

FORGOTTEN

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Sunlight sparkles off crystal clusters and lush plants.

Smoke from an incense stick careens around ARTIST (30s), clean cut rocker, who taps his fingers and bounces his leg.

Amidst his nerves and excitement, his eyes flick around the room as a clock softly TICKS seconds away.

TICK -- TOCK -- TICK -- TOCK -- TICK

His eyes bounce across the desk where a holder full of expensive pens sits next to a Mac computer, but then they double-take at a specific item on the desk's corner.

It's a skull, and it's more than a decoration -- it's real.

He grabs it. Examines it. Bounces it in his hand. He stares at its ear holes and then...

WHIP! The skull spins in Artist's hand and stares at him.

Artist screams! Tosses the skull away.

A door bursts open and an EXEC (40s), a hippie in a billowing shirt and yoga pants, clambers in with purpose.

Artist's eyes frantically search for the skull, but... it's back on the desk corner, staring at a bookshelf. *Huh?*

Exec drops a thick contract on a coffee table in front of Artist. Next to the contract is a pen, a simple red BIC pen.

Exec enjoys a huge whiff of the incense -- like a drug.

EXEC

Mm. The smell of success. It's good, huh? Welcome to it.

Artist smiles. Exec turns, but sunlight blinds him.

EXEC (CONT'D)

City of Angels burns so bright, right? I enjoy the shade myself.

Exec shuts the window blinds.

A dark, brooding glow from some unknown source keeps the room alive... *alive?* Artist looks around, blinded by excitement yet can't help but notice one subtle change.

The skull... is it looking at him?

Artist chuckles and gives his eyes a chance to adjust. When they do, the skull returns to normal, looking at a bookshelf.

Must've been a trick of the light. Artist shrugs it off and flips through the contract. His hand reaches for the red pen.

EXEC (CONT'D)

Ah. Just wait one moment.

Artist throws a questioning glance.

EXEC (CONT'D)

The boss wants to be here and personally congratulate our newest and best client.

Exec peeks at a desk chair.

EXEC (CONT'D)

Should be here any moment.

ARTIST

Oh? Great. Great.

Artist smiles at Exec, who returns a façade of a smirk.

Artist waits patiently, calming his nerves by glancing around the room and folding his hands -- Exec watches him carefully through the dark, brooding glow.

TICK -- TOCK -- TICK -- TOCK -- TICK

A yawn stretches across Artist's lips.

EXEC

Enjoy yourself last night?

SERIES OF SHOTS:

Alcohol pouring -- Dance club -- Cocaine -- FEMALES dancing.

BACK TO:

ARTIST

Drinks? Drugs? Girls? What's not to enjoy? You always take care of me.

HIM (O.S.)

How old you think those girls were?

What? Fear sinks Artist's face to a horrified empty shell.

The desk chair spins, revealing HIM (20s), the boss with darkness dripping off of his sharp suit. He has his hands folded and his eyes locked on his newest client.

HIM (CONT'D)
Monica's got a mouth full of
surprises. Doesn't she?

EXEC
And an ass that loves to go bum-da-
bum-da-bum-bum-bum.

Exec lightly claps to the rhythm. Artist's frightened eyes snap from Exec to Him, whose glower holds the epitome of darkness and conspiracy.

EXEC (CONT'D)
Not bad for a 16-year-old.

Artist tries to stand, but Exec holds him down by the shoulders and lowers his lips to his ear.

EXEC (CONT'D)
Feel that in you? That's the fear
waiting around every corner in this
business. You've always got to be
aware. One slip up, and they'll rip
you clean, just like that.

Exec snaps his fingers and pats Artist's shoulders before stepping over to a mini-bar.

Exec starts to chuckle with Him; the chuckles turn into full bellows. Artist throws confused glances.

ARTIST
Wait. Wait. She wasn't sixteen?

HIM
You think I would jeopardize this
deal with a rumor of you fucking an
underage chick? No one in this town
cares about shit like that anymore.
What WE care about is you.

EXEC
Just scaring you a bit. Always keep
your eyes on a swivel, kid. The
harlots are out there looking to
suck you dry.
(MORE)

EXEC (CONT'D)

Don't let a fourteen, fifteen,
sixteen-year-old do it to ya'. They
might be tight, but so is a cell,
man.

Exec passes Artist a drink. He takes it cautiously.

ARTIST

Thought you had me for a second. I
appreciate the... wake-up call.

Artist sips the drink.

HIM

We appreciate your life.

Artist halts and rolls his eyes to Him, who stares with a
snippet of ill-intention.

ARTIST

Hm?

EXEC

We appreciate your time. Usually
you boys pop over to Interscope or
Atlantic before wallowing down here
with the... lesser known.

A sinister yet warm smile cracks Exec's lips.

HIM

And before you can pop over there,
why don't we get down to business.

Exec flips to the back page of the contract for Artist.

HIM (CONT'D)

Congratulations and welcome.

Artist smiles and takes the red BIC pen.

SCHTICK!

Something small, barely noticeable on the pen stabs his
finger; a drop of blood splashes on the contract.

EXEC

Dammit. Not again. So sorry, boss.
Beth! Beth! I told you to get rid
of these fucking pens! God Damnit!

Exec rushes over, grabbing a tissue out of a box. He rubs the
drop of blood off *(into)* the contract. His other hand takes the
pen from Artist and chucks it across the room.

The eyes of Him linger on the blood with a prideful smirk.

EXEC (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry, bro. You good? Huh?

ARTIST

I'm fine. Just scared me.

Exec really rubs that drop of blood off_(into) the contract and grabs one of his expensive pens from the desk.

EXEC

Use this one.

(calling off)

These are the pens he wanted! BETH!

