

MilQ

by

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FADE IN:

INT. METH HOUSE LIVING ROOM - MORNING

MIKE GEFFEN, a man in his early 30's, stands by an old paint-chipped door. A rotary phone rings ceaselessly behind him.

In his hand, a cell-phone. In the other, a sawed off shotgun.

Mike presses his ear to the door to listen in. Heavy metal music blasts from the other end.

Mike takes his ear off the door and closes his cell-phone. The ringing in the house stops.

He takes a seat in an old brown recliner, shotgun resting on his lap.

Mike looks over at the phone on the night stand beside him. He flips open his cell and dials again.

The phone beside him rings...

MIKE

(mumbles to himself)

Hello, mister methhead, please come out of your unstable meth lab to answer your phone, so I can blow your fuckin' head off. Thanks.

Mike hangs up his cell and stands up.

He props his shotgun up on his shoulder and walks off into the kitchen.

INT. METH HOUSE KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The kitchen is absolutely filthy. Nasty dishes with rotting, spoiled food rests in the sink.

A giant ping pong table is used as the dinner table. Next to some rusted syringes, a heap of heroin and a scale garnish the table top like silverware.

Mike licks his finger and sticks it into the mountain pile of heroin. He shoves the finger in his mouth and rubs it around.

Mike licks his lips, leaves the kitchen.

INT. METH HOUSE LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The living room is cluttered with junk. Mike takes a seat in the recliner.

He flips open his cell-phone and the house phone rings once again.

The heavy metal music finally stops playing.

MIKE
(whispers)
Showtime.

Mike quickly walks over to the basement door. He presses his ear against it...

The heavy metal music comes back on.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Damn it.

The sound of a shotgun being pumped-

MIKE (CONT'D)
Fuck-

A shotgun blast RIPS through the basement door and through Mike's stomach. He flies back into the air, onto the recliner.

A second shot sends buckshot all over.

Mike holds his ripped open stomach. He's bleeding profusely.

The METH LAB CHEMIST has his face covered by a gas mask. He's a fat man, wears black chemical gloves with his matching black patent vinyl butcher's apron. Underneath, he's completely pantless all but for a pair of yellow "Bartman" boxers.

He throws his empty shotgun at Mike and runs off out the front door.

Mike slowly gets up, grabs his shotgun and limps after him.

EXT. METH HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Mike takes aim at the fat man and blows him away. His fat body falls dead on the lawn, slides on the grass to the curb.

Police sirens can be heard in the background.

Mike passes out from the giant hole in his chest.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. MIKE'S ROOM - MORNING

Mike lies in bed, quickly he shoots up, looks around in a panic. He feels his chest for any signs that he's been shot.

Nothing there.

There is a giant gash on his forehead, it looks to have been treated already.

He looks over, a beautiful naked black girl sleeps beside him.

MIKE

Who the fuck are you?

He shoves her awake.

This is SHERI. She's in her 20's, wears a ring in her nose and lip. Her arm, back and neck are covered in tattoos. A tiny tattooed star beams on her cheek, just above one of her beautiful eyes and pierced eyebrow. She's small and cute but has a look like she's been around and seen a lot of things in her life.

She swats him away.

SHERI
Go back to sleep.

MIKE
Who are you?

SHERI
What?

MIKE
What are you doing in here? Where
am I?

Sheri snickers, buries her head between her pillow.

SHERI
Go back to sleep, baby.

MIKE
Who the fuck are you!

She sits up.

SHERI
Jesus, what is your problem?

MIKE
I asked you a fucking question.

SHERI
What are you doing? You mean what
am I to you? Or what you are to me?
Are you mad because I didn't say
it?

MIKE
Say it? Say what? Who the fuck are
you?

SHERI
I can't believe you're doing this.

She gets up, gathers her clothes and heads for the door.

SHERI (CONT'D)

You're being such a fucking asshole
right now, Mike.

And with that she leaves the small hotel room.

Mike gets out of bed, looks around the room.

The room is small, a single bed in the middle of the room
takes up most of the space. By the window is a carved up
desk, a dresser and a closet.

MIKE

Mike? Mike what?

He takes a seat on the edge of the bed.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. HOTEL MOSCOW - LOBBY - DAY

Mike walks into this woebegone hotel. The place is depleted.
The lights are dimly lit. Some flicker on and off.

An old yellow couch sits off to the side. There's a coffee
table with burnt books from the 1950's and next to that a
plant that's been dead for years.

A lamp with the lampshade upside down convenes with the wall
next to some crooked black & white pictures of some old
people.

INT. HOTEL MOSCOW - CHECK-IN COUNTER - CONTINUOUS

Mike slowly walks up to the check-in counter. He hits a bell
on the counter. It echoes through the room.

A very obese BELLBOY comes waddling in smoking a cigar. He
wears an old-fashioned bellboy suit full of holes and covered
in stains. He can't button it, so he leaves it open for his
gut to hang out.

He walks around the counter, takes the bell away.

BELLBOY

Whatcha want?

MIKE

A room.

BELLBOY

Really. Here? Why?

The Bellboy reaches under the counter, pulls out a giant book and opens it. Inside is a list of every name of every person that's ever stayed there.

BELLBOY (CONT'D)

Name.

MIKE

Mike. Mike Geffen.

BACK TO PRESENT

INT. MIKE'S ROOM - MORNING

Mike gets off the bed, grabs a wallet off the night stand. He flips through it, pulling out the ID and credit cards.

MIKE

Geffen. That's not an alias I remember using before.

He runs to the window, looks out.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Okay, this looks like LA. If I'm in LA, I must be doing a job.

(beat)

What job? Fuck!

Mike throws the wallet and pushes over the lamp by the bed out of frustration.

He holds his head in pain.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Why can't I fuckin' remember
anything?

He feels the band-aid on his forehead, cringes when he
touches the gash on his brow.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Fuck.

He looks around for a mirror, nothing in his room.

INT. HOTEL MOSCOW - BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Mike splashes water onto his face. The bathroom mirror is
rusted. The lights above his head flicker on and off.

He carefully peels the band-aid off his forehead, looks
closely at the gash.

MIKE

How the fuck did this happen?

Sheri walks into the bathroom.

SHERI

Asshole.

She goes to one of the stalls and takes a seat. All the
stalls are without any doors.

Mike walks over to her.

MIKE

What are you doing? This is the
men's bathroom.

SHERI

We all share the same bathroom,
asshole.

MIKE

Stop calling me an asshole.

SHERI

Why? It's what you are, asshole.

MIKE (V.O.)

Great, just what I need, a bitch with a mouth on her. I wonder if she has my cell.

MIKE

Where's my phone, I need it.

SHERI

What? I don't have your phone.

MIKE

Do you know where it is?

SHERI

I've never seen you with a cell phone.

MIKE

I always have my cell on me.

SHERI

Sorry, I don't have a fucking clue what you're talking about.

She gets done peeing, wipes and gets up to leave.

MIKE

Who are you?

SHERI

Seriously?

MIKE

Just humor me.

SHERI

Sheri.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. MIKE'S ROOM - DAY

A knock is at the door. Mike walks over to the door, peeps through the peephole.

He opens the door.

SHERI

Can I borrow some milk?

MIKE

Isn't it sugar?

SHERI

Sugar?

MIKE

Usually sugar's the excuse to give to meet your new neighbor.

SHERI

Okay. Let's start over.

She closes the door in his face. She knocks again and Mike answers it.

SHERI (CONT'D)

I would like to borrow some sugar.

MIKE

Sorry. I don't keep sugar on me.

SHERI

Because you're too sweet already?

She pushes her way into the room.

MIKE

Come right in. At least I know you're not a vampire.

SHERI

What?

MIKE

Cause you don't need to be invited.

She smiles.

SHERI

I get it.

MIKE

So...

She skips over to his window and opens his curtains.

SHERI

You have a great view. All I get is
the building next to us.

She plops down on the bed.

SHERI (CONT'D)

My room is a little bigger though.
So what do ya do for a living?

MIKE

Photographer.

SHERI

Really? You wanna take my picture?

She looks up at him and smiles.

MIKE

Sure. What's your name, anyway?

SHERI

Sheri. You?

MIKE

Mike.

She presents a hand.

SHERI

Nice to meet you, Mike.

MIKE

Nice to meet you, Sheri.

He shakes her hand and smiles.

BACK TO PRESENT

Sheri leaves the bathroom, Mike follows her.

INT. HOTEL MOSCOW - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

In a huff, Sheri walks down the hall. Mike is right behind her, following in pursuit.

MIKE

Just hold on, okay? I remember you now.

She stops.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Your name is Sheri. You asked me for sugar.

She smiles and turns to face him, hugging him.

SHERI

Don't be mean to me.

MIKE

I'm sorry. I just don't remember anything.

SHERI

Are you serious? You aren't fucking with me?

MIKE

I'm completely serious.

She touches the gash on his forehead.

SHERI

Fuck, I knew we should have gotten you to the hospital.

He grabs her hand.

MIKE

Do you know how I got this?

SHERI

No. You wouldn't tell me.

He lets go of her hand.

MIKE

I remember I said I was a
photographer.

SHERI

Yeah. You don't remember what you
do for a living?

