

FAULTS

by

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It's 1986.

On ANSEL ROTH (40's), alone in a booth eating a club sandwich. He wears a blazer that's a depressing shade of brown and sports a mustache.

A WAITER approaches...

WAITER

Can I get you anything else?

He chews and swallows then shakes his head "no"...

WAITER (CONT'D)

In that case. Whenever you're ready.

Before the waiter can set the check on the table Ansel pulls a crumpled piece of paper from his pocket and hands it to the young man...

ANSEL

I have a voucher.

The waiter unfolds the paper. He inspects it, then...

WAITER

I'll be right back.

He walks away from the table. Ansel doesn't look up as he eats the remainder of the fries on his plate.

A moment later the waiter returns with his MANAGER. Ansel looks up...

ANSEL

That is a voucher from the hotel.

MANAGER

Well. Yes. It is. But this voucher has been used already.

ANSEL

No it hasn't.

The manager remains calm. He holds the paper out for Ansel to see...

MANAGER

You see here. These are my initials. I'm the manager.

(MORE)

MANAGER (CONT'D)

When the voucher has been used I mark it with my initials and then it's processed.

ANSEL

I was given that by the hotel.

MANAGER

I understand, but what I'm saying is that you used it last night. I remember you. It looks like you-like *someone* tried to erase the writing but it's pen ink. It's faded but still there.

Ansel sits up.

ANSEL

I am a guest of the hotel. I was promised one complimentary meal a day while I'm staying here.

MANAGER

That's fine but I don't know anything about that. You're going to want to talk with hotel management about that. But this is no good and I need you to pay for your food.

ANSEL

How much is it?

MANAGER

Four seventy five--

ANSEL

(cutting him off)  
I don't have that.

MANAGER

How much do you have?

Ansel stuffs the remainder of his sandwich in his mouth. It's too big a piece and hard to chew.

ANSEL

(mouth full)  
Nothing. I don't have anything.

He continues to stare and chew, antagonistic...

MANAGER

I'm going to have to ask you to leave.

ANSEL

I'd like to finish my meal.

MANAGER

And I'd like for you to leave.  
Plus, you've eaten your food.

Ansel's plate is clean. He scans the table. He casually reaches for the ketchup bottle, turns it upside down and gives it a few shakes onto his plate. He eats a bite of ketchup using his fork...

MANAGER (CONT'D)

Please, stop that.

He doesn't... The manager slides the plate away from him.

Ansel reaches for the syrup dispenser but the manager steps in and grabs him. A struggle ensues in the confines of the booth.

The young waiter stays back, unsure of what to do.

The manager forces Ansel out of the booth. DELAYED PAN as the manager pushes him towards the exit.

2

**INT. HOTEL HALLWAY/LOBBY - DAY - CONTINUOUS**

2

Ansel is shoved through the doors and out of the restaurant...

MANAGER

I want you to know that I saw you take that voucher out of the trash. I wasn't going to say anything about that because I didn't want to embarrass you but then all this happened...

(beat)

So I'm saying it.

\*\*\*\*

Ansel straightens his jacket and walks into the lobby of the three star hotel as if nothing happened. People stare for a moment but quickly go back to their business.

Ansel spots a fallen poster and stand. He rights the stand and puts the poster back in its place.

On the poster is Ansel's somewhat sad smiling face holding a book called FOLLOWER: INSIDE THE MIND OF THE CONTROLLED BY ANSEL ROTH, PHD.

A HOTEL GUEST stops as she's walking past. She looks at the poster, then at Ansel. Ansel stares back.

HOTEL GUEST  
You look familiar.

ANSEL  
(re: the poster)  
That is me.

HOTEL GUEST  
No, from somewhere else.

ANSEL  
I don't know you so I don't know  
how you would know me.

Confused, she walks away.

CONCIERGE (O.S.)  
Mr. Roth.

The CONCIERGE approaches. He smiles professionally.

CONCIERGE (CONT'D)  
Only a few more hours until your  
presentation. Do you have  
everything you need?

ANSEL  
My sign was on the ground.

CONCIERGE  
I'm sorry to hear that.  
Housekeeping was wondering at what  
point they might expect your things  
to be gathered so they can turn  
over the room.

ANSEL  
Also, why was my dinner only comped  
last night? I was under the  
impression I would get one free  
meal per day.  
(beat)  
What time is check out tomorrow  
morning? I can be out by then.

CONCIERGE

I think there's been some sort of misunderstanding.

ANSEL

...

CONCIERGE

According to the agreed upon terms for your speaking arrangement you were entitled to a night's stay and one free meal at our restaurant. You used both last night.

ANSEL

Terry is aware of this?

CONCIERGE

I don't know who Terry is.

ANSEL

My manager. The man who made the deal.

CONCIERGE

Terry agreed to the terms, yes. Checkout should have been at noon. Can you be out of the room in the next hour?

Ansel stares at his poster...

ANSEL

Can this wait until after the seminar?

CONCIERGE

No, I'm sorry. You can pay for another room tonight, though. I can give you a reduced employee rate. We accept Traveler's checks or you could always pay in cash.

ANSEL

(shaking his head)  
Can I make a telephone call?

CONCIERGE

Is it a local number?

ANSEL

(lying)  
Yes.

3

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - GUEST CHECK IN - DAY

3

The concierge presses 9 on the large phone and passes it to Ansel who clearly dials enough digits to be a long distance number. The concierge shakes his head disappointingly but does nothing about it and instead helps another guest.

The phone rings. It rings again. And again before...

ANSEL

Hello, Terry? Pick up.

(waits)

It's me, Ansel.

(waits)

Roth-- Ansel Roth. Can you pick up, Terry?

A NEWLYWED COUPLE steps up to the counter next to Ansel. The \*\*\* RECEPTIONIST congratulates the happy pair...

Ansel moves to the edge of the counter and turns his back to them.

ANSEL (CONT'D)

Sorry, I'm still here. I guess you're not in the office right now. Terry, I don't... This is... I'm at the seminar in...

He leans over and interrupts the receptionist helping the couple...

ANSEL (CONT'D)

What town is this?

RECEPTIONIST

I'll be right with you, sir. I'm assisting these guests.

She looks back at the couple and begins to speak.

ANSEL

(interrupting; to the couple)

What town is this?

YOUNG MARRIED MAN

(annoyed)

Shepardsville.

Ansel returns to the edge of the counter. The receptionist apologizes to the couple.

ANSEL

(back into the phone)

Shepardsville. I'm about to do the seminar and I need to talk to you, Terry. It's about the deal and the remainder of the... the tour.

(beat)

Things are not good. They are not good. Okay, I'm hanging up now. I'm going to go.

He hangs up the phone.

4                    **INT. ANSEL'S HOTEL ROOM - BATHROOM - DAY**                    4

Ansel pees into the toilet. He finishes and reaches for the lever to flush but decides not to. He also decides to leave the seat up.

He removes the toilet paper from the dispenser. He takes the shampoo and soap from the shower as well as a towel and a hand towel.

5                    **INT. ANSEL'S HOTEL ROOM - LIVING AREA - DAY**                    5

Ansel tosses the toiletries into his suitcase... Half the space is full of copies of his book.

He scans the room for other things to steal. He takes the 9 volt battery out of the bulky remote control and puts it in his coat pocket.

There's a knock at the door...

HOUSEKEEPING (O.S.)

Housekeeping.

Ansel closes up his suitcase and carries it with him. He opens the door to see a nice OLDER WOMAN with an accent.

HOUSEKEEPING (CONT'D)

Is okay?

ANSEL

Yes, it is okay.

She smiles. He starts to leave but...

ANSEL (CONT'D)

(feeling guilty)

Sorry. One second.

He goes into the bathroom and closes the lid and flushes the toilet...

He listens to the sound as he stares at himself in the mirror.

6 **EXT. HOTEL PARKING LOT - DAY**

6

Ansel totes his suitcase to a used late 70's Chevy Chevette.

He pops open the trunk to the hatchback revealing stacks of boxes filled with copies of his book. He places the suitcase in the trunk and removes two of the boxes of books before slamming the door shut.

Ansel walks back towards the hotel with the boxes but struggles to carry them.

7 **INT. HOTEL - CONFERENCE HALL - DAY**

7

The somewhat large space is brightly lit by the room's overhead fluorescents. A small stage has been set up at the head of the room flanked by the poster and stand from earlier on one side and a table full of books on the other. Very low budget.

Ansel stands on the stage in front of a hundred or so event chairs, though only a quarter of them are filled. Despite the small crowd and less than ideal setup he speaks with conviction. He he has every beat memorized...

ANSEL

I'm talking about free will.  
Choice. Decisions that are decided  
upon by ourselves. So we're in  
control, right? Yes? No? We make a  
plan but life has other ideas,  
doesn't it? Making a choice for  
yourself based on what life gives  
you- That is free will.

\*

\*

It's like a sermon. Ansel puts everything he has into it...

ANSEL (CONT'D)

But what if someone else is in control? What if they control your physical body? Your mind's every thought? Your emotional well being? Well, ladies and gentlemen, cults do this. They exploit the fact that inside every single one of us is the capacity to be captivated. To be manipulated. Controlled. They exploit your weaknesses. They hack our consciousness and remove you from those who care about you. They create physical and emotional barriers distancing you from everyone and everything you once knew... including yourself. They mold you. Conform you. Even with that voice in the back of your head screaming "Get out!" most give in.

A MOTHER in the audience gathers her young SON to leave. The child wears swim trunks and has a towel wrapped around his shoulders, having just been at the hotel pool.

Ansel stops speaking for a moment. He listens as the sound of wet flip-flops SMACK the soles of the boy's feet echoes through the room.

ANSEL (CONT'D)

When another human being makes decisions for you your free will ceases to be.

He watches as the kid follows his mother towards the door.

ANSEL (CONT'D)

You're a follower.

The son glances back at Ansel. Ansel stares him down. The boy exits.

ANSEL (CONT'D)

(back to business)

At that point you have become a follower. But you don't have to be. You may ask, "How do I escape this imprisonment?"

A MAN IN THE AUDIENCE laughs. Ansel is caught off guard but continues...

ANSEL (CONT'D)

Well I'm going to talk with you about that. At this point I encourage you to follow along in my book. For those who don't have a copy they can be purchased from me at this time for fifteen dollars.

The man makes a bigger fuss this time. Audience members look back at the man...

