The Wall Between Us

Written By

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FADE IN:

EXT. PARKING LOT - 1991 - NIGHT

A naked young man, GABRIEL, early twenties, thin, dirty, disheveled with sunken eyes and dry lips, stumbles through the car lot in front of an apartment complex. His body trembles as his dirty feet drag across the pavement.

EXT. SIDEWALK - NIGHT

Gabriel passes a group of homeless women, CIRCE, SYBIL and WANDA. The group hovers by a trash can full of burning debris.

     CIRCE
     Looking for your mother child?

     SYBIL
     I'll be your mumsy!

Circe and Sybil cackle.

     WANDA
     This world is so cruel on the young.

Off Wanda's face.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Circe, Sybil and Wanda watch as Gabriel steps out onto the street. Cars drive by Gabriel as he crosses the street.

     CIRCE (O.S.)
     Fate snatches another one.

A car honks at him and another car stops. Gabriel steps into a vacant lot.

EXT. VACANT LOT - NIGHT

Gabriel stares into the distance, drops to his knees and screams into the night. A police siren sounds off. OFFICER ELROY, a heavy set beat cop, approaches Gabriel.

     OFFICER ELROY
     Sir. I'm here to help.

Gabriel shakes his head.

     OFFICER ELROY
     Do you have anything that may hurt me? Weapons?
Gabriel looks down to his hands.

GABRIEL

Wait.

Off Gabriel's face.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

DAVID, late teens, lean, fair skinned with a soft, childlike complexion and LOGAN, late twenties, broad-shouldered, muscular, with rough skin and a labored appearance carry a couch through an open door. Logan lifts with ease while David struggles.

INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Logan drops his end of the couch and sits down. Logan's body weight causes David to drop his end of the couch. Logan props his feet up on the coffee table.

DAVID

I guess the couch goes here then.

Logan cracks open a can of beer.

LOGAN

Jesus, I'm beat.

Logan chugs his beer and tosses the empty can over his shoulder. David picks it up and throws it in a nearby trash bag.

DAVID

Just when I thought my attraction for you couldn't be any stronger.

David sets down a stack of books on the counter and sifts through them. Logan stands up and walks into the bedroom. David watches from the living room as Logan takes off his clothes.

LOGAN (O.S.)

C'mon.

A beat.

DAVID

I'll make you a deal...

LOGAN (O.S.)

No deal. C'mon.

David slams a book down on the counter and walks into the
bedroom. He takes off his clothes and shuts the door.

INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - DAY

Water drips from a faucet as David stares at his reflection in the mirror. He traces contusions along his waistline and rib cage with his fingertips. He inhales sharply and braces himself against the sink. He releases his breath and turns off the light.

INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

David picks up a flannel shirt from the floor and puts it on. He crosses the room past Logan asleep and exposed on the bed.

INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - DAY

David hears someone curse through the common wall between his apartment and the next. David approaches the wall. He listens then knocks.

INT. MASON'S APARTMENT - DAY

MASON, thirties, fit, with a soft appearance, approaches the wall.

INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - DAY

David places a hand on the wall.

INT. MASON'S APARTMENT - DAY

Mason places a hand on the wall.

INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - DAY

David hears the floor creak on the other side. David steps away from the wall.

DAVID

Hello?

A beat.

DAVID

Sorry, I didn't realize you...

David hears a door slam. David rushes to the peephole in the front door. Mason's profile is seen briefly through the peephole.
INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Mason walks past David's door and stops. He glances back and his eyes land on the peephole in David's door.

INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - DAY

David pushes away from the door. A moment goes by before he hears Mason walk the length of the hallway and exit through the stairwell. He relaxes his posture and proceeds into the kitchen.

INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

David studies the contents of the fridge. Logan walks in behind David and smacks him across the ass.

LOGAN
Morning.

David jumps.

DAVID
Jesus, you scared me.

Logan picks up a spoon and coffee cup from the counter and dumps the cup's contents into the sink.

DAVID
I thought you were sleeping in?

LOGAN
You want me to make a good impression on the first day?

DAVID
Yes. Of course.

Logan shows David an empty coffee pot.

LOGAN
Coffee?

DAVID
Shit. We might be out.

Logan throws the coffee cup and spoon into the sink. David jumps.

DAVID
Hold on. Hold on. Let me look.

David rummages through the cabinets.
LOGAN
All I ask is...

DAVID
Here! Got it!

David pulls out an odd-looking can and hands it to Logan. Logan studies the label.

LOGAN
Espresso.

DAVID
Even better. You need it.

David reaches for the can and Logan holds it out of reach.

LOGAN
Why's that?

DAVID
No reason. It'll give you an edge.
Give it here, I'll brew it for you.

Logan hands the can to David. David preps the coffee maker. Logan stands behind David. Logan runs his hands up David's shirt and David pulls away.

DAVID
It'll heal. Always does.

LOGAN
You don't usually complain.

DAVID
I'm not complaining. It wasn't my face this time.

Logan pins David against the counter.

LOGAN
I'll control myself when you do.

David pushes Logan back and turns to face him.

DAVID
Don't you ever ask yourself?

Logan shrugs his shoulders.

DAVID
At what point is it no longer an act of love.
LOGAN
What? Sex? Sex is love.

DAVID
No. It used to be.

The coffee maker beeps. David pours coffee into a cup and hands it to Logan. A thud comes from the hallway.

DETECTIVE KENNEDY (O.S.)
Police. Open up.

David unlocks the front door.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

David opens his door. DETECTIVE KENNEDY, late forties, out-of-shape with puffy eyes and a handlebar mustache, stands outside Mason's door.

DAVID
He's not home. I heard him leave.

Detective Kennedy flips over a piece of paper attached to a clipboard and writes. He approaches David.

DETECTIVE KENNEDY
I'm Detective Kennedy with the LAPD. It appears your super has given me a tenants registry that is severely out of date. I don't have a name registered to your neighbor's apartment.

David studies Detective Kennedy.

DETECTIVE KENNEDY
You happen to know who lives there?

DAVID
Not really. Some guy.

Detective Kennedy sighs and places the clipboard under his arm. He flips to a clean page in his note pad.

DETECTIVE KENNEDY
You happen to know his name? Can you describe his appearance? Anything come to mind?

DAVID
I don't know his name or anything about him. He hasn't exactly

(MORE)
DAVID (CONT'D)
invited me over for tea. For all I know, the guy's a ghost.

A beat.

DETECTIVE KENNEDY
Fine. Do me a favor.

Detective Kennedy reaches into his breast pocket and hands David a business card.

DETECTIVE KENNEDY
Give him my card. I need to ask him a few questions.

DAVID
May I ask why?

DETECTIVE KENNEDY
We're inquiring as to any suspicious activity in the area a few nights ago. A young man was found in the vacant lot across the street. It would seem he was attacked by someone and managed to get away.

David steps out from the doorway.

DAVID
My god. Really?

DETECTIVE KENNEDY
Really. And now that I've got your attention, Mr...

DAVID
Keane. David Keane.

DETECTIVE KENNEDY
Live here long?

DAVID
No. I just moved here. Clearly a mistake.

DETECTIVE KENNEDY
Doesn't have to be. Do yourself a favor, mingle.

DAVID
Isn't that how subsidized housing works, we all live in these tiny (MORE)
DAVID (CONT'D)
boxes tucked away from the rest of the world. Anonymous. We don't bother you. You ignore us, right?

DETECTIVE KENNEDY
We're not the bad guys.

DAVID
Recent events considered, good and bad have become relative terms don't you think?

Detective Kennedy stares at David's shoulder. David follows his eye line and looks down at his own shoulder to find a fresh bruise.

DETECTIVE KENNEDY
Live alone?

David shuts his door and steps into the hallway.

DAVID
So now you're the census bureau?

DETECTIVE KENNEDY
Keep voting for cutbacks, and I will be.

DAVID
Ha, funny. Look. I'll do you a solid and keep an eye out for my neighbor's ghost. Okay?

DETECTIVE KENNEDY
Please do, and in the meantime, don't hesitate to call if all of a sudden a sense of morality comes over you.

David opens his door.

DAVID

David leaves Detective Kennedy in the hallway.

INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - DAY

David slams the door behind him. Logan sits on the couch, feet on the coffee table. He laces up a pair of thick, durable leather boots. David throws the business card on the table.
LOGAN
What did the fuzz want?

DAVID
Cops found some kid across the street. Signs of an attack or something. Traced him back here.

LOGAN
Holy shit.

David adjusts the couch pillows.

DAVID
Don't worry they got Deputy-Fucking-Do-Right on the case. Reminds me of someone we know.

LOGAN
Your dad being a cop didn't make him an asshole. The booze did.

David plops down on the couch beside Logan.

DAVID
I know. But the snooping always got under my skin. He's like a dog with a bone, and what happened when he finally found dirt?

LOGAN
Maybe you acted suspicious.

DAVID
Of course I was. Suspiciously living a whole other life, with you.

Logan drops his foot to the floor.

LOGAN
We've wasted enough time on those people.

DAVID
You mean our families?

Logan quickly throws things into backpack.

LOGAN
You just can't help yourself? Your timing couldn't be worse.
DAVID
The funeral. Sorry.

LOGAN
Jesus Christ!

Logan walks out and slams the door.

DAVID
Bye to you too.

David throws a pillow across the room.

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

Mason leans over the front of a car and tightens something in the engine with a socket wrench. Like a surgeon, he reaches over and places the wrench on a table of meticulously placed tools and instruments. He checks his watch and closes the hood of the car.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Mason walks down a dim, fluorescent-lit hallway. He approaches the door to his apartment and pulls out a set of keys. REGINA, African American, late thirties, steps out of her apartment located across the hall.

REGINA
Hey neighbor. I didn't think I was ever going to meet you with the way you sneak in and out of that apartment at night. Started to think you were one of those albinos, allergic to light or something.

Regina reaches out to shake Mason's hand.

REGINA
Name's Regina.

Mason wipes his hand on his jumpsuit and returns the handshake.

MASON
Mason.

Regina notices grease on her fingers and wipes her hand on her jeans. Mason laughs nervously.

MASON
Sorry. Mechanic.
REGINA
I can see that now.

Regina folds her arms. Mason clears his throat.

MASON
I work the night shift over at the garage on Lincoln.

REGINA
A night mechanic? I didn't know such a thing existed.

MASON
It's alright. Shop's closed at night and I work alone.

REGINA
No customers or co-workers. Damn, that is a sweet deal. I wish half of mine would drop dead.

Regina laughs. Mason smiles.

REGINA
The garage is on the bus line then?

MASON
Yea, why?

REGINA
Beginning to make some sense.

MASON
What is?

REGINA
I don't know if you've noticed but you living with a bunch of black folk in the projects. You blame us for wondering why the hell some white boy slumming it with us.

Mason's eyes widen. He shifts his gaze to the ground. Regina leans against her doorway.

REGINA
Look, tomorrow night a bunch of us are having a sort of potluck thing on the roof. In light of everything probably best we get to know each other a bit. If you're around come up and meet some folk.
Mason stares at the ground.

REGINA
No harm came from getting to know your neighbors.

Mason meets Regina's gaze.

INT. MASON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Mason locks his door and turns to look in the mirror by the door. CARVER, thirties, fit, with wild eyes and a weathered appearance, suddenly appears in the reflection.

CARVER
Thinking of going to that shin dig?

Mason falls backward and pushes his body up against the wall.

MASON
You don't exist.

The motor of a drill grinds tight. Mason looks to the couch. Carver fastens a bit to a power drill.

CARVER
Afraid so.

MASON
You can't exist. I've been blocking you for months. You've been missing for months.

CARVER
You see me.

Carver waves a hand in front of his face.

CARVER
I see me. Besides, that's not true. I've been checking in.

Carver lays out the contents of a toolbox on the coffee table in front of him.

CARVER
You can swear me off and click your heels all you want, Dorothy. I have nowhere to be. Those pills you pop only erase the memory of the things we've done.
MASON
No. The things you've done.

CARVER
Whatever helps you sleep, sweetheart. Your mind is my vessel.

MASON
I thought the treatment worked. Why didn't it work?

CARVER
Easy, I'm a parasite and you're the host. Your chemically unbalanced. The moment you become vulnerable your brain thinks its compromised and panics. That's when I step in. A hostile take over. Someone to guide the ship through troubled waters.

Mason bangs his head against the wall.

CARVER
Don't be so hard on yourself you're predisposed. You are me. I am you.

MASON
No. I'm not.

Mason stands up.

MASON
I can't go on like this. I have to turn this around, I can live a normal life. I can have friends.

Carver jumps off the couch and pins Mason to the wall. Mason inhales sharply as he struggles to break free.

