DROP POINT KNIFE

Written by

Peter Unger

540 Munro Ave. Mamaroneck, NY 10543 917-539-7978 punger1@mac.com

FADE IN:

EXT. LONG ISLAND SOUND - DAY

Sun rises gold over the horizon. The voice of an old man with a thick Long Island accent:

VOICE OVER Sea's a bitch. She's sure taken her toll on me. Rheumatoid Arthritis, herniated discs.

We dissolve to another vast seascape.

Six broken ribs, collar bone, knees... No more cartilage in knees, because I worked with it. You get cut up, rusty traps and that. I ignored it. Until it was infected so bad up here I had to get the pressure off. I'm in the middle of the sound, so I did it myself. Took my drop point, cut from here to here, radioed the coast guard, and tied on a tourniquet.

We dissolve through more seascapes, bringing us to full day. A lobster boat bobs in the distance.

I went to work the next day. Worked for fifteen years after that. I didn't wear the brace, I was supposed to wear the brace everyday that's why I'm in this chair. That and the back. But if I'da wore it, who'd hire me?

The last seascape, at dusk, holds three lobster boats motoring inland.

All in all I have a lot to show for it. No matter what my addictions and all of that. I take my pain pill in the morning and one three times a day, my arthritis pills and a pill for manic depression. Al had the surgery. I just never went for it, mine fused automatically.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE DOCKS - EVENING

The sun sets red over the harbor. Several sun-bleached lobster boats idle at the dock. They bustling with WORKERS. The three motoring inland arrive now.

Crates of lobsters are unloaded from the boats onto the dock. CAPTAINS and FIRST MATES remove their gear in the cabins.

CUT TO:

INT. ICE TRUCK - DAY

Lobsters fill the plastic crates and crates fill the ice truck, stacked 10 high, all the way out to the door.

CUT TO:

INT. SCREEDAWN LOBSTER BOAT - SAME

The back of a lobster boat is removed, usually manually cut out, so it is easier for the traps to slide off.

Workers on the Screedawn force heads of herring and seaweed off the back with a gun-spray hose nozzle.

CUT TO:

INT. CUTWATER LOBSTER BOAT - SAME

Captain PETE leans on the steering wheel, watching the work get done. He peels off his sweatshirt, revealing the white thermal underneath.

Pete takes the opportunity to light up a Newport. He drags on it and with the butt from his lip, cracks open a Rolling Rock with his keychain.

Pete is 40's and seasoned. His gaunt cheeks are salt and peppered with stubble, his eyes squinted shut by the sun.

Beer plugs the hole where the cigarette just was.

NEW KID, (early 20's) unloads crates.

CLIFF, 30, sits and removes his rubber boots. He dumps a bit of water out of one. Cliff looks at Pete for a reaction. He gets a snicker.

Cliff slips beat up Timberlands over sockless feet. He hangs his gear and hops up onto the dock, among some OTHER WORKERS.

> CLIFF Alright guys. Nice job today.

#### WORKER #1

Later man.

Cliff looks back at the boat.

CLIFF Pete! I'm out.

Pete holds his hand up, the butt tweezed between his fingers.

PETE

Alright.

Cliff opens the door to a 1999, gas guzzling, dirty, white GMC truck. The front seat is covered with plastic bags. He gets in. The pickup's engine coughs to life, lobster traps fill the bed.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROUTE 25 - LATER

OPENING CREDITS roll to THE BLACK KEYS "TIGHTEN UP"

Cliff's pick-up BARRELS down route 25, past Long Island mini marts, train tracks, and strip malls. He drives past poorly lit handball courts, each with a good game going.

The motorcycle gang "Hellriders" pass him on both sides. Cliff finds the excessive chrome and flamejobs amusing.

He passes the Sheraton hotel

He passes a diner.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLIFF'S HOME - NIGHT

An unassuming single family home in suburbia. The rusty pickup arrives. Breaks squeal the vehicle to a halt.

In the truck Cliff runs his fingers through his hair, checking it in the rearview. It's the first time he's seen his reflection today. He's not thrilled with it.

He sits patiently in the truck. Two headlights come toward him. They belong to a blue Audi A4. It pulls into the driveway.

He kills the truck engine. MUSIC STOPS

SASHA, a brunette, steps out of the vehicle. CLOSE ON the back of her business suit. She closes the door and turns, revealing her porcelain face. She's the opposite of Cliff. Clean, petite and beautiful.

CLIFF

Hey baby.

#### SASHA

Hi.

They converge on the stone path and kiss.

He extends his hand and she takes it. She squeezes her keychain and the A4 chirps, flashing its orange lights once.

They walk t the perfect little Cottage-style, but not to the front door. They make a hard right and follow the dark path around back.

Sasha glances through the side window and examines the dark and vacant living room as she walks by.

They step down a cement stairwell lit by a 40 watt bulb.

FADE TO BLACK

TITLE CARD: "CLIFF"

CUT TO:

INT. CLIFF'S HALLWAY - NIGHT

The basement apartment is modest, dirty and anonymous. The light fixtures are dim. The only things personal in the place are two small framed pictures on the console table. Cliff pops off his boots, toe on heel. He pulls his button fly pants open.

Sasha approaches him.

CLIFF I smell like herring and B.O. She stops in her tracks.

SASHA Yes you do. I'm gonna shower. You want to? SASHA Yes. I'll get a robe. SASHA Kay.

MOMENTS LATER

The sound of the SHOWER RUNNING. Sasha wears a white terry cloth robe that fits her small frame snugly. She drags her red fingernail along the hallway wall to the console table. It lands on a framed yellowed photograph. She picks it up.

It's of an 8 year old Cliff and his grandfather on a lobster boat. Cliff is holding up a big 4 pounder.

She places it back, picks up the other.

This image is a close up of his hand holding hers wearing a two carat yellow diamond. She examines the same ring in real life on her hand and smiles at the thought.

She places it back.

A basket of letters on the table next to it. She flips unhurriedly through the pieces. The one that stops her reads: Notice of sale/auction.

This brings her look up to the mirror above it.

She takes inventory on her reflection.

MATCH CUT:

INT. CLIFF'S BATHROOM - SAME

From her face to his. Cliff stands still beneath the steamy water. His stare, distant and intense. We hold for a beat.

REVERSE to what he is staring at. A spot of mold growing between green tiles.

CLOSE ON Sasha's calves as the white robe drops onto the green tile floor.

Cliff's eyes snap to life.

She joins him in the shower. They kiss before she has both feet in the tub.

Cliff pulls away, bothered by something in his peripheral. He tugs back the curtain and looks at the robe on the floor.

# SASHA

Sorry.

Sasha leans out and grabs it. She dangles it from the hook on the back of the door. She goes back to Cliff.

Through the plastic curtain we can see their embrace.

CUT TO:

#### INT. CLIFF'S HOUSE - DAWN

CU Alarm clock numbers - 5:30. And almost as soon as we cut to the clock the ALARM SOUNDS. Cliff's eyes pop awake. He slaps the alarm, rolls over and looks at the empty bed next to him.

He runs his hand over the sheeted empty space to take its temperature.

CUT TO:

INT. CLIFF'S TRUCK (MOVING) - LATER

Cliff drives past an auto dealership and examines the Ford motors flag, flapping. Down the road he sees the American, it's also whipping pretty hard. This disappoints him.

#### CLIFF

Shit.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOCK PARKING LOT - MORNING

Cliff's pickup crunches into the stony parking lot.

Men are sitting on their truck tailgates, smoking and bullshitting.

Cliff hops out of the truck, leaves the door open.

#### CLIFF

# We fishing or what?

He walks past the crews who eyeball him.

CLIFF (CONT'D) Jerry? You goin?

JERRY, 50's, shakes his head.

JERRY

Nah.

Cliff's Timberlands stride across weathered planks toward the slip at the end.

Captain Pete runs over to Cliff to have a private conversation.

Pete gets in front of Cliff and walks backwards, blocking the wind. He lights a Newport.

They walk and talk.

CLIFF What's it look like?

Cliff looks at the American flag and the P.O.W. flag beneath it across the street.

Pete examines the flags too.

PETE 30 mile an hour winds. Gusty. A storm possibly.

CLIFF West'll be calmer.

They stop walking.

PETE Yeah. Usually. I drove by the lookout. All whitecaps.

CLIFF (dismissive) We've been out in worse. PETE I'm telling you.

CLIFF Yeah but we have.

PETE My back. If I throw it out again, we lose more days, so.

A beat.

CLIFF So I'll go.

A longer beat.

PETE You'll go.

CLIFF I'll take her past the harbor, have a look at it. I'll radio back.

Pete looks at the crew who have stopped talking and are just staring at them.

PETE You seem pretty sure of yourself.

CLIFF I drive more'n half the day.

PETE Yeah, but I got you. Who you gonna take --the kid?

CLIFF

Hector.

PETE Even with him.

CLIFF I read the numbers. The Loran too. I keep tight books. You said it yourself, no one can read those books better than me.

PETE I said no one can read it but you. You gotta start doing it in rows like everyone else. CLIFF Look you're missing the point. You could be home, sitting on the couch, making money. We'll split it. We split the take. All it's gonna cost you is the price of diesel. Pete fills his lungs with smoke. CLIFF (CONT'D) Besides, I could really use the cash right now. Pete considers it, exhales. PETE Popeye won't give you Hector. CLIFF He will. He has no say. Not if Hector wants to work. --Three hours tops. C'mon. Pete's mouth Tenses up, he's weakening. CLIFF (CONT'D) Hey Hector! Cliff WHISTLES and waves HECTOR, 20's, Hispanic, over. PETE Only the west. Pete flicks his cig in the water. CLIFF Yes! Thank you. Hector hops off the truck, eager to work. The workers are surprised at the decision. NEW KID That's bullshit. CLIFF

Poppy I'm taking your boy!

POPEYE, 40's, sitting on his truck bed, gives him the finger. Popeye has one glass eye.

Pete tosses Cliff the keys.

PETE Just get what you can in the west. Five, ten lines and come back.

CLIFF Leave your radio on.

PETE You're gonna have to take those swells on the side.

Cliff smiles.

#### CLIFF

I know.

Cliff turns to the boat. Pete turns to the guys.

# PETE

Handball?

Pete gets to Cliff's truck where the door hangs open. He throws the door closed for him. On the THUD we

CUT TO:

EXT. LONG ISLAND SOUND - LOBSTER BOAT - DAY

The CUTWATER motors out of the calm harbor. Ripples lick the sides of the 35-foot vessel. Aboard, Hector puts bait in the bags, Cliff at the wheel.

They cruise a bit, slowly.

From Cliff's POV he can make out a clear line where the harbor ends and the powerful seas begin.

Cliff sees Hector tightening the straps on his gear.

MOMENTS LATER

The vessel nearer to the threshold. White foam is atop every wave. It starts to knock the boat around a little.

CLIFF Tie that tank down. Tight!

Hector grabs a line and does just that.

Without warning the horizon sinks down until there is nothing but gray sky through the plexiglass windscreen.

Cliff throttles the motor completely down creating silence. WHACK! The nose of the boat slaps back down to the water. He looks back. Hector is ok.

CLIFF (CONT'D)

W0000!

CUT TO:

EXT. LONG ISLAND SOUND - LOBSTER BOAT - LATER

Cliff grabs the six-foot hook and leans over the side of the boat. He snags an orange buoy.

SECONDS LATER

The powerful hauler pinches and pulls the rope, dropping it on the floor in a perfect spiral. Cliff's rubber boot steps into the coil and slides it out of the way.

The first pot splashes from the water and the lobsters flap their tails inside.

CLIFF (CONT'D) Yeah. That's what I'm talking about.

Cliff muscles the cage off to Hector who opens it and throws the babies back in. Hector lays the gauge on the lobster backs, measuring them.

Hector tosses a female across the wood table to Cliff. Her pinchers are out and up. Cliff spins her and completes the easy job of snapping rubber bands on the claws. Hector tosses him a few more.

They work in tandem, precise and fast.

Hector slides the brick-laden trap down the side of the boat to the to the back, placing it on the deck.

Pete scribbles the count into a mead notebook.

CUT TO:

EXT. LONG ISLAND SOUND - LOBSTER BOAT - LATER

Hector has stacked all 30 traps. Cliff goes clockwise with the wheel, turning the craft. He looks at the GPS, and tosses the buoy in the water, this signals Hector to drop the first pot in the sea like an anchor.

It pulls the others down one by one. The rope zips right past Cliff's boots.

