

FINAL DRAFT: 5/10/03

THE MACHINIST

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1 INT. TREVOR'S APARTMENT. NIGHT 1

The room is dark. A man sits on the edge of a bed. Thinking. This is TREVOR REZNIK (30s).

A FOGHORN MOANS. Trevor looks at a clock. 3:59 AM.

He lights a cigarette, ILLUMINATING his weary face and bloodshot eyes. His hands are TREMBLING.

Bloody gauze sticks to his cheek. He goes to the window.

TREVOR'S POV - THE STREET BELOW

It's empty at this hour.

BACK TO TREVOR

He turns from the window, looks down at the

LUMPY CARPET ROLL

on the floor. Someone's BARE FEET are sticking out.

2 INT./EXT. CAR TRUNK. NIGHT 2

The trunk opens. Trevor reaches in and removes the carpet roll. The blood-clotted gauze is still on his cheek.

Trevor lifts the carpet out and turns toward

THE HARBOR

Towering cargo cranes twinkle in the distance.

3 EXT. DOCK. MOMENTS LATER 3

Cargo ships and fishing boats move stealthily in darkness. The dock is deserted at this hour -- except for Trevor. He lugs the heavy carpet-roll toward a BAIT SHOP.

BEHIND THE BAIT SHOP

Trevor hauls the cumbersome carpet-roll past mounds of fishing nets. Wharf rats ferret out from the netting and skitter away.

Trevor sets the carpet roll at the dock's edge. He looks over the guard rail.

A rocky embankment slopes down to the water.

Trevor HEARS something. FOOTSTEPS. Someone's coming. He kicks the carpet-roll under the guard rail and onto

THE ROCKY EMBANKMENT

The carpet tumbles down the rocks and STOPS SHORT OF THE WATER. The BARE FEET still stick out.

Shit. Trevor looks back. There's no sign of anyone behind him. Yet the FOOTSTEPS CONTINUE TO APPROACH.

Trevor climbs over the guard-rail, onto

THE EMBANKMENT

He makes a precarious descent. Swarming CRABS devour a DEAD GULL on the rocks. SOUNDS of CRAB CLAWS CLICK-CLACKING.

Trevor climbs down further. The FOOTSTEPS CONTINUE in b.g.

Trevor reaches the lumpy carpet-roll. He shoves it with his foot. The carpet unfurls on its way down toward the water.

ANGLE ON TREVOR

Confused. Stunned. What does he see?

Suddenly a FLASHLIGHT'S BEAM finds the back of his head. Trevor turns in shock, face flooded with HARD LIGHT.

TREVOR'S POV - A SHADOWY FIGURE

standing above at the railing. A security guard? He appears in SILHOUETTE behind the blinding flashlight.

SHADOWY FIGURE

Who are you?

HOLD ON TREVOR. He's scared speechless.

4

INT. TREVOR'S BATHROOM. PRE-DAWN

4

Scalding hot water pours from the faucet, turning Trevor's hands pink and raw like two boiled hams. He pours powdered bleach into his palms and scrubs until they BLEED.

The Shadowy Figure's FLASHLIGHT is on the sink.

Trevor faces himself in the mirror. He peels the BLOODY GAUZE from his cheek, revealing a nasty GASH.

He notices something behind him in the reflection. A POST-IT NOTE on the bathroom door.

Trevor approaches slowly. He looks at the note. Written in a furious scrawl: "YOU'RE DEAD!"

5 EXT. CEMETERY. MORNING

5

Trevor walks among the weathered tombs and mausoleums, past marble sculptures and intricate ironwork. He stops beside a grave. He's so pale, so gaunt, one might wonder if he's picking out his own plot.

A maintenance crew works at a nearby tomb. One worker leans on an idle jack-hammer. Another holds a sledge.

Trevor kneels beside the grave. It's BUZZING with gnats. Decayed flowers obscure the name on the marker.

Trevor's about to clear the marker when...

WOMAN (O.S.)

Excuse me.

Trevor looks up at

A WOMAN IN BLACK

Standing against the blinding sun. We can't see her face.

WOMAN (cont'd)

Who are you?

ANGLE ON TREVOR

The BANDAGED GASH on his cheek is starting to bleed.

6 INT. SPARE ROOM. STEVIE'S APARTMENT. NIGHT

6

Trevor and a WOMAN are fucking on a futon. There's a basket filled with lotion bottles and Kleenex beside the mattress. A red lava lamp illuminates his feverish face. It all looks hostile and unpleasant -- more like therapy than sex.

7 INT. BATHROOM. MOMENTS LATER

7

Trevor rinses his face in the sink. He checks himself out in the mirror. Baggy eyes. Bloodless complexion.

The GASH on his cheek is GONE WITHOUT A TRACE. Trevor weighs himself. 135 lbs. He's grossly underweight.

TREVOR

Jesus.

He slips on a trenchcoat. It hangs from his wire-frame like the Reaper's own robe.

BEDROOM

The WOMAN is draped in a sheet, smoking a cigarette. This is STEVIE (29). She watches as Trevor enters from the bathroom.

STEVIE

You okay?

TREVOR

Don't I look okay?

She sizes him up. He's a beanpole.

STEVIE

If you were any thinner you wouldn't exist.

Trevor opens his coat, checks himself out. He smirks, snaps shut his coat, starts for the door.

STEVIE (cont'd)

Trevor?

He turns to face her. She doesn't want him to go.

STEVIE (cont'd)

You still have a half-hour. I could fix you some eggs.

Trevor considers the offer.

TREVOR

I'm tired. But thanks.

He drops two hundred dollar bills in an ornate jar by the door and leaves.

8

INT. MACHINE SHOP. DAY

8

A menagerie of bestial machines. Punch-presses. Lathes. Mills. Grinders. Metal-stampers. An industrial symphony of belt-wheels, meshed-gears, spindle-heads and grinder-wheels, SPINNING and WHIRRING with menacing speed and synchronization. The NOISE is DEAFENING.

Laborers man their respective stations. Estranged from one another. Dulled by the repetitive nature of their tasks. Among these anonymous men is...

TREVOR

He operates the punch-press, working the handwheels and gear levers with consummate skill. A man absorbed in his work.

The foreman, MR. TUCKER (45), is on a walk-thru of the shop. The workers alert each other to his presence. He knows it.

TUCKER  
Let's go, monkeys. Watch your  
work, not your ass.

Tucker passes JACKSON (36), a drill-press operator. Jackson is changing a drill-bit.

TUCKER (cont'd)  
Let's go. Keep it moving.

JACKSON  
(mockingly)  
Yessuh, Mistah Tucker!  
(then, aside)  
Mutha-Fucker.

Tucker crosses the production floor, BARKING out instructions. He stops beside MILLER (55). Miller is busy cleaning a mill.

TUCKER  
Why's this machine down?

MILLER  
Maintenance.

TUCKER  
My ass. Takes seven minutes to  
power-up that mill.

MILLER  
It needs cleaning.

TUCKER  
Minutes lost is money lost. Where  
am I gonna make up that seven  
minutes, Miller? From your  
paycheck?

Trevor overhears this from his station.

TREVOR  
Back off, Tucker. You know it's  
against regulations.

TUCKER  
What "regulations"?

TREVOR

"Lockout devices must be in place during the cleaning and maintenance of all heavy machinery." OSHA, 1989.

This exchange attracts the attention of the other workers.

TUCKER

Yeah? Write your congressman.  
(then, conceding to  
Miller)  
And hurry that up.

Tucker starts to go, then turns toward Trevor.

TUCKER (cont'd)

Congratulations, Reznik. You made my Shit List.

9

INT. SHOP LOCKER ROOM

9

Quitting time. The workers change out of their workclothes. The attitude is spirited and high-jiving.

JACKSON

So she's down there coppin' his joint, right? I mean she ain't just polishin' chrome---

GONZALES

She's giving it a spit shine.

JACKSON

(to Gonzales)

Oh. You wanna tell it?

GONZALES

Hey homes. How should I know what happened?

Jackson shakes his head, turns to the others.

JACKSON

Anyway, he starts tellin' her "baby this" and "baby that," chattin' her up like motherfuckin' Barry White.

JONES

That's right.

JACKSON

Tellin' her what he wants to do,  
and how good it's gonna be.

JONES

Player shit.

JACKSON

So dig. This freaky ho looks up at  
him with these big puppy dog eyes  
and she's all: "But I don't have a  
coochie..."

The workers GROAN.

JACKSON (cont'd)

And the brother's like: "Say what?"  
And he looks down and sees that *she*  
is really a *he!*

The workers HOWL at this.

JONES

Man, that's bullshit. You telling  
me the ho's wearing a thong and the  
fool can't tell the difference?

JACKSON

She had a *tuck job*, man! You know  
how they do it!

JONES

You might. I don't.

More outrageous LAUGHTER. Jones turns to Trevor.

JONES (cont'd)

Yo man? You down for some cards?

TREVOR

Can't. Got plans.

JONES

Shit.

(to others)

Nigga says the same damn thing  
every poker night.

(to Trevor)

What happened to you, man? You  
used to be all right.

JACKSON

He used to hang out -- but he's  
*never* been all right.

REYNOLDS

This may surprise you, Jackson, but  
some men prefer the company of  
women.

JACKSON

Who? Howdy Doody? He don't get no  
booty.

JONES

Maybe he's got himself a date with  
the Tuck Job.

TREVOR

Nah. Your mother said she couldn't  
make it tonight.

The workers HOWL. Trevor winks at Jones on his way out.

10

INT. AIRPORT COFFEE SHOP. NIGHT

10

An unusually bright and spacious diner overlooking the  
runway. All glass and Formica, organically integrated into  
the terminal like something by Frank Lloyd Wright.

Large DIGITAL CLOCKS are prominently displayed.

1:30

Trevor sits at the counter, staring into his coffee cup. He  
looks like he hasn't slept in weeks. A waitress pours him a  
refill.

WAITRESS

You okay?

Trevor looks up at the waitress, MARIE (29), a lithe,  
delicate Spanish woman. Her uniform does nothing to tarnish  
her beauty.

TREVOR

Don't I look okay?

MARIE

If you were any thinner you  
wouldn't exist.

Familiar words. Trevor frowns.

MARIE (cont'd)

What's wrong?

TREVOR

I don't know. Deja vu?

MARIE

You're tired. You need to sleep.

Trevor looks up at a clock. It's still 1:30. The digital seconds have STOPPED. He turns to Marie.

TREVOR

How do you do it?

MARIE

What?

TREVOR

Sleep so little and still look so good.

MARIE

Are you flirting with me?

TREVOR

Commiserating.

Marie removes an apple pie from the display case, cuts off a thick slice. She sets the generous serving before him.

TREVOR (cont'd)

Trying to fatten me up?

MARIE

What if I am?

TREVOR

Suppose I wanted blueberry?

MARIE

You had that last night.

She puts the pie in the display case. She speaks with her back to him, watching him in the slanted display case mirror.

MARIE (cont'd)

You don't fool me, Trevor Reznik.  
I have you figured out.

TREVOR

You do, huh?

Marie starts cleaning the display case.

MARIE

Monday nights, apple pie. Tuesday nights, blueberry. Wednesday, apple. Night after night.

TREVOR

That's not fair. You know about me, yet I know so little about you.

MARIE

Who said life was fair?

Trevor smiles. He digs into his pie.

TREVOR

What else do you know about me?

MARIE

That you're lonely.

Trevor stops chewing.

MARIE (cont'd)

When you work graveyard as long as I have, you get to know the type.

Trevor is embarrassed. Marie sees this in the mirror. She turns to face him.

MARIE (cont'd)

Hey. Everyone gets lonely, Trevor. It's nothing to be ashamed of.

Trevor slowly begins to eat again.

TREVOR

How can I be lonely when I have you to keep me company?

She smiles. There's something between them and she likes it.

Two young lovers sit down at end of the counter. Marie brings them their menus.

Trevor drains his cup and stands. He leaves behind a TWENTY DOLLAR BILL. For coffee and pie.

11

EXT. TREVOR'S APARTMENT BUILDING. NIGHT

11

A 1971 Buick Riviera is parked before the sleepy tenement. In a window above we see the bluish glow of a television.

12 INT. TREVOR'S APARTMENT. NIGHT 12

3:59 A.M. Trevor slouches in an armchair, staring drowsily at a WEATHERCAST on the TV. We see a SATELLITE MAP of a nasty STORM SYSTEM -- violent clouds swirling and gathering.

WEATHERMAN (V.O.)

A developing low-pressure system is pushing ashore and will gradually work its way across the state...

Trevor's heavy eyelids finally shut. A paperback falls from his lap. Dostoevsky's "The Idiot."

A FOGHORN MOANS. Not loudly. But enough to pull Trevor from the brink of sleep. He checks the clock. 4:00 AM

Trevor lights a cigarette.

13 INT. TREVOR'S BATHROOM. MOMENTS LATER 13

Trevor steps on the scale. 130 lbs. Five less than the last weigh in.

14 INT. SAME. MOMENTS LATER 14

He scours the floor with a toothbrush and powdered bleach. One tile at a time. He's not meticulous -- he's compulsive. He tries to dump more bleach from the can. It's empty.

Half of the floor is dazzling, the other half is filmy. Trevor's miffed. So much for all that hard work.

CLOSE ON POST-IT PAD

Trevor scrawls something down on the pad and slaps the POST IT NOTE by the bathroom lightswitch. Buy bleach!

15 INT. MACHINE SHOP. DAY 15

Trevor works the punch-press. His movements are automated. Unconscious. He looks fatigued as hell.

The foreman, Mr. Tucker, appears at Trevor's side.

TUCKER

Reznik. Green Room.

16 INT. GREEN ROOM (THE SUPERVISOR'S OFFICE) 16

Big windows overlook the production floor. Trevor stands before SUPERVISOR FURMAN and Tucker.

SUPERVISOR FURMAN

How you doing, Trevor?

TREVOR

Never better.

A clipped reply. He doesn't want to be here.

SUPERVISOR FURMAN

You know, Trevor, we're practically family here at Precision Industries. So I'd like to think that if you were having personal problems, you'd come to me with it.

Trevor looks suspiciously at Tucker. Tucker gloats.

TREVOR

(to Supervisor Furman)

What's this about?

SUPERVISOR FURMAN

Well frankly, I'm concerned about you. To be even more frank, I think you look like toasted shit.

TREVOR

I've had a lot on my mind lately.

SUPERVISOR FURMAN

Anything we could help with?

TREVOR

No. Thanks. It's nothing I can't handle.

SUPERVISOR FURMAN

Want to see the doctor?

TREVOR

That's not necessary. I'm fine. Really.

TUCKER

You doin' drugs, Reznik?

The Super gives his foreman an exasperated look.

TREVOR

Where's the shop steward?

TUCKER

He couldn't make it.

TREVOR

I shouldn't even be in here without  
a union rep.

TUCKER

(to the Super)  
See what I mean?

SUPERVISOR FURMAN

Look, Trevor. I understand how you  
feel. Believe me. But there's  
absolutely nothing to worry about.

TREVOR

Good. Then I'll just get back to  
work.

Trevor starts to leave.

SUPERVISOR FURMAN

Uh, Trevor. Not yet.

Trevor turns to face him.

SUPERVISOR FURMAN (cont'd)

I have to ask you for a U.A.

Supervisor Furman sets a small URINE-ANALYSIS BOTTLE on the  
desk. Trevor stares at it. Tucker smiles.

17

INT. RESTROOM. MOMENTS LATER

17

Trevor stands at the urinal, filling the specimen bottle.  
Tucker stands beside him, supervising the procedure.

