

SINS

Written by
Paul Phil Serino

WGA Reg No. 2315955 Copyright (c) 2025

1st Draft

Contact: narcan4u2@yahoo.com

EXT. BEACH- NIGHT

The surf is about a kilometer away as the sounds of the rising tide crash onto a pristine looking beach.

Suddenly, a terrified looking man, FYEDKA (40s) comes running from out of a VILLA STYLE HOME in a panic. He sees the surf and starts running towards it.

We see a 4-wheeler with TWO MEN following behind him shining a spot light on him as he runs.

Panicked the Fyedka falls in the deep sand. By his RUSSIAN accent, it's easy to tell where he's from.

No... please.

We see the DRIVER step out of the 4-wheeler. He is holding a flashlight (which obscures his face). He walks over to the man and points a MAGNUM HAND CANNON at him.

FYEDKA
(pleading)
I promise I won't say anything to
anyone. You have my word. Please, I
have a family.

The second man (features obscured by shadows) takes a GASOLINE CAN and calmly walks over to Fyedka.

Gas is tossed on him, soaking Fyedka in flammable liquid.

A lighter is shown to him.

Horrified by what he knows it to come, Fyedka gets up to run with everything he's got. But he only makes it a few feet before the Driver in the 4-wheeler fires his pistol into the air, causing Fyedka to fall immediately to the ground for cover.

Fyedka sees the man who doused him with gas walking slowly towards him.

MAN POV:

SEBASTIAN
Poor little Fyedka. You left without
paying you're tab.

FYEDKA
Oh god, no... PLEASE, NO!!!

BACK TO NORMAL PERSPECTIVE:

A match is calmly lit and in seconds Fyedka is covered in flames. The poor Russian spins around wildly in unimaginable pain. His horrific high pitched screams being drowned out by the crashing surf until finally, he falls to the ground silent.

The 4-wheeler leaves him there to burn as we see it turn around and drive away.

INT. ALCOHOLIC'S ANONYMOUS MEETING- NIGHT

A small meeting. Lots of coffee. Lots of cigarette smoke.

JACK BURROUGHS, (42), is standing up at the podium in front of the small gathering. Handsome, in a faded NYC punk scene sort of way, it's obvious Jack doesn't want to be there.

Jack is holding a 1 year sobriety chip in his hand.

JACK

My mama always said to me that it was a sin to lie. So I guess I won't. This has been a hard year... I hope the next one will be just a little bit easier. Thank you.

INT. DENNY'S KITCHEN- NIGHT

Jack is standing in front of a hot grill holding a spatula and cooking up greasy spoon orders.

DELORIS (28), a waitress with attitude comes up to the pass.

DELORIS

Jack you got those eggs and bacon I asked for?

JACK

I already gave you your eggs and bacon.

DELORIS

Like hell you did.

JACK

Deloris, I watched you take them.

DELORIS

Bullshit.

JACK

Look if you're going to forget to ask for something on the first pass, don't try and gaslight me by saying that you did.

DELORIS

I did ask you and you never gave them to me.

JACK

So now are we living in a world where whatever the hell you say just magically becomes real? Because if that's the case, I know I'm fucked.

DELORIS

Asshole.

Tony, another fry cook, just like Jack, looks over at him.

TONY

Just make the bitch another plate.

Jack looks like he wants to scream.

INT. DENNY'S (MANAGER'S OFFICE)- MORNING

Karl, a middle aged, mid-level bureaucrat with a name tag that says MANAGER, is sitting behind a desk.

Jack knocks on the door and comes in.

JACK

You wanted to see me?

KARL

I did, Jack. Can you come on in and shut the door.

Jack comes in and sits down.

KARL (cont'd)

Everything going OK?

JACK

Everything is fine.

KARL

I'm serious now. I don't know who you think you are out there, but this little attitude of yours has been noticed.

JACK

It has, has it?

KARL

Loud and clear. Look, I know we're not Chez Ritz or Spaggo's or where ever else you might have been able to sling hash. But those days of being Mr. Hot Shit in the kitchen is all in the past. You work for Denny's now. And if you play your cards right, I'm even thinking of making you second-in-charge of the kitchen. Right behind Pedro.

JACK

Pedro.

KARL

Yes sir. Now there's a boy with a future. I've seen him cook up a Sunday morning rush without burning a plate or having anything sent back for a do-over. A fucking diamond in the rough. That's who should be cooking at your fancy Spaggo's. But when it comes to you, I want you to just keep on showing up to work on time, cooking the food the way you do and make just a slight adjust to that attitude of yours, OK?

EXT. DENNY'S- MORNING

Jack walks out holding his apron. He throws it in the trash can out front and lights up a cigarette.

INT. HALLWAY APARTMENT COMPLEX- MORNING

It's a dismal looking hallway. Poor lighting and low ceilings make for a cramped, almost coffin like feel.

There are numbered doors on both sides of the hall. Jack walks in and makes his way to the one that has an eviction notice taped to the door.

Jack looks at it and tears it off.

INT. JACK'S APARTMENT

Sparse and depressing. Jack has a plastic green bucket in the middle of the room which has a lamp on it. No other furniture is seen.

Jack's cell phone rings. He looks to see who's calling him. The name LORI appears on the screen.

He sighs before answering it.

JACK
Hello Lori. (beat) I know I'm late
with the payment. (beat) Yes, you
know I want the best for... (longer
beat) Goddamn it I'm still his
father. I deserve to...

She hung up.

JACK (cont'd)
Bitch.

INT. BLACK JACK'S PUB- AFTERNOON

Jack walks in and drops his sobriety coin into a pitcher half full with similar coins.

A piece of tape is on the side with the words "QUITTERS NEVER QUIT" written on it.

Jack plants a twenty down on the bar top.

BARTENDER
What'll you have?

JACK
Two fingers of Jack Daniels. Neat.

The bartender places the drink in front of him.

Jack slides the twenty over to the bartender.

JACK (cont'd)
Keep the change.

Jack takes a deep sip.

A CELL PHONE in Jack's pocket starts to go off. Jack pulls out his phone and sees: LORI on the screen.

Jack sends the call to voicemail as he drains the last of his whiskey from his glass.

JACK (cont'd)
I'll have another.

Jack starts to reach for his wallet when...

SETH (O.S.)
Why as I live and breathe! Jack
Burroughs is that you?

A handsome man with a hundred-thousand dollar smile comes up from behind Jack throwing his arm around him.

This is SETH LAO (ASIAN) (36), a man who by the looks of his Italian clothes and perfect hair, seems to riding the crest of a wave that shows no signs of breaking.

Seth gives Jack a big kiss on the cheek.

SETH
It is you! I didn't know you got out.

JACK
Couple of months ago.

SETH
Jesus Christ, Jack if I had known you
were getting out I would have been
there to pick you up myself.

JACK
Don't worry about it.

SETH
You here with anyone?

Jack lifts up his two fingers of whiskey.

JACK
Just me and my friend Jack.

SETH
Fuck that. Let me get you something
to eat.

JACK
You don't have to.

SETH
Jack, you practically taught me
everything I know!
(MORE)

SETH (cont'd)
What kind of a shit heel would I be
if I let my mentor go without
offering to make him a proper meal?

JACK
You're making it?

SETH
Only the best.

INT. SETH LAO'S APARTMENT- NIGHT

The apartment is a spacious, deluxe condo overlooking the Hollywood Hills.

The walls are covered with numerous photos of Seth posing with famous friends and celebrities. Along with the pictures are several awards Seth has received for excellence in cooking, Best Chef of the Year, etc.

Jack, coolly smoking a cigarette, smiles at all the awards. He then sees an old picture of him with Seth, both in Executive Chef's Uniforms and smiling proudly. Jack blows a long plume of smoke on this picture.

SETH (O.S.)
Christ, how long as it been since
I've prepared a meal for you?

Seth is coming into the dining room carrying two plates of food.

JACK
How long has it been since I've
asked?

SETH
Ouch. Well that hurt.

JACK
I'm sure all these awards you have on
the wall will help ease the pain.

SETH
What can I say, the people of Los
Angeles love me.

Seth puts the plates of food down.

SETH (cont'd)
Now sit your butt down and prepare
for your taste buds to have an orgasm
inside your mouth.

JACK
Well now I don't know if I want this.

SETH
Just shut up and eat what I made you.

DISSOLVE TO:

AFTER DINNER

Both Jack and Seth are sitting at the table. Both plates are clean and the wine is flowing.

JACK
That was pretty good.

SETH
Pretty good? Shit, that's a recipe from the home land.

JACK
Home land? You're from Venice Beach.

SETH
Ancient Chinese secret *Jack-san*. Hey, I forgot to ask you, how's Lori?

Jack shakes his head "no".

JACK
No more Lori.

SETH
(shocked)
And Ash?

JACK
Ash stayed with his mom.

SETH
Fuck man. I'm sorry.

Jack lights up another cigarette.

JACK
Don't be, it was my fault.

SETH
You thought it was a burglar.

JACK

Yeah, well the fact that I was drunk when I shot him didn't seem to sit too well with the jury.

Jack takes another sip of his drink.

JACK (cont'd)

What did seem to matter to that jury was when they learned how that burglar was my best friend who I had just discovered had been fucking my wife for the last few months. Somehow that seemed to matter a whole lot to them.

SETH

I guess it could have been a lot worse.

JACK

How? It could have happened to you?

Seth and Jack both look at each other and start to laugh.

SETH

God, but look at you now! All toned and shit. You look like you must have lost about twenty pounds you son of a bitch.

JACK

Me? What about you with that fucking suit and rocking that hairdo.

Seth looks at his clothes and fixes his hair.

SETH

You think it's too much?

JACK

On most men, yes. But on you... Well, you never were a slave to gender boundaries.

The two friends laugh.

SETH

Really though... the doctor's just recently found something in my lungs.

Jack's face drops.

JACK

No.

Seth nods slowly.

SETH

Yeah.

JACK

How bad.

SETH

It's not good.

JACK

You don't even smoke.

SETH

I guess God must have a hankering for some properly prepared meals.

JACK

I'm sorry. You look so healthy, I would have never known.

SETH

It's always better to look good than to feel good.

JACK

Who else knows?

SETH

Nobody. Just you. And that's the way I'd like to keep it. It's nobody's else's business. People start to hear Seth Lao's got cancer and then all of a sudden my phone stops ringing.

JACK

I won't tell anyone. You got my word.

SETH

Thanks. Cause my world just got majorly turned upside down and I'm looking for a life preserver.

JACK

Fucking a. You found one.

Both men drink.

JACK (cont'd)
So you going to tell me?

SETH
(playing coy)
What?

JACK
Who's got you dressing so fancy? And
living up here in the Hollywood Hills
with Dennis Hopper and Jack Nicholson
and whoever the hell else.

SETH
Dennis Hopper and Jack Nicholson?
Jesus, what year do you think this
is?

JACK
Where you working?

SETH
What makes you say I'm working?

JACK
Come on. You really going to do me
like that?

Seth lets him off the hook.

SETH
Shit man, I didn't know if it was in
bad taste for me to bring it up.

JACK
(feigning sickness)
Oh god.

SETH
(busting at the seams)
I swear, it was like the Godfather.
They made me an offer I couldn't
refuse!

JACK
Shit. You took the position at the
Indigo Blue, didn't you? The head
chef?

OK it's out there.

SETH
I didn't want to lead with that.

JACK
I was up for that gig.

SETH
Sort of why I didn't want to mention it.

JACK
No. (a beat) Seriously, they got the best chef they could. Congratulations.

Seth lets out a big sigh of relief.

SETH
Once they found out I worked under you, they couldn't wait to have me.

JACK
(deflated)
That's great.

SETH
I'm serious. They wanted you. And if what happened, hadn't happened...

JACK
You're not helping.

SETH
Sorry.

JACK
God I need a drink.

SETH
Now you're talking.

JACK
Or you could just run me over with the car you brought me over here in.

SETH
(gently)
Do you have any prospects?

Jack looks down and shakes his head.

JACK
Seems the great Jack Burroughs managed to burn down a whole lot of bridges on his road to self ruination.

SETH

Awe, that almost sounds like a Hallmark card. Do you mind if I write that down.

JACK

I'm glad you find my pain so amusing.

SETH

OK, listen to me, I need to ask you something serious.

JACK

Are you sure you're even capable of that emotion?

SETH

You happened to catch me on a good night.

Jack smiles.

SETH (cont'd)

How are you in the kitchen?

JACK

You mean can I still go?

SETH

That's exactly what I mean.

JACK

It's been a while since anyone's asked me to bake them a souffle or whip up a batch of escargot.

Seth's head drops as he lets out an exasperated sigh.

JACK (cont'd)

But I'm like Han Solo. Even after that son of a bitch had being frozen in carbonite for 3 long years, the moment that Leia and the gang were able to set him free, the old boy still knew how to fly the Falcon.

