

TRADE

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THE SCREEN IS BLACK.

The SOUND of a light crackling fire. Embers slowly emerge from the bottom right corner of the frame.

TITLE CARD: TRADE

The crackling SOUND begins to fade but the embers become more frequent. As they cluster together the embers light up the screen, but no flames are present.

The CRACKLING fades. The crack and sizzle is now replaced by the sound of a normal, healthy heartbeat. Thump-thump, thump-thump, thump-thump.

The heartbeat continues to beat LOUDLY until the sound of someone snorting a line of cocaine creeps in.

The fiery embers now appear at a high and fast frequency, meshing with the sound of the heartbeat that begins to beat FASTER AND FASTER with irregularity. Thump-thump, thump-thump, thump-thump, thump--

--something isn't right.

CUT TO:

INT. TODD'S BEDROOM - CHICAGO

CLOSE SHOT

TODD SIMONE'S eyes fly open in panic. We'll meet the rest of him later.

CUT TO:

INT. CULT CHURCH

From the back of the room, through the POV of an unknown person, we watch and observe as slightly blurred vision becomes crisp and clear --

The room is WHITE. The pews are WHITE. Twenty to thirty parishioners are dressed in crisp WHITE clothing. They sit motionless staring ahead at the CULT LEADER (PAPPY), an average looking man in his 40's, wearing a long white cloak.

Pappy stands behind an odd-looking alter, facing away from the parishioners. Silence spans the church as he raises his arms for the parishioners to rise from their seats. All at once they rise, obeying the silent command of their master.

After a moment, the cult leader lowers his arms and all the parishioners sit down again. All but one.

A WOMAN (CAMILLE), dressed in black, remains standing. She begins to turn but before her face is seen...

CUT TO:

INT. BLACKBOX THEATER

The room is dim, the only light coming from an old-fashioned movie projector as it shines light over TODD SIMONE'S, late 20's, dark and handsome, shoulders. He wears an expensive but wrinkled suit. His hair is disheveled and he looks a little worse for wear.

CAMERA FOCUSES ON TODD

as he sits in a plush red velvet chair watching the movie, eating popcorn and sipping on a glass of scotch. With a smile, Todd places the glass of scotch on a side table, keeping his intoxicating gaze on what's in front of him.

Todd's smile becomes joyful laughter for a moment but then takes a sinister turn.

CAMERA PANS FROM TODD TO REVEAL

a black and white film projected on the wall - a 1940's water ballet.

But standing in front of the screen is a supermodel-type YOUNG WOMAN, early 20's, wearing a sheer-laced bra and skimpy underwear. She covers her face, protecting herself from the bright light of the movie projector. The action of the movie plays on top of her until...

The movie abruptly ends and the SOUND of spinning film tape can be heard in the background. The Young Woman is now lit only by the light from the projector.

SUDDENLY, MAN #1 and MAN #2, wearing monocles and lab coats, hurriedly approach the Young Woman. They pull out black markers and draw on her just like a plastic surgeon would in a pre-surgery consult. The Young Woman begins to cry in her hands.

WE CUT BACK AND FORTH

between Todd laughing at the Young Woman as she's marked up by the two men, and the men drawing random dotted lines and marks all over her body until she's almost entirely covered in marker.

Todd reaches for his glass of scotch.

CUT TO:

INT. TODD'S CHILDHOOD HOME - DINING ROOM

The room is dimly lit.

CLOSE SHOT

TODD'S FATHER, 45, a handsome, brooding man, picks up a glass of scotch on the rocks. He gives the glass a rattle, shaking off a fruit fly.

CAMERA PANS

down a long dining room table covered in decayed meats and rotting side dishes.

CUT TO:

EXT. HANGLEY HIGH SCHOOL - TRACK

YOUNG TODD, 16, runs as fast as he can around the track in a HHS Track and Field uniform. The finish line is visible from a distance.

Todd's father is at the finish line, sitting at the large dining room table still covered in the moldy food. He sips his scotch, oblivious to his surroundings as the scene is all in Todd's head.

CUT TO:

INT. TODD'S LIVING ROOM - CHICAGO

Todd sits on a hardwood floor carefully cutting up nude photos of women that he took himself. He's crying as he cuts them into tiny, almost miniscule pieces that cover the floor like a blanket.

CLOSE SHOT

as he continues to cut the photos, the photos begin to bleed with each slice and blood covers his fingers. At first Todd doesn't notice, but then suddenly his eyes widen with realization and he opens his mouth to scream.

The sound that escapes his voice isn't his, it's the SOUND of a female opera singer at the climax of a song.

CUT TO:

INT. TODD'S BEDROOM - CHICAGO

The SOUND of the opera song continues. Todd is sweatily banging the hell out of a beautiful REDHEAD, early 20's, from behind. He pulls out to cum and flips her over. Her hair lands in her face.

SLOW MO

Redhead's hair slides off her face and reveals burn scars. At the exact moment Todd's semen lands on her face.

CUT TO:

INT. GOLDMAN BROTHERS TRADING - CHICAGO - MAIN OFFICE

Several of Todd's co-workers wear suits and stand at desks staring at computer monitors. They chant loudly, guttural.

MEN

HA, HA, HO! HA, HA, HO! HA, HA, HO!
HA, HA, HO!

The monitors go black.

JONAS GOLDMAN, 45, a handsome man with salt and pepper hair, and a year round tan, walks up to a large gold bell in the center of the room. He rings the bell.

GOLDMAN

SOLD!

THEY ALL CHEER.

INT. HIGH LOUNGE

Todd, JACK, late 20's, good-looking boy next door type with a touch of sleaze, and co-workers as they snort lines of coke simultaneously off a large table topped with a mirror. They look up at each other with energetic smiles that abruptly disappear when they realize they are all bleeding from the nose.

CAMERA PANS IN A MERRY-GO ROUND SHOT

the blood from their nose lands on the camera lens as we continue to spin, faster and faster until STOP! A hand smears the blood on the camera lens to reveal a FIVE-YEAR-OLD TODD looking innocently into the lens.

He waves and mouths, "hi mom!" with big smiles.

QUICK CUT TO:

INT. BLACKBOX THEATER

Todd sits naked in a spinning chair bound and gagged - leather fetish style. Four BLACK WOMEN in full dominatrix gear surround him, laughing and pointing at his penis as he spins.

CUT TO:

INT. TODD'S BEDROOM - AMSTERDAM

Todd lies in his bed next to his girlfriend JENNIFER, early 20's. Jennifer has the body of a model but her hair covers her face. They are both asleep.

CLOSE SHOT

suddenly Todd's eyes POP open. He stares at the ceiling. Something isn't right.

ABOVE

the dead body of a morbidly obese man partially covers the large skylight of the rooftop terrace. Todd jumps out of bed.

EXT. TODD'S TERRACE - AMSTERDAM

Todd walks onto the rooftop terrace. The body is gone. In its place is a picnic table. A bloody rat barely breathing lies underneath it. Todd cringes.

The LOUD SOUND of Todd's racing heartbeat is heard.

TODD (V.O.) (O.C.)

I am being held as a prisoner.
Demand the release of your son.
Demand the release of your brother.
Demand the release of your friend.
Demand the release of your partner.

CUT TO:

INT. DR. JANICE'S OFFICE - AMSTERDAM

Todd lies on a leather couch, wearing a patient robe that one might wear in a hospital.

DR. JANICE HELBRUN, 39, is sharply dressed in a black suit with appropriate black heels. She is average looking and a little over weight. Her legs are chunky but the shoes help.

DR. JANICE
How does it make you feel when you
read that out loud?

TODD
Legit. Proud. Strong.
(beat)
You want more? 'Cause I got more.

DR. JANICE
I want to talk about Camille.

SOUND of trance music fades in. Dr. Janice slides her hand down her leg sensually. Todd smiles. As Dr. Janice brings her hand back up her leg a new, younger, slimmer leg is revealed.

Dr. Janice is now a 22 year old BRUNETTE BOMBSHELL. She leans in close to Todd as the music gets LOUDER.

TODD
You wanna talk about Camille?

DR. JANICE
(sexually charged)
Yeah. I wanna talk about Camille.

TODD TURNS AND LOOKS DIRECTLY AT THE CAMERA

TODD
Hey, she wants to talk about
Camille.

Todd winks.

CAMERA PANS TO DR. JANICE AS

she moans with pleasure as she fully fingers herself. She's almost there. Closer, closer and then...

Todd reaches in and grabs her wrists, assists with her masturbation.

HE LOOKS DIRECTLY AT THE CAMERA

TODD (CONT'D)
And this is where the story begins.

He turns back to Dr. Janice. The music gets LOUDER as she gets closer to climax.

DR. JANICE
Yeah. I wanna fucking talk about Camille.

TODD
You wanna fucking talk about her?
Wadda' ya' wanna know?

DR. JANICE
(close to climax)
What did she look like?

TODD
She had dark hair like you.
(beat)
Whore hair.

DR. JANICE
Uhhhhh. Fuuuuuck. Yes.

The music becomes deafening until it finally drowns out their banter. Dr. Janice cums. Hard.

SILENCE.

CUT TO:

EXT. TODD'S ROOFTOP - CHICAGO

Todd steps onto the roof and lights a cigarette. He notices a young woman, CAMILLE, 23, staring off over the rooftop, looking down at the street below.

Just as Todd approaches her, Camille turns around. He remains cool, but can't deny that this girl is a jaw dropping, calculating and coy HEAD TURNER. She's sexy as hell and there's a darkness about her that flawlessly matches her dark, silky hair.

Without hesitation, Camille makes conversation.

CAMILLE
I like your car.

TODD
(laughs)
You do, do you? Which one is mine?

CAMILLE
The matte black BMW 135 I "M
Series" with red leather interior.

TODD
You know your cars.

CAMILLE
(winks)
Just the good ones.

TODD
What's my name?

CAMILLE
I'm good but I'm not that good.

TODD
It's Todd.

CAMILLE
Figures.

TODD
Ouch.

CAMILLE
Come on, a car like that and your
name is Todd? I don't think it's
too hard to put the rest of the
pieces together, sweetheart.

TODD
Sweetheart? Aren't you a little
young to be throwin' that around?

CAMILLE
(laughs)
I actually don't think I've ever
said it before. It kind of just
came out. So much for appearances.

TODD
So.....

CAMILLE
So what?

TODD
What's your name sweetheart? See,
it just sounds better coming from
me.

CAMILLE
You're cute. Camille. My name's
Camille.

TODD
I like that. It's pretty.
(beat)
So are you new to the building?

CAMILLE
Oh I could never afford anything
here. I'm just house sitting for
some friends, getting their mail
and stuff.

TODD
Cool.

CAMILLE
They actually live right across
from you.

TODD
(surprised)
Really? I've never met them. How
did you know...

CAMILLE
I've seen you around.
(beat)
I'm cold. Are you cold?

CUT TO:

INT. ARKIN INSTITUTE - TODD'S ROOM - AMSTERDAM

There's complete silence until the SOUND of scratching creeps
in.

CLOSE SHOT

Todd scratches violently at the white paint on the wall with
his right index finger. He's focused and his face becomes
angry when, CRACK! Half his nail cracks off and blood drips
down the otherwise pristine white wall.

CUT TO:

INT. TODD'S LIVING ROOM - CHICAGO

Todd pours Camille a vodka and himself a scotch. As he holds Camille's glass in one hand and his in the other, he notices a fruit fly on the edge of the glass. The ice cubes jiggle as he shakes it off.

Camille glances at the explicit sexual photographs displayed on the wall. She's intrigued.

CAMILLE

So are you quite the photographer?
Or do you know quite the
photographer?

TODD

I took most of them, yes. With
consent of course.

CAMILLE

Of course.
(beat)
HMMMMMM...

TODD

What?

CAMILLE

What if I said I didn't want you to
take my picture?

Todd takes a sip of his drink.

TODD

Then I guess I wouldn't take it.

CAMILLE

I mean with a name like Todd,
clearly you must be a gentleman.

Camille looks to the photos and giggles a bit. She looks back to Todd.

CAMILLE (CONT'D)

What if I said I didn't want you to
photograph me but I did want you to
fuck me?

TODD

Sweetheart, ya' haven't even
touched your drink.

Camille grabs the glass from Todd and downs it.

TODD (CONT'D)
Good girl.

CAMILLE
Not really.

CUT TO:

INT. ASHLEY KING'S BEDROOM

TEENAGE TODD stands directly in front of ASHLEY KING, 15, a beautiful girl next door type. They stand in front of Ashley's bed, innocently looking at one another.

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL

Todd stands with his pants and underwear around his ankles. He steps out of his underwear and lies Ashley down onto the bed, awkwardly pulling her pants all the way off before climbing on top of her.

ASHLEY
You can do it, but hurry. I have to finish my paper on the necessary elements of the ecosystem.

TODD
Uh, ok.

ASHLEY
Ugh...here...

Ashley grabs Todd's penis and inserts it in herself.

TODD
Whoa.

Ashley grabs Todd and thrusts him in and out of her. Suddenly, a look of pain surfaces on Ashley's face and she scoots back, pulling herself away from his penis.

TODD (CONT'D)
What the...?

Todd looks down and sees blood on Ashley's leg. He looks at his fingers and notices they are bloody, too.

ASHLEY
YOU NEED TO LEAVE!

Todd gets up, grabs his pants and runs out of the room.

FREEZE FRAME

Todd's grand exit from Ashley's room is FROZEN on screen like an old photo, focusing on his darkly humourous facial expression. Just as it FREEZES, the photo wrinkles and moves like fabric, as if it were a bed sheet.

Slowly the image morphs and is transferred onto a bed sheet under which Todd and Camille are wildly fucking.

She rides him fast and hard, she moans loudly as he grabs and pulls her hair, forcing her back down to him. The black bed sheets shift and fall from their naked bodies.

Todd pulls out, gets on top of her and reenters without hesitation.

CLOSER

the fuck becomes more VIOLENT with each thrust. Todd clenches Camille's throat with his hand. He squeezes harder and harder until she gasps for air. She's aroused, loving every moment of her intended struggle.

CUT TO:

INT. TODD'S BEDROOM - CHICAGO - LATER

ABOVE SHOT

of Camille and Todd as they lie on their backs in bed. They are drenched with sweat, still catching their breath.

CAMILLE

That was good.

She looks over at Todd.

TODD

Good?!

(mumbling)

Well that's never good.

CAMILLE

No! I mean it was way better than I thought it was going to be. But in a good way.

TODD

For fuck's sake woman! That's worse.

CAMILLE

No I just mean, you know you could stand to lose a few but you impressed me.

TODD

What?!

CAMILLE

(laughing)

I'm sorry. Sometimes shit just slips out. I was kidding. Or was I?

(beat)

But seriously you have a great cock.

TODD

(smiles)

Thanks.

CAMILLE

Now I just lied to make you feel better. Or did I? I should probably just shut up.

(beat)

Do you think you could fuck me again--

And just like that, Todd is on top of Camille. He flips her onto her stomach, pulls her hair back.

TODD

You said *whatever* I want right?

CAMILLE

(excited)

Did I stutter?

Todd grips Camille's hair for leverage and begins to fuck her from behind. Camille moans with pleasure and soon, Todd's sexual groan fuses with hers...

CAMERA PANS FROM THE BEDROOM

and moves through Todd's kitchen, hallway, bathroom, living room, taking us on a sexual tour of his apartment, of Todd banging a bunch of faceless women throughout his loft. Room by room, faster and faster.

TODD (V.O.)

I only have two rules. One, everything...

ON THE COUCH

Todd, with coke residue on his nose, bangs a young woman with large breasts. He pulls out, ejaculates in her face.

TODD (V.O.)
...is always consensual.

HALLWAY

Todd kneels above a woman wearing leather and black stiletto heels. He releases his load onto her back.

TODD (V.O.)
And number two...

ANOTHER LOAD, ejaculating on a woman on the kitchen island. And another. Faster and faster, load after load...

TODD (V.O.)
...if I make you cum, I get to take
your picture.

CAMERA MOVES FASTER THROUGH TODD'S APARTMENT UNTIL

we are back to Camille and Todd. They are fucking like animals. Camille rides him fast and hard, moans loudly as she's overcome with orgasmic pleasure.

Wet. Hot. Filthy. Sex.

CAMILLE
Take. Your. Picture.

While she rides him Todd holds an old fashioned camera with a large bulb-flash. He focuses on her perched lips and hard nipples, and pulls the camera's chord, taking her photo during final climax.

FLASH! POP! The light bursts and blinds the screen before leaving us with the sound of shattering glass.

INT. TODD'S BEDROOM - CHICAGO - DAWN

The morning sun peers through the large windows, lighting up the bedroom almost entirely. Todd is lying in bed on his stomach, still naked and asleep. Camille is quietly getting dressed, grabs her heels and leaves.

BEEP! BEEP! BEEP! The alarm on Todd's phone goes off. The clock reads: 7:11am.

Todd groans and presses snooze. He puts his arm out to feel for Camille, but there's nothing there but an empty pillow.

He turns to see that she is gone but there's a handwritten note that reads: "A lil harder next time. C".

INT. TODD'S KITCHEN - CHICAGO

Todd slices an orange into segments with a razor sharp knife. He puts the knife down, grabs a segment of the orange and places it in his mouth, with the peel visible.

Todd walks out of the kitchen.

CLOSE SHOT

the rest of the orange on the counter. The knife is missing.

INT. TODD'S BATHROOM - CHICAGO

Todd looks in the mirror as he sucks on the orange. He smiles to reveal the peel. The peel now has a bright green dollar sign in the middle of it. Todd takes the orange segment out of his mouth and looks at it - the dollar sign has vanished.

Todd looks in the mirror again. Small dollar sign tattoos cover his face, neck, chest and stomach. He closes his eyes for a moment and when he opens them the tattoos are gone.