TREVOR

This how you get your kicks,  
Tucker?

TUCKER

Just following "regulations,"  
Reznik. I know how much they mean  
to you.

Trevor zips up. Tucker extends his hand, expecting the urine  
sample.

TREVOR

I'll give it to him myself if you  
don't mind.

Trevor walks away, leaving Tucker miffed.

18

EXT. SHOP PARKING LOT. AFTERNOON

18

Trevor steps outside for a smoke. He looks up at the sky.

Storm clouds.

He tries to light his cigarette. The lighter won't work. He walks across the lot to his car, a '71 Buick Riviera.

INSIDE THE RIVIERA

Trevor presses the CAR LIGHTER. We see a POST-IT DISPENSER fixed to the dash. And a note: "Pay rent!"

The car lighter POPS OUT.

MAN (OS)

Looks like rain.

Trevor looks to his left. Parked beside him is a '65 GTO. A MAN is reclining in the passenger seat, smoking.

MAN (cont'd)

Radio says a storm's on the way.

TREVOR

(re: storm clouds)

Guess they're right.

MAN (OS)

I'd say it's already here.

Trevor lights his smoke, shuts his eyes.

MAN (OS) (cont'd)

You on the 1st Shift?

TREVOR

Yeah.

MAN (OS)

Me too.

Trevor opens his eyes, looks over at the MAN. We can't see the guy clearly through the smoke and darkness inside.

TREVOR

That's funny. I've never seen you before.

MAN

I've been here.

Trevor takes a long drag.

MAN (cont'd)  
I work the grinder.

TREVOR  
Surprised I never noticed.

MAN  
Don't be. I'm usually on swing.  
Just picked up Reynolds' shift.

TREVOR  
Where's Reynolds?

MAN  
Feds picked him up. Old warrant.

Trevor closes his eyes. We hear a car door OPEN and SHUT.

MAN (OS) (cont'd)  
I'm Ivan.

Trevor opens his eyes. IVAN (30s) stands at the window.  
Facial scar. Missing teeth. Greasy coveralls.

TREVOR  
Trevor.

They shake.

IVAN  
I better get back. I hear that  
Tucker guy can be a real prick.

TREVOR  
You heard right.

IVAN  
See you around.

Trevor watches Ivan in the MIRROR as he swaggers toward the shop, notices his swanky SNAKESKIN COWBOY BOOTS.

A hard rain begins to fall. Trevor rolls up his window. He checks himself out in the mirror. The Super was right. He looks like toasted shit.

19

INT. MACHINE SHOP. LATER

19

Trevor is back at the punch-press. Miller is nearby, setting up his mill.

MILLER

Hey. Gimme a hand, will you?

Trevor shuts down his press. He joins Miller at the massive CINCINNATI HORIZONTAL MILL, a powerfully constructed machine.

MILLER (cont'd)

(adjusting the bed)

Help me get this fucker leveled.

TREVOR

Safety on?

MILLER

Yeah.

Trevor holds the table-bed as Miller tries to level it with adjusting-wedges.

MILLER (cont'd)

How's that?

Trevor checks the bed's level.

TREVOR

Still off. Trying wedging the rear.

Miller reaches across the mill. Trevor hands him another wedge. As he does, he sees something over Miller's shoulder.

IVAN

Working the CYLINDRICAL GRINDING MACHINE across the shop. He's engulfed in a SHOWER OF SPARKS.

MILLER (OS)

That better?

TREVOR

rechecks the level.

TREVOR

Better. But not level.

MILLER

Fuck me.

Miller reaches out to Trevor for another wedge. His arm crosses the OPERATING ZONE of the idle mill-cutter.

Trevor isn't paying attention.

MILLER (cont'd)  
Hey. Do your sleeping at home.

TREVOR'S POV - IVAN

He raises his SAFETY GOGGLES, wipes his sweaty brow. He notices Trevor watching. He shakes his head and smiles.

ANGLE ON MILLER

Still reaching out to Trevor across the MILL CUTTER.

MILLER (cont'd)  
Come on, will ya?

IVAN

smiles fiendishly at Trevor. He drags his finger across this throat, miming a throat-slash.

TREVOR

is spooked. During the distraction he inadvertently steps on the FOOT CONTROL, causing the MILL TO ACTIVATE.

MILLER lurches forward with a *K-THUNK*.

MILLER (cont'd)  
*Reznik!*

Miller's sleeve is CAUGHT in the CUTTING ZONE of the ferocious mill. Trevor has no time to react as

MILLER'S ARM

is slowly fed across the SHANK CUTTER! The arm is SPLAYED WIDE OPEN, exposing the PULPY TENDONS and SPLINTERING BONE.

TREVOR

stomps on the FOOT-BRAKE. The mill won't stop. He reverses the FEED-ENGAGING LEVER. No luck.

MILLER

watches in horror as his ARM FEEDS into the CUTTER.

TREVOR

tries pulling Miller out from the mill. It's no use. The machine is too powerful.

THE OTHER WORKERS

now see what's happening. Jackson, Gonzales and others come to their aid. The NOISE is UNBEARABLE.

TREVOR  
(over the noise)  
KILL IT!

GONZALES  
WHAT?

TREVOR  
THE CIRCUIT BREAKER!

JACKSON  
USE THE FOOT BRAKE!!!

TREVOR  
I AM!!!

Trevor keeps stomping the foot brake.

MILLER'S SHIRT

The STITCHES BURST at the shoulder of his coveralls.

ON SCENE

Trevor and Jackson pull at Miller. A hideous tug-of-war between man and machine.

JACKSON  
MOTHER FUCKER!!!

MILLER'S ARM

suddenly AMPUTATES at the rotor cuff. The ARM WHIPS AROUND in the CUTTER WHEELS.

Miller and Trevor fall backward. Everyone is stunned.

JACKSON (cont'd)  
Sweet Jesus.

Foreman Tucker rushes to the scene.

TUCKER  
Move aside, dammit! Make room!

Miller and Trevor are on the floor. Miller's in shock.

TUCKER (cont'd)  
Holy shit! What happened?!

TREVOR  
(cradling Miller)  
For chrissake, Tucker! Call an  
ambulance!

JONES  
(pushing through crowd)  
They're comin'.

Jones has a first-aid blanket. He covers Miller.

JONES (cont'd)  
You hang on, man. Help is on the  
way.

TUCKER  
What the fuck happened here,  
Reznik?!

TREVOR  
I was helping him level the mill.  
I thought the safety was on---

TUCKER  
You thought?!?

Tucker and the workers stare at Trevor.

THE SEVERED ARM

continues to SPIN AND SMACK against the mill head like some  
severed trout.

TUCKER (cont'd)  
Somebody stop that fucking mill!

Jones flips the CIRCUIT BREAKER nearby. The mill STOPS.  
Trevor is speechless. He looks toward Ivan's work station.

Ivan is gone.

20

INT. SAME. MOMENTS LATER

20

Paramedics take Miller away. Other medics wrap the SEVERED  
ARM in a plastic bag and drop it in an ice-filled cooler.

Trevor watches numbly. Tucker turns to him.

TUCKER

You better hope that drug test comes up negative. Or I'll have you for manslaughter.

Trevor watches the medics as they haul away the cooler.

21 INT. TREVOR'S BATHROOM. NIGHT 21

Scalding hot water boils Trevor's hands. More bleach. More blood. He suddenly vomits.

22 INT. TREVOR'S KITCHEN. NIGHT 22

Trevor tears into some leftovers while sorting through his mail. He comes across a UTILITY BILL. The pink one. Final Notice. He shoves the unopened bill in a drawer.

He scribbles "Pay utilities!" on a POST-IT NOTE, turns to stick it on the refrigerator, and suddenly STOPS COLD.

There's already a POST-IT on the door, one he apparently hasn't seen before.

INSERT OF POST-IT

A new game of HANGMAN. A cryptic sketch of a GALLOWS POLE with a blank SIX-LETTER WORD underneath.

23 INT. 2ND FLOOR LANDING/LANDLADY'S APT. NIGHT 23

Trevor KNOCKS. The landlady, MRS. SHRIKE (70), answers. She peers out at Trevor through the chained-door.

TREVOR

Hello, Mrs. Shrike. I've come with the rent.

MRS. SHRIKE

And so early! Oh, Mr, Reznik, I wish all of my tenants were as considerate as you.

Trevor hands her the check through the cracked door.

MRS. SHRIKE (cont'd)

I'll give you a receipt in the morning. Goodnight, Mr. Reznik.

She starts to shut the door. He jams it with his foot.

TREVOR

Uh, Mrs. Shrike---

Mrs. Shrike frowns at this.

TREVOR (cont'd)  
Forgive me, but, have you noticed  
anyone hanging around my apartment?

MRS. SHRIKE  
Mr. Reznik! Has there been a  
burglary?

TREVOR  
No! No, nothing like that. I was  
just wondering if you've...

She stares at him, puzzled.

TREVOR (cont'd)  
...you know, noticed anything  
unusual lately?

MRS. SHRIKE  
*Unusual...?*

Trevor backs off. He'd rather not make a big deal of it.

TREVOR  
Never mind, Mrs. Shrike. Sorry to  
disturb you so late. Good night.

She watches suspiciously as Trevor hurries down the stairs.

24

INT. SPARE ROOM. STEVIE'S APARTMENT. NIGHT

24

Trevor and Stevie lie on the futon. She kisses his neck,  
trying to rouse some passion. He's stares at the ceiling,  
lost in thought.

STEVIE  
What's wrong?

TREVOR  
I just want to lie here.

STEVIE  
We could do that.

Stevie reaches for a pack of Marlboro lying beside the futon.

TREVOR  
I'm so tired.

STEVIE

You could fall asleep if you want.  
Off the meter.

TREVOR

That's the problem. I can't sleep.

STEVIE

Want a valium?

TREVOR

No. Nothing helps.

STEVIE

It'll pass, honey. Everyone gets  
insomnia now and then.

She lights a cigarette. Trevor finally faces her.

TREVOR

I haven't slept in a year.

Stevie stares at him. Is he kidding? She decides he's not.

STEVIE

Jesus Christ.

TREVOR

I've tried him, too.

Her CELL PHONE RINGS. She answers. Her professional voice.

STEVIE

Hello?

(then, furtively)

I can't talk right now.

She hangs up. Her mood darkens. Trevor looks at her.

STEVIE (cont'd)

My ex. The fucking psycho.

Trevor lights a cigarette. He looks like hell.

STEVIE (cont'd)

Trevor. I'm concerned about you.

TREVOR

Don't worry. No one ever died of  
insomnia.

STEVIE

I hope not.

(then, half-jokingly)

You're my best client. I can't afford to lose you.

TREVOR

Gee, thanks.

STEVIE

What does your doctor say about it?

His silence answers her.

STEVIE (cont'd)

Jesus, Trevor. You need to tell someone.

TREVOR

I just told you.

STEVIE

But I can't help you.

TREVOR

If I told a doctor I haven't slept in a year, he'd have me committed.

Trevor hits his cigarette.

TREVOR (cont'd)

I'm not crazy. I just can't sleep.

25

INT. GREEN ROOM (SUPER'S OFFICE). DAY

25

A deposition. Supervisor Furman, Mr. Tucker, a Union Rep., and safety inspectors ROGERS and DANIELS are listening to

TREVOR

He sits at a table. Smoking. A microphone points at him. A reel-to-reel deck RECORDS his words.

TREVOR

A man lost his arm in an accident. What more do you want to know?

TUCKER

Shit...

Inspector Rogers silences Tucker with a glance. He paces before Trevor, holding a MANILA FOLDER.

INSPECTOR ROGERS

What we know is this. *One.* Miller was operating the mill in long sleeves -- a violation of code.

Rogers looks at Tucker accusingly. Tucker squirms.

INSPECTOR ROGERS (cont'd)

*Two.* There were two men performing a one-man task -- *second violation.*

Tucker is fuming.

INSPECTOR ROGERS (cont'd)

*Three.* Miller's arm was in the cutting zone of the mill while it was off. *Four.* The mill suddenly activates, catching Miller's sleeve, resulting in this...

Rogers drops the manila folder in Trevor's lap. Trevor opens it, revealing a

FULL SCREEN PHOTOGRAPH

A hideous BLACK-AND-WHITE of a MANGLED HAND. The FINGERS are MISSING. The PHOTO is slid away, revealing

ANOTHER PHOTO

Miller's AMPUTATED ARM. It's lacerated along the forearm and bicep. A long BONE PROTRUDES from the end, and LONG STRINGS OF STRETCHED MUSCLE and TENDONS.

Trevor's seen enough. He thrusts the folder back at Rogers.

TREVOR

What's the fucking point?

INSPECTOR ROGERS

These accidents are never pretty, Mr. Reznik. It's our job to investigate these events from every possible angle -- so that we might prevent their recurrence. So we'd appreciate it if you would be a bit more cooperative.

The men watch Trevor expectantly. He chain-lights another cigarette. He's being difficult.

TREVOR

I stepped on the fucking activator.  
By mistake.

INSPECTOR ROGERS

What caused the mistake, Mr.  
Reznik? What precipitated it?

TREVOR

I was distracted.

INSPECTOR ROGERS

By what? What was it, Reznik?  
What "distracted" you?

TREVOR

I can't remember.

INSPECTOR ROGERS

You will if you want to avoid  
criminal charges.

He's serious and Trevor knows it. He answers reluctantly.

TREVOR

It was Ivan. I was watching Ivan  
at the grinder. The whole thing  
was my fault. Okay?

Inspector Rogers looks back at Supervisor Furman. Furman and  
Tucker exchange confused glances.

SUPERVISOR FURMAN

Who did you say?

TREVOR

The new grinder. I don't know his  
last name.

TUCKER

What "new grinder?"

TREVOR

*Ivan.* The guy from the swing-  
shift.

(to Inspector Rogers)

Reynolds was picked up on a warrant  
and this guy took his place.

TUCKER

What the fuck are you talking  
about, Reznik?

(pointing)

(MORE)

TUCKER (cont'd)  
Reynolds is right over there,  
busting his ass as usual!

Everyone looks through the window at REYNOLDS, operating the GRINDER across the shop. Trevor is absolutely stunned.

SUPERVISOR FURMAN  
Trevor, there is no "Ivan" here at  
Precision Industries.

Trevor turns to them. Scared. He searches their FACES.

TREVOR  
What is this...?

The other Inspector, DANIELS, sits forward.

INSPECTOR DANIELS  
Mr. Reznik, have you recently  
suffered any head injuries...?

26

INT. TREVOR'S CAR (MOVING SHOT). DAY

26

CLOSE ON Trevor. Numbed by the deposition. An unlit cigarette dangles from his lip.

He presses the CAR LIGHTER into its socket.

The BACKGROUND IS INDETERMINATE. Everything goes by in a BLUR as we HOLD ON TREVOR'S PROFILE.

The car lighter POPS out.

Trevor reaches for it.....looks down at it...pulls it out. When he looks up he finds himself veering into the

ONCOMING LANE

He steers the car back into his own lane as ONCOMING CARS whisk past with BLARING HORNS.

CLOSE ON TREVOR

Stunned. Confused. Something has affected him. The car appears to STOP. He's staring blankly at something ahead.

We HEAR angry HORNS and MOTORISTS O.S.

WOMAN (O.S.)  
Move it, asshole!

MAN (O.S.)  
Let's go!

WIDE SHOT - INTERSECTION

Trevor's car has stopped inexplicably in the middle. Cross-traffic tries maneuvering around him. Gridlock develops.

CLOSE ON TREVOR

Oblivious to the COMMOTION around him. He's fixated on a WATER TOWER

Looming like a mushroom in the sky. A surreal landmark.