CUT TO:

EXT. LONG ISLAND SOUND - LOBSTER BOAT - NOON

WIDE on the boat moved high and low by passing swells.

A rusty trap pops out of the water. Cliff grabs it and punctures his hand, right through the glove.

> CLIFF (CONT'D) Ahh. Dammit.

He removes the glove to get a look at it. A red drop oozes from the wound. He sucks on the blood then blows reddish phlem into the water.

He examines the trap. The corner has rusted off leaving sharp spiky tines.

Cliff waves his bare hand in front of Hector's face.

CLIFF (CONT'D) Hey! C'mere. You gotta learn how to do this.

They walk to the back of the boat and Cliff picks up a new trap from behind the tank. He puts it next to the rusted one that just came out of the water.

CLIFF (CONT'D) See this trap? It's dead.

Hector listens intently. CU Cliff's hand as he snaps open the sheath on his belt and removes his DROP POINT KNIFE. He cuts the line with the blade and drops the rusty trap into the sea.

CLIFF (CONT'D) So we gotta splice this one in.

CLOSE ON his hands untwisting the rope on the new trap so that it has three fingers. He does the same on the old rope. He interlocks them together like folded hands. CLIFF (CONT'D) You tuck these under. Like a braid. All the way down.

He tucks them under the twisted rope.

CLIFF (CONT'D) Same on the other side.

He demonstrates the complex knot. Hector pays close attention because this student-teacher moment carries importance. Cliff cuts a length of spare rope and throws it at Hector.

CLIFF (CONT'D) Practice on this.

CUT TO:

EXT. LONG ISLAND SOUND - LOBSTER BOAT - 1:30 PM

CLOSE ON a tank half full of lobsters. It becomes lit by a FLASH OF LIGHTNING.

WIDE ON bulges of water lifting and dropping the boat. They splash over the sides and bow. The THUNDER ROLLS.

Hector fights inertia with every step. He's short, so his hips hit the sides of the boat when he loses balance.

Cliff, quite a bit taller, hits the sides with his knees and almost goes over. Hector quickly grabs the Grunden's strap of Cliff's coveralls and muscles him back in. Cliff gives Hector a nod in exchange.

In the distance a dark cloud approaches. Cliff notices. He holds up a finger.

CLIFF (CONT'D) One more!

Hector notices the storm as well.

CUT TO:

EXT. LONG ISLAND SOUND - LOBSTER BOAT - 2 PM

It's raining now, thunder too. Hector has managed to stack the final 30 on the back.

Under a large swell the back of the boat scoops up about a foot of water, floating the coils all over the place.

Rope, like spaghetti, covers the deck. The tower of traps tilts right.

Cliff looks at the GPS, it says NO SIGNAL, he looks at the Loran instead. He checks the books. The pages of the mead notebook are wet by the sideways rain. Red and blue ink blots and smears.

Cliff, unsure, tosses the buoy in.

Hector leaves the stack to drop the first trap, and a big wave jumbles the structure.

It teeters and 15 traps SPLASH into the ocean at once.

CLIFF (CONT'D) Fuck, Hector!

Hundreds of feet of rope start zipping off in every direction. Hector is playing hopscotch trying not to get caught up in the line.

His foot gets snagged and it pulls his feet out from under him. BAM! Flat on his back. The boat takes on water and tilts the other way.

Rope soup and Hector slide to one side. Lines engulf him like a net.

Cliff unsnaps the DROP POINT KNIFE from his waist and shuts the motor down.

He runs to Hector and hits the deck like he's sliding into home. With left hands they clench each other's forearms.

Cliff starts cutting the rope around his leg and another trap flies off nearly hitting him. Hector's face is rife with terror.

Just as Cliff frees the leg, three more drop in and their lines tighten around Hector's chest.

HECTOR Ahhhhh! Cut it! Cut it off.

Another constricts hard around his waist pulling him down the side, toward the cutout back of the boat.

A metric ton of weighted traps are cutting him in half. His compressed lungs gasp for air. Hector's gloved hand slides down the side searching for something to grab on to.

Cliff furiously saws away. There are too many to cut and no time. Their forearm grip slips to wrists. They lock eyes. Cliff puts the knife in Hectors hand just before Hector drops beneath the black water. He's gone.

Cliff catches a piece of flying rope but CRACK! It's quickly whipped out of his hand, cutting through his glove.

CLIFF

Fuck!

He grabs another piece of rope and runs it through the hauler.

It cranks but can't lift all that weight at once. The rope slips out. Cliff instantly grabs it and runs it back through, pulling it through the bottom of the wheel with his bloodied hand.

The hauler SCREAMS and CLICKS.

CLIFF (CONT'D) C'mon goddamit!

It can't pull the traps up so it pulls the boat down.

The hauler is CRANKING the boat downward. The immense weight tips the boat on its side.

Cliff is face to face with the water.

A huge swell lifts the boat and POP! The line snaps and the boat rights itself, tossing Cliff to the floor.

Cliff scrambles to get up. He grabs another piece of rope, just as the last trap whips off the back. The rope in his hand is not attached to anything.

CLIFF (CONT'D)

Fuck!

He looks at the colorless sea desperately through the snarling whiteout. Nothing but large swells.

Rain hits his face hard.

LIGHTNING CRACKS the sky open above him.

Cliff quickly turns the boat around as the THUNDER ROARS. He scours the sea but it's the same in every direction. He wipes the rain off the Loran and looks at the numbers.

For a split second between swells he spots something -the orange buoy. He REVS THE ENGINE and trundles the steering wheel.

Heading toward it, he grabs the 6-foot hook. As he leans to snag the buoy he catches a glimpse of a woman splashing furiously 100 yards away. He wipes the rain out of his eyes.

# CLIFF (CONT'D) What the fuck?

Cliff manipulates the boat over a treacherous surge. It recedes and it's not a woman, it's Hector. He cautiously drives close without hitting him.

Cliff extends the hook to Hector who grabs it with his hand. CLOSE ON the knife, still clenched in the other. Cliff pulls him on board by his belt.

Hector stumbles to the cabin, next to the warm exhaust stack and collapses on the floor. He's breathing hard and coughing. Cliff looks at him. Hector starts removing his gear.

He removes his shirt and reveals a huge black and blue trauma on his stomach punctuated by a deep rope burn.

Cliff grabs a dry blanket from down below and throws it at Hector. Hector doesn't touch it, he just sits and breathes deeply staring at a point on the wall.

A long beat.

Cliff yells over the sounds of the storm.

CLIFF (CONT'D)

Hector!

No response. Cliff waves a hand in front of Hector, the other on the steering wheel, guiding the boat.

CLIFF (CONT'D)

Heck!

HECTOR I'm ok boss.

CLIFF Whoa! Holy shit, my man. You are a lucky fuck you know that?

# HECTOR

I'm ok boss.

He's not ok. He's in pain. Cliff extends his open hand to Hector and curls his fingers twice. Hector becomes aware of the knife he is still holding. He places it in Cliff's hand.

Cliff unhooks the C.B. radio mic.

CLIFF Hey Pete! We're coming back.

STATIC RADIO SILENCE

A long beat.

```
CLIFF (CONT'D)
(into mic)
Pete!
```

Cliff glides the DROP POINT KNIFE back into the sheath.

A beat.

PETE (O.S.) (GARBLED STATIC) Too rough for ya?

CLIFF Nah. Hector's being a pussy.

Cliff looks at Hector. Hector does not laugh.

CUT TO:

# EXT. DOCK - 3PM - RAINING

Hector closes the door on the ice truck and Cliff gets paid with about 100 twenties. Cliff gives Hector his cut, 100 bucks, and Hector walks away. Cliff grabs hectors arm.

CLIFF

Heck!

Hector turns around. Cliff peels off two more twenties and hands it to Hector.

HECTOR

Thank you boss.

Cliff steps into his 1999 GMC truck and twists the headlamps on. Then the wipers. He looks out across the harbor to the black mass of clouds hovering over Long Island Sound.

CUT TO:

INT. CLIFF'S PICKUP (MOVING) - LATER

Cliff steers with his elbows as he tapes his hand with gauze. On the passenger seat lies an open first aid kit. HIGH ON the truck merging onto route 25.

CUT TO:

INT. CLIFF'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

CLOSE ON Fat, juicy burgers in a frying pan.

Cliff enters the kitchen where Sasha is cooking.

CLIFF Smells good. What are we having?

SASHA

Katletas.

CLIFF Looks like big meatballs.

SASHA It's like a meatball slash burger. In Russian it's Katletas.

Butchering the language:

CLIFF Kak-lecktas.

She puts down two plates of Katletas, roasted potatoes and asparagus. It looks delicious. Cliff grabs some silverware out of the drawer and leaves it open.

Sasha looks at the open drawer, then at Cliff before closing it herself.

They sit across the table from each other. She notices his bandaged hand.

SASHA What happened to your hand?

CLIFF The rope. It was rough.

SASHA

Are you ok?

CLIFF

Fine.

He digs into his food.

CLIFF (CONT'D) (with a mouthful) I almost killed Hector today.

SASHA Why? I thought Hector was your best guy.

CLIFF No I mean he almost died. He went in.

Her fork clinks the plate.

SASHA Oh my god, really? What happened?

CLIFF He's fine. He fell over the side. Got some water in his ears. But he's fine.

SASHA It's so dangerous. Cliff? I told you... I don't want you to go out when it's rough like that. Do you wear your knife?

CLIFF I always do.

SASHA Why'd you even go out?

CLIFF I don't know. How was your day?

SASHA Cliff? It's not worth it.

CLIFF I know. How was your day?

Sasha deflates her lungs.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLIFF'S HOUSE - SAME

A black SUV sits beneath the streetlight. Behind the wheel, a large black man. This is DONNELLEY.

INT. BLACK SUV - SAME

He watches the couple at the dining room table through the small basement window.

CLOSE ON his big hand as it unhooks a key from the car keychain. Gold bands choke his meaty digits. He inserts the small key into the glove compartment. Inside, two cigars, wood matches, a deck of cards and a Nickel-plated Desert Eagle .50 hand gun. He removes the cigar and matches.

The gun is for later.

From Donnelley's POV, Sasha climbs up on the dining room table and crawls across over to Cliff. They kiss.

Cliff picks her up and holds her against the wall, kissing her hard.

Donnelley sucks the match flame into the cigar end. He exhales a cloud of smoke, puts the SUV in gear and drives away.

CUT TO:

INT. CLIFF'S HOUSE - 1/2 HOUR LATER

We are looking straight down on Cliff's unfinished food on the kitchen table. We are BOOMING over some clothing scattered on the floor. Cliff's jeans pocket becomes illuminated, followed by a GRINDING VIBRATION.

We find our subjects on the living room couch. It's dark, their faces are hit on one side by the kitchen light. They lie naked under a throw blanket. Cliff leans forward to get the annoying phone.

SASHA

Don't go.

He leans back into her. His back on her chest. Her arms hold him firmly there. The phone stops.

SASHA (CONT'D) Your body is always so warm. You're like a battery. I'm always cold.

CLIFF

You're feet.

SASHA My feet are cold?

She tucks her feet under him and giggles. Cliff arches his back.

## CLIFF

Freezing.

SASHA I need you to warm them.

Cliff relaxes into her. He closes his eyes and lay still for a beat. He starts to nod off. Sasha strokes his hair.

SASHA (CONT'D) Is it true lobsters mate for life?

CLIFF No. Not true.

SASHA Oh. (beat) Well I bet some do.

She takes some longer pieces of hair and starts to twist a small braid.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE DOCK - LOBSTER BOAT - MORNING

Cliff and the NEW KID are on the boat. New kid is stuffing herring into bait bags. Pete climbs aboard.

PETE (to NEW KID) Go help Popeye unload the truck. We're a man short.

New kid leaves.

PETE (CONT'D) What's up? You don't return my calls?

CLIFF I had shit to do.

PETE Where's the money?

CLIFF I don't have it with me. Y'know, I didn't even catch that much.

PETE What do you mean you didn't catch that much? You don't think I talk

to Spence? I know exactly what you got.

CLIFF You don't know shit.

Pete knows this is going to be a standoff.

PETE

I don't know shit? Don't be that guy, Cliff. Don't do it.

CLIFF

Do what!? I'm going to give it to you! I just didn't bring it. Don't get in my face about it.

PETE

If you were going to give it to me, you would have given it to me. I am trusting you with everything I own here--and you're going to pull some shit? I'm doing you a favor.

Cliff thinks of something to say. Nothing.

PETE (CONT'D) Look, if you need money I can...

