

In Mind
by
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FADE IN:

1 EXT. DRIVEWAY - DAY 1

A 1988 Ford Escort pulls in and parks.

The door opens and JON BORIS--mid-twenties--slumps out. His brow is wrinkled, his eyes are puffy, and his mouth is turned down.

He walks into the three story house with brisk a step.

2 INT. JON'S PLACE - DAY 2

Jon opens the door and steps in.

He lays his keys on the counter next to a prescription bottle. He eyes the bottle for a moment then marches out of the room.

3 INT. JON'S BEDROOM - DAY 3

Jon goes straight for the closet.

He snags a bundle of female shirts and jeans--still on the hanger--and pulls them off the rack. He's about to toss them on the bed when--

CARL

Once again, hey, man?

Jon turns around slowly, not looking all that surprised.

He tosses the clothes on the bed then stares down CARL PIDE. Young, maybe seventeen, long hair and a smug scruffy face. He's wearing a TOOL T-shirt.

JON

Not now.

SAMUEL

Don't be such a wise ass.

Jon looks to the other voice. SAMUEL MALEGO, an older man , thirty-ish. He's smoking a cigarette. He puts it out in a tray half finished and lights another.

JON

You too.

Samuel spreads his arms.

JON

Suppose you guys are here to help me, right?

SAMUEL

Jon, if you can honestly say you don't need help with this situation-

JON

Don't need help. Go on.

Jon gets on his knees and looks for something in the back of the closet.

Carl and Sam watch in silence as Jon puts a pair of female shoes on the bed.

Then Carl laughs obnoxiously.

Sam raises his eyebrows and takes a drag.

CARL

I like that. We're only here 'cause you called us over. You act like I want to be involved in this. Up to me, I'd say fuck the bitches and play some Halo.

JON

How could I call you over? You don't even know what you are.

CARL

I don't know what I am? Mother fucker, what the fuck do you know? I heard you, bro. Heard you sayin' shit like this is the one, might actually work out this time. But here I am, here I am. And here you are talking like you don't need help. Fuck even dick face over here showed up. Why? For shit's and giggles? Sad, man, real fucking sad. No matter what you say.

SAMUEL

(to Carl)

Why do you talk like you have any idea about life? The man knows what's going on. He doesn't need you in his ear giving a lecture you know nothing about.

CARL
Right, ass dick. Coming from a guy
no one even knows exists.

Sam shakes his head then eyes Jon as he moves the clothes.

SAMUEL
What are you doing?

JON
You know what I'm doing.

Sam takes a drag.

JON
I'm getting her stuff out of here,
okay. Do you approve of that, sir?
Fuck.

CARL
Someone woke up off the bed today.

SAMUEL
Shut-up, Child. Jon, why are you
doing this now? Don't you think,
maybe, you need some time to relax?
Think about what to say?

CARL
Who the fuck want to relax.

SAMUEL
Keep to yourself.

JON
How about you both shut-up.

Jon rubs the back of his neck, sits down on the end of the
bed.

JON
I don't want to deal with this.

SAMUEL
Exactly. Take a break.

Jon shakes his head.

JON
Rather make it easy, have
everything ready when she comes.

CARL
When?

Jon doesn't respond.

CARL
Wait, now?

JON
Yes, now.

Jon gets off the bed, moves over to the bureau, opens the drawer and pulls out a handful of panties.

Carl gets out of his seat.

CARL
Fuck that.

JON
How can you possibly care one way or the other?

CARL
What the fuck does that mean? I'm here. She ain't comin'. Tell her not to come.

SAMUEL
Calm down, tough guy.

CARL
FUCK YOU! Jon, I swear I'll knock her out. With that fucking stuck up face.

JON
I think you'll stop acting like an asshole. Came right after me, not like I can tell her not to show up now.

Jon looks at a make-up holder on the bureau.

JON
Not sure what to say.

SAMUEL
I'll take care of that.

CARL
No you won't. Dude, listen, you don't want her here. Not now.

SAMUEL

(to Carl)

Why don't you sit down, child. Let the adults handle this.

