

HELVETICA

by

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HELVETICA

An original screenplay by

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FADE IN -

Undecipherable grey angular shapes appear on an ultra white screen.

This happens very slowly as off-screen conversational cuts between various speakers.

The contrast between the shapes and negative white space becomes gradually sharper, burning the graphic elements slowly into our retinas.

CONVERSATION O.S.

SASHA and multiple **DESIGNERS** discuss various advertising projects among the hum of computer equipment and phones ringing in an office environment.

SASHA

Show me.

DESIGNER 1 - MALE

Okay. Here's the new logo.

SASHA

It's good, but I think the font is too thick. The brand is really elegant. The face should be more demure. Thin out the line weight, but keep it readable.

The tapping of a computer keyboard is heard, then a few clicks of the mouse.

SASHA (CONT'D)

Yeah. It's working now. Okay.

DESIGNER 1 - MALE

Yeah, I tried to add some movement to this area. The form was basic, but this adds some funk to it. What do you think about the angled graphic?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SASHA (V.O.)

It's okay. Keep going at this level. See if you can try something a little more organic as well. I want to have some nice variants for the meeting. This guy is super brand anal when it comes to what he doesn't like after the fact. So before he has a chance to say we didn't provide, I want to throw a bunch of stuff on the table.

Keyboard, mouse clicks and faint TOP POP CHART MUSIC can be heard.

DESIGNER 2 - FEMALE

Well I thought the yellow could like sort of pierce this blue base layer you know. Like Sunlight through a shimmering pond or something. Like, Exposing this element would really make it pop right?

SASHA (V.O.)

Wow that's deep.

DESIGNER 2 - FEMALE

Really?

SASHA

Not really. The composition is okay, but the identity being so large makes it too overpowering. Take that line-work out and try a more muted color palette.

DESIGNER 2 - FEMALE

You mean the red?

SASHA (V.O.)

No the blue section. Also try some warm grays to tame this section down. You know what? (Sighs), I changed my mind. Switch it up. Make the red yellow, the yellow red, that awful blue, a warmer tone and the yellow over here, blue. But don't forget, I want to see some grey versions with the SONY accent color more prominent. Maybe as a texture? Thanks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

A moment goes by before the FEMALE DESIGNER speaks.

DESIGNER 2 - FEMALE
Wow. She like didn't even care
about the water motif.

DESIGNER 1 - MALE
I told you.

A door shuts. The ambient sounds from the office are somewhat muted.

DESIGNER 3 - FEMALE
Hey. Got a minute? I just wanted to
run these social promos by you.

SASHA
Yeah sure. Oh, by the way, how'd
the shoot go?

DESIGNER 1 - MALE
You know, it was actually kinda
fun. The kids from the agency were
actually more mature than the
parent models. Dan was up in arms
when they started arguing over
placement.

SASHA
Dan?

DESIGNER 3 - FEMALE
The new stylist. Kinda sexy, but
has a weird frog tattoo on his
wrist.

SASHA
Oh, right. What is that?

DESIGNER 3 - FEMALE
I don't even know. I really didn't
want to ask. Besides the weird ink,
he did a pretty good job. I think
we should keep him on file.

SASHA
That;s cool. So, Cindy was in Paris
for that LANCOME thing right?

DESIGNER 1 - MALE
Yeah, she said she might not come
back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SASHA

She better. She's the only one who gets along with Mario from the GAP account.

DESIGNER 1 (V.O.)

Oh yeah the guy with the horrible cologne! Smells like microwaved DRAKAR or something. What a tyrant!

SASHA

Are any of our clients not tyrants? We're such masochists. Mario might even pick up another CLIO on behalf of all our hard work on that last commercial. (Sarcastic)

DESIGNER 1 - MALE

Please. I still have nightmares of him bragging about it. I mean really. He ended up spending a million dollars filming wet jeans in slow motion! Man I was pissed.

SASHA

Well for the next spot, Mitch will deal with him. As far as we're concerned, let's make sure the design is tight and that's what we do.

DESIGNER 4 - FEMALE

Sasha. Mitch said he wanted to see you about the SONY deck.

SASHA (V.O.)

Speak of the devil. Man, I need a cigarette before he has a tantrum about the new font we're gonna use.

The original shapes are now revealed to be letters. They are pure black and float ominously against a white background.

They spell out the word -

HELVETICA

CUT TO:

EXT. CENTRAL PARK, DAY.

A direct aerial view of central park fills the full frame, revealing green summer foliage.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Scattered specs of people run, frolic or relax on the glorious day.

Some rest on towels, tanning their naked backs. Some lounge on blankets for a picnic. Kids give chase with squirt-guns. Young folks play frisbee or jog with their dogs. Some sit on benches by a pond. They watch couples in love slowly rowing boats on calm water. Others are roller-blading, riding bikes on black asphalt paths or work out looking very healthy and fit.

Like actors in a BEVERAGE COMMERCIAL, some sip branded mineral water, while others gulp glistening amber soda.

There are people wearing T-shirts that depict sports team logos. Others wear various branded logo based clothing and hats with the like.

Vendors push carts with food and beverage brand logos plastered on the frame and on the over-sized umbrellas that give them shade.

EXT. GREAT LAWN, DAY - NORMAL VIEW.

Sasha sits on the great lawn busily sifting through a DESIGNER HANDBAG.

She pulls out a pack of CIGARETTES, slips one into her lips and lights it with a practiced hand. She takes a deep drag and gazes at the surroundings as she exhales.

The cigarette then dangles from her lips as she sifts through the bag again. After a beat she pulls out a small silver FLASK.

SASHA
Cheers Mitch.

She takes the cigarette out of her mouth, unscrews the cap and takes a big swig.

Sasha notices a KID staring at her from across the lawn. She's slightly embarrassed for being such a bad roll model.

The kid's mother pays no mind as she focuses on sending a text to someone from her PHONE.

Sasha replaces the cap and shoves the flask back in her bag. She gestures open palms to the kid like she has nothing to hide as the cigarette hangs from her lips again.

The kid turns around unimpressed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SASHA (CONT'D)
Jeez. Like a future cop or
something.

A jogger runs by. Sasha blows smoke in his general direction.

Suddenly, another man rushes by, nearly hitting her as he passes.

SASHA (CONT'D)
Hey! You wanna watch where you're
going! It's a park man! There's
plenty of room for everyone.

He stops in his tracks a few meters from her, but doesn't look back.

He wears a simple nondescript jacket, a plain sweat-shirt, generic jeans and boots. He also wears generic sunglasses and stands like a rock, breathing steadily.

SASHA (CONT'D)
(Under her breathe)
Jerk.

She takes another drag of the half finished cigarette and stares at him.

Something seems off about him as he slowly reaches into the breast of his jacket.

Sasha blows smoke out and blinks. To her surprise, he turns around and reveals that he holds a GUN.

In one fluid motion, he places the barrel under his chin and pulls the trigger. The sound is deafening.

Brain matter rains down in the afternoon sun.

Sasha's hearing is muffled by the pop.

(Multiple chaotic sound cuts between Sasha's P.O.V. are muffled as regular sound from the action continues)

Smoke rises gently from her cigarette as the man collapses in front of her.

Small droplets of blood patter his face and freshly mowed grass.

In the distance, the scared mother grabs the future cop kid and scurries off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The jogger jogs back toward Sasha. Nearby frisbee throwers stop as random people are drawn to the scene.

A man yells something to the growing crowd. Sasha's hearing is still muffled from the blast.

She stares at the man's still body - notices some MARKINGS ON HIS WRIST as the growing crowd of people begin to encapsulate him.

People lift their heads as if they are looking for someone - police or some other perceived help to come. Some SNAP PICS or try to RECORD VIDEO with their mobile phones.

A young teen girl TAKES A SELFIE with the body in frame.

People run chaotically back and forth. As soon as one person steps out of the group, another fills the space. Natural human curiosity.

Sasha is frozen as people dart past her. Glimpses of the man can be seen through pockets of legs as he's shadowed by the group of strangers.

Her hearing comes back slowly as the scene progresses and she's brought back to reality when the stale butt of the cigarette she was holding burns her fingers.

She stands up, holding her burnt hand and stumbles away in shock.

She glances back at the fallen man one last time - particularly at his arm - the markings. They resemble text.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK, SIDEWALK, DAY.

Sasha reaches the sidewalk at the edge of the park.

Everything seems normal. A young woman casually jogs by. An older man walks his dog.

Sasha's gaze is like a soldier who survived a battle for the first time.

She heads toward a SUBWAY ENTRANCE.

EXT. SASHA'S APARTMENT BUILDING, DAY.

Sasha instinctively pulls out a set of keys as she walks up to her residence - an old PREWAR "WALK-UP" APARTMENT.

As she lifts them up to the lock, she's startled by a neighbor that opens the door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NEIGHBOR

(Startled) Oh wow! Sorry I didn't realize you we're coming in.

Sasha, still dazed, stares at the floor without saying anything. Then continues past him into the building.

He curiously watches her, then turns around, turns on his IPOD and proceeds down the sidewalk for a jog. The WHITE HEADPHONES are prominent.

INT. HALLWAY 3RD FLOOR, DAY.

Sasha reaches her door at the end of the long, dark hall.

The door is slightly cracked open. A vertical streak of late afternoon sun marks her face.

She cautiously pushes the door open. It creaks as it slowly opens. She pauses for a beat and takes a step forward.

SASHA

(Whispers)
Hello?

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT, DAY.

She quietly steps past a BOOKSHELF standing from floor to ceiling.

All the books focus on art and design. Subjects range in typography, Architecture, UI/UX, Graphic design, 3D, various artist biographies and relevant magazines and papers, etc. There are also books on psychology and social commentary, Marshall McLuhan books, etc.

From her POV, the whole apartment can be seen - a large studio space riddled with various plants and even more books stacked here and there. Graphic design and film posters adorn the walls.

INT. LIVING ROOM, DAY.

Sasha finds a MAN shuffling through some PAPERS on a DESK in the center of the living room.

He's in his mid thirties, clean, conservative. He is MICHAEL. He doesn't notice her standing in the room as he continues shuffling.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SASHA

What are you doing here?

Michael drops the stack of papers he's holding, startled by her presence. He puts his hand to his chest after a beat.

MICHAEL (BRITISH ACCENT)

Jesus Christ. I must have just lost years.

Sasha stares at the papers he dropped. She's still dazed from her experience.

MICHAEL (CONT'D, LAUGHING TO HIMSELF)
(CONT'D)

What the hell Sasha? (Pauses for a beat.) Sasha? Are you alright? You look like you've seen that ghost everyone always talks about.

Sasha lifts her bag up and digs out a cigarette and places it in her mouth.

After a couple of failed attempts to light the cigarette, she drops the lighter on the hardwood floor.

Michael walks over with a very concerned look on his face and picks up the lighter.

Michael thumbs the wheel on the cheap plastic lighter and a small flame appears. Sasha trembles.

He doesn't light the cigarette and rather, takes it from her limp defense.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Sasha, what happened? Did you lose Sony?

She tears up and shakes her head. He places his hand on her shoulder.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

I understand you're having a bad day, but I think I've ruined a fabulous pair of underwear.

Sasha snuffles and laughs. She jokingly hits him in the chest like he's an ass.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Alright. Now that you're actually here. What the hell happened?

INT. SASHA'S APARTMENT, NIGHT.

Sasha and Michael sit on the couch staring at NEWSREELS on a large FLATSCREEN TV.

Three empty bottles of wine sit on the coffee table next to an ashtray full of finished butts in front of them.

The channel repeatedly depicts the PARK SCENE. Police tape, witnesses, the usual.

A NEWSCASTER speaks into a silver penis shaped MICROPHONE with a straight face. She unconsciously LICKS HER LIPS.

The image cuts to some policemen standing around a blue tarp loosely covering the anonymous man's body.

Sasha peers up as the unsteady camera zooms into the tarp, then cuts away to various eye witnesses.

MICHAEL

I cannot believe you were there
this afternoon. Sasha My God. That
man... You could have been...

Sasha lights another cigarette. Michael stands up and walks to the KITCHEN. His eyes never leave the television.

His attention finally breaks as he pours SCOTCH into a couple of glasses and carries them back to the couch. He hands one to Sasha as he sits back down.

TELEVISION NEWS MONTAGE -

AERIAL VIEW FROM A HELICOPTER. MEDIUM SHOT OF POLICE CARS. WITNESSES. REPORTER. A POWERPOINT GRAPHIC DEPICTING THE STATISTICS OF SUICIDE. A DIGITAL READ OUT OF THE SUICIDE HELP LINE. THE BODY. A CROPPED PHOTO OF THE MAN FROM A BARBECUE - HIS FAMILIES' FACES BLURRED OUT.

STATISTICS run across the bottom of the screen explaining who he is:

JACK MATIDEAH -

HUSBAND AND FATHER. BLUE COLLAR WORKER. AVERAGE JOE. WORKED AT A PRINTING COMPANY AS A PRESSMAN. 35 YEARS OLD. RESIDED IN BROOKLYN. NEXT OF KIN; WIFE AND DAUGHTER.

INT. BEDROOM, NIGHT.

The flowing text from the TV FADES into the DIGITAL READOUT of the ALARM CLOCK on the stand by the bed.

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CONTINUED:

Sasha lies awake. The glow from the display makes her face appear ghostly and gaunt.

Michael turns over in a deep sleep. Sasha sits up and hangs her legs over the side. She stares at a picture hanging on the wall of a Russian propaganda style poster mentioning something about "WATCHING YOU."

She stands up and looks over at a chair in the corner of the bedroom sitting by the window. In the chair is a TARP. It appears to be wrapped around a body - unmoving.

After a beat, THE BODY JOLTS.

INT. SASHA'S BEDROOM, NIGHT - CONT.

Sasha opens her eyes. She is still in bed. She was dreaming. She sits up and glances back at the chair in her room. There is no tarp covering a body, just the chair.

She stands and walks towards the bedroom door. Light from the dimly lit hallway penetrates the thin cotton TEE-SHIRT she wears.

INT. LIVING ROOM, NIGHT.

Sasha walks into the living room and switches on a small lamp, then sits on the couch and clicks on the TV with a REMOTE.

She lights cigarette and takes a long drag as a LOW-BUDGET COMMERCIAL for the BAHAMAS glares.

COMMERCIAL -

A fit couple - a young bikini-clad girl and a muscular man run briskly on a beach in slow motion. The scene cuts to a close-up of them kissing as WORDS FADE IN with a cheap, animated WATER RIPPLE EFFECT:

"WISH YOU WERE HERE!"

Sasha is indifferent. She stands up and circles around to the desk behind the couch. She clicks the ON switch to a metal DESK-LAMP.

The light illuminates a large mess of miscellaneous papers everywhere strewn about, various size paper printouts of logo designs and accompanying ad campaigns - All printed on a mixture of cheap copy paper or expensive photo-paper.

She shuffles through them nonchalantly, straightening out crooked outliers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

While she works, the NEWS pops on again. Weather, then sports then the MAN IN THE PARK STORY.

She stops shuffling papers and reaches over the desk to grab the remote from the couch. She turns the volume up and drops the remote on the desk.

SASHA (UNDER HER BREATH)
Why'd you do it?

NEWS MONTAGE -

Same clips again, but in a faster recap style flow.

They show the body under the tarp - THIS TIME HIS ARM IS STICKING OUT.

The MARKINGS ARE PIXELIZED due to the low resolution of the camera. Sasha squints trying to see what the markings are.

She leans forward and accidentally knocks the ashtray over, causing it to tumble in a cloud of ash along with the freshly organized stack of papers.

SASHA (CONT'D)
Shit!

Sasha bends down and frantically tries to wipe the ash up onto a random piece of paper. As she wipes the grey dust up, something catches her eye on the paper she's using as a FAUX DUST-PAN.

The paper has some STRANGE MARKINGS ON IT NOT UNLIKE THE MARKINGS ON THE MAN'S ARM. She immediately stops cleaning and looks up at the TV as it cuts to a story about an animal shelter having financial difficulties.

She stares at the paper and carefully holds the pile of ash she's collected over a WASTE-PAIL, tipping the sheet slowly, allowing the ash to slide into the trash.

She stares at the remaining markings - stares at the word:

HELVETICA

INT. APT, CLOSE UP OF TELEVISION, MORNING.

The sound of the film "THEY LIVE," by JOHN CARPENTER can be heard. The MACRO IMAGE is pixelized from the vicinity of the screen.

INT. APT, MORNING.

Sasha is sound asleep on the couch. She unconsciously holds a glass of melted brown ice, presumably a late night scotch.

Michael enters the room freshly dressed in a casual suit. He smiles and shakes his head when he sees the state Sasha is in. He gently takes the glass from her hand, sets it on the coffee table and sits by her feet at the end of the couch.

He watches her sleep for a beat then reaches across the table and switches the TV off right when RODDY finds out what the GLASSES do.

Sasha wakes.

MICHAEL

I swear I don't know why you own a
bed. You always seem to end up
here.

Sasha wipes the sleep out of her eyes.

SASHA

What time is it?

MICHAEL

It's around noon. Saturday. How are
you?

