

The Woman Who Disappeared

Over BLACK our CREDITS roll and we HEAR via a TV --

REPUBLICAN PR MAN

-- She's a revolutionary--the peace protests, the leading of the protests at the World Trade Organization last year--

DEMOCRATIC PR WOMAN

Why does that make her a revolutionary? Why does that make her a wanted woman by our government? It makes no sense.

FADE IN:

INT. FOX STUDIOS - DAY

Our REPUBLICAN PR MAN and DEMOCRATIC PR WOMAN debate on TV.

REPUBLICAN PR MAN

She preaches against capitalism, she sets a bad example for our children... Her laissez-faire stance on health care is liberal and is rooted in Socialism... Communism...

DEMOCRATIC PR WOMAN

What is wrong with equanimity? With everyone having affordable healthcare-

REPUBLICAN PR MAN

If I may quote Ronald Reagan-

DEMOCRATIC PR WOMAN

Oh, God, please! Spare me! The man was a war criminal!

REPUBLICAN PR MAN

That is a sacrilege. You will burn in hell for that comment.

More CREDITS roll over BLACK as we get more snap-shots --

TALK SHOW HOST (ON TV)

-- With two books published, please welcome the controversial novelist and social activist, October-

Voice of TALK SHOW HOST recedes and bleeds into APPLAUSE.

More CREDITS roll, before we hear in a muffled tone --

FBI AGENT (ON PHONE)

-- We told you to stop. You've been warned. We're watching you.

Phone HANGS UP.

INT. FBI OFFICE - LANGLEY, VA - DAY

We see our protagonist, OCTOBER, a shoddy photo of her from a prior arrest. The PHOTO is put on top of a bulletin board, and pinned to it, this a MOST WANTED LIST.

FBI AGENT 2 (O.C.)

Is that her?

FBI AGENT 3 (O.C.)

That is her.

FBI AGENT 4 (O.C.)

Fucking bitch.

Last CREDITS come up and distant sounds of TYPING are heard.

INT. CONDOMINIUM OF OCTOBER - WORK SPACE - NIGHT

White SHEET OF PAPER -- Words via Underwood typewriter are smashing against it --

FINGERS hit these KEYS and there is a rhythm to the way they dance about from KEY to KEY, making music. Smoke lingers from a cigarette in a plastic, red ashtray.

The delicate, female FINGERS pick cigarette up and bring it out and to the full mouth. Rouge-hued-lipstick encase butt, before she exhales sifting bodies of smoke clouds at us.

From ANOTHER ANGLE we see MAPS of her story, outlines, etc. And we also see CLIPPINGS FROM NEWSPAPERS that deal with political malfeasances (not allowing gay marriage, infidelity of a senator, genocide in some oil-surplus-nation, et al.).

OCTOBER (V.O.)

What if I want my entire life to be nothing but a dream? Why do you care? Why hurt?

We see her face in its entirety. Live. She wears glasses. Her hair is up but all over the place. She has porcelain skin. Is Eastern European. 30sh. She is typing and typing.

OCTOBER (V.O.)

Life is bigger than you and I. Them. Full of ideals. So honest that it can hurt. Life is where I do not say "no" to the beautiful images in my head, and I do not say no to the golden butterflies in my stomach. I want to stay in my dreams, in this painful life.

EXT. CONDOMINIUM COMPLEX - ROOFTOP - LATE NIGHT

Distant SOUNDS of traffic and street noise. Kids play Marco Polo in a pool nearby. Colluded chatter of tenants from different condos is heard. A helicopter flies above. October smokes, sips red wine and looks to the sky. Her dark hair sways from wind.

October sees the ominous, black helicopter hovering -- Its spotlight shooting down --

She drags off her cigarette, as a spotlight spools across her face, illuminating her --

October looks left, with a twitch, alert, like a hunted animal, aware of her foe in the sky --

TREES swoosh -- Leaves, limbs sway to and fro -- October looks right, again, at various APARTMENTS -- Some have their lights ON and some have their lights OFF --

PANNING with her POV she looks to be looking for government moles. Anywhere.

E! REPORTER ON A TV (O.S.)

... When we come back... Celebrity look-a-likes!

We end up in a view of this city of lights. Thousands of lights simmering and twitching.

Donned with black pumps, October's FEET move forward toward a railing. She reaches it, stares reflectively. Her eyes aren't twitching anymore. They have RESIGNED.

SOUNDS of the helicopter ASCEND. It gets closer and closer to her. Its spotlight on her face again. October cringes, walks toward the stairwell. In the distance, we hear SOUNDS of police SIRENS from a few units driving to an A/P/B/ perhaps.

October walks down the stairs. Helicopter sounds descend. Her voice comes over:

OCTOBER (V.O.)

Hi. It's me again. I was just calling to say... To say "hello..."

INT. CONDOMINIUM - DEN - LATER

OCTOBER
(on cell)

...But I guess this is good-bye. I will see you on the other side, my friend... We had some fun. Didn't we...?

INT. WORK SPACE - LATER

October organizes manuscript. Hundreds of PAGES. Puts it into a small, brown box.

On manuscript, October writes with a RED SHARPIE: Final third of my trilogy, thank you so much for always believing in me, Joseph, much love, O.