CARL

Fuckin' sit down. You think you're king shit right, man...

Carl looks at the clothes on the bed. He licks his lips.

CARL

...right, alright.

Carl walks over to the bed and calmly sits down.

SAMUEL

(to Jon)

What's your plan?

JON

Don't know. Give her her stuff. Maybe apologize. Not that I know why I'm apologizing. I mean, it's gotta be my fault right? I just don't understand why it's always got to be a thing where, like, at that moment, you know, THAT MOMENT, where everything's cool, especially here, it comes back to fuck me over. Never see it comin'. That's why. Got to be, it's gotta be me--

RIPPP!

Jon spins around to find Carl in the bed, a ripped T-shirt in his hands.

CARL

Fuck her!

JON

What are you doing?

SAMUEL

Carl! You're going to far.

Carl picks up another shirt and tears the sleeves off.

CARL

I ain't going nowhere, man. Fuck this bitch. Fuck 'em all.

(MORE)

CARL(cont'd)

You goddamn pussy. Gotta be me.
Apologize?

Jon rushes over to pull the shirt out of Carl's hands.

JON

Give it.

CARL

Apologize for what? For being
yourself? You're a bitch, man. You
ever stop--

The shirt rips in half.

CARL

--stop to think maybe it's them?
Huh, maybe you go around looking
for trashy sluts so you can feed
your ego on how down you are.

Sam shakes his head and lights another cigarette.

Carl throws a pair of pants in Jon's face.

CARL

Think about that.

Jon stops struggling; his body slumps and he stares at his feet.

Carl picks up a bundle of clothes and throws them all over the room.

CARL

You thinkin' mother fucker? Cause
there's only two ways. To fuck or
to get fucked, and, I'm thinkin'
your asshole's plenty soar.

Jon grabs his head and shivers. The room vibrates slightly.

CARL

You know I'm right. Getting all
nervous and shit. Fuck, if she's
comin' here...I say
(leans close)
let me handle this. Get this bitch
out of your life once and for all.

Jon rubs his brow, shivers, looks lost.

SAMUEL
 You really want to put your life in
 the hands of an infant, Jon?

Carl points at Sam.

CARL
 Shut the fuck up! I know exactly
 what to do.

Jon gets up off the bed and staggers to the mirror.

CARL
 What's it going to be, bub?

JON
 Don't know what to say to her. I
 don't want her to hate me, you
 know, but I'm not sure we should
 get back toget--

CARL
 --fuck that, man. Dude, you're
 lost. I know what to do, just gotta
 listen.

Jon turns to the window and slants his eyes.

JON
 What was that?

CARL
 Three guesses.

Jon regains some composure, slides over to the window and
 looks out.

4 EXT. DRIVEWAY - DAY 4

A black Grand-Prix pulls into the driveway. We can't see the
 driver.

5 INT. JON'S BEDROOM - DAY 5

Jon moves from the window.

JON
 Great.

SAMUEL

I suggest you play this calmly, let her in, give her the stuff and just-
-

CARL

What? No one listens to you. You know that. Fucking sag.

Jon looks up to the ceiling and sighs.

CARL

Yo, she's gonna be up here in like five seconds. At least let me show you.

Jon taps his thumbs on the bed.

JON

Fuck it.

Carl smiles.

6 EXT. DRIVEWAY - DAY

6

ALY WHITE, gets out of her car, walks around it, and pulls a suitcase out of the truck. She then makes her way to the house.

7 INT. JON'S PLACE - DAY

7

Carl pulls Jon away from the window and pushes him to the front door.

Jon looks to the counter and finds the pill bottle is gone.

CARL

Lock it.

JON

What?

Sam leans against the fridge and lites another cig.

SAMUEL

You sure you want to do this, Jon?

Jon looks over and sees Sam slides what looks like an orange bottle into his pocket.

CARL
Fuck off! Just lock it, you said.

JON
I said I'd see, and this just
fucking stupid. Just gonna make
things worse.

CARL
If you lock the door she can't come
in, if she cant come in she cant
fuck with you. Get it?