She instinctively reaches for a cigarette and slips one from the pack while simultaneously letting out a morning cough from her dry throat.

SASHA

I had the oddest dream last night.
Stupid TV Maybe.

She places the cigarette in her mouth and groggily lights it.

MICHAEL

Well I'm not surprised at any
oddities coming from your head.
Especially after yesterday.

He stands and walks to the kitchen where he proceeds to pour a cup of coffee.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

What was it? Your dream.

SASHA

I don't know. I can't remember.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICHAEL

Well under the tragic circumstances, that's a suitable answer. You were really shaken up. You had me drinking the good stuff you like so much.

Sasha lets out a small laugh.

SASHA

That's what I love about you. You know? Always a joke in the face of seriousness.

MICHAEL

Seriousness? Is that a word?

SASHA

I don't know. I just feel sort of...fine. I guess. I think. I don't know.

She laughs at herself.

MICHAEL

Well that sounds splendid. But... I'm Sorry to bring you back down to reality, but gangs of eight year olds with noisemakers and fruit punch is completely dreadful. If it were me, I would use the first tragedy to get out of the second.

He takes a swig of the coffee while looking at her.

SASHA

Oh my God. Shit. That's right, Oh Michael I don't... Shit. I totally forgot. Dammit.

MICHAEL

Three curses in a sentence fragment. That's a good start before an eight year old's birthday party.

Sasha puts her feet on the ground and her head in her hands.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

I did four fuck you's and a bloody cunt before a wedding rehearsal once. The preacher almost crapped himself.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

He puts the coffee cup down and contemplates what he just said.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Amen.

Michael walks past Sasha to the desk and moves some papers around.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Sasha I'm sorry about what happened to you yesterday, but, have you seen my keys? I distinctly remember losing them here. Did you clean or something? This is very strange in the area.

SASHA

No... Wait. Yes. (TALKING FROM HER HANDS THEN LIFTING HER HEAD AND THINKING) Last night. I couldn't sleep, so I straightened up.

MICHAEL

Well it's a smashing job, but do you know where the keys got to?

Michael keeps shuffling then looks in the drawers. Sasha looks at the TV, her reflection can be seen with Michael behind her.

SASHA

You didn't see them yesterday when I came in?

MICHAEL

(STILL LOOKING) No I was actually looking for something else. A letter to Stan.

SASHA

Stan?

MICHAEL

Stan the man. The copy editor. You met him at the spring party. He always wears that weird tie with the... AH-HA, here they are. Right where I lost them.

Michael dangles them in the air then slips them into his jacket pocket. He walks over and takes his sport-coat draped over the couch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

He comes around and puts his hand on her shoulder. She looks up like a child who doesn't want to go to school.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Sasha if you don't want to go I'm sure Maria won't mind. Besides. If you miss this one, Sadie will have another birthday next year. Apparently that's how birthdays work.

Sasha slaps his leg and smiles.

SASHA

I'll be alright smart ass. Besides if I don't go, I'll have to make up an excuse or worse, I'll have to tell the truth and be forced to deal with it like an adult.

MICHAEL

Sometimes you scare me with that sick sense of morality.

He kisses her on the forehead, then turns toward the front door.

Sasha watches him go, then glances back to the desk.

SASHA

Hey. What was that note about on the desk you left?

Michael picks up a small SOFT LEATHER BRIEFCASE by the front door and brushes off a piece of lint from his jacket.

MICHAEL

What's that?

SASHA

On the desk. Last night. Unless that was in my dream. I don't think so though. I knocked over the ashtray and then...

MICHAEL

...I don't know. I don't remember writing anything.

SASHA

It was on the table.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

She gets up and goes to the desk. Her hands frantically shuffle papers around searching for the HELVETICA paper. He watches her tensely.

MICHAEL

What'd it say?

SASHA

What do you mean? You must have written it. I didn't. I. I never saw it before.

MICHAEL

Sasha I'm sorry but I... I Didn't put anything on the desk except for my lost keys and I found them so that part is settled.

SASHA (FRUSTRATED)

Michael I'm serious. I didn't put it there.

MICHAEL

What did it say that's such a big deal?

SASHA

It was a note that's all. I thought there was something on TV or something. It had something written on it.

MICHAEL (CUTTING IN)

As paper so often does. What was the note?

SASHA

It said... (Hesitant) HELVETICA.

MICHAEL

Sounds like a German Synth Rock band.

She stops and looks at him coldly.

SASHA

It's a font. Nevermind. It's stupid, I guess I was dreaming or sleepwalking or dream-walking or something. I'm sorry.

Michael glances at his watch, then back at Sasha. The desk is now awash with a mess of papers again.

(CONTINUED)

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MICHAEL

Well if you find it I'll look at it later or just send a pic. Sorry, but I have to meet Stan in half an hour. Sasha. Maybe you should stay home and get some rest. Really. It wouldn't be the end of the world... I'll call you later.

Michael turns and exits.

Sasha stares at the mess of papers on the desk.

INT. SUBWAY, UNDERGROUND.

Sasha exits from a K and walks past some ADVERTISEMENTS posted on the wall. She heads up the dirty stairwell to a bright, sunlit exit.

EXT. BROOKLYN, DAY.

Sasha enters a DELI near the subway exit.

INT. DELI, DAY.

Sasha walks down one of the tightly product-packed isles and stops at the refrigerated drink compartments in the hugging the back wall. One of the lights in the doors blinks sporadically.

She opens the frosted door and takes out a BOTTLE OF MINERAL WATER.

She turns around and a MAN is almost directly in front of her... She steps back, startled.

He pays no mind and turns down another isle. She watches him as he picks up a box of CAT FOOD and stares at it.

The box depicts a VERY HAPPY KITTY HOLDING UP A BOWL OF YUMMY FOOD.

Sasha breaks her gaze and walks to the front counter. She Places a few bills on the surface. The money sits atop a clear plexiglass case full of COLORFUL CANDY, GUM and rolls of loudly designed LOTTO TICKETS.

She looks beyond the MERCHANT standing behind the counter. He watches an old TV Shoved into a small space covered by various flyers and random goods.

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CONTINUED:

SASHA

Can I have a pack of yellow
spirits.

In a rather robotic fashion, the man turns around, grabs a pack of cigarettes and places them on the counter.

Sasha pushes the money already on the counter towards him. He rings her up and gives her change. She turns around and walks past a stack of newspapers on the floor. On one of them, the COVER STORY is that of the park.

She picks up the paper and sees that it's the same photo shown on the news of the man under the tarp. The same blurry markings are depicted on his naked arm.

SASHA (CONT'D)

I'll take this too.

She throws some change on the counter and walks out with her face in the paper.

CLOSE-UP OF THE PAPER -

LARGE TEXT:

BLACK FRIDAY - BROOKLYN MAN KILLS SELF ON SUNNY CENTRAL PARK DAY.

EXT. MARIA'S HOUSE, DAY.

Sasha stands by herself on the front-porch of a typical Brooklyn ROW-HOUSE APARTMENT.

The door opens. There's nobody there. Just a dark entrance. Sasha creeps her head toward the opening when a kid pops out of the darkness.

The kid gives her a nonchalant look, turns and walks away. Immediately after the kid disappears, MARIA steps out with a big smile and drags Sasha into the apartment - hugging her while simultaneously crushing the paper she still holds.

Maria is in her thirties, Latin, average beauty.

MARIA

Hey baby! I'm so glad you came by!
I need all the help I can get! How
are you? (Pauses for a beat) - You
look a lil tired but still fine
girl.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Sasha is overwhelmed by her friend, but goes along with the ride. Maria wraps her arm around Sasha and directs her inside as she closes the door behind Sasha.

INT. MARIA'S HOUSE, DAY.

The space is very dark. Faint sounds from a MOVIE and LAUGHING CHILDREN can be heard in the background.

MARIA

Sorry about the door. Sadie was up all night worried about her party. She's so sensitive. I swear she acts like a damn insecure teenager.

SASHA

Don't worry about it, How are you? Sorry I'm late.

MARIA

No problem girl. Let me get your stuff.

SASHA

Oh. For Sadie

Sasha pulls out a slender gift box wrapped in nice paper from her bag before she hands it to Maria.

Maria takes Sasha's coat and hangs it on a hanger in a closet by the door, then turns around and looks down at the PAPER Sasha holds.

MARIA

You want me to put that somewhere?

SASHA

Oh sorry. I... I picked it up on the way.

Sasha reluctantly hands Maria the paper. Maria puts it on a small side-table by the door. She turns around with a big grin.

MARIA

Let's get you a drink. Hell. I know I need another one. (Big laugh)

Sasha follows her lead into the house through the living room. All the children are focused on the TV

The JAPANESE ANIME FILM "UROTSUKIDOJI" can be seen for a moment.

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CONTINUED:

A few of the children run around playing with PLASTIC GUNS. Some of the PARENTS glance at Sasha and Maria as they pass through.

INT. KITCHEN, DAY.

They enter the kitchen. Maria opens the fridge.

MARIA
You want a beer or something
stronger?

SASHA
Beer sounds good.

Maria hands Sasha a cold beer.

SASHA (CONT'D)
Thanks. Wow. Eight years old
already.

Maria takes out a BOTTLE for herself and opens it by twisting the cap off. The sound is very PROMINENT. The BEER COLORING IS A BEAUTIFUL GOLD that shimmers from the light of the fridge. Maria tips the bottle back and takes in the liquid for a long beat.

Sasha watches it glisten in the light.

After she finishes the refreshing gulp, she lets out a deep sigh.

MARIA
Crazy huh. She's a really good
girl, but damn they grow up fast.

Maria tips the bottle back and takes another slow refreshing sip. She then takes another beat before she speaks.

MARIA (CONT'D)
Last night she asked me if I got
her make-up. Make-up! I said. What
do you need make-up for?
Apparently, she saw some damn
commercial on the TV about it. Can
you believe that? They got some
little girl dressin like an
anorexic super model selling make-
up to eight year olds now. Not when
I was a kid. No how. That's for
sure.

Sasha takes a small sip of her beer and shakes her head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SASHA

We just gained a client like that.
They want to sell thongs to fifth graders.

MARIA

What is this world coming too?
Fucking advertising. No offense.

DANIEL, MARIA'S HUSBAND walks in from the living room straight to the fridge.

He takes out a beer, pops open the cap and takes a slow swig.
He turns around and makes a satisfied sigh of relief.

MARIA (CONT'D)

Everything alright dear?

DANIEL

You know, until now, I never understood the look on my father's face when he used to drink a cold beer after work. Like some kind of pressure release or something. After he gulped down half the bottle, he had this like, "*whatever happens now don't matter*" kind of facade. Now I know.

They all laugh.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Hi Sasha.

SASHA

Hi Daniel.

DANIEL

So you came to baby sit for a while eh?

SASHA

I came to relieve both of you for about half an hour yes, but my fee is double after that, just so you know.

DANIEL

No problem. Do you mind PayPal?

They all laugh again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DANIEL (CONT'D)

How are you anyway? It's been a while. Still with that brit?

He takes another swig of beer and nods towards her.

The LABEL ON THE BEER IS VERY PROMINENT in the drab Brooklyn kitchen. Sasha stares at the bottle as it tips up.

SASHA

Yeah I guess it has and yes, I'm still with Michael, is his name. I've just been really busy I guess New clients. Too many. The new role as creative director is cool, but the ad campaigns have been really intense.

DANIEL (CUTS IN)

Funny how they call them campaigns. That's the same thing they call an offensive movement in war.

Sasha seems uncomfortable for a beat.

SASHA

Yeah well. I feel like I have post traumatic syndrome sometimes.

They all laugh again.

Sadie enters as Maria turns around and accidentally drops it in the sink. The bottle shatters

MARIA

Shit!

Sadie steps up and surprises her mom by tugging at her shirt.

SADIE

Mom. You're not allowed to curse on my birthday.

DANIEL

Yeah Mom. Jeez.

He places his own bottle down on the counter edge. It inadvertently falls to the floor and shatters.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Fuck!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

He turns around to find Maria and Sadie giving him a serious look. Sasha holds her hand over her mouth trying not to laugh.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Cake anyone?

They all laugh again.

INT. LIVING ROOM, DAY.

Remnants of empty plates with smeared frosting and plastic forks remain on the coffee and side tables.

Sasha and Maria chat in a dark corner of the room.

SASHA

You and Dan look great. And Sadie. My god. She really is like a little adult. Kind of scary. Were we like that?

MARIA

Well if I was a little minion brat, my sister was surly the queen of all brats. God bless her but she was spoiled as hell. That's for sure. Her kid just turned thirteen. She called me the other day saying she found her and another friend smoking in the garage behind some boxes. (SHE STARTS TO LAUGH WHILE SHE SPEAKS) I said... Why on earth are you even mad girl? I remember her doing the same damn thing when she was that age! But she told our parents it was me! The nerve of that bitch!

SADIE

Mom!

Maria and Sasha laugh again. Sadie brings over her plate.

SADIE (CONT'D)

Mom I saved this for you.

She lifts up a piece of cake.

MARIA

Hmm. I think I gained 15 lbs today (looking at Sasha). Maybe Aunt Sasha wants a piece.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SASHA (PRETENDING TO BE SNEAKY)
Well maybe just a bite.

Sadie giggles and hands her the plate. She runs off. Maria stands and picks up some random empty PAPER CUPS.

MARIA
You want some more coffee?

SASHA
Sure. Thanks.

Maria exits to the kitchen.

Sasha sits alone holding the plate Sadie just gave her. Sasha peers around the quiet room. The TV is still on, but the sound is turned down. It depicts TERRIBLE IMAGERY OF A DEMON FROM THE CARTOON.

She then looks down at the frosted cake. It's cut into a small square and has part of Sadie's name written in red frosting.

The text reads:

"DIE"

Sasha stares at the word for a beat when Daniel startles her.

DANIEL
Oh sorry. Didn't mean to scare you.

SASHA (EMBARRASSED)
Sorry. I guess I didn't get much sleep last night.

She looks at the cake one last time and places it on the side table.

DANIEL
Yeah the city can be noisy. That's why we moved out here. Lot of crazy stuff happens there. Like that guy who killed himself in the park. Jesus. What a nut job. Got a lot of press out here though. Not as much as the latest political scandal, but...

SASHA
What are you talking about?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DANIEL

You know. That guy who killed himself. You must have heard about it. It was all over the news.

SASHA

Yeah... I heard about it... I mean why here though? You mentioned the press. It happened in central park.

DANIEL

Well apparently the guy lived one stop up from here.

Sasha looks a bit uneasy.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Anyway. I can understand why you can't sleep.

He gets up from the chair and stretches.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Well I gotta run to the store real quick. It's been good seeing you. Stop by more often would you. Maria gets sick of my corny jokes you know.

Sasha stands. They give each other a hug.

Daniel exits through the hallway.

INT. KITCHEN, DAY.

Sasha walks into the kitchen to find Maria doing dishes. Maria turns around, still scrubbing a plate.

MARIA

Oh shit. I forgot to give you a refill. I'm sorry hon.

SASHA

Oh no it's okay. You need help?

MARIA

No. Not at all. I got it. You escaping?

SASHA

Yeah. I have to meet Michael back in the city. Daniel just left.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SASHA (CONT'D)

He looks good. Relaxed. How's the new job? I didn't get to ask him.

MARIA

Oh it's good. He really likes it. Plus he's really close now in case he has to come home for anything.

Sasha smiles and looks out the window.

MARIA (CONT'D)

He got sick of the schedule at the old spot you know.

SASHA

Yeah. Same old story. Everyone wants their project done yesterday so they can drop a new one on you today. Nothing a vacation in the Bahamas wouldn't cure I guess.

MARIA

Yeah, I hear you. Dan and me want to go to Hawaii. Just waiting for the right time. When Sadie is twenty.

They both laugh. Sasha smiles. Sadie enters and sits in a chair at the kitchen table.

MARIA (CONT'D)

Say goodbye to Aunt Sasha birthday girl. She's going back home.

Sadie gets up and hugs Sasha and maria at the same time.

They all laugh.

SADIE (GIGGLING)

Goooooodbyyye.

MARIA

Alright silly. Now get outta here before I make you do the dishes.

Sadie does a 180 degree turn and runs out of the kitchen.

They both laugh again.

INT. HALLWAY FRONT DOOR, DAY.

Sasha slips on her coat and hesitantly grabs the paper off the small table by the door. She then yells toward the kitchen.

SASHA
Bye! Love you!

Sasha exits.

THROUGH THE GLASS PANEL WINDOW ON DOOR:

We see Sasha look down at the paper, then turn towards the opposite direction she arrived.

EXT. SUBWAY ENTRANCE, DAY.

Sasha stands over the stairway looking down.

She is at the BROOKLYN DESTINATION ENTRANCE.

She closes her eyes for a beat, then proceeds down the stairway.

INT. TRAIN STATION, DAY.

The train is old and dark. Sasha stands by the car's doorway as it rattles its way to the next stop.

There's an old BEER AD by her. The ad depicts a sexy young woman straddling a beer bottle.

The tagline says:

"A refreshing ride!"

Sasha is indifferent as she stares at the newspaper article - specifically at the man's arm hanging out from under the tarp.

The subway stops and she exits.

