

Nothing..
by
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EXT. BAR — LATE NIGHT

Through the window of the bar we see a THIN MAN, early thirties, seated at a table with TWO OTHER MEN, one who seems to be a slightly YOUNGER MAN and a MUCH OLDER MAN.

All are dressed in suits and the conversation appears jovial and animated, but is clearly centered on the THIN MAN.

They all work on their nearly empty drinks as a WAITRESS approaches.

She smiles and drops off their check. The two other men look it over while reaching for their wallets. The Thin Man finishes his drink while stealing a secretive glance at the departing waitress.

Something resembling a smirk, but more wistful and painful crosses his face. The Older Man gives the Thin Man a warm pat on the shoulder immediately knocking off the unseen glance.

They all move away from the table and momentarily out of sight.

A few moments later they all exit through the front door.

They step out into the night air and begin moving up the sidewalk. The Thin Man stops. He speaks and motions in the opposite direction.

The Older Man approaches him and pulls him in for a hug. They stand together in the embrace for a moment before slowly pulling apart.

The Older Man puts a hand on the Thin Man's cheek, his eyes are warm and teary. The Thin Man returns a smile and moves to hug the Younger Man.

They part and, with a final wave, the Thin Man walks down the sidewalk alone.

EXT. CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS

The Thin Man walks past a few buildings and stops at a crossing waiting for the "WALK" signal to grant him passage across the empty street.

The Thin Man pretends not to notice the BUM who is lurching towards him. He looks up and down the empty street but is held in place by the "DON'T WALK" command.

The Bum moves directly in front of him, palm out. The Thin Man tries to politely defer but the bum persists.

Finally the man relents with a crooked smile. He pulls out his wallet and hands the man several bills. Satisfied the bum moves away.

The sign changes to "WALK" and the Thin Man hurries across. His pace quickens as he nears a vast parking lot.

Focused on his destination, the Thin Man never sees the BURLY MAN who steps out of the shadows as he passes.

Nor does he see the large knife in the Burly Man's hands.

INT. HOME - LATER THAT NIGHT

The door swings open and the Burly Man lumbers in.

He staggers through as if weighted down by a tremendous force.

The house is dark and empty.

The Burly Man, never touching a light switch, moves through the house.

KITCHEN

The Burly Man pulls a bottle of scotch out of the cupboard. Reaching for the bottle, his sleeves can be seen drenched in blood.

The bottle lands heavily on the counter.

LIVING ROOM

The Burly Man drops onto the couch and pulls the bottle up to his lips. He drinks with several large gulps.

He brings the bottle away from his lips as the liquor slides violently down his throat.

The Burly Man seems to be surging with sudden energy as he lays his head back on the couch.

Inhaling deeply he opens his mouth wide as the air prepares to blast out.

EXT. PARKING LOT - LATE NIGHT

A painful scream is heard. The Thin Man careers into the nearby wall. His suit is now torn and splattered

with blood from wounds that seem to be everywhere at once.

He tries to scramble forward but a large foot pushes his head down onto the gravel-covered pavement.

The Burly Man pushes his head down as if extinguishing a cigarette.

The Burly Man speaks in a tone that is barely above a whisper, but the Thin Man hears him clearly.

BURLY MAN

Shut up...

He lifts his foot off the man's head.

The Thin Man, trembling uncontrollably, seems to struggle with himself to open his eyes.

He finally looks up only to shut them even tighter as he prepares for the next blow.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

The bottle of scotch lands on the floor with a hollow thud and rolls harmlessly across the floor.

Car lights sweep through the room, barley registering a change in the man's demeanor.

His eyes stare forward blankly.

After a quick rustling of keys, a door in another room swings open and shuts moments later.

A sweet voiced WOMAN calls out.

WOMAN (O.C)

Baby?

He doesn't register the slightest movement. Just remains transfixed on the wall across the room.

WOMAN (O.C)

Baby...are you here?

