

MIDNIGHT GRIND #3: YUPPIE SCUM

EXT. THEATRE

A few lights on a rustic CINEMA MARQUEE blink. "Midnight Grind", missing a few letters.

Hear: commotion inside.

INT. THEATRE - LOBBY

Desolate and derelict. Skeleton at popcorn stand. Empty baby carriage. Cash and popcorn and other trash littered along a dingy red carpet.

INT. THEATRE - MAIN ROOM

Fly-through of the theatre (dark except for the ambient light cutting through holes in the wall). Furtive movements in shadows.

INT. THEATRE - PROJECTION BOOTH

A paranoid-looking HOST glances at the door to the booth. The door is heavily bolted, but rattling - someone or something is attempting to force their way in.

HOST (TO CAMERA)

Ah, hello! Bit of a bind right this moment. These dead-desert numb-skulls don't have an appreciation for the sanctity of a man's home - but perhaps they'll appreciate a great piece of cinema...

The HOST pulls a film reel off the shelf labelled "Yuppie Scum."

HOST (CON'T)

A 1989 thriller found buried in the rubble where Wall Street once buzzed! The greatest holding in my personal portfolio... The story of a young man who finds that lurking beneath the suit and the hair gel, there's a whole world of hard truths just, waiting to be found - the story of a man with more than money on his mind!

The projection booth begins to buckle. Grunting outside. The HOST hurriedly threads the film into the projector.

HOST (CON'T) (CONT'D)  
Hopefully these barbarians will  
take a liking to the biz or I'm  
about to go bust!

The projector appears to be in a state of disrepair. The  
HOST hits it and it coughs to life. Our HOST addresses us.

HOST (CON'T) (CONT'D)  
Ladies and gentleman, I present to  
you the single greatest relic of  
the corporate age... *Yuppie Scum!*

Camera follows light from projector to screen.

EXT. DARK CITY STREET - NIGHT

An empty city street. A distant roar growing... A black  
SPORTSCAR comes racing around the corner and speeds by.

INT. TAD'S YUPPIE SPORTSCAR

The time on the dash is 4:15AM. There's a muffled groan and  
just visible on the backseat: a pair of stockinged legs.

A GUN is rattling on the dashboard.

TAD, hair a-mess and wearing a five o'clock shadow, stares  
intensely past and over the steering wheel.

TAD (V.O.)  
When your whole world teeters on  
the brink of collapse, life might  
give you a chance to be real - and  
that chance doesn't come around  
very often. Some try to walk. Some  
run away. I grabbed it by the  
balls. This is my story.

Aerial of city at night.

TITLE: YUPPIE SCUM.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

TAD (V.O.)  
Two weeks ago, everything was  
different.

Office doors burst open and a confident TAD strides  
through. He is wearing a suit, holding an americano and a

BRIEFCASE, and dictating to a SECRETARY who tries to keep up, writing down everything TAD says.

TAD

Take the Tannerman IPO and dump it in B & A at one-oh-one and a quarter until it reaches 300, then start buying Amaco Coal at three and a third - but only after 2 PM, do you hear me? I want them to sweat a bit.

SECRETARIAT

Yes Mr. Wils-

TAD

Good. Read that back to me.

SECRETARIAT

Take the-

TAD

You know what? Memo it to my desk in fifteen minutes. C'mon Sheila!

TAD slaps SHEILA's ass.

TAD (CONT'D)

The slower we move the faster we die!

TAD chases her off and walks through another set of office doors.

INT. OFFICE - BOARD ROOM

TAD enters and is greeted by a round of applause.

THE BOSS

There he is. Our star! What a deal you've just closed for us, Tad! To show our appreciation, we got you something.

The BOSS pulls a cloth off a TROPHY on the board table. The TROPHY is an obnoxious crystal obelisk with a placard that reads: "Tad Wilson, 'Broker of the Year'."

THE BOSS (CONT'D)

Speech, son.

CRIPSIN, a strong-jawed douchebag broker with slicked back bleached blonde hair, seated to the side of TAD, rolls his

eyes. STUART, the douchebag broker seated next to CRISPIN grins.

TAD takes his place at the head of the table.

TAD

I would like to thank all of you for your guidance these past few years. It's pretty clear: my efficiency and portfolio would be nothing without the support of my fellow brokers.

TAD tears up.

TAD (CONT'D)

You know - you guys made me realize it's not all about money, but about people: its about caring for our clients, caring for ourselves. It's about being the me that I've always wanted to be.

The brokers erupt in applause.

CRISPIN (TO STUART)

What a cocksucker.

TAD

Also, if anyone doesn't know already, I'm having a Christmas party tomorrow and you're all invited. Thanks again.

More applause.

FADE OUT:

EXT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE

A nondescript brownstone office building.

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE

TAD sits on a reclining chair. Tears stream down his face.

TAD

I just don't know anymore. My father leaving when I was three - this pressure at work - Linda refusing to make love to me... It's - it's all too much.

(MORE)

TAD (CONT'D)  
Something's missing... Deep down I  
feel -

PSYCHIATRIST  
There's several causes for your  
latent depressive-anxiety, each  
based on one of the fundamentals  
of human development: emotion,  
evaluation, explanation,  
execution, and estimation. Did you  
even read the book I gave you on  
psycho-cybernetics?

TAD  
I did, but -

PSYCHIATRIST  
Have you been letting your success  
mechanisms work?

TAD  
No... I guess not...

PSYCHIATRIST  
I'm going to write you a  
prescription for 5000 mg of  
lithyl-diaphazomine.

PSYCHIATRIST tears prescription sheet and gives it to TAD.

PSYCHIATRIST (CONT'D)  
I want you to take one every three  
hours. Read chapters 6 through 10  
again and write in your  
'resentment journal', then we'll  
meet again.

TAD looks defeated.

TAD  
Alright, Dr. Irving.

INT. TAD'S YUPPIE CONDO - PARKING LOT - EVENING

Tad's SPORTSCAR pulls into PARKING LOT.

INT. OUTSIDE TAD'S YUPPIE CONDO - HALLWAY

Tad walks down hallway with bouquet of flowers.

INT. TAD'S YUPPIE CONDO - MAIN ROOM

Wafer-thin blonde LINDA is lounging on couch with cigarette and tumbler of vodka, reading a BOOK (Dianetics).

TAD enters, flowers first.

TAD  
Hi honey! Brought you some  
flowers.

LINDA does not look up.

LINDA  
Thank you. They're very nice.

TAD's 8-year-old son TODD comes running out. TAD picks him up.

TAD  
Hey there slugger! How was your  
day, sport?

TODD  
Mommy said if I do all my homework  
I can watch the *Hippypocalypse*.