ANSEL (CONT'D)

(to the man)

Do you have a question?

MAN IN THE AUDIENCE

No, I do not.

Ansel redirects his attention back to the seminar...

ANSEL

No one needs a book? I see a lot of you do not have the book--

MAN IN THE AUDIENCE

(interrupting)

Fuck you.

ANSEL

Me?

MAN IN THE AUDIENCE

You. I'm talking to you.

ANSEL

I'm not sure what you're trying to say.

MAN IN THE AUDIENCE

Does it bother you that you cannot control me?

ANSEL

I encourage those with questions to save them until the end.

MAN IN THE AUDIENCE

You're lying to these people. You stand there, pretending to have the answers.

ANSEL

No I do not. This, all of this, is based on my years of experience and research. I am offering people a path.

MAN IN THE AUDIENCE

Who are you?

ANSEL

Who are you?

MAN IN THE AUDIENCE

Who are you?

ANSEL

I'm Ansel Roth, one of the world's foremost authorities on mind control and cult organizations--

\*\*\*

MAN IN THE AUDIENCE

You're a murderer.

The audience begins to rustle. Whispers can be heard. Ansel stands there silent and motionless, then...

ANSEL

(realizing)

Who are you?

\*\*\*\*

The man walks towards the stage...

MAN IN THE AUDIENCE

You brainwashed my family into thinking what they were doing was right.

ANSEL

It was.

MAN IN THE AUDIENCE

You and people who claimed to care about her gang-raped her mind. You broke her. You destroyed her.

The man makes his way onto the stage and stands in front of Ansel.

MAN IN THE AUDIENCE (CONT'D)

Then you exploited her. You humiliated her for the world to see.

ANSEL

She would be dead if-- I know she's not alive now, but still, she'd be dead if she stayed with the group.

MAN IN THE AUDIENCE

She wouldn't have died alone. \*

There's something in the way Ansel looks at the man. Remorse? \*

ANSEL

Your family knew they were losing her. We tried to help her. You have to see that. Please, understand.

It seems as if he might have gotten through to the man.

The man looks around at the crowd and smiles....

MAN IN THE AUDIENCE

It's good to see you've ruined your own life just as much as you've ruined the lives of others.

His words hang in the air a moment. The audience stares at Ansel, waiting for a response. He's tried to keep it together but it's clear he's given up...

ANSEL

You are right. Your sister was broken. But I had nothing to do with that. She had the choice of living with people who ignored her, controlled her, abused her... or dying alone in solidarity with a suicide cult. She made her choice, huh?

The entire hall is silent... Then the man punches Ansel HARD in the eye. Ansel falls to the ground. The man kicks him in the stomach several times then spits on him.

MAN IN THE AUDIENCE

Piece of shit. I hope you die.

(beat)

And I hope I broke one of your ribs.

The audience watches unfazed as if it were part of the show.

The man turns and walks away. Ansel lays there in the fetal position, moaning loudly and uncontrollably.

8

**INT. HOTEL - CONFERENCE HALL - EVENING - LATER**

8\*\*\*\*

Hotel staff stack up chairs and getting ready for their next event, a wedding.

Ansel is bloodied and bruised. He's got the beginnings of a black eye. He boxes up the unsold books (all of them) and tries to lift the box onto a dolly but immediately stops and clutches the right side of his rib cage.

An OLDER MARRIED COUPLE approaches from off screen...

HUSBAND (O.S.)

Do you need a hand with that?

Ansel almost ignores him but decides he needs the help.

ANSEL

Just stack it.

(beat)

Please.

The man stacks the boxes on the dolly. Ansel feels his eye socket.

HUSBAND

This is my wife, Evelyn, and my name is Paul.

Ansel doesn't respond...

PAUL

We attended your seminar.

\*\*\*\*

ANSEL

Did you buy a book?

EVELYN

We already have a copy. Big fans.

ANSEL  
I can sign it for five dollars.

PAUL  
Oh, I don't think that'll be necessary.

Ansel goes back about his business.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
... Can you make it out to Claire?

Evelyn pulls a copy from her purse. Though it has Ansel's face on the cover it's not the same book...

ANSEL  
I don't sign that book. I only sign this one. Put that away, please.

They're both taken aback...

PAUL  
Okay, we'll take one then. How much?

ANSEL  
Fifteen.

Evelyn looks to Paul...

ANSEL (CONT'D)  
(without hesitation)  
Ten.

Paul goes through his wallet and pulls out ten dollars.

Ansel checks the bill in the light then hands him the book...

ANSEL (CONT'D)  
And you'll want that signed.

PAUL  
Umm. Yes. Right.

Ansel digs through a box to find a pen. Paul hands the book back to Ansel...

EVELYN  
I'm sorry about your show.

ANSEL  
This one just now?

EVELYN

No, your television show. I thought it was really something. It's a shame...

ANSEL

I don't... Yeah- Claire you said?

PAUL

She's our daughter.

Ansel stands there as if waiting... They stand there a moment before Paul realizes...

PAUL (CONT'D)

Oh, sorry.

He pulls out his wallet and hands Ansel five ones. Ansel counts the bills then signs the opening page.

PAUL (CONT'D)

That is why we came actually... She is why we are here.

EVELYN

We were wondering if we might be able to talk with you about our daughter.

ANSEL

It has been a long day. I just... I need to sleep.

(remembering)

In my hotel room. At this hotel.

EVELYN

We believe she is in a very dangerous situation. Nothing has been able to get through to her.

PAUL

Mr. Roth, sir. People like you don't have ads Yellow Pages. We do not know who else to turn to. That's why we came tonight, to see and speak with you. If we could just take a moment of your time.

ANSEL

To be perfectly honest, everything I would tell you would be a half assed version of something on a page in that book in your hand because I just do not give a shit anymore. Good luck with everything.

He grabs the dolly of things and leaves...

PAUL

We just want our daughter back.

Ansel doesn't look back.

9

**EXT. HOTEL PARKING LOT - NIGHT**

9

He wheels the dolly (labelled HOTEL PROPERTY) out to his car, parked in the same spot as before. There's a piece of paper under his windshield wiper. It appears to be a ticket...

ANSEL

Goddamnit.

Ansel grabs the paper opens it up and begins reading to himself. After a few seconds...

INTIMIDATING MAN (O.S.)

This is a notice.

ANSEL

What are you talking about? Is this a court document? Am I being served?

\*\*\*

INTIMIDATING MAN

In a way, yes. This is a matter between two gentlemen: my employer and yourself. Putting it in writing ensures there's no confusion.

\*\*\*

\*\*\*

ANSEL

Who is your boss?

INTIMIDATING MAN

A mister Terry.

ANSEL

Terry? Terry has been my manager for ten years. Have we met? If not why have I never seen you before?

INTIMIDATING MAN

I handle matters that require a special sort of attention.

The man pulls his coat jacket back revealing... nothing. There's nothing...

INTIMIDATING MAN (CONT'D)

I don't carry a gun. You want to know why? Because I don't need one.

ANSEL

Okay.

INTIMIDATING MAN

I have also been asked to tell you that Terry has dropped you as a client. That is also in the document.

ANSEL

Is this about the book?

INTIMIDATING MAN

Everything is explained clearly and concisely on the page in your hand. But yes, this is about the book. You are to be back in the city in a week. Because of your relationship, Terry would like for you to have that week to come up with the money. This is very considerate of him. It is strongly advised that you be able to pay what you owe.

ANSEL

Can I just give him the books back?

The man laughs as he pats Ansel firmly on the back...

INTIMIDATING MAN

One week.

10

**INT/EXT. ANSEL'S CAR - HOTEL PARKING LOT - NIGHT**

10

Ansel sits in the driver's seat of his car. He stares straight ahead with his hands clutching the steering wheel.

He suddenly turns the key to the ignition. After sputtering a few times the vehicle comes to life.

11      **EXT. HOTEL PARKING LOT - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER**      11

Ansel ducks behind his car and awkwardly lowers his face next to the exhaust pipe. He breathes in the exhaust fumes...

He takes deeper and deeper breaths. He coughs then takes some more breaths which makes him cough even more. After a while of this though his body can't take anymore...

Ansel rolls away from the car, gasping for air. He pulls himself to his hands and knees and throws up. It's sad.

12      **INT/EXT. ANSEL'S CAR - HOTEL PARKING LOT - MORNING**      12

His arms are crossed in an attempt to stay warm but he still shivers as he sleeps in the driver's seat of his Chevette.

There's a careful knock on the window. He wakes to see Paul and Evelyn smiling outside the vehicle...

PAUL  
(muffled through the  
glass)  
Good morning Mr. Roth.

Ansel starts up the car and puts his seat upright...

ANSEL  
I was just leaving.

EVELYN  
(muffled)  
Thank you for the book, again.

Ansel nods and half waves without making eye contact...

ANSEL  
Okay, that's fine.

He puts the car into gear.

PAUL  
(muffled)  
Can we buy you breakfast?

Ansel puts the car back into park and turns off the engine. He rolls the window all the way down via hand crank, looks up at the couple and after all this simply says...

ANSEL  
Yes.

13      INT. RESTROOM - DINER - MORNING

13

- Ansel takes his jacket off and rolls up his sleeves. He washes his face.

- He works up a lather in his hair using hand-soap then rinses in the sink.

- He dries his hair under the air dryer. The automatic shut off kicks in after several seconds so he punches the button again. It shuts off again. He pushes the button again...

14      INT. DINER - MORNING

14

Ansel's hair is still slightly damp. He eats with a ravenous appetite as Paul and Evelyn talk...

PAUL

Our daughter is not well. She has been poisoned. She's someone else. She doesn't listen to us anymore.

EVELYN

She's not around to listen to us. We haven't seen her in months. And we're not talking about her not obeying because she's an adult but--

PAUL

It's like she's shut off from the world.

ANSEL

What is the name of the group?

PAUL

They call themselves "Faults".

ANSEL

I haven't heard of that one. Who is the founder?

PAUL

We don't know. No one know's anything about them. We don't even know how Claire came to find them.

ANSEL

When was the last time you spoke to her?

EVELYN  
(looking to Paul)  
A week ago? On the phone.

ANSEL  
What did she say?

PAUL  
I told her that we missed her. That  
we were worried about her.

ANSEL  
How did she react to that?

PAUL  
She told us that she found God and  
that she made love with "it" the  
night before while others watched.