He closes his eyes tightly and takes a deep breath as the sound of her voice edges closer.

His hands grip the cushion of the couch so tightly, his fingers disappear completely into the cushion.

EXT. PARKING LOT — NIGHT

The Burly Man's fingers are buried so deeply into the fabric of the Thin Man's lapels they disappear completely.

He slowly pulls the Thin Man up from the floor and holds him up for a moment.

The Thin Man is trying with much effort to bring his head up but it keeps falling back on weakened muscles.

The Burly Man then slams him back down onto the pavement. The Thin Man coughs with a spray of blood.

The Burly Man again begins to slowly pull the Thin Man up off the pavement. He looks down on his prey with electric eyes as something resembling a smile curls his lips.

He slams the Thin Man back down into the pavement again.

The Burly Man inhales deeply, his eyes rolling back as his eyelids slide shut.

LIVING ROOM

WOMAN

Baby?

The Burly Man's eyes, now removed of anything resembling emotion, slowly slide open in the darkened room.

He sees the woman's figure standing in the doorway as a slant of light illuminates her from behind.

She moves slowly and tenuously into the room. The Burly Man never moves.

WOMAN

Are you okay?

She slowly moves toward him with stuttering steps.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Where did you go?

He watches her with cold, unblinking eyes as she draws closer. His grip on the couch slowly eases.

She looks down and sees the blood on his cuffs. Panic washes across her face.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

What...what did you do?

She slides down to her knees in front of him. She takes his limp hands in hers and studies them.

Turning his palms over confirms what she already knows. She tries to look up into his eyes, but his gaze is still frozen straight ahead on nothing.

She stands up with some effort and looks down on him, his gaze never shifts.

She croaks out the words again with barely enough breath to make them audible.

WOMAN

What did you do?

He slowly brings his eyes up to hers.

BURLY MAN

Nothing.

PARKING LOT

The Burly Man paces with frenetic energy at the feet of the Thin Man. The knife in his hand twitches.

The Thin Man slowly reaches into his coat.

With all the strength he can muster, he pulls out his wallet.

He holds it out towards the Burly Man who stops in his tracks. He moves toward the Thin Man's head and brings his large foot up.

Without enough energy to cry out, the Thin Man's body stiffens as the Burly Man stomps heavily onto his outstretched arm.

The Burly Man with grim determination brings his other leg up.

He slams his foot down again. This time a thick snap rings out and the Thin Man's eyes blast open for an excruciating moment.

The Burly Man leans down as the Thin Man pulls in hitching breaths. The Burly Man moves in close to the Thin Man's ear and begins speaking.

A look of understanding mingles with fresh tears in the eyes of the Thin Man as the Burly Man continues to talk.

Finished, the Burly Man looms over the Thin Man.

LIVING ROOM

WOMAN

Oh God...oh sweet Lord...
baby...you didn't...

She is standing over him, one hand pressed against her mouth. Her cheeks are streaked with tears.

WOMAN

Oh God...you...

She trails off and eases towards him.

She pulls herself into a ball on his lap and buries her head in his shoulder.

The Burly Man just stares lifeless.

PARKING LOT

The Burly Man squats over the Thin Man placing one knee on either side of his body.

He uses his forearm to pin the Thin Man with all of his weight. With his free hand, he brings the knife up to the Thin Man's face.

He jerks forth suddenly.

LIVING ROOM

The Burly Man jolts back to life as he closes his arms around her. She hugs him tighter and brings her mouth up to his ear.

WOMAN

Thank you.

Feeling seems to return to his body as he pulls her in tighter and tighter.

Tears well up and begin to pour from his eyes. He cries.

PARKING LOT

The Thin Man lies alone. His glazed eyes stare skyward. His body trembles.

Blood courses down his forehead from an odd wound.

CLOSE ON FOREHEAD:

A single word is carved into the flesh.

"RAPIST"