

THE TWIST

by

Chubby Checker

FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

A total mess. It looks like a war zone. Like the prologue from The Terminator.

TOM -- 39, fairly fit, bearded -- sits at his desktop. He cracks his knuckles.

He has a screenplay open. He's on page 56.

TOM

(Orating while typing)
Bill opens the briefcase, which blinds him with a strange white light. Then the contents are revealed to be--

The PHONE RINGS. It vibrates on his bed.

TOM

Shit.

The rotates his chair 180 degrees.

TOM

Don't forget the twist, don't forget the twist...

He jumps out of his seat.

TOM

BETTY, answer phone.

BETTY, Tom's AI assistant, speaks from a black device on his night stand.

BETTY (V.O.)

(monotone)
Answering phone call from...

LARRY MURRAY, a bigshot Hollywood talent agent with a gruff cigarette voice, speaks from the same device.

LARRY (V.O.)

Larry Murray, Writer's Block Talent.

TOM

Shit. Always on my ass--

LARRY (V.O.)

(on speakerphone)
I heard that, Tom!

Tom jumps, taken aback.

LARRY (V.O.)

I need your script by tomorrow, and
that twist better be fucking good.
We're this close to dropping you.

Tom races towards the phone.

TOM

Twist? Larry, I have a twist
that'll knock your socks o--

With one false turn, Tom jerks around 180, and then
collapses onto the floor with a loud THUD. He grabs his
ankle, in agony.

TOM

Fuck!

LARRY (V.O.)

What happened? You sound like
you're dying, Tom.

Tom chuckles like it's nothing.

TOM

Let's just say I have that twist
you're looking for.

(beat)

I still have my health insurance,
correct?

LARRY (V.O.)

You're lucky A24 bought your last
script.

INT. E.R. - DAY

THREE MEDICS tend to Tom, as he rests. A KNOCK on the door.
DR. WOO -- 40, nicely groomed -- enters, clipboard in hand.

WOO

Tom W. Martin, big fan.

Tom, waking up, chuckles sarcastically.

TOM

I wish.

WOO

I hear you suffered a nasty fall?

TOM

You don't need a hearing aid, Doc.

Woo heads over to Tom's bed to examine his leg.

WOO

We're gonna need a few X-rays to see if it's broken.

TOM

Well, it's certainly not unbroken.

Dr. Woo extends his hand.

WOO

I don't believe I properly introduced myself. I'm Doctor Woo.

TOM

Which number are you on?

WOO

Number four, Tom Baker.

The two share a hearty laugh. Tom coughs.

INT. X-RAY ROOM - DAY

The X-RAY TECHNICIAN, 45, stands by and cautiously comforts Tom before he enters the giant machine.

TECHNICIAN

Don't worry, Mister Martin, this won't hurt a bit.

MACHINE

So far so--

Wait a minute. Tom starts choking. He's gagging. He grabs his ankle, crying out in hellish agony.

He coughs up blood, which SPLATTERS onto the bed.

The machine starts flashing red. Death grows on Tom's face, in his eyes.

Tom begins to thrash and convulse. He gasps for breath, hyperventilates. Sweats profusely.

POUNDING HEARTBEAT. Tom clutches his chest.

The flashing stops.

Finally, Tom passes out as everything fades to white.

BACK TO SCENE

The bed moves out of the machine. Tom lay unconscious.

The Technician, alarmed, waves his arms around.

TECHNICIAN

Nurse! Doctor!

The nurses rush to Tom to check his vitals.

The Technician looks on in dread, as if he might be held liable for any mishap.

One NURSE'S voice can be heard.

NURSE

Time of death: three-fifteen p.m.
Pacific Daylight Time.

Tom's body lingers for a beat.

FADE TO WHITE.

INT. E.R. - DAY

The room is hazy with a blinding white light, which soon dissipates, but not entirely.

The late Tom W. Martin lay on the bed, completely unattended. Not a doctor or nurse in sight.

Absolute silence. Deafening.

Tom somehow awakens, gasping, coughing.

TOM

Am I dead? Is this Heaven? Where's
God?

The door creeps open. Dr. Woo enters, with a mischievous grin growing on his face.

WOO

Speak of the Devil...

The Doctor chuckles darkly, gracing his fingers across the X-ray showing Tom's twisted, broken ankle.

He extends his arm as if a dark magician. A red skull with devil horns superimposes onto his face.

Tom's eyes widen in horror.

TOM

You!

Dr. Woo's grin grows inhumanly wide, as wide as it can possibly go. The superimposed skull fades.

WOO

I bet you didn't see that twist coming.

Tom is speechless. He looks around for a way out.

WOO

Your agent called. Your script is still due as scheduled.

TOM

But, why?

Woo hands Tom his clipboard and pen. He points to the bottom of the paperwork.

WOO

Like I said, I'm a big fan. Can I have your autograph?

Tom grabs the pen violently and grips it like a knife.

TOM

Anything for a fan...

He PLUNGES the pen into Woo's heart. He coughs up...

Blood, which SPLATTERS onto the floor. He drops with a THUD, takes his last breath.

Written in blood on Woo's back is a perfect signature, "Tom W. Martin."

FADE OUT

THE END