Ansel takes a huge bite of pancake while Evelyn and Paul wait  
for him to say something. He takes a drink...

ANSEL  
That does sound troubling.

EVELYN  
We've tried everything.

ANSEL  
Are you still supporting her  
financially?

EVELYN  
No, we cut her off last year.

ANSEL  
Does she have a car?

PAUL  
They tried to sell it but it was in  
my name.

ANSEL  
You are lucky. They usually sell  
off items of value to fund the  
group.

PAUL  
A few days later Claire reported it  
stolen. The next day it turned up  
in our driveway.

ANSEL  
That's good.

PAUL

It was on fire.

ANSEL

Have you tried a family intervention? Exit counseling?

EVELYN

We did. Thanksgiving day. The group discourages interaction with family and friends, especially on what they call "days of falsities". Holidays. We convinced her to come. That it would be okay.

Evelyn becomes choked up...

PAUL

When Claire arrived and saw what it was she immediately turned violent. There was an anger in her eyes. I don't know if this is going to make sense but... For how weak she looked, emotionally, physically, she had a strength that I have never seen in her before. I don't want to lose her, Mr. Roth.

Up to this point Ansel has treated this meeting as a free meal but he no longer can. He stops eating...

ANSEL

There is one other option you have here. Are you familiar with deprogramming?

This concerns the couple...

PAUL

Is that what you did with that man? The one from last night?

ANSEL

His sister. Yes, we attempted a deprogramming on her six years ago.

\*

EVELYN

I don't... I don't know what that is.

ANSEL

A man named Ted Patrick developed the method fifteen years ago.

(MORE)

ANSEL (CONT'D)

We would forcibly take your daughter away from the group---

EVELYN

You're talking about kidnapping my Claire?

ANSEL

Under the legal definition, yes. But it's for her own good. We would take her far away to someplace where she would not know where she was but more importantly where no one else would be able to find her. I would begin the process of breaking her down- Making her question the group's beliefs and their innate contradictions.

PAUL

What are the chances of something like this working?

ANSEL

In the end there is a fifty percent chance you will have your daughter back--

EVELYN

And a fifty percent chance we will lose her forever.

PAUL

Evelyn.

ANSEL

No, no. She is absolutely right. I need to be honest with you, the chances of this working are even less than that. This is extremely dangerous for everyone involved, especially Claire. But if you believe in the deepest part of yourself that you have done everything you can to save her and yet she continues to fall away from you you have to ask yourself, "How far am I willing to go?"

Paul and Evelyn look at each other. It's tense.

A waitress pops up to the booth unexpectedly...

PERKY WAITRESS  
Y'all save room for dessert?

ANSEL  
No, thank you.

PAUL AND EVELYN  
(shaking their heads  
smiling)

No.

She scribbles on her pad and leaves the check on the table.

PERKY WAITRESS (CONT'D)  
Alright, well it was a pleasure  
serving y'all today. Come back and  
see us again real soon.

Paul takes the check and studies the tab...

ANSEL  
Thank you for breakfast, Paul,  
Evelyn. That brings me to one last  
thing if you do decide to do what  
we just talked about doing... I do  
not know how to say this without  
sounding insensitive. It will not  
be cheap.

15

**INT. TRANSPORT VAN - DAY**

15

*The entirety of this scene will take place from inside the van.*

The van is in motion. There are three men inside all wearing ski masks. One man drives while the other two sit in the stripped out back of the vehicle.

DRIVER  
(muffled shouting)  
Jefferson and High Street.

The two masked men in the back, RAYMOND AND JAMES, black and white respectively, look at each other. One points to his ear and shakes his head.

RAYMOND  
(muffled)  
I don't know what you're trying to  
say.

JAMES  
(muffled)  
I can't hear shit through this.

RAYMOND  
 (shouting)  
 What?

The driver looks back and pulls up his mask revealing it's Ansel. The two men pull the mask away from their ears...

ANSEL  
 We are a block away. In and out.  
 And remember, no names.

He turns back around and they all put their masks back in place...

ANSEL (CONT'D)  
 (muffled)  
 Ready?!

He slams on his brakes. James falls into the front seat. Raymond slides open the side door and jumps out of the van leaving the door open...

We look out the opening as James exits via the passenger door. We see that we are at...

16

**INT/EXT. GROCERY STORE PARKING LOT - DAY - CONTINUOUS**

16

The two men sprint toward a young woman. She's late twenties, brunette, pretty. She wears a baggy dress with sandals and pushes a shopping cart. We realize this is CLAIRE.

Claire stands there a moment unsure of what is happening but as they get within a few dozen feet she begins to run, still pushing the cart.

Seconds later the men catch up to her and grab her from behind. She grips the cart with all her might and doesn't let go. They pull her towards the van...

The cart tips over onto the ground taking Claire and Raymond with it. She loses her sandals. James tries to wrangle her legs but instead he gets kicked in the face.

Raymond hurries to his feet and grabs one of her legs while James manages to take hold of the other. They drag her towards the van as she keeps hold of the cart. She's screaming at the top of her lungs over the sound of metal against asphalt.

A few people step into the background of the frame. Everyone looks concerned but no one does anything and cell phones don't really exist yet so...



18 OMITTED 18 \*\*\*

19 INT/EXT. TRANSPORT VAN - MOTEL PARKING LOT - NIGHT 19

Raymond sits in the passenger seat. There are cars scattered throughout the lot but most seem to be in the spaces closest to the building.

ANSEL

We want to get as close as possible  
so I can back in.

He slows down as he drives past a row of rooms.

ANSEL (CONT'D)

What number are we again?

Raymond pulls a set of keys out of his pocket...

RAYMOND

205.

\*\*\*\*

ANSEL

(realizing)

That is the second floor.

RAYMOND

They didn't have any non-smoking  
rooms left on the first floor.

ANSEL

Why does that matter?

RAYMOND

None of us smoke.

ANSEL

Go to the office and say you made a  
mistake and you would like  
something on the first floor.

Still holding the keys...

RAYMOND

But this is adjoining with the  
other one.

(leaning in, quieter)

They're already here.

Ansel pauses a beat...

He throws the van into reverse and begins to back into a space near the building between two cars. He almost hits a car. He stops, corrects, and tries again. He's going at the wrong angle and has to stop again. Frustrated he throws it into drive, accelerates into a space in the middle of the lot and shuts off the engine...

ANSEL

We have to be natural about this.  
We can't draw attention to ourselves. I need one of you to go to the room with my things and one with her and me.

20

**INT/EXT. TRANSPORT VAN - MOTEL PARKING LOT - NIGHT**

20

James steps out of the van and slams the door shut...

Ansel crouches in front of Claire who's propped up against the wall. Raymond watches...

ANSEL

I know you are probably a little confused about what is happening right now. All you need to know is that I am your friend.

(beat)

These two men with me are not your friends.

Ansel carefully cuts the tape off from around her ankles...

ANSEL (CONT'D)

In a few moments we are going to step out of this van and we are going to walk across this parking lot, up a flight of stairs, down a walkway and into a room.

Ansel cuts the tape off from around her wrists.

Claire looks at him unsure if she can trust him. Ansel feigns trust in her...

ANSEL (CONT'D)

If you do anything stupid I will still be your friend but these men who are not your friends will hurt you.

He gently tears the tape off of her face...

ANSEL (CONT'D)

Do not do anything stupid. I cannot stress this enough. I promise everything will be okay. Nod if you believe me.

She stays perfectly still. Ansel nods slightly...

ANSEL (CONT'D)

(to Raymond)

Open the door.

21

**EXT. PENNY PINCHER MOTEL - PARKING LOT - NIGHT**

21

Raymond steps out first followed by Ansel. He offers a hand to Claire who refuses...

She exits on her own and almost defiantly begins walking. Ansel calmly puts his hand on her shoulder to slow her down.

*We track with them all the way from the van to the room.*

It's late. The place is quiet.

\*\*\*

They pass between two cars parked near the building. Suddenly Claire grabs the handle to the driver's side door of one of the cars. It's unlocked. She gets her body halfway inside the vehicle before Raymond is able to grab her...

Raymond grasps her wrist firmly. She doesn't scream but there are tears in her eyes. Ansel closes the car door quietly and motions to Raymond who releases his grip...

They walk up the stairs. We see the bottoms of Claire's bare feet which are black.

22

**EXT. PENNY PINCHER MOTEL - UPSTAIRS WALKWAY - NIGHT**

22

As they round the corner at the top of the stairs they stop...

\*\*\*

\*\*\*

A TEN YEAR OLD GIRL wearing pajamas stands outside room 223 holding an ice bucket. She stares at Claire who's flanked by two men.

\*\*\*

\*\*\*

They stand there a moment, no one moving. Ansel has them start walking again...

\*\*\*

\*\*\*

Claire makes eye contact with the girl as they pass but she doesn't say anything. The young girl stares as they continue past her but eventually takes off towards the ice machine.

And with that they step inside the room and close the door.

23

**INT. ROOM 205 - MOTEL - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

23\*\*\*\*

Ansel immediately shuts/locks the door and closes the blinds. It's obvious there's a sort of routine and he's done this before.

Claire, in a state of shock, sits on the edge of the bed. Tears fall down her face as she begins to cry.

Without hesitation Ansel flips on the television and turns up the volume.

He notices the queen size bed...

ANSEL

Why is there just the one bed?

Raymond looks at the bed...

ANSEL (CONT'D)

Nevermind. Where are my things?

James hands Ansel his suitcase.

Ansel removes a screw driver from a pouch inside...

He opens the door to the bathroom and reverses the knobs so that the lock is now on the outside instead of the inside. When he finishes...

ANSEL (CONT'D)

(to James)

You, come here.

James walks over...

ANSEL (CONT'D)

Is my car here?

JAMES

In the back row near the lamp post... Where's my money?

Ansel removes a copy of his book from the suitcase and opens it up to reveal an envelope. He takes the keys to the van out of his pant pocket and holds both in his hand...

ANSEL

You drive the van straight back to the lot. No stopping except for gas.

JAMES

Is there per diem for that?

ANSEL

Yes. There is an extra thirty to go along with your share which should take care of it. You are not to contact us. You do not speak of this to anyone. No one.

\*

James takes the envelope and keys from Ansel's hand. Ansel stares him down...

ANSEL (CONT'D)

There is one last thing.