Cliff chucks the lobster gauge hard across the floor.

CLIFF

I don't need money, Pete! Stop fucking saying that!

PETE You said it. Part of your goddamn act yesterday!

#### CLIFF

I didn't take your money. Fucking Hector almost fucking died, alright! He went over and almost drowned. Have you even seen the kid? He's all fucked up.

PETE No, he didn't show up.

CLIFF

Right, exactly. Well that's probably because his ears popped, so he's probably fucking deaf and he didn't hear the alarm clock. Or he's sick with the bends or dead for all I know. So I gave the poor bastard some money!

PETE Holy shit Cliff. You didn't call me about this?

Everyone on the boats stops working and looks. Cliff looks back at them, angry.

CLIFF (at guys) WHAT?!!!

PETE Relax. You can't get the bends like that.

CLIFF Whatever. He got fucked up bad. His whole body was a fucking bruise -so you want your half? Go ask Hector for it.

PETE Half? That's a lot of money for a poor Mexican kid. CLIFF Yeah well he earned it. And what's the difference if he's Mexican?

PETE You're a fucking child. I knew this was a mistake.

CLIFF It could happen to anybody!

PETE No it couldn't. You know why? Because you can't fucking drown when you're playing handball! Just get out of here. I'm serious, get off my fucking boat!

Cliff walks around Pete furiously.

CUT TO:

INT. MASS FITNESS - NIGHT

Cliff at the front desk, speaking to the RECEPTIONIST.

RECEPTIONIST Part time or full?

#### CLIFF

Full.

She hands him a job application.

RECEPTIONIST You can just bring it back whenever you're ready.

CLIFF Thank you.

CUT TO:

INT. MASS FITNESS - MOMENTS LATER

The gym is a dark place, dated by brown leather medicine balls, kettle balls and speed bags.

Cliff at the squat rack.

DRAMARAMA'S "ANYTHING, ANYTHING" plays through his headphones.

He lets the barbell rest across his shoulders. He lifts. One. In the mirror he can see her. Two. JENNYLEE, blonde, beautiful. Too pretty for this place. She's doing leg extensions, perfecting her perfect legs.

Three. From this angle Cliff can see up her blue running shorts a little bit. He notices a tattoo high on her thigh. He loses focus and struggles to stand up. He grinds his teeth, face turns red. He gets it, finally, and racks the barbell. Four.

He stares at the floor, huffing. When he lifts his head and looks in the mirror, she is standing RIGHT BEHIND HIM. She says something. Cliff pulls out his earbuds.

MUSIC STOPS

# CLIFF

I'm sorry?

JENNYLEE I said you really shouldn't do those without a spot.

Cliff is out of breath and stricken with her.

CLIFF Yeah. I know. But, gotta do legs too. Y'know?

JENNYLEE Uh-huh. So, who are you? I haven't seen you here before.

Cliff wipes his hands on a towel.

CLIFF

Cliff.

They shake.

JENNYLEE

Jennylee.

They're still shaking.

JENNYLEE (CONT'D) Ok Cliff. Clifford?

CLIFF Just Cliff's good.

They break hands.

JENNYLEE I'll be over here if you need me, Cliff. CLIFF Thanks. I think I'm done though. JENNYLEE But you only did three. CLIFF (laughs) You counting? Jennylee looks around at the empty gym. JENNYLEE Yeah well there's nothing else to look at. C'mon, I'll spot ya. CLIFF Nah, I'm good. JENNYLEE Yeah you're good. And with my help you could be the best.

Cliff laughs.

JENNYLEE (CONT'D) C'mon. Don't be a wuss.

CLIFF

What?

JENNYLEE A wuss. Don't be one.

Cliff tucks his earbuds into his shirt neck.

CLIFF

Ok.

He gets under the barbell. She gets behind him and puts her hands on his waist. Her breath moves the hair behind his ear. They squat together.

> JENNYLEE Hey, let me ask you something.

Cliff is mid movement and it ain't easy.

CLIFF

Wha?

JENNYLEE Were you looking up my shorts before?

Cliff exhales a laugh. He racks the barbell.

CLIFF

What?

JENNYLEE I mean, it's ok. I'm just asking.

Cliff looks at her in the mirror, embarassed.

JENNYLEE (CONT'D)

So..?

CLIFF Yeah, well. Nothing else to look at.

JENNYLEE Hey you want to go get a cheeseburger or something?

Cliff shows his ringed finger.

JENNYLEE (CONT'D) It's food not sex, cowboy.

Cliff grabs his towel and wipes his head before heading to the locker room.

CLIFF Thanks, but I've got to go. It was nice to meet you. I'll see you around. Thanks for the spot.

She smiles and heads back to the leg extension machine.

JENNYLEE Bye Clifford.

CUT TO:

INT. CLIFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

MGMT'S "PIECES OF WHAT" plays.

Close on a glass pipe with a flame in front of it.

The weed glows red as the flame gets sucked into it. Cliff exhales a cloud of smoke. He's in shorts and a t-shirt, relaxed.

Cliff closes his eyes.

The television acts as a projector, displaying the TV images on Cliff, the couch and the smoke around him.

The movie projected is "DAS BOOT". We faintly hear the German dialogue.

Also projected on the couch is a woman in a robe, the one Cliff thought he saw drowning. She is not part of the movie, her position and scale makes it look as if she is sitting at the other end of the couch. Her image crawls over to him.

She lay her head in his lap. She gets comfortable and begins to fall asleep.

The DOORBELL RINGS and the projections disappear. Cliff opens his eyes. He mutes the TV and puts his pipe on the coffee table.

He looks out of the small, high window. Pete's truck is parked out front.

He opens the door. Pete is there, sucking hard on a Newport.

CLIFF What's up?

PETE

Can I come in?

CLIFF Uh, not really.

Pete enters.

PETE It's... Heck didn't make it.

CLIFF What do you mean didn't make it? PETE He's dead. Hector died.

CLIFF Not from the boat, right? He was fine. He was totally fine when I left him.

PETE They said internal bleeding.

CLIFF Who said? What the fuck happened?

PETE I don't know exactly what happened. I heard it from Dom. Dom said.

CLIFF Internal bleeding?

PETE

Yeah.

CLIFF What is that? They can't do anything for that? They can't fix that? Drain it or something?

PETE

I don't know. Honestly I don't know when he got to the hospital. But it was too late.

CLIFF Fuuuuuck man. Fuck!

Cliff starts pacing, thinking a mile a minute.

PETE The cops might come.

CLIFF Why? What did you say to them?

PETE Nothing. But dude died so I'm guessing there's an investigation. (MORE)

#### PETE (CONT'D)

I mean they're gonna ask a few questions, right? They questioned Popeye and Dom.

CLIFF

C'mon man, fuck man, I don't need this shit! You've got to be kidding me! What so this is my fault now?

PETE Nobody thinks that.

CLIFF It's not my fault.

PETE

What about me? I let you go. It's my fucking boat. You don't even have a fishing license.

CLIFF

It was a fucking accident-can't they understand that? The fucking guy was... He should have been looking! If he laid the line right then it wouldn't have been all over the goddamn boat, or around his fucking ankles. These fucking guys, you know. You look away for one second...

Cliff's face gets red, emotions well up.

CLIFF (CONT'D) ...just one second, and they're fucking overboard. What was I supposed to do? What? I tried to grab him. I gave him the knife, Pete. I gave it to him. I put it right in his goddamn hand!

PETE

Yeah and if you didn't he wouldn't have been able to go home and say good-bye to his family.

CLIFF He has kids?

PETE

I think he has three boys.

Cliff sits down on the couch, head in his hands.

CLIFF Fuck. How can he afford three kids? Pop doesn't pay him shit. PETE I don't know. (beat) Look, a bunch of the guys are putting some money together. We figure that, plus the thousand you gave him, that'll pay for the funeral. CLIFF I, I have some... Cliff takes his wallet from the coffee table and looks in it. PETE No, you already gave enough. You're qood. Wallet's empty. He throws it back on the table. CLIFF When is it? PETE Friday. Cliff sits quietly. Pete stands, looking at him. PETE (CONT'D) I gotta to go. I've gotta watch the girls. A beat. PETE (CONT'D) Cliff? CLIFF What am I supposed to do? PETE Nothing you can do. We're not going out tomorrow, so just chill out. Deal with it. Morn for the guy. And I'll pick you up Friday morning and we'll qo.

Pete's hits Cliff on the back as he walks by. Cliff picks up his cell and dials. Pete gets to the front door and looks back. Cliff, with the phone to his ear, gestures for Pete to close the door behind him. He does. Sasha's voice mail BEEPS. CLIFF

Um, I need to talk to you. Not over the phone. Just, uh, come by as soon as you get this.

Pete hears Cliff from outside. Cliff hangs up.

CUT TO:

#### INT. CLIFF'S BEDROOM - MIDNIGHT

We are looking straight down on Cliff sleeping, clothed, on the bed. We are booming straight down toward him. He wakes up to the sound of someone RUNNING IN THE HOUSE.

He hears the dull KA-BUMP of the front door closing.

## CLIFF

Sash?

Cliff creeps to the front door. It's unlocked. He throws the deadbolt, and turns around quickly.

He wonders if someone is in the house.

Cliff pulls open the curtain on the small front window. Sasha's Blue Audi pulls away.

He turns to head back to bed and notices the door to upstairs is also open. He looks up the stairwell with concern. He closes the door and walks down the hall.

CUT TO:

#### INT. CLIFF'S BATHROOM - SAME

As Cliff opens the door, the robe falls off the back, onto the floor. He clicks on the light and looks at the robe. He gingerly picks it up and hangs it.

He brushes the dirt off of it and adjusts the folds.

He smells it, savoring the aroma. Cliff clutches the robe tightly.

His body tightens and he begins to sob into it. Really sob.

His cries slowly turn to anger. He grips the robe, twists it and rips it and the hook off the door. Cliff falls to his knees, hugging the robe. The anger is short lived. His heartache is unbearable.

He gasps for air, sucks his snot. He turns to the tub, drapes his arms inside.

He twists the hot water knob and the tub gushes water. He lifts the lever and the tub fills.

CLOSE ON Cliff's face. Anguish slowly washes away. He forces himself to breathe deeply. His vacant stare visible through puffs of steam.

Reverse to what he is staring at. Mold between two green tiles.

Back to Cliff's face. He has some clarity about what he needs to do.

Cliff's hand comes out of the water. He snaps the sheath open on his belt and removes the DROP POINT KNIFE. He puts it in the tub, under water.

The blade is to his wrist. He applies pressure. The steam is thick, water burning his skin.

A small red cloud billows from an incision.

CLINK!

The sound has brought Cliff's look up. He listens.

CLINK! It's the radiator behind him. CLINK! It's acting up. His concentration, CLINK! broke. CLINK!

CLIFF God dammit!

He kicks the radiator. CLINK!

INT. CLIFF'S KITCHEN - SAME

Cliff pulls open a drawer, snatches a Hefty bag and stuffs the robe in there.

EXT. CLIFF'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Cliff brings the bag to the curb and tosses it next to the pails.

CUT TO:

Cliff exits the pickup, approaches the dock. A bandage on his wrist.

TRACK CLIFF from behind.

The men are stirring, loading, prepping. He walks to the slip at the end. Pete's boat is empty, tarped with traps neatly stacked. He heads back toward Popeye's 30 footer.

> CLIFF Hey Pop! Popeye!

Popeye acknowledges him with a head cock.

CLIFF (CONT'D) Need a dockie?

Pete emerges from the Popeye's cabin.

CLIFF (CONT'D) Pete, what's going on?

Pete climbs onto the dock.

PETE They suspended my fishing license.

CLIFF No way. I'm sorry.

PETE Did the cops talk to you?

CLIFF No. Nothing.

#### PETE

When I went back home last night they were at my kitchen table with Julia. The investigation is pending. But once that's cleared up, I'm sure...

UNKNOWN

Go home!

CLIFF What? Who said that!

He looks around, no one owns up to it.

PETE

I'm riding with Pop for now.

Old man JERRY walks by.

CLIFF Hey Jerry, you run a two man right?

JERRY

Yeah.

CLIFF Can you use a third?

Jerry shakes his head and keeps walking. Cliff looks around at the crews. As they work they look at him with disdain. He is unwanted. Pete turns his back to him to light a cigarette. He doesn't turn back.

TRACK the back of Cliff's head back to the pickup. He walks angry.

CUT TO:

INT. SEVEN TREE MEADOWS - EVENING

The assisted living facility is generic but clean. Cliff sits in a private bedroom across from a man in a wheelchair, GRANDPA (80's).

