

S21

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. THE HEMINGWAY CLINIC - DAY

Bloodshot, gold-flecked eyes pierce the storefront window.

An elderly CUSTODIAN uses a razor blade to scour a spray-painted "U" from the glass -- "RDERERS" remains.

But RICH KILBORN isn't looking at the letters. He's staring at his reflection. Rich's narrow frame bears a disinterest in food. His pleasant features downcast.

Rich's gaze drifts from the bland strip mall clinic to his super-slim phone. A few social networking messages:

happy b-day rich!!!1

WOW 21 years old - your like a grown up now haha

Rich! Long time no talk Bday boy. Enjoy the big 2-1!

hbd

INT. THE HEMINGWAY CLINIC - WAITING ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Rich squeaks in his vinyl chair. Watches the Custodian scrape off the "D". She smiles at him through the glass.

He looks away. Admires the SECURITY GUARD's holstered pistol.

A frumpy RECEPTIONIST smacks a remote that controls a static-filled screen which takes up an entire wall.

An OLDER LADY squeaks into a vinyl chair near a TWITCHY MAN.

Rich notices a brochure rack nearby. Focuses on a flyer with a serious YOUNG WOMAN and the words YOUR CHOICE MATTERS.

He trudges to the flyers. Smacks into MARILYN LYNDON (early 20s) who speeds toward the brochures.

Tomato juice splashes out of her Gatorade bottle as it crashes to the cheap tile.

Rich looks down at her chest. There's a huge red splatter on her white shirt. He's mortified. Petrified.

Marilyn surveys the damage. Catches Rich looking at her chest. Adjusts her long sleeves with pale, elegant hands.

She grabs her bottle. Pours the last drops, and a celery stalk, onto Rich's head. Smirks.

NURSE PRINZE (O.S.)
Mister Kilborn. Miss Lyndon.

NURSE PRINZE looms in a doorway. Glares at the red puddle below Rich and Marilyn.

INT. THE HEMINGWAY CLINIC - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

The two trail Prinze down the stark corridor.

Rich runs a hand through his wet hair. Sniffs it.

He glances at Marilyn. The dark circles under her seraphic eyes are oddly becoming.

An alien glow spills into the hall from an open door. Rich and Marilyn peer inside as they pass:

The glow emits from a translucent, ceiling-high cylinder, from which a poseable, metallic hose protrudes. The hose is punctuated by a latex suction cup.

The fatherly DOCTOR THOMPSON (50s) inputs commands on a touchscreen tablet.

A WELL-DRESSED MAN is seated on a cashmere-covered bed.

Rich and Marilyn's pace slows. They crane their necks to see deeper inside.

NURSE HUTCHINS appears in the doorway. Looks blankly at them. Shuts the door.

Marilyn is titillated. Whispers to Rich:

MARILYN
I've never seen it in person.

Prinze gestures toward a room.

NURSE PRINZE
Have a seat in here, Miss Lyndon.

RICH
Sorry about...

Rich gestures to Marilyn's stained chest. A thin trickle of tomato juice streaks down his face. Toward his lips.

Marilyn smirks. Fingers the streaking liquid from his lips. Sucks the juice off her finger. Glides into the room.

Rich opens his mouth. Nothing comes out.

INT. THE HEMINGWAY CLINIC - EXAM ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Neon lights and white walls overpower Rich's dark clothing.

He scrolls through his phone contacts. Lands on a name:

Kristy Berenson

Rich studies Kristy's contact info. Stops breathing. Calls.
Rings go unanswered until:

KRISTY (THRU PHONE)

Hey, you've reached Kristy. I'm
probably busy doing something
awesome. Leave a message and I'll
call you back, 'kay?

DOCTOR THOMPSON (O.S.)

Richard.

Rich's head snaps up. Doctor Thompson is beside him.

Rich scrambles to end the call.

RICH

Rich.

Thompson smiles warmly.

DOCTOR THOMPSON

I'm Doctor Thompson. Call me Curt.

They shake. Thompson sniffs the air. Sniffs his hand.

DOCTOR THOMPSON

Have you been drinking?

Rich shakes his head "no."

Thompson gives him a gently skeptical look.

DOCTOR THOMPSON

How's your health?

RICH

Good.

Thompson shines a light in Rich's eyes.

DOCTOR THOMPSON

Taking any medications?

RICH

No.

He shines the light at Rich's mouth.

DOCTOR THOMPSON
Any street drugs? Say "ahh" please.

RICH
No-- AHH -- sometimes.

Thompson makes a note.

DOCTOR THOMPSON
And why have you chosen to use our
transition services?

RICH
Uh-- what?

Thompson meets Rich's eyes.

DOCTOR THOMPSON
Why do you want us to kill you?

Rich is thrown.

RICH
I thought I didn't have to tell.

DOCTOR THOMPSON
I have to ask, son. You don't have
to answer... You're comfortable
with organ donation?

RICH
Definitely.

Thompson gives Rich a long look. Reviews his notes.

Rich watches Thompson's eyes in rapt anticipation.

DOCTOR THOMPSON
You're approved. All that's left is
the twenty-four hour waiting
period. You can sort out the rest
with reception.

Thompson glances back at his notes.

DOCTOR THOMPSON
Oh, and happy birthday.

INT. THE HEMINGWAY CLINIC - WAITING ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Rich waits as the Receptionist hunts and pecks on her super-thin laptop. Soulful muzak draws his gaze to the now-functioning TV wall:

The Hemingway Clinic logo dissolves to a weathermanish PRESENTER in an overlit studio.

PRESENTER (ON TV)

The Hemingway Clinic has served the community since The Life Choices Act passed into law over a decade ago, legalizing assisted suicide for adults over twenty-one. This granted us the ultimate personal freedom -- the right to choose exactly when we die.

A montage of smiling DOCTORS and NURSES appears.

PRESENTER (V.O.)(ON TV)

Our courteous staff will see you through from your initial consultation to your final moment.

A WELL-DRESSED WOMAN reclines on a bed next to the glowing cylinder. The Woman smiles as a NURSE affixes the device's suction cup to her neck.

PRESENTER (V.O.)(ON TV)

Our Existence Nullification Device, or END, gently removes life for a perfectly painless transition.

RECEPTIONIST

I just gave away my last clinic appointment for tomorrow. But we can make a house call with our remote END.

RICH

Die at home?

RECEPTIONIST

Or I can give you the earliest Friday slot.

RICH

Friday.

The Receptionist squints at her screen.

RECEPTIONIST
Just a sec...

Rich eyes the TV:

A montage of happy POST-OP PATIENTS.

PRESENTER (V.O.)(ON TV)
We facilitate safe delivery of your
organs to people that do wish to
live. The END ensures your organs
are uncompromised, and ideal for
transplant. You can even gift your
organs to whomever you choose. You
will die a hero.

RECEPTIONIST
It's crucial you go to a support
group meeting. If they don't stamp
your appointment card we can't
transition you.

She hands him a LAST DAYS SUPPORT GROUP flyer. The cover
shows two hands clasped.

RECEPTIONIST
There's a meeting this afternoon.
I'll write up your card.

Rich gazes back at the TV: an uncomfortably close close-up of
the unblinking Presenter speaks to him.

PRESENTER (ON TV)
Suicide is not illegal. It is not a
sin. It is your right. Your choice.

RECEPTIONIST
You can dress up for your
appointment.

She hands Rich an appointment card. Smiles.

RECEPTIONIST
Most people dress up.

Rich studies the card:

The Hemingway Clinic
YOUR CHOICE MATTERS
Friday 9AM
\$75 cancellation fee

He smiles slightly.

EXT. CLASSIC MOVIE THEATRE - DAY

Rich stares at the movie house from across the road.

KRISTY (early 20s) sets up shop in the box office.

Rich turns to his phone. Places a call. A few rings go unanswered.

Kristy takes out her phone. Glances at the screen. Minor eye roll. Puts the phone away.

KRISTY (THRU PHONE)
Hey, you've reached Kristy. I'm
probably busy doing something
awesome--

Rich hangs up. Glares at Kristy. Stops breathing. Lips quiver.

He squeezes the phone tight. Flinches as if to throw. But gently slides it into his pocket.

INT./EXT. RICH'S CAR/CITY STREET - DAY

Rich's sturdy ride sits at a red light. He peers at a YOUNG HOMELESS MAN installed beside a lamppost.

The Man sports shades on a face streaked with white scars. Most PASSERSBY ignore his money hat.

HONK.

The car horn startles Rich. The light's green. He creeps through the intersection. Glances back at the Homeless Man.

DOCTOR (PRE-LAP)
It won't be long now, Mr. Kilborn.

INT. FRAN'S HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Rich is slumped in the doorway across from the DOCTOR.

DOCTOR
A day or two at the most.

The Doctor pats him on the arm and departs.

Rich inches toward the bed. Eyes on the tile.

FRAN KILBORN (47), a once powerful woman turned frail and vacant, is hooked to myriad complex machines. Her breathing support echoes through the room.

Rich pulls a chair up to her bedside. Gingerly sits down. Speaks with a syrupy, forced enthusiasm:

RICH

It's been a great birthday, mom.
Tom and Matt took me to a breakfast
buffet. So much bacon... Went to a
batting cage. I put the thing on
the highest setting... Hit a bunch.

He stifles a sigh.

RICH

Got a promotion at work.

Rich's gaze drifts to his mother.

RICH

Kristy's making me some special
secret dinner tonight. She...

Rich peers at Fran's heart rate monitor. Steady and slow.

GROUP LEADER (PRE-LAP)

So many things to consider...

INT. COMMUNITY CENTER - MEETING ROOM - DAY

Rich tears the edges of his LAST DAYS SUPPORT GROUP flyer.
He's seated in a circle with the other SUPPORT GROUP MEMBERS.

The GROUP LEADER (40s) explores the circle's center. His
theatre in the round.

GROUP LEADER

How will my family feel? My
friends? How will the world change
without me in it?

The door slams shut. Rich looks over his shoulder.

It's Marilyn. She beams at the armed GROUP SECURITY GUARD.

GROUP LEADER

If none of these things outweighs
your desire to die, no one here is
going to try to stop you.

SKREEEK. Marilyn drags a chair up to the circle. Heads turn to the racket.

GROUP LEADER

But sometimes being around people who feel as hopeless as you do can actually give you hope. This shared experience can help you be at peace with your choice, whatever it--

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN (O.S.)

No choice!

A MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN shoots out of her chair. Whips off her windbreaker. The T-shirt underneath displays the word CHOICE inside a "NO" symbol.

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

You should all be ashamed for considering it. God loves you -- your suffering brings you closer to him. Listen to Stanley Reilly.

She reaches into her bag. Whips out a bunch of pamphlets.

The Security Guard darts toward her as pamphlets rain on Group Members.

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

That clinic murdered my son.

A pamphlet lands at Rich's feet:

Bold letters advertise NO CHOICE EVENTS WITH STANLEY REILLY above a Christ-like STANLEY (40s).

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

They stole him...

The Guard lays a hand on her arm.

GROUP SECURITY GUARD

Ma'am.

The Woman's eyes overflow. She whimpers as the Guard guides her out of the circle. Past Rich. She looks right at him.

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

Your life is a gift. No choice. No choice. No choice...

Rich watches the Guard escort her out. Her whimpers fade. The room grows quiet as a graveyard.

Rich's eyes drift to Marilyn. She scans a calendar of events in the pamphlet. Shoves it in her purse. Meets Rich's gaze.

He quickly looks away. Looks back. They hold eye contact.

GROUP LEADER
Some people want you to live.

He claps his hands. Moving on.

GROUP LEADER
Let's partner up.

INT. COMMUNITY CENTER - MEETING ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Two lines of Group Members face each other. Everyone is partnered up and chatting.

Rich is across from the Older Lady from The Hemingway Clinic waiting room.

OLDER LADY
My son has a diseased heart --
transitioning makes it so he can
have mine.

Rich glances at Marilyn. Five pairs away. She puts a hand on her WEEPING PARTNER's arm.

OLDER LADY
My son will hate me when he finds
out. Some day he'll understand. A
mother shouldn't bury her son.

Rich blinks in agreement.

INT. COMMUNITY CENTER - MEETING ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Rich is across from the TWITCHY MAN from The Hemingway Clinic waiting room.