THE INTERSECTION

Pedestrians stop and stare. A DOCTOR in a lab coat sees the situation and run forth.

ANGLE ON TREVOR

He doesn't move. Or can't. A CROWD gathers around his car. Trevor watches them. Everything seems oblique, the VIEW from a fishbowl. The DOCTOR appears at his window.

DOCTOR  
(to Trevor)  
Sir? Are you alright?

Trevor stares ahead in a catatonic stupor.

27

INT. RADIOLOGY

27

Trevor undergoes an MRI. The TECHNICIAN positions Trevor's prone body, pushes a button.

Trevor is fed into the MACHINE.

INSIDE SCANNER

Cold blue light. Trevor looks corpselike. He stares back at an ELECTRONIC EYE sending magnetic beams through his skull.

28

INT. EXAM ROOM. LATER

28

A RADIOLOGIST examines COMPUTER IMAGES of Trevor's BRAIN... EYES...SINUS BONES...etc.

RADIOLOGIST  
I see no sign of abnormality. No arterial blockage. No indication of stroke or tissue damage.

Trevor dresses. The radiologist reviews Trevor's chart.

RADIOLOGIST (cont'd)  
Any history of epilepsy?

TREVOR  
Nope.

RADIOLOGIST  
Ever have convulsions?

TREVOR  
Never.

RADIOLOGIST  
Amnesia?

TREVOR  
Not that I remember.

His sarcasm isn't lost on the radiologist.

RADIOLOGIST  
(examining the scans)  
The problem doesn't appear to be  
physiological. Episodes like these  
can be caused by emotional factors.  
Stress. Fatigue.

He looks at Trevor, regards his weary face.

RADIOLOGIST (cont'd)  
How do you sleep?

TREVOR  
Like a baby.

The radiologist sets the chart down. He's out of ideas.

RADIOLOGIST  
Well...whatever it is, it appears  
to be transient. However, we'd  
like to keep you overnight for  
observation. Just as a precaution.

TREVOR  
That won't be necessary.

Trevor finishes dressing.

RADIOLOGIST  
It's your call. But unless you're  
a licensed physician, I'd advise  
you to let us determine what's  
necessary.

(MORE)

RADIOLOGIST (cont'd)  
Neurological disorders don't always  
turn up in a brain scan.

TREVOR  
(sarcastically)  
Well if they turn up anywhere else  
I'll let you know.

Trevor grabs his coat and walks out.

29

EXT. HARBOR. DUSK

29

Trevor takes a walk, blowing off some steam.

BEHIND THE BAIT SHOP

Trevor watches the massive CARGO SHIPS drifting into port.  
FISHERMEN are perched on the rocky embankment below.

Trevor smokes. He's pensive. He looks down and sees

TWO LARGE CRABS

mating on the rocks, legs interlocked. Macabre. It looks  
like some kind of mutant sea creature.

FISHERMAN (OS)  
That's what's called a "doubler."

Trevor looks down at an OLD FISHERMAN on the embankment.

OLD FISHERMAN  
They'll go at it up to 14 hours  
sometimes.  
(with a wink)  
If the mood is right.

Trevor isn't amused. He's having a bad day. Fuckin' crabs.  
He flicks his cigarette at the mating crabs and walks away.

30

INT. AIRPORT COFFEE SHOP. NIGHT

30

Trevor sits at the counter, staring into his coffee. Marie  
sets of fat slice of blueberry pie before him.

MARIE  
Ever hear of pumpkin pie?

TREVOR  
Nope.

Trevor takes a bite. Marie watches him sheepishly.

MARIE

Trevor?

TREVOR

Yeah?

MARIE

Why do you go out of your way to come here every night?

TREVOR

Is it out of the way?

MARIE

An airport? For coffee and pie?

Trevor looks at her. She's beautiful. It's obvious why he comes here.

TREVOR

Suppose I went to Denny's. Suddenly I get an overwhelming urge to skip town. Could I do that at just any diner?

MARIE

(playing along)

Is someone chasing you?

TREVOR

Not yet. But they will when they find out who I am.

MARIE

Oh really? Who are you?

TREVOR

Can you keep a secret?

MARIE

To the grave.

He motions her to come closer. She leans across the counter.

TREVOR

I'm Elvis Presley.

Marie looks at him with mock amazement. Trevor nods.

TREVOR (cont'd)

I ran away from home to pursue my blue collar aspirations.

MARIE

I thought you looked familiar...

A customer down the counter signals for more coffee. Marie tends to him. Trevor eats his pie. He reaches for his coffee and STOPS.

The coffee cup RATTLES in its saucer. The utensils VIBRATE.

Trevor watches. What's this? An earthquake? He's suddenly overwhelmed by the DEAFENING ROAR OF AN AIRLINER.

We DO NOT SEE the plane. Just the BLINDING LIGHTS streaking toward US through the big RUNWAY WINDOWS.

Trevor watches in horror, his face FLOODED WITH LIGHT.

TREVOR

Jesus.

He braces himself against the counter. The frightening LIGHTS and ENGINE ROAR swoop overhead. Close call.

Trevor looks around at the

OTHER CUSTOMERS

A man at the counter is engrossed in a crossword puzzle. In a nearby booth, a CHILD sleeps soundly on Daddy's shoulder.

Trevor watches enviously. He looks up at the DIGITAL CLOCK.

1:30. It's still BROKEN. Only now the DIGITAL SECONDS are oscillating: 22...23...22...23...

Trevor frowns.

MARIE (OS)

Something wrong?

She's standing before him at the counter.

TREVOR

Nope.

He grips his coffee cup to steady his shaky hands.

TREVOR (cont'd)

Hey. Wanna know the real reason I come here every night?

MARIE

I'm not sure I do.

TREVOR

The service. It's the best in town.

He's flirting. She likes it.

MARIE

Aww. Now I know you're crazy.

She refills his cup. Trevor eats his pie, sees a CHALK-BOARD SIGN: Friday: Mother's Day Special -- Kids Eat Free.

TREVOR

Got plans for Mother's Day?

MARIE

I'm taking my little boy to the amusement park.

Trevor STOPS chewing.

MARIE (cont'd)

It's supposed to be my day, yet he gets all the fun. That's okay, when he's older I'll let him make it up to me.

TREVOR

A little guilt goes a long way.

MARIE

How about you?

TREVOR

Cemetery.

MARIE

Oh. I'm sorry.

TREVOR

Thanks.

MARIE

I lost mine, too. Still hurts. I'm not too good at losing family.

TREVOR

Who is?

(a beat, then)

What's weird is it didn't hit me till I picked out her burial dress.  
(recalling this)

(MORE)

TREVOR (cont'd)

I pictured her buying it...not knowing it would, you know, be the one...

(beat, then)

Death's funny that way. It courts us when we least expect it.

Trevor sets down his fork, sips his coffee. Marie watches him silently. She touches his hand.

MARIE

Hey. How about spending the day with me and Nicholas -- after the cemetery?

Trevor considers this. He faces the BROKEN DIGITAL CLOCK. It's stuck on 1:30. He turns to Marie and smiles.

TREVOR

Sounds dreamy.

31 INT. MACHINE SHOP. MORNING. OPEN ON TIME-CLOCK 31

7 AM. Trevor stands in line, waiting to punch the clock. Several places back stands EVANGELISTI (20s), the schoolyard bully who never grew up.

EVANGELISTI

Hey, Trevor. Your buddy Ivan's been asking about you. He's waiting for you over in the john.

The workers SNICKER. Trevor ignores it. He CLOCKS IN.

32 INT. SHOP FLOOR. DAY. OPEN ON PUNCH-PRESS 32

Powerful STAMPING DIES hammer away, creating DEAFENING CONCUSSIONS.

Trevor expertly works the press, feeding sheet metal under the dies. He looks up at the OTHER WORKERS around the shop.

Their SUSPICIOUS EYES stare back at him.

Trevor looks toward the FOUNDRY. Reynolds is back at his post, pouring MOLTEN STEEL.

Trevor looks down at his work. Loses himself in it. The punch-press continues with great precision and menace.

33 INT. SHOP LOCKERS. AFTERNOON 33

Workers change out of their uniforms. Trevor dresses quietly.

EVANGELISTI

(jokingly)

Hey, Reynolds? What'd the Feds  
want you for?

REYNOLDS

Armed robbery.

EVANGELISTI

Oh yeah? Me and Jackson had you  
pegged as a pedophile. Right,  
Jackson?

JACKSON

Probably guilty of that too, shit.

The workers LAUGH. Everyone is enjoying this. Except for  
Trevor. And Jones.

JONES

Hey, man! I don't see what's so  
funny. You think Miller's  
laughin'? Or his family?

The LAUGHTER SUBSIDES. Jones is a big bad-ass and everyone  
knows it.

JONES (cont'd)

Y'all clownin' the motherfucker  
like it's some big joke. Well it  
ain't!

(to Trevor)

Personally, I don't feel too  
comfortable workin' with you, man.  
You make me nervous.

GONZALES

Hey, it's a machine shop, homes.  
Accidents happen.

JONES

Shit. It wasn't your arm, was it?

Trevor continues to dress. Jones steps up beside him.

JONES (cont'd)

You makin' people nervous, man.  
You look like shit. Actin' all  
crazy. What's up with you?

Trevor looks at Jones. All of the men are now facing him.

TREVOR

Nothing's up with me. It was an accident. And I'm the one who's gotta live with it. Not you.

JONES

Well *I* gotta work with you. And maybe you ain't fit to work *with*.

JACKSON

That's right.

JONES

Maybe you ought to consider resigning.

TREVOR

I like my job.

Jones steps toward him menacingly. Trevor holds his ground.

JONES

You ain't hearin' me, man. Nobody wants you here. *Nobody*.

Trevor looks around.

Jones is right. Everyone is suspicious of Trevor, if not downright against him.

Trevor shuts his locker. He turns to Jones.

TREVOR

See you tomorrow.

Everyone watches as Trevor walks away.

34

EXT. SHOP PARKING LOT. LATE AFTERNOON

34

Trevor heads for his car. Across the lot he sees

IVAN

pulling away in the '65 GTO.

TREVOR

Hey!

Ivan doesn't hear him. He pulls out of the lot. Trevor hurries to his own car, starts it, backs out quickly, nearly running down Jackson.

JACKSON

Yo, man!

Trevor looks back at Jackson, then speeds away.

JACKSON (cont'd)

Crazy fool.

35

INT. TREVOR'S CAR (MOVING). MOMENTS LATER

35

Trevor drives, eyes searching the streets for Ivan. Then he sees the GTO idling at a RED LIGHT up ahead.

INTERSECTION

Trevor pulls up beside Ivan and HONKS. Ivan looks over and smiles. He rolls down his window.

IVAN

Howdy, partner!

TREVOR

Hey! You gotta go back to the shop. Tucker needs to see you.

IVAN

What about?

TREVOR

I don't know. But it seemed important.

IVAN

Well it'll have to wait. It's Miller time!

Ivan REVS his engine. *V-ROOM! V-ROOM!*

IVAN (cont'd)

Hey. Check it out.

Ivan points at the MUSHROOM-SHAPED WATER TOWER in the distance. Now we realize this is the same intersection where Trevor had his catatonic meltdown.

IVAN

(re: tower)

Remind you of anything?

Trevor absently shakes his head, fixated on the oddity.

IVAN (O.S.)

This is where I was born.

Trevor snaps out of his reverie.

TREVOR  
What'd you say?

IVAN  
I said I was born here.

Trevor shrugs, confused. Ivan LAUGHS. He REVS his engine.

TREVOR  
We need to talk.

Ivan nods.

IVAN  
Follow me.

The signal's still RED. Yet Ivan throws it in gear and RUNS THE LIGHT, miraculously avoiding the cross-traffic.

Trevor is stunned. Ivan is getting away.

TREVOR  
(re: signal)  
C'mon, c'mon.

He's losing his patience. And Ivan. Fuck it. He PUNCHES THE GAS, speeds THROUGH THE LIGHT. Angry HORNS blare at him.

As Trevor SPEEDS PAST US, the CAMERA LOCKS OFF on the GIANT MUSHROOM IN THE SKY.

36 EXT. THE BOILER ROOM. DUSK 36

The '65 GTO and '71 Riviera are parked in front.

37 INT. THE BOILER ROOM. DUSK 37

Some low dive. Pinball. Lotto. Billiards. Drunks. A neon BUDWEISER SIGN BUZZES on the wall.

Ivan and Trevor sit at the bar. They've already had a few. The bartender comes over.

TREVOR  
Another bourbon.

The bartender grabs the bottle.

IVAN  
Make it a double.

Ivan winks at Trevor. The bartender shakes his head and pours a double-shot for Trevor, takes his money.

Trevor crushes his cigarette and lights another. He's nervous. Ivan sees this.

IVAN (cont'd)

You shooting coke or something?

TREVOR

What?!

IVAN

You look like a dope fiend to me.  
No offense.

TREVOR

I don't use drugs. Normally I  
don't even drink.

IVAN

How about abnormally?

Trevor looks at him. Ivan LAUGHS.

IVAN (cont'd)

Relax, cowboy! I'm just clownin'  
ya!

Trevor sips his drink.

TREVOR

I see Reynolds is back to work.

IVAN

Yeah. Guess he made bail.

TREVOR

Tell you one thing. Whatever he  
did, he sure ain't coppin' to it.

IVAN

Would you?

Ivan sips his drink.

IVAN (cont'd)

Never trust a con, cowboy. They  
don't get through life being  
honest.

TREVOR

Where they hiding you these days?

IVAN

Around.

(he sips his drink)

Hey! Wanna see something?

Ivan reveals his left hand. It's a GROTESQUE STUMP. NO FINGERS.

IVAN (cont'd)

(proudly)

Look at that. Lost 'em on the lathe.

Trevor looks at the mutilated hand. A BIG TOE and PINKIE TOE have replaced the thumb and pinkie finger, creating a MACABRE, CLUBLIKE CLAW.

IVAN (cont'd)

Took the big toe from my left foot and the pinkie from my right. That's why I walk with a gimp.

Trevor is spellbound by the horrid CLAW. Ivan breaks the spell by making an obscene PINCHING MOTION with it.

TREVOR

Jesus Christ.

IVAN

Like that, do ya? Can't shuffle cards like I used to -- but the ladies sure like it.

Ivan winks lewdly. Trevor grabs his drink. Drains it. Ivan LAUGHS. He claps Trevor on the back.

IVAN (cont'd)

You look like you've seen a ghost!

TREVOR

Funny you should say that. The guys at work don't think you exist.

IVAN

So that's why I can't get a raise!

TREVOR

According to Tucker, you aren't even on the payroll.

IVAN

You believe that?

TREVOR  
Why would they lie?

IVAN  
Lighten up, cowboy! They're just  
having a little fun with ya.

TREVOR  
I'm not laughing.

IVAN  
Boy, I can see that. Did we come  
here for a friendly drink or an  
interrogation?

Trevor watches Ivan. They don't come any sleazier.

TREVOR  
Quit fucking around. A man lost  
his arm. He could've died.

IVAN  
Hey, that's not my problem. You  
caused the accident, not me.

Ivan gets up from his stool. Trevor grasps his arm.

TREVOR  
Where you going?

IVAN  
To take a leak. Wanna watch?

Ivan winks. Trevor releases him.

IVAN (cont'd)  
Be right back. Don't disappear on  
me.

Ivan leaves his wallet and smokes on the counter as he  
crosses the bar. Suddenly he walks with a PRONOUNCED GIMP.