> GRANDPA You bring beer?

# CLIFF

Shhhh.

Cliff grabs a Rolling Rock out of a paper bag. He pops the lid with his keychain. He hands grandpa the beer. Grandpa extends his hand feeling for the beer. Cliff places it right in his hand. Grandpa drinks the beer, savoring it.

Cliff gets up from his chair and eases the door closed.

CLIFF (CONT'D) Grandpa, I wanted to talk to you about something.
## GRANDPA

Have a beer.

## CLIFF

I can't.

## GRANDPA

You can't have one fuckin beer? How are you supposed get through life if you can't relax a little bit. You gotta learn to bend a little or believe me you're gonna break.

CLIFF

I brought these for you. I don't want to take your beer.

## GRANDPA

Of course you can. Don't be ridiculous. It's one beer for chrissakes. Y'know being a tightass just ain't healthy.

## CLIFF

Ok. One.

Cliff gets himself one. Opens it.

GRANDPA Now what'd you want to talk about?

## CLIFF

How you been?

## GRANDPA

Shitty.

## CLIFF (laughing) Glad I asked.

A beat.

CLIFF (CONT'D) You miss the boats at all?

GRANDPA Look at me. What do you think? Now what'd you really want to ask me?

A long beat.

CLIFF It wasn't a question, I wanted to hear the Miller Place story again.

GRANDPA You fuckin' with me?

CLIFF

No.

GRANDPA You fuckin' with me cause I'm old?

CLIFF

No sir.

GRANDPA Musta told that story a hundred times. Musta told it to you even more.

CLIFF

Yeah.

GRANDPA When you were a kid.

CLIFF I remember that.

GRANDPA Bout that big.

Grandpa holds his open hand 3 feet off the ground.

CLIFF It's been a while.

GRANDPA Shit. Nothing I love more than the sound of my own voice.

Grandpa takes a sip from his beer and places it on the nightstand. He leans in, elbows on knees. He sits and thinks.

A long beat.

GRANDPA (CONT'D)

Uh.

CLIFF Nineteen seventy five...

## GRANDPA

I know dammit. Who's telling the story here?

CLIFF Sorry. Please, go ahead.

GRANDPA It's called a pause. For effect. Get the anticipation going.

## CLIFF

Ok.

#### GRANDPA

Yeah you know. Fuckin' know everythning. A-hem. Miller Place. August. Seventy-NINE. I'm on the Connecticut side, waaay in the east. Fuckin way over. We're coming up on a thousand lobsters. I got one thirty footer behind us. They're on my numbers and they're supposed to wait for me. Today they'd get shot for that. Bunch of kids they were. Too goddamn eager. No patience. They didn't notice that the hauler was struggling. I could hear it from where I was. But we were all eager. We were tangled, but that was the best summer for us, seventy-nine. So I'm burning and behind me the load started pushing and that's a lot of weight, back then we'd put rocks in there. Fuckin' boulders size of ya head. When the line snatched me, I quick cocked my body otherwise I would've hit the tank and I would've got busted up bad. So when I hit the side, I hit with my right foot. I thought the bones came out of my knee, that's where all the pressure came. But where they came they came out of the side of my foot. I blew my calcaneus and my tibia. Now these traps are sucking me down the back, and I'm blinded by pain at this point. I get my foot out and two guys are pulling me into the cabin, I got brand new boots on, I feel it filling up with blood. The top trap flies off and I see it. (MORE)

GRANDPA (CONT'D) That fuckin' trap could've went anywhere. But the line flung it across the floor right at me. Hit me again in the same foot, snapped the bone right out.

CLIFF

Man.

GRANDPA And people tell me I was lucky.

CLIFF

Psssh.

Grandpa and Cliff each take a sip of beer.

CUT TO:

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

Domingo, Popeye, Pete stand around the hole in the ground. Cliff stands near, but not with them. They wear suits they have not have worn in years.

Popeye has his hat off, which he never does. He's bald with a suntanned face and a white dome.

Cliff looks over at three young boys in suits. They're about 3, 4 and 5. Their mother cries. The men have their wives. Cliff hits send on a text.

Close on the phone: "Where are you?"

The casket is lowered into the grave to sobs.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - MOMENTS LATER

Hector's service is breaking up. The family huddles together and walks. Cliff approaches the family, extends his hand to the HECTOR'S WIDOW.

#### CLIFF

I'm sorry.

She gets even more upset. Her SISTER squeezes her, protecting her.

CLIFF (CONT'D) Hector was a... He was a good... I'm sorry. The huddled family moves away from Cliff.

The lobstermen head toward their trucks. Except for Cliff, he wanders up over the hill.

Jerry spots him.

#### JERRY

Cliff!

Pete turns around and sees Cliff walking in the opposite direction.

PETE

Let him go.

CUT TO:

INT. CLIFF'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Cliff is completing his interview with an officer (COP#1), at the basement's kitchen table. A second officer (COP#2) wanders around the kitchen, closing open cabinet doors and drawers. He is chewing the hell out of a slice of Trident. He speaks with a trace southern accent.

CLIFF The uh, boat belongs to Pete.

COP#2 What's upstairs?

CLIFF

A house.

COP #1 What time would you say the incident occurred?

CLIFF One. One o'clock? One thirty?

Cop#2 sees the notice of sale/auction letter. He picks it up.

COP #1 You own the house?

CLIFF

Yeah.

COP #2

Not for long.

He shakes the mail like a Polaroid, pushing Cliff's buttons.

CLIFF Can we just talk about this thing? About Hector for now?

COP #2

There's a question. We can talk about Hector. But he's dead. Not much else to know. I'm more innerested in you. Something ain't right about you. I'd like to have a look upstairs. Do you mind about that?

CLIFF

Yes. Yes I do mind. Why'd you want to go up there? Let's just finish this up right here. I mean you're here for Hector, right? Can we just focus on that? Christ, I just came from the funeral.

#2 sucks in a deep breath, inflating his chest. He sticks his thumbs into his belt and cocks his head.

He knaws at his gum and says

COP #2

See now that was stupid. Barnes here asks questions. If we get sensible answers then we move on. I, in that situation keep fairly quiet. About upstairs, you coulda said anything. You're expecting someone, or it's a mess up there, maybe you hurt your back and going up the stairs is painful for you. But you didn't. You straight freaked out. I, in that kinda situation start poking. Now I think you're hiding something up there. You own the house, for now, yet you choose to live beneath it. In this cement shithole. I'm not gonna lie that's a little fuckin' creepy. That is some Ted Bundy shit. Right Barnes?

COP #1/BARNES

Mmm-hmm.

COP #2 Now I'm gonna go upstairs, because you've raised suspicion. You are welcome to come with me. You got that?

BARNES stops writing, clicks the pen and puts it in his breast pocket.

CUT TO:

INT. CLIFF'S HOUSE - UPSTAIRS - NIGHT

A fluorescent light flickers on.

They stand in the dusty kitchen on the main floor.

Cliff is noticeably uncomfortable.

COP #2 opens the fridge and closes it right away.

Cop#2 notices small footprints on the dusty floor and so does Cliff. He notices how they trail toward the bedroom.

> BARNES How often did you work with Hector?

> > CLIFF

Not often. If Popeye... Uh, Dave I mean. If Dave didn't go out, we'd take him because he was our best guy.

BARNES Dave says you're the best guy.

#2 pulls the stick on the window shutters and looks outside.

CLIFF

It's different, he's a dock worker.

COP #2 sees a taxi pull up. He watches Sasha pay the taxi driver.

CLIFF (CONT'D) Was a dock worker.

Cop #1 scribbles everything down on his legal pad. Outside Sasha is in the driveway wearing red lingerie. She is beat up and bloody, like she was in a knife fight or a car accident. CLIFF (CONT'D) That's everything. There's not much else to it.

COP #2 Someone's bout to steal your truck.

Cop#1 is unfazed.

CLIFF Wait, what?

COP #2 Yup. Some daisy, looks pretty beat up, takin' your pickup.

Cliff rushes to the window.

She hops into Cliff's truck and starts it. They make eye contact through the window. He mimes the words "Wait, I'm coming out". She shakes her head "NO!" and blinds him with the headlamps. She continues to back out.

CLIFF It's uh, that's ok. She's cool, I know her. She borrows it all the time.

Cliff watches Sasha back up in the truck. Cop#1 makes a note on his yellow pad. Under the words: Incident 1, 1:30? He writes: 7:15 Battered woman, steals truck. Cliff notices.

> CLIFF (CONT'D) Wait. Don't write that. I know her.

BARNES Uh huh. Who is she?

CLIFF She's my wife.

Barnes writes that down on the pad.

BARNES Why didn't you just say that?

COP #2 wipes the dust off of the wedding picture in the hall.

COP #2 Cause that ain't her.

Barnes scribbles it out, exhaling audibly.

COP #2 (V.O.) I had about enougha this bullshit. Let's hear it. All of it.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLIFF'S HOUSE - SAME

Sasha. They're both very happy.

Sasha drives the truck toward us. The bright headlights blind us. Blowout to COMPLETE WHITE.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. CLIFF'S BEDROOM - 2 AM

PITCH BLACK

TITLE CARD: "Sasha"

Hold on BLACK until Sasha's blackberry GRINDS on the nightstand. It illuminates the room. Now we see Sasha and Cliff in bed, asleep.

She quickly shuts it off, pitch black again. She clicks the phone on and uses it as a flashlight. She gingerly gets out of bed, finding her business attire on the floor.

She puts on her skirt -buttons her shirt and heads out, twisting the knob on the door silently. Cliff is out cold, the bed, empty next to him. This shot is familiar, we saw it earlier.

Pan over to the bathroom door. The robe is hanging neatly on the hook.

CUT TO:

EXT. - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The Audi finds a slip close to the front. TRACK her black heels clicking toward the sliding glass doors of the Primrose hotel lobby. They slide open automatically.

THROUGH HER WALKING LEGS WE SEE DONNELLEY standing, waiting. Her shiny shoes stop inches away from his.

CUT TO:

INT. PRIMROSE HOTEL LOBBY - SAME

SASHA Are you Donnelley?

He gives her a key card.

DONNELLEY Number's on the back.

She looks at the back of the card, then at him. She walks away and Donnelley speaks louder.

DONNELLEY (CONT'D) And fix yourself. Look like shit.

SASHA Nice to meet you too.

#### INT. PRIMROSE ELEVATOR - SAME

She puts her card in the slot and pushes 5. Before the doors close, pink panties fall on glossy Louboutin's. The left steps out, her right brings the garment to her hand. They go in her purse, and out comes Mascara.

She applies it in the reflection of the polished aluminum doors. They open with a DING and she knows to make a left without looking at the sign.

Sasha walks and applies ruby red lipstick at the same time. TRACK the back of her head as numbered doors go by. 528, 529, 530.

Sasha puts her lipstick in her bag and taps her hair, curling a fallen strand behind her ear. Faint MUSIC is audible.

She glides the card into the slot and depresses the lever, entering the pitch-dark room.

As Sasha steps inside, the MUSIC that was behind the door, SWELLS drastically.

She closes the door, pushing the number in our face. 530.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - SAME

We're inside the room where the MUSIC is PLAYING.

SASHA Hello? I'm here.

CUT TO:

INT. DRESSING ROOM - SAME

In the f.g. a MAN, obscured, talks to Sasha through a crack in the door.

MAN

Back here.

WE CUT:

BACK TO SASHA

Her motion arrested by the man's voice.

She steps down the dark hallway toward the light coming from the crack in the door.

TRACK behind.

Sasha is slowly walking, MUSIC beating, looking at the closed door. The door shields his body from Sasha.

We slowly ZOOM to the door.

Reverse and slow ZOOM from a MEDIUM SHOT to CU on Sasha as she contemplates what's on the other side of the door.

Sasha hears some HISSING. Then it stops. Then more HISSING, like hairspray.

As she draws close to the door she slows.

She lay her hand palm flat on the door and pushes it open.

The two men standing there are:

GLENN

In pink bikini briefs, a ton of purple make-up and glitter on his eyes. He is spraying

STAN

with an airbrush. Stan is naked. His backside faces Sasha.

GLENN Hi sweetie.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - LATER

PAN ACROSS a dim hallway. LAND ON a small zebra. It moves strangely against a wall. AFRICAN DRUMS play.

The visual is bizarre, shocking even. It's not a zebra. It is a muscular man with striped, painted tight skin. An extremely lifelike headpiece and tail complete the effect. It moves slowly, as if it is wounded or in slow motion.