MIKE

Yeah, I do. You live here?

SHERI

Yeah, just across the hall.

She points to her door.

MIKE

What is this place?

SHERI

Hotel Moscow.

MIKE

We're in Moscow? It looked like LA
from my window.

She smiles.

SHERI

No, silly. It's just the name of
the hotel. We are in Los Angeles.

MIKE

How long have I been here?

SHERI

LA? About 5 weeks, give or take a
couple of days.

MIKE

5 weeks? Are you sure?

SHERI

I didn't mark it on my calendar,
but yeah.

MIKE

All that time and you never saw me
with a cell phone?

SHERI

What is your obsession with this
cell phone?

MIKE

I keep all my contacts on there
incase of emergencies like this.

SHERI

Sorry, you don't own one. If you
did, you never showed it to me.

MIKE

You were naked in my bed.

SHERI

I was.

MIKE

Are we... are you...

SHERI

Your girlfriend? Not that hard of a
word to say.

MIKE

Are we?

SHERI

I don't know. We're just taking
things slow, just seeing where this
leads.

Beat.

MIKE

Okay.

SHERI

Just okay?

MIKE

I'm at lose for words right now.

SHERI

We need to get you to the hospital.

MIKE

No. I'm fine. I just need to rest.

SHERI

Are you sure?

MIKE

I'll be fine.

SHERI

That's what you said before and now look at you, you have no idea what is going on. You could have a fuckin' concussion, Mike.

MIKE

I just need to get my head straight. Things are coming back to me. Just give me some time to think things over.

SHERI

Like us?

MIKE

What? No. This isn't some elaborate scheme to break up with you.

SHERI

Good.

She kisses him on the lips.

SHERI (CONT'D)

I'll be in my room. Come see me later.

MIKE

Yeah.

She walks back to her room. Mike quickly runs back to his room, slamming the door shut.

INT. MIKE'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Mike tosses his closet. He flings his clothes on the bed and floor, rummaging through his suitcase.

MIKE (V.O.)

I'm on a job with no phone, no contacts, nothing. Where the hell is all my shit?

He finds a professional style camera and a collection of photos.

He gathers everything, spreads it out on to the bed.

There's a picture of the Bellboy and a few of Sheri. The others are unknown.

MIKE

Maybe one of you is my target. But which one?

He picks up a picture of Sheri.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. SHERI'S ROOM - NIGHT

Mike sits on Sheri's bed. He plays with a scarf tied to the bed post.

MIKE

What's the deal with the scarfs?

Sheri steps out with boxes of Chinese food.

SHERI

I like to be tied during sex.

She plops down next to him.

JUMP CUT TO:

LATER

They sit side-by-side watching TV on the bed, eating noodles. The lights are off, the glare from the TV is the only thing used for light.

SHERI

I love Japan. I've always wanted to go there.

MIKE

I've been.

SHERI

Really?

MIKE

I went there for a job a few years ago. The kids there like to play this game where they shove their fingers up your ass.

She laughs.

SHERI

What?! That's not true.

MIKE

It's called kancho. One minute you're standing there and the next a kid shoves two fingers up your ass.

She laughs while slurping up some noodles.

SHERI

You're going to make noodles come out my nose.

Mike takes a bite of his noodles.

MIKE

I think that's a look you could definitely pull off.

She pokes him with her chop sticks.

SHERI

You know what word I like?

MIKE

What's that?

SHERI

Geisha. I hate the word prostitute. Geisha just sounds classy. If I were in Japan, I'd be a geisha.

MIKE

You seem like a smart girl. I don't get why you would do this kind of thing.

SHERI

You'd be amazed at the things you'll do for money. I was 15 when I ran away from home. I had this dream of becoming a singer or a movie star.

MIKE

So you came here.

SHERI

Like everyone else with a dream. But let me tell you. This place sucks.

(beat)

It's not like what it's portrayed in the movies. I needed money, started giving the only thing anyone ever really wanted from me.

A drop of water drips on Mike's hand.

He looks up at the ceiling.

MIKE

I think your ceiling is leaking.

SHERI

No. I am.

He looks over at her.

She's crying.

MIKE

Christ, I'm sorry. We were having fun, I didn't mean to make it all serious.

SHERI

It's fine.

She turns off the movie.

Mike gets up.

MIKE

If you want me to leave, I understand.

SHERI

Would you like to kiss me?

MIKE

What?

She walks closer to him.

SHERI

Do you wanna kiss me?

MIKE

I don't think-

SHERI

Listen. I like you. You're nice and you treat me right. I just wanna help you out.

MIKE

--I don't need that kind of help.

SHERI

How long has it been?

She traps him.

SHERI (CONT'D)

Just say okay.

Mike looks her in the eye. It looks like she might cry again.

MIKE

A crying woman is a scheming woman.

She kisses him and throws him to the bed.

MIKE (CONT'D)

No scarfs.

SHERI

Shut up.

BACK TO PRESENT

INT. MIKE'S ROOM - MORNING

Mike tosses the photo of Sheri on the bed next to the others.

MIKE

She's a whore? Why would I get involved with her?

MIKE (V.O.)

Unless she's my target, but why not pop her and leave? Why stay for a month and enter a relationship with her?

MIKE

What the fuck is going on?

He looks at the other photos, picks up one of the Bellboy.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. HOTEL MOSCOW - HALLWAY - DAY

The Bellboy looks like he's having a hard time carrying Mike's things. He drops a bag and grabs at his chest like his heart just exploded.

He stops for a breather.

MIKE

You okay?

The Bellboy uses the wall to hold himself up.

BELLBOY

(labored breathing)

I'm fine. I just need to rest for a second.

Mike waits...

Beat.

MIKE

You about done with your nap there?

BELLBOY

Give me a second.

MIKE

So how many people you got staying here?

BELLBOY

Counting you? About four people. There's an old guy staying here. Everyone has taken to calling him Moody Madly. He's just a mad dog with no teeth but I still suggest you stay away from him.

MIKE

Which room is mine?

BELLBOY

Six.

Mike looks at all the other closed doors. He gets to a door with a "6" on it.

He walks over to his room. The floor boards creak as he walks on them.

BELLBOY (CONT'D)

I should warn you, we have termites.

Mike's leg falls through the floor. He struggles to get up.

BELLBOY (CONT'D)

See what I mean?

Mike halfheartedly smiles.

MIKE

Thanks.

(whispers)

Asshole.

BELLBOY

What?

MIKE

I said thanks for the tip.

Mike gets to his door, shoves in the key, swings open the door.

He walks in.

BELLBOY

You like it?

Mike steps back out.

MIKE

There's no bathroom.

BELLBOY

You share bathrooms. It's right
across the hall there.

Mike looks over at a doorless bathroom.

MIKE

In there?

The Bellboy picks up Mike's bags, walks on over. His leg
falls in one of the holes in the floor.

BELLBOY

Fuck!

MIKE

Hear this place has termites.

The Bellboy gets up, walks over to Mike, tosses the suitcases
down on the floor.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Thanks.

BELLBOY

Sure. It's my job to please. If you
need anything else-

MIKE

I know. Call you.

BELLBOY

--No. Get someone else.

MIKE

Thanks anyway.

BELLBOY

Listen. If you get horny, just
knock on that room over there.

He points to a door with the number 10 on it. It's right at
the end of the hall next to the bathroom.

MIKE

Why?

BELLBOY

She's cheap and a great fuck.

The Bellboy waddles off.

Mike is left all alone in the creepy hallway with his luggage.

He drags his suitcases inside and closes the door behind him.

BACK TO PRESENT

INT. MIKE'S ROOM - MORNING

Mike tosses the picture of the Bellboy away.

MIKE

I'm going to guess you aren't my target. But if you were, your next double bacon cheese burger would do my job for me.

The other photos show a pretty waitress at a diner. The other two are of a black man and a very angry elderly gentleman.

MIKE (CONT'D)

And who are you?

Mike takes the photo of the waitress.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Wait a minute.

He walks over to his window.

Across the street, an old style diner.

INT. CAFE DINER - COUNTER - MORNING

Mike sits at the counter of a very bright cafe. The place has two others sitting around with him, eating a hearty breakfast, more are in the back.

An old fashioned jukebox plays in the corner.

A hand slides over a glass of milk in front of him. Mike throws down some money.

FRANKIE takes it with a smile. She wears a pink and white waitress outfit, the same as in the photo.

Her hair's pulled back into a bun. Some loose strands of hair fall to her face. She's lovely.

FRANKIE

You look sad, Mike.

Mike looks up at her.

MIKE

Me? You know me?

FRANKIE

Sure, dummy. Sheri break your heart?

MIKE

No. Nothing like that.

FRANKIE

Then why are you so down?

MIKE

You know me?

FRANKIE

Of course.

He looks at her name tag.

MIKE

Frankie.

FRANKIE

You're acting strange.

Mike smiles, points to the gash on his forehead.

MIKE

I'm finding it hard to remember things.

She touches his forehead.

FRANKIE

I told Sheri she should have taken
you to the damn hospital.

MIKE

You know how I got this?

FRANKIE

Hell if I know. Wish I did. You
aren't the most talkative when it
comes to yourself.

MIKE

So how do we know each other?