TAD  
That's great Todd. That's great.

FADE TO:

INT. TAD'S YUPPIE CONDO - DINING ROOM

TAD, LINDA, and TODD sitting around the dinner table. TAD eats voraciously. LINDA doesn't touch her food and mainlines white wine. TODD is angry - an impetuous little brat.

TAD  
Todd, eat your food.

TODD  
No!

TAD  
How will you become a broker like  
daddy if you don't-

TODD  
It's shitty!

TAD

Todd! Your mom worked hard to make that meal for-

LINDA

I bought it at Mongo's. Why don't you mind your own business, Tad.

TAD

Let me handle this Linda. Todd, you'll never grow up big and-

TODD flips his plate, scattering food everywhere. TODD quickly devolves into an ugly tantrum.

TAD (CONT'D)

Todd!

LINDA

Leave him alone... Let him express himself.

TAD

Linda, please!

LINDA gulps down some more wine.

TAD is visibly frustrated.

TAD calms himself with measured breaths and gets up.

TAD (CONT'D)

I'm gonna go meet the guys for a drink. I'll be home a bit later.

TAD leaves. TODD is still crying.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

TAD walks past shuttered storefronts, homeless people, and piles of garbage. Ominous ambiance.

EXT. FLOPHOUSE

At the base of a staircase up to a FLOPHOUSE, a shady-looking PIMP tips his hat to TAD. TAD nods back, passes him, and heads up the stairs.



INT. FLOPHOUSE - HALLWAY

TAD walks down dimly-lit hallway and knocks on a paint-peeling door. A beautiful but gaunt, scantily-clad woman, BELLA, opens the door and leans on the doorframe.

BELLA

Whatchu you waiting for? Me to suck your cock in the hallway?

TAD

Hi, Bella.

BELLA

Get your skinny white ass in here!

TAD goes inside the room.

INT. FLOPHOUSE - BEDROOM

TAD, half-dressed, sits on the side of a STAINED BED and takes a hit from a dirty CRACK PIPE. He passes it to BELLA who is sitting upright in bed, partly covered.

TAD

It's like, no matter what I do in my life, there's always something missing...

BELLA

Mh-hm.

TAD undoes his tie and unbuttons his shirt.

TAD

I work hard for my family... I give to Hands Across America... I have hobbies... But still, everyday, I manage to wake up unhappy. Something's wrong, Bella, and I don't know what it is!

TAD buries his head in his hands. He begins to cry.

BELLA

Sugar, if you're so damn unhappy, why don't you go see a psychic and get your shit fixed up? I get my horoscope read every week, and you don't see me balling do you?

TAD looks up.

TAD  
I don't believe in that  
mumbo-jumbo.

BELLA (TURNS COLD)  
Listen, pussy. Are you just gonna  
smoke all my crack and whine, or  
are we gonna do this?

TAD  
Yeah... yea.

They embrace.

FADE TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Shitty, moody 80's smooth-jazz plays TAD down a  
carnavalesque and disjointed city street.

Steam billows from grates.

A montage of bar signs, strip-club signs, loan shark  
places.

TAD stops under a neon sign that reads: "LADY LLEWELYN'S  
PSYCHIC PALACE". The sign colors the beat-up entryway to a  
hole-in-the-wall PSYCHIC SHOP.

BELLA (V.O., REVERB)  
...if you're so damn unhappy why  
don't you go see a psychic. Fixed  
my shit right up - right up -  
right up....

TAD sighs and enters the PSYCHIC SHOP.

INT. PSYCHIC SHOP

TAD brushes past BEADED CURTAINS and enters a small room  
clouded by incense smoke and crowded with a TABLE, eclectic  
shit, and shelves laden with curio. Weirdo new age music  
plays.

TAD timidly looks around. A seductive German-Gypsy voice  
startles him.

LADY L  
I knew you would come.

A gorgeous, full-bodied and bright-eyed woman emerges from  
the shadows: LADY L[llewellyn].

TAD  
You're... Lady Llewellyn?

LADY L  
Yes. Sit! Sit.

LADY L indicates a seat at the TABLE.

TAD sits. LADY L sits across from him.

The CRYSTAL BALL at the centre of the table lights up. LADY L begins to go into a trance, semi-erotically.

LADY LLEWELLYN  
I see... I see... big changes  
coming to your life. Yes! A new...  
romance... a new career...

LADY L abruptly freezes and her eyes ratchet open.

LADY LLEWELLYN (CONT'D)  
You! You have - the gift!

TAD looks incredulous.

TAD  
Excuse me?

LADY LLEWELLYN  
You're a 'gazer'. You have the  
gift of the 'double gaze'.

TAD  
Okay...

LADY LLEWELLYN  
Don't you know what this means!?

TAD  
No.

LADY L moves around the table until she's next to TAD and grabs his hands.

LADY LLEWELLYN  
You're a psychic, too!

Despite TAD's visible unease, LADY L pulls off his leather gloves and examines his hands. Something about TAD's hands sends LADY L into a frenzy.

LADY LLEWELLYN (CONT'D)  
Look at these radial lines, these  
criss-crossed life-vessels, this  
mole right in the transit of  
Jupiter... Oh my Goddess - you're  
on the verge!

TAD is getting more nervous.

TAD  
On the verge of what?

LADY L leans in, wild-eyed.

LADY LLEWELLYN  
Discovering your power! You will  
soon blossom. I must help you.  
Take this talisman, it will  
represent your destiny.

LADY puts a tiny SILVER SPOON into his hand.

LADY LLEWELLYN (CONT'D)  
I suggest we start with bi-weekly  
sessions to develop your strength.

TAD's enthrallment breaks at the whiff of a con. He places  
the SILVER SPOON on the table. He puts on his gloves and  
stands up.

TAD  
No thank you.

LADY LLEWELLYN  
You could be a great psychic like  
Wazeau.

TAD  
I knew this was a bad idea.  
Goodnight.

TAD exits.

INT. TAD'S YUPPIE CONDO - BEDROOM - NIGHT

TAD lays down in bed next to LINDA. LINDA groggily turns to  
him, eyes closed.

LINDA  
You smell strange. Where were you?

TAD

I told you honey - out with the guys. The smell must be from this new exfoliant I'm using... Sure, it says double the alpha and beta hydroxy acids and ylang-ylang enzymes but I haven't noticed a difference - have you?

TAD's voice put LINDA to sleep. TAD lays on his back with his eyes open for a while.

TAD turns on the TV and there is an infomercial.

INFOMERCIAL HOST

Here we have a special on the stifled life of one sad young professional by the name of Tad Wilson. You. You, Tad. You.