A paw enters frame. The tigress. A perfect female body painted orange and black. A CLOSE-UP reveals cat contact lenses and fish line whiskers.

She reveals her fanged canines. The two are naked save for paint, headdress and tail. The tiger purrs and rubs its head under the zebras arm. The zebra flicks its ears and snorts. It looks so much like real animals.

Wide reveals the back of a man's head above the brow of the couch back. Focus does not hold it.

We suspect it is Glenn, watching.

Her black fingernails pull the zebra to the ground in slow motion. She mounts him. The drums get louder. They have sex.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL SHOWER - DAY

Orange water swirls around the shower drain.

Sasha scrubs her face with soap.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLIFF'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Headlights approach. It's Donnelley's SUV. It stops across the street from the house.

From his POV we see Cliff and Sasha through the basement window.

CUT TO:

## INT. CLIFF'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Cliff and Sasha eat Kakletas at the dining room table. This scene overlaps from before.

CLIFF How was your day?

SASHA Y'know, the usual.

### CLIFF

Tell me.

He sells it with a smile.

SASHA It was weird. That guy I told you about... Glen?

CLIFF Which one's Glen? The Role-playing guy?

SASHA No, the costumes.

CLIFF Oh yeah. Well that's still roleplaying, right?

SASHA Maybe cosplay? I don't know. Whatever, let me tell my story.

## CLIFF

Sorry. Go ahead.

#### SASHA

So we spent like 2 hours getting into costumes. He had like this body painter come in, like his weird gay friend, he brought an airbrush, and painted us. With paint. He was like this zebra with a mask and everything... CLIFF

What?

SASHA Yeah. And I was a Tiger.

> CLIFF (laughs) Are you kidding?

## SASHA

I should've taken a picture with my phone. You wouldn't believe it. I gotta say it looked awesome. But getting it put on sucked. That shit doesn't come off either. I was like scrubbing my skin off. Look. It stained my hands.

She shows him.

CLIFF I don't know whose day was more traumatizing, yours or mine.

SASHA Mine definitely.

CLIFF Uh-huh. How come you don't do stuff like that for me?

SASHA What? A tiger? You want a tiger? You can't afford a Tiger.

Cliff remembers something. He reaches into his pocket and unfurls about two thousand dollars on the table.

CLIFF

Sha-Bam.

SASHA Whoa, you made that today?

CLIFF

Yup.

SASHA

Rawwwwr.

Cliff chuckles.

Sasha reaches into her purse. She slaps an equally sized stack of cash on the table. Touché.

CLIFF That's not enough for me to dress up like a zebra.

Sasha smiles and transforms her hand into a claw reaching out to Cliff.

SASHA

Rawrrrr.

CLIFF You're dumb.

SASHA No, I'm a tiger.

Sasha reveals her clenched teeth.

CLIFF

You sure you want to be an actress? Cause that looks more like a sleepy Frankenstein than a tiger.

They laugh, she, accepting the challenge. She slowly stands. The backs of her knees push the chair back, her butt up in the air.

She knows the sexiest way to execute this move, and every move from this point on. She puts one knee up on the kitchen table.

CLIFF (CONT'D) Can you stop? The blinds are open.

Both knees on the table.

SASHA Tigers don't care.

She slides her plate out of the way and crawls across the table toward Cliff. She draws a circle on his shoulder with her fingernail.

She gets closer and scratches his back while she buries her face in his neck and purrs.

Cliff puts his fork down and closes his eyes, enjoying himself for a beat. He stands up and kisses her hard before picking her up off the table and against the wall. She is pressed between it and him, held off the ground by his lips and hands.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLIFF'S HOUSE - SAME

Through the window the streetlight watches the action. Beneath it, a black SUV drives away.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRUCK STOP - DAY

A truck stop alongside the expressway. A few rigs and Donnelley's SUV are parked there.

CUT TO:

INT. DONNELLEY'S SUV - SAME

Donnelley and Sasha sit in Donnelley's SUV. She's texting on her blackberry.

DONNELLEY Why don't you go outside and wait with the other girls?

SASHA I like the air conditioning.

DONNELLEY It wasn't a question.

SASHA (with attitude) If you'd let me bring my car, I'd be in my fucking car. Since you didn't… well, here I am.

DONNELLEY Last night your phone was off. Why is that?

SASHA I don't owe you an explanation, I work for Wheeler. I don't have to tell you shit.

She throws the blackberry in her purse, starts digging around in there for something else.

DONNELLEY Girls don't talk to Wheeler anymore. They report to me.

#### SASHA

Look asshole, first of all I know you're new and you want to make a good impression and everything. I get that. What I don't get is what the hell you think I'm going to do here because I don't work fucking truck stops like these penny whores. Wheeler lets me do my thing and I bring in more than all these bitches put together. AND, yesterday was my day off.

She finds lipstick and flips down the visor. She applies it in the mirror.

#### DONNELLEY

Like I said, you report to me. And you're working a "fucking truck stop" because your phone was off. Leave it on, ringer on, charge it and answer it every motherfuckin' time!

Sasha stops applying lipstick and locks eyes with Donnelley.

#### SASHA

What is this some sort of punishment? I better be out of here by three. I have a client today. Two grand in my fucking hand. I could work here all week and not make that. You're a real smart businessman. You've got it down boy. You're teaching me a lesson. I don't mind working here actually, because I'll be thinking of all the money you're losing with a fucking grin on my face. I'm sure you scare all the girls. Well not me asshole. I'll fuck you up.

He almost cracks a smile, but doesn't.

DONNELLEY You'll fuck me up?

SASHA I will fuck-you-up motherfucker. She shoots him daggers.

DONNELLEY Anyway. If you're turning somebody out, I'm getting paid. That's period.

SASHA Who? You mean yesterday? What, are you watching me? Some spy you are, don't you know I'm fucking married?

She throws that bling right in his fucking face.

SASHA (CONT'D) I can fuck my husband on my own time.

Donnelley pushes her hand away from his face.

DONNELLEY You ain't fuckin married. Only thing you're married to is this job. Stop lyin' to yourself.

SASHA

Asshole.

They watch an 18-wheeler truck pull up and stare at the taillights. Its right blinker begins to flash on and off.

DONNELLEY (CONT'D) This one is you. Go take that punishment right in your fucking ass.

SASHA

Fuck you.

Sasha opens the car door.

DONNELLEY Hey! No bags. You got too much money in there.

SASHA That's my money Donnelley. I know how much is in there.

She puts the bag on the drivers seat.

## DONNELLEY

If I wanted your money I'd take it. No jewelry either. You know this shit.

He's looking at the engagement ring. She angrily pops it off but can't find a pocket on her skimpy outfit. She tosses it in her bag and slams the door.

She steps toward the truck and Donnelley picks up the ring. He apprises the yellow diamond.

THE TRUCK

Sasha looks up at the towering passenger door. She raises her hand high and slaps it few times. She swivels her head around.

INT. 18 WHEELER - SAME

The truck door flings open and from the drivers POV Sasha is standing there. From her POV a mustachioed, happy TRUCKER, 40's, is behind the wheel. He speaks with a Georgian twang.

> DRIVER Well c'mon in sweetheart.

Sasha climbs into the seat and extends her hand for help. They turn it into a shake.

SASHA

I'm Sultana.

DRIVER

John.

SASHA Well. What do you like, John?

DRIVER You got a friend?

Sasha looks around the cab.

SASHA You think she'll fit?

DRIVER It'll be cozy, that's for sure.

CUT TO:

## INT. DONNELLEY'S SUV - SAME

Donnelley sees her signal, puts the ring in the breast pocket of his suit. He pulls out his cell and speed dials.

DONNELLEY Threesome. Right in front of me. No bitch, the rig. In front of your face! Yes, keep walking. You see that gigantic fucking white thing? That's a truck. Get in it.

He hangs up. From his POV we see a girl emerge from behind the men's room. She's about 50 yards away, she clicks her phone closed.

CUT TO:

INT. 18 WHEELER - SAME

A bang on the door. Sasha opens it and the blonde hooker standing there is JENNYLEE. Sasha holds her hand as she climbs in and sits on Sasha's lap. Jennylee extends her hand to the trucker.

> JENNYLEE I'm Joanne.

> > CUT TO:

EXT. THE TRUCKSTOP - 10 MINUTES LATER.

The girls hop out of the truck. Jennylee rotates her skirt, which is now on backwards. She rotates it again, righting it. They walk over to Donnelley's car. The tinted passenger window slides down. Sasha extends some folded bills.

> SASHA For both of us.

Donnelley takes it.

SASHA (CONT'D) Can I get my bag? He hands the bag out the window and she takes it. The window rolls back up and the SUV pulls away. Sasha starts digging around her bag frantically.

SASHA (CONT'D)

HEY!

She runs after the car.

JENNYLEE Hey that's my ride.

She stops running.

SASHA Asshole! You gotta be fuuuuck! Are you kidding me? Ughhhh!

JENNYLEE We'll get a cab. Don't worry.

Sasha walks back toward Jennylee.

SASHA No. Fucking asshole stole my ring. Shit! Mother-fuck-ing shit-hole!

JENNYLEE The wedding ring?

SASHA Engagement.

JENNYLEE You engaged?

SASHA No, dumbass! Fuck.

JENNYLEE Sorry. Whatever happened to Wheeler? I never see him anymore.

Sasha is losing her cool. She digs a card out of her purse and hands it to Jennylee.

> SASHA Look, you remember that thing from before, I asked you to do? That favor? I got you this. It's a membership to the gym. The gym that he goes to.

Jennylee takes the membership card.

## JENNYLEE

Ok, yeah. What am I supposed to do again?

SASHA Just be natural. Like someone normal.

#### JENNYLEE

(offended) I'm normal.

## SASHA

You know what I mean. Just pretend like you're attracted to him. And like make something happen.

## JENNYLEE

Bang him or...?

## SASHA

No I don't want you to bang him. Jesus. I just want you to help him move on.

#### JENNYLEE

Oh I get it. I had one of those once. Thinks you're his girlfriend and everything.

SASHA Something like that. He's just a really good guy.

JENNYLEE Sounds like a loser.

SASHA Hey! He's not a loser. Ok?

JENNYLEE Ok. My guy was a loser.

## SASHA Here's his picture.

Sasha hands her a picture of her, Cliff and Grandpa together, smiling. Jennylee takes it. Looks at it.

JENNYLEE Wait, the young guy right?

SASHA Yes the young guy. Cute.

#### SASHA

He's just a really good person. With a good heart, y'know? That's his grandpa. He does nice things, treats me nice. You'll see. He's actually a great guy. He's just stupid because who the hell spends all their money on a hooker? I can't with this anymore.

## JENNYLEE

Ok, it's fine.

## SASHA

And like he might lose his house, and I've been giving him freebees and... so now Donnelley is on my ass and stealing my shit. My fucking ring.

She looks at her empty finger and gets choked up.

SASHA (CONT'D) It was a really nice ring too. He needs that ring. I need to give it back to him. Fuck! I just don't want him to fall in love with me, because he's a really good guy.

A tear wells up. Jennylee starts to give her a hug but Sasha won't have it.

SASHA (CONT'D) No. I'm fine. Just take those.

She points to the membership card and picture in Jennylee's hand.

SASHA (CONT'D) and take this.

She takes a handfull of money out of her bag and stuffs it into Jennylee's bag.

SASHA (CONT'D) And no sex. Not even kissing. Just make it real. And then you'll just disappear and he'll move on with his life. And I'll move on with my life... it'll be over. Jennylee stands in place and holds her arms out wide. She pouts her lower lip, begging for a hug.

Sasha goes in for it. It is mutual this time. They hold for a beat. Sasha blinks a tear drop off of her fake lashes. It runs black mascara onto Jennylee's bare shoulder.

Sasha presses her head hard into Jennylee's neck.

JENNYLEE Ok baby. Whatever you want, ok? Shhhhh. Don't worry about it, I'm going to take good care of him.

Sasha sobs.

JENNYLEE (CONT'D) When I saw you wearing that ring I thought you stole it off some bitch.

Sasha mixes a laugh in with her cry.

JENNYLEE (CONT'D) I really did.

WIDE SHOT of the two hugging it out in their miniskirts on the side of the highway. A car horn honks excitedly as it goes by.

CUT TO:

INT. CLIFF'S HOUSE - MIDNIGHT

Sasha enters the apartment and pulls her keys out of the lock. They go in her bag. The tv is still on. She shuts it off with the remote.