FRANKIE

You really don't remember me?

(beat)

You come in here every day to eat
breakfast lunch and dinner.

MIKE

That a fact?

FRANKIE

At first I thought maybe you were a
little sweet on me, but you only
come here out of convenience.
Seeing as you stay right across the
street.

MIKE

You know Sheri? I come in here with
her?

FRANKIE

Not really. You did when that
happened.

Points to the gash on his forehead.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

What would you like?

MIKE

What?

FRANKIE

Your order. You like something?

MIKE

Pancakes and sausage, I guess.

FRANKIE

The chef's specialty. It will just take a second. Don't go nowhere.

She walks off.

MIKE (V.O.)

The Bellboy, the whore and now a waitress. Why do I have photos of them? Who am I here to kill?

Someone must have put another quarter in the jukebox, more 50's music blasts in the background.

MIKE (V.O.)

Who would want any of these people dead? Maybe the Bellboy pissed someone off. Maybe the whore fucked someone she wasn't suppose to. Maybe the waitress saw something she wasn't meant to see. All good reasons, but not good enough to hire me.

Frankie comes back with Mike's pancakes and a side of bacon.

She slides the plate in front of him. The steam rises to his nose, it hits him. Drool and the need to devour overtakes him.

FRANKIE

We actually ran out of sausage.

MIKE

Bacon will do. Thanks.

She walks off with a smile.

Mike pours syrup over his pancakes and bacon.

MIKE (V.O.)

If I don't figure this out, I'm
gonna have to do all of them.

INT. GROCERY STORE - CHECKOUT LINE - MORNING

Mike patiently waits in line with a bottle of aspirin in hand. He opens it and downs a few pills.

An OLD WOMAN with actual blue hair tries her best to lift a jug of milk out of her shopping cart.

The Old Woman argues with a beautiful CHECKOUT LADY over the price of chicken.

The Checkout Lady snaps on a piece of gum.

OLD WOMAN

The coupon said if I buy this can
of chicken and mushroom soup, I
could get a choice of chicken or
hamburger meat half priced.

The Old Woman hands over a wrinkled coupon.

CHECKOUT LADY

I'm sorry, ma'am, this coupon
expired three years ago.

MIKE (V.O.)

So here's the question of the hour.
Why did I get so involved with
these people? And why can't I get
Sheri out of my fuckin' pounding
headache of a head?

CHECKOUT LADY

You're gonna have to pay for this,
ma'am.

The Old Woman leaves the line, Mike is next.

CHECKOUT LADY (CONT'D)

How are you today?

MIKE

Great.

INT. HOTEL MOSCOW - HALLWAY - MORNING

Mike fumbles around with his door key.

A couple are having loud furious sex next door.

MOODY MADLY steps out of the bathroom. He stands there in an old greasy bathrobe. He's old, about in his 70's, wears pink bunny slippers and holds an old boot in his fist.

He spots Mike.

MOODY MADLY

You.

(beat)

Come here.

Mike looks over at him.

CUT TO:

INT. MIKE'S ROOM - MORNING

The photos on his bed, the one of the old man is Moody Madly.

BACK TO:

INT. HOTEL MOSCOW - HALLWAY - MORNING

MOODY MADLY

You the one always stealin' my TP?

MIKE

Like for Indians to live in?

MOODY MADLY

No, you smartass. I mean, my toilet paper. You're the one that keeps using it, aren't you?!

MIKE

I'm not sure what the hell you're talking about, old man.

MOODY MADLY

You punk kids. You think you can get away with anything!

Mike walks over to him.

MIKE

I'm not sure if I gave you the impression you could talk to me like that in the past. But now, let me tell you. If you even look at me wrong, I'm gonna slit your fuckin' throat and watch you drain out. Got it?

Moody takes a tasergun out of his robe.

MOODY MADLY

Back off, son! I got a tasergun!

MIKE

You're just making it harder on yourself, old man.

MOODY MADLY

I'm not afraid of you! You or that whore of yours!

Mike slowly backs away from him.

MOODY MADLY (CONT'D)

Spread the news. No one. I mean, no one touches my TP!

Mike quickly unlocks his door and enters.

INT. MIKE'S ROOM - DAY

Mike does pushups on the floor.

He looks tired.

MIKE (V.O.)
Something is wrong with this story.

JUMP CUT TO:

LATER

Mike stands by the carved up desk lifting a chair behind his back. Sweat drips down his chin. He drops the chair and wipes the sweat into his hair.

MIKE (V.O.)
The last thing I remember was
getting shot.

LATER

Mike opens the window to cool himself off. The outside sounds hit him like a bullet. Kids playing, people yelling, police sirens screaming, helicopters circling.

MIKE (V.O.)
I don't even have a gun. Nothing.

He looks around, walks over to the carved up desk, feels underneath it, nothing.

He moves over to the dresser, feels the top of it.

MIKE
Nothing.

A knock is at the door. He looks...

The knocking gets louder.

Mike slowly walks to his door, peeks out the peephole, slowly opens the door.

Meet JAZZZ, late 30's, black, wears a pink silky robe.

He stands out in the hallway in his boxers. The robe looks like it belongs to a woman.

JAZZZ

Yo. You got a skin for my fuckin' hot n' steamy goodness?

MIKE

A what?

JAZZZ

Condom. For my fuckin' jimmy. I ran out, can you believe that shit? Anyway, can I borrow a condom from ya, Mike?

MIKE

You know me?

JAZZZ

Of course I do. Listen, I got dis here easy to bang cum tank in my fuckin' room and I need to blow my oats. Bitch be givin' me blue balls and shit. I need to hurry and fuck this bitch, you know what I'm sayin'. So ya got one?

MIKE

No.

JAZZZ

Damn. I guess I could get away with just usin' plastic wrap. I could send her your way when I'm done with her if ya want. I know how you like to get freaky.

MIKE

What are you talking about?

JAZZZ

I'm just fuckin' with you. Sheri mentioned you ain't remembering so good. Later tonight we should go out, kick start that fuckin' memory of yours.

MIKE (V.O.)

Another face from the photos. I should say yes.

JAZZZ

What do ya say?

MIKE

Sure.

JAZZZ

That's my boy! If ya need anythin'. And I mean anythin'. You come see me.

MIKE

What's your name?

Jazzz smiles.

JAZZZ

My name's Jazzz. Three Z's.

He holds up three fingers.

Mike closes the door.

INT. CAFE DINER - COUNTER - NIGHT

Mike sits alone at the counter. He holds a glass of milk to his lips.

Frankie comes over and sits down beside him.

FRANKIE

You sure enjoy yourself a glass of milk.

MIKE

Does the body good.

FRANKIE

How's everything? How's your head?

MIKE

Still hurts.

FRANKIE

Do you remember me yet?

Mike looks at her.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. CAFE DINER - NIGHT

Frankie smiles at him as he's served his breakfast.

JUMP CUT TO:

LATER

Frankie smiles at him as he's served his lunch.

JUMP CUT TO:

LATER

Frankie smiles as she serves him his dinner.

JUMP CUT TO:

LATER

Mike reaches out, touches her hand. She kisses him.

BACK TO PRESENT

INT. CAFE DINER - COUNTER - NIGHT

Mike leans back, looks at Frankie with a confused look on his face.

MIKE

We kissed.

Her face turns red and she shies away.

FRANKIE

You remember that?

MIKE

I'm getting pieces. Flashes here and there. Nothing whole. So what happened?

FRANKIE

Pie.

MIKE

What?

FRANKIE

You need pie.

She gets up and walks behind the counter.

MIKE

Someone is avoiding the question.

FRANKIE

How about apple pie?

MIKE

Never had apple.

FRANKIE

You've never had apple pie?

MIKE

No.

FRANKIE

That's crazy! Everyone has had apple pie at least once in their life.

MIKE

Not me.

FRANKIE

You're blowing my mind right now. I hope you know that.

MIKE

That's the best thing a woman has ever said to me.

She smiles.

FRANKIE

I'm glad. Now you'll be sure to remember me once you leave this place. People are forgetful creatures.

MIKE

That they are.

She slides over a slice of apple pie, hands him a fork. She has one too.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Will you help fill in some blanks if I let you share my pie?

FRANKIE

Maybe.

MIKE

Okay, Frankie. Why did you kiss me?

She helps herself.

FRANKIE

You kissed me first.

MIKE

I did?

Mike takes a bite.

FRANKIE

It was around the 2nd week you started coming here. It was late one night, no one was around and you grabbed my hand. Just planted one on me.

MIKE

Like a man, huh?

FRANKIE

Like a man, indeed.

MIKE

What happened after that?

She blushes.

Mike takes another bite.

FRANKIE

We talked and we kissed some more.

MIKE

What did we talk about?

FRANKIE

This city. Your job.

MIKE

I talked about what I do?

FRANKIE

Yeah, you even took my picture a few times, even though I said not to.

MIKE

What else happened between us?

FRANKIE

We mostly just talked.

MIKE

No more kissing? Did me have sex?

FRANKIE

No, nothin' like that.

MIKE

Why not?

FRANKIE

Not like it was something I didn't want. It's just you started seeing Sheri about a week later.

MIKE

I did? That's kind of a shitty thing to do.