(back to Artist)

So, so sorry, man. Go ahead and sign and we'll get a few girls sent over. Monica? Danielle? Ashley? My worthless assistant Beth?!

Artist sucks his finger, smiles, and nods.

Exec chuckles, as Artist pops open the expensive pen and swoops his signature at the bottom of the contract.

They shake hands and hug.

When they release, a glistening necklace draped over the fingers of Him dangles in front of Artist. The hands of Him offer it to Artist, whose eyes flourish with surprise.

He accepts and takes a moment to drape his neck.

While their new client is distracted, Exec receives a whispered order from Him. Exec nods with a smile, whispers back, and grabs the contract... And the red pen.

INT. ARTIST'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Artist bursts through a door. The necklace bounces across his chest. He squeezes his fists to match his wide grin. Once his shakes of excitement near a pinnacle, he yells with joy!

He blasts his MUSIC. Dances. Screams. Bangs on the walls.

He speaks into his phone.

ARTIST

I did it! I did it!

Dials someone else.

ARTIST (CONT'D)
Get over here right now!

Another.

ARTIST (CONT'D)
Party tonight!

BANG BANG BANG! His door rattles.

With a glowing smile and not a care in the world, Artist dances to the door and looks through an eye hole.

EYE HOLE

A DARK FIGURE stands alone in a long hallway.

ARTIST

His phone rings.

ARTIST (CONT'D)
(through the door)
Don't know ya!
(into phone)
Hey! Hey! Yeah, Fort Knox on 3rd
and Western. Yeah, yeah. Sounds go--

BANG BANG BANG! The door startles Artist.

He returns to the eye hole.

EYE HOLE

A frantic eyeball bulges in view.

ARTIST

Twists the doorknob.

ARTIST (CONT'D)
Look fuc--

He opens to a shivering, disheveled empty vessel of a creature that used to call itself human. This is FORGOTTEN (30s), and his name implies everything.

Artist -- stunned beyond himself, utters a few words.

FORGOTTEN

Did it get you?

Artist notices the necklace hanging around Forgotten's neck. It's the same as his, yet tarnished and... forgotten.

FORGOTTEN (CONT'D)

Did it get you? The pen?

A stunned beat, and Artist turns his attention to...

A long stream of blood oozing from the prick in his finger. It collects around his wrist like a cuff, and cascades down the rest of his arm.

Forgotten looks over his shoulder.

Artist screams and backs into the room. He gasps at his other wrist -- a ring of blood surrounds it and streaks down .

FORGOTTEN (CONT'D)

They're coming... Coming for the
chained. The newest desired
prisoner of the unforgivable. It
starts here, then it'll... it'll...

Forgotten shudders at the sight of Artist's face.

ARTIST'S EYES

Horrific tears of blood careen down his cheeks.

ARTIST'S MOUTH

Trails of blood trickle from the corners of his lips.

ARTIST'S NOSE

Blood drips onto his upper lip.

ARTIST'S EARS

A river of blood flows down the sides of his neck.

ARTIST

What? What is it?

FORGOTTEN

I'm just the guide... I'm so sorry.
I'm just the guide.

Forgotten gently caresses Artist's necklace.

FORGOTTEN (CONT'D)
They'll strip you. Rip you clean.
They'll suck you. Lick you dry.

Artist looks down and sees Forgotten is also holding his own necklace, rubbing its tarnish.

A drop of blood from Artist's nose drips onto the necklace. He touches it and runs to...

INT. ARTIST'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

A light flicks on. Artist gazes at his bloody self in the mirror. He rubs his face, trying to erase the blood.

He grabs a towel. Wipes. Still bloody. Wipes. Still bloody.

A cry of pain, anger, and fear rages out of his lungs.

FORGOTTEN (O.S.)
I'm so sorry. I'm just a guide.
It's too late. No matter what you
do. How loud you scream. How long
you cry. How hard you fight...

Artist looks at Forgotten, who stands in the doorway.

Artist slams the door and cranks the faucet. He tries to wash himself, but the blood returns, dripping from his orifices.

FORGOTTEN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Has it started to burn, yet?

Artist halts, gazes at the bloody rapture across his face, but doesn't see what he's talking about, until...

SSSS-SKIK-SKIK-SSssss...

Smoke rises from around Artist's neck. The Necklace burns. He tries to rip it off.

He screams. Rips. Screams. Rips. Screams!

But the necklace has fused to the skin, causing unimaginable pain with every thrash.

Artist's hands burn. The pain makes him woozy. He collapses against a wall and slides to the floor.

FORGOTTEN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Night. Day. Mid-morning to right
before Dawn. Time's up. You're
their puppet now. Their expendable.
Another toy bound for the shelf.

ARTIST
Please... just leave me alone.

A heavy SOB echoes from behind the door, coming from the
tattered lungs of Forgotten.

FORGOTTEN (O.S.)
I can't. I'm their puppet. Their
expendable... Their guide.
(beat)
We've come to collect.

Artist's eyes widen... We?

The door bursts open. Standing at the sides of Forgotten are
two COLLECTORS, draped in black with white faceless masks.

INT. ARTIST'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Forgotten cries and leads the Collectors as they drag a
screaming, crying, helpless Artist out of the room.

ARTIST
No. No. NO. NO! NO! NO!

They drag him all the way out the door, leaving a trail of
blood and sadness in their wake.

His cries fade and fade until they disappear entirely.

Silence. Silence. Silence. Silen-- wait...

FLIP. FLAP. FLIP. FLAP. Bare footsteps flop into the room...
but no one is there.

The sound of a WET MOP smacks the floor and sounds like it's
WHIPPING back and forth.

Slowly, the trail of blood *washes* away.

FLIP. FLAP. FLIP. The footsteps travel to the door.

CLICK. Lights flick off.

The door closes by itself.

FADE OUT.