

THE GLASS BISTRO

Written by

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TEXT OVER BLACK:

"The devaluation of human beings often leads to viewing them as animals and to treating them with the brutality with which animals are often treated. The exploitation of animals is accompanied by a further level of devaluation" - Matthieu Ricard

The text remains on screen till a velvet curtain is pulled to hide it.

Muffled voices of cheering, applause, and laughter are heard. The speech of a Late Night comedian, HOST (35), begins.

HOST (O.S.)

My friend has a problem at his farm. He needs a goat to walk up this corridor so the other animals will follow. The problem is, this goat doesn't want to do it. He tells me he's got anxiety.

Audience laughter.

The camera cranes downward to show Vibrant LIGHT BLUE HAIR from the back of a man's head.

HOST (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I'd be anxious, too, if you knew what was in those corridors. I ask, is he one of those fainting goats?  
(mocking deep voice)  
Don't be ridiculous.

Audience laughter.

The camera moves down to the man's suit -nothing unusual for Late Night.

HOST (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Okay, let's get serious about your goat. Have you tried "Pro-  
(baaing like a goat)  
Zaaaac".

Loudest audience laughter.

We see two GLOVED hands, one holding a hidden CIGARETTE CARTON and the other trapped in a CAGE.

HOST (O.S.) (CONT'D)

It worked till the poor thing caught on. Nothing some "Cym-  
(baaing like a goat)

(MORE)

HOST (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 Baaal-ta" wouldn't fix. He still  
 leads his friends to the slaughter,  
 though he hasn't been the  
 (baaing like a goat)  
 Saaaaame.

The audience laughs and applauds.

The camera pivots from the man's back to his front. The camera cranes upward.

HOST (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 For a dozen years, we have been  
 honored to have become acquainted  
 with my favorite guest: a  
 humanitarian for everything except  
 humans, whose disgust of people  
 delights us. Let's give a warm  
 welcome to Neon Genocide.

A face hides behind vibrant NEON PINK SUNGLASSES with a BARB WIRE pattern. This is Neon (36).

INT. LATE-NIGHT TALK SHOW - STAGE - CONTINUOUS

The stage is that of a Late-Night talk show. The Host's unoriginal demeanor and appearance mirror the show's design.

From the curtains comes Neon.

The Host goes to shake his hand. Neon avoids the handshake and sits.

HOST  
 Looking spiffy as usual.  
 (referring to cage)  
 Nice accessory. Is this a  
 preventative measure for...

The Host's hand makes the universal motion for jacking off. The crowd loves it. Neon remains unfazed.

HOST (CONT'D)  
 How long has that been on you?

NEON  
 Two days.

HOST  
 Two whole days. I bet you are  
 itching to get this latest stunt  
 off. What's this one for? An end to  
 caged chickens?

(MORE)

HOST (CONT'D)  
 If it's for Free-range cocks you  
 may have to move it elsewhere?

The Host motions to his crotch area. Crowd laughs.

Neon undoes the cage's lock and casts it aside. The Host appears mesmerized, and the crowd applauds at the Host's signal.

HOST (CONT'D)  
 Wow, a little premature, aren't we?  
 It must be a personal record. With  
 your history, that's no small feat.

The Host looks to Neon for a response. Neon remains silent.

HOST (CONT'D)  
 So unexpected.  
 (beat)  
 Let's see some of our favorite  
 moments over the years with Neon.

A SCREEN emerges behind the two. It shows Neon on the program performing skits with him either angry or looking foolish.

BEGIN MONTAGE ON THE HOST'S SCREEN:

- Neon sitting on the floor instead of on a cowhide couch
- Neon with bloody bandages on all his fingertips, ranting
- Neon covered in an orange string spray. Neon has a natural hair color in this one
- A cowboy lassoing Neon on the ground
- Neon with a helmet and lance against a PUPPY WINDMILL
- The Host eating raw meat in front of Neon

END MONTAGE

HOST  
 That last one almost gave me a  
 tapeworm. My favorite-

Neon reaches into his jacket pocket.

NEON  
 See this?

Neon holds the cover of a foreign cigarette carton with a graphic PHOTO of THROAT CANCER on it.

The crowd groans. The Host signals the camera to move away.

NEON (CONT'D)

This is what a pack of cigarettes looks like in Australia. I'm not here for this kind of cancer.

The crowd applauds as a sloppily-dressed man, GILLE, walks by with takeout and a burger he's half-eaten.

GILLE

Got you the usual, boss -extra patties with Swiss.

GILLE hands the bag to the Host. The Host fakes embarrassment.

HOST

Now's not- hey. Where's the fries?

GILLE shrugs. The Host shakes their head comically.

HOST (CONT'D)

You were saying Neon?

Beat.

NEON

This is my last show with you.

The Host looks genuinely confused.

HOST

Till when exactly?

NEON

Look, you wanted a fool to parade? I've supplied your half-assed act but with reason and benefit.

HOST

Well, think it over. Folks, I-

Neon gets up, pointing vindictively at the audience.

NEON

Oh, forget your coddled audience!

The audience stops laughing and murmurs. It's as quiet as it has been on set for the night.

Neon focuses his eyes on the audience, not the Host.

NEON (CONT'D)

Every point, every word I've ever said about animals not being forced to suffer, from having their beaks clipped to drowning in boiling water, has been met with this.

(mimicking eating)

'Mmm'. That's all it's worth to you. I've realized that if you want to eliminate cancer, you don't talk about the horrors; you show them. Cause if it were up to me, if you wanted your cigarettes, you'd only get them past hospice care.

The Host holds his hand to his EARPIECE.

EARPIECE

Our guest brought his friends.

INT. LATE-NIGHT TALK SHOW - BACK EXIT DOOR - CONTINUOUS

As the camera zooms toward a small windowed door, protestors' chants are muffled. PINK and BLUE SIGNS move outside the door's window.

NEON (O.S.)

If it were up to me, you'd find a photo of a carcass on every package of meat and dairy. You need an alternative if information can't get the point across through words.

INT. LATE-NIGHT TALK SHOW - STAGE - CONTINUOUS

Neon aims his gaze directly at the crowd.

NEON

Seeing is believing. Seeing is believing, and that creates change.

HOST

(Pissed and nervous)

Neon, just what the hell are you planning?

The camera focuses solely on Neon. It stays for a while before he smiles.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY OF LATE-NIGHT SHOW - MOMENTS LATER

PROTESTOR 1

Judas!

PROTESTOR 2

Traitor! Traitor!

Neon walks through his Protestors. Their shirts read the phrase "B.A.R.B-W.I.R.E.," openly criticizing him.

PROTESTOR 3

This is your change? This is your betrayal.

A protestor spits in Neon's face. Neon makes the sign of the cross as if it were holy water and exits into a taxi.

Non-diegetic music plays DEAD KENNEDYS' rendition of 'RAWHIDE' or a version that's both punk and angry.

QUICK CUTS:

-undercover footage of farmers swatting each other with dead piglets

- undercover footage of a pig wandering down an alley with an extremely prolapsed anus/lower intestine

-Undercover footage of hatchlings being poured into an industrial grinder

-undercover footage of a farmer stuffing a funnel down a duck's throat

-undercover footage of a farmer humping a chicken in hand while the chicken's head is pressed against a farmer's ass

-footage of Neon being told by bystanders on the street, "Why's it fucked to eat a sandwich"

-soundbite from a documentary about animal camouflage with pictures of cats with metal chips in their heads, monkeys with bolts in bleeding scalps, and rabbits covered with ticks in labs.

-images pick up in speed, showing bear bile farms, overfishing, finned sharks, foxes at fur farms, mounds of ivory, puppy mills, whaling ships, gutted dolphins, etc.

-Images and music fizzle out to obscurity

FADE OUT.

INT. NEON'S APARTMENT - LATER THAT NIGHT

Apartment walls are coated with various POLITICAL COLLAGES instead of wallpaper.

Collages include a Stork delivering a Miscarriage, U.S. Leaders saluting a man in an American Flag Thong, Campers around a burning monk, and more provocative, thoughtless art.

Neon walks to the bedroom with minimalist furnishings. Grabbing a remote, He points it at an unseen wall and puts it down before he clicks anything.

The camera pans to show the wall, with a square section free of collage art. In the space, there is a SCRATCH-OFF TICKET.

Scribbled on reads: "IOU ~\$150."

Neon snatches the ticket.

CUT TO:

**BOTTOM DRAWER POV**

A bottom-to-top view. The drawer is pulled, showing Neon looking down and taking visual inventory.

The lottery ticket/IOU note is placed in the drawer.

NEON'S APARTMENT - BED - CONTINUOUS

Neon removes his Blue Hair. He has NATURAL CURLY HAIR.

The camera focuses above his bed with a large Haiku etched into the wallpaper. It reads: I pledge Ignorance For I can no longer stand To see a problem.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. COLLEGE LECTURE ROOM - DAY

The year's around 2010. A lecture hall for Biological Science is packed with students.

A board depicts GOATS with X's over their eyes. One goat with a visible red tracking collar is unmarked by the X.

Neon (19) is looking in through the door. His hair is his natural color. Students exit past him.

A woman, Iris(early 20s), comes out with a pamphlet.



IRIS

Here.

Iris presses the pamphlet hard against Neon's chest. It features images of the Galapagos islands and is titled "Project Isabella."

IRIS (CONT'D)

I'll fill you in at your place.

Iris passes Neon. He starts moving faster to catch up.

NEON

I told you I'd love to, but I have family obligations.

IRIS

This is important.

NEON

I know so is-

IRIS

This matters.

NEON

As does my family. I can't discuss the details right now-

IRIS

Jesus, it must be important, Petey. Whatever. I'll find some use for you. Other than a quick fuck.

Neon flushes and looks down at the floor. He crashes into a trash bin. He doesn't fall, but some trash spills.

NEON

I'll catch up soon. Just hold on.

Neon is picking up the trash as fast as he can. He looks up, but Iris is far past Neon, walking without looking back.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. NEON'S APARTMENT - LATER AT NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Neon is sitting up on his bed. He starts to drift.

A phone rings. Neon's energy returns as he answers his phone.

NEON  
 (into phone)  
 Yes. Good, where can I get...  
 (beat)  
 Again. This is twice today, I've-  
 (beat)  
 It's not a no; I just...  
 (beat)  
 Don't worry. I got you. I've always  
 got you. Just be back soon. I-

The phone call ends on the other side. Neon then fiddles with the phone. He opens his BANK APP.

We see transfers of money from his bank to the same number repeatedly. The current balance is less than TWO THOUSAND.

Beat.

Neon transfers 100 dollars to the other account.

MANAGER (V.O.)  
 You're a real asshole for this one.

INT. GLASS RESTAURANT SET - DAY

Neon is on a film set for a high-end restaurant. Neon wears his Blue Wig and Pink Sunglasses.

The MANAGER (50s), a partially balding male, is trailing behind Neon and ranting at him. Neon is unphased.

NEON  
 Who isn't? Besides, he's an old  
 friend of mine.

Continuing their stride, they approach a man whose face is hidden in equipment. Already, he looks scarily thin.

MANAGER  
 Next time, keep me informed. On  
 everything, capiche?

NEON  
 Pickman? Hey, Pickman.

PICKMAN (33), the man behind the camera, shows his face. He's not just thin; he looks anemic and a ghoulish pale.

PICKMAN  
 Is there an issue, boss?

Pickman looks at Neon.

NEON

No, it's not anything that can't be fixed anyway. Are you having any trouble with the shot?

Pickman begins to think. As he does, he blinks slowly, one eye delayed behind the other.

PICKMAN

No. No, if anything, that'll be a cakewalk—two and a half pages.  
(coughs)  
A couple of syllables for dialogue.  
And with this stellar equipment...  
no. No problem.

Beat.

NEON

Well. There you have it.

MANAGER

Neon, he draws porn. And not standard stuff neither. The smut he makes is  
(gags)  
Revolting.

PICKMAN

I'm not just an animator.

Neon waves his hand to Pickman as if to keep him silent for the moment.

NEON

Well, if you've seen it, you've also seen how clean those shots are.

MANAGER

There is nothing clean about... that.

PICKMAN

Hey man. Don't judge a book by its cum stain.

Beat.

MANAGER

This project will be ruined before it's even started.

Neon puts a hand on the Manager's shoulder. He comes in a little closer.

NEON

You want me to find someone else in what I assume would be a better... morale booster. Is that it?

MANAGER

Yes, that's... yes.

Neon whistles loudly toward the back of the restaurant set behind the glass wall.

NEON

(shouting)

Let's go and get a test done for the machinery. Are you boys ready?

SLAUGHTERHOUSE WORKERS (O.S.)

Yup.

NEON

(shouting)

Bring her out.

SLAUGHTERHOUSE WORKERS (O.S.)