FRANKIE

Not really. The heart wants what it wants.

MIKE

Tell me about yourself, Frankie.

FRANKIE

You don't wanna hear about that, it's boring. Hell, you already forgot me once.

MIKE

Maybe it will help me remember.

FRANKIE

Okay.

(takes a bite of pie)

I liked to dance.

MIKE

Dance? Like ballet?

FRANKIE
No, like stripping.

MIKE
Oh. You're a stripper?

She laughs.

FRANKIE
I'm kidding.

MIKE
Of course. You're much too classy.

FRANKIE
Yeah, I'm real high society.

MIKE
What else?

FRANKIE
I've been here for sixteen years.

MIKE
That's a long time. You musta been pretty young when you came here.

FRANKIE
I was. Spent 5 of those years working at this diner though.

MIKE
Pay good?

FRANKIE
With tips it does. It helps if you're sexy in pink.

MIKE
I like pink.

She smiles.

FRANKIE
They all do.

INT. HOTEL MOSCOW - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Mike sits on the toilet.

SHERI (O.C.)
Hello, stranger.

Mike jumps.

He quickly covers himself with the roll of toilet paper. He peeks around to the sink.

Sheri is brushing her teeth.

MIKE
What are you doing in here?

SHERI
What does it look like?

MIKE
Can you leave?

SHERI
Can I? Sure. Do I want to? Nope.

She spits.

MIKE
Gross.

SHERI
What's wrong?

MIKE
Nothing. Just have a thing about people brushing their teeth.

SHERI
That's just strange.

MIKE
I see it more like a cute quirk.

She continues to brush her teeth.

SHERI

You coming over to see me tonight?

MIKE

Shit, I forgot.

SHERI

You still doing that?

MIKE

I made plans with that guy next door.

SHERI

Jazzz? I thought you hated that guy?

MIKE

I do?

SHERI

Why have sex with a cute girl when you can hang out with some guy you hate.

She spits.

SHERI (CONT'D)

All done.

She walks out.

Mike relaxes.

Sheri pops her head back in.

SHERI (CONT'D)

Boo!

Mike jumps out of his skin.

MIKE

Jesus!

SHERI

Got ya.

She walks off laughing.

INT. MIKE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Mike sits on the edge of his bed staring at the TV. The neighbors are at it again. The wall vibrates from their love making.

The lamp next to the bed falls off the night stand from all the humping. The light flickers until it dies. The only light left is from the TV. He ignores that fact and continues flipping channels.

Mike turns off the TV. He notices his lamp is broken.

JAZZZ (O.C.)

That's right, baby!

HO (O.C.)

You're so good! Put it deep inside
mamma!

Mike picks up his lamp and tries to turn it on. The light flickers and dies.

JAZZZ (O.C.)

Mamma, here I cum!

HO (O.C.)

Stop!

JAZZZ (O.C.)

Here she blows!

HO (O.C.)

Aim for my fuckin' tits! Not my
fuckin' fro! You stupid bastard! I
don't need some dumb nigga shootin'
his load up all in it!

JAZZZ (O.C.)

Sorry, baby. I was caught up in da
moment. That's all.

HO (O.C.)

Get caught up somewhere else. I'm
outta here.

JAZZZ (O.C.)

Bitch, I'm done with ya anyway!

We hear the slam of the neighbor's door.

Mike makes a run for the door to peep out the peephole.

INT. HOTEL MOSCOW - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

A really fat black woman stands nude outside in the hallway.
She has a huge lopsided Afro.

HO

Fuck you, nigga!

She stomps down the stairs.

Jazzz walks out, throws one of her hooker shoes at her down
the stairs.

JAZZZ

You fuckin' bitch!

He turns his attention to Mike's door.

INT. MIKE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mike backs away from the door. Jazzz BANGS on the door, peeks
through the peephole.

Mike backs away from the door.

JAZZZ (O.C.)

Yo. It's me. It's Jazzz. Three Z's.
Remember?

Mike walks to the door and lets him in.

MIKE

Hey.

JAZZZ

Bitches, right?

(beat)

You thirsty? Ready to get that
drink now?

INT. BOB'S FROLIC - NIGHT

Mike and Jazzz sit in the corner of a real shitty lookin'
bar. People have written on the walls and furniture.

A jukebox plays loud heavy metal in the background. Jazzz
gets up, puts a dollar bill into the jukebox.

JAZZZ

My parents were fans of jazz. Two
Z's. Hence da name.

Jazzz sits down at the table with Mike.

Mike looks around.

MIKE

We been in here before?

JAZZZ

I have. Not sure about you. The
only problem is da transvestites.

(beat)

Transsexuals? I'm not really sure
if there's uh difference.

He points to two Latin American transvestite prostitutes
sitting over at the bar.

MIKE

I think transvestites like to dress
up like women. And transsexuals are
men that feel like women inside, so
they get fake tits.

JAZZZ

Sometimes I wish I had me a pair of
titties. Some real big
muddafuckers.

He shows Mike just how big with his hands.

JAZZZ (CONT'D)

Out to fuckin' here.

Jazzz laughs.

Mike fakes a snicker.

JAZZZ (CONT'D)

You not uh titty fan? Me? I'm uh
fuckin' glorified titty fan. I'm
just sayin', if I had uh pair of
big ass titties, I'd rub them all
fuckin' day. I wouldn't care if I
was in public or what. Kids with
they mothers an' shit, I don't
care.

Jazzz gets up, walks over to the bar. He comes back with a
bottle of whiskey and two shot glasses. He sits back down
with Mike.

JAZZZ (CONT'D)

What 'chew thinkin', man?

Mike looks at his beer and at the whiskey shots.

MIKE

How did we meet?

JAZZZ

You're my neighbor, how the fuck
you think we met?

MIKE

I mean, how did we start hanging
out?

JAZZZ

I wouldn't say we hang out.

MIKE

What would you say?

JAZZZ

I'd say you help me out from time
to time.

MIKE

How do I do that?

Jazzz takes a shot of whiskey.

JAZZZ

Bitches.

MIKE

What?

JAZZZ

You my fuckin' wingman, dog.

MIKE

I help you pick up girls?

MIKE (V.O.)

He's either lying or I really was a
completely different person here.

JAZZZ

They do this shit on purpose.

MIKE

Do what?

Jazzz slides a shot over to Mike.

JAZZZ

They get inside our fuckin' heads.
They know what drives us. Our
dicks. So they use that. They know
we's wanna fuck'em. And they take
advantage of that shit.

(MORE)

JAZZZ (CONT'D)

There's this primal need to fuck things. Inherited by our primeval ancestors. Sex is what drives us, man.

MIKE

What exactly is it you do for a living, Jazzz?

JAZZZ

I make movies.

Jazzz sits back in his chair very proud of himself.

MIKE

Really?

He smiles at Mike, shows him his gold teeth.

JAZZZ

I forget talking to you now is like talking to you for the first time. I'll let ya in on a little secret.

MIKE

And what's that?

JAZZZ

Guys will pay no matter what, just to see me fuckin' some bitch in the ass.

MIKE

You make porn?

JAZZZ

Only kind of movies worth watchin'.

MIKE

You make porn in your room?

JAZZZ

I sure do. I come down here to this bar and I buy myself a ho for the night.

(MORE)

JAZZZ (CONT'D)

Or if I feel like Lady Luck might be feelin' generous, I try and get me some free fuckin' pussy.

MIKE

Why not just ask Sheri?

JAZZZ

Jesus, boy. That's your girl we're talkin' about here. I wouldn't even think about it. Never even crossed my mind. Okay, it's crossed my mind.

Mike takes a sip of his beer. Jazzz takes a shot of whiskey.

JAZZZ (CONT'D)

You ever date a black chick before?

MIKE

Date? No.

JAZZZ

They're complicated. Different. They all think they're some African princess, all wanna be treated like one too.

MIKE

She doesn't really come off like that.

JAZZZ

Probably because she wasn't raised Baptist. Just saying from my experience. A black man's experience, they're a lot to handle. Don't get me started on The Black Woman's Rage. You piss her off, fuckin' look out.

MIKE

Am I very protective of her?

JAZZZ

I don't wanna say nothin', but I did see you fight some dude in an alley the other night. Heard Sheri's name being mention a few times.

MIKE

Who was I arguing with?

JAZZZ

I don't know, never seen him before. He did leave you with that pretty cut on your forehead there.

MIKE

Could you describe him?

JAZZZ

I don't know, man. It was dark, he was white. All you motherfuckers look the same to me.

MIKE (V.O.)

That's a start. It seems all roads lead back to Sheri.

JAZZZ

That is what is so great about my fuckin' business.

MIKE (V.O.)

I need to focus. He's switched topics again.

JAZZZ

I get to fuck bitches for money. How many niggas can say that?

MIKE

My guess is not that many.

JAZZZ

So what you in to?

MIKE

In to?

JAZZZ

Yeah, like fetishes an' shit. What makes your cork pop? What sick shit turns you on?

MIKE

Nothing special.

MIKE (V.O.)

Slitting someone's throat does the trick. Wonder if I should tell him, he seems like an open minded individual.

