded (barely noticeable) DEER jumps out of nowhere from the woods in front of the car.

Frank hits the brakes immediately... SQUEEE... and hits his head into the wheel... DUMMM!

Vision starts to get blurry, the deer runs into the woods.

INT. FRANK'S CAR - NIGHT

Frank opens his eyes and checks himself in the rear-view mirror to see if there's any blood, doesn't find any.

He looks at the trails that the deer left.

Frank opens the glove compartment, takes out a flashlight and tests it, then closes the compartment and gets out of the car.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Frank observes his car to find any signs of wreckage - none.

Frank flashes on the path in the woods where the deer ran and heads to that direction.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Frank silently wanders with a flashlight on around the creepy woods which seem like a lifeless boscage filled with HORRENDOUS SOUNDS of nature in the atmosphere.

Frank walks into a branch and it scares him.

FRANK
(whispering)
Son of a bitch!

Frank continues his search, flashing in every direction.

Suddenly Frank steps on something liquid by the sound of it, he looks down and sees the same bloody deer lying dead.

Frank RUNS away frightened, but seems to get lost in the woods for a moment.

Frank sees the lights of his car in the distance.

Frank runs out of the woods to his car.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Frank catches his breath and lifts his head up.

Frank sees the MYSTERIOUS STRANGER standing nearby.

FRANK
Who the hell are you? You need something? Sorry, we're fucking closed, man. Go away!

The MYSTERIOUS STRANGER keeps staring at Frank.

FRANK (CONT'D)
You know what? Fuck you! This isn't funny. There's a fucking dead deer there, moron.

Frank checks his car again and flashes back on the woods.

Frank looks at the MYSTERIOUS STRANGER and tries to see his face.

Frank takes a pause and flips the MYSTERIOUS STRANGER off.

Frank gets into his car and drives away.

MYSTERIOUS STRANGER'S POV OF FRANK'S CAR DISTANCING AWAY

INT./EXT. FRANK'S CAR (MOVING)/INT. MICK'S ROOM - NIGHT

Frank lights a cigarette and begins to smoke in relief.

FRANK

Well, that was some shit.

Frank silently rides to an eerie, mysterious TRIP-HOP song.

Suddenly a muffled, distorted voice in the car scares him. Frank turns off the song.

INSERT -- THE PHONE'S SCREEN -- Mick sits in his room.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Son of a bitch, you scared the holy fucking spirit out of me!

MICK

What?!

FRANK

Where were you all this time, circus clown?

MICK

Sorry, I don't speak your language, sir.

FRANK

I had to reboot the phone because the image was gone. Do you recall that?

MICK

What are you talking about? Dude, you're fucking wasted. I've seen you the whole time, just couldn't hear shit what you were saying.

FRANK

Did you see me hit my head then?

MICK

You mean now? No, we were having dinner, probably missed that one, sadly. I've seen you get back into the car though. Something happened?

FRANK

Yeah, nothing special, just a fucking deer jumped in front of my car out of the woods.

MICK

Fuck off, no way!

Frank massages his head and neck for a while.

FRANK

I followed the trails. Turns out someone fucked him up good.

(MORE)

FRANK (CONT'D)

I'm not tripping, but I wish I fucking was, dude. I saw the dead body, it was a fucking mess.

(beat)

I don't know, maybe someone shot him.

MICK

Frank, you sure about this whole trip? I mean, sounds pretty dangerous to this point. Just think about it before it's too late.

FRANK

No, I'm good, man. Saw a guy back there, didn't really help me, but it's nice to see that real people still exist in the local community of woods.

Frank takes a look in the wing mirror.

MICK

Did he tell you how to get to a motel?

FRANK

No, he just stared at me. Stared with an empty look in his eyes like a deadman. Didn't say a single word.

MICK

Well, at least you're not dead.

FRANK

Yeah, thank fuck for that, what a relief.

Both grin. Frank takes a last drag and throws the cigarette through the window.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Enough of this. How's your work, still working in that shithole?

MICK

Well, I'm actually getting promoted in a month or so, nothing to complain about currently. Call me back in two months.

FRANK

Shit, my man, congratulations! Who are you going to be then?

MICK

A supervisor.

FRANK

Yeah, sounds exactly like something I don't know shit about.

MICK

My job is to supervise.

FRANK

Oh, really?! Nice awareness there, buddy.

Mick and Frank laugh.

MICK

Well, basically I'm gonna be telling people what to do and how to do it. Sounds like a great fucking deal, right?

FRANK

Unless it involves paperwork, count me in.

Both keep laughing, Frank takes out his Jack Daniels bottle.

MICK

Whoa, easy there, tiger.

Mick grabs his unfinished Jack Daniels from before and they both clink bottles visually.

FRANK

Here's to new beginnings and Emily!

MICK

Here's to friendship and paperwork!

Frank and Mick drink their beverages.

Emily quietly comes into the room and hugs Mick from behind.

FRANK

Oh my God, Mick, a monster!

EMILY

Surprised you made it this far, Frank.

FRANK

Tried my best, young lady.

Frank drinks more whiskey. Emily sits near Mick.

EMILY

But, seriously, aren't you afraid that you're going to die during this moderately pointless trip?

(MORE)

EMILY (CONT'D)

Has this idea ever occurred in your head?

FRANK

Wouldn't that solve all my problems?

EMILY

Yeah, it would, but--

Frank chugs whiskey, spilling it on his face.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Alright, Frank, it would.

FRANK

The thought of inevitable death is carved into the back of my head, Emily.

Frank sips some more and puts down the bottle. He smokes a cigarette instead.

FRANK (CONT'D)

I'm worried about much more important issues. Like this road, for example. What kind of road is this? No turns, no signs, no shops, no motels. Shouldn't I be a little bit worried about this by now?

MICK

Basically, our whole conversation was a reminder that you should be worried, you unstable fuck.

EMILY

Uh huh, Frank, you're fucking fine.

FRANK

Well then. Where the fuck am I again?

EMILY

Use a map, drunkard. Last time I checked it had signs of the nearest motels.

FRANK

I don't have a map.

EMILY

What about your phone?

FRANK

Nah, I should have a map.

Emily shakes her head in disbelief.

Frank stops the car near a self-organized dump on the
sideway.

INT. FRANK'S CAR/INT. MICK'S ROOM - NIGHT

FRANK

(mumbling)

It's gotta be somewhere. Every
driver should have a map. I'm a
fucking driver, so there should be
a map somewhere in this pile of
crap by default.

Frank throws his cigarette through the window and begins to
look for a map in the pile of bottles and boxes in his
interior.

Frank finally finds a map.

FRANK (CONT'D)

(mumbling)

Finally. A fucking map.

Frank looks at the map while a fire near his car starts to
grow, just little smoke rising.

Frank puts down the map and opens a can of beer, drinks it.

FRANK (CONT'D)

So...

(looks through)

No motels around. I'll just ride
along until I find something.

MICK

Have you even put some fucking
effort into finding it? You looked
at the map for five seconds, you
don't even know where the fuck you
are right now!

FRANK

Who cares? The roads always lead to
something eventually, don't they?
And to be honest with you, I'm too
drunk to make any sense of it right
now.

MICK

Whatever, dude.

Mick's phone rings, he takes a look at it and whispers
something to Emily, then leaves the room.

Frank lurks through the interior for food.

EMILY
Hey, Frank, how do you feel about
that little fire spreading outside?

Frank looks around through the window.

FRANK
Fuck!

Frank hits the pedal and drives away fast.

INT./EXT. FRANK'S CAR (MOVING)/INT. MICK'S ROOM - NIGHT

Frank distances away from the growing fire, but Emily stops him.

EMILY
What the hell are you doing?

FRANK
What am I supposed to do? Burn
alive?

EMILY
You're an idiot, this can lead to
serious consequences. You started a
fire and you should put it out.

FRANK
You want me to drive back?

EMILY
Yes! What was your first clue?

Frank stops and drives backwards to the burning pile of rubbish.

Frank starts looking for water bottles in the interior.

FRANK
Sorry, I don't have any water here.

EMILY
Use a blanket!

Frank takes a blanket from the backseat.

FRANK
I didn't know I had one.

EMILY
Go!

Frank gets out of the car with a blanket.

EXT. ROAD - DUMP - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Frank quickly puts the fire out with the blanket and comes back to the interior.

INT. FRANK'S CAR/INT. MICK'S ROOM - NIGHT

Frank leans on the headrest relieved and smokes another cigarette.

FRANK
Happy now?

EMILY
I would be much happier if you weren't such an idiot.

Mick comes back into the room.

MICK
Did I miss something?

EMILY
Well, Frank started a fire and by some magic Frank is still alive.

Frank waves to the camera.

MICK
Damn you, Frank. Twice now? Listen, stay where you are, I'm going to find you and next time you get yourself into some kind of trouble, I'll be there to watch the show.

FRANK
Screw you, the free bird doesn't wait for anybody.

EMILY
This free bird thing is stupid. You need to stop.

MICK
Trust me, he's got even worse.

FRANK
Oh, you mean this one?

Frank takes his stylish eyeglasses and the hat from the interior and puts them on.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Ladies and gents, Frankie The Chaser coming through!

Frank drinks Jack Daniels and starts the engine. Frank turns on another classic dynamic HARD, PSYCHEDELIC ROCK song and drives off.

INT./EXT. FRANK'S CAR (MOVING)/INT. MICK'S ROOM - NIGHT

Frank sticks his head out of the window screaming and pouring Jack Daniels in his mouth. Emily covers her face out of shame.

EMILY

Jesus, I never thought there would be anyone more stupid than regular Frank. But this is the champion of embarrassments.

Suddenly Frank comes back to the interior very excited.

FRANK

Guys, I think I see something good! I don't know what exactly, it's too far. Looks like a motel. God knows, for how long I've been driving today, it better be a fucking motel.

Frank sticks his head out of the window again.

MICK

What is it?

Frank laughs and screams happily, comes back to the interior.

MICK (CONT'D)

Lucky bastard! It's a motel! I can see it by the look on your face, you son of a bitch!

FRANK

You bet your sweet ass it's a motherfucking motel! I'm going to let them know I'm coming!

Frank starts to BEEP and drinks Jack Daniels the whole time. Emily and Mick hug each other and laugh.

Frank looks out of the window and screams while beeping.

A MOTEL AREA APPEARS FAR AWAY IN THE DISTANCE

Frank returns to the interior, drinks more Jack Daniels and laughs.

Frank looks at the black screen now, turns off the sound, he looks disorientated.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Mick? Emily? Are you having sex?

No response, the image is still gone.

Frank looks up at the road--

A massive truck APPEARS out of nowhere in front of Frank's windshield and gives a long BEEP. Flashlights BLIND Frank for a moment.

Frank manages to DODGE the truck right in the last seconds before a collision. The truck goes forward out of sight.

The motel DISAPPEARS now, but Frank doesn't notice it.

Frank drives forward in complete shock for a brief period.

INSERT -- THE PHONE'S SCREEN -- Emily and Mick appear in Mick's room again, both really concerned.

EMILY
What happened, Frank?

Frank tries to speak, but fails. He leans on the wheel.

MICK
What the hell is going on there?!