Todd eats the orange and tosses the peel in the garbage. It lands on the bloody but still breathing rat from the terrace. The rat gains a BURST of energy and begins chewing at the peel with his razor sharp teeth.

CUT TO:

INT. TODD'S BEDROOM - CHICAGO

Todd is flawlessly dressed. He's finishing the last loop of his tie while looking in the mirror. He smooths his hair, gives himself the once over.

TODD
Lose a few my ass.

INT. TODD'S OUTSIDE HALLWAY - CHICAGO

Todd exits his unit as a LITTLE BOY rides past him and over his foot on a tricycle.

TODD

Damn it!
(calm)
Watch it little dude.

MOTHER (O.S.)

Nicholas! Come back here! Get away
from that man!

TODD

Hey lady, it's okay, really.

MOTHER (O.S.)

Nicholas! NOW!
NIIIIIIIIIIICHOLAS!!!!

Todd looks to the boy's mother but she isn't in the hallway.

TODD

Lady! It's no big--

Todd looks down the end of the hall. The little boy and tricycle have vanished. Todd shrugs his shoulders and walks to the elevator.

AS THE ELEVATORS BEGIN TO CLOSE

the little boy riding his tricycle comes into frame and Todd notices. What the fuck? His eyes widen as he sees the boy supernaturally yanked into a unit along with his tricycle. He disappears.

The elevator door closes just as the SOUND of the unit door is heard slamming shut.

INT. GOLDMAN BROTHERS TRADING - CHICAGO - LATER

Todd walks into to the main office past a dozen RUNNERS working at their large desks at open cubicles. Each desk holds three to four monitors and a few personal items.

MARK, mid 20's, and STEVE, early 30s, acknowledge Todd as he walks past them to his office. Mark smiles at Todd and gives him the "What's up" nod. Todd reciprocates.

STEVE

Morning Todd.

TODD

Hey Steve.

Jack briskly walks up to Todd from behind and follows him into his office.

INT. TODD'S OFFICE - CHICAGO

Todd walks to his desk and sits down as Jack closes the door. Jack stares at Todd as he organizes a few things on his desk and sits down. Jack continues to stare. Todd smirks.

JACK

Alright. You win. Who was she?

TODD

Just a girl.

JACK

I text you that I have three birthday lap dances waiting for you and I don't hear shit and then you walk in here with that "Monica" look and say she was "just a girl."

TODD

There is no "Monica" look.

JACK

Fuck me there's no "Monica" look. It's that same look you had on that ugly mug the morning after you banged her in that alley in Wrigleyville.

Todd pretends to remember the incident.

TODD

Oh you mean that time that I convinced her to lick the dumpster while I was banging her in the ass? That time?

Jack is disgusted.

JACK

Ugh. Dude!

TODD

I swear a fucking white water river came outta' her snatch.

JACK

Whatever, it still grosses me out.

TODD

I didn't know Rolex made halos now. Like you have any room to talk.

JACK
(smiling)
Yeah, but what if she tried to kiss
you with her dumpster mouth.

Todd smiles. Jack starts to laugh.

JACK (CONT'D)
Fuck I wish her name was like Dana
or some shit. Then we could call
her "Dumpster Dana," but
Monica...Whatever she's still hot.

TODD
Doesn't hold a candle to the one
from last night.
(beat)
Camille.

JACK
Camille? Please say she had an
accent.

TODD
No accent. But I took her picture.

JACK
YESSS!

TODD
She asked me to fucking choke her
and shit.

JACK
(Mocking)
Ooh, did you kiss her with tongue
too?

TODD
Fuck you man. It was intense. Don't
be jealous just because you're
marrying Ms. Missionary Illinois.

Jack pretends to be offended. He points his finger at Todd.

JACK
(Over the top)
That's my fiancée man! THAT'S MY
FUCKING FIANCÉE!!!!
(beat, back to normal)
Lounge later?

TODD
What's your excuse tonight?

Jack holds up his finger to Todd in a "wait for it" fashion. He pulls his cell phone out of his pocket and puts it up to his ear. He paces back and forth and speaks quickly.

JACK

Hey hon! Guess who's in town tonight? Those Japanese fuckers. Gonna' have to sit through sushi and bullshit 'til late. Cool if I steal a kiss even if you're sleeping when I get home?

(beat)

Hmmmm. Taupe or Spring Green for the bridesmaid dresses? I just don't know. Spring Green is a bold choice beautiful, but I'm standing hard with the taupe. It'll wash out those crazy girls and really give you a chance to shine!

(beat)

Come on babe, this is your day!

(beat)

Love you too. Don't stress. And you better give Rascal a smooch from Daddy. God, I love that dog. Anyway gotta run. Love you so much.

(beat)

CLICK. VOMIT.

TODD

That is fucked up.

Todd's office phone beeps twice quickly. He presses the call button.

TODD (CONT'D)

(smirking)

Yes Monica...

Jack covers his mouth to keep from laughing.

MONICA

(monotone)

Mr. Goldman wants to see you in his office ASAP.

Todd takes his hand off the button.

TODD

Thank you Monica.

(beat)

Fuck.

CUT TO:

INT. GOLDMAN'S OFFICE

GOLDMAN is GLARING at the monitor.

MONICA, 25, a cool, tall, slender blonde walks into the office and hands Goldman a file. He takes it without looking up at her.

Monica leaves the office, closes the door and runs into Todd as he is about to walk in.

INT. GOLDMAN BROTHERS TRADING - MAIN OFFICE - CHICAGO

MONICA
(bitchy)
Have fun.

Todd smirks at Monica as he opens the door to Goldman's office.

INT. GOLDMAN'S OFFICE

The office is decorated for Hanukkah.

Todd takes a step into the office and finds five Pit Bulls salivating while JEREMY, 40, a lean but toned man with slicked-back hair gives Goldman a blow job.

QUICK CUT BACK AND FORTH

from the dogs' face to Goldman's face, to Jeremy's eyes, faster and faster until we STOP AND FOCUS ON the Pit Bull. A string of white drool falls from his mouth...

SLOW MO as the drool sways and twirls in the air, until it finally hits the floor.

SMASH CUT:

INT. GOLDMAN'S OFFICE

Todd stands in front of Goldman's desk. Goldman leans back in his chair.

GOLDMAN
Simone, you know I love my wife.

TODD
Of course.

GOLDMAN

But do you know why I love my wife?

Todd stays silent. Goldman leans over his desk and looks Todd in the eye.

GOLDMAN (CONT'D)

I love my wife because she serves a purpose.

(beat)

She raises my boys. She runs my home. She knows how I like my steaks and she knows how much starch I like at the dry cleaners.

(beat)

What I'm getting at here is that you Simone, you also serve a purpose.

TODD

Mr. Goldman --

JONAS

(calm)

Stop.

(beat)

I stopped in for a few minutes after a nice round with some of our best clients, one being Danny Donnelly.

(beat)

Danny's a good guy. Can't golf for shit, but he's a good time and loyal.

(beat, raising his voice)

So imagine my dismay when I come in to find that we've lost him just under \$25M?!

TODD

I can explain.

GOLDMAN

(angry)

Oh please, please explain, Simone. Because one hour from now Danny wants me to send him a status report to show him just how fucking much money I make him. So please explain and give me a solution.

TODD

I saw a familiar pattern forming, and I double downed.

(MORE)

TODD (CONT'D)

It was a bad move. I think Steve thought this was his moment to shine and I wanted it to be, but I was wrong. Ultimately the quick fix is to transfer funds for the report, but I'll have the money back by this afternoon.

GOLDMAN

And?

TODD

And what, Sir?

GOLDMAN

Fire Steve. We need to start making examples around here Mr. Simone. Don't make me make an example out of you.

TODD

Steve's instincts are good--

GOLDMAN

Mr. Simone, I don't say things twice. You're lucky this was Donnelly money and not Goldman money

TODD

Yes sir.

CUT TO:

INT. TODD'S OFFICE - CHICAGO

The door of the office is closed, blinds shut.

FAST FORWARD THROUGH

Todd intensely focuses on his computer station, his work. Eyes wide.

CHA-CHING! The SOUND of money.

He empties a pill into his hand, pops it into his mouth, washes it down with coffee.

CHA-CHING!

Todd mock chokes himself.

CHA-CHING!

Todd is on the phone.

CHA-CHING!

CUT TO:

EXT. GOLDMAN BROTHERS TRADING - CHICAGO - LATER

Todd walks to the bathroom. Goldman passes him in the hallway.

GOLDMAN
Well handled Mr. Simone.

INT. MEN'S BATHROOM

Todd walks in and HEARS Jack in one of the stalls jerking off vigorously. Todd heads straight for the sink.

TODD
Jeez, man. Again?

JACK
Shut up man, you're breaking my concentration. I wanna be able to last. Today 19 happens. I know it.

Todd takes a vial out of his pocket and lays out a line of cocaine near the sink. He pulls out a small straw and SNIFF!

TODD
Fuck, I needed that.

IN THE BACKGROUND, Jack climaxes. WE HEAR his semen plops three times into the toilet as he moans - each splash a little higher pitched as the load gets smaller and smaller.

Todd shakes his head, smirks and prepares another line of coke as Jack exits the stall.

JACK
That shit will kill ya my brother.

TODD
Yep.

Todd hands Jack the straw.

JACK
(snorts the line)
That's pretty good shit. Let's get
drunk.

Jack exits the bathroom.

Todd cleans up and puts away his coke tools, and then looks
in the mirror. The lights flicker.

He leans in closer to look at his face, then more
specifically his right eye. He pulls apart his top and bottom
eye lids uncomfortably far apart to get a closer look.

CLOSE SHOT OF TODD'S EYE, then he blinks it shut.

CUT TO:

INT. TODD'S BEDROOM - CHICAGO

We are back to the night before when Todd and Camille are
fucking. She's naked, his hand is around her throat. He looks
at her with every thrust. Both of them are close to climax.

FOCUS ON CAMILLE AS SHE OPENS HER EYES

they are as black as night.

CUT TO:

INT. HIGH LOUNGE

The spot is a class act, a lounge steak-house feel. The place
is packed with men - traders, young lawyers and young
business professionals who make way too much money for their
age.

Confident as ever, Jack enters the lounge and Todd follows.
They both wave to Jeremy and then walk up to the bar. Jack
turns to share a look with Todd who is checking his phone.

JEREMY
Uh oh! I smell trouble

JACK
Trouble? I don't think that's what
you're smelling gorgeous.

JEREMY
(leaning in to Jack)
Then what am I smelling and what
can I get ya?

TODD
Goose, up...

JEREMY
Not dirty but three olives wet.

TODD
Thanks Jeremy.

JACK
(smiling at Jack)
Balls, baby! You smell balls! Big ones.

JEREMY
(Chuckles and blushes)
That's it! I knew we'd figure it out together. And for you handsome?

JACK
Same as my friend here.
(beat)
Hey where's Andrea's section tonight?

JEREMY
She's here with me in the lounge.
Your table will be open in a minute.

Todd and Jack look around the lounge. Jack spots ANDREA, late 30's, a young Elisabeth Shue. She wears minimal make-up, and doesn't need to. Her body is on point, she's still got it.

JACK
Damn she looks good tonight. She's been on vacation.

TODD
You missed her, huh?

JACK
Just keep checking your phone for Camille the Eel's text.

TODD
(grossed out)
Camille the eel? You can do better.

JACK
(Chewing on a straw)
Yeah, yeah. All in good time.

Todd looks over to Andrea as she bends down to clear a table.

TODD
She does look good, sun kissed. I
bet she still smells like coconut.

JACK
I bet she fucking does.

CUT TO:

EXT. OCEAN BEACH

Todd and a BEAUTIFUL GIRL, early 20s, run on the sand toward the water. They kiss after a quick splash about. He looks at her. She looks at him. They are happy.

CUT TO:

INT. HIGH LOUNGE

Todd and Jack sit finishing up their martinis. Andrea approaches and helps a bus boy clear the rest of their dirty plates. Just as he turns to leave, Jack grabs her arm roughly.

JACK
Hey!

ANDREA
(Annoyed)
What?

JACK
You ignore us all night, have that
three dollar bill and then some
wait on us, and now you come by to
clear the plates.

TODD
Jack, knock it off.

Jack takes out his money clip, counts out five \$100 bills and then palms them to Andrea. She takes the money, and her mood changes immediately.

ANDREA
(smiling)
Yeah Jack, knock it off.

TODD
(rolls his eyes)
Oh, here we go.

ANDREA
Where's that beautiful wife of
yours?

JACK
Fiancée.

ANDREA
Same difference.

JACK
She's blindfolded on her knees at
home with her mouth open making a
bed for my dick.

TODD
(laughing)
Yeah that's exactly what she's
doing.

ANDREA
Probably at a cake tasting getting
fat.

TODD
How was your trip?

ANDREA
Eh. You know Mexico. Drank, saw
some ruins.
(winks)
Got ruined by a couple of 20 year
olds if you know what I mean.

Jack forces her to sit in the booth. This is a choreographed movement both Jack and Andrea execute well as to not draw too much attention. Jack puts his hand up Andrea's skirt. She flinches, remembering she's still at work.

TODD
He wants to feel how bad you got
it.

JACK
She didn't get it that bad. You
feel.

Todd gets up from the booth, walks around to the other side and sits down. Andrea is now in the middle of them.

After a few moments Jack removes his hand from between Andrea's legs - his first finger and middle finger glisten with wetness. He rubs it under his nose. Todd begins to finger Andrea. She's loving this.

TODD
Feels good to me.

JACK
She does smell a little like
coconut.

ANDREA
(oblivious)
What?

JACK
Let's go to Simone's.

ANDREA
Sure.

CUT TO:

INT. TODD'S BEDROOM - CHICAGO - LATER

The room is dimly lit, but there's enough light to see Jack pounding Andrea, hard from behind, on Todd's bed. She moans loudly with each thrust. Todd stands off to the side waiting for his turn, hard as a rock.

CLOSE SHOT OF ANDREA'S LOWER BACK

We are close up on her back, but we can't quite tell what we are looking at. More than 15 jagged scars line her back, hand-carved indicators of how many times Jack has fucked her. This makes the nineteenth time.

PULL BACK TO SEE

His hands holding her sides. His right hand leaves the frame for a second, and returns with a razor blade. He presses the very tip of the razor into her skin, making a strategic line next to a set of three almost-healed scars.

She bleeds a little, winces, and then Jack quickly and vocally cums. He pulls out, ejaculates onto her back. Next up, Todd.

CLOSE UP ON TODD as he enters her. He closes his eyes and then...

CUT:

EXT. BALCONY

There's a quick flash of Camille turning around on the balcony. The sound of an alarm, similar to that of an old fire alarm, creeps in and BLARES in the background.

BEEP!

BACK TO:

INT. TODD'S BEDROOM - CHICAGO

Todd opens his eyes as he penetrates, thrust after thrust. Andrea turns to see Todd and smiles.

She looks directly into the camera with a seductive, playful smirk:

ANDREA

Fourteen.

CUT TO:

INT. TODD'S BEDROOM - CHICAGO - LATER

Todd is changing his sheets. We see Andrea in the bathroom fully dressed, gracefully smearing on lipstick.

ANDREA

He always get so weird after he
cums, doesn't he?

TODD

Not really what I choose to focus
on.

ANDREA

(fixing her hair)
Yeah, I guess. Probably all the
wedding bullshit. Poor guy.

Andrea pauses and looks closer at herself in the mirror.

ANDREA (CONT'D)

It's like his whole life has been
planned for him ya' know?

TODD

I'll take him somewhere nice for
their divorce.

Andrea looks over at Todd.

ANDREA
 You're funny.
 (beat)
 What are you doing tonight?

CLOSE UP

of Todd's phone on the nightstand. A text message from Camille pops up. It reads: "What are you doing tonight?"

Todd grabs the phone, reads the text.

TODD
 Actually I have plans.

ANDREA
 Cool. Well, I'm gonna' run then.

Not looking up from his phone, he types out a response that reads: "Come over. 2 hours."

TODD
 K, bye.

ANDREA
 Bye.

The SOUND of a text message coming through PINGS loudly in the background. Todd looks at his phone. Camille's response reads: "Better idea..."

CUT TO:

INT. SAINT MARY'S CATHOLIC CHURCH

A quick flashback to 8 YEAR OLD TODD receiving communion for the first time.

CLOSE UP

as a PRIEST places a wafer on his tongue.

FADE TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE PARTY - THAT NIGHT

WE MORPH INTO A CLOSE UP SHOT

of Camille placing a hit of Molly on Todd's tongue. Multi-colored strobe lights flicker against Todd's moist skin. Trance/dance music BLARES in the background.

CAMERA PULLS BACK

to reveal a complete party scene. Hundreds of people are dancing and it's as if they are dancing around Todd and Camille themselves. Camille and Todd are in the zone, entranced by one another.

CAMILLE

I'm assuming you've done this before?

TODD

You assume, correct. Funny enough, my first time was actually at a gay bar in Cape Town.

CAMILLE

Really?! What happened? Take a walk on the other side?

TODD

(laughing)

No! Just danced my ass off to a bunch of music I'd never admit to liking.

CAMILLE

Sure...So you like it here?

TODD

Yeah...sure. I like the music.

A small group of people pass by Camille and wave. One GIRL in the group yells out to Camille.

GIRL

Hey girl!

CAMILLE

(waves back)

Hey!

TODD

You know like everybody here.

CAMILLE

I work the door a lot. We're kinda one big fucked up family.

TODD

Ha! I know the feeling. That's kind of how it is for me at work.

CAMILLE
(beat)
I'd be curious...

TODD
Curious bout what?

CAMILLE
(beat)
Nah. It's nothing. You'll think
it's silly.

TODD
No I won't, come on! I hate when
people do that! Spit it out!

CAMILLE
I was just thinking...
(beat)
There's this guy here, Pappy, he
reads energy. I'm curious how your
energy would read that's all.