Jon starts pacing around.

JON
I think I should just give her her
stuff, be done with it.

SAMUEL
Sounds good to me.

CARL
Here we go. I don't want to see
this bitch's face, mother fucker,
if you're not going to stand up for
yourself then I'll fuckin' do it.
Now, lock the shit.

JON
This is fucking retarded.

CARL
Yeah, it might not look like much
now, but when you see the whole
shit put together, it all works.

Jon says nothing, just stares at the door.

CARL
So, uh, lock the fucking door.

Jon turns the lock.

CARL
Top one too.

Jon sighs and turns the padlock as well--then freezes.

JON
Who's she talking to?

CARL
I don't hear nothin'.

Jon puts his ear to the door and slants his eyes.

JON
Stopped.

CARL
Probably talkin' to herself. Crazy
ass bitch. Talkin' shit about you
to herself.

Suddenly a loud bang forces Jon away from the door in shock.

JON
(whispers)
Fuck.

The door knocks again.

ALY (O.S.)
Come on, Jon. Your car's here.

Jon rubs his bottom lip.

ALY (O.S.)
Can we not play games. I'm just
going to get my things and leave.
Won't even talk to you.

Another knock.

Jon bites his finger. Carl stands behind him.

ALY (O.S.)
Jon, open the fucking door.

JON
(whispers to Carl)
I gotta say somethin'.

SAMUEL
You should at the least tell her to
come back.

CARL
(whispers)
You should at the least fuck off.
Don't do it, man.

Jon walks away from the door and into the kitchen.

JON
 (whispers)
 I got to.

CARL
 (whispers)
 Don't be a bitch.

8 INT. JON'S KITCHEN - DAY

8

Jon yells out from behind the cabinet.

JON
 I'm busy.

ALY (O.S.)
 Busy? Not going to bother you.

CARL
 Tell her she's a fucking loose
 lipped whore. Tell the bitch that.

JON
 (to Carl)
 No. Shut-up.
 (to Aly)
 Can you come back, like later,
 tomorrow or something. I'll call
 you. You know we can like make a
 thing out of it.

ALY (O.S.)
 I don't want to make a thing. I
 want my clothes.

JON
 Can't do it right now. I don't know
 what to tell you.

Silence for a moment then--

ALY
 This is fucking insanity.

The door knocks again, harder this time. Jon watches the door
 move.

Then it stops.

ALY
 Fucker. Always gotta make
 everything so fucking complicated.

Aly's voice trails off and Jon crawls from behind the cabinet as he hears her walk downstairs.

9

INT. JON'S PLACE - DAY

9

Jon gets to his feet. Carl follows.

Sam hasn't moved from the fridge.

SAMUEL

Good job, fool. Try getting back with her after that stunt.

CARL

Hah, fuck her. Not the way I would've handled it, but still-- she, she can't fuck with you, man. Feels good, right, standin' up?

JON

No, actually, no. She's just gonna hate me now. Always gotta be the asshole.

CARL

I'm about to seriously beat your ass. She's the asshole, out there bangin on the door like she's got any right too. Put that shit in her face. Be like: bitch, why you bangin on my door like some cheap crack whore lookin' for a hit. Tell her that.

JON

You always got something to say don't you?

CARL

When I'm right.

SAMUEL

Jon, let's cut the bullshit. I'll handle this nice and smooth. The way you want it to turn out.

CARL

What the fuck do you know? That's why he's a bitch, listenin' to you. Nice and smooth, what like, yes your highness walk all over my ball sack.

(MORE)

CARL(cont'd)

Nice and smooth is what women are,
and what do women have? Pussies.
Men are ugly fucking rocks, man. Be
a rock, Jon, don't be a goddamn
crispy cream donut.

SAMUEL

And sensibility breaks down.

JON

Nah, I'm just gonna let her in.
Give her the stuff. Deal with it.

CARL

Not while I'm around. Nah, not
today.

SAMUEL

(to Carl)

How about we have a little talk,
child. You're getting a bit rowdy
wouldn't you say?

