

"THE WEB"

2017/WGA Reg. 2017

WILD SOUNDS of a low gentle wind, wind chimes and ocean waves in the distance.

PAN OF UPSCALE BEDROOM:

Long white drapes/curtains flapping in the wind. Behind them, we see a very large luxury balcony.

PAN CONTINUES:

A life-size colorful CLOWN mannequin is posed next to a fainting couch. Its makeup is ghoulish/a horror dream.

A night stand; a coffee maker, coffee cups, saucers, sugar and a kettle of cream. The light on the coffee maker is 'on' and it's already brewing coffee. A note on stationary, set by the coffee maker in handwriting, reads: Help yourself.

CHARLES, is laying face down, fully nude, on top of the bed. He is asleep with his arm gently draped over MIRA, who is under a sheet that is pulled up just enough to cover her nipples.

Charles slowly stirs, then wakes up. He lifts his head, collecting his bearings; looks at Mira. He pushes himself up and sits on the edge of the bed. He breathes, ever so slowly, *trying to remember the night before*. He stands up/Stumbles. His head is obviously 'rocking.'

PAN OF HIS NUDITY/EXPLICIT. HE IS WORKED-OUT/PUMPED-UP/RIPPED.

He makes his way over to the 'fainting couch' where his clothes are tossed (black leather S&M wardrobe: athletic supporter, wrist bands, arm bands, Master's cap, chaps and boots); the CLOWN stands behind it. He looks at the Clown and studies it.

CHARLES

(In a whisper, looking directly into the eyes of the CLOWN))

Damn... you look real...

He observes his surroundings; scoping out the bedroom; turns his back to the Clown. He fumbles out of dizziness.

The eyes of the Clown slowly move in the direction of Charles and watch him.

(CONTINUED)

Charles slips-on his athletic supporter; As he adjusts the fit, the Clown's head swivels; it stares at Charles. Charles puts his wrist bands and arm bands on, all the while the Clown stares at him; then, mechanically changes into another pose.

Charles continues to dress. Putting on his jeans; slipping on a T-shirt.

Charles turns to the Clown and notices the change in position. He leans in closely to inspect.

CHARLES(CON'T)
(In whisper)
You are weird...

He heads over to the night stand dreary eyed. Reads the note, then pours himself a cup of coffee; he adds cream.

Mira is still sleeping.

Charles sees the drapes and curtains billowing, and with coffee cup in hand, walks over to the balcony entrance, draws the curtains aside and steps out.

CUT TO:

2

EXT. BALCONY

2

In the center of the balcony is another life size CLOWN; equally colorful and as grotesque as the other. It turns slowly on a pedestal which grinds with a low hum. Charles walks over to it and again inspects it closely.

He turns and walks over to the brick railing and looks out. A thick fog masks-out the view...

Behind him, the CLOW stops and shifts so it can watch him. Then it continues to turn.

Charles is still trying to 'wake up.' He looks back at Mira; asleep.

Then back at the CLOWN, then back out into the thick fog.

In the background we see Mira finally stirring; Charles's mind is elsewhere. She wraps the bed sheet around herself, holding it close and draped. She sees Charles; pours herself coffee; creme & sugar. Then walks out onto the balcony. Slowly approaching him...

(CONTINUED)

MIRA

Good morning.

Charles turns.

CHARLES

Oh, hey, good morning.

MIRA

It's beautiful isn't it? Well, this morning is foggy. Typically, you can see as far as the ocean.

CHARLES

Yeah, ugh... where are we?

MIRA

(She studies him a moment, then smiles, joining him at the banister)

My home... Bel-Air... It was an exciting night.

CHARLES

Yeah... well... I can't really seem to remember any of it. God, I crashed. I really slept hard. (Listening) I can hear waves?..

MIRA

Coffee fine?

CHARLES

It's great. You know exactly how I like it.

MIRA

You told me how you like it, last night.

CHARLES

I told you last night? I... I can't even remember last night. I must've been pretty boring.