(shouting)

Move her out.

As machinery begins whirling and making noise, a loud MOO is heard. A cow, no doubt.

The Manager becomes trapped by Neon's arm, facing him to the sound. Pickman has his camera on the action off-screen.

The hydraulic noise of a BOLT GUN and a heavy thud is heard. The Manager flinches, but neither Neon nor Pickman do.

NEON

We're keeping our current director. We have other worries.

The manager wipes sweat from his face with a pocket handkerchief. Neon walks over to Pickman.

PICKMAN

We can get plenty of the backend shots done without any of the actors today. It's no hassle for the editing room.

NEON  
No. Let's hold off until they  
arrive.

Neon walks over to the craft services table and gets some  
coffee.

MRS.DEW(O.S.)  
(calling out)  
Neon! Neon!

Neon rolls his eyes when he hears his name. Rushing toward  
him is a well-dressed woman, MRS.DEW (early 40's). She  
carries a small satchel.

MRS.DEW (CONT'D)  
Neon, good news. Great news.

NEON  
Lay it on me.

MRS.DEW  
Everyone here has signed an  
affidavit- and the protestors  
haven't a clue where we've set up.

NEON  
So, no issues.

MRS.DEW  
Nothing legally.

NEON  
Then you did your part.

Mrs.Dew lays out her arms dramatically, almost  
performatively.

MRS.DEW  
Oh, that's just it.

NEON  
No, there is no it.

MRS.DEW  
But Neon.

NEON  
Has everyone signed the paperwork?

MRS.DEW  
Yes, but-

NEON

Do they know what they are signing  
and agreeing to?

MRS.DEW

Well, of course, it's not that-

NEON

Is there anything that will condemn  
us? Disputes over compensation,  
hours, injury? Are any other  
lawyers, judges, corporations,  
farmers, workers, or any agitated  
persons planning to shut us up?

MRS.DEW

No.

NEON

(groans)  
This again?

MRS.DEW

Oh, Neon. You'll be thanking me.

Mrs.Dew pulls out of her satchel. Inside is a colorful  
display of set and prop designs and a chunky script.

MRS.DEW (CONT'D)

I have done legal work for various  
studio films, so I know. I know.

Neon drinks his coffee but slowly starts to chug it.

MRS.DEW (CONT'D)

This whole  
(air quoting)  
'Glass Slaughterhouse'  
(returned enthusiasm)  
It can work. Not how you've written  
it. It needs pizzazz and oomph.  
Forget a short; we can make it a  
feature, a musical. It can be just  
like "Grease" but with cows.

NEON

(to self)  
Why not just a settlement claim?

MRS.DEW

Cause I'm the best.

NEON

At law.

Neon pushes back the designs and script and leaves the set.

NEON (CONT'D)  
(shouting)  
Let's wrap it up for today.

Mrs.Dew Walks a bit behind Neon.

MRS.DEW  
There is one thing of worry. It's  
about the budget.

Neon slows his pace.

MRS.DEW (CONT'D)  
You can afford a little extra on  
your side if we need to. Right?

Neon continues his gaze to the exit.

INT. NEON'S APARTMENT - LATER AT NIGHT

Neon lies on his bed. A BOOK on ESPRESSO covers his face.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. NEON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Neon (19) lifts the same book, alert, and in an apartment without collage art. It also has more furniture and a TELEVISION. An expensive ESPRESSO MACHINE can be seen.

Neon lies with Iris, both half-dressed. Iris has her shoes on, and Neon stares at them. Iris looks at the ceiling.

IRIS  
Would you consider yourself  
sentimental, Petey?

Neon thinks for a beat.

NEON  
I'd say to a degree. Why?

IRIS  
I hate sentimentality.  
(beat)  
But you're not that sentimental.

Neon huffs a sigh of relief. He's still nervous.

NEON

Where'd you pick up that attitude?

IRIS

It's not an attitude.

(beat)

People care so much about certain things for pitiful, petty reasons. They care how something looks, so they'll substitute practicality for aesthetics.

NEON

Is that why you have your shoes on my sheets?

Iris continues staring at the ceiling.

IRIS

It's why specific animal populations are ignored altogether while others are idolized.

NEON

Like dogs versus cows?

IRIS

It's humanity's instinct to overlook the grander picture. I don't like the world I live in.

Neon stares deeper into Iris's eyes.

NEON

I'm not too fond of it either.

Iris turns to Neon.

NEON (CONT'D)

Honestly, I meant that.

IRIS

How do you go about it then? What's it you're up to up there?

Iris pokes Neon's head.

NEON

It's no philosophy, but if I can change myself, why can't I change others too?



IRIS  
Why the hell would you want to do  
that?

NEON  
(laughing)  
No fucking clue.

Neon sees Iris and retreats his laughter when she remains without a smile.

NEON (CONT'D)  
I have a belief or line of thinking  
I've noticed.

IRIS  
What might that be?

NEON  
People only care about what excites  
them. For me, that excitement has  
always been ridiculous.

Neon becomes more melancholic. Iris tilts her head, intrigued.

IRIS  
What if that attention could make  
some good changes? You just need to  
make use of it.

Iris puts her hand on Neon's thigh. Neon slowly begins to lean in for a kiss.

Iris turns off the lights and remains still. Neon backs off uncomfortably before he even reaches her.

IRIS (CONT'D)  
We can fuck now.

END FLASHBACK.

CUT TO:

INT. GLASS RESTAURANT SET - MORNING

Neon walks through the set, passing actors. Their roles are that of RESTAURANT GUESTS or STAFF. The back wall of the restaurant set is draped with a large curtain.

Neon arrives at Pickman.

PICKMAN

Morning.

NEON

Morning Pickman. How long till the first shoot?

PICKMAN

(sluggish)

Any time. Any time. About the score, though, are you sure you don't want the theme from "Cannibal Holocaust"? It seems very... you.

NEON

This isn't about me. Stick to using "Salò."

(observes room)

Let's move them out.

PICKMAN

Take it from the top again. Places.

Actors and crew ready themselves and move into place.

NEON

Hold.

(shouts)

Hold!

(normal tone)

Again. You mean they've already...

PICKMAN

Yeah. From all stops. Problem?

NEON

Why bother practicing? Let's go for the real deal.

Actors look around, confused.

The curtain in the back wall is pulled. Behind glass walls is the inside of a functioning SLAUGHTERHOUSE. WORKERS prepare inside while the Actors on the other side look shocked.

NEON (CONT'D)

Okay. Pickman, you're cue.

An actor, EATER, stands up.

EATER

What's that?

NEON

Excuse me, but the script has no dialogue.

Eater opens their mouth, but no words form. A cow is heard. Eater sits down. Crew and actors look to see assembly lines of cows lining up and waiting.

The dots are beginning to connect in each actor and crew member's head for what the cows are for.

PICKMAN

We're rolling.

WAITER slowly trembles forward to Eater, pushing a TRAY CART. Eater sits with back to the slaughterhouse.

One cow is pulled into a SQUEEZE CAGE. AIR GUN WORKER points his air gun at the cow's forehead and shoots it into the cow's skull. The cow falls to the ground.

Waiter falters in their steps, stopping in their tracks.

The unconscious cow is strapped on chains by its back legs. As it's holstered up, Waiter moves forward. A new cow enters.

TRACKING WAITER

Waiter makes small steps forward. A second bolt fires. Waiter nearly trips but stays on their feet.

Waiter reaches Eater. A silver plate-covered dish is given to Eater. It rattles loudly with Waiter's violent tremor.

TIGHT ON EATER'S FACE

Waiter puts a tablecloth on Eater's collar, nearly stuffing it. Eater grasps his utensils tightly.

CUT TO:

Neon observing and studying the ordeal.

TIGHT ON EATER'S FACE

A cow behind Eater is holstered up, its head blocked by Eater. Eater pokes his fork into his unseen meal.

A BLADE is held to the cow's throat. Eater, uneasy, scratches his plate with his KNIFE until it shatters. The cow's throat is slit, and blood coats the glass.

CUT TO:

Waiter collapses onto the tray cart which drags them.

CUT TO:

Neon, unscarred, gives one clap of his palms.

NEON

Alright, good practice. Little slow on your feet, but that's to be expected.

The whole room looks at Neon. Some gag. A few cry.

NEON (CONT'D)

Almost forgot. You, in the back.

Neon points to Eater, who looks up from his plate.

NEON (CONT'D)

We cut the shot early, but remember. Don't eat. Taste. Okay?

Eater bolts upward.

EATER

I am not eating this here!

Neon looks perplexed.

NEON

You already have. How many takes did you do earlier?

PICKMAN

Fifteen.

NEON

See. What's a few more to you?

EATER

You're a goddamn psycho.

NEON

Look, you're not even eating here. You chew and spit. So act as if you enjoy it like you did before. Kay?

Eater begins to nod positively while looking upset. He stops and sobs uncontrollably into himself. Neon puffs, annoyed. The crew seems upset as well.

NEON (CONT'D)  
 (to self)  
 Cool. Cool.  
 (shouting)  
 For the professionals here, your  
 'motivation' is to act naturally.  
 Pretend this is any other  
 restaurant cause it is. That's the  
 only way it's going to work. Got  
 that?

Besides the moaning of cows, it's quiet.

PICKMAN  
 Neon? If I may?

CUT TO:

INT. GLASS RESTAURANT SET - MOMENTS LATER

A group circle is formed. Neon sits alongside Pickman and the Actors. Some hug their legs like scared children.

NEON  
 I don't see how group therapy is  
 going to help.

PICKMAN  
 It's not group therapy; it's a  
 bonding exercise.

NEON  
 Well, neither seems appropriate.  
 (beat)  
 I'm Neon, and I do what I do  
 because I love animals.

Strange and untrustworthy looks are given.

NEON (CONT'D)  
 Weak start, huh? Want to know why I  
 skip out on these therapeutic  
 (sarcastic)  
 'exercises'?

The group remains motionless. Pickman leans to Neon.

PICKMAN

(to Neon)

No one is allowed to speak but the one speaking.

Neon nods aimlessly, rolling his eyes.

NEON

Well. It's because every therapist I've been to was cold. Even more callous than me. So, of course, I wanted to fuck them. Strange type, I've got. But therapy is about sharing, so when I told every one of them I wanted to have sex with them, they couldn't handle it.

Neon looks around the audience of actors who are now just confused.

Pickman slowly claps, and slowly, the rest join in applause.

NEON (CONT'D)

Did you all start applauding because Pickman began to, or did you want to applaud on your own?

Beat.

MAÎTRE D

It felt appropriate.

NEON

Why?

Everyone looks at MAÎTRE D as they shrivel up.

NEON (CONT'D)

Alright. From now on, if someone says something you disagree with or don't care about, say it. Ignore, interrupt, berate. Do whatever. But to remain on this paycheck, you have to say something personal, and we'll all choose if that's enough or if you have to say more. Understand?

The crowd is more fearful than when the cattle were slaughtered.

## FOCUS ON MAÎTRE D

As each person goes around sharing, the crowd gives mixed reactions of involvement, fascination, or care.

MAÎTRE D

I have an affinity with neckwear.  
It's a personal comfort of mine.

## FOCUS ON WAITER

WAITER

I make origami when I'm stressed.

Eater offers Waiter a TABLECLOTH.

WAITER (CONT'D)

I can mimic the motions. Right now,  
I'm making a lotus flower.

Waiter's hands are making invisible folds in the air.

## FOCUS ON EATER

EATER

My dreams have all been pretty  
traumatic. Almost all have me being  
taken advantage of. And in others,  
I'm the one taking that advantage.

Another actor, TASTER, raises a hand.

TASTER

I don't think dreams mean anything.  
Seems like a cop-out to me.

NEON

Agreed. Give us something other  
than your rape fantasies.

Eater looks both humiliated and annoyed.

## FOCUS ON MAÎTRE D

MAÎTRE D

As a kid, I always wanted a dog  
called Spud. When we got one, my  
parents named him Pauli.

FOCUS ON WAITER

WAITER

Repetition. It always keeps me busy. It takes me away from it all.

FOCUS ON MAÎTRE D

MAÎTRE D

They'd treat Pauli like he was their child. I've heard them cry to him alone some nights.

FOCUS ON TASTER

TASTER

For a dream like mine, you'd need to have good connections. That's what I've got so far.

FOCUS ON EATER

EATER

A few years ago, I walked in to find my mom wasn't breathing. Her mouth was caked with vomit.

MAÎTRE D

Nothing you could have done.

EATER

Oh, but I did. I took so many long breaths into her. The EMTs told me they don't do that step anymore.

Waiter looks a bit faint and gags.

FOCUS ON WAITER

WAITER

I'm nearly broke but am very thankful and dependent on this job. So, I made myself a promise.

FOCUS ON MAÎTRE D

MAÎTRE D

I was fourteen when I learned Pauli was the name of my twin.