CARVER
Are you fucking kidding me. Normal? That's what you call this? Once again you've proved nothing and I'm still here.

Carver releases Mason.

MASON
Since when do you call the shots? It's still my body. I'm still in control and I'm going. You can't stop me.
CARVER
Are you challenging me? It wouldn't be wise to test me. I can be resourceful.

MASON
You are no more than a sick figment of my imagination.

Carver wipes a tear from his eye.

CARVER
I think that's the nicest thing you've ever said to me.

MASON
I'm still in control. I'll prove it. I've already decided, you don't exist.

Off Carver's face.

INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Mason reaches the top of the stairs, out of breath. He pauses, adjusts his appearance. He wipes the sweat off his palms and reaches for the door handle.

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Mason steps through the door and onto the roof. Regina spots Mason and walks over.

REGINA
Hey there. I was just wondering if you were going to make it.

Regina points to the plate in Mason's hands.

REGINA
Brisket? You didn't have to go and do all that.

MASON
It's nothing. A small thank you for welcoming me into the neighborhood.

Regina squeezes Mason's arm. Mason stares at the point of contact. Regina lifts the cover off the plate.

REGINA
Smells delicious. You did good.
Regina steers Mason by the arm towards the table of food.

REGINA
And thank the Lord someone brought something that'll stick to your ribs.

PADMA, looks up from across the table of food.

REGINA
Yes, Padma I'm talking about you.

Padma waves her fork back and forth.

PADMA
A simple clerical error is all. Had I received a proper invitation, I would've brought my mother's secret ingredient five layer cake.

Regina places the plate of brisket on the table.

REGINA
You don't even know what clerical means! I've been planning this thing for months. And the only thing secret about your mama's five layer cake is the box it comes in.

Padma stands frozen on the spot.

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Regina leads Mason to a make shift bar.

REGINA
That's Padma. We work together at the salon and Lord knows I wouldn't mind one bit if one of them grand pianos fell out of the sky and crushed her right now.

Regina and Mason look back at Padma. Padma loads her plate with mashed potatoes.

REGINA
Probably the only damn thing that'll stop her from eating all the food.

Regina picks up two disposable cups from the bar.
REGINA
What'll it be? We got the clear stuff, the dark stuff and the stuff in between.

Mason studies the labels on the bottles.

REGINA
You seem like the reserved type. Wine?

MASON
Red or White?

REGINA
It's in a box. Does it matter?

Regina grabs the box wine from the handle and tips it over.

MASON
What makes you think I'm reserved?

Regina hands Mason a cup.

REGINA
Your taste in music. You play those damn opera records. Beautiful stuff but I grew up in Queens. I spent my whole childhood around fat, singing Italians. I don't need to visit in my sleep.

Regina tips her cup to Mason's.

REGINA
Cheers.

Regina and Mason both sip. Mason coughs.

REGINA
Come on now, don't hold out on me. Tip it back.

Regina and Mason chug their drinks.

REGINA
Good. Now let's introduce you to some people.

Regina hooks her arm around Mason and directs him across the roof.
EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

David and Logan stand alone from the crowd. Mason stops in his tracks. Mason stares transfixed on David.

REGINA
What's wrong with you?

Carver appears next to Mason. Carver and Mason study David's appearance. Carver whispers into Mason's ear.

CARVER
Bingo.

Mason looks around. Carver is gone. Regina tugs on Mason's arm.

MASON
Sorry. Who are they?

REGINA
David and Logan. Word is they are more than "roommates". Looks like the gay plague skipped a few of them. I figure we should be nice, David looks a little pale and probably ain't got long.

Regina moves forward.

REGINA
Remember, hold your breath if he coughs.

Mason follows Regina to where David and Logan stand.

REGINA
Guys, this is Mason, he lives in the apartment next to yours.

Mason reaches out for David's hand first and David returns with a soft handshake.

DAVID
Nice to finally meet you, David.
And this is Logan.

Logan reaches out for Mason's hand and shakes it firmly. Mason pulls back but Logan retains his grip. Logan studies Mason for a moment before he releases his hand.

LOGAN
Nice to meet you, Chief.
Logan winks at Mason. Regina shifts her gaze from Mason to Logan.

REGINA
All right then, I have a party to attend to guys so if you'll excuse me.

Regina walks away. David clears his throat.

DAVID
You think she introduced us because we're all white?

Everyone laughs.

LOGAN
What do you do for a living?

DAVID
Logan. Don't pry. We just met.

Logan crushes the beer can in his hand.

LOGAN
(through clenched teeth)
I'm trying to make conversation.
Your idea, remember?

He reaches for another beer and David flinches.

LOGAN
By all means, allow me to go first.
I found work as an apprentice on a construction site building luxury condos. Prospects are good, and I plan on making foreman someday. See, your turn.

David's fingertips rest on his collar bone, exposed by his v-neck t-shirt.

DAVID
I work at the video rental place on the corner of Elm and Washington.

Mason stares at the throb of David's pulse at the base of his neck while he speaks. Carver appears by the table of food. He watches from a distance.

DAVID
I know, I know, a life of drudgery ahead for me but I love working

(MORE)
DAVID (CONT'D)
amongst so many great performers
like Meryl and Julia.

Logan pops open another can of beer. The sound snaps Mason out of his trance. Logan clears his throat.

MASON
You both sound like you really enjoy what you do. I didn't find anything as meaningful as all that. I work at a garage by the old shipyard where the tracks end.

Logan snorts.

LOGAN
Are you serious? I thought that place was an abandoned playground for meth heads. Jesus, what a dump and you work there?

By the table of food a CROWD of people laugh. Carver laughs with them. Logan chugs the rest of his beer.

DAVID
Don't you have to pack?

Logan glares at David. Logan burps.

LOGAN
Fine. I came, I saw, I drank a few. I've done my community a service.

Logan turns to leave.

LOGAN
Bring me some food when you come down.

The roof access door slams shut behind Logan.

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

David watches Regina down another cup of wine. Mason watches Carver peruse the table of food. David picks at the brisket on his plate while Mason sips a beer.

DAVID
You like being a mechanic?

MASON
You like rewinding videotapes?
DAVID
I see your point.

MASON
Pays the rent.

Mason and David cheers.

DAVID
Sometimes not even that much.

MASON
Maybe but it's what my dad always
did, man's work he'd say. I like
working with my hands. All that
heavy machinery can be dangerous,
makes things exciting.

Mason simulates with his hands a torque motion. Mason
watches Carver as he moves in closer to them. Carver
eavesdrops.

MASON
In fact, a few weeks back a rookie
was rotating tires on a Pinto. I
know, death wish. Seemed standard
till the rookie's jack gave out.

David's mouth drops.

DAVID
Jesus, what did you do?

Off Mason's face.

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

GLENN, the rookie mechanic, lays pinned underneath a car.
His legs jerk back and forth. Mason scrambles to position a
jack under the car.

MASON (V.O.)
Nothing really left to do.

Mason reaches out and grabs Glenn's bloody hand. Glenn's
spasms come to a stop under the weight of the car.

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Mason leans over the low brick wall. He stares off into the
distance.
MAISON
By the time I realized what had
happened, it was too late.

Carver stands on the other side of Mason. He grins.

DAVID
Holy shit.

MAISON
Happens, not often, but it does.
It's a shame, we couldn't pull him
out in one piece.

David stares at Mason in awe. David puts his plate down.
Mason smiles.

DAVID
That's horrible. Morbid even.

MAISON
Sure, but so is life.

David chuckles.

DAVID
True.

MAISON
You know, just now, you reminded me
of someone. You're a lot like him.
Or rather he's a lot like you.

DAVID
That's a nice thing to say. A
compliment. I'll take it.

David smiles. The wind blows plates and cups off the table.
David's back and shoulders tighten. He shivers.

DAVID
I forgot we're on the roof.

Mason takes off his jacket. He drapes it over David's
shoulders. He allows his thumb to slide across the back of
David's neck as he fixes the collar.

DAVID
Thanks.

Mason turns to look out at the city. Mason inhales and
exhales deeply. David watches him. His eyes study Mason's
posture.
MASON
A storm's coming. You can smell it.

Mason turns around to see the few neighbors left on the rooftop head to the roof access door. Mason searches the roof for Carver. Carver is gone.

MASON
We should head down.

David checks his watch

DAVID
You're right, it's really late.

He shifts his gaze to his feet.

DAVID
This was nice. Talking to someone.

MASON
It was.

DAVID
Let me get a plate for that jackass downstairs.

David walks over to the table of food and puts together a plate for Logan. Regina, now intoxicated, stumbles over to Mason.

REGINA
I have to say you got a mean grip on them brisket. You gotta tell me what you put in that marinade. What's your secret?

DAVID
He couldn't tell you that, Regina, secret's in the sauce.

REGINA
Boy, I should slap you. He was about to tell me.

Regina falls over and knocks the plate out of David's hand. She lays on the ground motionless, she mumbles to herself and is incoherent to David and Mason. David scans the roof.

DAVID
Nice, everyone left.

Mason looks down at his watch.
MASON
It's almost three in the morning.
Think anyone below can help us.

DAVID
Fat chance. Not before the storm
hits. Besides, I bet they are all
just like her or worse.

MASON
Help me with her.

DAVID
You think the two of us can get her
downstairs.

Mason walks around Regina's body. Stops. Mason yanks the
cloth off the table next to them.

MASON
I think we could. She's about a
hundred and twenty pounds. We take
this table cloth, spread it on the
floor and roll her on top of it.
Grab each corner between the thumb
and index and wrap the slack around
our hands to get a firm grip.

David raises his eyebrows at Mason.

DAVID
Do this often?

Off David's face.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Mason and David enter the hallway from the stairwell.
Regina's unconscious body wrapped in the tablecloth between
them. Mason and David grunt as they make their way to
Regina's apartment.

DAVID
God, I hope no one runs into us.
You know what this looks like.

MASON
Incriminating.

DAVID
Then again, we're white and knowing
the cops in this neighborhood...
MAISON
We could get away with it.

Mason and David laugh. The door to Regina's apartment is unlocked. Mason bumps Regina's head into the doorway and she springs to life.

REGINA
Rodney King! Rodney King...

Regina passes out again. Mason and David place Regina on the couch and run through the front door. David and Mason stand in front of their apartments. David takes off Mason's jacket and hands it to him.

DAVID
Thanks.

Mason places his hand on the wall space between his and David's apartment.

MAISON
I never thought about it before,
all that separates us is drywall.
It's frail, practically pointless.

DAVID
You're telling me.

David and Mason smile at each other.

MAISON
Good night.

Off Mason's face.

INT. MASON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Mason closes his door. He braces his body against the door. He breathes heavy.

INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

David closes his door. He places his hand on the door and sighs. He turns around and Logan greets him with a punch to the face.

INT. MASON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Mason turns around and Carver appears. Carver motions his head towards the common wall between Mason and David's apartment.
CARVER
You're a natural, Chief. Good work.
Hook, line and when the time comes
we'll sink him.

Mason positions himself between the wall and Carver.

MASON
No. Not this one.

CARVER
He's perfect. Hear me out. Check it.

Carver waves his hand in front of Mason's face. He lowers a finger.

CARVER
For starters he's young, maybe not
Macaulay Culkin young but he's got the look. You tellin' me you don't want to beat off on that?

Carver licks his lips. He lowers another finger.

CARVER
He's accessible, he's right-fucking-next-door, for cryin' out loud. He's weak. He could barely lift that body and he's a doormat. What do you say, Chief? Together?

Mason pushes Carver.

MASON
No.

CARVER
Come on, we had fun last time.

Off Carver's face.

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Glenn, the rookie mechanic, lays pinned underneath a car. His legs jerk back and forth. Carver rests his foot on top of car jack.

CARVER (V.O.)
Poor bastard. Didn't stand a chance.
Carver reaches under the car for Glenn's bloody hand and checks his pulse. The Rookie's spasms come to a stop under the weight of the car.

INT. MASON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Carver moves his fingers over his chest and forms a cross motion. Mason shakes his head and walks into the kitchen. Carver follows him.

INT. MASON'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Carver cuts Mason off.

    CARVER
    I don't know what's worse. Standing by while he bleeds out to death or lying about it.

Mason faces Carver.

    MASON
    You disgust me.

    CARVER
    That guy barely counts. The jack fell out. The car did the work.

Mason reaches past Carver for a bottle of alcohol on top of the fridge.

    CARVER
    This kid can be the last time.

Mason faces Carver.

    MASON
    It's always the last time. You're always looking for a fix. I meant what I said.

    CARVER
    Okay. Alright. I'll allow you some time to mull it over. You'll come around soon enough. There's a lot of meat around here. The smell will get to you eventually, Chief.

A beat.