TODD
Awesome! My energy would read
AWESOME!

CAMILLE
You're pretty confident.

TODD
Always!

CAMILLE
Well just so you know. I don't
think I'm going to fuck you again.

Todd thinks Camille is kidding.

TODD
(Laughs)
Sure. Okay.

CAMILLE
No, really. I don't feel like
that's why we were brought together
ya know? I mean, I'd watch you with
someone else, or let you watch me.
I just don't feel like it's our
thing ya know?

Todd wants to be annoyed but the Molly is starting to kick
in. Todd and Camille have huge grins on their faces.

TODD
Ok. Sure. Whatever.

Camille leans into Todd.

CAMILLE
It's kicking in, yeah?

Todd closes his eyes, still smiling.

TODD
Yeah.

CAMILLE
It's good, yeah?

Todd takes a deep breath.

TODD
How do I get some more?

CAMILLE
How much more?

Todd takes out 10 \$100 bills from his wallet.

TODD
This much more.

Camille's eyes widen.

TODD (CONT'D)
I like to stock up.

CAMILLE
Okay. Give me a minute. Stay right here.

Camille vanishes into the crowd. Todd looks around, taking in his surroundings. The club is packed with people, strobe lights flicker and bounce off the walls in quick, almost rapid fashion, syncing perfectly with the music.

WE CIRCLE AROUND THE CLUB - TODD'S POV

- A muscular, very sexy guy breathing fire.

- A half-naked girl in a cage being eaten out by a naked man in a black leather mask.

The music suddenly changes into something very odd and disturbing, almost chant-like.

TODD TURNS IN THE OTHER DIRECTION TO SEE

a woman hanging from rings and hooks that are pierced into her nipples and belly button. Men and women surround the woman, their eyes fixated on her like she's a piece of art.

CAMILLE (CONT'D)

Hey!

TODD

(startled)

Hey....you.

Todd turns to see that Camille has returned with a brick house of a black man named BEELZ, 30's. Beelz has crazy eyes and as he stays focused on Todd, he never blinks. Not once.

CAMILLE

Todd, this is Beelz. Beelz, Todd.

BEELZ

Hello Todd.

TODD

Hello Beelz! How are ya' man?

BEELZ

I'm fantastic. I have what you're looking for.

TODD

Thanks man.

BEELZ

(Handing him a bag)

Be careful though, you never know who is watching. Our enemies are always closer than we think.

TODD

Thanks for the tip, but I think I'm good.

BEELZ

(smiling)

Kindness is abundant if we know where to find it. Endless amounts in this dark, dark world. Where do you find your kindness Todd?

Music changes, gets louder. Todd smiles.

TODD

It's everywhere! Every-FUCKING-WHERE!!!!

Beelz laughs and walks off.

CLOSE SHOT

of Todd and Camille as they embrace the music, smiling, dancing, laughing. It's that ecstasy kind of ride, a high so euphoric that the pair become even more entranced with one another.

THEN, WE PAN BACK

to see a group of three or four men watching them.

Todd takes notice and stops dancing. Suddenly his face goes expressionless. He knows, somehow, that this is some sort of foreshadowing. This isn't good.

FREEZE FRAME.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DR. JANICE'S OFFICE

Old female hands close a file folder that contains the freeze framed photograph of what we've just seen.

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL

Dr. Janice, now a 70-year-old version of herself. She stands motionless for a moment, noticing that her left breast is out of her blouse or that her bra and skirt are hiked up high.

She quickly adjusts her clothing but without much embarrassment or care, and then looks over at Todd who's stretched out on the therapy couch with his eyes closed. He continues talking, as if no time has passed.

TODD

She's like, she's like watching a comet. No, fuck. She's like recording an actual comet while it's happening, but then when it's over, you're like "Did I really even see it?" Ya' know?

DR. JANICE

I think so.

TODD

You think so? Well do you know what the fuck I mean or don't you?

DR. JANICE
Mr. Simone, hostile behavior is
recorded in these sessions, you
know that.

Todd stands up and gestures wildly.

TODD
Does it even make a fucking
difference?

Dr. Janice ignores Todd.

TODD (CONT'D)
LOOK AT ME WHEN I TALK TO YOU!

Dr. Janice looks to Todd, surprised by his outburst.

TODD (CONT'D)
I'm being held here against my
will! And look lady, I know I'm
just file number...

Todd grabs his file off of her desk and opens it.

Todd (CONT'D)
674-4451! 674-4451! It sounds like
a carpet commercial or some shit!
Call 674-4451 TODAY! Hahahaha!

DR. JANICE
So this drug use, is this what lead
you to ask for your transfer to
Amsterdam?

TODD LOOKS DIRECTLY AT THE CAMERA

TODD
Listen to her, getting ahead of
herself.

TODD TURNS BACK TO DR. JANICE

TODD (CONT'D)
Not even close lady!

CUT TO:

INT. TODD'S CHILDHOOD KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

YOUNG TODD, 10, sits at the kitchen table meticulously doing his homework. He is deep in thought, carefully answering questions on a math worksheet in front of him.

His mother places a ham and cheese sandwich, with a layer of chips, on the table next to his homework. She presses the bread down, CRUNCHING the chips within the sandwich. Young Todd looks up, upset.

YOUNG TODD
Mom! I like to do it!

His mother smiles, kisses him on his forehead and then puts more potato chips on the sandwich. Pleased, Todd puts his hand on the sandwich, places his mother's hand on top of his, then his other hand on top of hers. Together, they CRUNCH the sandwich down.

CAMERA HOLDS ONTO THEIR HANDS AS...

INT. TODD'S OFFICE - CHICAGO

Young Todd and his mother's hand morph into Todd's adult hands as he presses down on a ham and cheese sandwich, layered with chips.

Todd takes an anxiety-ridden bite as chips fall all over the place. He chews and wipes the sweat from his forehead with his shoulder, and then focuses on all four of his computer monitors.

TODD
FUCK!

Jack enters Todd's office

JACK
Dude, Goldman's on his way back from Naperville.

TODD
Look at this and please tell me that little shit did not just lose us \$80M?!?!

JACK
(looks at monitor)
I thought it was less but yeah...fuck dude you're screwed.

TODD

Fuck off.

INT. GOLDMAN BROTHERS TRADING - CHICAGO - FLOOR

The floor is packed with rows of wall-less cubicles, each with 3-4 monitors on their desks. Todd walks up to one and kicks one of his co-workers, PAUL, 25, out of his seat and begins working.

CLOSE UP ON TODD'S FACE AS

he becomes completely focused on the monitors in front of him. Numbers fill Todd's eyes as they dart back and forth, back and forth.

The numbers start to magically jump off one monitor and find their place on the other. Todd's hands are in overdrive on the keyboard. It's as if the keys, the monitor, these numbers, are his home.

Soon, numbers start to paint themselves on Todd's face.

CUT TO:

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING- SAME TIME

A limo drops off Goldman, still in his pristine and expensive golfing outfit. Goldman enters the building.

INT. GOLDMAN BROTHERS TRADING - CHICAGO - FLOOR

CLOSE UP OF TODD

who wipes the sweat from his forehead with his hand. The numbers that were "painted" on his forehead are now wiped away and new numbers appear. He is a genius maniac!

A slow chant from his co-workers - that is in his mind - creeps in.

CO-WORKERS (V.O.)

HUH HUH HAH! HUH HUH HAH!

INT. ELEVATOR

Goldman is alone on the elevator. He calmly looks up at the floors climbing toward the Goldman office.

INT. GOLDMAN BROTHERS TRADING - CHICAGO - FLOOR

Todd makes one final vomit on the keyboard with his fingers, then he clicks enter on two of the monitors at the same time. He stands up...

TODD
(to Paul)
I just saved our asses. Don't let
it happen again.

PAUL
Yes Mr. Simone.

Todd walks down the hallway away from Paul. Just as he passes the elevator, the doors open and Goldman gets off. The pair walk side-by-side without pause.

TODD
Mr. Goldman.

JONAS
Mr. Simone.

TODD
Beautiful day for 18 holes huh?

JONAS
Only shot nine today.

TODD
Still, it's a beautiful day.

INT. BATHROOM

Jack washes his hands. A very relieved Todd walks in.

TODD
Jeez Dude!

JACK
Your situation was stressing me out
man.

Todd looks in the mirror, very confident.

TODD
Fixed.

JACK
Ha! Awesome!

Todd chuckles and pats Jack on the back. He pulls out a vial and does a bump of coke. Todd pulls out his phone and texts Camille. As he types, the text appears on the mirror: "What are you doing tonight?"

JACK (CONT'D)
You sharing, Dick?

TODD
Oh yeah, here man.

JACK
Whose that? Camille the eel?

TODD
Not really working, dude.

JACK
(smiling)
Yes it is, 'cause it's starting to
piss you off.

Jack's cell vibrates on the sink as he snorts a line of coke. We see Todd look down toward Jack's phone. The incoming call shows up on Jack's mirror; it's from "Worst Lay Ever".

TODD
(laughing)
Dude, it's Becky. You've got to
change that!

JACK
(answers phone)
Hello Gorgeous!
(beat)
Well because I'm at work.
(beat)
Babe, you should have seen, Todd
almost lost--
(beat)
Becky.
(beat)
Well then why the hell would you
schedule it on a Wednesday at 1pm?!
(beat)
Yes I know this is important.

Jack listens a bit and then snaps.

JACK (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
I DON'T FUCKING CARE! Yes! RED
FUCKING VELVET SOUNDS BRILLIANT!
YUM!

Jack slams his phone on the sink.

In Jack's mirror we see: "Call Ended: Worst Lay Ever" as it would appear on a phone screen. Then, a text pops up from Camille on Todd's mirror. It reads: "Busy".

Todd looks at Jack. Jack looks at Todd. Jack grins and grabs his phone.

CUT TO:

TODD (SLO-MO, V.O.)
I have two rules.

INT. TODD'S APARTMENT - CHICAGO - THAT NIGHT

A high-end glass-paned fireplace is in the middle of the living room. Todd and Jack are fucking two unknown young women from behind. They take two pills of Molly and high five over the girls.

CAMERA PULLS BACK

and we see this foursome backlit by the fire; the flames flickering and dancing on their naked bodies. They almost look like a satanic version of two centaurs.

The women are on all fours meeting in the center of the fire, kissing each other as Jack and Todd methodically bang the two women. Todd is a sweaty mess and Jack looks like he's close to cumming.

WE CUT BACK AND FORTH

from Todd's face full of angst and Jack's "I'm close" face. Faster and faster until...

Randomly, Camille's face is thrown into the mix, from when Todd's hand was wrapped around her throat.

We cut faster and faster, Jack climaxes and cums, Todd is picturing Camille, the girls are sexy, glistening with sweat and close but not quite there. There's no comparison.

CAMILLE (SLO-MO, V.O.)
Take the fucking picture.

INT. TODD'S LIVING ROOM - CHICAGO

Jack screams, moans, pulls out and ejaculates on top of the girl he was riding. Frustrated, Todd throws his girl aside without climax.

INT. TODD'S LIVING ROOM

CLOSE UP

Todd's old fashioned light camera. The bulb/flash is lit and bright, glass in tact, but then slowly it goes out with a FIZZ, throwing us into complete darkness. It's pitch black until...

CUT TO:

INT. TODD'S BEDROOM - CHICAGO

Alone, Todd lays on his bed.

TODD'S POV - HIS PHONE

he flips through his text conversations with Camille. The last three messages are from him:

- "Done being busy yet?"
- "If you feel like swinging by let me know..."
- "Want to take your picture again ;)"

As Todd begins to type something we see the text reflected on his face. The text reads: "Goodnight. Talk soon."

Todd lays there for a moment in apparent deep thought. He puts his phone on the nightstand, reaches under his bed and unwraps a framed photo of Camille with his hand around her throat.

He replaces one of the ten or so photos above his bed with Camille's photo, gets up and exits the bedroom.

INT. TODD'S PHOTO ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The room is dimly lit as Todd approaches a far wall and hangs up a photo.

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL

a large trophy wall of sex pictures, all of the different photos of women who Todd has brought to orgasm.

Todd stands in the middle of the room, looks up at the hundreds of photos, and begins to masturbate.

CLOSE UP OF TODD'S EYES

as he frantically scans the room. The girls in the photos start to moan with pleasure and come to life. There's an overload of audio of hundreds of girls moaning.

We end with a crystal clear...

CAMILLE (V.O.)
(quickly)
Take the fucking picture!

CUT TO:

CLOSE UP

nightstand clock. It turns from 5:29am to 5:30am, alarm sounds as a generic 1950's song plays.

CUT TO:

INT. TODD'S KITCHEN - CHICAGO - MORNING

Todd groggily enters the room, grabs an orange, places it on a cutting board and begins to cut it into slices with a new knife. His focus is interrupted when the phone rings in the background.

Todd sets the knife down next to the orange segments and picks up his phone. The call is from: "Sista". The screen splits and we see Todd in his kitchen while his sister CLAIRE, 20's, sits at her laptop.

TODD
(happy)
Hey Claire Bear! What are you doing up so early?

CLAIRE
Morning to you too!
(beat)
Early? It's like 9:30

TODD
What?!

CLAIRE
Are you messing with me?

Todd looks at his phone and sees it's 9:40 a.m.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Are you okay?

WE SWIPE TO SEE

Claire as she's left alone at her laptop. She looks at her phone as the call has been dropped. She rolls her eyes. SWIPE BACK.

INT. TODD'S BEDROOM - CHICAGO - A WHILE LATER

As Todd hurriedly gets ready we hear email alerts and text messages in the background, coming in like crazy. Shit, he's late.

CLOSE UP OF TODD'S PHONE

multiple alerts pop up and then a call from Jack.

Todd runs over to his phone, picks up.

TODD
I don't know what happened, dude. I swear I woke up at 5:30!

JACK (O.C)
Goldman's pissed.

Todd hangs up and exits the bedroom.

CUT TO:

INT. TODD'S BUILDING - OUTSIDE HALLWAY - CHICAGO

Todd leaves his apartment and quickly locks the door behind him. He turns and trips over the tricycle, hitting his head on the opposite wall of the hallway with a CLUNK! He struggles for a moment but pushes himself up, noticing that his head is a bleeding a bit.

TODD
(to himself)
Shit.

He shakes it off and runs toward the elevator at the end of the hall. As he enters the elevator and turns around, the tricycle is gone.

QUICK CUT AS

the sound of a an old fire alarm thumps in bringing us to...

INT. TODD'S KITCHEN - CHICAGO

CLOSE SHOT

of the orange segments on the counter as they rest in their juices. The knife is missing.

CUT TO:

EXT. TODD'S BUILDING - SAME TIME

Todd bursts through the door and rushes to the street to hail a cab. He literally runs into Camille as she approaches the doors of his building.

CAMILLE

Hey! I wasn't sure if you'd be home yet. Wait, where are you going?

Camille grabs Todd by the shoulders.

CAMILLE (CONT'D)

And what happened to your head?

TODD

I'm going to work. I'm late.

CAMILLE

Work?! Todd, it's 4:30.

Todd pulls his phone out of his pocket.

TODD

What?! Oh God.

CAMILLE

Todd, what happened?

TODD

I must have hit my head harder than I thought.

CAMILLE

Are you okay?

Todd hails a cab.

TODD

Come with me!

Todd and Camille enter the cab.

CUT TO:

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING

Goldman is seen getting into his limo as Todd's cab pulls up. Goldman notices Todd as he and Camille exit their cab, but he ignores them and gets into the limo.

Todd approaches Goldman in a hurry.

TODD
Mr. Goldman, I had an accident.

GOLDMAN
You're lucky you came through
yesterday.

Goldman closes the limo door with an irritated slam, but almost immediately rolls down the window.

GOLDMAN (CONT'D)
First one in the office tomorrow,
Simone. First one in the office.

TODD
Yes, sir.

The limo drives away. Todd is relieved. Camille walks up behind him and leans her chin on his shoulder.

CAMILLE
Why don't you take me to dinner?

CUT TO:

INT. HIGH LOUNGE

YOUNG HOSTESS greets Todd and Camille.

HOSTESS
Hello Mr. Simone, will it just be
the two of you or are you expecting
more?

TODD
Just the two of us.

CAMILLE
Mr. Simone, huh? Come here often?
(beat)
I've always wanted to try this
place.

As she leads them to their table the hostess rolls her eyes as if she's seen Camille before, on many occasion, in fact.

Suddenly we hear CARL, a good-looking rugged 47-year-old, call out to Camille.

CARL
(smiling)
Hey!

Camille turns and smiles.

CAMILLE
Carl, hey! How are you?

CARL
Great Doll and you?

CAMILLE
Better, worse, you know.

Carl stares at Camille for a moment. Todd stands there awkwardly silent.

CARL
Well, you look beautiful as always,
but a little tired. Get some rest.

CAMILLE
(winks at Carl)
Yes sir!

Carl kisses Camille on the cheek before walking off. As Carl leaves, Todd looks down and notices the badge on Carl's belt.

HOSTESS
Here we are...

Camille and Todd sit down at their table. The hostess hands them a set of menus and walks away.

TODD
He's a cop?

CAMILLE
Mmm, hmm.

TODD
How do you know him?

CAMILLE
You meet all walks in my business
honey.
(whispers)
Hey someone has to make sure we
don't get busted right?

TODD

Ah, gotcha.

Andrea approaches their table. She looks great,

ANDREA

Hey you! Who's this?

TODD

Andrea, this is Camille. Camille,
Andrea.

Camille grabs Andrea's hand and looks at her intently.

CAMILLE

You really are a beauty.

Andrea is eating up the attention.

ANDREA

Awww, thanks babe.

CAMILLE

Seriously, such a great energy
about you.

ANDREA

You're sweet.

(to Todd)

Scotch on the rocks kind of day,
Todd?

TODD

Yes please!

