

HICKEY

By

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OVER BLACK

DIAL TONE. Then the SOUND of NUMBERS being punched in...

PHONE RINGING...

ANSWERING MACHINE picks up...

PHONE/ANSWERING MACHINE (V.O)
You've reached the lonely girls
escort service. Please hold while
we set you up.

SMASH TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Dripping faucet.

CLOSE on a small bead of water. Slowly growing and expanding until it's released from the nozzle...

... Lands next to the drain. Clinging to the silver ring framing the void. Inching closer... Hanging on...

Essence finally disappears into the dark.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

ON a table clock. It reads: 12:01 am.

Then on to--

A MAN'S dress shoes.

The dress shoes belong to PAUL, late twenties, dressed in a suit and tie. He is tied down to the bed. All except his right hand, which dangles freely.

Paul slowly comes to. Groggy, dried spit cakes his mouth.

Moving in a surreal slow motion, he unties his left hand. Then both feet.

Mustering all his energy, he sits up and slams his back to the head board, rubs his face. Squints his eyes as if it's the first time he's seen light.

His half-open eyes search the room. He notices some pill bottles on the night stand next to the clock.

A cup of water and a package of saltine crackers on a table to his left. Everything else about the room is seemingly normal. Until his POV lands on a painting across the room.

The painting is of a nude women staring directly at anyone who is in the room. Next to her, a nude man lies in bed. Blood covers the bed. A gash on the man's neck. It's Edvard Munch's Infamous, "The Death of Marat."

In sync with the faucet drip, a drop of blood falls from Paul's neck and lands on the front of his shirt.

He brings his hand to a strange wound, winces in pain. He gets up and stumbles to the sink/mirror.

SINK/MIRROR

Paul inspects his wound. Blood and pus squirt out onto the mirror as he frames his middle and index fingers around the gash.

His eyes roll back in his head as he collapses to the floor.

SMASH TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

UNDER THE SINK

Paul comes to once again. Still lethargic and disoriented, he pulls himself into--

THE BATHROOM

Paul sits himself up against the front of the tub. He tears off some toilet paper from the roll and puts it to his neck. He lets out a sigh. Why me? What's going on?

A rush of nausea hits him. He hangs over the toilet and vomits blood.

MAIN ROOM/BED

Paul stumbles back onto the bed, looks around.

He grabs the crackers, rips the bag open. Hesitates.

A cracker idles at the front of his mouth. He can't do it.

He goes for the water. The same. Rhythmic dry heaves before every attempt to take a sip. Fuck this!

In frustration, he checks his pockets. Nothing.

He reaches into his front shirt pocket and pulls out a piece of paper: It's an escort service ad.

On the front is a picture of a group of beautiful women dressed in black. The ad reads:

"The Lonely girls. Each lonely girl desires the companionship of one, single, lonely Man. At each girls discretion. Nightly rates. Eternal satisfaction guaranteed."

Studying it; wrapping his brain for memory. Anything.

He crumbles up the ad and throws it across the room. Reaches into his back pocket, takes out his wallet, opens it to--

A FAMILY PHOTO - Paul standing next to his wife and two little boys.

He swallows hard. Pain. Hunger. Confusion.

Puts the wallet back in his pocket.

Musters all his strength. Gets up and moves to the door.

He tries to open it but it's locked from the outside. At that moment strange sounds become audible. He puts his ear to the door, listening. Muffled voices.

The phone rings.

Paul eyes the phone suspiciously. He walks slowly toward it, picks it up.

A beat before:

PAUL

Hello?

Short silence.

WOMAN

How do you feel?

PAUL

Who are you?

WOMAN

Are you hungry?

PAUL

What-- what's going on? Who are you?

A beat.

WOMAN (V.O.)

Patience.

Paul drops the phone. Defeated, he moves back to the bed and sits.

Depleted and stoic, he stares off into space.

All that can be heard is the drip from the faucet. The dripping sound slowly turns into a hollow syncopated thudding. A heart beat.

The thudding cuts off as the door to the room opens. In walks a young woman, mid twenties, beautiful, bright red hair, one of the lonely girls from the ad. We'll call her fire.

She's holding a gold chalice.

Two more woman follow. One blonde. One brunette. Both beautiful. Capable.

The three stand stoic for a moment. Like some kind of tableau of dark, ancient, feminine power.

FIRE

He's mine.

She locks eyes with Paul. He follows her gaze in a trance-like state as she sits in a chair at the table.

Paul can't move, can't speak. Just stares.

She brings her left arm to her mouth and bites down.

Blood spills out of her mouth and over her wrist. She holds her wrist over the chalice, filling it with a little bit of blood.

She slides it over to Paul.

Long beat.

Paul reaches in quickly and swipes the essence from the table.

CUT TO BLACK: