

CHAOS THEORY

Pilot

FADE IN:

TEASER

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

CHRIS A.O. SAMBERG, smooth shaven and in a suit with no tie, is kneeling over an UNKNOWN MAN, punching him relentlessly. ALEXI MUNOZ, a young, petite stripper, is screaming:

ALEXI
Chris! Chris! Stop, he's a
regular!

Chris punches again. Scene freezes as BLOOD splatters across Chris' face.

CHRIS (V.O.)
Here's the rub: I don't even
remember why I was hittin' the guy.
I mean, it hurts to hit someone in
the head. It's literally illogical.
I'm going to hurt you by breaking
my hands? That's borderline lunacy.
And here I had been doing so well.

CUT TO:

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

FIVE TEENAGERS are robbing a convenience store. They are grabbing CASH from the register and taking RANDOM SNACKS from the aisles.

We focus on a TURKISH CASHIER who slowly pulls a hidden PISTOL from under his register. The cashier shoots one of the teens, who goes down. He then grabs a teen walking past and sticks the gun against his head. The teenager is a young THAD EVAN O'RYAN.

CASHIER
All you motherfuckers, freeze! I
kill him. I swear. I kill him!

The teenagers freeze in place but do not talk. One of them, a young MICKEY, sneaks up behind him and sticks a GUN against his head.

MICKEY
Drop your gun and release him or
you're dead.

The cashier immediately releases Thad. Shaking and frightened, he puts the gun on the counter.

Thad turns, laughs mockingly, and rips off the cashier's NECKLACE, which has a GOLDEN CROSS. He runs off.

The teen who was shot, a YOUNG CHRIS SAMBERG, stands and watches Thad grab the cross and run off. He then examines the gunshot wound to his arm. He touches the blood with his hand and stares at it. We see him grow completely consumed with anger.

SIRENS!

THAD
Chris, let's go! Cops! Let's go!

All the teenagers run off and EXIT, except Chris.

Chris remains frozen. His rage is practically oozing out of him.

After a beat, he hits the cashier over the head with his gun. The cashier falls to the ground. Chris gets on top of him and begins to punch him relentlessly.

COPS ENTER. They immediately tackle Chris, who does not go down without a fight.

FADE TO:

INT. BATHROOM - BATHTUB - NIGHT

Chris is sitting in the bathtub. The water has noticeable traces of blood in it. His facial hair is overgrown and he looks ashen, like he barely even comprehends that he is sitting there. His left hand is under water, as though it is producing the blood.

He has two VERY LARGE scars on his shoulder. A WOODEN BOARD sits across the tub in front of him. A CELL PHONE and a STRAIGHT BLADE are sitting on the board.

CHRIS (V.O.)
How the hell did I get here? I
know what you must be thinking: so
melodramatic. It's hard to argue.
But how often have you really
thought about how to take your own
life? And I don't mean, oh woe is
me, so and so broke my poor little
heart. I mean, I'm going to take my
life, and this is how I'm going to
do it.

The cell phone rings. Chris shakes his head out of his daze and picks it up. We see the screen. It says ALVIN GORAY. He considers if he's going to answer for a moment.

CHRIS (V.O.)

I know, how many people bring a cell phone along to a suicide attempt? I'm sure a shrink some day will tell me it was actually a sign that I had no intention of going through with it.

He puts the phone to his ear and answers.

CHRIS

What?

ALVIN (THROUGH PHONE)

You're doing it again, aren't you?

CHRIS

Doing what?

ALVIN

You realize that having your cell phone with you means you have no intention of going through with it, right?

Chris smiles.

CHRIS (V.O.)

The thing is, I can't really tell Alvin what I've been up to.

He pulls his left hand out of the water. He's holding someone's SEVERED THUMB.

CHRIS (V.O.)

I don't think he'd approve.

CUT TO:

MAIN CREDITS.

END TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Chris is standing in front of a classroom of COLLEGE STUDENTS. He is pacing back and forth, clean shaven and wearing a tweed jacket with elbow patches, and attempting to explain a relatively simple math concept. The students seem thoroughly uninterested.

TONY RICKSEN and CASPER STEWART are among the students who seem uninterested. They are both in their early twenties and are clearly only taking the class for the credit.

Despite the uninterested students, Chris is excited about the subject.

CHRIS

Ok, and then what?

(silence)

What do we do next when we have $2X$ plus X equals nine? How do we solve for X ?

(turns attention to Tony)

Mr. Ricksen, how about it?

Tony snaps into focus and sits up in his chair. He begins shaking his head.

TONY

I, uh, I'm not, I don't...

CASPER

Hey yo, Professor Samberg? Why you always gotta be pickin' on my boy?

CHRIS

Mr. Stewart, welcome to the party.

The class laughs, but Casper isn't offended.

CHRIS (V.O.)

I like teaching. It's my sanctuary. I've been a professor now for almost eight years and even when I have to teach courses like remedial algebra, I've always found it enjoyable to reach a student.

CASPER

I'm just sayin, who cares what X is? I mean, how is that gonna help me? For that matter, this whole topic seems like a waste of time.

CHRIS

Mr. Stewart, be careful. If your brain works too hard you might get a migraine. I admit, though, it is a valid question. Why is math important? Who really gives a hoot about algebra?

The class is silent. Half are paying attention but don't want to talk. The other half simply don't care.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

All right, math gives the world order. If you can learn to follow the logical steps, whether that be an equation or directions or a conversation, you can always reach a logical and natural conclusion. Math teaches you to think and to organize your thoughts and to make sense of a highly uncertain world. Math, in my opinion, Mr. Stewart, is the only thing worth studying.

Tony and Casper actually think about the words and then look at each other dubiously. Tony smiles and turns back to Chris.

TONY

So, what you're saying is, math is going to help me follow the logical steps to the strip club after class?

As the class laughs, Chris smiles as his cheeks turn red.

CHRIS

Precisely. Thank you, Mr. Ricksen.

CASPER

You should come with us, Professor Samberg. We'll make it rain.

Casper makes a motion with his hands. Picture showering dollar bills.

CHRIS (V.O.)

It really does bring me immense satisfaction.

CHRIS

Yes, I'm sure my wife would be thrilled to hear I threw away our mortgage money at strippers.

(MORE)

CHRIS (CONT'D)
I'm glad I'm getting through to you
guys. Now, let's solve for X.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Chris and his wife, JANICE SAMBERG, are sitting at a CANDLE LIT TABLE eating dinner. They sit silently, properly cutting their food and eating it slowly. After a particularly GOOD BITE OF FISH, Chris lightly nods his head.

CHRIS
The sea bass is excellent tonight.

JANICE
Mmm, that's good.

Silence for several beats. Janice is eating, but is staring off into space.

CHRIS
How was your day?

JANICE
Fine. Denise convinced me to buy
this absurdly expensive dress for
the gala in December.

CHRIS
That's nice. What color?

JANICE
Blue. I know you like blue.

CHRIS
I do. You look beautiful in blue.

Janice smiles and continues to eat. A WAITER approaches and fills up their HALF-FILLED WINE GLASSES.

WAITER
How is everything tonight?

CHRIS
Really excellent. And thank you
for recommending the Pinot. You
normally don't drink red with fish,
but it really does open the flavor
up.

WAITER
I'm glad you enjoy it.

The waiter walks away. Chris waits a beat then looks at Janice.

CHRIS
How long do we have Julie tonight?

JANICE
She's spending the night.

Chris smiles.

CHRIS
Good. I love when we can go out and have fun together.

CLOSE IN on Janice.

JANICE
(smiling)
I'm glad you're happy.

She reaches across the table and runs her hand through his hair.

They eat for several more beats in silence.

CUT TO:

INT. CAFE - DAY

Chris is sitting at a table with ALVIN GORAY. Alvin is a professor at the same university as Chris, but embraces peculiarity and alternative society. They both have a CAFE AU LAIT in front of them.

ALVIN
All I'm saying, Oh Captain My Captain, is that here we are sipping on coffee when we should be out having a beer!

CHRIS (V.O.)
Alvin Goray. It's hard to explain Alvin Goray. He was raised by right wing survivalists, got a doctorate in philosophy, and has an affinity for natural redheads who go blonde. I like the fire crotch, as he likes to say.

CHRIS
I have tests to grade. Plus, the Mrs. and I had a nice night last night. I think we might have another nice night tonight.

ALVIN

Oh my God, kill me. You and the
Mrs.? A nice night?
(starts snapping)
You know, I have never seen a porno
that begins that way.

CHRIS

Well, maybe not a porno, but
genuine happiness. It's really nice
having someone to share life with.
I actually recommend you consider
it.

Alvin is purposely agitated. He takes a sip of his cafe au lait and sets it down in a huff.

ALVIN

Really nice? Do you... do you need
me to quote you Bukowski? Do you
remember what Uncle Charles taught
us so many years ago?

CHRIS

Don't start reciting Bukowski.

ALVIN

(theatrically)

I am my own god. We are here to
unlearn the teachings of the
church, state, and our educational
system. We are here to drink beer.
We are here to kill war. We are
here to laugh at the odds and live
our lives so well...

CHRIS

... that Death will tremble to take
us.

ALVIN

Exactly!

Chris looks around the cafe as other customers begin to inspect the commotion.

CHRIS

Will you keep it down? Yes, I
remember Mal's Bukowski Book Club.
Not to mention the other unseemly
poetry he used to make us read.
Yes, I have outgrown my teenage
angst and discovered something
wonderful.

ALVIN

Oh fucking kill me. Unseemly?
We're still young men! Why the hell
are we in a cafe? Why aren't we in
a bar? Having a beer doesn't make
you drunk. You can still teach
after a few drinks. You can still
grade papers. You can still work on
your ridiculous theorem.

CHRIS (V.O.)

He is well intentioned.

Alvin sighs.

ALVIN

Speaking of happiness, how's your
son doing?

CHRIS

He's 11. Doing fine.

ALVIN

What's he doing on all these fun
nights with the Mrs.?

CHRIS

Having fun nights with his nanny.

ALVIN

What's wrong?

CHRIS

Nothing. I just wouldn't mind
having... another. That's all.

ALVIN

Jesus.

CHRIS

Exactly. And speaking of grading
papers, I need to go catch up.

Chris drinks the rest of his drink and then stands up.

EXT. SCHOOL QUAD - MOMENTS LATER

Chris and Alvin are walking on the campus and passing several student rallies.

One rally is a legacy OCCUPY WALL STREET rally.

Another is to END GUN VIOLENCE.

Another is a BLACK LIVES MATTER rally. Casper and Tony are at the Black Lives Matter rally.

CASPER
Hey yo, Professor Samberg!

Chris and Alvin stop and look as Casper and Tony approach.

CHRIS
Mr. Stewart. Mr. Ricksen.

CASPER
Prof, you gotta come talk. I know you support our cause.

CHRIS
Then you know me well enough to know I support silently. And this is probably your guy.

Chris shoves Alvin forward. Alvin puts his arm around Casper and follows them to the rally. Chris shakes his head and walks away.

INT. OFFICE - LATER

Chris is sitting at his desk grading PAPERS. It is clearly making him upset. He has a RED PEN and is making SEVERAL MARKS. After a few beats, he pushes the tests to the side and pulls a NOTEBOOK out of his desk. He flips it open and begins scanning a mathematical theorem. He nods as he approves of his work and then reaches a blank page. As he begins to write, his phone rings. He answers it.

CHRIS
Hey, Sweetie.

JANICE
Where are you?

CHRIS
Just grading tests.

JANICE
K, well you were supposed to be home on time. For dinner?

CHRIS
Right, yes, I will be soon. Just let me finish up.

JANICE
Chris, I know what that means. I want you to come home.

CHRIS

Seriously, I'm on my way.

JANICE

Chris, I want to have fun tonight.
I don't want a boring night at home
or just a boring dinner out. Let's
have some fun.

Chris begins to speak but hesitates. He swallows and clears his throat and dejectedly puts his notebook away. He begins nervously tapping his fingers together and looks down at his lap.

JANICE (CONT'D)

Chris, I'm sorry. I didn't mean...
that. I just, we used to be so
adventurous. I don't always feel
that way anymore.

CHRIS

I know, but you know, things
change. Life happens and we
discussed this, to get where we
want to go, sometimes you have to
give up some things.

JANICE

How very mathematic of you.
(sighs)
It's ok. Just finish up and get
home when you can.

CHRIS

All right.

They both hang up. Chris sets his phone on his desk and stares at it for a moment. He contemplates leaving, but he pulls the tests in front of him and begins grading them.

FADE TO:

INT. CHRIS' HOME - FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT

Chris walks into the family room from the garage with a shoulder bag. The house is SET UP FOR DINNER, as though his wife was trying to surprise him. He feels like something is wrong and looks around to see what is off. But then he hears it.

JANICE

Aaaaaahhhhhh!

RANDOM MAN
Shut up! Oh yeah.

Chris drops his bag and runs towards the noise.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Chris runs into the hallway and sees a MAN raping Janice and holding a KNIFE over the back of her neck.