TWITCHY MAN
The stuff they can transplant now
is terrifying -- brain tissue,
stomachs. Pretty soon we're gonna
have to live forever.

Rich peers at Marilyn. Three pairs away. She chuckles at her SMILING PARTNER's joke.

TWITCHY MAN

I can't live in this hell forever --
that's why I gotta do it now... Why
do you wanna do it?

Rich ruminates.

INT. COMMUNITY CENTER - MEETING ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Rich is across from a BUBBLY WOMAN.

BUBBLY WOMAN

You would be perfect for my
daughter. She likes pale and
skinny, for some reason.

Rich gazes at Marilyn. His next partner. She listens to her
TALKATIVE PARTNER. Checks the time on her phone.

BUBBLY WOMAN

You'd love her. She's bright and
funny -- gorgeous. How old are you?

RICH

Twenty-one.

BUBBLY WOMAN

That's so funny. She was twenty-one
when she killed herself.

GROUP LEADER

And time!

Rich takes a step toward Marilyn.

GROUP LEADER

Let's take ten.

Rich opens his mouth to speak.

Marilyn blows right by. Chats up the Group Leader. Gives him
a warm pat on the arm.

Rich squints at her hand as it travels lower... And slips a
tiny chrome cube out of the oblivious Group Leader's pants
pocket.

Marilyn spins around and strides past Rich. Out the door.

Rich follows.

EXT. COMMUNITY CENTER - MOMENTS LATER

Rich steps out the main doors. Scans the quiet street.

He spots Marilyn as she strolls around a corner at the end of the block.

Rich winces. Jogs toward the corner.

EXT. MIDTOWN STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Rich turns the corner. Spies Marilyn jaywalking half a block down.

RICH

Miss -- miss, excuse me.

She doesn't turn. But picks up the pace. It sounds like she might even be laughing.

Rich waits for a few cars to pass. Scurries across the road.

Marilyn ducks into a massage spa.

Rich sees. Sighs.

INT. MASSAGE SPA - MOMENTS LATER

Rich stumbles in. Spots a frail MASSAGE THERAPIST chasing Marilyn down a hallway.

MASSAGE THERAPIST

Hey -- you have an appointment?
What are you doing?

Marilyn glances back. Spots Rich. Bursts out the back door into an alleyway.

Rich edges down the hall. The Therapist spins toward him.

MASSAGE THERAPIST

No way.

RICH

But I--

MASSAGE THERAPIST

Sir -- this isn't a crosswalk.

Rich sizes up the tiny Therapist. She means business.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - MINUTES LATER

Rich bolts into the dark alley from the street. It's empty.

He comes to a halt. Shakes his head. *Damn.*

Someone clears their throat.

Rich jumps out of his skin. He turns. Sees a little glowing ember a few yards away.

Rich inches closer. Closer. Closer.

He sees that the ember is attached to the end of a cigarette. The cigarette is in Marilyn's mouth.

She stares at Rich. Blows a cloud of smoke in his direction.

RICH

Hi.

No answer.

RICH

You took the stamp... The stamp for
the appointment cards.

Marilyn pulls the Group Leader's tiny chrome cube out of her pocket.

RICH

Ya. That one. I kinda need it...
Can I have it?

She blows another cloud of smoke his way.

Rich presents his Hemingway Clinic appointment card.

RICH

Just stamp my card so I can die,
okay?

She puts away the cube. Offers her cigarette pack.

MARILYN

Smoke.

RICH

I don't smoke.

MARILYN

Not like it's gonna kill you.

Rich considers this. Ferrets a cig out of her pack.

Marilyn lights it for him.

He tries his hardest not to cough. Fails.

Marilyn smiles. Takes his appointment card.

She presses a button on the chrome cube. It shoots a beam of light down onto the back of the appointment card, branding a barcode and the words PERMISSION TO TRANSITION onto the card.

She gives him back his card.

MARILYN

Looks like you're good to go.

RICH

Thanks.

He watches her cigarette burn as she takes a long drag.

MARILYN

What did you think of the meeting?

RICH

Seems like they're committed.

MARILYN

Aren't you?

RICH

Think so. Ya. You?

MARILYN

Absolutely.

RICH

When's your final appointment?

MARILYN

Tomorrow.

Rich exhales a competent cloud. Getting the hang of it.

RICH

They must've given you the last spot. I have to wait 'til Friday.

MARILYN

Sucks. Gonna make your last couple days meaningful?

RICH

I couldn't even make the first twenty-one years meaningful.

They both exhale and watch their clouds mingle.

There's an awkward silence. Awkward for Rich.

RICH
Well... Thanks for the stamp.

Rich turns and plods away. But stops. Turns back.

RICH
I'm supposed to meet this guy...
You wouldn't want to come with me,
would you?

Marilyn just stares at him.

RICH
Met him online. He says the END
doesn't--

MARILYN
You want me to go with you -- a
stranger -- to meet another
stranger?

RICH
Ya. Right. Sorry.

Rich turns away.

MARILYN
Let's go.

RICH
Huh?

MARILYN
Let's. Go.

Marilyn's eyes twinkle. Rich studies her face.

INT./EXT. RICH'S CAR/STREETS - DAY

Marilyn guns the engine. Weaves past cars. Runs lights like
it's Grand Theft Auto.

Rich is shitting the passenger seat. He clutches the dash.

RICH
Please slow down.

They almost get T-boned at an intersection.

Marilyn cackles. Goes faster.

MARILYN
Can't be late for your meeting.

They approach a red light at a super-busy cross street.

RICH
Stop!

Marilyn screeches the brakes. Halts right at the lights.

Crossing PEDESTRIANS give her evil eyes galore.

She waves at them.

MARILYN
Why would you let a stranger drive
your car?

Rich is wondering that himself. Breathes heavy.

She checks out the car next to them:

An ELDERLY FEMALE DRIVER. Hands at ten and two.

Marilyn honks. Rolls down the window.

MARILYN
Hey grandma!

She honks longer. Then an series of short honks.

Finally the Driver looks over. Rolls down her window.

Marilyn revs the engine.

MARILYN
Me and you -- for pinks.

The Driver is bewildered.

MARILYN
Win and you can have my man here --
he'll rock your world!

The Driver is aghast. Can't roll up her window fast enough.

Rich gapes.

RICH
Who are you?

The light turns green.

Marilyn laughs. Screeches through the intersection.

Rich resumes his dashboard deathclutch.

DISHEVELED MAN (PRE-LAP)
I wanted to die. I did...

INT. DINER - DUSK

The dingy greasy spoon is empty save Rich, Marilyn, and a DISHEVELED MAN (30s) perched across from them in a booth.

DISHEVELED MAN
...But when they hook the END up to your neck, your heart's racin'. The doc asks ya one last time if you're sure you wanna die. And I thought I did... That damn cylinder gets so bright -- it doesn't just blind ya... It takes ya somewhere.

He stares deep into his coffee cup.

DISHEVELED MAN
It's like you're on a boat. On the open ocean... And ya fall off... Ya turn around and the boat's gone... Then the water's gone... And then you're gone.

Rich digests this.

Marilyn glares at the Man.

RICH
But you're alive.

DISHEVELED MAN
All of a sudden everything comes rushin' back. The light got dark again. I open my eyes and there's the doc and nurse starin' at me like they don't know what the hell's goin' on.

RICH
What did they say?

DISHEVELED MAN
Doc says he's heard of it not workin' before, but never had it happen to him. Says it's just a malfunction... But I got a theory.

Marilyn's glare falls on Rich.

He doesn't notice. Nods at the Man.

DISHEVELED MAN

There's a dog shelter near the clinic. Right before I go in to die, I see the dogs gettin' walked. This one mutt looks right at me. Really stares. So the whole time leadin' up to my thing I'm thinkin' about this dog. I never thought about dogs -- never cared about 'em. But I wanted this one. I kept thinkin' and thinkin' -- while they're asking me those final questions, hookin' me up -- the desire to adopt this mangy dog kept growin' and growin'. Doc flips the switch... and I'm still here.

Marilyn scoffs.

Rich is thrown. But forges on:

RICH

Did you try again?

DISHEVELED MAN

Nah. I was tired as hell. Drained -- had to go to the hospital. But soon as I got out, I went straight to that damn shelter. Adopted that dog -- ugliest one there. Guess he's my reason to live. Peanut -- his name's Peanut.

MARILYN

A flawless scientific explanation: the END, a highly sophisticated piece of technology, failed because you saw a rescue dog.

DISHEVELED MAN

Ain't a failure from where I'm sittin'.

Marilyn pops up. Grabs the Man's coffee. Twitches like she's going to toss it at him. But takes a sip instead.

Then she really throws it at him. Storms out.

The Man looks up from his soaked shirt.

Rich is appalled. Takes out his billfold.

RICH
I'll... get that.

EXT. DINER - MINUTES LATER

Rich ventures outside.

Marilyn stomps toward him.

MARILYN
Why the fuck would you even want to
talk to that guy?

RICH
I-- I just want to know all the
possibilities.

Her eyes burn Rich.

MARILYN
Surviving is not a possibility.

She shoves him. Stomps around the corner.

Rich ponders the tornado that just hit him. Turns away. Takes
a few directionless steps.

He takes out his phone. Texts Kristy: U there?

Someone spins him back around. It's Marilyn.

MARILYN
You're mine.

RICH
...What?

MARILYN
You're coming with me.

Rich is dumbfounded.

MARILYN
I need a playmate. Someone who
won't be sad when I die... because
he'll be dead too.

He struggles for words.

RICH
Sorry, but--

MARILYN

What time are you dying on Friday?

RICH

Nine A.M.

MARILYN

What are you gonna do with the rest of your life?

RICH

I dunno.

MARILYN

You do know. You're going to have fun -- with me. The most fun we've ever had. Have you ever asked yourself what you'd do if you had twenty-four hours to live?

RICH

Uh--

Marilyn checks the time on her phone.

MARILYN

Well you've got thirty-three hours. This is it. You want to know all the possibilities? The possibilities are infinite. Maybe you'll have the best thirty-three hours in the history of everything. Maybe I'll let you touch my boobs.

She grabs Rich's hand. Smushes his palm into her breast.

MARILYN

Maybe more. Maybe way more. Maybe you'll love it... You could spend the rest of your life waiting to die, or you could spend it actually living.

Rich contemplates.

RICH

I'd be more comfortable if I knew your name.

MARILYN

Haven't you ever hung out all night with someone whose name you didn't know?

RICH

No.

MARILYN

Me neither. It'll be fun.

She lets go of his hand. He keeps it against her boob. Realizes. Pulls it away.

She flashes a sinful grin. Hops into the street. A car screeches to a halt right in front of her... And gets rear ended.

Rich gawks. *What the fuck?*

MARILYN

You coming?

Marilyn skips across the street. Carefree of the veering cars in her wake.

Rich lingers on the curb. Studies her shrinking silhouette.

INT. LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT

Marilyn bursts through the door. Darts down an aisle.

The door swings shut.

A hand stops it. Rich's hand. He drifts inside.

The CASHIER looks up from his newspaper. Eyeballs Rich.

MARILYN

I want tequila. I feel like you want whiskey.

Rich drifts to the counter. Where the top shelf bottles are.

Rich gestures to a whiskey bottle.

RICH

That one, please.

The Cashier grabs it.

Marilyn appears behind Rich.

MARILYN

Are you saving for retirement? Get a good one.

Rich contemplates. Points to a slightly better bottle.

The Cashier puts back the first bottle. Grabs the second.

He turns back to see Marilyn move Rich's arm to point at the real good shit.

MARILYN

That one.

The Cashier checks with Rich.

Rich shrugs.

The Cashier puts back the second bottle. Grabs the third.

CASHIER

Best stuff we got.

Rich plops down a wad of bills. Takes the bottle.

Marilyn snatches it from him. Glances at the label. Rips the bottle open.

MARILYN

It's nine years older than I am.

She takes a healthy swig.

RICH

Me too.

She hands him the bottle. He sips. Grimaces.

The Cashier watches them leave. Shakes his head.

EXT. LIQUOR STORE - MOMENTS LATER

Rich pauses a few paces from the storefront.

RICH

I thought you wanted tequila.

MARILYN

I do.

She reaches into her purse. Presents a bottle of tequila.

