THE MYSTERY OF MISTER Y

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FADE IN:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

A hotel room circa early 70's.

Full of joy and sappy puppy love happiness, twenty-somethings DALE and DIANE COOPER, who bear a passing resemblance to Steve McQueen and Ali McGraw.

The only thing brighter than Diana's eyes is the rock on her finger.

They share a slow dance, but...

   DIANE
   Radio's not on. I need some music.

   DALE
   I got some music. Slow dance or a mambo?

   DIANE
   You got music?

   DALE
   Course I do. Listen.

He hums, makes enough funny sounds which qualifies for a silly tune, although unidentifiable.

They share the laugh.

   DIANE
   You're crazy.

   DALE
   Of course. Now remember who said yes twelve hours ago.

His comment earns him a playful slug on the right arm.

   DALE
   Hey.

   DIANE
   Any other smart remarks?
DALE
Does this qualify as our first fight?

DIANE
Is your arm in a sling?

DALE
No.

She swats him in the arm.

DALE
Hey.

DIANE
You wuss.

DALE
Okay, little lady. Just for that...

His song tempo increases, as he twirls her and dips her. She's five inches from the floor.

A wicked grin forms on his face; he lets her hang there for a few seconds.

He pulls her up, and his mouth meets hers. He hums while they kiss.

DIANE
Stop that.
You are going to get it.

DALE
I hope so.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - LATER

Action in the bed, under silk sheets. In her negligee, Diane's on top.

DALE
Ow!

DIANE
Relax.
A good reason to scream; with each passionate kiss, Diane scratches her fingers into his bare shoulders.

Her fingernails dig deep enough where a drop of blood forms over the small wound.

DIANE
Keep humming.

DALE
(out of breath)
Any requests?

DIANE
"When the Saints go Marching In".

DALE
Why not something from The Stones? Zep? Rod Stewart's "Maggie May"...you Love that song!

DIANE
They played it a million times at the reception. Repeat after me: "When The Saints"...

DALE
"When The Saints"

DIANE
"Go Marching In'

DALE
(with a laugh)
"Go Marching In"

Dale hums the opening bars of the song; his new wife takes his right wrist, leads it to the bedpost.

She ties his wrist to the post with her panty hose.

DALE
Oh, come on. Not again. We're hitched now. You don't need to.

DIANE
Hum.
She kisses his neck.

FADE TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM  - NIGHT.

The alarm clock says 2:59; three cards slowly flip over to 3:00 A.M.

The couple sleeps on the bed. Dale isn't the least bit concerned by his wife's bad snoring habit.

A MAN who we'll call MISTER Y watches them in silence. He slowly unzips a leather bag, guided only by what he sees in moonlight.

The contents in the bag:

A .44 magnum with a holster;

Shiny hunting knife;

Flashlight;

A small black hardcover book which identification is obscured by the roll of clear packaging tape on a tape gun that rests on top.

With the tape gun, Mister Y approaches Diane.

Using caution and good timing, he streaks the clear tape over her mouth, and carefully cuts it off with the tape gun's metal teeth.

Diane's snoring muffled, he leans over her.

Tapes up her wrists. Cuts off the tape as silently as possible.

He leans over, seals up Dale's mouth.

Softly, Mister Y's gloved hands pulls back the sheets, exposing Diane's smooth legs.

Diane remains in dreamland.
Mister Y's gloved hand hovers an inch above her right thigh; he caresses the air between his hand and her leg, admiring her knee, her ankle.

Her foot.

He carefully tapes her ankles together.

Calm Mister Y puts the sheet back over her lovely smooth legs and partially over David too. They don't wake up.

MOMENTS LATER

Mister Y closes out the curtains, kills the moonlight.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - MINUTES LATER

A FLASHLIGHT BEAM falls on both Diane and Dale. Diane wakes up first.

Dale wakes up.

His wrist is still tied to the bedpost.

