

Spirit of Seduction

By

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An Original Screenplay

INT.BAR--NIGHT

Friday night. Dark, local tavern, jukebox box playing an oldies love ballad. A well dressed, good looking man (30's) is seated at the bar nursing a drink; a younger woman (20's) a ten stools to his right chatting with the bartender. A few couples on the floor dancing close. Most of the fifteen or so tables are occupied by men and woman patrons.

A big man JERRY (30's) walks through the door. A rough looking character, trouble with a capital "T", not what one would call handsome by any stretch; unshaven, longish hair, jeans and a leather jacket.

He looks around, sees an empty table in the back and walks toward it. No patron along the way makes eye contact with Jerry. It just wouldn't be wise and they seem to instinctively know it.

He takes a seat with his back to the wall and signals the waitress JOANNE (30's).

JOANNE

What can I get you?

She asks the question with out a smile or eye contact. Jerry doesn't seem to notice, or he is used to it.

JERRY

Jack and a Bud.

Joanne hurries off.

Jerry scans the crowd. It's a good looking crowd. Jerry's out of his element and knows it.

Joanne comes back with his drinks and sets them on the table.

JOANNE

Seven dollars.

To the point, not small talk, no butter up for a bigger tip.

Jerry hands her a ten. She lays the change and the table and leaves without saying anything. He has that effect on people, especially women. He's the proverbial "man you wouldn't want to meet in a dark alley".

He takes a sip of his Jack and chases it with a swallow of beer. He wipes his mouth with the back of his hand.

He looks toward the entrance. A woman CLAIR (30's) appears in the doorway, back lit from the lights outside. Just a silhouette, no more, but Jerry can't look away.

Clair enters the tavern. Their eyes meet. She is a bit older than most of the crowd, dark hair, nicely dressed, pretty, but not in head turning way. She walks in Jerry's direction. No one stops her to say hello, and neither does she acknowledge anyone. Her eyes are fixed on Jerry as she appears to almost float towards him, expertly maneuvering through the crowd as if there is no one in the room but the two of them. Jerry looks puzzled, then suspicious.

She stops in front of him and smiles.

CLAIR
Mind if I sit down?

Jerry eyes her suspiciously.

JERRY
Hookers aren't my thing.

CLAIR
Are you always such an asshole to women you just met, or am I just special?

Jerry looks her up and down and takes a sip of Jack. His eyes are cold.

JERRY
What do you want?

CLAIR
May I sit?

JERRY
You're a cop, aren't you? This is a bunch of crap. I'm clean. Can't I go anywhere without being roused.

CLAIR
I'm not a police officer, Jerry.

The mention of his name spooks him.

JERRY
Do I know you?

Clair shakes her head and smiles.

CLAIR

Not yet, but I have the feeling
we'll be real good friends before
the night is over.

Jerry looks right and left. No one is paying attention to them. His voice goes hard.

JERRY

If this is some kind of joke, and
somebody put you up to this,
they're either really stupid, or
they have an intense death wish.

CLAIR

Only one way to find out.

Clair gestures to the empty chair across from Jerry.

JERRY

Whatever.

Clair sits across from him and scoots in close.

CLAIR

That's better, isn't it?

Jerry just shrugs.

JERRY

You have a name?

CLAIR

Let's just call me Clair.

JERRY

Not your real name I suppose?

CLAIR

What's in a name? Clair will do.

JERRY

You a regular here?

CLAIR

Never been here before.

JERRY

Why tonight?

CLAIR

I came to see you.

JERRY

How did you know I'd even be here?
Are you following me?

CLAIR

Let's say I just knew. And no, I
wasn't following you.

JERRY

How do you know my name?

Clair smiles and leans in close.

CLAIR

Oh, I know a lot about you.

JERRY

Hey lady, I don't know what the
hell you're up to, but if this is a
joke...

CLAIR

This is no joke. I'm here on a very
serious matter, and I need your
help.

Jerry grunts, and finishes his shot of Jack.

JERRY

This just gets better and better.

CLAIR

I need you to do me a huge favor.

JERRY

O.k., I'll bite. What's the favor?

Clair turns slightly in her chair and tips her head towards
the bar.

CLAIR

See that man seated at the end of
the bar?

Jerry looks toward the bar.

JERRY

Yeah, so.