FRANK
(barely speaking)
I nearly got killed. Fuck.

MICK
What happened?

Frank drinks Jack Daniels and takes a deep breath.

FRANK
(in shock)
I looked at the screen for a moment, you two disappeared.
(beat)
When I took my eyes back on the road, a truck was rushing at me like hell on fucking wheels.
(beat)
I thought it would smash my car into a damn can and I would turn into its contents, but I managed to dodge in the last moment. It happened so fast, I never had time to say even the shortest fucking prayer. Holy--

MICK
Alright, man, it's over. You need to go back.

Frank smokes a cigarette, almost crying.

FRANK

I'm really tired, every part of my body is worn out. I think I'll pull over and spend the night in the car.

EMILY

But what about the motel?

FRANK

It's gone.

MICK

What the fuck do you mean, it's gone?

FRANK

I mean that I can't fucking see it with my eyes, Mick!

EMILY

Well, Frank, first you need to calm down. We were planning to go to bed soon, but if anything urgent happens, call us immediately.

(beat)

You need to rest. You're a mess.

FRANK

Yeah, another great fucking problem is that I can't even pull over. These fucking barriers on the road remind me of those barbed-wire walls for prisoners.

(beat)

I can't understand what's left for me to do, this road is like an illusion, a magic trick. A fucking good one.

MICK

Frankie, pal, relax, you've been drinking a lot. Can you film the road for a moment? Just to make sure that we all see the same thing.

Frank takes the phone out of the kit and films the road with shaking hands.

Suddenly the phone FALLS out of Frank's hand and CRASHES on the road.

Frank CONTINUES to drive fast with a rabid, fierce, dead look in his eyes. Tears start to well up, he grips the wheel very tight.

Frank cranks up the volume as a fierce, angry HARDCORE song starts to play.

Frank furiously hits the steering wheel and throws bottles and cans and boxes all over the interior.

FRANK
FUCK! FUCK! FUCK! FUCK! FUCK!

Frank sees a flask in the interior and drinks a lot.

FRANK (V.O.)
So this is it? The boiling point?
The moment when someone gives a
sign with his hand and everything
changes in an instant?

Frank keeps drinking.

FRANK (V.O.)
The sad truth is that it's not. The
worst part about change is that the
boiling point never comes.
(beat)
You close your eyes to escape life.
Your dreams are colorful and
promising of a greater future, but
it all stays the same in reality, a
black-and-white marathon of vomit
and shit.
(beat)
Your dreams have been degaussed.
(beat)
Now you just close your eyes hoping
to die.

Frank takes a look in the wing mirror and at the empty mount
kit.

FRANK (V.O.)
I'm like a vase full of wilting
flowers, a label for something
already dead. Insert a coin, pull
the lever and wait for the best.
Wait for that rewarding sound of
coins hitting the plate. But be
careful, sometimes the same coins
can bury you.
(beat)
Greedy motherfucker.

Frank grins with evil and smirks.

FRANK (V.O.)
What's with all these depressing
thoughts out of the blue? You could
have lost your life, but you
didn't.
(MORE)

FRANK (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 You're not a poet nor you're a
 fucking melancholist, Frank. Cut
 this bullshit and keep moving.

FRANK'S WEARY FACE:

Frank tries to blink repeatedly, but his sleepy eyes react too slow. He rubs his eyes, vision starts to get blurry and fade away. Car slows down.

FRANK
 (mumbling, smiling)
 Now where is the gas pedal?

Frank hits the wrong pedal and the car stops, he laughs.

FRANK (CONT'D)
 (mumbling)
 We're all tangled. I should have
 known better--

Frank collapses on the wheel unconsciously.

FADE TO BLACK.

The SOUNDS of a blowing ceiling fan, someone working in distance, men laughing.

FADE IN:

INT. MOTEL'S ROOM - DAY

Frank lies on the dirty bed with his eyes closed.

He's in an old medium-sized room with stripped wallpapers and one double-hung window, blowing ceiling fan and a light bulb hanging on a wire. There's a vintage dusty TV in the room, an old wooden wardrobe and a ticking decorative clock on the wall.

ROACHES CLIMBING TO THE TORN PIECE OF WALLPAPER

Suddenly we hear a GUN SHOT in the distance, roaches quickly hide under the surface, people laugh distantly.

POV OF FRANK WAKING UP

A STEEL FIGURINE OF CRUCIFIED JESUS CHRIST HANGING ON TOP OF THE WALL

FRANK (V.O.)
 Faint light breaking in, quivering
 in my eyes, almost convincing me
 that I'm in heaven.

BACK TO SCENE

Frank finally opens his eyes completely. He takes a look around from his bed.

FRANK (V.O.)

Heaven indeed. Must be some scrap forsaken by the saints and turned into a purgatory.

(beat)

I think I'll be back here in a while, but I'd like to count my sins first.

Frank gets up from his bed and takes a look around.

Frank opens the wardrobe and sees himself in a dirty mirror.

FRANK (V.O.)

With a new day, the old feeling wasn't gone. I was a wool peacoat of a deserter, thrown into the closet as something that no longer had its precious value.

Frank looks at his dirty, stained bed.

FRANK (V.O.)

The dreary room I spent the night in was sad to look at.

(beat)

Room service included all kinds of stains on my bed and a scent of filth lingering in the air. I can see how some people went straight into the purgatory after sleeping here.

Frank goes to a clock on the wall.

FRANK (V.O.)

I could hear the crunching sound of dead roaches getting squashed by wood slats under the flooring. Forlorn place screaming damnation in the middle of the Inferno.

(beat)

The death notes would store here forever until the whole room was full.

Frank looks at the clock for a while and listens to it ticking.

THE TIME - 5:55 (a.m.)

Frank takes another look around the room.

FRANK (V.O.)

Not sure if that was a cruel joke
or the clock just stopped working
at some point, but it seems like I
spent a long time in this
prehistoric cave. It was time to
leave while the head on my
shoulders was still fresh.

Frank checks his pockets, doesn't find anything.

FRANK (V.O.)

Don't know why I checked my pockets
as if I ever carried a single thing
with me. I guess that was just
precaution, the last thing I needed
to find in my pockets was a syringe
full of Valkyr.

Frank grins at his remark and goes to the door. Tries to open
it, but the door's locked.

Frank tries to knock it down a few times, but fails.

FRANK (V.O.)

No surprise. The fishhook was
placed here from the beginning.

Frank notices the window, takes a look outside and opens it.

Frank carefully climbs out of the window and lands on the
ground.

EXT. MOTEL'S SIDE YARD/INT. MOTEL'S RECEPTION - DAY
(CONTINUOUS)

Frank looks around, sees a parking lot with old, broken cars
in front.

Frank walks along the yard until he decides to take a look
through the last window.

HIS POV THROUGH THE WINDOW:

MOTEL'S RECEPTION

The excited receptionist sits watching an old gangster movie
and mimics the actors.

BACK TO SCENE

Frank comes close to the end of the wall--

WE see the MYSTERIOUS STRANGER appear at the reception. He
greet's the receptionist and hands him the keys for the room.

Frank peeks at the parking lot from his position.

EXT. MOTEL'S PARKING LOT - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

A fairly large parking lot with a small sentry-box. A redneck KEEPER walks around cars with a rifle.

Once the keeper turns his back to Frank, Frank crawls to the nearest car and hides behind it.

KEEPER
 (shouting to someone in
 distance)
 Hey, Doug, don't forget to work
 with this babe! There's a lot of
 garbage you have to take out of
 this one, man.

Frank looks out from the car and sees his own vehicle. The keeper drops Frank's keys into the interior and heads to the sentry-box.

Frank tries to reach for his car, but the keeper hears movement and Frank stops behind another automobile.

The keeper looks around and heads to the opposite direction.

Frank runs to his car very fast. Keeper notices him and laughs.

KEEPER (CONT'D)
 Alright, kid, you fucked yourself
 up! I'm gonna shoot your ass down
 real quick and bury your whole
 family alive, you fucking rat piece
 of shit!

The keeper fires a shot at Frank, but misses. Frank gets in his car.

Another shot from the keeper SHATTERS the left wing mirror as Frank quickly starts the car.

FRANK
 (scared)
 Shit!

Frank drives straight through the closed gate and onto the road. The keeper gets in his massive vehicle and follows Frank.

EXT. ROAD/INT. MOVING CARS - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Same straight, empty two-lane road that before. The high-speed chase between Frank and the keeper begins.

Frank turns on a dynamic, energetic, furious PUNK song.

KEEPER BEEPS continuously as he's on Frank's tail.

Keeper sticks the rifle from the window, shoots and misses.
FRANK's car accelerates.

FRANK
Yeah, keep shooting straight, you
cross-eyed fuck.

Frank takes a whiskey bottle from the untouched mess in the interior and chugs it.

Another shot comes from behind and SHATTERS the rear windshield of Frank's car. Frank stops drinking and drops the bottle.

Frank accelerates again, looks in the rear-view mirror as the keeper's car is NOT TO BE SEEN on his tail.

Frank looks over his shoulder and suddenly sees a barrel of the rifle sticking to his window as the keeper's car CATCHES UP.

KEEPER
Say goodbye, motherfucker.
(laughing)
I always wanted to say that.

Keeper grins while Frank quickly hits the brakes as the gunshot rings... BOOM! The keeper misses and drives ahead by inertia.

Keeper stops his car too and gets out.

EXT. ROAD - CRIME SCENE - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Frank immediately hits the gas pedal while the keeper reloads his rifle and rams the keeper and his car.

Frank gets out of his car and checks if the keeper is dead.

FRANK (V.O.)
The keeper's dead, motionless body
spread out on the road in what has
to be a culmination of the
theatrical act of rage.

Frank slowly walks around the dead keeper, then friendly slaps him on the cheeks.

FRANK
Straight into the Redneck Valhalla
Hall Of Fame, buddy.

Frank goes to the trunk of the keeper's car, opens it.

INT. KEEPER'S CAR TRUNK - DAY

Frank sees four gasoline canisters, he takes them all out.

EXT. ROAD - CRIME SCENE - DAY

Frank carries the canisters to his car. Three go into his car's trunk and one stays on the ground.

Frank goes back to the keeper's car, observes the interior.

FRANK (V.O.)

You think having two cars in your possession would help, but this bastard carried no funnel, which only begs the question what was he actually planning to do with those canisters, and my car was in abundance of bottles, but, unfortunately, not the plastic ones.

Frank walks back to the trunk of keeper's car and takes out a hose.

FRANK (V.O.)

But he did have this and it meant that we were about to go have fun with a time machine.

Frank takes the hose to his car and starts to pour gasoline from the canister into the tank with an old-school "suck in-spit out" technique.

Suddenly Frank swallows some gasoline. He coughs and spits it out--

FRANK

JESUS FUCK!
(spitting, coughing)
Fuck me!

Then after a while Frank continues and gets the process of filling up the tank done.

Frank throws the empty canister into dead keeper's body.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Thank's for the fill, bastard!

Frank comes to the dead body again.

FRANK (CONT'D)

What, you thought you'd come right out of the bush like that and shoot me, you fucking hillbilly gawker?
(MORE)

FRANK (CONT'D)

(beat)

Well, fuck you!

