

The Idiot Screenwriter Killer or: The Master of Gruesome
Bonding (Short Subject)

West Rosen

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INT. A VOID OF A ROOM - NONE

Two men sit across from each other at an interrogation. MARCELLUS MILLER, an aristocratic looking but imposing black man (50) is questioning PETER SNOW (27), a young disgruntled looking foe for Marcellus both of whom devilishly look at each other expectantly.

MARCELLUS

You will be apart of my legion. You will be like a soldier to me. Are you ready to begin the processing?

PETER

Yes.

MARCELLUS

State your name.

PETER

Peter Snow.

MARCELLUS

Say it again.

PETER

Peter Snow.

MARCELLUS

Might as well say it one more time just to make sure you know who you are.

PETER

Peter- you know what? No. No more, Miller. No more processing.

Marcellus looks taken aback and confused. He then glares furiously angry. He reaches below himself and it is clear that he fumbles with a gun he has placed under his seat. Miller sticks the gun in Peter's face and broods.

MARCELLUS

(seething with suspicion)

Alright, then. You got anything that you wanna ask me?

INT. ONE BEDROOM APARTMENT. LA - MORNING

Peter wakes up drenched in his own clammy, cold sweat. Laying next to his beautiful, albeit a bit groggy, girlfriend, LILY.

He wakes her up, much to her dismay.

PETER

Babe, wake up. You have to go to work.

LILY

Yeah, what else is new.

She starts to get ready while Peter sits in bed.

Is seen jumping in the shower. Washes her hair, brushes her teeth, etc, Peter can be heard inaudibly rambling to himself. She comes out.

PETER

(Beat)... Lily, I had that dream again. Where it's like the interrogation scene from Paul Thomas Anderson's *The Master* only it's-

She's busy blow drying her hair, barely listening to a single nonsensical word of his. Obviously annoyed.

LILY

What? I don't know who any of those people are. I haven't seen *The Master*, Peter.

PETER

The dream! The dream I always have. God, Lily. The one with Marcellus Miller and he interrogates me and then threatens me in some way. This time it was with a gun.

LILY

Oh my god. You're obsessed with that guy. Why don't you do us both a favor and forget that dream. Find a job. I have to go to work. Bye, Peter.

PETER

Oh, yeah right. No, "good luck writing, Peter" No, "I love you"-

LILY

Grow up, Peter. Try to get a job, huh? You've been unemployed for eight weeks! This is the longest you've gone without work since you were in high school.

PETER

I've been writing!

LILY

That's great, Peter. We need rent though! I'm pulling your weight and you aren't bringing anything in with your writing. I'm sorry but- time is of the essence. I hope you can take a hint with what I mean.

PETER

What? No, I don't know what you mean. Please, indulge me. Treat me like I am an idiot.

LILY

That won't be hard at all. You're twenty seven, Peter. You can't do this anymore. Every time it's a fight with me. Like, I am just treating you with as much respect as I possibly can but it's clear you don't deserve even that. I thought I didn't have to tell you every single thing, like you would grow up and learn on your own, but clearly I was wrong and I have to paint you a fucking picture.

PETER

No, you're wrong! I do know what you're talking about but what I don't know is why?!

LILY

What?

Peter jumps up out of bed knocking over his nightstand and lunges at Lily who shrinks in fear at her crazed boyfriend, for she knows not what he might do.

PETER

Why the fuck do you want to leave me?!

Lily looks at Peter like he is retarded.

LILY

Because. Of this. Now. Get the fuck. Out of my way.

Lily walks right through Peter like an intangible ghost.

INT. ONE BEDROOM APARTMENT. LA - LATER ON THAT NIGHT

Lily shows back up to the apartment. She begins packing her things. Peter is frantic as he has just woken up from a nap on the couch. Though to his credit we can see he tried to tidy up the place a bit while she was at work.

PETER

What? What's going on?

She ignores him and keeps packing her things.

We see waiting in the doorway for Lily is a charismatic, gorgeous looking, lesbian woman, MAGNOLIA.

PETER

Who's that, Lily?

LILY

Peter, this is Magnolia. She's a head hunter from the Caribbean Islands doing recruitment for training at my company's branch in the Bahamas. I'm going with her to live in the Bahamas and we are lovers. I hope you'll be alright with paying the rest of this months rent. Here.

She hands him about three hundred dollars.

LILY

That's really the best I could do.

PETER

You mean the best I could hope for you to do.

MAGNOLIA

Whatever. Take it, you ungrateful hack.

Lily and Magnolia walk out.

PETER

I'm not thankful!