(quiet)

He vouched for you and I appreciate your help.

(beat, still quiet)

I told you, no one lays a hand on her. You should not have done that.

\*\*\*\*

The two men stare each other down. James cracks a smile...

JAMES

What the fuck are you going to do about it?

Ansel tries to stand strong but ends up looking down at the ground submissively.

James looks at Claire who's eye is swollen from the slap. She turns and stares James down only she doesn't give in like Ansel did...

James shifts his weight. The grin falls from his face. He opens the door and leaves. Ansel locks the dead-bolt behind him.

Claire stares blankly at the screen. Ansel steps between her and the television...

ANSEL

That was not a smart thing you did back there with the car.

She stares through him.

ANSEL (CONT'D)

I hope something like that does not happen again. Remember that I am here to help.

Claire's gaze focuses on Ansel...

CLAIRE  
(tearing up)  
Help?

ANSEL  
I know right now that makes little  
sense.

CLAIRE  
What do you want with me?

ANSEL  
I will explain things to you in the  
morning.

CLAIRE  
I just want to go home.

Ansel pauses for a moment.

ANSEL  
You will. I promise.

Ansel walks over to Raymond who's standing in the corner of  
the room. He talks so Claire can't hear him...

ANSEL (CONT'D)  
Make sure she doesn't sleep.

\*\*\*

Raymond nods.

Ansel takes a pillow and blanket from the bed and lays down  
on the floor in front of the door. The glow from the set  
flickers on the walls of the room. He closes his eyes.

24

**INT. ROOM 205 - MOTEL - MORNING**

24\*\*\*\*

Ansel wakes to the tinny sound of the TV's mono speaker. He  
sits up and sees Claire sitting in the exact same spot in  
front of the TV. Raymond stands against the wall, visibly  
tired.

Ansel stands and peers through the blinds.

He grabs his suitcase and walks towards Raymond...

ANSEL  
How did she do?

RAYMOND  
She didn't move a muscle.

ANSEL

Good.

RAYMOND

This is going to sound bad. I probably shouldn't tell you this but I know I fell asleep a couple times last night. Cat naps or whatever.

ANSEL

Ok. You are right. That does sound bad.

\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*

RAYMOND

The reason I'm telling you this is because... She could have done something and she didn't.

Ansel looks at Claire.

ANSEL

(to Raymond)

I need to get ready.

25

**INT. BATHROOM - ROOM 205 - MOTEL - MORNING**

25\*\*\*\*

- Ansel showers.

- He shaves, leaving his mustache intact.

- He gets dressed in his brown suit from before.

As he puts on his shoes a drop of blood falls next to his foot onto the tile. Another drop falls on the grout between another set of tiles...

Ansel's nose is bleeding. He tilts his head back and inspects himself in the mirror. He plugs the nostril with a rolled up piece of toilet paper.

He tries to wipe up the blood from the floor but the grout is stained...

He searches for something to clean the stain and spots a small ball of steel wool in the trash can. He takes it, pretreats the spot with a bar of soap and some water then scrubs the grout clean...

Ansel rinses the steel wool in the sink and shakes it dry.

There's a knock on the bathroom door...

RAYMOND (O.S.)  
How much longer you gonna be? I  
need to take off.

ANSEL  
Coming.

Without thinking, Ansel puts the steel wool in his jacket  
pocket and gathers his things...

26

INT. ROOM 205 - MOTEL - MORNING - MOMENTS LATER

26\*\*\*\*

Ansel exits the bathroom to find Claire still watching TV.

RAYMOND  
(re: Ansel's nose)  
Are you okay?

ANSEL  
Fine. Everything is fine.

Ansel retrieves another envelope from his suitcase and gives  
it to Raymond.

ANSEL (CONT'D)  
I need you to knock on the door and  
check in with... Just say you're  
with me.

RAYMOND  
Will do. You're on your own now.

Raymond goes to leave but takes one last look at Claire  
before he exits the room.

Ansel locks the door behind him. He takes the toilet paper  
out of his nose and checks for blood. It's stopped. He tosses  
it in the trash.

He turns off the TV and pulls up a chair in front of Claire.  
Her eyes are dry and bloodshot...

ANSEL  
How are you?

CLAIRE  
They're going to find me. You  
realize there is no hiding from  
them...

\*  
\*

ANSEL  
He said you did not try to sleep.  
Why not?

CLAIRE  
I couldn't.

ANSEL  
Aren't you tired?

CLAIRE  
Yes.

ANSEL  
Do you know why you are here?

She doesn't respond.

ANSEL (CONT'D)  
You have a family. A mother and  
father and they love you like crazy  
but they feel like they have lost  
you--

CLAIRE  
They did this?

ANSEL  
They are worried about you, Claire.

CLAIRE  
Don't call me that. She was weak  
and stupid.

ANSEL  
What would you like me to call you?

CLAIRE  
Just don't call me that.

ANSEL  
We won't say that name.

CLAIRE  
Why are you doing this?

ANSEL  
My name is Ansel Roth. I am a  
counselor. I specialize in helping  
people who are lost and who may be  
under the control of others.

CLAIRE  
I'm not lost. I found myself. And I  
choose to live my life the way I  
live because God wills it.

ANSEL

I am here because I want to learn.  
I want you to tell me about  
yourself. About your choices.

CLAIRE

Where are my parents?

ANSEL

That is not important. This is just  
you and me right now.

Claire is seething...

ANSEL (CONT'D)

Tell me what you are thinking right  
now.

CLAIRE

I'm thinking about how I want to  
rip your tongue out of your throat  
so you'll shut up. That you're  
close enough that I could reach out  
and strangle you with my bare hands  
and that I'd like to. I'm just  
waiting for a sign from God.

ANSEL

That is understandable.

(beat)

Just so you know, I am probably  
going to move back a little now.

Ansel stands up and moves his chair a couple feet back. He  
stays standing...

ANSEL (CONT'D)

I was not being facetious when I  
said I was here to learn.

SMOKE suddenly begins to permeate from Ansel's jacket  
pocket...

ANSEL (CONT'D)

I know it does not seem like it now  
but this will be a positive  
experience. At least try not to  
kill me until you have had a chance  
to hear me out, signs from God be  
damned.

Ansel's pocket full on catches fire.

CLAIRE

I need to go to the bathroom.

Ansel realizes he's on fire...

ANSEL

Ahhh!

He tears off his jacket and throws it on the ground. He quickly stomps out the fire then stares at the jacket in disbelief.

Ansel picks up the burnt jacket and reaches into the pocket. He pulls out the now charred 9 volt battery he took from the hotel room. He "hot potatoes" it several times before inspecting it. A small piece of steel wool clings to it.

He looks up at Claire. Neither says anything.

27

**INT. ROOM 205 - MOTEL - DAY - MOMENTS LATER**

27\*\*\*\*

Ansel tests the lock to the bathroom door demonstrating that it can no longer be locked from the inside. Claire looks at him like he's crazy...

ANSEL

I have to be sure you won't hurt yourself.

She steps into the bathroom and turns back at him...

CLAIRE

Like that would stop me. You might as well take the door off the hinges. You can just watch me, then. You'd like that, wouldn't you?

Claire pulls her dress up and starts to pull down her underwear but Ansel turns his head and closes the door.

Ansel stands by the door for a moment but decides to give her some privacy.

He notices the mini bar and begins looking through its contents...

ANSEL

(shouting to Claire)  
You can have a pop if you like.

There's no response. Ansel skims the laminated price list on the door of the fridge...

ANSEL (CONT'D)

Also, the chocolate isn't too expensive.

He straightens up sensing the quiet. He walks to the bathroom door which is open a crack. We hear Claire crying softly. He knocks lightly then opens the door...

Claire sits on the floor against the bathtub with her knees to her chest.

ANSEL (CONT'D)

You need to come out.

Claire begins to yell though it's at conversational volume. Ansel doesn't say anything at first but eventually...

ANSEL (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

Claire continues to yell only slightly louder now.

ANSEL (CONT'D)

Come on. Let's sit back down and talk.

She gets louder.

ANSEL (CONT'D)

You need to stop.

Louder still. This is now a problem...

Ansel stands there for a moment. She stops abruptly... then SCREAMS AT THE TOP OF HER LUNGS. Ansel charges her and wrestles his hand over her mouth...

ANSEL (CONT'D)

Calm down. Listen to me. Just listen. Five days. That's all this is. Five days.

Claire begins to calm...

ANSEL (CONT'D)

After those five days you can do whatever it is you are going to do. You can go wherever you want to go and no one will stop you. All you need to do is talk to me.

(beat)

(MORE)

ANSEL (CONT'D)

Do you want me to take my hand off  
your mouth?

She nods. He lets go and gives her some space.

CLAIRE

Five days?

ANSEL

I promise.

CLAIRE

Then I can go home?

ANSEL

After that wherever you consider  
home to be you can go there, yes.  
Just promise me you will listen.  
Not just to me. To yourself.

CLAIRE

Okay.

She notices something...

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Your nose is bleeding again. I hit  
you?

He checks it. Yep, it's bleeding. He goes to the sink and  
turns on the water...

ANSEL

I don't think you did. I don't know  
why this keeps happening.

CLAIRE

Here, let me.

She hops to her feet and wipes her eyes. She grabs some  
toilet paper and places her hand behind his head...

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Tilt your head back.

She holds the wad of paper to his nose. Neither talks, they  
just stand there for a while.

Claire sits with her legs crossed in the middle of the bed  
facing Ansel who's sitting in a chair nearby.

ANSEL

Do you mind me asking how old you are?

CLAIRE

Age doesn't mean anything.

ANSEL

You mean in the group?

CLAIRE

The time it takes for our Earth to circle the Sun? Why? Why does that matter? It's an abstraction. Why is Earth so special? Time means nothing in eternity.

ANSEL

Your parents told me you were twenty eight.

CLAIRE

You shouldn't ask questions you know the answers to.

ANSEL

You're right. I'm sorry.

(beat)

Can you tell me about The Faults?

CLAIRE

Faults. No "the" just Faults.

ANSEL

Faults.

CLAIRE

From a fault comes a change.  
Destruction leads to something new.

ANSEL

Do you believe a change is on the way?

CLAIRE

I don't want to talk about that.

ANSEL

(smiling)

How about this? Who is your favorite band? You like music?

CLAIRE

We don't listen to music.