EXT. SUBWAY ENTRANCE, DAY.

Sasha walks up the stairs and pauses for a beat to get her bearings.

The surroundings are minimal; very few cars. Many residential buildings mixed in with larger factory style blocks. No one walking around.

She hones in on a GAS STATION about two blocks ahead.

INT. GAS STATION, DAY.

Sasha enters and finds a man behind the counter watching an old TV It plays, *"Invasion of the Body Snatchers," Donald Sutherland version.*

The man doesn't look up at her as she stands at the counter.

SASHA

Excuse me?

The guy speaks while staring at the TV.

DELI OWNER

Can I help you?

Sasha puts the paper on the counter and points to the name of the man in the pic.

SASHA

I was...Uh... I was wondering if you knew where this man lived?

DELI OWNER (STILL STARING AT THE TV)

Kind of late for a reporter don't you think? Two blocks down. Take a right. Third house on the left. Can't miss it as they say.

SASHA

Thanks.

EXT. SIDEWALK, DAY.

She comes upon the street just as the proprietor mentioned. A picturesque neighborhood. As Sasha walks slowly down the sidewalk, she counts the houses with her eyes.

EXT. MATIDEAH HOUSE, DAY.

She reaches the house and stops. There is obviously something about it as an ominous quiet suddenly washes over the neighborhood.

THERE IS NO NOTICEABLE SIGN OF ANY TEXT ON THE HOUSE OR MAILBOX. NOR A LICENSE PLATE OR VISIBLE BRANDING ON THE CAR SITTING IN THE DRIVEWAY.

Sasha looks back with second thoughts all over her face, then peers down at the newspaper in her hand - at the image of the dead man. She tucks it into her bag and after a beat, she moves forward and steps up to the front door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEAD POTTED PLANTS line the side of the small concrete porch. The MAIL BOX has been WELDED SHUT.

Sasha rings the doorbell. The sound can be heard faintly inside. Small muffled footsteps patter closer and closer to the door, then stop.

Sasha looks down at the doorknob - it's motion hardly registers as it turns slowly - The door cracks open slightly.

SASHA

Hello...? Mrs... (Looks at the paper) Mati...deah...?

Sasha moves to get a better view inside.

A small girl appears. Unlike Sadie, this girl just stares outside past Sasha - as if through her. Then she tilts her head up slowly and stares curiously at the corner of the newspaper peeking out of Sasha's bag.

SASHA (CONT'D)

Hello. I'm Sasha. Is, your mother home?

The door opens quickly as MRS. MATIDEAH suddenly appears.

She's in her thirties but looks twenty years older - dark circles under puffy eyes and her hair has seemingly greyed overnight - natural.

Slightly surprised, Sasha steps back.

MRS. MATIDEAH (TO THE GIRL)

I told you not to answer the door.

She guides the child back protectively and focuses her attention on Sasha.

MRS. MATIDEAH (CONT'D-TIRED AND MONOTONE) (CONT'D)

I'm sorry but I really can't talk now. I've spoken to all you reporters and I really can't say anymore than I already have.

She starts to close the door.

SASHA

I understand. But I'm... I'm not a reporter. I'm a... Creative director. I work at an ad agency.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Sasha hesitates at how silly it must sound. She attempts a smile.

MRS. MATIDEAH
I'm not interested in buying
anything. Thank you.

Sasha touches the door before Mrs. Matiedeah closes it.

SASHA
Wait. Please. I didn't want to
bother you and I really... Really
don't even know why I'm here. You
know...? I just wanted to talk for
a moment. If that's okay?

Mrs. Matiedeah pauses for a beat and opens the door. We can see her whole frail body now. The child stares at Sasha from the shadows of the dark interior.

MRS. MATIDEAH
I see... Well I don't know what you
want. My daughter and I were just
packing. You can come in for a
minute.

Mrs. Matiedeah flits glances at Sasha, then opens the door all the way, inviting her in.

SASHA
Thank you.

INT. MATIDEAH HOUSE, HALLWAY, DAY.

Sasha follows the woman through the small entrance hall.

There are NO PICTURES on the stark white walls. Stacks of PLAIN BROWN CARDBOARD BOXES line the hallway.

INT. MATIDEAH HOUSE, LIVING ROOM, DAY.

There is a minimal amount of FURNITURE, SEVENTIES STYLE.

The little girl now sits on the carpeted floor playing with pieces of PLAIN PAPER FOLDED AND CRUMBLED into different shapes - sculptural representations of ANIMALS and PEOPLE figures.

The paper is strictly WHITE with NO TEXT OR IMAGES whatsoever.

Mrs. Matiedeah directs Sasha to sit on the sofa while she remains standing, gazing at her daughter.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MRS. MATIDEAH

She is affected by this event. This is the first on a truly negative plain... She is young still. Many more events will happen in her lifetime. Would you like some tea?

SASHA

Yes. Please.

Mrs. Matideah exits the room. Sasha curiously watches the little girl.

SASHA (CONT'D)

Those are some cool dolls you have there.

The girl stops and coldly stares at what she's holding.

SASHA (CONT'D)

Is that one a little girl like you?
It's very pretty.

LITTLE GIRL

It is no one.

Sasha is taken back by the cold remark, but doesn't give up.

SASHA

I used to have little dolls like that when I was a kid. We used to.
(LAUGHS TO HERSELF) My best friend and I used to dress them up and draw silly faces.

Sasha reaches into her bag and takes out a pen, then attempts to hand it to the girl.

The girl begins to breathe heavily, then scoots back away from the pen and dropping her sculpture.

SASHA (CONT'D)

It's okay. It's just a pen. It won't hurt you. You can draw a pretty face on your...

Mrs. Matideah is suddenly standing by the kitchen entrance holding a tray with TWO CUPS, A MILK CONTAINER and a STEAMING TEA POT.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MRS. MATIDEAH

Please put that away! Taylor
doesn't need to draw any... Faces.
She's fine.

Sasha slowly takes the pen back and puts it in her bag.

SASHA

I'm sorry. I just thought it
would...

She hands the cup and saucer to Sasha.

MRS. MATIDEAH

It's fresh tea. I just made it.

Sasha takes a cautious sip.

SASHA

Thank you. It's very good.

Mrs. Matideah sits down and looks over at Taylor who has now
resumed playing with the blank paper dolls.

SASHA (CONT'D)

Mrs. Matideah I apologize for
showing up like this. I understand
you're in a great deal of pain.

Sasha looks for a place to set the tea down.

SASHA (CONT'D)

Maybe. Maybe I should...

MRS. MATIDEAH

I understand your curiosity. I'm
sorry. I don't know your name.

Sasha settles down.

SASHA

Oh I'm sorry. I completely forgot.
I'm Sasha.

MRS. MATIDEAH

That's a pretty name. John was just
John. Nothing more. We were fine
though. Stable... He just got a
raise at the factory and...

She closes her eyes and pulls a PLAIN HANDKERCHIEF from her
sweater pocket.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SASHA

You know? Maybe I really should go.
I'm so sorry for coming here and...
You probably think I'm crazy.

Sasha reaches for her bag and starts to get up.

MRS. MATIDEAH

You're not crazy for being curious.
I was myself when he came home that
day.

Sasha relaxes and stares at the shaky TEA CUP in Mrs.
Matideah's lap.

MRS. MATIDEAH (V.O.) (CONT'D)

He picked up the paper as he always
did. On the front step. By the
plants.

CUT TO:

EXT. MATIDEAH HOUSE, DAY (FLASH BACK)

John Matideah picks up the paper on the front step.

INT. THE HOUSE, DAY.

He walks through the hallway of the house past colorful
PHOTOS of his smiling daughter and various other family
events in bright parks or the backyard.

INT. LIVING ROOM, DAY.

He walks into the living room and kneels down by Taylor. She
pays him no mind as she giggles from a silly kid show on TV

John laughs with her, then something catches his eye - he
picks up a PIECE OF PAPER beside her with a DRAWING on it.

PAPER -

The drawing depicts a rather eerie looking PINK RABBIT with a
long neck and a BLACK FRAME around it.

In the lower corner, there's a shape of a FIGURE KNEELING
OVER.

Directly Behind him, there's a BROWN SCRIBBLE that appears to
be an UNDECIPHERABLE WORD.

John sets it back down and rubs her head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He stands up and skims the paper as he walks into the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN, DAY.

Still reading, he sits in a chair at the kitchen table and distinctively reaches for the steaming COFFEE CUP on in front of him.

Mrs. Matideah strolls in wearing a BATHROBE.

She looks much younger now, not haggard at all.

She sits opposite from John. He doesn't flinch.

She smiles and peeks in the direction of the living room.

Taylor is still laying on the ground watching cartoons - only her legs with untied ADIDAS SNEAKERS on are visible.

Mrs. Matideah smiles and SLIDES her foot up to John's crotch. His paper shuffles a bit as she starts to laugh.

MRS. MATIDEAH

Aren't you feeling a little sick today? I could take care of you... You should get in bed.

JOHN

(Clearing his throat) well I uhh, I am actually a bit under the weather. Stress from work maybe.

She moves her foot deeper and starts to rub. John clenches the paper.

NEWSPAPER -

The ads on the paper are for MEAT PRODUCTS. The photography is very prominent. The meat appears to be SWEATY AND PHALLIC.

INT. KITCHEN, DAY.

John turns his head back to check on Taylor.

Her feet kick while she watches the TV. "GATCHAMAN" can be heard.

John then sets the paper down and the frisky couple sneakily exits to the bedroom.

Taylor walks into the kitchen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

She makes a BOWL OF CEREAL, spilling some milk while pouring the VIBRANT COLORED SHAPES.

A rumble and snickering can be heard from the bedroom.

TAYLOR
Mommy? Daddy?

The rumbling stops and faint laughing can be heard. The door soon opens and Mrs. Matideah comes out.

MRS. MATIDEAH
Hey baby. Finish cartoons?

TAYLOR
I heard noises.

Mrs. Matideah sort of giggles.

MRS. MATIDEAH
It's okay. That was daddy getting ready for work. Eat yet?

TAYLOR
Well I cooked some cereal but I didn't eat it yet.

MRS. MATIDEAH
Cooked it huh?

Mrs. Matideah has her hands on the back of Taylor's shoulders guiding and tickling her at the same time, back to the kitchen table. Taylor speaks while laughing.

TAYLOR
It wasn't daddy.

Mrs. Matideah helps Taylor into the chair and slides over her cereal. She rubs Taylor's head then goes over to the coffee machine.

MRS. MATIDEAH
What was that darlin? You want some eggs with that sugar?

TAYLOR
It was the TV.

MRS. MATIDEAH
The TV? You mean the "GATCHAMAN?"

TAYLOR
No. Not the cartoons.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

The design and coloring of the COFFEE CAN AND BAG OF SUGAR is very prominent.

Coffee flows into the cup in a sensually slow fashion. It's equally as slow when Mrs. Matideah adds milk and stirs.

She lifts the cup up to her mouth and makes an ORGASMIC face as she sips the hot liquid.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

It was a man. He said that we will learn.

MRS. MATIDEAH

We will learn? That's good baby. It must be an educational show.

John now freshly dressed, enters the kitchen.

He hugs his wife from behind, kissing the back of her head.

Taylor pokes at her cereal unsatisfied with her mother's response.

John walks over and rubs Taylor's head messing up her hair. She doesn't look up, ignoring the affectionate gesture.

JOHN

What's up baby girl? Everything OK?

MRS. MATIDEAH

She said she heard a strange man on TV.

John looks towards the living room.

JOHN

Really? What did he say?

TAYLOR (MONOTONE)

You... will... Learn.

Mrs. Matideah CUTS HER FINGER from dropping a PLATE into the sink.

MRS. MATIDEAH

Oh!

John comes over and tends to it.

JOHN

What happened? You okay?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

MRS. MATIDEAH (LAUGHING AT HERSELF)
I'm alright, I'm alright. Just a
scratch. You better get outta here
before you get in trouble.

He kisses the back of her neck.

JOHN
Put some Neosporin on that.
Alright. I'm off to a fun filled
day at work!

John walks over to Taylor and puts his hand on her head
softly.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Take care of mommy will you? She's
not very good at the dishes you
know.

Taylor allows a slight smile, but remains focused on the
soggy cereal.

John reaches down and grabs his SATCHEL and the PAPER.

INT. LIVING ROOM, DAY.

John enters the living room. As he passes by the TV, it
GLITCHES and a NEWSCASTER comes on.

The NEWSCASTER WATCHES JOHN EXIT the house.

NEWSCASTER
And in other news, You... will...
learn...

The TV GLITCHES back to "GATCHAMAN" when Taylor enters the
room.

INT. SUBWAY, DAY.

John stands in the train. He is mixed into the morning rush
of people like a sardine. He balances himself by holding onto
the silver safety bar above his head with one hand. With the
other, he holds the newspaper tight to his face, attempting
to read in the limited space.

ADVERTISEMENTS displayed in the train directly above him are
for PETA.

AD -

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A SCARY LOOKING POODLE WITH TACKY MAKE-UP STANDS ON ITS HIND-LEGS. IT HOLDS A MARTINI GLASS AT A COCKTAIL PARTY.

A DEAD HUMAN IS WRAPPED AROUND ITS NECK LIKE A FUR SHAWL.

TEXT AT THE TOP IN BRIGHT PINK SAYS:

"THIS PARTY IS DEAD."

John glances up at the poster for a beat. The train stops.

He slithers his way along with the crowd onto the platform.

He makes his way past some larger sized posters depicting the same ad but with different type:

"HOW DO I LOOK BUFFY?", "FASHION IS HUMAN NATURE.", "MAKE A RATIONAL STATEMENT."

John exits up the stairs.

INT. PRINTING FACTORY, DAY.

John walks past very loud PRINTING, CUTTING, FOLDING AND BINDING MACHINERY set up at various stations.

He walks by a stacks of paper that portray the SAME ADS FROM THE TRAIN. He reaches his station and takes off his jacket. Hangs it on a wall away from a LARGE 8 COLOR PRESS pumping out stacks of paper with other ads.

A LARGE MAN named MIKE strolls over with a big smile on his face. He SLAPS John on the shoulder.

MIKE

So! You decided to have brunch this
fine morning!?

John smiles and slips on a BLUE PRINTER JACKET and SOUND PROOF HEADPHONES. He proceeds to make an "I CAN'T HEAR YOU" gesture.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Can't hear me huh!? Yeah!? I bet
those poached eggs were real tasty!

Mike slaps him again and then walks away smiling.

John turns to the COMPUTERIZED CONTROL PANEL and begins pushing buttons. The machine begins to pump out the ads faster than before.

BREAK ROOM, DAY.

Workers sit at a long rectangular table chatting and eating.

SODA AND FAST FOOD EMANATE ON THE TABLE.

Mike and John laugh at an (O.S.) joke as they enter.

Mike holds a TWO LITER bottle of SODA. THE COLOR OF THE BOTTLE LABEL IS AGAIN VERY PROMINENT compared to the surroundings of the drab break-room.

They both join the rest of the crew at the table.

John takes out a small BROWN PAPER BAG from his satchel and opens it up to reveal a sandwich and some vegetables.

MIKE

You shoulda seen this girl man! You would've asked for a divorce! My god man! She was on me like a magnetic stripper! I swear!

Mike laughs in between large swigs of soda. He has a look of ORGASMIC PLEASURE afterwards.

RANDOM PRINTER

She was a stripper!

MIKE

Well yeah! But, c'mon! She was special... I think she really dug me... I think maybe, it was my personality.

JOHN

Nothin to do with your wallet I'm sure.

MIKE

C'mon man. You know whenever I go out... wherever I go out... and however I go out... I got women all over me!

RANDOM PRINTER 2

Cause they don't take checks!

The group laughs in unison.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE

You're just jealous cause you can't get a fine lady like that. A lady of the night.

JOHN

Well I'm glad you enjoyed yourself. That's a great time man... Even if you had to pay. Shit you should just print up some money here. I saw your work on the train and she looked beautiful. In fact. I could have sworn I saw you with her last night.

MIKE

Okay! Okay! So my girlfriend's a dog!

They all laugh. John laughs along with them, but feels his head as if he has a HEADACHE.

MIKE (CONT'D)

You know if you weren't a printer, I'd say you got a career in comedy. You fuck!

Johns eyes suddenly ROLL BACK in his head revealing all white and he FALLS TO THE FLOOR.

BREAK ROOM, JOHN'S P.O.V., DAY.

He wakes to BLURRY IMAGES OF MIKE SPEAKING WITH NO SOUND.

He glances over and the POODLE FROM THE POSTER is saying something as well but no sound.

He looks to his other side and finds a GUN laying the ground beside him.

He reaches down and picks it up. He slides it into his jacket. No one seems to notice. He blacks out again.

He wakes to find himself at the table with the crew again.

MIKE

Johnny, hey Johnny, you alright man? Johnny! Snap out of it!

John opens his eyes.

JOHN

What happened? Man, I...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE

Take it easy man. Jesus, you
blacked out. Hey get some water
over here!

JOHN (GROGGY)

Yeah...? This never happened
before. Jesus. Maybe the fumes or
something?