Rich winces.

MARILYN

...Shoplifting virgin?

His silence says it all.

MARILYN

Let me pop your cherry.

She smiles at him. Taps a fingertip on his nose for emphasis:

MARILYN

We can do... Whatever. We. Want.

He downs a thoughtful slug of whiskey. Takes the tequila. The slightest twinkle in his eye.

RICH

We do need salt and limes.

INT. 24 HOUR GROCERY - NIGHT

They hover around the produce section of the empty shop.

The lone CHECKOUT GIRL texts beside a mechanized display for BEEFY'S JERKY -- a cartoon MINOTAUR waves a bag of jerky over his head and robotically utters:

MINOTAUR (V.O.)

I'm soooo beefy!

Rich reaches for a lime. Hesitates. Palms it. Whispers:

RICH

Open your purse.

He turns to pass the lime to Marilyn. But she's motoring to the lone CHECKOUT GIRL.

MARILYN

I've got a gun!

The Checkout Girl whips around.

Marilyn dramatically thrusts her hand into her purse.

MARILYN

Put your hands in the air!

The Checkout Girl's hands shoot up. Tears form instantly.

Rich's jaw drops.

MINOTAUR (V.O.)

I'm soooo beefy!

MARILYN

Me and my man need a lime and some salt. We need it bad. Real bad.

CHECKOUT GIRL

...Okay.

MARILYN

You got the lime, pumpkin?

Rich realizes he's squeezed his lime to death. Snatches a new one.

RICH

Um, ya.

MARILYN

Where the salt at?

The Girl gestures with a shaky hand.

MARILYN

Grab some, babe. The good shit.

Rich staggers to the salt. Grabs a shaker.

RICH

Got it.

MINOTAUR (V.O.)

I'm soooo beefy!

MARILYN

Let's roll.

(to Checkout Girl)

Don't try nothin' -- I'm trigger happy.

She storms toward the exit.

Rich follows. Nervous. Exhilarated. He stops to throw an inordinate amount of cash at the Girl.

RICH

Sorry.

A MARKET SECURITY GUARD stumbles out from the back. Fumbles with his trouser buttons. Digests the scenario. Struggles to pull out his taser gun.

MARKET SECURITY GUARD

Stop -- uh -- freeze!

Rich scrambles for the exit.

Marilyn is already there. She wheels around. Thrusts her purse-gun toward the Guard.

MARILYN
You'll never catch us alive!

She giggles. Ducks outside.

Rich nears escape.

MARKET SECURITY GUARD
I said freeze!

CHECKOUT GIRL
It's just a lime!

Rich hits the door.

POW.

The taser bolt hits the Minotaur. His arm waves frantically.

MINOTAUR (V.O.)
I'm szzzoooo beefzzzyzzz--

The Minotaur dies.

EXT. 24 HOUR GROCERY - MOMENTS LATER

Rich stumbles. Sprints.

Marilyn is half a block ahead. She slows to turn and grin.

He catches up. They jog together.

RICH
What the hell was that?

MARILYN
A test. You passed.

A smile works at the corners of Rich's mouth.

EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

The salt and tequila are set up on a bench.

Rich starts to peel the lime.

RICH
I don't have a knife. We're gonna
have to--

A butterfly knife spins and flips in Marilyn's nimble hand.
The blade glistens in the lamplight.

RICH

Oh.

She takes the lime. Deftly slices it into wedges.

RICH

Whoa.

Marilyn sets the wedges on the bench. Licks the back of her hand. Pours salt on it.

She grabs Rich's hand. Raises it to her lips... Licks it. Pours salt on it.

Rich hides his surprise. *Nice.*

She licks her salt. Downs some tequila. Bites the lime.

He grabs the bottle. Does the same.

They gaze at each other.

She grabs his collar. Pulls his face down to hers. Stares deep into his eyes.

He doesn't know what to do. Starts to purse his lips--

MARILYN

You've got these little gold bits
in your irises. Like someone poured
Goldschläger in there.

He quickly unpurses.

MARILYN

I'm going to gouge out your eyes
and sell them. You don't need to
see, do you?

She giggles. He doesn't.

He straightens up. Tries to make small talk:

RICH

So -- uh -- why do you want to kill
yourself?

She glowers at him a sec. Then grins.

MARILYN

I brought you here to meet our new
neighbors.

She prances down the path. Waves to the tombstones.

MARILYN

Hey James Green. Looking good Adila
Kasis. Good evening Samantha Jensen
-- may I borrow a cup of sugar?

She pauses in reverence at an area filled with identical
headstones. Small. Simple. Packed tight.

Rich catches up.

RICH

What's this?

MARILYN

Primo real estate -- where they
bury the death clinic bodies that
don't name next of kin to notify.

Rich studies the headstones. Realizes:

RICH

No names.

MARILYN

For a guy who's about to die,
you're very ignorant about
cemeteries. You just get an epitaph
and a lifespan -- if you want them.

Rich considers a headstone.

RICH

No matter what you do in your life,
all it amounts to is that tiny dash
between the year you were born and
the year you die.

MARILYN

Fuck years. Fuck a dash -- I'm
demanding an exclamation mark.

Rich admires Marilyn. *Of course you are.*

She drifts to a gap between two graves.

MARILYN

This is my new crib -- right
between...

Glances at the epitaphs on the neighboring headstones.

MARILYN

"At Rest" and "In Everlasting
Peace." Ugh -- cliché much?

She returns to Rich.

MARILYN
Are you going to have an epitaph?

Rich ponders.

RICH
Ya. It-- I can't think of one.

MARILYN
Tell me.

RICH
It's embarrassing.

She slides her arm around his waist.

MARILYN
I won't make fun. Promise.

Rich looks at the grass. Mutters:

RICH
Forever Alone.

MARILYN
Forever Alone? Lighten up, emo kid
-- I thought I had a dark mind.

RICH
You said you wouldn't make fun.

MARILYN
That was before I heard the worst
epitaph since the invention of
words.

She expects a laugh. Doesn't get it. He's in his head.

RICH
Do you ever think about forever?
What it means?

MARILYN
I know exactly what forever means.

RICH
It's impossible to know forever...

MARILYN
Hey -- this is a graveyard --
you're supposed to be having fun.

RICH
...Forever's bigger than any
container you try to put it in.

She clasps a hand over his mouth.

MARILYN
Fun fun fun! What do you do for
fun?

She unclasps.

RICH
I dunno.

MARILYN
What did you do for fun when you
were a kid?

He just sorta shakes his head.

MARILYN
I'd go to The zoo -- we're going to
the zoo.

RICH
The zoo's closed.

MARILYN
Fuck off -- no it's not.

EXT. ZOO - ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Marilyn jiggles the giant lock on the gates.

Rich looks at her. The slightest hint of "I told you so."

She glares at him. Grabs hold of the fence.

RICH
You're not.

MARILYN
You're right. I'm not going to die
without seeing a naked-tailed
armadillo one last time.

RICH
There's barbed wire.

Marilyn scales the fence. Easily.

He does too. Less easily.

They drop down into--

ZOO THOROUGHFARE

Rich examines his jeans. Hard to see in the dark. He clucks.

RICH
Ripped my pants.

MARILYN
Poor bebe.

She turns on her phone flashlight. Shows him her bloody palm.
Licks it.

Rich winces.

Marilyn skips down the main path.

Rich turns on his phone flashlight. Catches up.

MARILYN
It's impossible to be sad at the
zoo.

RICH
...Unless you're an animal.

MARILYN
Jesus. You are-- wow.

RICH
Sorry.

She stops short. Grabs Rich's shirt.

MARILYN
Stop.

Points to a surveillance cam overhead. They navigate off the
path as the camera turns toward them.

Rich points at another cam. They sneak out of its range. He
takes a deep breath. This is kinda fun.

They spy a flashlight in the distance. Headed their way. This
is suddenly not fun.

RICH
Let's go.

MARILYN
Good idea.

Rich turns off his phone light. Takes a step back.

Marilyn bolts to an animal enclosure. Kneels beside the barrier.

Rich freezes. The flashlight wobbles closer.

Marilyn beckons Rich over. Turns off her phone light.

The flashlight draws near. Walkie-talkie static behind it.

He dashes to Marilyn. Baseball slides right next to her.

RICH
What are you doing?

MARILYN
I assumed you meant "let's go" see
the animals.

The light flashes right beside them.

Marilyn looks over the barrier. Scrambles over.

Rich peers over the barrier. *Damn*. He scrambles over. Makes a pretty deep drop into--

ANIMAL ENCLOSURE

RICH
What do they keep in here?

MARILYN
Tigers.

She grins at his obvious dread.

MARILYN
It's the armadillo environment. My
parents brought me here all the--

A stream of light shoots over the wall. Right above them.

Walkie-talkie static becomes deafening.

She grasps his hand.

He looks at the grasp. *Cool*.

No time for that now. The static is all around them.

Light skims her hair.

Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.

The light moves on. The static softens. To nothing.

RICH
Where are the armadillos?

MARILYN
Underground. Armadillos are
burrowing mammals from the
Dasypodidae family. Obviously.

RICH
You did come here a lot.

There's a guttural rumble from across the enclosure. Rich
knows that sound. It's not good.

Even Marilyn is uneasy.

RICH
Armadillo environment?

MARILYN
Maybe they moved -- been a while.

Another deep groan. Angry.

MARILYN
The hell is that?

A SILVERBACK GORILLA emerges from a cave. Grunts.

RICH
A gorilla... Obviously.

Marilyn stifles a frightened laugh.

He pulls her to the wall. Drops to a knee. Looks up at her.

RICH
C'mon.

She gazes down at him. The briefest moment of something.

He boosts her over the rocky wall.

The Gorilla crosses half the area in a few raging strides.

Rich breathes deep. Stands tall. Looks at the dirt.

The Gorilla's pace slows. But he's coming.

Rich stops breathing. He's a statue.

The Gorilla examines the statue's face.

Loud sniffs. They're practically touching.

Marilyn's gonna scream.

The Gorilla runs his fingers through the statue's hair.

Sniff.

The Gorilla's face drops to the statue's crotch.

The statue's eyes widen.

Sniff. Sniff. Sniff.

And the Gorilla's gone. Bounding back to his cave.

Rich exhales.

So does Marilyn.

He grabs hold of the wall.

Marilyn admires him as he scrambles up.

Rich rolls overtop of the wall. Lands on his back. Panting.

He stares up at her. Looks like he's gonna cry. But laughs.

RICH
Armadillos my ass.

Marilyn covers her mouth but can't stop the giggles.

EXT. ZOO - ENTRANCE - MINUTES LATER

They crash down on the safe side of the fence. Exhilarated.

MARILYN
That gorilla loved your bod.

He grabs Marilyn. Twirls her. Catches himself. Puts her down.

RICH
Sorry.

MARILYN
No -- I like it.

Awkward pause. She adjusts her long sleeves.

MARILYN
How'd you know what to do?

RICH
Wrote an essay on gorillas in
seventh grade. A-minus.

MARILYN
Maybe The Hemingway Clinic should
offer death-by-gorilla.

She skips away.

It's sinking in for Rich. *Holy shit.*

He catches up to Marilyn.

RICH
We almost...

MARILYN
We were that close... Incredible.

RICH
That close to the void. Emptiness.

MARILYN
Huh?

RICH
Yunno -- neverending...
nothingness.

She whirls around. Glares.

MARILYN
That's what you think happens when
you die?

RICH
...Ya. It's-- it's like a light
switch. You just get turned off.

MARILYN
No. When you die, you see everyone
you love.

RICH
You believe that?

Her face falls. Ire dips to despair.

MARILYN

It's not a light switch. There's more to death than that. You see everyone you love and you stay with them forever.

Rich has no idea how to handle this.

RICH

Okay. But...

MARILYN

What?

RICH

...If it's so great, why'd you wait for a clinic to kill you? You could kill yourself by yourself whenever.

MARILYN

I tried.

This piques his interest.

RICH

You did?

She almost explains. Stops herself.

MARILYN

Why don't you just flick off your own light switch if you're so desperate?

RICH

Organ donation... Pain. How did you do it?

No answer.

RICH

Did you--?

MARILYN

We don't know each other well enough. And we never will.

That shuts him up.

She tries to regain composure. Rummages through her purse.

MARILYN

We're late.