ANSEL  
I mean, before.

She thinks.

ANSEL (CONT'D)  
Rock and roll? Pop?

CLAIRE  
(unsure)  
Pop.

ANSEL  
Did you like Duran Duran?  
(no response)  
Mr. Mister?  
(nothing)  
Go-Gos?

CLAIRE  
Why are you saying them twice?

ANSEL  
Has it been that long?

She's almost embarrassed/confused by her lack of memory.

ANSEL (CONT'D)  
Any pets back home?

CLAIRE  
A dog.

ANSEL  
What was its name?

CLAIRE  
I know what you're trying to do.  
The past means nothing.

Ansel leans forward in his seat...

ANSEL  
How did they find you?

CLAIRE  
I found them. I was searching for  
them my whole life.

ANSEL  
But did someone hand you a pamphlet  
or did you have a friend who--

CLAIRE

No. You don't understand. I was meant to find them. I had to. One day I stepped outside and I walked. I walked until I reached a house. I had never been to this place before but I knew it. I had seen it. Something told me to walk in and I did.

ANSEL

And they took you in.

CLAIRE

I had been with them my whole life but at that moment my physical self was home.

ANSEL

Can you describe the group?

CLAIRE

In what context?

ANSEL

Who they are. Gender, race, age...  
I know these things don't mean anything to you but it helps me understand.

\*\*\*

CLAIRE

Men and women. Mostly men. No young ones but everyone else.

ANSEL

No children?

CLAIRE

Parasites. We don't have time to wait for them to grow autonomous.

ANSEL

So something is going to happen soon?

CLAIRE

I told you, I don't want to talk about that.

ANSEL

Right.

(beat)

How many people make up the group?

CLAIRE  
Thirty. Sometimes more sometimes  
less. It keeps changing.

ANSEL  
Tell me what role you play, Claire--

She winces...

ANSEL (CONT'D)  
Sorry. That was an accident. Who  
are you in Faults?

CLAIRE  
We are all students, every one of  
us.

ANSEL  
So there is a teacher?

CLAIRE  
We teach each other.

ANSEL  
There must be someone in charge.  
The person who came first.

CLAIRE  
(smiling)  
God.

ANSEL  
Who is God?

CLAIRE  
You have to answer that yourself.

ANSEL  
You're probably very tired. When  
we're tired we think less and feel  
more. Today I wanted you to feel.  
Do you understand?  
(beat)  
We should stop there. You did very  
well.

Claire smiles ever so slightly...

CLAIRE  
Thank you.

Ansel thinks to himself. He reaches out and touches her hand.

ANSEL

I was not planning on doing this so soon. I want to show you something. Is that okay?

An air of concern comes across Claire's face...

Ansel stands up and walks over to a door next to the television stand. He unlocks the knob on his side and opens the door. There's another door that is locked from the other side...

ANSEL (CONT'D)

I know this is going to be hard for you but I feel like you are ready.

He knocks on the door several times. We hear the door unlock from the other side.

29

**INT. ROOM 205 / ROOM 206 - MOTEL - EVENING - CONTINUOUS** 29\*\*\*\*

It opens to reveal Claire's parents and a mirrored version of room 205. This new adjoining room is room number 206. \*\*\*\*

Claire is unsure of how to respond.

Evelyn is smiling though it's clear she's holding back tears. Paul breaks the silence...

PAUL

Hi, sweetie.

Claire stays on the bed. Silence.

ANSEL

This is a lot, I know. I just wanted you to see them and know they were here. I don't want to keep secrets from you.

Nothing from Claire.

ANSEL (CONT'D)

Paul, Evelyn, I think that's enough for tonight. Let's give her a chance to process everything.

CLAIRE

(bursting into tears)  
Mommy. Daddy.

Claire walks over to her father, cautiously, and puts her arms around him. Her mother, now crying too, hugs both of them.

Ansel is at a loss for words. Not what he was expecting at all...

PAUL

Our baby. Our Claire.

Claire pulls away suddenly. The parents are unsure of what happened...

ANSEL

(quiet to the parents)

That's alright. She's not associating with that identity right now but that's alright.

EVELYN

What is that supposed to mean? Claire?

Claire gets back on the bed and hugs herself.

ANSEL

(quiet)

This is absolutely normal. There are two identities in a case such as hers. The before identity... before the cult and the cult identity.

PAUL

She's still our girl.

ANSEL

Yes and no. There is even a third identity that we will come to know when this is all over, the post identity. It will be a combination of the first two only the percentage of each will be determined by how successful we are over the next few days. We cannot force her to become Claire. It may come but it has to be at her speed.

\*\*\*\*

EVELYN

What do we call her?

ANSEL

You don't. She doesn't want that. Names of affection are fine. Baby, sweetie, honey. Whatever you called her back when things were normal.

PAUL

We never called her honey.

ANSEL

Don't call her that then.

Ansel looks back at Claire. She's watching the blinds which move with the flow of the air conditioner.

ANSEL (CONT'D)

She needs to sleep. Today was good. Tonight we should keep the doors closed.

PAUL

Can't we talk to her a little more?

ANSEL

In the morning. I want to do a session with her in the morning but after that I want to bring you both in. Is that alright?

They nod, take one last look at their daughter then close and lock their door. Ansel closes and locks his too.

30

**INT. ROOM 205 - MOTEL - NIGHT**

30\*\*\*\*

Ansel comes out of the bathroom to find Claire in the bed under the covers. She isn't in the middle of the queen size bed, instead she lays towards one side. He watches her for a moment...

CLAIRE

I'm not asleep.

ANSEL

I was just... Sorry.

CLAIRE

I left space for you.

He hesitates ever so slightly before...

ANSEL

I'll sleep on the floor.

Ansel picks up the blanket and pillow he used the night before and remakes his pallet in front of the front door.

Claire notices this and sits up...

CLAIRE  
I'm not going to leave.

ANSEL  
I trust you... but...

CLAIRE  
I understand.

Ansel lays down. He takes off his pants under the blanket.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
You want to know why I'm not going to leave? I feel like this is an opportunity. God is giving me a chance to save them.

ANSEL  
Who? Your parents?

CLAIRE  
I can teach them.

Beat.

ANSEL  
Can you turn off the light?

Claire twists the knob on the lamp. CLICK- Darkness.

31 **INT. ROOM 205 - MOTEL - MORNING**

31\*\*\*\*

Ansel wakes shivering. He lays on the floor in his underwear and a t-shirt, blanket off to the side.

We reveal Claire is standing above him. She's wearing a man's button-up shirt that covers her just enough.

Ansel's eyes open. At first he's unsure of where he is until he sees her. He realizes he's half naked and quickly covers up...

CLAIRE  
Good morning.

ANSEL  
What time is it?

CLAIRE  
It's light out.

ANSEL  
(embarrassed)  
Can you hand me my pants- to me?

She picks them up and hands them to him.

He awkwardly puts them on under the blanket...

ANSEL (CONT'D)  
Is that my shirt?

CLAIRE  
I need a change of clothes.

ANSEL  
Your parents brought some from  
home. We will see them in a couple  
of hours.

CLAIRE  
Okay.

ANSEL  
Can you put your dress back on?

She's slightly annoyed by this. She grabs her dress from the bed and goes into the bathroom. She leaves the door open but we can't see from our angle.

Ansel folds the blanket and puts it and the pillow away. He begins making the bed...

Claire comes out and tosses the shirt towards Ansel...

CLAIRE  
You don't have to do that.

ANSEL  
There won't be any housekeeping--

Claire messes up the sheets...

Ansel picks up his shirt...

ANSEL (CONT'D)  
Did you spray this with something?

CLAIRE  
No. With what?

ANSEL  
It smells floral... It's so faint.

CLAIRE  
I don't have anything.

Ansel shakes his head...

ANSEL  
Sorry, I know.  
(beat)  
Would you be okay talking with me  
this morning?

CLAIRE  
Will my parents be there?

ANSEL  
Just us first. Is that okay with  
you?

32

**INT. ROOM 205 - MOTEL - MORNING**

32\*\*\*\*

Claire sits on the floor this time. Ansel starts off in the  
chair...

ANSEL  
I want to talk with you some more  
about Faults.

CLAIRE  
What do you want to know?

ANSEL  
Sometimes if you don't know much  
about something you cannot ask the  
right questions. What would you  
like for me to know?

Claire thinks...

CLAIRE  
I've learned a lot about myself  
since I found them.  
(beat)  
Are you familiar with meditation?

ANSEL  
I am, yes. I do not, myself, but I  
am familiar with the process.

CLAIRE

I had never meditated before. I can't picture my current life now without it. I have goals.

ANSEL

What kind of goals?

CLAIRE

There are levels. The levels are goals one can achieve if they put their mind to it. Anyone can do this they just haven't been taught.

ANSEL

What level are you at?

CLAIRE

Moving from level to level takes will. I've grown so much but I don't know if I'm strong enough. At least not in time.

ANSEL

In time for what? What is going to happen?

CLAIRE

I cannot say.

ANSEL

Why not?

CLAIRE

Because I don't know. Ira tells...

ANSEL

What's wrong? Who is Ira?

CLAIRE

I... I shouldn't have said...

ANSEL

The leader?

CLAIRE

Ira is the connection between us and what happens next.

ANSEL

Is he the one who brought you all together?

CLAIRE

Ira is not a man.

ANSEL

So Ira is a woman?

CLAIRE

No. Ira has moved past the human form.

ANSEL

You will have to forgive me but I'm not sure I understand what you are saying.

CLAIRE

We are all weighed down by our physical form. The levels are the steps we take towards freeing ourselves.

ANSEL

What does that mean, though?

CLAIRE

Each level means a piece of control.

ANSEL

But that doesn't really mean anything. You have to see that they are teaching you in these vague terms and unprovable ideas.

CLAIRE

(defensive)

You don't know. Control means all matter loses meaning. Control of oneself means control of others. It even changes the way others perceive our light- our image... Or do not see it.

\*  
\*

ANSEL

(thinking)

Are you talking about invisibility?

(beat)

Have you witnessed this?

\*  
\*  
\*

CLAIRE

(dead serious)

I have.

ANSEL

Can you tell me... what happens  
when you reach the final level?  
When you become free?

CLAIRE

One moves on.

ANSEL

Where do the people who move on go?