The TV becomes bloated and fleshy. TAD gets out of bed.

INT. VAST EMPTY SPACE

TAD now stands beside his bed on an otherwise empty plane. A crystal obelisk appears and dominates the horizon: it is the TROPHY he'd been awarded at work. It towers over him, still reading: "Broker of the Year."

TAD begins to run - he becomes a tiny figure chased across a tilted Dalian landscape by the obelisk's long, hideous shadow.

The shadow catches up to TAD, but the scale of the TROPHY changes.

LADY L, half-nude, opens the shape of the TROPHY like a door, and approaches TAD.

They passionately kiss.

Grating, crashing sound.

INT. TAD'S YUPPIE CONDO - BEDROOM - MORNING

TADD wakes up violently to the incessant ringing of his ALARM CLOCK. He is covered in sweat and has an erection.

INT. TAD'S YUPPIE CONDO - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Before he leaves to go to work, he tries to kiss LINDA. She dodges the attempt.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

TAD wearily make his way through the office.

INT. OFFICE - TAD'S DESK

TAD sits down at his desk and picks up the phone.

INSERT: DESK-CLOCK reads 8:30 A.M.

Roll montage of important-looking broker stuff - people yelling into phones, stock tickers, green computer type, and some stock footage of the stock market.

INSERT: DESK-CLOCK reads 1:30 P.M.

TAD is on the phone, scribbling on a piece of paper.

TAD  
Yeah, yeah. Three and a quarter  
yeah. Uh, hold on a minute.

The pen TAD is using to write with dies. TAD reaches into his shirt-pocket and pulls out the SILVER SPOON TALSIMAN that LADY L had given him. Ominous music.

Motion catches TAD's eye. He looks up to see: broker-douchebags, EASTON and BRYCE, sauntering over. They're dressed the same.

TAD (CONT'D)  
Uh - Yeah. I'll call you back.  
Talk at ya, baby.

He hangs up.

TAD (CONT'D)  
How's it hanging guys?

BRYCE  
(has a slight lisp) Tad, we were  
just saying - hey, what are you  
doing?

TAD looks down at his hand. It's empty, the SILVER SPOON has vanished. He drops his hand.

TAD  
Nothing.

EASTON

We were just saying we're looking forward to your Christmas party tonight. Should we bring our wives, or mistresses? Ahah, aha-ha-haa.

BRYCE

Just bring enough coke 'til you can't tell the difference.

They share a laugh, then abruptly stop. CRISPIN has shown up with STUART. All four of them look the same - slick hair, suits.

CRISPIN

Hey douchebags, guess who just closed the Aarondale account?

TAD

No one cares Crispin.

CRISPIN

You should, because those flimsy shares of EquiCorp you've been pedaling to your clients just dropped five and a fifth.

TAD worriedly checks the ticker.

TAD

You're full of shit Crispin, nothing's dropped-

CRISPIN

Ha! Too easy, Wilson. You couldn't get ham if you owned a pig farm. I don't care what the boss thinks. I know you're not cut out for this firm; you seem more like Foster & Foster material to me. Later, pricks.

CRISPIN and STUART exit. Hard stare from TAD and BRYCE and EASTON.

EASTON

What a total fuck that guy is.

BRYCE

Yeah I despise him. And that Stuart guy who always follows him around is a total fag.

TAD  
I can't believe he said I should  
work at Foster & Foster. That's  
low.

EASTON  
Don't worry about him, man. He's  
just jealous of your award.

TAD looks across the office and sees CRISPIN chatting with  
some other office dicks by the water cooler. The soundtrack  
swells and camera zooms on CRISPIN, who turns toward TAD.

CRISPIN (V.O. REVERB'D)  
Eat shit, Wilson.

A confused look from TAD, who then looks back to guys.

FADE TO:

INT. TAD'S YUPPIE CONDO - NIGHT

TAD and LINDA are rushing around getting ready for their  
party. Sappy Christmas music plays.

INT. TAD'S YUPPIE CONDO - BEDROOM

TAD's putting a tie on in front of the mirror. He shouts to  
the other room.

TAD  
Sweetheart, have you seen my blue  
socks?

LINDA doesn't answer.

INT. TAD'S YUPPIE CONDO - KITCHEN

TAD peers into the kitchen where LINDA is cutting fruitcake  
with a big knife.

TAD  
Honey?

LINDA screams in frustration and points the knife at TAD.

LINDA  
Don't you fuck this up for me,  
Tad!

TAD  
I was just asking if you've seen-



LINDA  
Shut up! You are not ruining my party.

A knock at the front door. LINDA sets the knife down on the kitchen island and trudges up to TAD. She leans in close and whispers.

LINDA (CONT'D)  
Listen you limped-dicked little shit: if you mess the up for me, I will divorce you.

INT. TAD'S YUPPIE CONDO - MAIN ROOM

Door opens. LINDA and TAD, smiling, receive their guests.

LINDA  
Bryce! Laura. Come on in!

As BRYCE and LAURA enter the condo, LINDA gives TAD a venomous look.

CUT TO:

INT. TAD'S YUPPIE CONDO - MAIN ROOM

The party is now in full-swing.

DRIFT THROUGH  
PARTY, PICKING UP  
SNIPPETS OF  
CONVERSATIONS:

RANDOM GIRL  
The line on my bikini wax was crooked, *again*. So I had her deported... She wouldn't stop crying it was so gross.

RANDOM GUY  
So I said to him: lay off all the workers and liquidate the bitch! And next quarter you can have that beach house!

RANDOM GIRL II  
Oh, it's from a little place on Main. Isn't it just gorgeous?

RANDOM GUY II

Yeah, that's right. The secret is to believe you're rich at all times. Then the magic starts. Uh-huh. That's right.

LINDA is standing in front of a large, shitty, abstract painting. CRISPIN walks up, wine glass in hand.

CRISPIN

What do you see in it?

LINDA

Fragility. Boundries. A caged bird waiting to fly. You?

CRISPIN

Time. Stillness. Energy. Pain.

LINDA

It's nice to meet another person who 'gets' Maliomich's voice. I'm Linda.

CRISPIN gently takes LINDA's hand. TAD walks up.

TAD

Crispin... So glad you could make it.

LINDA lets go of CRISPIN's hand.

LINDA

Tad, just stop, alright?

TAD

Stop what?

CRISPIN

I wouldn't miss your big Christmas party for the world.

TAD

I bet.

LINDA

Will you lay off it.

TAD

Linda, please.

LINDA brusquely walks by TAD, knocking TAD's wine glass and spilling its contents onto TAD's shirt. CRISPIN laughs.