CUT TO:

INT. CLIFF'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Sasha cracks the door to Cliff's bedroom. He is in bed, asleep. She looks at him before stepping back and pulling the door shut silently.

On her way out she notices that other door. The mysterious one. The one that leads to upstairs.

She opens it, shakes off her heels and tip-toes up the oak treads. Faint creaks as the wood is stressed.

At the top, the kitchen is lit through the windows by the streetlight and the moon. Dishes fill the sink.

We TRACK on her bare feet padding across the tile leaving footprints on the dusty floor.

She opens the fridge revealing rancid Tupperware containers and by the look on her face, an odor.

She closes the fridge. She heads into the dining room. A sweater hangs on a chair back. An empty glass and an open book sit on the table in front of it. She ventures deeper into the house.

THE BEDROOM

The bed is unmade.

She opens a closet door. Women's clothes hang across the bar. She squats down by the shoes and grabs a pair of ornate beige heels. She slips one onto her foot and it pops right on. She steps into the other and models them by blue moonlight in the dusty mirror.

She walks, in the heels, over to the other closet. The bigger one. Hangered clothes are scattered all over the floor.

The moonlight doesn't cast in here. Sasha pulls the lightstring. Her eyes squint at the 60 watt bulb then quickly widen. They are locked on something terrifying.

The hanger bar has a short rope tied to it, frayed at the end. The bar is bent, and the wall where it rests is damaged.

She backs out of the closet, bumping into a chair, on it's side. The blood drains from her face.

She runs out of the heels, back through the house, and down the oak treads. She grabs her heels with her hand and heads for the front door, barefoot.

CUT TO:

INT. CLIFFS BEDROOM - SAME

Overlap: We are looking straight down on Cliff lying, clothed, on the bed. His sits up to the KA-BUMP of the front door closing.

CUT TO:

Grandpa watches the Today Show on a small tube television. In front of his wheelchair is a table on wheels. It holds oatmeal, scrambled eggs and orange juice. He eats the oatmeal.

Sasha enters with a grocery bag.

## GRANDPA

Hello?

## SASHA

Hi grandpa.

GRANDPA This is a treat. My massage isn't until noon, but if you want to get started early...

#### SASHA

Grandpa.

She places the grocery bag on the dresser.

GRANDPA

Cliff wit ya?

She goes to grandpa, leans in for a hug and a kiss on the cheek.

SASHA No, not today.

GRANDPA Good. I was wondering when he'd leave us alone. Fucking guy can't take a hint.

Sasha laughs. She takes the throw blanket that is crumpled at the foot of the bed, starts folding it.

SASHA Well I was in the neighborhood, and I wanted to say hello. I brought you your beers.

GRANDPA Great. Let's have a look.

He pushes that breakfast out of his way and wheels over to her. She hands him the grocery bag and he stuffs his hand in there.

# GRANDPA That late already?

He pulls one out, pops the cap on the edge of the table like he's done a thousand times before.

GRANDPA (CONT'D) Come here, let me have a look at you.

Sasha walks over. Grandpa brings the thick glasses dangling from his neck to his face. He takes her hand. Turning her back and forth. From his POV she is still out of focus.

GRANDPA (CONT'D) You are stunning you know that?

SASHA You sure know what to say. I have no make up on, I look disgusting.

Grandpa runs his thumb across her fingers.

GRANDPA You're not wearing Margie's ring. Something I should know about?

She retracts her hand.

SASHA No. I don't want to lose it so, we're getting it cleaned.

Sasha sits on the blanket she folded.

GRANDPA You don't want to lose it, don't take it off your finger. I broke my back for that ring. Literally. Only time Margie took it off was to give it to Cliff.

SASHA That's really sweet.

Grandpa wheels as close to her as he can get. He adjusts his glasses and measures her face. A long beat. Sasha smiles at him.

## GRANDPA

Y' know when Cliff brought you by, first time around, something was off. My sight ain't what it used to be. My mind neither. But I remember the wedding. Something still bothered me. I couldn't put my finger on it. But when you walked in here today, I knew for sure you weren't her.

## SASHA

What do you mean?

#### GRANDPA

You ain't her. The one he married. You remind me of Margie, that's one thing, and she didn't. But also she wasn't the type to come here by herself.

SASHA

That, that's something Cliff ...

#### GRANDPA

Now don't bother trying to explain it. Cliff'll tell me something if he wants me to know something. But I ain't dumb y'know. He obviously went through some trouble to keep it from me. That's disappointing. To say the least. But I'm sure he has a reason for it. Who want's to give an old man bad news?

## SASHA

Not me.

He sips his beer.

#### GRANDPA

So she's not around anymore, that's fine, and here you are, lovely I might add. People come and people go. Lord knows I'm going. And Margie, she's long gone. From what I know, and I know a few things, you gotta hang on to what's worth hanging on to and let everything that's going, go. The more time you spend trying to get back what you've lost, the more you're losing in the meantime. This is your life. (MORE) GRANDPA (CONT'D) You want something, you better take it. Before it's taken from you.

We push in on Sasha. A fuse has just been lit.

CUT TO:

#### INT. WHEELERS OFFICE - NIGHT

WHEELER, 40, standing behind a large desk - behind him, floorto-ceiling oak paneling - has no small talk for Donnelley, the man entering.

Donnelley sits in front of the desk, his manner affable. He rests a black booted foot across one knee.

DONNELLY Donna, the beauty? Bout five five?

## WHEELER

I know Donna.

Wheeler eases into a tufted green leather chair. He puts a cigar in his mouth. He grabs a small Kennedy bust statue. A flame pops from the bust and he ignites the brown extremity.

DONNELLEY She's been giving it away on a regular basis. Some dockie from Selden.

Wheeler gazes. He nods. Smoke billows.

DONNELLEY (CONT'D) Gave her this.

E.C.U. the yellow diamond ring placed on the oak desk.

DONNELLEY (CONT'D) It's all yellow, so it probably ain't worth much.

Wheeler picks up the ring and examines it, appraising.

WHEELER To a point. But this here is a true yellow. S'worth more.

Donnelley acts unimpressed.

DONNELLEY She's also looking for another job. WHEELER For who? Fat Chris?

DONNELLEY No, legit. She wants to be an actress or some shit.

A beat.

## WHEELER

Porno?

DONNELLEY No. Just a regular type actress type thing. Commercials and shit.

WHEELER Okay. We can stop that.

Wheeler tosses the ring to Donnelley who catches it.

WHEELER (CONT'D) She's a good earner.

Wheeler rests his cigar on the glass ashtray.

WHEELER (CONT'D) It's hard to hang on to a good earner. They hand over a few hundred its one thing. A few thousand and they get second thoughts. They get ideas. Fucking actress. She's always been that way. Do what you've gotta do.

DONNELLEY

Ok.

WHEELER You know what I mean.

DONNELLEY I took her to the truck stop. I think the bitch liked it.

WHEELER That's not going to do anything. Truckstop's where I found her. Take her to the den. Four C. With Tolik.

DONNELLEY You got it. WHEELER Tell her she can have the ring once she has her shit together.

Donnelley puts the ring in his breast pocket.

DONNELLEY Thought I might keep it.

WHEELER Don't be an asshole.

CUT TO:

INT. CENTRAL CASTING - DAY

A row of chairs down a hallway occupied by Sasha and 12 other girls. The other girls look cleaner, taller and more relaxed than Sasha. They apply make up in their compact mirrors. Sasha measures them with her eyes.

MOMENTS LATER

Sasha walks into a room where three men sit on a couch.

They are:

ART DIRECTOR (30'S)

CREATIVE DIRECTOR (40'S)

COPYWRITER (30'S)

The men are in the dark, in contrast to the bright, well lit other half of the room.

SASHA Hi. I'm Kelly Star.

She places her headshot on the coffee table in front of them among many other headshots. It's a glam shot from the mall and it says Kelly Starr.

ART DIRECTOR Kelly Star? Okay.

A female assistant comes over with a clipboard.

ASSISTANT Ok, please stand over there. There's an x on the floor. Sasha walks over to a bright white roll of paper that is 7 feet up. The paper cascades down the wall and across the floor. The many lights are extremely bright.

In the monitor is Sasha's face. The assistant hands her a piece of paper.

SASHA This is different than what I practiced.

COPYWRITER (O.S.) Copy's changed. That is the latest.

From Sasha's P.O.V. she is blinded by white lights.

The Creative Director flips over her headshot to see her credits. Sasha hears some muttering and mild laughter.

ASSISTANT

Are we ready?

SASHA

Yes.

ASSISTANT Not you hun.

SASHA

Sorry.

CAMERA OPERATOR We're in focus. And rolling.

COPYWRITER (O.S.) Please say your name and then read the highlighted lines.

Sasha squints into the lights.

SASHA Um, Kelly Star.

Sasha refers to her piece of paper and exhales a deep breath. She does a bit of a sexy voice.

SASHA (CONT'D) You never know. A girl's always gotta look good. I need a make up that really lasts. All day foundation has, that has the flawless protection that lasts sixteen hours...

COPYWRITER (O.S.) Thank you.

## ASSISTANT Want to do it again?

Sasha can't see where the voices are coming from.

CREATIVE DIRECTOR (O.S.) Yeah. This time remember, it's a commercial, not a porno sweetheart.

The men laugh quietly. Sasha's face in the monitor is shaken, but she smiles and tries to hide it.

SASHA

Ok.

ASSISTANT Whenever you're ready.

## CAMERA OPERATOR Still rolling.

Sasha forces a smile at the assistant. She's lost her confidence.

> SASHA Are you talking to me?

## ASSISTANT Yes you hun. Whenever you're ready.

Sasha exhales again, preparing. We can see the heat of the lights in her flush cheeks. Her phone DINGS.

SASHA

Sorry.

As she shuts it off she sees the text message. "Where are vou?"

> CREATIVE DIRECTOR (O.S.) (annoyed) Let's go.

Sasha puts the phone in her purse. She stares at the words on the page but has trouble focusing on them. The men talk amongst themselves. Something about the Yankee game.

It's not happening for Sasha. Her eyes are welling up.

SASHA C, can I have a glass of water? CREATIVE DIRECTOR (0.S.) We're good. We've got it. You can go sweetie.

SASHA I can do it, I just need some water. My throat is...

CREATIVE DIRECTOR (0.S.) We have a lot of people to see today. This part, it's just not for you sweetie.

SASHA It's Kelly.

CREATIVE DIRECTOR Excuse me?

SASHA My name is Kelly.

CREATIVE DIRECTOR Right. Kelly as in Kelly Star. As in Kelly Star did not get the part and is wasting my fucking time. Can we get the next girl in here please?

Sasha stares into the white abyss where the voice is coming from.

CUT TO:

EXT. CENTRAL CASTING - MANHATTAN - DAY

Sasha exits the building and we see now that she is in Manhattan. She pulls her purse high onto her shoulder and walks, visibly upset.

She stops dead in her tracks.

DONNELLEY So, did you get the part?

Donnelley is leaning on a mailbox. Sasha looks for words.

SASHA

Don.

DONNELLEY Like I needed another reason to kick your ass. Get in the car 'fore I smash your face in right here on the sidewalk.

His SUV is there with the door open.

SASHA Please don't. Don't do this. Did you tell Wheeler? If you let me talk to Wheeler I...

A man walks by. Sasha looks at him for help.

DONNELLEY What? Think he's going to help you? This is New York. (to man) Hey! She needs help. Just a minute of your time sir! Wanna help a sweet innocent girl?

The man looks down and walks briskly, ignoring Donnelley.

DONNELLEY (CONT'D)

No?

Sasha starts crying. The man stops and turns around.

## MAN

## Hey are you ok?

Sasha looks at him, then at Don. Donelley walks over. His stride widens. He walks right at the guy who timidly holds his ground. Donnelley throws his ringed fist deep into the mans face. The man drops like a bag of hammers.

Sasha tries to run but Donnelley quickly catches up and grabs her wrist.

#### SASHA

You never saw me here, you can just say that. Just tell Wheeler I went home. I can be home in an hour.

Her knees weaken, she squats then sits on the sidewalk.

#### SASHA (CONT'D)

Don please!

He takes her limp wrist and pulls her to her feet. Smack! A backhand to the face. Sasha falls into his arms crying.

He pulls her over to the car like a rag doll. He picks her up, puts her across the back seat and slams the door.

CUT TO:

INT. DONNELLEY'S CAR - SAME

Donnelley gets into the drivers seat. Sasha lay across the backseat with her head in her hands.