RICH

For what?

She presents the NO CHOICE EVENTS pamphlet.

Rich studies Stanley Reilly's blissful, frozen face.

COUNTRY SINGER (PRE-LAP)

(singing)

*...Feelin' lost and confused and a
little damaged...*

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

Stanley's blissful face mouths the words of the country tune as he sways just offstage.

COUNTRY SINGER

*...She knew that life was the thing
that matters...*

The pretty-boy COUNTRY SINGER serenades a crowd of NO CHOICE RALLIERS from an elevated stage.

Rich and Marilyn tread to the edge of the crowd. Puff cigs.

COUNTRY SINGER

*...And it blooms just like a seed
that's planted... It might be hard
but she's gonna manage...*

Rich glances at his phone -- no text reply from Kristy.

MARILYN

Could you get your face out of your
phone? No wonder you wanna die --
spending all your time in that
little box.

COUNTRY SINGER

*...It might be hard, but she's
gonna manage...*

MARILYN

Toss it.

RICH

What?

MARILYN

Toss your phone.

RICH

I can't.

MARILYN

Of course you can. It's easy...

Marilyn takes out her phone. Heaves it into a wooded area.

MARILYN

See?

Rich slips his phone in his pocket. Marilyn rolls her eyes.

COUNTRY SINGER

*...Said it might be hard but she's
gonna maaanaaaaage.*

He strums the final chord on his acoustic-electric guitar.

The crowd cheers. Most of them wear NO CHOICE logo shirts.

Marilyn hoots and hollers. Nudges Rich.

He golf claps. Confused.

COUNTRY SINGER

It's such a blessing to see y'all
here tonight. Alive and--

RALLIERS

WELL!

COUNTRY SINGER

Alive and--

RALLIERS

WELL!

A RALLY VOLUNTEER passes with a tray of cookies decorated with NO CHOICE logos.

Marilyn grabs one. Devours.

Rich waves the cookies away.

COUNTRY SINGER

Alive and well -- praise Him. I can
only pray we have this kinda
turnout tomorrow. Y'all gonna be
there?

The crowd cheers. So does Marilyn.

COUNTRY SINGER
I said y'all comin' tomorrow?!

The crowd cheers louder. Marilyn loudest of all.

Rich eyes her.

COUNTRY SINGER
It's my pleasure to introduce the
creator of the No Choice movement,
and God's personal messenger...
Show your love for Stanley Reilly!

The crowd erupts. The Country Singer moves to stage left.

MARILYN
Woooo -- no choice!

Stanley glides to the mic. All the placid confidence of a man
who knows the truth.

STANLEY
Down through the centuries, it has
been seen that in suffering there
is concealed a particular power
that draws a person close to
Christ. A special grace.

He takes an emphatic pause. Surveys the rapt crowd.

STANLEY
Pope John Paul the Second spoke
that truth. And the doctors in
those clinics that murder our
families and friends? Oh they cease
the suffering -- and in doing so
they deny our loved ones their
limitless, divine power. Like this
half-man...

An overhead screen displays a surveillance photo of Doctor
Thompson smiling warmly.

Rich notices. *Holy shit.*

STANLEY
Doctor Curt Thompson. The man that
murdered my beautiful wife. Robbed
her of that special grace, yet he
walks the earth -- permitted by law
to continue his murder spree in the
name of "freedom". But his fate is
secure. His divine destiny
inevitable.

Marilyn grabs Rich's hand. Pushes her way toward Stanley.

MARILYN

Excuse me. Excuse me. No choice.
Excuse me.

STANLEY

Many here have loved someone that
was murdered by the clinics. We
know suffering. And I thank God for
that agony, for it imbues us with
an indelible connection to Him.
Struggle is Godliness -- we are
God. And we shall impose the divine
will. He speaks to us. I hear Him.
Listen... Listen...

Marilyn and Rich reach the front row as the crowd listens for
God's message.

MARILYN

Excuse me -- EXCUSE ME!

Stanley's gaze drifts down on Marilyn.

MARILYN

I've suffered greatly and I believe
God has spoken to me as well. Might
I share his message of love?

Some of the Ralliers are perturbed by the interruption. Some
encourage her to "Speak His words." / "Say it, sister."

MARILYN

Please?

A smile touches Stanley's face.

A pair of STAFFERS appear. Try to escort her away.

STAFFER #1

Miss, please. Let's--

STANLEY

Come, child.

Marilyn hands Rich her purse.

Rich gives her a look. But helps her climb onstage. And
sneaks a peek at her ass.

The Singer encourages the Ralliers to applaud. Most do.

Stanley draws her in by the hand. Cups her shoulder.

She takes the mic. Demure. Nervous.

MARILYN

Hi everyone. God spoke in my ear.
He told me to remember what Mother
Teresa once said.

She smiles expectantly. A few Ralliers hoot and holler.

MARILYN

She said, "pain, sorrow, and
suffering are but the kiss of Jesus
-- a sign that you have come so
close to Him that He can kiss you."

She points the mic to the audience. More hoots and amens.

MARILYN

And God told me we should kiss
back. We should kiss Jesus' face.
Kiss his neck. Kiss his chest.

She's losing the audience. A few start to grumble.

MARILYN

And once you're done kissing
Jesus... You can kiss deez
motherfuckin' nuts.

Marilyn grabs her crotch.

The Ralliers erupt in angry boos.

Stanley's hand eases off her shoulder. He smiles at her.

STANLEY

Poor girl.

She shoves him hard.

Rich grimaces.

MARILYN

The right to kill yourself is the
ultimate freedom. I won't be a
prisoner in your world. Your wife
probably killed herself to get away
from you.

NO CHOICE SECURITY GUARDS rush toward her.

An ANGRY RALLIER reaches her first. Knocks her over.

COUNTRY SINGER

Shit!

A few Guards restrain the Angry Rallier.

Two haul Marilyn up. She tries to rip herself away. Can't.

Some Ralliers start to throw shit. Others try to calm them.

Marilyn looks to Rich for help.

He's paralyzed by the craziness. Ralliers push past him to the front of the stage.

Stanley remains serene. Takes it all in.

Marilyn rips her hand free. She's still got the mic.

MARILYN

A fucking painless death any time
we fucking want is a fucking human
right! I'm gonna die the sweetest
death and nobody can stop me!

The mic is cut. She just screams louder.

MARILYN

I HAVE CONTROL! YOU'RE NOT GONNA
TAKE IT FROM ME! I HAVE CONTROL!

ANGRY RALLIER

I'll kill you, sinner!

MARILYN

It's okay for you to kill me, but I
can't kill myself?

The Guards get more aggressive with her. She screams in pain.
Looks at Rich. Desperate.

His body's still frozen. His eyes focus on the Angry Rallier.

ANGRY RALLIER

I'LL FUCKING KILL YOU!

Rich tries to edge past the Ralliers to the stage. Catches an
inadvertent elbow. Trips. Falls.

Stanley raises his arms. Preaches over the raucous crowd.

STANLEY

This is a gift... These are the
animals we must enlighten... This
is what we shall defeat.

Rich makes it back to his feet.

More mad Ralliers jump onstage. A Guard has to leave Marilyn to hold them back.

She hits the remaining Guard with the mic. He stumbles back.

Marilyn glares at Rich. Jumps off the back of the stage.

Rich slinks through the chaos. Sprints after Marilyn. Into the dark night.

MARILYN (PRE-LAP)
Why the fuck didn't you help me?

EXT. DONUT SHOP - NIGHT

Marilyn rips her purse out of Rich's hands. Stares him down.

He can't meet her eyes.

RICH
Sorry. I--

MARILYN
They were hurting me -- I needed your help. Someone had to tell those idiots... Don't you believe in what I said?

RICH
I do, but--

MARILYN
What the fuck is wrong with you? Doesn't that douche piss you off? Why aren't you angry?

RICH
I can't.

MARILYN
Can't what...? Get angry?

He blinks confirmation.

MARILYN
Everyone can get angry.

Rich shakes his head "no."

MARILYN
Liar.

A DONUT SHOP EMPLOYEE steps outside. Tosses a garbage bag in the dumpster.

Marilyn rushes to the dumpster. Pulls out the bag.

MARILYN
Swing these donuts.

She offers him the bag. Her hands are shaking.

MARILYN
Kill these fuckers.

He doesn't want the bag.

MARILYN
Take this bag. Get angry. And smash
it against the wall.

Rich takes the bag. No getting out of this. He draws a breath. Winds up. Tries to call the anger. But his arms go limp. Shoulders slump.

She sizes him up.

MARILYN
I would never fuck you. I'd never
fuck a guy who can't even smash a
bag of old donuts. You probably
have a tiny dick -- I bet you want
to kill yourself because you have
microphallus. You're pathetic.

His face shatters. He drops the bag. Turns. Plods into darkness.

She's all alone.

EXT. BACK STREET - MINUTES LATER

Rich wanders aimlessly. Scrolls through his phone contacts. Lands on Kristy Berenson.

He studies the name. His thumb drifts to her cell number--

MARILYN (O.S.)
Sleeping pills.

He turns.

There she is. Garbage bag in hand. She edges toward him.

MARILYN

I was nineteen. Swallowed enough Zolpidem to kill a baby elephant. Washed it down with my last meal: a box of Double Stuf Oreos. I woke up fourteen hours later with a million cookie crumbs in my teeth and the best night's sleep I ever had... After that I figured I should leave my death to the professionals.

She reaches him. Looks into his eyes.

MARILYN

I guess we do know each other well enough.

She pulls his whiskey bottle from her purse.

MARILYN

You forgot your elderly whiskey.

She gives him the bottle. And an apologetic smile.

MARILYN

Please don't cry.

RICH

Don't worry. I can't cry either.

MARILYN

Jesus. Someone really did a number on you.

She looks at his feet.

MARILYN

What size shoe are you?

RICH

Twelve and a half.

MARILYN

I was probably wrong about that microphallus thing, huh?

The corners of his mouth edge upward.

RICH

Sorry -- I know you wanted me to--

MARILYN

Stop apologizing. I don't want anything from you... Except fun.

She let's out a battle cry. Swings the garbage bag against a wall. Trash and garbage-juice splatter the brick.

They study the mess.

MARILYN

Totally thought that was gonna be donuts.

EXT. OVERPASS - NIGHT

They're leaned against the railing. He slugs whiskey. She thumbs through the NO CHOICE EVENTS pamphlet. Reads from a page entitled THE WISDOM OF STANLEY REILLY.

MARILYN

"God hates the sin. Live so he can love the sinner."

RICH

I guess we're the sinners?

She glances at the freeway below.

MARILYN

Death row prisoners get to see a priest and confess their sins.

She sits up on the overpass rail. Crosses herself.

MARILYN

I'm your priest.

She flashes a grin. Swings her legs to the other side.

RICH

Hey.

She grabs the rail with both hands. Gains a footing. Leans forward to face the freeway at a 45 degree angle.

MARILYN

Step into death row and confess.

RICH

No.

MARILYN

C'mon -- telling other people shit always made the kids in my group feel great.

RICH
Group?

MARILYN
You never went to therapy, mister
suicidal?

RICH
That would mean admitting to my mom
I'm not perfect. Come back.

MARILYN
Join me in confessional or I'll
just jump right now.

She leans forward even further. Cars rush below her.

MARILYN
It's beautiful.

Rich peers over the rail.

The speeding car lights leave fleeting trails below. It is
pretty beautiful.

He sits on the rail. Creeps his legs to the other side.
Clutches tight. Gains a footing. But definitely doesn't lean
forward.

MARILYN
Confess your sins, my son.

RICH
...You go first... What's the worst
thing you've ever done?

MARILYN
I just told you I tried to murder
myself with sleeping pills. The
priest doesn't confess to the
sinner anyway. Go.

RICH
...I've lied.

MARILYN
Something juicier, or else...

She lets go of a hand-hold. Swings toward Rich. Bumps him.
Cars honk below.

RICH
Okay! Okay.

She struggles to regain her hand hold. Manages to grab on again. Grins.

Rich's gold-flecked eyes pierce the night sky.

EXT. SCHOOLYARD - RICH'S MEMORY/DAY

YOUNG RICH's gold-flecked eyes glare ahead.

CHILDREN frolic on a playground behind him. Everyone's in a private school uniform.