Trevor sees this and frowns. Why didn't he notice it before?  
He sips his drink, eyeballing the Ivan's wallet. It's  
almost begging to be opened.

Trevor opens the wallet. Something catches his eye. He  
removes a WALLET-SIZED PHOTO. We DO NOT SEE what it's of.

TREVOR  
Son of a bitch.

38

INT. KITCHEN. TREVOR'S APARTMENT. NIGHT

38

Trevor is on the phone, staring at the PHOTO he clipped from Ivan. We still DO NOT SEE what it's of.

Trevor listens as the line RINGS. Someone finally answers.

MALE VOICE (VO)  
(groggily)  
...hello...

Trevor is drunk.

TREVOR  
Reynolds. It's Trevor.

REYNOLDS (VO)  
...what time is it...

TREVOR  
Two A.M.

REYNOLDS (VO)  
Christ, Reznik. You in jail?

TREVOR  
(re: unseen photo)  
How they biting, Reynolds?

INSERT OF PHOTO

Reynolds on a fishing trip with IVAN! They proudly display a 100 lb. BLUEFIN TUNA.

REYNOLDS (VO)  
You're drunk, Reznik.

BACK TO TREVOR

TREVOR  
Hey Reynolds. Your buddy Ivan sends his regards.

Reynolds doesn't answer. We just hear him BREATHING.

TREVOR (cont'd)  
The game's over.  
(re: photo)  
I got proof on you and I'm gonna use it.

There's another chilling pause. Then...

REYNOLDS

You better watch your ass, buddy,  
before you lose it.

The line goes DEAD. Trevor grins. He sticks the PHOTO in his wallet. Suddenly he stops grinning. He sees something.

THE REFRIGERATOR DOOR

There's another POST-IT.

TREVOR

approaches slowly...stops before the refrigerator.

INSERT OF HANGMAN GAME

Two letters have been added: "- - - - E R." A stick figure HEAD and TORSO now hang from the gallows.

CLOSE ON TREVOR

Wild eyed. Trembling with fright. He crumples the note, throws it in the trash.

39

EXT. STEVIE'S APARTMENT. NIGHT

39

Trevor KNOCKS. No answer. He KNOCKS HARDER.

STEVIE (OS)

Just a minute...

Trevor waits as CHAINS and LOCKS are undone. Stevie opens the door slightly. She's wearing a robe.

STEVIE (cont'd)

Trevor.

TREVOR

I need to see you.

He's still intoxicated. Stevie looks back behind her, then at Trevor. She keeps the door slightly ajar.

STEVIE

Well Jesus, Trevor. I mean I'm not exactly alone...

TREVOR

Please, Stevie. I think I'm falling apart.

He's terrified and Stevie knows it.

STEVIE

Listen. Why don't you come back in ten minutes---

TREVOR

No. I need to tell you now. Just in case.

STEVIE

In case of what?

TREVOR

In case something happens. I want someone to know.

Cryptic words. Stevie considers this.

STEVIE

Gimme a minute.

She shuts the door. Trevor stands there. Awkwardly. He sees SHADOWS stirring beneath the door. He frowns.

He hears MUFFLED VOICES inside. Stevie's and a MALE'S. We can't HEAR what's said, yet the MALE VOICE seems familiar.

Trevor peeks through the wrong end of the peephole.

TREVOR'S POV (THRU PEEPHOLE)

A TELESCOPIC VIEW of two people embracing. Elongated FORMS. They part. The john recedes into the b.g. Stevie approaches the door. Her FACE becomes more ELONGATED, more deformed.

TREVOR

backs away just as she opens the door.

STEVIE (cont'd)

Sorry about that.

40

INT. STEVIE'S APARTMENT. CONTINUOUS

40

Trevor enters searchingly. There's no sign of the other john.

TREVOR

Thought you had company?

She points to an open window.

STEVIE

Fire escape.

Trevor frowns at her. She's gotta be kidding. She shrugs.

STEVIE (cont'd)  
He's married. Guess he was afraid  
you might recognize him.

Trevor considers this. Stevie smells the booze on him.

STEVIE (cont'd)  
C'mon. I'll make some coffee.

41

INT. STEVIE'S KITCHEN. MOMENTS LATER

41

Stevie makes coffee. Trevor sits at the table, rattled.

STEVIE  
I don't do this for charity y'know.  
I can't afford to lose clients.

TREVOR  
I'll pay for his time.

STEVIE  
That's not what I want and you know  
it.

She sets his coffee before him. He stares into the cup.

TREVOR  
I appreciate you making time for  
me. You're the only one I can talk  
to.

STEVIE  
My pleasure. Most guys don't come  
here for my conversation.

Trevor's hands are shaking.

TREVOR  
Something's happening to me,  
Stevie. Some kind of plot.

Stevie looks at him. Concerned.

TREVOR (cont'd)  
There was an accident. A man was  
nearly killed thanks to me.

STEVIE  
Oh my god.

TREVOR

Now the guys at work are against me. They want me out.

STEVIE

Trevor, that's terrible.

TREVOR

I can't blame 'em. It's the way they're going about it. Their eyes. Their little games---

He STOPS COLD. Something occurs to him. She sees this.

STEVIE

What?

TREVOR

(thinking aloud)

E - R. E - R. T-U-C-K-E-R.

He's so odd, Stevie almost laughs.

STEVIE

Trevor...?

TREVOR

(mulling it over)

Tucker...

Stevie doesn't know what to make of him. Is he paranoid? Or is it the booze? She pours some more coffee.

STEVIE

Maybe you're taking this accident thing a bit too hard.

Trevor looks at her. Maybe she's right.

STEVIE (cont'd)

I mean, if they wanted you out they'd fire you.

TREVOR

I'm not worried about being fired.

STEVIE

Then what are you worried about?

Trevor looks at her, then stares into his coffee.

TREVOR

I don't know yet.

42

INT. AMUSEMENT PARK. DAY

42

Swirling rides. Colorful games and concessions. Excited kids and exhausted parents.

Marie and her son NICHOLAS (6) walk together, eating snow cones. Nicholas is a frail, bookish child. He wears thick glasses and a tank-top with the number 6 on it.

Trevor walks with them. It's either the outdoor air or the company he's in, but somehow he looks healthier. Relaxed.

TREVOR

How's your snow cone, Nicholas?

NICHOLAS

It's okay.

TREVOR

Just okay, huh?

Nicholas nods.

TREVOR (cont'd)

Would you rather have cotton candy?

NICHOLAS

No. I hate cotton candy.

MARIE

Nicholas! Did you leave your manners in the car?

NICHOLAS

I'd rather have ice cream.  
Chocolate chip cookie dough with M's.

MARIE

(to Trevor)

That's shorthand for M&M's.

(to Anthony)

It wouldn't hurt you to say *please*, would it?

NICHOLAS

Chocolate chip cookie dough with M's, *please*.

TREVOR

Well, Nicholas. I think we could manage that.

43

EXT. CONCESSION STAND. MOMENTS LATER

43

Trevor purchases two ice cream cones. He hands one to Nicholas. With "M's."

TREVOR

There you go. Made to order.

NICHOLAS

Thank you.

Nicholas takes a huge bite. Trevor does the same.

MARIE

Surprise!

Marie has a CAMERA. She SNAPS a shot of them.

MARIE (cont'd)

Gotcha.

She smiles at Trevor.

MARIE (cont'd)

That one's going on the refrigerator.

Trevor smiles back. He takes the camera.

TREVOR

Here. Let me get one of you and Nicholas.

MARIE

Okay.

TREVOR

Over there. By the carousel.

Marie and Nicholas sit on a bench before a majestic CAROUSEL. Ice cream runs down Nicholas's chin.

MARIE

Just a minute.

She pulls a napkin from her purse and wipes his mouth.

MARIE (cont'd)

Okay. Ready.

Trevor raises the camera, looks through the viewfinder.

TREVOR

Smile.

TREVOR'S POV (THRU VIEWFINDER)

Marie and Nicholas sit together, smiling brightly as the CAROUSEL TURNS in the b.g. They wait for the CLICK.

MARIE

It helps to push the button.

CLOSE ON TREVOR

He pauses. He seems unsettled by something.

MARIE (OS) (cont'd)

Trevor?

He finally SNAPS the picture. He lowers the camera. Looks around at the theme park. He seems disoriented.

MARIE (cont'd)

Trevor? What is it?

TREVOR

This place. Brings back memories.

MARIE

Good memories I hope.

TREVOR

Yeah. I haven't been here since I was a kid.

Nicholas stares at him, puzzled by his melancholy. Marie's CELL-PHONE RINGS. She sees the Caller ID and frowns.

MARIE

Nicky's father. Probably calling to wish me a happy Mother's day.

She's reluctant to answer. She indicates the call might be awkward, needs a private moment, etc.

MARIE (cont'd)

Could you...?

TREVOR

No sweat. I'll take Nicholas for a ride.

MARIE

Thanks.

He takes Nicholas by the hand and leads him away.

44

EXT. AMUSEMENT PARK. MOMENTS LATER

44

Trevor and Nicholas walk among the throngs of people, passing happy children and their parents.

NICHOLAS

How long have you known my mother?

TREVOR

Oh... About a year.

NICHOLAS

Do you like her?

TREVOR

Very much. She's a very nice lady.

Nicholas stares openly at Trevor. He licks his ice cream.

NICHOLAS

Are you gonna see her again?

TREVOR

I hope so. Would you like that?

Nicholas stops. He scopes Trevor out. Finally...

NICHOLAS

I guess so.

Just then a FATHER walks by with his BOY on his shoulders. Nicholas watches. Trevor kneels beside him, takes his hand.

TREVOR

Hey. Wanna know a secret?

NICHOLAS

(guarded)

What?

TREVOR

My father left us when I was your age.

NICHOLAS

For real?

Trevor nods.

TREVOR

Wanna know something else?

NICHOLAS

Okay.

TREVOR

It made me realize what a wonderful mother I had.

Nicholas considers this.

TREVOR (cont'd)

You'll realize that too someday.

Nicholas nods. He looks past Trevor.

NICHOLAS

What's that?

He points to a ride. ROUTE 666.

TREVOR

It's a ride.

Nicholas just gives him a look. No shit, Sherlock.

TREVOR (cont'd)

But you already knew that, didn't you?

NICHOLAS

"Route six-hundred and sixty-six."  
(then, to Trevor)  
What's it mean?

TREVOR

Well, a route is a road you take when you're on a long journey.

Nicholas considers this carefully.

NICHOLAS

What about the numbers?

TREVOR

Six-six-six. Well that's---  
(he thinks better of it)  
I don't know what that is...

Nicholas stares at him. He licks his ice cream. Then

NICHOLAS

Yes you do.

They both know he's right.

NICHOLAS (cont'd)  
C'mon. Let's check it out.

TREVOR  
Nicholas, maybe we should wait for  
your mother.

NICHOLAS  
What for?

Trevor's at a loss for an explanation. Other young kids wait  
in line for the ride, along with their parents.

Nicholas stares up at Trevor, wide-eyed, hopeful, adorable.

45

INT. ROUTE 666 (PARK RIDE)

45

Trevor and Nicholas ride in a REPLICA ROADSTER. Two-seater.  
Nicholas sits in front, "steering" the prop wheel.

The setting is a DESERT LANDSCAPE. Route 66 signs are tagged  
with an extra 6 in red spray paint: 666.

The ROADSTER cruises past a sign: Welcome to Death Valley!  
Perched atop it are the sun-bleached bones of a VULTURE.

TREVOR  
Neat, huh?

NICHOLAS  
Yeah!

They pass another TAGGED ROADSIGN: "NO REST STOP AHEAD."  
Next they see a swinging BROTHEL called "The Shady Lady."

As the ride progresses, the mise-en-scene becomes more  
macabre -- papier mache VULTURES dangle from above; mock  
CATTLE BONES tangled in rangewire; roadkill; etc.

Trevor is troubled. He sees something unsettling in the  
mural -- bodies hanged from bare trees on the horizon.

TREVOR  
Jesus...

Just then the roadster BANGS THROUGH BUMPER DOORS leading to  
PORTSIDE HIGHWAY SET (NIGHT)

An urban road alongside a haunting harbor. We hear OCEAN  
SOUNDS. FOGHORNS. We see TWINKLING CRANE LIGHTS.

Trevor sighs. This ride-segment seems innocent enough.

NICHOLAS

Look!

Trevor looks forward. Up ahead is a

BAD CAR WRECK (REPLICA)

Ambulances. Police cars. Overturned autos. HELICOPTER LIGHTS SWEEP across the grisly scene.

TREVOR

Nicholas. Close your eyes.

NICHOLAS

Why?

TREVOR

It's a surprise.

NICHOLAS

Forget it. This is cool!

The ROADSTER enters a warzone. The SWEEPING HELICOPTER BEAMS allow brief GLIMPSES of carnage -- PAPIER MACHE BODIES pinned beneath wheels, MORE BODIES hanging out of twisted wreckage.

TREVOR

This isn't possible...

The SWEEPING SEARCHLIGHTS scan across charred bodies, severed limbs, decapitations, etc.

Tiny FEET stick out from beneath a blood-soiled sheet.

Trevor looks back in horror as the ROADSTER BANGS ahead through BUMPER DOORS and enters

"MEMORY LANE" (SUBURBIA SET)

The ROADSTER speeds through an expressionistic ghetto of angular tenements, burned-out liquor stores, sex shops, a porn theater ("Debbie Does Donkeys"), a welfare office, DMV.

They pass a school: PETERSBURG ELEMENTARY.

INTERSECTION

The traffic signal is RED. We see CARDBOARD CUT-OUTS OF CHILDREN chasing an ORANGE BALL into the street.

The ROADSTER speeds up. Nicholas veers the steering wheel as if aiming the speeding ROADSTER at the MOCK-CHILDREN.

Trevor is mortified.

TREVOR (cont'd)

*Look out!*

Just then a CARDBOARD CROSSING GUARD POPS UP -- hand raised in a HALT SIGN. We briefly see the MISSING FINGERS when *WHAM!* the ROADSTER flattens the GUARD and speeds ahead.

NICHOLAS

Wow! That was cool!

Trevor is speechless. The ROADSTER approaches a

FORKED ROAD

To the right is "SALVATION WAY." To the left is "HIGHWAY TO HELL" Nicholas veers left.

HIGHWAY TO HELL

The ROADSTER rips across scorched earth, past pillars of fire and brimstone, and races toward a

TUNNEL

There's a sign above the entrance: "Happy Traveling!"

INSIDE THE TUNNEL

The ROADSTER speeds along, past pristine white-tiled walls. Overhead LIGHTS are spaced apart, creating pockets of SHADOW and LIGHT.

Strange VISUALS are projected on the WHITE WALLS. Surreal IMAGES...SAD FACES...HARD EYES...MURKY LANDSCAPES... The IMAGERY emerges -- as if toward the surface of water -- then submerges just as slowly.

The TUNNEL LIGHTS start to STROBE, creating a flickering LIGHTSHOW of subliminal IMAGERY.

In the STROBING LIGHT we see Nicholas. *He's having a seizure!*

TREVOR

*Oh my god!*

Nicholas's limbs shake, his eyes roll wildly.

TREVOR (cont'd)  
NICHOLAS!!!

46 EXT. ROUTE 666. MOMENTS LATER

46

Nicholas lies on his back. Convulsing. Gagging. Trevor kneels beside him. Scared. A crowd stands around watching.

TREVOR  
Somebody get a doctor!

Nobody does.

WOMAN IN CROWD  
What'd you do to him?

TREVOR  
What?!

MAN IN CROWD  
That your kid, mister?

Trevor holds Nicholas.