SASHA (sobbing) Where are we going?

Donnelley starts driving.

DONNELLEY It ain't the truck stop, I'll tell you that. But you're going to wish it was.

CUT TO:

INT. SEEDY MANHATTAN APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

A dirty door marked 4C opens. An equally dirty man walks out fixing his belt.

We catch a glimpse inside as the door closes. Red walls, a cheap lamp and Sasha wearing a bra, panties, a black eye and a fat lip.

She looks defeated, violated. She's standing in the middle of the room, cold. The door is closed.

DIRTY MAN walks past a large Russian guard, TOLIK, 30's, sitting outside the door on a stool, playing with his phone.

Inside Sasha walks to the door, pressing her face against it.

#### SASHA

## Pozhalista!

She open-hand slaps the door. Tolik grabs the knob and punches it open, smashing Sasha in the face. She goes flying onto her back.

## TOLIK

## Zatknis Suka!

He closes the door. DIRTY MAN passes another man heading up the dark stairwell. This is FAT MAN.
Sweat glistens off his bald head; he can hardly get his gelatinous girth up the stairs. His long, greasy comb-over is hanging in front of his face.

From inside the room, Sasha hears a conversation. She gets to her feet.

LOW ANGLE on her glossy red spike heels. They step backwards towards us. Framed by her standing legs is the door. It opens. He stands there, panting and sweaty.

He smears his hair across his scalp and kicks the door shut behind him.

Too winded to talk. He waddles closer, close enough to breathe on her. He puts his hand on top of her head, pushing her to her knees. She is not having it.

## SASHA

No. Get away from me.

She hits his arm away but he grabs it and twists it. She fights back. He punches her hard in the face. Twice.

She falls to her knees, defeated. From her POV she focuses on his cowboy belt buckle. It says: RODEO.

She grabs it for balance and it clicks open. He unbuttons his shirt revealing his hairy chest and arms.

His pants drop. She tugs his underwear down. They have a brown stain on them. Sasha closes her eyes, she almost vomits.

#### FAT MAN

### Oh yeeessss.

He palms her head like a basketball. Sasha looks down at his pants again. The butt of a gun attached to an ankle strap is visible. She slides up lifting his hand with her head. Sasha looks him in the eye and smiles.

She puts her hand on his chest, encouraging him to lay on the bed. His large body falls back on the bed slamming the headboard against the wall. BAM! The door flings open. Tolik is there.

FAT MAN (CONT'D) Hey! Close the fucking door!

Tolik closes the door.

Sasha tries to remove the pants from of his ankles.

Sasha straddles his legs and looks into his eyes seductively. She has his pistol in one hand and a Taurus 905 9mm in the other. Without breaking eye contact she jams the gun as far up his bean-bag-ass as it will go.

Sasha turns her head to the door. FAT MAN throws his paws around her neck. He is quickly killing her.

CUT TO:

## TOLIK

Puts his earbud back in.

BACK TO SCENE

Sasha's eye whites turn pink, she's losing consciousness. A muffled BOOM! His hands drop.

### TOLIK

Tolik outside the door removes an earbud and listens for noise. It sounds like gunshots. BAM! BAM! BAM! Tolik pushes off from the wall he was leaning against.

He cracks the door open and sees Sasha rocking back and forth on the fat man, slamming the headboard into the wall.

BACK TO SCENE

BAM! BAM! Sasha moans, feining sex. Fat Man is frozen. In the mirror Sasha can see that the door is cracked open. Tolik closes the door.

She pulls the gun out. It is dripping red.

Sasha sits frozen, amazed at what just happened. Her look goes from the gurgling gorilla to the soaked steel pistol in her grip. A red drop falls from the barrel onto Fat Man's belly.

Fat Man is dead.

She removes the wallet from Fat Man's pants with her red hands and stuffs the bloody cash in the front of her panties. She throws a blanket over Fat Man.

From the night table she grabs a white towel from a stack and wipes the blood off of the gun. But it is completely soaked - bullets, firing pin, everything.

She kneels on the floor and removes the bullets one by one and lay them on the towel. She frantically cleans them. She cleans the gun.

She wipes some sweat from her brow, smearing blood on her face.

She looks at the line of light under the door. She can see the Tolik's pointy shoes. They move. She freezes.

Sasha MOANS:

# SASHA Ugh. Ohhhh. Yeahhh baby.

They move away. She continues cleaning and moaning.

She looks at the line of light again and it's broken by two columns of dark. Fuck. The gun is in pieces. She quickly tries to put everything back together. Her words become more self-encouraging than sexy.

> SASHA (CONT'D) C'mon baby.

Her shaking hands can only get one bullet into the revolvers' cylinder before the knob turns.

# SASHA (CONT'D) Come to mama.

She lay completely flat on her back pointing the gun up at the door with both hands. She squeezes and the bloody hammer half cocks.

Her hands are shaking the revolver.

To her left is the socket where the lamp is plugged in. She lifts her left hand from the gun and pulls the plug the second the door opens.

Darkness. His body-built silhouette takes up the entire doorframe.

We are looking steeply up at him, dutch-angled.

He scans the darkness but can't make out anything.

He ambles in.

CLICK! Tolik hears this and turns his head. He spots her on the floor and runs into the room. CLICK! He is on her. He grabs the gun and twists it toward her face. He squeezes her finger on the trigger. CLICK! They struggle, she kicks him in square in the sack. BOOM! He flies backwards a few steps until the door frame stops him. His hanging head lets out a huge breath. His posture goes rubbery.

Tolik tries a second attempt at attacking Sasha. He steps forward and stops. He steps back.

And back again, and again out of the door and again off the top step. He falls ass over elbows, hits near the corner of the stairwell with a loud FHUMP.

Sasha does a sit-up and looks. From her POV we un-dutch. Gun still pointed at him. He's not moving. Blood soaks through his white shirt near the shoulder, a pierced upper lung.

She plugs the light back in and runs to the closet. Different outfits are hanging in there. She pulls some hangers apart. Catholic schoolgirl, no, catsuit, no, a ballet dancer, fuck no...

Here we go, a red silk one that could pass for a short dress. She removes the hanger and holds the garment up in front of her. She examines herself in the mirror. She poses with one leg out in front and has a girl moment.

She throws it on. She folds the bullets up into the towel, and grabs Fat Man's cellphone.

She runs down the stairs past Tolik. He grabs her ankle, tripping her flat on the stairs. The gun, bullets and phone fly down the stairwell.

He hangs on while she kicks. She drives that 6-inch patent leather stiletto right into his fucking eye socket. He lets go and she collects her bullets. The phone is broken.

## EXT. SEEDY MANHATTAN APARTMENT BUILDING - SAME

The front door flies open and she stumbles out on to the sidewalk. There she stands. A bloody whore in lingerie, wielding a gun on the streets of Manhattan. She runs off.

CUT TO:

#### EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

Sasha shops the Quickie mart with a basket. The CLERK and CLERK #2 watch this beautiful, bloody, sexy, scary beast shop in the convex mirror. They are mesmerized.

She busts them looking in the mirror. They quickly look busy.

MOMENTS LATER

Sasha throws rubbing alcohol, gauze, and ring-dings on the counter. From her back we can see the bulge of the gun weighing down her thong.

CLERK #1 scans the items.

## SASHA

How much?

Without shame she digs into the front of her panties, grabs a fistful of bloody money.

CLERK#1 Uh, ok. Miss? It's ok. It's on the house. Just go ahead... Go on. Take it and get out of here.

Sasha gathers the items and heads for the door.

CLERK #2 Thank you for shopping the Quickie.

#1 shoots #2 a look. Sasha stops at the door.

She turns, walks back to the checkout counter.

SASHA Can you call me a cab?

CLERK#2 You maybe want an ambulance?

CUT TO:

EXT. CLIFF'S HOUSE - LATER

A taxi pulls up in front of Cliff's house.

Sasha steps out of the cab and walks briskly toward the house. She sees something. It's the police cruiser parked on the side of the house.

She quickly turns to leave. On second thought she walks toward the truck and tries the handle. It's open. She reaches under the seat, finds the keys.

## INT. CLIFF'S TRUCK - SAME

Sasha starts the truck. FROM HER POV she sees Cliff through the window. He signals her to wait, he is coming out. She shakes her head no and twists on the headlamps.

Sasha pulls out of the driveway and drives towards us. The headlights blind us, a replay of the earlier scene.

Blowout to COMPLETE WHITE.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. CLIFF'S HOUSE - SAME

PITCH BLACK

Hold on black until Sasha's headlights cast across the empty kitchen as she drives away. No cops, no Cliff.

Various shots of the empty house. -The bedroom -The bathroom - The kitchen -The sweater on the back of the dining room chair.

We land on the living room.

The sounds of a wedding letting out, people cheer, an organ plays faintly.

JENNYLEE (V.O.) How long were you married?

CLIFF (V.O.) Ten months.

A projector, off camera, projects a moving image on the living room wall. It's Cliff picking up REAL SASHA outside a church. He carries her toward the limo, running in slow motion. We are watching their wedding video. People throw rice. They are clearly in love.

ANGLE ON:

INT. HALLWAY - SAME

On the hallway wall is another projection. It's of Cliff and Sasha, life-size, in that same hallway, painting the walls. Smiling.

JENNYLEE (V.O.) So not long.

ANGLE ON:

INT. HALLWAY - SAME

A projection on the opposite wall: They eat Chinese food on the floor.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - SAME

Projected on the bed is Cliff and REAL SASHA in the same bed. They're smiling and gazing at each other.

CLIFF (V.O.) It was all the time in the world actually. See when a person has nothing to hide, or no reason to hide it --then you really know them. Old people, like my Grandpa, they'll tell off-color stories, make sexual comments, just say whatever they're thinking. That's because they know they're gonna die. He knows it's coming. He faces it every day. And he's not going to take anything with him. People feed him, help him walk, change his soiled sheets and diapers. You can only hold on to dignity for so long. Before you say fuck it. --We were so different, her and I, and we liked it that way. But in ten months, especially the last six, we were the same. She was completely exposed to me. I was obsessed with her. Every moment in her life intertwined with a moment in mine.

Under the covers their legs are intertwined.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - FLASHBACK

The doctor draws a dotted line on REAL SASHA's stomach with a blue marker. It is in the same exact spot that Hector had a rope burn earlier.

Real Sasha, in the girder, is getting wheeled to surgery. She is wafer thin, a shell of herself. She's wearing a bonnet with strands of fine hair sticking out. She extends her hand to Cliff walking along side. Her hand slides out of his, leaving the diamond ring behind. He stops and watches her get smaller down the hall.

> CLIFF (V.O.) They couldn't fix her. The cancer had spread. They sent her home to die. With me. So we could die. She was the type of person... she didn't ever want to be a burden. She would lay there, hurting, and I mean pain everywhere, and somehow she'd always be thinking about other people. They say when you're dying, things start to make sense, like there's a plan. And she had some clarity about what she had to do. And some dignity to do it with.

> > CUT TO:

INT. CLIFF'S CLOSET

A projection of Real Sasha dangling from the pole, hanged.

Cliff, in the projection, runs in and holds her. Frantically lifting her. He screams and cries out, but the projection has no audio.

He snaps open the sheath on his belt, grabs his DROP POINT KNIFE and cuts her down. He puts her on the floor.

The projection flickers out leaving the FRAME empty and just as Sasha found it. A bent pole with a rope tied around it, a chair tipped over.

> CLIFF (V.O.) If she'd weighed 5 pounds more, the pole would've broke. My life became just surreal after that. When you've connected like that, then torn apart... (MORE)

CUT TO:

INT. DINER - DAY

Cliff sits across Jennylee in a booth. Her eyes are welling up.

CLIFF (CONT'D) We stopped saying it.

JENNYLEE So what did you say?

Cliff looks past her.

CLIFF Something else.

JENNYLEE And you leave your ring on. For her.

CU the band as he winds it clockwise around his finger.

CLIFF If I took it off, it would, it's like the last piece, y'know? I--

Cliff can't explain exactly why.

JENNYLEE

It's ok.

CU Jennylee touches his ringed hand.

#### CLIFF

I started to play this game in my head, and in life. Like playing house. It's not something I've done before. But I found a girl, that you pay. She's not like what you think. Not like what you think of when you think of a girl like that. At that time, and until recently, she helped me, a lot. It was like hanging on to the past, and moving on at the same time. Life is brutal.

(MORE)

CLIFF (CONT'D) These things happen, and they're still happening, all around me, and I can't make sense of it. Any of it. Sometimes I just want that clarity. The kind that she had.