Seth's comes back to life!

SETH

Whew! I ain't going to lie, you had me scared there for a second. I had no idea where the fuck you were going with that Star Wars reference.

(MORE)

SETH (cont'd)
But somewhere in that blather it
sounded like you're telling me that
you are still one badass
motherfucking Jedi Knight when it
comes to being in the kitchen.

JACK
I'm Obi Wan fucking Kenobi. So if
your intentions were to see if you
can acquire my highly sought after
skills, I'm here to tell you that for
the right price, I might be inclined
to sign on.

SETH
You, be my chef?

JACK
Because I am available.

SETH
I was your apprentice, Jack. I would
never ask you to work under me.

JACK
(repeating)
Because I am available.

SETH
There is no opening, Jack.

JACK
Because I am available.

SETH
I'm confused. Are you available?

Jack suddenly realizes just how desperate he sounds.

JACK
Sorry.

SETH
It's that bad?

JACK
Like the democrats after Biden, bad.

SETH
Well, I do have something that might
interest you.

JACK

Does it involve me laying on the pavement and having you back your car over my head? Because right now that's about the only thing that might interest me.

SETH

It's a job Jack.

Jack looks up from his self pity.

JACK

A what?

SETH

It's temporary. But it's a job. And it's a hell of an opportunity to show everyone who's important that you're back.

JACK

What is it?

SETH

It's a private gig. Something I agreed to do last year just to pay the bills. Turns out this thing pays so well, I agreed to do it again the following year.

JACK

Sounds sweet. Where do I come in?

SETH

I had a chef cancel on me at the last minute. I need someone good who I can rely on out there with me.

JACK

And that's coming up when?

SETH

I'm flying out this Sunday and start on Monday.

JACK

Specifics?

SETH

Crazy rich fuck, East European. Old money. Every year he throws himself a party that lasts a week.

JACK

Why?

SETH

Who the fuck knows? He calls it a spiritual rebirth, whatever the hell that is supposed to be. Anyway, last year it was just me, my sous chef, and this old man, along with his personal staff and the occasional friend or two who would stop in to visit him. I was tasked with running the kitchen and making sure he had something exotic to eat each evening.

JACK

That was his word "exotic."

SETH

No, that was mine. Too much?

Jack shrugs his shoulders.

SETH (cont'd)

Anyway, guess how much you'll get.

JACK

How much?

SETH

A hundred and fifty thousand dollars!

Jack's face drops.

JACK

For just a week? Are you serious?

Seth is beaming with excitement.

SETH

A hundred and fifty, can you fucking believe it?

JACK

And, I just have to cook right? I don't have to blow anyone or let freaks throw orange peels at my genitals.

SETH

It's just cooking. However, if that orange peel thing you described, should happen to come up, I'm sure you'll make the right decision.

JACK
I mean for a hundred and fifty thou.

SETH
You'd let strangers eat oranges right
out of your asshole for a hundred and
fifty thousand dollars.

They both laugh.

SETH (cont'd)
They're fucking crazy. Strike that,
they're fucking rich and crazy.

JACK
Jesus, I can only imagine what
they're paying you.

SETH
Well you can keep on imagining. Hey
one thing before you say yes. This
guy is into some weird things.

JACK
Weird things?

SETH
You'll see. I'm just getting you
prepared.

JACK
You don't want to be more specific?

SETH
And ruin the surprise?

Jack smiles.

SETH
I need someone good on this one with
me, Jack. If my condition worsens,
I'm going to need all the money I can
get my hands on.

JACK
What about your insurance?

SETH
None. I'm a private contractor who's
in his thirties. Who thinks about
insurance then?

JACK

Jesus.

SETH

I don't need a lecture, dad. I need to know if you are in?

JACK

I don't know, let me check my schedule. (less than a beat) OK, in.

SETH

Oh, that's great! We leave this Sunday, I'll let the pilot know who you are.

JACK

Pilot? You never said anything about no pilot?

SETH

That's the best part. This guy owns a fucking island in the Pacific Ocean! A runway for his plane, a yacht! The whole shmeer! That's the kind of rich I'm talking about.

Suddenly the aftertaste of reality sets in.

JACK

(disappointed)

Pacific island? Shit... I can't go! I'm on parole. I can't even leave the state.

SETH

Oh, shit... I completely forgot! Look I hope you know I would have never mentioned this to you if I didn't think you could go.

JACK

(resigned)

What are you going to do.

Seth thinks for a second.

SETH

Let me ask you something, who's going to know? Look, this guy is going to fly us in and out on his own private jet.

JACK

Yeah, so?

SETH

So, nobody will even know your gone.

Jack realizes, holy shit, he's right!

SETH (cont'd)

He'll fly us out there and have you back home before anyone, especially your parole officer, ever grows the wiser!

Jack thinks for a second. And then a smile creases his face.

SETH (cont'd)

So you'll do it?

JACK

You swear he'll have me back here in just one week.

SETH

Absolutely. And, might I add, a hell of a lot richer.

JACK

Goddamn it.

SETH

Hey thank you! I didn't want to try and do this one alone.

JACK

I'm just glad I could help.

SETH

I mean I could. Of course. It just might mean messing up my hair.

JACK

And we wouldn't want to do that.

Jack waits a beat before tearing after Jack to mess up his fancy hair.

SETH

You piece of shit.

JACK

I can't thank you enough. You are literally pulling me out of the depths of Hell.

SETH

Hey I owe it to you. For all you've done for me in the past. I never forgot that.

Jack hugs Seth.

SETH (cont'd)

And once this job is over, and the reviews are in, I'll have a talk with the owners about finding you a spot over at the Indigo.

Jack looks at his friend with gratitude.

SETH (cont'd)

Let's have some fun with this one!

JACK

What is the name of this man who has just unknowingly secured my services?

SETH

Thought I told you already.

JACK

No, that's something I would have remembered.

SETH

His name's Fox. Sebastian Fox.

JACK

Never heard of him.

SETH

I hadn't either until I worked for him. And I suspect that's the way he likes it. Best as I can tell he's got milliary defense contracts. So we're probably talking somewhere closer to billionaire avenue, not millionaire skid row.

JACK

That's certainly a respectable address. What's he like?

SETH

He's eccentric. Strange sense of humor.

JACK

How so?

SETH

He can be morbid at times. A little dark. Right up your alley. He is a hell of a lot of fun.

JACK

I can see why trust is important then.

SETH

Exactly. Only reason I told you about my condition is because I can trust you. If I didn't think I could, I wouldn't have even mentioned this gig to you. It's that important to me. It's my long term retirement plan. You hear me?

JACK

My lips are sealed.

Jack drains his glass.

JACK (cont'd)

But now I can see why we're getting paid so much.

INT. SEBASTIAN FOX'S PRIVATE PLANE- DAY

Jack and Seth are dressed like Hawaiian tourists as they soak in all the luxury that comes with traveling like a billionaire.

From out of the window they see a small island with a narrow runway, a HUGE VILLA style home and at least four or more PRIVATE BUNGALOWS set apart from the main house.

SETH

That's it!

JACK

It looks like Fantasy Island.

SETH

That's because it is!

They look at each other like they were the two luckiest guys in the world.

EXT. AIRSTRIP- DAY

Jack and Seth walk off the plane each holding a personal bag on their shoulder and a roll of knives in their hands.

Seth takes in deep breath.

SETH

Breath in that air Jack. The humidity out here is good for the lungs. Plus, Navajo Medicine Men say it helps to detoxify the liver and give you an extra inch or two on your pecker.

JACK

I don't think that's right.

SETH

Well fuck it. I thought it sounded good when I saying it.

JACK

Yeah, I don't know about that either.

Suddenly a HAREM of beautiful young ladies, appears from out of nowhere to collect Jack and Seth's bags.

JACK (cont'd)

Well you didn't mention this.

SETH

I didn't want to spoil the surprise.

One of the ladies takes Jack's Chef's Roll and gives him a kiss on the lips. Winking at him as she leaves.

JACK

Thank you.

A tall well dressed man comes out of the house and makes his way down down a graveled path towards the airstrip where Seth and Jack are walking to meet him.

SETH

(to Jack)

That's Jean-Robert, Sebastian's top man. Hurry, hand me your phone and your passport.

JACK

Why?

SETH
I told you. There are no phones on
the island.

JACK
You didn't tell me.

SETH
No? I thought I did.

JACK
And why my passport?

SETH
He keeps them in a safe until we
leave on Sunday.

JACK
So how am I supposed to make a phone
call?

SETH
You don't. That's why it's called a
retreat.

Jean-Robert approaches.

SETH (cont'd)
(whispered to Jack) Remember,
anything Jean-Robert knows, Sebastian
knows. So just remember that. (to
Jean-Robert) Ah, my most cherished
friend, Jean-Robert, how have you
been?

JEAN ROBERT
Monsieur Lao, I have missed you
terribly. I had the most realistic
dream the other night about those
bowls of *bimbambang* you made for us
last year.

SETH
No bibambowl. Bi-bim-bop, bibimbop,
and yes! I can't wait to make you
some more my friend!

Jean-Robert eyes Jack up and down.

JEAN-ROBERT
And who is this you have brought with
you?

SETH

Jean-Robert, please allow me to introduce you to, a man with more cooking awards than I ever hope to acquire, my mentor and more importantly my friend, Jack Burroughs.

JACK

Pleased to meet you. I can't wait to get started.

JEAN-ROBERT

Well that was a hell of a build up for you, Mr. Burroughs. I think you're going to find, we're all pretty friendly around here.

SETH

Here are our things.

Seth hands over their phones and passports.

JEAN-ROBERT

Merci.

SETH

Jean-Robert where is Sebastian? I'd like to introduce him to Jack and start to go over the menu for the week.

JEAN-ROBERT

Well let's see it's Sunday.

SETH

So he must be getting pampered.

JEAN-ROBERT

Good memory. In the spa. Do you need me to show you the way?

SETH

No, I think we've got it from here.

JEAN-ROBERT

Then as they as they say, "Welcome to our home. Enter freely and of your own will."

SETH

Thank you.

JACK
(privately to Seth) Isn't that the
opening to Dracula?

SETH
You caught that too huh. Like I said,
eccentric.

JACK
Pampered?

SETH
You'll see.

INT. KITCHEN- DAY

Seth walks Jack into a large dark room.

SETH
I want you to see something first.

Seth flicks a switch causing track lighting on the ceiling
to illuminate a beautiful modern kitchen.

JACK
Xanadu.

Seth walks over to the 20 ft long granite countertops,
running his fingers along the smooth surface.

SETH
That's right! Daddy's back.

JACK
Would you like to be alone with the
kitchen?

SETH
Oh, this kitchen and me are not
strangers.

JACK
What sort of dishes were you asked to
make last year?

Seth doesn't immediately answer. He's still in obvious awe
of the impressive kitchen.

JACK (cont'd)
Earth to Seth, come in Seth.

SETH

What? Oh, I'm sorry. I tend to lose myself once I get in here.

JACK

What sort of things does this Sebastian Fox like to eat?

SETH

He likes these odd little biscuits to baked for him.

JACK

Biscuits?

SETH

I don't know. I think they taste like dried cardboard. But Fox likes one to given out after every meal.

JACK

Given out to who?

SETH

Whoever happens to be eating with him.

A smile creeps over Seth's face.

SETH (cont'd)

You wanna see something?

Seth walks into a walk-in pantry. At the back mounted into the wall is a safe.

SETH (cont'd)

The combination is 66-20-10.

JACK

What's that? Sebastian's birthday?

SETH

You know, I never thought to ask.

Seth opens the safe and pulls out an old, yellowed piece of brittle paper.

SETH (cont'd)

There you are.

JACK

Jesus, what the fuck is that? The Dead Sea Scrolls?

SETH
This actually, might be just a little
bit older.

Seth leads Jack back out into the kitchen where he carefully places the fragile piece of paper down on the countertop.

SETH (cont'd)
Careful.

Jack looks at it. The writing is in Aramaic.

JACK
I give up. What is it?

SETH
A recipe. Maybe one of the first
recipe ever to be written down. Fox
has had this thing estimated to be
around 3,000 years old.

JACK
Jesus.

SETH
Oh, way before Jesus. This is the
recipe for *akal het niqqud*.

JACK
Akai het nick squid?

SETH
Close enough.

JACK
Well what the hell is that?

SETH
The sin eater biscuit.

JEAN-ROBERT (O.S.)
Oh my god, there you are. Mon ami,
Sebastian is asking to see you. I
told him you were already here. He
should have seen you by now. But he
says no. No, Seth.

SETH
My apologies, Jean-Robert. I just
wanted to show our new friend here
where he was going to be spending the
bulk of his days.

JEAN-ROBERT

And so Mr. Burroughs? What do you think of our humble little kitchen?

JACK

Please, just call me Jack. And looking around this kitchen, it feels just like I've died and gone straight to executive chef's heaven.

JEAN-ROBERT

Bon. Seth, please. I can't stand to hear that man screaming like a child. Please go to see him and let him know you are here.

SETH

Come on. Best we not keep the master waiting.

Jack looks back at the recipe left on the counter.

INT. SPA

Seth leads Jack down a hallway towards a pair of glass frosted double doors.

SETH

When we go in there, try not to say anything.

JACK

What am I a fucking manikin?

Seth opens the door and we see, SEBASTIAN FOX, laying supine inside a large rectangular aquarium. Dark cups cover the eyes, and a breathing tube in the mouth allows Fox to lay in there motionless like it was a water coffin.

Swarming around Sebastian, are hundreds of RED GARA fish, *a.k.a. nibble fish*.

The fish peck at the person inside the aquarium.

Seth looks at Jack who smiles at the eccentricity of seeing something like this.

SETH

Nibble fish. They exfoliate the skin, eating the dead flakes away like it was fish food.

JACK
I've seen it done on the beach. Only
with just the feet.

SETH
Yeah, well this is the rich man's
version of a pedicure. Every Sunday,
he does this. Keeps him looking
young.

JACK
Do you know how old he is?

SEBASTIAN (V.O.)
(mounted speakers)
NO HE DOES NOT.

The sound comes speakers mounted to the walls.

Jack looks at Seth who smiles knowingly.

SETH
Tricky, Sebastian. Very tricky.

SEBASTIAN (V.O.)
(mounted speakers)
THE LATEST THING. NEURO-LINK THAT
ALLOWS MY THOUGHTS TO HAVE VOICE.

JACK
That could be dangerous.

Sebastian suddenly sits up from the aquarium and looks at
his two chefs.

SEBASTIAN
You must me the great Jack Burroughs
I keep hearing so much about.

Jack looks at Seth.

SETH
Don't blame me man, I'm just a fan.

Sebastian gets out of the aquarium and stands their
dripping.

SEBASTIAN
Fish are probably pretty full. I was
pretty gross before I got in there.
But if either of you want to take a
dip, I'd say wait an hour or so and
then have at it.

SETH

Well thank you Sebastian. We might just take you up on that.

SEBASTIAN

My hand to God. You come out of there feeling like you're fucking ten years younger.

Sebastian extends his hand out to Jack.

SEBASTIAN (cont'd)

Sebastian Fox, nice to finally meet you.

JACK

Nice to meet you. You have an amazing place here.

SEBASTIAN

Thank you. I like to think of it as my own little Garden of Eden. Far, far away from the sins of the real world.

JACK

Yeah, well it's beautiful.

SEBASTIAN

You like rock and roll, Jack?

JACK

Yes I do.

SEBASTIAN

CBGB's or the Whiskey a Go'Go?

JACK

Well I live in Los Angeles... but I was born in the Bronx. And I hate glam metal. So give me CBGB's any day of the week.

SEBASTIAN

I knew it! (to the air) Play side one of Television's album, Marquee Moon.

The opening chords of *See No Evil* fill the room.

SEBASTIAN (cont'd)

Do you drink Jack?

Jack and Seth look at each other and smile.

MONTAGE:

Champagne corks popping!

Sebastian pouring alcohol for his guests and the ladies who are now in bathing suits.

Lots of kissing.

Rails of cocaine being laid out and snorted up.

Joints being passed around.

More kissing proceeding like a freight train into "group sex" territory.

Jean-Robert stands over it all watching. NEVER PARTICIPATING.

FADE TO:

TITLE CARD:

MONDAY

(beat)

7 Days to Go

INT. JACK'S BEDROOM- MORNING

Jack wakes up under silk sheets with three naked ladies sprawled out all around him.

He rubs his face... it was a wacky night.

Jack is startled to see Sebastian standing in his room watching him.

JACK
(startled)
Jesus! I didn't you standing there.

SEBASTIAN
That was some wicked fun last night wasn't it.

JACK
(groggy)
Um... it was great. How long you been standing there?

SEBASTIAN

I just came in. I wanted to see if you needed anything before we began.

JACK

You mean meal service?

SEBASTIAN

Well yes, that too. But before we do anything, there's a few things I need to go over with you.

JACK

What sort of things?

SEBASTIAN

Nothing sinister, I can assure you. Jean-Robert has some paperwork he needs you to sign so we're able to cut you a check at the end of the week.

INT. OFFICE

Jack is sitting at a table with two pieces of paper laid out in front of him.

One is on white paper, clean and written in ENGLISH.

The other, is brown and written in a strange language Jack doesn't recognize.

Jean-Robert and Seth are standing over him.

Sebastian is sitting sprawled out on a recliner.

JACK

What is this?

JEAN-ROBERT

Mainly a non-disclosure agreement between you and Mr. Fox. It states that at the end of the week, should you make it to the end of the week, you will be paid with a check for one-hundred thousand dollars. And you will never mention to anyone what you have seen here. No matter how much someone may torture you.

Seth and Sebastian laugh.

JACK

Why wouldn't I make it through the week.

JEAN-ROBERT

Some people get... how you say? Buggy, out here. They want to leave early. And of course we let them. No questions asked.

Jack nods. He then points to the contract written in a strange language.

SEBASTIAN

I wouldn't worry about it Jack. If you can handle last night, you're going to be fine.

JACK

And this.

SEBASTIAN

The same. Only written in Aramaic. Some of my partners are very old school, Jack. They want things written out in a language they can easily understand. I hope you don't mind.

Jack looks at Seth for guidance.

SETH

Shit man, I signed the same two pieces of paper last year. And look where I am now.

Jack looks at Sebastian for a long moment.

JACK

Sebastian, do you mind if I speak with you for just a quick second in private.

Jean-Robert and Seth look at each other and smile.

SEBASTIAN

Private? Yeah, sure. Fellas, will you please?

Seth and Jean-Robert understand and leave without a fuss.

SEBASTIAN (cont'd)

What can I help you with Jack?

JACK
It's about that, check.

SEBASTIAN
A hundred thousand not enough for you Jack?

JACK
No! In fact if anything, I'd say you were being overly generous.

Jack doesn't know how to say, what he needs to say.

SEBASTIAN
You want to know if I'm able to pay you in cash. Aren't you.

Jack lets out a chestful of anxious air.

JACK
It's just, I'm not supposed to even be out of the country right now.

SEBASTIAN
Why, you in some kind of trouble.

JACK
I'm on probation.

SEBASTIAN
I saw that. For killing someone wasn't it?

JACK
(embarrassed)
Yes. I came home one night early and discovered my best friend in bed with my wife. I didn't like that.

SEBASTIAN
So you took him out.

JACK
I'm not proud of it.

SEBASTIAN
Why? The piece of shit was your friend. He betrayed you. Treachery, that's a most grievous sin. Maybe the worst. You know in Dante's Inferno, the three sinners who are punished the worst were Brutus, Cassius and Judas Iscariot.

JACK
The nine levels of Hell.

SEBASTIAN
You better believe it. You know what
their sin was?

JACK
Betrayal?

SEBASTIAN
Goddamn right betrayal. Satan has a
special spot in Hell reserved for
people who break that kind of trust.
So don't ever be ashamed for what you
did. Embrace it. Can I get you a
drink.

JACK
Please.

Sebastian pours them an expensive looking liquor.

JACK
My probation officer doesn't even
know I've left the state.

SEBASTIAN
Get out of here.

JACK
He thinks I'm at an AA meeting.

SEBASTIAN
AA? You have a drinking problem?

Jack takes a swig from his glass.

JACK
Did you see me spill a drop?

Sebastian laughs.

JACK (cont'd)
I don't see a problem, do you?

SEBASTIAN
So why the meetings?

JACK
Because it looks good on my probation
file.

SEBASTIAN
I love it. Say no more. You know,
Jack, I like you. From the moment I
first met you.

JACK
Likewise, Sebastian.

SEBASTIAN
So, I'll tell you what. If me paying
you in cash makes your life just that
much sunnier, then consider it done.

JACK
Thank you. Oh, my god.

SEBASTIAN
Fuck the IRS. How we make our money
is nobody's fucking business.

JACK
Really, Sebastian, you have no idea
how much this is going to help me
out. This is going over and beyond.
Thank you, you really are my savior.

SEBASTIAN
Your words, not mine.

JACK
You know what I mean.

SEBASTIAN
How about you thank me by signing
those papers and then getting into
that kitchen and fixing us up
something special.

Jack eagerly picks up a pen and signs both documents.

SEBASTIAN (cont'd)
Welcome aboard. Now go get to work.

MONTAGE:

Jack and Seth prepping vegetables,

Carefully deboning delectate looking fish.

Sauteing mushrooms.

Mixing sauces.

Expensive looking steaks being turned over on the grill.

Everything is done with fluid precision and obvious expertise.

Seth hands Jack a piece of paper.

JACK
What's this?

SETH
Those biscuits I told you about. I need you to make two of them.

JACK
Two dozen?

SETH
No, just two. Follow the directions on the paper. It's enough to make just two.

Jack looks at them.

JACK
There's no ingredients listed on here.

SETH
You won't need any. Inside the pantry, on the top shelf are three tins. They're what the biscuits are made from. Read the directions, it's super simple, but boy this is what we are being judged on.

JACK
Oh boy.

SETH
Don't worry. Just stick to the paper. Do not add anything or leave anything out. That's the key.

Jack looks at the paper.

JACK
No salt or baking soda or anything?

SETH
Nothing. And believe me, don't change it. His palate is extraordinary. He'll know just by the smell if something is different. And he won't be happy.

JACK

Why only a quarter cup from the first one.

SETH

I don't know. That's the way he likes it. I don't even know what's in those tins. But with the amount of money they're paying me, I just do what I'm told.

Seth takes off his apron.

JACK

Where are you going?

SETH

I'm just going to check with Sebastian to see if he's got anyone eating with him tonight. I won't be long. Go ahead and take a crack at making those biscuits and I'll be back in a second.

Jack nods as Seth leaves.

Once alone, Jack wanders over to the pantry and locates the three metal tins Seth was just talking about.

Jack snags them and carries them out to the countertop out in the kitchen.

Each of the tins look older than Grandma Moses' deer-skinned diaphragm.

There is a number taped on each tin. One through three.

Jack places the recipe on the counter.

JACK (V.O.)

For two servings. Take a quarter cup from 1 and a half a cup from 2 and 3. Quarter stick of butter and an eighth of a cup of whole fat goat's milk. It's in the fridge. Mix and bake for ten minutes.

JACK

He's right. That does seem simple enough.

Jack opens the first tin. He sniffs it cautiously. He sticks his finger in to taste it, but the smell causes him to wipe his hand on his pants.

It's nearly empty.

JACK (cont'd)
Well fuck.

He scoops out what he can and taps the rest into a measuring cup.

Exactly a quarter of cup is left.

JACK (cont'd)
(to himself)
Thank you Jesus.

EXTREME CLOSE UP: MIXING BOWL

We see the first quarter cup dumped into the bowl. The powder looks grayish. Almost like ashes scrapped up from a crematorium. Two similar dumps of powder soon follow suit.

NORMAL PERSPECTIVE:

Jack mixing the muck around in a bowl.

INT. OFFICE

Sebastian is talking with Seth over a couple of snifters of brandy.

SETH
So what do you think?

SEBASTIAN
Where do you find these people?

SETH
Isn't that what you keep me around for?

SEBASTIAN
Well that and the crispy duck.

SETH
So am I good?

SEBASTIAN
As opposed to bad? I highly doubt that.

SETH
You know damn well what I mean. Is this enough for you to consider my debt to you repaid?

Sebastian just looks at Seth and smiles demonically.

A knock on the door breaks the tension.

SEBASTIAN

Come in.

Jean-Robert pokes his head in.

JEAN-ROBERT

Pardon me, but your guest has arrived. She is down at the airstrip, waiting for her bags to be unloaded.

Sebastian looks back at Seth.

SEBASTIAN

(to Seth) Keep an eye on him. Let's see if he's able to last the week. OK?

SETH

OK.

SEBASTIAN

(to Jean-Robert) Tell Patricia I'm coming right down. (to Seth) Now get back to work. Two for tonight.

SETH

Yes sir boss!

Seth drains his snifter.

SEBASTIAN

And as for what you owe me. Let's see how dinner goes first.

EXT. AIRSTRIP- EVENING

PATRICIA GREY (60) is a tall slinky cat-like lady who exudes sophisticated cool stands waiting with her bags.

Sebastian walks down from the house to greet his guest.

SEBASTIAN

Patricia, my love. I'm so glad you could make it.

Sebastian comes at her with open arms, but is slapped hard across the face by Patricia's gloved hand.

The blow whips Sebastian's head around. He lets it go as if he expected it.

PATRICIA
I'm hurting, Bash.

Sebastian smiles and kisses Patricia on the cheek.

SEBASTIAN
You know we have exactly what the doctor ordered my love.

PATRICIA
Where's my room. I need something to hit.

Sebastian hands Patricia a card key.

SEBASTIAN
Room 3. I'll send something over for you to tenderize. Any preferences?

PATRICIA
Yes. Make it someone small.

SEBASTIAN
Hang on.

He takes the key from her and hands her another one.

SEBASTIAN (cont'd)
This sounds like it has the potential to get quite messy. I'm putting you in Room 4. No carpet.

PATRICIA
Whoever you send. They won't be in for work tomorrow.

SEBASTIAN
I'll inform the next of kin.

Sebastian smiles as Patricia pats his cheek.

PATRICIA
That might be a good idea.

Patricia starts up the path towards the house but then turns as if she just remembered something.

PATRICIA (cont'd)
Let me know when you do call them.
(beat) I'd like to be there to hear their reaction.

Sebastian winks at her in acknowledgement as she walks away.

INT. SEBASTIAN'S HOUSE (FRONT ROOM)

Spacious and modern.

A petite young GIRL (18), who looks as if she might be working as a domestic, happens to walk past Sebastian.

Sebastian does a double take and smiles.

SEBASTIAN

Emma right?

EMMA

That's right, how are you doing this evening Mr. Fox.

SEBASTIAN

Please, Sebastian. Boy, you are a tiny little thing aren't you.

EMMA

Now don't make fun.

SEBASTIAN

Oh please, I wouldn't dream of it.

EMMA

You know what they say, good things come in small packages.

SEBASTIAN

Yeah, I think I read that on a porno once.

Emma giggles.

SEBASTIAN (cont'd)

Hey, do me a favor will you Emma? Go and get yourself cleaned up. Then head on over to Room 4. Ms. Schatten has a headache that I think you might be able to help her get rid of.

EMMA

Of course Sebastian.

SEBASTIAN

That's a girl.

INT. KITCHEN- NIGHT

Seth is inspecting the two dark brown biscuits that Jack baked.

JACK
So? Do they look right?

SETH
Did you taste one?

JACK
Just a nibble to see what the fuck
I'm serving.

SETH
And?

JACK
I don't know. I thought it tasted
like straight ass.

SETH
Good lord, who the hell have you been
with?

JACK
You sure he's going to want these?

SETH
Listen, these biscuits are what's
going to decide whether you come back
next year. So please tell me you
didn't get creative and add anything.

JACK
Jesus. I followed those Goddamn
instructions you gave me.

SETH
Hey, he's going to love them.

Jean-Robert pokes his head in.

JEAN-ROBERT
Oy vey, mon ami. So many problems
already. The dinner is going to be
pushed back a bit.

SETH
Pushed back?

CUT TO:

DINING ROOM- NIGHT

Sebastian is seated across from an empty chair.

CUT BACK TO:

KITCHEN

JACK
Why is dinner being pushed back?

CUT TO:

INT. ROOM 4

A tiled room that is smeared with blood.

Patricia is sitting on a chair wearing a leather bikini holding a CLAW HAMMER. She is covered in blood and smoking a cigarette as if she just had sex.

Poor Emma lifeless body is chained to the ceiling and shows signs of having been savagely beaten to death by Patricia.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. KITCHEN

JEAN-ROBERT
I don't ask why.

INT. DINING ROOM- NIGHT

Patricia comes in looking happy and refreshed. Sebastian still sitting patiently at the dining table smiles at her as she comes in.

SEBASTIAN
Ah, Patricia. You look like you're glowing. I trust your malaise has past.

PATRICIA
That was...

She kisses her fingers in the "too sweet."

SEBASTIAN
Poor little Emma.

PATRICIA

Was that her name? You'd think with all that begging and pleading she did, she might have thought at one point to tell me her name.

SEBASTIAN

Would it have helped her?

PATRICIA

It would have helped me. I like to know a little bit about each person I choose to take.

SEBASTIAN

I can appreciate that.

PATRICIA

The next one, I'll take my time.

SEBASTIAN

Yes, please don't ever feel rushed on my account.

PATRICIA

That's so kind of you darling.
Where's the wine? Where's the food.

SEBASTIAN

Did you work up an appetite?

PATRICIA

I'm ravenous.

Sebastian rings a small bell. Jean-Robert appears from almost out of nowhere.

SEBASTIAN

Jean-Robert, please let Seth know we're ready to be served.

JEAN-ROBERT

Very good, sir.

PATRICIA

I was serious about hearing you call that little girl's parents.

SEBASTIAN

Don't worry, I know.

PATRICIA

I'm on a diet. So I'm counting that as my desert.

SEBASTIAN
It's too bad you can't market that as
the latest diet fad.

INT. KITCHEN

Jack holds a tray with the two biscuits he cooked. Seth
makes some last minute arrangements to the presentation.

SETH
OK their ready.

Jack nods.

SETH (cont'd)
Just place one in front of each of
them and then get yourself out of
there.

Jack looks worried.

SETH (cont'd)
You alright?

JACK
It's just my whole life on the line
that's all.

SETH
Oh my god when did you become such a
drama queen?

JACK
Have you ever worked a Sunday
breakfast rush at Denny's?

Seth shakes his head "no".

JACK (cont'd)
Well then shut up.

SETH
Go get em.

JACK
You're not coming?

SETH
No.

Jack makes his way apprehensively to the dining room.

INT. DINING ROOM

Sebastian and Patricia are in the middle of light conversation when Jack comes through the door holding his tray.

SEBASTIAN
Jack that food amazing.

PATRICIA
You must let me know when you are in Germany. I could use a chef like you.

JACK
Thank you both so much. I'm glad you liked it.

Jack places the biscuits in front of each of them.

JACK (cont'd)
Enjoy you biscuit.

Jack turns to leave.

SEBASTIAN
Jack, why don't you stay for a moment. Grab yourself a chair and pour yourself a drink.

PATRICIA
We promise not to tell your sponsor.

Jack looks at Sebastian.

SEBASTIAN
I hope you don't mind. But your story was just too delicious not to tell.

Jack is bothered, but knows better than to show it. He pulls out a chair and grabs a empty glass.

JACK
What are we drinking?

SEBASTIAN
200-year old scotch.

JACK
Well then maybe just a sip. I don't want to keep Seth. We've got a lot of cleaning and restocking to do for tomorrow.

SEBASTIAN
Seth will be just fine. Come on sit
down.

Sebastian smells the biscuit.

Jack watches as nonchalantly as he possibly can without
gawking.

Sebastian smiles and Jack lets out a breath he didn't even
know he had been holding.

JACK
Good?

SEBASTIAN
It smells great. Patricia?

Patricia smells hers.

PATRICIA
Perfect. Well done Jack.

Jack proudly takes a sip from his drink.

JACK
Well thank God for that.

Sebastian chuckles at Jack's comment as he rings his bell to
call Jean-Robert.

JEAN-ROBERT
Yes? You called sir?

SEBASTIAN
We're ready for the eaters to be
brought in.

Jean-Robert nods and leaves.

JACK
Eaters?

SEBASTIAN
Sin eaters Jack.

JACK
Now what exactly is a sin eater?

PATRICIA
You don't know? (to Sebastian) He
doesn't know?

SEBASTIAN

He's a virgin on his maiden voyage.

PATRICIA

Every sin take a toll of some sort on the human soul, Jack.

SEBASTIAN

It's a burden that some are forced to carry their entire lives.

PATRICIA

That's what ages you Jack. Not the sun, or the number of candles on your birthday cake. It's sin.

JACK

And the eaters, part of that?

SEBASTIAN

What if I told you I could unburden some of that weight you forced to carry.

JACK

That I'm forced to carry?

SEBASTIAN

Well you, me, everybody. We all sin. We're all flawed. I've just discovered a way to erase some of those hard edges.

JACK

The biscuits?

SEBASTIAN

Just watch.

Jean-Robert walks in with a young girl who can't be more than ten or eleven years old.

Immediately Jack doesn't like this.

JACK

Who's the girl?

SEBASTIAN

She is actually a lottery winner, Jack. Her family, along with hundreds of others, place their children's name into a lottery, where they hope and pray that one day, I'll pick their child.

JACK
It's a great honor to be picked?

SEBASTIAN
It's a lot of money to be picked.

JACK
The family gets rich and you get?

SEBASTIAN
This. (to the little girl) A cute
little dinner companion. What's your
name little girl?

TAMERA
Tamera.

SEBASTIAN
Tamera, that is a beautiful name.
This is Patricia.

Tamera looks timidly at Patricia.

SEBASTIAN (cont'd)
Would you like to help her today?

Tamera nods her head innocently.

Sebastian suddenly slides the biscuit that's in front of
him, over to Tamera.

SEBASTIAN (cont'd)
Would you please eat this biscuit for
me. I'm full and I don't want
Patricia to eat alone. Can you do
that for me?

TAMERA
Just eat the biscuit?

SEBASTIAN
And then you can go back to your
room. OK?

Jack watches closely as Patricia takes the first bite.

SEBASTIAN (cont'd)
(to Tamera) Now you take a bite.

Tamera does.

Jack prepares himself for a horrible reaction. But instead
the little girl smiles.

SEBASTIAN (cont'd)
You like it?

She nods happily.

TAMERA
It tastes like crumble cake.

SEBASTIAN
Yeah, a little bit, I guess.

Patricia and Tamera continue trading bites until it's all gone.

SEBASTIAN (cont'd)
You eat it all?

Tamera nods.

TAMERA
Yes.

SEBASTIAN
Good. (to Patricia) And you my love?
How do you feel.

PATRICIA
It was good.

Sebastian looks at Jack

SEBASTIAN
Thank you Jack. That will be all.

JACK
You mean that's it?

SEBASTIAN
Yes. Why?

JACK
I don't know. I guess I just thought something...

SEBASTIAN
Black magic and wizardry?

JACK
Maybe something like that.

SEBASTIAN
Sorry to disappoint.

Jack gets up from the table.

JACK
I'm glad you all liked the food.

Jack leaves.

Sebastian rings a bell.

JEAN-ROBERT
Yes sir?

SEBASTIAN
Little Tamera here has had her
biscuit and would like to go to bed
now please.

JEAN-ROBERT
Of course.

INT. CREMATORIUM- NIGHT

The clean looking room has a sliding tray already pulled out
and a box laying on top of it.

Jean-Robert opens the door with Tamera behind him.

TAMERA
This isn't my room, Jean-Robert.

Jean-Robert lifts the girl up and whispers to her.

JEAN-ROBERT
Shhhhhhh.

Tamera's eyes grow heavy and then close. The little girl
goes limp.

Jean-Robert carries the girl to the box and carefully places
her into it.

He closes the lid on the sleeping girl.

We then see him whistling as he lights the fires in the
oven.

Jean-Robert starts to push the box into the crematorium.
Suddenly he hears knocking coming from inside the box.

TAMERA (IN BOX)
Jean-Robert let me out! Please!

Jean-Robert continues whistling as he pushes the box into
the flames.

We hear the scream from Tamera bleed into the screams of excitement from...

INT. SETH'S ROOM- NIGHT

...Seth and Jack as they pop champaign corks and scream in excitement for a job well done.

JACK

Oh my god that was the most fucking intense food tasting I have ever had to sit through!

SETH

They love it, bro!

JACK

Yeah?

SETH

You knocked it out of the park!

INT. CREMATORIUM

We see Jean-Robert scraping Tamera's ashes from the crematorium and placing the ashes into one of the Tins from the kitchen pantry that's used to make the biscuits.

We see Tamera's remains going into the Tin marked #1.

All the while, despite the grimness of his job, Jean-Robert manages to keep humming a happy tune to himself while he works.

INT. OFFICE

Sebastian is sitting behind his desk with Patricia sitting in a chair in front of him.

SEBASTIAN

Nothing yet?

Patricia shakes her head, no.

SEBASTIAN (cont'd)

Jean-Robert must be taking his...

Patricia puts her hand up.

PATRICA

Hold on. I'm feeling something.

And then we watch as Patricia looks as if she regresses in age by at least 20 years. Her skin tightens, her breasts magically lift and seem rounder and more firm, and her short slinky silver hair suddenly grows shoulder length with no gray.

PATRICIA

Now that's what I'm fucking talking about! That girl was 100% pure like Ivory Soap.

SEBASTIAN

Would I ever lie to you?

PATRICIA

I bet that girl hadn't sinned a day in her life. I feel amazing!

SEBASTIAN

You look great!

PATRICIA

Who else do you have coming to the island?

SEBASTIAN

Just Donald on Wednesday.

PATRICIA

Jesus, you think I scared them. Wait till Jack gets a load of Donald.

SEBASTIAN

And...

PATRICIA

Please do not say...

SEBASTIAN

Diego will be here on Friday.

PATRICIA

Goddamn it Bash.

SEBASTIAN

You knew he was going to be here. I told you months ago he was going to be here.

PATRICIA

Shit... and I have to stay for the whole week don't I? No way out of it.

SEBASTIAN

I'm afraid not. You know the rules,
just like everyone else does. You
don't stay the week, your account is
considered unpaid.

PATRICIA

Well fuck it then. Have someone tall,
dark and handsome hung up for me in
my room. I think Momma just found her
second wind.

TITLE CARD:

TUESDAY

INT. JACK'S BEDROOM- DAWN

Jack is still fast asleep when Seth knocks on his door.

JACK

Come in.

Seth is in swim trunks.

SETH

Hurry up and get up and put some swim
trunks on.

JACK

Swim trunks? What time is it? What
time do we go to work?

SETH

Sebastian is taking the yacht out. So
snorkeling, water skiing and, have
you ever parasailed before?

JACK

Does it shock you when I say never?

SETH

Well you're going to love it. So come
on.

EXT. YACHT- MORNING

It's yet another benefit that comes with being a
billionaire. A beautiful, modern yacht speeding around the
South Pacific.

MONTAGE:

Seth water skiing.

Jack trying and falling.

A topless girl skiing.

Jack and a girl going up in a parasail.

POV: PARASAIL

The yacht looks small from up here.

NORMAL PERSPECTIVE (Parasail)

GIRL
This is so much fun!

JACK
I'm glad you're having fun. I'm
terrified.

GIRL
There's nothing to worry. Sebastian
won't let anything happen to you.

Jack looks at her like that was an odd comment.

Beautiful girls in bikinis are everywhere. One is making out
with Seth on the bow.

Jack walks up to where Sebastian is steering the ship.

INT. NAVIGATION ROOM

Sebastian has the wheel in hand.

SEBASTIAN
Can you grab me a beer, Jack?

Jack reaches into a small refrigerator and pulls out two
beers.

SEBASTIAN (cont'd)
Anywhere you want to go?

JACK
West until you see the Gates of dawn.

SEBASTIAN
What did you say?

JACK

Nothing. It's just something silly my parent's used to always tell me when I was young. They'd say that's where dead people went. *Grandpa just went west until he saw the Gates of Dawn.* Never thought to question it. I was just a kid. I always liked the way it sounded.

SEBASTIAN

It's from a poem.

JACK

Get out of here. You mean you've actually heard somebody say this before.

SEBASTIAN

No matter how terrible the sin, No matter how far it may have gone, The Devil can't catch you, If you see the Gates of Dawn.

JACK

That's amazing that you can recite things like that from memory.

SEBASTIAN

Memory is all we have. Some people like to call it the soul, but really it's just a collection of our thoughts, our perceptions, our actions, and how others perceive them.

JACK

So you don't believe in good and evil?

SEBASTIAN

No. It all depends on your own perceptions.

JACK

You can't tell me someone like Adolf Hitler wasn't evil.

SEBASTIAN

To who? To the millions of Jews he slaughtered? He was the Devil incarnate. But to the German people who followed him, he was a savior.

JACK
Never thought of it that way.

SEBASTIAN
It's just perception. Good, bad, evil, their just words we use to temporarily help us understand why we do the things we do.

JACK
So what is the truth?

SEBASTIAN
The truth is humans crave. They want, they need, they lust... and to temper those desires, man created God.

JACK
So you don't believe in God?

SEBASTIAN
Oh I believe in him. It's just... I don't think he believes in us.

Suddenly the Navigation Room is flooded with a handful of ladies wanting to party, ending the conversation.

INT. HALLWAY (OUTSIDE JACK'S ROOM)- DAY

Jack gets back to his room. He looks sunburned and tired. A damp towel is around his neck. He is just about to open his door when he notices, CARMEN (18) a lady in a MAID'S UNIFORM, looking as if she's lost something.

JACK
Hi. Can I help you find something?

CARMEN
Sorry, Mr. Burroughs. I don't mean to disturb you.

JACK
You're not disturbing anyone. It looks like you lost something.

CARMEN
Not something. Someone. The girl I share a room with is missing.

JACK
Missing?

CARMEN

She never came back to her room last night. I just got a little worried. I don't really like being alone.

JACK

Maybe I've seen her, what does she look like?

CARMEN

Tiny little thing. Maybe just five feet tall if even that.

JACK

Doesn't ring a bell. But I'll keep my eyes out.

CARMEN

Thank you.

Carmen turns to leave.

JACK

What's the girl's name? So I know if I see her.

CARMEN

Emma.

TITLE CARD:

WEDNESDAY

INT. JACK'S BEDROOM- MORNING

Jack is up, looking out his window at the sun rising. He notices Patricia laying out by the pool. He cannot believe the obvious changes he sees in her.

A knock at his door breaks Jack out of his focus on Patricia's youthful new appearance.

JACK

Come in.

Seth come in.

SETH

I can't believe you're alone.

JACK
After yesterday? I could barely move,
much less...

SETH
You're getting old my man.

Seth walks over and lays out a line of pure white Columbian.

SETH (cont'd)
Take this. Doctor's orders.

JACK
Really I don't know.

Seth walks over and grabs Jack.

SETH
Believe me, you're going to need
this. I just got word that Donald
Chadwick is coming to visit us today.

JACK
Donald Chadwick?

Seth looks at him like he is from another planet.

SETH
The writer, Donald Chadwick. Wrote
the book Murder is Never Enough.

JACK
Jeremy Quayle wrote Murder is Never
Enough.

SETH
That's right. Donald Chadwick is
Jeremy Quayle. I thought you knew
that.

JACK
Holy shit. I read some of his books
while in prison.

SETH
Well he's coming today. And if you've
never met him before, (pointing to
the coke on the dresser) you're
probably going to need a few of these
to get you through the day.

Jack smiles.

JACK
You're the doctor.

He snorts the coke. It's pure and good.

JACK (cont'd)
Shit, that kind of grabs you by the
boo boo don't it?

SETH
Sebastian only has the best stuff.
Now come on and get dressed. We got a
lot to do today before dinner service
tonight.

JACK
OK, just gimme ten minutes to collect
myself.

SETH
(walking to the door)
You have five. Oh, and how's your
étouffée?

JACK
Depends, are we talking shrimp or
crawfish?

SETH
He's from the bayou.

JACK
Crawfish, and my étouffée is on
point.

Seth winks at him and smiles.

SETH
OK, good. Because we're going to need
to make a whole lot of it today. So
get up and I'll see you in five.

JACK
OK. Oh wait, Seth!

SETH
Yeah?

JACK
If we're going to have to make those
biscuits again tonight, we're going
to have to refill whatever was in tin
number one. I used the last of it
making yesterday's batch.

SETH

Oh I guarantee there will be biscuits made tonight. But thanks for letting me know. I'll make sure to let Jean-Robert know to go out and get it refilled.

JACK

He knows what it is.

SETH

Only Jean-Robert and Sebastian know the secret formula.

INT. PANTRY- MORNING

Jean-Robert places Tin #1 back up on the top shelf next to the others.

EXT. AIRSTRIP- MORNING

Sebastian and Jean-Robert are both standing outside waiting for the plane to arrive.

We see Patricia come out of Bungalow Number Four and start down a path to the airstrip. She's wearing a bathing suit that shows off her new figure.

JEAN-ROBERT

(to Sebastian)

She fantastic. That bitch.

SEBASTIAN

Now, now, Jean-Robert. Be nice. These are our guests.

JEAN-ROBERT

They're leeches.

Patricia gets within earshot and Jean-Robert quickly clams up.

SEBASTIAN

Good morning my dear. How was your night.

PATRICIA

Where the fuck do you get these kids you're hiring?

SEBASTIAN

Something wrong?

PATRICIA

That fella I asked for? He passed out the moment I opened my bag and pulled out my hacksaw.

SEBASTIAN

He didn't.

PATRICIA

I didn't get to fuck with him.

SEBASTIAN

So no go?

PATRICIA

Oh there was a go. A fucking big go. I have smelling salts in my bag right next to the zip ties. You don't get to pass out on me until I'm ready for you to pass out on me.

SEBASTIAN

And usually by then.

PATRICIA

Usually by then I've already sawed my way through their vocal cords. So there really isn't much need for them to pass out and miss all the fun.

SEBASTIAN

That's why I love you. You're always thinking.

JEAN-ROBERT

I see the plane.

SEBASTIAN

Right on time.

PATRICIA

You really had to invite his human nut sack on my week?

SEBASTIAN

I know Donald's a bit much to take.

PATRICIA

Bit much to take? He's a fucking wacky Bash.

SEBASTIAN

Wacky?

PATRICIA

Well how else would you describe the fat fuck?

SEBASTIAN

Wacky, is pretty accurate.

The plane lands as the spectators wait for the door to be opened.

PATRICIA

Oh, I'm going to need someone to come clean my room ASAP. That fella shit himself something fierce when I was cutting through his leg.

SEBASTIAN

Jean-Robert.

JEAN-ROBERT

(stifled hostility)

On it.

SEBASTIAN

Thank you.

The door to the airplane opens.

PATRICIA

Oh shit, no turning back now.

A rotund looking man in his 60s comes waddling his way down the stairs from the plane. He's dressed in a white suit with a wide-brim hat that makes him look like an obese caricature of Colonel Sanders. His southern drawl is more Capote than Foghorn Leghorn.

SEBASTIAN

God help us all.

PATRICIA

You kidding? I doubt even he would tackle this sort of mess.

SEBASTIAN

(to Donald) Donald, I'm so glad you could make it. I was afraid you were going to say no.

DONALD

I should have said no.

SEBASTIAN

Something wrong?

DONALD

Yes there is something wrong! Save for the fact that my nerves are more jangled than a pocketful of change, and that plane was perhaps the roughest ride I've have to endure since I swore off black men in the early 80's, your flying beast did not have a single ounce of decent scotch anywhere on board.

SEBASTIAN

Now that is a sin!

DONALD

Of the highest order.

Donald sees Patricia.

DONALD (cont'd)

Well, the cunt is here! I thought I smelled something. And here I thought it was just some old cat gnawing on a can of oily tuna.

PATRICIA

Aw, you have a big heart, Donald. And I mean that. I'm not just talking the cardiomyopathy.

SEBASTIAN

Ah, it so good to have the gang back together.

DONALD

Did you get I requested?

SEBASTIAN

I did. But you sure that's what you want? I no great judge of character, but I don't see much benefit coming out of that one.

DONALD

It doesn't matter. It's personal.

SEBASTIAN

Who is he?

DONALD

Someone who yanked on the lion's tail for far too long.

SEBASTIAN

Well your wish is my command. I've got you staying in your usual suite. Anything you want before dinner?

DONALD

I'm absolutely famished. I could eat a horse. But if you've got someone here who's not yet in season, send them to my room for a little snack.

SEBASTIAN

I'm sure I can find someone in the nursery who can fit that order.

DONALD

A man of taste. Thank you. You better make it two. A boy and a girl.

SEBASTIAN

Jean-Robert.

JEAN-ROBERT

On it.

DONALD

By the way, I love what you've done with the place. It reminds me of my father's villa.

SEBASTIAN

Really? In America?

DONALD

Oh Heaven's no, Spain. He'd take me there whenever he flew overseas on business trips. I remember he had a little woodshed that he would take me to. We'd sit there in the tall grass and have lunch while we watched the black men he employed masturbate into our family wishing well. You don't have a woodshed do you?

SEBASTIAN

Sadly I don't. Nor do I have a wishing well.

DONALD

Well, I guess everything can't always be perfect.

INT. KITCHEN- DAY

Jack is dicing onions, Seth is chopping peppers.

SETH

Sebastian told me to make as much as we possibly can. This guy we're feeding tonight has a bottomless pit for a stomach.

JACK

How many people do you know that work here?

SETH

Not a lot really. Besides Jean-Robert, it looks like everyone else here is brand new. Why?

JACK

A girl came up to me yesterday looking for her friend. Said she never came back to their room.

SETH

What'd you tell her?

JACK

That I'd ask around.

SETH

What was her name?

JACK

Emma. She said the girl's name was Emma.

SETH

I don't know her. But I wouldn't worry. This place is so big, it's easy to just stay out under the stars and lose yourself until morning. I've done it before.

JACK

Yeah I bet you have.

We then see that Jack and Seth have a mountain of diced onions and chopped peppers. Along with huge piles of chopped celery and garlic.

SETH

I think that's good. You want to start making the roux or getting the crawfish ready.

JACK

How many pounds of crawfish are we making.

SETH

Twenty pounds.

JACK

Twenty pounds! For just three people?

SETH

Yeah I'm kind of curious to see this too, but Sebastian was pretty clear on this. Twenty pounds.

JACK

Well shit then I'll make the roux.

SETH

(teasing)

Chicken shit.

JACK

But since you are the head chef, and I merely the lowly assistant... I shall take the crawfish.

SETH

Well I think that's only fair. I mean, who was it that got you gig in the first place?

JACK

I ain't complaining.

SETH

Oh and that's twenty pounds of just tails.

JACK

Of course it is.

MONTAGE:

Tub of Ice filled with chilled crawfish.

Jack reaches in and grabs handfuls to start cleaning them off in a sink.

Jack putting them into a pot of boiling water.

Waiting while they boil. Wiping sweat from his brow.

Draining the crayfish after they're done boiling.

Squeezing the tail meticulously to separate it from the body.

Peeling the shell off and deveining them.

JACK (cont'd)

This fish is almost ready. How's that broth coming.

SETH

Tre magnificent! If you're done with those fish, you better get on those biscuits.

JACK

You think just two?

SETH

That's what he said.

JACK

Hey, did you happen to notice how different Patricia looks?

SETH

She looks good doesn't she?

JACK

Yeah! Like a new person almost! You don't find that a little strange?

SETH

They're rich. They change their appearance like we change our underwear.

JACK

I don't wear underwear.

SETH

You don't wear underwear?

JACK

Never have.

SETH

I may have to ask you to leave my kitchen.

JACK

Why? I'm not mixing the biscuits with my dick.

SETH

Well knowing Sebastian, you might actually get paid more if you offered to do that.

JACK

No thanks. I'm good with what I'm getting.

SETH

In any case, I'm buying you a few pairs of underwear for Christmas.

INT. BUNGALOW #2- DAY

The room is pitch dark.

Jean-Robert uses a key to open the door. He flicks on a light and we see the room looks like a recording studio. Every inch of wall space lined and covered with heavy foam padding to absorb noise.

In the middle of the room is a MAN and WOMAN who are both gagged and bound to a chair. Both look terrified as tears streak down both their eyes.

Jean-Robert whistles as he walks past them to start dusting the room.

Then without warning or reason, Jean-Robert slaps the woman hard across the face.

She tries to scream as the man struggles to get free and avenge her.

Jean-Robert delights in the man's torment.

JEAN-ROBERT

What's wrong? I can't understand you?

SMACK!

Jean-Robert strikes the man across the face with an open handed slap. Jean-Robert pulls out a cigarette and lights it. He takes in a deep drag.

The woman is sobbing as Jean-Robert dances over to her.

JEAN-ROBERT (cont'd)
No, please, no. Do not cry. That
makes me so sad.

SMACK!

Jean-Robert slaps her hard across the face causing her to
stifle her cries.

JEAN-ROBERT (cont'd)
That's better.

Jean-Robert then pulls out a small stun gun. He hits the
button to hear the *snap and crackle* of the powerful
electrical current.

He holds the stun gun right next to the man's ear and
presses the button so he can hear the *snap and crackle* up
close.

JEAN-ROBERT (cont'd)
Jesus this looks like it hurts.

He shocks the man who screams in pain. Jean-Robert laughs.
He shocks him again.

We see the man has wet himself as a puddle of urine has
formed at his feet.

The woman struggles with everything she's got. Jean-Robert
shocks her too, snickering with delight.

EXT. BUNGALOW #2- DAY

We see the outside of the bungalow as the muffled sounds of
what's going on inside quickly fade into the ambient sounds
of nature.

INT. PANTRY- DAY

Jack pulls down the three tins used to make the Sin Eater
Biscuits and carries them into the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN

Jack puts the Tins on the counter. He looks quickly inside
Tin #1.

He sees that it's been filled. He sniffs it and from his
expression we can see he doesn't care for the smell.

Jack puts Tin #1 back down and covers it with the lid.

INT. HALLWAY

Jack walking down a long hallway. He sees a young lady in a bikini.

JACK
Excuse me.

LADY
Yes?

JACK
Hi, I'm Jack, the chef. I was
wondering if you knew where Jean-
Robert is?

LADY
I haven't seen him.

CUT TO:

INT. BUNGALOW #2

Jean-Robert torturing the couple tied to the chair. The French butler is holding the stun gun like a microphone and singing into it.

JEAN-ROBERT
(singing)
*I met him on a Monday and my heart
stood still.*

Then he puts the stun gun on the man's chest and takes his gag out. Then he zapps him continuously so he can scream through the chorus.

JEAN-ROBERT (cont'd)
(zapping Man/singing) *Da Doo Run Run
Run Da Doo Run Run.*

CUT BACK TO:

HALLWAY

LADY
You might want to try his office.

JACK
And where might that be, darlin'?

INT. JEAN-ROBERT'S OFFICE

It's a modestly decorated office. A few photos of Jean-Robert with famous people, BILL CLINTON, PRINCE ALBERT, BILL GATES.

The room is empty. We hear a knock and watch as the door opens and Jack sticks his head in.

JACK
Hello? Anyone home?

Nobody's home. He comes slowly in. He looks at the photos on the walls. He sees a photo of Jean-Robert being dipped in the middle of a dance by Sebastian on his desk.

He also sees an old ledger on the desk. Jack looks at it. On the cover is written TIN NO. 1.

JACK (cont'd)
Tin number one?

He flips through it. He sees page after page containing names and dates. He quickly flips to the end and sees the name TAMERA MORLEY, AGE 10... and the date 9.21.25.

JACK (cont'd)
What the hell is this?

He closes the book and quickly leaves, just as Jean-Robert is entering the house.

JACK (cont'd)
Jean-Robert, do you know how many biscuits we are going to need tonight?

JEAN-ROBERT
Mon ami, I believe only two. But I will check with Sebastian and get back to you.

JACK
We ran out of whatever was in tin number one yesterday making the last batch.

JEAN-ROBERT
Never fear. Jean-Robert has filled it back up for you.

JACK
What exactly is in that stuff? You know you can tell me.

JEAN-ROBERT
I could... but then I would, how you
say, have to kill you.

Jean-Robert forces a laugh.

Jack smiles awkwardly.

JACK
Oh, do you know a girl who works here
named Emma?

JEAN-ROBERT
Yes, I know Emma. Why?

JACK
I guess she didn't return back to her
room yesterday.

JEAN-ROBERT
I know. Poor thing. She got an
emergency call from home. Her mother,
frail and old, was in an automobile
accident. We sent her home as soon as
we could.

JACK
But the plane hasn't moved since
yesterday.

JEAN-ROBERT
You are perceptive, Jack. Emma's
mother lives in Hawaii. We just sent
her home by boat.

JACK
By boat. Hawaii is that close huh?

JEAN-ROBERT
Did you need anything else, Jack?

JACK
Have you seen Tamera today?

Jean-Robert is taken slightly aback by the mention of the
little girl's name.

JEAN-ROBERT
The little girl? No, I haven't seen
her today. Why are you looking for
her.

JACK

She asked me if I had any chocolates.
At the time I didn't. But now that I
know where they are.

JEAN-ROBERT

If I see her, I'll tell her to go to
you and get her chocolate.

JACK

Thanks Jean-Robert.

INT. JACK'S ROOM (BATHROOM)- AFTERNOON

Jack is splashing cold water on his face. He looks at
himself in the mirror.

JACK

Do not fuck this up. You're over
thinking this. Just four more days.
Do not fuck this up.

INT. DINING ROOM- NIGHT

Sebastian, Patricia and Donald are all eating étouffée.
Donald is shoveling the food into his mouth as fast as he
can.

DONALD

This food is impeccable. Really it
is.

SEBASTIAN

Can I get you another bowl Donald.

DONALD

Keep it coming until I say when.

PATRICIA

And when might that be? When you keel
over with a coronary?

DONALD

I've had six coronaries. None of
taken me out of the game yet.
Besides, I have relatives.

PATRICIA

What does that mean? You have
relatives?

DONALD

For parts.

Patricia and Sebastian look at each other puzzled.

DONALD (cont'd)

Oh horseshit if you try telling me you don't have relatives, kids work best, but siblings will do in a pinch, that you can use for their organs or skin, should you ever need one.

PATRICIA

I'm sorry, but even I am not that deranged.

DONALD

I took my teenager's right kidney from him last spring. Didn't even tell him. He woke up three pounds lighter and a little off balance, but he'll be fine and I got me a perfect match for mine.

PATRICIA

You're sick.

DONALD

You have a sister.

PATRICIA

I'm not even going to answer that.

DONALD

I've always wanted to have sex with two sisters.

PATRICIA

You make me sick.

DONALD

I got the chance once.

SEBASTIAN

Do tell.

DONALD

I couldn't go through with it.

SEBASTIAN

Modesty or decency?

DONALD

Neither. Logistics. The sisters were conjoined at the hip.

PATRICIA

Siamese twins?

DONALD

I always wanted to bang Siamese twins. But I had my heart set on my first time being with sisters conjoined at the head, not the hip. So I said no. Perhaps my biggest regret in life.

PATRICIA

What the fuck, Sebastian?

DONALD

Turns out Siamese twins are not as common as they make them seem in the movies. Truth be told, I've never seen another set in all my days.

PATRICIA

There should really be a vaccine for people like you.

Donald smiles proudly and continues eating.

Seth comes in and walks over to Sebastian.

SETH

(to Sebastian) You ready for the biscuits?

SETH (cont'd)

(to Seth) Let me check. (to everyone) Donald? Are you ready to put that food down for a second and let us pass out these biscuits?

INT. BUNGALOW #2- NIGHT

Jean-Robert walks in and sees his prisoners, slumped over and wreaked from the day's misery.

They perk up when they see Jean-Robert coming. Both start shaking their heads "NO" and mumbling into their gags.

Jean-Robert comes up to the man and smiles. He leans over him and looks him in the eyes.

JEAN-ROBERT

Shhhh.

The Man magically falls asleep.

Jean-Robert does the same to the lady.

EXT. BUNGALOW #2- NIGHT

Jean-Robert drags the unconscious couple out to the 4-wheeler we saw in the first scene in the film.

He throws them into the back, next to the cans of gasoline.

INT. DINING ROOM

Jack comes in carrying two biscuits on a silver tray. He places one in front of Sebastian and the other in front of Donald.

DONALD

Much obliged.

SEBASTIAN

Thank you Jack. That will be all then.

Jack looks as if he was expecting to sit down again, like the night before, is caught off guard by this dismissal.

JACK

Enjoy your biscuits.

Jack leaves.

Sebastian rings his bell.

Jean-Robert drags the woman in first. She is still unconscious and he carefully places her on the ground next to Donald.

DONALD

My, you have out done yourself, Sebastian.

SEBASTIAN

Just wait until you see what he brings in next.

Jean-Robert walks in a very much awake, HERMAN OLIVER, (46), the man he has been tormenting for most of the day. He sits him down in a chair across from Donald.

Herman sees Donald and looks terrified. Jean-Robert removes Herman's gag so he can speak.

HERMAN

Donald, why are you doing this?
Please tell them to stop.

DONALD

Stop? Why my boy, we have only just begun.

HERMAN

Please, I'll do anything. Just please don't let them hurt Helen. She's done nothing to deserve what you have to her. Please, she's innocent. It's me you want. Let her go.

DONALD

I love that she's innocent. But you my friend, you are most certainly not. (to Jean-Robert) Jean-Robert, will you please do me a favor and wake Mrs. Oliver up for me.

Jean-Robert walks over to the unconscious lady. He waves his hands in the air like he was a carnival swami and then unexpectedly kicks the lady in the stomach.

HERMAN

YOU SON OF A BITCH!

DONALD

Hold on now, calm your britches. We haven't even started. You're going need them if you're going to make it through this night.

Jean-Robert takes Helen's gag off.

DONALD

Hello Helen. How are you.

HELEN

Why are you doing this?

DONALD

Because I am your neighbor. And you have been most unneighborly. (pointing to Herman). This shit heel over here took something from me. Something I can never get back.

Helen looks at her husband.

HELEN

Herman, what is he talking about?

HERMAN

He's talking about a fucking dog.

DONALD

Careful what you say boy. Because the next words out of your mouth might be the ones they etch onto your tombstone.

HERMAN

I accidentally killed his dog.

DONALD

There was no accident about it. You drove your car at a high rate of speed down my street, despite me advising you on several occasions, to slow your ass down. And despite our rather heated exchanges, the last of which I believe you told me to go 'fuck myself' wasn't it? You continued to speed that piece of shit Euro trash sports car up and down my road. Until you finally succeeded in killing the one thing in this life that brought me some level of joy and happiness, my poor little Sparky.