CARL

I ain't got nothing to say to you,
cripple.

Jon ignores the argument, walks over to the window and looks
out.

10 EXT. DRIVEWAY - DAY 10

Aly gets in her car and shuffles around.

11 INT. JON'S PLACE - DAY 11

Sam walks up behind Carl and speaks into his ear.

SAMUEL

(to Carl)

Did you forget she had a key,
asshole?

CARL

Fuck off.

Jon turns to them, then back out the window.

12 EXT. DRIVEWAY - DAY 12

Aly gets out of the car with something swinging from her hand. She moves to the house fast.

13 INT. JON'S PLACE - DAY 13

Jon rubs his lip and backs away from the window.

JON
When did I give her a key?

CARL
Stick to the plan.

Jon rushes to the door.

JON
I'm unlocking it.

CARL
What's the FUCKING purpose of that?

Jon slants his eyes.

JON
She has a FUCKING key.

Carl comes over and grabs the knob.

CARL
Hold that knob, man.

Sam shakes his head.

Jon pushes Carl away.

JON
This is too much. You gotta go.

CARL
Fuck that.

Jon looks at Sam.

JON
You too.

SAMUEL

Whatever you say. You're not going to listen to me. But I'd think about what you want.

Sam turns and goes into the bathroom.

Jon pushes Carl.

JON

Get in the there.

CARL

Get off me.

Carl grabs Jon and stares him down.

CARL

Better listen to me, man. Don't puss out. Last chance.

JON

Just get the fuck in the bathroom.

CARL

Fuck that!

Jon pushes Carl again.

JON

I'll do whatever the fuck you want, just get in the fucking room and shut your mouth.

Carl slants his eyes.

ALY (O.S.)

Jon, I'm coming in.

Jon looks at the door then pushes Carl again.

JON

Go.

Carl stumbles in and Jon slams the door just as Aly enters.

JON

Goddamn.

Jon turns to her. He looks nervous.

JON

Aly.

Aly eyes him. He looks like shit. Hair all over, eyes bloodshot.

ALY
Why you gotta be such an asshole,
Jon?

Aly charges past Jon to the bedroom. Jon follows

14

INT. JON'S BEDROOM - DAY

14

Jon freezes when he enters.

The room is a disaster. Ripped clothes all over the place. Cigarette ash covers the bureau.

Jon taps his teeth and nervously smiles.

ALY (O.S.)
What the fuck?

Aly drops her suitcase. Her eyes are wide. She turns to Jon.

ALY
You think this is fucking funny?

JON
No, not at all.

ALY
What the fuck did you do?

Aly picks up a bundle of shirts.

ALY
Oh my god. You're fucking sick.

Aly eyes her ripped shirt--then pants.

ALY
Ripped my shirt. My pants, fifty
dollar pants.

Jon watches Aly charge around the room picking up her clothes and yelling. He seems distant.

Aly moves over to Jon and picks up her suitcase.

ALY
You better wipe that fucking smile
off your face, you sick bastard.

Jon watches Aly shove her clothes into the suitcase.

ALY
Off the deep end--like totally gone. What are you a baby? This is baby stuff. Like fucking second grade break-up shit. Grow the fuck up you--

CARL (O.S.)
Tell her man.

Aly spins around to the voice and sees Carl in the corner of the room.

ALY
What?

Jon shakes his head.

JON
(whispers)
Get the hell out of here.

Aly turns to Jon.

ALY
Who is this?

JON
You can see him?

ALY
Um...yeah.

CARL
You said you would.

JON
You see him?

ALY
Yeah, he's there. What the fuck is this, a fucking joke? What you gonna team up on me?

Carl doesn't respond to Aly.

JON
No, no. We're not gon--it's Carl, he's a friend of mine...or not a friend, but a...I don't know...partner...

ALY
Partner? What like gay?

JON
No, nothing like--

CARL
Tell her.

JON
(to Carl)
Get out of here.

ALY
Tell me what? Got something to say,
Jon?

JON
I'm not doin' it.