CRISPIN

What a mynx. You're a lucky man,  
Wilson.

INT. TAD'S YUPPIE CONDO - WASHROOM

TAD is scrubbing the stain off of his shirt.

All of a sudden, he sees LADY L in the mirror standing behind him.

FLASH TO WHITE:

Images of events-to-come wildly flash across the screen.

TAD's body is wracked with spasms. He violently falls backwards against the door and slides to the ground. TAD struggles to open his medication, spilling pills across the bathroom floor.

INT. TAD'S YUPPIE CONDO - MAIN ROOM

Outside bathroom, party is continuing.

RANDOM GIRL

Oh my god, I ran into her uptown  
and she was wearing the ugliest  
sweater - yeah, the fall model.

RANDOM GUY

I purchased my portfolio right  
before the crash and made a  
killing. Yeah. Ahahaha.

The bathroom door bursts open. TAD stumbles out,  
dishevelled and swaying.

P.O.V. of TAD walking through the party. All of the  
party-goers appear to be staring at TAD - some scornfully,  
others with curiosity.

FLASH TO:

INT. EASTON'S CAR (2 HOURS AGO)

EASTON does a line of cocaine off the dashboard of his car  
- his hand moves up the thigh of his mini-skirted party  
date.

EASTON

Yeah, this Tad guy, he's a prissy cocksucker; a total cunt-punt. I can't stand him, babe. This party'll be shit, I just hope the food's good.

FLASH TO:

INT. TAD'S YUPPIE CONDO - MAIN ROOM

TAD is beyond surprised: he looks manic. TAD pushes EASTON aside and stumbles on, his trajectory unknown.

TAD stumbles over to BRYCE and STUART, interrupting their conversation. BRYCE and STUART laugh, and TAD accidentally oversteps into the both of them.

FLASH TO:

INT. BRYCE'S CONDO (LAST NIGHT)

BRYCE and STUART are having sex.

FLASH TO:

INT. TAD'S YUPPIE CONDO - MAIN ROOM

TAD violently reels away from BRYCE and STUART. Falling backwards, he turns and grabs onto LINDA.

FLASH TO:

EXT. PARK (25 YEARS AGO)

(In slow motion) LITTLE TAD and LITTLE LINDA are playing in a playground. A van pulls up and several DARK-SUITED MEN jump out and grab LITTLE TAD. LITTLE LINDA screams. LITTLE TAD's teddybear falls to the ground.

FLASH TO:

INT. TAD'S YUPPIE CONDO - MAIN ROOM

TAD's nose is bleeding. He's trembling. He legs give out and he falls backwards, smashing through a tray and scattering hors d'oeuvres everywhere.

CUT TO:

INT. THEATRE - MAIN ROOM

The theatre is packed with MUTANTS, silhouetted in their seats. "YUPPIE SCUM" continues playing on the screen.

INT. THEATRE - LOBBY

Our HOST sneaks towards the EXIT with a gunny-bag full of film reels.

INT. THEATRE - MAIN ROOM

The image of TAD on the screen warps and then goes blank. The crowd of MUTANTS erupts with hideous groans and moans.

INT. PROJECTION BOOTH

The projector is fuming smoke and flapping film.

INT. THEATRE - LOBBY

The HOST overhears the commotion and double-times it towards the door. Almost there, he trips.

Hideous MUTANTS pour out of the THEATRE MAIN ROOM into the LOBBY. These post-apocalyptic nomads are brandishing chains and pipes and other barbaric implements. They crowd the HOST.

HOST

No! No, wait! There's more,  
there's more!

The HOST shows the MUTANTS his bag of film reels.

HOST (CON'T)

Did my projector go out on you? My  
apologies! I can fix it. I can fix  
it!

CUT TO:

INT. PROJECTION BOOTH

The HOST wields a SLEDGEHAMMER. With it, he strikes the projector. The film starts-up again. The MUTANTS seem pleased.

The HOST wipes his brow and gives an aside.

HOST  
 It seems that our yuppie Tad  
 Wilson isn't the only one in  
 trouble. Let's see...

The HOST gulps.

HOST (CON'T)  
 If he can buy and sell his way out  
 of this one.

ZOOM IN ON THEATRE  
 SCREEN:

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

TAD sits on a table in a hospital robe. The DOCTOR (a  
 Mordechai Richler knock-off) removes his latex gloves and  
 looks at TAD shrewdly.

DOCTOR  
 There's nothing wrong with you.

TAD  
 What about -

DOCTOR  
 Nothing. You're a hypochondriac.  
 You think you can drink as much as  
 you want and then just come  
 whining to me to get your stomach  
 pumped?

TAD  
 But doctor, what about the -

The DOCTOR examines his clipboard.

DOCTOR  
 I'm prescribing you 7000 milligrams  
 of lorazepam. If you keep having  
 problems, come back and I'll up  
 the dosage. Now get out.

INT. TAD'S YUPPIE CONDO - DAY

TAD enters condo. All of the blinds are closed. The lights  
 are off. LINDA is sitting in the darkness with a lit  
 cigarette and an open bottle of vodka.

TAD  
 H-hi honey. Doctor say's I'm okay.

LINDA doesn't respond.

TAD (CONT'D)  
Anyway, I'm... really sorry... I  
am... I -

LINDA  
Don't even try, Tad.

FLASHCUT TO:

INT. WHITE ROOM

Institutional white room. Metal gurney at the middle. Two cages on the gurney. A rabbit in one cage. A bloody dead rabbit in the other cage.

BACK TO:

INT. TAD'S YUPPIE CONDO - DAY

TAD grabs his head and groans. He shuffles some pills out of his pocket and into his mouth.

LINDA gets up.

LINDA  
I left Todd at Lucy's. You can  
sleep on the couch tonight.

LINDA exits. TAD sits down on couch. He looks haggard.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

TAD holding the same pose and posture as the last scene, but now at the office.

The phone rings. TAD doesn't answer.

Everything is muted and seems far away.

CRISPIN (V.O.)  
Tad... Tad... Tad... Tad...

Sound and normal ambiance return like a freight-train.

CRISPIN is looming over TAD's desk.

CRISPIN

Hey cocksucker. Here's the Anderson file - the boss wants you on it. And good work at your party - I never took you for such a lightweight. Hey Wilson, you alright?

Several ROBED and HOODED FIGURES form a semi-circle around TAD. Awestruck by what he sees, TAD looks up to CRISPIN in disbelief. CRISPIN looks at TAD with disdain and walks away.

A cacophonous roar fills the score. Still frames from events yet to come flash across the screen.

The COMPUTER MONITOR on the desk cracks and then flies off the desk as if thrown.