HERMAN

Look I'm sorry I hit your dog. It probably shouldn't have been out in the road, but that's besides the point. I'm sorry. I'll get you another fucking dog.

DONALD

(seething)

Another fucking dog.

Donald slides the biscuit in front of Sebastian over to Helen.

DONALD (cont'd)

Eat this.

HELEN

I'm not hungry.

DONALD

Well, I'll tell you what bitch.
Either you start eating this biscuit.
Or I'll cut your belly open right
here and now. And then put it inside
your belly myself. The choice is up
to you.

Helen looks at her husband who nods as much encouragement as
he can to her.

She eats the biscuit with Donald.

Sebastian watching intently.

When she's finished, Helen looks hopeful that she'll be set
free.

HELEN

There. Are you happy. Can we go now?

DONALD

I believe I can spare you. I'll send
Herman along shortly.

SEBASTIAN

Jean-Robert, will you please take
Helen to Room number 5. Let her
shower and get her a fresh change of
clothes. The plane to take them back
leaves at 6 am.

DONALD

Au revoir Helen. Just remember, your
husband is an asshole. Whatever
misery you have endured, know it was
brought down on you because of him.
Next time, make better choices.

Jean-Robert puts his hand out like a perfect gentlemen.
Helen is forced to take it.

He escorts her out of the room.

Once gone, all eyes turn to poor squirming Herman.

DONALD (cont'd)

Herman would you care for a bowl of
étouffée? It really is quite good.

HERMAN

No. Thank you.

DONALD
Why? Do you not like étouffée?

HERMAN
I like it just fine.

DONALD
They why don't you want any of my
étouffée? I can assure you it's quite
good.

HERMAN
No. I'm not hungry.

DONALD
Do you know what étouffée means?

HERMAN
No.

Jean Robert suddenly grabs Herman and forces him to the
ground.

Donald stands over the man and drops his trousers and
underpants revealing an dimply white buttocks.

DONALD
It means to smother.

Herman starts struggling.

HERMAN
Donald please, no. Think about what
you're doing. You said you'd let us
go.

DONALD
I never said any such thing.

Jean-Robert puts the gag back in Herman's mouth.

DONALD
Wouldn't want you to bite me.

Then Donald lets his full body weight fall on Donald's
chest.

We see the air pushed out of Donald's nose and around the
gag. His eyes quickly start to bulge with the weight that's
suddenly on his chest.

DONALD (cont'd)
You didn't even think to stop after
you hit him, did you?

Herman can't get any air. His eyes register panic.

DONALD (cont'd)
You just left him out there to suffer. Never knowing how much you hurt him. Never knowing if he could have been saved. I could never be like you. Not in a million years. Because when I hurt someone, I want to know just how much I hurt them. So tell me...

Donald's face turns purple as his eyes roll back into his head.

DONALD (cont'd)
How much am I hurting you?

INT. CREMATORIUM- NIGHT

Jean-Robert whistles Master of the House from Les Misérables as he opens the furnace door. We hear Ms. Oliver (already in a plywood box) screaming and thrashing around in the box.

MS. OLIVER
LET ME OUT! LET ME OUT!

JEAN-ROBERT
Let me see what I can do about that.

Jean-Robert pushes her into the flames.

EXT. CREMATORIUM- NIGHT

The sounds of Ms. Oliver can barely be heard from outside. But we see Jack standing outside looking in through a tiny window and hearing the muffled screams of a woman being burned alive. A horrified Jack runs past the 4-wheeler parked outside and back to the Villa Home where his room is.

INT. SETH'S ROOM- NIGHT

Seth is in a hot tub with two topless women. He has a drink in his hand and the girls seem awfully friendly.

Jack comes barging in without knocking startling Seth and the girls.

SETH
Hey buddy... I'm kind of in the middle of something.

Jack is pacing back and forth.

JACK
I need to talk to you.

TIME LAPSE:

Seth handing Jack a drink. The girls are gone.

SETH
Slow down. What did you see?

JACK
I followed Jean-Robert after dinner.

SETH
Now why would you want to do that?

JACK
I think he killed someone.

SETH
Who? Jean-Robert? (laughs) You need
to lay off those drugs. I thought you
could handle yourself.

JACK
It's not the drugs goddamn it.
There's something wrong here.
Something very wrong here.

Seth gets up and takes Jack's drink away from him so he can
focus.

SETH
You're getting buggy. It happened to
me too. And guess what. I got through
it.

JACK
I want to go.

SETH
No you don't. You leave and you break
your contract. No money. No
reference. No nothing.

JACK
I don't care.

SETH
And what are you going back to? Is
the Village Inn hiring? Waffle House?

JACK

Fuck you.

SETH

Look, we're already half way done. Tomorrow's Thursday. No service. All we have to do is clean the kitchen and prep for our final meal service on Friday. So it's really only a day or two if you really want to think about it.

JACK

I saw a ledger on Jean-Robert's desk.

SETH

You went into Jean-Robert's office? Was he there?

JACK

No. I wanted to ask him what he used to refill the first tin.

SETH

Oh my god.

JACK

There was a ledger on his desk that had the names of people. Their ages were also listed along with a date that I'm not sure what it means. The ledger was called Tin Number One.

SETH

So?

JACK

So. I don't know.

SETH

Tell you what. Let's go talk to Sebastian.

INT. SEBASTIAN'S BEDROOM- MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT

The room is stark white. Only a bed and nothing else. No windows. No pictures on the walls. Nothing that ties him to anyone. Just a large, comfortable looking king sized bed.

Sebastian is sitting on the bed in his underwear.

Jack and Seth are standing next to him.

SEBASTIAN
Jesus, Jack that's quite a story.

JACK
It's no story.

SEBASTIAN
Just let me get dressed. And then you
show me what you saw.

INT. CREMATORIUM

Sebastian unlocks the door and flicks on the light. The room
is spotless.

Jack and Seth follow behind Sebastian. Jack looks at the
room and knows he's being gaslit.

SEBASTIAN
Is this where you saw Jean-Robert
kill someone Jack?

JACK
I heard her screaming. He pushed her
into that furnace.

Sebastian points to the furnace and places his hand on it to
see if it's hot.

SEBASTIAN
This furnace? Doesn't even feel hot,
Jack.

Jack is speechless.

SEBASTIAN (cont'd)
Who was it you think Jean-Robert had
it in for? One of the girls? One of
the staff?

JACK
I don't know. I didn't see who it
was. I just saw him throw someone
into a box and then push them into
that furnace.

SETH
That's crazy Jack.

Jean-Robert arrives.

SEBASTIAN

Jean-Robert, Jack seems to have it in his head that you killed someone this evening. Is that true?

JEAN-ROBERT

Me kill someone? No.

Jack looks at Jean-Robert incredulously.

SEBASTIAN

He's right Jack. Jean-Robert didn't kill anyone. They did it to themselves.

Jack looks at Sebastian and then Seth. Seth shrugs his shoulders.

SETH

What are you gonna do? They were sinners Jack. And they had to pay.

JACK

Seth?

SEBASTIAN

He's with us Jack. Come here, I want you to see something.

INT. DONALD'S ROOM

Sebastian opens the door and find a man BENT OVER with his naked ass exposed, while two young men in nothing but LOIN CLOTHS throwing orange peels at it.

SEBASTIAN

Jesus, Donald. I didn't mean to interrupt.

The man who's bent over, stands up and we see a young, physically fit man who looks to be somewhere in his 40s. But the face is unmistakably Donald's.

DONALD

Strip off your clothes and join me. I'll have my pets peel a few more oranges for you and your friends.

Jack looks at Donald's new youthful body and cannot believe his eyes.

JACK

How did you?

SEBASTIAN

Let's give Donald back his room and head over to my office. I'll get Jean-Robert to make us some coffee and I'll explain everything to you.

INT. OFFICE

JACK

They're what?

SEBASTIAN

Sin Eaters Jack. Those biscuits you've been making and serving us.

Jean-Robert places a cup of coffee in front of Sebastian and then Seth and finally Jack.

SEBASTIAN (cont'd)

Thank you Jean-Robert. Do you think I could get a bowl of cereal? Lucky Charms if we have it.

Jean-Robert nods and leaves.

JACK

What is a Sin Eater Sebastian?

SEBASTIAN

Sin is like a cancer for some people Jack. It cripples them and leaves them unable to function. I offer a service that alleviates those pains and makes their life a bit more manageable.

JACK

How?

SEBASTIAN

Oh, the how is irrelevant, Jack. What matters is it works. You've seen it for yourself. Patricia. And now Donald. Why don't you take a guess and tell me how old you think Patricia is. Or Donald?

JACK

And by the looks of this place, they must pay you a fucking ton of money to turn back their clock.

SEBASTIAN

Oh they pay. But not in money, Jack. I got money. But what I don't have, is loyalty, Jack. To me, loyalty is more precious than any amount of gold or silver.

JACK

And that's what these people give you? Loyalty?

SEBASTIAN

I should certainly hope so. The people who eat the biscuits are just as flawed as anyone else. They just didn't have a friend like me to set things straight. I'd like to be your friend, Jack. Set things right for you.

SETH

Listen to him man. How the fuck do you think I got the Indigo Blue? He could do the same for you.

JACK

And if I say no?

SEBASTIAN

I would be dissapointed. But I wouldn't stop you. I can't stop you. I mean we're not communists. I want you to want to be here. And if you do stay for the rest of the week, not only do you have your paycheck coming to you, but I've also talked to the owner of the Bon. He needs a new head chef, I told him how pleased I've been with you. He's waiting for your call when you get back home. I would recommend using some of your paycheck to purchase a new suit for your interview.

SETH

Come on man, the people who come here deserve it. They do it to themselves. And besides, if we don't do it, someone else will. And I don't know about you, but I can't go back to being nothing again.

SEBASTIAN
So what do you say, Jack. Can I count
on you for just one more service?

TITLE CARD:

THURSDAY

INT. KITCHEN- DAY

SETH
Tomorrow's service should be a
breeze. Sebastian said the guest
wants steaks served blue.

JACK
Raw? His guest wants raw steaks?

SETH
Not raw, blue. A lot of sophisticates
like their meat bloody.

JACK
If you say so.

SETH
Hey... I don't want you fading out on
me. We just got one more service to
get through and then you never have
to see this island ever again.

JACK
Seth we're accomplices to murder.

SETH
Well Jesus Christ don't fucking say
that. Don't even whisper that, do you
hear me.

Seth pushes Jack into the pantry.

PANTRY:

SETH (cont'd)
Do you want them to think you're
loose end? This same shit happened to
me last year. Nothing happened. I
kept my mouth shut and guess what, I
hit the jackpot. So I will not have
you fuck this up for me! You had your
chance to leave and you didn't. So
quit moping around and let's have
some fun.

INT. JACK'S BEDROOM- DAY

Jean-Robert is whistling to himself as he goes through all of Jack's things.

We even see Jean-Robert try on some of Jack's clothes and look at himself in the mirror.

JEAN-ROBERT

I like that one. (pointing to a shirt he's wearing)

KITCHEN:

Jack and Seth are prepping vegetables when Sebastian walks in looking a bit apprehensive.

SETH

Hey, what's wrong?

SEBASTIAN

Oh boy. I don't even want to get into this, but... there's been a slight change in the menu.

JACK

That's no problem. Who wants to eat a raw piece of meat anyway? What does this guy want us to make?

SEBASTIAN

OK, but before I tell you, I just want you to know that you are both getting an extra 100k for all the problems you guys have had. I truly am sorry.

SETH

Holy shit, Sebastian, thank you!

JACK

What is it he wants?

Jean-Robert comes in carrying a human torso. No limbs. No head. He places it on the granite countertop.

SETH

What the fuck Sebastian!

JACK

You've got to be fucking kidding me.

SEBASTIAN

What? I'm told the texture's exactly like pork. Our guest would like the ribs. The rest of the meat... I don't know, get creative.

JEAN-ROBERT

I tried to find a good sized one with not too much fat.

JACK

I did not have cooking a human torso on my BINGO card for this year.

Seth looks at Jack like he may have finally snapped.

JACK (cont'd)

We better put this thing on ice before it goes bad.

INT. OFFICE- NIGHT

Sebastian is sitting at his desk with Jean-Robert sitting across from him. Both are smoking cigars.

JEAN-ROBERT

I don't think he'll make it.

SEBASTIAN

He'll be just fine.

JEAN-ROBERT

What about Seth?

SEBASTIAN

Oh I love Seth. But he's not new anymore. I like things that are new. Like Jack.

JEAN-ROBERT

So what do you want me to do with him.

SEBASTIAN

Go ahead and let Seth know his services are no longer needed.

JEAN-ROBERT

You're that certain Jack's going to work out?

SEBASTIAN

Fire him.

