

"Street Hassle"

By

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FADE IN:

1. INT. MARTIN'S LOFT -- DAY

A TAPE RECORDER lies on a table, ROLLING. An ashtray beside it. A cigarette is STUBBED OUT.

MARTIN (O.S.)

So, why do you wanna talk to me?

PAN UP TO -- MARTIN, mid-20's, sitting calm in ripped jeans and t-shirt. He's pale, skinny, hair ratted. A scarecrow whose comfortable in his own skin.

He looks at the female INTERVIEWER sitting across from him (O.S.). She speaks nervously, afraid to rile.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

Well...you seem like a well-educated young man. There have been some interesting postings online being credited in your name. Especially over at Transientblog.Com. So I guess...our readers at the City Journal would be interested, whether or not there's some truth to the postings. Your friend Crista...

MARTIN

(interrupting)

Don't call her that.

Beat.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

Um...an old acquaintance of yours piqued the journals interest about you when we interviewed her last month. About your previous profession.

MARTIN

What "profession" is that exactly?

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

Well...she said you'd worked as a prostitute. Is there any truth to that allegation?

MARTIN

(chuckles)

I guess I'd prefer the term "hustler" myself.

Martin leans in, as if conspiring.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

But that's not what you came to talk about, is it? What you really want to know is how I ended up here in the glamorous life.

Martin waves at the junk and unfinished craft projects scattered about around them.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

That right? The "root cause" of it all?

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INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

Well, that's a good start. What was you're family like? What can you tell me about your family Martin?

FLASHBACK TO:

2. INT. KITCHEN -- EVENING

A tall, hulking figure, Martin's FATHER, WHIPS A BELT at Martin (AGE 17), huddled on the floor. A smaller woman, Martin's MOTHER, tries to restrain Father, SCREAMING. MARTIN cringes in fetal position, taking the beating.

FATHER

You fucking faggot! You oughta be ashamed of yourself. Diddling your fucking cousin! I'll fucking KILL YOU! I'll KILL YOU!

The Father stops whipping. He kneels down, suddenly WRENCHES Martin by the head, forcing him to look his father in the eye. Father LEANS IN close, murmuring.

FATHER (CONT'D)

I loved you. I loved you so much!
(louder)
And you betrayed me! You sick fuck!

BAM! Father PUNCHES Martin in the face. BACKHANDS HIM. Blood FLIES from Martin's mouth, sprinkles the floor.

INTERVIEWER (V.O.)

Can you tell me anything about your family Martin?

BACK TO:

3. INT. MARTIN'S LOFT (INTERVIEW) -- DAY

Martin GLARES at the interviewer.

MARTIN

Not today.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)
 Ooookay...moving on, what did you do
 before you entered your profession.

MARTIN
 (**shrugs**)
 The usual. I spent three years on
 friends couches. Getting odd jobs
 here and there. Bartending, clerical
 work, you name it. I even did a
 telemarketing job once. Fuck, talk
 about whoring. But I saved up enough
 money to enroll in community college.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)
 Why did you want to go to school?

MARTIN
 I wanted to write and become a
 teacher. Better myself.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)
 And this was around the time you
 became a hook--
 (beat)
hustler? Correct?

Martin nods.

MARTIN
 Yeah. I was barbacking at this drag
 club called the Electric Garage.

CUT TO:

4. INT. ELECTRIC GARAGE / DANCE AREA -- NIGHT

Dozens of REVELERS and CROSSDRESSERS dance and surge against
 each other, TECHNO MUSIC blaring over everything.

BEHIND THE BAR -- Martin stands rinsing out glasses, clean-
 cut, in dress shirt and tie. He looks over and notices...

THE END OF THE BAR -- A BUSINESSMAN, in tailored suit, hair
 slicked back, stares at Martin. He raises his hand, gestures
 him over, grinning.

Martin walks up to him, LEANS in. The Businessman whispers
 into his ear (M.O.S.). Martin SNAPS AWAY, frowning. The
 businessman SNATCHES his hand. He pulls out a MASSIVE wad
 of bills on a clip.

Martin looks to the money; to the Businessman.

5. EXT. PARKING LOT -- LATER

The Businessman opens the passenger door to his Town-car, lets Martin in.