    MASON
    Don't call me "Chief" we're not in this thing together.
Mason leans against the sink. He unscrews the lid from the bottle in his hand and throws it into the sink. Mason chugs from the bottle.

INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

David spits blood into the sink. Logan bangs on the door.

LOGAN (O.S.)
I'm sorry babe, just talk to me. I don't know what happened. I lost control for a second.

DAVID
That's your excuse! Resort to violence because you can't control yourself?

David spits more blood into the sink.

LOGAN (O.S.)
I'm a jealous guy. You were gone all night. My mind fills in the blanks. What was I supposed to think?

DAVID
What is wrong with you? Do you even hear yourself? You're apologizing to me and rationalizing your actions in the same breath!

David checks for loose teeth with his finger.

LOGAN (O.S.)
Babe, my dad, the funeral. I have to leave for Dallas in a few hours. I want you to come with me. I need you there.

DAVID
I can't keep up with these mood swings. Now you want me there. I don't know that I can be with you.

Logan bangs on the door.

LOGAN (O.S.)
Don't do this to me.

DAVID
I don't do anything to you. That's the point.
LOGAN (O.S.)
You are so selfish.

David hits the door.

DAVID
Selfish. Should we recap your behavior all night?

LOGAN (O.S.)
I don't want to leave it like this.

A beat.

LOGAN (O.S.)
I love you.

DAVID
This isn't love. I need space. We need space.

Logan kicks the door.

LOGAN (O.S.)
You're just going to let me go this alone. I have to bury my father tomorrow.

DAVID
You need to feel alone for once.

A door slam is heard.

EXT. STREET - DAY

David listens to music and jogs along the sidewalk. He cuts across the street to the other side. He passes the group of homeless women, waves, and continues to run up to the doors of the lobby entrance.

INT. LOBBY - DAY

David holds the door open for an elderly couple. He spots Mason at the mailbox. He removes his headphones.

DAVID
Hey there.

MASON
Hey.

DAVID
Glad I ran into you.
Mason closes his mailbox and thumbs through his mail.

David
A cop came by the other day but you were already gone.

Mason drops a few pieces of mail.

Mason
What?

David bends down to pick up Mason's mail now scattered on the floor.

David
Sorry, I meant to give you his card. Said he was talking to everyone on the floor. He was investigating a kid who claims he was attacked by someone in the building.

Mason
Who?

David
Didn't say.

A beat.

David
Think you might know the kid?

Mason
Don't know many people to begin with.

Mason takes his mail from David.

David
Can I give you his number at least? I told him I would and ever since it's been sitting by the phone like some cursed object drawing the energy out of the room.

Mason
Sure.

Mason follows David to the stairwell.
INT. STAIRWELL - DAY

Mason and David climb the stairs.

DAVID
What are you up to now?

MASON
I don't know. Maybe open a bottle of wine. You?

DAVID
Nothing. Probably watch a movie.

Mason and David exit the stairwell into the hallway.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

David and Mason walk along the hallway and stop outside David's apartment.

DAVID
Give me a sec. Let me grab that guy's number for you.

David enters his apartment while Mason waits in the hallway. David appears with the card.

DAVID
Here you go.

MASON
Thanks.

Mason turns to leave.

DAVID
Wait, I was wondering if...

MASON
What's that?

DAVID
Nothing. Night.

David shuts his door.

INT. MASON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Mason walks in. Carver sits on the couch, his feet propped up on the coffee table. He clips his fingernails.

CARVER
Jesus, needy much? Fuck the guilt,

(MORE)
CARVER (CONT'D)
take him out. Sounds like we'd be
doing the boyfriend a favor.

MASON
When was the last time you came
around?

Carver throws the clipper onto the coffee table.

CARVER
I don't know, need to check my day
planner. Why?

Mason kicks Carver's feet off the coffee table.

MASON
You brought some kid back here. He
got away and now you've got the
cops sniffing around our doorstep.

CARVER
The kid.

MASON
What kid?

CARVER
Thursday night. Bubble party. Slick
Rick's.

Mason shakes his head in disagreement. Carver shows Mason
his wrist. Mason looks at his own wrist to find a faded red
stamp in the form of a watermelon.

CARVER
Damn, that's a tough break. You're
forgetting entire blocks of time.
Fun party.

Mason hits something. Carver watches.

CARVER
I take it I'll be filing our taxes
this year. Don't need the IRS
showing up because you've left
empty spaces where months should
be.

MASON
This isn't a joke.

Carver slaps Mason.
CARVER
I'm not the sloppy one. When you panic, you interfere with my process. People get away.

Mason reaches across the coffee table and grabs Carver by the collar.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

David carries a large glass bowl, inside is a VHS and a Jiffy Pop. He approaches the door to Mason's apartment. David hears Mason talking to Carver. He knocks on the door.

INT. MASON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Mason holds Carver by the collar.

MASON
You need to go. Leave. Now.

Carver grabs Mason's fingers and loosens their grasp on him, one at a time.

CARVER
Baby, don't you understand. I'm here for you. I'm in it for the long haul.

Mason let's go of Carver.

CARVER
Besides, haven't you heard? Control is an illusion. I'll be back and you have no way of knowing when.

David knocks again. Mason shuts his eyes and presses the palms of his hands hard into his eye sockets.

MASON
Go away. Go away. Go away.

Mason opens his eyes. Carver is gone. He searches the apartment.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

David leans against the door. Listens.

DAVID
Are you alright?

David steps back from the door.
INT. MASON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Mason flips on a light switch, turns on the T.V. and sprints to open the front door.

INT. MASON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Mason invites David inside. David walks in and scans the apartment. Empty.

DAVID
I could have sworn I heard...

David spots the T.V.

DAVID
Never mind. I was thinking since we're both on are own tonight and I was going to watch this scary movie anyway but I don't really like to watch them alone. You've got wine and I brought popcorn I just thought...

David shifts nervously. Mason smiles.

MASON
Sure.

David hands Mason the VHS tape and enters the kitchen. In the kitchen, David turns on the stove and places the Jiffy Pop on the burner. In the living room, Mason opens a bottle of wine and pours its contents into two glasses.

MASON
You run a lot?

DAVID (O.S.)
What's that?

MASON
Earlier when I bumped into you. Looked like you came from a run.

In the kitchen, David shakes the handle of the Jiffy Pop.

DAVID
Oh, right. I used to before and I'm starting up again. Getting flabby.

MASON (O.S.)
I didn't notice.
DAVID
You wouldn't have noticed. Would you?

In the living room, Mason swirls the wine, places his nose in the glass and inhales deep.

MASON (O.S.)
I think you underestimate the power of attraction.

David turns off the burner and pours the popcorn into a bowl.

DAVID
Do I?

David enters the living room. Mason turns to him.

MASON
You look fine is all.

DAVID
Uh huh.

David places the popcorn on the coffee table. Mason hands him a glass of wine. David takes a seat on the couch.

MASON
Why are you alone tonight?

DAVID
It's a long story, you really want to know?

A beat.

DAVID
Logan had to go home for a few days and by choice I'm here.

David sips wine from his glass. Mason studies David.

DAVID
I fucked up. We both fucked up. I should be there with him. No one should have to bury their parent alone.

Mason takes a seat next to David.

DAVID
I just wanted him to know what it's

(MORE)
DAVID (CONT'D)
like. I'm always alone. I'm always here waiting for him like it's the fucking fifties and I'm some housewife in the suburbs, content and blissfully unaware of the empty life I lead.

MASON
You're human. You made a decision and you regret it.

DAVID
Yeah, but this one decision hurts more than any of the others did.

Mason places his hand on David's shoulder.

MASON
If he loves you. He'll forgive you.

DAVID
I'm not exactly sure I want him to forgive me.

MASON
Is that the relationship you want? A constant struggle for balance.

David chuckles.

DAVID
It's simple. A relationship is dominance. Role play. You take turns. I just drew the short straw this time.

Mason looks at David's scabbed cut and swollen lip.

MASON
Do you ever get a turn?

DAVID
That is not so simple. It might be hard for you to understand, if you've never been with another man.

MASON
Men are an acquired taste. But unlike most, I have an adventurous palate.

David's mouth drops. Mason sips his wine. David pushes Mason's shoulder.
DAVID
I knew it.

MASON
You did?

DAVID
Well, maybe suspected a little or slightly fantasized.

MASON
You fantasized about me?

David pushes Mason's shoulder again.

MASON
Not that I mind. Just find it curious.

DAVID
Look, I just thought it would be nice to find someone I could relate to or at least talk to. Connect. You know?

Mason's thumb touches David's lip. He presses down firmly with his thumb, the scabbed over cut bleeds. David winces but allows Mason to hurt him.

MASON
You're forgetting, submissive is a role too.

Mason pulls away from David. David stands up and surveys the room. Mason clears his throat.

MASON
Excuse me.

Mason rushes into the bathroom and shuts the door.

INT. MASON'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Mason washes his hands. He spots a bottle of sleeping pills next to the faucet. Mason picks it up and studies the label. Carver kneels on the floor beside him.

CARVER
Drug him. Please do it for me. Do it for us. It's been days, these blue balls are killing me.

Carver gets up and stands behind Mason. He whispers into
Mason's ear.

    CARVER
    Imagine it.

Mason closes his eyes. Carver places his hand down the front of Mason's jeans.

    CARVER
    He's alone and in your apartment. The kids going to be tanked, he's practically chugging that cheap wine right now and he's feeling insecure. You've got the upper hand just how we like it.

Mason adjusts his stance.

    CARVER
    When a fawn drinks from your pond it's just asking to be a jacket.

Mason leans into Carver. A grin spreads across Carver's face.

    CARVER
    That's it. That's my boy. Just think, in less than ten minutes we could be showering his lifeless body with freshly squeezed, 100% homemade, man milk.

Mason opens his eyes and pulls Carver's hand out of his jeans.

    MASON
    Jesus. Stop it! Don't talk about him like that! I said no!

Mason glances at the pill bottle still in his hand. He sets it down on the counter. Mason zips up his jeans and exits the bathroom.

INT. MASON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

David pours himself another glass of wine. Mason walks in from the bathroom.

    DAVID
    You're missing one. There's a third monkey.

David points at two monkey statues perched on a shelf, with
the hands one monkey covers its eyes and the other covers its mouth. Mason walks over and places his hand on the shelf. His fingertips break the dusty outline of a third monkey statue.

MASON
No, I don't think so. They're a pair.

DAVID
No. How do you not know this? That's the whole point of the saying. It's easy to remember on purpose.

David takes a seat on the couch.

MASON
Then I guess I was jipped. Bought them that way. A garage sale, I think.

DAVID
Okay, that sounds made up. Nice try. No shame in being attached to things even if eastern philosophy would have us believe otherwise.

Mason moves across the room and sits next to David on the couch. David sits up and leans into Mason.

DAVID
I read an article somewhere, probably, I don't know, Readers Digest. Regardless, the article was written by this prestigious auctioneer and he said that splitting sets of objects not only significantly decreases the value but has been proven historically to be bad juju.

Mason laughs.

MASON
You subscribe to Readers Digest? Isn't that for old people?

DAVID
I'm being serious. If for no other reason, get rid of them because they're fucking creepy looking. I

(MORE)
DAVID (CONT'D)
mean, why monkeys?

MASON
Maybe I don't need all three
because I don't need reminding of
all of them. Ever think of that?

Mason runs his fingers through David's hair.

DAVID
It doesn't work like that, but,
okay, you've convinced me into
dropping the subject.

MASON
Your eyes are very telling.

Mason leans in and his wine glass clinks against David's
glass. David jumps up from the couch and walks over to a
crate by a record player. He thumbs through Mason's record
collection.

DAVID
Why do you only have operas?

Mason sits up on the couch and places his wine glass on the
coffee table.

MASON
I enjoy them. The stories. The
tragedy.

David picks up one of the records and scans the cover.

DAVID
Nothing is more tragic then these
names. All in Italian and dripping
with drama. A woman who's lost her
way, something about french
bohemians and based on the artwork
I'm assuming this one has something
to do with a Chinese princess.

MASON
That one is better in person.

DAVID
People die in these stories?

MASON
Yeah, but usually in order to make
way for the true romance.
DAVID
You don't find it odd that operas circulate around a time of death. Before the end of the first act you know at least one person is due to keel over.

MASON
The presence of death is crucial. I don't know if its romantic otherwise. What do you have to lose if nothing's on the line?

DAVID
Death equals romance. Sounds counter-productive.

David hands Mason a record.

DAVID
Play one. Convince me.

Mason walks over to the record player and takes the record from David's hand.

MASON
Not this one.

Mason thumbs through his records. He chooses one and places the vinyl under the needle. David takes a seat in a chair and sips his wine.

MASON
This one.

A slow pop song plays on the record player. David and Mason listen.

DAVID
This isn't opera.

MASON
You listen to opera over a fancy meal paired with a wine you can't pronounce.

Mason reaches out his hand.

MASON
Dance with me.

DAVID
We can't just listen?
MASON
No. Come on.

DAVID
I don't dance. I'm a white guy. I consider it a favor to society.

Mason pulls David off the couch.

MASON
Move with me then.

Mason positions David's stance. He places his hands on David's shoulders. David steps on Mason's feet.

MASON
Move your feet like this...

Mason and David slow waltz around the room.

MASON
You got it, slower. Listen. Stay with the tempo of the music.

A beat.

MASON
Well?

DAVID
Okay, it's nice.

Mason moves his hands to David's hips. David studies Mason's face. David places his forehead on Mason's chin.

DAVID
Can I tell you something?

MASON
Anything.

DAVID
I'm kind of hoping the song doesn't end.

Mason lifts David's chin to meet his.

DAVID
We're about to cross a line.

MASON
Don't draw one.

Mason kisses David tenderly on the lips as the song ends.
David guides Mason into the bedroom.

MASON
You sure?

David smiles.

DAVID
So that's what it's like. I don't remember the last time I was asked.

David kisses Mason passionately.

INT. MASON'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

David sits at the edge of the bed. David removes his shirt. He stares at his reflection in a mirror.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Gabriel sits at a table across from Detective Kennedy and a SKETCH ARTIST. Gabriel puts out a cigarette. A machine on the table is recording their conversation.

DETECTIVE KENNEDY
Can you describe who attacked you?
Male? Female?

Gabriel shifts in his chair.

INT. MASON'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

David sits at the edge of the bed. Mason appears behind David's shoulder.

GABRIEL (V.O.)
He was definitely a man.

DETECTIVE KENNEDY (V.O.)
White, black, asian, hispanic?

Mason kisses David's neck.

GABRIEL (V.O.)
White I guess. But who really knows for sure.

David lays back on the bed.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Detective Kennedy studies Gabriel.
DETECTIVE KENNEDY
Hair color. Hairstyle. Appearance.

Gabriel closes his eyes.

INT. MASON'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mason kisses David's chest and pulls down his pants. David runs his fingers through Mason's hair.

    GABRIEL (V.O.)
    Blonde. Swept to one side, at first

Mason rests his head in between David's legs.

    DETECTIVE KENNEDY (V.O.)
    How do you mean?

Mason lays on top of David. David wraps his legs around Mason and flips him over.

    GABRIEL (V.O.)
    He changed.

Mason sits up and wraps his arms around David's back as David sits on top of him.

    DETECTIVE KENNEDY (V.O.)
    His appearance changed?

David kisses Mason's neck. Carver appears. Carver sticks his tongue into David's ear.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Gabriel clears his throat.

    GABRIEL
    His behavior changed. He was nice at first and then something just...

Detective Kennedy studies Gabriel. Gabriel shakes his head. He shivers.

INT. MASON'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

David lays on the bed alone, out of breath.

    DAVID

    Mason?

Off David's face.
INT. MASON'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Mason's body shakes as he leans over the sink. Carver appears in the reflection. He smiles.

DAVID (O.S.)
Are you okay?

Off Mason's face.

INT. MASON'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

David waits for a response. Nothing. David puts on his clothes and leaves.

INT. MASON'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Mason hears the front door slam.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Detective Kennedy paces the room. Gabriel attempts to light a cigarette.

DETECTIVE KENNEDY
We don't have much to go with here other than an obviously sick individual on our hands. Until he slips we don't have a lead.

Gabriel throws a metal lighter onto the table.

DETECTIVE KENNEDY
Look kid, I want to help you. I know it's been difficult to recall the details but I need more.

Gabriel reaches into his bag and shows Detective Kennedy an object off screen.

GABRIEL
I took this from him. It helped me get away. This is your lead.

Off Detective Kennedy's face.

INT. STAIRWELL - DAY

David runs up and down a set of stairs. A door slams in the stairwell. Mason enters and spots David.

MASON
I've been looking for you. I need to explain.
DAVID
I don't think so, nothing to explain. We're all good.

David continues to run up and down the set of stairs. On his way back down Mason stops him.

MAISON
What was so wrong about it?

A beat.

DAVID
I didn't say it was wrong.

MAISON
Then what was it?

DAVID
Believe me, I want nothing more than everything you're offering but it's not that simple.

MAISON
Logan?

DAVID
Well, yeah.

Mason grabs David's hand. David pulls away. David moves past Mason to exit the stairwell.

MAISON
Listen. I want to say the right things. I want you to stay.

DAVID
I can't. I'm embarrassed.

MAISON
Don't be.

DAVID
Well, I am god damn it.

David paces the floor.

DAVID
I'm not supposed to feel this way. It's not supposed to feel good.

MAISON
Can I ask, why?
David throws his hands up.

MASON
Why him? Why Logan?

A beat.

DAVID
We were young, from the same small town, the only people we knew like us and we felt lucky to have found each other. We were in love and needed to put miles between us and anyone who thought different. We wanted this life together.

MASON
What you have isn't love. You're in love with the idea, the possibility of love. It's not the same.

DAVID
I know what this looks like. But I love him. And if you can believe it, I'm still in love with him.

David opens the door to leave.

MASON
Every time he hits you? That's love? Is that how Logan shows you how much he's in love with you?

David slams the door.

DAVID
You're not even trying to understand.

MASON
What's to understand?

DAVID
It's not so easy for everyone to accept who it is they love. To be so free about it.

MASON
That's not an excuse.

DAVID
It doesn't have to be an excuse. It's my relationship. I've agreed

(MORE)
DAVID (CONT'D)
to the terms. Logan is in the
process of accepting who he is,
what he is, who we are together.

MASON
So, by all means be his punching
bag?

DAVID
You're looking at it from the
outside. It's his coping mechanism.
Yeah its physical but only
temporary.

Mason shifts his gaze to the floor.

DAVID
It's my fault you don't like him.
You only know him by what I've told
you. You don't know him behind
closed doors. You're different when
you're alone with someone.
Different from the face you show
everyone else. I don't expect you
to understand.

Mason faces David and covers the distance between them.

MASON
That's just it, I do understand. I
understand what it's like to hide.
To struggle, accepting who I am.

DAVID
What are you telling me?

A beat.

MASON
You're so young. You'll discover
things about yourself, good and
bad, everyday for the rest of your
life and he should never take it
out on you. That's how it should
be. That's love.

DAVID
Say I dump his ass. Start over.
What's out there for people like
us? Huh? What's out there for me?
MASON

Me.

Mason raises his hand to touch David's face. A door slams in the stairwell below them. David backs away from Mason.

DAVID

I really should go. Logan will be home in the morning.

David leaves Mason in the stairwell. Mason knocks over a trash can and repeatedly kicks it.

MASON

Fuck.

Off Mason's face.

INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

David sleeps. His eyes open. Logan sits at the foot of the bed. David sits up.

DAVID

Hi.

LOGAN

Hey, kid.

Logan crawls into the bed next to David. He lays his head on David's chest.

LOGAN

My dad died.

DAVID

I know, baby.

David runs his fingers through Logan's hair.

DAVID

I'm so sorry.

Logan sobs into David's chest.

LOGAN

So many things I wanted to say but I couldn't. It was too late. I feel so hopeless. So empty.

DAVID

It must be hard, I know after everything. Leaving. But he knew you loved him. He had to know you

(MORE)
DAVID (CONT'D)

loved him.

LOGAN

But did he love me?

A beat.

DAVID

I want so badly to take away this
pain from you. I do. But I can't.

David takes Logan in his arms. David kisses the top of
Logan's head and hugs him tight.

DAVID

I can only be here for you. Forever
if you need it.

Logan kisses David tenderly.

LOGAN

I'm sorry.

David nods in agreement.

DAVID

Me too.

LOGAN

I can't apologize enough for what I
did to you. What I've done to you.
But I'm here if you'll still have
me.

DAVID

Are you kidding me? You'll have to
beat me off with a stick if you
want to get rid of me.

David and Logan laugh. Logan wipes his face and crawls to
the edge of the bed. He laces his shoes.

DAVID

Where are you going?

LOGAN

I have to go to work. I've missed
enough. It'll be good for me. I
need something physical to do.
Occupy my mind, you know?

DAVID

Are you sure? You just...
Logan leans over and kisses David on the forehead.

    LOGAN
    Babe, I have to go.

    DAVID
    I don't think you've ever called me babe before.

Logan shrugs.

    LOGAN
    See. Better already.

Logan leaves.

    DAVID
    It's a good look.

Off David's face.

INT. MASON'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mason lays in bed naked. Mason bites his lip and applies pressure with his thumb. Blood drips. He touches the blood on his lips with his thumb.

    MASON
    David.

Mason drags his blood soaked thumb down the length of his torso. He stops. He closes his eyes and masturbates.

INT. MASON'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - (FANTASY)

A song plays as Mason kisses David. Carver appears behind David with a power drill. Carver places the drill bit to David's head and pushes in. David's body hemorrhages blood as Mason struggles to stop the bleeding. The song ends.

INT. MASON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Mason stops. He pounds both fists on the mattress.

    MASON
    You're right, normal life is giving us blue balls.

Mason flips over onto his side. He closes his eyes and falls asleep.

INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The apartment is now empty. The phone rings.
INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

David rushes to his front door, arms full of groceries. He fumbles with his keys.

    DAVID
    Hold on. Coming. Jesus, you'd think I was a janitor.

David drops his keys.

    DAVID
    Fucking.

David bends down and picks up his keys.

INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

David drops the groceries by the door and runs across the room to the phone. He picks up the receiver.

    DAVID
    Hello? Hello?

David listens.

    DAVID
    Yes, this is him.

A beat.

    DAVID
    Right, his roommate.

David listens.

    DAVID
    He what? I don't understand? I mean, I don't know what that is...is that a machine?

David takes a seat on the couch.

    DAVID
    Is he alright?

David listens. He becomes visibly stirred.

    DAVID
    Jesus the hospital?

David jumps up from the couch.
DAVID
Why didn't you say so? What's wrong with you? Which one?

David is frantic.

DAVID
Okay. Okay. I'm coming.

David slams down the receiver and rushes out the door.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

David and Logan enter from the stairwell. Logan limps with one arm wrapped around David's neck.

DAVID
I don't know why you refused to use those crutches.

LOGAN
Because I'll recover in the time it takes to get used to them.

David and Logan approach the front door to the apartment. Logan is exhausted.

DAVID
Finally. Here. Rest here.

David unhooks Logan's arm. Logan leans against the wall.

LOGAN
Let's live on the top floor. We'll get a lovely view of the park.

David searches his pockets for the keys.

DAVID
How was I to know the park turned out to be a drug dispensary by day and a playground for miscreants and sex offenders at night. Ten bucks says Elvis is alive and well and slinging hash-laced ice cream to eleven-year-olds.

David unlocks the door and pushes it open.

LOGAN
I could've managed the stairs.
DAVID
Alright Mr. I-don't-need-crutches.

David helps Logan inside.

INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - DAY

David places Logan on the couch and adjusts the pillows.

LOGAN
You're making a fuss over nothing.
I'll be good as new in a couple of weeks.

David takes a seat on the couch next to Logan.

DAVID
Until then we get to play doctor.

Logan pinches David.

DAVID
We're going to have to watch your diet otherwise you and the couch are about to have an intimate, polyester affair if I can't manage to drag your ass to the bed.

David kicks his feet up on the coffee table and rests his head back.

DAVID
God, I am exhausted.

Logan kisses David's chin.

LOGAN
Thank you.

DAVID
For what?

Logan rests his head on David's shoulder.

LOGAN
It's not until someone is gone do you really appreciate them. I don't want to make that mistake again.

DAVID
What are you telling me?

Off Logan's face.
INT. CONSTRUCTION COLLAPSE - DAY

Daylight shines on a pile of rubble.

      LOGAN (V.O.)
      There was a moment. Brief. But a
      real moment, where I didn't think I
      was going to be found in time.

Logan reaches out his hand from inside the pile of rubble.

      LOGAN (V.O.)
      The collapse caused such a panic
      and I was only one of so many
      people caught inside.

A hand reaches out and grabs Logan's hand. Logan is pulled
from the rubble.

INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - DAY

David stares at Logan.

      DAVID
      Not to state the obvious, but you
didn't die. You said it yourself,
four week recovery time. Tops.

      LOGAN
      You're not listening to me.

      DAVID
      Yes, I am. You're telling me you
had a near death experience. The
white hand of God came down and
plucked you from death's cold
embrace. I get it.

      LOGAN
      No. You don't.

Logan places David's face in his hands.

      LOGAN
      I lost sight of us. Just for a
minute but still.

      DAVID
      It's been awhile, but you're back.

      LOGAN
      I want to recover, repair.
DAVID
You're not in this alone.

LOGAN
Over the next few weeks we are both in recovery. We'll get back. Promise?

DAVID
I, promise.

Off David's face.

INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - DAY

David picks up the grocery bags near the front door. One of the bags break open and spill its contents on the floor.

DAVID
You've got to be kidding me. Damn it, I forgot about the cold stuff.

LOGAN
Do we need it?

DAVID
Listen, I can do wonders with SPAM but eventually we will need something that resembles actual food. Not something designed to last a decade.

Logan limps from the couch.

LOGAN
I need to lie down.

DAVID
Hold on, let me help you. Give me your arm.

LOGAN
I'm fine really.

DAVID
Look either way I'm going to help you, okay? Do yourself a favor and get used it. Think of this as a sneak peak to the end our lives.

LOGAN
Great. Can't wait.
David helps Logan walk.

INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

David sets Logan down on the bed. He picks up the remote and hands it to Logan.

    DAVID
    Look, I won't even fight you for the remote just yet. Give you a head start.

Logan shifts his body on the bed.

    DAVID
    What's the matter?

    LOGAN
    I need my prescriptions. I think what they gave me for pain is wearing off.

    DAVID
    Okay. Pills. Sustenance. Got it, be right back.

David leaves.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

David enters from the stairwell with arms full of groceries. He spots Mason. Mason locks the door to his apartment and turns to see David as he approaches.

    MASON
    Need help with those?

    DAVID
    I got it. Thanks.

David sets the groceries down. He reaches into his pocket for the keys.

    MASON
    I'm sorry to hear about Logan's accident. Regina told me.

David opens his door.

    DAVID
    Of course she did.

    MASON
    I hope everything is alright.
David shuts his door.

DAVID
Do you?

MASON
Of course I do.

DAVID
I don't believe you. After what you said. About me. About Logan.

MASON
I can't have an opinion?

DAVID
No.

MASON
So what, we're not friends now?

David folds his arms.

DAVID
I could be your friend if I knew that's all you wanted.

MASON
I know what I said. I stand by it. I'm not sorry.

DAVID
That's obvious.

MASON
I just find it hard to believe this is all my imagination. I feel alone in this, but I only read the signs you sent me.

David looks down the hallway in both directions.

MASON
Help me here. If I knew for certain you felt nothing I could walk away. I really would but you're going to have to convince me.

A beat.

MASON
I like you. Enough to say so out loud.
DAVID
You make it sound so simple.

MAISON
It is.

DAVID
You have to trust me.

MAISON
I do trust you, it's him I don't trust. You should know you have options.

Mason puts his hand on David's shoulder. David shrugs it off.

MAISON
I can't touch you now?

DAVID
No, you can't.

MAISON
Why?

DAVID
Why? Because it means something different to you.

MAISON
Why won't you admit it? Are you scared?

DAVID
Of course I'm scared. I'm scared every fucking day. Scared of unraveling everything I've built for myself.

Mason shakes his head.

DAVID
Look, things have changed. Logan and I are fine. In fact, better than fine.

MAISON
It won't last. You know it.

DAVID
No, I don't know that. Look, I apologize for giving you the wrong (MORE)
DAVID (CONT'D)
impression. I'm not even sure why I
did and I admit it was wrong of me.

MASON
You reached out to me because you
are miserable in this relationship.

DAVID
I chose.

Regina enters the hallway from the stairwell. She approaches
David and Mason.

REGINA
Hey boys.

MASON
Hey.

DAVID
Hey.

Regina shifts her gaze between David and Mason. She pulls a
set of keys out of her purse.

REGINA
Have either of you met Bing yet?
Chinese fellow stands about ye
high. Apartment 3F?

DAVID
No.

MASON
No.

REGINA
He's got this Pomeranian. Damn
thing is the devil. Lays a steaming
pile of shit on the mats in front
of the building now and again.
Guess who steps in it on their way
in.

Regina points to herself.

REGINA
Yep, just my luck. And here I
thought walking in dog shit would
be the worst of my problems
tonight. Apparently there are worse
things to walk in on.
Regina unlocks and opens the door to her apartment.

REGINA
Good night, boys.

Regina shuts the door.

DAVID
I decided. Not him. Besides you have to know I will never be able to give you what it is you want from me.

MASON
Now who's telling lies?

DAVID
You have my answer.

MASON
He will hurt you again and you will end up more miserable than you are now or worse, dead.

DAVID
I can't believe you said that to me.

A beat.

MASON
I...

David picks up his grocery bags from the floor.

DAVID
I was wrong. I want nothing from you. I need nothing from you.

David slams the door shut behind him.

INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

David braces himself with his back against the door.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Mason stands in the hallway.

INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The sound of a door slam is heard. David stares at the common wall next to him. He listens. He leans into the wall and places a hand on the surface.
INT. MASON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Mason places a hand on the surface of the wall.

INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

David jumps back.

INT. THE WALL BETWEEN - NIGHT

David and Mason stand on their own side of the wall. David and Mason's eyes meet. David and Mason place a hand on the surface of the wall.

INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Mason appears on David's side of the wall. David closes his eyes and rests his forehead on Mason's chin.

INT. MASON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

David appears on Mason's side of the wall. Mason closes his eyes and smells David's hair. Mason kisses the top of David's head.

INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

David tilts his head up to see Mason's face. David's nose touches Mason's nose.

INT. MASON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Mason's lips touch David's lips. Mason and David close their eyes to kiss.

INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

David opens his eyes. His face touches the wall in front of him.

INT. MASON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Mason opens his eyes. His face touches the wall in front of him.

INT. THE WALL BETWEEN - NIGHT

David and Mason stand on their own side of the wall. David and Mason's eyes meet. David and Mason place a hand on the surface of the wall.

INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

David scratches the wall where Mason stood.
INT. MASON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Mason runs his fingers along the wall where David stood. His hands curl into fists.

INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

David braces his back against the wall and slides to the floor.

INT. MASON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Mason places his forehead against the wall. He breathes heavily and erratic. He steps back from the wall.

INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

David sits on the floor with his back against the wall.

LOGAN (O.S.)

Babe. That you?

DAVID

Yeah. Give me a minute.

David wipes his face.

INT. MASON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Carver kneels in front of the wall. He places both hands on the wall like an animal in a cage.

INT. THE WALL BETWEEN - NIGHT

David sits on the floor with his back against the wall. Carver's hands form fists parallel to David's neck on the other side of the wall. His fists move in a strange motion. Carver sticks out his tongue and licks the wall.

INT. MASON'S APARTMENT - DAY

Carver places a box of items and a bottle of bleach on the counter. Carver reaches in the box for a pill bottle and snatches a jacket off a chair. He stuffs the pill bottle in his jacket pocket and leaves.

INT. SLICK RICK'S - NIGHT

Carver sits at the end of a bar and swirls the liquid in his cup before each sip. Laughter is heard from across the bar. Carver spots SEAN, early twenties, red hair, freckles, dressed in business attire. Sean approaches Carver.
SEAN
Hey. I saw you staring from over there. Thought you might like a closer look.

Sean spins slowly. Carver studies Sean's body.

SEAN
Like what you see, cowboy?

Carver grins. Sean takes a seat next to Carver.

CARVER
You prefer the rope or the saddle?

Sean grabs Carver's hand from under the bar and places it on his lap.

SEAN
With these thighs?

Carver runs his hand up and down Sean's leg.

SEAN
I can even tie the knots real tight if you want.

CARVER
Ranch hand?

SEAN
Boy Scout.

Carver knocks back his drink and places money under the empty glass. He gets up from his seat and walks towards the bathroom. Sean follows him.

INT. SLICK RICK'S - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Sean leans against the edge of a sink. Carver shows Sean a small pill and he sticks out his tongue. Carver places the pill on Sean's tongue. Carvers checks his watch.

CARVER
We should get out of here.

Carver pulls Sean by the wrist. Sean pulls back.

SEAN
I need a drink to wash it down.

CARVER
I've got drinks. And plenty more where that came from at my place.
Sean smacks Carver on the ass.

SEAN
Lead the way, desperado.

Off Sean's face.

INT. MASON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Carver throws a set of keys on the counter. He walks over to a liquor shelf and pours a drink. He checks his watch.

CARVER
Couple of ground rules.

Carver hands Sean the glass and he takes a sip. Sean sits on the couch and places his drink on the coffee table. Carver stares at the spot Sean placed his glass.

CARVER
Rule number one. Put a coaster under that cup. Lets at least pretend a significant difference exists between you and the apes.

Carver thumbs through the records and places a vinyl on the record player. Opera plays.

SEAN
My parents listen to this Italian garbage.

Carver jumps over the arm of the couch and sits on Sean's lap.

CARVER
Rule number two. Don't mention your fucking parents again. It's not cute or sexy and the last thing I want to imagine once we get started.

Sean nods in agreement. He leans over and picks up his drink. Carver grabs Sean's wrist and drinks from the glass.

CARVER
Rule number three.

Carver stands up and walks behind the couch.

SEAN
What's the third rule?
Sean tilts his head back to look at Carver.

CARVER
Don't scream.

Carver places his forearm around Sean's neck and his hands over Sean's mouth. Sean screams a muffled scream.

INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

David and Logan watch TV. David's head rests on Logan's shoulder. Music is heard through the wall.

DAVID
You hear that?

LOGAN
Sounds like somebody's got company.

David sits up on the couch.

INT. MASON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Opera plays. Sean's feet kick the coffee table. Carver studies Sean's face.

CARVER
I've always wondered what thoughts flood your mind in this moment of sheer panic. I would imagine you're probably thinking...I should've got the convertible instead of the sedan. Or...I'll never get around to watching those episodes of Ren and Stimpy I went through all that trouble recording.

Sean attempts to speak. His speech is muffled. Carver releases his grip.

CARVER
What's that, Sean?

Carver places his ear over Sean's mouth.

CARVER
Why me? Why did it have to be me? Well, I'll tell you. Because as the life drains from your body the reasons for all of this trauma should be made clear.

Carver places the crook of his arm around Sean's neck and
pulls back.

CARVER
I have absolutely no fucking idea. That's right, no motive, no reason you had to die. It could have been anyone really, I'm not picky. I mean after all, we're having fun aren't we?

Sean's feet stop kicking the table. Sean's body goes limp.

INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - DAY

David sits in a chair across from the common wall between Mason's apartment and his own. David balances a coffee cup on the arm of the chair and stares at a stain near the baseboard.

DAVID
Did you ever notice a stain behind the couch?

LOGAN (O.S.)
What stain?

DAVID
I was pretty specific. The stain behind the couch.

INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

Logan sits up on the bed. He reads a magazine.

LOGAN
If it's behind the couch, why would I know about it?

DAVID (O.S.)
I smell something. It even looks like it smells.

LOGAN
Are you sure?

Off Logan's face.

INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - DAY

David places his coffee cup on the table.

DAVID
Am I sure? Yeah I'm sure. You (MORE)
DAVID (CONT' D)
should see this fucking thing. Damn thing looks like its growing a body, of course it has a smell. If it gets any bigger, I'm charging it rent.

LOGAN (O.S.)
What does it smell like?

DAVID
What does it smell like? Like, I don't fucking know.

LOGAN (O.S.)
Smell it. It could be a serious leak or something.

David pushes the couch back and squats next to the stain.

LOGAN (O.S.)
Well?

DAVID
Hold on. Give me a second. I'm not exactly thrilled to be doing this.

LOGAN (O.S.)
You've gotten down on your knees for less.

DAVID
You think you're funny don't you? You know what? Just for that I'm going to take a huge chuck of this wall stain, god knows what it is, and file it down into teeny, tiny flecks of filthy, nasty, microscopic size particles and sneak it into your food everyday.

LOGAN (O.S.)
I'm never eating again.

David leans in and takes a deep breath. He coughs violently.

DAVID
Holy shit, that's strong. I think it's bleach.

LOGAN (O.S.)
Bathroom leak. I knew it.

David peels back a layer of drywall. A chunk falls off.
DAVID
I think I found the source.

David breaks off pieces of drywall. Blue plastic is visible through a hole in the drywall. David reaches for a flashlight from a nearby drawer.

LOGAN (O.S.)
What do you see?

DAVID
It's too dark.

David lays on his stomach and crawls in closer. He turns on the flashlight and points it at the hole in the drywall. Against the blue plastic the dark outline of a face with an open mouth becomes visible in the light. David screams.

LOGAN (O.S.)
What?