INT. SETH'S ROOM- NIGHT

Seth is laying in bed asleep. We see someone stick a large caliber handgun in Seth's mouth.

Seth's eyes open in terror as he sees Jean-Robert standing over him holding the gun.

JEAN-ROBERT

Shhhh. Get up.

EXT. VILLA HOME- NIGHT

Seth is already crying as he is led out of the house. The 4-wheeler is parked in front.

SETH

Please, Jean-Robert, let me talk to Sebastian. He wouldn't want you to do this. Please. It was all Jack's fault. He didn't want to be here. Please don't kill me. Please.

Jean-Robert whistles to himself as Seth pleads for his life. He then points the gun at Seth's face.

JEAN-ROBERT

Run.

Seth tears off as fast as he can.

Jean-Robert bounces his head as he continues to whistle a happy tune as he starts up the 4-wheeler.

Seth runs as fast as he can. But the sand is deep and he has a hard time putting any distance between him and Jean-Robert.

Jean-Robert puts his spotlight on Seth and runs him down. He intentionally knocks Seth off his feet with the 4-wheeler. He then parks his wheel on Seth's foot so he can't run away.

We then see Jean-Robert take a gasoline tank and pour it on Seth.

SETH

Oh God, Jean-Robert! No! Please, I'm your friend, Jean-Robert! You don't have to do this.

JEAN-ROBERT

You are right Seth. I don't have to do this. But God I'm glad I get to.

Jean-Robert gets back into his 4-wheeler and rolls it off Seth's foot.

Seth tries to limp away as fast as he can.

A match is lit by Jean-Robert that lights up a gas trial that lead right to Seth who quickly goes up in flames.

His high pitched screams accompany Jean-Robert belting out *What's Going On?* by 4 Non Blonds at the top of his lungs.

JEAN-ROBERT (cont'd)
*And I said, hay yeah yeah yeah, hay
 yeah, yeah. What's going on?*

TITLE CARD:

FRIDAY

EXT. AIRSTRIP- MORNING

Sebastian, Patricia and Donald are all standing in the sun waiting for another plane to arrive.

DONALD
 What time is this nut sack supposed to arrive?

SEBASTIAN
 He's already late.

PATRICIA
 Fucking typical.

SEBASTIAN
 Listen, when Diego gets here, let's all try and be a bit more upbeat, OK? You know he's on the edge.

DONALD
 He's a psychopath, Sebastian. You're allowing a psychopath to share our airspace.

SEBASTIAN
 And what are you two? Mischievous? Frisky? I got news for you Donald, were all psychos here.

PATRICIA
 I think I see it.

DONALD

The plane?

PATRICIA

No your dick. But I was wrong. I just saw a flea.

SEBASTIAN

No, there it is, I see it.

The plane looks like it's coming down like a dive bomber.

PATRICIA

The plane seems to be coming in awfully fast doesn't it?

INT. COCKPIT

A dead pilot is sitting limp next to DIEGO GARCIA (54) a Spanish man who for some reason is now flying the plane.

Diego is laughing as he pulls the plane up at the last moment. It's clear he knows how to fly a plane.

AIRSTRIP:

SEBASTIAN

(bitter)

Diego Garcia.

TIME LAPSE:

Diego opens the door to the airplane.

SEBASTIAN (cont'd)

Diego, what are you doing flying my plane?

DIEGO

I killed the pilot. I'm sorry. I tried waiting, but I could not help myself.

SEBASTIAN

I had no idea you could fly.

DONALD

I'm the same way sometimes. On flights to Vegas, even though I know I'm going to the buffets in just under an hour, I still gorge on whatever I can get while I'm on the plane.

Diego looks at Patricia and Donald.

DIEGO

I see I'm the last to arrive... yet again.

SEBASTIAN

Don't blame me, blame yourself. Even though I may be lord and master over this here domain, you can put a serious hurt on staff. I doubt I could keep enough on hand if you were to come any earlier.

PATRICIA

So Diego, what is it you want to do?

DIEGO

Same thing I want to every time I visit this island. Kill everything I see.

SEBASTIAN

Well go nuts. When you leave on Sunday, it will just be me and Jean-Robert. So everyone else is fair game... except my chef. Don't touch him. That one's mine.

DIEGO

Forbidden fruit.

SEBASTIAN

I'm serious, Diego. Don't go taking a bite outta that apple. You will not like the aftertaste I can assure you.

DIEGO

But the others?

SEBASTIAN

Carte blanche. Just be respectful of those your fellow guests may have already claimed stake to.

DIEGO

So how many do I have?

SEBASTIAN

More than enough for three days.

DIEGO

I still think I'm going to pace myself.

SEBASTIAN

That's the spirit! Why rush though a slaughter when you can just sit and soak in a bloodbath.

DIEGO

Muy bien.

SEBASTIAN

Muy bien is right. I have you in Bungalow 3.

DIEGO

Gracias.

SEBASTIAN

Oh and Diego. I just put new carpet in there, so if you would.

DIEGO

I'll do my best.

INT. SETH'S ROOM- MORNING

The room is empty and still until a knock comes at the door. Jack opens it slowly.

JACK

Hey buddy, you up?

He sees Seth's bed has not been slept in.

INT. FRONT ROOM- MORNING

Sebastian and his guests are coming in from the heat. Jack makes a bee-line to intercept them.

Sebastian sees Jack powerwalking towards them.

SEBASTIAN

Diego, may I introduce to you my chef, Jack Burroughs.

DIEGO

Did you get what I sent for you to cook?

JACK

I did.

DIEGO

I like my ribs, burnt to a crisp.

JACK
I'll make a note of that. (to
Sebastian) Have you seen Seth?

SEBASTIAN
Not since last night. Why? Is he
missing?

JACK
I hope not.

SEBASTIAN
I'm sure he's around here somewhere
Jack.

INT. BALLROOM- DAY

Jack is walking through the house searching for Seth.

INT. JEAN-ROBERT'S OFFICE

Jean-Robert is sitting reading a BATMAN comic book. Jack
knocks on the door.

JEAN-ROBERT
Come in.

JACK
Jean-Robert, I'm looking for Seth,
have you seen him.

JEAN-ROBERT
I haven't. But Seth is well-known
nymphomaniac. I would wager he is
with one of the girls.

JACK
OK. Thanks for the tip.

INT. LIBRARY- DAY

Jack sticks his head into the empty Library.

EXT. COURTYARD- DAY

Two GIRLS (15ish) are playing "Paddy Cake" with each other.
Jack sees them from across the courtyard.

JACK
Excuse me. I was looking for my
friend Seth! Have you seen him?

GIRL 1
You mean Seth the chef?

JACK
Yes! That's the one.

The two girls giggle and whisper into each others ears.

GIRL 1
No! I haven't seen him today!

Jack then sees Diego walking towards the girls.

He watches helplessly, like it was a dream, Diego pull out a
knife and grabs Girl 1. Diego kisses her once before
viciously slitting the girl's throat.

Traumatized by terror, the second girl starts to run away
from the large Spaniard. However, Diego quickly pounces on
her like a wild animal.

Jack screams for him to stop, but Diego is in a frenzy. He
stabs the second girl multiple times, rage screaming at them
as he slams his knife down into her lifeless body.

Jack crumples to the ground. Diego notices him and waves.

DIEGO
There's plenty for everyone amigo! Do
you want this one (pointing to Girl
1)? I think she's still breathing if
you want to finish her off.

INT. OFFICE- DAY

Sebastian is sitting down looking up at Jack.

JACK
Keep your pay. Keep your reference. I
want to get the fuck out of here now,
right now.

SEBASTIAN
Jack, what happened.

JACK
That psycho who just got to the
island!

SEBASTIAN

Diego?

JACK

He just killed two little girls!

SEBASTIAN

Diego.

JACK

Yes! FUCKING DIEGO!

SEBASTIAN

Jack I can't have you leave.

JACK

You said I had a choice!

SEBASTIAN

You do. You always do.

JACK

Then what?

SEBASTIAN

If you leave Jack, it affects everyone. Not just me. It affects the guests. Jean-Robert. Seth. Everyone. I want you to know that.

JACK

That's tough shit.

SEBASTIAN

I mean them. They are not going to be happy once they find out you have left.

JACK

Fuck them.

SEBASTIAN

And Diego. He's going to be crushed.

JACK

Double fuck that guy. He should be in fucking prison. In the electric chair. Put down like a dog.

SEBASTIAN

Would that make you stay?

JACK

What?

SEBASTIAN

If I put Diego down. Permanently. If I did that for you. Would you stay here with me.

JACK

No.

SEBASTIAN

Are you sure? These are not the sort of people you want as enemies.

JACK

I'll live.

SEBASTIAN

Yes but for how long?

Jack gives Sebastian a stern look.

JACK

You threatening me Sebastian?

SEBASTIAN

Look, I just wanted to see if there was anything I could say or do to make you reconsider leaving.

JACK

I'm sorry. But you've got nothing I want.

SEBASTIAN

Just remember Jack. Sin is cumulative. It weighs on you like a cancer. And so far. I am the only proven cure.

JACK

I wanna go home.

INT. AIRPLANE- NIGHT

Jack is sitting in one of the spacious chairs found on Sebastian's plane. He looks sweaty, exhausted and scared. In short, Jack looks terrible.

INT. SEBASTIAN HOUSE (FRONT ROOM)

We see Sebastian sitting on a chair smoking a cigar as Donald looks MORBIDLY OBESE, like a giant tick.

He screams as he stretches to the point where he finally explodes all over the Villa.

Patricia is staggering around, looking like an old crone. Her nose falls off before she crumbles to the ground.

Diego is shackled inside an IRON MAIDEN. He pleads for mercy before Jean-Robert violently shuts it on him.

His screams lead Jean-Robert into singing the opening lines of *Led Zeppelin's Immigrant Song*.

JEAN-ROBERT
*I come from the land of the ice and
snow...*

INT. AIRPLANE- NIGHT

Sweat drips down Jack's face as he remembers the two girls he saw Diego kill. He remembers the fear in their eyes.

And then suddenly! Jack begins to vomit up COPIOUS amounts of dark black blood.

When he finishes, Jack passes out.

INT. HOSPITAL BED- DAY

Jack slowly wakes up in a hospital bed. A nurse who is changing him sees him open his eyes.

NURSE
Let me go get the doctor for you.

Jack looks around, uncertain of where he is.

Multiple IV's are being pumped into Jack, including a bag of whole blood.

He sees the nurse who was just in his room, standing outside talking with a older doctor.

The Doctor nods grimly and comes in.

DOCTOR
You're awake. How are you feeling?

JACK
(weak)
Terrible. Where am I?

DOCTOR
Hospital. Intensive care. You had a
scared there for a while. You were
pretty spot and go throughout the
night.

JACK
Hospital? Am I alright?

The doctor looks at Jack with a Grim Reaper like look.

DOCTOR
I'm sorry to say we found multiple
tumors growing in your lungs.

JACK
Tumors? Like cancer?

DOCTOR
Exactly like cancer, I'm afraid.

JACK
I don't even smoke.

DOCTOR
That's not always a contributing
factor.

JACK
How bad is it?

DOCTOR
Bad.

JACK
Months? Years?

DOCTOR
Days, hours, minutes. We just don't
know. But we're doing everything we
can.

Jack tries to think.

He remembers Sebastian saying that Sin was like a Cancer.
And that he was the only cure.

JACK
Get me unhooked from all this.

DOCTOR
I would not advise that.

JACK
Duly noted. Get me fucking unhooked
now.

INT. SEBASTIAN'S HOUSE (FRONT ROOM)- DAY

The house is clean and immaculate. We hear the doorbell chime.

Sebastian walks in holding a big RED APPLE that he is polishing on his shirt to eat.

He walks to the front door and opens it.

It's Jack. He looks worse than ever. Pale, gaunt and struggling to breath.

Sebastian greets him like an old friend.

SEBASTIAN
Jack! How the hell are you?

JACK
Help me... please.

SEBASTIAN
What's that you say? You want what?

JACK
Please help me.

SEBASTIAN
You ran out on me, Jack. Disappointed
a whole lot of people. Left me
looking like a fool in front of my
guests.

JACK
I'm sorry. I'll never do that again.

SEBASTIAN
Swear it to me.

Jack looks at Sebastian's eyes. He sees flames where the eyes should be.

JACK
I swear.

Sebastian hands Jack the apple.

SEBASTIAN
Let me see you take a bite.

Jack bites into the apple and swallows the fruit.

Sebastian smiles and opens his arms for Jack, giving him a big hug.

SEBASTIAN (cont'd)
You know, hypocrisy has always been
my favorite tasting sin. Why don't
you come on in and we'll share a bowl
of it together.

We see Sebastian close the door, taking Jack under his wing.

Jean-Robert closes the door.

THE END