CAMILLE

I'll have the same.

ANDREA

You're my kind of gal.

Andrea exits to grab their drinks. Camille turns with a
mischievous smile and stares at Todd.

TODD

(laughs)

What?

CAMILLE

(sing songy)

Mmmmm...Andrea, Andrea, Andrea.

TODD

What about her?

CAMILLE

(coy)

Well you've clearly fucked. Is that your thing, bring a girl to dinner and have another girl you've hooked up with wait on you?

TODD

Ha ha. I didn't really think about it like that. But no, for the record, it doesn't turn me on. BUT even if it did it shouldn't bother you. We're just friends, right?

CAMILLE

Right.

Andrea comes back with the drinks.

CAMILLE (CONT'D)

(slips Andrea a twenty)

Thanks.

ANDREA

Thank you.

Andrea smiles at Todd and mouths "I like her!" before walking away. Todd winks.

CAMILLE

Can I ask you something?

TODD

Sure.

CAMILLE

Nah, actually I'd rather guess. Then you'll have to tell me how close I am to the truth.

TODD

Okay.

CAMILLE

I'm trying to figure out what you were like when you were little.

TODD

Ha. I was--

Camille grabs Todd's hand...

CAMILLE
(sweetly)
--no, let me.

Camille leans into Todd and looks into his eyes. She thinks for a moment.

CAMILLE (CONT'D)
I bet you ran with the cool crowd,
but you were the guy that sat back
and observed. Ya' know, took it all
in. Your Dad was sure you were
gonna' be a football star. Fuck,
you probably even played for a year
or two just to please him. But your
passions laid elsewhere.
(beat)
You were always--

TODD
--running. I was always running.

FLASHBACK:

EXT. HANGLEY HS TRACK AND FIELD MEET - AFTERNOON

ADOLESCENT TODD, 16, runs for his life holding a baton in a relay race. His face is flushed, he is intensely focused.

SUDDENLY WE ARE IN SLOW MOTION

and we hear the SOUND of a heart beat that starts off at a normal pace but quickly becomes almost inhumanely rapid.
Thump-thump, thump-thump, thump-thump...

BACK TO:

CAMILLE
Running away?

TODD
(laughs)
No! Track.

CAMILLE
Ah see, I'm not always on point
with this game.

TODD
You were pretty spot on.
(beat)
So, what about you?

CAMILLE

Guess.

TODD

Oh just tell me! I'm no good at
shit like that.

CAMILLE

Maybe I gave you too much credit?

TODD

Ooh, alright I accept your
challenge.

Todd leans into Camille; this time he looks deep into her
eyes.

TODD (CONT'D)

You were fearless, still are. The
girl who would try anything once.

CAMILLE

Well I'm that girl now, but I sure
as shit wasn't her back in the day.
I was scared all the time.

(beat)

But then this weird inner voice
started daring me to do shit.

(laughs)

I know it sounds weird.

TODD

No. It actually makes a lot of
sense.

CAMILLE

It started out with dares, but not
just dares, dares with wagers. Like
"go through that yellow light or
you'll get a bad grade on your
geometry test." Shit like that.

(beat)

Then it escalated.

TODD

How far did it go?

CAMILLE

Hmmmmmm.

Camille takes her finger and dips it into Todd's drink. She
makes him lick her finger. He likes where this is going.

She then licks her finger, takes it out of her mouth and makes a gun shape with her hand. She points it around the lounge until she spots Andrea. She fires.

CAMILLE (CONT'D)

If I can't make Andrea cum tonight
I can't drink or take anything for
a week.

Camille gives Todd a pouty baby face. Todd smiles and they both turn to Andrea. Andrea turns around from across the lounge and puts her finger up, "just a sec".

CUT TO:

INT. TODD'S BEDROOM - CHICAGO - LATER

The camera follows Todd as he hands Camille and Andrea three pills of Molly each; he gives himself four.

CUT TO:

As Todd and Andrea fuck, Camille takes pictures of them. Snapshots in every imaginable position. The threesome is sweating profusely, eyes twitching, a mountain of pleasure.

Camille kisses Todd while Andrea is licking Camille's nipples while fingering her, hard. Camille moans and Todd tries to touch her other breast, but Camille moves his hand away.

CUT TO:

TODD SNAPS VARIOUS PICTURES OF CAMILLE AND ANDREA AS:

Camille is on top of Andrea, fingering her. They are both slippery with sweat and rub their damp skin against each other as they moan with pleasure. Andrea tosses Camille over onto her back, starts fingering her. Camille smiles with pleasure.

CUT TO:

Todd nears Camille and Andrea. Camille is between Andrea's legs bringing her to an extreme orgasm. Todd attempts to get in on the action, closer to Camille, but she pushes him away.

Todd stands up and gets off the bed. He stands above Camille and Andrea, now both having extreme earth-shattering orgasms. Moans of pleasure fill the room as Todd stands there jerking off.

Andrea and Camille are still in their own world as Todd stands there, eyes on Camille. After a few moments, Todd exits the room.

CUT TO:

INT. TODD'S PHOTO ROOM - SAME TIME

Todd enters the room naked, approaches the wall of sex photos and begins jerking off. Moans from Andrea and Camille fill the background and Todd jerks off frantically.

The women in the photos move and moan with pleasure as Todd watches, but their orgasmic weeps seem much more distant than that of Andrea and Camille.

FLASH TO:

INT. ARKIN PSYCHIATRIC FACILITY - TODD'S ROOM - AMSTERDAM

Todd scrapes paint off the wall in a corner near the door.

FLASH TO:

INT. TODD'S PHOTO ROOM

The moaning from the photos becomes less and less, while the moans from Andrea and Camille in the other room are extremely loud. Until suddenly, all moaning abruptly stops.

Todd continues to jerk off almost painfully as all of the women in the picture frames walk off and out of sight in their perspective photos.

SLAM! The sound of a door slamming shut is heard and utter silence fills the room. Todd continues to work hard with his eyes closed until finally, *release*. His eyes open. It's about damn time.

CUT TO:

INT. DR. JANICE'S OFFICE

Middle-aged Dr. Janice sneezes into a tissue as if perfectly in time with Todd's ejaculation from the previous scene. Todd smiles.

TODD LOOKS DIRECTLY AT THE CAMERA

TODD
(winks)
Did ya like that?

TODD LOOKS AT DR. JANICE AND THEN BACK TO CAMERA

TODD (CONT'D)
Ugh, her again.

DR. JANICE
Excuse me, you were saying?

TODD
I was saying that finally I blew my
load, but a door had slammed.

CUT TO:

INT. TODD'S PHOTO ROOM

Back in action and still naked, Todd does three lines of coke and leaves the room.

INT. TODD'S LIVING ROOM - CHICAGO

As he enters the living room he finds Andrea's clothing and shoes laid out perfectly on the floor. It's as if her body could instantly fill them and reappear. You know, as if she was taken by the rapture.

What the fuck? Todd frantically searches his apartment for the two women who are clearly gone. No, they've vanished.

He goes into his bedroom and comes back out to where Andrea's clothes were but now they are standing upright above the shoes and...

He stops in his tracks. The sleeves of her white work shirt point to the left. Todd is amazed. Then, they point to the right before crossing as if to say "both ways" much like the scarecrow in "The Wizard of Oz".

Almost instantly after their last move, the clothes delicately fall back to the floor, perfectly back into place.

CUT TO:

INT. DR. JANICE'S OFFICE - AMSTERDAM

Middle-aged Dr. Janice appears confused as she stares at Todd, but not shocked. As a psychiatrist she's definitely heard odder stories.

DR. JANICE
The clothes spoke to you?

TODD
No, they didn't speak to me. They
came alive and fucked with me.

He laughs, realizing how ridiculous this sounds. Todd reaches out and touches Dr. Janice's leg. She looks down and then looks back up at him.

DR. JANICE
Mr. Simone, please remove your hand
from my leg.

TODD
HA! I'm getting better.

DR. JANICE
Excuse me?

TODD
You stayed the same!
(beat)
Actually you know what, don't worry
about it.

DR. JANICE
Ok. So you thought Camille and
Amanda had just vanished?

TODD
It's Andrea. Ugh, are you even
listening?

DR. JANICE
Because she left her clothes?

TODD
Well I couldn't exactly picture her
leaving naked and I was completely
fucked outta my mind on Molly and
Coke.
(beat)
Here, let me take you on a tour,
since I know you're on a time
crunch.

He stands up from the chair in Dr. Janice's office and grabs a nearby wheel chair. He opens it up and gentlemanly motions for Dr. Janice to take a seat. She oddly complies.

Throughout this monologue Todd is pushing Dr. Janice through moments throughout a week in which he had no clue what happened to Andrea and Camille, much like the ghosts do in "A Christmas Carol" with Scrooge.

Dr. Janice is constantly looking down and taking notes as they exit the office and they travel through:

INT. TODD'S OFFICE

Flashback Todd is sitting at his desk when Todd and Dr. Janice enter. Flashback Todd remains focused on a text conversation he is having, then he works a bit, looking at his monitors before finally resuming the text conversation.

TODD

The first few days I was seriously terrified that something happened to Camille and Andrea. I texted both of them at least a couple dozen times with no reply.

(beat)

To be completely honest I was kind of paranoid and afraid that I might have done something to them because I was so fucked up that night. AND I remember being really pissed that they kind of weeded me out of what I thought was going to be an awesome threesome, starring me!

(beat)

Whenever I get nervous or paranoid I tend to keep to myself and bury myself in work....

They exit Todd's office and suddenly open the door to Goldman's office. They enter. It's as if Goldman's office and Todd's office are on a string, moving from one room to the next.

INT. GOLDMAN'S OFFICE

Goldman is clearly getting head from someone, probably Jeremy, from under his desk.

TODD (CONT'D)

And I made this guy a lot of money.

Todd leans into Dr. Janice.

TODD (CONT'D)
Didn't mean for you to see that
honey.

TODD LOOKS DIRECTLY AT THE CAMERA

TODD (CONT'D)
What a heathen!

Now we head to the next part of Todd's life tour with Dr. Janice:

INT. HOME APPLIANCE STORE

Flashback Todd is in a checkout line with a block set of kitchen knives looking a little disheveled, rubbing his nose. Todd and Dr. Janice stroll past him slowly.

TODD
(whispers to flashback
Todd)
Hey buddy don't get your hopes up.
You're gonna' need a couple more of
those. Sharp little fuckers keep
disappearing.
(beat)
One night that week I even tracked
down Beelz.

Todd leans to correct Dr. Janice's notes.

TODD (CONT'D)
No BEELZ. B-E-E-L-Z, the tall black
fucker from the warehouse party.
Geez.

They exit the home appliance store to suddenly enter:

INT. WAREHOUSE PARTY

A loud warehouse party, strobe lights, lots of people dancing, etc. The party, however, is a little tamer than the last one we saw.

Todd looks over to see himself talking with Beelz. We get closer, as if on top of them.

TODD

He told me that Camille was actually supposed to work this party, but never showed. I swear that guy comes across so calm, but there's a storm raging in there Doc, a goddamned storm!

(beat)

Anyway, the fact that she hadn't showed freaked me the fuck out, so there was only one thing left to do - go to The High Lounge, which I had been avoiding like the fucking plague.

INT. HIGH END DEPARTMENT STORE

BECKY, Jack's fiancée, early 20s Laura Ashley type, is using a scanner gun to choose items for their registry. She's excited, thrilled as every soon-to-be bride should be. But little does she know...

Todd wheels Dr. Janice past her and into the men's bathroom. Patient Todd looks over the top of the stall to see Jack jerking off to porn on his phone with headphones in.

TODD

See, Jack had taken a week off for wedding planning or some shit, so I was without any decent allies. Completely rogue. So I took a deep breath and faced the fucking music.

As Todd and Dr. Janice leave the restroom they suddenly find themselves at the entrance of the High Lounge. He wheels Dr. Janice toward the entrance doors just as a disheveled Flashback Todd runs up to open the door for them.

Todd hides his face, unsure of the outcome if he looks himself into the eye during these imaginary run-ins.

FLASHBACK TODD

(beat)

Please, after you.

TODD

No actually, we're good. You go ahead man.

DR. JANICE

You know he can't see you.

FLASHBACK TODD
Suit yourself.

Todd and Dr. Janice enter the High Lounge to see:

INT. HIGH LOUNGE

Andrea as she bends over to flirt with some of the guys from the office and a few unknowns sitting at a table. There's just enough of Andrea's lower back showing to see her sex scars from Jack, now marked at "23".

Todd and Dr. Janice watch as Flashback Todd walks over to Andrea, and then they fade into the background as if they no longer exist.

It's as if we are in the present, watching Todd stand next to Andrea until she notices him. She finally turns to him and softens. Todd is not amused, doesn't even crack a smile.

ANDREA
Hey.

TODD
(shocked)
"Hey." Are you fucking kidding me?!

ANDREA
What?

TODD
Where were you? I thought you were dead.

ANDREA
What are you talking about? You're acting crazy!

TODD
Where did you and Camille go?!

ANDREA
We went to breakfast and back to the unit across the hall from you, because YOU were being a weirdo!

TODD
You left your clothes...

ANDREA

Yeah, because I didn't feel like wearing a skirt and heels so I borrowed a pair of flip flops and some sweats from your closet. I didn't think you'd care, and I thought I would have seen you by now.

Jack walks up behind Todd like a proud prince.

JACK

I deserve a medal. No, you know what, I deserve a goddamned Oscar! All the smiles and agreeing I had to do this week. Somebody get me a drink!

Jack kisses Andrea on the head and slaps Todd on the back.

JACK (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Whoa, wait. Are you two having a tiff?

TODD

(to Jack)

Don't worry about it.

(to Andrea)

Breakfast, huh? What are you fucking Camille on the regular now?

ANDREA

I haven't seen her since. Jesus, you need a drink.

TODD

No I don't need a drink!

Todd looks around the room spastically, then back to Jack and Andrea. He's done.

TODD (CONT'D)

Fuck this.

Todd exits. Jack, almost without even looking, grabs an olive from one of his co-worker's martini glasses and pops it into his mouth.

JACK

Andrea I'll take his drink too.

ANDREA

Sure thing, Handsome.

Andrea exits. Jack watches as Todd leaves.

CUT TO:

CLOSE UP

of the right side of Jack's face. Jack's jaw and facial muscles slowly chew the olive. We begin to hear his chewing, it's slow and methodical with plenty of saliva. Jack swallows.

CUT TO:

INT. HIGH END GYM - SAME NIGHT

The gym is empty. Todd sprints on a treadmill dripping in sweat. He is determined.

CUT TO:

INT. TODD'S KITCHEN - CHICAGO - MORNING

Todd walks into the kitchen and grabs an expensive looking pressed juice from the refrigerator along with a orange. He grabs a knife from his new knife set and begins to cut the orange.

The phone rings LOUDLY in the background, interrupting Todd's focus. He puts down the knife and picks up his phone. The phone reads: "Sista". He answers.

TODD

Hey Claire, what's up?

CLAIRE (O.C.)

I just wanted to make sure you were still coming to Dad's birthday tomorrow night. What time does your flight get in?

TODD

Yes ma'am! Flight gets in at 10:15 am. I'll forward you my flight information.

CLAIRE (O.C.)

Great! He's going to be so surprised.

(beat)

I can't wait to catch up! How are you?

TODD

Good! I'm actually really good.

CLAIRE (O.C.)

So glad to hear that.

(beat)

Well I'll see you tomorrow then!

TODD

Yes you will. Bye Claire.

Todd hangs up and goes back to cutting his orange. He hears a vibration from his phone that indicates a text message has been received.

Todd rolls his eyes, "what now?" and then picks up his phone. His eyes widen when he sees the text is from Camille. The text reads: "miss you. Want to come to a party on Saturday/tomorrow?"

Todd puts the phone down. He has to think about it. He goes back to his uncut orange only to find that the knife is gone.

CUT TO:

CLAIRE'S CELL PHONE'S SCREEN

an image of her text messages with her brother. We see that she has recently sent Todd a picture of her and her cat Moses with a text message that reads: "my study partner" underneath the pic.

Then a response from Todd that says, "dork ;)".

Now we see "... " as Todd types a message. Finally the text appears and it reads: "hey sis, something came up at work. Not gonna make the party. Tell Dad his bottle of JW Blue is in the mail."

CUT TO:

INT/EXT. TODD'S BMW - THE NEXT DAY - CONTINUOUS

The SOUND of seat belts clicking into to place, one right after the other.

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO SEE

Todd in the driver's seat, Camille riding in the passenger. Todd drives off with the windows down, the air breezes through Camille's hair.

She looks over at Todd, smiles and then grabs his hand. He smiles. It's a place of contentment and Todd feels at peace. Camille looks out at the road ahead.

The two-lane highway is surrounded by greenery and fields. Farms, barns and crop machinery can be seen sporadically along the road as the car speeds by.

CAMILLE

Thanks for coming with me. And for driving! I was really worried after Andrea called me and told me what happened.

TODD

(smiles)

Past is past. I'm fine.

CAMILLE

(excited)

Okay good! I really want you to meet my friends. They're a little twisted but at their cores they're really great people.

TODD

I'm sure I can handle it.

(beat)

Hey! Reach behind you and grab the plate on the floor.

Camille does as she is told and returns to the front seat with a foil-covered plate. She peeks inside.

CAMILLE

Yum! How sweet!

(beat)

These are pot brownies right?

TODD

Duh.

Todd and Camille laugh.

CAMILLE

Did you make them yourself?

TODD

Nah, I put an order in with a friend who runs an herbal bakery out of her house on the DL.

CAMILLE
(mocking)
On the DL, huh?

Camille splits a brownie in two and hands half to Todd who stuffs the whole half into his mouth and chews. Camille watches Todd and smirks as she takes a normal size bite.

CAMILLE (CONT'D)
I LOVE on the DL Herbal bakeries!
Fucking delicious!