6. INT. BUSINESSMAN'S CAR -- MOMENTS LATER

The Businessman undoes his zipper, eyes on Martin. He reaches in, pulls out his penis (O.S.). Martin looks down at it, hesitates.

A beat. He licks his lips. Then DIVES into the Businessman's crotch.

INTERVIEWER (V.O.)

(fascinated)

So why'd you take his offer? I mean, you weren't hurting money wise.

Martin's head BOBS up and down. The Plump Man puts his head back, relaxes.

MARTIN (V.O.)

You kidding? That guy had more money in his hand than I made in two weeks.

The Businessman puts his hand on Martin's head. The head bobbing INCREASES.

INTERVIEWER (V.O.)

But it wasn't just the money, right? Why would you need to have sex for it?

BACK TO:

7. INT. MARTIN'S LOFT (INTERVIEW) -- DAY

Martin stares into the distance, dreamy.

MARTIN

Why?

(beat)

I guess I got a little self-esteem out of it. Sounds funny I know. It was a little demeaning, but...I've never had as much control over anybody than I did doing that.

Martin comes out of his daze, looks at the interviewer.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Don't get me wrong. I'm never attached to anyone I fuck. I just liked the adrenaline rush of the moment.

(MORE)

MARTIN (CONT'D)
I've never had a better high than
that. So...that was my first time.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)
And afterwards?

FLASHBACK TO:

8. INT. COMMUNITY COLLEGE / HALLWAY -- DAY

Martin runs down the hallway, carrying books.

MARTIN (V.O.)
Well...the cycle started. For the
next few months, I'd get up, go to
school...

9. INT. CLASSROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Row upon row of students listen to a teacher (O.S.), or write
in their notebooks. Martin nods off, barely keeping awake.

MARTIN (V.O.)
Sleepwalk through class...do all my
studying and cramming on the
weekends...that's how I kept my grades
up.

10. INT. ELECTRIC GARAGE / BEHIND BAR -- NIGHT

Martin WEAVES through bartenders, carrying a case of beer, a
bucket of ice on top.

MARTIN (V.O.)
Then work the bar from six to one....

11. EXT. ELECTRIC GARAGE ALLEYWAY -- LATER

A MOHAWKED PUNK and Martin kiss, feeling each other up.

MARTIN (V.O.)
Pick up my clients after I punched
out...and I was ready to rock and
roll.

The Punk UNZIPS Martin's pants.

BACK TO:

12. INT. MARTIN'S LOFT (INTERVIEW)

Martin's animated, smiling.

MARTIN

One time, I earned about a grand in two hours. Yeah. That was a good night.

INTERVIEWER (V.O.)

Seems kind of exhausting. And dangerous.

Martin's smile falters a bit.

MARTIN

Well...there were the occasional career missteps.

CUT TO:

13. EXT. PARK -- DAY

SLAM! Martin's face LANDS HARD on the pavement, blood POURING from his nose. A sweaty OFFICER, clean-shaven, buzz-cut, SHOVES HIS FACE into Martin's ear.

BUZZ-CUT OFFICER

(whispers)

Ok, fudgepacker! On your feet!

The officer LIFTS Martin up roughly, SLAPS HANDCUFFS onto his wrists. Behind them, Buzz-Cut's OLDER PARTNER wrestles with a handcuffed JOHN, in long trenchcoat. They struggle violently.

TRENCHCOAT JOHN

Oh Jesus, c'mon guys! Don't do this to me! My wife's gonna kill me!

OLDER COP

Hey, don't worry buddy. I think you just found wife number two.

Both cops BURST OUT LAUGHING.

INTERVIEWER (V.O.)

So, how many more times were you arrested for soliciting?

MARTIN (V.O.)

A couple. After awhile, it got too dangerous trickin' freelance. Too many cops hassling you, or guys beating up on you, cause you're a fag.

The two escort Martin and the John out of the park.

MARTIN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I realized I needed to get an...agent of sorts. You know, to help me deal with the rest of the world.

INTERVIEWER (V.O.)

And that's when you met Crista?

BACK TO:

14. INT. MARTIN'S LOFT (INTERVIEW)

CU -- MARTIN'S MOUTH. He Takes a LONG DRAG on his cigarette.

MARTIN

Yeah. That's when I met her.

