

(Name of Project)

by
(Name of First Writer)

(Based on, If Any)

Revisions by
(Names of Subsequent Writers,
in Order of Work Performed)

Current Revisions by
(Current Writer, date)

Name (of company, if applicable)
Address
Phone Number

Once Upon A Time In A Very F@cked Up Mind

By

Ethan B. Hunter

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FINAL DRAFT
ethan@207pictures.com

Below the title a pen scratches the words, "I RAGE AGAINST ME."

INSERT NAPKIN:

Once upon a time

In a very f@cked up mind

I rage against me

We pull out from the title/napkin to reveal ZACK sitting at a table in a posh restaurant. He is a good-looking young man, about twenty-five, with messy black hair. He is dressed very nicely and looks uncomfortable as he sips RED WINE and scribbles furiously on napkins.

SERVER comes over. She is a gorgeous young girl with blonde hair.

SERVER
You doing okay?

ZACK
Yeah.

SERVER
More angry limericks?

ZACK
Actually I've moved on to haiku.

SERVER
You actually wrote out the little
"at" and "copyright" symbols.

ZACK
Yes.

SERVER
That's really cute. Why did you do
that?

ZACK
Because it's really cute.

SERVER smiles warmly.

SERVER
Do you think she's still coming?

ZACK
I honestly don't know the answer to that.

SERVER
Do you still want her to come?

ZACK
I honestly don't know the answer to that either.

SERVER
Let's try something easier. You want another Cabernet?

ZACK
Yes, thank you.

SERVER
A glass or a bottle?

ZACK
Just a glass, please.

SERVER
Okay.

SERVER collects the old BOTTLE from the table and turns.

ZACK
No, I'm sorry, a bottle.

SERVER
How 'bout a glass?

ZACK
Okay.

AMY walks in and sits at the table. She is also gorgeous, but a redhead.

AMY
Hey. I'm sorry I'm late.

ZACK

Okay.

AMY

Forgive me?

ZACK

Done.

AMY

I'm glad you waited.

ZACK

Yeah.

(beat)

Yeah, no, no it's not okay.

AMY

I'm sorry.

ZACK

You and I Amy, we've been doing this way too long. I have been doing this much too long. I've been waiting for things that are never going to happen and I'm tired of it and I'm through.

AMY

It's only been an hour or so.

ZACK

It's been five years.

AMY

Really?

ZACK

I've never been very good at math, but I know it's been too long now. And I know I can't count on you. And I'm done.

AMY

Do you want to do this now? Do you really want to do this now and here?

ZACK

If not now, when?

AMY

Well, clearly later.

ZACK

There is no later. I can't be your fuck-buddy, or your shoulder to cry on or your touchstone or anything else. Not anymore. I can't be there for you, here for you, always when you are never ever here for me. There for me. I can't do this, Amy. Not anymore. And there is no later.

AMY

I'm sorry, Zack. I never asked for you to wait for me. I know I ask a lot of you, and I know I put a lot of my shit on you but that's only because-

ZACK

It's not enough. It's all too hollow anymore.

AMY

I think you're right. I think this has become entirely hollow. And I am so excited about that. We've both read Danielewski, we both know that holiness can exist only in hollow places. We are hollow, Zack, we have become hollow and as such we may now echo inside one another for all of always. And I am so excited about that.

ZACK

(smiling)
Yeah. Yeah, okay.

SERVER (O/C)

Here you are.

ZACK looks up to SERVER as she is placing his wine on the table. AMY has disappeared. We're back to reality.

SERVER

Where'd you go?

ZACK

Somewhere nice. Thanks for the glass.

SERVER

Sure.

ZACK (V/O)

In my head, Amy is smarter than me. In my head she thinks like Hercule Poirot and argues like Perry Mason. In my head our dialogue is easy, as though Aaron Sorkin were writing every line we say. In the real world, she's not even close. In the really real world when we argue she just gets all defensive and tries to pass out. When we fight in the real world she blames me for the death of Franz Ferdinand and goes to sleep. That has to change. It all has to change. Even in my head this thing, this travesty just keeps going and going. Even in my head she wins.

AMY walks in and sits at the bar.

AMY

Hey. Sorry I'm late.

ZACK

Yeah, well, sorry don't make the buttercup shine, girly.

AMY

What?

ZACK

Listen to me. Here you've lied to me, cheated on me, broken up with me for someone far beneath me. Far beneath even you. You have, since the very moment I laid eyes on you basically dedicated your life to making me as miserable as you'd like to think you are, because you're convinced that your misery needs my company. And that you're more interesting if you're sad. Which is just sad. This on again off again thing, this thing we do so that you can have your cake and eat it, too, so you get me but you get to sleep around, it's not okay. And it's not going to keep going on and on.