## FOCUS ON TASTER

TASTER

With enough trust, you can be  
 written into a family member's  
 will. Add luck and patience, and  
 you earn the privilege of making  
 (emphasizes)  
 'the call.'

## FOCUS ON WAITER

WAITER

If I don't make it as an actor,  
 I'll walk into the nearest pond and  
 pretend it's the La Brea Tar pits.  
 Beats a handprint anyway.

MAÎTRE D

(to Waiter)

State of mind. Takes you anywhere.

Maître D nods approvingly.

## FOCUS ON EATER

EATER

Sure enough, it was an attempt:  
 note and all. The nicest thing my  
 mom ever said to me was in that  
 note.

## FOCUS ON MAÎTRE D

MAÎTRE D

Pauli died in childbirth. Strangled  
 on my umbilical cord.

## FOCUS ON EATER

EATER

After returning to her senses, she  
 claimed she was referring to her  
 uncle of the same name.

Taster gives a loud, hardy chuckle.

FOCUS ON TASTER

TASTER

The odds aren't in my favor, but  
some dreams are worth chasing.  
Right?

FOCUS ON WOMAN ON DATE

WOMAN ON DATE

I keep avoiding rehab.

FOCUS ON WINE STEWARD

WINE STEWARD

I steal flowers from gravesites.

FOCUS ON MAN ON DATE

MAN ON DATE

I hate every member of my family.

FOCUS ON EATING ALONE

EATING ALONE

I faked having an eating disorder.

CAMERA MOVES FROM ONE PERSON TO THE NEXT RAPIDLY.

TIGHT ON MAÎTRE D'S FACE

MAÎTRE D

This was helpful, I guess.

TIGHT ON WAITER'S FACE

WAITER

I'll get through it.

TIGHT ON MAN ON DATE'S FACE

MAN ON DATE

No. No, I'm out.

TIGHT ON WOMAN ON DATE'S FACE

WOMAN ON DATE  
I'm staying.

TIGHT ON WINE STEWARD'S FACE

WINE STEWARD  
Reluctantly, yes.

TIGHT ON TASTER'S FACE

TASTER  
This was better than anticipated.  
Thank you.

TIGHT ON EATER'S FACE

EATER  
Fuck you! Just no. No!

TIGHT ON EATING ALONE'S FACE

EATING ALONE  
This was horrible. You're horrible.

TIGHT ON PICKMAN'S FACE

PICKMAN  
I draw and animate scat fetishes.  
Feces.

CAMERA PULLS FROM PICKMAN

Waiter, Maître D, Taster, Woman On Date, Wine Steward, and Neon stare at Pickman silently as he goes on.

PICKMAN  
It's through commissions from hedge fund types. The form may be niche, but few artists are willing to make it or get it right. It doesn't make me happy, but it does make me rich.

Beat.

Wine Steward nods approvingly.

WINE STEWARD

Right on.

INT. GLASS RESTAURANT SET - CONTINUOUS

Neon assesses who's left. He looks pleased. Pickman has a small circle of actors chatting with him.

Neon notices Mrs. Dew a small distance away. He sees her sketch the Glass Slaughterhouse with a GLITTER PEN. Neon isn't pleased but holds his emotions for now.

INT. NEON'S APARTMENT - LATER AT NIGHT

A man, JOHN DOE (late 20s), sleeps in Neon's bed. He has all the covers on his side of the bed. Neon lays down himself, not disturbing the rest of the man.

Neon reaches for his book on his nightstand without looking. After nothing is pulled, he turns to see another I.O.U lottery ticket in place of his book.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

EXT. DOG RACING TRACK - STANDS - DAY

Neon (32) watches his group of Protesters dressed like BLUE and PINK GLADIATORS. They berate bettors while escorted out.

Neon sees a pair of BETTORS throw their TICKETS and lit CIGARETTES to the ground. A scruffier John Doe collects them.

Bettors push John Doe to the ground and leave chuckling. He remains passive, continuing to fill a PLASTIC BAG filled with Discarded CIGARETTES and TICKETS. Neon Helps him up.

NEON

People are assholes.

JOHN DOE

Does that include me?

John Doe burns another cigarette but on his lit one. He repeats the process each time the short-lived smoke goes out.

NEON

It's possible. You are human too.

JOHN DOE

Then you must see yourself that way too. Or does that not apply?

NEON

The shoe fits. It's what I'm trying to fix.

JOHN DOE

Fix being human?

NEON

Fix being an asshole.

JOHN DOE

Then you'd take what makes you human with you too.

Neon sits with the thought.

NEON

Then maybe it's time to evolve. Socially, I mean. Not look at the past as an excuse but a warning.

John Doe eyes Neon's BLUE HAIR fashioned like a ROMAN HELMET.

JOHN DOE

That explains the hair.

More protestors are being dragged out of stands as people laugh and film them.

JOHN DOE (CONT'D)

You with them?

NEON

Unfortunately. I feel bad for them. Their hearts are in it they just get too passionate.

Neon turns to John Doe.

NEON (CONT'D)

Neon Genocide.

Neon holds out an open hand to John Doe who simply stares.

NEON (CONT'D)

(chuckles)

My name. Stage name. Most leave it at Neon. Yours?

JOHN DOE  
You want my stage name?

Neon gives a hardy chuckle.

NEON  
No, a regular name is fine by me.

JOHN DOE  
Don't have one. Gave it up. Now I'm  
a nobody—a nobody with no name.

NEON  
Even nobodies have names. They're  
called John Does.

JOHN DOE  
Do they.  
(beat)  
That's a shame.

NEON  
You seem out of place for this kind  
of joint. You need anything?

John Doe starts to breathe hot air into his hands.

JOHN DOE  
I need a whole lot. But nothing  
comes without a price. Isn't that  
right, Neon?

No more protestors remain. A guard comes their way. Neon  
reaches into his pocket and pulls out his BUSINESS CARD.

NEON  
Stop by and ask for me. Maybe part  
of that evolution means being  
benevolent. Who knows?

The guard grabs Neon and starts moving with him.

NEON (CONT'D)  
Hope we meet again, John.

END OF FLASHBACK.

INT. NEON'S APARTMENT - EARLY MORNING

Neon wakes early to find John Doe dragging a coffee table  
leaving scratch marks on the floor.

JOHN DOE

Hey.

NEON

Morning.

JOHN DOE

That it is, hate to ask but would you mind helping me move this down? I'll leave the estimate when I'm back. Unless you've?

Neon's groggy eyes return focus to the scratch marks.

EXT. CITY STREETS - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

Neon and John doe are caring the coffee table down the sidewalk.

NEON

Any luck lately.

JOHN DOE

Every now and then. It goes away quickly though.

NEON

I can see that.

The coffee table is placed in front of a Pawn shop. John Doe taps the glass, getting attention of the PAWNBROKER.

NEON (CONT'D)

Look about the issue of money-

JOHN DOE

Don't worry about it. The allowance is more then enough.

NEON

About that. You're gonna have to limit your spending habits.

John Doe looks mildly shocked.

JOHN DOE

My habits? I ain't chewing too loud or talking during a movie. You're referring to a compulsion. A compulsion I wouldn't wish on anyone. Not even an enemy.

Pawnbroker comes outside summing the value of the table.

NEON

Be it as it may, just... try to keep it to a minimal.

JOHN DOE

I can't keep it to a minimum any more then you could keep a cold to a minimum. It's a disease after all, that's what it is.

PAWN BROKER

Forty-five.

JOHN DOE

Deal.

NEON

(jumpy)  
No! No deal. One-fifty. Don't you at least negotiate?

Pawnbroker side eyes Neon, annoyed but tired.

PAWNBROKER

Ninety.

NEON

One-twenty five.

PAWNBROKER

One-twenty.

Neon reluctantly nods and the money is handed to Neon. John Doe eyes it.

JOHN DOE

My half.

Neon gets frustrated.

NEON

I've got a set to manage. Here.

Neon hands some of the money to John Doe.

JOHN DOE

This is only thirty bucks.

NEON

Then it's more than your half.

Neon starts walking away frustrated as John Doe stands in the same spot.



INT. GLASS RESTAURANT SET - LATER THAT DAY

Pickman has a group of interested actors and some set workers listening to him. They all are genuinely intrigued.

PICKMAN

Plate jobs aren't the criteria the higher-ups look for; they want direct contact. The head traders are on the chest; the genitals are more in line with the analysts.

WAITER

They don't, you know.

Maître D mimics chewing.

PICKMAN

No, never. That's strictly CEO's.

Maître D dry heaves.

PICKMAN (CONT'D)

But never show vomit. That's more in favor of surgeons. A buddy of mine specializes in that.

MAÎTRE D

How'd you figure all this out?

PICKMAN

Highest paid jobs dictate what art gets made. Works with fetishes as it did with the Renaissance. Wealthy patrons get our attention. I don't know what a cashier jerks off to nor do I care. The highest bidder is my concern.

Neon approaches the group.

NEON

Okay, enough story time. Let's get it moving.

Actors disperse to their spots on set. They're not disgusted like with the first shoot, but there is still some unease.

Neon stays with Pickman.

NEON (CONT'D)

Seems to be moving better. Maybe we'll get the look of it all down soon.

PICKMAN

Hmm, maybe.

NEON

How's life at home? I hope I'm not keeping you away from Maddie.

PICKMAN

We manage. She busies herself with hobbies. She has taken up hibachi. Mastered the moves in a day.

NEON

Impressive.

PICKMAN

Trouble is she just uses it to cut lines of coke. Routine and all.

NEON

Ever think of talking to her about that?

PICKMAN

No, that's not my scene. Stuff's not healthy, you know.

NEON

I'm not asking you to join in-

A cow is moved to the Squeeze cage. Workers are moving too.

NEON (CONT'D)

Look, let's get through this. After work, we'll figure it out.

Neon leaves Pickman. Pickman barely responds.

A Bolt Gun echoes the set. Small jolts from actors on set are seen but they remain roughly composed.

Neon makes a move to the craft services. He gets a cup of coffee, but nothing comes out. He looks at the set's kitchen.

INT. GLASS RESTAURANT SET - BACK KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Neon walking through a near-empty kitchen save for one SCRAWNY CHEF. Neon is focused on searching the pantries.

SCRAWNY CHEF

Sir, sir. No one is allowed back here.

NEON  
I can see that.

Neon continues his search.

SCRAWNY CHEF  
It's a health code violation. You  
could get hurt.

NEON  
Maybe that will give my lawyer  
something to do- look where do you  
keep your coffee?

SCRAWNY CHEF  
You can't- oh coffee sure right  
this way. Stay put.

The scrawny chef moves to a high shelf. Neon hears noise of a  
group and sees a door in-between the two of them.

Neon walks over.

SCRAWNY CHEF (CONT'D)  
You guys go through it so fast, you  
might want to try watering it down.

Neon is a few feet from the door.

SCRAWNY CHEF (CONT'D)  
No, no, sir. Please.

On the other side are some chefs and busboys gambling with  
cards and money. They look up. One of them, TOUGH BUSBOY,  
greet's Neon friendly like.

TOUGH BUSBOY  
How goes it, boss man?

NEON  
It's going. You seem to be doing  
good yourself.

Neon refers to the large sum of winnings Tough Busboy has.

TOUGH BUSBOY  
Oh, if you want some, for the  
trouble we caused, if any.

Tough Busboy extends some small amount of cash and paper to  
Neon.

NEON

No, no. I'm flattered, but keep that and uh keep the trays full. We'll need another set soon.

TOUGH BUSBOY

Oh believe me we will, as always. You sure you don't want..?

More money is shuffled in Tough Busboy's hand.

TOUGH BUSBOY (CONT'D)

We sure enjoy the relaxation. The animals do too.

Neon gets peeved but keeps it contained.

Another slip is put in Tough Busboy's hand. Neon notices it's an I.O.U lottery ticket.

NEON

I hope that's a winning number.

TOUGH BUSBOY

Oh, this, no. Little reminder. He's good. Always comes through. Easy winnings off him, too.

NEON

Is he now?

TOUGH BUSBOY

Real easy. I can squeeze you in the next game if you want.

NEON

No, no. Can't take a fool's money that way. Wouldn't be right. Thanks for the tip.

Neon makes a few steps away but swivels back.

NEON (CONT'D)

Is twenty minutes good for your game?

TOUGH BUSBOY

Oh, boss man, thank you. I knew to place my luck in you- best of luck. I've got half my month's salary for its success.

Neon turned around and winced his eyes shut.

NEON

The ticket guy. He wouldn't be betting on that, would he?

TOUGH BUSBOY

None of us here would dare bet against you. We look forward to seeing it someday.

All the busboys and chefs raise their glasses or fists to cheer on Neon. Neon looks to be soothing a headache.