TREVOR  
Hang on, Nicky. I'm going for help.

MARIE (OS)  
Nicholas!

Trevor looks up as Marie fights her way through the crowd. She hurries to the boy's side.

TREVOR  
I swear to god, I don't know what happened.

Marie turns Nicholas on his side. Saliva runs from his mouth. The gagging stops.

MARIE  
He's epileptic. I should've told you.

She takes a bottled water from her purse. And a prescription. NEURONTIN. She puts one in the boy's mouth, gives him some water.

MARIE (cont'd)  
Here baby.

Marie removes Nicholas's glasses, loosens his collar. He starts to relax.

TREVOR  
I'll call an ambulance.

MARIE  
No. It'll pass.

Marie cradles Nicholas. His convulsions are subsiding. Trevor looks at the crowd. Accusing eyes stare back at him.

47

INT. TREVOR'S CAR (MOVING). NIGHT

47

Trevor has a white-knuckle grip on the wheel. Marie is beside him, holding Nicholas in her lap. Nicholas is asleep.

MARIE  
(re: Anthony)  
This hasn't happened for awhile. I didn't think to mention it.

TREVOR  
I could kill myself for taking him on that ride.

MARIE  
Trevor, relax. It's not your fault.

He can't face her. She cradles her boy.

MARIE (cont'd)  
He won't even remember it. It'll be as if nothing ever happened.

This does nothing to soothe Trevor's nerves.

MARIE (cont'd)  
Thank God it doesn't cause him any pain. If it did, I don't think I could handle it.

Trevor pulls up in front of an APARTMENT BUILDING.

MARIE (cont'd)  
Wanna come in?

Trevor looks at her, then at NICHOLAS.

MARIE (cont'd)  
I think you could use a drink.

48

INT. APARTMENT. NIGHT

48

The room is intimately lit with candles. Trevor sits on a sofa, staring at a CRYSTAL FRUIT BOWL on the table.

Marie approaches with two glasses of wine.

MARIE

I hope wine's okay.

TREVOR

That'll work.

She hands him a glass, then puts an album on an old VICTOROLA PHONOGRAPH. We see a DRUM SET in the corner.

TREVOR (cont'd)

Who's the musician?

MARIE

I bought that for Nicholas. I was hoping to interest him in something other than books. It didn't work.

Marie flops down beside Trevor. She's exhausted.

MARIE (cont'd)

Don't get me wrong. I'm thrilled that he loves to read. It's just that he has a tendency to withdraw.

TREVOR

Shyness?

MARIE

Something like that.

(she sips her wine)

It's his illness. A thing like that can be pretty alienating for a young boy.

(a beat, then)

The kids at school keep their distance from him -- as if he were contagious.

Trevor considers this. Marie kicks off her shoes, puts her feet up. She smiles sheepishly at Trevor.

MARIE (cont'd)

What good is a home if you can't relax in it?

TREVOR

I'll have to remember that.

Trevor sets down his wine beside a SMALL CLOCK. It's stuck on 1:30. The seconds-hand isn't moving. Trevor stares.

MARIE

You in a hurry to go?

TREVOR

Huh? Sorry. I was just, uh, admiring your clock. It's nice.

MARIE

You're so weird.

Trevor sips his wine. Marie looks at him softly.

MARIE (cont'd)

Can I ask you something?

TREVOR

Should my lawyer be present?

MARIE

Why are you always leaving me such generous tips?

This catches him by surprise.

TREVOR

Do I?

MARIE

Twenty dollars for coffee and pie?

TREVOR

And entertainment.

MARIE

Entertainment?

TREVOR

You.

Marie smiles. She looks at him softly.

MARIE

Trevor, you don't have to buy my companionship.

TREVOR

Sorry. I didn't mean it that way.

MARIE

If you want to spoil me, take me to  
the movies sometime.

TREVOR

It's a deal.

Marie finishes her wine. She looks at the empty glass.

MARIE

My goodness. There must be a hole  
in this glass.

TREVOR

I'll get it. You wait on me  
enough.

He takes her glass.

MARIE

Thanks.

As he gets up, he accidently knocks the CRYSTAL FRUIT BOWL  
off the table. ORANGES spill out across the floor.

TREVOR

Oh Christ.

Marie giggles. She starts picking them up.

MARIE

I can't take you anywhere.

INT. KITCHEN. MOMENTS LATER

White. Sterile. Vaguely institutional. There are no  
windows. There is a bottle of Merlot on the counter.

Trevor enters.

MARIE (OS) (cont'd)

Can you drop an ice cube in it?  
Call me crazy, but I can't drink  
warm wine.

TREVOR

You're not crazy. Just a bit  
uncouth.

MARIE (OS)

Thanks a lot.

Trevor refills her glass. He turns toward the refrigerator and STOPS.

TREVOR'S POV - THE REFRIGERATOR

There's a NOTE on the door.

ANGLE ON TREVOR

approaching the fridge so slowly...so reluctantly...he almost seems to be walking in place.

TREVOR'S POV - THE NOTE

A folded piece of notebook paper. The flap reads: "Happy Mother's Day, Mom." Scrawled in a familiar hand.

CLOSE ON TREVOR

Facing the note with utter dread. He reaches for...

THE NOTE

raises the folded flap to reveal...a STICK FIGURE SKETCH of a mother and child holding hands. There's something familiar about it...

CLOSE ON Trevor, scared.

MATCH CUT TO:

49

INT. TREVOR'S KITCHEN. NIGHT. CLOSE ON TREVOR

49

Scared. He dumps the kitchen trash on the floor, rummages through banana peels, coffee grinds, a Merlot bottle.

Then he finds it. The crumpled POST-IT NOTE. He opens it.

It's the previous HANGMAN GAME: "= = = = E R." We see the STICK FIGURE HEAD and TORSO hanging from the gallows. The crude artwork bears a chilling resemblance to Nicholas's Mother's Day card.

Trevor smooths out the crumpled note, fills in the PUZZLE with a pen: M...O...T...H... "MOTHER."

CLOSE ON TREVOR

What does it mean? Something occurs to him...

CUT TO:

THE CLOSET

Trevor reaches high above, pulls down a dusty photo album.

CUT TO:

PHOTO ALBUM

Pages are turned. We see his childhood in B&W: Trevor as a baby...Bookish Trevor engrossed in homework...Trevor with a new drum set on Christmas morning.

He turns another page. A photo nearly jumps out at him.

INSERT OF PHOTO

YOUNG TREVOR and his MOTHER sit before a CAROUSEL.

*FLASHBACK -- Trevor SNAPS A PHOTO of MARIE and NICHOLAS sitting before the very same carousel!*

BACK TO SCENE

Trevor contemplates the PHOTO -- and the chilling similarity to Marie and Nicholas's.

INT. APARTMENT. DAWN

Trevor sits by the window, framed against the early morning light. The photo album is in his lap.

INSERT OF PHOTO - CLOSE ON YOUNG TREVOR

Extroverted. Carefree. He couldn't be happier.

CLOSE ON ADULT TREVOR

Withdrawn. Nervous. A striking contrast. As he turns and stares pensively through the window, we see his ghostly REFLECTION in the glass.

50

INT. MACHINE SHOP. MORNING

50

Trevor operates the punch-press. His movements are less precise than usual. Fatigue is taking its toll on him.

Tucker steps up behind Trevor.

TUCKER

I need you on the mill.

TREVOR  
Where's Gonzales?

TUCKER  
That's an irrelevant question,  
Reznik. I'm asking *you*.

Tucker walks away.

#### CINCINNATI MILL

The guard panels are off, exposing the TOOTHED-GEARS and PULLEYS. A drive-belt hangs limply from a pulley wheel.

The other workers are immersed in their own work.

Trevor grabs a socket-wrench and loosens the lugs from a pulley-wheel. As he works, he looks over at the

#### SUPERVISOR'S OFFICE

Furman, Tucker and MILLER are inside. Miller is missing an arm. Miller and Tucker leave the office and enter

#### THE PRODUCTION FLOOR

Miller is greeted warmly by the workers as he crosses the shop. Trevor replaces the drive-belt, RATCHETS the pulley-wheel back in place.

Miller and Tucker approach him. Trevor sets down his tools, wipes his hands.

TREVOR  
My god, Miller. Where do I begin?

MILLER  
Don't sweat it, kid. There's  
nothing to say.

TREVOR  
I wish there was someway to repay  
you.

MILLER  
Your left arm would be a good  
start. In fact, that's what I came  
for. Right, Tucker?

TUCKER  
What's fair is fair.

Trevor is speechless. Miller winks at him.

MILLER

We're just razzin' you, Reznik.  
You can keep your arm.  
(patting his pocket)  
And I'll keep my settlement.  
(to Tucker)  
Gives a new meaning to the term  
"severance pay," doesn't it?

Miller and Tucker laugh.

MILLER (cont'd)

Hell, most guys would give an arm  
and a leg for a settlement like  
this! Guess I got a deal!

TREVOR

Well, Miller, if there's anything I  
can do...

MILLER

Forget it. No hard feelings, huh?

Miller offers his hand. They shake. Miller's grip is a bit  
too firm.

MILLER (cont'd)

See you around, pal.

Miller and Tucker walk away. Trevor watches them go. He  
looks around the shop.

The other workers watch Trevor from their posts.

Trevor looks toward the Super's Office. Even Furman is  
watching him.

Trevor returns to his work. His hands shake. He drops the  
lug nut. It falls down into the motor.

TREVOR

Damn it.

Trevor reaches into the motor. His fingers stretch and probe  
for the lug. Instead they find toothed-gears and belts.

TREVOR (cont'd)

Come on...

His fingertips stretch achingly. They find the lug.

## ANOTHER ANGLE - ACROSS THE SHOP

A worker steps up to a CIRCUIT BOX. We don't see who it is. He flips a breaker switch and...

## THE MILL ACTIVATES!

Trevor is YANKED forward. K-THUNK! He YELPS. His sleeve is caught in the MESHED GEARS. They CHEW UP Trevor's sleeve.

*KTHUNK! KTHUNK! KTHUNK!*

Trevor is horrified. The workers, lost in their work, are seemingly oblivious to this.

Trevor slips his ARM FREE from the sleeve as it FEEDS INTO THE SAVAGE GEAR-TEETH, right up to the shoulder of his coveralls. He can't get free.

The POWER SWITCH and FOOT BRAKE are just out of reach.

TREVOR (cont'd)  
*SOMEBODY HELP!*

Nobody HEARS him above the DRONE OF THE MACHINES.

Trevor is pulled closer to the TOOTHED GEARS. His head is just INCHES AWAY. He grabs a WRENCH from his coveralls and JAMS IT INTO THE GEARS. The MILL SEIZES UP. The MOTOR STRAINS AND HUMS against the jam.

The OTHER WORKERS now see what's happening. They rush over.

Jones pulls a KNIFE. He grabs Trevor from behind and...CUTS his EMPTY SLEEVE FREE from the mill. Trevor falls back on his ass. He stares up at the men around him. Frightened.

TREVOR (cont'd)  
*Who did it?!*

JACKSON  
Say what?

Trevor gets up, wild-eyed, adrenaline soaring.

TREVOR  
*One of you threw the fucking breaker! Or was it all of you?!*

JONES  
Cool your heels, man.

TREVOR  
(shoving Jones)  
*Was it you?!*  
(shoving Evangelisti)  
*Or you?!*  
(then Reynolds)  
*Or you?!*

REYNOLDS  
(shoving back)  
Nobody did shit, you asshole!  
You're imagining things again!

TREVOR  
Yeah? Have you been fishing with  
Ivan lately, Reynolds?  
(pulling out his wallet)  
Let's see you talk your way out of  
this one!

Trevor empties his wallet. The PHOTO is gone. Trevor can't believe his eyes. The workers stare at him scornfully.

REYNOLDS  
I'm sick of your shit, Reznik! Get  
your fucking head examined!

Tucker rushes over. He sees the jammed gears, sees Trevor's torn clothing, his fear...

TUCKER  
What now, Reznik?!

Trevor instinctively goes for Tucker's throat.

TUCKER (cont'd)  
Get him off me!

Jones and the others try prying Trevor loose.

JONES  
Don't do it, man. Let him go.

The workers finally manage to separate them.

TUCKER  
(gasping)  
You're through, you fuck! *Through!*

Tucker leaves. One by one the workers walk away, leaving Trevor alone in his confusion.

51 INT. SHOP LOCKER ROOM. LATER.

51

Trevor cleans out his locker. There's a sticker inside: "I'D RATHER BE FISHING." He packs his gear into a duffel bag.

Someone enters in b.g. Ivan?

MALE VOICE (OS)

What are you gonna do?

Trevor turns, sees Gonzales. Trevor doesn't reply.

GONZALES

Check it out. I could get you into Evergreen with one phone call. My brother-in-law's a plant manager.

Trevor isn't interested. He continues to pack his stuff.

GONZALES (cont'd)

Hey homes. I'm trying to hook you up. You could do a lot worse, eh.

Trevor shuts his locker. He slings his bag across his shoulder and walks past Gonzales without a word.

52 INT. TREVOR'S CAR. SHOP PARKING LOT. MOMENTS LATER

52

Trevor sits behind the wheel, searching his wallet. Driver's license. Union cards. Condoms. No photo. He flings the wallet aside in frustration, looks at himself in the mirror.

TREVOR

Idiot.

53 INT. TREVOR'S APARTMENT. DUSK

53

Trevor enters. He flicks the light-switch. Nothing happens. His UTILITIES have been SHUT OFF.

TREVOR

Shit.

CLOSET

Packed with fishing and camping gear. He finds a FLASHLIGHT.

DRESSER

Trevor empties the drawers onto the floor. The FLASHLIGHT SCANS over clothing, old checkbooks, a camera.

KITCHEN

Trevor empties more drawers, sifts through UNPAID UTILITY BILLS and PARKING TICKETS. He's furious with himself.

TREVOR (cont'd)  
Asshole! What the fuck did you do  
with it?

He flings the drawer aside and storms out of the kitchen. We hear the front door SLAM.

CAMERA DOLLIES IN toward the REFRIGERATOR...slowly...as if to reveal another note...yet there is NONE. CAMERA TILTS DOWN to find PINKISH DROPS dribbling from the freezer door.

Something is defrosting.

54 EXT. THE BOILER ROOM. NIGHT 54

Trevor's '71 Buick Riviera is parked in front.

55 INT. THE BOILER ROOM 55

Trevor enters. Miffed. He looks around at the tired, defeated locals sitting around the bar. The BARTENDER sets a coaster before Trevor.

TREVOR  
Seen Ivan around?

BARTENDER  
Who?

Is this guy in on it, too? Trevor does his best not to blow a gasket.

TREVOR  
Ivan. He comes in a lot. Facial  
scar. Missing teeth.

BARTENDER  
Yeah. I've seen him. He's sitting  
on every stool in the joint.

The bartender turns to his hard-luck regulars.

BARTENDER (cont'd)  
Hey. This guy's looking for Ivan.  
Anyone seen him?

WHEEZY DRUNK

Sure! I've seen him!

(to bartender)

He was sneakin' through your wife's window as I was sneakin' out!

The locals CRACK UP. The bartender faces Trevor glumly.

BARTENDER

Any other questions?

56

INT. BAR RESTROOM. MOMENTS LATER

56

Trevor scalds his hands in the sink. His washing ritual. Someone LAUGHS behind him. Familiar LAUGH. Sleazy.

Trevor looks up in the mirror at a toilet stall behind him. The door is slightly ajar.

Trevor dries his hands, walks over, sees COWBOY BOOTS beneath the stall door. Ivan's? We hear MORE SLEAZY LAUGHTER.