RICH (V.O.)
We were twelve.

Rich is watching YOUNG BERT sit on YOUNG TIM's chest.

RICH (V.O.)
His name was Bert.

Bert grabs a piece of dog shit off the ground. Shoves it into Tim's face. Tim is helpless. Cries out.

RICH (V.O.)
He tortured my friend. Made him eat
dog shit.

Bert lets Tim go. Tim staggers to Rich. Broken.

Rich glares at Bert.

Bert smirks back.

EXT. OVERPASS - AS BEFORE

Marilyn's grin fades. She's hit on something real.

RICH
I was angry... I wanted to be a
hero. Like in my comics -- movies.
So stupid.

MARILYN
You'd make a great hero.

RICH
No.

INT. KILBORN RESIDENCE - BROOM CLOSET - RICH'S MEMORY/DAY

Young Rich sorts through a basket of cleaning products.

RICH (V.O.)
I got all this bleach and shit.

He examines the skull and crossbones on a bleach bottle.
Pours some into a supersoaker.

EXT. SCHOOLYARD - RICH'S MEMORY/DAY

Young Bert is alone in the field. Stomping on bees.

Young Rich stalks toward him. Supersoaker at the ready.

RICH (V.O.)
I thought it was just going to
sting -- I swear.

Bert turns. Smirks at Rich.

Rich let's out a battle cry. Sprays Bert in the eyes. Bert
crashes to the ground. Shields his face. Screams.

Rich whirls around. Dashes toward the school. Eyes wide. The
wind blows his hair back.

EXT. OVERPASS - AS BEFORE

The wind blows Rich's hair back. He's lost in the past.

RICH
Two years ago I saw him.

EXT. CITY STREET - RICH'S MEMORY/DAY

Rich wanders past the Young Homeless Man at the lamp post.
The Man says something.

Rich glances at him. Stops short. Stares.

The Man's not wearing his shades. His eyes are milky. The
white scars on his face undisguised.

Rich's realization sets in. His face falls.

RICH (V.O.)
Bert.

The Man/Bert turns his head to Rich. Looks through him.

RICH (V.O.)
I see him every day.

EXT. OVERPASS - AS BEFORE

RICH
I deserve to die.

His grip loosens. Fingers slip. He catches himself.

Marilyn gazes at him. Feels the hurt too.

MARILYN
Have you talked to him about it?

Rich just stares at the car lights below.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Their hands are clasped. Because she's pulling him down the sidewalk.

RICH
And say what?

MARILYN
You have to.

RICH
You just want entertainment.

She stops dead. Sticks a finger in his face.

MARILYN
The lime was entertainment. Not this.

They take a few more steps.

RICH
He's probably not even there.

He's there. Packing his rucksack beside the lamp post.

Rich halts. She yanks his arm. He won't budge.

MARILYN
It's your last chance.

He glares at her.

She glares back.

He shakes off her hand... Drifts to Bert.

She keeps her distance. But close enough to eavesdrop.

Rich mouths "hey". Then musters minor volume:

RICH

Hi.

Bert turns. The lamplight illuminates his shades.

BERT

Didn't see ya coming.

Bert chuckles.

Rich grimaces.

Silence.

BERT

...Can I help you?

RICH

Here.

Rich pushes a couple twenties into Bert's palm.

BERT

Thank you, sir. Much appreciated--

MARILYN

What happened to your face?

Rich cringes.

BERT

Oh.

RICH

You don't have to-- I'm sorry. It--

BERT

No. It's fine. Happened when I was a boy. Fuckin' kid sprayed me with chemicals...

Rich knew it was coming. But that doesn't make it hurt less.

RICH

How... How did it feel?

BERT

Like all the pain in the world was concentrated in my eyes... Lying in the hospital bed wanting to kill that kid. Wanting to make him suffer the way he made me suffer.

Marilyn watches Rich's face.

Rich wants to run and hide. But his eyes stay fixed on Bert.

BERT

My grandma was beside me -- she let me get it all out. The room went so silent, I thought she left or something... Then I hear her voice... "Albert, I want you to listen to yourself. Not what you're saying, but the voice inside. And ask yourself. Really ask: do you want that boy to feel pain like you're feeling?" And for the first time in my life I really listened to myself. Listened to a part of me that I didn't even know existed. And I realized that I didn't want to make anyone hurt. Ever... I forgave him right in that moment.

Rich's eyes widen.

RICH

But...

BERT

Do I wish I could see again? Fuck yes... But if it wasn't for that boy, I never would have learned how to listen.

Rich exhales. A kind of release.

RICH

...Thanks.

BERT

No worries, man. You have a good night.

Bert flicks out his cane. Taps off down the street.

Marilyn beams. But it fades to an empty smile.

Rich stares at Bert until he turns a corner. Whirls around to Marilyn.

RICH

That was--

He grabs Marilyn. Twirls her. She's dead weight. He doesn't notice.

RICH

That was so -- I can't even-- I--

He puts her down. Stares at her expectantly.

MARILYN

...I'm hungry.

Not what he was expecting. But he realizes...

RICH

So am I.

EXT. FRYER TRUCK'S FOOD TRUCK - NIGHT

A grinning cartoon Robin Hood has his bow pointed at us. One eye closed for aim. Almost like he's winking knowingly.

Rich beams at the heroic image. It's within a gaudy Sherwood Forest mural painted on the bulbous trailer.

Rich is a ball of light. He turns Marilyn.

RICH

He seems... happy. I thought for sure he'd just-- did you hear that shit?

She's slumped. Staring at her feet. Nibbled corn dog in hand.

RICH

The guy should be a motivational speaker. I've-- this is too much -- I've never felt like this.

A surly FRY COOK, forced to wear a Friar Tuck outfit and haircut, drops a strawberry-covered funnel cake on the counter.

RICH

Can I get caramel on there too?

The Cook rolls his eyes. Grabs the cake.

Rich checks on Marilyn. She tosses her corn dog in the gutter. Her eyes flutter off down the street.

He turns back to the sighing, caramel-pouring Cook.

RICH

Why aren't you happy? Be happy!

The Cook shoots him daggers.

FRY COOK
Four twenty-five.

Rich digs in his pocket for cash.

RICH
For sure, dude. You got it--

He pulls out some bills -- and his Hemingway Clinic appointment card. Studies it. Flips it over to see the PERMISSION TO TRANSITION stamp.

The Cook plops down the cake.

Rich pockets the card. Slides the Cook a twenty.

RICH
Keep the change.

The Cook grabs the bill. Grumbles what might be a thank you.

Rich crushes the funnel cake like he hasn't eaten in months. Because he kinda hasn't.

RICH
Grab some of this.

He spins to Marilyn. His heart drops. She's gone.

RICH
You see where she went?

The Cook shrugs.

Rich scans the sidewalk. No sign of Marilyn.

He runs out into the empty street.

Rich's gaze whips back and forth. Lands on a neon OPEN sign in a Tattoo Parlor window.

He wipes powdered sugar from his face.

MARILYN (PRE-LAP)
Don't draw it. Give it to me
freehand.

INT. TATTOO PARLOR - MOMENTS LATER

Marilyn consults with a muscled up MALE TATTOO ARTIST.

MALE TATTOO ARTIST
I can't recommend freehand.

Rich polishes off the cake as he bursts through the door.
Relieved to see her.

MARILYN
Customer's always right.

The Artist gives her a look. *Whatever.*

MALE TATTOO ARTIST
Lose the shirt.

Marilyn glances at Rich.

MARILYN
I'll pull my collar down.

MALE TATTOO ARTIST
This is gonna look like shit.

MARILYN
Good.

She flops into a chair. Jerks down her collar.

Rich admires her cleave for longer than a glance.

RICH
What are you getting?

She sneers at him.

MARILYN
It's gonna say "forever".

She glances at a clock on the wall. Snorts.

MARILYN
Forever -- or twelve more hours.

Rich's light dims a hair.

The Artist turns on his high-tech tattoo machine.

BUZZZZZ.

MARILYN
Get one.

The needle hits Marilyn's heart. Her eyes roll. Euphoric.

Rich grimaces.

RICH
My mom would never forgive me...

A smile touches his face...

RICH
Maybe I will get one.

The Artist calls over his shoulder.

MALE TATTOO ARTIST
Trisha -- we got a live one.

A heavily-pierced FEMALE TATTOO ARTIST saunters out. Sizes Rich up.

FEMALE TATTOO ARTIST
What do you want?

RICH
I dunno.

Marilyn gestures to the tattoo designs on the walls.

MARILYN
Just spin around -- get whatever
you land on.

Rich considers the design options.

Marilyn glares at the Male Artist.

MARILYN
Faster -- I'm on a clock here.

He moves the needle faster. Digs deeper.

Marilyn yelps. Mini orgasm.

Rich admires a fiery phoenix design. Wings spread. Head tall.

RICH
This.

MARILYN
That's too nice. Get the baby skull
with the scorpion eyes.

He ignores her.

RICH
On my wrist -- inside wrist. Small.

MARILYN
Put it on his face.

FEMALE TATTOO ARTIST
Hop aboard.

Rich perches on the edge of the chair.

The Female Artist turns the machine on.

BUZZZZZZ.

She dips the needle in red ink. Grabs his left wrist.

Rich squirms.

Marilyn purrs.

The red point nears his radial artery. So close.

Needle pierces skin.

Rich jumps up.

RICH
I can't.

Marilyn pops up. Blood runs from the messy FORE on her chest.

MARILYN
What are you doing?

RICH
Let's move. Let's do something.

Rich bolts for the exit. Marilyn follows.

MARILYN
Sit your ass down -- you're scared
of a tattoo?

She spins him around.

MARILYN
Don't be a pussy for once--

RICH
Fuck you.

She's a bit thrown. But recovers quick. Bitch-slaps him.

MARILYN
Fuck you.

His eyes erupt.

RICH

Fuck you. Don't start with that shit again... My mom had some fucked ideas about life, but she was right about one thing -- tattoos are for classless donkeys. So what does that make you? "Fore?" Are you some dipshit golfer?... You forced me to talk to that guy. You heard what the fuck he said. Do you have any idea what that means to me? You should be happy for me, but you're shitting all over me again... You said we were gonna spend the rest of our lives actually living -- being handcuffed to some mouthy bitch seems like a pretty shit life. I'll leave you to die by yourself -- see how you like being alone. Forever.

He huffs. Stares her dead in the eye.

RICH

I'm not sorry.

Her face is blank. A shy smile finally appears.

MARILYN

You're angry.

RICH

Goddamn right I am.

Her face lights up. She shrieks with glee. Jumps into his arms. Her legs around his hips.

MARILYN

Feels fucking incredible, right?

He lets himself feel it... *Feels fucking incredible.* He hugs her tight. He's alive.

She screeches again. So does he. As loud as he can.

The Artists look at each other. Roll their eyes.

FEMALE TATTOO ARTIST

You assholes need to get the fuck outta here.

Marilyn leans back to gaze at Rich's bright face.

MARILYN
I know where to take this beast.

INT. UNDERGROUND CLUB - NIGHT

Jungle music blares. Lights flash. PEOPLE in anthropomorphic animal costumes grind and grope FOLKS in fuzzy ears and BDSM gear. Just your typical Furry sex party.

Rich and Marilyn take it in. Scream above the noise:

RICH
How'd you know about this?

MARILYN
I'm on a lot of e-mail lists.

A PARTY GIRL dances by in a leather bikini, ears, tail. She touches Rich's chest.

PARTY GIRL
Why aren't you wearing ears? You
have to wear ears!

She reaches into her giant goodie bag. Slips furry lion ears onto Rich's head. Traces a finger down around his body to the small of his back.

Rich likes it.

She attaches a lion tail to the seat of his pants. Gives his ass a squeeze.

Rich blushes. Gestures to Marilyn.

RICH
She wants ears.

The Girl glances at Marilyn. Chucks skunk ears at her. Eye fucks Rich. Slinks off.

Marilyn glowers at the Party Girl's back. Catches herself.

Rich catches her too. *Jealous?* He rubs his lion ear.

RICH
I'm becoming an animal.

MARILYN
You're becoming a man.

The jungle tune mixes to a dancehall classic. Something like "MISS L.A.P." by Beenie Man. Something you wouldn't think Rich would like.

RICH
This is my jam.