CUT TO:

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE SIDEWALK - LATER THAT DAY

A pile of discarded scratch-off tickets litter around John Doe, sitting on the sidewalk.

In his pile of tickets, John Doe furiously to no end continues scratching at one card to a fault. Neon walks up to him.

John Doe extends his hand, akin to asking for money. Neon grabs it and pulls him up to his feet.

NEON

Have you been here all day?

John Doe motions to the pile of tickets surrounding him.

NEON (CONT'D)

Thinking it would have been cheaper to just install a Pachinko or slot machine at this point.

JOHN DOE

That's an idea.

Neon huffs in anger.

JOHN DOE (CONT'D)

It's your money and frankly. I won't ask if you don't want.

Neon sits with the thought but is only getting more outwardly frustrated. He stuffs the money he got from Tough Busboy into John Does hand and walks away.

NEON

It's not about getting you to be better it's about trying.

John Doe counts the money and pockets it walking back into the convenience store.

MANAGER - VOICEMAIL (O.S.)  
Listen Neon, I know we don't agree  
to much but let's not fuel our  
relationship on hate.

CUT TO:

INT. NEON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Neon shuffles his keys and when opened discovers most his house save the bed, collage artwork, mounted down furniture's, and fixings are all gone missing. In their place are the signature I.O.U Tickets.

Neon goes around collecting them one by one as his phone's voicemail runs through.

MANAGER - VOICEMAIL (O.S.)  
Let's fuel it on money. This  
little, fucked, passion project of  
yours is draining more than  
anticipated and unless you have a  
golden carrot up your ass we're  
gonna have to tank it.

Neon having collected them all turns to where the bureau would stand. All we see is one drawer.

MANAGER - VOICEMAIL (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Lucky for me, however, I already  
have some eyes looking to make a  
more than generous offer for your  
"set". Multiple groups have become  
interested after I've shared them  
the plot with, including  
representatives from the United  
States Department of Agriculture as  
well as-

Neon turns off the message and deletes it.

For the first time, we see inside that the drawer is filled to the top with nothing but tickets. The remaining tickets Neon crumbles in his hands.

CUT TO:

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

EXT. GALAPAGOS ISLAND - TORTOISE CORRAL - DAY

THROUGH A RIFLE SCOPE

Small breathing of Iris is heard. The scope gently moves around the area. It peaks at some workers gathering vegetables. Some other workers and a Breeding Center are seen. The areas foliage is that of a tropical island.

Moving to the center of the corral, we see the back of a very large TORTOISE. The scope stays steady.

Beat.

The Tortoise remains still. Its head and neck not visible. A WORKER comes in front of the tortoises to feed it.

A small portion of the tortoise's head comes out, in front of the Worker's Leg.

The loud sound of a Prison Buzzer is heard.

END OF FLASHBACK.

INT. WOMAN'S PRISON - DETENTION CENTER - DAY

Visitors and prisoners are gathered in room with guards patrolling. Some prisoner cells are visible from here.

Sitting across from Neon, Iris is not much different looking, just older and in orange. She still has the same haircut too.

IRIS

A forest. A whole village. An entire ecosystem. None of that was as important as pampering old Georgie.

Iris has a fit of laughter.

IRIS (CONT'D)

That tortoise saw more pussy than this place does. And for what? Big joke it is.

NEON

That big joke led a man in the ground.

IRIS

Don't give me that crap. If he wanted to live he should have made a tourniquet. I- I saw that idiot just stare at his leg bleed out. Manslaughter?

(scoffs)

Assisted suicide is accurate.

Beat.

Neon takes a good long look at Iris.

NEON

Well, he's dead now.

IRIS

(sarcastic)

Oh is he? Should have waited for Georgie to kick it. That would've been good.

(beat)

Know what would've been better. Instead of running off funding to be laundered to one tortoise-

NEON

Starting a crusade to assassinate a god damn tortoise isn't gonna do shit!

IRIS (CONT'D)

You could have followed my instructions and that money could have been put to actual good use!

IRIS (CONT'D)

Instead here you are. Coming to me for money. For support. And not for anything better. Just you.

Beat.

NEON

I didn't come here to catch up or beg. Nothings changed about you.

IRIS

But you have. Did you get tired of the taste of boots on your tongue?

Neon looks slightly peeved.

IRIS (CONT'D)

Or maybe you just crave blood. By chance you lust for it. Somethings got to spill to pump yours.



Neon leans back and huffs frustrated. He moves closer to Iris. His composure now calm.

NEON

You don't see traces of you in that. Sacrifice for the greater good. A few dozen cows to halt the nine hundred thousand butchered every day. I think you're just upset you didn't think of it first.

IRIS

Well, look at you. A little homework goes a long way. What makes you think this will stop people's appetite?

NEON

The biggest issue was always, I don't want to see that. We make it interesting to see, no issue.

Iris laughs the hardest she has thus far.

IRIS

(laughing)  
You're a riot, Petey.

NEON

It's Neon now-

Continuing laughing Iris brushes her hand in the air to deflect Neon. Neon grows angered.

NEON (CONT'D)

I don't have to convince you I just need to get your money.

IRIS

Oh yeah?

NEON

Yeah. It's no good to you here. I can get things in here for you. Make life in a cell more palatable.

IRIS

More 'palatable'. Hmmm.  
(beat)  
See cell seventeen.

Turning his head Neon looks and pauses his glance but is unphased at what he sees but is not yet shown.

Iris notices him staring and grins.

IRIS (CONT'D)  
Want a closer look?

CUT TO:

In a shared cell a MEEK PRISONER back depicts a large portrait STICK TATTOO of PORNOGRAPHY. A LARGE PRISONER has one hand caressing Meek Prisoner's shoulder. The other in her pants masturbating.

NEON (O.S.)  
Figured there wouldn't be a show  
with how much has been told to me  
about the topic.

The camera returns focus to the table with Neon and Iris.

IRIS  
Ingenious isn't it? The hardest  
thing to smuggle in here was always  
porno. We've got a strict pastor.  
Confiscates everything. I think he  
just wants it for himself.

NEON  
What did you bribe her with?

IRIS  
The pretty one? She begged me. They  
focus so much on her back now she  
no longer has to go down on them.

NEON  
Very... charitable.

The sound of a Match being lit.

We see Iris has a cigarette lit by a BOYISH PRISONER. A sliver of a pornographic stick tattoo shows on her body as the two kiss before she leaves.

IRIS  
It was good catching up after all  
these years. Good luck.

Iris reaches out her hand to shake it. Neon gets up to leave

IRIS (CONT'D)  
And if the luck ain't good you  
could always reach out to Bobby.

Neon stops briefly, fists clenched but leaves the room.

The ringing of a phone is heard.

INT. PICKMAN'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Pickman is awake, yet hunched forward simply staring at the wall sitting on the side of his bed.

Pickman is slow to pick up the phone.

Beat

NEON (O.S.)  
(through phone)  
Ed, You there?

PICKMAN  
Yeah, just getting ready for a  
date. Do we have a shoot today?

NEON (O.S.)  
(through phone)  
No, look. What little secrets can  
you dig up for me?

PICKMAN  
Secrets?

EXT. PRISON OUTSKIRTS - CONTINUOUS

Neon outside the prison entrance, on his phone.

NEON  
Dirty secrets.

PICKMAN (O.S.)  
(through phone)  
On who?

NEON  
What kind of disgusting things do  
lawyers get into?

INT. PICKMAN'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

PICKMAN  
Lawyers? They're as vanilla as  
vanilla gets.

EXT. PRISON OUTSKIRTS - CONTINUOUS

Neon is holding his forehead as if in pain.

Neon mouths the words: FUCK, FUCK, FUCK.

PICKMAN (O.S.)

A little missionary settles them  
just fine. Weird, huh?

NEON

Not weird enough.

(beat)

What about managers?

Camera Focuses on the Prison building.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. NEON'S DORM -DAY

Younger Neon is writhing with anger in his voice. Iris is there too, a calm figure all around.

NEON

(Angered)

Neon Genocide?

IRIS

Do you want to go on as your real  
name now, Petey?

NEON

I don't want to go out at all.

(sarcastically)

"Neon Genocide"

(Angered)

What does that even mean?

IRIS

It solves two problems for you.

NEON

Sure but let's not dance around the  
biggest one. Going on the stage of  
a failing comedian to what exactly?  
Is he that desperate for material?

IRIS

Of course, he is. Who else would we get for you? We haven't gotten you your reputation yet.

Neon puts a palm on his forehead.

NEON

Can't you just get another one of your cronies to do this for you?

IRIS

Sure. But you're doing it.

NEON

This is just ridiculous.

IRIS

It is ridiculous. You said it yourself, people are only attracted to spectacle. No one wants to hear about rights that don't pertain to them by Jane Goodall, Wangari Maathai, or Peter Singer. Hell, people tune out of Attenborough when he starts blabbing about human responsibility once the gazelle isn't being ripped apart. So shine those bells and whistles.

NEON

And if I say no?

IRIS

Then no problem for you. It's not the skin on your back we're trying to save. But hey, maybe that passive attitude of yours will pay off in the end.

Iris wheels of a suitcase with a plane ticket in hand.

IRIS (CONT'D)

Better get ready.

FOCUS ON NEON

The face is holding stiff with a minor twitch of anger.

The camera leads to a STAGE PASS under some NEON PINK SUNGLASSES, with a BARB WIRE DESIGNED FRAME and a vibrant LIGHT BLUE WIG.

Neon takes only the Stage Pass.

CONTINUED FLASHBACK

INT. LATE-NIGHT TALK SHOW - STAGE - NIGHT

A set with an empty couch next to a desk where the Host is seated. The Host has an anxious tone to his voice and manners.

INT. LATE-NIGHT TALK SHOW - BEHIND CURTAINS - CONTINUOUS

Neon, without WIG or SUNGLASSES, readies himself behind the show's CURTAIN.

INT. LATE-NIGHT TALK SHOW - STAGE -CONTINUOUS

The Host calms down the audience with hand gestures.

HOST

Our next segment, we got something a little different. Something that demands serious attention.

(Beat)

I didn't pick the name. So introducing tonight's guest, Neon-  
(coughs out words quickly)  
Genocide.

STUDIO ORCHESTRA pumps out an upbeat tune. Neon walks out looking toward the crowd.

The crowd looks at him with confused faces. A handful of audience members whisper into each other's ear.

Neon is greeted by the Host as they shake hands. Neon has a seat and the studio Orchestra stops playing.

HOST (CONT'D)

Welcome... Neon. You're Neon right?

NEON

The one and only I hope.

HOST

You don't look like a Neon to me.  
More a beige, by the look of it.  
Maybe an earthy tone.

The audience nervously laughs.

NEON

You never introduced me properly.  
I'm an animal activist. The name  
was just-

HOST

Right, right. How unprofessional of  
me. So tell us. Which endangered  
animals are you helping out?

NEON

While endangered species worldwide  
is an honest task to fight for, my  
roots dive into industry animals.  
Farm animals, you know.

HOST

See anything cute in your field of  
work, working in the field?

NEON

No. Nothing cute I mean. It's quite  
horrifying if I put it so bluntly.  
The farm I'm referring to is an  
economic one. So much so that the  
cruelty is something that can only  
be written off with a lack of-

HOST

Oh where, our my manners, time has  
slipped by with our other segment.  
We'll be right back so stay comfy  
everyone.

Studio ALARM queues set for Commercial break.

HOST (CONT'D)

(speaking to Neon)  
Buddy, you're gonna have to work  
with me here. You do realize what  
show you're on?

Neon looks around the set noticing crooked paintings, Upside-  
down Potted Plants, a Water Cooler growing algae, and the  
Host's own torn tie that appears bitten.

In the audience section rows of seats are near empty.  
MUSHROOMS sprout in gaps with the Audience.

HOST (CONT'D)

I can work with you, but you're  
gonna have to work the bit.

NEON  
What's the bit here?

HOST  
We don't usually play straight-  
faced guests here so, some  
eccentricity can do you good.

Beat.

An Intern whispers to the Host. The Host then nods.

HOST (CONT'D)  
Wardrobe, see what we got.

The Host snaps his fingers for the Intern to hurry.

HOST (CONT'D)  
(unhopeful)  
Here we go.

The Host puts on a large smile and cheerful persona.

HOST (CONT'D)  
Welcome back. To get a bit more  
acquainted with our guest, let's  
introduce him to one of our  
favorite segments, "How much. How  
little."

The audience applauds as Neon looks confused.

HOST (CONT'D)  
Game is real simple-

NEON  
Game?

HOST  
We give out a topic, say charity or  
exercise. You guess how much people  
should do it and we say how little  
the average person actually does  
it. Got that?

NEON  
I didn't come on here to play games  
or pass the time. My visit is  
important.

HOST  
Don't bring us down, kid. We love  
animals and all, but come on.