15. INT. CRISTA'S BEDROOM (INTERVIEW) -- EVENING *

CRISTA, early-30's, athletic, dressed head to toe in leather, sits on the edge of her bed, talking to the interviewer (O.S.). She's a woman who could kick the shit out of you, and still make you smile afterwards.

CRISTA

I met Martin at my friend Tommy's. I was in this local punk band called the Ultravixens, and Tommy had offered to shoot photos for my album. So I go over to his place...

FLASHBACK TO:

16. INT. TOMMY'S APT./FRONT ENTRANCE -- DAY

Tommy, early 20's, short, wiry, answers the door, camera in hand. Crista enters. They HUG.

CRISTA (V.O.)

...and he says he's just finishing up with another guy, some streetwalker he picked up. He said he was shooting him for a photo spread involving "fringe dwellers".

They chat together (M.O.S.) as they walk further into the place.

17. INT. LIVING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Light stands, white backdrops and tripods take up the majority of space.

CRISTA (V.O.)

So we get in there, and I see Martin. And he just looks great! Just fabulous!

SPRAWLED on a couch is Martin, in underwear, with sunglasses.

CRISTA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

He wasn't drop dead gorgeous, but he had a certain confidence about himself.

Tommy immediately starts SNAPPING pictures. Martin starts to pose for him. Stretching out, FLEXING. Crista gawks.

CRISTA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

(laughing)

And he was just putting one over on Tommy. All those goofy-ass moves. I can't believe Tommy didn't notice he was being played so badly. But he just kept snapping away.

Martin pulls off his shades, looks over at Crista. He smiles suggestively at her. She stifles a laugh.

BACK TO:

18. INT. CRISTA'S BEDROOM (INTERVIEW)

CRISTA

So Martin hangs around, while I'm getting my photo work and doing my killer rock chick poses.

She demonstrates one of those faces, then continues.

CRISTA (CONT'D)

And I decide...You know, I shouldn't be telling you this, but I asked him over to my place after the shoot.

INTERVIEWER

Why'd you do that?

Crista shrugs.

CRISTA

I guess it was because he had a kind of...lonely quality about him. He was kind of vulnerable, I could tell. But he put on airs to hide it. I guess I just wanted to...I dunno...protect him. I thought that was what he wanted too.

INTERVIEWER

So, what happened that first night?

FLASHBACK TO:

19. INT. CRISTA'S APT. / LIVING ROOM

Crista and Martin sit on the couch. Martin does most of the talking, while Crista listens intently (M.O.S).

CRISTA (V.O.)

Well, We spent all night talking, mostly about his life. Not mine. I've never known anybody who did all the shit Martin did and lived to talk about it.

19a. MONTAGE OF MARTIN'S ENCOUNTERS

1) A Street -- As he runs from cops.

CRISTA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

He told me about all the crazy run-in's he'd been into.

2) The Businessman's Car -- After his first time, wiping up his mouth with a napkin. The Businessman smirks at him.

CRISTA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

All the sleaze-bags he met. He was jaded about it all, but kind of sad and resigned too. Like he deserved to be abused or something. So after this sob story, my little bleeding heart goes out to him; and I ask him to stay with me for awhile.

END MONTAGE. *

20. INT. MARTIN'S LOFT (INTERVIEW) -- AFTERNOON

SNAP! The tape recorder stops.

A HAND comes in to change out the tape recorder. Martin sits patiently.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

Sorry about that. This will only take a second.

MARTIN

(cold)

Don't you want to know why Crista pimped me out?

21. INT. CRISTA'S BEDROOM (INTERVIEW) -- EVENING

Crista grimaces.

CRISTA

Is that what Martin told you?

(MORE)

CRISTA (CONT'D)

Jesus, he can be a cold fucker sometimes.

(a beat, then angrier)

No. I never was his pimp. Not unless you call letting him sleep in my room for almost a year, while I slept on the couch. I never asked him to share earnings or threaten to throw him out on the street, or anything like that.

22. INT. MARTIN'S LOFT (INTERVIEW) -- DAY

Martin THROWS HIS HANDS UP in frustration.

MARTIN

Oh that's fucking bullshit man!

Martin LIFTS the ashtray, HURLS IT. It SMASHES AGAINST a wall.