JAZZZ

Come on! White motherfuckers like you always got some sick fuckin' shit they're in to. Almost everyone on my fuckin' site is uh bunch of whitey middle-aged mutherfuckers that got some kind of foot fetish.

MIKE

I don't really have anything like that.

JAZZZ

Nothin'? Come on! There's gotta be somethin'. Like uh bitch twisting your balls. Or shovin' uh finger up your ass while ya cum. Or spreadin' boogers on her chest or somethin' like that.

MIKE

Seriously. Nothing.

JAZZZ

You like lesbians?

MIKE

Lesbians in general?

JAZZZ

No, man, watchin' bitches eat pussy on film.

MIKE

Who doesn't?

JAZZZ

One thing you can't ever find online is Arab lesbians. Almost impossible. Non fuckin' existent.

MIKE

Probably because they'd get their heads cut off.

JAZZZ

I had this idea, you know. Move to Glendale and make it big in the porn bidness.

MIKE

Sound plan. What happened?

JAZZZ

Rich motherfuckers live up in Glendale, man. My ass couldn't afford it.

MIKE

So, when did you move here?

Mike takes a sip of his beer and acts interested.

JAZZZ

That was years ago. You think it would be easy to get into that shit. Let me tell ya, man. It's not. But I had me this idea, you see.

MIKE

Online porn?

JAZZZ

More than that. You gotta think outside the box. Inside the pussy box. The Arab lesbian girl pussy box.

MIKE

So your idea is to get two Muslim girls to have sex with each other on film?

JAZZZ

Yeah! It's an untapped market. Seeing as they'd be all Americanised, I figured they'd wanna get down with that shit. Most bitches is, ya know?

MIKE

So did they?

JAZZZ

Fuck no!

MIKE

I guess it's the way they were brought up.

JAZZZ

Who da fuck knows.

(whispers)

Let me ax ya somethin'.

Jazzz moves in to whispers something. Mike leans in to hear.

JAZZZ (CONT'D)

(whispers)

You ever see da inside uh bitches pussy?

Mike's nose drips blood on the table into the shot glass of whiskey.

Mike sniffs the blood back in. It rushes back out, runs down into his chin, drips onto the table.

JAZZZ (CONT'D)

Your nose.

MIKE

--What?

JAZZZ

Your nose.

Mike wipes the blood away with his hand. He stares at the blood.

JAZZZ (CONT'D)

You do coke?

Jazzz hands him a napkin off the table.

Mike wipes it away.

JAZZZ (CONT'D)

Anyway, I got this here dildo online uh couple of days ago. And it's got this here cam at da end of it. So ya tap dat ass with it or she fucks herself with it an' ya can see da inside of her displayed out on da fuckin' computer screen. Ain't that some shit? Like watchin' the fuckin' medical channel or somethin'. Shit is crazy.

MIKE

And that pays?

JAZZZ

Man, you'd be surprised by the kind of shit they wanna see. Just glad I don't own any pets.

(beat)

One time they asked for uh bitch with only one eye. Where da fuck I gonna get a bitch wiff only one eye?

(beat)

Like fuckin' fate or somethin'.

(MORE)

JAZZZ (CONT'D)

There she was. This ebony princess with only one fuckin' eye. Some sick fuckin' nigga shoved his thumb through it. Can ya imagine that shit? I mean, this bitch was fine. I almost felt bad for cumming in da eye socket.

MIKE (V.O.)

New me is crazy, I kinda like this guy. He reminds me of some African druglords I met once. Crazy fuckers, but fun to hang out with.

JAZZZ

See those bitches over there?

He points to two obvious men in dresses.

MIKE

I think you've had too many drinks. Those are guys.

JAZZZ

I know, I ain't fuckin' blind. Listen, the real reason I asked you here is to give me da courage to take them back to my fuckin' place and watch them fuck each other.

MIKE

Whadda want me to do?

JAZZZ

Spics don't trust black guys like me. They see me coming and they think I'm gonna ape rape their ass. They see you and think this mutherfucker just wants to suck my toes. He ain't gonna hurt nobody.

Mike smirks.

MIKE

Sorry, I got something I need to do.

Mike gets up and walks away.

JAZZZ

Hey, c'mon, man!

EXT. BOB'S FROLIC - NIGHT

Mike walks out of the bar, lights a cigarette. Sheri walks over to him wearing a cool punk leather jacket.

SHERI

Hey.

Mike looks over.

MIKE (V.O.)

I don't know why, but I'm actually kind of glad to see her.

MIKE

Hey.

SHERI

You started smoking again.

MIKE

I quit?

SHERI

Sure did.

She walks over and takes the cigarette from his mouth. She smiles and smokes it herself.

MIKE

You wouldn't be fuckin' with me again would you?

SHERI

You got me.

MIKE

Sure, pick on the guy with brain damage.

SHERI

It's really cute to see that puzzled look on your face.

MIKE

You following me?

SHERI

Me? Nope.

MIKE

You just happen to be at the bar I was?

SHERI

Must be fate or something.

MIKE

Or you're-

She kisses him.

SHERI

I miss you.

MIKE

I miss me too.

SHERI

Come back to my room.

MIKE

I don't know if that's such a great idea.

SHERI

I think it's a fuckin' fantastic idea. The best idea ever.

They kiss again.

Mike shoves her up against the wall, grabs her by the throat, kissing her.

MIKE

This is what you want?

SHERI

Yes.

He steps back, looks at her.

MIKE

This is interesting.

SHERI

What is?

MIKE

This. This is really confusing.

He turns to walk away, Sheri follows him.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

The two walk in silence, every once in a while she glances over at him.

SHERI

You're different.

MIKE

How so?

SHERI

I don't know. You kind of scare me sometimes.

Mike laughs.

MIKE

I never did before?

SHERI

No. You always had this loving look
in your eyes. And this kind of
sadness.

MIKE

And now?

He looks over at her.

SHERI

I don't know. It's just different.

MIKE

How?

SHERI

Like I'm not sure if you're going
to fuck me or kill me. Or both.

He smirks, they continue to walk, nowhere in particular.

MIKE

Do you know how this city got its
name?

SHERI

No.

MIKE

A priest named it. It means The
Angels. But its full name is The
Town of Our Lady the Queen of
Angels of the Little Portion.

SHERI

How do you know this?

MIKE

I was bored once, looked it up
online.

SHERI

Where are we going?

MIKE

Was thinking about taking you down
a dark alley and killing you, but I
changed my mind.

SHERI

That's not funny.

MIKE

You did say I was dark and scary.

She punches his arm.

SHERI

Take that.

MIKE

You got one hell of a punch, little
lady.

SHERI

Just hope you don't ask for
seconds.

MIKE

There you go beating up on the
brain damaged guy again.

She wraps her arms around his, rests her head on his
shoulder.

SHERI

I'm sure you'll start to remember
things. Just wish you'd go see a
damn doctor.

MIKE

Doubt they'd be able to help me
anyway.

SHERI

I forgot you had that medical
degree.

MIKE

I told you I had a medical degree?

SHERI

I'm being sarcastic, dummy.

MIKE

The girl's got jokes.

SHERI

Yeah, I'm the black Johnny Carson.

INT. MIKE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Mike sits in the dark listening to his neighbors have sex.
The wall seems like it might fall over at any minute.

Mike lies down on the bed next to a fully clothed Sheri.
She's asleep, her leather jacket acts as a blanket, covering
her as she sleeps.

He looks over at her, touches the star on her cheek.

MIKE (V.O.)

Just who the hell are you, Sheri?
Why can't I stop thinking about
you?

(sighs)

I need to focus. The only one left
on the list is that crazy old man.

Sheri wakes up, smiles when she sees Mike being loving with
her.

SHERI

What you doin', stranger?

MIKE

What do you know about that old
guy?

SHERI

What old guy?

MIKE

The one next door.

SHERI

You mean Moody?

MIKE

Moody. Yeah, you ever talk to him?

SHERI

Not if I can help it. That guy
creeps me out.

MIKE

Do you know his name? His real
name?

SHERI

Not a clue. You can find out by
looking at the registry downstairs.
That is if you're that interested.

She wiggles over to him, wraps an arm around him and closes
her eyes.

MIKE

Did I ever tell you how long I was
planning on staying here?

SHERI

In LA or this hotel?

MIKE

Either. Both.

SHERI

No. At first you hated it here.
Said you felt like you were going
mad. But all you needed was the
touch of a good woman.

MIKE

We've been dating for 3 weeks?

She opens her eyes and smiles.

SHERI

You remember?

MIKE

Frankie said something.

She frowns.

SHERI

Oh, her.

MIKE

Oh, her. I take it you don't like Frankie?

SHERI

I like her, she just has eyes for my man.

MIKE

Don't take this the wrong way.

SHERI

God.

MIKE

What?

SHERI

Whenever someone says that, it means I'm going to be offended.

MIKE

It's just you're a hooker, right? Like a prostitute?

SHERI

Yeah. She tell you that, too?

MIKE

No, I remember us talking about it. Said you prefer Geisha.

She tosses a pillow over her face.

SHERI

Yes. I wasn't going to say anything.

He takes the pillow away.

MIKE

So am I paying you?

SHERI

No!

She sits up.

MIKE

I didn't mean-

SHERI

I know what you mean. No, you never paid for sex with me.