David crawls away backwards on all fours. Logan limps into the living room. David takes deep breathes, his body is pushed up against the far wall of the apartment.

LOGAN
What's the matter?

David points. Logan lays on his stomach and looks through the hole in the wall. He knocks a few times.

LOGAN
I can stick my whole hand through it. See, nothing. What did you see?

DAVID
Wood rot.

Off David's face.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

David bangs his fist on the door to Mason's apartment.

DAVID
Enough is enough, open up. I know you're home. We share a wall, asshole.

David paces outside Mason's door.

INT. MASON'S APARTMENT - DAY

Carver, arms folded, leans against the door.
CARVER
You don't sound sure to me.

DAVID (O.S.)
Who was that?

Carver clears his throat.

CARVER
It's me. Mason.

DAVID (O.S.)
What's with the tone?

CARVER
As far as you're concerned I have a chest cold.

DAVID (O.S.)
This is so fucking weird.

Carver clears his nails.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

David braces his body against the door.

DAVID
I need to talk to you. I need to talk to you in person.

Movement is heard. David studies the peephole.

DAVID
I know what I saw, I do.

CARVER (O.S.)
Why don't you go to the cops then?

DAVID
Well, seeing as all proof resides in your apartment.

CARVER (O.S.)
Sorry. I haven't the slightest idea what you're talking about.

DAVID
Really? I have to spell it out for you. The leak. The fucking leak in the wall and the blue container I saw on your side.
CARVER (O.S.)
All you saw was a container full of garbage. A container I had no problem disposing of yesterday.

DAVID

Fuck.

A beat.

DAVID
Look, if I had half a mind I would be a million miles from here. But for the sake of argument let's say I don't. Let's say I'm an idiot. Maybe I don't understand.

David steps away from the door.

DAVID
Could you at least explain it to me?

CARVER (O.S.)
Didn't you just say you were an idiot? Why would I waste any of my precious time?

DAVID
Because it's me.

CARVER (O.S.)
By all means, let me spill.

DAVID
Why are you being this way? You have options and all I have is a vivid recollection of a horrifying image I can't exactly explain to the police. Add less than desirable proof. Who would take me seriously?

A beat.

DAVID
So this is how it is. This is how it's going to be?

David slams a fist on the door and walks away.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Gabriel wears a backpack and holds a folded piece of paper
in his hand. Gabriel walks the length of the hallway and traces his steps from the stairwell entrance. Gabriel scans the numbers posted on the apartment doors.

GABRIEL

Fuck.

David enters the hallway from the stairwell. Gabriel approaches him.

GABRIEL

Hi. You live on this floor?

David pulls a set of keys out of his pocket and shows them to Gabriel.

DAVID

Yeah. Why?

GABRIEL

I'm looking for someone but I don't know which apartment.

DAVID

I haven't lived here long but the lobby has one of those apartment directories.

David spots the folded piece of paper clutched in Gabriel's hand. He stares at a hard pressed seal on the corner.

DAVID

You're not one of those process servers are you?

GABRIEL

No.

DAVID

Oh yea? Then what's that in your hand?

David snatches the folded piece of paper and holds it out of Gabriel's reach as he scans the first few lines.

DAVID

It's bad enough you people fill up my answering machine but now you make house calls. Good for nothing, low life, sons of bitches...this is a police report.

David folds the piece of paper and hands it back to Gabriel.
Gabriel snatches it back.

DAVID
Sorry.

GABRIEL
I'm just trying to find someone. The police won't do anything without a lead. I know it was this floor.

DAVID
Are you sure? I mean, considering all of the floors look the same.

GABRIEL
No. It was this one. You can still hear cars driving by. The other floors were silent. I checked.

DAVID
Okay. What you are asking may be near impossible. This is a complex. One of many in the area.

Gabriel lets out a long breath.

DAVID
Can I ask what happened?

GABRIEL
I don't remember much. I know I was attacked and the cops found me across the street. I made it that far.

David steps back from Gabriel.

DAVID
Wait. You're him.

Gabriel wipes his eyes.

GABRIEL
I was here. On this floor. I am sure of it.

DAVID
I'm not sure how I can help you.

David unlocks the door to his apartment. Gabriel reaches for an object in his backpack.
GABRIEL
I took this.

Gabriel grabs David's hand and forces into his open palm a monkey statue. The monkey covers his ears.

GABRIEL
Hear no evil.

Off David's face.

EXT. VACANT LOT - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Gabriel rests on his knees in the dirt lot. Officer Elroy approaches him. He looks down and in his fist is the monkey statue.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

David studies the monkey statue. His hands tremble. Gabriel watches as David turns it over in his fingers.

GABRIEL
You know something. It's all over your face.

A beat.

DAVID
I'm sorry. I can't help you.

GABRIEL
You can't help me or you won't help me? You know there's a difference.

DAVID
I'm sorry that happened to you.

The stairwell door slams. Logan stumbles towards David and Gabriel, visibly drunk. David reaches out to help Logan. Logan spots Gabriel.

LOGAN
Who the fuck are you?

GABRIEL
Who me?

LOGAN
Yea, you! Get the fuck out of my way twinkie!

DAVID
I have to help him. Sorry.
David helps Logan into the apartment. Gabriel is left in the hallway.

INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - DAY

Logan crashes on the couch. David lays motionless against the door. David studies the wall.

LOGAN
What the fuck is that ugly ass tchotchke doing in your hand?

David glances down and studies the monkey statue in his hand. David rushes to pick up the phone. A dial tone is heard. His fingers hover over the keypad.

LOGAN
What are you doing?

DAVID
This ugly monkey is evidence.

LOGAN
Evidence? Your lover give it to you?

David slams down the receiver. He sets the monkey statue down on the coffee table.

DAVID
What?

LOGAN
Like I don't know.

DAVID
How you arrive at these conclusions I will never know. Surprise, once again you've got it all wrong. The statue fits, looking back, it all fits.

Logan sits up on the couch.

LOGAN
Don't you hear me? Nothing fits. We don't fit.

DAVID
I'm not talking about us. This is bigger than us.
LOGAN
Your love is so twisted.

David eliminates the space between them.

DAVID
Twisted? Really? While you're up my ass about our relationship you mind checking on those bruises you left behind the last time you loved me to death. I had no idea you were so literal.

David reaches for the monkey statue. Logan picks it up from the coffee table and violently stomps on the statue until it is nothing but pieces.

DAVID
No! You idiot that was proof! it was all I had!

David falls to his knees. He sifts through the pieces of the statue.

LOGAN
Proof of what?

DAVID
You know, just proof a serial killer lives next door.

LOGAN
Now who's drawing conclusions? You're so dramatic. Always coming up with these far fetched stories.

David reaches for Logan's hand.

DAVID
Don't go back there. Don't go back to that place, before all the good. You're traveling too close. Don't go where I can't follow you.

Logan slaps away David's hand.

LOGAN
Traveling too close? You've crossed the border.

David takes a seat on the edge of the coffee table.
DAVID
How did we get here? I don't understand why you're so upset.

LOGAN
It's what you don't tell me. I don't know how you feel.

DAVID
You feel this way because you've had to rely on me throughout your recovery. But I need friends, I need a life. Otherwise, what kind of relationship is this?

LOGAN
This relationship works for the both of us. What we have here is good. On some level you enjoy this, the drama, the convenience, the pain. It gives you meaning.

DAVID
Do you fucking hear yourself? What we have is sick, it's toxic. I don't exist in this relationship, I'm not even a factor.

David stands up. Logan remains motionless.

DAVID
I've fought for us and now I don't even know why.

Logan remains motionless.

DAVID
See. You don't even care. I see now I've been laboring under a false pretense.

David walks into the bedroom.

LOGAN
You going to call your mommy?

David walks back into the living room with a jacket.

DAVID
No asshole, I'm leaving. I can't be around you when you're like this.

David walks out the door. Logan runs after David.
INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Logan grabs David by the arm.

LOGAN
Are you going to cry to Mason now?

DAVID
Jesus, don't be so insecure.

Logan smacks David across the face.

LOGAN
Watch it.

David remains stunned. Logan walks past David and pounds on Mason's door.

DAVID
Logan, get away from there. Are you fucking nuts?

LOGAN
Shut the fuck up already.

Logan punches David square in the face. David falls backward. Mason opens his door. Logan stands above David's body.

MASON
What did you do?

Logan lunges forward and tackles Mason to the floor. David jumps on top of Logan and adjusts the crook of his arm around Logan's throat. Logan snaps his head back and breaks David's nose.

MASON
Don't you fucking touch him you bastard!

Mason struggles free and throws Logan into the wall. David crawls away, his hands and face covered in blood. Mason jumps on top of Logan and places both hands firmly around his neck.

DAVID
Mason! Stop! Mason! You're choking him! Don't do it. Don't kill him.

David crouches down beside Mason, his hand squeezes Mason's shoulder. Mason releases his grip around Logan's throat. Logan struggles to gain his balance as he stands up.
LOGAN
Do us all a favor, mind your own fucking business. Next time, I'll bash your head in. You hear me?

MASON
Next time, I'll end you. You hear me?

David tilts his head back. Logan shifts his gaze. David rushes back into his apartment and shuts the door.

LOGAN
You can have him.

Logan heads towards the stairwell.

LOGAN
I don't need this. I need some ass.

Mason watches Logan leave. Mason looks around the hallway. Residents pour into the hallway. Mason follows Logan.

EXT. DARK ALLEY - NIGHT

Mason follows Logan down a dark alley.

EXT. BAR - NIGHT

Logan enters a bar. Mason remains by the entrance. He stares into his reflection visible from a blacked-out window next to the door.

MASON
You there? I need you.

Carver appears in the reflection.

CARVER
I thought you backed out. Didn't want to get your hands dirty.

MASON
I don't have a choice.

CARVER
That's not entirely true.

MASON
If I don't step in, Logan will end up killing him.

CARVER
Why do I care? In fact he'd be (MORE)
CARVER (CONT'D)
doing us a favor. Beating us to the
punch but none the less a favor.

MASON
This is your area of expertise.
Walk me through it.

A beat.

MASON
Okay. I'll give you control.

CARVER
After struggling for days to get it
back? That kid really put you in a
bad place.

Mason nods.

CARVER
I've seen the ass on this kid,
nice, but I didn't think it was
anything to write home about.
Unless--yes, that's it, he must
have a huge...

MASON
Carver.

CARVER
I can do anything?

MASON
You can do everything.

CARVER
Deal.

In his reflection Mason's eyes roll back into his head and
his shoulders fall forward. Carver sits up, unbuttons his
polo and slicks back his hair. Carver enters the bar.

INT. SLICK RICK'S - NIGHT

Carver spots Logan, he stands at the other end of the bar.
Logan has his back turned to the door as he talks to ROVER,
early twenties, blonde, slick body and groomed features.

LOGAN
Ungrateful piece of shit.

Logan throws back a couple shots in a row and chugs his beer
before he calls over the bartender, GARY, late thirties,
gray hair, buff and dressed in tight fit clothing. Carver watches from the other end of the bar.

GARY
What'll it be boys? Another?

LOGAN
Pitcher.

Logan turns on his stool and faces Rover.

LOGAN
What are you going to drink?

ROVER
Uh, vodka cranberry please.

LOGAN
You fairies are so fucking predictable.

ROVER
I can be predictable at home asleep in my bed instead of listening to you ramble.

LOGAN
Jesus, stick around. I'll jerk you off in the bathroom later. Okay?

GARY
I'm going to pretend I didn't hear that.

Logan grabs Gary by the forearm.

LOGAN
Hey, I've been coming here what...six months? Why haven't you and I gotten to know each other better?

GARY
Because you're a dick. And what's worse than a dick? A dick with no balls.

Logan stands up on his stool and grabs his crotch.

LOGAN
That's not true. I've been told my balls are a mouthful. Right boys?
The BAR CROWD claps and whistles. Rover pulls Logan down from the stool. Gary glares at Logan.

    LOGAN
    Now, where were we? Right, David.

    ROVER
    Can you blame him? You cheat on him all the time.

Gary stares at Logan.

    GARY
    Need I say it?

Gary slides a pitcher of beer to Logan. It spills as Logan reaches out a hand to grab it. Gary throws Logan a bar towel and places a napkin in front of Rover. He sets a martini glass on the napkin.

    ROVER
    Thank you.

Rover reaches for the glass. Gary places his hand on top of Rover's hand.

    GARY
    Wait.

Gary reaches under the bar, pulls out a jar of cherries. He opens the jar with force and he flexes his biceps for Rover. He pulls out a cherry and places it in Rover's drink.

    GARY
    Here you go kid. I'm off in an hour if you want to see how a real man handles business. Not some obligatory circle jerk in the bathroom from this jack off.

Logan slams his fist down on the bar.

