

OCHOA (CONT'D)

Might even pick up some pointers on how to fix things with your other two.

MAN  
184

OLIVIA

I wouldn't hold my breath with Roman. But you never know...

Then fingering the pendant Ochoa gave her --

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

I'll let Chango be my guide.

21 INT. HALLWAY - DAY (D2)

21

CLOSE ON a door at the end of a dimly lit corridor. HEAR an electric BUZZER. The door opens. Pryce enters, transits to a counter, puts down a twenty, slides it through a slot to an unseen attendant. After a beat, a towel, and a locker key slide back out through the slot. Pryce collects them, then is buzzed through another door.

A QUICK POP as a locker door opens revealing Pryce who takes off his tie, shirt, and trousers, folds them neatly, then places them on top of his shoes. As he shuts the locker door --

SMASH TO BLACK.

A long moment. Then a shaft of light streams into a dark room as a door opens. We catch a quick glimpse of Pryce as he enters, a towel around his waist. He closes the door behind him and the room is plunged into DARKNESS. After a moment, our eyes adjust and we can make out the silhouette of Pryce. We are --

22 INT. MANSPLACE - DAY (D2)

22

start

We can also make out another figure, a MAN leaning against the wall.

MAN

Thought maybe you were a no show.

PRYCE

Middle of the day, hard to disentangle from work.

MAN

So many flakes on that message board you never know... But you're here now.

MAN

To the extent we're able to see anything in the pitch black, we see the Man move across the cubicle toward Pryce, folding him into his arms --

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MAN (CONT'D)

Let's see what I'm working here.

PRYCE

You're negative?

MAN

Just tested. And DDF, VGL, enjoy FF, CBT, and WS, not into PNP or BB. All top and popper friendly, just like the posting says.

The Figure unscrews a small glass bottle, takes a whiff, one nostril at a time. Then he puts it under Pryce's nose, who does the same, then throws his head back --

end  
23

23

INT. PRYCE HOUSEHOLD - FLASHBACK (1970S)

In a QUICK SERIES OF CUTS with the grainy quality of 1970's black and white super eight (304) we see --

--A CRYING TODDLER, an Asian Boy, about two.

--ADULT HANDS pick up the Boy.

--As the Boy is carried across the room, crying all the while, to a --

- A 4x3x6 fiberglass Box.

--One HAND juggles the crying child. The other opens the door on the side of the Box, revealing it's pitch black.

--Hands deposit the crying child in the Box, then close the door.

--REVEAL an Asian man, 40s, DR. SHIZUO PRYCE, the Boy's father, who looks at his watch as he stands over the Box, the sensory suppression chamber he is testing.

--PULL BACK from the Box as the Child's cries, though muted now, only grow in intensity.

BACK TO PRESENT as Pryce, living up to his online profile as a service-orientated oral bottom, kneels in front of the Man standing over him.

MAN  
3064

ROMAN  
I believe you.

But his consolation is cold comfort.

PETER  
Plan was for me to walk him into a set-up. Piece of cake. You know why? Because Andreas trusted me.

Peter sits with that bitter irony -- all of his guilt and pain for a long moment, then --

PETER (CONT'D)  
But does that piece of shit go to his grave taking the mess he made with him? That would be too easy.

He looks over at Roman --

PETER (CONT'D)  
What the fuck am I supposed to do with a dead body?

FYI

38 INT. MANSPLACE - DAY (D2)

38

Pryce lies on his stomach, getting slammed against the "bed," a fuck pallet fashioned out of plywood, two-by-fours, and a yoga mat. The Man on top shoves the poppers under his nose. Pryce takes another whiff.

FYI

39 INT. PRYCE HOUSEHOLD - FLASHBACK (1970S)

39

--See the YOUNG ASIAN BOY, now a five year-old prodigy, seated at the piano, finding his way competently through a complex CHOPIN PIECE while his imperious FATHER listens with a neutral expression.

--The boy hits a wrong note. A panicked look spreads across his face.

--Shizuo Pryce walks over, takes his young son by the hand then leads him over to the Sensory Deprivation Unit.

--He opens the door to the Box.

--The Boy hesitates.

--His father shoves him inside.

--Darkness.

MAN

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--He drags the older man over to the Box.

--He shoves his father inside, slams the door shut.

--He wedges a chair-back under the door handle to prevent it from opening.

--Teenage Pryce crosses past the piano, retrieves a packed duffle bag from the closet, pulls on a jacket, and walks out the front door, oblivious to the MUFFLED SHOUTS from inside the Box. Pryce has left home for good, leaving us to speculate about his father's disturbing and uncertain fate.

Start  
47

INT. MANSPLACE - NIGHT (N2)

47

PRYCE

And that was the last time I ever saw my father.

The Man just stands there looking completely freaked out by whatever it is Pryce has told him. He continues --

PRYCE (CONT'D)

So you see, darkness, for me, washes away all the bad things.

As the Man grabs his towel and his poppers --

MAN

They messed with your head real good, buddy. 'Cause that is some fucked up shit.

And he hurries out the door, pulling it shut behind him leaving Pryce alone, in the darkness.

PRE-LAP:

AITOR (V.O.)

The warrior mother's journey takes her into the dark realm, in this case the sunken ship, to confront death --

end

48

INT. MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT (N2)

48

Shelley eats popcorn, trying to watch the movie. Aitor continues his reverent analysis of the film they are not watching.