Todd laughs.

CUT TO:

LATER

There is a sliver left of dusk in the sky, but it is basically dark. Ahead, the headlights shine brightly on an uneven, bumpy gravel road.

TODD
Jeez! I would have driven the Jeep
if I knew it was going to be all
the way out here in the sticks!

CAMILLE
I know but I so wanted to ride up
here in the BMW. Show up in style,
ya' know?

TODD
I know. I know.

Todd sees something in the road. He squints to get a better look.

TODD (CONT'D)
What the fuck?!

EXT. GRAVEL ROAD

We see the BMW coming toward us. The lights from the car backlight a woman who is clearly naked and barefoot walking along the side of the road. She walks at a steady pace, ignoring that there is a car coming.

INT/EXT. TODD'S BMW

We see the lit version of the woman on the gravel road. It's KARLA, 65, who looks like a more nourished version of Zelda from Pet Semetary. She continues to walk forward as they approach.

CAMILLE
(excited)
Oh it's Karla!

TODD
You know her?

CAMILLE
Sure! That's Pappy's wife.

TODD
Who the hell is Pappy? Do you want
me to slow down?

Todd looks out the car window as the car moves past Karla and slows to a stop. Camille rolls down her window. Todd smiles, but even his endearing smile can't hide the fact that he's freaked out.

CAMILLE
Karla!

KARLA
Hello, Camille.

Camille and Karla hug through the open window.

CAMILLE
So good to see you.

KARLA
You too darlin'. This must be Todd.

CAMILLE
Yes, it is. Todd this is Karla.
Karla, Todd.

TODD
Hello.

Todd avoids looking at her. Karla leans into the car and stares at Todd for a while. It's an awkward moment as they sit in silence. Seconds pass and Camille smiles.

KARLA
You're a young spirit. You live
here.

Todd turns his head to Karla who has now stepped a few paces away from the car to reveal a tattoo that takes up most of her abdomen.

CLOSE UP TO SEE

seven lines make up an abstract pyramid tattoo. At the top/point there is a smaller triangle with beams coming from it that wrap to her mid-breast on each side and lower neck.

Karla points to the lowest and longest line on the large pyramid.

TODD

Is that good or bad?

KARLA

That is for you to decide. It's all about where you want to live here.

She gets welled up and puts both hands over her heart.

CAMILLE

(gently)

Alright Karla, we will see you over there.

KARLA

Much love.

(to Todd)

What you see is with your eyes,
Todd. What you believe to be true
is with your soul.

TODD

Do you want a ride?

Karla smiles and continues to walk at the exact pace as before.

CAMILLE

Go on, it's okay. She would have asked.

Todd starts to drive.

TODD

So is everyone going to be naked?

CAMILLE

If they want to be.

(beat)

(MORE)

CAMILLE (CONT'D)

Tonight is about finding the true light you bring to the world and how others perceive it.

TODD

What do I have to do?

CAMILLE

You don't have to do anything, but be the truest you that you can be.

TODD

In that case, hand me another brownie.

CAMILLE

Good call. Relax. It's going to be great.

EXT. PAPPY'S HOUSE

A dimly lit modest ranch-style home nestled in the middle of 15 acres of forest. Two of these acres make up an odd yard of grass surrounding the house where 15-20 tents are pitched and lit up as people party in or around them.

CLOSER

People can be seen walking down a narrow side path that leads into the forest, and disappearing into the distance where trees are lit by a large bonfire.

PAN OVER TO

the entrance where the gravel road meets what looks like a dirt parking lot attached to some sort of Roadhouse or dive bar, which is really Pappy's house.

Headlights peek through the darkness and then shine brightly as Todd's BMW makes it's way up the road through three or four rows of cars.

Headlights are seen up ahead as Todd's BMW makes it way up the road through three or four rows of cars. The place is packed with cars, but none as nice as the BMW. The car comes to a halt. Todd and Camille exit the car and head toward the house.

TODD

This doesn't look so bad.

CAMILLE
(laughing)
Stop expecting the worst! I'm going
to go inside and grab us some
drinks. Wait here.

TODD
Okay.

Camille enters Pappy's house, leaving Todd alone to observe his surroundings and get his bearings. He's stoned, but feeling good.

A hand reaches up and touches Todd's shoulder. He turns to see DAVID, 37, a Mexican man with a near perfect body, shirtless and smiling.

DAVID
Aren't you hot in this sweatshirt?
It's so warm for October.

TODD
Nah Man, I'm good.

DAVID
You're sweating.

TODD
I'm good man.

David takes his thumb and wipes the sweat from Todd's forehead. He licks his thumb. David looks curiously at Todd.

DAVID
(smiling)
You. Your insecurities run deep.

Todd smiles awkwardly.

TODD
Thank you?

DAVID
You're Todd.

TODD
I'm Camille's friend. How did you
know?

DAVID
Camille describes things
beautifully, such a gift she has.

TODD
(laughing)
People tell you that you remind
them of Yoda all the time?

David doesn't respond.

TODD (CONT'D)
She has a way with words.
(beat, looks over at
Camille as she comes
outside)
And speak of the devil.

Camille walks up to Todd and David with Pappy. Pappy plays with his long grey hair. He's wearing all white linen, barefoot and the bottom of his linen pants are muddied.

Camille hands Todd a paper cup full of what looks like hot tea.

PAPPY
Hello Todd. Hello David.

David hugs Pappy, then hugs Camille.

DAVID
I'll see all of you later. I have
to find Jesse and Ronin.

David runs off down the path toward the woods.

TODD
Hello. You must be Pappy? Is that
right?

PAPPY
You are correct. Welcome.

Pappy holds a cup of tea between his hands. He takes a sip. Todd takes notice and takes a large drink of the tea, as if following the leader.

CAMILLE
Whoa! Not so fast!

Todd spits the tea out.

TODD
What?! Why?! What is it?!

PAPPY
(laughing)
It's nothing.
(MORE)

PAPPY (CONT'D)

I just like a moment with the newcomers before they imbibe to talk about expectations for the evening.

TODD

Well, it is a party right?

PAPPY

(enthusiastic)

Absolutely! It's a celebration!

(beat)

A celebration of where we come from and where we are, however imperfect that place may be.

(beat)

So tonight, with much respect for others, we shed light on the darker more playful and mischievous sides of ourselves, and nourish those sides.

(beat)

Have you ever taken absinthe, Todd?

TODD

No, but I've always wanted to try it.

PAPPY

This tea is very much like absinthe. It loosens us up and allows us to stay bright, so that no matter what activities we may take part in tonight, there will be a sense of calm.

(beat)

Stay bright Todd.

TODD

(nervous laugh)

So it's not Jonestown punch is what you're saying?

Pappy, Camille, and Todd all laugh.

PAPPY

Of course not! My wife makes the tea.

TODD

I met Karla.

(a bit sarcastic)

Very intuitive, that one.

Camille slaps his arm lightly while looking at Pappy. Pappy smiles.

PAPPY
(deadpan)
Never mock the organic nature of
someone's spirit.

TODD
(genuine)
I'm sorry sir. I meant no
disrespect.

PAPPY
(laughing)
And never call me sir.
(beat)
Have fun.

Pappy exits, walks along a path toward the tents. Camille looks up at Todd, smiles and hits her cup against Todd's.

CAMILLE
Mud in your eye.

Camille winks and downs the tea. Todd watches her for a moment before downing it himself.

TODD
All done.

CAMILLE
Let's walk around and see what we
can get into.

TODD
Sounds like a plan.

The pair walk down a beaten path in silence until they reach a large tent lit by torches and lots of candles. Camille nods towards the tent as if asking Todd if he wants to enter. Todd shrugs, "sure!" and they enter.

INT. LARGE TENT

The tent flickers in candle light as four older women, including Karla, give a MIDDLE-AGED MAN, 45, a replica of Karla's tattoo, but on his back. The man is sitting on the ground while Karla and the women use razors and homemade ink for the tattoo.

CLOSER WE SEE

Karla is straddling the man's face while he performs oral sex on her. She bends down over his head, rubbing the ink into the cuts the other women are creating with the razors.

Todd's eyes widen and from his POV, his vision seems blurred.

KARLA

You must give to receive. You must
give to receive. You must give to
receive.

Through tunnel vision Todd looks horrified, but he can't take his eyes off of Karla and the man getting the makeshift tattoo. The other women behind the man start to moan. Is this really happening?

Todd backs up and exits the tent. Camille calmly follows.

EXT. LARGE TENT

As Todd exits the tent he inhales a breath of fresh air. He feels hot, sweaty. Camille follows.

CAMILLE

You okay?

TODD

(unsure)

Yeah, I think that tea is kicking
in. Big time.

CAMILLE

You're okay. Take your sweatshirt
off.

Todd listens and pulls his sweatshirt over his head. He nods "better" but it's as if he's trying to convince himself. Camille grabs his hand and they walk down the path.

SUDDENLY, the pair come to a complete stop, Todd falls to the ground and we become consumed by DARKNESS.

Through the blackness we hear the sound of a heart beat. Thump-thump, thump-thump, thump-thump. The heartbeat grows faster and faster until...

CUT TO:

INT. SMALL TENT

Camille and Beelz sit cross-legged style looking down at Todd. He opens his eyes.

BEELZ
Hello Todd.

CAMILLE
Are you feeling okay?

TODD
Did I pass out?

BEELZ
Your body rejected the tea's
healing and generous powers.
(beat)
You have been chosen.

CAMILLE
Don't be afraid, I'll be with you
the whole time.

Todd is hallucinating a bit, but he's aware enough to be
scared. He stands.

TODD
I'm having a bad trip. Camille take
me to the car.

CAMILLE
You don't understand what an honor
this is.

BEELZ
Come to the fire.

TODD
No! What the fuck are you talking
about?! Camille take me to my car,
NOW!

BEELZ
Don't you see? You represent what's
wrong with the balance. You consume
and purchase and when you give you
wear a mask that is made of what
generosity feels like, but there is
no generosity underneath.

CUT TO:

EXT. PATH

The light from the bonfire flickers against Todd's face as he runs as fast as he can down the path, toward the woods. He is out of his mind.

Camille and Beelz walk at a regular pace behind him and slowly, everyone at the party gets up and follows Camille and Beelz. It's like something out of "The Following".

CAMERA FOLLOWS TODD

as he runs through thick brush and forest. It seems as though he's deep in the woods but soon the light flickering on his sweat drenched face becomes brighter and brighter until he reaches a large clearing in the woods.

He stops in front of the largest bonfire imaginable. About twenty people, men and women in their 40's to 60's, surround the fire, including Pappy, Karla and the tattooed man. They are focused on the fire, throwing hundreds of books into the fire as well as random belongings.

They speak in tongues without looking up and at first, they don't notice Todd as he stands there drugged and in shock.

FOCUS ON TODD

as people rush past him to join the others around the fire, still speaking in tongues. The odd chanting gets LOUDER and though Todd wants to run, he can't. It's as if he's glued to the ground.

THEN, a hand squeezes his shoulder. Todd turns to see David, no longer smiling and pleasant - he almost looks demonic, possessed.

DAVID

You were chosen.

TODD

Chosen?! Chosen for what?

(beat)

Camille!

CAMILLE

You can't see your beauty because
there is none left.

KAREN MURPHY, 40's, walks up to Camille who is now standing near David and Todd. Karen whispers something into Camille's ears and then hands her a book. Todd looks at Karen who flashes the police badge that she's wearing.

Camille holds up a book in front of Todd's face, directly in front of his eyes. Through Todd's POV we see the book's title: "Sex is Fun".

Todd acts like he wants to say something but before he does, Camille storms off and throws the book into the fire, angrily. It's as if she's a completely different person when she turns and glares at Todd. Flickers of red and orange reflect in her dark eyes.

Everything becomes eerily silent. And then whispers are heard amongst the group. The whispers continue as Pappy steps forward out of the circle and approaches Todd. He grabs Todd's face with his hands, pulls him close.

PAPPY

It's no use. You could have been reborn. We intended to release what was left of your meager purity in the flames, but your darkness runs too deep.

(beat)

You can't be saved.

Todd quickly pulls away from Pappy.

TODD

You people are fucking nuts!

Todd points to Camille.

TODD (CONT'D)

And you, Bitch! You set me up! You did this!

Pappy laughs but then abruptly stops for a moment. He looks out to his cult and then the group begins laughing exactly as Pappy was laughing, as if on cue. Pappy laughs again but louder this time. The group imitates every fluctuation.

Finally...

PAPPY

Go. Just go.

CULT MEMBERS

(in unison)

Go. Just go.

PAPPY

(louder, faster)

Go! Just Go!

CULT MEMBERS
(in unison)
GO! JUST GO! GO! JUST GO! GO! JUST
GO!

Todd looks around one final time with terror before sprinting away from the fire, down the path past the tents and Pappy's house toward the lot of cars. The CHANTING of "GO! JUST GO!" can be heard in the background.

The lot of cars seems much more packed than it was previously. He's frantic, looking around for his car.

TODD
What the fuck! C'mon!

He pats himself down, searching for his keys. He pulls out a set of keys and presses the panic button on his car - BEEP! BEEP! BEEP! His flashing headlights can be seen 20 cars down. He races to it and cuts off the panic button.

Just as he reaches his car he realizes that all chanting has ceased. He pauses for a moment for a closer listen when he sees Karla, still naked, running toward him with a cast iron rod.

INT/EXT. TODD'S CAR

Just as Todd gets into the car, closes the door behind him and locks it, he finds himself FACE TO FACE with Karla as she creepily looks at him through the drivers side window.

Without breaking his gaze, he turns on the ignition, reverses his car so fast and reckless that it taps the car behind him with a CRASH before speeding off down the desolate gravel road.

BEHIND THE CAR

Karla is frighteningly lit by the taillights as the car pulls away.

As he attempts to focus on the road ahead Todd is overcome with emotion. He's shaking, sobbing, losing his mind. What the fuck is happening?!

SUDDENLY, UP AHEAD

Camille is standing there staring at his approaching car. She's naked and now has the same tattoo as Karla, except hers is upside down.

Todd SCREECHES the car to a halt, kicking up dust, but he's too late. SLAM! He hits Camille.

TODD
Oh no! No. No. No.

Todd exits the car and runs around to the front. He looks down, expecting to see Camille, but instead he sees the rat again.

CLOSE UP

the rat struggles to breathe and it's covered in blood.

TODD (CONT'D)
(to himself)
What the hell is going on?

He's baffled as he looks closer at the rat. He spastically rubs his head and his eyes. Then, there is a haunting and disturbing whisper that comes from the trees.

KARLA
(whispering)
Go. Just go.

Todd gets into the car and peels off, running over the rat.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE STAY INN - A WHILE LATER

The BMW pulls into the budget hotel and comes to a stop. Todd exits and runs into the hotel like a lunatic.

INT. THE STAY INN

CHANCE, a flamboyantly gay man in his early 40's stands at the front desk in a maroon polo with the "Stay Inn" logo on it. He looks bored as hell while paging through a US Weekly until a sweaty and frantic Todd runs into the hotel, approaching the front desk.

Chance reluctantly puts the magazine down and walks to the counter.

CHANCE
(bored)
Hello, welcome to the--

TODD
I need a room.

CHANCE

Okay.

Chance fiddles with a computer searching for a room.

CHANCE (CONT'D)

Will you be staying more than one night?

TODD

No. Just the one.

Chance takes his time looking at the monitor.

CHANCE

Okay Mr....

TODD

Simone.

CHANCE

Simone.

Chance looks at Todd who is sweating, fidgeting and breathing deeply.

CHANCE (CONT'D)

(sincere)

You alright Mr. Simone?

TODD

I'm fine. Just give me a room.

CHANCE

(beat)

No problem. You're going to be in room 303. I just need a credit card.

Todd removes his wallet from his back pocket, takes out his credit card but drops it on the floor. Chance watches as Todd bends down and picks up the card. His sweaty hands shake as he passes the card to Chance.

CLOSE SHOT

of the credit card being swiped.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM

Todd closes the door of the room, bolting it behind him. He lets out a sigh of relief, but he's not even close to being at peace. He lays on the bed and closes his eyes.

DARKNESS. And then we are the slits of Todd's eyes looking at the ceiling of the hotel room with blurred vision UNTIL...

FROM ABOVE WE SEE

Todd, his entire body is illuminated and framed by candles. He looks around with panic once he realizes that he is also surrounded by the cult members.

He looks down toward his crotch, noticing a lit candle resting against his balls. Camille lifts her head from behind the candle. She looks Todd in the eyes and then blows out the candle with one long-winded, almost slow-motion WOOOOOSH!

Smoke from the candle twirls in the air and then the other candles that surround Todd go out like a row of dominos.

CUT TO:

INT. RANDOM HOSPITAL HALLWAY

The walls of the hallway are pasty white, dingy in appearance. We hear the sound of wheels spinning and then...

POV - TRICYCLE

We ride the tricycle down the silent hallway. Todd's 4-year-old hands are steering the bike past five to ten hospital room doorways. A cult member stands in each doorway with their back turned, dressed in the same white outfits.

The tricycle begins to go faster and faster down the hallway until it's speeding much too fast. Just as we get inches away from the door at the end of the hallway, the tricycle comes to a complete stop.

There, lying in a pool of its own blood in front of the doorway, is the rat.

LITTLE TODD'S POV AS

he looks up at the window of the closed door. There he sees a portion of Adult Todd's face as he methodically scrapes the paint on the frame of the window.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM

CLOSE UP OF TODD'S FACE

As the CAMERA PULLS BACK we see that he's laying in the same hotel bed. He opens his eyes and gasps for air.

CUT TO:

INT. GOLDMAN'S OFFICE

Todd is well dressed and clean shaven but strung out. His eyes are bloodshot. He stands over Goldman's desk fidgeting and nervous.

Goldman sits calmly, deep in thought.