Frank kicks the rifle out of his way and spits in dead keeper's direction.

Frank pees on keeper's car and looks at the sky.

FRANK (V.O.)

The sun was already on its way out, it was about time gloaming settled in these parts. Repetition of what I've already seen, nothing more than a flashy bravado. I had enough of this road, it was time to head home.

(beat)

If I still had one.

Frank gets into his car and drives away.

INT./EXT. FRANK'S CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Frank gets a cigarette pack from the interior and uses it as a dictaphone.

FRANK

Diary of a schizoid man. Chapter two. The race to long-awaited insanity continues. I'm facing a much bigger void now. With past being erased, there aren't too many paths left for the present. Can't say that I'm losing my mind, but I'm definitely starting to see a pattern in all the events occurring.

Frank gets a cigarette from the pack.

FRANK (V.O.)

Front row tickets for Homicide. Not my cup of tea.

(beat)

Fuck him, if he wasn't a psycho in the first place, he wouldn't kick the bucket now. That's a problem of a lot of men. They are so sure that they're always in control, but when they see their own teeth scattered on the pavement, they start to look for the wrong reasons. A path drenched in warm blood. You know how it ends.

(beat)

And I, I'm just trying to get mine.

(MORE)

FRANK (V.O.) (CONT'D)
But, as a general rule of life, our
paths have to cross.

Frank sparks his lighter and looks at the fire.

FRANK (V.O.)
Jesus, that dead motherfucker
really got into my head now.

Frank immediately stops his car and heads back in reverse.

He stops at the crime scene and gets out of the car.

EXT. ROAD - CRIME SCENE - DAY

Frank goes to the trunk of his car.

INT. FRANK'S CAR TRUNK - DAY

He takes out a gasoline canister.

EXT. ROAD - CRIME SCENE - DAY

Frank pours the contents on dead keeper's car and lights it.

Frank lights his cigarette from this fire and gets back into his car, looks at the flaming car.

FRANK (V.O.)
Figured out they're not waiting for
me in heaven anyway.

INT./EXT. FRANK'S CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Frank drives away.

FRANK (V.O.)
But if there's such thing as road
to hell, this is probably it.
Everything evil comes together
here.
(beat)
I should write a book if I make it
back home. Try real fucking hard to
make it sound good for once.

Frank looks at the flaming car distancing away in the rear-view mirror.

FRANK (V.O.)

Surely, I don't know if I would have the patience or talent to succeed, but I suppose I could get good at writing an entire dictionary of self-pity.

(beat)

The best thoughts come with an uncertain mood, like a neutral stream that runs without any disturbances. Such uncertain mood becomes more rare to me with each passing second.

Frank raises his head and takes a deep breath. He smiles.

FRANK (V.O.)

No, fuck it, Frank, what are you even talking about? Put your ambitions in a trash can and roll it down the biggest hill you can find. You're a loser, idiots like you are kept in wombs for hundreds of years to come, waiting for their turn to fuck up at life.

Frank rubs his eyes, leaning on the wheel.

FRANK (V.O.)

If at first you don't succeed, you probably won't succeed at second. Some people are doomed from the beginning. That's what I call getting fucked by negativity, when everything you do is affected by the truly unique type of thinking you possess. Always hoping for the best, but still expecting the worst to happen. And when the worst happens, time after time, you just feel numb emotionally.

(beat)

This is the drought. Failure after failure creates a very special feeling. This feeling drives you crazy, makes you paranoid. Self loathing becomes a routine and day by day you're all caught up in it. Short on ideas, you're on the verge of giving up. But you won't because it satisfies you when someone else's expectations are not met. It feels damn fucking good to break the chain of events already forged for you.

(beat)

Drought's over, but life is a twisted cycle, rejoice.

Frank smirks at himself.

FRANK (V.O.)

This happens every time. You lose your identity on the way to your destination, it's like the rain washes your face away and leaves you dripping with disdain towards yourself, towards everyone. At the end of the day you're just not the same person.

(beat)

But it can't be this way forever, can it? Something's gonna come, the tide's going to turn some day I'm sure. I refuse to sink in.

Frank opens a new can of beer and drinks it.

FRANK (V.O.)

To get away from the dark cloud over my head, I decided to dive into the memories once again.

(beat)

Growing up alone was quite a joyride. Alone as the state of everything. When you're just a kid, no one cares about what you have to say. No one seems to understand you when adolescence knocks on your door. And when it seems like you're suddenly all grown up, you can't understand what you're after. So you just settle down, grab a beer, watch something eye-opening, still fall asleep, wake up craving change, meet new people, talk selectively, smile like it's a fucking disease, and then you'll get to hear it.

(female voice)

Congratulations, we found a great well for your expectations!

(male voice)

Sorry, kid, not everyone is entitled to a happy life!

(Frank's voice)

Horrible death, horrible movie, roll the damn credits.

Frank drinks the beer can in full and throws it outside with anger.

FRANK (V.O.)

They say that God giveth and God taketh away. Well, God gave me either nothing or too fucking much to handle.

Frank looks at the road suspiciously as he notices someone.

MYSTERIOUS STRANGER ON THE SIDE OF THE ROAD

FRANK (V.O.)

A bad penny always turns up.

(beat)

Just when I started having deja vu thoughts about this road.

INT. FRANK'S CAR - DAY

Frank stops the car. He looks for something in the back seat.

Frank takes out a Shinai stick and looks at it.

INT. FRANK'S CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Frank slowly drives to the MYSTERIOUS STRANGER who's figure calmly stays still near the wooded area.

FRANK (V.O.)

Have you ever gone to sleep in a madhouse? When any insignificant quarrel that wouldn't bother you in any other place ends with a riotous calmness and you can never fall asleep again because there's a storm in your head.

(beat)

I couldn't leave that madhouse for a long time, but now that I knew the madhouse had settled in my head, I just wanted to drive into darkness, away from the burning light and strangers' eyes.

Frank stops the car not far from the MYSTERIOUS STRANGER and gets out.

FRANK (V.O.)

And this man was a spoke in my wheel.

EXT. ROADSIDE - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Frank jumps on the MYSTERIOUS STRANGER with a Shinai stick.

Soon as Frank hits him, the SCARECROW of the MYSTERIOUS STRANGER falls down.

Shocked Frank takes a look around and back to the scarecrow.

FRANK (V.O.)

As worthless as drawing a ripe fruit on a macabre painting, I stood there with my eyes shut under the blindfold.

Frank observes the scarecrow. He picks up the coat and takes a look at it.

FRANK (V.O.)

But the room was already dark enough to not see anything clear.

Frank throws the coat away and holds his Shinai stick.

FRANK

(shouting in every direction)

Oh, you wanna play, huh? Al-fucking-right, let's play, motherfucker. Just tell me the rules, man! I don't want to fucking kill you by accident! What do you think?

Frank notices some unpleasant smell.

FRANK (V.O.)

Something didn't feel right about this. I could taste the smell of death.

(beat)

That acrid burning smell of plastic.

Frank hears the CRACKLING of burning twigs somewhere in the forest. He goes in that direction.

EXT. WOODS - WOODLAND - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

A woodland fully covered with different plants, bushes, alder trees shines in a weak light of dusk. Frank walks carefully through the greenery, looking for the increasing in volume sound of the fire nearby.

While he walks, Frank hears someone's FOOTSTEPS around him. He stops and looks back.

FRANK

(in every direction)

Quit fucking around, mister! Whoever you are, I'm going to stick all the goddamn cones in this forest up your ass. All of them! So come on out and let's settle this once and for all. What do you want from me?

Frank stands in silence for a while and watches close swinging his stick.

Frank smiles and continues to walk.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Rats desert for sake, they say. I
know you. You don't have a chance.

Suddenly a gunshot rings around the woods... BOOM!

Frank gets scared, looks around nervously.

Another gunshot coming closer... BOOM!

Frank runs away in a random direction. He suddenly ends up at a clear woodland edge.

EXT. WOODS - WOODLAND EDGE - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

There's only one short pathway leading to a ravine which is the source of CRACKLING. Smoke rises from the ravine. The other end is a long tunnel decorated with leaves, bushes, stems and vines. Everything around is brightened with verdure.

Frank walks to the edge of the ravine. He takes a look down.

EXT. WOODS - RAVINE - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Narrow ravine, in the middle of which Frank sees a pile of clothes, computer hardware, a desk, PUNK and METAL vinyl records - all covered with twigs and burning. Pictures, magazines, cigarette packs and bottles scattered around. This end of ravine leads to a dirty, dark sewage with no water coming out.

Frank looks confused. He cautiously descends into the ravine.

FRANK (V.O.)
Rainbows come in packed. That
scarecrow was an ill omen.

Frank squats and picks up a couple of pictures. He takes a look at the photos.

DIFFERENT PORTRAIT PHOTOGRAPHS OF FRANK

FRANK
(concerned)
What the hell?

When Frank gets to the last picture, he turns it around, it has a text written over it with a black marker:

"WHY WOULD A DREAMER STEP ON SUCH SLIPPERY ROAD?"

Frank hears FOOTSTEPS ON WATER in distance, he looks up and around.

Frank throws the pictures away and raises his Shinai stick as the sound approaches.

Frank walks towards the sewage, but the CLICKING sound of a gun's hammer stops him.

Frank throws the Shinai stick as a spear into the pitch black sewage and runs back up the ravine.

Gunshot rings from the sewage... BOOM! But Frank is already gone.

EXT. WOODS - WOODLAND EDGE/INT. WOODS - TUNNEL - DAY
(CONTINUOUS)

Frank runs into the tunnel at the end of the pathway, looking back.

He keeps running like mad while inside the tunnel there is WHISPERING, HISSING, SPEAKING, LAUGHING, FOOTSTEPS.

After Frank feels like he can't breathe, he stops and tries to catch his breath. The sounds stop as well.

Frank looks back and sees that the entrance to the tunnel is way out of sight, like the tunnel became longer with his running.

FRANK
(muttering, gasping)
This can't be happening.

Frank falls on the ground helplessly and covers his face with palms, still trying to recover.

Suddenly he hears leaves under him RUSTLING and CRACKLING. Frank opens his eyes.

Frank gets SUCKED into the ground.

He tries to grab something on his way, but everything becomes liquid and the hole DEVOURS him completely.

EXT. INFERNO

Frank freefalls into the mountain-like dark, depressing settings, the height of which is limitless.

FRANK'S POV OF DIFFERENT AREAS (LEDGES) WHILE FALLING:

A RESERVOIR BOILING WITH LAVA--

COFFINS BEING PLACED IN OVENS-- SOUNDS OF KICKING AGAINST THE CASKET AND SCREAMS IN AGONY--

HELLHOUNDS CIRCLING AROUND A GROUP OF STRIPPED MARTYRS IN RAGS--

RAW, DISSONANT SOUNDS OF ACOUSTIC GUITAR CHORDS AND SINGING COMING FROW BELOW:

OLD MARTYR
 (muted, raspy, echoing,
 approaching)
 Hey, dreamer, look what you've
 done.