MISTER Y

(quick)
I only require a minute or two of your time, but it also depends on your cooperation. So, listen carefully,

Mister Y steps closer. His flashlight beam still in the young couple's faces.

MISTER Y
You can call me any name in the book after I heave here, but until that time, if you really have to, call me Mister Y. I'm armed.

(long pause)
I'm not going to tell you what I have. If you step out of line, you'll find out soon enough in a very, very bad way. Are we good?
Dale and Diana nod yes. Mister Y holds up Dale's wallet so Dale can see it. Once Dale does, Mister Y discards it like tossing a pebble across a pond.

MISTER Y
Mister Cooper, your new wife Diane there is nice on the eyes. Do something stupid, and she won't look as nice anymore.

He steps closer, shines the light right into Dale's eyes.

MISTER Y
Are we on the same page, Dale?

With panther like speed, Mister Y lashes out, swats Diane in the nose with the flashlight. She tumbles away, blinded.

Mister Y turns off his flashlight, and turns on the night stand lamp.

Dale and Diane see a tall man dressed in camouflage, a dark green ski mask with horned rimmed glasses, and combat boots.

The shadow from the lamp light makes him look like a mad hornet.

A gun holster at his hip; the handle of the gun visible; the hunting knife tied to his belt.

MISTER Y
(points a finger) Don't test me. This is how it plays. You don't know how I got in, you only know me only by Mister Y. It's a fake name. I know your names, where you live, who your families are, the name of your dog. I know that because I took five hundred dollars, two tens and three ones, but I left you the sole twenty. Why I didn't take that twenty you're not sure. Why I took the ones instead of
MISTER Y (cont.)
the twenty you won't know. Why
I took nothing out of your
wife's purse other than her
chewing gum you won't know.
I also may or may not have
done things to Diane.
You may or may not hear or see
me again.

Watches the reaction.

Then:

MISTER Y
I'm your banker, neighbor,
garbage man. The man in the
front pew of the church,
Satan. You'll never really
know for sure. What you do
know is that I came in, tied
you both up, and robbed you. I
had a knife and a gun. That's
the story I want to read in
the papers.

Mister Y opens the top drawer of the night stand.
Except for one item, the drawer is empty.

That one item, is of course, a small black hardcover
book: the Gideon's Bible.

Mister Y takes the bible and opens it up.

MISTER Y
Job seventeen verses thirteen
to fifteen:
"If I wait for the grave as my
house, If I make my bed in the
darkness, If I say to
corruption, 'You are my
father,' And to the worm, 'You
are my mother and my sister,'
Where then is my hope? As for
my hope, who can see it?"

He turns the page, smiles.
MISTER Y

And we are good to go.

He then takes an object out of the bible and dangles the plastic baggie with the SEVERED HUMAN EAR in it.

On sight of the horror, Diane screams, but because of the tape, the scream is muted.

Mister Y pockets the ear in his front pants, turns out the light. He puts the bible away back in the drawer.

The flashlight glare blinds Dale once more.

MISTER Y

Remember what I said. I am nobody and I am anybody. I am alive and I am dead. I was here. I am everywhere. Say my name Dale.

DALE

(muffled)
I don't know--

MISTER Y

You know it. Now I'm going to turn off my flashlight. I am watching. Both of you stay where you are. I have my knife. I have a gun.

Mister Y stuffs his gun in his bag, knife, glasses, picks up the bag. He holds the light back on the couple, heads towards the door.

Once they are out of his sight, he takes off his mask and puts it into the bag, followed by the flashlight. Zips up the bag.

He opens the door, steps out, leaves.

With the free hand, Dale takes off the tape over his mouth, then his wife's.

Once his other wrist is free, he embraces her. She cries.
INT. HOTEL ROOM #2 – 2:59 A.M.

It's another hotel room, same hotel.

A digital clock turns 3:00.

Mister Y puts his bag on the bed, opens it.

He opens the black Gideon's Bible— the bible is cut out from within, around the book of Job. He digs in his pocket, puts the bagged up severed ear in the book.

FADE OUT.