23. INT. MARTIN'S LOFT (INTERVIEW) -- LATER

Martin breathes hard.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

(soothing)

Ok Martin. I just have a couple more questions, and then we're done, ok? **Now, this hostility you seem to have towards Crista. Does this have anything to do with the manuscript she mentioned you wrote? The one you showed to the screenwriting teacher? Jacob Mailer?**

Martin looks up, caught off guard.

*

MARTIN

She told you about that?

(to himself)

That fucking cunt!

INTERVIEWER

Excuse me? I'm sorry, I don't understand.

Martin looks back over, INTENSE.

MARTIN

(quietly)

I should've known she'd get to you eventually. How'd you manage to get her to tell you about it?

Martin rises, leans in over the table.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Bribe her? Or did she promise to go down on you for a better story?

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

(shaken)

I...I'm so..sorry, but if this...this upsets you Martin, we can continue this interview at another time.

Martin leans back in his chair, continues to glare. He rubs his cheek, back and forth, concentrating. After a beat...

MARTIN

It was that fucking manuscript. Crista loved it. She thought I'd be able to get it published, if I just worked on it some more. Edit it down. Clean it up a bit. She thought I had potential. So she calls up this guy she'd dated once. She said he might have some good pointers on how to polish it.

A beat. Martin pulls a cigarette out of a pack, hands shaking.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

So, Crista sets me up to meet him at his house. There was just one thing she forgot to mention.

O.S. SOUND: A DOORBELL BUZZER.

FLASHBACK TO:

24. EXT. JACOB MAILER'S FRONT PORCH -- NIGHT

A door opens. JACOB MAILER, late-30's, dark-haired, bearded, in black sweater, answers. Jacob's eyes widen. He starts to LAUGH.

JACOB

Oh my god! Martin, my boy, how are you?

He LAYS his hand on Martin's shoulder. Martin glances at the hand like it's a Leech.

JACOB (CONT'D)

(dripping smarm)

So you're the novelist Crista told me about. Well, this makes perfect sense. You always wrote novels in my class, even when I asked you to turn in five page essays.

Jacob LAUGHS HARDER. Martin glares back, repulsed.

BACK TO:

25. INT. CRISTA'S BEDROOM (INTERVIEW) -- EVENING

Crista's at her dresser, APPLYING make-up, agitated. *

CRISTA

I didn't know that Jacob was a **teacher of his.**

INTERVIEWER

Why did you think a screenwriting teacher would offer good advice about publishing a novel?

CRISTA

(irritated)

I don't know! He was a writer. That's all that mattered to me. I just thought he could help out an old friend. I thought Martin would appreciate it.

(bitter)

Guess I was wrong about that. One thing I do know. After that night...Martin wasn't the same.

FLASHBACK TO:

26. INT. CLASSROOM -- DAY

A half dozen STUDENTS collect their materials, start to leave. *

INTERVIEWER (V.O.)

Why did Jacob bother you so much?

MARTIN (V.O.)

Well...he was a pretentious fuck for one thing. He'd always assign us these liberal-douchebag scenarios to write about. Stuff like homeless drug addicts and getting their balls shot off in Iraq, or some shit. Help us understand the "pain of the other". He thought that's what all writers should aspire for.

Martin sits alone. He stares UP FRONT towards...

MARTIN (CONT'D)

And he'd always letch after his students. I swear he needed to give it to em worse than the johns I picked up.

*

JACOB -- who chats pleasantly (M.O.S.) with a young, long-haired FEMALE STUDENT. She LAUGHS, charmed. Jacob has his hand on hers. He CARESSES her wrist with his thumb....

...and Jacob LOOKS OVER at Martin, noticing him across the room. He half-smiles knowingly.

MARTIN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I don't think he minded much who knew.

BACK TO:

27. INT. MARTIN'S LOFT (INTERVIEW) -- MOMENTS LATER

Martin RUBS his temples, seething.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

Um, so what exactly happened?

Martin looks over at her.

MARTIN

I guess I found out what kind of men we both were.

28. INT. JACOB'S DINING ROOM -- NIGHT

Jacob and Martin sit at opposite ends of a dining table, each with a plate of food and glass of wine in front of them. Jacob carefully eats, methodical.

JACOB

Enjoying the meal?