33

INT. ROOM 206 - MOTEL - DAY

33\*\*\*\*

Claire's mom opens a duffle bag full of clothes and dumps the contents onto one of the twin beds in the room. Claire picks through the garments, hesitantly...

ANSEL

(to Paul)

I see they put you in a room with  
two beds.

PAUL

Yes.

ANSEL

Perhaps you and Evelyn would be  
more comfortable with the queen?

PAUL

We're comfortable.

ANSEL

It's just I gave her the bed.

PAUL

Good.

ANSEL

It's one bed so I'm on the floor.

For the first time we see a slightly different side to Paul...

PAUL

(intimidating)

We are not moving.

ANSEL

Sure.

PAUL

What is that smell on you?

ANSEL

I...

Paul quickly focuses in on what the women are doing...

CLAIRE

I don't want to wear any of these.

EVELYN

Sweetie, these are your clothes.

CLAIRE

I don't wear stuff like this anymore.

PAUL

I like this one.

Paul holds up a slightly revealing top.

CLAIRE

I'm not wearing that.

PAUL

I like this one.

CLAIRE

Yes, daddy.

Ansel looks on.

Paul picks up a pair of shorts...

PAUL

And this. Go put these on.

Claire takes the clothes to the bathroom.

ANSEL

Wait. Your mother should go with you.

CLAIRE

I'm fine.

Ansel motions to Evelyn. She joins Claire. They close the door.

PAUL

She would have taken all day if we let her.

ANSEL

When did she last wear these?

PAUL

She was a teenager. Sixteen maybe.

ANSEL

Don't you think they might be a bit... young?

PAUL

What are you trying to say?

ANSEL

Nothing.

PAUL

My daughter looks beautiful in these.

(beat)

When she comes out you're going to tell her she looks beautiful.

ANSEL

I'm not going to say that.

PAUL

Remember who's paying you.

Claire and Evelyn exit the bathroom. The clothes are a size too small and all around more revealing than Claire obviously feels comfortable with.

ANSEL

(looking to Paul)

You look beautiful.

Claire smiles slightly.

ANSEL (CONT'D)

Okay. Let's begin.

34

**INT. ROOM 206 - MOTEL - DAY**

34\*\*\*\*

Ansel and the family sit in a sort of circle in the room. Claire on a bed, the mother on the other bed, Ansel in a chair and the father standing over them all. They're in the middle of a session...

EVELYN

But I still don't understand what it is we did.

CLAIRE

You didn't do anything. That's the point.

PAUL

Your mother and I fed you. We put a roof over your head.

CLAIRE

You make it sound like an obligation.

PAUL

Maybe that's because it was.

ANSEL

We are not here to pass blame.

PAUL

But we're all here because of her.

ANSEL

We are here for her.

PAUL

(to Claire)

I can't wait for this all to be over with. Just give me back my baby.

CLAIRE

I'm not going back with you.

PAUL

Yes you are.

CLAIRE

I'm not.

PAUL

Just slit your wrists now then because that's where you're going to end up if all this doesn't stop.

CLAIRE

And you'll have yourselves to blame.

For some reason she glances at Ansel after she says this. Odd...

ANSEL

Everyone take a deep breath.

CLAIRE

(crying)

I'm here because I thought you'd see that I'm happy. I've never been this happy in all my life.

The phone in 205 begins to ring...

\*\*\*

EVELYN

We need you home with us.

Claire sobs through the words...

CLAIRE

But I'm afraid.

\*\*\*

These words sting Claire's father. He calms, turning off the anger as if he flipped a switch. He walks over to Claire...

ANSEL

I don't think that's a good idea--

But Paul is already sitting next to his daughter. He holds her tightly. She lets herself be held. She goes to a certain place, almost as if she were a child who's been punished and seeks forgiveness. Evelyn watches silently. Distant...

ON ANSEL AS

The phone continues to ring... Ansel is unsure if he should leave the room. Finally he gets up and walks through the shared door into...

\*\*\*

35

**INT. ROOM 205 - MOTEL - DAY - CONTINUOUS**

35\*\*\*\*

Ansel grabs the phone...

*We might hear bits and pieces of Intimidating Man's dialogue from Ansel's receiver but it is here primarily for timing purposes.*

ANSEL

Sorry, we'll keep it down.

\*

Intimidating MAN

Good, I'd hate to have to come up there, Ansel.

Ansel's reaction tells us this isn't motel management...

Intimidating MAN (CONT'D)

Do you know who this is?

ANSEL

Yes, I remember you. The dark gentleman from the parking lot.

\*\*\*

Intimidating MAN

Dark?

\*\*\*

ANSEL

I mean... In a mysterious sort of way, I meant.

\*\*\*

\*\*\*

Intimidating MAN

How are you, Ansel?

\*\*\*

ANSEL

How did you know where I was?

Intimidating MAN

You're not trying to disappear on us, are you?

ANSEL

Disappear. No, of course not. I'm just... I'm working... It's a job and I'm going to pay Terry back. So that's good news- So I'm glad you called so I could tell that to you.

Intimidating MAN

Word is you have the money, Ansel. Word is you're shitting envelopes of cash.

ANSEL

No, no. The envelopes... That was per diem- That was separate. I don't get paid in full until the job is completed.

Intimidating MAN

I believe you, Ansel. Thing is Terry doesn't believe you and he signs my checks.

ANSEL

I swear.

Intimidating MAN

I'm coming out there.

ANSEL

Wait. What if I could get you half now?

(MORE)

ANSEL (CONT'D)

Would that work?- I could get half for you now and the other half when this job finishes up. In three days. Would that work?

There's a moment of silence, as if Intimidating Man is conferring with someone nearby...

Intimidating MAN

Terry's office. Be here by seven. Come alone.

ANSEL

But... I'm working.

CLICK. Ansel still holds the phone despite the fact we hear a faint dial tone...

Ansel gently sets the phone back in its place. We follow him as he walks back into...

36

**INT. ROOM 206 - MOTEL - DAY - CONTINUOUS**

36\*\*\*\*

Everyone is in the same spot as when Ansel left the room only now Claire's resting her head in her father's lap as he strokes her hair.

ANSEL

Paul, can I have a word with you?

Paul stares right at Ansel, still petting Claire...

PAUL

I'm right here.

ANSEL

Alone. I would really prefer it if we could speak privately.

Paul slowly stands and follows Ansel back into...

37

**INT. ROOM 205 - MOTEL - DAY - CONTINUOUS**

37\*\*\*\*

Ansel stops in the middle of the room. He speaks quietly...

ANSEL

This is going to sound... I promise you nothing funny is going on--

PAUL

Nothing better be going on.

ANSEL

There isn't.

(beat)

I need half of the remainder of the money now.

\*\*\*

PAUL

We're not even halfway through the process.

ANSEL

I know. I would not be asking if it were not an extraordinary circumstance.

PAUL

So something is going on.

ANSEL

Yes-- I mean, no. Not here. No.

PAUL

Why do you need the money? Who was on the phone.

ANSEL

No one. My manager. I have an investment with him that needs my attention. The money is for that.

Paul exhales deeply...

PAUL

I can do a wire transfer--

ANSEL

I need cash.

PAUL

Ten thousand dollars in cash?

\*\*\*

ANSEL

And I need to go back to the city.

PAUL

So you want me to give you ten grand and let you drive off? Do you think I'm stupid?

\*\*\*

ANSEL

I am asking you this favor. I will help your daughter, but I have to take care of this first.

\*\*\*\*

\*

\*

PAUL

(beat)

When will you be back?

\*

ANSEL

Tomorrow by sunrise.

(beat)

You have my word.

PAUL

This from the man who told me he,  
"didn't give a shit anymore."

Paul turns towards room 206...

\*\*\*\*

PAUL (CONT'D)

Evelyn. Come here.

Evelyn enters the room.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Go to the office. In the safe there  
are three bundles. Take one of the  
bundles and half of another. Bring  
them back here.

EVELYN

Yes, dear.

Evelyn goes in for a hug but he rejects her...

PAUL

Now.

She leaves the room.

ANSEL

It would be good if maybe she slept  
in here with Claire tonight.

\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*

PAUL

We're comfortable.

ANSEL

No, I was thinking just Evelyn.

\*\*\*\*

(leaning in)

I don't trust where we are at yet.

\*\*\*\*

PAUL

Then I don't trust her to be alone  
with my wife. I'll stay with her.

Ansel blurts out...

ANSEL

No. Sorry...

(beat)

Would it make you feel better if she slept in there?

He motions to the bathroom...

PAUL

You mean lock my daughter in the bathroom?--

ANSEL

It would just be for the night.

PAUL

I'm staying with her.

ANSEL

No, she just... I want to avoid confrontation of any sort while I am away. You two have already butted heads and...

(beat)

Both of you should stay with her. You *and* Evelyn. Just... keep her in there, please. That way nothing will happen... It's the safest place for her, I promise. We cannot let her leave.

Paul looks at the bathroom and back to Ansel, and nods...

38

**INT. ROOM 205 - MOTEL - DAY**

38\*\*\*\*

Claire sits in the center of the bed. Paul and Evelyn's stuff is on the floor against the wall.

Ansel paces back and forth.

CLAIRE

Where are you going?

ANSEL

Nowhere. It's just for tonight.

CLAIRE

(under her breath)

Don't.

There's a knock at the door. Ansel checks the peephole and opens the door. Evelyn enters holding a manila envelope...



INTIMIDATING MAN

You're early. Take a seat.

The waiting room has a clear view of the work space. We see a photographer, TERRY, taking a family portrait for a MOTHER and FATHER. Both are dressed up but neither look particularly \*\*\* good. They're smiles are forced...

TERRY

One, two annnnnnnnnnd three.

SNAP. Light flashes throughout the room.

TERRY (CONT'D)

And let's do one with him kissing  
his darling on the cheek. \*\*\*

This picture is going to be terrible... \*\*\*

TERRY (CONT'D)

That's beautiful. One, two  
annnnnnnnnnnd three. \*\*\*

FLASH.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Okay, y'all, I think we got it.

Terry walks over to the front desk and grabs a sheet of paper. The couple steps into the waiting room. \*\*\*

TERRY (CONT'D)

So we talked about doing the 40x60  
on canvas- Is that still what y'all  
wanna do?

Father notices Ansel sitting in the waiting area. Ansel  
stares at him. \*\*\*

Mother looks at the display and nods to Terry. \*\*\*

TERRY (CONT'D)

Okay, that's great. That's gonna  
look so nice in y'all's house. Is  
this gonna be in the study or  
somethin'?

