Forben - Episode 1

by Sean Elwood INT. ROOM - NIGHT

The room is small, dark, and empty. Every corner of the room is engulfed in darkness.

A TV sits on one side of the room. It emits the only light in the room.

On the other side of the room is FORBEN GUST (24), five-o'-clock shadow, bloodshot eyes, half naked and stringy hair.

He sits on the floor, legs crossed, and stares at the TV. Drool slowly drips from his mouth. A cockroach scurries out from behind his head and squeezes into one of his nostrils.

INSERT: television screen

A small GIRL (7) stands and stares out the screen. Her eyes are huge, her mouth small, and she has a large, bushy blonde hairdo.

MAN (0.S.)

I don't know what you want from me. I mean, you're beautiful and all, but you could do better than this! I don't think my wife would approve of this!

The girl continues to stare out the television screen.

MAN (O.S.)

Will you stop staring at me? Why have you gone so quiet?

The girl begins to take her dress off when the show cuts to commercials.

BACK TO SCENE

Forben's eyes bug out of their sockets in confusion and rage.

INTERCUT - Television screen/the room

A bald man stares at the camera, his eyes squinted to where he looks Asian, and his attire is a formal suit and tie. This is PERCY COLLINS (35).

PERCY COLLINS

(Hispanic accent)

Are you a low-beat loser who's out of money and has no future whatsoever?

How'd you know?

PERCY COLLINS

Are you constantly smothering yourself with the thoughts and facts that you will get nowhere in life no matter how hard you try?

CLOSE UP: The blood vessels in Forben's eyes grow larger. His pupils expand.

PERCY COLLINS

Hello, I'm Percy Collins, and I'm here to help you move through life easier than you could ever think. Now, every Tuesday and Thursday, I am holding a convention down at the convention center for those with financial troubles and those who consider themselves losers. If you want to become a rich and successful person like me, then come on over! Remember, obstacles must be overcome!

Everything turns to static. Forben's face is right against the television screen.

The static turns back into the show Forben was watching before. The girl stares at the screen, her face splattered with blood.

GIRL

He tastes like happy.

Forben caresses the television screen across the girl's face.

FORBEN

Such a beautiful creature...She kind of reminds me of...Goldilocks and the three bears. Her hair, so golden, it could be mistaken for actual...gold.

The girl chews on something.

FORBEN

That's right, eat up. You must nourish your small frame in order to continue to live the glorious life your parents have offered to you. You are a smart pretty girl.

(MORE)

FORBEN (CONT'D)

I believe you must know the joy of the life you live, and know the lives of others and how they are of a lower class than you are.

Forben closes his eyes and licks the television screen. His tongue is gray and crusty. Puss squirts out from some taste buds.

The girl's eyes move to the side of the television and looks behind Forben.

GIRL

I see you.

Forben's eyes pop open.

FLASH

Forben's head spins around and his neck crackles.

FLASH

The girl in the television giggles.

FLASH

Forben grabs his cheeks. His eyes dart in all directions.

FLASH

The girl continues to giggle, but her voice gets deeper. Her face begins to melt and begins to resemble a skull.

FLASH

Forben hyperventilates. Sweat drips down his face. He takes his shoe off and holds it up to his ear.

FORBEN

Hello? Police? May I request service over? It's an emergency, I promise.

A centipede crawls out of the shoe and crawls into his ear.

FORBEN

Thank you very much. I appreciate it greatly.

He gasps.

I must rid of the evidence before the officials arrive!

He stuffs the shoe into his mouth. He begins to swallow it. A large bulge forms in his throat. He begins to gag.

Forben pulls half a package of butter from his pocket and squeezes the block of butter into his mouth. He swallows it and the bulge slides down easier.

FORBEN

No more.

The cockroach pops out from his nostril.

FORBEN

Do you hear that, George? Nothing happened, you hear? You didn't see anything. Keep your trap shut. One word and you will be punished.

Forben sniffs George back up into his nose.

FORBEN

I must tidy up before they get here—

Forben gasps as he stares at a corner of the room. In the darkness is the girl from the television show. She stands there, her wide eyes stare back.

FORBEN

Did you see what I did?

The girl nods. Forben's eyes water, his mouth quivers.

FORBEN

Will you tell?

The girl remains silent.

Forben stands up and walks over to the girl.

FORBEN

Will you tell?

The girl's mouth opens suddenly and she lets out a loud screech mixed with other loud sounds.

FORBEN

I don't believe you. I must rid of you also.

(MORE)

FORBEN (CONT'D)

I must leave the city, start a new life, change my appearance...

Forben trails off. He stares at the girl. She stares back.

FORBEN

My appearance...

He continues to stare at her. His eyes grow wide.

The girl giggles.

GIRL

Happy like tastes.

FORBEN

I agree.

CLOSE UP: Forben's eyes.

FORBEN (V.O.)

My appearance...

The girl giggles (0.S.) Forben looks over at the television set where the girl's giggles come from.

More of the same girl pile out of the screen. They begin to eat each other. Blood sprays all over the floor.