MIRA

On the contrary, you just about wore me out.

CHARLES

(He looks at her very curiously)

I take it you're a fan of clowns?

(CONTINUED)

MIRA

(She smiles)

Yes... I'm glad you noticed. They keep me company and in stitches.

CHARLES

They look so real. Creepy as shit.

MIRA

They are real *clowns*. Creepy? I think they're beautiful. It's only a hobby.

CHARLES

(Suddenly remembering his phone)

Oh, shit... my phone... I forgot-

MIRA

(Looking/indicating)

In your jeans pocket... where it usually is... I turned the ringer off last night... we were having just too much fun.

Charles gives her an accusing subtle look as he reaches into his back pocket and retrieves his cell phone.

He checks it.

CLOWN 1 & 2 have both changed positions.

CHARLES

Ya know, your clowns move... I Think... That's a first time. No calls. No signal either.

MIRA

Signals come and go up here... you might say my clowns have a life of their own.

CUT TO:

Charles puts his phone back into his pocket; checks CLOWN 2 out. His focus changes to the night before.

CHARLES

What did we talk about?.. You seem to know a lot about me.

(CONTINUED)

MIRA

You say a lot when your drunk and getting a blow job.

CHARLES

(Suddenly embarrassed and grins)

Really.

MIRA

Really. I'm not complaining. I had a good time. I hope you did, too.

(long pause)

... Mira... That's my name.

CHARLES

I'm sorry... I... I didn't even know your name. I'm Ch--

MIRA

(She finishes for him)

Charles.

CHARLES

(He looks up into the fog)

I just felt a drop.

MIRA

Good, we need rain. Weather always tends to be a little different up here, too.

CUT TO:

WILD SOUND of a gentle sprinkle... Rain drops begin to fall.

CHARLES

Do you wanna move inside?

MIRA

Not yet, I love the feel of rain.

CHARLES

How much did I tell you I get paid for this?

She doesn't reply, only smiles.

Rain is coming down harder; dampening their bodies.

MIRA

It rains a lot in Austin, doesn't it? Lots of thunder and lightening and electrical storms.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLES

(He looks at her with
amusement)

I told you that, too, eh?

MIRA

Uh huh.

CHARLES

Where are you from?

MIRA

I'm an L.A. girl.

CHARLES

Native... Well, Mira, would you
tell me where we met last night?

MIRA

We ran into each other on Sunset
Strip. Near Crescent Heights. You
drove up on your motorcycle with
your friends... in full leather
drag... you wanted to go dancing.
And we did. Then I invited you back
to my car for a little quiet, a
night cap, a little conversation.
My driver gave us plenty of
privacy. You opened your pants to
me... exposed yourself and asked me
to suck you off... that's what you
said. Your exact words. You wanted
it. I wanted it.

CHARLES

I don't... remember... anything...
any of it... where's my bike?

MIRA

In front... where you parked it.
Along with your friends JJ and
Malcolm.

CHARLES

JJ?... Malcolm?... They're here?

MIRA

Yeah... Don't worry, I have plenty
of footage to show you... if you
want to see it. You were all into
it... C'mon, let's go inside.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLES
You took footage?..

Mira exits towards the bedroom. Charles follows her; both leaving their coffee cups on the banister.

3 INT.MIRA'S BEDROOM

3

She drops the sheet and slips on a robe.

CHARLES
You took footage?

Mira is silent. Her back to him.

CHARLES(CON'T)
I think I need to use the bathroom.
I'm feeling weird.

MIRA
(She turns to him)
Do you want to take a shower
together?

CHARLES
No. Just want to use the 'john.'

MIRA
Okay... in there.

She points to the direction of the bathroom.

CUT TO:

4 INT.BATHROOM

4

Charles, keeping his eyes on Mira, backs into the bathroom, shuts the door, locks it and stands facing it. He turns. a white sink next to him. 'one drop' of what looks like blood is left on the ceramic. He edges his way over to it. His body language says it all. His breathing is becoming heavier. He looks in the mirror over the sink. he slowly opens it.