A HUGE ARMY OF SATAN, ALL COVERED IN MASKS, STANDING ON A LARGE LEDGE WITH BOWS AND FLAMING ARROWS READY--

AN OLD HAGGARD MARTYR SITTING ON THE EDGE OF WITH A GUITAR--

OLD MARTYR (CONT'D)
 (plays and sings, muted,
 echoing)
 Hey, dreamer
 how does it feel?
 With a wool over your eyes,
 you sold your soul,
 but still have to kneel.

A WAR-CRY ECHOES AROUND AND THE FLAMING ARROWS START SWINGING EVERYWHERE--

FRANK SCREAMS IN PAIN AS FLAMES AND EVERYTHING FADE TO BLACK.

BACK TO SCENE

BLACK SCREEN. Just the low sound of wind surrounding Frank's fall... BAM!

Frank HITS the ground, but it's still pitch black.

Frank speaks after a while.

FRANK (V.O.)
 Darkness navigates humanity. We, as
 the human kind, poison the universe
 and this blackness constantly
 devours our shadows in murk to
 prevent apocalypse from happening.
 (beat)
 If you think humanity can't be
 bought, you're dead wrong. We all
 bought it from the gods, so we
 could destroy it.
 (beat)
 (MORE)

FRANK (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Luckily, there were enough saviours
to come out of this obscurity and
maintain the balance.

FADE IN:

EXT. UTOPIA - FIELDS - DAY

Frank opens his eyes, he wakes up in the middle of harvested
barley and wheat fields. The horizon is colored in pink.

Frank stands up, shakes his clothes off and takes a look
around.

FRANK (V.O.)
The scarlet sky shines bright as
the spikelets shake visibly under
the vim of fanning winds. I hate to
see the evening sun go down, but
this happy place is just a
reflection. It's time to go.

Frank pulls out a gun from the inside pocket of his coat.

Frank smiles and shoots himself. Dropping dead, he proceeds
into the next location.

INT. UTOPIA - UNDERGROUND PASSAGE - DAY

Newspaper flies from one exit of the dirty lonely passage to
another.

Frank stands with a pretty DREAMY GIRL of his age and of
alternative subculture around a young, wandering PLAYING
MUSICIAN strumming an acoustic FOLK, PUNK song on his guitar.
They talk over the music.

DREAMY GIRL
Do you still need to make your
getaway?

FRANK
I don't know.

DREAMY GIRL
Have you achieved any of your
goals?

FRANK
I didn't have any goals.

DREAMY GIRL

Well, what's the point then? When you don't know what to do, not even a residence reserved for you somewhere on the fucking Mars will help. You can circle this planet around a hundred times and still die a broken man.

FRANK

Death is coming.

DREAMY GIRL

I know. But is it possible to avoid something that seems unavoidable? Like if you were hanging on the verge of death, would you climb still full of hopes to the place you first intended to or change your direction and crawl to the distant sound of life?

FRANK

I trust my intuition, but I'd go for the chance of being saved. You?

DREAMY GIRL

Me too, I guess.

Girl smiles and looks at Frank.

DREAMY GIRL (CONT'D)

Look at us. Hopeless, yet afraid to die.

FRANK

Of course, we're all afraid to die. We've only been alive after all.

The playing musician finishes his song and talks to the girl and Frank.

PLAYING MUSICIAN

Sorry to interrupt, but do you, guys, want to hear a story of my fear?

FRANK

Does it come with a song?

They chuckle over that, the musician puts his guitar down.

PLAYING MUSICIAN

Nah, my songs are bad enough.

DREAMY GIRL

Go ahead.

PLAYING MUSICIAN

Alright. So I lived with this neighbor once, he used to drink like a downtrodden cobbler. I could tell he was a very hollow man, but can't say I felt sorry for the guy. After all, he never said his hello's to me while I was doing my best greeting him. Seems a bit unfair, right?

The girl nods, Frank shakes his head indifferently.

FRANK (V.O.)

Not as much as my life.

PLAYING MUSICIAN

When I moved out, I didn't see him too often, but I knew that he got himself a huge fucking dog. One of these days his dog attacked a child and he had to get rid of the big puppy.

(short beat)

Soon enough he died of a heart attack and it made me think about the grim reaper, that bastard. Made me think about the mental pain this guy fought off while I was sitting at home practising in futility so elegantly.

DREAMY GIRL

So what are you saying, man?

PLAYING MUSICIAN

I'm saying that our problems don't mean shit. Listen, sister, it was under my nose all the time, but then again, I understood that you can't overshadow someone else's anguish.

(beat)

Understanding of pain comes after you experience it on your own skin.

Suddenly a SWAT team BREAKS INTO the passage from two exits.

SWAT SOLDIER #1

Freeze! Hands up! All of you!

Frank turns to the girl.

FRANK

This is death.

Frank and the girl move to the entrance doors to the station.

SWAT team OPENS FIRE. The musician gets SHOT immediately, the girl gets SHOT while running. Frank stops and looks at the fallen girl, he gets shot in his stomach.

Frank runs through the entrance doors, SWAT team follows.

INT. UTOPIA - UNDERGROUND STATION - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

A visibly empty train stands alone, no passengers on the platform. MYSTERIOUS STRANGER's shadow lurks into an exit passage.

Frank runs to the station and sees the passage and the flashing button indicating that the doors are about to close.

Frank makes his choice and quickly jumps into the train as bullets SWING at metal.

Train leaves. SWAT team is left behind on the platform.

INT. UTOPIA - UNDERGROUND TRAIN (MOVING) - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Frank is in the train with one old, serious male PASSENGER. Frank falls in the corner near the passenger.

FRANK

Fuck, man, they shot me.

PASSENGER

They shot you?

FRANK

I need help.

PASSENGER

Let me tell you something, young man.

Frank, touching the wound, raises his head and looks at the passenger in disbelief.

PASSENGER (CONT'D)

I believe life truly ends when your character breaks and you lose the desire to confront your fate. You see, your will is like a levee, slowly crumbling with the passage of time. But as long as you have something to hang to in this life, you will not fall. Getting stuck in a whirl of lost hope and false ambitions makes you beg for salvation. And for those who are at war with themselves war with others might be a shelter.

Frank cries, looking at the wound, but holds his tears.

PASSENGER (CONT'D)

Face it, war is a permanent state for humanity, but aren't there just two choices during a war: to live or to die? When you are fighting against yourself there is only one option: simply be. And simply be is to avoid everybody and everything, whereas the core of every war is lust for life in its purest form. Makes you question yourself, if I can't fight, then how can I be sure that everyone else will. And you find that strength in you to cling to the branch until the tempest is over.

FRANK

Come on, man, I'm fucking dying out here!

Suddenly the passenger comes closer to Frank and GRABS his wound, making Frank scream.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Ahhh, what the fuck are you doing?

Passenger PUSHES the wound more. Frank cries.

FRANK (CONT'D)

NO! FUCK YOU! AH, FUCK NO!

PASSENGER

But the soul always stays heavy, contempt towards yourself channels through your thoughts like a harsh reminder of something you will never have towards others anymore. You don't have time to hate the others, you just hate yourself all the time, and you don't see how it goes for the others because it all goes terribly wrong for you. Pestilence, obliteration and isolation all over. Shit out of luck.

(beat)

I guess some of us will never rest in peace and that's it.

FRANK

FUCK YOU!

Frank escapes and leans on the handrail.

Passenger takes out a cigarette and smokes it.

PASSENGER

The thing about life is that you never know when your fifteen minutes of fame are going to come. But be careful, real dreams slip through your fingers faster than sand.

FRANK

SHUT UP!

PASSENGER

Also, have you ever wondered, how come we get only fifteen minutes for fame and so much more for our failures?

FRANK

SHUT YOUR FUCKING MOUTH!

Frank spits blood in passenger's direction.

FRANK (V.O.)

This pain is not real. Pain is only what you make of it. Focus on something else--

Frank cries in pain and starts to hit the closed doors.

FRANK

Goddamn it, focus, Frank! Why can't you focus on something else?!

Frank leans on the closed doors and closes his eyes. BLACK SCREEN.

FRANK (V.O.)

Fuck, it hurts as hell and you can't deny it. Bear with it, there comes a time when all pain turns into grief and nothing else.

PASSENGER

But I think that when you come closest to success and fail, you must feel the long, eternal fall.

Frank quickly opens his eyes and sees the passenger smiling for the last time as the doors behind him suddenly open.

POV OF FRANK WHILE FALLING:

Frank falls into the imaginary oblivion, devoid of sense and laws of physics, as the train keeps going through loops on the horizontal layout of tracks in this ambience and distances away with the fall.

Frank HITS the ground... BAM!

FADE TO BLACK.

Sounds of Frank GASPING, running over the RUSTLING leaves in the tunnel.

FRANK (V.O.)

Life is meaningless when you're on your own. Something I learned the hard way. Loneliness has lead me astray.

Sounds of Frank trying to catch his breath and lying down on the ground.

FRANK (V.O.)

When darkened souls meet, expect armageddon. Self-hatred makes you believe that the secrets are there to be revealed, but ultimately it's a dead end. Better leave it as it is. Don't overthink your whole life.

FADE IN:

INT. WOODS - TUNNEL - DAY

Frank wakes up, lying on the ground face first. The tunnel seems normal in length now.

FRANK (V.O.)

When I woke up from this nightmare, the last dewdrop was running down the stem and the tunnel was half lit with somber barrenness.

(beat)

I didn't want to get up, I wanted death to consume me right there. So I lied on the ground thinking about everything that had lead me to this point.

Frank turns on his back.

FRANK (V.O.)

But what else was there to think about? More questions? The one thing that separates kings from others is their ability not to ask many questions. As long as you question yourself all the time, you will never be capable of doing anything right.

(beat)

(MORE)

FRANK (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 I was done as a person. I had
 nothing to give back to this world.

Frank picks a daisy and starts to tear off petals with each of his line.

FRANK
 I am nothing--
 (tears a petal)
 I will have my day once--
 (tears a petal)
 I should be fucking dead--
 (tears a petal)
 World is a beautiful place--
 (tears a petal)
 Oh, fuck me!

Frank throws the daisy away and covers his face with palms in despair.

FRANK (V.O.)
 The sloth and the existential
 ennui, what a fucking combination!
 So much at the palm of your hand,
 but nothing happens because it's
 already too late to start. That's
 what you think. That's what you put
 up with. That's what eats you alive
 from the inside. Sad sight to see.
 (beat)
 The truth is that fear and
 insecurity will get you paralyzed
 quicker than you can choose a porn
 scene to masturbate to.

Frank gets up, shakes his clothes off and heads to the end of tunnel which is fully covered with greenery.

As he reaches it, he looks back just to check the other end from which he previously entered.

POV OF FRANK LOOKING AT THE DARKENING BEGINNING OF THE TUNNEL

FRANK (V.O.)
 I'm not going there again.

BACK TO SCENE

FRANK
 Yeah, fuck that.

Frank starts to lift the bushes, leaves and vines that cover this end of the tunnel in search for an exit.

He discovers an old, rusty steel door. Tries to open it, but it's locked.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Listen, I don't care, you have to open because I'm not going back. No fucking way.

Frank turns the handle a few more times and decides to knock the door down. Several hits and he BREAKS THROUGH, flying outside.