The HOODED FIGURES are gone. TAD collapses onto his desk. He observes his co-workers pointing and gossiping. He fishes-out and consumes a handful of pills.

EXT. FLOPHOUSE - NIGHT

TAD walks to the base of the stairs. The PIMP licenses the visit with a nod.

INT. FLOPHOUSE - BEDROOM

TAD sits on the side of the bed, getting undressed. BELLA, also in bed, sits up smoking a crack pipe.

TAD

You're the only one who gets me, Bella.

BELLA holds in a hit.

BELLA

Yeah, mama knows, baby, mama knows.

BELLA exhales.

TAD

It's just so weird. I just don't know what's going on with me - ever since I saw that psychic...

BELLA

Hey baby, you go some dough for me?



TAD, lost in thought, returns to reality.

TAD  
What?

BELLA  
I said you got cash, faggot?

TAD  
Oh. Yeah.

TAD hands a wad of cash to BELLA.

BELLA  
Yeah, baby, come here. Come to  
mama.

TAD hugs BELLA.

BELLA (CONT'D)  
She'll make all your problems  
disappear.

They kiss.

INT. FLOPHOUSE - BEDROOM - LATER

TAD, sleeping next to BELLA, rolls over and sits up. He looks down at her and immediately alarmed. Her skin is bluish and her eyes are open and lifeless. He shakes her.

TAD  
Bella? Bella, baby?

BELLA is dead!

TAD bolts up.

TAD (CONT'D)  
Oh Gawd. Oh God Damn!

TAD frantically looks around. He grabs his clothes and quickly starts dressing.

EXT. FLOPHOUSE - STAIRWELL

TAD hurries down the narrow staircase. The PIMP is ascending the stairs on a collision course. TAD tries to go around, but the PIMP grabs him and pulls him aside.

The PIMP brushes invisible dandruff off of TAD's shoulders.

PIMP  
 Man... How you liking my bottom  
 bitch, huh? She really did a  
 number on you, cowboy... Ain't  
 nothing like Bella.

The PIMP dabs the side of his mouth with a handkerchief.

PIMP (CONT'D)  
 Say, where you goin' in such a  
 hurry?

TAD avoids the PIMP's stare.

TAD  
 Oh, its... nothing. Nowhere...

The PIMP slams TAD against the wall.

PIMP  
 You trying to cop-out without  
 paying, you Huey-Lewis-lookin'  
 motherfucker?

TAD  
 No. No! I just needed to put some  
 money in the meter, then I'm going  
 to come back, and, uh, finish up.

The PIMP lets go of TAD and brushes his shoulders again.

PIMP  
 Hell! Why didn't you say so?

The PIMP pulls out a handful of change.

PIMP (CONT'D)  
 I tell ya what - I'll go put money  
 in the slot, and you go finish her  
 off. Nawmsayin?

TAD is grossed out and scared.

TAD  
 S-sure...

PIMP  
 Which car is yours?

TAD  
 The uh - the blue Cadillac?

PIMP  
 My man. Alright. Go have fun,  
 cowboy.

The PIMP walks down the stairs.

TAD waits until the PIMP is out of sight and bolts -

INT. FLOPHOUSE - BEDROOM

- through a side room

INT. FLOPHOUSE - SIDEROOM

- and out a window

EXT. FLOPHOUSE - FIRE-ESCAPE

- onto the fire escape.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

TAD runs through a series of backalleys and sidestreets. The city appears tilted, warped and confused.

[NOIR-STYLE OVERLAY]: A procession of faces including Easton's, Crispin's, Linda's, Stuart's, Bryce's, Young Linda, the Doctor's, and the Boss's; all of them muttering strange things that together constitute a menacing cacophony.

TAD's eyes shift rapidly and he shakes.

TAD falls down on the sidewalk. He maniacally tears at his scalp. TAD is lit on one side by the neon glow from a sign above that reads: "LADY LLEWELLYN PSYCHIC PALACE".

The sign's glow seems to summon TAD to his feet. He gets up and enters the building.

INT. LADY L'S PSYCHIC PALACE

LADY LLEWELLYN

My dearest, I've been expecting  
you.

TAD drops into a chair set at the table between them.

LADY LLEWELLYN (CONT'D)

I know, darling, *the gift* is not a  
light one to bear. Give me your  
hand.

TAD feebly reaches out his hand. She reads it pensively.

LADY LLEWELLYN (CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
 See these islands that break up  
 the energy of your head-line? They  
 are disrupting your protection by  
 guardian angels.

TAD manically flattens himself against the table.

TAD  
 Oh God, I'm losing it.

LADY L gasps.

LADY LLEWELLYN  
 You are in grave danger!

TAD  
 Tell me something I don't know.

LADY LLEWELLYN  
 Poor thing. I will help you.

TAD  
 How can you?

LADY LLEWELLYN  
 Look into my eyes.

TAD looks up. LADY L's lips don't move; she telepathically reaches out.

LADY LLEWELLYN (V.O.)  
 You and I have an intimate psychic  
 bond.

TAD leans closer.

LADY LLEWELLYN (V.O.)  
 I will help you out of this, my  
 initiate, but I need you to trust  
 me.

TAD (V.O.)  
 I do trust you... Whoa, am I in  
 love with this woman? Wait, did I  
 just hear her thoughts?

LADY LLEWELLYN (V.O.)  
 You and I share a secret  
 connection.

They kiss. LADY L recoils.

LADY LLEWELLYN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 But it cannot yet be revealed -  
 not while our psychic enemies  
 still threaten us.

LADY LLEWELLYN  
 You must go! I will be in touch.  
 We will get through this,  
*together.*

TAD goes to the door, looks back at her one time,  
 longingly, then exits.

INT. TAD'S YUPPIE CONDO - BEDROOM - NIGHT

The room is dark, lit only by moonlight, which reveals  
 sleeping LINDA.

TAD enters. He silently goes into the closet. From the back  
 of it, he pulls out a SHOE BOX. He takes a GUN out of the  
 SHOE BOX.

INT. BOARD ROOM - DAY

STUART is giving a presentation to a room-full of office  
 dicks, including the BOSS. Big graph chart.

TAD sits at the back of the room. His hair is slicked-back.  
 His sunken eyes are intense.

STUART  
 And our net gain over the past  
 quarter has surpassed the  
 Mendhelson quotient. We're beating  
 the competition at a rate of...

The SECRETARY taps TAD's shoulder and hands him an  
 envelope. TAD nonchalantly opens it. He pulls out Polaroids  
 pictures of him smoking crack with BELLA, having sex with  
 BELLA, and sleeping next to her dead body.

Shaking uncontrollably, TAD drops the pictures onto the  
 table. The photographs burst into flames.