RANDOM PRINTER

Or maybe Mike's breathe!

All laugh. Mike and John remain serious.

MIKE

You wanna go see a doctor or
something?

JOHN

I feel alright now. Just a little
tired.

He stands and gets his bearings.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Think I'll go home. Take it easy
for a bit.

He pats Mike on the shoulder.

MIKE

Yeah man. I read you loud and
clear. After the shift I'll stop
by. See if you were fakin.

John smiles uneasy.

INT. TRAIN, DAY.

John sits in an empty car. He looks extremely pallid.

The train comes to a stop in the dark tunnel.

TRAIN CONDUCTOR (DISTORTED V.O.)

The train is temporarily stopped
due to a train ahead. We'll be
moving along shortly. Thank you for
your patience.

Lights flicker.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

UNKNOWN ENTITY (LOW SCRATCHY DEMONIC
VOICE V.O.)
You... will... learn...

John scopes out the scene. No one else is in the train car. He stretches his neck to see if anyone is in another car. A small Latino woman sits with her grandchild.

John pulls out a HANDKERCHIEF and wipes sweat from his fevered brow, then sits back and closes his eyes.

His head leans next to the POSTER that was printed at the factory where he works - the PETA poster.

TRAIN CONDUCTOR (DISTORTED V.O.)
The train is temporarily stopped
due to a train ahead. We will be
moving momentarily. Thank you for
your patience.

John wipes his forehead again.

A scratchy paper-like sound can be heard next to his ear.

THE TAIL OF THE UGLY POODLE SHIFTS AWAY FROM JOHN'S HEAD.

John is suddenly STARTLED AWAKE as ALL THE DOGS on ALL THE POSTERS in the train move their heads and stare at him simultaneously.

A booming voice from all the dogs SPEAK IN UNISON.

DOGS
YOU WILL LEARN! YOU WILL LEARN! YOU
WILL LEARN!

John lunges out of his seat and stumbles down the isle shifting his head sporadically from side to side at the dogs.

THE TRAIN JERKS AND THE LIGHTS FLICKER.

The lights pop back on and all the posters have REVERTED back to the flat inanimate state they we're in before.

John sits in the middle of the train car floor totally frazzled.

INT. MATIDEAH HOUSE. LIVING ROOM, DAY.

Sasha holds her cup with trembling hands entranced by the story.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MRS. MATIDEAH

Taylor and I were at a clothing store. She found a very pretty dress. She was going to wear it in the school play.

Mrs. Matideah looks over at her daughter. Taylor still plays with the blank paper shapes.

MRS. MATIDEAH (CONT'D)

We came home. Taylor went to her room to try on the dress. I found John in the bedroom... He had... He had taken all the books and papers and... pictures... Everything. He burned it ALL in the backyard.

Her mouth trembles as she speaks. She rubs the edge of the saucer with her thumbs.

MRS. MATIDEAH (CONT'D)

I walked in and he was... Curled up in the corner... Naked. He was shaking and... Mumbling. What he said was not making any sense. He kept going on and on. We will learn. We will learn. Over and over again. What will we learn? I asked. And then I noticed... On the floor. The bedroom, I... I could smell it but I couldn't figure it out until I was on top of it. John wrote it on the wall!

She tears up and brings her hand to her face.

MRS. MATIDEAH (CONT'D)

With... His own... Feces!

SASHA (WHISPER)

HELVETICA

Taylor keeps her head down, but her eyes slowly turn to Sasha.

CUT TO:

INT. AD AGENCY, DAY.

Sasha sits at her desk staring at a large monitor depicting a SEARCH ENGINE.

Pop-up ads flow on and off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ADS -

CARS, TOOTHPASTE, INSURANCE, ETC.

Her daze is interrupted by a young man, JAKE, as he places a THUMB-DRIVE on her desk.

JAKE

Hey. You missed the meeting with the new interns. It was super boring. Just an overview about that summer program thing where we don't give them any real experience and make them type stuff and run errands we don't want to deal with.

Sasha stares at her screen.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Oh sorry... Were you busy or just a rough night? You don't look busy.

SASHA

Sorry. Yeah. Something like that. What's this?

JAKE

Oh it just came for you. Messenger dropped it off. I think it's the SONY reel. Could have emailed it, but this is fun. Gotta go. God I love meetings. (Sarcastic).

Jake exits.

Sasha opens and finds no note or any kind of information.

SASHA

Jake. I need that other...

She looks around for Jake. He's nowhere to be found. She SIGHS and plugs it into a port on the computer.

The screen goes BLACK.

SASHA (CONT'D)

Great.

The room seems to become quiet as Sasha focuses on the black screen. She looks around at all the people doing their thing in the office.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Sasha picks up the BLANK ENVELOPE and looks inside and out - there are no markings whatsoever.

She attempts to use her MOUSE with no luck. Then she attempts to restart the computer. There is no response.

Suddenly, a SHARP, HIGH-PITCHED NOISE blasts out from the speaker. Sasha CRINGES and COVERS HER EARS. She's about to scream when it just as suddenly stops.

She looks around and finds that everything is normal - as if NO ONE HEARD the noise.

She looks up to find a faint shape burned into the monitor.

She is STARTLED AGAIN as Jake slaps another envelope on her desk.

SASHA (CONT'D)

Shit!

JAKE

Oh wow. I'm sorry. You want me to...go? I mean I can...(GETS CUT OFF)

SASHA

What is this now?

JAKE

Uhh. The SONY reel? I thought the other one was, but, it wasn't. So here it is.

Sasha takes ENVELOPE which has the words SONY REEL, typed in clear black letters on white tape.

SASHA

Jake. Where did this come from?
(REFERRING TO THE ORIGINAL DRIVE)
It just crashed my computer.

JAKE

What?

SASHA

The drive you gave me before. It messed up my computer.

Jake looks at her screen and finds the YAHOO HOME PAGE UP AGAIN. The page has a story about "TROUBLE AT WORK". She stares at it shaking her head and smiling.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SASHA (CONT'D)

I swear... It was blank. I think the drive is corrupt. You know who gave it to you?

JAKE

No. It was on my desk this morning. You weren't here, so I waited till you got in... Late... It had a post-it note on the cover with your name. That's it.

SASHA

Where's the note?

JAKE

Well when I went back to get it for you, it was gone.

SASHA

The drive?

JAKE (SMILING LIKE A CHILD)

No the Post-it note. But I remembered it had your name on it and to give it to you.

Sasha smiles at him sarcastically.

SASHA

Oh. Well that's good... To remember things. Thanks Jake.

JAKE

Cool. Well if you need anything else, I'll...?

SASHA

No. I'm fine, thanks.

Jake exits.

Sasha takes the drive and examines it. She shakes her head, then pops the SONY drive in.

A commercial comes on with a copyright warning on the bottom. The commercial focuses on some NEW HEADPHONES. Sasha stares at the screen indifferently.

The phone rings. She picks up and switches off the reel before it finishes.

Michael answers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

MICHAEL
Hey. How are you?

SASHA
I'm okay. How was Stan the man?

MICHAEL
Oh just fine. He says hello by the way. I'm near your office. How about a bite?

SASHA
Sounds brilliant. (in a fake British accent)

MICHAEL
Perfect. Be there in ten minutes.

She hangs up.

EXT. FRONT OFFICE BUILDING, DAY.

Sasha sits on a bench smoking a cigarette, watching people.

ADS posted in store-front windows and a nearby construction site are very prominent.

From across the street, she notices someone is staring at her - a HOMELESS MAN.

A POSTED MTA SIGN behind him reads:

"IF YOU SEE SOMETHING SAY SOMETHING."

She looks around to see if he might be looking at someone else, but his piercing eyes are DIRECTED SPECIFICALLY AT HER.

She almost jumps out of her skin when Michael sneaks up behind her and touches her shoulder. She drops the cigarette.

SASHA
Shit!

MICHAEL
Hey.

He sees she is really mad

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Sorry.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SASHA

What the hell! I've been on edge
you know... And... There's a guy
staring at me over there.

Michael looks around.

MICHAEL

Where?

SASHA

Over there.

The man is gone. Only the MTA posts remain.

SASHA (CONFUSED) (CONT'D)

He's gone. He was right there...
Sorry, I don't know what's up with
me.

They begin to walk. They pass SALE SIGNS from stores and
MANNEQUINS AND BILLBOARDS AND PEOPLE WEARING BRANDED
CLOTHING.

MICHAEL

I think you need to relax. That's
all. I mean really. With what
happened the other day and now your
back at work. I think you're over-
doing it. Or maybe you're just
nuts.

Sasha laughs a bit.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

No really. I think right after we
get a bite to eat, we should go
right over to the nut-house and
commit you.

She slaps him jokingly, then cautiously gazes back to where
the homeless man stood.

INT. CAFE, DAY.

Sasha and Michael sit at a small table at CAFE REGGIO in the
West Village.

Sasha puffs on her cigarette while she engages in the
conversation.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SASHA

...Pretending. That's what I mean. I've been so uptight thinking about these new ad campaign accounts, trying to make the clients comfortable with a strategy they'll like... I feel more like a shrink than an creative director.

MICHAEL

Pretend? Like a child and a cushion fort playing army or something? Is that what shrinks do?

SASHA

Exactly. Playing out imaginary obedience. Trained order.

MICHAEL

Now you lost me. What does that have to do with what you do or anybody for that matter?

SASHA

It has everything to do with anything we engage in. Example. A potential client stops by. What do I do? I don't know them, their taste, their tolerance for conceptual design or literal representation. And vice versa. How do I know I'll like them or if they will like me for that matter. Even through a long winded pitch session. I smile and hope for the best. It's inherent obedience to be... Nice.

Michael scratches his nose.

MICHAEL

Okay. But really who cares in the end? What's the point.

SASHA

Exactly. I don't. The client might, but most likely not. It's a fake interaction. I do it day in and day out. People pretend to like and dislike, to make the other party comfortable, to act as if they even care.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SASHA (CONT'D)

Visually marketed bullshit with an emotional connective tissue attached to products and a sense of over-self worth. Obedience is societies hidden rule.

Sasha pushes a lonely crouton with her fork. Michael takes a sip of wine.

MICHAEL

Sasha. Again. What's the point? Why even speak of it? And not everyone does it. Some people are generally pissed *AND* don't give a shit at the same time. Or two shits for that matter.

SASHA

I don't know. I just feel like I'm a random stop sign or something. In the middle of some no where town. People stop just as a courtesy. We create this thing. This place. The clothes we wear. The stuff we talk about. Where does it come from you know? Why *AM* I interested? I don't know.

Michael shakes his head then takes another sip. The waiter strides over. He has a wide smile on his face.

WAITER

Hello again. I hope you're enjoying the meal. Would you like anything else? Dessert maybe?

MICHAEL

Not for me thanks. Dear... Would you like anything else? A treat maybe? Along with a smile? It's what everybody does after a meal. Isn't that right? Part of our happy little lunching society.

Sasha smiles while shaking her head at Michael's obnoxious comment.

SASHA (SMILES AT WAITER)

No dessert, but I think I'll have a cappuccino.

WAITER

Very well.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

The waiter exits to the back room. Michael gets up.

MICHAEL

Well I'm off for a leak. You want
anything whilst I'm gone? Some
pettiness maybe?

An older woman gives him a disapproving dirty look.

SASHA

Smart-ass.

Michael walks by the old lady and slows down.

MICHAEL (SMILING)

What a pisser.

OLDER LADY

Well, I...

Sasha turns her head away trying not to laugh.

She picks up her fork and stabs a piece of salad, then takes
a sip of water.

The waiter comes back and places the cappuccino on the table.

SASHA

Thanks.

The waiter smiles and nods, then tends to another table in
the back.

Sasha catches the Older woman giving her a look.

She turns away and dips a plum tomato in the vinaigrette
dressing and takes a bite. She looks down and notices
something through the clear glass salad plate, on the THIN
PAPER TABLE-CLOTH.

TABLECLOTH -

The DESIGN of the TABLECLOTH is that of VINTAGE POSTCARDS in
varying patterns.

Directly underneath the plate is a POSTCARD WHICH DEPICTS A
DEVIL STANDING BY A VERY OLD PRINTING PRESS.

The devil smiles while he works to print the paper coming
out.

PAPER -

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

The paper is long and flowing and has NAMES on it.

Sasha looks more closely and shifts a piece of lettuce to see through the plate more clearly.

Her eyes open widely as she reads the last few names -

NAMES -

JACK. MICHAEL. SASHA.

Sasha reels her head back, her eyes are bulged and watery as she starts to CHOKE ON THE PLUM TOMATO!

She desperately reaches for the WATER and SPILLS it.

Sasha grabs her throat. She's turning BLUE.

Michael steps out of the bathroom and sees what's going on.

He DASHES over and PERFORMS the HEIMLICH MANEUVER on her. She kicks her legs out and knocks over the table.

The piece of GLASS covering the tablecloth shatters upon impact. Wine follows, SOAKING the tablecloth. Sasha chokes up a piece of salad and passes out.

EXT TAXI CAB. DUSK.

The TAXI CAB WINDOW reflects passing ADVERTISEMENT SIGNAGE as it zooms down the avenue. Sasha's FACE is a MONTAGE PLETHORA OF DELI SIGNS, STOREFRONT SIGNS, RESTAURANT SIGNS, ETC.....

INT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT, NIGHT.

Sasha is laid out on the BLACK LEATHER COUCH in the SPARSE, MODERN apartment. Like Sasha's apartment, the walls are adorned with framed art, vintage liquor ads and film posters.

She sits up slowly and touches her throat. Michael comes over and places a steaming CUP OF TEA and a HALF FULL WHISKY GLASS onto the coffee table.

MICHAEL

Guess we'll have to do Chinese next time. How are you feeling?

SASHA

What happened?

MICHAEL

You don't remember?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SASHA

I remember getting a cappuccino,
then...

MICHAEL

Well after you went down with
lunch, it gave me enough time to
distract the waiter. I threw money
on the counter, threw you in a cab
and we escaped with no harm done.

She smiles and cringes.

SASHA

Don't make me laugh. It really
hurts.

Michael lifts up the tea and hands it to her, then he picks
up the whiskey and CLANKS her cup.

MICHAEL

Well a little pain is better than a
lot dead. Cheers to Mr. Heimlich.

They both cringe - Sasha because of the heat and Michael
cause of the bite.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

I'm just glad you're okay. One
minute I was pissing. The next,
squeezing a plum tomato out of you.

SASHA

God that's embarrassing. I mean I
was fine... That old lady kept
staring at me and... I...

MICHAEL

Oh yes. *HER*. What a fucking cunt.
Do you know what she said after you
fell?

SASHA (CUTTING IN)

Michael.

MICHAEL

She...

SASHA (CUTTING IN)

No...The postcard... At the
restaurant.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MICHAEL

...What are you talking about?

SASHA

The postcard. That's why I started choking, it...

MICHAEL

You tried to eat a postcard and it made you...

SASHA

I'm serious. The postcard at the restaurant had a very... Distinct picture on it.

MICHAEL

What was it?

SASHA

It scared me and I started to choke.

She feels her neck.

MICHAEL

Well I guess postcards can be scary, they always depict bad angles of cities with horrible exposure.

Sasha stands in a rage.

SASHA

Stop it! I'm serious! The postcard had a picture of the devil and our names were on a list he was printing. Jack's name was on there too. It... It was scratched out. He's dead now!

Michael becomes very quiet. He sets his cup on the table and places his hands on his knees.

MICHAEL

Well I... I'm not sure what to say. Who's Jack?

She laughs to herself, shaking her head.

SASHA

Michael.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MICHAEL

Well I just don't know what to say. I'm trying to be here. I mean I'm sure it's because of what happened the other day. This... Anger. You never used to be like this.

SASHA

No. It's more than that. I've been seeing things. Odd things. I'm not delusional or anything. Jesus. I haven't dropped acid since high-school. But, I saw something today that scared me... I have to go back.

MICHAEL

Back? Where?

SASHA

The restaurant.

MICHAEL

No Sasha. You... You've been up for days and what you need to do is rest. I think you just need to calm down and... Do nothing.

She's frantically focused.

SASHA

I don't need to calm down. I have to see what the card said. If Jack's name was on there and now ours... I know it sounds crazy but I...

MICHAEL

Who is Jack anyways?

SASHA

Jack is the guy who killed himself the other day. Ten fucking feet from my face!

Sasha hones in on her bag. Snatches it along with her jacket.

MICHAEL

You're not seriously going back there?

SASHA

I have to see.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

MICHAEL

Sasha. Have you gone mad? I mean really. I was kidding earlier but, you're talking about satanic postcards and people watching you while you smoke. I think you should see Frank.

SASHA

Your psychiatrist?

MICHAEL

No. My chiropractor. Whenever I have delusional and stressful days I see him and he seems to make things better.

Sasha shakes her head and puts on her jacket. Michael gets up from the couch.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

You're serious. Jesus.

SASHA

At least one of us is. I know you think I'm crazy, but something is going on. I'm leaving.

She turns and starts towards the door.

Michael frantically grabs his whiskey and downs it. He leaps over the couch after her.

She reaches the door and exits. A loud noise can be heard from behind the door. Presumably Michael tripping.