MOTHER

The living room.

TERRY

The living room- Oh my gosh, that's gonna look so nice.

(beat)

Okay, so we just need a signature right here so I can get these developed for y'all. You can come by anytime tomorrow and you can see which one you like best from the bunch but I have to say I think that last one is gonna turn out real nice.

She signs the paper. \*\*\*

Father looks back at Ansel who's still staring him down. He \*\*\*  
grabs Mother's hand and they leave. When the door shuts \*\*\*  
Ansel's gaze is broken.

Intimidating Man locks the door behind them...

TERRY (CONT'D)

Let's take this into my office. \*\*\*

46

**INT. TERRY'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

46

TERRY \*\*\*

Wait out here, Michael. \*\*\*

Ansel walks in first. With his back turned to them Michael \*\*\*  
(Mick) and Terry SILENTLY BICKER like an old married couple. \*\*\*

The walls are covered with actors headshots, some color but mostly black and white. Terry's desk has a name plate on it that says "Terrance Hobbs - Talent Manager".

TERRY (CONT'D)

He hates when I call him Michael.  
He goes by Mick but I'm just not okay with the whole nickname or shortened this way or that way deal. It's so darned informal.

Ansel walks along one of the walls of headshots, each as bad as the last. He stops at one in particular...

TERRY (CONT'D)

Look at how handsome you were.

In a larger frame (the only frame on the wall) are two pictures of Ansel side by side...

46A The first: A headshot. He's a bit younger than he is now 46A  
but he seems much younger. He's happy.

46B The second: A publicity still for a television show 46B  
called INTO THE UNKNOWABLE WITH ANSEL ROTH.

\*\*\*\*

In it, Ansel stands on a talk show set similar to The Geraldo Rivera Show's with flourishes of Unsolved Mysteries. He's holding a microphone and talking to a guest. It's signed...

*"To Terry, I couldn't have done it without you. Ansel Roth PhD."*

ANGLE ON present day Ansel. Older, tired.

TERRY (CONT'D)

I still can't believe there were only twenty tapings.

ANSEL

Twenty three.

TERRY

Twenty three... Please, have a seat.

Ansel sits down. Terry stays standing.

TERRY (CONT'D)

What happened to you, Ansel? You let life walk all over you.

(beat)

How's Caren?

ANSEL

I don't know. I haven't spoken to her in months.

TERRY

Did the papers go through?

ANSEL

Over a year ago.

TERRY

I'm so sorry to hear that. Really, I am. I just... You... I still don't understand how you could give her the rights to the book.

ANSEL

That was the arrangement. I kept the house she got the book.

TERRY

That book was your only source of income. No book no house.

ANSEL

I was writing the new book.

There's stacks of boxes behind Terry. He open one of them and pulls out a copy of Ansel's book...

TERRY

This piece of- crap?!

\*\*\*

He SLAMS it on the desk...

TERRY (CONT'D)

Everything people needed was in the first book. There was nothing left to say! This is nothing. Something no one needs or wants.

He takes a deep breath and walks out from behind his desk.

TERRY (CONT'D)

You asked this favor of me. Self publishing was your idea. You failed and I've given you more than enough time.

Terry stands beside Ansel with his wooden name placard. Out of nowhere he STRIKES Ansel in the face with it...

\*\*\*

\*\*\*

TERRY (CONT'D)

Why do you do this to me? Why do you make me the bad guy? I still care about you and that's why I'm severing our relationship. If you love something let it go. Now give me my darned money, Ansel. I'm sick to death of askin'..

Ansel lays on the ground, in a daze. His nose is bleeding again and his cheek is split open.

Ansel slowly reaches into his pocket and retrieves the cash.

TERRY (CONT'D)

You've got two days to get the rest to me or I'll sever more than our relationship.

ANSEL

I need more time.

TERRY

Two days. Get the heck out of my office.

Mick comes in and drags Ansel out by his feet...

47      **INT. BATHROOM - REST AREA - NIGHT**      47

The mirror was smashed and disregarded long ago. Ansel washes his face in the sink. He spits. There's some blood in it.

He wipes his nose and gently dabs his cheek.

48      **EXT. REST AREA - NIGHT**      48

Ansel walks past the frame. He stops and re-enters frame. He stares at a vending machine...

He manages to move the machine from against the wall. He presses and holds one of the vend buttons as he yanks the plug from the outlet. Keeping his hand on the button he struggles awkwardly to plug the machine back in. Success. A can falls into the compartment.

49      **INT. ANSEL'S CAR - VARIOUS - NIGHT**      49

Various shots of Ansel driving through the night back to the motel all from the same angle. In an effort to stay awake he drinks his soda, blasts music and opens the window.

50      **INT. ANSEL'S CAR - PENNY PINCHER MOTEL - PARKING LOT- DAWN** 50

The Sun is just beginning to rise as Ansel pulls into the Penny Pincher parking lot.

51      **EXT. PENNY PINCHER MOTEL - UPSTAIRS WALKWAY - MORNING**      51

We track with Ansel as he walks to the stairs, up the stairs and down the upstairs walkway. From a distance we see a mass outside of one of the motel rooms.

Ansel stops at first, then realizing it's a body he begins running towards it...

It's Claire. She's laying unconscious outside of room 205 in\*\*\*\* her underwear and socks. Her nose is bloody..

Ansel reaches her and tries desperately to wake her but she's out cold. He bangs on the door to the room. He feels for a pulse then bangs on the door again.

There's a sound of locks being undone before door opens to reveal Paul...

PAUL

Ansel--

\*

ANSEL

What did you do!?

He sees his daughter...

\*

\*

\*

\*

PAUL

Oh my god.

Ansel picks her up and carries her through the door into...

52

INT. ROOM 205 - MOTEL - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

52\*\*\*\*

He sets her on the bed, which Evelyn hasn't even had a chance to get up from yet. Ansel pulls back the sheets and puts a pillow under her head...

ANSEL

Claire. Claire sweetie, wake up.  
You gotta wake up, Claire.

He lightly slaps her face a few times. No response...

EVELYN

What happened? Is she alive?

ANSEL

She's breathing. Get me some water-  
Cold water.

Evelyn goes to the bathroom door. It's locked from the outside...

EVELYN

(panicked)  
The door's locked.

ANSEL

It locks from the outside. Just  
turn the lock.  
(realizing)  
Wait, why is it locked?

PAUL

You told us to lock her in the  
bathroom.

ANSEL

Why isn't she in there?

\*

PAUL

I don't know.

\*

ANSEL

How did she end up outside?

\*

\*

PAUL

I don't know!

\*

\*

ANSEL

You didn't see anything?

PAUL  
We were asleep.

Evelyn comes back with an ice bucket full of water. Ansel takes it from her and pours it over Claire...

Claire's eyes spring open from the shock of cold. She struggles to catch her breath...

ANSEL  
There you go. It's okay. You're okay. Just breathe. Breathe. There you go.

Claire is shivering uncontrollably...

ANSEL (CONT'D)  
Let's get her a towel. And some blankets.

CLAIRE  
What happened?

Ansel looks to Paul and Evelyn. What did happen? \*

53

**INT. ROOM 205 - MOTEL - DAY**

53\*\*\*\*

The door to 206 is closed. Claire and Ansel are alone... \*\*\*\*

Claire sits in the middle of the bed. She seems back to normal. Ansel is in a chair beside the bed. He has a small bandage over the cut on his cheek...

ANSEL  
I wanted to talk to you about what happened yesterday.

CLAIRE  
I don't remember anything.  
(beat)  
Why did you have them lock me up?

ANSEL  
It was in everyone's best interest.

CLAIRE  
Not mine.

ANSEL  
Especially yours.

She looks down and traces the floral print of the comforter with her finger.

ANSEL (CONT'D)

How did you get out of the  
bathroom?

(waits)

Claire, how did you get out of the  
bathroom.

It's a calculated risk on his part. The name elicits a slight  
twitch from Claire but there's no outburst this time.

CLAIRE

Come sit next to me.

ANSEL

I can't.

CLAIRE

Please.

He sees something in her eyes. Something trying to get out.

Ansel gets up from the chair and sits on the bed with her.  
She scoots towards him a little.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

I was scared. The second you left  
he...

ANSEL

What?

CLAIRE

Nothing. When it got dark out they  
put me in there and locked the  
door. I felt like you had abandoned  
me.

This hurts Ansel...

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

I've been good. I have been seeing  
things from a set of eyes other  
than my own. I haven't thought much  
about the group.

ANSEL

That's good to hear.

CLAIRE

But when you left I didn't know  
what to do and I- I started to  
pray. I started praying in there  
and prayer turned to meditation and  
I... I don't know.

ANSEL

You can tell me.

CLAIRE

I imagined myself. I imagined stepping out of Claire's body and being able to see in a way I've never seen before. I don't know what but something inside me told me to walk through the bathroom door... so I did.

ANSEL

It opened?

CLAIRE

I walked through the door. And I was in the room. I could see my parents sleeping but I knew that even if they woke up they wouldn't be able to see me. I knew I was beyond being seen.

Ansel listens intently...

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

I stayed there for a moment watching them but something didn't feel right. I felt like I was being pulled back towards Claire. I reached the front door and stepped through it as well but it didn't feel the same. It hurt. I fell to the ground on the other side...

ANSEL

Where I found you in the morning.

CLAIRE

I've moved up a level, Ansel. Claire is a part of me, I accept that, but I am not her. I'm changing.

ANSEL

The other day you told me that Faults teaches you... That through their teachings... I don't believe you walked through walls. I want to believe you but I can't.

CLAIRE

Believing is the first step.

ANSEL  
Towards what?

CLAIRE  
Becoming.

54

**INT. ROOM 205 / 206 - MOTEL - DAY**

54\*\*\*\*

Claire watches television while she sits on the edge of the bed.

Ansel opens the door to room 206. He finds Paul and Evelyn \*\*\*\*  
sitting on the edge of each of their beds. It's dark. They  
are silent and still...

Ansel stands where he can still see Claire. He turns his head  
every few seconds to make sure she's still there.

The parents haven't moved...

ANSEL  
(quiet)  
She can't be alone.

Paul turns to look at Ansel.

ANSEL (CONT'D)  
Did you hear me? From now on she is  
not to be left alone. Someone  
always has to be with her.