He grabs her skunk ears. Slips them on her head. Admires.

RICH
Beautiful.

Her turn to blush. She adjusts her long sleeves.

He pulls her to the crowded dancefloor.

Rich dances. He's good. Like a guy who's practiced in his room for years.

Marilyn grins. *Nice*. She dances. Damn good too.

He reaches for her. She moves away.

Their eyes are locked. Blazing.

He steps toward her.

She starts to move away. But he pulls her in.

They move together.

Closer. Closer. Closer.

He leans in to kiss. She wants to... But doesn't.

She turns and grinds her ass into him.

Rich is vexed. But enjoys the consolation prize.

EXT. UNDERGROUND CLUB - NIGHT

Marilyn hums the dancehall tune. They prance down the street. Sweaty and glowing.

She swigs from the near-empty whiskey bottle.

He twirls her by the hand. Grabs the bottle.

RICH
Confession time.

Takes a swig.

RICH
Have you ever been in love?

They gaze at each other.

She starts humming again. Skips off.

He catches up.

RICH
Is that a yes?

He stops her.

RICH
Have you?

MARILYN
I don't get attached. And I don't
want anyone else to.

He searches for a rebuttal.

She looks for a distraction. Her eyes dart to posters pasted
to a wall.

He opens his mouth to speak--

MARILYN
We have to.

RICH
Huh?

She bolts to a poster. A simple drawing of an eye below block
letters: SEE YOUR FUTURE

MARILYN
We have to.

Marilyn gazes at the address on the poster.

Rich approaches.

RICH
A psychic? Let's just go to my
house.

MARILYN
We'll prove they're bullshit. See
if she can guess we'll be dead
soon.

Rich studies the eye on the poster.

INT. APARTMENT - HALLWAY - NIGHT

The same eye is on the door. Marilyn bangs on it.

PETER (30s) opens the door immediately. This guy could easily be the nerdiest member of the tech department. Complete with thick specs and pocket protector.

RICH
Is this...?

Peter disappears inside the apartment.

Rich and Marilyn look at each other. Creep into--

PETER'S CHAMBER

Modern. Sparse. Could be a Design Within Reach showroom. Peter is seated at a table in the middle of the room.

RICH
I was expecting more incense and
head-scarves.

MARILYN
What's your name -- Monsieur
Krishanti the Magnificent?

PETER
Peter.

They sit across from him. Both a bit edgy.

Peter opens a drawer. Sets a small, clear cube on the table.

There's an eyeball inside.

MARILYN
That looks a little too human.

Peter peers at her. His eyes huge behind those coke bottle lenses. He turns to the eye. Just sorta gazes into it. Casual. His eyes wander up to Marilyn.

PETER
Loving.

He looks back at the eye. Then up at Rich.

PETER
Fuzzy.

He stands.

PETER
Sixty dollars.

She pops up.

MARILYN
Loving and fuzzy? We're paying you
to tell our futures, not describe a
poodle.

RICH
What do you mean fuzzy?

MARILYN
This is bullshit... Tell me
something specific about myself
that only a psychic would--

PETER
I'm not a psychic. I see what the
eye shows me.

MARILYN
Well it better show you something
else if you want your sixty
dollars.

Peter stares. Emotionless as ever. Finally he sits. Gazes
into the eye.

PETER
Adversity is the parent of
virtue... Wealth awaits you very
soon... You can make your own
happiness.

MARILYN
Did you just eat a bunch of fortune
cookies?

Peter looks back to the eye. Takes a deep, calm breath.

PETER
...A beam smashed the floor...
Chandelier with the crystals
gone... Owls on the ceiling...
You're no tourist. You know this
place... You will find a reason.

Marilyn's little smirk disappears.

Something about Peter's words registers with Rich.

Peter stands.

PETER
Sixty dollars.

She stares at him for a long moment.

MARILYN
Fuck off.

She storms out.

Rich rises. Starts to leave. But--

RICH
Here's... forty.

He hands Peter the cash. Heads to the door.

PETER
Wait!

Rich whirls around.

PETER
I also sell mood rings.

EXT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Vivid colors swirl in the mood ring.

Rich studies it. Props Marilyn up as they slog up the street.
The long drunk night has taken its toll.

He glances at the mood ring color reference card.

RICH
Yellow means you're nervous.
Black's shame. Red's desire. Blue
means you're--

MARILYN
Why the hell did you buy that?

He pops the ring into his pocket.

RICH
Have you ever been to the haunted
house at Finch and Jane?

She glares up at him.

MARILYN
Yes.

RICH

The beam. Chandelier with no crystals. Owls on the ceiling -- sounds just like it.

She sighs.

MARILYN

I know. Went there all the time with my sister. It was practically a second home.

RICH

A second filthy, ghost-filled home... So you're not mad because he's a bad psychic -- you're mad because he's a good psychic.

MARILYN

It's a lucky guess. Every kid who grew up around there knows about that place. Wasn't even a prediction--

RICH

You grew up near there?

MARILYN

Like four blocks away.

RICH

Me too. Imagine how many times we probably just missed each other in our lives.

MARILYN

Scammer looked like a child molester... I'm tired.

RICH

We have to stay awake. Let's get some coffee.

It dawns on him...

RICH

Let's get drugs.

Marilyn considers it.

EXT. SHADY STREET - NIGHT

The malnourished DEALER (early 20s) flashes a coke baggie.

The block is pretty deserted. A couple of HOOKERS in the distance. Some DUDES crack beers outside a corner store.

The mood ring falls out of Rich's pocket as he takes out his billfold. He rips off some bills. Hands them to the Dealer.

The Dealer extends the coke to Rich. Marilyn intercepts it.

DEALER
Dropped your ring.

The Dealer disappears into the shadows.

Rich spots the ring.

Marilyn already has a powder-covered key in her nose.

He drops to a knee. Grabs the ring. Looks up at her.

She gazes down at him.

He shows her the ring.

RICH
Will you?

MARILYN
No.

RICH
C'mon.

She can't help but smile.

MARILYN
Fine.

He slips it onto her left ring finger. It turns black.

RICH
Black means shame... Okay maybe he
is a scammer -- I've never met
anyone more shameless.

She gazes at the black ring.

MARILYN
I like it.

A real moment.

He rises.

His arms around her waist.

Her hands on his shoulders.

He leans in. *It's gonna happen.*

CRIMINAL (O.S.)

Money.

They whip around. *It's never gonna happen.*

A gun's pointed at them. The CRIMINAL is shadowed.

CRIMINAL

Give it to me.

MARILYN

No.

CRIMINAL

Gimme your fuckin' money!

Rich's hands drift to his pockets.

RICH

It's cool -- here you go--

MARILYN

We were just at a professional non-
psychic future eyeball seer, and he
didn't mention anything about
getting shot by some pathetic
loser.

She steps toward the Criminal. He's just some nervous kid.

CRIMINAL

Gimme-- gimme the coke... The ring.

Rich's face hardens. He takes a step toward the Criminal.

RICH

Oh you're not getting the ring.

Another step. And another. He puts himself between Marilyn
and the gun. Angry as fuck.

The Criminal's shaky hand aims the gun at Rich's head.

Rich roars at him. Like a lion.

Marilyn grins. Roars.

They roar together.

The criminal considers. Runs.

The roars fade to radiant silence.

Marilyn admires Rich.

MARILYN

Nice anger. I think you just saved
our lives.

Every cell in Rich's body vibrates.

RICH

Someone once told me I'd make a
great hero.

EXT. CLASSIC MOVIE THEATRE - NIGHT

Rich glides with euphoric purpose.

Marilyn is happy for him. And just plain happy.

Minor post-coke nose rubbing for both.

Rich checks the time on his phone. *Perfect.*

MARILYN

I don't wanna see a movie.

RICH

Trust.

A movie lets out. PEOPLE file into the street.

Kristy steps out of the box office.

Rich stops behind her.

She turns. Gapes.

RICH

Kristy.

He looks Kristy over. Smiles. She's pretty hot. But she's not
Marilyn.

Awkward silence. Awkward for Kristy.

KRISTY

I got your-- I was gonna call.

Rich takes out his phone. Whips it against a wall.

RICH

Don't worry about it.

Marilyn grins at the shattered phone.
Rich slips his arm around Marilyn's shoulder.
She gets it. Slips her arm around his waist.

MARILYN
Babe -- let's go.

Kristy sizes up Marilyn.

KRISTY
Hi, I'm--

MARILYN
Kristy. Got that.

She flashes her mood ring. Still black.

MARILYN
I'm the future Mrs. Kilborn.

Kristy looks to Rich. *For real?*

He grabs Marilyn. Kisses her.

She resists for less than half a second. Then kisses back.

It goes on. And on.

Kristy slinks away. Embarrassed.

INT. KILBORN RESIDENCE - RICH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

They stumble onto the bed. Making out hardcore. Mid-convo:

RICH
That's my birthday too.

MARILYN
What hospital were you born in?

RICH
Mount Sinai.

MARILYN
Me too. I bet we were maternity
ward boyfriend and girlfriend.

RICH
Weird.

They giggle.

RICH
Just tell me your fucking name.

They pause. A moment.

MARILYN
My name's Marilyn.

RICH
Hi Marilyn. I'm Rich.

MARILYN
Nice to meet you.

She kisses him.

MARILYN
Now fuck me.

She rips open his pants.

RICH
I don't have any condoms.

MARILYN
Suicide's the ultimate form of
birth control.

She considers her long sleeves. Takes off her shirt.

He doesn't notice her scarred arms.

INT. KILBORN RESIDENCE - RICH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Rich's clear, gold-flecked eyes gaze at the ceiling.

The room hasn't been redecorated in a while. The walls are covered in faded comic book hero and action movie posters.

He looks to the other side of the bed. Marilyn smiles back. Puts her left hand on his naked chest.

Rich studies her mood ring. Still black.

RICH
I should've just bought you a black
ring -- probably would've been
cheaper.
(scoffs)
Shame. You've got nothing to be
ashamed of.

Her face takes the slightest fall.

He notices a long scar on the back of her wrist. Traces it with his fingertip.

RICH
What's this?

She yanks her arm away. Her face falls deeper.

He's too blissed out to notice.

She pops out of bed. Puts on her bra and panties. Paces. Pulls out her cigs. Lights up. Offers the pack.

He's about to take one. But--

RICH
No thanks.

She fingers her scabbed FORE tattoo. Grabs her purse. Darts into the bathroom. Shuts the door.

He gazes at the door.

RICH
Hey... Maybe we put it off a little while.

Rolls out of bed.

RICH
Keep this thing going -- a few more days at least...

Finds his boxers. Slips them on.

RICH
We could go see those armadillos.

Wanders to the bathroom door.

RICH
Would suck to lose that seventy-five dollar cancellation fee but...

Smiles at the door.

No answer.

Less smile.

RICH
Marilyn...

Knocks on the door.

RICH

Marilyn?

He tries the door. Locked.

Bangs on the door.

Dead silence.

He steps back. Throws his weight at the door. Crashes into--

BATHROOM

The crimson pool is a stark contrast to the white tile.

He stares at the growing puddle.

MARILYN

Hi.

Her butterfly knife splashes into the puddle of blood.

Her eyes well over. She wipes the tears. Red streaks her face.

MARILYN

I got your floor all bloody...
Sorry.

RICH

That's okay.

Her arms are bleeding. It all seems so unreal.

RICH

What happened?

MARILYN

It makes me feel better.

He grabs a white bath towel. Mops up her arms.

MARILYN

You're getting it dirty.

RICH

Shh.

He inspects the cuts. There are many.

RICH

Why?

MARILYN
I told you.

INT. KILBORN RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

They're on the plush couch. Still in their underwear. His arms around her. Her arms bandaged.

MARILYN
My parents. My sister... We were supposed to go to the cottage... I didn't want to -- I wanted to go to a party. So they went without me... There was a drunk driver... Who the fuck drunk drives at noon...? I just want to see them again.

RICH
You saved my life. I can help you.

MARILYN
My death is the only thing in my life that means anything.

He makes her look at him. His eyes break. Tears fall.

RICH
You want my death row confession? I love you. I don't want to die. I don't want to live without you. We can live -- we can live together.

MARILYN
I... This wasn't supposed to be so hard. Wasn't supposed to get attached.