INT. ONE BEDROOM APARTMENT. LA - THE FOLLOWING EVENING

A destitute looking Peter; living in squalor, all his belongings boxed up, except his TV and his Couch, where he sits eating Chinese take out out of takeout boxes. He is

flipping through the basic cable channels, when he comes across the face of MARCELLUS MILLER in a CU of his charismatic smile. We see he is on some ENTERTAINMENT NEWS PROGRAM being interviewed by a FEMALE REPORTER. Marcellus is promoting something called TURBULENT TIMES, the logo for which is being displayed in the background. A new series he has created.

FEMALE REPORTER (O.C.)

Marcellus Miller. It's an honor to get to interview such an accomplished artist from this era. Can you tell us about your new show? What is Turbulent Times?

MARCELLUS (O.C.)

It's about the struggles of the early twentieth century immigrants that came to America for a better life only to find persecution. How the government always will balkanize the people who seek to immigrate here, place them in ghettos, subject them to rigorous labor for a subpar minimum wage and kill them, either with terroristic hate crimes or legally through the militarized police state.

FEMALE REPORTER (O.C.)

Obviously there are parallels to today throughout this story.

MARCELLUS (O.C.)

Definitely.

Marcellus grins with pride. Peter glares at the tube with a growing resentment for the esteemed filmmaker.

EXT. LA NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

Peter walks alongside a cement wall then immediately starts hurdling bare knuckle punches at the wall with frustration.

EXT. LA NEIGHBORHOOD - DOWN THE STREET - NIGHT

At another address in the same vicinity; A SUAVE LOOKING ACTOR TYPE is being brutally taken into an alley outside of a CLUB by GOONS, who proceed to start to rough him up. The bouncers are under the command of MARCELLUS who is revealed as he steps out of the club. He steps out into the alley where his bouncers are carrying out their orders. The sounds

of the beating can be heard in the dead silence of the night.

EXT. LA NEIGHBORHOOD - SIDEWALK - NIGHT

Having heard the disturbance, Peter has walked down the street a couple blocks to discover he has come to an alley, which he peers down and ducks down in the corner. He can see at the end of the alley is Marcellus Miller overseeing this beating occur. Marcellus delivers the final strike and kills this man while his goons are holding him. Marcellus is so strong that he completely demolished the other guy's face.

Peter has watched this the whole time, horrified. Though he is completely hidden from the sight of these goons and Marcellus. He waits for them to go back into the club. Two of the goons remain in the alley and start to drag the DEAD BODY in the direction of Peter. Peter darts off unseen. He stays within earshot however, in order to spy on THE GOONS, as they make their way to dispose of the body.

GOON ONE

We'll dispose of this guy at headquarters. Here you drive the boss's Rolls.

Goon one hands the second goon a set of keys.

GOON TWO

Uh, okay man. Uh, where's headquarters again?

GOON ONE

What are you stupid? The boss man's got us set up at that old building on Sunset. You know? That used to be Morgan's Camera shop. Come on man, it's a historical landmark.

GOON TWO

Oh, okay. Yeah, I think I have seen it before.

Goon one sighs in frustration.

GOON ONE

Just drive to Sunset Boulevard. I'll follow you in my car, that way in case you get pulled over, I'll be able to back you up. Because you're lugging the dead body. The boss killed him, so it's gonna be his fucking trunk.

Crouching hidden in the darkness, Peter, having silently ascertained all of the information that was given, sneaks away unseen by Marcellus Miller's goons.

EXT. MORGAN'S CAMERA SHOP - SUNSET BOULEVARD - THE NEXT DAY

Peter is walking down Sunset as he approaches the abandoned former camera shop. Peter has a look of determination on his face as he looks at the sign that still displays MORGAN'S CAMERA SHOP. He stakes out the building for a moment then finally he nonchalantly walks in.

INT. MORGAN'S CAMERA SHOP - MARCELLUS MILLER'S LAIR - DAY

Peter walks through the abandoned storefront, looking at the empty glass display cases where cameras used to reside. He comes to a staircase in the back leading upstairs. GOON ONE standing looking the opposite direction at the top of the stair case. Peter clenches his fist and knocks GOON ONE out. He searches his pockets and finds a nine millimeter Smith & Wesson, arms himself with it, caps Goon One and continues forward through the upstairs hallway. There are numerous doors on each end.

He heads into one of the rooms and encounters GOON TWO, who tries to fight the gun away from Peter.

GOON TWO

You stole Bob's Smith and Wesson!

PETER

That's right! Now Where is Marcellus?

Goon Two kicks Peter to the ground. Now holding the gun, he aims it at Peter steadily.

GOON TWO

No one takes Bob's Smithie! That is, but me, apparently. Hands up!

Peter raises his hands

Peters hands are tied behind his back by Goon Two with zip ties.

GOON TWO

I should kill you, right now - eh?

PETER

Peter. Peter Snow.

GOON TWO

- but you came this far. So let's see what The Master wants to do with you.