NEON

I don't think you do.

(beat)

You don't they're not worth as much as your convenience. You think... it doesn't matter or it's out of your hands that's just complacency, plan and simple.

Crowd groans.

HOST

No I think you're on to something here. Really folks let's listen to the harm and pain caused on by butter.

Small crowd laughter.

HOST (CONT'D)

So tell us just how scary cheese is, if you will.

Beat.

NEON

Harmless as any other product from Coca-Cola to Soylent Green.

The Host is holding back a frown though still smiling.

NEON (CONT'D)

Of course it's how you get it that's the issue not the finished product. So how about it can I talk about how we get these products off shelves or would you like to know what how we get them on there.

HOST

Haha... wow. Quite a stretch we're making, don't pull a muscle or anything...

Audience is noticeably quite.

HOST (CONT'D)

So here's a how much, how little. How much time have we got left for our guest-too little I'm afraid. None at all, let's give him a hand. A man of word and man of action no less.

Neon has a smirk on his face but not of malice or smugness.

GILLE (O.S.)  
 (impersonating an older  
 woman)  
 Action is right!

Neons smirk is quickly lost.

GILLE, dressed in an obvious PAINT-STAINED FAKE FUR COAT and a bad wig storms in, holding a PURSE.

Crowd cheers.

GILLE (CONT'D)  
 Some hooligans, ruined my favorite  
 fur coat.

The Host is quick to jump on every interaction with GILLE.

HOST  
 Fur? Are you sure it's genuine?

GILLE  
 Of course, F-A-U-X. That's French  
 for fox.

HOST  
 Are you sure?

GILLE  
 Well, maybe it's Swedish.  
 Whatsoever the case some  
 rascallion ruined it. Just look.

GILLE starts posing back and forth to show off and when whistled by the crowd starts blushing posing like a model with his hands on his hips.

The crowd cheers and applauds.

HOST  
 Well, maybe it'll make a new  
 statement in the fashion world. You  
 seem to work it well. What do you  
 think Neon?

Neon getting up to leave.

NEON  
 Listen, I won't interrupt any more  
 time but anyone interested in  
 reaching me can help the cause by-

GILLE points at Neon and reaches into his purse.

NEON (CONT'D)

The Cause! That's who did this to me. Time for a taste of your own medicine.

Pulling out an Can of Sprayable Cheese, GILLE sprays Neon in the face for an extended period.

The Audience is in hysterics.

The Host is left speechless laughing.

GILLE sprays some cheese in his own mouth, eating it.

HOST

Thank you, GILLE. And to our guest Neon. Folks lets give him a round of applause.

**NEON P.O.V SHOT**

The Audience stands up giving a standing ovation.

Show lights are aimed directly at Neon.

FADE TO:

CONTINUED FLASHBACK

INT. DINER BOOTH - NIGHT

Neon, looking down in a mix of defeat and bitterness on his face stares into his cup of coffee. Across from him is Pickman, who has a healthy weight, more color to his face, and a reserved chipper attitude, nearly unrecognizable.

Pickman's plate is empty but has signs food was there. Neon's coffee remains untouched.

NEON

What a takeaway I've made for it all.

PICKMAN

Damn shame they'd do that. It's not your fault people shy away from that stuff though.

NEON  
I'm still dealing with it.

PICKMAN  
Assholes if you tell me.

NEON  
(solemnly)  
Yeah.

PICKMAN  
No dignity in that guy. Let's not  
sulk the whole night over it  
though. If you can anyway.

Neon is staring down at the table.

NEON  
What a load of shit this is.

PICKMAN  
Hmm?

Neon taps his fingernails on one advert.

TIGHT FOCUS ON

Happy Cartoon Cow Grilling a Steak.

NEON  
Like a smiling Congolese to sell  
Belgian rubber.

PICKMAN  
That's going a bit far.

Beat

NEON  
Not far enough.  
(softly spoken)  
Not far enough.

A Waitress appears, glooming at dishes. Pickman hands her his  
plate and grabs Neon's coffee mug too.

TIGHT FOCUS ON

GLASS LAW FIRM CARTOON. THE PHRASE "GLASS LAW FIRMS MEANS:  
LESS STONES AND MORE CONTINGENCY."

Soon a stack of folders and stuffed files is slid over the  
Law Firm Advert.

PICKMAN (O.C.)  
Here. These should be yours.

Return focus to both Pickman and Neon.

PICKMAN (CONT'D)  
Ideally, they'd still be Bobby's.  
Can't change that though.

NEON  
No, you can't.

Neon looks through some and they are the same abrasive art  
and written words that decorated his wall in the present.

TIGHT FOCUS ON

HAIKU: "I PLEDGE IGNORANCE FOR I CAN NO LONGER STAND TO SEE A  
PROBLEM"

PICKMAN  
How's your art been for you Ed?

OVER SHOULDER OF NEON. PICKMAN IN FOCUS

Pickman briefly pauses before lightening up and showing  
excitement in his face, yet holding back a little.

PICKMAN (CONT'D)  
The work has been... great  
actually. The form is at least.  
Seems the creative ingenuity I lack  
in but give me something in front  
of me and it blows away everyone  
else. Not to brag.

NEON  
It's all good. Don't be modest I  
mean I've seen it, it's fantastic.

PICKMAN  
Wish your enthusiasm was passed on  
to those ridiculous studio heads.  
(MORE)

PICKMAN (CONT'D)

I had such life-like material to show them and they kept yapping about wanting something fantasy-like. You know what they said that peeved me.

NEON

No what.

PICKMAN

That put Pixar to shame only in form. Only in form?

(scoffs)

If I'm that good why does it matter I can't draw fake anatomy and lifeless beasts. It's insulting.

NEON

No work again.

PICKMAN

No, no. Got this commission piece. The guy didn't give lots of details about what he wanted but enough up front to get me interested.

NEON

And it's not a scam?

PICKMAN

At this point, I have to take chances. Besides lots of people have talked about it on campus. They all going tonight.

NEON

Why do they need a group?

PICKMAN

Weeding out weak artists, stuff like that. Anyway, if this comes through the full amount he's talking about, I'm set. I mean just a couple of those and you're good for the year, I'm telling you.

The alarm on Pickman's watch goes off.

PICKMAN (CONT'D)

Got to prepare. Besides the models should be there early too. Have a sneak peek always helps.

Pickman puts a hand on Neon's shoulder.

PICKMAN (CONT'D)  
 Honestly. I have no hope this is  
 what I'll be doing but if I make it  
 (chuckles to self)  
 Snobbish of me but, if that  
 happens, call me by my last name  
 like all the artists do. Never  
 liked Ed anyway.

Though happy with himself there is a look of sincerity and  
 seriousness on Pickman's face.

NEON  
 It'll be when I have something for  
 you to commission me when I've made  
 a name for myself. Good luck.

Pickman is pleased and shakes Neon's hand. Neon remains  
 seated while Pickman leaves out the door. Pickman has a great  
 deal of confidence in his stride and face.

END OF FLASHBACK.

INT. GLASS RESTAURANT SET - DAY

TIGHT ON PICKMAN'S FACE

A tired and sickly-looking Pickman stares near blankly In-  
 front of him.

Camera then shows the Actors. Despite the slaughterhouse in  
 the back their speechless routine are without the disgust of  
 early shoots and with a calm etiquette a normal restaurant.

Beat.

The last bit of steak is being swallowed by Taster who makes  
 effort to elongate his actions.

Neon looks at his watch and approaches Pickman, tapping him.

Pickman's daze ends but the same lifeless expression remains.

PICKMAN  
 Good. Cut.

Small but ecstatic cheers from actors and crew. Neon Looks at  
 Pickman who is noticeably absent in his emotions.

NEON  
 Pickman?

PICKMAN

Hmm.

NEON

You got those dates for the release and discontinuation periods of the McRib?

PICKMAN

Yeah the For Memorium has finished the editing room.

NEON

Scrap it all. Too goofy for this.

PICKMAN

Sure thing.

Neon studies Pickman a bit more. He's more sickly then usual.

NEON

So we done with this.

PICKMAN

For today.

NEON

Today?

PICKMAN

Yeah today.

(beat)

It's good but not great. Won't have the impact you're after with what you have now.

NEON

I see.

Pickman begins to gather his things and slowly, like an old man in his late 20s, walk with Neon.

PICKMAN

Well, We'll meet back this Thursday. Got a Plate job shoot and Fingerpainting animations I've got in the meantime so I won't be available on the meantime.

(beat)

Plus a date with Missus. Take care friend.

Pickman exits. In the background Neon spots the Manager. The Manager hasn't noticed Neon yet as Neon approaches him.



Neon puts a Feigned Friendly arm across the Manager's Shoulder. The Manager is initially cheerful until he turns to see it's Neon. The Manager jolts.

NEON

Can I speak numbers with you?

MANAGER

Sure- what right here's good-

Neon leads the Manager to a secluded area.

SECLUDED HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

MANAGER

Or anywhere- within reason since  
we're so chummy and all.  
(nervous laugh)

Door closes behind the two. The manager out of Neon's embrace instinctively moves back, bumping his back to the wall.

MANAGER (CONT'D)

(panic-stricken)

It's all I can offer. It'll buy you  
half a day- just please- please.

NEON

Please what? How am I supposed to  
know what you want from me if you  
don't tell me.

MANAGER

(panic and sniffing)

It's a sensitive- subject is-

NEON

(scoffs)

Senisitivity is not something I  
usually see in perverts.

MANAGER

(whispers)

Not so loud.

Manager is shaking at this point.

NEON

What else do you got for me?

MANAGER

Nothing.

NEON

Nothing, you've been busy elsewhere  
perv.

MANAGER

No-no. I mean- just look for  
yourself.

The manager holds out a shking portfolio folder. Neon grabs  
it from his hands and looks inside.

MANAGER (CONT'D)

We've got nothing on her. All my  
best men, couldn't find any dirt  
under a cuticle. No tax fraud, no  
bribing, no marriage counsling. She  
even donates to charities the  
figure she says. I've never heard  
of such a thing.

Neon Shuffles through folder quickly but alert.

Neon turns to the Manager. Manager jumps back hitting his  
head on the wall.

MANAGER (CONT'D)

I have nothing left to offer- I  
swear.

Neon puts the folder inside his jacket.

He moves toward the Manager, getting in his face.

NEON

Are you positive?

Manager nods his head quickly and briefly.

NEON (CONT'D)

Then for now...

(Beat)

Just stay quiet.

Neon pulls something unseen from his jacket interior,  
pressing it against the Manager's chest. Manager clenches it.

NEON (CONT'D)

Here. For your troubles.

Neon leaves. Manager listens to his fleeting footsteps.

Beat.

Manager sighs relief. He then opens his palms. In it a SOUNDING ROD. Manager conceals it as if it were contraband.

GLASS RESTAURANT SET - CONTINUOUS

Neon goes to get his coffee. Taking some sips we hear the panicked moans of a cow and clanging on metal.

SLAUGHTER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A cow in a squeeze cage tries to jump out. It's head not locked in place its face bug-eyed and wild.

The BOLT GUN OPERATOR with the Bolt Gun watches, vaguely following the head but not as quick as the cow.

BOLT GUN OPERATOR  
(angered)  
C'mon you cunt. C'mon.

Bolt Gun Operator stops lazily waving the tool and get's in the cow's face, trying to intimidate the cow.

BOLT GUN OPERATOR (CONT'D)  
Hold the fuck still!

The cow just continues trying to escape, annoying the Bolt Gun Operator. The rest of the Slaughterhouse Crew look on and laugh.

COW COLLAGE ANIMATIC MONTAGE - CONTINUOUS

The Montage is styled like a STORYBOARD ANIMATIC. Jarring cuts. Unclean animations. Scribbles and mark ups.

The Cow enveloped by newspaper as if the animal was paper-mâché. The paper features POLITICAL PHOTOS and ARTICLES.

A cow carcass is in the process of being filleted. Its Photograph depicts a soldier's funeral. As the Photo is sliced from the cow the casket is discarded.

Another photographed meat slab, a butterfly's cocoon, replaces the casket. A Butterfly wing replaces the folded American Flag. Caterpillars replace the military.

The meat art collage folds over itself, forming into the a fast-food burger wrapper. The wrapper's Logo reads: Controversy never tasted so good.

END MONTAGE

GLASS RESTAURANT SET - CONTINUOUS

Neon focus changes. He watches his crew and cast whose faces can't be seen but who are all watching the cow.

The crew and cast members are all still though not in fear or shock. Taster is even pointing out the cow's stress to Maître D' whom Neon catches a glimpse of smiling.

From the view of the set, an IMPATIENT WORKER moves over to the cow, and yanks the Bolt Gun to his hand.

FOCUS ON NEON

The noise is focused on a mix of stressed cow moans, but Neon focuses on the backs of his actors' and crew's heads.