CLAIR

I need you to kill him for me.

Jerry is silent for a moment then busts out laughing.

CLAIR
What's so funny?

JERRY
You must have the wrong guy. Who do you think I am?

Clair scoots in close, her voice hard now.

CLAIR
I know exactly who you are, Jerry, or I wouldn't be sitting here talking to you.

JERRY
You're wired, aren't you? This is a friggin' set up. You approached me. That's entrapment. You can't do that.

CLAIR
Listen, I don't have time for your paranoid crap. I'm totally serious about this. He has to die tonight.

Jerry smiles.

JERRY
Isn't this where you offer me an envelope stuffed with cash?

CLAIR
Have you ever heard of the Sandbox Killer?

JERRY
Sure. I read the papers. Up to five now, if I remember correctly. Dumps his victims at parks. In the sandbox.

CLAIR
I'm impressed. You actually read the paper.

Irritation shows on his face.

JERRY
Get to the point.

Clair tips her head towards the man at the bar.

CLAIR
That's him.

JERRY
Bullshit. How would you know that?

CLAIR
Simple. I was his last victim.

JERRY
Do I look that stupid?

Jerry reaches over and grabs her arm roughly.

JERRY
Ghosts don't have bodies.

Clair jerks her arm away.

CLAIR
Let me explain.

JERRY
This should be good.

CLAIR
And please save your questions
until I've finished, because we're
running out of time.

Jerry leans back and takes a swallow of his beer.

CLAIR (CONT'D)
This is going to sound so
unbelievable, and take it from me,
I hardly believe it myself. I've
been assigned a sort of mission you
could say. I've been allowed to
come back and make sure this guy
never takes another innocent life.
Never does to another woman what he
did to me and so many others. Now
you asked my how I knew about you.
Well, it's hard to explain, but I
just knew. Like the memory had been
there all along. I knew you'd be
here. And you were.

Jerry is giving her his full attention. Not even touching
his drink.

CLAIR (CONT'D)

Anyway, I'm allowed to enter any body I choose, for a short period of time. When I leave, this woman won't remember I was ever here.

JERRY

Why don't you kill him yourself?

CLAIR

I can't make a person do something that is totally against their nature.

JERRY

Is that why you chose me? You think I'm some kind of natural born killer?

CLAIR

I didn't choose you. God did.

JERRY

Right. I haven't exactly been an alter boy. Why me?

CLAIR

Redemption, Jerry. A chance to atone for your past sins. A chance to get right with your maker. Do something good for once.

JERRY

This is bullshit. God coming to me for as favor. You're outta you're friggin' mind. Just get the hell out of here and leave me alone.

Clair sits silent for a moment. She gives Jerry a sad, tight lipped smile, gets up from the table and starts to walk away.

Jerry jumps up and follows. He grabs Clair by the arm. Clair spins around and jerks her arm free, but although the face is Clair's it's no longer Clair, she's gone. It's NANCY (30's).

NANCY

What do you think you're doing?

JERRY

Look, I'm sorry.

NANCY

You'll be a lot more sorry if you
don't get the hell away from me.
You want me to call the bouncer?

Another woman BETH (30's) appears. She stares Jerry down.

BETH

(To Nancy)

Is this asshole bothering you?

JERRY

Come on, Clair. I said I was sorry.

NANCY

My name's not Clair, it's Nancy,
and I don't know who you are, but
you'd better take a hike.

Jerry just stares at Nancy.

BETH

You heard her. Beat it.

Joanne appears.

JOANNE

Is there a problem?

BETH

This jerk is bothering my friend.

JOANNE

You look like you could use a
drink, Jerry.

Jerry looks the Joanne in the eyes.

JERRY

Clair?

The Joanne winks at Jerry.

JOANNE

Be a good boy and go sit down.

Jerry, a look of complete bewilderment on his face, turns
and walks back to the table. A beautiful blond CLAIR (20's)
is seated at the table.

JERRY

Here we go again.

CLAIR

Did you have something to say to me, Jerry?

Jerry sits across from her.

JERRY

This is just crazy. Like a bad dream, or something.

CLAIR

Or possibly a dream come true.

JERRY

What do you mean by that?

CLAIR

Let's sweeten the pot a little, shall we? Take a good look around the room, Jerry. Lots of beautiful women here. I'll bet you'd like to have one, wouldn't you?