EXT. WOODS - WOODLAND EDGE - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Frank ends up on the ground from the beginning of the tunnel at the woodland edge where he started running. Everything is the same, but there's no sound of fire and smoke rising from the ravine.

He gets up and slowly walks to the edge of the ravine. Carefully takes a look down.

EXT. WOODS - RAVINE - DAY

There are no burning items, no ashes left.

FRANK

Fucking hell.

EXT. WOODS - WOODLAND EDGE - DAY

Frank looks around and grabs his head in disbelief.

FRANK

Fuck this.

Frank calms down and goes back to the track that lead him to the edge from the woodland.

FRANK (V.O.)

I'd better get out of this enchanted forest before the trees start to talk.

EXT. WOODS - WOODLAND - DAY

Frank looks at the crumpled leaves under his feet that guide him. He follows the trail.

Suddenly while walking he hears a deafening sound of EXPLOSION behind him... BOOM!

Frank looks behind him and sees fire and smoke rising from the ravine he escaped.

FRANK
Jesus Christ, can't even fucking
die at rest!

Frank runs away to the road, following the trail.

EXT. ROADSIDE - DAY

Frank sees his car, runs to it and leans his head on the hood of the car.

FRANK (V.O.)
Like a snow globe with me stuck in
the middle, someone turned it
upside down and now the snow falls
without stopping.

Frank hears weak FOOTSTEPS, SNIFFING and SNUFFLING near him.

Frank slowly raises his head and takes a look. A pack of wolves sniffs around and circles his car.

Frank leans his head back and completely ignores the wolfpack.

FRANK (V.O.)
Now you're just tripping mad balls,
Frank.

One of the wolves comes close to Frank and starts to sniff his leg.

FRANK (V.O.)
Open the door, jump in the car, get
fucking going. That's it.

Frank slowly reaches for the door handle with the other hand. Wolf starts to GROWL.

Frank takes his hand off the handle and puts it back on the hood.

FRANK (V.O.)
Fuck.
(beat)
Fuck, Frank, fuck!

Suddenly Frank quickly OPENS the door, instantly JUMPS in the car, but the wolf CATCHES him on the pant leg.

INT. FRANK'S CAR/EXT. ROADSIDE - DAY

Frank ignites the engine and throws empty bottles at the hanging wolf.

The pack gathers around them, but Frank closes the door, so it's only him and the wolf hanging on the pant leg.

FRANK
Fuck off! I'm not your enemy!

Frank makes loud noises and keeps throwing items at the wolf.

FRANK (CONT'D)
FUCK YOU! I WILL FUCKING DESTROY
YOU! YOU HEAR ME? MOTHERFUCKER!

Frank turns on an extreme METAL song on a player to the maximum volume.

Frank gets an unfinished bottle of whiskey from the interior and looks at it with regret.

Frank NAILS the wolf in the face with the bottle and it BREAKS. Wolf whines and lets go.

Frank immediately closes the door and lies on the seats while the pack HOWLS outside. Frank laughs desperately with relief.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Holy shit.

FRANK (V.O.)
You gotta stop believing in happy
endings, Frank. There's no happy
end to your story.

Frank hears wolves GNARLING outside, GNAWING something.

He rises and takes a look through the window:

WOLVES BITING THE TIRE

FRANK
Oh, come on.

Frank gets to his seat and car furiously takes off, leaving the wolves behind.

INT./EXT. FRANK'S CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

Darkness once again descends on the road. Frank smokes a cigarette.

FRANK (V.O.)
Can't be too ignorant of death,
takes away too much in the end. But
I played my part well.
(beat)
(MORE)

FRANK (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I was surrounded by ghosts on the highway to my undeniable demise, I rolled through the valley of death, went through fire and water to get to this moment.

(short beat)

I was one tough motherfucker. Unbreakable spirit. Harder than nails driven into thick wood.

(short beat)

I wasn't one of the immortal Gods, but I sure felt like one. Death couldn't kill me.

Frank dumps the cigarette butt into an empty beer can and throws it away.

FRANK (V.O.)

So why not end this journey on such comforting self-indulgent suicide note?

(beat)

Maybe because the night was still young and I was an eminence grise operating in its sable spirit.

Frank turns on a dynamic, building up, explosive 90s POST-HARDCORE song.

FRANK (V.O.)

See, most failures have one thing in common. Like a crack in the wall, they branch out, hiding the reasons, so you can go back, choose one and think what if it never happened. But it did and you're the one who's always fucked on the receiving end.

(beat)

And if your business is dragging ashes, then your business is damn good.

Frank begins to speed up a little.

FRANK (V.O.)

We all want to serve a purpose in this world, but in the long run most of us are left in the lurch, feeling adrift and vulnerable. Some try to redress the grievances of reality, some don't.

(beat)

But it's kinda hard to be a superhero these days. Some people just refuse to be pleased.

Frank's car gains more speed as Frank looks angered.

FRANK (V.O.)

Too many sodomites try to grab as much as possible with their dirty hands. Violent enough to level cities, their tactics can be stopped by one little hurdle.

(beat)

You can't get into a head of a brainless brat. You can try playing your mind games with him, threaten, abuse him, but sooner or later he'll do things his way, the dumb way.

(beat)

Just like you can't teach a foolish person how to drive. Might as well die in his anniversary car crash.

Frank's car hurtles on the straight road.

FRANK (V.O.)

It's merely amusing to observe the constant struggle of the bad guys and the good guys, fucking avengers and the madmen, authority and the enslaved, a never-ending story of lying fucks and litter under their feet.

Frank closes his eyes as the car almost seems to fly at great speed.

FRANK (V.O.)

Fucking scum, if only I could wipe you all from the face of Earth.

Suddenly Frank hits the brakes, tires SQUEAL, but he's in control, doesn't hurt himself.

INT. FRANK'S CAR - NIGHT

Frank with eyes still closed lays his head on the headrest and breathes heavily, trying to calm down.

FRANK (V.O.)

The search for purpose is eternal. Only those who lack in strength deserve to end their suffering. You, dumb fucking bastard, must endure the pain and fight for what it's all worth.

Frank covers his face with palms.

FRANK (V.O.)

You don't even deserve to kill yourself, Frank.

(MORE)

FRANK (V.O.) (CONT'D)
You're running ahead of time, you
haven't done anything in this life.
Not good nor bad.

Frank opens his eyes and stares coldly on the road.

FRANK (V.O.)
Indeed, I still had plenty of
things in life to keep my feet on
the ground and knowing that
certainly saved some poor guy from
a daunting task of scraping the
pieces of my brain off the backseat
of this car.

Frank grabs his flask from the interior and drinks it.

All quiet now, he plays with a lighter's fire.

FRANK (V.O.)
You know who else searched for
clarity? Nietzsche. You know damn
well how he ended up.
(beat)
Fucked in the head.
(beat)
So keep this pseudo philosophical
talk off the goddamn table.

Frank smokes a cigarette, puts on his hat and the stylish
eyeglasses from the interior.

He looks at himself in the rear-view mirror and smiles with a
cigarette in his mouth.

FRANK
And off we go again!

Frank turns on a heavy STONER, HARD ROCK song and the car
takes off.

INT./EXT. FRANK'S CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

Frank sticks out of the window and screams while drinking
from the flask.

In front of him is a section of the road where glowing lamp
posts seem to be placed around the road in excessive amounts.

FRANK
This is the main event, Frankie!
This is fucking it, I can feel it!
Don't fuck this up!

Suddenly Frank's hat FALLS off, he looks behind to see it
getting swept away by the wind and FALLS out of the car.

Frank COLLIDES with the ground and TUMBLES while his car keeps going and vanishes in the dark as all lamp posts go out.

FADE TO BLACK.

Sounds of lights FLICKERING in the distance.

FRANK (V.O.)

I wonder when did we become so cynical about love. Just because we never caught it, doesn't it mean it never was there.

EMILY

(muted, echoing, fading)
How can anyone love you if you've got a whole artificial world in your closet with skeleton holidays and skeleton weddings?

Sounds of Frank getting up, MOANING a bit, his FOOTSTEPS.

FRANK

Fuck.

FADE IN:

EXT. ROAD - LAMP POST ALLEY - NIGHT

Frank slowly walks in complete darkness towards the lamp posts where his car supposedly went.

Once he approaches the beginning of this "lamp post alley", one of the farther lamp posts flickers a bit and dies out. Car is not visible, Frank walks to the post in this intense atmosphere.

He reaches this post, another one flickers. Still no car, Frank continues walking silently.

Another post, another flickers in the distance. Car is gone, Frank smiles.

FRANK

(shouting)
Hey, I'm getting tired of this fun little game.

Frank walks to the post. Now two lamps flicker in the distance and he sees his car near the farthest.

FRANK (CONT'D)

That's way better.

Frank jogs along the road as the lights go out.

Suddenly Frank finds himself among burning pictures of himself hanging on poles around the road.

Frank takes a look around, he's scared but continues walking towards the car.

Once the flames are behind him he walks to the lamp post that starts flickering faintly and the lamp SHATTERS!

When Frank approaches his car in the dark, it EXPLODES...
BOOM!

BLACK SCREEN.

Sounds of lights FLICKERING in the distance.

FRANK (V.O.)
Rebuild your past and find a new
way out. That's the fucking motto
from now on.

EMILY
(echoing, multiplying,
dissonant, fading)
If it's meant to happen, love will
find you eventually. It shouldn't
be you in pursuit.

Muted sounds of tires SQUEALING in the distance.

FRANK (V.O.)
That's a bullshit thought, Frank.
How many of those you've got left
before you die?

Sounds of Frank getting up, MOANING a bit, his FOOTSTEPS.

FRANK
Fuck.

FADE IN:

EXT. ROAD - LAMP POST ALLEY - NIGHT

Frank carefully walks to the nearest lamp post in dark, but nothing flickers.

Frank keeps walking until he BUMPS into something and falls on the ground.

FRANK
Ah, damn it! Fuck!

Frank gets up and KNOCKS repeatedly on the object he just ran into. It's his car.

Frank opens the door and turns on the headlamps.

FRANK (V.O.)

The car miraculously broke down not that far away from my latest circus act. The stall of the engine slowed down the hourglass.

Frank throws his broken eyeglasses on the roadside and gets into his car.

After he takes off and the car disappears, the lights ignite on all lamp posts.

MYSTERIOUS STRANGER IN THE REFLECTION OF A SHATTERED LENS

INT./EXT. FRANK'S CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

Tired, exhausted Frank smokes a cigarette and drinks beer alternately.

FRANK (V.O.)

At this time of day people usually turn off their television sets, meaning that the actors are out of work for a while. For some of those people the next day is going to be their last.

(beat)

And if they knew that, they certainly wouldn't be proud of how they spent their prologue.

Frank's head starts to dangle, he mutters and seems to be fading to sleep.

FRANK (V.O.)

Under that blanket, everyone's the same.

Frank takes a long drag and tries to concentrate on the road.

Suddenly he sees a turn to right, fork split in the distance, he shakes his head to come to his senses.

Frank chugs the remaining beer and turns on a loud PUNK song to wake himself.

FRANK (V.O.)