EXT. RESTAURANT, NIGHT.

The street is quiet.

Sasha stands in front of the restaurant. It's closed.

Michael steps up beside her. He's panting slightly and his shirt is in disarray.

MICHAEL

There you have it. Closed...
STARBUCKS?

Sasha ignores him and walks towards the back through an ALLY.

It starts to RAIN, gradually getting harder.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Great. Great! Brilliant and fuck-
fucking wonderful... (Sighs) Great.

He looks cautiously around to see if anyone is watching them, then follows her.

EXT. RESTAURANT, BACK ALLEY, NIGHT.

They both stand in front of a LARGE DUMPSTER in the back.

The rain comes down harder. Sasha walks over, proceeds to climb in and begins going through bags.

MICHAEL
Good Lord Sasha what is this? I
really don't understand.

SASHA
I know you don't understand. That's
why I'm trying to find this. When I
saw Mrs. Matideah the other day she
had this look.

Sasha stops and ponders what she said then resumes.

MICHAEL
Jesus Sasha! You went to the dead
guy's wife's house? You really saw
her!?

She pauses for a beat, knowing how it sounds.

SASHA
Yes. I was over at Maria's for
Sadie's birthday party and Daniel
said that Jack lived around the
area so... I went... I had to
see... Ever since the park, I've
felt really strange. Like
everything suddenly changed around
me. I can't explain it. I just want
to be... Normal.

She has trouble with a bag. Michael steps up to help.

SASHA (CONT'D)
Michael I'm not crazy but, she had
this way about her and she said...

Sasha tears up. Her lip quivers. They both stop. Michael touches her shoulder and Sasha just stares down at the pile of garbage.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SASHA (CONT'D)

She said... I have the same John
had. I have the same look on my
face... And I don't want to end up
like him. I know I'm not crazy.

Michael takes her close. Water drips off both their faces.

Sasha notices something on the ground -- The TABLECLOTH. She
reaches down and grabs it.

It begins to DISINTEGRATE in the rain. She frantically shifts
the remains in her hand in an attempt to find the POSTCARD.

A rat startles her and scurries away.

She throws it down when she sees ANOTHER TABLECLOTH sticking
out of a RIPPED BAG. She reaches in and gets cut by a piece
of GLASS.

She pulls back her hand in pain, but attempts to reach in
more slowly immediately after. She pulls out the cloth. It's
completely soaked - images are FADED from the rain.

SASHA (CONT'D)

No...

MICHAEL

What is it? Did you find it?

SASHA

It's gone. The names... The names
are gone.

She peers down at the reflection. The devil smiles at her.

Sasha and Michael hopelessly stand in the rain on top of the
shiny black garbage bags surrounding them.

SASHA'S OFFICE, DAY.

Sasha sits at her desk on the phone. She looks very tired.

A ripped section of the tablecloth sits in front of her
keyboard.

SASHA (MONOTONE)

I know Mr. Spelling. We have the
first round of concepts for you
ready to present but the social
branding section is not finished...
I understand. Yes. I know. As soon
as my team... Yes. I apologize...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SASHA (MONOTONE) (CONT'D)
Yes sir. Next week. Okay, thanks.
Thank you, okay, good...bye.

She hangs up the phone, frustrated. She places her hands on her face, places them by the cloth and takes a deep breath.

She looks around the office, same scene, people walking around, people talking on the phone. She glances over at the SECOND MONITOR and finds an E-mail notification.

The SENDER is ISDN. She clicks on it. It reads:
"TEACH THEM."

She hits the reply button and writes:

"Who is this? Not funny."

She waits for an answer then another E-mail pops up - A SPAM AD for some Viagra pills.

SASHA (CONT'D)
I think I like the spam better.

E-mail pops up again.

"YOU WILL LEARN."

She looks around to see if someone may be playing a joke.

She writes back:

"Michael, I told you this isn't funny >:(."

The phone rings, she picks up. No one on the other line.

SASHA (CONT'D)
Sasha speaking, hello.

The line hangs up, then rings again. She picks up quickly.

SASHA (WHISPERS) (CONT'D)
Who is this?

ON THE PHONE (GLITCHY VOICE)
Teeaaaaccchh thhheemmm.

She slams the phone down and stares at it.

She glances over at her screen - HUNDREDS OF EMAILS POP UP with no subject.

She stands up and grabs her bag, then exits.

EXT. OUTDOOR CAFE, DAY.

Sasha wears dark sunglasses. She nervously smokes a cigarette and timidly glances at her surrounding.

A waiter brings out a small cup of coffee. She doesn't look at him in the face.

She stares at the fabric, flipping it over and over.

A CAR HORN blasts by the corner, startling her. She drops the cloth and SWIPES it back up before the wind takes it.

She notices a SMALL DETAIL - SMALL TYPE reads:

"PRINTED IN BROOKLYN."

Her mobile phone rings. She answers - it's Michael.

MICHAEL

Hey what's up...? Sasha I just wanted to say.

SASHA (CUTS HIM OFF)

It's okay, I just uh...

MICHAEL

You okay? Where are you? I tried the office.

SASHA

I had to leave. I just didn't feel like it today. I think Mitch is mad at me. I can't... Can't focus.

MICHAEL

Sasha. You work like a mad lady. I told you before. You just need some time. That's all. Why don't we go somewhere? Like Paris or something. We'll just hang out at the cafes for a couple weeks. You have some time coming up.

SASHA

I don't know.

MICHAEL

Did something happen. What is it?

SASHA (LAUGHS)

Maybe you're right, maybe we can.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICHAEL

Listen. They're calling me back to set. Sorry. Tonight we'll figure it out. We'll look at some tickets and then we'll go. Okay? Okay (TO SOMEONE ELSE) Sasha. Sorry. I have to go. We'll speak later. Be well.

Michael hangs up. Sasha stares at the phone for a beat. She lights another cigarette, visibly annoyed.

She shoves the phone back in her bag and it tumbles onto the sidewalk.

The DRIVE slides out. She stares at it with a sense of fear, paranoia. She picks it up, takes a drag of her cigarette and looks across the street at a -

- KINKOS.

INT. KINKOS, DAY.

Sasha sits at a random computer terminal staring at the screen for a beat. A few customer's are scattered around the store going about their business at various SELF-HELP machines.

A KINKO'S ASSOCIATE steps into frame.

KINKO'S ASSOCIATE

Need help with anything?

SASHA (FAKE SMILE)

No... I'm fine. Thanks.

The associate SMILES as well, then exits.

Sasha takes the DRIVE surreptitiously out of her bag and inserts it into the CPU PORT.

The screen goes black, just as before. The same SHAPE that appeared previously, very faint, but noticeable, shows up again. The image appears to be a landscape view of a city street with full contrast - the sky being brighter and the buildings being dark - very low greyscale range.

She has to squint to see it. She quickly CLICKS THE PRINT BUTTON before the HIGH PITCHED NOISE happens again.

The noise pops on - all the COMPUTERS GO DARK. Everyone is puzzled.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

All the PRINTERS START PRINTING OUT THE SCREEN SHOT from Sasha's computer.

As the associate attempts to answer a small group of people questioning the situation, Sasha rips the drive out of the port, quickly walks to the PUBLIC PRINTER and grabs the printouts. She exits before anyone sees her.

INT. SASHA'S APARTMENT, NIGHT.

The sound of the TV (O.S.).

Sasha sits among a scattered plethora of papers at her desk.

The faded FABRIC and the dark PRINT-OUT FROM KINKO'S sit on top of the mess.

Newspaper articles focusing on the park incident are taped or tacked to the wall beside her.

A sweating GLASS OF SCOTCH sits next to a mountain of finished CIGARETTE BUTTS, piled in a GLASS ASHTRAY.

A fresh cigarette dangles from Sasha's mouth. She flits a PEN next to a dog-eared NOTE-PAD with scribbled list of words written out:

JACK MATIDEAH

BROOKLYN

YOU WILL LEARN

MICHAEL

SASHA

HELVETICA

ISDN

?

Sasha studies the list for a beat, then picks up the black printout from Kinko's. She turns it in many different directions then holds it up to a light. There is a slight COLOR DIFFERENCE IN THE BLACKS.

In the middle there appears to be a LIGHT JAGGED CONE-LIKE SHAPE.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She walks it over to another small DESK by the window and turns on a LIGHT-TABLE. She sets the page on the glowing rectangular surface and squints at the visual.

Outside the window, we can see a BUSY AVENUE. The PERSPECTIVE of the street has JAGGED EDGES.

In the background on the TV, a commercial comes on.

COMMERCIAL -

A sad girl speaks to an older woman with too much make up on - she is PSYCHIC LOLA.

Psychic Lola closes her eyes and acts as if she's in deep meditation. She then opens her eyes and speaks.

PSYCHIC LOLA

Don't worry. I foresee a great love
in your future.

The scene cuts to the YOUNG GIRL AT A BEACH WITH A MUSCLE BOUND BEEFCAKE. The camera zooms in to her smiling face as she speaks.

YOUNG GIRL

Thank you psychic Lola! You saved
my love life!

Sasha suddenly looks out the window and notices that the SHAPES on the PRINT and the VIEW FROM THE WINDOW MATCH.

COMMERCIAL -

The video cuts to some CHEAP LOOKING GRAPHICS and UNDECIPHERABLE TEXT.

Sasha turns to the screen just as the text UNSCRAMBLES to reveal what a deep voiced male announcer says.

ANNOUNCER V.O.

Confusion no more! Love! Financial
state! Health! Life in general!
Psychic Lola can unscramble your
future today! Call now for a FREE 5
minute consultation!!! 212-555-
6000!

Sasha peers over at the WORDS SHE WROTE on the paper. She grabs the notepad and hones in on the word MATIDEAH.

She grabs a pen and furiously writes the letters from the name beside it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

She writes DIFFERENT WORDS USING THE LETTERS from his name.

Frustrated, Sasha finally slams the pen down after many failed attempts to figure it out.

She closes her eyes for a beat then --

Picks the note-pad up and stares at the scribbled mess she made, then with great concentration, she writes the letters again slowly.

As she writes each letter down under the original she scratches out that particular letter on top.

MATIDEAH

"I AM DEATH."

Her face is awash with fear as she stares at puzzle she's solved.

She breathes hard and rubs her mouth as if she's about to have a panic attack.

THE TV IS QUIET NOW.

A GLITCHED OUT TV TALK SHOW HOST ON THE SCREEN STARES AT HER with an over-exaggerated mean face.

Sasha pops her gaze up and his face is normal.

He's speaking to someone in the audience.

She CLICKS OFF the TV and looks out the window.

There's no traffic. It's very quiet and dark. The only light is from a faint street lamp and some neon signs from a deli across the street.

Sasha's face appears reddish in tone from the glaring NEON. The BUZZ OF THE NEON can be heard from afar.

Sasha notices a sleeping HOMELESS MAN covered in newspaper leaning up against an abandoned storefront entrance way.

A cardboard sign with his SCRIBBLED PLEA FOR FOOD sits in front of him.

The WRITING ON THE CARDBOARD BEGINS TO MOVE as if it we're being ERASED AND WRITTEN AGAIN BY AN INVISIBLE FORCE.

LETTERS -

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

"WE SEE YOU."

The homeless man's EYES ARE OPEN NOW.

Sasha stumbles backwards into her apartment and BANGS INTO THE DESK.

Papers and cigarette butts rain down.

The butts fall into specific places, forming TEXT.

It reads:

"YOU WILL LEARN."

Sasha steps back placing her hand on the table for balance and SLICES HER PALM WITH AN XACTO BLADE.

Blood SPLATTERS onto JACK MATIDEAH'S NAME on the desk.

She holds her hand in pain. She hastily goes to kitchen sink and starts washing the cut under the water.

INT. KITCHEN, NIGHT.

She grabs a SMALL TOWEL and wraps her wound.

The TV TURNS ON BY ITSELF WITH NO SOUND. It's the same TALK SHOW from before.

The man seems to be SPEAKING DIRECTLY TO SASHA.

INT. LIVING ROOM, NIGHT.

She notices and begins to walk slowly toward the TV.

HE FACES HER, FOLLOWING HER MOVEMENTS. She stares in disbelief.

Sasha grabs the remote and taps the UN-MUTE BUTTON.

His voice BOOMS.

NEWSCASTER

.....ou will learn! You will learn
that you cannot decide what fate
you will receive! You will learn
that society is not what you make
it! You will learn that we own
time! We own decision! We own all!
You will...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SASHA

This is a...

NEWSCASTER

This is not a so called
hallucination! This is the true
reality that we have created and
that you cannot ignore! You will
learn that we control you! We
control your being! Your very
existence!

Sasha eases towards the TV. The volume higher and higher as she creeps closer. He keeps repeating the same thing.

Sasha attempts to change the channel directly from the TV. The screen only glitches and returns to him speaking.

She looks down at the controller. A quiet beat while she attempts to press the MUTE BUTTON.

NEWSCASTER (CONT'D)

Look at us when we speak to you!
You fucking cunt of a whore!

Sasha is taken back. Shock on her face.

TALK SHOW HOST

We will teach not to be insolent!
Not to be wasteful! We will teach
you what to eat! What to drink!
What to wear! What to think!
HELVETICA is your god and savior!
HELVETICA is your...

Sasha holds her ears as the sound raises to an uncontrollable level. She shakes her head as she steps away from the screaming man.

She stumbles on the ASHTRAY that fell, but doesn't fall -- instead, she picks it up and with a new and angry determination -- SMASHES the screen!

She breathes heavy. Closes her eyes for a beat. Looks up and sees a shadowy reflection of a MAN in the REMAINS of the TV.

He reaches down and grabs her shoulder. She screams.

MICHAEL

Hey! Hey! Sasha! It's me! Sasha!
Take it easy would you!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Sasha calms down a bit when she finally realizes its Michael. She grabs him - shivering.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Hey, hey, you're safe. No one else
here but you and me.

Michael looks at the broken TV.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
What the hell happened?

He guides her to the couch. She stays close to him and keeps a WATCHFUL EYE on the broken TV.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
The TV? Are you hurt!?

SASHA
It. It... The man. He was yelling
and I couldn't do anything.

She's like a scared animal -- shaking, looking around for danger. Finally coming around --

SASHA (CONT'D)
Why. Why are you here? Is this
real?

MICHAEL
Wha? Yeah. Yes. You're not dreaming
is that's what you mean. Is this
why you called? I missed you, but
came over after I got the message.
You said it was urgent.

SASHA
(Confused) Urgent?! Message?

MICHAEL
Yeah. I was on set working and you
left a message that said urgent. I
tried to call and your phone was
disconnected. I tried a few times.
Jesus Sasha. What's wrong?

SASHA
I... I didn't call you. I... You
must have...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MICHAEL

I got a call from YOUR number. I checked the message as soon as I saw it. You said it's urgent and to come over as soon as I got the message. I tried to call, but it was just static. Are you hurt?

He looks her over like a concerned mother.

SASHA

I don't. No, I'm not hurt. I don't remember calling you. I was at my desk and this. The letters, like...

Sasha gets up, she looks confused. She walks over to the window, she looks out. The homeless man is gone now. Traffic is normal and the NEON light is blinking sporadically.

SASHA (CONT'D)

I saw another man. Outside. He had a sign. It said... (STRUGGLING TO REMEMBER). ...fuck I can't remember now, but then I stepped back and I saw the paper. It's exactly what Mrs. Matideah said. It said...

Michael puts his head down as if tired. He starts shaking his head.

MICHAEL

Sasha. He said. She said. The paper said. What's hell has gotten into you? Really? I didn't want to have to tell you this.

SASHA

What? Tell me what?

MICHAEL

Well, I really think it's none of my business.

Sasha wipes her eyes with her hands. Mascara smears.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Mitch called me.

She looks confused. She begins semi-cleaning, shuffling through papers as he speaks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

MICHAEL (LOUDLY) (CONT'D)
Sasha. Did you hear me? Did you
hear what I said? Mitch called.

Sasha concentrates on the papers.

SASHA
Mitch? Mitch who?

MICHAEL
You know who-fucking-who Mitch is!
Your fucking boss! Mitch!

She stops shuffling the papers and stares at the pile.

SASHA
So... What did he want? Was it
about the SONY deck? It's a little
late is all. My designers are
working on it. Just have to finish
the...

Michael lights a cigarette and throws a fresh one on the desk
in front of Sasha. She picks it up and stares at it like it's
a rare gem.

MICHAEL
He wanted to know where you've been
for the past few days. Frankly so
would I. I've called. I tried the
apartment and you're out lord knows
where during the day. Jesus Sasha
what's happening to you? You really
should see someone. This can't keep
happening. You can't keep going
like this.

Sasha sits on a chair facing Michael. The desk of shuffled
papers looks atrocious. The BOOKSHELF behind it stands
ominously over it.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Mitch said you did something... I
defended you because I just can't
believe it, but...

He takes a drag, he looks very DISTURBED.

SASHA
What is it? Spit it out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

MICHAEL

Did you send a Mr. uhh... Spelling something? A PDF?

SASHA

A PDF?

MICHAEL

Yes. A PDF file.

