

THE MYSTERY OF MISTER Y

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FADE IN:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

A hotel room circa early 70's.

Full of joy and sappy puppy love happiness, twenty-somethings DALE and DIANE COOPER, who bear a passing resemblance to Steve McQueen and Ali McGraw.

The only thing brighter than Diana's eyes is the rock on her finger.

They share a slow dance, but...

DIANE

Radio's not on. I need some music.

DALE

I got some music. Slow dance or a mambo?

DIANE

You got music?

DALE

Course I do. Listen.

He hums, makes enough funny sounds which qualifies for a silly tune, although unidentifiable.

They share the laugh.

DIANE

You're crazy.

DALE

Of course. Now remember who said yes twelve hours ago.

His comment earns him a playful slug on the right arm.

DALE

Hey.

DIANE

Any other smart remarks?

DALE  
Does this qualify as our first  
fight?

DIANE  
Is your arm in a sling?

DALE  
No.

She swats him in the arm.

DALE  
Hey.

DIANE  
You wuss.

DALE  
Okay, little lady. Just for  
that...

His song tempo increases, as he twirls her and dips  
her. She's five inches from the floor.

A wicked grin forms on his face; he lets her hang there  
for a few seconds.

He pulls her up, and his mouth meets hers. He hums  
while they kiss.

DIANE  
Stop that.  
You are going to get it.

DALE  
I hope so.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - LATER

Action in the bed, under silk sheets. In her negligee,  
Diane's on top.

DALE  
Ow!

DIANE  
Relax.

A good reason to scream; with each passionate kiss,  
Diane scratches her fingers into his bare shoulders.

Her fingernails dig deep enough where a drop of blood  
forms over the small wound.

DIANE

Keep humming.

DALE

(out of breath)

Any requests?

DIANE

"When the Saints go Marching  
In".

DALE

Why not something from The  
Stones? Zep? Rod Stewart's  
"Maggie May"...you Love that  
song!

DIANE

They played it a million times  
at the reception. Repeat after  
me: "When The Saints"...

DALE

"When The Saints"

DIANE

"Go Marching In"

DALE

(with a laugh)

"Go Marching In"

Dale hums the opening bars of the song; his new wife  
takes his right wrist, leads it to the bedpost.

She ties his wrist to the post with her panty hose.

DALE

Oh, come on. Not again. We're  
hitched now. You don't need  
to.

DIANE

Hum.

She kisses his neck.

FADE TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT.

The alarm clock says 2:59; three cards slowly flip over to 3:00 A.M.

The couple sleeps on the bed. Dale isn't the least bit concerned by his wife's bad snoring habit.

A MAN who we'll call MISTER Y watches them in silence. He slowly unzips a leather bag, guided only by what he sees in moonlight.

The contents in the bag:

A .44 magnum with a holster;

Shiny hunting knife;

Flashlight;

A small black hardcover book which identification is obscured by the roll of clear packaging tape on a tape gun that rests on top.

With the tape gun, Mister Y approaches Diane.

Using caution and good timing, he streaks the clear tape over her mouth, and carefully cuts it off with the tape gun's metal teeth.

Diane's snoring muffled, he leans over her.

Tapes up her wrists. Cuts off the tape as silently as possible.

He leans over, seals up Dale's mouth.

Softly, Mister Y's gloved hands pulls back the sheets, exposing Diane's smooth legs.

Diane remains in dreamland.

Mister Y's gloved hand hovers an inch above her right thigh; he caresses the air between his hand and her leg, admiring her knee, her ankle.

Her foot.

He carefully tapes her ankles together.

Calm Mister Y puts the sheet back over her lovely smooth legs and partially over David too. They don't wake up.

MOMENTS LATER

Mister Y closes out the curtains, kills the moonlight.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - MINUTES LATER

A FLASHLIGHT BEAM falls on both Diane and Dale. Diane wakes up first.

Dale wakes up.

His wrist is still tied to the bedpost.

MISTER Y

(quick)

I only require a minute or two  
of your time, but it also  
depends on your cooperation.  
So, listen carefully,

Mister Y steps closer. His flashlight beam still in the young couple's faces.