FORBEN

My...Appearance...

The girl hangs down from the ceiling behind Forben. He turns around.

GIRL

I see you.

Her dress falls off. Forben stares. The girl tries to speak, but can't.

FORBEN

Have you no decency?

The girl's eyes twitch.

FORBEN

You filthy whore.

GIRL

I cannot contain myself.

I must rid of the evidence. Change my appearance.

Forben stares at her hair.

INT. STORE - DAY

The place is gray and empty except for some shelves of what looks like unappetizing snacks.

Forben stands at the counter. He has the girl's hair on his head. Parts of her scalp are visible.

An OLD WOMAN stands on the other side. She's very ugly, wrinkly, and she could die any minute now.

FORBEN

One chocolate, please.

OLD WOMAN

My, my, my, what beautiful hair you have.

FORBEN

Thank you. I've been growing it all my life, yes I have.

OLD WOMAN

It's so beautiful and golden, that someone just as old as I am could mistaken it for the gold currency itself.

The old woman breathes heavily. Forben stares with no expression.

OLD WOMAN

My hair is almost dead, just as I am.

Her hair comes to life like tentacles. Little mouths open up at the ends and hiss at Forben. His left eye twitches.

OLD WOMAN

May I ask where you get perfectly golden hair such as the one on your head?

Careful practice. You must be steady with your hands, though it is not possible with you, for your hands shake with no control.

The woman looks down at her hands. They shake.

FORBEN

Patience is also part of the procedure. Steady with the hair clippers and time.

Blood drips down his face like sweat.

INT. ROOM - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

Forben sits over the girl who lays on the ground. He holds scissors in his hand and he carefully digs them into her scalp.

FORBEN (V.O.)

Skin acts like an elastic and retreats when attacked.

He cuts along her scalp. The skin shrivels up.

FORBEN (V.O.)

You must make sure that the hair is untouched by the red, or it is ruined forever.

Forben pulls the rest of the hair out of the scalp. Scalp rips off with it. Strings of muscle and skin stretch as he pulls it off.

The girl's green skull is exposed.

FORBEN

Does that feel satisfying?

The girl doesn't speak. She is dead.

Forben frowns. He uses his finger to move her mouth to his words.

FORBEN

(As the girl)

It feels delightful, thank you.

(As himself)

No, thank you.

The skull cracks and the brain spills out. Forben smiles.

Breakfast time, George.

George pops out of his nose and sees the brain.

The brain suddenly grows spider-like legs. It clicks and hisses as it runs off. Forben frowns.

FORBEN

Maybe next time you'll be luckier.

He sniffs George up his nose.

INT. STORE - DAY

Forben and the old woman stare at each other. The old woman's mouth slowly opens and droll drips out.

OLD WOMAN

You are a beautiful young woman, aren't you?

She caresses Forben.

OLD WOMAN

You remind me of myself when I was your age. It brings back hopeful memories. I wish you the best of luck.

The old woman closes her eyes and opens her mouth. Her old, gray tongue slithers out and twirls around Forben's head.

The tip of her tongue wiggles on his cheek. He giggles.

FORBEN

That is most delightful. Most delightful, indeed.

The woman slips her tongue into Forben's mouth. Forben sucks on it happily, his eyes water up.

The woman pulls her tongue out of his mouth and it retreats back into hers.

OTID WOMAN

That is enough for now. I have customers waiting.

The entire store is empty of customers.

FORBEN

I'll be sure to stop by more often.

The old woman pulls a chocolate off the shelf behind her.

OLD WOMAN

I'll tell you what. You're such a beautiful girl, I'll give you this chocolate for free.

FORBEN

Well, thank you. I wish the best for you.

OLD WOMAN

Before you leave, might I ask you something?

FORBEN

Yes you may.

OLD WOMAN

Where are you headed to on this fine Tuesday?

FORBEN

I'm off to see Percy Collins.

The old woman gasps. Her eyes bug out, her jaw drops. Forben looks at her with no expression.

The woman grabs a glass ashtray and smashes it across her head. Glass sticks in her head, blood leaks from her wounds.

Glass flies into Forben's face, but he barely flinches.

The woman begins to smash her head on the cash register. Blood begins to spray on the register. Her eye pops out of the socket, still attached by a string of muscle.

Her teeth begin to fall out of her gums, and her eye flings about. Her face turns into a mushy pulp, and Forben only looks on with no expression.

The woman becomes still, her head rests on the register. Her tongue falls out of her mouth and rolls to the floor.

Forben turns and walks out of the store.

FORBEN

Sweet dreams.

## EXT. CONVENTION CENTER - DAY

A small, cube building surrounded by desert and a few dead trees. The sky is covered by dark, gray clouds. The outside is a drought.

Forben walks up to the building and stares up at a banner that reads: PERCY COLLINS. Beneath it is printed: OBSTACLES MUST BE OVERCOME!

Forben's eyes water up, his mouth quivers. The girl's hair on his head shakes and threatens to fall off, but he pushes it back on.

FORBEN

I'm...Home...