Trevor nudges the door. It creaks open to reveal...

AN OLD DRUNK AND A PROSTITUTE

Fucking on the toilet. They're shitfaced. They look up at Trevor and LAUGH. The Old Drunk kicks the door shut in Trevor's face and the LAUGHTER CONTINUES.

57

INT/EXT. HALLWAY/STEVIE'S APARTMENT. NIGHT

57

Trevor KNOCKS. He's utterly spent. And in need of some TLC. Stevie answers cautiously. She has a BLACK EYE.

TREVOR

*What.*

Stevie is upset. Yet she smiles bravely.

STEVIE

(re: black eye)

Occupational hazard.

She refuses to cry. Trevor holds her.

58

INT. SPARE ROOM. STEVIE'S. MOMENTS LATER

58

Futon. Lava lamp. Lotion. Kleenex. Trevor is undressing.

STEVIE (OS)

Not here.

Trevor turns, sees her in the doorway. She takes his hand.

INT. STEVIE'S BEDROOM. MOMENTS LATER

Warm. Cozy. This room is not for customers. It's her sanctuary. They make love on a big cushy bed. Two lost souls finding comfort in each other.

59

INT. SAME. LATER

59

Stevie lies in Trevor's arms. They share a post-coital cigarette. The mood is pensive. Intimate.

STEVIE

(half-jokingly)

So, Trevor, you gonna rescue me  
from this miserable life or what?

Trevor faces her. She tries to play it cool, yet she's clearly nervous.

STEVIE (cont'd)

Y'know, I could give it up for the  
right guy...

Trevor frowns. Stevie LAUGHS.

STEVIE (cont'd)

Boy did that come out wrong. What  
I mean is...

(tentatively)

I'd stop, y'know, hooking...if you  
wanted me to.

(sarcastically)

I mean there's a lot of lesser  
paying gigs out there, right?

Stevie looks extremely vulnerable. She just put her heart on the line. Trevor considers this.

TREVOR

I think I would like that.

They smoke in silence. Stevie rests her head on his chest. She can barely suppress her delight.

60

INT. TREVOR'S APARTMENT. DAY

60

Trevor enters, overloaded with packages. He sets them down and opens them. Coleman lanterns. Utilities be damned.

BATHROOM

Trevor puts a lantern on sink top. The sink is backed up with foul water. Trevor looks up in the mirror.

Ants march across his REFLECTION. Someone KNOCKS O.S.

FRONT DOOR

Trevor slowly approaches, lantern in hand. He stops cold. Someone is trying to PICK THE LOCK! The Post-It Man...?

Trevor's scared. He takes position beside the door, raises the lantern, preparing to bash the intruder. The door opens.

Someone enters. Trevor's about to strike, then STOPS.

It's Mrs. Shrike, the landlady. She GASPS.

MRS. SHRIKE

Mr. Reznik!

He's poised and ready to strike. Seeing her, he relaxes.

TREVOR

I'm sorry. I thought you were someone else...

Mrs. Shrike is rattled. She tries to catch her breath.

MRS. SHRIKE

You gave me such a fright.

She removes her keys from his door. Something occurs to him.

TREVOR

What are you doing in my apartment?

MRS. SHRIKE

There's a leak in my ceiling. It's coming from your apartment.

TREVOR

That's impossible.

MRS. SHRIKE

I was going to leave a note, but---

TREVOR

A note? What kind of note?

He's suspicious again. She frowns.

MRS. SHRIKE  
About the leak---

She suddenly smells something rancid.

MRS. SHRIKE  
My God. What's that terrible  
smell?

She starts to enter further. He stops her.

TREVOR  
There's no leak in this apartment.  
(then, shuttling her out)  
Now if you'll excuse me.

She stops in the door. Now she's suspicious.

MRS. SHRIKE  
Are you sure you're all right?

TREVOR  
Yes, I'm sure. If you need  
anything, please call first.

He shuts the door on her, then turns TOWARD CAMERA. Scared.  
What's that terrible smell? He follows it to...

#### THE KITCHEN

The floor is a swamp of foul red water. The leak is coming  
from the REFRIGERATOR. This time we see a POST-IT NOTE.

Trevor approaches, holding his nose. He steps through the  
slippery red lagoon and stops.

#### INSERT - POST IT NOTE

An "I" and an "L" have been added to the hangman puzzle:

"- I L - E R"

#### TREVOR

stares at it grimly. He knows what it means.

#### ANOTHER ANGLE

Trevor sits down with the puzzle. He pulls out a pen. He  
adds an "L" and a LEFT ARM.

"- I L L E R"

Then he adds an "M".

"M I L L E R"

Above the answer hangs a ONE-ARMED MAN.

TREVOR (OS) (cont'd)

Bastard.

61

EXT. MILLER'S HOUSE. DAY

61

A house in the suburbs. Miller mows the lawn with his one arm. Effortlessly. That mower is brand new and powerful.

Trevor pulls into the driveway, gets out of the car. Miller shuts the MOWER OFF. The two men approach each other.

MILLER

Pleasant surprise, Reznik!

TREVOR

We need to talk.

MILLER

Sure, pal. Just don't go crying on my shoulder about how bad you feel. Cuz I feel great!

His wife MARGE (50s) steps outside with a glass of lemonade.

MARGE

That's enough yard work for one day, dear. You know what the doctor said.

MILLER

Well I need to do something, don't I? Sure ain't gonna sit around watching soaps all day.

Marge hands him the lemonade.

MARGE

The lawn will be here tomorrow. But you won't if you don't listen to the doctor.

Miller turns to Trevor.

MILLER

My wife, Marge. Always watching my back.

(to Marge)

(MORE)

MILLER (cont'd)

This is Reznik, Margie. The one who cost me an arm.

MARGE

Oh.

Trevor is embarrassed.

TREVOR

How do you do, Mrs. Miller?

MARGE

I've been better, Mr. Reznik.

Miller LAUGHS.

MILLER

Now you be nice, honey. Heck, if it weren't for Reznik, you wouldn't have that new carpet, would you?

She's not amused. Neither is Trevor.

MILLER (cont'd)

(confidentially)

She's not taking this as well as yours truly.

TREVOR

Is there someplace we can talk?

MARGE

I can go to my room if you like, Mr. Reznik.

TREVOR

I'm sorry. I didn't mean---

MILLER

C'mon, kid. I wanna show you something.

INT. MILLER'S GARAGE. MOMENTS LATER

Miller is showing off his brand new Cadillac Seville.

MILLER

Ain't she a beaut?

He unlocks it with his remote.

MILLER

I figure if I can't drive a stick, might as well travel in style.

He opens the door.

MILLER

New car smell. Nothing like it.

He gets behind the wheel, starts the ENGINE.

MILLER

Check it out.

Miller turns the wheel. Soft as butter.

MILLER

Magnasteer. Speed-sensitive steering. If you're parking, the wheel turns easy. If you're traveling fast, it works harder.

Trevor coughs. The garage door is closed and the place is filling up with carbon monoxide. Miller's intent?

MILLER

(re: Magnasteer)

Uses a magnetic field to adjust the steering tension depending on your rate of speed. And if you get into a jam...

(he stomps the brake)

ABS braking with road-texture detection. Prevents lock up, helps you maintain control in an emergency.

TREVOR

You oughta sell cars, Miller.

MILLER

Oh hell no. I'm retired. Thanks to you.

Miller gets out, yet leaves the ENGINE RUNNING. He stands beside Trevor, admiring his car.

MILLER

Yessir. A man can do some serious driving in a car like that.

TREVOR

You know I'm not at Precision anymore. Right?

Trevor didn't come to talk cars and Miller knows it.

MILLER

Yeah. I heard about that.  
(re: Trevor's arm)  
Sounds like you nearly lost one,  
too.

TREVOR

Don't you find that a bit ironic?

MILLER

Ironic? Sorry kid, but I left  
school in the 8th grade.

TREVOR

I'll break it down for you, Miller.  
Moments after you left the shop,  
someone powered up the mill with my  
arm in it. I was nearly killed.

MILLER

Accidents happen.

Trevor coughs again. The monoxide.

TREVOR

It was no accident. Accidents  
happen as a result of negligence.  
This happened out of spite.

MILLER

That's some vocabulary, kid.

TREVOR

Spite. Ill-will. Vengeance.  
Vengeance means revenge, Miller.  
I'm sure you know what "revenge"  
means, don't you?

Miller shakes his head and LAUGHS.

TREVOR

I'm on to you, Miller. Despite  
your stupid jokes and your little  
home improvements, you secretly  
blame me for the accident. New car  
or not, you despise me for it.

Miller stares silently at Trevor.

TREVOR

How'd you get into my place?  
Duplicate key? Credit card?

MILLER

That monoxide's going to your head.

Miller goes to shut off the ignition. Trevor grabs his arm, spins him around.

TREVOR

Fuck you, Miller! This shit's gonna stop!

Miller uses his one good hand to clench Trevor by the nuts. Trevor doubles over in pain, unable to breathe.

MILLER

Don't fuck with me, Reznik. I may only have one arm, but I'll make you fucking cry, punk.

(then wryly)

I'm sure you know what "punk" means, don't you?

63 EXT. MILLER'S GARAGE. MOMENTS LATER 63

The automatic door opens. Trevor stumbles out, COUGHING, clutching his balls. He gets in his car.

64 INSIDE CAR 64

Trevor starts the ENGINE, checks the MIRROR, sees

THE '65 GTO

parked across the street. IVAN sits behind the wheel.

TREVOR

Is he imagining this? He looks back over his shoulder.

Ivan is still there. Watching. Smiling. What's he doing at Miller's? Trevor looks back toward the GARAGE, sees Miller standing there. Trevor shakes his head.

TREVOR

Bastards.

Just then Ivan BURNS RUBBER and hauls ass down the street.

TREVOR

Shit.

Trevor puts it in reverse, backs out crazily, and speeds away after Ivan.

65

EXT. PORTSIDE BOULEVARD. MOMENTS LATER

65

Two crazed muscle-cars race alongside the harbor.

TREVOR

sticks a cigarette in his mouth, fumbles for the car lighter.

THE '65 GTO

abruptly VEERS LEFT, onto

ANOTHER BOULEVARD

The Riviera follows. This street looks familiar. Both cars suddenly WHISK past

PRECISION INDUSTRIES

The machine shop.

ANOTHER ANGLE

The GTO and Riviera race crazily toward an

INTERSECTION

The light is RED. Yet Ivan SPEEDS UP!

TREVOR

watches nervously as both cars race toward the cross-traffic. Ivan won't slow down. Neither will Trevor.

TREVOR

(re: signal)

C'MON! CHANGE YOU MOTHERFUCKER!

They're heading for disaster when suddenly the

LIGHT TURNS GREEN,

clearing the way as the GTO and the Riviera rip through the intersection, right past *Good Samaritan Hospital*.

66

EXT. HIGHWAY. COUNTRYSIDE. MOMENTS LATER

66

The landscape has changed. The two speeding cars leave the city behind as they speed toward a TUNNEL ahead.

INT. TUNNEL. CONTINUOUS

The GTO RIPS PAST CAMERA! So does the Riviera. The BRIGHT TUNNEL LIGHTS are spaced intermittently, creating pockets of SHADOW and LIGHT. At this rate of speed, the effect is akin to a STROBE LIGHT.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Trevor closes in on Ivan. Now he can see the LICENSE PLATE: 743 CRN. He looks up and sees a

PASSENGER

riding shotgun with Ivan!

TREVOR

*What!*

He can't believe his eyes. The PASSENGER is OBSCURED IN shadow, staring back at Trevor. An accomplice?

Just then the cars emerge from the dark tunnel, into the

STARK WHITE LIGHT

Blinded, Trevor finds himself in the oncoming lane. A TRUCK barrels right at him---

Trevor *VEERS*, loses control, skids to a stop. His car stalls. He looks up at the road. The GTO has disappeared.

Trevor jots the plate number on the dashboard POST IT PAD.

67

INT. DEPARTMENT OF MOTOR VEHICLES. DAY

67

Trevor stands at the window, holding a Post-it with Ivan's plate number written on it. The DMV CLERK, a middle-aged black woman, waits on him.

DMV CLERK

I'm sorry, sir, but we don't provide motorist information to the general public.

TREVOR

I understand that. But I'm not the "general public." This guy's a friend of mine.

DMV CLERK

You don't know your "friend's" address?

TREVOR

We just met. I don't know him that well.

DMV CLERK

Sir, this is the DMV. Not a dating service.

He's about to say something nasty, yet thinks better of it.

TREVOR

Look, I just want to *talk* to him.

DMV CLERK

I'm sorry, sir, but I can't help you unless a crime has been committed. Has a crime been committed?

Trevor is reluctant to answer this.

TREVOR

Please. I wouldn't ask if it weren't extremely important.

DMV CLERK

What you're asking is against department policy.

TREVOR

I won't tell if you won't.

The clerk LAUGHS.

DMV CLERK

Sorry, sir. No crime, no information.

TREVOR

What if I told you I was hit by this car?

DMV CLERK

I don't see no bruises.

TREVOR

If you did would you give me an address?

DMV CLERK

No.

(a beat then)

But the police might.

68

EXT. DMV. MOMENTS LATER

68

Trevor walks out. He steps off the curb and stands between two parked cars. He watches the ONCOMING TRAFFIC.

Cars ZOOM past.

Trevor steps closer toward the traffic. He takes a half-hearted step in front of an ONCOMING CAR!

The DRIVER VEERS, narrowly missing him. He flips Trevor off as he drives away.

Trevor steps back between the parked cars. Other pedestrians are now watching him. What's he doing?

The traffic has stopped at a RED LIGHT nearby. The signal turns GREEN. The cars start coming.

The first car is an OLD V.W. BUG. Perfect.

Trevor leaps in front of the V.W., SLAMS against the hood, rolls off the side. The V.W. STOPS. A YOUNG WOMAN gets out.

YOUNG WOMAN

Oh my god!

Trevor lies in the street. The Young Woman rushes over.

YOUNG WOMAN (cont'd)

I didn't even see you!

Trevor's head bleeds. Bruises are forming.

TREVOR

It's alright. It was my fault.

He tries to stand. She tries to stop him.

YOUNG WOMAN

No! Don't move! I'll call an ambulance.

She takes out a cell-phone. Trevor struggles to his feet. He's badly shaken, but nothing's broken.

TREVOR

I'm fine. Really.

Bystanders rush to the scene.

BYSTANDER

I saw the whole thing. He jumped right in front of her, like he was trying to kill himself or something.

Trevor braces himself against a parked car and vomits.

YOUNG WOMAN

Oh god. Please, at least let me drive you to the hospital.

TREVOR

No hospital. I'm fine.

Trevor limps away, bruised and bloodied. Other pedestrians give him a wide berth as he goes past.

69 EXT. POLICE STATION. DAY 69

Trevor enters through the heavy revolving doors.

70 INT. POLICE STATION. DAY 70

Trevor limps up to the counter. A DESK SERGEANT sits behind it, engrossed in his paperwork.

TREVOR

I want to report a hit-and-run.

The Desk Sergeant looks up, sees the bruises, the haunted eyes, the dirty ripped clothing hanging from a withered body. A wino? Drug addict? The Desk Sergeant hands him a form.

DESK SERGEANT

Bring it back when you're finished.  
(repulsed)  
You can fill it out over there.

He points to a waiting area across the lobby.

TREVOR

Thanks.

Trevor finds a seat and starts filling out the form.

71 INT. MEN'S ROOM. POLICE STATION. LATER 71

Trevor washes his cuts and bruises. He feels something in his mouth. He spits it into the sink. A tooth.