Martin doesn't respond. He pokes at his food, not eating. Jacob smirks.

JACOB (CONT'D)

Crista told me a lot about you, you know. About the novel you're working on? Something about...prostitutes, correct?

MARTIN

(putting down his fork)

Look, thanks for the meal and all, but I thought I was coming here to get advice on my writing.

JACOB

And you will, my boy. In good time. What I'm curious about is your subject matter. How much experience and knowledge do you have with this? How much research have you done?

Martin scowls, tries to concentrate on his food.

MARTIN

Enough to know the details. Just not the structure.

JACOB

Well, structure is simple...if you remember my teachings.

MARTIN

I don't think a three-act structure is gonna work in the case of a novel.

He picks up his napkin, TOSSES it onto the table.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Plot point A to Plot Point B? Is that all I came here for? Because if it is, I don't see the point in us continuing this conversation.

Martin starts to RISE. Jacob STANDS.

JACOB

Hold on now. Wait!

Martin stops in mid-rise. Jacob walks over to him.

JACOB (CONT'D)

I do have another reason to talk with you.

FLASHBACK TO:

29. INT. TEEN MARTIN'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

*

A door opens in a dark room. Silhouetted in the doorway, a tall figure stands. He turns on the light. Martin (AGE 17) wakes up. He looks over and sees.....his father, in night clothes, grim-faced.

JACOB (V.O.)

It's about those details of yours. I really do want to know...exactly how much experience you have?

He moves into the room. Martin moves back on the bed, wide-eyed, terrified.

BACK TO:

30. INT. JACOB'S DINING ROOM -- SAME

Jacob stands by Martin, placating hand out, urging him to stay. Martin lowers back down.

JACOB
 Whether or not you're truly honest
 about what your writing.

Jacob pulls in uncomfortably CLOSE to Martin. He gently strokes his arm.

INTERCUT FLASHBACK:

*

31. INT. TEEN MARTIN'S BEDROOM

Father strokes up Martin's arm, up his neck, onto his face. Martin SHIVERS. Father stops caressing, places his hand gently on Martin's cheek. Father chokes out....

FATHER
 God Marty, you're so beautiful you
 know that?

Martin starts to cry, but doesn't look away from his father.

JACOB (V.O.)
 I think we both have something to
 gain from your knowledge.

BACK TO:

32. INT. JACOB'S DINING ROOM -- SAME

Jacob stands face to face with Martin, eager, lustful.

JACOB
 And I guarantee, after tonight, I
 can ensure your future all the way
 past graduation. I think you have a
 lot of talent my boy. And tonight,
 I'd like you to show some to me.

A Beat. Martin turns away from Jacob.

MARTIN
 Let's just get this over with.
 (pause, then business-
 like)
 It'll be \$500 for an hour, a grand
 if you want me to stay the night.

Jacob takes his signal, begins to kiss Martin on the neck. Martin doesn't react.

MARTIN (CONT'D)
 One condition.

Jacob stops kissing, looks him dead in the eye.

MARTIN (CONT'D)
 No lubrication.

INTERCUT WITH -- THE BEDROOM. SLAM! Martin's father SLAPS Martin, PUSHES HIM DOWN on the bed, UNZIPS his pants, PULLS Martin's off.

33. INT. JACOB'S KITCHEN -- MOMENTS LATER

Martin FUCKS Jacob from behind, RAMMING HIM on the sink. Dishes RATTLE with every thrust.

Jacob MOANS and Martin's CURSES grow in intensity as they build towards climax.

INTERCUT WITH -- THE BEDROOM. Martin's father, raping him. He holds Martin down by the neck, thrusting viciously into his son. Martin stares ahead, dead-eyed, taking it in.

MARTIN

You like that?! You like fucking
your students?! You like that?
Yeah? Do I get a good grade for
this? Say yes! Say yes, you piece
of shit!!!

Jacob ORGASMS LOUDLY, between passion and anguish.

FLASHBACK TO:

34. INT. TEEN MARTIN'S KITCHEN -- EVENING

The father, looking into Teen Martin's face.

FATHER

I loved you. I loved you so much!
(louder)
And you betrayed me!

BAM! Father PUNCHES Martin in the face. CUT TO BLACK. A beat.

MARTIN (V.O.)