She puts TOP down and seals it up with her hands. On TOP of box -- October continues with the sharpie: This is my intellectual property. Please forward to my agent in New-

INT. DEN - MOMENTS LATER

October crosses toward front door. Opens it. Looks both ways before walking left. BOXED MANUSCRIPT in hand. We see her cross by window and hear KNOCKING on her neighbor's door. Words are exchanged but unclear. Neighbor shuts door and October returns. Without BOXED MANUSCRIPT that she just gave to neighbor.

She shuts her front door. Her Persian cat approaches.

October picks it up. The cat is shaking in fear.

INT. BATHROOM - LATER

October is in front of a streaked, bathroom mirror and stares at her face, her skin, which is in a cosmetic green mask. A SEQUENCE OF SHOTS --

October washing face over her sink that is filled with a dozen ice cubes. WATER runs from faucet (We see faded scar on her right wrist briefly).

She pushes face against the bathroom mirror --

Some of the mask residue lingers, seeps from her skin --

October HEARS more SIRENS and HONKING from a FIRE TRUCK --

October looks scared. Sad. Mad. Caged. Desperate.

They are coming for her and she knows it. Feels it.

October puts HANDS over her ears to silence the SIRENS and the HONKING and the RUNNING WATER that goes and goes -- October shuts OFF faucet --

Distant SOUNDS of a phone ringing come up and OVER October staring again into mirror, into the deep, recesses of her lovely eyes, the pools that are infinity and soulful.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

October swills out of a bottle of red wine, and it drips all over her chin, down black negligee. She doesn't care if she's making a mess; she wants to make a complete mess.

INT. BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Top drawer of her bureau opens, and as October hastily moves panties & bras out of the way -- She grabs a revolver from under the flimsy garments --

SOUNDS get LOUDER of THAT phone ringing. She shuts drawer. And we are ON:

October's empty bed (refer to Tracy Emin's "Bed" assemblage). It is a mess. Shit everywhere. A laptop is open. Fast food, magazines, books, an open lipstick case, old letters and photos are sprawled across the sheets asunder. October crawls atop it, looks at a family PHOTO taken just a few years back. In this PHOTO we see that her brothers and sisters have children. October does not. She's a loner, by herself in the photo.

October lies on her back, stares at ceiling fan listlessly spinning in circles.

EXT. CONDOMINIUM COMPLEX - CURB SIDE OF ROAD - SAME

Two government ASSASSINS hop out of issued car. In all black. Black ski masks.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

October eases back till she is square against bed-frame. Straight. Her legs are sprawled out though, relaxed. Her arms lie listless by her side. REVOLVER is in her left hand.

Phone BEEPS -- A southern, MALE VOICE is heard --

MALE VOICE (ON SPEAKER)

O., it's me. Everything all-...? Yer message sorta-... Don't say things like 'at. K? Don't talk like 'at. Just stop writin' 'at stuff. They warned you. They'll...

EXT. CONDOMINIUM COMPLEX - CONTINUOUS

Assassins proceed toward stairwell leading to her place.

MALE VOICE (ON SPEAKER) (CONT'D)

...kill you. Jus' stop. There's other things to write about, man...

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

October grimaces. Eyes water in pain. Then, she stares AT us.

MALE VOICE (ON SPEAKER) (CONT'D)

...Write about Pop Culture or somethin'. Somethin' stupid...

October stares at a framed PHOTO of herself and this MALE on the wall in front of her, which goes OUT OF FOCUS. It is obvious from the photo that they were close.

MALE VOICE (ON SPEAKER) (CONT'D)

Okay, then, I'll be up for a spell. Give me a shout if ya need someone to talk to baby girl.

October sticks revolver in her mouth -- Before she can do the job herself, her FRONT DOOR is SMASHED OPEN. October reacts. Pulls revolver out --

She aims it toward the open bedroom door. FOOTSTEPS are heard approaching.

Assassins appear near the frame. One drops to a knee. The other has his back to a wall.

They aim their guns. October smiles, DROPS revolver and raises her arms up --

OCTOBER

I surren-

BULLETS are emptied into October mid-sentence.

SHOT after SHOT is fired. Go to BLACK.

CREDITS START and we INTERCUT.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD - CONTINUOUS

People walk the bustling, city streets, begging for money, or idling, or going about their lives under neon lights. A STAR-LINE bus passes by, a hooker tries to get a john, tourists ask for directions, a couple hops in a yellow cab, etc.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

October. Lying in bed. Revolver she let go of is by her lithe thigh. She is contorted. Dead. And like a Bacon "still life," October looks both horrific and beautiful, as well.

We also see a collage she did (on this once-white-wall that is now smattered in blood) with mostly blue, acrylic paint. It reads:

WHERE IS THE GRANDIOSE (IN LIFE) WHERE IS ____ WHERE !s ??? ?♥
(peace → IS LOVE? L/u/v Δ ... IS ____ □□ why hʌte? L/Θ/v/Ξ... ← L o -

Assassins stare at her -- Guns to their side -- One starts off, but the other, Assassin 2, takes his mask off and stares harder at October. Into her haunting eyes.

Vacantly, she stares back at him. Not blinking. With some form of power over him. Assassin 2 seems to feel real empathy for a moment. And fear.

ASSASSIN (O.C.)

Lets go!

Assassin 2 puts his mask back on, then follows suit --

They exit. CREDITS continue to ROLL after we --

FADE TO BLACK.