SASHA

Yes... I know what a fucking PDF is. I send people PDFs' all the time. It's part of my job. I just spoke to him yesterday about the new presentation. We're going to be a little late on one section, the social media aspects are not working because of the analytics we got from marketing, but... Why?

Michael takes another drag. He looks off to the window - can't make eye contact with her. His face is NOW RED from the neon lights outside.

MICHAEL

Sasha. That wasn't yesterday. You sent him a PDF four days ago. And it was not the type of PDF you send to people or clients for that matter though. Mitch... Mitch says he wants you to come in to get your stuff. He's going to fire you.

SASHA

What are you talking about. What did he say I sent?

MICHAEL

I know you haven't been in the...

SASHA

Michael. What did he say I sent?! What the hell was it?!

MICHAEL

A death threat.

She's taken back by the words.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

The note said you were going to kill him and his family.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Four days ago. You sent that man a death threat... What kind of a sick joke is that? Sasha... What's going on? You have to talk to me.

Sasha takes a lighter off the coffee table.

There are MAGAZINES with covers depicting WAR AND DESTRUCTION - A BOMB exploding and a SAD LOOKING CHILD with NO LEGS crying amongst PLUMES OF SMOKE in a THIRD WORLD COUNTRY.

Sasha stares at the cover as she lights the cigarette. The REFLECTION OF THE FLAMES shine on the glossy cover by the child. The child's eyes stare with the deep affection of the harshest pain of life.

SASHA (UNDER HER BREATH - TO HERSELF)

They set me up. They set me up. Why is this happening? Who are they?

MICHAEL

I think you should call him and tell him that you didn't do it. Something happened with your E-mail. Maybe its, I don't know. Maybe it's SPAM. God I hate SPAM.

Sasha takes a drag, still staring at the child in the picture.

SASHA

I don't expect you to understand Michael. I don't understand myself. But. I need you to know. I'm not crazy.

She looks directly into his eyes now.

SASHA (CONT'D)

I'm okay. I need a drink.

Michael sighs and smiles uncomfortably and walks to the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN, NIGHT.

He gets TWO GLASSES from the cupboard and a SMALL PLASTIC PILL case from his jacket pocket.

He opens it up and pours out a couple of PILLS into his palm.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

MICHAEL (LOUDER VOICE SO SASHA CAN
HEAR)

Maybe you should take it easy
tonight. I'll stay over. You can
get some shut eye and in the
morning we can both go see Mitch.

Michael CRUSHES the pills and drops the powder into one
glass.

He pulls a BOTTLE OF VODKA from the FREEZER and pours a
couple fingers full into the glasses. He stirs hers up and
squeezes some lime into both.

He walks the glasses into the main studio space, hands her
the powdered cup and sits down on the couch across from her,
takes a sip and then lights another cigarette.

Sasha takes drag, then takes a big gulp of the Vodka and
closes her eyes.

She groggily stares at Michael.

SASHA'S POV -

Michael becomes blurry. Sound begins to get fuzzy. She gazes
up to the PACKED BOOKSHELF DIRECTLY BEHIND HIM.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

You mentioned something before...
What was it? HELVETICA. What is
that Sasha? What is HELVETICA?

Sasha attempts to focus on the books.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

I think I know what it is. I think
it's stress from the job and your
social life. Not that you have one
of those, but you're socially
conscious. You're part of social
networks because of work. Does that
count? Is it possible to say that a
socially conscious person is a
socialite or is it really two
different things but they use the
same word or even language to
express their meanings?

The BOOKS behind him begin to VIBRATE IN COLOR. The TYPE on
the SPINES slowly moves towards some kind of CENTRALIZED
PATTERN.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (8)

THE PATTERN BECOMES LARGE LETTERS MADE OF SMALLER LETTERS.

Sasha smiles while it happens. Michael is indifferent as it happens behind him. The letters start to spell words.

WE CONTROL YOU

YOU CANNOT ESCAPE

YOU WILL LEARN

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Sasha I understand stress for God sakes I really do. The other day someone came onto the set without permission. Some crazy fan wanted an autograph of one of the actors. For some reason, I actually had to converse with him. Forced to deal with this weirdo. Sad human being if you ask me. Imagine if one of your clients wanted an autograph or like a little digital print out of your work just to masturbate on it in the fucking bathroom. Sick.

SASHA (SPEAKING TO THE LETTERS)

Why are you doing this to me?

MICHAEL

I didn't do anything. I just think you need some rest and it's for your own good.

"YOU CANNOT UNDERSTAND"

SASHA

Why? What did I do?

MICHAEL

What did you...? Sasha. You sent a horrible letter to a client. That's a grave mistake. Clients can be pure shits sometimes, but really. A death threat? I never knew you had it in you.

"YOU LIVE"

SASHA

That doesn't give you an excuse to do this. You have no right.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (9)

Sasha starts to fade.

SASHA (CONT'D)
A man... is dead because of you.
How many more!

MICHAEL
What? What are you talking about?
What are you saying Sasha? (VOICE
FADED) Shit. Maybe I gave you too
much. I'm calling a doctor.

"KNOWLEDGE IS SLEEP"

"SLEEP"

CUT TO:

CENTRAL PARK, DAY. (DREAM SEQUENCE)

Sasha sits alone in the middle of the GREAT LAWN.

She takes a sip of water from a glass. Smiles.

A GUN SHOT can be heard in the distance.

She pays no mind and goes to take another sip, but notices
BLOOD dripping from the bottom of the glass.

Sasha looks down to find blood is RUNNING THROUGH THE GRASS.

She stands. BLOOD SOAKS HER CLOTHING.

She's upset. It slowly begins to RAIN. It's RAINING BLOOD.
Red clouds above ONLY COVER CENTRAL PARK - THEY RETAIN THE
RECTANGULAR SHAPE as they float far above.

She SQUEEZES the glass causing it to SHATTER in her hand.

Tears in her eyes now. Face and hands COVERED IN BLOOD.

Sasha screams a quiet scream as the rain comes down.

She falls to her knees and then to her side.

We find her --

INT. BETH ISRAEL HOSPITAL, DAY.

-- SLEEPING IN A HOSPITAL BED, curled up in the same FETAL
POSITION from her dream.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Long slithering raindrops slide down the hospital window creating INTERESTING GREY SHADOWS on the stark WHITE BED SHEETS.

She wakes up dazed, lifts her hand to rub her eyes and finds BANDAGES on wrapped around her WRISTS.

She's startled by a CHEAP HANGING SIGN MADE OF FOIL-STAMPED CARDBOARD LETTERS taped to the ceiling reading:

"HAPPY BIRTHDAY."

She shies away from it finds WITHERED FLOWERS and a BOOK on the NIGHTSTAND.

BOOK:

"THE LATHE OF HEAVEN."

She sits up slowly when a NURSE enters holding a CLIP BOARD. She's a tall AFRICAN AMERICAN WOMAN in her LATE FORTIES.

NURSE

How are we this morning?

SASHA

Where?

The nurse walks over to Sasha and gently takes her arm, checking the bandages.

NURSE

Well it ain't the Hilton, but we do try our best. Maybe more like a Comfort Inn. No continental breakfast. Plenty of Aspirin though.

Sasha looks out the window.

SASHA

Am I... Is this a... Mental institution?

The nurse writes something on the clipboard.

NURSE

A nut house? Shiiit. Not at all baby. This is BETH ISRAEL on first Ave. We do host some nuts on occasion. It is New York. But you sure don't fit that M.O. In my experience.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SASHA (SOMEWHAT RELIEVED)
Did Michael bring me here? I...
Don't remember.

NURSE
Well I'm not sure who brought you
in. I work the morning shift.

The nurse smiles, writes something down again and walks to the door.

NURSE (CONT'D)
You need anything, just hit the
button on your left.

Sasha looks to her right side.

NURSE (SMILES) (CONT'D)
Your other left.

Nurse exits. Sasha notices a NOTE by the flowers. She picks it up.
The note has a stick figure with a smiley face holding a long-stem flower.

NOTE -

"SASHA, HOPE YOU'RE FEELING BETTER. ALL MY LOVE, MICHAEL."

Sasha gazes out the window at the rain falling.

BOOK COVER -

The text on the book's cover TWITCHES SLIGHTLY.

A SHAPE OF A PERSON appears by the far wall in the shadows. THE PERSON IS VERY DARK, ALL BLACK WITHIN THE SHADOWS. THE PERSON LOOKS OUT OF PLACE - SURREAL - A FUZZY BLUR. The person bends over and PUTS HIS FACE BY HER EAR.

Sasha doesn't notice.

IT STICKS HIS TONGUE OUT AND PROCEEDS TO LICK HER EAR. AS THE BLURRY TONGUE TOUCHES HER EAR, SASHA SEES A DARK REFLECTION IN THE WINDOW AND TURNS ABRUPTLY. THE SHAPE IS GONE.

She grabs the CALL BUTTON and PRESSES IT REPEATEDLY. The phone rings -- she answers -- it's the nurse.

NURSE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Morning again. Can I help you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SASHA

Was there someone here? For me?

NURSE (O.S.)

I didn't see anyone come in today.

Sasha just stares out the window.

NURSE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Would you like something... Maybe to sleep?

SASHA

Sorry. No thanks... I don't have my phone. Is it possible to make a call?

NURSE

Sure. Just dial nine to get out. Only local though. They charge an arm and a leg for international. No joke.

SASHA

Thanks.

Sasha hangs up and cautiously looks around the room.

She MOVES THE COVERS off her body and HANGS HER LEGS over the side of the bed. She steps down onto the OLD TILED FLOOR and walks to the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM, DAY.

Sasha enters, turns on the LIGHT and turns on the FAUCET. She splashes water on her face, then rubs water through her hair pushing it back.

She appears GAUNT. She notices a GREY HAIR. Sadness and anger show on her face. She bends down and takes a sip of water in a CUPPED HAND.

BEHIND HER, THE DARK FIGURE PASSES BY THE DOOR. She doesn't notice.

She wipes her face with a paper towel. The paper towel dispenser's MANUFACTURER LOGO reads:

"STANDARD." - In heavy black letters.

She exits the bathroom and sits on the bed.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM, DAY.

Sasha picks up the receiver and attempts to call Michael - gets his voice-mail.

MICHAEL (V.O.)
This is Michael. Do the usual.

Sasha begins to hang up the RECEIVER when she notices something strange about the BOOK.

She picks it up and flips through the pages.

TO HER SURPRISE THERE IS NO TEXT IN THE BOOK.

Above her, a SCRATCHING NOISE can be heard. She looks up.

LARGE PULSING LETTERS ARE ABOVE HER CLINGING TO THE CEILING THAT SAY:

"YOU WILL LEARN."

THE LETTERS ARE MADE OUT OF ALL THE LETTERS FROM THE BOOK. She's in total disbelief.

She drops the blank book on the floor and CREEPS TOWARDS THE FRONT DOOR.

The letters SLITHER SLOWLY DOWN THE WALL creating the scratchy noise as they scrape against the wall.

SASHA
What are you!? What do you want!?

LETTERS -

"THEY WILL KNOW."

"YOU WILL TEACH."

The letters begin to PULSE VIOLENTLY. THE NOISE RISES LOUDER AND LOUDER. DEAFENING to Sasha. She cups her ears.

THE LETTERS SUDDENLY SPIRAL DOWN AND PLUNGE INTO THE BED - CRUSHING IT from the force.

Sasha falls back from the GUST OF ENERGY, hitting the door with her back.

The flowers and the phone crash to the floor. A faint DIAL-TONE can be heard from the phones receiver.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As the edges of the sheets float down slowly, a GRINDING NOISE can be heard from behind the bed.

A SWARM OF TINY BLACK LETTERS SLOWLY FLOAT UP AND CREATE THE SHAPE OF A PERSON. THE PERSON STANDS VERY TALL AND OMINOUS -- ALIEN.

Sasha pushes herself back with her feet but goes nowhere due to the CLOSED DOOR. Tears run down her cheeks as she stares at the ghostly image in horror.

THE PERSON LOOKS AT HER WITH LETTER EYES AND BEGINS TO OPEN IT'S MOUTH. GRINDING SOUNDS CAN BE HEARD AS SOME OF THE LETTERS FLOAT OUTWARDS FROM HIS MOUTH CREATING BIGGER LETTERS THAT HOVER IN MID AIR. THE LETTERS SAY:

"YOU WILL TEACH THEM."

THE BODY MOVES FORWARD OVER THE DESTROYED BED. THE BOTTOM HALF OF THE BODY DISPERSES AS LITTLE TINY LETTERS CRAWL OVER THE FABRIC SHEETS. THE TOP HALF OF THE BODY STAYS IN TACT BUT IS STILL STABLE AS IT SEEMINGLY FLOATS SLOWLY FORWARD. AS THE BODY GETS TO THE EDGE CLOSEST TO SASHA IT REFORMS.

THE BUG-LIKE CRAWLING LETTERS LOOK LIKE A SLOW MOTION WATERFALL CASCADING OVER THE SIDE OF THE BED. LEGS FORM AND THE BODY IS WHOLE AGAIN.

HE BENDS OVER. A FACE MADE OF THOUSANDS OF FLOATING LETTERS STARE AT HER INCHES AWAY. It speaks again.

LETTER FACE (DIGITAL SCRATCHY VOICE)
HELVETICA.

Sasha grabs the PHONE BASE and swings it as hard as she can - BREAKING the LETTER FACE floating in mid-air.

The letters all collapse onto the floor creating a PUDDLE OF TINY LETTERS.

She quickly scoots away as the puddle almost reaches her legs and feet.

Sasha fumbles for the DOORKNOB and opens it - She stumbles into the HALLWAY and SLAMS the door in front of her with her feet.

TINY LETTERS TRICKLE OUT FROM UNDERNEATH THE DOOR.

Sasha cringes in pain when she slams her head into the wall opposite the door. She manages to get up by sliding her back up the wall.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

NURSES STATION -

The station can be seen from the hall. Sasha's nurse sits under the florescent lights of the station filling out reports at a COMPUTER TERMINAL.

A DIGITAL DEVICE plays: Stevie Wonder's "Superstition."

She doesn't notice the ruckus down the hall.

INT. HALL, DAY.

Sasha stands with the support of the wall and hastily walks away from the station to the STAIRWELL EXIT.

INT. STAIRWELL, DAY.

Sasha climbs down many levels to the basement.

INT. BASEMENT, DAY.

LAUNDRY BASKETS FILLED WITH SHEETS, BLANKETS, CLOTHES ETC...

Sasha spots some clothes and grabs a PAIR OF PANTS and a JACKET.

She hears a door close behind some SHELVING, so she slips out to the street level.

EXT. STREET, DAY.

Sasha hastily walks down the street minding the LETTERS ON THE STOREFRONTS, VARIOUS POSTERS AND SIGNS.

Paranoid, she attempts not to look at people with tee shirts displaying text or imagery.

As she passes, the type VIBRATES.

EXT. SASHA'S APARTMENT BUILDING, DAY.

Sasha walks up to the front door of her apartment building. A man sits on the steps reading a NEWSPAPER.

The REFLECTION of the newspaper can be SEEN IN HIS GLASSES.

Sasha sees the type in the glasses move. She avoids getting close to him.

INT. SASHA'S APARTMENT HALLWAY, DAY

Sasha stands still, cautiously staring at her door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She reaches up to the LIGHT FIXTURE on the wall and pulls out a KEY. She stops for a beat when she notices the WELCOME MAT on the floor, then closes her eyes as if she's PRAYING TO THE MAT.

SASHA (WHISPERS)

This is just a bad dream. All of it. This is just a hallucination brought on by... By stress from work. I use typographic systems everyday day. It is my job. I am working to achieve a better state of mind and maintain a healthy and enriching lifestyle. A typeface is nothing more than a symbolic representation of language to visually express an informational cause. The most important aspect of my position is to convince people to buy products. Now... I need... A vacation.

She takes a deep breath and holds the key a hairs breath from the lock when a DOOR SLAMS BEHIND HER.

A NEIGHBOR locks his door.

MAN FROM OTHER APT.

Hey.

He exits down the stairs.

Sasha takes a breath, puts the key in and pushes open the door slowly.

She stands for a beat. She eyes the BOOKSHELF BY THE COUCH.

INT. APARTMENT, DAY.

Sasha enters the apartment quickly and stops abruptly in the middle of the room. It's a complete mess.

INT. LIVING ROOM

After a beat, She steps ONTO THE COUCH and leans over the back, SNATCHING PAPERS off the DESK directly behind it.

She throws the papers onto the floor and leaps down. She then grabs an old BACK-PACK and shovels the papers in along with a PACK OF CIGARETTES.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She lifts up the back-pack and finds the PAPER with the word HELVETICA written on it. She CRUMBLES it and THROWS it into the WASTE-BIN.

She also spots the TABLECLOTH she found in the trash. She hones in on the words:

"PRINTED IN BROOKLYN"

Sasha grabs the piece, throws it in the bag and swings the bag over her shoulder. She heads to the front door. She reaches the BOOKCASE in the HALLWAY and stops. She turns her head to eye level and grabs a book called:

A LOW GRATING SOUND can be heard.

SASHA

Fuck off.

She exits with a slammed door.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING, DAY.