She punches herself in the face. Again and again.

He catches her arm.

MARILYN
You got rid of your guilt. I still have mine. I have so much...

Rich looks at her blood-stained mood ring. Still black.

RICH
...Shame.

MARILYN

Maybe I could live -- if I had a family on Earth... But that's not possible.

RICH

I could be your family.

MARILYN

I've got this stupid fucking tattoo.

RICH

We can get it removed -- painted over... Tattoos aren't as permanent as death.

MARILYN

I just want to be with them again.

RICH

It doesn't work that way.

MARILYN

Yes it does... It does.

He kisses one of her bandages.

RICH

No.

Then another.

RICH

No.

And another.

RICH

No. Let's be together.

He stares into her eyes. They connect.

She looks away.

MARILYN

Okay.

INT. KILBORN RESIDENCE - RICH'S BEDROOM - DAWN

Rich carries Marilyn over the threshold. Both are exhausted.

He puts her into bed. Lies beside her.

INT. KILBORN RESIDENCE - RICH'S BEDROOM - DAY

Rich wakes from a nightmare with a loud, sudden breath.
He looks to the other side of the bed. Marilyn is gone.
He dashes into--

BATHROOM

Her bloodstain and knife are still there.

She isn't.

Rich lowers himself onto the edge of the tub. Alone.

He takes the knife. Studies the crimson-stained blade. It glistens.

He lowers it to his left wrist. Presses the blade against his radial artery.

Harder. Harder. Harder. So close to breaking the skin.

Rich throws the knife at the mirror.

CRASH.

He rises. Stares deep into his shattered reflection.

A thousand eyes stare back. Purpose rises in all of them.

And he's gone.

EXT. THE HEMINGWAY CLINIC - DAY

Rich's car screeches into the parking lot. He bursts out.
Fuck.

Dozens of irate NO CHOICE PROTESTERS picket the clinic. A wall of GUARDS stands between the Protesters and the door.

The Protesters pump their signs:

ALIVE AND WELL

SUICIDE IS MURDER

LIFE IS BEAUTIFUL

SUFFERING IS POWER

Stanley stands serene in the center. Elevated by a crate. A megaphone amplifies his tranquil utterances:

STANLEY

I'm not scared of the devil -- I
know who my comforter is. Thy rod
and thy staff comfort me.

Rich pushes through the mass of NO CHOICE T-shirts. He's handed a shirt. Shoves it in his pocket.

STANLEY

This place as I stand is hell on
earth. Thousands of innocent lives,
ripped from existence inside those
doors. But we have the power to
defeat those murderers who push the
button. We sufferers are the
chosen. We remain alive and--

PROTESTERS

WELL!

STANLEY

Alive and--

PROTESTERS

WELL!

The chant continues. Rich reaches the wall of Guards.

RICH

I have to get inside.

The Guard whips out a list.

GUARD

Name?

RICH

My appointment's tomorrow, but--

GUARD

Then get outta here.

A WILD PROTESTER draws the Guard's attention.

Stanley's gravitas deepens. The Protesters feel it.

STANLEY

No--

PROTESTERS

CHOICE!

The chant continues.

Rich plows to the door. Grabs the handle. Locked.

Guards swarm. Pull him away.

STANLEY

No--

PROTESTERS

CHOICE!

RICH

Marilyn! MARILYN!

The chant drowns out his screams. He struggles against the Guards. They're just too strong.

WILD PROTESTER

Let him go!

The Protesters grow louder. Aggressive. They think Rich is one of them. Their chants give way to angry curses.

They push against the Guards. Rip Rich free.

But he's pushed to the back of the pack.

STANLEY

We hold that special grace. God's
will is the only true freedom. Hear
his call... Yes...

Shields thrust.

Fists flail.

Batons strike.

Rocks fly.

This is a riot.

The Wild Protester leads a charge at the Guards.

Stanley takes it in. Lowers his megaphone.

STANLEY

...Yes.

The Guards hold strong.

Stanley descends from his crate. Drifts toward the clinic.

Another charge at the Guards. Too many Protesters. They part the sea of Guards for Stanley.

Rich is hopeless in the pandemonium.

The Wild Protester throws himself against the door.

CRACK.

The glass fractures.

Stanley glides toward the entrance.

The Wild one launches again.

CRASH.

The glass spider-webs.

Stanley nears. Smiles.

Another Wild heave.

INT. THE HEMINGWAY CLINIC - THOMPSON'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS
SMASH.

Doctor Thompson jumps. Jams papers in his briefcase.

The livid shouts get louder.

DOCTOR THOMPSON
Hurry -- out the back!

The Receptionist and Nurses run past the door.

Louder.

Thompson grabs his briefcase. Darts into--

HALLWAY

Thompson sees the staff make it out the back exit.

He stumbles toward the open doorway.

Louder.

So near the warm daylight.

He trips to a knee.

Someone lays a hand on his shoulder.

Stanley.

The shouts seem to fade to the background. Stanley's whisper more potent than all the Protesters' roars combined:

STANLEY

Hello, Curt.

Thompson knows who he is.

DOCTOR THOMPSON

Please.

Calm euphoria washes over Stanley.

He strikes Thompson's face. Again. Raises his fist for another.

Stanley is whirled around.

Face to face with Rich. Rich is angry.

RICH

I need to ask him something.

Stanley swings. Rich drops. Immediate swelling on the eye.

Stanley turns back to the dazed Thompson.

Rich shoves Stanley. Stanley turns.

RICH

I need to ask him something.

Stanley swings. Rich drops. The other eye. Harder.

Stanley turns back to Thompson.

Rich struggles to his knees.

Stanley reaches under his windbreaker. Withdraws a pearl-handled, gold-inlaid revolver.

STANLEY

Enlightenment beckons.

Thompson is frozen.

Rich crumbles back to the ground.

Stanley aims his instrument of God at Thompson's throat. The hammer locks back.

Tears of joy trickle from Stanley's eyes.

CRACK.

Stanley drops.

Rich glares down at Stanley. Motionless.

Glances at his fist. It's broken.

He gathers himself. Stands tall. This is a fucking hero.

The shouts roar back to their full volume. Protesters dart into various rooms.

Rich grabs Stanley's gun. Tucks it in his pants. Bad as fuck.

He hauls Thompson into--

THOMPSON'S OFFICE

Rich slams the door. Pulls a desk in front of it. Grabs Thompson.

RICH
Is Marilyn dead?

Thompson gapes at him. Too much to process.

RICH
Is she dead?!

DOCTOR THOMPSON
Marilyn... Lyndon? Yes. No -- I
can't tell you.

A loud crash outside the door.

RICH
I'll let them kill you.

Rich's eyes pierce Thompson's soul.

RICH
I have to save her.

Thompson glances at a clock.

DOCTOR THOMPSON
She's not dead yet -- the protest --
she switched to a house call.

RICH
Where?

DOCTOR THOMPSON
I don't know -- Doctor Williams
does them. We go where the patient
wants -- usually at home.

RICH
What's her address?

DOCTOR THOMPSON
In her file. On the computer --
reception.

Rich rips the NO CHOICE shirt out of his pocket. Throws it at
Thompson.

RICH
Put it on.

He does.

Rich pulls the desk away from the door. They venture into--

HALLWAY

Full of Protesters. Some smash shit. Some tend to Stanley.

His eyes flutter. He's almost back.

Rich nods to the back door.

Thompson nods at Rich. Darts out the exit.

Sirens in the distance.

Chaos swirls around Rich. He stalks down the corridor.
Glances into the Transition Room to see Protesters demolish
the END.

INT. THE HEMINGWAY CLINIC - WAITING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Wrecked.

Sirens getting close.

Protesters scatter.

The Wild Protester rips open the reception desk drawer. It
crashes to the ground. A laptop spills out.

He grabs it. Raises it above his head.

BANG.

A bullet hits plaster right beside the Wild one.

He freezes. Looks to the source.

Rich has Stanley's gun aimed right at the Wild one.

COPS charge to the entrance.

Rich prowls forward. Snatches the laptop.

The Cops are inside. Guns drawn. They see Rich's revolver.

COP

Drop it.

Rich bolts away. The gun flails.

COP

Stop!

Rich vaults.

BANG. BANG. BANG.

Bullets hit the wall behind him.

He tumbles into--

HALLWAY

Checks himself. No blood.

Protesters help the distant Stanley to his feet.

Rich books it past him. They lock eyes.

STANLEY

...a special grace...

EXT. BACK ALLEY - DAY

Rich stops running. Breathes harder than he ever has.

Riot clamor lingers.

His broken hand opens the laptop. Finds a spreadsheet. Types a few keys.

A name is highlighted.

He blinks hard. Eyes swollen.

The name comes into focus:

LYNDON, MARILYN

INT. MARILYN'S HOME - DAY

Marilyn is bathed in light. Perched on a foldout table.

The room is mostly dark. Hard to see what's outside a few direct beams of sunlight from the small windows.

NURSE ALLEN stands before Marilyn. Clipboard in hand.

NURSE ALLEN

Would you like us to notify any
next of kin?

Marilyn shakes her head "no."

DOCTOR WILLIAMS (40s) sets up the portable END. A small version of the one in the clinic: cylinder, metallic hose, touchscreen tablet.

NURSE ALLEN

Would you like your lifespan on
your headstone?

Marilyn shakes her head "no."

Williams removes a suction cup from a sterile plastic bag marked THE HEMINGWAY CLINIC.

NURSE ALLEN

Would you like an epitaph?

Marilyn shakes her head "no."

Williams attaches the suction cup to the metallic hose.

NURSE ALLEN

And are there any parts of you that
you'd like to gift to specific
people?

Marilyn shakes her head "no."

She thumbs her blood-stained mood ring. Still black.

INT./EXT. RICH'S CAR/STREETS - DAY

Rich aggressively weaves through traffic.

Police lights flash on behind him. Then the siren.

Shit.

INT. MARILYN'S HOME - DAY

Marilyn lies back on the table.

Williams inputs commands on the END tablet. The cylinder lights up. An alien glow.

Nurse Allen positions the suction cup above Marilyn's neck.

Williams' face appears in Marilyn's eyeline.

DOCTOR WILLIAMS
Are you sure you want to do this?

Marilyn thumbs her mood ring. Still black.

INT./EXT. RICH'S CAR/STREETS - DAY

The blaring cop car gains on Rich.

Rich tries moves from every racing video game he's played.
But can't shake the flashing lights.

Rich blinks hard. He can barely see. Clutches the wheel with his puffy hand. Rips a hard right.

The cop turns too. Wider. And gets clipped by an oncoming truck. Spins. Wrecked.

Rich glances into his rearview. Victory roar.

He guns it down a straightaway. Toward a sleepy street.

INT. MARILYN'S HOME - DAY

DOCTOR WILLIAMS
Miss Lyndon?

No answer. Mind elsewhere.

DOCTOR WILLIAMS
Marilyn!

MARILYN

Ya?

DOCTOR WILLIAMS

Are you sure you want to die?

MARILYN

Yes.

She thumbs her mood ring. A tiny red spot appears in the sea of black.

EXT. LYNDON RESIDENCE - DAY

Rich's car bounces over the curb. Lands on the lawn of the quaint home. He bursts out. Races to the door. Pounds.

RICH

Marilyn!

No answer.

He bounds to a picture window. Heaves into it.

CRASH.

Glass slices his arms as he climbs into--

INT. LYNDON RESIDENCE - CONTINUOUS

The walls are crowded with family photographs. Marilyn, her PARENTS, and SISTER stare at Rich from the photos.

RICH

MARILYN!

Nothing.

His gaze drifts to a large photo:

Marilyn and Sister smile in front of a rundown home.

EXT. APARTMENT - NIGHT/RICH'S MEMORY

It's after Rich and Marilyn's visit to Peter.

Vivid colors swirl in the mood ring.

Rich studies it. Props Marilyn up as they slog up the street.

He glances at the mood ring color reference card.

RICH
Yellow means you're nervous.
Black's shame. Red's desire. Blue
means you're--

MARILYN
Why the hell did you buy that?

He pops the ring into his pocket.

RICH
Have you ever been to the haunted
house at Finch and Jane?

She glares up at him.

MARILYN
Yes.

RICH
The beam. Chandelier with no
crystals. Owls on the ceiling --
sounds just like it.