Back to reality.

ZACK (V/O)

No, no monologues. Keep it blood simple. Don't let her know you've thought this through so thoroughly. So obsessively. She doesn't deserve that from you.

AMY walks in and sits down.

AMY

Hey. I'm sorry I'm late. There was a woman giving birth on the side of the road, I had to stop and midwife.

RED SQUIGLY LINES now outline AMY.

ZACK stares at her for a moment, drinking.

ZACK (V/O)

In my head I can see every deception. Every lie. Every manipulation is highlighted as clearly as though I had misspelled something in Microsoft Word.

AMY

What?

The red lines disappear.

ZACK

Did you ever cheat on me?

AMY

Don't.

ZACK

When we were together, in all of the years we were together, did you ever sleep with anyone else?

AMY

Of course not.

RED SQUIGLY LINES now outline AMY.

ZACK stares at her, smiling slyly for a few beats before dumping his wine over her head.

ZACK
(standing)
I'm sorry for a lot of things, Amy,
but mostly that I wasn't drinking
scalding hot coffee tonight.

ZACK walks away.

Back to reality

ZACK (V/O)
You've got enough regrets. Don't
leave with another. And stop
monologuing.

AMY walks in and sits down.

AMY
Hey. I'm so sorry I'm late.

ZACK throws a cup of scalding hot coffee on AMY.

ZACK
(standing up)
The only thing I did right in this
relationship was drinking scalding
hot coffee tonight.

ZACK walks away.

Back to reality

ZACK
In my head I don't deserve her. In
my head that girl can do no wrong.
Break that. Burn it down. Walk it
back. You don't love her. You
love the girl she used to be. And
that girl is never coming back.
Walk it back. Don't let her off
easy. Go out with a bang.

AMY walks in and sits down.

AMY
Hey. I'm sorry I'm late.

ZACK stands and produces a gun from nowhere.

ZACK

In the name of all things pure and true I now send you back to the frozen hell from whence you came so that your spirit my be with your father and your body may be studied here on earth to see how a black hole could possibly replace a heart in the human circulatory system you cold, manipulative, selfish, selfish, selfish harpy succubus. Now you can whore yourself to the other demons, bitch.

ZACK shoots AMY. AMY just sits there. ZACK looks down to see that he is bleeding profusely from his chest, right where he shot AMY.

Back to reality.

ZACK (V/O)

Even in my head, I'm the only one that bleeds. It doesn't matter, that's far too far. Way too over the top. And I hate drama. And I don't own a firearm. And I'm too pretty to go to jail.

SERVER sits down across from ZACK with two glasses of wine.

SERVER

This one's on me.

ZACK

Thank you.

SERVER

I'm Natalie.

ZACK

Zack.

SERVER

I know. I've read your credit card.

ZACK

Ah.

SERVER

Wanna talk about it?

ZACK
Are you going to get in trouble?

SERVER
It's my restaurant.

ZACK
Wow.

SERVER
Wanna talk about it?

ZACK
No. Thank you.

SERVER
Okay.

ZACK
In my head she's still the
seventeen year old girl I fell in
love with. You know. I try to
stop it but...in my head there's
nothing to stop. I never put
myself in these situations in my
world of fantasy and psychosis, so
there's no reality to change. Just
fucked up little stories that
sometimes make me smile. In my
head I've stopped caring about her
more times than I can count. But
in the really real world...in the
really real world Satan is that
girls father, and she is daddy's
little girl and in my head I know
that, but-

AMY walks in.

SERVER
Looks like you're on.

ZACK sees AMY

ZACK
Yeah.

SERVER
I'll catch you next time.

ZACK
Yeah. Thanks.

SERVER leaves.

AMY sits down.

AMY
Hey, sorry I'm late.

ZACK
Yeah.

AMY
You look worried. What's up?

ZACK
I'm just tired of-

AMY
I'm pretty tired, too. You wanna skip dinner and just go back to my place?

AMY smiles beautifully and innocently.

ZACK studies her intently.

ZACK
Yeah, okay.

ZACK and AMY get up to leave together.

They walk out the door.

SERVER watches them leave.

SERVER (V/O)
In my head he's smarter than me.
In my head he never leaves with her. But in the really real world things don't usually go the way you want. Or even the way you need. More often than not, in the really real world, things just kind of go. And you just kind of go with it. In the really real world, he leaves with her every time.