Mike sits up.

MIKE

Okay, my other question is-

SHERI

Am I fucking other people?

MIKE

Yeah.

SHERI

No. I stopped once I met you.

MIKE

You stopped because of me?

SHERI

Of course.

MIKE

But that's your job. Did I ask you to?

SHERI

You didn't have to.

MIKE

Just how serious are the two of us?

She shies away.

SHERI

I don't know.

(beat)

You told me you loved me.

MIKE

What did you just say? I've never told a single person in my life that I loved them. Not even my mom.

SHERI

I never got the chance to say it back. You lost your memory the next day. Which really fuckin' sucks.

She punches his shoulder again.

SHERI (CONT'D)

Jerk.

She lies back down on the bed.

MIKE (V.O.)

What the fuck is going on?

JUMP CUT TO:

LATER

Sheri is asleep next to Mike, who just stares at the ceiling. He looks over at her, sits up and gets out of bed, and gets dressed.

INT. HOTEL MOSCOW - LOBBY - NIGHT

Mike dings the bell for the Bellboy. He waddles out, takes the bell away.

BELLBOY

What do you want? Do you know what time it is?

MIKE

I need to see a name in that giant book of yours.

BELLBOY

Really? And would you like anything else, my highness?

MIKE

Yeah, access to a computer.

INT. GROCERY STORE - CHECKOUT LINE - NIGHT

Mike waits in a line of people and their groceries. Only thing Mike has is a pack of toilet paper.

Behind him stands a beautiful MODEL. She has perfect blonde hair. Behind her, FLORIDA GUY, an older man in his late 40's, hovering over her shoulder.

FLORIDA GUY

You come here a lot?

MODEL

Sometimes.

FLORIDA GUY

I go here because they have my kind of toothpaste.

MODEL

Oh.

FLORIDA GUY

They're the only one that carries it. Strange, right?

MODEL

Sure is.

FLORIDA GUY

You live around here?

MODEL

Pretty close, I guess.

FLORIDA GUY

Me too.

MODEL

Oh.

FLORIDA GUY

You from here? California? LA?

MODEL

Yup. California.

FLORIDA GUY

I'm from Florida. That explains my sense of humor.

MODEL

Must be.

FLORIDA GUY

Are you a model or something?

MODEL

Nope. Just a normal girl.

FLORIDA GUY

I have to say I'm kind of surprised. I mean, you're so beautiful.

She does a fake little laugh.

FLORIDA GUY (CONT'D)

I bet you have a lot of boyfriends.

MODEL

Just one.

FLORIDA GUY

Only one?

MODEL

Yup.

FLORIDA GUY

He's a lucky guy.

MODEL

I'm a lucky girl to have him.

The Model pushes closer to Mike to get away from the guy chatting her up.

MODEL (CONT'D)

(to Mike)

Excuse me.

Mike lets her skip ahead.

FLORIDA GUY

(mumbles)

Fuckin' bitch.

Mike turns around to face him.

MIKE

What did you say?

FLORIDA GUY

Mind your business, asshole.

Mike scoffs, breaks the guy's nose, beats his head on the counter until he drops to the floor.

Everyone looks at him in shock and horror. Blood covers his hands.

He tosses the money for the toilet paper down on the blood splattered counter and walks away.

INT. HOTEL MOSCOW - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Jazzz is still giving it to whoever or whatever in his room. He smiles and walks by, heads for Moody Madly's door.

He knocks.

MOODY MADLY (O.C.)

What the fuck you want?

Mike holds up the pack of toilet paper. The door slowly creeps open.

MOODY MADLY (O.C.) (CONT'D)

Come in.

INT. MOODY MADLY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Mike tosses Moody the toilet paper.

MOODY MADLY

There's blood on this.

MIKE

If you don't want it, I'll just take it back.

MOODY MADLY

The hell you will. No Indian giving here, partner.

Mike walks around, checks out the place.

Moody has made a nice home for himself here.

MIKE

Nice room. How long you been living here?

MOODY MADLY

Long enough.

Moody stashes the toilet paper somewhere private.

Mike looks at all the philosophy and psychology books Moody has stacked up on a shelf.

MIKE

You a professor, Moody?

Mike picks up a book, flips through it. He sneaks a pair of scissors up his sleeve without Moody noticing.

Moody grabs the book away.

MOODY MADLY

Shrink.

MIKE

Really?

MOODY MADLY

What do you want?

MIKE

I happen to find myself in need of answers.

MOODY MADLY

I hate that name. People call me that because they're jealous.

MIKE

What should I call you then?

MOODY MADLY

Nothing. Call me nothing.

MIKE

Okay, Nothing.

Mike takes a seat on a recliner, leans back.

MOODY MADLY

What answers?

MIKE

What?

MOODY MADLY

You said you needed answers.
Answers to what?

MIKE

Who am I? What am I doing here?

MOODY MADLY

Everyone has those questions. Ain't
no one got the answers either.

MIKE

You're the head shrinker. Can't you
help me out?

MOODY MADLY

Why should I?

MIKE

I was nice wasn't I? I brought you
a gift. Anyone else ever done that?

MOODY MADLY

No. No one. You'd be the first.

MIKE

Then help me out.

MOODY MADLY

Fine.

Moody takes a seat across from him.

MOODY MADLY (CONT'D)

What's wrong?

MIKE

My head is clouded. I can't
remember anything.

MOODY MADLY

What's the last thing you do
remember?

MIKE

Getting shot.

MOODY MADLY

Dying?

MIKE

Yeah.

MOODY MADLY

Interesting.

MIKE

You think so?

MOODY MADLY

You wake up feeling like a stranger
in your own body?

MIKE

Yeah.

Beat.

MOODY MADLY

Are you at all familiar with
sparticles or quantum alternate
realities?

MIKE

Should I be?

MOODY MADLY

I knew a philosopher once who had a
theory about this very subject. He
theorized that there were multiple
versions of ourselves out there in
the universe. And when we died,
we'd wake up in those other
versions. We'd essentially continue
this process throughout eternity.

Mike laughs.

MIKE

So I woke up in another me?

MOODY MADLY

Could be. Look at your hands. Are those your hands?

Mike looks at his hands, turns them over, looks at the other sides.

MIKE

What am I looking for?

MOODY MADLY

Anything to show you that you are not you.

MIKE

I don't see anything.

MOODY MADLY

Look at your fingernails. Are they cut the same way you usually cut them? Do you bite your nails? Or are they manicured?

MIKE

Everything is in working order, doc.

Mike puts his hands down, notices something.

MOODY MADLY

What?

MIKE (V.O.)

These aren't the hands of someone who kills for a living. No calluses. Strange.

MIKE

It's nothing.

(beat)

Did you ever talk to this other me?

MOODY MADLY

No.

MIKE

I never said hello to you?

MOODY MADLY

Once. You asked if you could take my picture.

MIKE

Did I ever say why I wanted your picture?

MOODY MADLY

Said it was your job.

A serious look grows on Mike's face.

MIKE

I did?

MOODY MADLY

Said you wanted to capture madness.

MIKE

That doesn't sound very nice.

MOODY MADLY

It wasn't.

MIKE

Sorry about that. Seems my other self was kind of an asshole.

MOODY MADLY

At least he never threatened to slit my throat.

Mike laughs.

MIKE

That's right, I did say that, didn't I? Can you forgive me?

MOODY MADLY

Maybe.

MIKE

Where did he go?

MOODY MADLY

Who?

MIKE

If this is the body of the other
me, where did the other me go
exactly?

MOODY MADLY

You are the only true self. They
simply disappear, cease to exist
when it comes time for you to be
reborn.

MIKE

I have memories. Bits and pieces of
things I know I never did.
Conversations I know I never had.

MOODY MADLY

It could be like a birth defect. An
infant born with a tail. You woke
up in a life that is not your own.
Is that so bad?

MIKE

You can't be serious. You don't
actually believe in any of this, do
you?

MOODY MADLY

Things don't have to make sense to
be real or true.

MIKE

Or maybe there is a more realistic
explanation.

MOODY MADLY

That being?

MIKE

I could just have amnesia.

MOODY MADLY

But you know who you are, just not this version of you. Explain that.

MIKE

What if this version is something I created?

MOODY MADLY

I don't understand. Why would you do that?

Mike sits up.

MIKE

Say this Mike person doesn't exist. Say he was created to get close to someone. Say I was here to kill that someone. Who do you think in this building it would be?

Beat.

Moody reaches for his tasergun, Mike brings out the hidden pair of scissors from his sleeve, stabs Moody in the chest.

Moody squirms around in pain, falls over on the floor, blood spurts from his mouth.

MIKE (CONT'D)

I looked you up, Moody. Or should I say Rabbi Levitts. Convicted of molesting 30 kids over 50 years. Of course I have no idea if you're the one I've been hired to kill, but even if I'm wrong, I'll still feel good about this. This is what you call a win-win situation.

Mike steps on the scissors in Moody's chest, sinking them in further.

MOODY MADLY

Please... don't.

MIKE

What gave you away was your obsession with someone taking your toilet paper. You must have had a hard time in prison, huh? Always stealing your things, like your TP. Must have been hard.