Everyone turns to the commotion. All eyes are on TAD.

TAD hurridly puts out the fire and sweeps the ashy  
 polaroids into his arms. He is sweating profusely.

TAD  
 I... I've... just got to go!

TAD runs out of the boardroom.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

[LOW SHOT] TAD leaning against a pillar, sweating and fumbling with his bottle of pills.

BRYCE approaches.

BRYCE

Tad, the boss want to see you.

INT. BOSS' OFFICE

The BOSS is sitting silhouetted against a city-at-sunset backdrop out the fiftieth floor window. TAD timidly approaches, shoulders slumped, pale and sweat-drenched.

The BOSS stares out the window.

BOSS

You know, son, when I started in this business I was a bright-eyed young man like you - completely optimistic and naive. I thought I would do some good for this world.

The BOSS turns to TAD.

BOSS (CONT'D)

In short, I was fool.

The BOSS motions for TAD to sit down. TAD does. The BOSS lights a cigar and puffs it languidly.

BOSS

Yes, Tad, the years have brought me my share of hardships - turned my fucking balls to brass!

The BOSS slams his fist on the desk.

BOSS (CONT'D)

Do you understand what I'm saying to you, son?

TAD

Yessir.

BOSS

Don't "yessir" me. I've been running this company for seventeen-fucking-years by myself! I'm at the top of the pyramid.

(MORE)

BOSS (CONT'D)

You can be too, if you just realize that, we, us, the chosen few, the winners, have to be ruthless... Tad, we create nothing.

The BOSS indicates the skyscape with a sweep of his hand.

THE BOSS

But we own... everything! That's power, my boy.

TAD

Uh, yessir.

The BOSS gets up, goes around the desk and lays his hand on TAD's shoulder.

BOSS

I can see that you've had a tough time this past little while, but god dammit you're my best, and I hate to see you hurt yourself like this. Take a week off. Go on a vacation. Smash some pussy. Clear your head and come back and show me that you're the winner I know you are.

TAD stands up, relaxes a bit and comes close to smiling.

TAD

Uh... yeah, alright. Okay. Thanks, Mr. Ironside.

BOSS

Don't mention it. Son, always remember: its always the sunny side, til it's not.

TAD, nodding but not understanding, exits.

After TAD leaves, the BOSS' smile drops and his features harden into an intense look. Ominous music.

The BOSS goes to the phone and picks up the receiver.

CUT TO:

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - DAY

TAD is spread on a couch opposite the PSYCHIATRIST.

TAD

I'm really losing it. All of this... I can hear them - I can hear their thoughts! There're signs all around me. Someone's out to get me... I know I'm just hallucinating, but, dear God, I almost lost my job today!

This PSYCHIATRIST is unphased.

PSYCHIATRIST

Your delusions seem to be getting worse.

TAD

No shit! Are you even listening to anything I'm saying? God! Why am I paying you \$175 an hour?!

PSYCHIATRIST

You must relax, Tad. I'm going to get some more prescriptions. I'll be right back. In the mean time, write in your feelings calendar.

The PSYCHIATRIST leaves the room.

TAD squeezes the bridge of his nose in frustration.

The PSYCHIATRIST returns with two burly ORDERLIES in white clothes.

TAD

Wh-what is this?

PSYCHIATRIST

I'm sorry, Mr. Wilson. This is for your own good.

Quickly coming to terms with the seriousness of the situation, TAD slowly rises.

TAD

No... this can't be happening.

One of the men has a SYRINGE. Both ORDERLIES come closer.

PSYCHIATRIST

Tad, you've given us no choice.

TAD pulls his GUN.

TAD

Back! All of you! Back!



The PSYCHIATRIST and the ORDERLIES raise their hands.

TAD is wracked by a sudden spasm - LADY LLEWELLYN appears behind him.

LADY LLEWELLYN (V.O.)  
Tad, I must show you something.

FLASH CUT TO:

INT. TAD'S YUPPIE CONDO - MAIN ROOM

TAD's condo, romantically-lit.

LINDA opens the the front door for CRISPIN.

INT. TAD'S YUPPIE CONDO - KITCHEN

LINDA and CRISPIN are passionately kissing and undressing one another. Bottle of wine on the kitchen table.

INT. TAD'S YUPPIE CONDO - BEDROOM

LINDA and CRISPIN fuck.

INT. LADY L'S PSYCHIC PALACE

LADY L stands with arms extended. She is convulsing and drooling uncontrollably. Her eyes are rolled back.

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE

TAD is horrified, wagging the gun at the PSYCHIATRIST and the ORDERLIES.

INT. TAD'S YUPPIE CONDO - BEDROOM

CRISPIN and LINDA, naked, embracing each other John-Yoko-style.

CRISPIN  
You think he suspects something?

LINDA  
He doesn't know. He doesn't know about anything...

FLASH BACK TO:

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE

TAD is wild-eyed. He trains his attention and the GUN on the PSYCHIATRIST.

TAD  
Get- *Get out of my way!* I need to  
know! I need to know if it's true!

The PYSCHIATRIST and the ORDERLIES step aside. TAD runs out of the room.

EXT. STREET - EVENING

TAD speeding home in his SPORTSCAR. Shitty 80's rock music blasting.

INT. TAD'S YUPPIE CONDO - PARKING LOT

TAD parks across 3 spaces and races into the elevator.

INT. OUTSIDE TAD'S YUPPIE CONDO - HALLWAY

CRISPIN adjusts his tie in the doorway of TAD's YUPPIE CONDO, and walks to the elevator. He presses the button and calmly watches the elevator numbers change.

INT. TAD'S YUPPIE CONDO - ELEVATOR

Shitty muzak is playing.

TAD, crazy-eyed and furious, aims gun at elevator door as it reaches his floor.

INT. OUTSIDE TAD'S YUPPIE CONDO - HALLWAY

The elevator door opens - but not to CRISPIN's smug face. CRISPIN has just entered the adjacent elevator, reverse-mirroring TAD's motion.

INT. TAD'S YUPPIE CONDO - MAIN ROOM

LINDA sits calmly on a couch painting her nails and smoking. TAD kicks-in the front door.

TAD  
**WHERE IS HE?!**

LINDA is petrified.

LINDA  
Huh-who, honey?..

TAD  
I can smell his shitty aftershave!

TAD peers into each of the other rooms.

TAD suffers another spasm.

FLASH CUT TO:

INT. LADY L'S PSYCHIC PALACE

LADY L is looking worse-for-wear; still convulsing, still drooling.

INT. TAD'S YUPPIE CONDO - PARKING LOT

CRISPIN strides over to his car with a post-coital glow.