JOHN DOE (O.S.)  
(distorted)  
Hey, Neon. Neon?

John Doe appears behind Neon's back.

JOHN DOE (CONT'D)  
Neon?

Neon returns focus and turns around. John Doe is here.

NEON  
What are you doing here?

JOHN DOE  
You've told me to stop by so.

Neon is in a state of confusion and a bit slow.

NEON  
Look, I don't have any more allowance to give, but just do with it what you will.

JOHN DOE  
Oh that's fine.

NEON  
(confused)  
It is?

JOHN DOE

Yeah I mean, I'll find a way to survive, you know. Find other ways to get some cash.

John doe looks past Neon. Neon notices and turns around. The cow is on the ground, bleeding from it's cheek and mouth.

JOHN DOE (CONT'D)

Is that how they kill 'em?

NEON

No. No it just knocks them out. If done right. They bleed out usually with some cuts to the jugular.

JOHN DOE

Seems they missed they messed up.

NEON

Human error. It happens. A lot.

Beat.

JOHN DOE

I don't mean to judge but all this seems a bit cruel.

NEON

A bit.

JOHN DOE

Yeah like, it's something that really shouldn't be going on, you know.

NEON

Well it's my setup you know.

JOHN DOE

Oh totally, I understand.

Neon has his back to John doe.

JOHN DOE (CONT'D)

I'm sure you have your reasons.

NEON

Mhmm.

JOHN DOE

I'd just couldn't do it myself.

(beat)

With all the stress it must cause.

(MORE)

JOHN DOE (CONT'D)  
 (beat)  
 The cows and all.

NEON  
 These are fine mumblings but what  
 do you want to do about it.

Beat

JOHN DOE  
 Oh me nothing.  
 (beat)  
 But I guess if I was in your  
 position I'd just do what's right.

Neon turns to John Doe. He is holding back a lot of anger in  
 him, which some is noticeably apparent in him.

NEON  
 So what is right?

JOHN DOE  
 Huh?

NEON  
 You said 'If you were in My  
 position'. Then what?

JOHN DOE  
 I'd have to really do you know.

NEON  
 No I don't know, what would you do?  
 What would you do, huh!

JOHN DOE  
 Jesus I'd, I... don't know.

NEON  
 It's a do or don't you've set up.

JOHN DOE  
 No, no it isn't.

NEON  
 Yes, it is. Kill the cows or the  
 film. You only have two options to  
 consider.

JOHN DOE  
 No, I mean- it isn't my setup it's  
 yours's.

NEON

Oh, but it is. It's your conniving way to cash in on the bet with the busboys back there. So go on collect it. We need an answer so what's it going to be? Huh. Huh!

JOHN DOE

You're getting hysterical.

NEON

Good. You know why it's good that I'm hysterical. Cause if I was calm I wouldn't be kicking you out of my life. Then I'd still have that bloodsucker I've invited onto myself sucking me dry.

John Doe begins to leave. Neon continues ranting at him.

NEON (CONT'D)

What's the matter? Walking away already? Leaving me behind? No thank you in the end? Fine! I'll still be here. This will all be here, and we'll be here regardless even if you try to forget us.

Neon is huffing in anger. As he catches his breath everyone from the cast is looking at him. There aren't shocked faces on their face, only ones of intrigue.

INT. NEON'S APARTMENT - LATER AT NIGHT

Neon enters. As he travels through the near-empty room, a small pile of cash is laid on top of the mattress, missing the bed frames and a spare set of keys and some clothing.

Neon collapses on the mattress and goes to sleep. He isn't losing any rest over this.

INT. NEON'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Neon gets out of bed. He's fully rested.

Neon scratches his back. When he turns around some loose bills are clung to his back.

A pot of water is steaming on top of a radiator. Coffee grinds are set on the table. Neon rinses a Kitchen Sinks Drain Strainer then fills it with coffee grinds and uses it to filter his coffee.

Neon drinks the coffee, unflinching as if it's a habit.

Neon checks his phone—a missed call from a Hospital.

INT. HOSPITAL - PICKMAN'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Pickman is in loose-fitting clothes, some sneakers without the laces. A small amount of color has come back to his face. Neon sits with him.

NEON

What do you mean they think?

PICKMAN

Look. My girlfriend and I were getting a bit close last night. One thing left to another and- I just didn't want to disappoint her.

NEON

No one thing does not lead to a misinterpreted suicide attempt.

PICKMAN

It's a good laugh. I know it will be, but...

Neon squints in confusion.

PICKMAN (CONT'D)

She insisted that night, and the work was getting to me too much. I thought about it then, especially just looking down there and she doesn't want the lights off-

NEON

Pickman. Get to the point. I don't need you to teach me how you fuck. Why'd they need an ambulance?

PICKMAN

Well, I started with just three. That's always what I've done—but nothing. So, I did one more and another, and when I ran out, I just rimmed the bottle for any powder left.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:



INT. PICKMAN'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Pickman lays on the floor. The sound of sobbing and pounding behind the door is heard but grows weaker as Pickman drifts in and out of consciousness. Pickman looks at the door.

PICKMAN (V.O.)

I just remember waking up with her  
pounding on the door, begging me to  
open it. I didn't want to open that  
door even if I could.

Pickman turns his head to the ceiling. He closes his eyes.

END FLASHBACK.

NEON

So then tell them. They'll let you  
out if you just say so.

Beat

PICKMAN

I'm gonna stay actually.

NEON

(angered)  
What!

PICKMAN

It's got me thinking. About how  
I've been treating myself over the  
years. I don't know how I got by.

NEON

Well, how long's that gonna take?

PICKMAN

At the minimum... two weeks.

NEON

You understand the complexities at  
play here. Time. Budget. Attention  
deficit. Level with me.

PICKMAN

I'm also gonna use this time to  
start over my career.

NEON

Why would you want to do a thing  
like that now?

Beat.

Pickman is collecting his thoughts.

PICKMAN

This work, it's not for me. All the work I do, there's no passion in it. When I make something it's a dollar sign. So? Look what money has brought me.

NEON

Pickman. You can think from home you don't have to make such a decision now.

PICKMAN

When the paramedics showed they didn't just take me. Maddie's nose candy wasn't hidden. She didn't have time to hide it. She was too busy. She's going to rehab for me.

A POLICE ESCORT and NURSES come to transfer Pickman. Pickman gets up for them.

PICKMAN (CONT'D)

This is for the best. I wish you the best of luck.

HOSPITAL - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Neon is taking deep breaths until he has calmed himself. Neon exits, revealing a bloody fist print marked on the wall.

HOSPITAL - HALL - CONTINUOUS

Neon heads out and is spotted by the Host peeking out of a room. Neon hasn't noticed him.

HOST

Nasty bruise.

Neon stops in his tracks. He looks at his bloody hand.

HOSPITAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The Host finishes wrapping Neon's hand with a Gauze.

NEON

Thanks for the discount.

HOST

They can put it on my tab. Enough  
of a regular here anyway.

NEON

Well, it was very kind of you.

Neon begins to exit. The Host grasps Neon's hand.

HOST

If you don't mind?

CUT TO:

NURSE prepares a multitude of BLOOD VIALS and Swabs the  
Host's arm. The Host is noticeably nervous.

The Host holds Neon's hand tightly.

HOST (CONT'D)

Such a baby I know but I'm  
terrified of the stuff. Helps if I  
have someone to talk to.

(beat)

I revisited my first show. I  
remember my line of thinking with  
it back then but it doesn't feel  
like remembering. At least not a  
memory of me. I look at it and...  
the two of us just seem like  
separate entities. And the more I  
think of that original me, I can  
swear he'd hate the stuff I do now.  
Yet I don't.

Neon is near spacing off. He's been staring at the blood  
vials fill. A cotton swap is held on the Host's arm.

NEON

You're done by the way.

HOST

Yes, we are. Sorry we had to end on  
such a sour note for the show.

NEON

How else, that's where we started.

The Host smiles. Neon gives a weak wave goodbye.

INT. GLASS RESTAURANT SET - DAY

Mrs. Dew is walking with pep as Neon strides quickly with gloom all over his expression.

The usual restaurant set is being overtaken with people moving boxes, clothing racks, and items all very gaudy colorful, and extravagantly bright and sparkling.

MRS.DEW

That regret I still see in you,  
that'll turn to delight. Awe even.

NEON

Enjoy it while it lasts. Second I  
get a new director the only thing  
of your vision staying is the  
budget.

MRS.DEW

Ah, but you'd still need your  
managers approval. Besides I know  
you'll fall in love with this once  
you see it in motion.

In the Director's Chair the back of a persons head, DIRECTOR,  
is all that's seen. They are barely moving if at all. Neon  
and Mrs.Dew Approach the man in the Director's Chair.

MRS.DEW (CONT'D)

Neon, meet your new Director.

We see a man behind sunglasses and various large facial  
scars. He also is missing a foot and a hand without his  
fingers.

MRS.DEW (CONT'D)

Now for reasons of protection I  
can't give out names but rest  
assured our new Director here is  
all about the arts. Just ask him.

As Neon gets a closer look the unflinching Director has  
behind his sunglasses some patches guarding his eyes.

NEON

(uncomfortable)  
Hello, nice to meet you.  
(beat)  
Is he, alright?

MRS.DEW

Oh more than that he's an art  
patron's dream.

(MORE)

MRS.DEW (CONT'D)  
 Oh I wish I could talk about his  
 past projects but with the new  
 identity we're trying to set up for  
 him and his father you'll just have  
 to see him in action.

Neon just nods his head but with a look of doubt.

Neon takes notice of the outfits the actors are wearing. All  
 very theatric and with sequin and glitter on their faces.

NEON  
 (to Director)  
 So, you picked all this... out.

Beat as Director is motion-less and silent.

MRS.DEW  
 Oh, he refuses to talk to anyone  
 besides his lawyer, one sec.

Mrs.Dew Leans in her ear to the Director. She nods every once  
 in a while. The whole ordeal Director is not only silent but  
 never moves his lips.

MRS.DEW (CONT'D)  
 (to Director)  
 Uh-huh. Yes, I'll tell him.

Mrs.Dew Returns focus and stands up straight.

MRS.DEW (CONT'D)  
 (to Neon)  
 He says he didn't just pick it out  
 but that it came to him that when  
 he saw it he knew he shouldn't  
 object. That he couldn't.

NEON  
 That comes across clearly.

MRS.DEW  
 Yes he's glad you are willing to  
 have him. That parts from me just  
 for clarity.

NEON  
 I'm humbled.

MRS.DEW  
 I must apologize, he can be  
 difficult to work with. He only  
 speaks to those he trusts and he's  
 very shy.

(MORE)

MRS.DEW (CONT'D)  
 Not to mention the difficulty to  
 which to understand him, with the  
 missing teeth and tongue, but I  
 assure he's the best.

NEON  
 What, happened to him.

MRS.DEW  
 Oh it's of no concern you're  
 perfectly safe from harm's way.  
 After all that whole ideal is miles  
 away with those men behind the  
 ransom.

Director involuntarily spats out a large sum of vomit on  
 himself. Mrs.Dew Leans into him.

MRS.DEW (CONT'D)  
 (to Director)  
 Oh, now. Right away sir.  
 (Out-loud)  
 Quiet on Set! Directors orders.

Set calms as crew and cast find their places. Neon goes to  
 the craft service table. Manager has Neon's coffee.

The set and cast are glamoured and bejeweled. Neon notices at  
 the far end of the set FOUR men in DARK SUITS and TIES.

The Four men, FOUR IN HAND, WINDSOR, TRINITY, and ELDREDGE  
 are pleased when Neon approaches them. Neon not so much.

NEON  
 Pretty picture we've got painted  
 here, isn't it?

TRINITY  
 Oh yes, a bit much but certainly  
 not without it's due respect.

NEON  
 Of course. How do you feel about  
 this new... direction.

TRINITY  
 Well the photographs were more to  
 my liking. This new how would you  
 say...

WINDSOR  
 Pizzazz.

TRINITY

Pizzazz- right. It's certainly not a contender for us at this state.

NEON

Oh I hope not. Oh, how rude of me I'm Neon, the producer and founder of this little project.

Neon shakes the hand of Trinity.

TRINITY

Nice to meet you in the flesh Neon.

Neon refuses to let go of Trinity as the hands stop moving.

TRINITY (CONT'D)

Oh how rude of me. You must accept my apologies. You see us here we're all here on business. All of us are close associates.

NEON

Associates of what?

TRINITY

Associates of the Public Humiliation fetish.

Trinity smiles with his hand still locked on Neon. Neon releases his grip and as a reflex, he wipes the hand on his clothes as if to clean it.

FOUR IN HAND

No need to worry were hear strictly on business concerns, not kinks. You see-

Windsor puts a hand to Four In Hand's chest.