The conversation upsets Jennylee. We PUSH IN to her watery blue eyes.

JENNYLEE I can't with this. I can't.

Her blue eyes snap and dart around the booth.

CLIFF I'm sorry. It's a lot to lay all this on you.

JENNYLEE

I'm sorry. I can't. You're a nice guy. I can't believe I agreed to this.

Jennylee gathers her purse. She is suddenly very jittery.

CLIFF Agreed to lunch?

She takes a last sip of soda through the straw.

#### JENNYLEE

No no no. It's not that. It's not you. I mean you should get help but I can't help you. Neither can Sasha. It's good that's she's not around. I mean for you. Do you know where she is? She's not- She's completely off the grid. It's like one day she's--

CLIFF What do you mean Sasha?

She gathers her sunglasses, her keys. She starts to exit the booth.

JENNYLEE I know Sasha, Cliff. I know her. Not like your Sasha. I mean, I know Donna. CLIFF I don't understand.

CUT TO:

EXT. DINER PARKING LOT - SAME

Donnelley pulls his Black SUV pull into a spot.

CUT TO:

INT. DINER - SAME

Jennylee sees the truck through the glass. She snaps back into the booth like she was attached to a rubber band.

JENNYLEE Shit Shit Shit Shit.

CLIFF Hey! How do you know Sasha?

JENNYLEE Fuckers are here.

CLIFF Who's here? What is going on?

She looks around for a back exit and finds it with her eyes. Tolik comes through it with a patch on his eye, arm in a sling. He scopes the diner. Jennylee slouches low into the booth.

JENNYLEE

Fuck.

CLIFF What! What's going on?

JENNYLEE They followed me.

CLIFF

Who!

JENNYLEE Shhh. Donna- Sasha's been missing for a couple of days. I'm worried. Has she tried to call you? CLIFF

What the fuck are you talking about? I don't understand. Is she ok? I haven't talked to her.

A big black dude is casting a shadow over the table. It's Donnelley.

DONNELLEY Pain in my ass. Get in the gad-damn car.

CLIFF Who the fuck is this?

### JENNYLEE

It's ok.

Jennylee slides out of the booth.

JENNYLEE (CONT'D) Hey Don. How's it going? Yeah, lets go in the car. Let's get out of here. C'mon.

Donnelley gestures to the front door with his head. Tolik takes Jennylee's elbow.

JENNYLEE (CONT'D) It's fine, these are my friends. Ow!

They walk toward the exit.

Donnelley sits in the booth across from Cliff.

DONNELLEY Did you order yet? I'm starving.

He takes a menu and opens it. Cliff looks at Donnelley, Donnelley looks at the menu.

CLIFF Tell me what the hell is going on.

DONNELLEY You are quite the ladies man, aren't you? Where's your truck? I didn't see it parked outside. CLIFF

I walked.

DONNELLEY So where's the truck? Don't say at your house. Already swung by there.

CLIFF Who are you?

DONNELLEY Oh, I'm sorry. Donnelley.

He extends his paw and finally, looks directly at Cliff. Cliff doesn't touch it.

CLIFF Oh yeah. Sasha mentioned you. The asshole.

Cliff looks at him equally. Donnelley holds his look. He retracts his hand. Looks back at the menu.

DONNELLEY Just Don is fine.

CLIFF If you lay one hand on her I'll...

DONNELLEY You'll what exactly? What? You'll kill me, right? You're going to fuck me up. You know how many times I've heard that? And here I am, not a scratch.

CLIFF

I will.

Donnelley folds the menu away.

DONNELLEY

I'm glad you brought up the girl. You've obviously seen her. When did you give her your truck? CLIFF

Fuck you.

DONNELLEY

Right.

CLIFF How do you know Jennylee?

## DONNELLEY

You don't know what the fuck is going on do you? No idea at all. You're in the middle of this shit storm fucking oblivious. Poor little fisherman can't get a bite! (laughs) Think about it. She works for me dumbass! Just like Donna. Or Sasha or whatever the fuck. Them two bitches are best friends. BFF. Fuck buddies. Why do you think she's hanging out with you? Cause you're a good catch? Cause you're charming? Or cause Donna paid her to get your dick hard so you'd leave her stank ass alone. So you'd stop obsessing and getting carried away with your dead wife fetish. I know about you. You're freaky. I've seen some freaky motherfuckers before but that dead wife shit is hilarious.

Cliff reaches across the table and grabs the knot of his salmon silk tie. C-CLICK! Donnelley's hand is beneath the table holding you know what.

DONNELLEY (CONT'D) Sit-thefuck-down.

Cliff resets. Lowering himself back down. They stare at each other. Pissed off, both of them. Out of the window we see Tolik walk around the back of the SUV to the drivers side.

CUT TO:

INT. CLIFF'S TRUCK - SAME

Sasha behind the wheel with a purpose.

INSERT

Her stilettoed foot slams on the gas.

CUT BACK TO:

## EXT. DINER PARKING LOT - SAME

Tolik snaps his head at us. PUSH IN fast on his face.

Cliff's truck flies in and KA-BASH!

The truck crushes Tolik against the back of the SUV. Shattered glass rains down. On the sound of the crash we

CUT TO:

INT. DINER - SAME

Donnelley and Cliff whip their heads to look out of the window. The DINERS look agape.

Donnelley stands up, gun in hand. The Nickel-plated Desert Eagle .50 is hanging right in front of Cliff's face.

DONNELLEY That fuckin' bitch!

Don makes for the door but Cliff quickly jams his thumb behind the trigger. Donnelley turns around and twists Cliff's hand, CRACK! breaking his thumb.

He presses the barrel against Cliff's head and pulls the trigger. He can't. Cliff's broken digit is jammed in there.

A WOMAN sees the gun and screams. Panic erupts. Cliff punches Donnelley in the balls with his left hand. Both have a good grip on the pistol with their right hands, they throw punches with their lefts. It makes for some awkward dancing.

Diners scatter and run out.

Cliff head butts Donnelley and they land on a table and break it. They exchange left-hand punches to the head and roll around on hotwings and strawberry milkshake.

CUT TO:

EXT. DINER - SAME

Sasha is out cold in the drivers seat. Blood drips from her hairline to the tip of her nose.

She regains consciousness and from her POV, the first thing in focus is the Taurus 905 9mm on the floor mat among broken glass.

She grabs it and throws the truck into reverse. It backs away from the SUV. Tolik's heavy corpse falls to the ground. She tries the door, it's crumpled shut. She exits the vehicle through the window.

She finds her footing on her way to the SUV and sees keys on the asphalt among glass shards. She picks them up and opens the back door.

Jennylee has blood dripping from her nostrils. Her nose is broken. Sasha puts the keys in Jennylee's hand.

SASHA Sweetie? I need you to pull the car up front and wait.

JENNYLEE What happened?

SASHA Car. Up front. And wait. Do it.

Jennylee climbs into the drivers seat. Sasha gets dead serious.

CUT TO:

INT. DINER - SAME

Donnelley and Cliff are bloodied and tired. Donelley sees Cliff's Drop Point on his waist. He unsheathes the weapon.

CUT TO:

EXT. DINER - SAME

THE BLACK KEYS "TEN CENT PISTOL" plays.

Sasha squeezes the gun, pivots her left stiletto toward the diner and steps in front of it with the right.

In SLOW MOTION she marches with a purpose. Red lingerie, red heels, red blood on her face, and boy is she seeing red.

CLOSE ON red stiletto spikes on asphalt. A spider scurries into a hole.

We TRACK her heels.

Jennylee backs up the SUV and runs Tolik over. She SCREAMS, STOPPING THE MUSIC. She frantically puts it in drive and runs him over again, CRASHING into the lamp post.

Sasha sees this, ignores it.

MUSIC RESUMES

SLOW MOTION

Through the glass door we see Sasha striding at us like a runaway freight train. When she throws a leg in front of the other her quadriceps flex hard.

An inflated vein begins at her right shoulder and runs all the way down to the gun. She throws 95 pounds into the door like it was 295, busting it wide open and ringing that bell like its never been rung before.

A WOMAN SCREAMS at the sight of her as if she were Carrie. We go FULL SPEED. Sasha is focused, unfazed.

CUT TO:

INT. DINER - SAME

Donnelley and Cliff are deadlocked on the floor like MMA fighters. Next thing you know, cold steel is pressed up against Donnelley's bald head.

SASHA Give-me-my-fuck-ing...

C-CLICK!

MUSIC STOPS

SASHA (CONT'D)

ring.

The drop point hits the floor. Donnelley looks at her bloody face. She's not fucking around. He reaches into his inside breast pocket and takes out the ring.

Cliff takes it from him and examines it. He extends it to her and slides it on her bloody finger. She admires it.

> SAHSA (CONT'D) You're my life, Cliff.

Cliff has trouble processing. They stare at each other in love.

DONNELLEY Oh for Christ's sake! Just shoot me already!

She looks at Donnelley and jams that nine millimeter deep into his cheek.

SASHA I told you Don. I will fuck you up.

BARNES (O.C.)

Freeze!

Cliff stands up with the Desert Eagle and sees that Cop #2 has his sights lined up with Sasha.

CLIFF

Wait!

COP #2 Drop your weapons!

Cliff drops it. Sasha doesn't. She starts to squeeze. Don sees the Desert Eagle, goes for it. Sasha pulls the trigger BOOM! But Don has moved.

Cliff jumps in front of Sasha and takes a bullet from Cop #2. BLAST! His chest erupts. He collapses to the floor. Sasha drops her gun.

# SASHA

Cliff!

Don Snatches the gun and gets up behind Sasha. She's hostage. He points the gun at her head.

COP #2 Don't do anything stupid.

DONNELLEY Or what motherfucker?!

BOOM! Donelley's head cracks apart. That's what.

Cliff is spread out on the floor, confused. A high pitched, deafening tone sounds. Time slows down. In the blurry background bloody Sasha runs toward Cliff, hysterical. She is intercepted by the police and arrested.

Cliff stares at the floor next to him. A COP takes his pulse and begins chest compressions. The noises in the diner are just echos.

From Cliff's point of view he sees his dead wife laying on the floor next to him.

She's beautiful, mirroring his body position. Blood pools behind Cliff. Behind her, the foam of a small ocean wave, as if she were laying on the beach.

She gives him a peaceful and welcoming smile.

Cliff's dialogue from earlier plays like a memory.

CLIFF (V.O.)

It's dead…

The def tone recedes under the sound of the ocean. A seagull calls.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LONG ISLAND SOUND - LOBSTER BOAT - DAY

Cliff and Hector on the boat, a replay of the earlier scene. Cliff picks up a new trap. He puts it next to the rusted one that just came out of the water.

> CLIFF See this trap? It's dead.

CLOSE ON Cliff's hand as he snaps open the sheath on his belt and removes his DROP POINT KNIFE. He cuts the line with the blade and drops it into the sea.

> CLIFF (CONT'D) So we gotta splice this one in.

CU his hands untwisting the rope on the new trap so that it has three fingers. He interlocks them together like folded hands.

CLIFF (CONT'D) You tuck these under. Like a braid. All the way down.

He tucks them under the twisted rope.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DINER - SAME AS BEFORE

Cliff and his wife's legs are intertwined like the rope, and like they were under the bed covers. His eyes slowly die staring at hers.

## CLIFF (V.O.) Same on the other side.

Sasha is cuffed but fiercely resisting arrest. She screams but we can hardly hear her over the sounds of the ocean.

# SASHA

Cliff!

Her voice gets louder. The ocean, softer.

SASHA (CONT'D)

CLIFF!

Two officers slam her down right in front of Cliff's eyes. Right where his dead wife lay a second ago.

Sasha screams, loud this time.

SASHA (CONT'D)

CLIIIIFF!

Cliff's eyes show life. From his P.O.V. Sasha becomes in focus. He sucks in air. He's alive. She shimmys over to him, kissing him on the forehead. The cops pull her away, Cliff's eyes follow her.

A HIGH ANGLE on cops flipping Cliff onto his back. We get a good look at the trashed diner and carnage.

EMT's rush through the door with a stretcher, they surround Cliff.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE GRAVEYARD - FLASHBACK

Scene overlaps from before. Cliff continues up over the grassy hill to his destination. He stands in front of a stone.

It reads: HERE LIES SASHA ROCHELLE. BELOVED WIFE AND DAUGHTER. Below that a message in script.

YOU'RE MY LIFE - CLIFF

Cliff stares at the etching.

FADE TO:

Black.

THE END>