A SECOND MAN is standing over them. The second man sees Chris enter the hall and immediately moves toward him.

CHRIS
Hey!

Chris momentarily pauses, considering his options. He takes a couple steps backwards as the second man approaches him. He looks at his wife, who makes eye contact with him. She's scared and crying and has BLOOD across her face.

JANICE
(mumbling)
Chris, help.

FIRST MAN
Shut up!

SECOND MAN
Look who's come to the rescue.

CHRIS (V.O.)
It's one of those moments. Do you run? Do you fight? Do you simply allow yourself to die? They say when a gazelle is caught by a lion, it goes limp even though it's still alive. Why continue to fight when you can die peacefully? More importantly, though, why is this happening? This isn't part of the equation. This is a variable that wasn't meant to be. A computer scientist might call it a bug in the system. It's inexplicable. Or is it?

The second man charges at Chris with a KNIFE. Chris' entire focus is on his wife as he moves to save her. Finally realizing he is being attacked, Chris breaks his attention from his wife and desperately steps out of the way of the second man.

The second man runs past him, tripping on Chris' foot and falling onto his own knife, dying instantly.

Chris is terrified at what just happened. He's stunned that this man just died in front of him. He looks up, though, to his wife. His attention once again on her rescue.

FIRST MAN

Oh, motherfucker.

The man raping Janice slits her throat and, with no pants on, attacks Chris. Chris is still looking at Janice, who dies looking at her husband.

CHRIS

(in disbelief)

Janice?

The man attacks, though, slashing at Chris with a knife and disrupting his disbelief. Chris reacts as though the man is about to wildly charge at him as with the second man. He feels something, though, and looks at his arm.

HIS ARM IS SLASHED OPEN.

Realizing the man managed to cut him, he grasps at his bleeding arm. Chris drops his hand from his arm and LOOKS AT THE BLOOD. Something snaps in Chris' head. A sort of clarity comes over him. He UNDERSTANDS the situation he has found himself in.

He looks at Janice and suddenly accepts that she was murdered. He looks back at the man who just killed her.

He wipes the blood on his PANTS and casually steps towards the first man.

The first man smiles gleefully. He sees Chris dealing with the reality of bleeding. He swipes at Chris with the knife again, but Chris evades the attack. It's no accident, as with the first attack. This was from training.

FIRST MAN

Math teacher my ass. You know, he thought this might get your attention.

Chris hesitates at the comment. He holds his ground, though, allowing the man to come to him.

The man once again swipes at Chris. Chris, wholly prepared for the attack, ducks the attempt and deftly grabs the man's arm and spins him around. Chris overpowers him and slowly slides the blade into the man's chest.

There is no wildness, anger, or emotion in Chris' face. This is now business.

The man falls over as blood gurgles out of his mouth. With the business complete, Chris drops to his knees and stares at his dead wife.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. BATHTUB - CONTINUOUS FROM SCENE 3

Chris is sitting in the bathtub talking on his cellphone to Alvin.

ALVIN (THROUGH PHONE)
What do you think it'd feel like,
taking your own life? I mean, that
last minute.

CHRIS
Excellent choice of words for your
friend who's contemplating suicide.

ALVIN
Oh ok. Because you're really going
to go through with it. Come on,
how do you think it would feel?

CHRIS
Probably how it felt to stick a
knife through a man's chest.

ALVIN
Oh will you stop? You defended
yourself. It's been three months.

CHRIS
A quarter of a year.

ALVIN
Any word on the investigation?

CHRIS
Nah, not really.

ALVIN
Well, they'll get him.

CHRIS
You think so?

ALVIN
I know so. And you'll be ok.

CHRIS
That's not what you usually say.

ALVIN
I'm full of shit! The reality,
though, is everything returns to
the mean. That's a fact.

(MORE)

ALVIN (CONT'D)
You're a boring guy. Even when you were all angry, all you wanted to be was boring. You're going to return to your boring life, just like you want.

CHRIS
(hesitating)
What if a boring life isn't the mean?

Alvin begins to laugh.

ALVIN
Yeah, ok, Professor.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Chris, sitting in clothes STAINED BY HIS BLOOD and BLOOD FROM HIS ATTACKERS, is sitting across the table from Detectives JOHN ALAMO and RODERICK BAXTER. Chris looks dazed, as though he's possibly in shock. His arm is bandaged.

JOHN
Chris, anything you can give us can help. Is there anyone that would want to hurt you or your wife?

Chris sits silent and motionless for several beats. He slowly begins shaking his head.

CHRIS
No one I can think of. I'm a math professor. I rarely fail anyone, although these clearly weren't students.

John and Roderick look at each other.

JOHN
How about your past?

CHRIS
What about my past?

JOHN
You're an orphan. Raised in the foster system. A sealed juvenile record.

RODERICK
Maybe someone from your past?

Chris considers this.

CHRIS

That was before I was 18. What do you want me to say? That was over 13 years ago.

JOHN

We're just trying to explore all options, Chris. That's all. This doesn't appear random to us. We feel there's more to the story.

CHRIS

Ok.

Chris looks at his HAND, which has now been cleaned of blood. He rubs his hands together. He does not make eye contact with the detectives.

Roderick scratches at his cheek and asks:

RODERICK

Chris, how about how you defended yourself?

Chris looks at them and is clearly more attentive.

CHRIS

What about it?

RODERICK

Well, not many people could do that.

CHRIS

Ok. And?

JOHN

Chris, no reason to get defensive, we're just trying to understand what happened.

CHRIS

Well, I don't know what to tell you. Two men raped and killed my wife.

John and Roderick exchange glances again.

JOHN

And then you killed them.

Chris is outraged. We almost feel that he's going to jump over the table and attack them for such stupidity.

RODERICK

(quickly to distract from
John's comment.)

Chris, it's ok. Look, you and I, we went to school together. Right?

CHRIS

Ok.

RODERICK

Meaning no offense at all, but I do remember you hung out with a rougher crowd.

CHRIS

I haven't, I mean, what do you want me to say? That's the past. I have no contact with that crowd.

RODERICK

But maybe it's a lead. We're searching here, I'm sure you can understand that. Is there anything you can think of?

Chris hesitates.

CHRIS

No. I'm sorry.

Beat.

RODERICK

Chris, how's your son.

Chris hesitates. Eyes widen and he looks at the table.

CHRIS (V.O.)