GOLDMAN
(looks to Todd)
Amsterdam?

TODD
Yes Mr. Goldman.

GOLDMAN
Why Amsterdam?

TODD
I've worked so closely with the
team...
(beat)
I just think it would be a good
fit.

Goldman smirks. He leans over and gives Todd the once over.

GOLDMAN
(sarcastic)
Well of course! The environment of
Amsterdam seems like it would be a
great fit for you!

Goldman laughs. He looks away from Todd, then looks back and laughs harder.

GOLDMAN (CONT'D)
Have you looked in a mirror lately
Simone? Because you look like shit.

Todd says nothing. Goldman stops laughing.

GOLDMAN (CONT'D)

In all seriousness Simone, I'm going to have to deny your request for a transfer. It's just not going to work right now.

TODD

(smiles)

I thought you might say that, Jonas.

Goldman raises an eyebrow at Todd. Todd reaches into his suit coat and pulls out some photos. He places the photos on Goldman's desk.

Todd has a semblance of control

TODD (CONT'D)

So let me ask you, Jonas. In these photos what purpose is Jeremy serving? I mean, it's pretty obvious to me but I'm interested in hearing your thoughts. Then maybe we can ask around the office and see if everyone agrees?

CUT TO:

INT. TODD'S BEDROOM - CHICAGO

Todd is in his room packing a few boxes when his phone vibrates on the night stand loudly. He picks up his phone and notices that he has a text from Camille. The text reads: "Hey sorry if the party got too dark for you...."

TODD

Dark? Is she fucking for real?

We see "...", Camille is typing something, but then stops. Todd rolls his eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. AIRPLANE

Todd sits in first class, he's wearing his hospital robe and is reading a magazine. He looks up from the magazine, notices the camera and looks directly into it.

At first he speaks jokingly as if he's a host of an old time TMC screening of a classic film.

TODD
Oh there you are!

Todd clicks on the television screen in front of him to open up what looks like a Skype video call. Middle-aged Dr. Janice appears on screen, but in reality, Todd is still back in her office.

DR. JANICE
Well, there is a difference between running from your problems and removing yourself from a toxic situation and I would categorize this a drastic example of the latter.

TODD
Hmm? A drastic removal... I like that. Makes me sound like a real "take the bull by the horns" kind of guy.

DR. JANICE
(beat)
So Mr. Simone, in retrospect, concerning the incidents at the party, are you able at all to differentiate between what was based in reality and what was part of your hallucinations?

TODD
All I know is that they were going to kill me.

DR. JANICE
That's not really an answer.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY

Todd, 14, stands at his locker and looks over at BALBINA FLORES, around the same age. She's talking with her friends, MOS, smiling, innocent, carefree. The girl looks up and over at Todd and smiles.

WE HOLD ONTO HER IN FREEZE FRAME AS

TODD (V.O.)
Doc, when I was 14 I fell in love for the first time. Her name was Balbina Flores.
(MORE)

TODD (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I thought she was the most
beautiful girl I had ever laid eyes
on.

Dr. JANICE (V.O.)
Where did you meet her?

BACK TO:

INT. AIRPLANE

Todd spaces out for a moment, reminiscing. Then looks back at
Dr. Janice on the video screen.

TODD
School. I sat next to her in
geometry. She was a sophomore and I
was a freshman. She was pretty
horrible at geometry and I saw her
struggling on a test one day so I
let her copy my work. We struck up
a friendship, for a while at least.

(beat)

We had the same lunch hour and she
started letting me carry her books
to the cafeteria and she even let
me sit with her and her bitch
friends. I was on cloud nine.

(beat)

Everyday she brought the same thing
for lunch - one orange and a small
plastic knife. Balbina thought she
was fat, even though she wasn't at
all, so that was all she ever
brought and everyday I would peel
that damn orange for her and then
slice it into four perfect segments
so she wouldn't get her hands
sticky.

(beat)

Everyone in the cafeteria would
stare at us but I didn't care and
Balbina didn't either.

(beat)

Until she did.

(beat)

After a few weeks Balbina started
to change. She started getting
short with me, making fun of me
with her friends. I didn't
understand at the time, but I found
out later that she had a crush on
some senior.

(MORE)

TODD (CONT'D)

(beat)

So one day we're in the cafeteria and she is full on ignoring me but I cut her orange like I always did. I'd forgotten my lunch that day and I was really hungry so I asked her if I could have a piece of her orange. She looked at me, laughed and said "Oh, are you still sitting here? No fucking way."

(beat)

Everyone within ear shot laughed at me and you know what I did?

Todd stands up and re-enacts the scene.

TODD (CONT'D)

I stood up, smashed the orange with my fist and screamed "YOU KNOW WHAT YOU ARE BALBINA? YOU'RE A FAT SELFISH BITCH!"

DR. JANICE

What did she do?

TODD

(matter-of-fact)

She burst into tears and then I laughed at her.

(beat)

I felt horrible about it but I did it anyway.

(beat)

And then I promised myself two things --

1. I can have an orange every fucking day of the week if I want without some bitch's permission and-
2. I'd never let myself get that fucked over a girl ever again

(beat)

But then Camille broke me and I had to leave.

(beat)

But you know what, Doc?

DR. JANICE

What Mr. Simone?

TODD

Amsterdam has the best fucking oranges.

The flight attendant hands Todd a glass of champagne. He takes a sip and winks at the camera.

CUT TO:

EXT. AMSTERDAM STREETS - NIGHT

Various fly overs and exterior shots of Amsterdam. Christmas decorations line the streets, lights, music, etc.

CUT TO:

INT. WES AND HOLLY'S HOME - NEW YEAR'S EVE

The home is spotless and elegantly staged with chic-modern decor and furniture, along with holiday decorations and lights. The sound of laughter can be heard in the background.

Todd, WES, 26 and his wife HOLLY, 26, are standing in the living room happily chatting. Other people stand in the background mingling. It's a full-on New Year's Eve party, catered and all. Wes has a strong, very handsome British accent - Holly is Swedish. Todd looks vibrant, happy and very healthy.

Wes puts his arm around Todd.

WES

(to the group)

I'd like to propose a toast to this cheeky bastard, our newest team member, Todd.

(beat)

You've made quite the impression this past month and we couldn't be happier to have you. Cheers, mate!

The group all clink glasses.

GROUP

Cheers!

TODD

(smiling)

Thank you Wes and everyone! And thank you so much to you and Holly for showing me around these last few weeks. You've made me feel so welcome.

HOLLY

It has been fun, yes. Now if you
will all excuse me, I think I smell
a catering emergency.

The group laughs. Holly leaves for the kitchen.

TODD

I still can't get over your house,
man. It's really awesome.

WES

Thanks! Yea, we need to get you out
of that Goldman sponsored flat and
into something that suits you.

TODD

I actually like the condo...

Wes sees something that worries him off in the distance.

WES

Oh it's her.

(sighs)

Excuse me Todd, Holly's mum just
arrived and she looks as though
she's rung in the new year a few
times over.

Holly's mom enters the foyer area of the home. She's
intoxicated, falling over, ridiculous.

TODD

No problem. You go be that stellar
son-in-law.

Wes turns back to look at Todd.

WES

(laughs)

Well, I don't know about all that.

Wes walks toward the front door. Todd watches Wes as he tends
to his drunk mother-in-law. He smirks, but then notices
Jennifer, 26, a gorgeous girl next door type in the other
room.

Todd becomes curious and watches Jennifer as she gracefully
sips her champagne. A caterer passes, she takes a napkin and
a small crab puff off the caterer's platter. She pauses, then
clumsily takes two more and pops one in her mouth.

Todd chuckles and Jennifer realizes she's been caught. She smiles at Todd and quickly hides the other crab puff behind her back. Todd returns a smile and almost trips as he walks over to introduce himself. Feeling comfortable, Jennifer pops the second crab puff in her mouth which is now full.

Todd regains his composure and purposely walks with swagger on his way over to Jennifer who is still chewing.

TODD
(all business)
So you're the one hoarding all the
crab puffs, huh?

Jennifer pulls the other crab puff from behind her back and presents it to Todd.

TODD (CONT'D)
(kidding)
Are you sure you can spare it?
Wouldn't want you to starve.

Jennifer pulls her hand away.

TODD (CONT'D)
I'm kidding! Please can I have a
crab puff?! I'm dying over here
Miss...?

Jennifer hands Todd the crab puff.

JENNIFER
Williams. But please call me
Jennifer.

Jennifer waits while Todd finishes chewing. He extends his hand to her.

TODD
Todd.

JENNIFER
I know who you are.

TODD
How do you...?

JENNIFER
Holly's a good friend of mine so
I've heard all about the new guy at
work who's stealing Wes's time away
from her.

TODD

Ouch.

JENNIFER

Oh it's alright.

(whispers)

She can be a little needy.

TODD

You're American too?

JENNIFER

Mmmhmm.

TODD

So how did you get here?

JENNIFER

Kind of a fluke. I met Holly about seven years ago when I came here for vacation. We shared a room at a hostel and hit it off so well that we stayed in touch.

Todd is a little disappointed.

TODD

So you're just visiting now?

JENNIFER

For a few months at least!

(beat)

I actually go to graduate school at Columbia Law in New York and I'm in their study abroad program here.

TODD

(smiles)

Cool.

Todd leans in and gives Jennifer a quick but sweet kiss on the lips. Jennifer is taken aback but doesn't pull away.

JENNIFER

Pretty confident there, huh?

Todd looks up and points. Jennifer looks up too. They are standing under mistletoe.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

You want to get out here?

Todd extends his hand to Jennifer. She takes it and they sneak out of the party.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SIDEWALK - A WHILE LATER

Todd and Jennifer stroll down the street laughing, slightly intoxicated. Jennifer stops and looks up at the building next to them.

JENNIFER
This is me.

TODD
This looks nice.

JENNIFER
Not really, but it'll do.

TODD
I had a really great time with you tonight.

JENNIFER
Me too.

TODD
Can I see you again?

JENNIFER
I hope so.

Todd leans in to kiss her, grabbing her face. They kiss gently and innocently. Passionately.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)
Happy New Year.

TODD
Happy New Year.

Todd watches as Jennifer walks up the steps of her apartment and enters the building. The door closes behind her and Todd smiles.

His smile is interrupted by the buzzing of his phone. On his screen a Facebook notification pops up - it's from Camille. The message is simply a heart emoji.

We see their phone conversation on his phone:

- Todd writes, "Happy New Year" and Camille immediately responds with "HNY. How are you?"
- He responds with, "I'm fantastic. I want to thank you."
- "?" Camille responds.
- "in a way you are part of the reason I moved here. Things are going really well for me, so thanks."

Camille sends another heart emoji. Todd turns off his phone and slowly starts walking down the street. He smiles, he is content and calm.

CUT TO:

INT. TODD'S BEDROOM - AMSTERDAM - LATER

Todd's bedroom is tastefully decorated and simple. The artwork that hangs from his walls is a lot less sexually charged.

Todd lays on his bed having a phone conversation. He laughs and looks up to his skylight.

THROUGH THE SKYLIGHT

we see that it's nighttime but a light from the patio shows that there is an oddly placed picnic table. The table rests on top of the skylight.

TODD

It's fucking weird, Man. I keep moving it and someone keeps moving it back. I always think it's gonna' crash through the skylight and kill me.

JACK (V.O.)

Dude, just move the bed.

Jack starts coughing.

TODD

You're totally smoking a bowl right now aren't you?

JACK (V.O.)

(laughs)

Yep.

TODD

What are you guys doing for New Year's?

JACK (V.O.)

(laughs)

Dude, we're getting ready to go to a party and I spiked Becky's mojito with a Xanax so she'll pass out early and I can ring in the New Year with Andrea.

TODD

That's fucked up even for you.

JACK (V.O.)

Whatever, she'll live. Anyway I gotta' go. Happy New Year!

TODD

Happy New Year.

Todd hangs up the phone and stares at the picnic table through the skylight.

INT. GOLDMAN BROTHERS - CONFERENCE ROOM - AMSTERDAM

CEO of Goldman Bros Amsterdam, MARTEN DEKKER, 58, sits at the end of the conference table talking with Todd. Marten's Dutch accent and muscular body makes him intimidating, but to Todd, not as intimidating as Goldman.

MARTEN

You seem to be adjusting well, Mr. Simone.

TODD

Everyone has been more than welcoming Mr. Dekker.

MARTEN

It's quite a change you made.

(beat)

You're doing great work so your free to work remotely a few days a week if you'd like.

TODD

Thank you Sir.

MARTEN

I feel a more relaxed atmosphere in
a high stress field of work tends
to have a more lucrative outcome.
Wouldn't you agree?

TODD

Absolutely!

CUT TO:

INT. BALLROOM

It's as if we are in a dream, in Todd's head, as Todd and Jennifer dance alongside Mr. Dekker and MRS. DEKKER, a very attractive woman in her mid-fifties.

Todd and Mr. Dekker clank expensive looking sherry glasses, down the liquid, toss the glasses over there shoulder and continue dancing. As they spin the women around we hear the glass shatter.

CLOSE UP

of one of the glasses as it flies through the air and shatters, in slow motion. Shards of glass scatter.

CLOSE UP

of Todd and Jennifer as they dance. Todd is beaming with happiness as he spins Jennifer around. His eyes lock on something in the distance and his smile quickly fades into a look of pure terror.

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO SEE

Camille and Pappy as they dance in appropriate ballroom garb next to Todd and Jennifer. Camille stares at Todd menacingly. She is holding a full glass of sherry and drops it while keeping her eyes fixated on Todd. The glass SHATTERS on the floor.

CUT TO:

INT. VINKELES RESTAURANT - AMSTERDAM

Todd and Jennifer are having a nice meal, and are both in the midst of laughter. Jennifer laughs out loud and then covers her mouth with her napkin because she's laughing so hard.

TODD

...so for good reason I thought I
was losing it, right!
(MORE)

TODD (CONT'D)

That damn tattoo! I'm tellin' ya,
if I ever see that on anyone or
anything again...

Jennifer looks at Todd and smiles.

JENNIFER

Well that would have made anyone
crazy. Jeez!

(beat)

But let's stop talking about our
exes now. It's making me feel
weird.

TODD

Oh sorry. Bad form on my end.
Sorry.

JENNIFER

No, don't apologize. I did it too!

TODD

Yea but I started it.

(beat)

How's the duck?

Jennifer looks down at her plate.

JENNIFER

He's been better.

Jennifer and Todd laugh. A male WAITER, 40's, passes their
table. Jennifer flags him down.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

Oh sir, would you mind taking our
picture?

WAITER

Of course not. What is it you say
in the U.S? Say cheese?

TODD

Yep.

Jennifer and Todd scrunch together. The Waiter aims the
camera.

WAITER

Say cheese!

TODD

Cheese!

JENNIFER

Cheese!

FLASH!

CUT TO:

MONTAGE - A SLIDE SHOW OF PICTURES

to show that Todd and Jennifer have been dating for a few months.

- Picture of Todd and Jennifer on a bridge.
- Picture of Todd and Jennifer doing a sexy/funny pose outside a whorehouse in the red light district
- Picture of Todd and Jennifer sticking their tongues out with a pill of Molly on them.
- Picture of Todd and Jennifer toasting drinks with Wes and Holly.
- Picture of Todd and Jennifer out to dinner with Mr and Mrs. Dekker.
- Picture of Todd with his arms wrapped around Jennifer. He is smiling, she is laughing.

FADE TO:

INT. TODD'S BEDROOM - AMSTERDAM

The camera is still focused on the final picture and then PULLS BACK to see the photo on Todd's nighstand. The SOUNDS of Jennifer and Todd making love can be heard in the background.

This is different than before - it's sweet sex, gentle, intertwining of souls. Both Todd and Jennifer are climaxing together and as they finish, Jennifer rests her head on Todd's chest.

TODD
Are you cold?

JENNIFER
No, I'm great.

TODD
This sucks.

JENNIFER

I know. I don't want to go but it's only one more semester and then I can come back. If you'll wait for me, of course.

TODD

Bite your tongue girl, of course.
(beat)
Miss you already.

JENNIFER

Me too.

Todd's phone vibrates. He looks at it and puts the phone down.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

Who was that?

TODD

My buddy Jack. I can't wait for you to meet him. He's crazy.

JENNIFER

I bet.

Todd looks at the wall.

ON THE WALL WE SEE

a text from Camille pop up. The text message reads: "We need to talk".

Todd immediately reaches for his phone and shuts it off. Jennifer curls up to him and they both fall asleep.

CUT TO:

INT. TODD'S BEDROOM - AMSTERDAM

Todd wakes up alone. Jennifer is gone, but from the look on Todd's face it's not a surprise. He looks up at the picnic table standing on his bedroom sky light. He smiles at how weird it is still to him. Gets out of bed.

INT. TODD'S KITCHEN - AMSTERDAM

Todd cuts an orange into four segments. He walks over to his computer to check on something but then scurries back almost immediately to make sure the knife is still there. And it is! Phew! He picks up the knife, washes it and puts it away.

INT. GOLDMAN BROTHERS TODD'S OFFICE - AMSTERDAM

Todd sits at his desk on the phone. He's happy, smiling, deep in conversation.

TODD
Well your professor sounds like a
real jag off honey and I've dealt
with plenty.

There is a knock at the door.

TODD (CONT'D)
Jen, hold on a second.

Todd answers the door. It's Wes.

TODD (CONT'D)
Babe, I gotta' go. Hang in there,
okay? It's almost over.
(beat)
Love you too.

Todd hangs up the phone.

TODD (CONT'D)
What's up man?

WES
You up for going out tonight?

TODD
Hell yeah. Where are we going?

WES
New club. I've never been but I
heard it gets fucking mental.

TODD
I think I'll be able to handle it.

INT. CLUB NU - THAT NIGHT

Typical nightclub. Lots of strobe lights, half-naked women, freshly dressed men, loud music.