TRINITY

I'm sure it'll be a beneficial investment to us all.

NEON

Let me be frank. This is a closed set to the public so unless address you your connections here upfront you'll have to leave.

All Four men take out a business card. It's a Manager's card all with the same phone number.

Neon looks over to Manager who shies away from looking at Neon so as not to look directly at him.

ELDREDGE

I admire the leash you've put on the poor boy. He'll without a doubt tell you some fabrication of our arrival but any doubts as to our job titles just ask your good friend, Pickman. We do hope we can establish a better friendship in the future.

All Four men smile back at Neon.

Neon starts to chuckle out loud, out of slight madness. He begins moving back to Manager.

NEON

He wants to play this game. Oh he wants to play.

Manager seeing a fast-paced and angered Neon come towards him gets increasingly anxious.

MANAGER

Oh, how were the boys on our investigation team? Any tidbits on our lawyer friend, Debbie?

NEON

Who are they?

MANAGER

Why, they're my- our team of investigators. They must be keeping an eye on-

NEON

On me.

MANAGER

Yes- no! No, no you've got it... wrong. Can't you see how determined they are to catch her slip up. That's why their here I swear.

NEON

You're useless.

MANAGER

No. No! I'm not. I- I...

Manager looks away from Neon, afraid to look at him.



NEON

Detriment. That's more accurate.

Manager still turned away has a shocked expression form on his face.

MANAGER

Neon.

NEON

So tell me who they are not in lies  
or stupid little riddles but  
plainly. What are they doing here.

Managers shaking hand moves up close to his chest with one finger pointed out. Neon grabs it in anger. The free finger is still pointed. Neon turns his face.

INT. GLASS RESTAURANT SET - SLAUGHTER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mrs.Dew is behind the glass giving workers colorful outfits which they reject. A cow is seen wearing a Pink Feather Boa.

INT. GLASS RESTAURANT SET - CRAFT SERVICES - CONTINUOUS

NEON

For Christ's sake.

Neon lets go of Manager and strides toward Mrs.Dew. Camera man starts aiming at Neon.

NEON (CONT'D)

Get that fucking thing out of my  
face.

Neon heads over to the glass wall. Mrs.Dew is currently repeating and slowly forming patterns of dance with the Slaughterhouse Workers vaguely paying attention.

The sound of blades slicing large racks of meat is heard. The blades aren't very far from where Mrs.Dew Is.

NEON (CONT'D)

(loud and dramatic)

If you want to throw away your  
chance at having your dance number  
wait a while cause now's not the  
fucking time!

Mrs. Dew does a slow turn and a slow shuffle in the form of a slide motion like an instructor would.

NEON (CONT'D)

Cause as dumb as a fuck you are I  
still need somebody to make this  
ecosystem unhidden.

Mrs. Dew seeing shaking heads from the Slaughterhouse Workers  
picks up the pace. The slide is a little wobbly this time  
and we see the area she stands on is coated with fresh blood.  
The saw blades roar in the background.

NEON (CONT'D)

This exists. This is out there.  
This is the fucking standard we've  
allowed. Call me a hypocrite at  
least I'm trying, not complying.

Mrs. Dew still unaware, does the full routine.

NEON (CONT'D)

So be a use and fuck out of-

Mrs. Dew loses traction. She slides much further down until  
the blood stops at a drain grate causing her to stumble and  
trip. Her flailing arms head to a Rotating Saw Blade.

Blood is spurted onto the glass in front of Neon.

Mrs. Dew's blood mixes with the cow blood on the floor,  
forming together like watercolors.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Neon is sitting with horror on his expression with a meek  
LAWYER. Lawyer coughs lightly, waking himself up.

The sound of a door opens.

FOCUS ON TV SCREEN.

A Bulky and Square-shaped Television set is placed in the  
center of the table. In it's Reflection is Neon.

Television turns on. The scene is replayed without any sound.

The first viewing has the room entirely silent. The video  
shows the wide area of coverage, with Mrs. Dew being a small  
but centered part of it.

As the accident is about to happen OFFICER BLACK nudges  
OFFICER LECILAIRE.

OFFICER BLACK

We've got to get on Schwartz's ass about equipment. Can't make out a damn thing on this.

OFFICER LECILAIRE

Not a thing. Bastard.

(to neon)

Just gonna run it down one more time. If you've seen enough you're free to go.

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Recording begins from the start again. Lawyer gets up standing as if waiting for Neon. Neon gets up but is only hunched when he stops.

TIGHT FOCUS ON TV SCREEN

Each person on set has their gaze impersonal behind the slaughterhouse. Mrs. Dew is still doing her performance.

When she slides into the saw blade they all light up.

TIGHT FOCUS ON TASTER'S SMILING FACE

TIGHT FOCUS ON GAFFER'S EXCITED FACE

TIGHT FOCUS ON MAÎTRE D'S ENTERTAINED FACE

INT. POLICE STATION - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Neon is stepping out and is about to leave.

POLICE CLERK MONDO (O.S.)

Hey. Hey. Don't worry.

Neon turns around.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Neon is standing in a hospital room. Behind him is a sheet separating the room for privacy.

In bed is Mrs. Dew. She has a large bandage on the missing arm. She is missing one arm near the shoulder. The other is bandaged at the hand.

MRS. DEW

Don't worry. This was my doing not yours.

(beat)

I knew what codes I was breaking.

Neon is struggling to form words.

MRS. DEW (CONT'D)

Listen an arm and some fingers isn't a death sentence. I'm still here. I'm still fighting. So keep fighting too.

NEON

I don't think I can anymore.

Mrs. Dew pauses and looks as if she's in thought.

MRS. DEW

Give it some time. You'll do what's best for the film, for yourself. I know it.

Neon spends a brief moment in silence in the hospital room with Mrs. Dew.

CUT TO:

BEGIN FLASH BACK:

INT. POLICE STATION - LOBBY - DAY

Neon is at a Clerk's desk. Behind is POLICE CLERK MONDO.

POLICE CLERK MONDO

Don't worry. They wouldn't be sending you home if they got anything on ya.

Neon nods though apathetically and distraught.

NEON

Right.

POLICE CLERK MONDO

Want a copy?

NEON

A what?

POLICE CLERK MONDO

It's gonna be locked in evidence for a while. Five hundred and I'll get a copy back to you.

NEON

I'm not-

POLICE CLERK MONDO

Tell you what. First time fee, I'll throw in a little extra.

Police Clerk Mondo opens drawer and pulls out a large key ring all of different colors of THUMB DRIVES. Theirs masking tape on each one with three digit codes on them. All together their are roughly a dozen.

POLICE CLERK MONDO (CONT'D)

Take your pick.

NEON

You said a copy? Not the original.

POLICE CLERK MONDO

Same deal to everyone else. Got to make ends meet.

Police Clerk Mondo gives a wide smile.

END FLASHBACK

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM -CONTINUOUS

NEON

Thank you. Really... but I think I know where to go from here.

EXT. HOSPITAL GROUNDS - DAY

TIGHT ON TRASH CAN

Neon's Blue Wig and Sunglasses sit in the trash. In the reflection is Neon Walking out the door growing smaller and smaller.

EXT. SMALL PARK - DAY

Neon, on a park bench, has his phone in his hand but is focusing on the moment outside. Vendors selling shaved ice to children. A Drivable Lawn Mower interrupting a group of Picnickers far In the distance. He's enjoying himself.

Neon looks at his phone.

TIGHT ON PHONE

A calendar reminder reads: "Events for March 2027: Upcoming Shareholders Meeting. Wednesday, 6 days from now."

Neon Powers off his phone. When he lowers it the space the phone once blocked reveals some litter on the grass.

EXT. SMALL PARK - BENCH - CONTINUOUS

Neon Huffs in frustration but calms himself shortly. He gets up from the bench heading to the litter. Before he reaches it VOLUNTEER WITH TRASH BACK picks up the trash with an extended Pickup Tool. She hums not noticing Neon, Neon follows a few feet behind.

Looking around Neon sees a multitude of volunteers scouring the park past some trees. The area is more heavily littered and a Table sits near an Old Siren whose pole has been entangled with vines, almost hidden but in plain sight. Neon wanders to the Volunteer table.

At the Table, there is no affiliation name and no one is manning it. Soon though a man, PIPER, comes over. In his hand a clipboard and pen.

PIPER

Evening stranger. How can I help you?

NEON

You can help me by telling me how I can help you guys.

PIPER

Volunteer work suit you?

NEON

Suits me just fine.

Piper laughs.

PIPER

Good attitude. Let's get you set.

Neon is handed a trash bag and a Pick up tool. We follow him as he picks up discarded trash.

EXT. PARK - SOME TIME LATER

By the end of the day Neon's trash bag has some weight to it but not much. Piper comes and gives Neon approval regardless.

PIPER

There. Easy does it and look at what we've accomplished.

Piper and Neon look at the now clean park.

PIPER (CONT'D)

Feels good right?

NEON

It does.

Neon looks happy, a stark contrast from his usual bitterness.

Looking around the rest of the volunteers heads out or congratulates one another.

PIPER

I know we just met but I've got this small gathering. Full of like-minded folks like you and me. Interested in anything like that?

NEON

I'm more than interested.

PIPER

I'll take that as a definite yes. Can I have your name and number?

NEON

(excited)  
It's Neon-

Neon catches himself. He snatches the pen from Piper.

NEON (CONT'D)

Leon. Here I've included my number if you need to get in touch.

PIPER

You don't know what you've signed up for. It'll be a worthwhile event. Believe that, Leon.

The two shake hands.

INT. CROWDED AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

Focus on the EXIT SIGN above the door. A small spider web lies underneath. Some discarded moth wings lie in it.

The camera lowers to the door entrance. We see Neon.

The auditorium is packed tight with people. On the heightened stage are a PODIUM and MIC.

Neon spots Piper in the crowd. Room is not available to freely walk but is made for Neon as he moves by people.

Neon has made it to Piper at the center. He is with a young woman, CHIMERE.

PIPER

Leon, so nice to see you made it.

NEON

I didn't think I would, but here I am.

Neon gazes toward the empty podium.

NEON (CONT'D)

Is anyone important gonna be here?

PIPER

Look around you. That's who is here to speak. Oh, don't get scared only those who want to.

CHIMERE

And a cut-off point so you don't have to worry about long speeches. Another one of Piper's finds?

NEON

Piper?--Oh yes. I just got acquainted earlier this week.

PIPER

I've got to start things up soon so excuse me, kids.



Piper makes his way down through people, slowly but without struggle.

Neon nods his head awkwardly, as if in agreement.

CHIMERE  
(inquisitory)  
I say something?

NEON  
Huh?

CHIMERE  
You seem to be agreeing... with something.

NEON  
Oh, no. Nothing like that. Though I guess we're all like-minded anyway so if something were discussed-

CHIMERE  
Then you'd agree. Just like that?

NEON  
Well, maybe not. Tell you the truth I don't know anyone here but...

CHIMERE  
Piper?

NEON  
Seems I don't know him either.

The two give a small laugh.

CHIMERE  
Well all you need to know about me is I'm a wood dog.

Neon looks puzzled

NEON  
Sorry, I've never heard that expression.

CHIMERE  
It's not an expression it's my animal for the Chinese zodiac. Doesn't mean anything concrete.

NEON  
I thought it was just the animal. Why wood?

CHIMERE

It's attached to the animal based on the year. Elements do have personalities but there's more to it. The five elements: Earth, wood, Metal, Water and fire. Each leads to the other naturally but other pairings can grow an element or...

NEON

That's a lot to consider. Do you use it a lot with new people?

CHIMERE

Maybe. Maybe not. My name's Chimere.

Chimere offers her hand. The two shake hands.

Beat.

CHIMERE (CONT'D)

Leon right.

NEON

No, it's Peter.

CHIMERE

I could have sworn he called you-

NEON

He must have misheard.

CHIMERE

For Leon. He mistook that for. Are you making this up?

NEON

Yes. Yes, I am.

CHIMERE

(laughs)  
Okay, so it is-

NEON

I told him a fake name... because my real one... is Peter Pan.

(beat)

I just got sick of hearing it so-

CHIMERE

Well, just Peter is fine by me.

Neon has a warm smile on his face.

MOMENTS LATER

Neon is still with Chimere and the two are both more comfortably engaging with each other.

CHIMERE

And it's an animal rights film?

NEON

I mean the slaughterhouse is right there. Everyone in the film knows it they just don't talk about it. It's all an open secret.

CHIMERE

I imagine you have more to say on the subject.

NEON

Tiring, right?

CHIMERE

No, no. I mean a little but it's cool to see your passion for it. What was the takeaway of this?