    LOGAN
    I handle my business, I take care of mine.

    ROVER
    Doesn't sound like it.

Logan jumps off his stool.

    LOGAN
    Fuck off! No one was talking to you (MORE)
LOGAN (CONT'D)

anyhow.

Logan spots Carver on the other end of the bar. Logan walks towards Carver and spills his beer as he points.

LOGAN
You've been following me?

CARVER
You didn't exactly go far.

Logan sits next to Carver at the bar. Gary, the bartender, walks over.

LOGAN
Home away from home.

GARY
I can see the similarity, your unwanted in both places.

Logan slams his empty pitcher down on the bar.

LOGAN
I need a drink, some asshole spilled mine.

Carver slides Gary a twenty dollar bill.

CARVER
A round. Keep the change.

GARY
You got it.

LOGAN
Thanks, friend. The least you could do given your unnecessary roughness earlier.

CARVER
Sure.

Carver takes off his jacket. Logan studies his body.

LOGAN
I mean...

Logan pulls his stool in closer and faces Carver.

LOGAN
You completely lost your cool.

A beat.
LOGAN
I really got under that skin.

CARVER
Why do I get the feeling that was the plan?

Gary sets down a pitcher of beer and two glasses. Carver pours beer into a glass. Logan touches Carver's biceps.

LOGAN
Now that I got a taste I can understand the attraction.

CARVER
Interesting word choice.

LOGAN
Don't get a big head about it. You're not as strong as me obviously.

Logan pulls up his sleeve and flexes for Mason. Carver chuckles.

CARVER
You know, under different circumstances I might actually like you.

LOGAN
Circumstances change all the time.

CARVER
Did they?

LOGAN
Sure, if I'm being honest but I can't be the only one who felt something.

CARVER
I felt something unexpected and it wasn't exactly an internal emotion.

Logan turns around on his stool, his back towards the bar. He places both elbows on the edge of the bar and parts his knees.

LOGAN
What can I say? It's fun when somebody hits back. I can't help it if the little guy gives me away.
CARVER
Nothing little about what I felt.

Carver places his hand on Logan's thigh.

CARVER
I got a little fight left in me.

Gary watches Logan and Carver.

GARY
Enough already. Alright, listen up everybody. Last call.

BAR CROWD
Last call?

Gary takes away Logan and Carver's empty glasses. Logan checks his watch.

LOGAN
It's only twelve thirty.

GARY
Daylight savings time.

LOGAN
Daylight savings time?

Gary walks over to the wall and flips on the light switch. The bar crowd moans and complains.

GARY
Fine. It's the sabbath or shabbos or whatever the fuck. Pick a holiday I don't care just get the fuck out of my bar.

LOGAN
Fuck you Gary and fuck this bar. I hate this place. I was leaving anyway.

Gary holds up a card with Logan's name printed across the top and star shaped holes punched into it.

GARY
See you tomorrow?

LOGAN
Yea, sure.

Carver squeezes Logan's thigh.
CARVER
Let's go to my place.

Off Carver's face.

INT. MASON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Logan sits on the couch while Carver grabs beers from the fridge.

INT. MASON'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Carver reaches for a pill bottle in the cabinet above the fridge. Mason grabs Carver's hand.

MASON
Let me. I got it from here.

CARVER
Fuck you. This is the best part.

MASON
You've had your fun. Remember the others. Besides, you owe me this one, it's different, it's personal.

A beat.

CARVER
Fine.

Carver places the pill bottle on the counter. Mason picks it up and studies the label.

CARVER
Two pills if you're feeling merciful. One if you feel like having a little fun with an audience.

Mason takes one pill from the bottle and places it into Logan's beer.

INT. MASON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Mason enters from the kitchen and hands Logan a beer. Logan chugs his beer.

LOGAN
Fancy. I don't usually care for all that foam.

Mason sits on the couch next to Logan and stares at his wristwatch. Logan places a hand on Mason's thigh and he
smacks it away.

MASON
Give me a few minutes.

LOGAN
What do you mean? You pop and not share?

MASON
Ten.

LOGAN
Ten what?

MASON
Nine. Eight. Seven.

Logan stands up, takes off his clothes and sits back down on the couch.

MASON
Stop taking your clothes off.

LOGAN
Sorry, did you want to?

Mason walks into the bedroom.

LOGAN
Are we going to fuck or what?

Mason returns with a toolbox.

LOGAN
Toys, nice.

MASON
Four.

LOGAN
I still don't get it. What's happening?

MASON
The sleep medication should be entering your bloodstream right about now.

LOGAN
The fuck you talkin' about?

Logan reaches for the arm of the couch. He stands up and stumbles towards the front door. Mason follows him.
MASON
Which one was it?

Mason kicks Logan's right knee out from under him and Logan screams in pain.

LOGAN

Logan crawls to the wall separating the apartments and pounds his fist against it. He crawls forward towards the front door and manages to grasp the door knob.

LOGAN
David.

Mason plants his forearm against Logan's throat. Mason takes the drill in his other hand and presses the bit against Logan's skull.

MASON
Odd isn't it? You work in construction. In fact you obnoxiously waved that in my face when we met but yet I'm the one holding the drill. I don't know about you but the irony is not wasted on me.

Mason pulls the trigger on the drill. Mason lowers Logan's body to the floor. Logan seizes in place.

MASON
A fish out of water.

Logan lays paralyzed on the floor. Mason drags Logan to the bedroom and positions his body face-down on the bed. Mason removes his belt and unzips his pants.

MASON
After all the soul searching. All the tedious attempts to be the nice guy, the good neighbor, the loyal friend, the perfect lover, and I still end up back here.

Mason sits on top of Logan. Mason masturbates.

MASON
The same conclusion, the same person. It's who I am. I guess it's just who we are inside that scares us most.
Mason looks into the mirror beside the bed. Carver stares back with a smile spread across his face.

    CARVER
    Look at you. To think you almost
didn't have it in you.

Logan's body lays on the bed as Mason ejaculates over him.

    CARVER
    Another day in the life partner.

Logan's body moves under Mason. Mason grabs his belt and strangles Logan. He reaches for Logan's wrist and loosens the belt. We hear Logan's pulse fade.

    MASON
    Don't die on me. I'm not finished with you.

Mason resuscitates Logan. Mason lays on top of Logan's body and rests his head on Logan's chest. A faint heartbeat is heard. David stands in the doorway.

    DAVID
    What are you doing?

Mason jumps up from the bed and covers Logan with a sheet. Mason glances at Carver's reflection in the mirror.

    CARVER
    Lie.

    MASON
    I found him like this outside Rick's.

    DAVID
    Why is he naked?

Mason glances at Carver's reflection in the mirror.

    CARVER
    Lie better.

    MASON
    You know how that place is, the stiff drinks, the drugs, the foam parties.

Mason walks towards David.
MASON

Leave him. He can sleep it off here.

David steps back from him.

DAVID

No.

A beat.

DAVID

Logan?

David kicks the bed.

DAVID

Wake up. Come on. Let's go.

MASON

See for yourself.

David moves to one side of the bed. He leans in and places his hand under Logan's nose. David places two fingers on Logan's wrist.

DAVID

He's still breathing.

MASON

That won't do.

Mason covers the space between them. David pulls a kitchen knife out from the back of his jeans.

DAVID

Back the fuck up.

David stands up and approaches Mason with the knife aimed at Mason's throat. Mason walks backwards through the bedroom door and into the living room.

INT. MASON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Mason walks backwards toward the front door.

MASON

What are you doing? Put the knife down. Listen to me...

DAVID

Save it. I know what you are and I know what you're thinking.
MAISON
Enlighten me.

DAVID
I know right now you're fighting
back an urge to divulge all of your
dark secrets and desires you've
gone through great lengths to hide
from me until this exact moment
presented itself. If only I knew
how long you've been waiting to
come clean because after all this
buildup we have finally reached
some heightened moment of clarity.
That it's all been calculated moves
and countermeasures since the
moment we met in order to reach
this climax. Enough to cause pause
and enjoy the moment, right?

A beat.

DAVID
Wrong. Not today you sick fuck.
This isn't that moment, you don't
got one and I don't need it.

Mason stops in front of the mirror by the door. He glances
sideways at his reflection. A smile spreads across his face.

CARVER
Sounds like you have it all figured
out.

A beat.

CARVER
I'll give you credit. You're
smarter than the others on most
counts. I don't think any of them
had a clue. As the life drained
from their eyes you would think for
a brief moment...but no not even
then.

Carver reaches behind him and locks the dead bolt on the
front door.

CARVER
Why explain? You'll know soon
enough.
Carver steps forward. David lunges at Carver and stabs him in the stomach. Carver grabs David by the arm and throws him into the wall. He pulls the knife out of David's hand and throws it across the room.

    CARVER
    You want to know how it felt when I turned the man you loved into flesh, into nothing.

David drives his knee into Carver's stomach. Carver falls to the floor. David turns to run and Carver grabs David by the waist and pulls him down to the floor.

    CARVER
    It felt fucking amazing.

David struggles as Carver climbs on top of him. Carver grabs David by the hair and slams his head repeatedly into the floor. David lays unconscious.

    MASON
    What have you done?

Carver stands up and walks over to the mirror by the door. He lifts his shirt and studies the gash in his stomach.

    CARVER
    We. Remember?

Mason leans over David's body.

    MASON
    I can't do it. I can't kill him.

Mason sobs into David's chest. Carver walks over and grabs both of David's arms.

    CARVER
    Fine. I'll do it.

Mason throws himself over David's body.

    CARVER
    Relax, Romeo. Fill up the tub with water and dump him in. He'll drown within minutes. It's clean, gets the job done, and it's kind of romantic when you think about it.

Mason runs his fingers through David's hair.
MASON
He looks peaceful.

Carver rolls his eyes and tugs on David's body. Mason lets go and Carver drags David into the bathroom. Mason remains on the floor.

CARVER (O.S.)
Grab ice from the freezer.

MASON
What for?

CARVER (O.S.)
Keeps the body fresh. The tub is temporary.

Mason stands up and wipes his face on his shirt. He walks into the kitchen.

INT. MASON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

In the kitchen, Mason grabs a bag of ice from the freezer.

CARVER (O.S.)
Check under the sink. We got any bleach left?

MASON
No.

CARVER (O.S.)
Fuck.

Mason carries the bag of ice into the bathroom.

INT. MASON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

In the bathroom, Carver places gauze and a bandage over the gash in his stomach. Mason hands Carver the ice.

CARVER
Dump it.

Mason dumps the ice into the bathtub. Mason stares at David's body. David's arms float in the water. Carver turns off the faucet.

CARVER
Dry your eyes, Dorothy. I need you to run to the store for supplies. By the time you get back this one will...
Mason rushes out of the bathroom and a door slam is heard. The bathroom is empty. David's nose sits above the water line and bubbles form on the surface of the water.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

In the checkout line Mason stacks bottles of bleach and supplies on a counter. RICHIE, a teenage grocery clerk, reaches for a bottle of bleach and scans the barcode.

RICHIE
You have a coupon for this?

MASON
No.

RICHIE
It's in this week's flyer.

Mason stares at Richie.

RICHIE
Suit yourself.

Richie continues to scan items. He stops.

RICHIE
I don't mean to be persistent. No. Wait. What's that word?

Richie places his hand on an open SAT prep book next to the register.

RICHIE
Insistent. That's the word I was looking for.

Richie smiles. Mason rolls his neck back into his shoulders. Carver appears. Carver looks at Richie's badge.

CARVER
Richie, is it? The difference between persistent and insistent only matters to telemarketers. Now ring up the rest my shit so I may attend to things that actually deserve my time.

RICHIE
Well sir, I don't mean to be insistent but I noticed you buy a lot of this stuff. You might want to seriously consider clipping

(MORE)
RICHIE (CONT'D)
those coupons. It's basically free
money and people tend to get pretty
crazy about our coupons.

CARVER
How late you working tonight?
Richie?

RICHIE
I close, sir.

Carver takes one of the bottles of bleach from his order and
places it on the counter. Carver picks up the remaining
supplies and heads for the door.

RICHIE
Sir, you paid for this bottle of
bleach.

CARVER
Don't touch it. I'll be back for it
later.

Off Carver's face.

INT. MASON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

In the bathroom, David's nose dips under the water line and
he wakes up. He reaches for the edge of the bathtub and
pulls himself over the side. He lands on the floor of the
bathroom and crawls into the bedroom.

INT. MASON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

In the bedroom, David crawls to the edge of the bed and
reaches for a blanket. He shivers as he wraps the blanket
around himself. Logan places a hand on David's shoulder and
David jumps.

DAVID
Jesus. I thought you were...

David wraps the blanket around Logan's naked body.