At a nearby table, Todd and Wes are partying with some guys from the office, and some of Wes's friends.

CUT TO:

CLOSE UP

As a YOUNG HOT GIRL places a pill in Todd's mouth.

CUT TO:

A BACK ROOM

Todd takes a joint from Wes, takes a hit and then exhales. He then does a line of coke off a RANDOM GIRL'S ass. Wes and friends cheer Todd on.

CUT TO:

INT. NOOIT VERTELLEN STRIP CLUB

Todd and Wes walk in and head toward a table. Both of them are pretty well lit, sweaty, worse for wear.

TODD
(laughing)
Are we terrible people? I mean does
Holly know where you are right now?

WES
She knows.

TODD
Really? Jen would probably be
pissed.

Wes looks off to the stage.

WES
I'm all about being honest. I'm
also all about that girl's tits.

Todd looks over to see what Wes is talking about. AYL A, 22, Lithuanian, is posed back up against the stripper pole. Her body is perfection and she's more than tempting as she slowly unwraps a cherry sucker and sexually moves it around her mouth. Her tongue glistens.

THEN, a re-mixed DJ-style version of "I Want Candy" plays in the background. Ayla runs the sucker to her right breast and circles her hard nipples. She winks at the audience, hands the sucker to an audience member and flawlessly begins her pole/ dance routine.

Wes looks over at Todd and motions "let's go". Todd is speechless as the pair walks over to a table by the stage.

WES (CONT'D)
That girl is the real deal, mate.

TODD
 She is.
 (beat)
 Perfect.

Ayla rolls on the stage and looks directly at Wes.

WES
 You're perfect.

Ayla winks at Wes without missing a beat.

TODD
 Ha! She winked at you.

WES
 Yes, she did.

COCKTAIL WAITRESS, 22, approaches the table.

COCKTAIL WAITRESS
 What can I get you two to drink?

WES
 Vodka rocks. Top shelf.

TODD
 I'll have the same.

CLOSE UP OF TODD

his eyes dilate. Everything goes SILENT.

It's as if the music and bustle of the bar stops, freezes completely. And then, all of the people in the club disappear except for Ayla and Todd. Ayla mounts him and begins doing an extremely seductive lap dance.

CUT TO:

Close up of money machine RAPIDLY counting hundreds.

CUT TO:

INT. NOOIT VERTELLEN STRIP CLUB - PRIVATE ROOM

Ayla is writhing on Todd. She is enjoying it. Todd's eyes roll back with orgasmic pleasure. She kisses him. The kiss is deep, sexual, animalistic.

TODD (CONT'D)
 You want to get out of here? Go
 back to my place?

AYLA
(whispers in his ear)
It's gonna' cost you.

TODD
Money is no object. I want to take
your picture.

AYLA
Pay first. I'll come over after my
shift.

Ayla puts her hand out for money.

CUT TO:

Close up of money machine rapidly counting hundreds.

CUT TO:

INT. TODD'S LIVING ROOM- AMSTERDAM

Todd paces, looks at the wall clock, continues pacing. It's obvious that he's waiting for someone and they are late. He's frantic, overcome with anxiety. He walks over to a nearby counter where three lines of blow are perfectly made.

He leans down to snort one line of coke but stops and observes his reflection in the mirror.

HIS REFLECTION

he looks ragged, delirious, maniacal. He stares at his reflection for a moment, snorts the line, then jolts up and grabs his phone.

He dials a number and we HEAR the sound of the phone ringing. Someone picks up.

CLUB OWNER (O.C.)
(Dutch Accent)
We're closed.

TODD
Closed? Sorry is Ayla there?

CLUB OWNER (O.C.)
Who?

TODD
Ayla, the dancer?

CLUB OWNER (O.C.)
Who the fuck is this?

TODD
I'm a friend.

CLUB OWNER
She's gone.

TODD
Do you know how I can reach her?

CLUB OWNER (O.C.)
I don't have time to play
matchmaker, Neuken Kruip.

CLICK.

TODD
Fuck.

Todd grabs his keys and his wallet. Starts toward the door, but then stops, walks back over to the counter and finishes the last two lines on the mirror.

CUT TO:

Todd ends the call. He grabs his keys and his wallet. Starts toward the door and then stops. He walks back over to the counter and finishes the last two lines of coke on the mirror.

CUT TO:

EXT. DE WALLEN MAIN STREET - DAWN

The sun peeks over the horizon as Todd frantically walks down the street. He looks a mess. As he walks past multiple sex shops, bars and sex clubs, he makes sure to pop his head in. It's apparent that he's looking for someone.

Todd continues walking until he is near a group of AMERICAN TOURISTS. He stops and stands there motionless. The tourists can't help but notice him and they hesitantly approach.

AMERICAN TOURIST #1
What the fuck is your problem?

TODD
Where the fuck is she? Did you fuck
her?!

The American Tourists back away and walk around Todd.

AMERICAN TOURIST #2
Dude's nuts. Ignore him.

Todd turns and sees he is now in front of a small sex brothel. Todd notices Camille, scantily clad, walks into the brothel. He follows her.

INT. KITTEN DEN

Todd quietly allows the door to close behind him and watches as Camille passes the CASHIER, an elderly woman, who wears stripper clothing. Todd stops and pays the Cashier, then continues to follow who he thinks is Camille.

Camille walks with purpose and enters a room where Ayla lays on a red velvet circular bed with her legs spread. Todd stops at the door and watches.

Without a word Camille undresses and crawls in between Ayla's legs. She trails her tongue up Ayla's stomach and neck until she reaches her mouth. The two women begin to kiss.

Todd watches from the sidelines, shocked and in awe as FOUR BLACK WOMEN in dominatrix gear enter the room - the same women from earlier in the film. They begin photographing Ayla and Camille having sex. After a moment of this odd behavior one of the black women gestures for Todd to enter the room and join them.

As if in a trance, Todd enters and undresses himself, gets onto the bed and begins to finger Camille. Ayla and Camille stop kissing. Todd and Ayla start kissing, but Ayla creepily begins to laugh while they kiss.

This enrages Todd. He pushes himself in between Ayla's legs and wraps his hands around her neck.

SUDDENLY, Camille has vanished. It's just Todd roughly fucking Ayla while choking her. The four black women watch comfortably.

CAMERA HOLDS ONTO TODD'S FACE

as the bed starts spinning. The spinning is fast and then slows so we can see that all four black women are laughing hysterically, pointing at Todd.

Now, we see that the thing he's fucking and choking is a mediocre life-like sex doll. The camera holds on Todd's face as the bed starts spinning.

CUT TO:

INT. TODD'S BEDROOM - AMSTERDAM

Todd wakes up gasping for air. His phone is ringing next to him. It's Wes. He answers in a panic, not knowing what day it is.

TODD
Hello!

WES (O.C.)
Where the hell have you been?
Dekker wants to see you at the
office yesterday.

TODD
I'm working remotely.

WES (O.C.)
Well you haven't logged into the
company network in over 24 hours.

TODD
Fuck. I'll be there as soon as I
can.

WES (O.C.)
(laughing)
What happened to you? Did you hook
up with that dancer?

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - AMSTERDAM

WE PAN UP

from a pair of sexy feet in heels walking down the damp
pavement. These feet belong to Ayla. She stops abruptly.

EXT. WOODED AREA

Todd is surrounded by movie style lights as he digs in the
dirt with a shovel.

CLOSE UP

as the flat side of the shovel pats down the dirt. We see
Todd's right foot draw an "A" in the dirt. He drops the
shovel next to it.

CUT TO:

INT. GOLDMAN BROTHERS TRADING - DEKKER'S OFFICE

Todd stands motionless while Dekker sits at his desk. Dekker is stern but professional when he speaks.

DEKKER
No work for 24 hours is grossly unacceptable.

TODD
Yes Sir. There's no excuse.

DEKKER
Never again. Period

TODD
Understood.

DEKKER
Monday you're in the office full-time until further notice. And go clean yourself Simone. You look like shit.

TODD
Yes Sir.

CUT TO:

INT. GOLDMAN BROTHERS TRADING - HALLWAY - AMSTERDAM

As Todd exits Mr. Goldman's office he notices five men at different lengths down the hallway installing security cameras. Todd abruptly stops and it's as if panic fills his eyes.

The men turn and stare at Todd in unison.

INT. TODD'S BEDROOM - AMSTERDAM

Todd and Camille are both on their phones. They sit cross-legged style facing each other. The conversation is between the two of them, but is fantastically happening like this. They are mid-conversation.

CAMILLE
I would never have let them kill you.

TODD
I thought I'd lost my mind.

CAMILLE

I burned my leg in the fire to punish myself. I felt so bad about what I did to you. All of it.

TODD

All of what?

CAMILLE

A lot of the people I work with are cops Todd. They were watching you.

(beat)

They are watching you. And I'm so sorry.

TODD

Who?

CAMILLE

You're neighbor, Carl at the restaurant, some of the people at the parties. They look the other way, they even partake, but in exchange for a bust or two.

TODD

You fucking set me up?!

CAMILLE

All of our calls and texts up to this point have been recorded and documented. Not this one, though. Just be careful if you come back to Chicago.

(beat)

I really am sorry.

TODD

In a fucked up way that kind of makes me feel relieved. A lot of things make sense now.

CAMILLE

Just be careful. They're everywhere. I gotta' go.

TODD

That's it? This is how this ends?

CAMILLE

Live well Todd.

TODD

Fuck you, Camille.

We see Camille hang up and she immediately disappears from the bed. Todd remains seated, frozen, as he dials a number. Jennifer appears on his bed, but she lays on her side as she answers the phone.

JENNIFER

Hey Babe! I miss you!

TODD

Why were you at that party?

JENNIFER

What are you talking about?

TODD

Why were you at Wes and Holly's New Years Eve party?

JENNIFER

You know why. You're not making any sense. Are you fucked up? What did you take Todd?

TODD

Oh you'd like me to answer that wouldn't you?

Todd begins looking around the room frantically while sweating.

JENNIFER

Todd I'm worried about you.

TODD

Ha! That's rich! I'm worrying YOU? You and Camille are in on it together!

JENNIFER

Camille? Todd stop!

TODD

Oh my God, the cameras at work...they're watching.

Todd hangs up the phone and exits the room for a moment before coming back with his laptop. He madly opens it and bites his fingernails while it boots up. It seems like the damn thing is taking forever.

He can't wait, so he exits the room for a couple of seconds and then comes back with a small leather bag.

He pulls out a baggy full of Molly, takes four pills with a glass of water that rests on his nightstand. Then, he takes out a metal case, opens it, takes out a joint...

CUT TO:

CLOSE UP OF TODD

as he lights the joint. Smoke twirls in the air as he inhales slowly. The exhaled smoke blows onto the now open computer screen. He's examining it and begins to read.

ON THE SCREEN

is an odd looking folder in the middle of the screen. Todd clicks on it and then suddenly, the screen goes BLACK. A message is being typed:

"YOU HAVE BEEN UNDER SURVEILLANCE FOR OVER A YEAR NOW. THE CONTENT ON THIS DEVICE IS NOW PROPERTY OF THE NATIONAL SECURITY AGENCY. ALL OF YOUR ILLEGAL ACTIVITY HAS BEEN FILED AND RECORDED. TURN YOURSELF IN TO THE US EMBASSY IN AMSTERDAM IMMEDIATELY."

Todd FREEZES when he reads the message, but then immediately closes the computer. He calmly sits and then BAM! He throws the laptop against the wall with a smash and suddenly blood splatters on Todd; it's as if the laptop was human.

Pieces of the laptop become stuck in the blood and slowly drip down to the floor in a bloody streak.

TODD (CONT'D)
My blood! My DNA!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TODD'S BEDROOM - AMSTERDAM

Todd is pacing, occasionally doing bumps of blow from a silver vial he is carrying. He is on his phone, we hear the phone ringing. We see a static(y) hologram of Claire appear. She is sitting at her desk surrounded by medical books.

TODD
Hello?

CLAIRE
Hey, I'm really busy can I call you back?

TODD
No. I'm, I'm not okay right now.

CLAIRE
What's wrong?

TODD
I just, I need to you to tell me
you love me. I need to know I'm
real.

CLAIRE
What?

TODD
Please just do it!

CLAIRE
I love you Todd.

TODD
Yes! Say my name too! Please keep
saying it like over and over.
PLEASE!

CLAIRE
I love you Todd. I love you Todd. I
love you Todd. I love you Todd....

Claire continues saying this and it almost becomes drone like. The static of her hologram increases, but she can still be heard. Todd is sitting on the edge of his bed sobbing but smiling at the sound of his sister's voice.

Suddenly, members of the cult start entering the room walking backwards. We never see their faces. They begin chanting.

CULT MEMBERS
WE LOVE YOU TODD. WE LOVE YOU TODD.
WE LOVE YOU TODD....

We can still hear Claire and the cult members saying it over and over, faster and faster. The cult members begin to pull at Todd as they speak. He is now fighting them off and banging on the imaginary transparent bubble that surrounds his sister. With each bang the static becomes more severe.

The cult members drag him down on the bed. He is lying down. They are hovering over him and Todd begins to gag. He starts coughing up blood and it looks like he might vomit, but what escapes his mouth instead is a large wet baby black rat. The animal crawls to Todd's chest and stops.

AHHHHHHH! Todd screams in panic and agony, and begins to go insane. He picks up the rat, smashes it against the wall and smears the rat's blood all over himself.

The cult members slowly walk out of the room in silence. Todd sits up and moves to the edge of the bed. He is face to face with the hologram of Claire. Claire is crying.

TODD

Claire?

Claire looks up to reveal her eyes, now completely BLACK. Todd, still very bloody, SCREAMS aggressively at the hologram of his sister, which then quickly disappears.

CUT TO:

INT. TODD'S BEDROOM - AMSTERDAM - DAY

FAST FORWARD AS

Todd sits on his bed doing blow and popping pills. The daylight fades into night as Todd lays on his bed with his eyes closed. Daylight creeps in again and fades against the skylight, symbolizing that two days have passed.

As Todd opens his eyes we are looking up at the skylight. We see a rat bloody and barely moving on the glass. Todd gasps.

CUT TO:

INT. GOLDMAN BROTHERS TRADING - MAIN FLOOR - AMSTERDAM

Todd is wearing a suit, but looks like a cracked out mess. He's unshaven, his shirt is untucked. All of the minions are running back and forth from desk to desk checking computers and it is extremely busy.

TODD

Stop! Everyone STOP! STOP TRADING!

The minions stop. We see Wes shake his head and walk toward Todd.

TODD (CONT'D)

WE ARE UNDER NUCLEAR ATTACK! A
NUCLEAR WAR IS ABOUT TO BREAK
OUT!!!!

WES

Todd! That's enough!

TODD

SHUT UP! All of you stop! I'm your
superior and I'm telling you to
stop!

All work stops for a moment and people stare at Todd in disbelief. Todd leaves the room and marches down the hallway toward his office, stopping briefly at the janitor's closet where he grabs an industrial sized broom.

He knocks down every camera that was installed methodically as he walks toward his office, grabs one of the cameras that he just knocked off the wall and enters his office. He slams his office door with a BANG.

INT. TODD'S OFFICE - AMSTERDAM

Todd downloads all of the company files onto a hard drive and exits his office with his company laptop and the camera.

INT. GOLDMAN BROTHER TRADING - HALLWAY - AMSTERDAM

Todd abruptly opens Mr. Dekker's office door to see that no one is there.

Todd storms down the hallway toward the conference room. As he nears the conference room he sees TWO POLICE OFFICERS, Jennifer, Wes, and Mr. Dekker sitting as if oddly expecting his arrival. Todd busts open the doors to the conference room.

INT. GOLDMAN BROTHERS TRADING - CONFERENCE ROOM - AMSTERDAM

TODD

Well this! This is just fucking perfect!

(To Jennifer))

What the fuck are you doing here?

JENNIFER

(Crying))

I came because I was concerned.

WES

Your sister called her and told her to come.

JENNIFER

Todd, you need to sleep. You need to rest.

Todd starts walking around the room wildly.

TODD

The fuck I do! You don't think I SEE!

(MORE)

TODD (CONT'D)

That I don't see what is going on here. The cameras, the drugs, the NS FUCKING A on my computer. YOU REALLY DONT THINK I SEE THAT I'M BEING SET UP?! And you're all in on it! ALL OF YOU!

(to Dekker)

Did you call the fucking cops old man?! I'm not taking the fall for any of you! Especially not her and you all know who the fuck I'm talking about!!!!

Todd walks over to Dekker who is now leaning against the conference room table. He slams down the camera right next to Dekker. Todd bear hugs Mr. Dekker and just as he does so, the officers start toward Todd.

Mr. Dekker notices the officers and holds his hands up, stopping them for a moment. Todd leans in closer to Dekker's right ear, still hugging him.

TODD (CONT'D)

You just want to make movies and I just wanna make music.

(beat)

What kind of movies are you making you sick FUCK?

Dekker rolls his eyes and pushes Todd off him.

DEKKER

That's enough Mr. Simone.

TODD

(References the officers)

And who are they? Why in the fuck are they here? Am I being arrested or something?

DEKKER

They are not here to arrest you. They work for you and are here to take you home to rest.

TODD

Oh yeah? You both work for me? Then get up on this table and fuck each other.

JENNIFER

Todd!

WES
That's enough.

Todd looks at Jennifer, Wes and Dekker. He composes himself.

TODD
Alright then. Take me home.

EXT. GOLDMAN OFFICE BUILDING - AMSTERDAM

Todd is being escorted into the back of the paddy wagon.

PAN BACK TO:

INT. GOLDMAN BROTHERS TRADING- DEKKER'S OFFICE

Dekker is watching something on his computer screen.

THE SCREEN

is a live security feed from a mysterious camera outside the building. He watches as Todd is put into a paddy wagon and driven away.

