

'GIFT BOX'

Written by

Susie Murray & Richard Rudy

Based on an idea by

Richard Rudy

SAM Films
946 N Hudson Ave #4, LA CA 90038
+1 917 319 1879

NB: 'BGR CUES' denote fantasy/dream visuals in the BACKGROUND

EXT. STATION WAGON, HIGHWAY - NIGHT

CAM and **JAY** push a beat-up WHITE STATION WAGON up the only road unlucky enough to be lost in this dark DESERT WASTELAND OF NOWHERE.

They're blue collar types; Jay's wound up, anxious, rotten. Cam's got swagger, a certain allure about him. But right now, he's had enough;

CAM
Unbelievable--... How am I gonna-

JAY
-Daz'll fix it.

CAM
(sarcastically)
Yeah... DIY-Daz.

JAY
At least he can fix shit.

CAM
What ya sayin'?

JAY
I'm sayin', whatever. You still owe us
our coke n'hoes.

CAM
Dreams that big how can I let ya down?

JAY
At least we ain't delusional.

CAM
At least, ain't enough for me.
(Jay's had enough; stops pushing)
Push Jay, I got ya's... Leaders eat last.

Jay caves in, catches Cam up, to keep pushing... As out of nowhere looms a large garish SIGN for the '**ROSY CHEEKS MOTEL**', promising '**ROOMS \$40 A NIGHT & FREE WIF**'.

CONT. -- EXT. MOTEL PARKING LOT / HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

They push the Wagon to a stop in the Motel's PARKING LOT.

No one else, nothing else to the horizon in any direction.

The utilitarian bulk of the motel has a few lights on but is mostly empty. Far more East German prefab than Rosy Cheeks.

Jay leads Cam to a ROOM with boarded-up windows, and knocks;

JAY
Daz?... Daz, it's Jay.

The door opens to **DAZ**; a mean trailer-park-for-life asshole.

Behind him we glimpse a **BODY** tied to a CHAIR! - a BLACK BAG over their head, a BLOODY TOWEL swaddling their hands.

DAZ
So?

JAY
No. They said no.

DAZ
Try this.

Daz pushes a Tiffany blue GIFT BOX into Jay's hand.

JAY
No. They said keep her.

Daz steps outside, closes the door, so the Body can't hear.
Daz picks at his earlobe. Nervous.

JAY (CONT'D)
They don't want her back. Her snobby-ass folks ain't paying shit.

DAZ
(to Cam; with disdain)
So?

CAM
So, the girl's your department. She ain't marketable. Ya gotta get me a new girl.

DAZ
Gotta get you-- what've you done?

CAM
(re: the car / motel / his brains)
Financin'. Production. The vision.
Without me you'd still be makin' earwax candles-

DAZ
-so?... I'll deal it-- with her.

Daz picks a blob of EARWAX out of his ear; flicks it at Cam and motions for Jay to help him in the room.

Jay hands off the gift box to Cam as he heads inside.

Cam walks back to the car - *what's with the gift box?*

He pulls open the artfully wrapped RED RIBBONS, to WHITE TISSUE PAPER inside, which unfolds to reveal a HUMAN FINGER!

CAM

Shit!

Cam fumbles the box; retching to his knees.

DAZ (O.C.)

You pussyng out?

CAM

(Daz looms over Cam)

... 'Course not.

DAZ

'Cause we've come too far for you to be a lii'bitch now.

(throws PLASTIC SHEETING at him)

Line the trunk then, 'Production'.

Daz heads back inside, watching Cam, as he closes the door.

BGR CUES: hints of a FILM CREW setting up a scene around Cam.

Cam scoops the finger back into the box in disgust; gets up;

CAM

Ugh, shit... Shit.

CONT. -- EXT. STATION WAGON - NIGHT

He dumps the gift box on the roof, leans against the car to breathe... Maybe he doesn't have the stomach for this.

CAM

Leaders lead--... This is impossible.

He tries to light a cigarette, having no luck. His lighter won't catch, as he paces back and forth.

FEMALE VOICE (O.C)

Wish upon a star?

Cam whips round - taken aback by the darkly gothic, gorgeous red-haired **SIREN** stalking towards him;

SIREN
Or a light?

BGR CUES: hints of Dawn ignite the Desert Wasteland and Motel behind the vision of our Siren.

She's got a cigarette herself, a little firefly in the dark.
She leans in touches the tip of hers to his; a smoker's kiss.

CAM
Thanks.

Cam leans on the wagon. Siren sits on the hood, her back to him... A quiet moment. Smoking... Just as he's about to talk;

SIREN
What's impossible?

CAM
... Making a story. Out of nowhere.

SIREN
... 'Everything you look at can become a
fairytale and you can get a story from
everything you touch.
(looks back at Cam; seductive)

CAM
Ain't that the guy who... wrote...
'Emperor's New Clothes'?

SIREN
(turns round, shocked)
Wooo-- who are you?

CAM
Who're you?

MARY BETH
Mary. Mary Beth.

CAM
Cam... What're ya doin' out here Mary,
Mary Beth?

MARY BETH
Smoke break.

CAM
... You alone?

MARY BETH
My friend's upstairs, getting prettied
up. Can't see the point.

CAM
Oh... You're, plenty pretty.

MARY BETH
Cute... You a professional dry cleaner?

CAM
Wha?

She indicates the PLASTIC SHEETING.

CAM (CONT'D)
Oh. No. I'm a film director.

MARY BETH
Wow, no way?

BGR CUES: the first rays of sun break the horizon flaring both Cam and Mary as BIRDS flit past them.

CAM
I'm tryin' to raise money to shoot my first feature. It's mur-der--in' me.

MARY BETH
Maybe tonight's our lucky night. I can act.

CAM
Serious?

MARY BETH
Depends what your films are about?

CAM
The only two subjects that matter. Sex and death.

MARY BETH
Which is it?

CAM
What?

MARY BETH
Your film. Is it about sex? Or death?

CAM
Can't it be both?

MARY BETH
Death by sex, in love... Sounds blissful.