Mike stomps on the scissors, killing Moody.

MIKE (CONT'D)

God, that felt good.

INT. HOTEL MOSCOW - LOBBY - MORNING

Frankie walks slowly into the lobby. Everything is as it was when Mike first arrived.

Everything but an odd looking man sitting on the old yellow sofa. His face is covered by the newspaper he's reading. A cowboy hat is the only thing visible.

INT. HOTEL MOSCOW - CHECK-IN COUNTER - CONTINUOUS

Frankie hits the bell on the counter. The Bellboy takes the bell away from her.

BELLBOY

What do ya want?

FRANKIE

I'm looking for the room Mike is staying in.

INT. HOTEL MOSCOW - HALLWAY - MORNING

Frankie walks into the hallway with a plate of apple pie covered in plastic wrap.

She gets to Mike's door and knocks.

INT. MIKE'S ROOM - MORNING

Mike's fast asleep.

Frankie knocks again.

Mike is awakened from his peaceful slumber. He walks over to the door, peeks out the peephole, opens the door.

Frankie stands there with pie and a smile. The smile drops once she sees Mike is completely nude.

She's having a hard time looking at him.

FRANKIE

You haven't been to the diner. I thought maybe I'd come and visit you for once. Did I wake you?

Mike rubs his eyes. He squints at her.

MIKE

No. Not at all. Come in.

FRANKIE

Would you mind putting on some clothes for me?

Mike looks at his nakedness.

MIKE

You sure?

FRANKIE

Yeah.

MIKE

Alright.

He grabs a pair of pants and puts them on. She hands him his pie.

FRANKIE

Here.

MIKE

Pie for the soul.

FRANKIE

You stopped coming around. I feel stupid for saying this but I kinda missed ya.

He eats the pie.

MIKE

(muffled)

It's good.

(eating)

I'm sorry. My head is still a little confused. I haven't been sleeping. Please, have a seat, we'll talk.

She smiles.

FRANKIE

Okay.

She sits down on the bed. Mike sits down with her.

The neighbors start up again.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

What's that?

MIKE

Jazzz. Three Z's.

FRANKIE

Are they always like that?

MIKE

Yes.

FRANKIE

No wonder you can't get any sleep.

Frankie looks around his filthy room. She nervously taps her feet while checking her watch.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

I should really get to work.

She stands up.

He grabs her arm, brings her down on top of him, kisses her.

She puts her hand on his bare chest.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

What about Sheri?

MIKE

I don't know who that is.

They kiss.

Frankie takes off her uniform.

INT. MIKE'S ROOM - LATER

Frankie gets dressed as Mike sits naked at the edge of the bed, smoking a cigarette.

She looks over at him.

FRANKIE

What's wrong?

MIKE

I don't know.

FRANKIE

Do you feel bad about this?

He looks up at her.

MIKE

Do you?

FRANKIE

No. Not for a second.

MIKE

I think I do for some reason.

FRANKIE

You love her?

MIKE

I think maybe he does.

FRANKIE

Maybe it's best you don't come to
the diner anymore.

MIKE

I don't think you need to worry
about that. I'm getting out of here
today.

FRANKIE

You're leaving?

MIKE

It's for the best, believe me.

MIKE (V.O.)

Yeah, Moody's body is gonna start
stinking soon. Best I'm not around
when that happens.

Frankie walks over, kisses Mike goodbye.

FRANKIE

See you around, stranger.

And with that, she gives him a smile and walks out the door.

INT. HOTEL MOSCOW - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Frankie walks down the hallway, tears running down her
cheeks.

Jazzz opens his door and leans out. He's wearing his pink robe, it's left open, showing her his boxers.

JAZZZ

What's wrong, girl?

She smiles, flicks away a tear.

FRANKIE

It's nothing.

JAZZZ

I know that look. That's a look of someone who just had her heart broken.

FRANKIE

You think so?

JAZZZ

I know so. I got a cure too.

FRANKIE

Yeah, what's that?

JAZZZ

They always say the best way to get over someone is to get under someone else.

FRANKIE

With you?

JAZZZ

Do you see any other fine motherfuckers like myself out here?

FRANKIE

I'm not sleeping with you.

JAZZZ

You sure?

INT. MIKE'S ROOM - DAY

Mike has a metal trash can on the bed, he lights the photos on fire and places them in the trash.

He watches as the faces on the photos burn.

His suitcase is packed.

INT. HOTEL MOSCOW - HALLWAY - DAY

Mike walks out into the hallway.

Sheri's room door is half opened. The sound of something falling to the floor, some slashing is heard deep inside her room.

Mike slowly opens her door to find a shotgun shoved in his face.

BUDDY stands tall with a giant cowboy hat on top his head, while wearing a King's leopard bondage jacket.

A pair of yellow sunglasses cover his eyes. He holds a sawed-off shotgun to Mike's face.

MIKE

Who sent you?

BUDDY

What, you don't remember me? Didn't I tell you we'd meet again?

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. CAFE DINER - NIGHT

Mike kisses Sheri good night. She smiles and runs down the street, back to the hotel.

Mike smiles and pulls out a cigarette.

In a dark alley beside him, a zippo flips open, lights up a thin cigar.

Buddy stands in the shadows.

BUDDY
You need a light?

JUMP CUT TO:

LATER

Buddy pulls Mike into the alleyway, tosses him against the brick wall.

He kicks Mike while he's down.

BUDDY
You've been spending a lot of time
with my girl and not paying. It's
about time you pay up, asshole.

MIKE
Fuck you.

Buddy smiles.

BUDDY
I was hoping you'd say somethin'
like that.

He kicks Mike in the head.

BACK TO PRESENT

INT. HOTEL MOSCOW - HALLWAY - DAY

Buddy points the shotgun at Mike's face. Carefully, Mike steps back from him.

BUDDY
We didn't get introduced last time,
did we? The name's Buddy. Where is
she?

MIKE

Who?

BUDDY

Sheri, you dumb motherfucker.

MIKE

Yeah, don't know.

BUDDY

That's a lie. You live here?

MIKE

Leaving today.

BUDDY

Which room?

He points to his door.

MIKE

That one.

BUDDY

Let's have a look-see.

With the shotgun to his back, Mike opens his door.

INT. MIKE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Buddy pushes Mike into the room.

BUDDY

You can sit right there.

He points with the shotgun to the chair next to the desk. The neighbors are still going at it. They seem even louder.

Mike has a seat.

Buddy takes off his glasses. His eyes are dilated. His skin looks kind of yellow in the sunlight shining in from the window.

His smile shows us a row of rotten teeth.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

Like I told ya before. My name is Buddy. Sheri is one of my girls.

MIKE

So that's what this is, you're her pimp?

Mike scoffs.

BUDDY

Did I say you could talk? What you're doing now is listening to me. And by talking and asking me questions... that's telling me you aren't listening.

MIKE

I just hope you-

BUDDY

I don't give a fuck! Do I look like someone that gives a fuck what your hopes are?!

MIKE

I think maybe you should be.

BUDDY

Do you now, cocksmoker?

MIKE

The person you dealt with before in that alley is not me.

BUDDY

No? Then who are you?

MIKE

A completely different beast.

BUDDY

Is that a fact?

MIKE

That's right. I'm someone you really don't want to fuck with. Someone that's going to take that shotgun from you and shove it up your ass.

He shoves the shotgun in Mike's face.

BUDDY

I got a fuckin' shotgun to your face.

MIKE

I see that.

BUDDY

And you dare to talk to me like that?

MIKE

Not really the first time it's happened.

BUDDY

Tough guy, huh?

MIKE

Tough? No. Psychotic? Yes.

Buddy busts Mike over a knee cap with the shotgun.

BUDDY

Tell me where the fuck Sheri is.

MIKE

I don't know. What exactly you gonna do when you find her?

BUDDY

She broke my heart. What do you think I'm going to do? I'm going to kill her. I'm gonna fuck the bitch, then I'm gonna kill her.

MIKE

Why?

BUDDY

Why? Why?! Because it's what I
wanna do!

Mike laughs.

Buddy looks confused. He smiles and laughs with him.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

Why you laughin'?

MIKE

It's just funny is all.

BUDDY

You think I'm funny?

Buddy cracks Mike over the head with the shotgun. He falls out of the chair, onto the bed. Buddy reaches over, places him back in the chair. Blood leaks out of his forehead.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

I can tell! This is gonna be
fuckin' fun!

Buddy punches Mike in the face.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

Fuckin' Christ!

Buddy holds the hand he used to punch Mike with.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

I think I broke my hand.

He dances around the room shaking off the pain.

Buddy brings the end of the shotgun to Mike's mouth. Blood pours out.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

I watched this thing on TV about
why we're so violent.

(MORE)

BUDDY (CONT'D)

They say it's that primate inside us. The left over parts of us that we still carry from them. It's in our genes to kill.

Mike spits blood out between his two front teeth.

Buddy SMACKS Mike over the head with the shotgun. A tooth flies across the room.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

I can keep this shit up all day!
What about you?

Mike smiles a mouth full of blood.

MIKE

I don't know. Let's see.

BUDDY

That's what I like to hear!

Buddy kicks Mike in the gut with his cowboy boots. He hunches over in pain.