Oh yeah. My son.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - FLASHBACK TO THE NIGHT OF THE ATTACK

Chris is on his knees looking at the three dead bodies. He settles on his wife and is clearly stricken with grief. He doesn't know what to do. He seems to remember something, though, and looks past his wife into a bedroom. He immediately stands and enters the room.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUED FLASHBACK

Chris enters the room and sees an 11-YEAR-OLD BOY tied up and shivering. The boy, JACOB, is terrified. Chris unties him and hugs him, covering him in blood. He begins crying.

INT. CHRIS' HOME FOYER - DAY

Chris and Alvin ENTER the house. They're both in HAWAIIAN SHIRTS. There is POLICE TAPE cordoning off parts of the house. From the foyer, they look down the hallway where Janice was killed.

BLOOD IS EVERYWHERE.

Chris, now cleaned up from the ordeal from a few days prior, appears as though he is entering a foreign land. Alvin is there for support and places a hand on Chris' shoulder, but he can't take his eyes off of the crime scene.

ALVIN

Holy shit.

CHRIS

Yeah. It really happened.

CHRIS (V.O.)

Entering my house was a lot like entering a carnival fun house: it wasn't real and there's always that realization that you can step out at anytime and it would simply vanish. It was false. It was bad cinema. It was a surreal Dali that melted reality into fiction.

ALVIN

I can't even tell whose blood is whose.

Chris looks over his shoulder at Alvin. Alvin, despite being a blunt loud mouth, realizes he crossed the line.

ALVIN (CONT'D)

Oh my god, I'm sorry. That was insensitive. But holy shit.

Chris brings his hand to his face. He rubs his cheek like he's trying to rub the memory out of his head.

CHRIS

Well let me educate you.

(pointing)

(MORE)

CHRIS (CONT'D)
That was where the first guy just
kind of fell and died.
(points another direction)
That's where I killed the other
guy.
(points again)
And that's where...

He can't finish.

CHRIS (V.O.)
That's where my wife's throat was
slashed in front of me while I
stood here like a sack of rotting
testicles. That's a surprisingly
difficult phrase to say out loud.

ALVIN
It's all right, man. It was too
soon to come back. Come on, I'll
come back and get some of your
clothes for you. I'll hop through
the window or something.

CHRIS
Yeah that'd be good. I need my
suit, and I'm tired of wearing your
frickin' Hawaiian shirts.

Alvin laughs.

ALVIN
(laughs)
You love my Hawaiian shirts.

CHRIS
This shouldn't have happened to me.

Alvin looks uncertain, but nods agreeably.

ALVIN
It shouldn't happen to anyone.
Come on, tomorrow's a big day. You
can use one of my suits.

CHRIS
You own a suit?

Alvin laughs again as they turn to EXIT.

CUT TO:

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Chris is sitting in an OVERSIZED SUIT in the front row at a funeral. A PRIEST is speaking to the CROWD. Beside Chris sits an old MAL TRAEGER, Alvin, and Jacob, his 11-year-old son. Jacob is holding hands with Chris and JULIE, a very attractive young brunette.

PRIEST

No one knows why bad things happen to good people, but let us not remember Janice Samberg for the horrific manner her life was taken, but for the exuberance with which she lived life.

Chris looks happy with the words. He seems to be at peace. Alvin and Mal both look at one another and roll their eyes.

Chris' view wanders and settles on the COFFIN.

CHRIS (V.O.)

There was an exuberance to Janice. I don't know what happened to it. Was it me? She always had so many plans. We still have reservations for next week. I need to remember to go on OpenTable and cancel them. And then we had a trip planned to Tahoe. A nice ski trip. What the hell do you do with pre-purchased lift tickets? And the gala. Oh the gala. Take my wife but don't take the gala. Fuck.

The priest's words turn to gibberish in Chris' ears. He looks off in the distance. He sees a BLACK SUBURBAN sitting idly on the street. TWO MEN IN SUITS are in the front seats. Beat. The Suburban drives off.

He makes eye contact with Mal. Mal signals for him to pay attention.

CUT TO:

EXT. MAL TRAEGER'S PATIO - DAY

Young Chris and a SOCIAL WORKER are standing on a patio. The social worker knocks. A younger Mal Traeger answers the door.

Mal is a mid-fifties former NAVY SEAL. His skin is tight and leathery. He reminds us of a boot camp commander.

SOCIAL WORKER
Mr. Traeger? This is Chris Samberg.

MAL
(to Chris)
Much obliged.

Chris doesn't respond.

SOCIAL WORKER
He's a little shy. Been on the
streets for several years.

MAL
That's nice. In this house, you
respond politely to an
introduction.

No response.

MAL (CONT'D)
Chris, say pleased to meet you.
And then I'll invite you in.

Chris doesn't answer.

MAL (CONT'D)
Chris, do you know why they're
sending you to me? Because I don't
take bullshit. Now one way or the
other, you're coming in this house.
Either you can be polite and I can
invite you in, or you can be rude,
and I'll drag you in by force and
you can sleep with my dogs.

Beat.

CHRIS
(reluctantly)
Pleased to meet you, Sir.

MAL
Excellent! Chris, would you like to
come in?
(to social worker)
I'll take it from here.

Chris ENTERS and Mal ominously closes the door.

FADE TO:

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Chris is sitting at the same restaurant that he had previously dined with Janice. This time he is alone. He has a plate of FISH in front of him.

CHRIS (V.O.)
I forgot to cancel the
reservations.

He sits in silence eating the FISH. CLOSE IN on the fish. It is repulsive.

The same waiter ENTERS.

WAITER
How is the fish tonight, sir?

Chris opens his mouth but says nothing. He painfully smiles and nods his head. The waiter tops off his wine, which he has barely touched.

CHRIS (V.O.)
The fish is fucking awful, thanks
for asking. I have no idea why I
eat fish.

He drinks his entire glass of wine and pours himself another. He drops his head into his hand and pushes his plate away.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Chris is sitting on top of JANICE'S GRAVE. The grave is covered in FLOWERS. He's crying with his head between his knees.

SCAN TO Alvin and an older Mal leaning against the hood of a car. They're both smoking cigarettes.

INT. CAFE - DAY - LATER

Chris, Alvin, and Mal are sitting around a table.

CHRIS
I'm thinking about going back to
work next week.

He waits for their responses.

ALVIN
That sounds stupid. Enjoy your time
off.

MAL

Why would you go back so soon?

CHRIS

I don't know. I just, I, I need something. I gotta take my mind off this.

ALVIN

Go work on your theorem.

MAL

That's a good idea. Go take it up to the cabin or something. Take a bottle of whiskey with you. I agree, you need something, but what you need is to rage a little bit. Anger will come and I don't think you need to be in front of students when it does. I'm worried you haven't fully registered what has happened.