TREVOR

Jesus.

72

INT. LOBBY. POLICE STATION. LATER

72

Trevor sits and waits. He's hurting bad. He looks up at a WANTED BULLETIN on the wall. Sinister eyes stare back at him from a mug-shot.

DETECTIVE (OS)

Mr. Reznik?

A DETECTIVE stands behind the counter, next to the Desk Sergeant. Trevor gimps up to the desk.

DETECTIVE (cont'd)

Are you sure about these plate numbers?

He shows Trevor the report.

TREVOR

743 CRN. That's the one.

DETECTIVE

Have you ever had a car stolen?

TREVOR

No. Why?

DETECTIVE

Because the car that allegedly hit you was your own.

Trevor swoons. He steadies himself against the counter.

DETECTIVE (cont'd)

1965 GTO. Registered in your name. Nearly a year ago you reported it as being totalled in a wreck.

TREVOR

Oh my god...

DETECTIVE

Do you realize it's a felony to file a bogus police report?

Trevor absently staggers away.

DETECTIVE (cont'd)

Wait a minute. I think you have some explaining to do.

Trevor panics. He makes a break for the door, knocking down a YOUNG POLICEMAN in his haste to get away.

DESK SERGEANT

Hey!

73 EXT. POLICE STATION. DAY 73

Trevor bolts from the station and runs across the street, dangerously weaving through traffic.

The Detective and the Young Policeman emerge from the station. They see Trevor running away. They follow him.

74 EXT./INT. SUBWAY STATION. DAY 74

Trevor races down the steps and into the

TERMINAL

Trevor vaults the turnstile and eats shit. He gets up and hobbles to the

SUBWAY PLATFORM

Commuters mill about. Reading newspapers. Drinking coffee.

Trevor hurries along the platform, bowling over commuters along the way. He finally runs out of real estate.

The Detective and Young Policeman come down the stairs and reach the platform. They see Trevor and quickly approach.

Trevor panics.

To the right is a CHAINED METAL DOOR marked "Emergency Exit." To the left are the tracks. A TRAIN is speeding forth.

The cops make their way through the commuters.

Trevor's a cornered rat. The only way out is DOWN. He kneels beside a SEWAGE GRATE, digs his fingers into the drainage slats, pulls. The COVER won't budge.

The cops are closing in fast.

Trevor shreds his fingers in his frenzy to lift the cover. A FINGERNAIL SNAPS OFF. Yet the cover gives. Trevor shoves it aside, descends into the

MANHOLE

He lowers himself along the IRON GRIPS and descends onto a

SEWER LANDING

This is a narrow approach to a

SERIES OF TUNNELS

that branch out at odd angles. Trevor takes off, splashing through the foul wastewater.

DETECTIVE (OS)  
(reverberating)  
Don't do it, Reznik! We just want to talk to you!

SEWER TUNNEL

Trevor splashes through stinky shitwater, passing through the sweaty brick bowels of this decaying tunnel.

ANOTHER TUNNEL

The wastewaters are accumulating. Trevor is now knee-high greyish sludge. His hell-tour leads him past the remnants of a SQUATTERS' CAMP. Graffiti. Makeshift tents. Derelict shopping carts. Empty tins and bottles.

DETECTIVE (OS) (cont'd)  
(further off)  
Reznik...! Come back...!

Trevor hurries forth and stops cold. His jaw drops.

TREVOR'S POV -- A HOMELESS MAN

has hanged himself from a pipe at the end of the tunnel.

TREVOR

Scared, he turns and runs back the way he came. He reaches an OUTLET that opens onto

DIVERGENT TUNNELS

One of the tunnels is sealed by a gate. The other is PITCH BLACK. Trevor runs there, disappearing into the DARKNESS.

75

INT. TREVOR'S CAR (MOVING). DUSK

75

Trevor is a bruised, soiled wreck. He looks like he was hit by a train.

76 EXT. TREVOR'S APARTMENT BUILDING. NIGHT 76

A police car is parked in front. The Detective is talking to the landlady, Mrs. Shrike. Trevor watches from his car at a distance. After a moment he pulls away.

77 INT/EXT. HALLWAY/STEVIE'S APARTMENT. NIGHT 77

Trevor drags his battered body up the stairs. Stevie is just leaving her place when she sees him and stops.

STEVIE

Oh my god.

78 INT. STEVIE'S BATHROOM. LATER 78

Trevor soaks in a candlelit bath. He's been to hell and back. Now it's time to unwind. Stevie sponges his horribly bruised body.

STEVIE

How the hell did it happen?

TREVOR

I was crossing the street. The light changed on me.

She awaits more of an explanation. He doesn't offer one.

STEVIE

Fucking hit-and-run drivers. They ought to be hanged.

TREVOR

It was my fault. I wasn't paying attention.

She continues to bathe him. Gingerly.

STEVIE

Jesus. I really think you should get to a hospital.

TREVOR

They're just bruises.

STEVIE

(re: her black eye)

This is a bruise.

(re: his body)

*That* is a train wreck.

Trevor shuts his eyes. Stevie shakes her head.

STEVIE (cont'd)  
What is it with you and doctors  
anyway? Don't you trust anyone?

TREVOR  
I trust you.

STEVIE  
Now I know you're crazy.

She plops the sponge in the bath, dries her hands. He  
watches her fondly.

TREVOR  
Can I stay here tonight?

STEVIE  
Sweetie, you can stay here every  
night. You know that.

Trevor looks troubled.

STEVIE (cont'd)  
What is it, Trevor? What's going  
on inside that head of yours?

TREVOR  
I really want this to work, Stevie.

STEVIE  
*But...?*

TREVOR  
You know so little about me. I  
mean, what if I turn into a  
werewolf or something?

STEVIE  
I'll get you a flea collar.

Trevor smiles.

STEVIE (cont'd)  
That's better.

She gives him a kiss.

STEVIE (cont'd)  
You just soak awhile. I'll fix you  
some raw hamburger, Mr. Wolfman.

She starts to go.

TREVOR  
Stevie?

STEVIE  
Yeah?

TREVOR  
Thanks.

79 INT. STEVIE'S BEDROOM. MOMENTS LATER

79

Trevor enters, wrapped in a towel. We hear COOKING SOUNDS O.S. And SOFT MUSIC.

STEVIE (OS)  
I set out some clean clothes for you. You're stuff's not dry yet.

Trevor sees the clothing laid out on the bed. Pants. Shirt. Fresh shocks.

TREVOR  
Do you always keep men's clothes lying around?

STEVIE (OS)  
Some guys are in a hurry to leave. You wouldn't believe the things they leave behind.

Trevor tries on the pants and shirt.

TREVOR  
(to Stevie)  
A perfect fit.

STEVIE (OS)  
Thought so. Maybe I could be a fashion designer, huh?

He notices something else. Cowboy boots. Something about them puzzles him. What he sees next really puzzles him.

A FRAMED PHOTOGRAPH

on the bedstand. *The wallet-sized PHOTO OF REYNOLDS AND IVAN on the fishing trip! Held in a heart-shaped frame!*

80 INT. KITCHEN. NIGHT

80

Two steaming bowls of soup on a candlelit table. Stevie stands at the stove, stirring pasta with a spatula.

Trevor enters. She turns to him, sees the puzzlement in his eyes.

STEVIE  
Well don't look so surprised. Even  
a call girl can cook pasta.

Trevor watches her silently.

STEVIE (cont'd)  
Start your soup, baby, before it  
gets cold.

Trevor starts toward the table. Slowly.

STEVIE (cont'd)  
(re: cooking)  
It's weird. I never really did  
this for a guy before. I didn't  
even cook for my husband---

Trevor violently *swipes the soup from the table!*

STEVIE (cont'd)  
Jesus Christ.

Trevor glares at her.

TREVOR  
Where is he?

STEVIE  
Who?

TREVOR  
You know who.

Stevie is shocked.

STEVIE  
Trevor...?

She starts toward him.

TREVOR  
Don't.

She stops. She starts to tremble.

STEVIE  
Jesus, Trevor. What's wrong?

TREVOR

*This!*

He thrusts the PHOTO in her face.

TREVOR (cont'd)

Ivan! He's your ex, isn't he?!

STEVIE

*What?!*

TREVOR

Why's he doing this! It's because I'm fucking you, isn't it! Now it makes sense. I'm fucking you! And he's fucking me!

Stevie covers her mouth. Now she's scared.

TREVOR (cont'd)

Where is he?! Hiding in the closet?! Beneath the bed?!

STEVIE

Baby, I don't know what you're talking about---

TREVOR

*DON'T "BABY" ME!*

*(mimicking her)*

*"Yes, baby! I'll change my whole fucking life for you! I'll do anything you want, baby!"*

Stevie can't believe her ears. She's about to cry.

STEVIE

You know something. I don't deserve this---

She starts past him. He grabs her arm.

TREVOR

*(re: photo)*

What'd you do? Slip this from my wallet while proposing to me?!

STEVIE

Fuck you! You left that in my tip jar, you asshole!

TREVOR

Bullshit!

STEVIE

It's true! I thought you wanted me  
to have it! I thought you wanted  
me---

Stevie breaks down. But she quickly finds her strength.  
She's relied on it her whole life. Now she glares at him,  
eyes brimming with pain.

STEVIE (cont'd)

I should've known better than to  
get involved. I'm so fucking  
stupid!

TREVOR

Cut the crap, Stevie!

STEVIE

What's the big deal about a lousy  
goddamn picture?!?

TREVOR

They say the guy in this photo  
doesn't exist. This says he does.

STEVIE

Well *I* know you exist! Though I'm  
beginning to wish you didn't!

TREVOR

I'm talking about the man in the  
photo! Your "*ex!*"

Stevie snatches the framed photo from him. She looks at it.

STEVIE

Who?! The guy standing next to you  
with the fish?!

Trevor turns stone cold. He speaks with maniacal calm.

TREVOR

I am *not* in that photo.

STEVIE

I'm looking at a picture of you and  
some jerk with a fish!

TREVOR

*That isn't me!*

Trevor trembles with fear. Stevie nods.

STEVIE

Trevor. It's you.

She offers him the photo. He won't take it. He's afraid to look. He glares at her instead.

TREVOR

You lying whore.

Stevie SLAPS him.

STEVIE

*Fuck you! Get the fuck out of here, you fucking creep!*

TREVOR

*You bet I will, whore!*

Stevie throws a plate at him.

STEVIE

*Freak! Fucking psychopath!*

Trevor heads for the door.

STEVIE (cont'd)

*Now I know why you're so afraid of doctors! 'Cuz you're a fucking psycho!*

81

INT. TREVOR'S CAR (MOVING). NIGHT

81

Trevor angrily clutches the wheel.

STEVIE (VO)

*My ex, the fucking psycho...*

*FLASHBACK - Stevie and Trevor in bed. She answers her ex's call. Only now we see IVAN grinning on the OTHER LINE! He's on a payphone at the Boiler Room.*

STEVIE (VO) (cont'd)

*...fucking psycho...*

*FLASHBACK - Trevor's POV THRU PEEPHOLE of Stevie embracing her "john." Only now it's IVAN! He approaches the peephole in a grinning FISH-EYED CLOSE UP.*

STEVIE (VO) (cont'd)

*...psycho...*

*FLASHBACK - The MYSTERY PASSENGER in the back of Ivan's GTO. Now we see it's STEVIE! Laughing at Trevor.*

82 EXT. AIRPORT. NIGHT

82

Trevor pulls up and stops in a passenger loading zone. He puts on his HAZARD LIGHTS and hurries inside the terminal.

83 INT. AIRPORT COFFEE SHOP. NIGHT

83

Trevor hurries inside. There's no sign of Marie, nor any other waitress. He sits at the counter. Scared.

A WAITRESS (50s) steps out from the kitchen. Hefty. Bitter. She sees Trevor, pours him a cup of coffee.

WAITRESS  
Apple or blueberry?

TREVOR  
Excuse me?

She's impatient. She turns to the pie display, takes out a pre-cut slice of stale apple pie, sets it before him. It's wrapped in cellophane.

TREVOR (cont'd)  
Where is she?

WAITRESS  
My. You're chatty tonight.

TREVOR  
Where's Marie?

WAITRESS  
Who?

TREVOR  
You know who. Marie. *My waitress.*

She stares at him blankly.

WAITRESS  
I'm your waitress---

TREVOR  
*Bullshit!*

Terse outburst. The waitress steps back. Scared. Trevor looks doomed. He looks around the diner. Other customers stare at him.

He looks at the DIGITAL CLOCKS. Now they work fine.

TREVOR (cont'd)

What's going on here? I've never seen you before.

WAITRESS

What are you talking about? You come in here every night -- sitting in the same stool -- staring at your coffee.

Trevor is losing it.

WAITRESS (cont'd)

To be honest with you, I thought you were a mute.

TREVOR

I want to see Marie.

WAITRESS

Mister. There is no Marie. Not in this establishment.

Trevor rises from his stool, backs away. Is she mocking him?

TREVOR

What? Is everybody in on it? Let's have a laugh on Trevor, is that it?

He tries to LAUGH. It doesn't come out right. Everyone's watching him. He turns to the Waitress.

TREVOR (cont'd)

Whatever Ivan's paying you, he's wasting his money.

WAITRESS

Go home, buddy. Get some rest.

Trevor backs away. Everything seems slightly ASKEW. The waitress. The customers. Trevor hurries away.

INT. AIRLINE TICKET COUNTER. MOMENTS LATER

Trevor steps up to the counter. He's having a panic attack. The smiling TICKET AGENT sees this and stops smiling.

TREVOR

I'd like to buy a ticket.

TICKET AGENT

Where to?

TREVOR  
Anywhere but here.

TICKET AGENT  
I'll be happy to help you, sir.  
But first I'll need a destination---

Trevor looks away, sees a PAIR OF SECURITY AGENTS running his way. Trevor bolts, leaving the Ticket Agent confused.

ANOTHER ANGLE - TERMINAL

Trevor hurries through the crowd in a full-blown panic. His heart thumps wildly. *B-bump! B-bump!*

Security Agents pursue him in the b.g.

Trevor moves faster. The terminal seems eternal. He appears to be running in place. *B-bump! B-bump! B-bump!*

The Security Agents close ground. They're on his heels.

*B-bump-b-bump-b-bump!*

Trevor looks back as the Security Agents catch up and RACE PAST HIM. They hurry on toward some disturbance ahead.

Trevor slows down. He sees the disturbance. A pregnant woman sits on the floor. She's going into labor.

Trevor looks around. Gate 23. Gate 24. Gate 25.

Where's the exit? It's all a swirling mass of strange faces and scornful eyes. On Trevor's fright, we

85

INT. TREVOR'S CAR (MOVING). NIGHT

85

Trevor is just leaving the AIRPORT. He puts a cigarette in his mouth, pushes in the car lighter, waits...

The lighter POPS out. Trevor is about to light his cigarette, but STOPS. He sees something up ahead.

THE '65 GTO

Ivan and his MYSTERY PASSENGER. Is it really Stevie?

86

INT./EXT. VARIOUS STREETS. MOMENTS LATER

86

Trevor follows the GTO from afar. Where are they going? He watches as the GTO pulls up and parks before

TREVOR'S APARTMENT BUILDING!

Trevor pulls over at a distance, watching them.

Ivan steps out of the GTO, unaware that he's being watched.

TREVOR  
(wry aside)  
Don't forget your Post Its.

His PASSENGER remains seated. Trevor shakes his head sadly.

TREVOR (cont'd)  
Christ, Stevie. How could you?

Ivan steps to the passenger side...opens the door...and out steps his mysterious passenger.