Dekker sighs, closes his laptop.

EXT. ARKIN INSTITUTE

The officer take Todd out of the police car and escort him into the building.

CAMERA PANS UP to see an eerie statue of a man on the top rung of a ladder reaching his hands up to the sky.

INT. ARKIN INSTITUTE - TODD'S ROOM

The room is bare, stark white. Todd sits on the cot-like bed in silence. Then, there's the sound of footsteps that seem to stop right in front of his door. Knock, knock, knock...

Todd looks down at a piece of paper that's slid under his door. He gets off the cot, picks it up.

It's an extensive document that reads:

"NAME: Dhr Simone

You are admitted at 1A ward at Mentrum.

Your day will start at 8:15

You have to stay in your room at the following times:

10.00 - 11.00

12.00 - 13.00

14.30 - 15.30

17.30 - 18.30

19.30 - 20.30

If you leave your room during these hours you will get a warning, if you leave again, we lock the door.

You will have your meals in your room.

Your medication is important. We expect you to take it at the appointed time without discussion.

You will work together and follow instructions from the staff/nurses on the ward.

Any volatile verbal or physical action will not be tolerated.

Good luck,

Team 1A"

Todd paces back and forth. He is a sweaty mess.

TODD

Good luck?! Good luck?

Todd takes his fingernail and writes a number one on the wall.

CUT TO:

Jack's hand uses a razor to carve the first "one" marking on Andrea's back.

CUT TO:

INT. DR. JANICE'S OFFICE

Todd is lying on the couch. This is real time now. He is in his robe, finishing up the session we've been seeing throughout.

DR. JANICE

I want to make sure we are on the same page here. It is your belief that Camille, Mr. Dekker, Mr. Goldman, and Jennifer all set you up.

TODD

All I know is Camille point blank told me that she was setting me up as some scapegoat for quotas or some shit and then I see Dekker putting in those cameras.

(beat)

I don't know.

DR. JANICE

And you don't think that your extreme drug use had anything to do with these paranoid thoughts?

TODD

Well that's pretty presumptuous.

(beat)

Listen lady. I've been here three weeks and this is the first time you've seen me and you think you can figure me out in 15 minutes?

(beat)

I'm an American citizen and I'm being held here against my will without due process. This is BULLSHIT!

DR. JANICE

That'll be all for today Mr. Simone.

As Todd, frustrated, walks out the door Dr. Janice stops him with one more thing. Todd stops.

DR. JANICE (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

You're not a lifer, Mr. Simone. Don't make this harder than it has to be.

(beat)

May I be frank?

TODD

Please.

DR. JANICE
Sometimes it takes a hard slap in
the face to remind us to get our
shit together. Don't stand there
and wait for a kick to the balls.

Todd pauses. Exits the room.

CUT TO:

INT. ARKIN INSTITUTE - HALLWAY

Todd passes a few patients, some of which he nods to. Then
from another hallway Todd is approached by IGGY, 45, a black
British man with a wild shaggy afro and full of artistic
tattoos.

IGGY
Hey Simone! I got us on the list
for outdoor gym.

TODD
Awesome! That's the best news I've
heard all day!

IGGY
Alright my brother, I'll meet you
up there in fifteen. Cool?

TODD
Cool. Just gonna' run to my room
quick.

INT. ARKIN INSTITUTE - TODD'S ROOM

It is now covered in artwork. A lot of the artwork has mental
health quotes and #freetoddsimone on them.

Todd changes from his slippers to gym shoes.

WE PAN UP TO

the door of his room and we see a painting that says "DEMAND
THE RELEASE OF YOUR SON, DEMAND THE RELEASE OF YOUR BROTHER.
DEMAND THE RELEASE OF YOUR FRIEND. DEMAND THE RELEASE OF YOUR
PARTNER."

EXT. ARKIN INSTITUTE - ROOFTOP GYM

Though on the rooftop, the gym is fenced in. Todd comes through the door to see Iggy lifting a broken stationary bike. Iggy is laying down doing a bench press like exercise with the back end of the bike.

TODD

(Laughs))

What the hell are you doing?

IGGY

None of the equipment works. Not one fucking piece! The only thing not broken is the track, but I'm sure someone will fuck it up somehow.

TODD

We should place bets.

IGGY

Hey, but staying positive, it sure is good to be outside again.

TODD

(smiling)

Fuck yeah it is.

Todd walks over to the fence. Iggy follows him. Iggy lights a cigarette, takes a drag and hands it to Todd. They look out from the roof over at the expensive condominiums with exclusive private patios across the way.

Todd looks out. We see MALE HIPSTER and FEMALE HIPSTER, white, early thirties, wealthy, sunbathing on their patio. Todd's demeanor changes.

TODD (CONT'D)

I swear if I ever see that piece of shit on the street...

Iggy puts his hand on Todd's shoulder.

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. ARKIN INSTITUTE - ROOFTOP GYM

Three weeks earlier.

Todd is on the rooftop with an attendant. He is shaking and freaking out, obviously a day or two after he was admitted.

ACROSS THE WAY

The same hipster couple is on their patio. Male Hipster is grilling. The Female Hipster walks over and refreshes his mojito with a pitcher she brings over.

The Male Hipster looks up and over at Todd while grilling and then his focus shifts upward. Todd follows his gaze. They are both looking at the ladder statue on top of the building. Male Hipster looks back at Todd. Todd looks back at Male Hipster.

CLOSE SHOT OF THE HIPSTER

as he mouths the word "jump" while motioning it with his free hand.

Todd turns to his left and the statue is standing next to him. Suddenly Todd becomes horrified as the statue mimics his look, then smiles and winks. THEN, the statue bolts up the ladder and jumps.

FREEZE FRAME while the statue is in midair. We SWOOSH/SWIPE back over to Todd and Iggy, present day.

BACK TO:

EXT. ARKIN INSTITUTE - ROOFTOP GYM

IGGY

What a wanker. If we ever see him on the street I'd hand you the rope.

Todd is still staring off. Then he scrunched his face.

TODD

Hand me the rope? That's it? You wouldn't help me catch him?

IGGY

Hey, he didn't tell me to jump.

They both laugh. Iggy's a charmer.

TODD

Dick.

IGGY

After group I have a new piece to show you.

TODD

Oh man that last one you did of the woman giving birth to the wheel chair... That blew my fucking mind.

CUT TO:

INT. ARKIN INSTITUTE - GROUP THERAPY SESSION

We are on a close up of a fungus ridden foot, toe nails that look like corn chips, wearing pink flip flops.

WE PAN UP TO SEE

Artur, 60's, a Dutch man who looks like a pedophile wearing a blond tupee. He swings his foot back and forth with his legs crossed.

The group consists of Artur, Todd, Iggy, and MICHAEL, 40, 450 pound Dutch man who aches to live. The group is led by male DR. SHULZ, 40's, a sharp looking Brit.

Todd and Dr. Shulz are intensely listening to Michael while Artur files his finger nails. Iggy is horrified and staring at the fungus on Artur's toes.

MICHAEL

So no, I wasn't always like this.

(beat)

It's just when I start I can't stop. I eat until I'm so full that the world, well or mine at least has to stop. I've actually had to wear plus size adult diapers sometimes because I'd eat myself into such a state, I wouldn't even be able to get to the bathroom. I grew up with a father who was, well not so nice.

DR. SCHULZ

Was he physically abusive?

MICHAEL

And sexually.

(beat)

It was just me, him and my Mom. My Mom knew, but she ignored it. He beat her too.

(beat)

She tried to make up for it with food.

(MORE)

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

My favorite meals, ice cream,
dinners out when my Dad would work
late.

(beat)

I started sneaking food late at
night cause I thought maybe if I
was fat enough he wouldn't want me
anymore. Until one night...

(beat)

One night my father told me he
liked how fat I was because now
when he fucked me from behind...

DR. SCHULZ

It's okay Michael. You have nothing
to be ashamed of.

MICHAEL

(struggling)

...He didn't have to look at my
dick flopping around because now he
couldn't see it.

ARTUR

Fatty got fucked.

DR. SCHULZ

Artur, that's insensitive, uncalled
for and inappropriate. I'm writing
you up.

Michael is enraged.

MICHAEL

What did he say?!

(to Artur)

What did you say to me?!

Artur ignores Dr. Schulz.

ARTUR

(laughs)

Fatty got fucked.

TODD

Dude. Shut up.

DR. SCHULZ

Enough.

(beat)

Iggy do you have a response to
Michael's story?

Iggy is still staring at the toenail fungus.

IGGY

I'm trying to figure out if I'm smelling that shit on your foot from here.

ARTUR

Fuck you. It's genetic.

DR. SCHULZ

This session is over. Now.
Everybody up. Back to your rooms.

The group gets up to leave. Todd walks over to help Michael.

TODD

That's really screwed up man. I'm sorry that happened to you.

Todd uses his knees and Michael tries with all his might until he is standing.

MICHAEL

I appreciate that.
(beat)
You know you're strong by the way.

TODD

Strong?

MICHAEL

When they found me on the train tracks it took four of them to get me in the ambulance.

CUT TO:

INT. ARKIN INSTITUTE - COMMON AREA

Iggy is at a table showing Todd two new pieces of art.

IGGY

This one I did to express how I felt right before what I consider to be my rebirth. It was as though my body was covered in third degree burns. Some so painful and some so painfully numb. Ya know, what I'm saying?

TODD

Wow Dude. It's incredible.

Todd notices Michael sitting alone. He looks depressed and has been crying.

TODD (CONT'D)
Hey man, give me a second.

Iggy looks over and notices what Todd's looking at. He smiles. Todd leaves the table to approach Michael, leaving Iggy alone with his artwork.

Almost immediately, a creepy hand comes into frame over Iggy's art work, pointing.

ARTUR
That's really beautiful.

Iggy, disgusted, waves Artur's hand away without looking up.

IGGY
Piss off, Wanker.

Iggy grabs his two paintings and quickly walks over to Todd and Michael. Michael is unwrapping what is clearly not his first candy bar.

TODD
Hey, that looks good. Can I have a bite of it?

Michael looks confused but then shrugs and hands the candy bar to Todd. Todd takes the candy bar, takes a small bite and then tosses it into a nearby garbage can.

Michael looks to the garbage can, then back to Todd. A look of defeat surfaces on his face.

TODD (CONT'D)
Come on let's get some fresh air, huh?

ARKIN INSTITUTE MONTAGE

EXT. ARKIN INSTITUTE - ROOFTOP GYM

Todd, Michael, and Iggy walking the track. Todd laughs at something Iggy says. Michael cracks a smile.

INT. ARKIN INSTITUTE - COMMON AREA

Todd is painting. Michael is painting next to Todd, he nudges Todd and holds up his painting proud, it's of stick figures. Todd laughs, Michael genuinely laughs and looks happy.

INT. ARKIN INSTITUTE - HALLWAY

Todd is in control but obviously having a serious and heated conversation on the phone. Michael and Iggy slowly power walk by him.

EXT. ARKIN INSTITUTE - ROOFTOP GYM

Michael is laughing and lying down reading a magazine while eating an apple. Todd lays down with his legs slightly inclined and then lifts both of Michael's legs over his head. They are getting creative with their work outs.

DISSOLVE TO:

Michael, Iggy and Todd are standing near the rooftop fence. Matthew and Iggy hold Todd up as he imitates the statue on the roof. They are putting on a show for the hipster jerk across the street.

WE PAN OVER

to see the Male Hipster as he throws down his newspaper and walks into the condo. Female Hipster jerk follows him inside shaking her head.

PAN BACK.

Todd jumps off of Iggy and Michael. They all start laughing and high fiving each other.

END MONTAGE. REAL TIME.

LOUD SPEAKER (V.O.)
Todd Simone, you have a visitor.

TODD
Shit. I gotta go.

IGGY
Stay strong my brother.

MICHAEL
See you in group bud!

INT. ARKIN INSTITUTE - VISITOR'S CENTER

There are modern couches, chairs and end tables. Vending machines and magazine racks are against one of the farther walls. Jennifer sits at table near the entrance.

Todd enters, he sees her and then almost immediately turns around to walk out.

JENNIFER

Todd wait!

TODD

I thought it was my asshole lawyer.
Turns out it's just an asshole.

JENNIFER

Todd.

TODD

Look unless you're here to tell me
I'm getting out I really don't want
to talk to you.

JENNIFER

I just wanted to make sure you were
doing okay is all.

TODD

SIX months! It's almost been SIX
fucking months!

JENNIFER

Todd, your family thought it was
best you stay here a bit. And if
I'm being honest I can't say I
disagree.

(beat)

You scared the shit out of me that
day, you were acting crazy.

Todd looks directly into camera.

TODD

Acted crazy. Acted.

Todd winks to the camera.

Todd begins to leave. Jennifer gets up.

JENNIFER

Todd, I love you!

Todd pauses with his back still turned to her facing the exit.

TODD
You love me so much that you want
to keep me here?

Jennifer says nothing.

TODD (CONT'D)
Right.

Todd exits...

INT. ARKIN INSTITUTE - HALLWAY

We follow Todd down the hallway to Dr. Schulz's office. His door is open and Dr. Shulz sits at his desk. He looks up at Todd over his glasses.

DR. SCHULZ
Can I help you Mr. Simone?

TODD
Would you write me a pass? I have
an idea.

CUT TO:

INT. ARKIN INSTITUTE - ART ROOM - LATER

Todd enters and puts down three big bags on the art table that Iggy is working at.

PAN DOWN THE TABLE TO SEE

a dozen patients working on some pretty awesome paintings. We pan back to Iggy who looks confused. He opens the bag and takes out a picture frame. Iggy smiles. Todd smiles at Iggy and leaves.

IGGY
You're the best, Todd Simone! Haha!
Alright.

INT. ARKIN INSTITUTE - TODD'S ROOM

Todd lifts the piece of art that conceals the many lines/marks he has scraped over the course of his time at Arkin. He makes one more mark that indicates he's been in his room for six months.

He puts the artwork back and looks around. Todd notices a picture on his wall. It's of a woman with tons of kitchen knives on her body; knives in the shape of arrows that point to her vagina.

CUT TO:

INT. TODD'S BEDROOM - CHICAGO

Camille lays naked on Todd's bed. All of the missing knives start at her neck and end at her lower pelvis, making an arrow on her body that points to her vagina.

CUT TO:

CLOSE UP as Todd cuts up an orange. The juice of the orange is substituted with blood.

INT. ARKIN INSTITUTE - TODD'S ROOM

Todd smiles still looking at the piece of art.

TODD
Crazy bitch.

INT. ARKIN INSTITUTE - GROUP THERAPY SESSION

Dr. Schulz, Artur, Todd, Michael and Iggy sit. Everyone is in good spirits except Artur who is rapidly filing his nails. This is the end of the session.

DR. SCHULZ
Well I think that's it for today.

Iggy, Michael and Todd all look at each other and then look at Dr. Schulz.

DR. SCHULZ (CONT'D)
Kidding. I'm kidding.
(beat)
As we all know, today is Mr. Simone's last day in group as he will be leaving us tomorrow.
(beat)
Todd is there anything you'd like to say.

TODD
(all smiles)
Yea, Doc! I was gonna say!
(beat)
(MORE)

TODD (CONT'D)

I would like to say something.

(beat)

You know, I'm still not entirely sure why I came here, and I'm not sure how much I learned from the staff -- no offense Doc. But I will say I learned a lot from all of you.

Todd looks at the individuals as he speaks.

TODD (CONT'D)

Iggy, you taught me that there is light even in the darkest of times.

(beat)

Mikey, you taught me that I can be a leader, that we're all here for a purpose and sometimes it's important to just reach out your hand, even when you are at your weakest.

(beat)

And shit, Artur...I think you taught me that no matter how fucked up my life gets there's always someone out there who's a little more fucked up.

Iggy and Michael start laughing. Artur turns to Todd and smiles.

ARTUR

Fuck you, Simone.

TODD

You know, I've always been self taught and if you're not willing to fix yourself, no one is going to fucking do it for you.

Todd turns directly to camera

TODD (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

No one.

INT. ARKIN INSTITUTE - TODD'S ROOM

Todd takes off the last piece of artwork on his wall, revealing the fingernail scrapes that number his days at Arkin. He puts the last painting in a large folder with the rest of his artwork.

Todd then looks in the mirror. He is dressed in the same clothes that he arrived in, except they are now too big on him since he's lost close to 25 pounds during his stay.

INT. ARKIN INSTITUTE - HALLWAY

As Todd walks down the hallway near the exit of the building we see that the hall is lined with three bags worth of framed art work from Iggy and the other patients. Todd smiles. He's better.

EXT. ARKIN INSTITUTE - MOMENTS LATER

Todd inhales happily as he exits the building. It's a beautiful day, gorgeous out.

Jennifer waits at the base of the stairs for him, leaning on a taxi. Todd approaches her with a larger than life smile. They hug.

JENNIFER

I love you Todd.

TODD

Thank you.

Todd closes his eyes for a moment as they hug.

Todd opens his eyes. He looks over Jennifer's shoulder and sees Camille, dressed in the same black outfit from the early cult church scene, standing across the street. She stares at Todd. He squeezes his eyes shut.

CUT TO:

INT. ARKIN INSTITUTE - TODD'S ROOM

We see Todd maniacally scraping the wall with his nail.

CLOSE UP

The nail scrapes so hard that the nail cracks and falls off. Todd's finger bleeds and we follow one drop of blood for a moment as it travels gracefully down the wall.

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL

a dirty, almost abandoned looking room. The walls are bare except for the thousands of markings that indicate that Todd has been in this same room for years.

CUT TO:

INT. TODD'S BEDROOM - CHICAGO

CLOSE UP on Todd's closed eyes as he opens them quickly.

We PAN BACK enough to see Todd's full face as he GASPS!

SMASH TO BLACK.

THE END.