You know, maybe it was true. That saying, "Good things come to those who wait".

(beat)

Patience wasn't exactly my virtue, but this turn could be my only chance to see the last light of normal life.

Suddenly Frank STOPS the car and LAUGHS. He gets out.

EXT. ROAD - INTERSECTION - NIGHT

Frank picks up a stone where the road splits to straight and right and throws it in the bushes.

FRANK

(shouting)

Oh, you miserable son of a bitch, thought that I'd fall for that? You don't get to trick me, motherfucker. I'm the Devil, you're the shit stain! I own this fucking road!

Frank starts to BEEP from outside and look around.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Come on, you worthless scum fuck!
Go ahead, bastard, shoot me again!

(beat)

Where are you?!

Frank turns off the headlamps, smashes the front door from the outside and gets into the backseat.

INT. FRANK'S CAR - NIGHT

Sleepy Frank stares at the ceiling.

FRANK (V.O.)

I comforted myself that it was better to spend the night here, knowing that the split's a mental mirage, than drag my face through another hundred miles of viscous dirt just to see that it's all a giant puddle of shit.

Frank grabs a cigarette pack from his range and smokes one cigarette with eyes closed.

FRANK

(mumbling)

Fuck them all. Fuck everyone and everything. Fuck your dreams. Fuck your sentiments. Fuck your passion. Fuck everything. Fuck everyone. But most importantly, fuck you.

(beat)

You're the worst of them all. You ruin everything. You are the problem. Fuck you.

EXT. ROAD - INTERSECTION - NIGHT

Sounds of Frank SNORING as his car lonely rests in the middle of the empty road near the split intersection. Fading muted sounds of a truck APPROACHING far away in the distance.

The truck seems to stop nearby as the road lights up.

FADE TO BLACK.

PRE-LAP: A typewriter TAPS.

FADE IN:

INT. DARK ROOM - NIGHT

Frank floats in the air sitting on the chair in a small village flat with two rooms with his eyes closed.

All of a sudden his eyes open. He looks around perplexed.

FRANK (V.O.)

This dream wasn't like the others.
I was trapped in a starless room
full of opaque secrets never to be
revealed. I heard tapping of the
keys as someone was typing his
middling novel.

MAD WRITER's (old, sort of crazy) irritation reaches out from the closed room--

MAD WRITER (O.S.)

I can't write this anymore, my
lowly Emily! I should have killed
that dog-poor mumper in the first
act and burn this piece of hogwash
like all the greats did!

EMILY (O.S.)

(different, pompous voice)
If you burn it, it won't bring you
closer to the classics, you
talentless hack!

MAD WRITER (O.S.)

But, my dear, what can I do? I
can't write a simple dialogue--

Writer's and Emily's muted talk continues in the background.

FRANK (V.O.)

This madman belonged in the loony
bin with all his ideas, and poor
Emily, whoever that woman was,
didn't deserve such fatal tenure--

MAD WRITER (O.S.)

I abhor your diligence! My story is
of paramount importance--

FRANK (V.O.)

I was being talked to death in this
vain latitude, but I couldn't do
anything about it.

(beat)

As any dream, this horrid one
wouldn't let me go until it was
time to--

EMILY (O.S.)

But, my darling, you're starting to
sound like a bedlamite! Take some
time off, see the world and your
muse will be back.

MAD WRITER (O.S.)

How dare you call me a madman? No
one calls me a madman!

Sounds of writer SLAPPING Emily come from the room, Emily
CRIES.

MAD WRITER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

And who is that vagrant sailing my
air, colonizing my kingdom? I'll
show him my goodwill!

Frank goggles, tries to escape his chair, but struggles to do
so. Sounds of writer taking his rifle and CLICKING the hammer
echo in the dark room.

The unknown, not revealed writer KICKS the door down.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S CAR - DAY

Early in the morning. Frank eagerly WAKES UP from the
horrifying nightmare.

He rubs his eyes and grabs a beer bottle from the interior to
quench his thirst.

FRANK

(pleasantly)

Oh fuck.

FRANK (V.O.)

I awoke from another terrifying nightmare, but this time I was so disconnected with reality that I could leap over the boundaries of existence without making any effort.

(beat)

Sometimes when you go to sleep, your head weighs like the goddamn Stone of Sisyphus because of all the pestering thoughts, but today I woke up with one.

(beat)

Another day in this place, and I swear I'll end up dead.

Frank turns his head to the windshield and looks astonished.

HUGE CONCRETE WALL BLOCKING THE DRIVEWAY

Bewildered Frank looks from his backseat through the window to check if the turn is still there, but it's GONE. Frank gets out of the car.

EXT. BLOCKED ROAD - DAY

It's the same completely open, straight two-lane road, except for the wall blocking the way. Dark clouds begin to gather in the sky.

Frank stands with hands behind his head not knowing what to do. He kicks the car out of frustration.

FRANK

FUCK! FUCK! FUCK THIS!

Frank calms down and sits on the ground, leaning on the car.

FRANK (V.O.)

An additional charge for solidarity, I was choking on my own gaffe.

Frank covers his face with palms.

FRANK (V.O.)

I was right about the work-of-art black magic turn, but it wasn't the consolation I hoped it would be. There was no point in screaming because I was stranded out of earshot on this creek of misfortune.

Frank removes his hands laughing out of desperation.

FRANK (V.O.)

But that devil laugh would give me confidence. I haven't seen my own blood yet, so the tear-flavoured felo-de-se was off the table.

(beat)

Once again.

Frank stands up and looks at the road in opposite direction.

FRANK (V.O.)

I wonder if the fiends in command felt worried about their regime.

(beat)

They were definitely alarmed of the ascendancy of Frank over evil by now.

Frank gets into his car, turns the car around and heads to the opposite direction of the road.

INT./EXT. FRANK'S CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Frank almost finishes smoking a cigarette and bangs his head listening to a groovy STONER, SLUDGE metal song.

FRANK (V.O.)

Someone just ignited a fire in me without knowing it.

Frank just keeps speeding up and banging his head to the music.

FRANK (V.O.)

I walked out on my own head, ran out of thoughts.

(beat)

Current mood set the tone for the ride. I was stripped to my primal instincts and the lack of opportunity to fulfill my human nature just fueled the anger. I could strangle both the Devil and God and leave a sad little fuck out of pity for the bastards.

Frank leans on the wheel for a moment.

FRANK (V.O.)

But were the bastards real?

Frank looks at himself in the rear-view mirror.

FRANK (V.O.)

In my case the lowering sky was a poignant reminder of the vile circumstances which meant that I could be biting the dust at any minute.

(beat)

I just had to wait. Now patience became my virtue.

Frank smokes another cigarette and plays with the lighter's fire.

Frank quietly drives in his thoughts until he sees a vague figure standing in the middle of the road in the distance near an empty parking lot of the huge supermarket.

FRANK (V.O.)

We never part ways with people we tend to avoid.

Frank stops his car far from the figure.

INT. FRANK'S CAR - DAY

Frank silently smokes his cigarette to the butt and throws it outside, staring in the windshield.

Frank grabs a beer can and carefree drinks it.

Frank gets out of the car and leaves the door open.

Distant sounds of him URINATING in the forest.

Frank walks back and gets into his car.

FRANK (V.O.)

Kairos.

INT./EXT. FRANK'S CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Car starts, the engine ROARS.

Car speeds up, RUSHING at the figure standing still.

Frank grips the wheel, tears well up in his eyes.

Once he approaches the figure, he sees--

FRANK'S DOPPELGANGER STANDING IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROAD

Frank HITS the brakes a single moment before their clash.

INT. FRANK'S CAR/EXT. ROAD - DAY

They both stare at each other.

FRANK (V.O.)
Songs apex at the solos, but they
never stop there.

Frank's double RUNS to the parking lot, Frank gets out and chases him.

EXT. SUPERMARKET - PARKING LOT - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Frank's doppelganger is visibly faster than Frank. Frank stumbles, falls, gets up quickly.

FRANK (V.O.)
You will slip, fall and get up
again.
(beat)
Life doesn't play fair.

Frank's copy runs into the supermarket, Frank catches up when his doppelganger is already inside.

INT. SUPERMARKET - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

The giant supermarket is empty. Completely. Not a single product on the shelf. Frank can't find his doppelganger.

Suddenly a GUNSHOT echoes somewhere... BOOM!

Frank remains untouched as he hears something BUZZING in the decorated Adults 18+ section with a separate entrance.

Frank walks in.

INT. SUPERMARKET - ADULT SECTION - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Frank enters a long trippy corridor full of horror, dark in the end.

He cautiously walks along while the patterns on the floor change and the ceiling seems like it's constantly moving forward, walls rotate.

FRANK (V.O.)
Long sinister corridor where you'd
see apparitions and terrible
phantasms. The setup was
fascinating.

Frank comes to the end of the corridor where he can't see anything anymore. He gropes for anything touchable there for a while.

FRANK (V.O.)
I already knew the stale punchline.

Frank leaps forward into darkness.

INT. WOODS - TUNNEL - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Frank BREAKS INTO the same tunnel he encountered in the woods. It also ends with a dark entry. Furious winds HOWL outside.

He advances a little bit.

FRANK (V.O.)
I could hear the wolves knocking at my door.

Suddenly everything behind Frank CATCHES FIRE, the leaves BURN bright and the fire GROWS in his direction.

Frank quickly runs to the black end and vanishes in gloom.

INT. SUPERMARKET - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Frank ends up on the other side of the supermarket.

He sees his doppelganger on the opposite side where he initially started.

EVIL GRIN ON FRANK DOPPELGANGER'S FACE

Frank smiles back and breaks the emergency kit glass on the wall, grabs an axe. The doppelganger disappears.

Frank starts to walk through the rows towards the exit.

FRANK (V.O.)
When you're alone, you begin to see the world in the full gamut of misery. The streets feel colder, the walks are longer, every stare is almost an invitation for a fight. Suddenly you find yourself sharpening an axe on the way to work and a remote thought of beating some drunkard to death becomes a clear intention.

Frank runs quicker to the exit.

When he reaches the cash register section, he looks for the doppelganger, but he's gone.

Frank hits the cash register and nails the axe deep into a steel protection wall.

Frank tries to pull the axe out, but it's stuck. He fails to kick it down as well.

FRANK (V.O.)
Shit luck again.

FRANK
FUCK!

Frank heads towards the exit.

FRANK (V.O.)
When the man gets pushed further down the spiral, he starts to plot his revenge. And when the motion stops, he gets a chance to look back and admit his own mistakes.

Frank has an evil grin on his face.

FRANK (V.O.)
And then it happens again.

Frank in his serious state of mind walks to the exit doors.

FRANK (V.O.)
I knew exactly what was hiding behind that door. The creeping shadows of all evil-doers.

He heads outside.

EXT. SUPERMARKET - PARKING LOT - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

MYSTERIOUS STRANGER (when he speaks for the first time, he has the same voice as the PASSENGER on the Utopian train) waits for Frank in the middle of the parking lot.

Frank walks towards him and when he passes the stranger, they both look each other in the eyes. Then Frank just looks at the ground and walks past the stranger without any reaction.

MYSTERIOUS STRANGER
(mocking)
Keep your head up!