A WAITRESS comes with THREE COFFEES, but one of the coffees is too full. She accidentally drips some of it onto Chris' leg.

Chris YELPS and grabs his thigh. He gazes up at the waitress who looks petrified. She doesn't even apologize. Chris' look has created absolute fear within her.

Chris is so enraged that he begins to shake. He looks like he's about to kill the waitress.

MAL (CONT'D)

All right, settle down, tough guy.
This is what I'm talking about.
(to the waitress)
No harm, no foul. Just leave the coffees. He can clean himself up.

The waitress does exactly as instructed and tries to mouth an apology. She EXITS.

Alvin busts up laughing, breaking Chris' anger.

ALVIN

Fucking madman, I love it!

CHRIS (V.O.)

A madman? Or a monster? I need to get back to class.

Chris thinks of something. Looks at Mal.

CHRIS

Do you mind watching Jacob for a
few more days?

Mal nods, but he's clearly angered by the question.

MAL

I can watch him as long you need.
But you know, speaking of things
you could be focusing on. A boy
needs his father.

Chris thinks about this. He looks around and laughs, as
though there is something wrong with that statement.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Chris is walking down the hall and about to enter his classroom. He is stopped short of the door by the dean of his department, CLAY ADAMSON.

CHRIS (V.O.)

Dean Clay Adamson. A friend in any other circumstance. The last person I want to see today. He's going to try and talk me out of it.

CLAY

Professor Samberg.

Chris stops at the greeting in order to speak with the dean, but his face is roiled with grief and anger.

CHRIS

(through a clenched jaw)

Dean Adamson. To what do I owe the pleasure?

CLAY

Professor Samberg, Chris, go home. You don't need to be here. You shouldn't be here. You need to grieve.

CHRIS

This is how I grieve. I need to work. I have students... depending on me.

Clay begins to talk but Chris walks past him into the classroom.

INT. CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS

Chris walks in the classroom and ignores the students. He throws his shoulder bag on the podium. Turns to address the class. He grabs the side of the podium and begins to understand the weight of being back at work. The room is silent.

Clay continues to watch from the door.

CHRIS

Ok, first let me apologize for my prolonged absence.

(MORE)

CHRIS (CONT'D)
I, as I'm sure you all know, I,
well you see, my wife, she uh...

Chris stops short and rubs his eyes. Clay enters, ready to step in should Chris completely melt down.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Look, I know some of you question whether I should be here, but this is all I know. This is all that remains.

Tony raises his hand.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Yes, Tony, thank you.

TONY
Professor, did you really kill those guys?

CASPER
(laughing)
Oh shit!

CLAY
I hardly think that's an appropriate question!

CHRIS
And I can speak for myself in my own classroom.
(to Tony)
Tony, yes, I killed them. And I would like to not feel inclined to repeat my actions today.

Chris turns to the board and prepares to write.

CHRIS (V.O.)
Yeah, in hindsight, I could have used better tact. I probably should have taken some time off. But then again, there's a lot I should have done in my life.

CHRIS
Ok, I'm not sure how far you've all gotten, but we were learning to solve for X, or, failing to learn, I suppose.

He turns. The fascination that had consumed the class had returned to the mundane reality of sitting in a class no one wanted to be in. Chris stops the lesson and sighs.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Casper, a few weeks ago you asked
me why we're here; why learn math?
(hesitates)
Nevermind. If you want to be an
idiot, no sense wasting my time.

He resumes teaching.

FADE TO:

EXT. SCHOOL QUAD - LATER

Chris is walking across the quad. He looks dazed, as always, but he's trying to appear strong. Even though there are multiple rallies occurring around him, his surroundings look foggy, like he's not seeing clearly. He vaguely hears his name being called. Finally, he stops to look for the source.

TONY
Professor Samberg! Come on, wait
up!

Chris watches as Tony and Casper emerge from a Black Lives Matter rally.

TONY (CONT'D)
Sir, I just, I wanted to say sorry
for bringing that up in class
today.

CASPER
It was super inappropriate, bro.

TONY
That's why I'm apologizing!

CHRIS
No, it's fine. The whole point is
no one knows how to handle these
things.

TONY
So, I mean, how are you holding up?

Chris looks around the Quad to see the activity and the life and begins nodding his head.

CHRIS

I'm all right. Probably shouldn't even be here, though. I thought it would help.

CASPER

And it didn't help, yo?

CHRIS

No, yo, it didn't help.

TONY

So what would help? You wanna rage at the rally?

CHRIS

(smiling)

No, I don't want to rage at the rally.

CASPER

Want to go to a strip club?

Chris begins to say no, but then he stops. He mildly smirks. Tony and Casper get extremely excited.

CUT TO:

INT. STRIP CLUB - LATER

Chris, Tony, and Casper are sitting at the main stage of the strip club. A girl is dancing in front of them. Casper is throwing dollar bills onto the stage.

TONY

So what made you decide to finally come with us?

CHRIS

I don't know. I feel dirty all over.

Casper cheers and slaps Chris on the shoulder.

CASPER

That's the point!

CHRIS

Jesus. How old are you two anyway?

CASPER

Old enough to get fake IDs.

TONY
We followed all the logical steps.

Chris shakes his head.

CHRIS
Well at least I'm getting through
to you in some capacity.

TONY
Professor, first lap dance on me.
I got just the girl.

CHRIS
No, no, really.

Tony doesn't listen, though. He looks around and spots Alexi and waves her over. Alexi approaches.

As she approaches, Casper holds a SMALL BAG OF POWDER out in his hand and slips it to Chris.

CASPER
Prof, don't judge me, but with what
you're going through, you might
appreciate this.

Chris quickly glances at it. "CT" is printed across the bag.

Alexi approaches. Chris quickly sticks the bag in his pocket. He's flustered.

ALEXI
Oh look, the kids brought Dad to
their extracurricular activity.

TONY
What'd I tell you, Sir? You should
love her.
(to Alexi)
My man here just went through
something. He needs to be treated
real well. At least two songs.

Tony hands her cash. Alexi smiles and takes Chris by the hand and leads him to a private area.

INT. PRIVATE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Chris is on a chair and Alexi is on top of him. She's not necessarily writhing, but she's MOVING EROTICALLY. Almost more interested in talking. Chris is clearly uncomfortable and she notices.

ALEXI

So going through something? A divorce?

CHRIS

Something like that.

ALEXI

You don't come here often.

CHRIS

No, no I guess I don't. I guess I'm just trying something new.

CLOSE IN on Alexi.

ALEXI

Well, I'm glad I can make you happy.

The COMMENT clearly reminds Chris of Janice. He panics and pushes Alexi off of him. He stands.