PETER

Good. Take me to the leader of your cult. My powers are greater than you seem to realize. I simply want to negotiate with him at this junction.

GOON TWO

Ooh. Buddy, you're delusional. This is it for you. Think it ought to be enjoyable, watching The Master squash you.

PETER

I could kill all of you, you goon. I only wish to negotiate with you fools. I am a businessman, perpetually. Your threats of violence mean nothing to me. I have certain... ideals to attain.

GOON TWO

Well, okay Mister Peter Snow. Let's see how you argue for those ideals with The Master. Such great power.

The Goon laughs as he pushes Peter out the door, arms tied behind his back at gunpoint.

GOON TWO

How'd you place us at this spot? Drones? Surveillance cameras?-

PETER

Your big mouth.

GOON TWO

What?!

Goon Two aims the gun at Peter, interrogating him.

GOON TWO

You heard me last night talking to Bob?! Bet you're a witness too aren't you? You're dead when Marcellus gets wind of this.

Goon Two shoves Peter into another room.

INT. MARCELLUS MILLER'S LAIR - DAY

In an opulent throne room appropriating the decorum of some type of an ancient Eastern Dynasty, Marcellus sits lavishly on a throne of solid gold. Peter is lead in, hands still tied with zip ties behind his back.

MARCELLUS

Who is this common reprobate, Al?

GOON TWO

Master, this fucking stoolie here witnessed our last evenings affairs, followed up today by swiftly murdering our loyal comrade, Bob!

MARCELLUS

Is that so?

PETER

Yes, sir. It is.

MARCELLUS

State your name?

PETER

Peter-

GOON TWO

Says his names "Peter Snow".

MARCELLUS

Peter Snow? Alright.

GOON TWO

Alright?

PETER

Alright...?

MARCELLUS

Finish him!

Goon Two aka Al looks extremely eager to kill. He points the gun at Peter.

GOON TWO

Sweet, sweet revenge. Bob was like a brother to me. He would be just as excited to execute you. Probably got him with a cheap shot, didn't you?

Al aims the gun at Peter, pulls the trigger.

Instead of firing bullets out of the gun, a tiny white flag with black lettering on it reading "Click. Click. Click" sticks out of the barrel of the gun.

Al looks shocked and dumbfounded.

GOON TWO

It's empty.

Al looks at Peter who takes his hands out from behind his back revealing they are no longer tied together. Al becomes terrified and his eyes widen as he looks at Peter. The Goon looks back towards his Master, Marcellus. Looking puzzled as well, Marcellus, not sure what to do, looks to Peter, as though expecting more.

MARCELLUS

You should have just killed this one when you had the chance! Damn it, Al!

GOON TWO

What did you do?! You freak!

Peter reaches into his pocket and pulls out his cellphone.

PETER

It's all right here. See

Peter pulls up some script writing software on his cellphone and shows he has been writing a script that seems to detail the very moment that they are acting out.

PETER

"Al aims the gun at Peter pulls the trigger. Instead of firing bullets out of the gun, a tiny white flag with black lettering on it reading "Click. Click. Click" sticks out of the barrel of the gun."

GOON TWO

But- but that's impossible.

MARCELLUS

Impressive. I've seen this before...

PETER

"Then suddenly the goons gun appears in Peters hand instead."

Al looks at his hand and is horrified to see he no longer holds the gun.

Peter holds it instead and aims it at Marcellus and his goon. Goon is terrified and pissed off. Marcellus however now appears welcoming as he is impressed by the power the young renegade possesses.

MARCELLUS

What is it that you want, my young friend?

PETER

What do I want? I want you to produce my screenplay. To turn it into a movie.

MARCELLUS

Clearly no reason for such hostility.

PETER

No reason for such hostility? I saw you kill a man, savagely. Mercilessly in cold blood, Marcellus. What do you have to say to that?

MARCELLUS

Okay. I see your angle. I must say, I didn't expect a man of your talents to settle for simple blackmail. If you want me to produce your screenplay. I'm sure we could figure something out. Peter Snow.

Marcellus reaches out to shake Peters hand. Al The Goon appears to be in envious rage. Peter smiles as he grips Marcellus by the hand.

PETER

Thank you Marcellus Miller. That's a very reasonable conclusion for you to have come to. By the way my name isn't Peter Snow.

Al The Goon looks outraged. Marcellus appears curious.

GOON TWO

What?!

Peter grins knowingly. Still holding the pistol.

PETER

Peter Snow is just a pseudonym.

GOON TWO

What are you talking about?!

PETER

Peter Snow is simply a pen name I use.

Al The Goon stands in confusion. Marcellus has a satisfied look of realization. Peter is smiling confidently.

PETER

My real name is Scribe.

A look of understanding and joys yet unknown, occur to Marcellus.