LADY LLEWELLYN (V.O.)  
The parking lot, Tad! Quick!

FLASH BACK TO:

INT. TAD'S YUPPIE CONDO - MAIN ROOM

TAD winces and glares at LINDA.

LINDA stands up.

LINDA  
Tad, please... put the gun down-

TAD  
SHADDAP!

TAD lunges for LINDA, grabs her by the hair, and drags her out of the condo.

INT. TAD'S YUPPIE CONDO - PARKING LOT

The elevator door opens. TAD drags LINDA into the parking lot.

CRISPIN drives by in his douchey sportscar, but doesn't seem to notice TAD.

TAD hurries LINDA to his own car.

LINDA  
Tad, I can explain.

TAD pistol-whips LINDA and throws her unconscious body in the back seat.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE OFFICE BUILDING

RECALL: the scene from the opening of the movie.

TAD races through the city tailing CRISPIN. CRISPIN unwittingly leads TAD to the OFFICE tower where they both work.

INT. TAD'S YUPPIE SPORTSCAR

TAD parks across the street, turns off his headlights, and watches CRISPIN enter the building.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE OFFICE BUILDING

TAD pulls LINDA out of his SPORTSCAR. She mumbles as he lifts her to her feet. He lets LINDA find her balance, and forces her towards the OFFICE BUILDING at gunpoint.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - LOBBY

The LOBBY is dark. TAD presses LINDA through the gloom. He looks around a corner and sees CRISPIN walk into an elevator.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - ELEVATOR BANK

TAD brings LINDA over to the elevators and intently watches what floor CRISPIN goes to. The elevator descends: G, P1, P2, P3, P4, X and - stops. TAD waits a moment, then calls another.

The elevator arrives and both LINDA and TAD enter.

INT. ELEVATOR

TAD looks for the 'X' button. LINDA presses herself into the corner and starts sobbing.

LINDA  
Tad, I don't know what you're  
doing but -

TAD

Aha!

TAD uncovers a panel and finds the mystery button for the 'X' floor.

INT. FLOOR 'X'

The elevator doors slide back to reveal a weird stone hallway. TAD advances, but is anchored - LINDA refuses to budge.

LINDA

This has gone far enough.

TAD drags LINDA out of the elevator and presses his gun to her throat. Together they move down the hallway, which leads to a torch-lit staircase. They descend.

INT. FLOOR SUB-X

Cautiously clearing the stairs, TAD observes and enters a cavernous room. The room is crowded with CLOAKED FIGURES wearing silver masks with no features.

The CLOAKED FIGURES arrange themselves in a semicircle around a LARGER FIGURE perched on a stone throne. Before the larger figure is a wide black table, on which rests a crystal ball. A spotlight shines on the LARGER FIGURE, who begins to lead the CLOAKED FIGURES in a Gregorian monotone.

The chant resolves.

LEAD FIGURE

My children, tonight marks the  
three-hundredth anniversary of the  
Legion of the Silver Spoon.

The other CLOAKED FIGURES applaud.

LEAD FIGURE (CONT'D)

As is our tradition, we will begin  
with -

TAD

How about beginning with the  
truth!

TAD walks up, dragging LINDA. He aims his gun at the LARGER FIGURE. There is a gasp from the other CLOAKED FIGURES. The semi-circle fragments, and the CLOAKED FIGURES approach TAD.

TAD puts the gun to LINDA's throat. The CLOAKED FIGURES hesitate.

LARGER FIGURE

Tad, I knew someday that you would see this room. How unfortunate it has to be under these conditions, son.

The LARGER FIGURE pulls down his hood. It's THE BOSS.

TAD recoils in horror. All the other CLOAKED FIGURES similarly reveal their identities, pulling off their masks and hoods: all of them, TAD's co-workers.

THE BOSS

Please take the gun off Linda. She is your kin, after all; your very blood.

TAD begins to cry.

TAD

What are you saying?

THE BOSS

Linda... is your sister.

TAD throws LINDA to the floor.

TAD

Nooooo!

TAD points the gun at the BOSS. Despite having the resolve to do it, TAD cannot seem to pull the trigger.

The BOSS's eyes widen. He extends his hands.

*A telekinetic battle.*

TAD drops the gun after the brief psychic struggle.

THE BOSS

I could not expect you to understand our ways.

The BOSS sighs and steps down from the throne.

THE BOSS (CONT'D)

Tad, it's time you knew. You're a psychic. Like us.

TAD

Us?!

EASTON  
Dude, we're all psychics.

TAD  
But - but... what do I have to do  
with all of this?!

THE BOSS  
You, Tad, are actually the most  
powerful psychic ever born... The  
most talented this world has  
known! But if you were made aware  
of your powers too early, you  
could've gone mad!

FLASH CUT TO:

EXT. PLAYGROUND

From the point of view of YOUNG TAD.

Swing-set. See-saw. Standard playground shit.

Several men in dark suits accost YOUNG TAD - they pull him  
off the swing and drag him away. YOUNG LINDA struggles in  
the binds of another suited man off in the distance.

INT. NON-DESCRIPT HOSPITAL ROOM

A terrifying and jagged medical contraption looms low over  
YOUNG TAD's face, who is restrained to a table. YOUNG LINDA  
is restrained in the same way next to him.

Multiple odd machines whizz on either side of them.

Masked SURGEONS write on clipboards and talk to a YOUNGER  
BOSS.

INT. PADDED ROOM

YOUNG TAD and YOUNG LINDA are strapped down to chairs with  
diodes on their heads. Two rabbits are in cages before  
them.

The rabbit in front of YOUNG TAD explodes into a mist of  
gore. YOUNG LINDA's rabbit is fine.

YOUNG LINDA looks over to YOUNG TAD in horror.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM

YOUNGER BOSS watches the previous scene from behind a two-way mirror. a SCIENTIST in a labcoat comes in.

SCIENTIST  
The little girl has no powers.

YOUNGER BOSS  
Place her somewhere. We'll make use of her eventually.

FLASH BACK TO:

INT. FLOOR SUB-X

TAD stumbles. He looks down at LINDA sympathetically.

FLASH CUT TO:

INT. THE BOSS' OFFICE

The BOSS hands a YOUNGER LINDA an envelope. She opens it. It contains a picture of TAD.

FLASH BACK TO:

INT. FLOOR SUB-X

TAD's face is streaked with tears. He looks ill.

TAD  
Everything I thought was real...  
All of it... constructed...

TAD clutches at his collar.

TAD (CONT'D)  
These yuppie clothes - this yuppie hair! What am I? I'm going to be sick.

THE BOSS  
I'm sorry, my son. It wasn't meant to be this way.