NEON

So, the characters, they all hear it. They see it. But they've got this tone deafness. Self-defense or active on their part, doesn't matter. It's approaching. Danger Signs. Close calls. And with each warning: no reaction. Until-

CHIMERE

Until Leatherface gets them, got you. I'll have to see it again with that in mind.

Neon and Chimere share a laugh. The audible tapping of a mic quiets the scene down.

AUDITORIUM - PODIUM

Piper is at the podium's microphone. Everyone has gathered their attention to him and the small stage.

PIPER

Greetings fellow humanitarians, environmentalists, vegans, and vegetarians or as I call: 'day-walkers'.

Small audience laughter. Chimere rolls her eyes but smiles.

PIPER (CONT'D)

I'd like to thank you all for coming on such short notice. Now, before we get into future planning for growth and improvement we'd like a little group bonding to welcome our newcomers. A little bit on that from my close friend, Fatis Angler.

Audience applauds. FATIS, A short and hairy-armed man with sideburns and a Soul Patch Piercing hidden in his beard, takes to the podium.

FATIS

Thank you, Piper. Now as you heard and may be on alarm by, scouting out new additions to our team is our first initiative for the night. Don't be frightened, we're not here to weed anyone out. After all, progress comes through change. So how do we step forward? I want everyone to simply reflect just why they're here and what they'd like to improve. So let's just take a moment here.

Fatis takes a deep breath, almost like meditation. The auditorium is silent.

Beat.

FATIS (CONT'D)

Got something biting at you yet? Hold on to it. It may be difficult yet it is necessary for improvement. We can't walk past our issues only through them. Usually I ask for volunteers but I'm feeling generous.

Small laughter from the crowd.

CHIMERE

(to Neon, jokingly)  
How much would it take you to...

Neon walks up confidently to the stage.

NEON

Ahem. If you'll have me?

FATIS

Yes, Yes of course!

Fatis and crowd give a round of applause. Neon Gets to the Podium being lifted up by the hand of Piper and Fatis. He reaches the podium with a small huff and a toothy smile.

Neon looks toward Chimere. She Mouths the words: "Go wild."

TIGHT FOCUS ON NEON

Room returns to silence for Neon to speak.

NEON

I'm ready. Ready to atone. I know you didn't phrase it like that, but it's been a long time overdue and there are a lot of things I'm not proud of. Honestly, I'm not sure what to do about most of them. But those are Neon's sins.

Neon habitually looks down at the podium as if a speech was there he was reading of off. Throughout he remains smiling.

NEON (CONT'D)

Neon's sins vary in so many ways that I've lost count. But he's not here. So why talk about him. My name's Peter. As introductions go, what's there to know?

(nervous laughter)

I had a brother named Bobby. Our parents were ashamed to talk about him when we knew him because of his depression. His severe depression.

(Beat)

But me? No. I wanted to make him feel better. Make him feel whole. Let him know someone loved him. I wasn't the happiest camper myself but I made every effort to be happy for his sake. I smiled around him. Gave positive advice. I Checked up on him. For that, he told me I acted as a tour guide for how to be a human being. Then he went missing from his college. That was twelve years ago. To this day I keep his artwork around me.

(MORE)

## NEON (CONT'D)

Art so aimless and vile that it paints the picture of Bobby so well that memory might turn him into a nostalgic pity instead of the true picture. That it's best if he's gone. Better if he's dead.

(happy tear-filled smile)

Phew. You don't know how good that feels. Thank you for letting me share and together I'm sure we can improve-

A hard slap strikes Neon's face.

## PODIUM STAGE

Chimere's hand is in the air still after her slap. A disgusted face is looking at Neon as if he was a stranger.

Neon turns to the crowd. They are silently judging him with piercing gazes.

Neon moves down from the stage but his path to the exit is blocked by the crowd, all unwilling to move an inch for him. The silence remains throughout as do their shaming eyes.

Staggering, Neon makes his way through the gaps of people. The path he takes is a maze. He has to squeeze through some tight spots, zig zag and even back up.

Making his way to one far side of the room Neon can see the EXIT SIGN a few feet away. However, FOUR LARGE and WIDE Men are in-between Neon and the DOOR out.

No room is made for Neon. He tries squeezing past two of them. Nothing. He tries shoving past them even backing up for a harder push. No budge.

Neon panics. Tears fill his eyes. His breathing accelerates.

Beat.

Neon walks back the way he came a near third of the way till he reaches a fork in the human maze. This leads to the EXIT.

Neon pushes through the people, past the door and exits.

## INT. NEON'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Neon arrives with a PLASTIC BAG, pulling out a WINE BOTTLE. He places it in the center of his counter.

In the bag, Neon pulls and tosses CAR FRESHENERS throughout the apartment.

NEON'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

A PLASTIC SHOWER CURTAIN lining the bottom of his BATHTUB. Neon steps inside and lays down. He dumps the remaining car fresheners out. A Roll of DUCT TAPE falls out too.

Neon cuts the duct tape with his teeth, puts the PLASTIC BAG around his head, and readies the duct tape.

Phone Rings.

Neon answers it. He still has the Plastic Bag on his head. He removes it and puts the phone to his ear.

Beat.

INT. SHAREHOLDERS OFFICE - DAY

At a long table sits SEVEN OLD WHITE GUYS. To the far end is Neon separated by some distance.

Neon is wearing a depressed face.

An eighth man, DUTCH enters. He mimics the look of the other men, shaking each of their hands as he greets them.

DUTCH

Simon, how's the weather up north?

SIMON

Cold.

DUTCH

Orlando will do you some good then.  
Harlow. Vick.

HARLOW

VICK

Morning.

Morning

DUTCH

And who do we have left? Hemingway good to finally meet you. Magendie, Hagenbeck, Hilton, pleasure as always. Now, on to today's agenda.

NEON

Yes, I'd like to... Apologize. The film isn't what I expected it to be.

(MORE)

NEON (CONT'D)

As for the money you've invested in this atrocity... I'll get it back to you. Somehow.

Beat.

DUTCH

So then. The film is no more?

NEON

Yes.

DUTCH

And the existing footage- that ended up where?

NEON

I destroyed it.

Beat.

DUTCH

Destroyed it? All of it?

NEON

It took a great deal of effort to get every copy and I'm not certain all of it's come to my hands but I've used what resources and money I had left to locate the footage. Even the equipment has been ruined beyond repair, just to be sure.

DUTCH

I see.

Dutch pulls out an INTERCOM.

DUTCH (CONT'D)

Bring out the boys.

Beat.

The Door towards Dutch opens. Two LARGE MEN emerge. They turn the shades down from the window. They then pull down a Projector Board.

In walk MILO and OTIS. Two young men with LANYARDS showing their respected name on it.

The lights dim and the Projector beams a POWERPOINT PRESENTATION.

PowerPoint Slide reads: APATHY?



Neon's confusion is growing on his face.

MILO  
 (speaking professionally)  
 What is apathy? What it isn't is limited to the negative. Ask a stranger or a friend what apathy means to them. They'll say careless or indifferent. But what we forget is apathy is also-

Otis clicks on Handheld Clicker. Next slide pops up.

SLIDE reads: OPPORTUNITY

MILO (CONT'D)  
 An opportunity. Because apathy isn't limited to a complete absence of any emotion. It's passiveness is a strength. The best soldier accepts war, he doesn't endure it.

NEXT SLIDE Reads: BENEFICIAL APPLIED APATHY

MILO (CONT'D)  
 The benefits of applying apathy may seem un-adjustable at a glance. I think Plato said it best that we too would shield our eyes if we bore witness to the sun for the first time-

Neon bleats out confused and bitter.

NEON  
 (confused)  
 What the fuck is this bullshit.

Milo's calm professionalism is erased by his reddened face and panic in his breaths. Every so often he looks to Otis.

MILO  
 (anxiously)  
 I- we worked hard on this. We've only started the presentation so if you can... calm yourself-

Dutch gets up and signals the Two Large Men to escort Milo and Otis. Dutch gives a consoling grasp to Milo.

DUTCH  
 Alright Milo that was a wonderful introduction. Will you just step outside for a moment?

Milo and Otis exit.

DUTCH (CONT'D)  
The kid takes too much to heart.

NEON  
I'm just here to close off the  
short film.

DUTCH  
As are we. It's not tangible enough  
on screen. That's why we're gonna  
make it a restaurant.

A worrying look arises from Neon.

DUTCH (CONT'D)  
Don't worry nothing too fancy, just  
enough finesse to garner the right  
clientele. 'The Glass Bistro' is  
what our teams decided on.

NEON  
I-I don't see the benefit here,  
weren't you backing me when-

DUTCH  
Oh, we bought your backers. Paid  
them over. We're not in the film  
industry if that's the confusion.

Door opening is heard. Neon looks toward it.

Shot of Four In Hand, Windsor, Trinity, and Eldredge in the  
meeting room.

TRINITY  
Morning.

DUTCH  
Morning gentlemen. As I was just  
discussing you know these  
gentlemen. They're in the same  
brand of work we are.

Neon looks toward Dutch.

DUTCH (CONT'D)  
The Department of Commerce. We'd  
like to thank you for the  
tremendous risk you took.  
(to Trinity)  
So. Any hiccups on our launch?

TRINITY

No, I imagine we'll have the place up and running come the end of the year for t his project.

DUTCH

Glad to hear it.

(to Neon)

We'd like some additional vantage points on some other projects we'll be running down the line. Keep in mind to make this prosperous we'll need the majority of this country to not be negatively effected.

NEON

You want me as a consultant?

DUTCH

We've always taken the subtle approach but the ideas donned on us now, that we've been playing it too safe. And keeping it to cows was the dip in the water we needed.

SIMON, HARLOW, VICK, HEMINGWAY, MAGENDIE HAGENBACK, and HILTON all take out briefcases and slide a Flat Sheet to Neon.

Large Laminated Brochures are passed down. They each resemble plans akin to Timeshares.

DUTCH (CONT'D)

Keeping track with the traction such attraction violence brings we'll begin moving forth from beast to man.

TIGHT FOCUS ON SIMON

DUTCH

Simon's project is next on board. His focus is on utilizing protestors and their protest to our benefit.

TIGHT FOCUS ON HARLOW

DUTCH

We figure the insane and lesser so are an easy sell.

(MORE)

DUTCH (CONT'D)  
Harlow figures relatives won't even  
ask for compensation there.

TIGHT FOCUS ON VICK

DUTCH  
Another simple grasp are the  
addicted. Once Vick's got that  
project up and running-

TIGHT FOCUS ON HEMINGWAY

DUTCH  
Our prison centers can provide a  
more hands-on field for our  
communities, thanks to Hemingway.

TIGHT FOCUS ON MAGENDIE

DUTCH  
Magendie's in charge of the ill.

TIGHT FOCUS ON HAGENBECK

DUTCH  
Hagenbeck, on any invalids that  
spring up.

TIGHT FOCUS ON HILTON

DUTCH  
Lastly is Hilton's proposal for  
dealing with the homeless.

SHAREHOLDERS TABLE - CONTINUOUS

Neon is looking down at the "BROCHURES" he's been given.

DUTCH  
Of course, Rome wasn't built in a  
day.

NEON  
I think I have to go.

Neon weakly gets up from his seat. Dutch watches as he slowly  
leaves to the door.

DUTCH  
You don't want to take any?

The Brochures come into Focus on the Table. Neon eyes them and pauses before returning to take them all.

DUTCH (CONT'D)  
They'll make good marketing. Even  
in todays climate. Get's them on  
board quicker.

Beat.

DUTCH (CONT'D)  
Oh and if you're interested, we've  
saved a seat for you.

A CONTRACT with room for a LINE for a SIGNATURE is waiting  
for Neon.

DUTCH (CONT'D)  
Don't expect too sudden changes,  
but as the line blurs, the Majority  
Margin won't be the same going  
forward. Someday, fifty percent  
might not even be the majority.

Neon takes a good look at the contract. Not long before he  
sits down and is about to sign his name.

DUTCH (CONT'D)  
Almost forgot. We've gone ahead and  
have trademarked your name.

Neon puts pen to paper.

In Print and Signature Reads: NEON GENOCIDE™.

DUTCH (CONT'D)  
We are glad you are with us, Mr.  
Genocide. Allow us to leave you  
with a token of our friendship.

Neon looks toward the Camera. A tiny bit of cellophane peaks  
above the bottom of the frame.

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUED

Neon is standing in the Elevator holding a GIFT BASKET of  
MEAT and CHEESE with Pictures of ANIMAL CARCASSES.

The Elevator descends.

Beat.

INT. BUSY CITY STREET - CONTINUED

Neon walks out of the Lobby. Crowds of people walk in all directions in herd-like groups. Neon Slips into them.

Non-diegetic music of THEME TO RAWHIDE by FRANK LAINE plays or a rendition like the original TV THEME.

The camera cranes up to capture the moving crowd.

Credits roll.

END.