Sasha exits the apartment building. Not paying attention, she runs into a MAN.

Her bag slips off her shoulder and some of the papers fall out when it hits the pavement. She struggles to retrieve them.

The man casually bends over and PICKS UP A PAPER caught on his LEG.

Her face becomes serious as she realizes it's her boss - MITCH.

MITCH

Hello Sasha.

Sasha stands with the pile of papers in her arms.

Mitch hands her the last one after examining it with a slight boyish grin.

MITCH (CONT'D)

How have you been? We've all been worried about you.

SASHA

I'm fine. Just fine. I... I'm sorry I haven't called you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mitch scopes around the surroundings, then focuses on her.

MITCH

Coffee?

INT. DINER, DAY.

SASHA

Mitch I... I've been so out of it.
I don't know what to say.

MITCH

I heard about it. The guy in the
park. Jesus Sasha. You should have
told me.

SASHA

Michael told you...?

MITCH

Well what else could he have told
me. It's the truth isn't it? It was
all over the news and in all the
papers. (CHUCKLING) I personally
spoke to Mr. Spelling after I
heard. You should have seen his
face. I mean the poor guy. Man. It
was classic.

SASHA

Yeah but... There's something.

MITCH

Something else? Sasha what else
could there be. That was an
absolutely traumatic event that was
a media worthy story of a man going
clinically insane. You saw it first
hand and I... Sasha. Mark my words.

His manner becomes more intense. Sasha stares at him as he
speaks.

MITCH (CONT'D)

I for one believe what you saw was
something of an eye opener for you.

SASHA

What do you mean?

MITCH

These kinds of things happen in
life.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MITCH (CONT'D)

These kinds of things are and have been written in history throughout time. They're... Markers of the human race. However small. However tedious. These events make the tiny minutes and longer hours that we live and exist what it is. As a definition. I...

SASHA

...Mitch. I really don't know what to say. This is really something of you to take it so casually...

MITCH

I'M NOT FINISHED!

HE SLAMS HIS FIST ON THE TABLE, SHOCKING SASHA.

MITCH (CONT'D)

When I throw a fucking period at the end of my paragraph! That's when I'm finished!

Sasha stares in wonderment. She gazes around at the customers. They look normal as if nothing had happened.

Mitch SIPS HIS COFFEE.

MITCH (CONT'D)

Now... Where was I? Ah, yes. You as a person...

Sasha turns back to Mitch. He's very calm now. She's totally puzzled.

MITCH (CONT'D)

You see these things and some people can't understand because they haven't, right?

SASHA

I think I...

MITCH

Yeah well maybe I'm rambling. So I cleared up the Spelling error. No pun intended. It was... Some crazy e-mail fuck up. But really Sasha. You have to watch what you send once you hit that button. So... When are you coming back anyway?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SASHA

Mitch. I can't right now.

MITCH

You can't or you won't? What's the hold up. Maybe you're a little fatigued. So take a few more days. Then stop in.

SASHA

No I... I've actually been working on something. It's really weird though. I really can't explai...

MITCH

What? A new campaign? For SONY? You really are crazy. I thought you were in the hospital or something the way Michael talked.

SASHA

What did he say?... Exactly?

MITCH

Well He said you we're really stressed and sort of had... I don't know... An episode.

SASHA

An episode?

MITCH

Well. It's none of my business, but...

The room begins to LOOK ODD. Walls bend slightly. All the TYPE on the window becomes very PROMINENT AND VIBRANT.

MITCH (CONT'D)

He mentioned hallucinations. Screaming. That sort of thing. Pretty normal in *MY BOOK* if you ask me.

She looks at him oddly.

SASHA

What book?

MITCH

What do you mean? It's an expression. Like;
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MITCH (CONT'D)
*read between the lines, a page of
history, can't judge a book by its
cover...* So what's the project
you're working on anyways?

SASHA
Project?

MITCH
You know the one you just
mentioned. What's it called?

He looks down away from her. She hears a whisper in her ear.

WHISPER
HELVETICA.

SASHA
I don't know.

MITCH
You will learn.

Mitch sits motionless and stares at her. The BLACK in his
PUPILS shift - the EDGES are like MINUTE PIECES OF TEXT -
HARDLY NOTICEABLE.

SASHA (LOW)
Who are you? Your not Mitch. Are
you the one doing this?

Mitch smiles.

MITCH
I'm just a messenger. And right now
I'm just waiting for the message.

SASHA
What message?

He takes a sip of his coffee. He pulls out a cigarette and
lights up taking a deep drag, then exhales

MITCH
I think you'll be okay. I think
this is just a random act. A *TYPO*
in your perfectly *SPELL-CHECKED*
world. You think you know what's
up, but in the end... Well... In
the end...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

SASHA

What's the purpose for all of this?
What are you planning?

MITCH

Planning?

He looks outside at all the signs, then back to Sasha.

MITCH (CONT'D)

We're not in the planning stage
anymore. We're already here.

Sasha scoots back, uneasy in the booth. She reaches into her bag and rips out the papers. Slams them on the table - WHAM!

SASHA

What is this? What does it all
mean? Cause right now it's just a
pile of shit to me! It means...
Nothing!

MITCH

Sasha. Sasha. You look a bit
peeekid. Why is that? Could it be
because maybe this pile means more
than nothing to you? You crave it.
Just like the rest. You have to
know. But here you are again asking
ME what it's all about. I mean
really. Can't you fucking people do
it yourselves. Oh wait... Let me
answer that fill-in-the-fucking-
blank question! And the answer
is... Bop, bop, bop. No!

Sasha notices that EVERYONE in the DINER are staring at them.

Sasha gets up slowly, takes her papers without looking and
shoves them in her bag. Mitch takes another sip of coffee.

MITCH (CONT'D)

Don't worry. I'll get the check.

EXT. DINER, DAY.

Sasha backs out of the diner almost tripping on the metal
doorway stump.

The people follow her with their gaze through the window.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AN UNMARKED VAN PULLS UP BEHIND HER - SIDE DOOR SLIDES OPEN - TWO MEN GRAB HER - SLAM THE DOOR AND SCREECH OFF.

THROUGH THE WINDOW -

Mitch takes another sip of his coffee.

He throws a few bucks on the table.

INT. CLOSE UP OF THE MONEY.

THE COLORS ON THE DOLLAR BILL ARE VERY PROMINENT. THE PYRAMID WITH THE EYE SEEMS SATURATED AND VERY DETAILED.

INT. PRINTING FACTORY, OFFICE, DUSK.

An old 1970s' style office. Wood panelling. Cheap framed art. Vintage Typographic posters.

Sasha wakes slowly in an old worn out EAMES OFFICE CHAIR.

An OLDER GENTLEMAN sits across from her at an old desk covered with stacks of papers, a stapler, cup full of ball-point pens, hand-stamps, etc.

The man's face is HIDDEN BY SHADOWS.

He moves with robotic precision, SIGNING PAPERS AND CHECKING OFF STUFF. He pays Sasha no mind.

SASHA

Hello?

He stops for a beat. He reaches over to a VINTAGE INTERCOM and presses a WHITE PLASTIC BUTTON, then goes right back to working on the papers.

Sasha is hypnotized by his robotic motion.

SASHA (CLEARING THROAT) (CONT'D)

Excuse me sir.

The door behind her opens without sound. A woman in very CONSERVATIVE GARB enters holding a THIN SERVING TRAY with a GLASS OF WATER in the center. HER FACE CANNOT BE SEEN.

Sasha is startled by her surprisingly quiet and sudden presence.

The woman takes the glass of water and sets it on the desk, turns and walks away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The glass sits on a napkin with a small logo of an EYE WITH THE TYPE: INFORMATION SYSTEM DATABASE NETWORK by it.

SASHA (CONT'D)

Excuse me. What am I doing here? I don't remember coming to this place.

She feels her head.

SASHA (CONT'D)

I'd really like to know what's going on sir. Hey! Can you hear me? Where am I? What is this place?

Sasha looks around, annoyed. She then hones in on what he's doing. His fluid movement.

She focuses her eyes on some TEXT written on the paper.

It reads: "HELVETICA" OVER AND OVER AGAIN. LARGE AND SMALL TYPE, THIN AND THICK TYPE FACES, REPEATED ON THE PAPERS, SOMETIMES MANY TIMES, SOMETIMES ONCE IN THE MIDDLE OR FLUSH LEFT IN THE UPPER PORTION, BUT ONLY THAT WORD AND NOTHING ELSE.

She sits back in the chair, her eyes stare at him, he keeps stamping and writing.

SASHA (WHISPER) (CONT'D)

Helvetica.

IN A FLASH - THE OLD MAN REARS HIS FACE OUT OF THE SHADOWS, QUICK AS LIGHTNING, RAISES HIS OLD WRINKLED FINGER TO HIS LIPS AND SHUSHES SASHA.

The sound is like ELECTRONIC STATIC.

His face now revealed. IT IS NOT A FACE AT ALL, BUT A HUMMING ELECTRIC PIXELIZED BLUR.

She stands up and slams her back against the office door. Feels for the doorknob.

THE OLD MAN SLAMS HIS FIST DOWN.

PAPERS FALL OFF THE DESK BY SASHA'S FEET. THE WORDS PRINTED ON THE PAPERS START TO SLOWLY MELT AND SLITHER TOWARDS HER OVER THE SHAG CARPET. SHE FINALLY GETS A HOLD OF THE KNOB, TURNS IT AND OPENS THE DOOR, ALMOST FALLING OUT OF THE SMALL ROOM.

INT. LARGE OFFICE, NIGHT.

Sasha stumbles into a LARGER OFFICE FILLED WITH CUBICLES.

There are people walking around in suits, holding papers, standing by a water cooler, typing on odd, older looking computers.

They walk by her, oblivious.

SHE LOOKS AROUND FRANTICALLY. A WOMAN HOLDING SOME PAPERS WALKS BY. SASHA GRABS HER ARM, PAPERS FALL ON THE FLOOR, THEY HAVE HELVETICA WRITTEN ON THEM.

SASHA LOOKS UP TO FIND AND THE GIRLS FACE IS PIXELIZED LIKE THE OLDER MAN. SHE STARES AT SASHA.

THE PIXELS HUM LIKE FLORESCENT LIGHTS, THEY SEEM TO MOVE CHANGING COLOR RANDOMLY BUT STILL RETAIN THE BLURRY LIKENESS OF A FACE.

SASHA STEPS AWAY FROM HER. SHE RUNS INTO A MAN. HE IS PIXELIZED AS WELL. THE THREE PEOPLE STANDING BY THE COOLER LOOK OVER AT THE COMMOTION.

Sasha stares at everyone in disbelief. She fumbles her way through the a maze of cubicles.

She spots an elevator and RUNS to it.

INT. ELEVATOR, NIGHT.

A PIXEL FACE signals for her to "*HOLD THE ELEVATOR*," but Sasha pushes the "DOOR-CLOSE" button, then a random number.

The elevator creaks. Light twitches. Opens up to a long WAREHOUSE HALLWAY.

INT. DARK HALLWAY, NIGHT.

She cautiously exits. Walks past cardboard boxes. She SPOTS a BOX CUTTER on a stack of boxes and picks it up.

MACHINE SOUNDS CAN BE HEARD UP AHEAD - LIKE A THOUSAND TYPEWRITERS AND THE HUM OF LIGHTS.

After weaving in and out of the maze of boxes, Sasha comes to the source of the sound. A HANGING PLASTIC DIVIDER often found in shipping departments, separates her from a GLOW OF BLURRY MOVEMENT.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SASHA HOLDS THE BOX CUTTER OUT WITH ONE HAND AND WITH THE OTHER SLOWLY PULLS BACK THE PLASTIC REVEALING AN IMMENSE WAREHOUSE SPACE.

THE ROOM APPEARS TO BE ENDLESS. THERE ARE SECTIONS OF DESKS IN UNIFORM WITH HUMANOID CREATURE LIKE FIGURES TYPING INTO FLAT PANEL KEYBOARDS.

WIRES OF ALL GAUGES AND TYPES CONNECTED TO THE BACK OF THE CREATURES BACKS AND HEAD REACH INTO AN INTRICATE NETWORK SYSTEM ABOVE IN THE RAFTERS.

GLOWING HOLOGRAM SCREENS FLOAT ABOVE EACH DESK FLICKERING MILLIONS OF RANDOM IMAGES.

THE CREATURES TYPE IN CONSTANT ROBOTIC MOTION, EACH AT THEIR OWN PACE. VARIOUS IMAGES OF TV SHOWS, INTERNET PAGES, COMMERCIALS, PHOTOS, STREET CAMERAS, MIXED MEDIA, REALITY SHOWS, TALK SHOWS, RANDOM PICTURES OF STREETS, TYPE FACES, COMPUTER PROGRAMS, RUNWAY AND COOKING SHOWS - CONSTANTLY FLICKER ON AND OFF IN NO APPARENT ORDER.

INT. CREATURE WAREHOUSE, NIGHT.

Sasha enters. She is visibly in awe from the breadth and scope of the scene.

She walks slowly to the edge of a sector. The creatures pay no attention as they type. EACH CREATURE HAS ON AN APPARATUS OVER ITS HEAD WHICH HAS MANY DIFFERENT LENSES ON THE FACIAL AREA AND WIRES CONNECTED TO THE BACK WHICH PROTRUDE TO THE CEILING.

As she gets closer she can see that THEY ARE TYPING ON A FLAT SURFACE BUT KEYS ARE VISIBLE. THE TOPS OF THE DESKS ARE VISIBLY USED, VERY OLD METALLIC SURFACES. THE METAL IS WORN FROM APPARENT USE.

SHE GAZES AT THE FLOATING SCREENS AND ACCIDENTALLY RUNS INTO ONE OF THE CREATURES, BRUSHING UP AGAINST IT'S ARM.

THE CREATURE STOPS WHAT IT'S DOING AND STARES FORWARD.

AN IMAGE OF A PLANE IS IN MID-FLIGHT ON THE SCREEN.

The creature TURNS ITS HEAD SLOWLY towards her and stares. There is no emotion, just the shiny reflection from the screen on it's lenses. SHE LIFTS THE KNIFE SLOWLY UPWARDS IN A DEFENSE POSITION.

THE SCREEN ABOVE BEGINS TO FLICKER DIFFERENT IMAGES OF A LITTLE GIRL IN A SCHOOL CLASSROOM. THE GIRL IS EMBARRASSED AFTER A BOY GETS PAINT ON HER DRESS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE IMAGE SWITCHES TO THE LITTLE GIRL CONSULTING HER MOTHER. THE MOTHER IGNORES HER AND TURNS OVER ON THE COUCH IN A BLURRY LIVING ROOM. THE MOTHER KNOCKS OVER A BOTTLE OF SCOTCH. THE LITTLE GIRL CRIES IN HER ROOM.

THE IMAGE SWITCHES TO THE GIRL IN HER TEENS NOW. SHE STANDS AT A GRAVE. TEARS ARE IN HER EYES. SHE STARES AT THE GRAVESTONE. SHE HAS A PUBLIC ENEMY SHIRT ON.

THE SCREEN FLICKERS TO THE YOUNGER GIRL. HER MOTHER SHOWS HER A BUTTERFLY BY THE BRIGHT KITCHEN WINDOW. THE SCREEN SWITCHES TO THE OLDER TEEN. SHE IS SMOKING A CIGARETTE IN TOMPKINS SQUARE PARK. SHE HAS A TATTOO OF A BUTTERFLY ON HER NECK, JUST ABOVE THE SHOULDER.

SASHA STARES AT THE SCREEN IN COMPLETE AND UTTER AWE. TEARS ENCAPSULATE HER EYES. SHE FEELS HER NECK.

CLOSEUP OF HER NECK -- TATTOO

SHE IS THE GIRL.

SASHA (WHISPER)
I don't understand. How can you?
How did you know what happened?

The screen flickers again. TYPE POPS UP ON THE SCREEN FOLLOWING HER WORDS VERBATIM AS THE CREATURE TYPES WITHOUT LOOKING AT THE KEYBOARD.

SASHA (CONT'D)
What's going on?

The type continues to flow as she speaks. The screen flickers to Central Park. It's a beautiful day, Sasha sits on the grass. A man runs by and bumps her, then shoots himself. Sasha stares at the scene in disbelief.

SASHA (CONT'D)
No. This isn't possible?

She looks at the creature. He faces the screen now.

She looks down to it's ARM - it's revealed there is a TATTOO OF THE WORD: HELVETICA.

All the screens flicker at once. All creatures type at the same time:

THEY WILL LEARN

THEY WILL LEARN

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

THEY WILL LEARN

THEY WILL LEARN

ALL THE TYPE STARTS TO DIGITALLY SLITHER OFF THE SCREEN ONTO THE DESKS OF THE CREATURES IN THAT SECTOR. THE DIGITAL TYPE GLITCHES AND SLITHERS TOWARD HER.

JACK MATIDEAH CREATURE GRABS HER ARM. SHE STRUGGLES THEN WITH A SWOOP, SHE CUTS SOME WIRES FROM THE CREATURES HEAD GEAR WITH THE BOX CUTTER. HIS STATION STARTS TO SPARK AND A FIRE APPEARS.