DAVID
Are you okay? Can you walk? We need
to move.

LOGAN
No. My head hurts.

David's touches the back of Logan's head, and his hand is
covered in blood.
DAVID
You're bleeding.

David pulls off his shoes and wraps a tube sock around his hand. He presses the sock to the back of Logan's head.

LOGAN
I should've listened to you. You knew something wasn't right.

David shakes his head.

LOGAN
I struggled. I struggled a lot. I had to find my own way of loving you back. It was my demons, I know that now.

Logan releases his grip of David's shoulder. David looks at the sock pressed to Logan's head. It's soaked in blood.

DAVID
I need you to stay with me.

LOGAN
You were the best thing to ever happen to a corn fed, stubborn, son of bitch like myself.

Logan laughs but winces in pain. From under the blanket Logan pulls out a necklace. Attached to the necklace is a set of dog tags and two rings. He hands it to David.

LOGAN
I know I put on a show like I'm this macho stud but that's all it is, for show.

DAVID
I know. You thought I was going to change my mind.

LOGAN
I'd hoped.

DAVID
How did you?

LOGAN
Kid, I couldn't keep this shit in my wallet. You're a snoop. Those rings may never mean nothing to nobody but us. For me that's (MORE)
LOGAN (CONT'D)

enough.

Logan coughs. He spits blood out onto the floor beside him.

LOGAN
F*ck, maybe it was time. The timing
killed us. Always does.

DAVID
Nobody’s dead yet. We need to get
out of here first. And then I think
we need to find a new apartment.

Logan kisses David on the forehead.

INT. MASON’S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Push in. Keys jangle. The dead bolt on the front door
unlocks. The door begins to open but stops.

INT. MASON’S APARTMENT - NIGHT

In the bedroom, David and Logan jump.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Regina grabs Mason by the shoulder.

REGINA
Hey neighbor.

MASON
Hey.

Mason takes his hand off the door handle. He sets the box of
bleach down on the floor and turns to face Regina.

REGINA
I haven't seen you in a while.
What's up?

Off Regina's face.

INT. MASON’S APARTMENT - NIGHT

In the bedroom, David struggles to help Logan stand. Logan’s
right knee gives out and he falls back onto the bed.

LOGAN
Time or this knee is going kill me
but not you. You need to go.

Logan pushes David.
DAVID
I can't go. I won't leave you here.

LOGAN
Listen to me. You go. You Run.

Logan shoves David.

LOGAN
Run.

David sprints from the bedroom into the living room.

INT. MASON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

David stops in the middle of the living room. He searches the baseboard for a hole in the wall. He spots a hall closet.

INT. MASON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

David opens the closet door and finds a blue container with a body, partially decomposed in bleach.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Mason stands with his back to the door.

REGINA
Spring cleaning?

MASON
What?

Regina points to the box of bleach bottles.

MASON
Can't seem to get the place clean enough.

Off Mason's face.

INT. MASON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

David holds his breath and wraps both arms around the container.

INT. MASON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

David pulls the container out of the hall closet. Liquid spills over the sides of the container. David spots a hole in the wall at the back of the closet.
INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Regina leans against the wall.

REGINA
Say no more, I hear you on that one. The roaches in this place are practically residents. Stay any longer and they'll have more right to rent control then we do.

A dragging sound is heard.

REGINA
You got company?

Regina peeks over Mason's shoulder.

INT. MASON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

In the hall closet, David pulls back chunks of plaster from the wall. Light shines through from his apartment on the other side.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Mason picks up the box of bleach bottles and turns to open his door.

REGINA
Here let me help you with some of that.

Mason pulls the box out Regina's reach.

MASON
No.

Mason opens the door.

INT. MASON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

In the hall closet, David squeezes into the hole head first.

INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

David reaches around the floor of his apartment for leverage.

INT. MASON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Mason walks into the living room and drops the box of bleach on the floor. He spots light from under the door to the hall closet.
INT. MASON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Mason opens the door. David's lower half sticks out of the hole in the wall. Mason pulls on David's legs.

INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

David hangs on to his side of the wall.

INT. MASON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

In the hall closet, Mason pulls on David's legs. Logan and tackles him to the floor. David breaks free from Mason's grip.

INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

David pulls the rest of his body through the hole in the wall. David sprints through the front door.

INT. MASON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

In the living room, Mason sits on top of Logan. Mason's forearm wrapped around Logan's throat. Mason snaps Logan's neck and his body goes limp.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

David runs down the hallway past a fire alarm. He pulls the alarm and takes the axe from an emergency case next to the alarm. He enters the stairwell.

INT. MASON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A fire alarm is heard from the hallway. Mason picks up the knife from the floor and rushes to the front door.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Mason opens his door. An alarm blares and red lights flash. People run down the hallway to the stairwell.

INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

An alarm blares, and red lights flash. David runs down the first flight of stairs and ducks underneath them. A door above him slams and people run down the stairs.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

An alarm blares, and red lights flash. Mason walks quietly down the hallway. The door to David's apart lies open, Mason peeks inside. Empty. Mason approaches the stairwell door.
INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

An alarm blares, and red lights flash. David holds the axe steady in both hands. A door above him slams. David squats down low. He breathes heavy. Mason stops. David covers his mouth.

MASON

David?

Mason walks down the stairs. David spots Mason's body in front of him and swings the axe. Mason falls down the rest of the stairs onto the floor.

DAVID

Whoever the fuck you are!

David steps out from behind the stairwell and raises the axe over his head. He swings down but stops short. David pulls the axe in close to his body and bends over as he screams into Mason's face.

DAVID

Fuck. Why can't I do it?

David turns away. Mason sits up quickly pulls David's legs out from under him. David falls the floor. Mason crawls on top of David and pulls out a knife.

CARVER (V.O.)

Do it.

Mason stabs David repeatedly.

CARVER (V.O.)

Yes.

David gasps for air as he bleeds out on the floor. Mason slides the knife across David's throat.

CARVER (V.O.)

See it in his eyes. This is it. The moment.

David runs his hand, covered in blood, across Mason's face and leaves behind a trail. David's hand falls to the floor.

MASON

Now you see? Now you know who I am. You were right about people. I was a different person with you. But this is the face I will show the world.
David's body goes limp. Mason places David's head between his hands. He yells as blood splatters across his face.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Regina steps out of her apartment. A SWAT TEAM fills the hallway. Regina covers her nose as she falls backward. A SWAT TEAM MEMBER to the side of her vomits.

REGINA
Who the fuck had the nerve to go and die on the sabbath?

Off her face.

INT. MASON'S APARTMENT - DAY

In the living room, Mason sits on his couch and eats a bowl of cereal. He picks up the milk carton and pours. He places the carton down next to a skull on the coffee table. He stares at the picture of a missing person printed on the side of the milk carton.

MASON
Too young.

The Swat Team breaks down Mason's front door and rushes into the apartment. Mason struggles as he's pinned down to the floor. Detective Kennedy and Officer Elroy survey the apartment.

OFFICER ELROY
Detective?

DETECTIVE KENNEDY
Yea.

OFFICER ELROY
This bowl of cereal is looking back at me.

A pair of eyes rest on top of the cereal inside the bowl.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - NIGHT

POLICEMEN lead Mason in handcuffs past the CROWD gathered outside. Mason struggles with the police. Mason spots Gabriel.

EXT. POLICE VEHICLE - NIGHT

Policemen struggle to place him into the back seat of a vehicle. Mason kicks off the side of the car as one of the
policemen grabs at his feet. The policemen force Mason head first into the back of the car.

INT. POLICE VEHICLE - NIGHT

Mason breathes heavily as he struggles to adjust his body in the back seat. He looks around frantically and finds no escape. A range of emotions come across his face, surprise, anger, depression and finally acceptance. Mason calms himself, closes his eyes and allows his head to rest between his shoulders as he gently sways back and forth. A radio hiss is heard.

OFFICER ELROY
Officer Franklin Elroy to base. I, need to speak with the Captain, its urgent.

OPERATOR
What's wrong, Frank?

OFFICER ELROY
Jesus, Peggy, put him on.

OPERATOR
Sorry. One moment.

A beat.

CAPTAIN
Officer Elroy this is the Captain speaking. What's your emergency?

OFFICER ELROY
I don't know how to say this and I normally wouldn't over the air.

CAPTAIN
Spit it out, Frank.

OFFICER ELROY
I'm no doctor, but what I'm looking at can't be right. I think we may have stumbled upon Satan's House of Horrors, sir. Half the boys couldn't keep their lunch.

MASON CARVER, thirties, fit, with a strong, masculine jaw, wild eyes and soft appearance, raises his head and stares forward at camera.

CAPTAIN
Stop being funny boy, and be clear.

(MORE)
CAPTAIN (CONT'D)
What exactly are you telling me?

OFFICER ELROY
If I had to guess sir, I'd say we have about eight to twelve bodies on our hands.

CAPTAIN
Jesus, Mary and Joseph. What do you mean eight to twelve? We don't have a number?

Mason Carver inhales. His eyes widen as he discovers the presence of blood on his face.

OFFICER ELROY
When we entered the premises we had to locate the source of the smell. We opened the fridge and ... it's really hard to tell sir. It's really hard to tell what belongs to who.

Mason Carver licks the blood off his upper lip. A smirk spreads across his face.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - DAY

CAMERA CREWS, NEWS REPORTERS, and RESIDENTS crowd around the entrance. POLICE and POISON CONTROL MEMBERS in hazmat suits load a van with a large blue container full of liquid and an unidentifiable body mass. IGGY, an elderly African American man with crazy hair and an eager expression, approaches the crowd of news reporters.

IGGY
I said it once and I will say it again. Somethin' just wasn't right with that man, and I was right. How the hell you gonna eat somebody? Come to think of it.

Iggy scratches his chin and stares off into deep thought. Iggy turns and waves at the residents gathered outside the entrance.

IGGY
Hey y'all! That last meal we had on the roof, didn't Mason bring the brisket?

Off his face.
INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Detective Kennedy paces the room.

    DETECTIVE KENNEDY
What did you do to them?

    MASON CARVER
I don't think it's in my best interest to talk to you. But if I assume if I do something for you, in return you would do something for me. A sign of good faith?

    DETECTIVE KENNEDY
Faith? You believe?

    MASON CARVER
I'll tell you. I'll tell you everything you want to know. Captain.

Detective Kennedy stops pacing.

    MASON CARVER
Again, I assume you will be rewarded as such given you can provide my confession? I'll help you identify the bodies. I'd like to think of it as my redemption.

    DETECTIVE KENNEDY
Redemption? What exactly have you done?

    MASON CARVER
Agreed then?

    DETECTIVE KENNEDY
What do you want?

    MASON CARVER
It's not a matter of want as it is a matter of need. I need you to take care of the ice chest in my apartment. It's special to me, sort of a piece of memorabilia unlike the specimens no doubt your deputies are finding now.

    DETECTIVE KENNEDY
Alright Mr. Carver, agreed.
MAISON CARVER
Please, we're all friends here.
Call me Mason.

DETECTIVE KENNEDY
Okay. Mason. Give me a minute to
find the chest.

Detective Kennedy steps outside the room.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Detective Kennedy picks up the nearby phone. Pauses. Dials.
Officer Elroy answers.

OFFICER ELROY
Hey there. Officer Elroy speaking.

DETECTIVE KENNEDY
Detective Kennedy here. I need you
to look for an ice chest located
somewhere in the apartment. Call me
back when you find it, thanks.

Detective Kennedy puts the receiver down delicately as he
looks back towards the Interrogation Room. Mason Carver
stares directly at him through the plexiglass window.
Detective Kennedy fumbles for a roll of antacids in pocket,
pops a few in his mouth and steps back into the room.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Detective Kennedy takes a seat.

DETECTIVE KENNEDY
Why murder all those people?

MAISON CARVER
I'm a monster, I will admit that.
But it's acceptance that separates
me from the truly horrifying
people. I don't pretend. I don't
apologize. That's the kind of
monster I am. Honest.

A beat.

DETECTIVE KENNEDY
What's special about this chest?
What's inside?

MAISON CARVER
When I look inside the chest I'm
(MORE)
MAISON CARVER (CONT'D)
reminded of the last time I allowed
myself to be human.

Detective Kennedy jumps up from his chair reaches for the
door.

INT. MASON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

In the living room, Officer Elroy spots the ice chest
underneath the foot of a fellow officer.

OFFICER ELROY
Anyone check that ice chest into
evidence yet?

Officer Elroy bends down, eye level with the ice chest and
removes the lid. Officer Elroy screams and falls backward.
The chest tips over to reveal the head of a male in his late
teens, fair skinned with a soft childlike complexion and a
smile on his face.

CUT TO BLACK.