She sighs.

MARILYN
I know. Went there all the time
with my sister. It was practically
a second home.

INT. LYNDON RESIDENCE - AS BEFORE

Rich blinks at the photo. Gets it. And he's gone.

INT. MARILYN'S HOME - DAY

Marilyn gazes at the owl tiles on the ceiling.

The sun has shifted. More can be seen.

A beam smashed into the floor.

Chandelier with no crystals.

The haunted house.

Williams nods to Allen. They slip on tinted goggles.

Nurse Allen lowers the hose. Attaches the suction cup to
Marilyn's neck.

Marilyn thumbs the mood ring. The tiny red dot grows.

EXT. MARILYN'S HOME - DAY

Rich sprints up the long, cracked, tree-lined walkway.
Unkempt branches claw at him.

The haunted house looms in the distance.

He trips. Falls. Forces himself up.

INT. MARILYN'S HOME - DAY

Marilyn's eyes pierce the ceiling.

Williams turns to the tablet. A single word appears on it:

TRANSITION

Williams' hand drifts to the touchscreen. He drags a finger
across the word. It vanishes letter by letter.

The cylinder grows brighter.

Marilyn thumbs the mood ring. Red floods in.

Tears trickle from her eyes.

The red pushes out all the black.

The light gets brighter. Brighter. Brighter.

It overwhelms everything.

INT. MARILYN'S HOME - DAY

Rich barges through the doorway. Turns a corner.

A beam smashed into the floor.

Chandelier with no crystals.

Owls on the ceiling.

The house is empty.

He spies something on the floor. Staggers to it. Picks it up.

A small plastic bag. He turns it over. Words stare back:

THE HEMINGWAY CLINIC

His heart crumbles. To dust.

INT. FRAN'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Rich is slouched in a chair at Fran's bedside.

Her breathing support echoes through the room.

No syrup on these words:

RICH

It was a good day... Real good... I
met a girl... We did so much... I
told her I loved her... I love her.

His swollen eyes lock on his comatose mother.

RICH

This is the first time in forever I
haven't lied to you about my
life... I actually lived.

He peers at Fran's heart rate monitor. Steady and slow.

RICH

But I wasn't enough.

FADE TO BLACK.

SOMEONE'S POV - EYES SHOOT OPEN

They wake with a loud, sudden breath.

Neon light blares.

The eyes dart. Vision adjusts.

A hospital room. In a bed. In a gown.

Scars on the arms. Marilyn's scars.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

It's Marilyn. Disoriented. Drained. Alive.

Doctor Williams appears above her.

DOCTOR WILLIAMS

Miss Lyndon?

She blinks at him.

DOCTOR WILLIAMS
There was a malfunction.

INT. FRAN'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Rich rises. Gazes at his mother. Leaves.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Marilyn is barely conscious. Not in her body.

She glances at her mood ring. Still red. So red.

DOCTOR WILLIAMS
You're welcome to try again once
you recover.

Williams refers to Marilyn's chart.

DOCTOR WILLIAMS
But there's something else...

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Rich trudges down the empty corridor. Past an open door.

We glimpse inside. Marilyn struggles to rise from her bed.

Williams gently stops her. His voice drifts into the hallway:

DOCTOR WILLIAMS
You've been through a lot. We have
to keep you overnight.

Rich continues to the elevators. Oblivious. Presses the down
button.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - SAME TIME

Marilyn tries to rise again. Williams stops her.

DOCTOR WILLIAMS
Miss Lyndon, please.

MARILYN
Let me go. Let me go!

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - SAME TIME

Murmurs of the struggle drift toward Rich.

He glances toward Marilyn's room.

A NURSE darts inside.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - SAME TIME

Marilyn lashes wildly against Williams' grasp.

The Nurse rushes to the bedside. Injects something into Marilyn's IV.

Marilyn uses all her strength to rip herself from Williams.

She can't. She cries out. Her eyes flutter. Strength fades.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - SAME TIME

Rich's eyes are locked on Marilyn's doorway.

Her murmurs fade. To nothing.

DING.

The elevator doors open.

The slightest shake of his head. He boards the empty lift.

The elevator doors close with Rich inside.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - SAME TIME

The sedative takes Marilyn.

MARILYN

...Rich...

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Rich plods past a HAPPY OLD COUPLE.

There's Bert. Perched under his lamp post.

Rich approaches. No hesitation.

RICH

Hey.

BERT

Hey there.

Rich pushes the max ATM withdrawal limit into Bert's hand.

Bert feels the fat stack. Processes. *Wow.*

He rises. Offers his hand.

BERT

Thank you.

They shake.

RICH

You're welcome.

Bert places the voice.

BERT

You stopped by last night.

RICH

Is there an address I can reach you at?

Bert chortles.

BERT

You gonna mail me a Christmas card?

RICH

Maybe.

Bert takes pause. This is weird.

BERT

There's a shelter over at Marlee and Glencairn. You know it?

RICH

Yes.

BERT

Stay there most nights.

Rich unclasps his watch. Struggles to slip it off over his swollen hand. Places it in Bert's palm.

Bert considers the gift.

BERT

You okay, man--?

Rich grabs Bert. Hugs him. Bert jumps. Surprised.

Rich holds on.

Bert wraps his arms around Rich. They hold each other.

And Rich is gone.

INT./EXT. RICH'S CAR/STREETS - DAWN

Black circles have replaced the swelling on Rich's eyes.

He coasts toward the sunrise. It's beautiful.

The car is beat up. Dirty.

He peers at Stanley's ornate revolver on the passenger seat.
It's beautiful.

EXT. THE HEMINGWAY CLINIC - DAY

The normal Security Guard cracks open the boarded up door.
There's a BACKUP GUARD behind him.

SECURITY GUARD

Can I help you?

Rich stares back at him. Presents his appointment card.

RICH

I'm dying today.

SECURITY GUARD

Lemme get the list.

He shuts the door.

Rich turns. The sidewalk is littered with protest signs and broken glass. The windows are boarded. MURDERERS is spray-painted on the wall.

A DOG WALKER passes with several POOCHES. Rich holds eye contact with a SCRAGGLY MUTT.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Marilyn's hand hangs off the bed. The mood ring is still red.

Her hand jerks awake. Rips the IV out of her arm.

INT. THE HEMINGWAY CLINIC - HALLWAY - DAY

They've done what they can. But it's still a mess.

Rich follows Nurse Prinze down the corridor.

NURSE PRINZE

We're not going to let them stop us
-- we'll be using the remote END.

Prinze leads Rich into--

TRANSITION ROOM

DOCTOR BERGMAN (30s) sets up the portable END.

The tattered remains of the normal END are piled in a corner.

RICH

Where's Doctor Thompson? Is he
okay?

DOCTOR BERGMAN

Taking the day off.

Prinze gestures to the bed. Takes a clipboard.

He sits on the tattered cashmere sheets.

NURSE PRINZE

Would you like us to notify any
next of kin?

Rich shakes his head "no."

NURSE PRINZE

Would you like your lifespan on
your headstone?

Rich shakes his head "no."

NURSE PRINZE

Would you like an epitaph?

Rich nods to himself.

RICH

...Forever alone.

Nurse Prinze scribbles on her clipboard.

RICH

Wait -- not that.

EXT. THE HEMINGWAY CLINIC - DAY

The Security Guard cracks open the door.

SECURITY GUARD
Can I help you?

Marilyn stares back at him.

MARILYN
Yes.

He refers to his list.

SECURITY GUARD
Name?

MARILYN
I don't have an appointment, but--

SECURITY GUARD
Can't come in.

He closes the door.

She blocks it.

INT. THE HEMINGWAY CLINIC - TRANSITION ROOM - DAY

Prinze looks up from her clipboard.

NURSE PRINZE
And are there any parts of you that
you'd like to gift to specific
people?

The hint of a smile quivers onto Rich's lips.

EXT. THE HEMINGWAY CLINIC - DAY

The Guard presses the door harder.

Marilyn won't let him close it.

The Backup Guard step toward the door.

The Receptionist peeks out from behind the Guards.

MARILYN
I need to talk to the doctor--

RECEPTIONIST
It's okay. I know her.

INT. THE HEMINGWAY CLINIC - TRANSITION ROOM - DAY

Rich lies back on the bed.

Bergman inputs commands on the END tablet. The cylinder lights up. An alien glow.

Nurse Prinze positions the suction cup above Rich's neck.

Bergman's face appears in Rich's eyeline.

DOCTOR BERGMAN
Are you sure you want to do this?

No answer.

DOCTOR BERGMAN
Mister Kilborn?

Nothing.

DOCTOR BERGMAN
Richard!

RICH
Ya?

DOCTOR BERGMAN
Are you sure you want to die?

RICH
Yes.

Bergman nods to Prinze. They slip on tinted goggles.

Nurse Prinze lowers the hose. Attaches the suction cup to Rich's neck.

INT. THE HEMINGWAY CLINIC - WAITING ROOM - DAY

The Receptionist ushers Marilyn in.

RECEPTIONIST
Heard about yesterday. How ya
feelin', hun?

MARILYN
I need to see the doctor.

RECEPTIONIST

He's busy just now. Lemme get you a glass of--

Marilyn darts to the hallway door.

SECURITY GUARD

Hey!

He grabs her. The Backup Guard rushes toward them.

INT. THE HEMINGWAY CLINIC - TRANSITION ROOM - DAY

Rich's bloodshot, gold-flecked eyes pierce the ceiling.

Bergman turns to the tablet. A single word appears on it:

TRANSITION

Bergman's finger nears the touchscreen.

RICH

Wait.

Doctor and Nurse look at him.

RICH

...Let me.

Bergman hesitates. Holds out the touchscreen.

Rich's swollen hand drifts toward TRANSITION. He drags a finger across the word. It vanishes letter by letter.

The cylinder grows brighter.

Tears trickle from his eyes.

The light gets brighter. Brighter. Brighter.

It overwhelms everything.

INT. THE HEMINGWAY CLINIC - WAITING ROOM - DAY

Marilyn knees the Security Guard in the crotch. Wriggles free from the Backup Guard.

The Receptionist shrieks.

Marilyn bolts into--

HALLWAY

She sprints down the corridor. The Guards right behind her.

She throws open the Transition Room door. Blinding light spills into the hall.

DOCTOR BERGMAN (O.S.)
Get the hell out of here!

The Guards grabs her.

Her eyes adjust to see the outline of Rich's motionless body.

She screams.

The Guards pulls her back down the hallway.

TRANSITION ROOM

The cylinder light dims. Bergman and Prinze hover over Rich.

Marilyn's screams echo around them. And fade. To nothing.

Doctor nods to Nurse. She removes the suction cup.

Rich stares to the heavens. Empty. Gone.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY

Marilyn ambles down the sidewalk. Her hair is a little different. A fiery phoenix rises from her tank top where the FORE tattoo used to be.

She's pushing a stroller. Gazes at the gurgling BABY BOY inside. Momma and Baby are happy.

She glances at a man up ahead. He's leaning against a telephone pole. Basking in the warm sun. Sunglasses on a face streaked with white scars. Bert.

Marilyn pushes the stroller to him.

MARILYN
Hi.

He faces her.

BERT
Hey there.

Marilyn studies him for a moment. He's pretty well-dressed. Rested. Doesn't have a hat out.

BERT

Cute kid.

She's thrown.

Bert takes off his shades.

His gold-flecked eyes gaze at Marilyn. Rich's eyes.

Marilyn is moved. At a loss.

A conflicted look flashes across Bert's face. He knows it's weird to ask. But for some reason--

BERT

Can I hold him?

Of course. She lifts the Baby from his carriage.

Bert gently takes him in his arms. They gaze at each other.

Bert grins.

Baby giggles.

Marilyn smiles.

BERT

Beautiful.

MARILYN

My reason to live.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Marilyn has the Baby in her arms. She drifts through the field of identical headstones. Small. Simple. Packed tight.

They pause at a relatively new grave. Between "At Rest" and "In Everlasting Peace". Where she wanted to be buried.

A single character is carved in the pristine headstone:

!

Marilyn murmurs to the baby. Gestures to the grave. Her red mood ring flashes in the sunlight.

Baby's head turns to the grave.

His gold-flecked eyes gaze at his father's headstone.

FADE OUT.