Buddy forces him back into the chair and CRACKS him over the head again with the end of the shotgun.

Buddy forces him back into the chair again.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

Come on. Tell me. I'm Buddy your buddy. This may be fun now. But just wait until I lose my high and this fuckin' hand starts to hurt. I won't be so happy to see you then. And things will turn really nasty.

Mike just smiles.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

There you go again. You're laughing at me.

MIKE

You have to get high to kill someone? I'm sorry, I shouldn't laugh at you. You're actually pretty pathetic. I should feel sorry for you.

Buddy keeps hitting him with the shotgun.

Mike slumps over.

Buddy helps him wake back up.

BUDDY

Wake up. Let me ask you something. Do you know that feeling you get when someone loves you? You can't manufacture it. You can't bottle it, shoot it or snort it. It's a pure, one of a kind feeling. Someone out there loves you and it feels better than anything I've ever tried. And she took that away from me. You took that away from me.

Buddy kicks him in the crotch. Mike hunches over, Buddy uses the shotgun like a baseball bat and uppercuts him.

Mike falls back out of the chair and stares up at him.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

She has this power over men like you and me. We're all the same. Every cuntfucker around is the same. Only difference between us is I fuckin' own her. She belongs to me and only me. You can fuck her as much as you like. But at the end of the day, I'm the one she'll be callin' daddy. Me! Not you! Fuckin' tell me where she is!

MIKE

I don't fuckin' know.

BUDDY

You don't know anything. That's what you keep telling me. But I know there's more you ain't sayin'.

(beat)

I don't have the time to beat it out of ya.

Buddy lies the shotgun down on the bed and pulls out a black pouch.

MIKE

What are you doing?

BUDDY

You ever do heroin?

He unzips it, pulls out a syringe. It's full.

MIKE

No, Buddy. Can't say I have.

BUDDY

A virgin? It's time to pop that cherry.

Buddy lies the syringe on the bed next to his shotgun. He walks over, picks Mike up, throws him back in the chair.

He gives Mike another punch to the face.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

Ever see what heroin does to somebody?

Buddy takes the syringe.

MIKE

Stop.

He brings the needle closer.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Don't.

BUDDY

Tell me.

Buddy brings the needle closer.

MIKE

Stop.

Buddy throws his hat off, grabs Mike by the throat, brings the needle closer to his eye.

BUDDY

Don't worry. I don't think this will kill you.

(beat)

It will just hurt like a motherfucker.

Buddy shoves the needle into the pupil of Mike's eye. The needle slowly slides in.

Inch by inch, the needle sinks further in.

Buddy forces the eyelid open with his thumb. He pushes down on the plunger.

The heroin rushes in.

Quickly, he pulls the needle out.

Mike jumps up in pain. He holds his eye as he screams.

Buddy steps back and laughs. He throws the needle on the bed, grabs Mike by the shoulders and pushes him back down in the chair.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

How does it feel?

Mike twists in pain.

Buddy punches Mike in the stomach to get him to cooperate. He gets up close to Mike's face.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

Tell me how it feels. Is it
amazing?

Buddy pushes Mike's hand away.

MIKE

(whispers)

It feels...

BUDDY

Let me see.

Mike opens his eye.

It's blood shot.

He grabs Buddy by the ears, brings him closer, bites off his
nose. Blood shoots out on the wall, runs down Mike's chin.

Buddy screams out the most horrible scream ever heard, breaks
free, stumbles back, falls against the closet.

Mike spits Buddy's nose at him. Buddy picks up the piece and
screams.

Mike quickly grabs the shotgun and points it at Buddy.

MIKE

Fuck you, Buddy.

Buddy grabs the shotgun, the two wrestle with it until it
goes off, BLASTING a hole into Jazzz's room wall.

CUT TO:

INT. JAZZZ'S ROOM - DAY

Jazzz holds a camera above his head as he fucks Frankie
doggystyle on his bed.

The shotgun blast tears through his wall and through his
chest.

Blood is flung everywhere as Jazzz flies through the air, off the bed.

BACK TO:

INT. MIKE'S ROOM - DAY

We hear Frankie scream, run out of Jazzz's room, down the hall, into the lobby downstairs.

Mike and Buddy struggle some more, leading to the window overlooking outside.

OUT THE WINDOW

Frankie screams her head off, running naked out into the middle of the street, covered in blood. A truck hits its brakes, SMASHING into her, killing her instantly.

INT. HOTEL MOSCOW - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

The Bellboy runs up the stairs, sweat pouring from his face. He makes it to the floor all the action is happening on.

BELLBOY

What the fuck is going on up here?

Mike and Buddy come crashing out of his room, both struggling to get ownership of the rifle.

The Bellboy sees the shotgun and makes a run for it back down the stairs.

The shotgun goes off, shooting The Bellboy in the back as he flees.

Mike shoots Buddy in the kneecap, blowing his leg half off.

BUDDY

You sonofabitch!

Mike grabs the shotgun and puts it under Buddy's chin.

He blows Buddy's head off. Brains and pieces of skull fly everywhere, splashing the ceiling red.

Mike takes a rest, he's completely exhausted with his little exchange with Buddy.

He smiles, looks over...

Sheri stands out in the hallway. She sees the Bellboy lying dead by her feet.

MIKE

Shit.

SHERI

What are you doing?

MIKE

Fuck, Sheri. Sorry you had to see this.

SHERI

This isn't happening. It can't be.

MIKE

I'm telling you, this isn't what it looks like.

SHERI

It looks like you just killed a bunch of people, Mike.

MIKE

So it's exactly what it looks like.

Mike gets to his feet.

MIKE (CONT'D)

The Bellboy was an accident.

(points to a headless
Buddy)

But that piece of shit right there was going to kill you. So you could say I pretty much saved your life.

Tears fall down her face.

SHERI

Really? Is that what you'd say?
Fuck you, Mike! Or who ever the
fuck you are.

MIKE

What are you talking about?

SHERI

Who ever the fuck you are, you
aren't Mike.

MIKE

Mike. Mike Geffen is a fuckin' lie,
Sheri! He was just some alias I
made up to do a job.

SHERI

What job?

MIKE

Exactly! I don't know! That's the
fuckin' point! I can't fuckin'
remember anything!

SHERI

Jesus, you're insane.

MIKE

Can we talk about this?

As Mike walks closer to her, she backs away.

SHERI

Stay away from me.

MIKE

If it helps, I think I love you.

SHERI

I'm calling the police.

MIKE

I can't let you do that.

Mike closes his eyes, aims the gun at her head as she turns to run away.

He opens his eyes, looks at his reflection in the bathroom mirror.

He FIRES-

CUT TO BLACK:

INT. HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT

NURSES and a DOCTOR rush to help a gunshot victim. They use a defibrillator on his chest to get his heart beating again.

Mike gasps for air, thrashes around in agony. He's been shot in the stomach, blood pouring out of him like a fountain.

DOCTOR

Get him stable.

NURSE

We got him back.

DOCTOR

Good.

Mike coughs up some blood, keeps flailing around.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Keep him still!

Mike looks around in confusion.

MIKE

Where am I? Tell me where I am!

He notices his wrist is handcuffed to the gurney.

INT. HOTEL MOSCOW - HALLWAY - DAY

From the hallway, Mike sees his reflection in the bathroom mirror.

He notices the shotgun in his hand, and the blood covering it.

He drops it, frightened.

MIKE

Hello?!

He sees the dead Bellboy and covers his mouth in disgust. Lying next to him is Sheri.

He drops to his knees, unable to speak.

Tears form in his eyes.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Sheri? God, no. Please.

He picks her up in his arms, brings her close to him. He wails like a newborn baby.

Sheri looks up at him, freaks out, pushes him away from her.

SHERI

Get away from me!

MIKE

You're alive?!

He hugs her, she crawls away.

SHERI

Stay away from me!

MIKE

What the fuck is going on?

Sheri looks at him.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. HOTEL MOSCOW - HALLWAY - DAY

Sheri runs for her life as Mike slowly aims the shotgun at her.

He looks away and pulls the trigger.

Sheri trips, foot falls through a rotten floorboard. The shotgun blast misses, hits the wall in front of her.

BACK TO PRESENT

Police sirens are heard in the background.

MIKE

What is going on? I was holding a gun. Did I do this?

She stands up.

SHERI

You're a monster.

MIKE

You have to believe me, Sheri. I didn't do this. I'd never hurt you.

SHERI

I saw what you did. Just look around and see for yourself.

MIKE

I didn't do this!

SHERI

The police are coming.

MIKE

The last thing I remember was... I was having this really fucked up dream.

Sheri quickly picks up the shotgun, aims it at him.

MIKE (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

SHERI

I'm not gonna let you trick me.

MIKE

Trick you?

She blows him away.

INT. AIRPLANE BATHROOM - NIGHT

Mike stands by a sink, looking at his reflection in the mirror of a tiny airplane bathroom.

He looks puzzled.

He shuts off the running water to the sink, looks around.

MIKE

Hello?

Mike opens the bathroom door.

Half the commercial plane has been ripped in half. Passengers, luggage, seats, everything is getting sucked out, screaming into the open sky.

MIKE (CONT'D)

What the fuck-

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END