As the mirror opens to the cabinet, we see shelves of glass jars that are filled to the top with what looks like blood. Each jar labeled with a man's name on a piece of tape: **Jeff, Larry, Stewart, William** and-

One reads: **Charles**

He closes the mirrored cabinet; He gasps with illness on his face and spins around.

(CONTINUED)

A MAN'S LEG HANGING OVER THE BATH TUB EDGE. A LONE DROP OF BLOOD DRIPS ONTO THE CERAMIC FLOOR. AT THE SAME TIME, THE MAN IN THE TUB REACHES OUT FOR HIM; GURGLING 'SOMETHING.'

CHARLES
(Whispering)
William?

Charles puts his hand over his mouth as to hold back a scream. He leans over to his friend, putting his ear next to William's lips and listens.

Then, he fumbles back to unlock the door and open it; slowly edging his way out.

CUT TO:

5 INT.MIRA'S ROOM

5

Mira has not moved. She stands watching him with innocence in her eyes. He stops feet from her.

CLOWN 1 is posed staring at him.

CHARLES
What did you do?

MIRA
Souvenirs.

CHARLES
You took footage of me?

MIRA
Yes. I always take footage.

CHARLES
Oh my God... You drugged me...

MIRA
(She smiles))
I don't know what you're talking about.

CHARLES
Where is the footage?

MIRA
Where all the others are.

CHARLES
What did you do to them? What did you do to William? What did you do to me?

(CONTINUED)

MIRA

(She speaks very
matter-of-factly and
methodically)

The same as I do to all of my gentlemen callers. It's alright, I'm always careful not to leave a mark or bruise... I take a syringe, it's a very thin needle... and I insert it into your rectum... and that's where I do it... that's where it starts...

CHARLES

Do what?

MIRA

...I remove blood and tissue... I'm sure you don't feel it. I'm extremely careful. You don't feel any pain right now, do you?

CHARLES

You crazy fucking bitch.

MIRA

Charles, honey, I don't waste it... I eat it.

Suddenly, the bedroom door starts creaking open. Charles and Mira look into the darkness beyond the room. A man's figure (The HUSBAND) stands in the doorway. Mira doesn't move. Charles takes a step back in shock and horror and *'what else could go wrong?'*

HUSBAND

Consider this your lucky day, buddy. You're in my house. You're with my wife. You're in my bedroom. And let me guess, she didn't tell you she was married.

Charles is speechless.

HUSBAND(CON'T)

Like I said, today is your lucky day. Let me guess, you can't remember a damn thing. Not a damn thing. Your lucky day! None of them can remember. She's good at what she does, eh? Now, Get your shit and get out of my house.

Charles hesitates.

(CONTINUED)

HUSBAND(CON'T)

I said get your shit and get out of my house.

This time Charles listens. He moves fast, grabbing his shoes and miscellaneous clothes from the couch. CLOWN 1 shifts and continues to stare down Charles.

CHARLES brushes past the HUSBAND. The HUSBAND grabs CHARLES by the throat, pulls him close and puts his lips against his ear and takes a long good lick to taste him.

HUSBAND(CON'T)

Like I said. It's your lucky day. Be grateful you can't remember nothin.' A word to the wise... stay as far away from Mira as you can... her web stretches a long... long... way. Watch your back, 'cause I know she knows everything about you.

He let's Charles go.

HUSBAND(CON'T)

Now, get the hell out of my house.

Charles doesn't waste any time. He exits off screen, disappears into the darkness beyond the frame of the door. The Husband stands beside Mira.

MIRA

He was fun... I'll find him again.

LONG PAN OF MIRA STARING INTO CAMERA

O.S. We hear a door 'somewhere' in the house being thrown opened.

MIRA(CON'T)

He found the front door...

FADE TO BLACK.

Credits roll

THE END.