Frank stops and explodes with anger. He quickly turns around and TACKLES the stranger to the ground.

Frank tries to land a few shots, but the MYSTERIOUS STRANGER blocks his hands and escapes the position.

They both stand up and Frank goes for another spear tackle, but the stranger DODGES. Frank quickly recovers.

Frank and the stranger circle around, waiting for someone to make the next move.

They both apply a clinch hold, the MYSTERIOUS STRANGER delivers a few KNEE STRIKES to Frank and lets him go.

Frank in pain kneels down to recover.

FRANK

Oh, fuck--

The MYSTERIOUS STRANGER approaches him, but Frank regroups and REVERSES stranger's punch into a TAKEDOWN.

Frank ends up in a mounted position over the stranger and lands several furious STRIKES to his head, supposedly knocking him out.

Frank stands up and catches his breath.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Shit--

Unexpectedly the MYSTERIOUS STRANGER sweeps Frank's leg and TAKES HIM DOWN to the ground.

He tries to punch Frank from the top in a guard position, but Frank REVERSES the strike into a triangle CHOKE.

After a while, when the stranger seems to be losing his consciousness, he suddenly lifts Frank off the ground, RUNS and RAMS him into his own car. Frank collapses.

EXT. ROAD - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Frank tries to crawl away, but the stranger picks him up and RAMS him into the car's window.

Frank falls on the ground, both men staring at each other.

The stranger calms down and smokes a cigarette taken from Frank's car interior. He speaks in a smooth manner.

MYSTERIOUS STRANGER

Have you heard about the "door-in-the-face" technique, when a refused concession paves a way for another that is more likely to be accepted?

Frank crawls to his car and opens the door.

MYSTERIOUS STRANGER (CONT'D)

You had an ordinary life, the way things were going for you, there was a great chance to see your bleak tombstone in some desolate graveyard in a year or two, but today we both learned that it would never happen.

(beat)

(MORE)

MYSTERIOUS STRANGER (CONT'D)

So in pursuit of this soi-disant
happiness you neglected any chance
of compliance and hopped on the
parting train. Big mistake.

Frank CHOKES from his pain, the stranger pulls him out of the interior. Frank cries.

FRANK

(stammering)

Who the hell are you?

The MYSTERIOUS STRANGER smiles.

MYSTERIOUS STRANGER

I'm your friend, Frank!

The stranger throws away the cigarette, Frank closes his eyes, but the stranger slaps him repeatedly.

MYSTERIOUS STRANGER (CONT'D)

Don't die on me yet!

(beat)

Look at yourself! You look like
shit! You think I wanted it to end
like this? We shared the wheel on
this journey, but you were the one
who refused help, Frank.

The MYSTERIOUS STRANGER pushes Frank to the car and places him sitting face first to the door.

MYSTERIOUS STRANGER (CONT'D)

And now you're going to watch the
train crash before reaching its
terminus!

FRANK'S POV OF MYSTERIOUS STRANGER SMASHING THE CAR DOOR IN HIS FACE

FADE TO BLACK.

A depressing, soul-hitting INDIE, FOLK song plays.

BLACK SCREEN and the song continue for a while, so it seems like it's the end.

Song stops playing.

Distant, fading sounds of SWINGING on a playground and the LAUGHTER of kids-- A lighter SNAPS and remote sounds of SMOKING and indecipherable TALKING in the background gradually fade away-- Increasing sounds of RUNNING through leaves and COLLAPSING on the ground.

TEXT ON THE SCREEN:

ABBETOR n.

One associated with another in wrongdoing.

Sounds of Frank slowly ROLLING OVER on the ground.

FADE IN:

EXT. ROAD - DAY

The sky is overclouded, feeling of terror around. Frank comes to his senses on the ground, his face is bloody and beat up.

FRANK (V.O.)

There is a bizarre feeling that arises when you're getting punched in the face.

(beat)

It feels like your soul separates from your body for a quick moment and then comes right back in presto.

Frank rolls over from the back and spits blood on the road.

FRANK (V.O.)

The sky darkened, but I could see my own blood spilled on the concrete well. In this light it seemed like a pool of petroleum in which I was tragically drowning.

Frank takes a look around, sees his car standing in the same place, parking lot is still empty as well.

FRANK (V.O.)

The self-proclaimed vigilante was gone, but my perception of extremity remained untouched.

(beat)

Seemed like the chariot was about to roll through the battlefield and crumble into dust.

Frank gets up hardly and gets into his car.

INT. FRANK'S CAR - DAY

The interior is completely cleaned from the mess which catches Frank off guard.

Frank opens the glove compartment and sees his flask, the cigarette pack that the stranger used and a pack of napkins there. He takes out the napkins and wipes the blood from his face.

Frank takes out a cigarette pack and the flask, closes the compartment.

Frank checks the pockets of his coat and surprisingly finds his lighter there.

FRANK (V.O.)
The bastard left me a little present.

Frank grins, smokes the cigarette and checks the flask which turns out to be empty.

FRANK (V.O.)
The empty flask was my aiguillette.

He throws the flask on the passenger's seat and takes off.

INT./EXT. FRANK'S CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Frank drives smoking to a soothing, calm ELECTRONIC, TRIP-HOP song.

FRANK (V.O.)
At this moment it was pretty clear that I was coming to take over hell, change the old rotten pig heads on those spikes. And the only thing Devil and his spawn could do now was to prepare a pitchfork for my ass as sharp as it can be.

Frank looks at the grey, bleak road and the sapless forest around him.

FRANK (V.O.)
Seems like forever since I first encountered these tenements of nothing. I didn't want to eat anymore because I already devoured all the hollowness of this ugly road.

(beat)
There's always a special feeling you get when you see unfamiliar places for the first time through the window of your car. The strings of your soul tremble at the sight of grand celebration of architecture.

Frank focuses on the lifeless road again.

FRANK (V.O.)
This place makes me tremble convulsively of fear that I might die in these blocks of monotony.
(MORE)

FRANK (V.O.) (CONT'D)

And when I die, angels will gather
at the place of my demise and throw
their halos on the ground, forming
a glowing pile of trash that used
to be sacred just moments ago.

(beat)

Another life wasted.

Frank closes his eyes and leans on the headrest.

FRANK (V.O.)

So what is life anyway?

(beat)

I believe that life is a sequence
of bipolar events that push you to
your limits, and once you overcome,
it never stops, it goes on and on
and on until you're too weak to
ball your fists in anger and keep
fighting. You break down or you
don't, simple as that.

We hear some fading crowd MURMUR in the far-off distance,
some kind of ritual seems to be taking place. Frank continues
his thought.

FRANK (V.O.)

And who was I in this vortex of
existence?

(beat)

I was a little modest mouse,
leaving a different sound than
anyone else when walking the
streets alone, developing its fake
history. And I was just one man,
imagine how many people still walk
the Earth in search for answers
just like me.

(beat)

Well, that's fucking life, some
people get to chop hands and some
get their hands chopped.

Frank's car starts to stall a bit, he looks at the fuel gauge
-- the tank is almost empty.

FRANK

Fucking great.

Frank stops the car and goes to the trunk.

INT. FRANK'S CAR - TRUNK - DAY

Frank opens the trunk to see that the gasoline canisters are
gone. He's puzzled, holds his chin and looks around.

FRANK (V.O.)
 Without the fuel, the car would be
 no good. My old dog still had some
 steam in him, but things weren't
 looking great from where I was
 standing.

Frank closes the trunk and hears continuous BEEPING coming at him from the opposite end.

EXT. ROAD/INT. FRANK'S CAR - DAY

The same TRUCK that Frank dodged earlier RUSHES at Frank's car, repeatedly BEEPING.

Frank's intimidated, he runs back into his car.

Frank tries to start the engine, but it goes deaf.

FRANK
 START, YOU GODDAMN PIECE OF SHIT!

The truck approaches as Frank still struggles to get his car going.

FRANK (CONT'D)
 FUCK! FUCK ME! COME ON, YOU FUCKING
 COCKSUCKING CATAFALQUE!

The truck is moments away from crashing into Frank's car. Frank smokes a cigarette and comes out of the car all of a sudden.

EXT. ROAD - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Frank stands in front of his car smoking and smiling with hands spread wide, waiting for the truck to hit him.

The truck switches lanes in the last second, DODGING the impact.

Frank watches the truck drive away. He chuckles.

FRANK (V.O.)
 The Old Nick didn't want me at his
 service.

Frank comes back to his car.

INT. FRANK'S CAR/EXT. ROAD - DAY

Frank starts the engine easily now which makes him shake his head.

FRANK
Oh, fuck off.

He takes off.

INT./EXT. FRANK'S CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Frank looks at himself in the rear view mirror.

FRANK
You lucky-ass bag of fucking sand,
still alive and kicking. Fuck you,
Frankie.

Frank laughs wickedly and screams.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Come on out, you bogey pricks,
there's a noose for everyone! I
operate the gallows now!

Frank looks at the fuel gauge again -- car's running out of gas more and more.

FRANK (V.O.)
But, first, I had to find a harbor
where I could rest in power.

Frank drives to a bridge section without noticing. He hears the far-flung crowd MURMUR and RITUAL MOANS in the background.

Frank looks over his shoulder and vaguely sees a crowd of hooded fanatics with flaming torches isolated on a hill.

FRANK (V.O.)
There was some kind of vagabond
rite being performed on the mauve
hills.

Frank takes a cigarette from the pack, then looks at it and puts it back. He gets out of the car.

EXT. ROAD - THE BRIDGE - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Frank looks at the darkened skies.

FRANK (V.O.)
I looked at the sky with concern,
the dark sky stared right back at
me with malice.

Frank comes to the steel fencing of the bridge, he looks down and sees that he can hop on down as there's small height there. He does.

EXT. THE HILLS - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Frank carefully heads to the gathering and sees a decomposing pile of dead crows on his way.

When he approaches his destination, he hides behind the bushes as the RITUAL takes place.

A group of people, all in ugly masks, stand together on one side while on the other -- two black-hooded priests stand near the edge of the hill and other two hold the flaming torches next to a tall scary bearded man with a long black hair in white rags--

FRANK (V.O.)
Seems like I arrived at the pier
late.

One person from the crowd comes to this tall man and kneels. He takes off his mask. The man looks at him for a while--

FRANK (V.O.)
The Judgement Day.
(beat)
I would laugh if I saw this on the
screen of my TV set.

The tall man points to the hooded priests in the back to take the person away.

Hooded priests take the RESISTING man with them to the edge and THROW him off the hill.

Frank is STUNNED--

FRANK (V.O.)
My answers just came in a fancy
envelope. The contents were
shocking.
(beat)
We were all fucking crazy. But some
of us just knew how to hide it.

Frank tries to escape from the bushes, but his movements attract the crowd.

The tall man notices it and raises his hand. Then he points at the bushes.

FRANK
Fuck.

Frank RUNS quickly from the bushes back to the bridge.

The whole crowd ROARS and takes off after Frank, the tall man follows them.

All of a sudden a SHOT comes off from behind and Frank falls on the ground.

The priest who fired a shot comes to the motionless body of Frank.

Frank lies still, the wondering priest checks on him.