I only made a couple hundred that
night. Than Jacob threw me out the
door.

*

BACK TO:

35. INT. MARTIN'S LOFT (INTERVIEW) -- EVENING

Tears FLOW down Martin's cheeks. He grins wide, unpleasant.

MARTIN

I guess he preferred lubrication.
(beat)
A few days later, I got a letter
from the Dean saying I was expelled.
(MORE)

MARTIN (CONT'D)

He said I'd been soliciting teachers for sexual favors in exchange for grades, and had evidence from one to prove it. I put 2 and 2 together.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

You could've refused him. Why'd you go through with it?

MARTIN

The money was part of it. But in all honesty....I just wanted to see the look on his face.

He leans over the table, whispers softly.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

It's more than that. It's the power you have. It's like it's the only control someone like me has in this shitty world.

*

He SLUMPS back into his chair, covers his face. Exhausted.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

Um...Martin, I just have to ask...how did it end between you and Crista?

Martin shakes his head.

MARTIN

No. I'm done. I've had enough. Turn it off.

Martin looks up, notices the interviewer hasn't moved. He rises, leans across the table, yelling...

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Did you hear me? TURN IT THE FUCK OFF!

36. INT. CRISTA'S BEDROOM (INTERVIEW) -- EVENING

Crista at her dresser, finishing her make-up.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

So, what happened after Martin got back from Jacob's place?

A beat. Crista looks disturbed.

CRISTA

He left me a little surprise.

FLASHBACK TO:

37. INT. CRISTA'S APT./LIVING ROOM -- MORNING

Tables and chairs overturned. GARBAGE strewn all over. In the middle, sits Martin, SOBBING.

Crista walks in, carrying a grocery bag, sees the wreckage. She HALTS, puts her bag down slowly. Crista sees Martin on the floor, walks over to him.

CRISTA

Martin? What the fuck?

Martin looks up. **She STOPS, notices him crying.** He sees Crista. His face immediately hardens.

CRISTA (CONT'D)

Jesus Christ Martin, what happened.
Are you ok?

Suddenly, he SPRINTS, BOLTS towards Crista. They grab at each other. They struggle...until Crista THROWS him against the wall. She curses him, SLAPS, PUNCHES HIM.

Martin reaches into his pocket...and pulls out a KNIFE. He grabs her hair, puts the blade to her throat.

Martin leans in close, rasping.

MARTIN

Don't touch me. If I ever see you
again, I'll kill you!

He lets her go, STORMS out. Crista looks after him, shocked.

CRISTA (V.O.)

That was the last time he ever spoke
to me.

38. INT. CRISTA'S BEDROOM (INTERVIEW) -- EVENING

Crista wipes her eyes, then continues.

CRISTA

I did see him one time afterwards.
But it was from the distance. I
didn't talk with him.

CUT TO:

39. EXT. STREET CORNER -- DAY

Crista stands looking across the street to...

CRISTA'S P.O.V. -- An alleyway. Martin stands at the entrance, ragged, the worse for wear. Like a vet whose been in combat too long. He TALKS (M.O.S.) with an equally grungy HOMELESS TEEN.

INTERVIEWER (V.O.)

What was he doing?

CRISTA (V.O.)

He was with some other guy...he wasn't whoring, I figured that out pretty quick.

The teen PASSES money to Martin. He hands the Teen a small BAGGIE full of white powder. Looks away from him and sees...

...Crista, staring at him sadly. They contemplate each other a moment. Then, he lowers his eyes, and moves on.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

How'd he seem to you?

BACK TO:

40. INT. CRISTA'S BEDROOM (INTERVIEW) -- EVENING

Crista looks directly at the interviewer, teary.

CRISTA

Broken.

(a long beat)

I'm sorry, I've got to go. I've got a show to do.

*

Crista gets up, moves out of frame.

*

41. INT. MARTIN'S LOFT -- EVENING

The interviewer gathers up her tape recorder, STUFFS a notepad away in her bag. She EXTENDS her hand out to Martin. Martin doesn't return it, facing away. The interviewer EXITS.

Martin looks STRAIGHT INTO CAMERA. ZOOM BACK and WIDEN out to reveal -- Martin sits at his empty table in the middle of his ruined home. Alone.

FADE OUT.

THE END.