Aly shoves some more clothes into her suitcase.

ALY
I see. You ain't making a fucking
joke out of me, let me tell you. I
don't care how crazy you are.

JON
Not crazy.

Aly laughs.

ALY
Oh, you're crazy, trust me. I've
seen you. What kind of guy paces
around the apartment all night
talking to himself. Why? Who does
that? Then this, I don't even know
what the hell this is but...

Aly turns to Carl.

ALY
...ask your gay friend over there,
he'll tell you you're crazy too.
Right, what is it, Carl?

Carl's lips move and Jon says the words.

JON
Fuck you bitch.

Aly stops what she's doing and faces Jon.

ALY
Excuse me?

JON
No she's not. Yes, just like all
the rest.

ALY
What the fuck?

Carl's lips move.

JON
You don't understand. None of
them...do. Bunch of mindless
cyborgs rolling down the assembly
line.

ALY
Wow this is--

JON
--Why tell someone you love them,
then just throw them out like it's
nothing. That's what she did. You
forget, forget everything.

Aly closes the top of her suitcase and faces Jon.

ALY
Jon? This is really not a joke?

JON
Truth. You left us--me for nothing,
with nothing, alone. Not right.

Jon starts shaking.

ALY
You're serious. Months of dealing
with shit like this ain't right.
Not knowing what in God's name is
going on with you from one day to
the next. That's not right. Try
dealing with that. Then this shit?
Who wants this? Not me.

CARL
You started this.

ALY

I don't know who you are, pal, but you have no say in this matter what so ever, okay. So, why don't you shut your mouth.

JON

He's right. You wanted to fuck me over from day zero. Saw it in her eyes. Probably just said all that love shit to trick you. Did you?

ALY

How could you not have seen how long it was over, Jon? Really. Yeah, I ended it, but what'd I really end? And then pullin' this shit here, honestly, I'm really actually ashamed to say I did love you at some point.

Aly picks up her suitcases and walks to Jon, who is now trembling. His eyes are almost closed.

ALY

Relationships end, deal with it.

Aly looks back at Carl then back to Jon.

ALY

You need some serious help.

Jon shakes his head, the rest of his body shakes with it. The world around him is hazy.

JON

(to himself)

I don't need help.

Aly walks past Jon, out of the bedroom.

INT. JON'S PLACE - DAY

Aly reaches the door then turns around to Jon.

ALY

And, uh, if you ever feel like explaining what this shit was today, feel free to call.

Aly picks up her bag and looks back at Jon and Carl. It's a sad looking duo.

ALY
Ain't right.

Aly exits.

CARL
Come back here you fucking scank.

Sam walks out and lights a cig.

SAMUEL
It's no use. She's done.

Jon backs away, leans down against the cabinet and lowers his head.

Sam moves to the window and lights another cigarette.

The phone rings. The sound is distant, like everything is taking place underwater.

Carl is running around yelling incoherently.

Sam fades away into his cigarette smoke, his voice lowers.

The machine picks up the phone.

JON (ANSWERING MACHINE)
It's Jon, leave your number and
I'll get back to you.

BEEP.

ALY (ON PHONE)
Jon, listen, I'm sorry about how I
kind of went about ending things.
Could've been a little nicer, I
know. I didn't want you to cry. I
didn't like seeing that. So if it's
cool, you want to talk or
something, probably should. You
know make sure we're both goin' in
right direction with this. If
you're not home, I'll...

Aly's voice drifts away as Jon sees the apartment vibrate around him.

ALY (ON PHONE)
...talk to you. Bye.

The tape plays for a moment, then fills with static.

VOICE (ON PHONE)
No turning back now.

Jon shakes as screaming voices fill his head. He screams as well.

VOICE
Alpha and Omega have risen. See the truth for what it is. Do what needs to be done.

JON
No.

A black and red pill falls upon the kitchen floor. Jon crawls for it, reaching desperately. The screams get louder.

JON
No.

The screams become shrieks. Jon grabs the pill.

It becomes a handful that he shoves into his mouth.

The voices stop. All is white.

THE END.