

TRINKET

by

Ron Maede

RonMaede@gmail.com

773-758-0902 Cell / Text

INT. ASYLUM CELL - DAY

Bare little white room. An imposing steel door.

A girl in a straight jacket is laying on the floor.

She's a dark-eyed blonde. Gaunt, pallid, and sweaty.

She has a bunch of tattoos and piercings but you can't see most of them.

Her name is TRINKET (19).

And she's royally pissed off.

An ugly metal speaker in the corner squawks. It's DR. AGOONAH's voice.

DR. AGOONAH (O.S.)  
What are you doing, Trinket?

TRINKET  
Escaping.

She strains against the jacket.

DR. AGOONAH (O.S.)  
Oh, Trinket. I thought you liked it here.

TRINKET  
That's because you're an idiot.

DR. AGOONAH (O.S.)  
It's not nice to call names.

TRINKET  
It's also not nice to pull people off the street and lock them up when they haven't done anything.

DR. AGOONAH (O.S.)  
That's true. Except you did something. Can you tell me what you did?

TRINKET  
Got caught.

DR. AGOONAH (O.S.)  
Yes. But why?

TRINKET

Narcs. N.S.A. Chip implants. You name it.

DR. AGOONAH (O.S.)

I like you, Trinket. I really do. Do you know that?

TRINKET

Freak.

DR. AGOONAH (O.S.)

And because I like you...I want you to get better. I want to help you.

TRINKET

I have a better idea.

DR. AGOONAH (O.S.)

What's that?

TRINKET

I'm going to find a way out of here.

DR. AGOONAH (O.S.)

There's no way you can--

TRINKET

Shut up! I already figured it out! I knew there was a way, and I found it. Nobody ever found it before but I did it.

DR. AGOONAH (O.S.)

Okay.

TRINKET

All you ever want to talk about is the animals. And the parents. Why? Do you get off on it?

DR. AGOONAH (O.S.)

No. It makes me sad.

TRINKET

I need to get stronger. That's the only way. People don't get it. They think it's tech devices, or clothes, or education. But it's not. It's strength.

DR. AGOONAH (O.S.)

Like working out?

TRINKET

As I said. You're an idiot.

DR. AGOONAH (O.S.)

Trinket.

TRINKET

Mind strength. You have to be disciplined enough to face your doubts and fears. That's the only way you can find 'The Way'.

DR. AGOONAH (O.S.)

What is 'The Way'?

TRINKET

The path is narrow. And few find it. I missed it myself the first few times.

DR. AGOONAH (O.S.)

I'd prefer if you confined your comments to reality.

TRINKET

Here's your reality, asshole. When I get there, I'm going to go back in time. And then I'm going to find your father. And I'm going to cut his fucking nuts off.

Weird sounds start coming from the box like Agoonah put his hand over the microphone.

There's a woman's voice in the background but it's garbled.

Trinket stares at it. Waiting.

DR. AGOONAH (O.S.)

Your session is over.

CLICK.

TRINKET

Back to work.

She closes her eyes.

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

A sunny late-summer day.

Joggers, lawn sprinklers, and SUV's full of soccer kids.

INT. LURVEY HOME, GARAGE

MARSHALL LURVEY (46) sitting on an old army cot shaking his cell phone.

MARSHALL  
Buffering? C'mon you piece of shit.

He's a mess. The razor stubble, the flip-flops paired with the open bathrobe, and the coffee-stained T-shirt all indicate a man in decline.

Which is exactly what he is.

He looks up to see a Cadillac Escalade pull up the driveway.

His wife, VANESSA (43) milf, and her boy-toy LUKE (31) get out.

They start unloading grocery bags. Marshall gets up to help.

VANESSA  
Don't worry about it.

Marshall reaches for a bag anyway.

MARSHALL  
It's okay.

VANESSA  
No! We have it.

MARSHALL  
Fine.

Luke hefts a five-gallon water jug over his beefy shoulder.

LUKE  
How you doing, Marshall?

MARSHALL  
Yeah, real good Luke.

LUKE  
I'm putting this inside, babe.

He walks away with the water and 40 pounds of dog food under his arm.

MARSHALL  
I can't believe you're doing this.

VANESSA  
Can't believe what? That I'm  
living?

MARSHALL  
Living with a guy right under my  
nose.

VANESSA  
It wouldn't be under your nose if  
you'd move out.

MARSHALL  
It's temporary.

VANESSA  
Temporary is two weeks. This is  
like lymphoma.

MARSHALL  
I'm working on my resume right now.

VANESSA  
And another thing. I don't want you  
dumping that disgusting pee jar on  
my lawn anymore.

MARSHALL  
Why not?

VANESSA  
It stinks. And the kids saw you.

MARSHALL  
What am I supposed to do?

VANESSA  
Use the gutter at the end of the  
driveway. But not where I'll drive  
on it.

She carries some bags toward the door.

MARSHALL  
Kirby pees on the lawn all the  
time.

VANESSA  
Kirby didn't get fired for sexual  
harassment.

MARSHALL

I told you, I accidentally walked  
into the wrong hotel room and fell  
asleep!

Luke trots back out.

LUKE

Everything okay, babe?

INT. OFFICE SUPPLY STORE - DAY

Marshall is working at one of the public computers.

His resume is on the screen. He used to be a "QUALITY CONTROL  
SUPERVISOR at TRUSK PHARMACEUTICALS".

He looks around.

Highlights his DATE OF BIRTH. Deletes the year, "1967".  
Retypes "1971".

Thinks. Shakes his head.

Deletes it again. Then types "1974".

A boisterous AMATEUR ROCK BAND barges into the quiet store.

All five of them are loud, and pierced, and skinny.

The leader, DENNY (22), rings the service bell ten times.

Everybody laughs.

DENNY

C'mon, lady. We don't have all day.

The counter clerk, MARGARITA (56) comes over.

Denny reads her name tag.

DENNY

Mar...ga...ree...tah? Are you fun  
at parties?

Everybody laughs. Margarita rolls her eyes.

MARGARITA

Can I help you?

DENNY

We're here to pick up our flyers.  
'Satan's Sandwich'.

Marshall chuckles to himself.

One of the other band kids, BRIAN (24) takes out some drumsticks from his pocket.

He beats out a rhythm on the counter.

BRIAN  
Satan's fucking sandwich, man!  
Alright!

Margarita hands them a box.

MARGARITA  
Here you go.

Denny looks at the first one.

DENNY  
No no no no! What's this? This  
isn't right.

BRIAN  
What's wrong with that, dude?

DENNY  
The apostrophe! There's no fucking  
apostrophe in 'Satans Sandwich',  
man! It's just 's' as in plural  
Satans.

BRIAN  
No! The apostrophe is the shit.

Some of the band members nod agreement.

BRIAN  
Like we're owned by Satan. The  
apostrophe denotes ownership.  
Didn't we talk about this already?

DENNY  
You're stoned dude. A bunch of full-  
on Satans is much cooler than being  
'owned' by Satan. She's gotta  
change it.

Marshall is now totally laughing to himself. Brian hears.

BRIAN  
What do you know about it old man?

Marshall turns back to the screen.

One of the band chicks, NICOLE (20) pipes up.

NICOLE  
I still think it should be 'Snuff  
City'.

DENNY  
'Snuff City' is by far the dumbest  
band name I've ever heard.

NICOLE  
Fuck you, Denny. Just because your  
dad owns a sound board doesn't mean  
you get to make all the decisions.

They start to file out.

Marshall turns back to his resume.

Brian taps the drumsticks on every surface he can reach on  
the way out. Including Marshall's monitor.

Then Trinket walks up behind him. Leans in close.

TRINKET  
That'll never work.

MARSHALL  
Mind your own business.

She's dressed in leather and metal and ink.

She has facial piercings and her hair is loose. And she's  
just about the sexiest thing in the fucking world.

TRINKET  
Why can't I make this my business?  
It's a free country. Aren't you  
free?

Marshall turns his chair to face her.

MARSHALL  
Nobody is free.

TRINKET  
Nobody tries. I'm free.

MARSHALL  
You think you're free because you  
have a bunch of earrings and your  
parents bought you that leather  
jacket?

She slaps him across the face. Hard. CRACK!

Margarita looks over.

TRINKET

Don't ever mention my parents. Now write.

She spins his chair back to the keyboard.

TRINKET

Change your age back, dummy.

MARSHALL

Hey--

TRINKET

Do it.

And he does as instructed.

TRINKET

Now, for the last eighteen months you haven't been 'unemployed'. You left to start your own freelance consulting practice. Jesus! Everybody knows that.

MARSHALL

Who are you?

TRINKET

I'm Trinket.

She leans in from behind and kisses him on the cheek.

TRINKET

Did I hurt you?

INT. DIVE BAR - DAY

Trinket plays some all-girl punk band on the jukebox.

Her hips keep rhythm as some drunks leer from the bar.

Marshall is nursing a bourbon. Neat.

Trinket sashays over.

TRINKET

Dance with me.

MARSHALL  
Not really my kind of music.

TRINKET  
Because you forgot how to feel.

MARSHALL  
Are you going to hit me again?

TRINKET  
Behave yourself.

She pulls him onto the dance floor.

MARSHALL  
You sure know how to get what you  
want, don't you?

TRINKET  
I don't have much time.

MARSHALL  
Thanks for the drink.

TRINKET  
You can have whatever you want.

She presses her body to him. Slow dancing. Total opposite of  
the beat.

TRINKET  
Now just listen to the music. Rip  
out the clutter and just let the  
sound pour into you. Don't use your  
ears. Use your heart. Even if you  
don't like it. Watch where it goes  
inside of you.

Marshall closes his eyes.

Does his best to concentrate. Or understand.

Trinket tilts her head up. Pulls his face toward her.

Pause.

Kisses him. Lightly. Lovingly.

His shoulders slump as his resistance is destroyed.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

Deluxe multi-room suite. Amazing view of the twinkling city.

Trinket and Marshall make love like horny beavers.  
 It's "R" not "X". Get your mind out of the gutter.  
 Marshall awakes in the--

MORNING

Sprawled naked. Alone. Empty bottles on the floor.  
 A laser printer comes to life in the next room.

WHIRR, CLACK. WHIRR, CLACK.

It's pumping out pages and pages of bizzaro technical drawings.

Marshall squints at the sunlight. Blistering hangover.  
 Looks around. Coughs.

MARSHALL

Hey?

No response.

An urgent knocking at the door. THUMPA! THUMPA! THUMPA!

Marshall pulls on some pants. Walks to the door.

He notices the papers on the printer as he passes.

THUMPA! THUMPA! THUMPA!

He opens the door. A large group of people stares at him.

An angry Chinese couple, MR. & MRS. LING (30'S) jabbers at each other and Marshall.

A bellboy and HOTEL MANAGER (55) stare in surprise.

HOTEL MANAGER

Occupied? Oh, Mister and Misses Ling, I am so sorry. There was obviously some confusion at the front desk. We'll sort this out in a few minutes. Oscar, take Mister and Misses Ling's luggage back downstairs--

MR. LING

No! No mistake. We pay. This our room! We not take other room!

He jabbers at his upset wife some more.

MR. LING  
Move him! Not us!

HOTEL MANAGER  
(to Marshall)  
I'm sorry, sir. This is a most unusual situation. Were you checking out today per chance?

MARSHALL  
Uh, yeah, yeah. I'm not sure what happened either. My, uh, my niece checked us in. Here, I can bug out in two seconds. No problem.

He closes the door on them. Tours the wrecked room.

Grabs his shoes and a shirt.

The printer has spit out about 20 pages by now.

MINUTES LATER

Fully dressed, he grabs a half-empty vodka bottle and exits.

HALLWAY

HOTEL MANAGER  
If you wouldn't mind, sir, meeting me downstairs so we can sort this out.

A couple of SECURITY GUARDS are walking down the hall.

MARSHALL  
Sure, whatever.

The manager snaps his fingers at the security guards and points to Marshall. They follow him to the--

ELEVATOR

The linebacker-sized guards flank Marshall. He looks from side to side. Shakes his head.

Takes out the vodka bottle. Takes a long swig. Offers it to them.

MARSHALL  
You guys want a hit?

BLACK GUARD  
It's ten o'clock in the morning,  
man!

MARSHALL  
More for me.

Takes another swig.

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Marshall exits the building. Rubs his wrists.

Turns. Flips off the building.

Walks off.

EXT. LURVEY HOME - DAY

Marshall trudges up the driveway.

Looks around.

Walks to the lawn. Unzips. Pisses.

The garage door opens.

Luke pulls garbage cans to the curb. Sees him.

LUKE  
Oh, totally not cool, dude.

Marshall turns to face him. Pees in his direction.

MARSHALL  
Who fucking cares?

He tucks and zips.

LUKE  
It really bothers Nessie, man. You  
have to show her more respect.

MARSHALL  
Here's a news flash for you, dumb  
ass. I don't give a shit.

Luke's jocular attitude begins to fade.

LUKE

What did you call me?

MARSHALL

You want to talk respect? You fuck my wife? In my bed? In my house? Fuck you, you miserable piece of shit. And that cunt!

LUKE

Now we got a problem.

Luke advances on him. Marshall stands his ground.

MARSHALL

You want to hit me, now?

LUKE

I can't let you talk that way about Vanessa, man.

MARSHALL

Fine, fuck-o. Go ahead. I guarantee you'll spend the night in jail. Maybe a lot longer. Go ahead. Do it, pussy.

Luke rears back his fist. Marshall braces himself.

Vanessa steps outside. Surprises them both.

VANESSA

Luke!

Luke stops. Grabs Marshall by the shirt instead.

LUKE

We're not done. You better take her advice and get packed. Got me?

MARSHALL

Hi, honey. I was just explaining to your boyfriend that I need to take a shower, okay?

Luke lets him go.

VANESSA

We're going out. You can use the kid's bathroom. Stay out of the master.

MARSHALL

Thanks.

LUKE  
(whispering)  
We do it in there.

MARSHALL  
Hope you rinse.

INT. LURVEY HOME - LATER

Marshall walks through the deserted house. Sticks his head into the kids'--

BATHROOM

Looks around. Leaves. Notices the doorway to the--

MASTER BEDROOM

Walks in. Huge room. Sitting area, plus a separate dressing area, and of course the king-sized bed.

Marshall creeps around like a foreigner. Walks into the--

MASTER BATHROOM

Also super-lux. Shower big enough for a football team.

LATER

Marshall is lathering up in the steam shower.

LATER

Shaves.

Coifs.

Sits on the toilet.

Goes to flush. Stops. Thinks. Decides to leave it unflushed.

MARSHALL  
Little something for you, Luke.

GARAGE - LATER

Sits on his army cot, looking at his iPhone. Types in 'SATAN'S SANDWICH'.

MARSHALL

(reading)

Cabaret Metro. Eleven o'clock?  
Jesus! What do these kids do? Sleep  
all day?

EXT. CABARET METRO - NIGHT

Long line of Goth kids waiting to get in.

Even in leather jacket and black pants, Marshall is horribly out of place.

He goes to the front of the line. Talks to the BLIND BOUNCER (60).

MARSHALL

Um, hey there. I'm not really here  
to see the show.

BLIND BOUNCER

Then you're here to make trouble.

MARSHALL

No, no, really. I'm looking for a  
girl.

BLIND BOUNCER

Uh, huh. That's trouble, like I  
said.

The bouncer is shaking hands with all the people in line.

BLIND BOUNCER

(shakes hands)

Okay.

(shakes again)

You're okay.

MARSHALL

Are you blind?

BLIND BOUNCER

Less than some.

MARSHALL

How do you check i.d.'s?

He holds his hand out.

BLIND BOUNCER  
Take my hand.

Marshall hesitates. Takes it.

BLIND BOUNCER  
You're forty-seven. You never done  
an honest days work in your life.  
And you're desperate about  
something.

Some RANDOM HOTTIE in line overhears.

RANDOM HOTTIE  
Desperate to get laid.

Her friends giggle.

Marshall gets embarrassed.

BLIND BOUNCER  
Come on now. You know better than  
that. A desperate man is a man  
making trouble. You can't come in.  
Don't need no trouble.

MARSHALL  
Maybe you could just tell her I'm  
here?

BLIND BOUNCER  
Who you want to see?

MARSHALL  
Trinket? She's with the band.

BLIND BOUNCER  
I don't think so.

MARSHALL  
Yeah, she is. I met her yesterday.

BLIND BOUNCER  
Nobody named 'Trinket' in here. I  
would know.

MARSHALL  
How would you know?

BLIND BOUNCER  
You like this kind of music?

MARSHALL  
Probably not.

BLIND BOUNCER  
Then you in the wrong place. Right?

Marshall takes the hint. Cranes his neck into the doorway.  
Skinny bodies and colored lights. But no Trinket.  
He wanders around the corner to the--

EXT. BACK ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

The band, "Satan's Sandwich", is outside smoking by the rear entrance.

DENNY  
So she's all like, 'We don't count  
the door until Monday. You have to  
come back then'.

NICOLE  
That's fucking bullshit, man!

BRIAN  
They're ripping us off!

DENNY  
What am I supposed to do? Drag her  
to the office and count it? Now?

BRIAN  
We can't let that coke-whore keep  
our money all weekend! How do we  
even know how much it is?

NICOLE  
Did you see that fucking line out  
there?

Marshall walks up.

MARSHALL  
Hey guys. I don't mean to  
interrupt.

They face him in unison.

DENNY  
Then don't.

MARSHALL

I was wondering if I could talk to Trinket.

The band members all stare at each other.

NICOLE

That's the guy from the store yesterday.

BRIAN

You're following us?

MARSHALL

I 'liked' you on facebook.

DENNY

Yeah, we really don't need you to do that.

MARSHALL

Sorry. Is she here?

DENNY

Is 'who' here?

MARSHALL

Trinket.

BRIAN

Trinket? She's here and not here.

They laugh.

NICOLE

Trinket is not a girl. It's a song we wrote.

DENNY

I wrote.

NICOLE

For fucks sake, Denny! Jesus. I get a writing credit on that. Don't fucking tell me you don't remember!

MARSHALL

A song?

DENNY

'Lyrics by'. You get half credit on lyrics, that's it.

NICOLE

Half credit! I totally wrote the entire thing in psych class. I still have it--

She whips out her phone. Holds it under Denny's nose.

NICOLE

Check, cash, credit bitch!

MARSHALL

Look! There was a girl with you in the store yesterday. Her name was Trinket. We uh, we got to talking and uh--

The band stares in confusion.

MARSHALL

Can you just please bring her out?

They look at each other and shrug.

EXT. CITY STREET - LATER

Marshall walks alone as the sounds from the club fade away.

He passes some kids DRUMMING on upturned water jugs and buckets.

They're pretty good. They have quite a wacky rhythm going.

Marshall takes a moment to focus on the pounding.

BOOM BADA, BOOM BADA, BOOM BADA.

Trinket appears next to him.

TRINKET

It's cold.

She presses into him. Marshall puts an arm around her.

MARSHALL

Where--

TRINKET

Shhh. No questions, okay?

MARSHALL

No! Not okay. I got arrested. 'Theft of Services' they called it.

Trinket laughs.

TRINKET

You're funny. Do you really care about that right now?

He takes a quick mental inventory. Gets a surprised look.

MARSHALL

No.

TRINKET

You know why?

MARSHALL

Because you're here?

TRINKET

No, dummy. Because you're outgrowing it.

He struggles to understand.

TRINKET

You're becoming a man of power. A man people respect.

MARSHALL

I doubt it.

TRINKET

Doubts have been your enemy your entire life. I wish you could figure out 'why'. This'd be a lot easier.

MARSHALL

I made a lot of mistakes.

TRINKET

Did you get those papers I sent?

Long pause. (We never really saw him touch them.)

MARSHALL

I have them.

TRINKET

Good boy.

MARSHALL

What was I supposed to do with them?

TRINKET

I thought you might have figured it out.

MARSHALL

I was in jail most of the morning.

TRINKET

Who wasn't?

She laughs.

TRINKET

Okay, look. You're going to take those documents to Duncan Sheehy.

MARSHALL

Duncan Sheehy?

TRINKET

Ever heard of him?

MARSHALL

No.

TRINKET

He's a man of power, too. Don't let him see your weaknesses. In fact, don't say anything. Not a word.

EXT. CITY STREET - MORNING

Marshall is staking out Duncan Sheehy's swanky hi-rise apartment building.

Soon his quarry emerges. Dressed in I-don't-care-what-you-think-of-me hipster chic, DUNCAN SHEEHY (26) is the picture of youthful energy and success.

EXT. DUNCAN'S APARTMENT

He wheels his ten-speed to the curb as Marshall approaches.

MARSHALL

Mister Sheehy?

He turns. Sees Marshall holding out a sheaf of papers.

DUNCAN

Business stays in the office, man.

Marshall shoves the papers into his hands anyway.

Duncan reluctantly takes them.

Casual and dismissive, he does a quick riffle.

But something catches his attention.

He slows down. Looks closer. Straightens his glasses.

Smiles and chuckles a little.

DUNCAN

Wow!

Marshall can't believe it.

DUNCAN

Where did you get this?

No response.

DUNCAN

Did you write this?

No response.

DUNCAN

Does it work? I mean, I can see that it works. I'm just surprised nobody has thought of it yet.

No response.

DUNCAN

Did the Russians send you?

MARSHALL

What?

DUNCAN

The Russians. Are you working with the Russians?

No response.

DUNCAN

Why did you bring this to me?

Duncan laughs at his own joke.

DUNCAN

Like, who else would you bring them to? Right?

No response.

DUNCAN  
What do you want for this?

Marshall thinks. Hesitates.

MARSHALL  
A job?

Duncan stares at him for a few seconds.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. MARSHALL'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - MORNING

Sweet bachelor pad. Lots of space and light.

Great view.

The clock radio alarm is a woman's electronic voice.

CLOCK RADIO  
Good morning, Mister Lurvey. Time  
to get up.

The clock makes the sound of WIND CHIMES and OCEAN WAVES.

CLOCK RADIO  
Time to get up, Mister Lurvey.

Marshall turns it off and burrows back under the covers.  
Smiles.

FRONT ROOM

Marshall is working out on the treadmill. He's really hauling  
ass.

KITCHEN

The coffee maker comes on automatically.

BATHROOM - LATER

Coiffed and showered, Marshall checks his look.

He's trying to copy Duncan's hipster look. Not quite there.  
But it's a lot better than before.

INT. REGENT CHEMICAL OFFICE - LATER

Cubicles, computers, and ringing phones.

Marshall nods at assorted "Good Mornings", coming his way.

Glides into his--

OFFICE

Another amazing view of the skyline.

Big WORLD MAP on the wall. Little push pins all over it.

Marshall sits in his comfy executive chair and can't resist a little spin to face the window. Whee!

Turns back to his array of monitors and starts working.

A KNOCK at the door.

KIZARD GYÖNK (60's) pokes his fat round head in.

KIZARD

Got a second, Marshall?

MARSHALL

Sure, Kiz. What's up?

Kizard sits down. He's carrying a skinny manila folder.

Alligator smile.

KIZARD

I was talking to Duncan this morning and he wanted me to check in on you.

Marshall is vaguely alarmed at this.

MARSHALL

Okay?

KIZARD

Happy here?

MARSHALL

Sure. It's terrific. Everything's great.

KIZARD

Personal problems, maybe?

MARSHALL

Nothing out of the ordinary. We're hashing out some divorce details. That's a bitch.

KIZARD

It's just that--

Beat.

KIZARD

In terms of...production, we're not seeing the kind of results we were hoping for at the outset.

MARSHALL

Meaning what?

KIZARD

Look, the project you brought us is going to be a blockbuster. It's revolutionary, really.

He smiles.

MARSHALL

Damn right.

KIZARD

But the threshold of profitability is years off. And you're not proving yourself to be effective in moving the timeline, so to speak.

MARSHALL

The stock added fifteen percent the day you announced it. And it's up another fifteen percent in the last four months.

KIZARD

We--. That is, Duncan and I, thought it best if we transition your role to more of contingency partner. In the future, if you have additional industry insights that you'd like to make us aware of--

MARSHALL

You're fucking me.

KIZARD

Excuse me?

MARSHALL

Are you hard of hearing you fat fuck?

KIZARD

It's an upsetting subject, so I'll let that go.

MARSHALL

Duncan's not man enough to come down here himself?

KIZARD

Viewed from the proper perspective it is entirely likely that our new agreement may prove to be even more lucrative for you.

Kizard takes some papers out of the folder, and slides them across Marshall's desk.

MARSHALL

Oh, I get it. Next time I'm beating off in the shower and I get a billion dollar idea I should bring it to you fucks? Is that your strategy?

KIZARD

Heidrick was in the meeting too.

MARSHALL

Must've been some party.

KIZARD

Did you present him with a compound that would mimic the formation of human skin?

MARSHALL

Yeah, for burn victims. And after surgery. Shooting victims. Military applications, it was--

KIZARD

He said it was poisonous.

MARSHALL

Bullshit.

KIZARD

Not only that, but he said the compound was so basic and well-known that any high school chemistry student could tell immediately what it was.

MARSHALL

No way.

Marshall swings to his monitor and taps out a few keys.

Looks at a chemical drawing for a few seconds.

MARSHALL

Shit.

His shoulders slump. His bravado evaporates.

KIZARD

Now we have a very fair separation agreement which reflects both your relatively short tenure--

EXT. REGENT CHEMICAL - LATER

Marshall pushes through the doors onto the street.

Looks up at the shimmering tower. Flips off the building.

His cellphone RINGS. He whips it out.

Looks at the i.d.

MARSHALL

Shit.

Answers.

MARSHALL

Yeah, Kyle?

KYLE CANT is Marshall's divorce attorney. Young (26), and top-of-his-class expensive.

KYLE

Dude! You forget me? We got depositions in here that started fifteen minutes ago!

MARSHALL

I totally forgot. Can you keep them happy for twenty minutes? I'll be right there.

KYLE

Nobody can make that bitch happy.

He laughs at his own joke.

MARSHALL

Yeah. I'll be right there.

KYLE

Five hundy an hour, man. Take your time.

CLICK.

INT. KYLE CANT'S LAW OFFICE - LATER

Tastefully appointed meeting room. Long table dominates.

Vanessa and Luke sit with an attorney.

She is WREN GIBSON (40's). Starvation skinny and dressed in black, she is a battle-axe-hag.

She's showing Vanessa where her new SHARK TATOO will be.

WREN

See, I thought right here or--

She holds a by-hand drawing over her hip bone.

WREN

Maybe like this. But which way should he be swimming?

VANESSA

That looks great. Very...um--

LUKE

Sexy.

Vanessa shoots him a look.

VANESSA

I've been thinking about getting something like that.

WREN

This is a time for you to make a clean break. Be your own person. Discover yourself. You'll find--

Marshall barges in. He's all sweaty, like he jogged over.

KYLE

There he is!

MARSHALL

Sorry I'm late.

WREN

Mister Cant, I want you to be aware that you'll be receiving an invoice from my office for the--

Checks the time on her droid.

WREN

--Thirty-eight minutes we've wasted waiting for your client to arrive.

KYLE

We'll look forward to that, Wren.

MARSHALL

Ugh.

Kyle tries to quiet him with a little 'stop' hand.

KYLE

Okay. Based on our previous discussions, I've drawn up this preliminary agreement. Basically, you get the house and the car. We split the 401-K, and share the kids. Is that about right?

WREN

We want to amend the agreement to include spousal support.

MARSHALL

Alimony? Are you fucking kidding me?

WREN

Mister Cant, I'll ask you again to please moderate your client's language. Professional discourse will benefit everyone. Don't you agree?

MARSHALL

That bitch made me live in the  
fucking garage for six months.

Luke snorts a laugh.

KYLE

Easy there, big guy. Let's just  
hear what they have to say.

WREN

As the aggrieved party we feel a  
modest sum is both warranted and  
expected.

MARSHALL

'Aggrieved.' Aggrieved? You're the  
aggrieved party? I peed in a  
mayonaise jar while she fucked her  
boyfriend in my bed. And she's  
aggrieved? No. No way.

VANESSA

You have a job now and you can well-  
afford to compensate me for all the  
years--

MARSHALL

Oh, my job, is it? I got a little  
surprise for you on that front,  
honey.

He points his chin at Luke.

MARSHALL

You too, dumb ass.

Luke turns to Vanessa.

LUKE

I told you I'm not taking it  
anymore.

MARSHALL

What are you even doing here? How  
does this possibly concern you?

LUKE

I'm here to support Nessie. In any  
way I can.

VANESSA

Don't call me that here.

KYLE  
See? This is how these meetings get  
out of hand.

WREN  
We're leaving.

She gathers some documents.

KYLE  
Hold on just a sec. Marshall why  
don't you and I huddle up for a  
minute?

INT. KYLE'S PRIVATE OFFICE

Diplomas, books, and a Segway. A Segway? Yes, a Segway.

KYLE  
Whew! You're like a M.M.A. fighter  
in there. Do I have to get you a  
rub down?

MARSHALL  
Sorry.

KYLE  
There's no possible scenario where  
this goes good for you if you can't  
keep it together.

Marshall casually glances at a photo on Kyle's desk.

It shows: KYLE AND HIS GIRLFRIEND SMILING IN FRONT A SKI  
LODGE.

Marshall does a double take. The girlfriend is Trinket!

He forces a couple of blinks.

Then the girl in the photo changes into a comely brunette.

Marshall huffs a breath.

KYLE  
You okay? You're not stroking out  
are you?

MARSHALL  
I got to go.

KYLE

Right. Let me work them over by myself. I'll get you a good deal. Don't worry.

Marshall starts walking out.

KYLE

You got a check for me today?

Marshall pinches his nose. Turns back.

Pats his pockets. Lies.

MARSHALL

I don't have my checkbook. I'll bring it by tomorrow. Okay?

KYLE

How about later today?

Marshall just keeps walking.

MARSHALL

If that works better for you...

EXT. KYLE CANT'S LAW OFFICE

Marshall exits. Flips off the building.

Busy city street. Cabs. Busses. Rushed pedestrians.

Across the street a group of protesters is marching in a circle in front of a fast food restaurant.

They have signs that read, "FAIR PAY NOW, ON STRIKE, & JUSTICE FOR ALL," etc.

A PROTESTER (55) is barking slogans into a megaphone.

PROTESTER

What do we want?

ASSEMBLED

Justice!

PROTESTER

When do we want it?

ASSEMBLED

Before the lunch rush!

Marshall watches them briefly.

Wait! Was one of the marchers Trinket?

Looks again. No. Not there.

He starts walking away. Shoulders slumped. Becoming the old Marshall again.

Then the protesters change the chant.

ASSEMBLED  
Justice now! Justice now!

And somebody bangs a DRUM to the cadence. BOOM, BOOM, BOOM.

Marshall whirls!

There she is! Trinket is by his side.

TRINKET  
How's it going there, old pal of mine?

MARSHALL  
What's happening to me?

Trinket pulls his arm. Stops his walk.

Pulls him in.

TRINKET  
Oh, baby. I know it hurts. It hurts bad.

MARSHALL  
Are you doing this to me?

TRINKET  
No, no, no, no. I'm not here to hurt you. I'm here to help. Make you strong.

MARSHALL  
I'm so... What am I going to do?

TRINKET  
Don't worry, baby. I'm going to take care of you. Trinket is going to take care of everything.

INT. MARSHALL'S APARTMENT, FRONT ROOM - DAY

Trinket and Marshall are sitting on a leather couch. A glass coffee table is littered with the detritus of fast food burgers and a twelve-pack of beer.

MARSHALL

What I really need is a big idea.  
Something that will really blow  
them away!

TRINKET

Uh huh.

MARSHALL

Have anything like that?

TRINKET

Do you?

MARSHALL

Come on.

TRINKET

Are you sure?

She slides a leg across his lap. Straddles him. Grinds.

TRINKET

Maybe you just can't focus  
properly.

MARSHALL

I'm focussed now.

Marshall puts his hands on her hips. Tries to kiss her.

TRINKET

Don't touch me.

She pushes him back.

Marshall is disappointed. Confused.

TRINKET

Do you think I gave you that last  
idea?

MARSHALL

Didn't you?

TRINKET

It didn't seem familiar to you at  
all?

Like maybe something you saw in a dream or thought about when you were in school?

MARSHALL  
Maybe a little.

TRINKET  
It's inside you. Magic. And power.  
And foresight. And innovation.

MARSHALL  
What is? Insurance ads?

TRINKET  
No jokes!

She reaches back to slap him again.

He catches her arm on the down swing. Full stop!

MARSHALL  
Don't. Hit me. Anymore.

Trinket smiles. Likes his resolve.

TRINKET  
All the ideas you need are already  
inside you. But they're blocked. By  
doubt. And fear.

Marshall struggles to understand.

MARSHALL  
How do you get rid of fear?

TRINKET  
You don't. Fear is confronted.  
Controlled. Made impotent.

MARSHALL  
What am I afraid of?

She leans into him. Whispers in his ear.

TRINKET  
Blood.

MARSHALL  
What blood? Mine?

She giggles.

TRINKET

No.

MARSHALL

Yours?

TRINKET

I would kill you first.

He grabs her shoulders. Throws her off.

Pins her down in the corner of the couch.

MARSHALL

Oh, yeah?

TRINKET

Don't stop there.

He gets off her. Paces the room.

MARSHALL

You're a trip. You know that?

TRINKET

Yes.

MARSHALL

Blood? Give me a fucking break. Did my wife send you or something?

TRINKET

You want me to leave?

MARSHALL

God, no.

TRINKET

You want me to help you?

MARSHALL

You have to.

TRINKET

Don't tell me what I 'have' to do. I can do whatever I want.

MARSHALL

I meant 'please'.

TRINKET

Your clarity of thinking is being interrupted.

MARSHALL

Okay.

TRINKET

The interruption can be described  
in one word.

MARSHALL

We're not exchanging vows here.  
Just say it.

TRINKET

Cuckold.

Marshall's shoulders slump. He shakes his head.

TRINKET

Humiliation is a powerful,  
destructive emotion. And you were  
humiliated. By a man. A man  
sleeping with your wife.

She gets up. Confronts him.

TRINKET

He stole your manhood. You have the  
right to get it back.

MARSHALL

But I didn't care.

TRINKET

Correction. You convinced yourself  
not to care. Out of fear.

MARSHALL

How do I get it back?

TRINKET

Only one way.

MARSHALL

This is the 'blood' part you were  
talking about?

She nods innocently.

MARSHALL

Oh, yeah. And so what? I'm going  
to, like, beat him up?

Trinket looks down. Slowly shakes her head.

TRINKET

Worse.

MARSHALL

Kill him? Is that seriously your suggestion here you crazy bitch?

TRINKET

A man. A fearless man. A man of power. He would have done it a long time ago. Can't you see?

MARSHALL

This isn't ancient Rome!

TRINKET

That's the lie they made you believe.

Marshall looks out the window. Gulps air.

TRINKET

Can't you feel the indecision inside yourself? Feel your guts shaking? That's your soul. It knows what you have to do.

MARSHALL

You expect me to just go get a gun a shoot the guy?

She giggles again.

TRINKET

No.

She reaches inside her leather jacket. From an inner pocket she pulls out a SMALL AXE.

One side is like the claw of a hammer, and the other is an axe head. It's cool, and sleek, and threatening all at the same time.

MARSHALL

You just happen to have that handy, huh?

She hands it to him. He feels the heft, the balance.

Takes a few swings. Looks at her...

## MARSHALL'S BEDROOM - LATER

Marshall is roughly railing Trinket and she's taking it like a champ! Feet flying.

TRINKET

Fuck me like you hate me!

The axe head is buried in the wall above the bed.

## EXT. LURVEY HOME, FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT

Luke is watching a basketball game. He looks ridiculous in his bathrobe and unlaced cross-training shoes.

Kirby-the-dog dozes nearby.

Luke downs the foamy dregs of a beer. BELCHES.

Kirby looks up.

LUKE

Sorry, dude.

Luke gets up and walks to the--

## KITCHEN

Opens the fridge. Grabs another beer.

Picks up his cell phone. Thumbs a quick text.

Puts it down.

Opens the bottle. Drinks.

His phone makes a TINKLE sound. He reads a text.

LUKE

Hmmm? Good news Kirb-oh. Just you and me for another hour. What do you feel like?

He grabs a doggie treat and tosses it to the dog in the next room. It lands right next to Kirby.

LUKE

He scores!

Kirby starts munching.

LUKE

Maybe a little treat for me, too.

He unplugs his laptop from the kitchen charger. Walks into the

MASTER BEDROOM

Lays the computer on the bed.

He disappears into the bathroom.

Quickly emerges with a box of tissues and skin lotion.

Slings off the robe. Keeps the tighty-whities on for now.

Fluffs some pillows. Lays down.

Pulls the laptop closer. Clicks a few keys.

It starts making PORN SOUNDS. Luke settles in.

LUKE

Oh, you nasty little bitch. You like it rough, don't you? Hmmm? You like getting bent over the couch, huh? Mmmmm. Me too. Me and my friend can both do you can't we, you fucking whore.

Marshall is hiding behind the curtains.

Watching.

He's breathing hard. But trying to keep quiet.

His gloved hand squeezes the axe handle.

Luke squirts some lotion into his palm.

Clicks the computer with his other hand.

LUKE

A vibrator in your ass? We can do that. I know you like it--

Marshall leaps out! Axe raised high!

Luke sees him instantly. Freaks.

Rolls across the bed. Computer and tissues scatter.

Marshall slams the axe down at Luke's exposed back.

Hits his shoulder. Close to his neck.  
The axe head slices deep. Gets stuck!  
Marshall tries to pull it out. Blood gushes.  
Luke is jerked back by the force. Screams in pain.  
He rolls back, and kicks his leg at Marshall's gut.  
WHOOMPH!

Marshall doubles over. Lets go of the handle.  
The axe is still embedded in Luke's flesh. He stares in shock.

LUKE  
Whatthefuckwhatthefuckwhatthefuck!

He crawls off the bed. Staggeres to the door.  
Marshall hobbles after him. Reaches for the axe.  
Luke whirls.

LUKE  
What's your problem, dude?

He tries to kick him again. Marshall dodges.  
Luke reaches for the axe head and tries to pull.  
Agonizing scream!  
It comes out. Dripping blood.  
Marshall and Luke both stare at it.  
Luke blinks. Tries to focus. The blood loss is showing.  
Drops the axe. Covers the wound with his other hand.

LUKE  
Fucking dick. You're dead.

Luke backs out of the room. Staggeres down the--

HALLWAY

Kirby is standing there looking confused.  
Marshall picks up the axe. Follows.

MARSHALL

Hey, Kirby. How you doing boy?

Kirby whimpers. Barks.

Luke disappears around the corner to the kitchen.

Returns with a butcher knife.

He charges Marshall. Swings wildly. Misses.

It's hard because he keeps one hand clamped over his wound.

Marshall retreats backwards into the--

MASTER BEDROOM

He parries Luke's multiple thrusts.

Luke bends over. Exhausted. Tries to catch his breath.

Marshall swings the axe upwards.

Kill shot! Right in the face.

Luke's computer is still whispering PORN SOUNDS.

PORNO BABE (O.S.)

Oh, yeah! Oh, yeah! Do it to me! I  
want you now!

Luke twitches spasmodically for a few seconds. Goes limp.

Marshall is breathing hard. Stares down.

Talks to Kirby in the doorway.

MARSHALL

That was easier than I thought. How  
you doing? You alright, boy?

Kirby comes in and starts sniffing Luke's corpse.

MARSHALL

Now, don't eat his brains, okay?  
You'll be a zombie dog. And who  
wants that?

INT. GAS STATION, BATHROOM - NIGHT

Marshall is naked. He's washing himself from the sink.

Scrubs himself thoroughly with wet paper towels.

Pulls on a pair of sweat pants.

Zips up a hoodie.

Stuffs his other clothes in a black plastic bag.

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

Tosses the bag in the dumpster.

EXT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

A long moonlit bridge over a slow moving river.

Marshall stands at the railing.

He looks both ways for approaching cars.

Drops the axe over the side. SPLASH.

INT. MARSHALL'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Marshall enters. Locks the door. Leans on it. Eyes closed.

Looks around. Notices an ENVELOPE on the table.

'MARSHALL' is written in girlish scrawl. He tears it open.

Reads.

MARSHALL  
Mother fucker!

He drops the note on the table. It reads, "SHOULD PROBABLY DO THE WIFE, TOO. TALK SOON. LOVE T."

There's a pounding KNOCK KNOCK on the door.

The cops.

COP VOICE (O.S.)  
Mister Lurvey? Mister Lurvey?  
Police, sir. Are you in there?

Marshall is surprised. Apprehensive.

Gulps some air. Tries to calm down.

MARSHALL

Yeah! Yeah! Just a second.

Looks around. Opens the door a crack.

The two cops are a dyke white woman, FAYE THORPE (56), and a nerdy black dude, DESHAWN SAMPSON (28).

FAYE

Mister Lurvey? Are you Marshall Lurvey, sir?

MARSHALL

Uh, yes. Is there a problem?

DESHAWN

Is there a problem? Is there a problem, Mister Lurvey? Yes. There is a very big problem.

MARSHALL

I've been here all night. I didn't know anything.

FAYE

What didn't you know?

Marshall struggles to answer.

MARSHALL

Uh. I. Uh. I don't know.

DESHAWN

You don't know what you don't know?

FAYE

Can we come in Mister Lurvey?

MARSHALL

What's this all about?

DESHAWN

Could we talk inside? The neighbors. You know.

MARSHALL

Uh, sure. Why not?

Marshall backs up. Let's them in.

They split up and take a quick look around.

FAYE

There was a murder tonight, Mister  
Lurvey. At your wife's house.

MARSHALL

My God! Is everybody alright?

DeShawn snorts a laugh. Faye smiles.

FAYE

You do understand the definition of  
murder, right?

DESHAWN

Not alright. Not alright by a mile.

MARSHALL

What happened? Uh, I mean, who--

FAYE

Luke Stoic?  
(to Deshawn)  
What was it?

DESHAWN

Stowvich.

FAYE

What is that? Is that Russian?

DESHAWN

Lithuanian.

FAYE

Luke Stowvich. Do you know him?

MARSHALL

Yeah. He's a friend of my wife's.

FAYE

Your wife's boyfriend?

MARSHALL

I guess.

FAYE

And when was the last time you saw  
him?

MARSHALL

Couple of days ago. I have  
visitation.

FAYE

And did you speak to Mister  
Stowvich at that time?

MARSHALL

Not really. What happened to him?

DESHAWN

Careful what you ask, Mister  
Lurvey.

Marshall notices he left Trinket's note on the table!

Starts trying to edge toward it.

Sits on the couch. The cops share a look.

MARSHALL

This is quite a shock! Vanessa must  
be...umm. Upset.

DESHAWN

Yes, sir. She was emotional.

Marsahll reaches for the envelope and note. Starts folding.

Tries to act nonchalant about it.

MARSHALL

I always liked that guy. You know?  
He was always pretty cool with me.

FAYE

It didn't bother you that he was  
sleeping with your wife?

MARSHALL

Oh? Uh...a little, I guess. I mean,  
what are you going to do, right?

DESHAWN

While you lived in the garage?

MARSHALL

Oh, that was...just temporary.

Faye points to the envelope.

FAYE

What's that you've got there.

MARSHALL

This? Nothing. Just tidying up, you  
know.

DESHAWN  
Strange time for house cleaning.

MARSHALL  
I'm just a little nervous is all.

FAYE  
Why so nervous?

MARSHALL  
Okay, look! I think I got your whole little cat and mouse routine going on here! I don't know what happened to the fucking guy. I can just imagine what kind of bullshit my bitch wife fed you, but none of it is true, okay? Now, I've answered just about all the questions I'm going to for right now! So if you have any evidence you can just go ahead and arrest me. Otherwise, you need to get the fuck out.

Faye and DeShawn share a look.

MARSHALL'S APARTMENT - LATER

Marshall is on his cell phone with Kyle-the-lawyer.

MARSHALL  
Yeah. They just left. I thought I should call you in case they come back.

KYLE (O.S.)  
You owe me twelve-thousand dollars and your check bounced. I hope they give you 'the chair' you prick.

CLICK. He stares at his phone.

LATER

He walks to his bedroom.

Starts undressing.

Finds the note from Trinket in his pocket. Reads it again.

MARSHALL

Yeah, right. You crazy little bitch.

He tears the note into confetti.

BATHROOM

He scatters the bits in the toilet and flushes.

LATER

He lathers up in the shower. Tending to lingering evidence.

LATER

Towels off in front of the mirror.

Taps the small radio on the counter.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

--You're listening to NPR's account of the life of Odawale Svenjuni who escaped his native war-torn Guinea Bissau to become a hip hop sensation in the clubs of South London.

The radio starts playing pre-recorded tape of AFRICAN DRUM-HEAVY TECHNO beats.

Marshall goes wide-eyed. Dives at the radio.

Spastically smashes buttons until it goes off.

Looks around. Expecting Trinket to appear.

Nothing.

Smiles at his paranoia.

BEDROOM - LATER

He walks out of the bathroom. Same shitty bathrobe we first saw him in.

Looks out the window. The streets are quiet. Deserted.

Then a sleek low-rider glides up the block.

THUMPING BASS BEATS come from the car.

Marshall slams the window. Yanks the curtains.

Turns.

Trinket is standing there.

MARSHALL  
About time.

TRINKET  
You're making this very hard on me.

MARSHALL  
I'm done with you.

Trinket snorts a laugh.

TRINKET  
You threw away my note?

MARSHALL  
What do you care?

TRINKET  
I don't like her.

MARSHALL  
You don't even--

TRINKET  
I know what she did to you.

MARSHALL  
I'm fine.

TRINKET  
You disobeyed me. Again. When you  
disobey you make my life more  
difficult. Understand?

MARSHALL  
Hey! Look, I uh--. I  
(whispers)  
--killed that guy!

TRINKET  
Oh, baby. I know you did. I was so  
proud of you. I never left your  
side.

She lays on the bed. Props her head on an elbow.

MARSHALL

No! No more. I'm not doing this.  
We're done. I want you to leave.

TRINKET

Tell me how it felt. Did you feel  
him die? People say sometimes they  
can feel the soul escaping.

Marshall looks down. Remembering.

MARSHALL

I liked it.

Trinket laughs.

TRINKET

I have a surprise for you. People  
don't like to hear it. Doctors  
won't admit it. But, everybody  
likes it. Humans are bred for  
killing.

MARSHALL

C'mon.

TRINKET

I like it, too.

MARSHALL

I don't care what you do to me. I'm  
not doing that again.

TRINKET

You'll do what you're told.

She raises a knee. Rubs her inner thigh.

TRINKET

Want to see something?

She sits up. Leans against the headboard.

Takes out her iPhone. Taps a few keys. Holds it out to him.

It plays a video.

INSERT VIDEO

Crappy video quality. But the image is unmistakable.

It shows Marshall on the bridge earlier tossing the axe.

END INSERT

MARSHALL  
What is this?

TRINKET  
You want me to send it to the cops?

She starts clicking with purpose.

MARSHALL  
Who are you?

TRINKET  
I'm Trinket, silly.

She keeps clicking.

MARSHALL  
What do you want from me?

She finally stops. Looks at him.

TRINKET  
You can start by obeying  
instructions.

MARSHALL  
I, ah, I did everything. I thought.

TRINKET  
Do you have any idea how hard it is  
for me to get here?

MARSHALL  
No.

TRINKET  
You wouldn't believe it.

MARSHALL  
Like traffic? Where do you live?

She laughs.

MARSHALL  
'Where do you live?'

He laughs at the stupidity of his own question.

MARSHALL  
Stupid question, right? I looked  
you up online! Know what I found?  
Nothing!

TRINKET

Good.

MARSHALL

Nothing at all! No facebook. No twitter. No high school awards. Nothing!

TRINKET

Think I'm a ghost?

MARSHALL

I don't know what you are. I don't know what you're making me. I can't do anymore.

TRINKET

We have a long way to go. And not much time.

MARSHALL

No more.

TRINKET

It's your fault. If you had done what I told you. 'A job.' Who told you to say that?

MARSHALL

That was okay. I got a great job. A hundred a fifty grand a year!

TRINKET

You could have owned it!

MARSHALL

Owned what?

TRINKET

Regent Chemical. The entire corporation.

MARSHALL

Charge it on my cancelled Amex?

TRINKET

An idea like that? That makes that much money? You work behind the scenes. You go to investors. You raise gobs of cash. You force the punk out in a proxy battle in front of the board. Bangity-boom. Next thing you know, you're running the show. You've got ALL the money.

Marshall is stupefied. Sees the strategy clearly.

TRINKET

But no, not you. You're too afraid to aim high. So what do you do? You grovel for some shit corporate gig that pays nothing. And what happened? They stole your idea and kicked you out. All because you can't follow simple fucking instructions.

She begins jerking spasmodically!

She makes weird guttural choking sounds.

Clutches the covers.

TRINKET

They're taking me back!

Marshall is terrified. Rushes to her.

Tries to soothe her, but she's wild, feral.

TRINKET

Get off me!

MARSHALL

What's wrong? Should I call a doctor?

TRINKET

No doctors!

She falls off the side of the bed.

TRINKET

Find Ida Woolskin. Ida Woolskin!

Marshall rushes to the

FRONT ROOM

Fumbles with his phone. Dials.

911 OPERATOR (O.S.)

Nine one one. What is the nature of your emergency?

He rushes back to the

BEDROOM

Toes the crumpled covers on the ground.

No Trinket.

MARSHALL  
I'm sorry. I misdialed.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR

A long corridor of linoleum, fluorescent bulbs, and doorways to God knows where.

A team of doctors and nurses in scrubs and masks is pushing Trinket down the hall on a gurney. One of them is DR. AGOONAH, (57) a caramel-colored Fijian.

NURSE  
We're losing her!

Trinket is pallid. Barely conscious. Her lips are blue.

TRINKET  
Ida Woolskin.

DR. AGOONAH  
What was that, Trinket?

NURSE  
Stats are dropping!

DR. AGOONAH  
Come on, honey. You're not going to die today. Come back now.

A portable monitor starts BEEPING.

NURSE  
Flatline!

DR. AGOONAH  
Too deep. Damn it!

They BANG through double doors into an

OPERATING ROOM

They work on her.

Blood pressure cuffs are squeezed tight.

Electrodes are attached to her skin.

Shock paddles are pressed to her chest.

Syringes are prepped.

Inserted.

Trinket sits up! Gasping like she's been underwater.

TRINKET

You can't keep me here!

The doctors and nurses breathe a sigh of relief.

Step back and stare.

TRINKET

I'm getting stronger every day.

DR. AGOONAH

We might not be able to save you  
next time.

TRINKET

Good.

DR. AGOONAH

Put her in a coma.

Trinket freaks out!

Starts kicking and lashing out at anybody close.

The orderlies move in to restrain her.

TRINKET

I'm not finished.

Then she passes out.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Marshall is walking and checking addresses.

Stops in front of a tiny shop.

The window sign reads, "WOOLSKIN IMPORTS".

Bunch of weird tribal shit on display. Sacks of tea, wood carvings of giraffes and gorillas, and (of course) a wide assortment of drums.

INT. WOOLSKIN IMPORTS

The bell TINKLES as Marshall enters.

A black woman, IDA WOOLSKIN (72), is behind the counter. Hefty and stern, she regards him suspiciously.

IDA WOOLSKIN  
Help you?

Her accent is African, and Jamaican, and old-timey Southern, and New York all mashed together.

MARSHALL  
Just looking.

IDA WOOLSKIN  
If you're looking for merchandise  
or for some kind of art to impress  
your black girlfriend, well, by all  
means keep looking.

Marshall stares at her.

IDA WOOLSKIN  
But if you want information it'd be  
easier if you didn't start off by  
lying to me.

MARSHALL  
I'm looking for somebody.

IDA WOOLSKIN  
Nobody here but me and Popcorn.

She indicates POPCORN her skeletal and ancient husband standing nearby (90's at least).

Marshall nods.

MARSHALL  
Afternoon.

Ida and Popcorn share a quick look of understanding.

IDA WOOLSKIN  
You been getting visitors?

MARSHALL  
I don't know. Visitors?

IDA WOOLSKIN

Yeah. Folks coming 'round. Giving advice. Talking in your dreams, maybe?

MARSHALL

Uh, yeah. That's her. Do you know her?

IDA WOOLSKIN

Didn't say I know them. I just know 'of' them.

MARSHALL

How do you know?

IDA WOOLSKIN

Just know.

MARSHALL

What is this crap? Huh?

POPCORN

Watch out, boy.

MARSHALL

You know but you don't know. Half answers that just lead to more questions. You sound just like her!

IDA WOOLSKIN

How'd you find this place?

MARSHALL

She told me. Trinket told me.

IDA WOOLSKIN

Trinket?

MARSHALL

You know her? You know that name?

Popcorn shakes his head at Ida. (Don't tell him.)

Ida hesitates.

IDA WOOLSKIN

I heard that name before. Traveling.

MARSHALL

Traveling? Where to?

IDA WOOLSKIN  
Hard to say.

Marshall huffs a laugh.

MARSHALL  
Course it is.

POPCORN  
Mind you manners, son.

MARSHALL  
I need to talk to her. She was,  
ahh, in trouble the last time I saw  
her.

IDA WOOLSKIN  
You traveling, too?

MARSHALL  
I don't think so. Maybe. Who the  
fuck knows anymore?

Catches himself.

MARSHALL  
Sorry. I don't even know what that  
means.

IDA WOOLSKIN  
Sometimes they come to you. If  
you're too weak.

MARSHALL  
That's me.

Ida and Popcorn share a deep long laugh.

IDA WOOLSKIN  
That's everybody in the beginning,  
baby. I give you a tour if you  
want.

INT. WOOLSKIN IMPORTS, BACKROOM - LATER

Cramped little room stacked with tons of old books. You can  
smell the mustiness.

A hanging picture shows JESUS WITH LITTLE CHILDREN.

Ida is lighting a bunch of candles on a wall shelf above a  
small twin bed.

Marshall sits on the bed.

Popcorn comes in with a steaming teacup. Gives it to Marshall.

POPCORN  
Drink this.

MARSHALL  
What is it?

POPCORN  
Help you relax.

MARSHALL  
It's not drugs, is it?

IDA WOOLSKIN  
Little something to help you focus.

MARSHALL  
Why?

IDA WOOLSKIN  
Your whole head is full of 'why'  
isn't it?

Marshall drinks.

Ida fluffs some pillows behind him.

IDA WOOLSKIN  
You want to get naked?

MARSHALL  
Serious?

IDA WOOLSKIN  
Clothes anchor you. Imagine a bird  
trying to fly wearing a coat and  
shoes.

Marshall looks at the two of them standing side by side.

They smile in unison.

He shrugs and huffs a laugh. Past caring.

MARSHALL  
Whatever.

He starts unbuttoning his shirt, then

Shucks off his pants, then

Bends at the waist a final time, then  
Holds his arms out wide, Ta Da!

MARSHALL  
Here I am.

IDA WOOLSKIN  
Lie down.

MOMENTS LATER

Marshall is lying down. Eyes closed.

Popcorn has a large tribal drum between his knees.

Ida stands over the bed.

Popcorn strikes the drum. BOOM.

It's a deep, resonating, vibrato. He hits it again. BOOM.

IDA WOOLSKIN  
Listen to the drum.

BOOM, again.

IDA WOOLSKIN  
Listen to the entire note. The  
vibration, the echo, the hollow  
emptiness when it stops.

BOOM.

IDA WOOLSKIN  
Picture yourself standing on the  
edge of that sound.

BOOM.

IDA WOOLSKIN  
The sound has light. And structure.

BOOM.

IDA WOOLSKIN  
I comes up from deep. Deeper and  
darker than you've ever seen.

BOOM.

IDA WOOLSKIN

And when the sound comes, it pushes  
you up.

BOOM.

IDA WOOLSKIN

You ride the light. Your body can't  
hold you. You weigh less than a  
single thought.

BOOM.

IDA WOOLSKIN

And you escape.

MARSHALL

Can't breath.

IDA WOOLSKIN

Push him up, baby.

Popcorn picks up the pace. BOOM, BOOM, BOOM, BOOM.

EXT. OCEAN - DAY

Marshall is under water. Kicking hard for the surface.

His heartbeat takes over the rhythm. BA'DUBB, BA'DUBB.

The sun shimmers. Pointing the way.

He breaks the surface.

Gasping.

Fully clothed in a black suit, tie, and sunglasses he floats  
on his back for a moment.

Giddy, he laughs. And laughs. Swimming in circles.

Turns. Kicks for shore.

EXT. CRAGGY BEACH - CONTINUOUS

Hauls his soggy ass ashore.

Looks around.

Hikes up an embankment. Crests the top.

Finds himself on the edge of a--

EXT. MEADOW - DAY

In the distance, about fifty people are milling around an open-air tent attending a festival or celebration of some kind.

Kids scamper around. Adults laze with drinks and plates of food.

Everybody seems to be having a good time.

Marshall takes a few steps towards them.

As he gets closer it becomes apparent that everybody is wearing a distinct period costume. There are Roman togas, peasant tunics, renaissance gowns, colonial garb, and western wear.

A couple of kids are chasing each other and accidentally run up to him.

MARSHALL

Hey, guys.

They scream.

Everybody turns. The music stops.

The kids run off. He offers a weak wave.

A COWBOY (20's) in chaps and a ten-gallon hat walks over.

COWBOY

I never thought you'd make it this far.

MARSHALL

I didn't choose this.

And suddenly, Marshall is choking.

He falls to his knees, clutching his throat!

COWBOY

All the way back, now.

INT. WOOLSKIN IMPORTS, BACKROOM

The cops burst in, guns drawn, led by the homicide detectives Faye Thorpe and DeShawn Sampson.

FAYE

Everybody down!

DESHAWN  
On the ground now!

Popcorn stops drumming.

He's pushed out of his seat to the ground.

IDA WOOLSKIN  
Don't hurt my husband! He old!

The detectives stand over Marshall.

He's convulsing, drooling and naked. Still in a half-hypnotic state.

FAYE  
What the--

DESHAWN  
(into the radio)  
We're secure. Send the ambulance.

EXT. WOOLSKIN IMPORTS - LATER

Marshall is being wheeled out on a gurney.

He's awake, but woozy. Looks around vacantly.

The cops are reading him his rights.

DESHAWN  
You're under arrest for the murder  
of Luke Stowvich. You have the  
right to remain silent...

INT. POLICE STATION, INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

A uniformed cop ushers Marshall in. He is chained hand and foot, dressed in orange.

COP  
Sit.

He sits at a tiny table.

The guard secures his chains to the floor.

COP  
Your lawyer is here.

Marshall is surprised by this.

MARSHALL  
What lawyer?

The cop ignores him. Exits.

Marshall sits alone for a moment, then the door opens again.

BELA DOBCHICK (40's) enters. He is repulsive and monstrous. Tall, fat, bad skin, and overly long thinning hair.

He sits. Marshall recoils.

Bela clears his throat. Even his voice is gross.

BELA  
I'm Bela Dobchick. I'll be representing you at the arraignment.

MARSHALL  
Public defender?

BELA  
No.

MARSHALL  
I ain't got any money, pal. So...

BELA  
My fee has been taken care of.

MARSHALL  
By who?

BELA  
Do you really want me to answer that here?

Marshall thinks.

MARSHALL  
Uh, yeah. I think so.

BELA  
Trinket.

MARSHALL  
You know her?

BELA  
Obviously.

MARSHALL  
How--

BELA

We don't have much time. Do you know what an arraignment hearing is?

MARSHALL

Not really.

BELA

They're going to charge you. Murder one. Their case is weak. They have some fingerprints and a little blood. But that's no big deal, you lived there for a long time, right?

MARSHALL

Yeah.

BELA

There's no murder weapon, no eyewitnesses. A neighbor saw a man walking down the street, but that could be anybody.

MARSHALL

Okay.

BELA

Right now, they're searching your apartment. Will they find anything?

MARSHALL

I don't know.

BELA

'No' would be more convincing.

MARSHALL

No.

BELA

They'll ask for no bail. I think we can get it down to fifty thousand. Can you raise that much?

Marshall laughs.

BELA

It's only ten-percent of that. Five grand? Can you do that?

MARSHALL

I have some stock options, but it'll wipe me out.

BELA  
That'll work.

MARSHALL  
Where is she?

BELA  
When Trinket told me about you I offered to kill you. But she said 'no'. You should remember that when ask me questions.

INT. COURTROOM - LATER

A judge slams a gavel down. BANG!

EXT. COURTHOUSE STEPS - DAY

Marshall and Bela walk down the stairs. Free again!

MARSHALL  
You're fired.

BELA  
I made a promise.

MARSHALL  
I don't care.

BELA  
This is what she wanted.

MARSHALL  
How does that concern me?

BELA  
I volunteered, you know. She came to me first. I volunteered. But she said 'no'. Kept saying it had to be you.

MARSHALL  
You can have it, whatever it is.

Marshall starts walking away.

BELA  
You're a failure here and you'll be a failure there.

Marshall stops. Turns.

BELA

That's what I told her.

MARSHALL

There? That place? What is that place?

BELA

What difference does it make to you?

MARSHALL

I think I deserve to know. You know about it?

BELA

I know everything. I know enough to save her.

MARSHALL

She's in trouble? Something's wrong?

Bela laughs. Another disgusting sound he makes.

BELA

She visits you from the future? Gives you advice? Changes you. At great risk to herself, by the way.

Marshall is confused. Doesn't understand.

BELA

You just think it's because you're special or something?

MARSHALL

The future? You're as batshit as she is.

BELA

She's in prison. They know how powerful she can be. They'll never let her go.

MARSHALL

Later, nut bag.

Marshall starts walking away again.

Bela shouts after him.

BELA

She needs a strong man. A man  
powerful enough to save her. She  
thinks that's you. We both know she  
was wrong, don't we?

INT. MARSHALL'S APARTMENT, LOBBY - LATER

Marshall swipes his KEY CARD through the entry scanner.

It BEEPS. Doesn't open.

Tries again. BEEP. Doesn't open.

Frustrated, he pulls on the doors. No effect.

He starts banging on the glass.

MARSHALL

Hey! Hey, in there! Kaipoo!

KAIPOO, the building Super is a tiny Hawaiian woman (30's).

KAIPOO

Easy on the door, man!

Marshall waves his card at her.

MARSHALL

It's not working. Can you let me  
in?

KAIPOO

Oh, sorry. They didn't tell you?

MARSHALL

Look, I have i.d.. Can you just  
open the door for me?

KAIPOO

Not your place. A new tenant  
already moved in. The movers were  
here this morning. I thought you  
knew. They said you knew all about  
it.

MARSHALL

Open this fucking door right now.

KAIPOO

Easy bra. This isn't my fault.

MARSHALL

This is one hundred percent illegal.

KAIPOO

Don't live here, bra. Stuff's all in storage. I thought you knew.

MARSHALL

You are totally breaking the law. I signed a lease!

Kaipoo shrugs.

KAIPOO

The company has the lease. That's the chemical company's apartment. Your stuff's good, though. In storage. You want the address? Real safe and sound. I made sure.

EXT. MARSHALL'S APARTMENT - DAY

It's raining.

Marshall slinks away. Looks up and shakes his head.

Flips off the building.

EXT. SEEDY MOTEL - MORNING

Single-story drive-up off the interstate circa 1960.

Marshall exits one of the rooms.

Walks to the office.

INT. SEEDY MOTEL, MANAGER'S OFFICE

The manager looks up from a Penthouse magazine.

MARSHALL

Know where a guy can find a day's work around here?

EXT. ROADSIDE EMBANKMENT - DAY

Marshall is wearing an orange safety vest and gloves.

He's part of a mostly Mexican crew of 7 or 8 guys.

They are cutting twigs and branches from the roadside.

Marshall hauls an armload toward a waiting chipper.

He stops to wipe his brow.

FOREMAN

It ain't break time, güero.

He hustles back for more.

INT. - SEEDY MOTEL, MARSHALL'S ROOM - NIGHT

Marshall is sipping a cheap beer.

He's thumbing through iTunes on his phone.

He's looking at the entry for SATAN'S SANDWICH. He scrolls down to the song "TRINKET".

He's just about to click it when he gets a text from BELA DOBCHICK.

The text reads, "I SENT THIS TO THE COPS. GET READY." And it links to a URL.

Marshall clicks it, and it opens a video.

INTERCUT VIDEO of:

INT. BELA DOBCHICK'S LAW OFFICE - DAY

Bela makes a video selfie.

BELA

My name is Bela Dobchick. I am an attorney representing Marshall Lurvey. If you come to my office you will find all the evidence you need to positively identify Mr. Lurvey as the killer of Luke Stowvich.

The camera pans around. Zooms in on the desk.

The AXE is laying there.

Comes back to Bela's selfie.

BELA

Let yourselves in, because I will be dead when you get here.

The camera tilts up. A HANGMAN'S NOOSE dangles ominously.

END INTERCUT

Marshall thinks for a moment. Decides.

Goes back to iTunes. Downloads the song.

It starts playing. A percussion-heavy rock anthem.

Puts in earbuds. Downs the last beer.

Then totally wrecks the room!

Pushes the dresser against the door.

Turns over the bed, leans it against the wall.

Throws his meager possessions back towards the bathroom.

At first it looks like he's building a barricade and preparing for a siege.

But really he's just created a large open space in the middle of the room. An altar.

He strips naked.

Lies down.

Focusses on the song.

The song continues playing over the next few scenes.

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS

DeShawn Sampson is working at his computer. Opens Bela's vid.

Gapes. Waves Faye over. She looks.

INT. BELA'S OFFICE

Bela locks the door.

Starts to climb on the desk. Unsteady, he reaches up.

EXT. SEEDY MOTEL

Storm clouds are gathering.

Fall leaves are scattered. Trees bend to the wind.

We zoom in on the exterior of Marshall's room.

INT. BELA'S BUILDING, LOBBY

The cops, led by Faye and DeShawn, enter the lobby.

Like a military unit, they fan out and climb both sides of a split staircase.

BELA'S OFFICE

Bela finally has the noose around his neck.

He teeters on the edge of his desk.

BELA  
Rezerya mi o loc, mama.

Pushes off!

He doesn't exactly drop. He actually SWINGS across the room.

Slams into the book shelf.

Twitching and contorting and kicking, he swings back.

MARSHALL'S ROOM

Marshall's closed eyes twitch spasmodically.

His fingers stretch wide. Then relax.

His breathing deepens.

INT. BELA'S OFFICE, HALLWAY

The cops creep along the corridor toward the office door.

They take up positions. Faye knocks.

No answer.

Tries the door. Locked.

FAYE  
Mr. Dobchick? Bela Dobchick?  
Police, sir.

No answer. She nods to DeShawn.

He kicks the door. It doesn't open.

He's embarrassed. Shrugs at Faye. She rolls her eyes.

One of the cops has a battering ram. He uses it.

The door opens violently. They all rush in.

BELA'S OFFICE

Too late.

Bela sways gently, even uglier.

Faye spots the AXE on the desk. It's laying on a note.

She reads, disturbing nothing.

FAYE

Let's go.

MARSHALL'S ROOM

His rhythmic breathing suddenly stops.

No twitching. No finger movements.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

A procession of cop cars tears down the road. Lights and sirens blaring.

INT. COP CAR

Faye is on her cell phone as DeShawn drives.

FAYE

When you get the warrant, e-mail it  
to my phone. Try to find the fax  
number of the motel, too.

EXT. OCEAN

Marshall is deep underwater. Kicking hard for the surface.

He breaches. Gasping, coughing.

Bobs for a moment. Spots the shoreline.

Swims towards it.

Stops.

Bobs on the tide for a moment.

Hears DRUMS. From behind. The opposite direction.

He turns. Scans the horizon.

Nothing but water in every direction.

The picnic people come down to the beach en masse.

They start shouting and waving to him.

They wade in knee deep.

ASSEMBLED

This way! Over here! Come on!

He looks at them.

Turns to the drum sounds again. Listens. Decides.

Kicks for the open sea.

ASSEMBLED

No! This way! What are you doing?  
You're going the wrong way!

OCEAN - LATER

Marshall swims with determination.

Long, even strokes.

Stops and turns.

Now totally out of sight of any shoreline.

Catches his breath.

Listens. No drums! He's alarmed, unsure.

Scans the bobbing horizon. No clue.

Still breathing hard, he resumes swimming anyway.

INT. TRINKET'S HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Trinket is in a hospital bed.

She's unconscious.

But--

Her eyelids flutter, her fingers twitch, and her lips purse.

She's surrounded by Dr. Agoonah, and three other attendants and nurses. They all wear surgical masks and scrubs.

Dr. Agoonah is reading the chart. He asks the nurse,

DR. AGOONAH

Are you sure you gave her the proper dose?

NURSE

Quite sure, doctor. Twenty cc's.

DR. AGOONAH

Raise it. Twenty-five.

One of the attendants, DR. MELO (30's), interrupts.

DR. MELO

Standard dosage is three cc's per hour!

DR. AGOONAH

Look at her. Does she look like she's in a coma to you?

DR. MELO

Her vitals are shit.

DR. AGOONAH

She must be subdued on a mental level, doctor. I've never seen a patient so...so resistant. She's trying to kill herself.

DR. MELO

And you're trying to beat her to it!

DR. AGOONAH

We can't save everybody, can we?

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Faye and DeShawn's procession of cop cars tears off the highway onto a local road. Lights and sirens at full blast.

BELA'S OFFICE - DAY

Two cops, FRESH FACE (20's), and MUSTACHE (30's), stand around the office.

Bela's corpse dangles behind them.

FRESH FACE

Who cuts him down? Do we have to do that?

MUSTACHE

Don't touch anything.

FRESH FACE

This is totally freaked out. Ever seen anything like this before?

MUSTACHE

Mostly it's jumpers. Jumpers are real serious. Not usually like this. Shooters are a fucking mess, too. They never shoot straight. They're too nervous.

FRESH FACE

It looks like he stood on the desk.

MUSTACHE

Really, Columbo? What else would he have stood on? It's probably the only thing in here that could support his fat ass.

FRESH FACE

You think the other end is on a pipe, or--

As they examine the logistics of Bela's suicide...his eyes open.

FRESH FACE

Holy shit!

MUSTACHE

(into radio)

We need EMT's up here, now!

OCEAN - DAY

Still water.

A sudden splash as a swimmer breaks the surface.

Bela!

He turns away from the nearby shore and swims in the same direction as Marshall.

OCEAN - LATER

Marshall is still swimming.

But the strokes are slower. Nearing the end of his endurance.

Then...

He spots something just over the horizon.

The point of a building. A spire top of some kind.

He blinks. Not sure if he's hallucinating.

Breathes deep. Swims toward it with renewed vigor.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

A desolate strip of grey sand and dry seaweed. Overcast sky.

A 1930's version of a sanatorium rises in the background.

Rundown and abandoned.

The tower and spire rise over it.

Trinket is there.

In a wispy nightgown she lurches along the shore. The wind swirls her hair.

She coughs, sniffles. Blinks at the sky. Looks out to sea.

Nothing but tiny waves coming in.

Goes down on one knee.

TRINKET

You can do it.

EXT. MEADOW - EVENING

All the costumed people we saw earlier are now gathered in a circle around a fire.

In a quasi-religious ceremony, they all beat drums in unison.

EXT. SEEDY MOTEL - DAY

The cop cars pull into the parking lot.

Faye gets out. She's talking on her cell.

FAYE

Where the hell is it then?

(beat)

We don't have ten minutes! I'm not losing this guy again.

Hangs up.

DESHAWN

Is there any reason to think he has a gun?

FAYE

Don't take any chances.

DeShawn turns to the other cops. Waves them back.

DESHAWN

Back! Get back! Set a defensive perimeter, along that line Sergeant. Get some guys around back, too.

They walk over to the manager who has come out to see what the commotion is.

OCEAN - DAY

Bela takes long determined strokes.

Sharks aren't this single-minded.

BEACH - DAY

Marshall swims.

The shoreline and sanatorium are clearly in view now.

He scans the beach for signs of life.

Sees Trinket sitting there but she's looking the other way. Doesn't see him. He waves and yells.

MARSHALL

Trinket! Trinket! Over here.

No response.

Marshall is close enough to stand up in the shallow surf.

He wades ashore.

Trinket finally sees him. Turns his way. Kneeling.

Her head droops and her body is wracked with sobs.

Marshall finally makes it to the beach.

Goes to her. Puts his arms around her.

MARSHALL

Okay, honey. I'm here. I made it  
back to you.

TRINKET

(still sobbing)  
I knew you'd come. Look what they  
did to me.

She holds up her arms, presenting herself.

But Marshall is confused. He doesn't see any injuries.

MARSHALL

What, baby? Are you hurt? Did they  
hurt you?

TRINKET

No, I'm stuck. They figured out a  
way to trap me. This is as far as I  
can go.

MARSHALL

Who did this? Where are they?

She looks to the spooky building.

TRINKET

They're in there.

Marshall scans the aging facade.

MARSHALL

Can you show me?

MARSHALL'S ROOM

Still laying on the floor. Motionless.

The motel phone starts RINGING.

Marshall jerks a little.

EXT. SEEDY MOTEL

Faye and DeShawn take cover behind a cop car.

Faye has her cell phone to her ear.

FAYE

Nothing.

EXT. ABANDONED SANATORIUM - DAY

Marshall and Trinket stand at the seaside entrance.

Dust on the windows. Boards hastily nailed over the door.

MARSHALL

Nobody's here.

TRINKET

They're here.

Marshall pulls at the boards. One of them comes away. CRACK!

He pulls another down.

Tries the door. Locked.

Finds a brick from the crumbling edifice. SMASHES the glass.

Reaches in. Unlocks the door.

It swings open to--

INT. SANATORIUM, KITCHEN

Plumbing ripped out. Marks on the wall show where the ovens and refrigerators would have been. A couple of dilapidated counters and sinks are all that's left.

An alarm starts blaring. Ringing, like a fire alarm, or a really loud phone. BRRRRNG!

The sound has a physical effect on Marshall.

He staggers. Covers his ears. Looks up for the source.

Bends over, leaning against the wall.

Finally, it stops.

Trinket goes to him.

TRINKET  
They'll try to take you back soon.  
We don't have much time.

MARSHALL  
I can't fight them.

TRINKET  
We're almost there. This way.

She leads him out of the kitchen.

EXT. BEACH

Bela staggers ashore. Wipes his face. Looks around.

He jogs up the beach towards the sanatorium.

INT. SANATORIUM, STAIRWELL

Trinket and Marshall climb the stairs.

TRINKET  
This place is a portal.

Marshall hears the echo of a CHILD'S LAUGHTER.

He looks around nervously.

TRINKET  
Most places are like doorways. They  
open to the same place every time.

Marshall looks over the railing. It's a long way down.

TRINKET  
But this place is like an elevator.  
You never know what it'll open on.  
The future, the past. Sometimes  
both at the same time. That's how I  
found you.

Marshall is confused.

MARSHALL  
How can we be in both?

Trinket points to the stairway landing one flight above her.

A door there is slightly ajar.

TRINKET

Look.

Marshall follows her pointing.

Suddenly, three or four kids run by. Chasing each other, LAUGHING and SCREAMING.

Marshall is shaken. Stops climbing.

MARSHALL

Who was that?

TRINKET

It took me a long time to find you.  
We're connected. You and I.

MARSHALL

I know. I knew from the moment I  
met you in the store.

TRINKET

We share a...a kinship.

MARSHALL

Like family?

TRINKET

Our lives are a chain. Each link is  
a separate person, in a separate  
time. When your time is done  
another's will start.

MARSHALL

Reincarnation.

TRINKET

More than that. Continuum. And we  
'improve'. So whoever comes after  
can have a better life.

MARSHALL

'Please wipe sink for the next  
passenger.'

TRINKET

That's one way of putting it. And  
you didn't clean up very well for  
me. Not very well at all.

Trinket reaches the landing.

MARSHALL  
I'm sorry.

TRINKET  
It's atonement day.

There's a heavy metal door with a tiny window.

TRINKET  
This is it.

Marshall peeks through the dusty glass.

A deserted hallway littered with crumbling wall and ceiling material.

MARSHALL  
I don't see anything.

TRINKET  
Keep going.

Marshall pulls the door open. Peeks. Nothing. Steps into the--

HOSPITAL CORRIDOR

Trinket follows.

They creep along.

At the end of the corridor a uniformed nurse wheels a supply table across the hall.

Marshall is startled.

MARSHALL  
There's somebody else here.

TRINKET  
It's okay. Come on.

She leads him down the hall.

Open doors on either side reveal debris-strewn, wrecked rooms. Some contain frightening hardware of restraint...or torture.

Trinket stops in front of a room. Motions to him.

TRINKET  
Here.

He catches up. Peers around the corner.

INT. SEEDY MOTEL, MARSHALL'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A tear gas cannister shoots through the window. CRASH!  
Choking white fog.

It rolls into the mattress standing against the wall.

The mattress catches fire.

Marshall stays unconscious.

TRINKET'S HOSPITAL ROOM

It's clean and tidy, and bright.

Trinket lies in the bed, unconscious. Connected to a bunch  
of BEEPING and BUZZING machines.

Marshall walks in but the *OTHER* Trinket stays in the hallway.

MARSHALL

What's wrong with you?

TRINKET

I'm a monster. They're putting me  
to sleep. They're putting me down  
like a cur.

MARSHALL

What should I do?

TRINKET

Pull it out! Pull it out of my arm,  
now!

Marshall lifts her little girl arm.

Then YANKS a collection of tubes out.

She grabs his arm with her free hand.

Marshall jerks back reflexively, but her grip is strong.

He looks at her face. It contorts into a ghoulish mask of  
jagged teeth and yellow eyes.

He jerks back again.

EXT. MEADOW - EVENING

All the costumed people STOP DRUMMING.

COWBOY  
She's loose! Get away!

And they all start running in terror.

TRINKET'S HOSPITAL ROOM

Trinket stares at him LAUGHING.

Marshall is frightened. Doesn't understand the change.

He turns but the OTHER Trinket is gone.

He backs into the--

HOSPITAL CORRIDOR

Her mocking laughter follows him.

He's breathing hard, choking.

Then Bela grabs him. Throws him against the wall.

Marshall is wide-eyed. Surprised and confused.

Puts his arms up to protect himself, but he's wracked with another spasm of coughing.

Bela hauls him up.

Punches his face. Again and again. Marshall is woozy, on the verge of passing out.

With the last of his strength he knees Bela in the balls.

Marshall follows that up with a couple of jabs to his face.

Marshall tries to run, but Bela gets him around the waist.

Tackles him.

Lands on top of him. Knocks the air out of him.

Makes his cough worse.

BELA  
She wanted me! It was supposed to  
be me! She gave me everything! And  
you took it all away!

He starts bashing Marshall's head into the linoleum floor.  
SMASH! SMASH! SMASH!

Marshall's face is a bloody mess.

Marshall looks up in a daze and sees firemen rushing down the hospital corridor then realizes he's back in--

INT. SEEDY MOTEL, MARSHALL'S ROOM

The room is almost fully engulfed in flames. The firemen burst in and drag Marshall--

EXT. SEEDY MOTEL

--into a waiting ambulance.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Crisp spring morning.

Vanessa gets parks the Escalade and gets out.

Looking hot, as usual, and carrying a flower bouquet.

She walks up the path and locates

EXT. LUKE'S GRAVE

Puts the flowers down.

Looks at the grave and headstone for a moment.

VANESSA

I'm sorry I haven't visited more.  
It's ah--. It's hard for me, you  
know? Hard for me to think about.  
But I miss you very much. And I  
think about you every day. I  
thought I should let you know...the  
execution is scheduled for  
tomorrow. So maybe that will bring  
you a little comfort in...wherever  
you are.

INT. PRISON, MARSHALL'S CELL - DAY

Marshall is alone in his tiny cell, surrounded by the accumulated belongings of an extended stay. Books, paper, toiletries, etc.

A prison guard walks to his cell.

PRISON GUARD  
Marshall. You got a visitor.

Marshall looks up from a book. Adjusts his glasses.

INT. PRISON, VISITING ROOM

Marshall is seated. Chained to the ground in front of a metal table.

The door BUZZES, opens. Trinket walks in.

She's beautiful...but different. Less disheveled. More made-up. More mature?

She sits. Adjusts. Stares at him.

He meets her gaze. Then looks away.

MARSHALL  
I know who you are.

TRINKET  
Good.

MARSHALL  
And what you did.

TRINKET  
I know you were there. You couldn't keep that a secret from me.

MARSHALL  
Your parents had you committed for hurting...animals.

TRINKET  
You know I don't like that.

MARSHALL  
And after awhile they let you out. For a visit.

TRINKET  
Yeah?

MARSHALL  
And you killed them too.

TRINKET  
I know what you're trying to do.

MARSHALL  
Think so, huh?

TRINKET  
You could free yourself. I know it.  
But you stay. Do you need my help?

He huffs a laugh.

MARSHALL  
I saw them.

TRINKET  
I did it for you. For us.

MARSHALL  
No! Don't you dare put that on me.

He looks way, remembering what he saw in the--

EXT. MEADOW - DAY

Marshall walks through a gruesome scene of bloody mass murder.

All the people Marshall saw on the beach are now dead. Their bodies strewn about.

They lay in a grotesque still life. As if arranged that way.

Marshall stops over the body of a young boy. Kneels.

Puts his palm on the kid's forehead. Straightens his hair a little.

MARSHALL (V.O.)  
We owe a debt to the people who  
came before us.

Trinket laughs.

TRINKET  
Spare me.

MARSHALL (V.O.)  
We might inherit their sins, sure.  
And atonement is not fun. Or easy.  
But we also carry their honor, and  
their joy...and their hope. And  
without it we're just--.

BACK TO:

PRISON, VISITING ROOM

MARSHALL

Just empty.

TRINKET

I like it that way. It's freedom.

MARSHALL

Being alone is not freedom.

TRINKET

If you come after me, I'll kill you.

MARSHALL

I have nothing left for you to take.

The door opens. A guard sticks his head in.

GUARD

Marshall? It's time.

Marshall and Trinket stare at each other.

MARSHALL

Guess this is goodbye.

TRINKET

I hope so.

INT. MARSHALL'S PRISON CELL - LATER

From behind the bars, Marshall looks up and down the corridor. Sees nothing.

Turns.

Takes off his glasses.

Stretches. Rolls his shoulders. Strips.

Lays on the floor.

Closes his eyes. Flays his fingers out. Relaxes.

As he breathes deeply we get a close look at the seven or eight book titles on a small shelf. "TRANSCENDENTAL MEDITATION, EASTERN PHILOSOPHIES, REINCARNATION, THE NATURE OF BUDDHA, LUCID DREAMING," and others.

But then we see a huge stack on the floor of 50 more!

He's used his time in prison to become an expert.  
On traveling.

EXT. BEACH - EVENING

Marshall looks up the beach to the hulking sanatorium.  
It is dark and menacing in the gloaming light.  
Suddenly, an upper window EXPLODES in a shower of glass!  
Fire erupts out of the window.  
Soon it spreads to other parts of the building.  
As Marshall watches, the entire structure goes up in flames.

INT. MARSHALL'S PRISON CELL

Two guards, BALDY (40's) and SKINNY (30's) and an Asian  
PRIEST (20'S) are standing at the entry.

BALDY  
Come on! Quit screwing around.  
They're waiting.

No response.

SKINNY  
He looks dead. You think he offed  
himself?

BALDY  
He's not dead. He just screwing  
with us. Marshall! Come on! This is  
no joy ride for us, either.

He steps inside. Kicks Marshall's foot.

BALDY  
Come on! Warden's waiting. They're  
all waiting!

No response.

SKINNY  
Christ. Jesus.

Looks at the priest.

SKINNY

Oh, uh, sorry.

Baldy stoops over Marshall's inert frame.

BALDY

What the hell did you take you  
sumbitch?

He rolls him over.

A BIC LIGHTER falls from his hand. The guards don't notice.

PRIEST

Should we call for a doctor?

BALDY

(to Skinny)  
Give me a hand with this.

SKINNY

I don't want to touch no dead guy!

BALDY

He's not dead. He's faking, or  
stoned or something. Probably  
thinks it real God damn funny.

Together they hoist his body to a standing position.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

Marshall turns to the open sea as the sanatorium burns behind  
him.

Yells.

MARSHALL

I think I'll stay right here, if  
that's okay with you! You can't  
touch me! None of you can reach me  
here!

He laughs and laughs and laughs.

INT. PRISON CORRIDOR - NIGHT

The guards drag Marshall's unconscious body down the  
cellblock.

The priest intones a prayer behind them.

They pass through a doorway. It slams shut behind them.  
CLANK!

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

The elevator door opens. Marshall staggers out.

Drunk.

He's wearing an ugly plaid blazer, and a sticker name tag that reads, "HI. MY NAME IS MARSHALL LURVEY"

He careens into a wall. Leans on it for support.

Looks down at his key. Blinks at the numbers.

Looks up and down the hallway. Lurches down the hallway looking at room numbers.

Then...

A door opens as he passes.

He peers inside. It's dark. He checks his key again.

Looks at the number on the door.

Pushes it open further. Starts to walk in.

But he's startled by a voice behind him.

POPCORN (O.S.)  
Sir! Mr. Lurvey, sir?

Marshall turns rheumy eyes down the hall.

Ida Woolskin's husband, Popcorn stands nearby. He's wearing a formal doorman's uniform.

MARSHALL  
Yeah?

POPCORN  
I'm sorry, Mr. Lurvey, sir. But that's not your room, sir.

MARSHALL  
What?

POPCORN  
It's not your room, sir. Your room is six-nineteen.

That there is five-nineteen. The elevator let you off on the wrong floor, sir.

MARSHALL

Oh?

POPCORN

Come on, now. I'll take you to your room. You don't want to go in there, believe me.

He chuckles a little. And puts a steady arm around Marshall's shoulders.

POPCORN

You know, I believe that's your boss's room. You definitely don't want to go in there. She's sleeping now. Nothing but trouble for you.

He chuckles again.

MARSHALL

Thanks.

POPCORN

Don't mention it, sir. That's what we're here for.

As he leads Marshall back down the hallway, they pass Trinket leaning against the wall.

Marshall shows no recognition.

POPCORN

Now you too. Go on! Git! You're just trying to cause a bunch of trouble for this nice man.

TRINKET

You won't win the next one.

POPCORN

We'll see about that.

FADE OUT.

NO ANIMALS WERE HARMED IN THE WRITING OF THIS SCRIPT.