FRANK (V.O.)
Great acting is half the job.

Frank smiles, opens his eyes and GRABS the priest's gun. He gets on his feet and SHOOTS the priest down.

The crowd catches up with the tall man who gets in front of them. Silence surrounds the air.

Frank laughs crazily and points the gun at the tall man.

Frank fires a shot, but the tall man takes the bullet and shows no signs of pain.

Frank's expression drastically changes to scared.

FRANK
What the hell? No--

Frank fires another shot and the tall man remains unbroken.

FRANK (CONT'D)
FUCK!

Frank loses his temper and repeatedly shoots at the tall man who refuses to fall--

FRANK (CONT'D)
FUCK YOU! FUCK! FUCK!

Frank drops the heated gun and runs away. He climbs to the bridge while the crowd comes close.

EXT. ROAD - THE BRIDGE/INT. FRANK'S CAR - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Frank quickly gets back to his car, tries to start it, but it stalls once again.

FRANK
COME ON! FUCKING START ALREADY!

The deadly SILENT crowd appears at the bridge and Frank sees them in the rear view mirror.

Masked fanatics start to SLAP WINDOWS while Frank STRUGGLES to start the car.

FRANK (CONT'D)
 DON'T YOU FUCKING DIE ON ME NOW,
 BITCH!

Suddenly out of nowhere a brick flies through the left window, SHATTERING it. Frank FLINCHES and KICKS BACK to the passenger's seat.

The tall bearded man with a devil grin sticks his head through the window.

FRANK (V.O.)
 Out of all people who could stick
 their head through this window,
 this poor guy should have been the
 last one--

Frank vengefully smiles at the tall man.

FRANK
 Awful mistake, my friend--

Frank takes the flask from the seat and SMASHES it repeatedly in the tall man's head. Frank doesn't let him out and completely DECIMATES his face.

The tall man gets pulled back by the RAGING crowd.

Frank tries to ignite the engine and it finally does. He instantly takes off, hitting a few fanatics on his way.

INT./EXT. FRANK'S CAR (MOVING) - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Frank drives through the bridge at high speed. He sees the crowd distance away in the rear view mirror.

The car ACCELERATES while Frank closes his eyes in pure anger.

Frank opens his eyes and sees a WALL in front of him. Jesus Christ's intimidating image is painted on the wall and there is a text over it:

"A NEW WAY OUT"

Frank has an insane look in his eyes, he SPEEDS UP.

POV OF FRANK DRIVING INTO THE WALL

The IMPACT is deafening... BANG! The screen FLASHES TO WHITE and DISSOLVES TO:

EXT. SNOWY ROAD/INT. FRANK'S CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Frank ends up on a snowy road. A furious snowstorm RAVES. Flakes of snow BOMBARD everywhere.

FRANK (V.O.)

The raging sound of blizzard was a crescendo. It was nature's sick, demented way of reminding me about all the options available. Not yet. Not like this. Just keep on driving through snow, rain, mist, whatever the fuck nature's prepared for you, you drive.

Frank smokes a cigarette and drives forward.

FRANK (V.O.)

Snowflakes fell from the sky like bombs.

(beat)

These were special snowflakes. You wouldn't hear about them during a mayday call.

Frank hears hailstones FALLING on the car roof... BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

FRANK (V.O.)

I used to think that it would rain as if the heavens were mourning the death of another departed soul, but not a single drop came and I've seen no trace of heaven either.

(beat)

I had nothing against this decision. Snow was fine with me.

Frank has a ruthless smirk on his face.

FRANK (V.O.)

There will be thunder later. Oh, the thunder is coming alright.

Suddenly Frank's car BREAKS DOWN. He tries to start it, but the tank is completely empty.

Frank closes his eyes and leans on the wheel for a moment.

FRANK (V.O.)

There comes a time when the past, the present, the future stop making any sense. They just get sealed and delivered to another person.

(beat)

I didn't have that person in my life, but yet my time has come.

Frank leans on the headrest now and takes a last, long drag.

FRANK (V.O.)
 Last smoke.
 (beat)
 Take a long drag, sucker.

Frank throws the cigarette butt into the backseat and holds his aching head.

FRANK (V.O.)
 The wolves are calling forth,
 Frank.

Frank gets out of the car to face the tempest.

EXT. SNOWY ROAD - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Winds quickly attack Frank almost taking him into the air, but he holds on to the door. The snow POUNDS his face.

FRANK
 Shit! Oh, fuck!

Frank closes the door and makes a few steps forward.

FRANK (V.O.)
 Colors finally converge and the light at the end flickers, but I think I'll just take a last, long walk - to die a king on my own terms.

Frank walks forward through the storm whimpering a little as the frenzied winds HOWL.

FRANK (V.O.)
 The winds playing with snow,
 wandering in zigzags under my feet.
 This was my funeral march.

The gusts of wind BLOW even stronger, pushing Frank back. He screams and resists to back down.

FRANK
 AH, FUCK! NO! FUCK!

Frank manages to continue his heroic walk.

FRANK (CONT'D)
 COME ON, FRANK! THIS IS NOTHING!
 WALK, YOU WEAK MOTHERFUCKER!

Frank bursts into laughter.

FRANK (CONT'D)
 Fuck, I should have taken a cigarette.

Frank starts GASPING, he STUMBLES down and the winds THROW him back, but he stands up quickly and RUNS against the FURY of the storm.

FRANK (V.O.)

Constantly walking on the edge,
death was afraid to touch me,
something in my decease wouldn't
feel right at the time. But once I
lost balance, the powers that be
were there to make sure that I fell
down. I slipped and ended up on the
wrong, much darker side.

(beat)

At the bottom of my pit there's no
light coming from above. Just
darkness and grievances eating you
alive.

Frank is finally out of breath.

He bends down, trying to recover.

POV OF FRANK LOOKING AT HIS NUMB, CALLOUS HANDS

FRANK (V.O.)

Trying to stand still, but it feels
like the wind is swiping the ground
from my feet. Vision uncontrollably
rotates in full circles as the
Devil watches me with the evil
smirk on his face.

(beat)

Nausea surrounds every move like a
dark cloud in the empty sky. I'm
sweating like hell, unable to carry
on. But I must carry on. It only
feels right if I die now, but not
like a fucking coward in the face
of his miserable fate.

BACK TO SCENE

Frank SCREAMS in resistance to give up and walks on.

FRANK

COME ON, FRANK! FUCK THEM! FUCK!
FUCK! KEEP WALKING!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MICK'S KITCHEN - DAY

Mick sits at the table, waiting for Emily to hand him a cup
of coffee.

Emily brings two cups to the table and they sit talking.

EMILY

Still no news about Frank?

Mick shakes his head in disappointment.

MICK

I went to the station, filed a report, but they said there's not enough information. It's going to take a while before they get something to chew on.

Emily leans her head on both hands.

EMILY

I've been thinking about this over and over. It's just surreal.

(beat)

You know Mick, he's a danger to himself, he might be anywhere right now. But what if he's dead?

Mick holds Emily's hands.

MICK

Yeah, I know him. He'll be fine.

Mick smiles and it lightens Emily's mood as well.

CUT TO:

EXT. SNOWY ROAD - DAY

Wrathful Frank walks REBELLING against the snow-crowned wind BLAST.

FRANK

COME ON, BASTARDS! IS THAT THE BEST YOU CAN DO, HUH? FUCK YOU! I'LL OUTLIVE ALL OF YOU FUCKERS!

Frank tries to RUN ON as far as he can, but he collapses on the ground. Frank tries to stand up for the last time, but can't find the strength in him.

FRANK (V.O.)

Hard work pays off.

(beat)

Interrupting the fierce gusts of wind, those words rang loud in the back of my head for the last time as I collapsed on the cold, pulp ground.

(beat)

Guess I didn't work hard enough.

(MORE)

FRANK (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Well, let's hope that in the next
life I'll be a better hard worker.

Frank lies face first on the road smiling, tasting the snow.

FRANK (V.O.)
When you're backed into a corner
like this, there's not much you can
do to justify your condition. You
can blame everyone or you can blame
no one. Surely, you can also blame
yourself for every single mistake,
every wrong choice, every line you
wish you never said, but digging
through all this mess you've made
is a daunting task.

(beat)

I was never good at giving final
advice probably because no advice
ever worked for me. But who wants
to die with negative thoughts? Why
don't you think about something
else this time?

Frank rolls over on his back, looking at the skies. The snow
falls comfortably now - not trying to bury Frank.

FRANK (V.O.)
Wretched, lifeless, worn out, lie
still and think.

Frank coughs on the ground, but manages to calm down.

FRANK (V.O.)
Think about your family and
friends, moments of triumph and
missed opportunities, the places
where you left your charred heart
and the places you'd rather burn to
goddamn ashes. Think about what
you've done and what was there to
be done in the first place. And
never stop thinking.

Tears start to well up on Frank's face, but they immediately
freeze and reminiscing Frank remains stable.

FRANK (V.O.)
Remember the dives in the early
morning of winter, the graduation
blackouts, the uncomfortable
silences and the banquets of bliss.
The DIY-ethics and the strange lust
for punks, the absence of love and
no shortage of hatred, the self
esteem issues and the negative
effects of smoking alone.

(MORE)

FRANK (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 The iron-fisted teachers, the
 barking cops and the cat rallies
 round the parkways.

(beat)

Strangely I realized that it all
 was there and it suddenly felt
 good.

Frank closes his eyes, but opens them quickly, realizing that
 he might never open them again.

FRANK (V.O.)

(smiling)

And don't you ever run out of
 things to think about.

FRANK (V.O.)

Think about the teenage anarchism
 told in E minor and words "fuck"
 and "shit" probably used too many
 times when strumming and singing
 the defiant tunes of youthful
 nihilism. Think about the first
 unrequited love, first kiss and
 first loss, the pain, the
 suffering, the pride, the tears of
 joy and the dead weight of grief.

(beat)

Think about your fucking life. This
 is your finale.

Frank turns over again COUGHING.

FRANK (V.O.)

These words aren't meant for
 everyone. They couldn't be. The
 path I walked is only for the
 strongest.

(beat)

The way I see it now, you still
 have a chance to make this world
 better for yourself and for
 everyone else, but, please, never
 say everything will be alright.
 Never again.

(beat)

Find your own eldorado. Step out of
 the shadows that constantly
 surround you and start living
 because the only time a person can
 be considered useless is when that
 person is dead. No one's going to
 live this life for you no matter
 how long you look at the sky
 waiting for it to shower you with
 luck.

(beat)

(MORE)

FRANK (V.O.) (CONT'D)

So do anything, be anyone, go
anywhere, but don't expect
happiness to suddenly knock at your
door and hand you bags of money.
You're more likely to find a bag of
shit there.

Frank's eyes close for a long time and it seems like he
finally rests forever.

Surprisingly his eyes open faintly and we see them for the
last time.

FRANK (V.O.)

Right now I'm a cheerful poem of a
dead lyricist and that car that I
left behind has become my hearse.

(beat)

I had a debt from the beginning. My
debt was to smile before death
consumed me in the middle of this
deserted, endless road.

Frank SMILES and dies in peace with himself at last.

FADE OUT.

THE END