Some CO-WORKERS grab TAD's arms.



THE BOSS (CONT'D)

But we'll make it right. When you wake up, everything will be back to normal. You'll enjoy your life again, and we can unlock your powers, slowly - once you're mature enough.

TAD

No...No! NOOOO!

The CO-WORKERS restraining TAD fly backwards. TAD's eyes roll back into his head. He yells, holds out his hand and attacks them with his mind.

STUART implodes.

EASTON begins to smoke and melts.

BRYCE bursts into flames.

CRISPIN confronts TAD. The two square off. A skin-melting psychic battle ensues. Although TAD begins to bleed from his ears, he gets the upper-hand and atomizes CRISPIN leaving nothing behind but a shadow.

All of the psychic commotion has quaked the building's foundations. The room begins to shake and cave-in.

LINDA, running for the elevator stops in her tracks - frozen by TAD's psychic power.

Murderous desire in TAD's eyes.

FLASH CUT TO:

INT. TAD'S YUPPIE CONDO - MAIN ROOM

LINDA is hurriedly packing. She picks up the suitcase and grabs TODD's hand and leads the boy to the door. Opening it THE BOSS looms over her.

THE BOSS

Don't you know we have this place tapped. Where are you going?

LINDA is crying and standing in front of TODD.

LINDA

I can't do this anymore, it's sick! It's sick!

THE BOSS

You took the money in the first place, but the deal has changed. If you want to keep little Todd here alive...

THE BOSS pats TODD on the head.

THE BOSS (CONT'D)

You'll keep good care of Tad, won't you Linda?

FLASH BACK TO:

INT. FLOOR SUB-X

TAD loses his expression of murderous desire. He lets LINDA leave.

The room is still shaking and falling apart.

THE BOSS tries to escape out a side tunnel but a rock falls from the ceiling and pins him down.

TAD steps over the BOSS. The BOSS coughs-up blood.

THE BOSS

You were the crown jewel of my firm. You would have been the greatest psychic stockbroker to ever walk the earth.

TAD

I quit.

TAD walks towards the exit. The BOSS screams out helplessly after him.

At the base of the TORCH-LIT stairs, TAD squeezes his hand into a fist. The rest of the upper floors collapse, killing the BOSS.

INT. TAD'S YUPPIE CONDO - BEDROOM - MORNING

TAD wakes up refreshed. LINDA and TODD are gone.

INT. TAD'S YUPPIE CONDO - BEDROOM BATHROOM

TAD showers with a happy demeanor.

INT. TAD'S YUPPIE CONDO - BEDROOM

TAD gets dressed and leaves.

EXT. CORPORATE OFFICE - DAY

TAD strolls towards work, whistling.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Letters are being scraped off the windows as TAD enters the office. TAD approaches the NEW SECRETARY. She's attractive; wearing thick-framed glasses and a perm.

TAD  
What the hell's going on?

NEW SECRETARY  
I'm sorry, sir. These are the new  
offices of Foster & Foster.

TAD notices something familiar about the NEW SECRETARY. He leans in and realizes who she is.

TAD  
Hey - Lady Llewellyn!

TAD walks around the desk, teeth-clenched. The NEW SECRETARY spins in her chair to face TAD.

NEW SECRETARY  
You must be mistaken.

TAD pulls her up out of her seat.

TAD  
It is you! ...but Foster and  
Foster, why?

FLASH CUT TO:

INT. DARK, EVIL-LOOKING BOARD ROOM

A DARK FIGURE stands at the head of a long table, populated by SHADY FIGURES seated along it. On the chart next to him is a picture of TAD.

DARK FIGURE  
We can use their greatest weapon  
against them. We must play to his  
weaknesses.

At the opposite end of the table sits LADY L in a business suit and glasses, looking devilish and mean.

DARK FIGURE (CONT'D)  
You will set that dickhead in motion...

FLASH CUT BACK:

INT. OFFICE - DAY

TAD  
Oh my God! ... This was all a set up! You - you had me kill my whole firm! You worked for Foster & Foster this whole time. And to think...

TAD stabs the air between them with his finger and whispers,

TAD (CONT'D)  
*I loved you.*

NEW SECRETARY  
I don't know what you're talking about.

NEW SECRETARY (V.O.)  
Who's going to believe you Tad?  
Who's going to believe... a murderer.

TAD's eyes widen. He pries at his collar. The room shakes around him.

NEW SECRETARY  
Now, I'm sorry sir, but I have a lot of work to do. You can show yourself out.

The NEW SECRETARY spins back into place at her desk.

TAD is utterly floored. Frantic, he runs through the office to his desk.

INT. OFFICE - TAD'S DESK

The PIMP, dressed-up as a douchey broker sits at TAD's desk.

TAD  
 You - hey you, what are you doing  
 at my desk!

TAD grabs his AWARD. It says "Broker of the Year", but with "CHAD MORRIS" engraved as the name. TAD sets it back down.

PIMP  
 What the hell, man? Hey, you're  
 that guy... the guy from the news  
 - the one who killed the hooker.

The PIMP reaches into the desk drawer ... pulls out and  
 throws down POLAROIDs of the dead hooker on the desk.

PIMP (CONT'D)  
 What the fuck man? Hey that's  
 disgusting! Security! Security!

TAD reels back.

TAD looks across the labyrinth of cubicles and sees two  
 gruff SECURITY GUARDS running his way.

The PIMP gives him a smarmy smile.

PIMP (V.O)  
 You's fucked, ma'fucka.

Shaking his head wildly, TAD looks out through tears at the  
 city-scape. He closes his eyes, and throws himself out the  
 window.

"THE END." appears over his body falling in slow motion.  
 Credits begin to roll.

CUT TO:

INT. THEATRE - MAIN ROOM

Our HOST is a nervous wreck, seated in the middle of the  
 theatre and surrounded by a pack of cheering MUTANTS. They  
 slap him on the back, grunt and holler, and spill popcorn  
 all over the place.

HOST  
 Talk about liquefying assets! That  
 really was a market-crash  
 ending... I hope you enjoyed it...

The HOST winces at the MUTANTS all gnashing their teeth.

HOST (CONT'D)  
Until next time my friends, *if*  
*there is a next time...*

TRACK OUT OF  
THEATRE TO:

EXT. THEATRE

One of the BULBS on the Midnight GRIND CINEMA MARQUEE pops.

TRACK FURTHER BACK  
TO REVEAL:

EXT. DESOLATE DESERT LANDSCAPE

A sickly-colored moon bright over a wasteland of rubble,  
rebar, roofless houses, the derelict THEATRE the singular  
untoppled structure - an ark in the sand.