SASHA GETS LOOSE AS THE CREATURE GRABS IT'S HEAD IN PAIN. THE DIGITAL TYPE DISINTEGRATES FROM THE HEAT OF THE FLAMES.

SASHA RUNS. THE SCREENS START TO FLICKER RANDOMLY, AS THE LOGO EYE APPEARS, THE FIRE SPREADS AND THE WHOLE SECTION STARTS TO FLAME UP WITH SMALL EXPLOSIONS GOING OFF.

THE SCREENS DIGITALLY SHATTER FROM THE HEAT. IT RAINS DIGITAL GLASS AS SHE RUNS TOWARDS THE ENTRANCE SHE CAME THROUGH.

INT. WAREHOUSE HALLWAY, NIGHT.

Lights are FLASHING. The hall is SMOKY.

SHE REACHES THE ELEVATOR, SLAMMING INTO THE WALL. IT'S BLACK. SHE KICKS AT THE BUTTONS. SHE CONNECTS WITH ONE - IT GLOWS.

The elevator begins to move. Sasha slides onto the floor leaning her back onto the wall of the elevator. She's visibly exhausted and still holding the box cutter.

The elevator stops after a beat.

The door opens up to a SEVENTIES LOOKING LOBBY with PLUSH LEATHER SEATS AND SHAG CARPET.

Sasha lifts herself up slowly, holding the blade out in front of her. She steps out.

INT. LOBBY, NIGHT.

A MUFFLED SPEAKER SYSTEM CALMLY PLAYS THE ALAN PARSON'S PROJECT, "EYE IN THE SKY."

She walks forward. She POINTS THE BOX CUTTER AT ANYONE SHE SEES. A secretary, whom ignores her while she writes papers. Her face cannot be seen. Two businessmen in cheap suits, sitting on the couch. One is reading a newspaper, the other takes a drag of a cigarette, ignoring Sasha.

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CONTINUED:

She walks to the middle of the room and collapses. The man holding the paper comes over to help. The man with the cigarette looks on concerned.

INT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM, NIGHT.

Sasha wakes up to find the apt lit only by a gray stream of light coming through the window. She sits up and pauses for a beat, groggy.

INT. KITCHEN, NIGHT.

She enters the kitchen and takes a GLASS from the CUPBOARD. She walks to the fridge and finds a NOTE FROM MICHAEL.

THE NOTE DEPICTS AN ARROW DRAWN TO A STICK-MAN HOLDING A FLOWER WITH A LONG STEM AND WRITING:

"DEAREST SASHA, I'LL BE BACK SOON. HELP YOUR SELF TO SOME TEA. LOVE M."

Sasha takes it off the fridge and smiles.

INT. BATHROOM, NIGHT.

Sasha sets the NOTE onto the counter, reads it one last time and then sets the GLASS on the corner to hold it in place.

She starts the SHOWER.

She takes off her pants and leaves her tee-shirt on.

The PHONE RINGS in the next room. She exits to answer.

INT. LIVING ROOM, NIGHT.

THE PHONE STOPS RIGHT AS SHE GOES TO GRAB IT.

She spots a pervert kid POINTING A MOBILE PHONE CAM at her from the apartment across the street.

Sasha smiles at him then SLAMS THE CURTAINS SHUT. Shakes her head.

SASHA

Great. Voyeurs start young these days.

INT. BATHROOM, NIGHT.

Sasha enters the bathroom and feels the water. It's too hot. She adjusts the temp, then takes her clothing off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She reaches for the glass - THE GLASS HAS BEEN MOVED, she doesn't notice.

Takes a sip and sets it on the paper again.

She enters the shower.

Steam flows over the paper. IT MOVES SLIGHTLY.

Sasha appears as a blurry figure behind the shower glass. She wets her hair and relaxes under the flowing water.

THE GLASS SLIDES SLOWLY OFF THE PAPER TO THE COUNTER EDGE.

THE STICK-MAN DRAWING STARTS TO PEEL UP SLOWLY FROM THE PAPER AND TURNS HIS SMILING FACE TOWARDS THE SHOWER.

SASHA IS A FLESHY BLUR BEHIND THE CURTAIN.

THE STICK-MAN STANDS OVER THE NOTE AND READS TURNING HIS HEAD FROM LEFT TO RIGHT. HE REACHES DOWN AND STARTS TO PICK UP LETTERS TO MOVE THEM, THEN THE FLOWER STEM, LEAVING THE FLOWER ON THE PAPER.

THE STEM HAS A SHARP EDGE LIKE A SPEAR. HE STANDS BACK TO SEE WHAT HE'S WRITTEN - IT IS: HELVETICA.

HIS SMILE TURNS TO A MEAN FACE. HIS MEANNESS TURNS TO AN EVIL LOOKING GRIN AS HE EYES THE SHOWER.

SASHA IS RINSING OFF. SHE HEARS THE GLASS FALL OFF OF THE COUNTER. SHE QUICKLY LOOKS OUT AND SEES THE GLASS ON THE FLOOR...

SASHA

Michael?

Sasha turns off the water and steps out. She finds the broken glass and cautiously steps over the glistening shards.

SASHA (CONT'D)

Michael. C'mon, this isn't funny.

She dries off quickly and puts her shirt back on.

SASHA TAKES A WAD OF TOILET PAPER AND BENDS DOWN TO WIPE IT UP - SHE HEARS A NOISE FROM ABOVE.

SASHA (QUIET) (CONT'D)

Michael?

Sasha places the tissue in the TRASH BIN and stands up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

With her BARE HAND, she wipes the mirror and sees her reflection. She glances down and notices the note.

SHE IS SCARED. IN THE MIRROR, THE STICK-MAN STANDS ON A SHELF ON THE WALL BEHIND HER WITH THE FLOWER STEM. SHE SEES HIM AND SCREAMS.

INT. LIVING ROOM, NIGHT.

MICHAEL ENTERS HOLDING A COUPLE GROCERY BAGS AND A BOTTLE OF WINE.

HE HEARS HER SCREAM AND DROPS BOTH.

THE WINE BOTTLE CRASHES AND BREAKS, THE GROCERIES HIT THE FLOOR AND FALL OUT OF THE BAG. HE BOLTS TO THE BATHROOM.

MICHAEL
Sasha, Sasha!

He reaches the door. It won't open.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Open, Open the door!

ENT BATHROOM

THE STICK-MAN GROWLS AT HER. SHE STEPS BACK ONTO A PIECE OF GLASS SHE MISSED AND CRINGES IN PAIN. MICHAEL BREAKS THE DOOR IN. SASHA TURNS. STICK-MAN TURNS TOWARDS MICHAEL. SASHA REACHES FOR MICHAEL JUST AS HE SEES THE SMALL FIGURE.

THE STICK-MAN JUMPS AND LANDS ON HIS SHIRT HE CLINGS WITH LITTLE HANDS.

MICHAEL STAMMERS FROM CONFUSION.

THE STICK-MAN GROWLS AT SASHA WHILE HANGING ONTO THE SHIRT. SASHA GRABS HIM, TRYING TO PULL HIM AWAY. STICK-MAN SWINGS THE ARROW AND SLICES HER HAND. SASHA PULLS HER HAND BACK.

MICHAEL LOOKS AT SASHA JUST AS THE STICK-MAN VIOLENTLY SLASHES HIS THROAT - A STREAM OF BLOOD SPRAYS THE MIRROR - SASHA SCREAMS AS LOUD AS SHE POSSIBLY CAN AND THEN FLIES STRAIGHT UP FROM THE COUCH IN AN AMAZING CATCH OF BREATHE WITH TEARS IN HER EYES.

INT. LIVING ROOM, NIGHT.

It takes a beat for her to realize it was just a dream. She stands, frantically looking for the little figure.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The TV is on - TOBE HOOPER'S LIFE FORCE" is playing the part when the CHARACTER CAINE SAYS: "I'M A NATURAL VOYEUR."

INT. KITCHEN, NIGHT.

Sasha finds the note on the fridge. She snatches it. Suddenly the figure's face turns mean.

SHE WAKES AGAIN!

INT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM, NIGHT.

Sasha Wakes for the last time. Her head is bandaged. She sits up and glances out of the LARGE WINDOW across the street. The KID WITH A CAMERA is filming.

Michael walks to the window, signals for him to stop by doing a "SLICE THE THROAT" gesture, and pulls the curtains shut.

MICHAEL

(TO WINDOW) No interviews today
kid. (TO SASHA) Sorry about that.
The kid's father is some kind of
director, so he's turning into some
kind of voyeur.

SASHA

What happened?

She winces and feels her head.

MICHAEL

Apparently you had a rough night of
print-shop hopping. I got a frantic
call from RAUL, the proofreader. He
said there was a minor accident
involving your head and a ream of
legal size paper.

She feels her head again.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

He said you were in total disarray.

SASHA

What. What are you talking about.

MICHAEL

Well he said you kept saying odd
stuff while I was on the way in the
taxi. Something about butterflies
and typing monsters. You know.
Typical hallucination type stuff.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Apparently you were even talking about your mother. Haven't heard you mention her in some time. I blame myself for not realizing you needed more help. It all started with that... Jack Matideah character. And the other fucking thing... The font. HELVETICA. Sasha. What is this thing you keep going on about? You know Mitch called me yesterday, he said...

Sasha cuts him off.

SASHA

Mitch. He's in on it. The whole thing. Everything!

She starts mumbling names and places incoherently to herself.

SASHA (CONT'D)

Jack Matideah. The suicide in the park. Christ. That poor man. His daughter. This has to end. I have to stop it somehow. I started a fire, but I think I have to destroy the whole plant. He was right. It's all a story.

MICHAEL

What the hell are you talking about, Mitch is in on it? In on what?! Can you hear yourself? Don't you realize, ever since you saw that guy die, you've been I don't know, crazy!? I understand what you saw. It was a shock and your not used to seeing that kind of thing. Who is. The hardest part of our day is when some fucks up our order at Starbucks. I found a good shrink. I know you don't like that word, but...

SASHA

I'm not crazy. I saw them last night. There's an old man and those... Things.

MICHAEL

Who? Who was it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SASHA

That's exactly what it is. A generalization. An assumption by people. By all of us except them. They are the ones...

MICHAEL

Sasha stop it! Just stop! You keep saying you're not nuts, but this is crazy. There is no conspiracy! There is no fucking logo or brand or typeface out to get you. What you're saying is madness and you need some serious help.

SASHA

The words are alive Michael. Alive! I saw them. Jack Matideah saw them and couldn't take it. He killed himself to protect his family. My God.

MICHAEL

Sasha... Words. A fucking killer alphabet. What the fuck? They're just letters! That's all!

SASHA

Michael... You can't see them. I don't know why I am. Some people just do I guess. I wish it never happened, but it did and I have to do something.

MICHAEL WALKS OVER TO THE BOOKSHELF IN FRONT OF THE COUCH. HE IS VISIBLY DISTRAUGHT. HE SLAMS HIS FIST ON THE BOOKS. HE GRABS A BOOK AND OPENS IT - SASHA LOOKS OVER AT HIM WITH DISBELIEF, SHE SCOOTs BACK IN THE SOFA.

SASHA (CONT'D)

Put it down Michael! Please! Now! You didn't see what I saw! You have no fucking idea!!

MICHAEL

Look dammit! They're just words in a fucking book! Ink on a piece of paper made from a dead tree. You're a designer for Christ sake! How can you be afraid of this?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

HE HOLDS THE BOOK CLOSER TO HER. SASHA LOOKS AT THE WORDS, THEY START TO MOVE. SHE GRABS THE BOOK AND THROWS IT AGAINST THE WALL, A PICTURE FALLS AND THE GLASS SHATTERS.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

What the hell did you do that for?!

SHE CURLS UP AND STARES AT THE BOOK. THE BOOK STARTS TO BLEED LETTERS, THEY FLOW OUT LIKE IT HAS BEEN CUT, SASHA LOOKS SCARED, MICHAEL LOOKS AT THE BOOK AND FINALLY SEES THE LETTERS.

He goes over to investigate.

SASHA

No, don't! Leave it alone Michael!
Let's just leave right now...
Please! Please don't touch it!

She reaches out with her hand but stays back for safety.

Michael crouches down by the book. He looks back at Sasha with a confused look on his face.

SASHA (CONT'D)

I'm begging you... Please!

HE CAN'T HELP HIMSELF. HE REACHES FOR THE LETTERS, THE LETTERS GET ON HIS SKIN AND START TO CRAWL ONTO HIS ARM, HE SCREAMS IN PAIN.

SASHA GETS UP IN A PANIC AND GRABS A BROOM AND PUSHES THE BOOK AWAY, THE LETTERS GROWL AT HER AND TRY TO LUNGE TOWARDS HER FEET.

MICHAEL SCREAMS AND TRIES TO GET UP, THE LETTERS ARE ALL OVER HIS ARM, HE CAN'T GET UP.

MICHAEL

Sasha! I can't... Stop!

Sasha grabs the PHONE and tries to dial - a SCRAGGLY VOICE COMES ON AND SAYS: TEACH HIM - TEACH EVIL...

She looks at the phone and the NUMBERS START TO MELT towards her hand, she throws it down.

Michael grabs his face in pain and screams in agony.

Sasha runs by the pictures in his apartment, THE LETTERS TRY TO GRAB HER.

INT. BUILDING HALLWAY, NIGHT.

Sasha spots someone in the elevator.

The door closes as she yells for them to keep the door open.

She runs to the fire exit.

EXT. ROOF, NIGHT.

Sasha enters the ROOF, still in her tee-shirt. She goes to the EDGE of the building - there is NOWHERE TO RUN.

SASHA
Michael. No, no, Michael, nooo....

The kid across the way is now on the roof filming.

He sees her and watches in the camera,

Sasha sees him and yells.

SASHA (CONT'D)
Hey! Call the police! Call the
police. Please! Call them now!

THERE IS A LOUD THUD AT THE DOOR TO THE ROOF. THE KID IS SCARED, BUT CAN'T STOP FILMING --

CAM P.O.V.:

SASHA -- THEN THE ENTRANCE TO THE ROOF -- SASHA --

NORMAL VIEW:

SASHA'S ATTENTION TO THE DOOR. ANOTHER THUD.

SASHA (WHISPER) (CONT'D)
Michael.

THE DOOR SLAMS OPEN AND A SEA OF LIQUID LETTERS FLOW OUT.
SASHA SCREAMS.

MICHAEL WALKS OUT LIKE A ZOMBIE WITH HIS HANDS LAYING USELESS TO HIS SIDES. HE LOOKS UP AND HIS WHOLE FACE HAS BEEN COVERED WITH LETTERS. LETTERS UNDER HIS SKIN MOVING ALL OVER SLOWLY, HIS EYES ARE CLOSED.

SASHA (CONT'D)
Michael, no, no, no!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SASHA STEPS BACK. THE KID ACROSS THE WAY GRIPS HIS PHONE, HE IS SCARED AND CAN'T MOVE. HE TRIES TO HOLD THE CAM STILL, BUT HIS HANDS SHAKE.

SASHA TRIPS ON A PIECE OF GLASS FROM AN OLD WINDOW FRAME, BREAKING IT. SHE CUTS HER HAND ON A GLASS SHARD.

MICHAEL WALKS OVER TO HER SLOWLY AND THEN STOPS, HE OPENS HIS EYES AND LETTERS FROM THE BOOK FLOAT OVER THE IRIS, HE IS DEAD.

SASHA (CONT'D)
Why are you doing this? He didn't
do anything... Why!

MICHAEL (DIGITAL GLITCHY VOICE)
You will teach them. They will
learn.

MICHAEL COMES CLOSER. SASHA SPOTS A PIECE OF SHARP METAL AND GRABS IT.

SASHA
No Michael! Please!

MICHAEL
Teeeeeach them!

MICHAEL REACHES OUT. LETTERS DRIP OFF HIS HANDS LIKE BLOOD THEY HIT THE FLOOR AND SLITHER AWAY.

SASHA
Noooooooo!

SHE SWINGS THE METAL AND SLICES HIS THROAT. MICHAEL'S HEAD REARS BACK. LETTERS SPRAY OUT LIKE FLYING BLACK BLOOD AND FLOAT IN THE AIR.

THEY READ: **"H E L V E T I C A"**

MICHAEL SAYS THE WORD WITH A RASPY DYING VOICE - THE WORDS FLOAT INTO ONE ANOTHER AND REFORM INTO NEW WORDS, FROM THE EXISTING LETTERS IN MID-AIR.

THEY READ: **"TEACH EVIL"**

AN INVISIBLE SHOCK WAVE EXPLODES OUTWARDS FROM THE ROOF.

SASHA IS BLOWN BACK. THE KID ON THE OTHER ROOF IS BLOWN BACK. ALL THE WINDOWS RIPPLE AS THE SHOCK WAVE FLOWS TO THE CITY.

EVERY WORD ON SIGNS, STOREFRONTS, LICENSE PLATES, CLOTHING, ETC, MORPHS INTO THE WORD HELVETICA.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SASHA CLOSES HER EYES.

THE *JACKSON 5* SONG "ABC" BEGINS TO PLAY. SCREEN GOES BLACK.

THE END