MISTER Y

You can call me any name in  
the book after I leave here,  
but until that time, if you  
really have to, call me Mister  
Y. I'm armed.

(long pause)

I'm not going to tell you what  
I have. If you step out of  
line, you'll find out soon  
enough in a very, very bad  
way. Are we good?

Dale and Diana nod yes. Mister Y holds up Dale's wallet so Dale can see it. Once Dale does, Mister Y discards it like tossing a pebble across a pond.

MISTER Y

Mister Cooper, your new wife  
Diane there is nice on the  
eyes. Do something stupid, and  
she won't look as nice  
anymore.

He steps closer, shines the light right into Dale's eyes.

MISTER Y

Are we on the same page, Dale?

With panther like speed, Mister Y lashes out, swats Diane in the nose with the flashlight. She tumbles away, blinded.

Mister Y turns off his flashlight, and turns on the night stand lamp.

Dale and Diane see a tall man dressed in camouflage, a dark green ski mask with horned rimmed glasses, and combat boots.

The shadow from the lamp light makes him look like a mad hornet.

A gun holster at his hip; the handle of the gun visible; the hunting knife tied to his belt.

MISTER Y

(points a finger)

Don't test me. This is how it  
plays. You don't know how I  
got in, you only know me only  
by Mister Y. It's a fake name.  
I know your names, where you  
live, who your families are,  
the name of your dog. I know  
that because I took five  
hundred dollars, two tens and  
three ones, but I left you the  
sole twenty. Why I didn't take  
that twenty you're not sure.  
Why I took the ones instead of

MISTER Y (cont.)  
 the twenty you won't know. Why  
 I took nothing out of your  
 wife's purse other than her  
 chewing gum you won't know.  
 I also may or may not have  
 done things to Diane.  
 You may or may not hear or see  
 me again.

Watches the reaction.

Then:

MISTER Y  
 I'm your banker, neighbor,  
 garbage man. The man in the  
 front pew of the church,  
 Satan. You'll never really  
 know for sure. What you do  
 know is that I came in, tied  
 you both up, and robbed you. I  
 had a knife and a gun. That's  
 the story I want to read in  
 the papers.

Mister Y opens the top drawer of the night stand.  
 Except for one item, the drawer is empty.

That one item, is of course, a small black hardcover  
 book: the Gideon's Bible.

Mister Y takes the bible and opens it up.

MISTER Y  
 Job seventeen verses thirteen  
 to fifteen:  
 "If I wait for the grave as my  
 house, If I make my bed in the  
 darkness, If I say to  
 corruption, 'You are my  
 father,' And to the worm, 'You  
 are my mother and my sister,'  
 Where then is my hope? As for  
 my hope, who can see it?"

He turns the page, smiles.

MISTER Y

And we are good to go.

He then takes an object out of the bible and dangles the plastic baggie with the SEVERED HUMAN EAR in it.

On sight of the horror, Diane screams, but because of the tape, the scream is muted.

Mister Y pockets the ear in his front pants, turns out the light. He puts the bible away back in the drawer.

The flashlight glare blinds Dale once more.

MISTER Y

Remember what I said. I am nobody and I am anybody. I am alive and I am dead. I was here. I am everywhere. Say my name Dale.

DALE

(muffled)

I don't know-

MISTER Y

You know it. Now I'm going to turn off my flashlight. I am watching. Both of you stay where you are. I have my knife. I have a gun.

Mister Y stuffs his gun in his bag, knife, glasses, picks up the bag. He holds the light back on the couple, heads towards the door.

Once they are out of his sight, he takes off his mask and puts it into the bag, followed by the flashlight. Zips up the bag.

He opens the door, steps out, leaves.

With the free hand, Dale takes off the tape over his mouth, then his wife's.

Once his other wrist is free, he embraces her. She cries.

INT. HOTEL ROOM #2 - 2:59 A.M.

It's another hotel room, same hotel.

A digital clock turns 3:00.

Mister Y puts his bag on the bed, opens it.

He opens the black Gideon's Bible- the bible is cut out from within, around the book of Job. He digs in his pocket, puts the bagged up severed ear in the book.

FADE OUT.