CHRIS

I'm so sorry.

Alexi looks horrified as Chris exits.

INT. GUN RANGE - DAY

Chris and Alvin are at a gun range. Chris is pointing a gun at a target. Alvin is standing behind him.

ALVIN

So do they have any leads?

CHRIS

None that I know of.

ALVIN

Do you have any leads?

Chris glances at Alvin and frowns.

CHRIS

You sound like the cops.

Chris focuses on the target.

ALVIN

You remember how it feels. Squeeze the trigger.

FOCUS ON Chris' face.

SCAN TO his finger on the trigger. He doesn't squeeze.

CHRIS
This is barbaric. How is this
going to help me?

ALVIN
Do you not remember your Nietzsche?
You are the Übermensch. The
Overman. The Superman. You rise
above good and evil. You rise
above the herd. We self-conserve
when necessary. We must exert our
will on the world.

CHRIS
Are you on drugs?

ALVIN
A very fine cocktail of opioids.

CHRIS
Self-conserve when necessary?

ALVIN
Only when necessary. And if we
keep too much bottled up, we exert
too much will. You have to
release.

CHRIS
Superman.

Chris raises the gun and unloads the clip. When the smoke
clears and he places the gun on the shelf in front of him,
Alvin looks at the target.

ALVIN
You're a very scary man.

CUT TO:

INT. MAL'S HOUSE - DAY

Mal is showing Young Chris around the house.

MAL
I want you to think of this as your
house, ok? Now that, of course,
comes with privileges. You
understand?

Beat. Chris doesn't respond.

MAL (CONT'D)

Well just to be sure, let me spell it out. You're here as my guest. I had a fucked up childhood and I want to make sure you don't. With that said, you don't fuck with my shit. If you can do that, I won't fuck with your life. Good?

Beat. Chris again doesn't response.

MAL (CONT'D)

Chris, this isn't fucking rocket science. I want to help you. But I don't help those that don't want help. If you'll allow me to help you, I'm all about it. If you don't, fine, throw your life away. Either way, we're men. Men respect one another. Respecting someone isn't weak.

Mal stops at the door to the BASEMENT. He points.

MAL (CONT'D)

That's my space. Stay out.

(turning attention to a bedroom)

Now, this is you. You can come and go as you please, but the front door is locked at 10 PM. If you're not in the house, I will come find you. Don't make me do that.

(points to another room)

This is Alvin.

We meet the seventeen-year-old ALVIN GORAY. He's sitting on his bed reading BUKOWSKI.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. BATHTUB - CONTINUOUS FROM SCENE 11

Chris is sitting in the bathtub talking to Alvin on the phone. He holds the thumb in his hand, twirling it around in his fingers.

ALVIN

Look, you went through something.
You're allowed to feel...

CHRIS

What?

ALVIN

... Angry, confused, annoyed.
Insert adjective here. You're
allowed.

CHRIS

What if I don't want to get through
it?

ALVIN

Then I say you're a dumbass. Did
you at least drink that one nice
bottle of wine you own? How about
that picture of Natalie Portman?
Did you at least jerk off to it?
Or do I need to be more classy?
Don't tell me you don't care about
those retard s you teach all day.

CHRIS (V.O.)

I always hate dignifying Alvin's
ideas by acknowledging them, but he
had a point.

CHRIS

Those are fair points.

ALVIN

Damn right they are. Janice would
want you to enjoy life. She always
wanted to enjoy life.

CHRIS

What the hell does that mean?

ALVIN

Oh, I mean, nothing. It's just,
Janice wanted to have fun.

(MORE)

ALVIN (CONT'D)

Do you remember the trouble you two used to get into? I think she'd want you to have fun. Go do drugs. Go do something crazy. Go hit on a stripper.

CHRIS

Yeah, maybe you're right. At least about the Natalie Portman thing.

ALVIN

(pause)

I just miss you, man. It's been almost two months and these weekly phone calls aren't doin' it for me.

Chris doesn't respond.

ALVIN (CONT'D)

I mean what happened?

CHRIS

My wife was raped and murdered and I killed two people?

ALVIN

Bullshit. You had begun to move on. Then you fell off the map. You know Professor Cheese Dick is teaching your class?

Chris laughs.

ALVIN (CONT'D)

Chris, I can't imagine what you're going through. I cannot. The answer isn't killing yourself, though. And the answer isn't to fall off the face of the earth. Whether it's tomorrow, or next week, or in another year, you're going to move on. You just need to decide what you're going to move on to. Are you going to finish your theory? Are you going to jerk off to, or better yet, go find and fuck, Natalie Portman? I just miss you and I want to be here for you. You might have lost your wife, but I lost my brother.

Chris considers the comment.

ALVIN (CONT'D)
I guess I'm just worried there's something else going on and you're becoming that guy you used to be. I don't think we'd be able to pull you back.

Chris considers the question again. He holds the thumb up against his own. FOCUS ON the "C.T." TATTOO on the severed thumb. On Chris' thumb, nothing.

CHRIS (V.O.)
It's a weird feeling, but I no longer know if I want to be pulled back.

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDEWALK - NIGHT

Chris is walking alone down the sidewalk. He is wearing his suit with no tie and looks very sharp. He's about to enter the strip club, but is stopped by Detectives John Alamo and Roderick Baxter.

RODERICK
Professor Samberg...
(looks to the strip club)
...it appears you're feeling better.

CHRIS
(sighing)
Detectives. It has been brought to my attention that I have to take my mind off of things.

JOHN
Don't we all.

CHRIS
What can I help you both with?

JOHN
Chris, we just wanted to see if you happened to remember any other details from that night.

CHRIS
By following me across town?

RODERICK
We're just concerned observers ensuring you're all right.

CHRIS

Well, as you can see, I'm as
damaged and perverted a professor
as always.

RODERICK

Damaged, yes.

JOHN

(motions to the club)
But otherwise as normal a man as
there is.

CHRIS

Well, unless you detectives want to
take the night off and join me,
I'll be on my way.

RODERICK

Chris, wait. Those two men, you
know.

CHRIS

Yeah.

RODERICK

They happen to be known associates
of a criminal ring called Chaos
Theory. Have you heard of it?
It's an organization led by a man
named Thad Evan O'Ryan. Have you
heard of him? He's run his whole
operation out of prison for almost
12 years.

Chris furrows his eyebrows in confusion and then looks away.
Hesitates.

CHRIS

Everyone's heard of him.

RODERICK

Well did you know he was released
from prison a couple months ago on
a technicality?

Chris says nothing.

JOHN

Any chance you have some connection
from your past?