*NICHOLAS!*

Trevor's jaw drops.

Nicholas is nervous. Disoriented. Ivan takes his hand and leads him inside Trevor's tenement.

CLOSE ON TREVOR

Utterly dumbfounded.

87 INT. STAIRWAY. TREVOR'S BUILDING. MOMENTS LATER 87

Trevor takes the steps two at a time. Mrs. Shrike peers out at him sternly through the chained-door.

88 EXT./INT. TREVOR'S APARTMENT. NIGHT 88

The door is ajar. Trevor enters. The LANTERNS are ON. We see the disarray. Emptied drawers. Clothing strewn across the floor and the furnishings. Cockroaches climb the walls. The place has taken on the character of a serial killer's.

Trevor moves cautiously, peering blindly into darkness.

TREVOR  
Nicholas...?

Then he HEARS it. A RUNNING FAUCET. It's coming from...

THE BATHROOM

The door is ajar. Lantern light GLOWS inside.

ANGLE ON TREVOR

Approaching.

ANGLE ON BATHROOM

Someone's SHADOW moves across the wall inside.

TREVOR

nudges the door. It CREAKS open.....

INSIDE BATHROOM

Ivan is casually shaving before the mirror, illuminated by eerie lantern-light.

IVAN

You should pay your utility bills,  
Cowboy. Ever try shaving in the  
dark?

Trevor stands in the doorway.

TREVOR

What have you done with Nicholas?

IVAN

(laughing)

What have *I* done with Nicholas?

Ivan continues to shave. He's using a STRAIGHT-RAZOR.

Trevor takes a step inside. The bathtub is ominously draped by a shower curtain. Trevor stares at it.

TREVOR

Nicky...?

IVAN

He can't hear you now, pal.

Trevor turns stone cold.

IVAN (cont'd)

Come off it. You know he's dead.

Trevor is speechless. Ivan nods knowingly.

IVAN (cont'd)

Yep. Dead and buried in worms.

Ivan LAUGHS. He continues to shave.

IVAN (cont'd)

You ought to see someone about that  
faulty memory, pal. Might make  
your life a little easier.

Trevor trembles. He slowly approaches Ivan, wary of that  
STRAIGHT-EDGE RAZOR.

IVAN (cont'd)

By the way, I love the little notes  
you leave yourself.

He indicates a Post-it note on bathroom wall: "Buy bleach!"

IVAN (cont'd)

The one on the refrigerator just  
kills me---

Just then, Trevor grabs Ivan's wrist and forces the straight-  
razor to his throat.

IVAN (cont'd)

(straining)

Hey! Where's your hospitality,  
partner?

The razor falls. The two men scramble for it, their arms and  
legs interlocking like two mating crabs.

IVAN (cont'd)

Sure hope no one walks in on us.  
Might get the wrong idea.

Ivan gouges Trevor's eyes. Both men crawl as one, scuttling  
across the floor toward the razor. They reach for the razor.  
Ivan gets it and slashes Trevor's face, splitting his cheek.

Trevor backs away. As Ivan tries to stand, Trevor lunges at  
him, knocks him flat. The RAZOR PUNCTURES IVAN'S THROAT and  
slides in all the way up to the handle.

Blood PULSES across the room.

Ivan tries to speak, but only blood comes out. Trevor holds  
him down as Ivan's body starts to convulse. The PULSING  
BLOOD becomes weaker and weaker. Finally, it STOPS.

Trevor rolls off of Ivan. He stares up at the ceiling,  
struggling for breath. He looks over at Ivan. Dead eyes  
stare back at him.

Trevor sits up, still breathing hard, eyes wild with fear.

**THE CURTAINED TUB**

Ominous. Trevor approaches with dread...reaches for the curtain...slides it back to reveal...

**THE BATHTUB**

Empty. Sterile. The chrome drain gleams.

**CLOSE ON IVAN**

as the razor is **PLUCKED** from his throat.

89

**INT. KITCHEN. MOMENTS LATER**

89

More **LANTERNS ILLUMINATE** the horrid squalor. Ants. Roaches. Mildew. Trevor enters, holding the **BLOODY RAZOR**. He looks at

**THE REFRIGERATOR**

It's streaked red from whatever had defrosted in the freezer. An ominous pool of reddish muck has congealed on the floor.

Trevor gravely approaches the filthy fridge. Whatever's in the freezer, it isn't pretty. We sense the stench of death.

There's another **HANGMAN POST IT** on the door: "I L L E R".

Trevor reaches for the freezer door, opens it slowly. It's like opening a casket... Just then a

**RANCID TUNA STEAK**

plops out and lands at his feet with a **SPLAT**. It's **MAGGOT-RIDDEN**. **LARVAE** bustle beneath the cellophane packaging.

**CLOSE ON TREVOR**

The stench hits him full-force. He gags.

**CUT TO:**

90

**CLOSE ON CARPET**

90

as Trevor cuts it along the baseboard with the **STRAIGHT-RAZOR**. He pulls the carpet up from it's tack-board.

91

**INT. TREVOR'S APARTMENT. LATER**

91

Trevor stands by the window, smoking a cigarette. He turns from the window, looks down at the

CARPET ROLL

on the floor. Ivan's BARE FEET are sticking out.

92

INT. STAIRWAY. MOMENTS LATER

92

Trevor struggles down the stairs with the heavy carpet roll on his shoulder. He hoists the flaccid weight higher upon his shoulder and *falls...*

Trevor rolls halfway down the stairs. The carpet roll tumbles down after him, landing directly upon him.

Ivan's TOE-LESS FOOT is in Trevor's face.

MRS. SHRIKE (OS)

Mr. Reznik? Is that you?

Trevor looks up at Mrs. Shrike. She leans over the banister, straining to see without her glasses

MRS. SHRIKE (cont'd)

What're you up to now, Mr. Reznik?

HOLD on Trevor. Frightened.

93

INT. TREVOR'S CAR (MOVING). NIGHT

93

Trevor drives. He's a nervous wreck.

94

EXT. BEHIND THE BAIT SHOP. NIGHT

94

Trevor pushes the carpet roll beneath the handrailing and kicks it over the dock's edge.

The carpet rolls down the rocks and STOPS.

Trevor limbs down onto the rocks. He shoves the carpet. This time it rolls down below and, as it UNFURLS, we see that the carpet is EMPTY!

Ivan is GONE!

CLOSE ON TREVOR

His face a taut mask of mindbending horror.

A FLASHLIGHT'S BEAM suddenly finds the back of his head. He turns in shock, face flooded with HARD LIGHT.

A SHADOWY FIGURE

stands above at the railing. We DON'T SEE his face.

SECURITY GUARD

Who are you?

CLOSE ON TREVOR.

Scared speechless. Cheek oozing blood.

ANGLE ON SHADOWY FIGURE

He points the FLASHLIGHT UP at his own face. It's IVAN.

IVAN

Can't sweep me under the rug,  
cowboy.

Ivan LAUGHS. His whole body convulses with hilarity.

95

INT. TREVOR'S BATHROOM. PRE-DAWN

95

SCALDING HOT WATER pours from the faucet, turning Trevor's hands pink and raw like two boiled hams.

We see "Ivan's" flashlight on the sink.

Trevor looks up in the mirror. *IVAN STARES BACK!*

TREVOR

I know who you are.

SMASH CUT TO:

96

INT. THE '65 GTO (MOVING SHOT). DAY. (FLASHBACK)

96

*Trevor sits behind the wheel...puts a cigarette in his mouth...presses the CAR LIGHTER...waits...We see a radio-clock...1:30.*

TREVOR (VO)

(distant)

...I know who you are...

*The lighter POPS out...Trevor fumbles for it...looks down at it...pulls it out...looks up too late at...a RED LIGHT...CAMERA TILTS DOWN from the signal as MARIE crosses the street, carrying groceries...NICHOLAS stops behind her to retrieve an ORANGE that fell from her bag...he looks up at the CAMERA, holding an ORANGE...Trevor SCREAMS as the car THUMP-THUMPS over something unseen... MORE SCREAMS are heard...Trevor pulls over...looks up in the REARVIEW MIRROR...sees MARIE running to NICHOLAS, groceries flying...*

*TREVOR (VO) (cont'd)*  
*(more distant)*

*.....I know who you are.....*

*Trevor gets out of the GTO...walks in shock toward the scene. We see the MUSHROOM-SHAPED WATERTOWER in b.g. MARIE cradles NICHOLAS, her face a mask of the most unspeakable pain imaginable...Trevor, unable to face the horror, runs back to his car and speeds away...*

97 INT. TREVOR'S BATHROOM. CONTINUATION 97

Trevor sits on the toilet, bawling his eyes out, his body a quivering mass of grief.

CUT TO:

98 INT. TREVOR'S KITCHEN. DAWN. OPEN ON POST-IT NOTE 98

on the freezer door: "I L L E R". Trevor calmly fills in the blank.

"K I L L E R".

He adds an ARM. Now the HANGED MAN is complete.

99 EXT. CEMETERY. MORNING 99

Trevor kneels beside the grave. It's BUZZING with gnats. Decayed flowers obscure the name on the marker. Reluctantly, he clears them aside to reveal the dates and epitaph:

BORN 1998 - DIED 2004

"You Will Always Be Remembered"

CLOSE ON TREVOR

Mournful.

WOMAN (O.S.)

Excuse me.

He looks up at A WOMAN IN BLACK, standing against the blinding sun. We can't see her face.

WOMAN (cont'd)

Who are you?

Trevor rises to meet her. In this light we see it's MARIE. Only now she looks haggard. Aged by grief.

MARIE

What are you doing by my son's grave?

It's obvious she DOES NOT KNOW this man. Trevor tries to speak, but can't. He looks over at

THE MAINTENANCE CREW

Working on a nearby tomb. A worker starts his JACK-HAMMER.

ANGLE ON MARIE

Whatever she's saying is lost in the JACK-HAMMER NOISE.

ANGLE ON TREVOR

Answering her. We CAN'T HEAR HIM either.

MARIE

Whatever she heard, it doesn't go down well. She starts SCREAMING. She lashes at him, clawing his face, tearing his clothes. He makes no attempt to stop her. His penance.

Trevor looks over at the MAINTENANCE CREW and sees

IVAN

leaning against a nearby crypt, shaking his head sadly at Trevor. He drags a finger across his throat and LAUGHS.

CLOSE ON TREVOR

He's seen that gesture before, yet now he knows what it means. And as he receives Marie's blows, we

CUT TO:

100

INT. TREVOR'S APARTMENT. OPEN ON DUCT TAPE

100

being stretched across a moving box.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Trevor is packing his apartment. Everything has been neatly BOXED UP. The place is bare and tidy. Order restored.

Wherever he's going, he seems to be in a hurry. Mrs. Shrike thinks so. She watches from the door.

MRS. SHRIKE

Going somewhere, Mr. Reznik?

TREVOR

Yes, Mrs. Shrike. I'm moving.

MRS. SHRIKE

I didn't receive notice.

This intrusion doesn't do much for his frayed nerves.

TREVOR

It wasn't planned. Something came up.

MRS. SHRIKE

Mr. Reznik, your lease requires you to give 30 days notice in writing---

TREVOR

Like I said, Mrs. Shrike, this was totally unexpected. If it's any consolation, you can keep my security deposit. I won't be needing it anyway.

He finishes stacking his moving boxes. She's taken aback.

MRS. SHRIKE

Really, Mr. Reznik. You used to be such a good tenant. What happened to you?

Trevor goes to the window, looks down at

HIS CAR

Ivan leans against the driver's side door, smoking a cigarette. He smiles at Trevor, shakes his head sadly.

CLOSE ON TREVOR

Watching nervously. He wipes sweat from his brow.

MRS. SHRIKE (O.S.)

Oh. Isn't that pretty?

He turns from the window, sees Mrs. Shrike poking through his things. She holds a CRYSTAL FRUIT BOWL, just like Marie's.

MRS. SHRIKE

Would you care to sell it?

TREVOR

No. I've made arrangements to donate this stuff. A truck will be coming by this afternoon.

He puts the bowl back in the box, right beside an OLD VICTOROLA PHONOGRAPH -- also like Marie's!

MRS. SHRIKE

Well if you're just going to give it away...

Trevor shuts the box, then shuttles her toward the door.

TREVOR

If you'll excuse me, Mrs. Shrike. I'm in a bit of a hurry.

His haste isn't lost on her.

MRS. SHRIKE

Are you in some kind of troub---

Too late. Trevor shuts the door on her.

INT. TREVOR'S KITCHEN. MOMENTS LATER

Clean floors. Scrubbed counters. Order restored.

The refrigerator door is open. Airing out. Trevor removes an old sponge and some bleach from inside. He trashes them.

Something occurs to him. He turns around and shuts the refrigerator door...slowly...as if expecting another Post It.

This time there's nothing but CLEAN WHITE SURFACE.

101

INT. TREVOR'S CAR (MOVING). DAY

101

Trevor speeds along. There's a LARGE SUITCASE beside him. He's approaching a SIGN where the ROAD FORKS AHEAD. To the LEFT is a sign marked: DOWNTOWN. To the LEFT: AIRPORT.

IVAN (O.S.)

Which way, Cowboy?

Trevor looks in the REARVIEW, sees Ivan in back.

INT. UNDISCLOSED LOCATION. DAY

Trevor carries his suitcase through a crowd. Is he in the Airport Terminal? We HEAR A MUTED VOICE ON A P.A. SYSTEM.

Trevor looks back. Through the

PLATE GLASS WINDOWS

we see Ivan standing outside, smoking, watching Trevor.

TREVOR

approaches a COUNTER. He's so fatigued he can barely keep his eyes open. He sets down his SUITCASE, looks up at

THE DESK SERGEANT

We've seen him before. And he has seen Trevor.

TREVOR

I'd like to report a hit-and-run.

Trevor looks back at the

PLATE GLASS WINDOWS

Ivan is gone.

104

INT. HOLDING CELLS. MOMENTS LATER

104

The Detective and Young Policeman lead Trevor toward a cell. They hold him by each arm, less of a custody measure than an attempt to keep him awake and up on his feet. He's put in a

HOLDING CELL

Trevor sits on a cot. The Detective stands before him.

DETECTIVE

We'll need to record your statement.

TREVOR

Tomorrow. Right now I want to sleep. I just want to sleep.

Trevor lies down and shuts his eyes. The Detective walks away, past the Young Policeman. He lingers at the cell door, reading a CASE FILE.

YOUNG POLICEMAN

Strange. It was exactly a year ago today that you killed that kid.

Trevor opens his eyes, looks at the Young Policeman.

YOUNG POLICEMAN (cont'd)  
You didn't know him, did you?

A haunting question. Trevor considers it.

TREVOR

No.

Trevor shuts his eyes. As he drifts off we

DISSOLVE TO:

105

*INT. GTO. (MOVING). DAY. (FLASHBACK)*

105

*Trevor speeds through the TUNNEL at 100 mph. This is the immediate aftermath of the accident.*

*Overhead tunnel LIGHTS start to STROBE on his harried face.*

MARIE (VO)

*Trevor...it's not your fault...*

*SERIES OF STROBE-LIKE CLOSE UPS*

*With each successive SHOT, we see the TRANSFORMATION...the angst recedes...the memory fades...the tension melts away into calm.*

MARIE (VO) (cont'd)

*He won't even remember it. It'll be as if nothing ever happened...*

*CLOSE ON TREVOR*

*As the GTO emerges from the TUNNEL, into the BLINDING SUNLIGHT.*

*Trevor stares ahead, face blank as wax, driving along as if nothing ever happened.*

FADE TO BLACK.