JERRY

What are you talking about?

Clair leans in close.

CLAIR

I'm talking about desires, Jerry. Your desires.

Clair raises her eyebrows and smiles wickedly.

CLAIR (CONT'D)

I could enter any of these women. Think about it. A night alone, just you and me in whatever body you'd like. That brunette over there looks like she could peel your wallpaper.

Clair gestures to a young, very well built, gorgeous brunette a few tables away.

CLAIR (CONT'D)

Or perhaps a redhead. That's it. How about Ginger over at the Blazing Z?

Jerry's eyes light up.

CLAIR (CONT'D)

You've wanted her for a long time, haven't you, Jerry. You fantasize about her every night. But she's unobtainable isn't she? No matter how many dollars you stuff in her panties, or lap dances you pay for, she'll never go home with a guy like you.

JERRY

How do you know about Ginger?

CLAIR

I just know. I feel sorry for you. Really I do. Loneliness is a bitch, isn't it Jerry? Night after night, all alone in that cheap motel room...

JERRY

Stop, damn it.

CLAIR

One night, Jerry. One long, steamy night. We could do things with Ginger's body that even in your wildest dreams you could never imagine. Nasty, sweaty things you'd remember for the rest of your life.

JERRY

You could do that? Really do that?

CLAIR

I can, and I'm willing, but it's up to you. The bar is ready to close. He's going to leave. He's been drinking a lot, Jerry. He's already picked his next victim. He's been watching her for days. Tonight's the night. We can't let it happen. He can't be allowed to kill again.

JERRY

I don't know if I can do it.

CLAIR

It's in you, and you know it. I can see the anger in your eyes. You think you have a handle on it, but it's there, isn't it? Biding its

(MORE)

CLAIR (cont'd)
time, just waiting to take over.
Remember the man you nearly beat to
death ten years ago? What did he do
to loose the demon, Jerry? A wrong
word, a look...

JERRY
How...?

CLAIR
I don't have time for questions.
Ginger gets off in an hour.

Jerry rubs his forehead.

JERRY
Shit. I don't know. This is crazy.

CLAIR
Ginger thinks your scum, Jerry. Did
you know that? She loathes you. The
thought of you touching her makes
her skin crawl. She...

Jerry face goes stone cold. His eyes narrow.

CLAIR
There he goes.

Clair gestures toward the man seated at the bar, who's now
putting on his jacket.

CLAIR
It's now or never, Jerry.

JERRY
Where can we do it? You know, you
me and Ginger.

CLAIR
Ginger gets off in an hour. I'll
meet you here. The back door will
be open. I'll make sure she wears
something really sexy.

JERRY
The leather thong with the silver
studs.

CLAIR
The sky's the limit, Jerry.

Jerry looks over as the man walks out the door. He gets up and follows.

EXT.CAR--NIGHT

It's a moonless night. A car is parked on a deserted, back road.

Two flashes accompanied by two muted POPS light up the interior of the vehicle. The passenger door opens.

EXT.ALLEY--NIGHT

The alley is dark. Jerry hugs the shadows close to the building. He opens the back door of the tavern and goes inside.

INT.BAR--NIGHT

The hallway is pitch dark. A soft glow comes from the bar area ahead.

He hears VOICES but can't make out what they're saying. He moves slowly toward the bar area.

Jerry enters the bar area. Four women-Nancy, Joanne, Beth and Clair are seated at a table, toasting with shots of Tequila.

Jerry just stands there, speechless. His face is pale and sweaty, flecks of dried blood on his right cheek.

Clair is the first one to notice Jerry.

CLAIR

What's the matter, Jerry? You look like you've seen a ghost.

The other women laugh.

JERRY

What the hell is going on?

NANCY

He was a real bad man, Jerry. Cheated on his wife with all of us. Promised to leave her. I made wedding plans.

CLAIR

I lent him all the money my mother left me for a business venture. He gambled it all away, and then the bastard kicked me to the curb.

JOANNE

He was first class scum, pure and simple.

BETH

We couldn't kill him. You can see that, can't you? But he had to die. No two ways about it.

Jerry is sweating profusely now.

JERRY

My God. You're all insane.

CLAIR

When he doesn't come home, his wife will surely call the police. You'd better run, Jerry.

FADE