Chris shakes his head absentmindedly.

CHRIS (V.O.)
Thad Evan O'Ryan. Yeah I had heard
of him. History. An unexpected
variable.

CHRIS
No.
(salutes good bye)
Officers.

Chris smiles, nods curtly, and exits into the club.

CUT TO:

INT. STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

Chris is sitting at a TABLE towards the back of the room. He has a DRINK and is watching the SCENE. Alexi approaches.

ALEXI
I remember you.

CHRIS
Oh, I was hoping you wouldn't.

ALEXI
You ran out on me.

CHRIS
Yeah, sorry about that. I was
going through... some things.

ALEXI
Was?

Chris smiles and pats the seat next to him. Alexi approaches closer and sits on his LAP.

ALEXI (CONT'D)
How bout we have a redo?

She moves to straddle him.

ALEXI (CONT'D)
As far as I'm concerned, I'm
already paid for.

Alexi proceeds to give him a LAP DANCE.

Chris fully embraces the lap dance and then continues to buy drinks and give out dollar bills for the rest of the night.

EXT. ALLEY - SEVERAL HOURS LATER

Chris is walking out of the strip club and sees a MAN harassing Alexi. He's touching her inappropriately and Alexi, although trying to laugh, is very uncomfortable. Chris drunkenly approaches.

CHRIS

Hey, why don't you leave her alone?

The man stops and looks at Chris and rolls his eyes.

HARASSER

Whatever you say, Grandpa. Why don't you go home and read a book.

Chris continues to walk closer.

ALEXI

It's ok, Chris, he was just about to leave.

HARASSER

(grabbing her)

Nah, I think we should have some fun.

CHRIS

You heard the lady. Time to move on.

HARASSER

Or what? You're going to tickle me.

Without hesitating, Chris punches him, knocking him unconscious to the ground. He jumps on top of him and continues to hit him. Alexi begins to scream and tries to pull him off. After several punches, Chris hears her and stops, but not before his hands are RAW WITH BLOOD.

He looks at a terrified Alexi and then at the BLOOD ON HIS HANDS, making him remember the blood from that fateful night.

CHRIS (V.O.)

At that moment, I had an epiphany. I realized then that I was angry. Not at the moment or the situation, but at everything. At life. At God. At this unsolvable equation.

(MORE)

CHRIS (V.O.) (CONT'D)
As for the moment, I don't know what bothered me more: that my wife died, that I enjoyed killing the guys who killed her, or that I like the way blood looked on my knuckles. I doubt this drunken idiot on the ground deserved to be the target of my rage. There are definitely others, though. But then again, this guy was just a prick harassing a nice lady. Those types of men usually do deserve punishment.

Alexi grabs Chris by the arm and stands him up. She begins to escort him down the alley and away from the scene.

ALEXI
I guess I should technically thank you, but you're an idiot.

CHRIS
Yeah.

Chris smiles out of enjoyment.

CUT TO:

INT. MAL'S BASEMENT - NIGHT

Young Chris is sneaking around the basement. It's not at all what he expected. The room is full of war artifacts and antiques. He begins throwing things in a bag.

His eyes finally settle on a shelf of old books. He pulls an old book off the shelf. ISAAC NEWTON: MATHEMATIC PRINCIPLES OF NATURAL PHILOSOPHIES.

He puts his bag down and begins flipping through the book. He doesn't hear MAL ENTER.

MAL
If you're going to rob me, I'd rather you leave that book. It's about 300 years old.

Chris freezes. He casually puts the book down. CONSIDERS OPTIONS. He turns.

CHRIS
Fortunately, I'm not dumb enough to take a book.

MAL

Well that's a shame. I hear you're good with numbers. Maybe books are what you should be stealing. Well, and a sack. Lord knows, you're no man, sneaking around in the dark like a bitch.

CHRIS

(growing enraged)

I'm more of a man than you'll ever be.

Mal laughs hysterically.

MAL

Whatever you say, bitch. I gave you pretty much one rule. You stay out of my shit. Now what are we going to do?

CHRIS

Now, I'm just going to kill you.

Chris charges Mal like a bull. Mal remains cool, casual. He waits for Chris to reach him and then very smoothly avoids him. Chris goes sailing by him, crashing into the wall. Mal looks down upon him.

MAL

Really? That's how you attack me?
I'm insulted.

Chris rises, brushing off his obvious injuries. This time he moves more carefully and starts trying to punch Mal. Mal deflects the punches but does not strike back.

Finally, he grabs one of Chris' arms and swings him around. He subdues him while he speaks.

MAL (CONT'D)

Your attacks are reckless. You swing like a mad man with no logical approach or thought.

Mal pushes Chris away. Chris hesitates and then turns and attacks again. Again, Mal deflects and then subdues.

MAL (CONT'D)

You got the devil inside you boy.
You need to learn to control it.
Now hear me out, because I know.
The devil can tear a soul apart, or
it can be a very powerful ally.

(MORE)

MAL (CONT'D)

But it requires control. As it goes, though, this is pathetic, even for a petulant child like yourself. If you're going to attack, have a plan.

Mal pushes him away. Chris turns, still enraged, does not attack.

MAL (CONT'D)

Good, that's better. If you're going to attack me, have a plan. If you're going to rob me, have a plan. Know every step you're going to take. Focus your anger. Every time you wildly attack me, I have the advantage.

CHRIS

You should never corner a bull.

MAL

I one hundred percent agree. Fortunately, you're no bull. You're the clown that makes the arena laugh.

Chris charges again but stops short.

MAL (CONT'D)

Good! Now quickly, what's ten times ten?

CHRIS

What?

MAL

Quickly, tell me, ten times ten.

CHRIS

100?

MAL

Is that a question or an answer?

CHRIS

100.

MAL

Good! Nine times twelve!

CHRIS

One. One, uh, 108.

MAL

Good! Now focus. Follow the steps. How can you knock me down?

Beat. Chris thinks of different ideas.

MAL (CONT'D)

Too slow.

Mal moves toward him and with a few quick moves has Chris pinned to the ground.

CHRIS

(struggling)

Let me go!

MAL

I told you not to fuck with my shit.

CHRIS

I know. I'm sorry!

MAL

Are you?

CHRIS

Yes!

(beat)

How did you just do that?

Mal relaxes his grip and looks intrigued.

MAL

I can teach you.

CUT TO:

INT. FOYER OF CHRIS' RENTAL HOUSE - LATER AFTER BEATING HARASSER

Chris enters a house that he has been staying in since the attack. Julie approaches.

JULIE

Hey, Chris. Oh my God! Your hands!

CLOSE IN on his HANDS. Chris allows her to pick them up to look at them.

CHRIS

Oh yeah, it's nothing. Just boys being boys.

CHRIS (V.O.)
Julie's Jacob's nanny.

INT. BATHROOM - LATER

Julie is cleaning Chris' hands and bandaging them. Chris clearly enjoys the touch of her skin.

INT. JACOB'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Chris and Julie are watching Jacob sleep.

CHRIS
Amazing work as always. He really loves you.

CHRIS (V.O.)
If only he knew what was coming in life. What an ugly frickin' world.

JULIE
He's a great kid. I'm glad you brought him back from Mal's.

Chris nods.

JULIE (CONT'D)
Don't forget you have to pick him up from the therapist tomorrow at 5. I'll drop him off.

CHRIS
Right. I'm going to have to get used to that.

JULIE
Therapy might not be such a bad idea for you as well.
(beat)
I want you... I'm worried about you.

Chris looks at Julie with an overtly inappropriate look.

CHRIS (V.O.)
So I've killed two men. I beat up a stranger. I paid a week's worth of salary on lap dances. I mean, why not hit on the nanny?

CHRIS
Julie, how old are you?

JULIE
(immediately, almost
expectantly)
Not young enough to be your
daughter.

We see Julie look stunned at her response. She glances at him, uncertain if she should be flirting with him.

JULIE (CONT'D)
But I should really get going. Oh,
and FYI, there's a package for you
at the front door.

INT. FOYER OF A RENTAL HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Chris is closing the front door as Julie exits. He then looks to a small package sitting on the entryway table. He suspiciously examines it. He opens it, unsure who it is from. Inside, he pulls out a GOLDEN NECKLACE with a small GOLDEN CROSS.

It's the cashier's from 15 years ago!

There's a LETTER taped to it.

LETTER
Chaos, Remember this? From our
first job together. It now
represents your repentance. I had
no choice. Did you really think
that I would forget? Theory.

Chris places the necklace and the letter on the table.

CHRIS (V.O.)
Maybe Alvin was right. Maybe life
doesn't descend into chaos; maybe
it just reverts to the mean. You
just have to know what the mean is.
My history had come back to haunt
me. It was a very unexpected
variable.

INT. UNIVERSITY OFFICE - DAY

Chris is sitting at his desk. He's lost in thought. His hand is bandaged.

KNOCK on the door. He snaps to attention.

CHRIS
Come in.

The door opens and Alexi enters. She's dressed as a regular student. Has a notebook clutched against her chest. She closes the door behind her.

Chris looks horrified.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Jesus, what are you doing here?
You can't visit me here.

She casually sits down.

ALEXI
Well, actually, a professor's office hours are precisely for visiting.

CHRIS
For students.

Alexi makes a very sarcastic face. Shows him her notebook.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
You're a student?

ALEXI
Have to pay tuition somehow.

Chris is intrigued.

CHRIS
In what?

ALEXI
(embarrassed)
Philosophy.

CHRIS
Oh God. Do you have Professor Goray?

Her eyes light up.

ALEXI
He's my advisor! I love him.

Chris sighs.

CHRIS
Well ok, Alexi, what can I do for you? I'm sorry to even say this, but I don't even know how to treat you.

Alexi smiles seductively. Puts her notebook down and stands up. Walks around Chris' desk and approaches him.

Chris prepares for a lap dance.

She kneels down and puts her lips at his ear.

ALEXI
(whispering)
You could treat me like a student.

She puts a finger against his forehead and pushes him away. She backs up.

ALEXI (CONT'D)
I just wanted to check on you.
And, well, thank you.
(hesitates)
I'm very sorry about your wife.

Chris nods. Something occurs to him. Leans forward.

CHRIS
Can you at least admit our
relationship isn't exactly a
standard professor student
relationship.

ALEXI
(laughing)
We can agree on that.

Pulls the bag of drugs out of his pocket.

CHRIS
I'm trusting you on this.

Alexi nods.

He hands her the bag.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
What does this mean to you.

ALEXI
Jesus, what are you in to?

CHRIS
Stop. All I want to know is what it
means to you?

ALEXI
C.T. Chaos Theory. Controls the
drugs in this city.

Hands the bag back.

Chris takes it, but looks disappointed. Nods expectantly.

ALEXI (CONT'D)
I only know that because some of
them come into the club
occasionally.

YES! Chris stands.

CHRIS
Who comes in the club?

ALEXI
Just some guys. Don't know who they
are.

Chris is satisfied.

CHRIS
Alexi...
(hesitates)
I really want to have sex with you.

Alexi flinches. Then rolls her eyes and laughs hysterically.
CHEMISTRY.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUS STOP - DAY

Young Mal, Chris, and Alvin are waiting at the bus stop.

CHRIS
You're seriously going to stand
here with us while we wait for the
bus?

MAL
I can't stop you from cutting
class, but I can sure as hell make
sure you get on the bus.

ALVIN
Don't worry, once you stop
attacking him, he'll ease up.

A TEENAGE GIRL approaches. It's 16-year-old Janice.

JANICE
Mr. Traeger. Alvin.

MAL

Good morning, Janice.

JANICE

You got another one?

MAL

I did. And you know what, I
actually think you might like this
one.

JANICE

As opposed to this other one?

ALVIN

Please, you love me.

JANICE

(ignoring Alvin)

So you must have messed up pretty
bad to get stuck with old Mal here.

Chris is silent, possibly even embarrassed.

MAL

(to Chris)

Introduce yourself.

Chris takes a deep breath, but decides to play along. He holds his hand out.

CHRIS

Hi, I'm Chris.

Janice takes his hand. They hold it long enough for Mal and Alvin to notice.

JANICE

Janice.

INT. BATHTUB - CONTINUOUS FROM SCENE 26

Chris is in the bathtub, still on the phone with Alvin. He's looking at the severed thumb.

CHRIS

Alvin, I have to go.

ALVIN

Will I talk to you tomorrow?

CHRIS

Let's grab a beer.

ALVIN

My man! I'll call you.

CHRIS

K.

Chris hangs up and places the phone on the board. He picks up the straight blade and holds it up against the thumb.

He then stands. BLOODY WATER falls from his naked body.

He looks at it all: the thumb, his body, his scars, the bloody water, the blade.

He steps out of the tub.

FOLLOW HIS STARE. A NAKED MAN, tied up, bloody, and petrified, is laying on the tiled floor. The man is a grown up MICKEY.

Chris kneels down and holds the thumb in front of his face.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Now, Mickey, let's talk about how much you like that other thumb.

END ACT FOUR

THE END

FADE OUT.