PAUL  
Is something wrong?

ANSEL  
Yes- I mean no. I'm not sure. I  
just feel the best thing to do  
right now... We need to make sure  
we don't lose her. We're so close.

Ansel looks down as he says...

ANSEL (CONT'D)  
And I need the rest of my payment.

Paul stands up slowly. He approaches Ansel...

PAUL  
What did you just ask me?

ANSEL  
I need the money, Paul.

PAUL  
Not until she's Claire again.

Ansel takes a step back...

ANSEL  
I--

PAUL  
I hired you to fix her.

ANSEL  
I can't guarantee she will- Paul,  
you know that.

PAUL  
Why?

ANSEL  
It isn't all up to me in this.  
There are other factors at play.

Ansel takes a step forward...

ANSEL (CONT'D)  
I want the money now. I don't trust  
you. I don't trust any of this.  
Everything is fucked and I have to  
look out for myself.

Paul explodes forward and grabs him by the neck. He backs  
Ansel up and slams him against the wall...

PAUL  
Fuck yourself- This is about my  
daughter! Give her back to us. She  
needs to come home.

Paul tightens his grip. Ansel can't breathe at all now.

Evelyn hasn't moved an inch. She continues to stare forward.

CLAIRE (O.S.)  
Daddy! Stop!

PAUL  
Don't think I don't know what goes  
on behind that door. Do you think  
I'm stupid?

CLAIRE  
No. I promise. He hasn't done  
anything. Please.

Ansel tries to say something but all that comes out is a gurgling sound and a little spit...

Just as his eyes begin to roll back into his head Paul releases him. Ansel falls to the ground trying to catch his breath.

Paul begins crying loudly but with no actual tears.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
(to her father)  
Go to bed.

He stops crying almost immediately...

PAUL  
Okay sweetheart.

He brushes her hair behind her ear. She pulls away.

Claire stands by Ansel who's still on the ground.

Paul and Evelyn each get into their beds fully clothed and get under the covers.

Claire helps Ansel to his feet. They walk through the door into...

55

**INT. ROOM 205 - MOTEL - DAY - CONTINUOUS**

55\*\*\*\*

Claire closes the door but does not lock it.

Ansel sits on the edge of the bed. He rubs his neck which is visibly red from the altercation...

CLAIRE  
He does stuff like that because he loves me.

ANSEL  
He could have killed me.

CLAIRE  
If he wanted to he would have.

ANSEL  
I... I... What is... I don't need this.

CLAIRE  
I'm tired. Are you tired? We should go to sleep.

ANSEL

I'm done. This is... I am leaving.

He begins grabbing his things scattered about the room.

CLAIRE

(matter of fact)

But you can't.

ANSEL

I have free will.

CLAIRE

What about the money? That's what this is for you, isn't it?

ANSEL

I... That is what this was. I have no idea what any of this is anymore.

(to himself)

You have free will. You have free will. You have free will--

He stuffs his things into his suitcase...

CLAIRE

But you need the money. I know you do. It has a power over you. I can see that. You can't leave.

ANSEL

I know. Fuck. I know- I know.

He stops packing...

CLAIRE

And I need you here. I feel like I'm close to something, but... I don't know what's happening.

ANSEL

What do you mean?

CLAIRE

I don't know. I think Faults knows what's happening. It's like Ira is calling me home...

ANSEL

Do you think it's going to happen? Are you are going to step outside of yourself again?

CLAIRE

You believe don't you?

Ansel waits what seems like an eternity...

ANSEL

You should sleep.

CLAIRE

What about you?

ANSEL

I don't think I can.

CLAIRE

Why not?

ANSEL

I'm not sure you will be here when  
I wake up.

56

**INT. ROOM 205 - MOTEL - NIGHT**

56\*\*\*\*

The room is dark except for the light that leaks out of the partially opened bathroom door.

Claire is asleep in the bed. Ansel sits on the motel room floor against the front door watching her sleep between moments of nodding off. Claire begins to stir...

She gets up from the bed and walks to the bathroom. Light pours into the room and briefly illuminates Ansel when she opens the door. She closes it partially...

She's quiet at first. Ansel gets to his feet and walks slowly towards the bathroom door. Still no sign of her presence. What is she doing?

As Ansel is about to reach the door he hears the sound of her peeing. He relaxes. Ansel props himself against the wall outside the bathroom, his back towards its door. He begins to nod off once again...

The sound stops. The toilet flushes. The door cracks opens illuminating the room. Claire approaches Ansel from behind. She's naked from the waist down...

She softly wraps her arms around him. His eyes open slowly and when he realizes what's happening he pulls himself away from her. He sees that she's nude...

Claire isn't deterred. She walks towards him and puts her arms on his waist. Ansel stands there motionless, as if in a trance.

Claire stands on the balls of her feet and kisses him on the lips. At first he doesn't reciprocate but after a moment he kisses her back. He keeps his eyes wide open for all of this...

They stand there for a moment until Ansel shoves her away from him but she immediately goes back in and kisses him again, this time more forcefully. She is in charge...

CLAIRE  
Lick my face.

ANSEL  
What?

CLAIRE  
(demanding)  
Lick me.

Ansel licks her face. It's awkward and not sexy at all. In fact none of this is the least bit sexy...

Claire pushes Ansel into a chair. He falls into it and she immediately climbs onto his lap. She grabs his face and continues to dominate the interaction...

Claire's nose begins to bleed. Ansel notices and has to force himself away from her lips to tell her...

ANSEL  
(out of breath)  
Your nose.

CLAIRE  
Shut up.

She goes right back in. His eyes focus on her nose for a second but his eyes begin to close. They spring back open then droop again. He's kissing her back less and less and more just being kissed. She notices this...

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
I need you to sleep now, Ansel.

He's fighting the urge. His eyes are crossing. His speech begins to slur...

ANSEL  
What are you doing to me?

CLAIRE  
I'm in control.

CUT TO BLACK:

**OVER BLACK: AUDIENCE APPLAUSE THEN ANSEL'S VOICE**

FADE IN:

57      **INT. ROOM 205 - MOTEL - NIGHT**      57\*\*\*\*

The room slowly comes into view but it never fully fades in and the image never fully comes into focus...

Ansel wakes, still in the chair. The television sits on another chair in front of him, illuminating him.

57A      **INT. TV STAGE - BROADCAST SHOW**      57A

ON THE TV SCREEN

*A slightly younger Ansel looks into the lens of a broadcast camera as it slowly zooms in on him...*

ANSEL  
And we're back. If you're just  
joining us we're talking with the  
sole surviving member of the  
Universal Concurrence after  
Sunday's terrible tragedy.

*Ansel stands over a YOUNG WOMAN who looks like she's been crying.*

ANSEL (CONT'D)  
We were talking about the  
Concurrence- Or, your "family" as  
you called them.  
(beat)  
I guess my question is how could a  
person let this happen to their  
family. Do you feel a sense of  
responsibility for what happened?

*She looks silently into the studio audience, embarrassed and scared. The audience is eating it up. It's as if she isn't human...*

57B **INT. ROOM 205 - MOTEL - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS** 57B\*\*\*\*

We watch the footage, along with Ansel, until we hear barely audible MOANING under the sound of the show. With everything he has Ansel forces his head to turn...

It's too blurry to make out any detail but it's clear that there, in front of Ansel, is Claire laying on her back on the bed with her father on top of her. Her mother is sitting on the edge of the bed beside them both, watching it all.

Ansel straightens his head and squints in an effort to focus. It doesn't help...

Blurry Claire sees that Ansel is awake. She looks right at him as he falls back asleep.

FADE TO BLACK.

58 **INT/EXT. ANSEL'S CAR - MOTEL PARKING LOT - MORNING** 58

Ansel startles awake. "How the fuck did I get out here?"...

He notices the key is in the ignition. He sits there for a moment then reaches for it... But he can't bring himself to turn it. He takes the key with him as he exits the vehicle.

59 **EXT. PENNY PINCHER MOTEL - MORNING** 59

We follow him as he climbs the stairs and walks down the upstairs walkway until he reaches room 205.

\*\*\*\*

60 **INT. ROOM 205 - MOTEL - MORNING - CONTINUOUS** 60\*\*\*\*

He opens the door with the room key and enters to find the room empty...

He looks around, nothing out of the ordinary. The door to the other room is locked.

He hears a sound from the bathroom. Ansel walks towards the door which is slightly ajar. He opens it to find Claire in tears on the floor.

61 **INT. BATHROOM - ROOM 205 - MOTEL - MORNING - CONTINUOUS** 61\*\*\*\*

She's absolutely shocked/relieved to see him. She jumps up and throws her arms around him...

CLAIRE  
I thought you left me.

ANSEL  
What happened last night?

CLAIRE  
I woke up and you weren't there.

ANSEL  
I was in my car. Why was I in my car?

CLAIRE  
My parents are gone.

ANSEL  
What do you mean your parents are gone?

CLAIRE  
They left me a note. They said that I'd given up and so they gave up on me.

ANSEL  
I saw them.

CLAIRE  
Where were they going?

ANSEL  
In here. In the room with us last night.  
(beat)  
With you.

CLAIRE  
That's impossible. The doors were locked. Both doors.

ANSEL  
I saw them.

CLAIRE  
(emphatic)  
You're wrong.

ANSEL  
Where did you get that tape?

CLAIRE  
Tape?

ANSEL  
The show. My show!

CLAIRE  
Your show? Ansel, I don't--

ANSEL  
You're lying to me. Why are you  
lying to me?

CLAIRE  
I'm not--

Ansel grabs her arms and shakes her...

ANSEL  
What the fuck is going on?!

The door to the bathroom slowly begins to shut behind them.  
Neither notices...

ANSEL (CONT'D)  
We... You made me lick you.

CLAIRE  
You're scaring me, Ansel.

ANSEL  
How did you--

CLICK. The door closes shut. Ansel turns around and tries to  
open it. It's locked...

CLAIRE  
Open it.

ANSEL  
It's locked.

CLAIRE  
Why is it locked?

ANSEL  
I didn't lock it- Why would I lock  
it? Why is it locked!?

Ansel throws his body into the door. Nothing. He does it  
again. Nothing. He takes a step back and really throws his  
weight into it. Still nothing...

ANSEL (CONT'D)  
There's something blocking it on  
the other side.

CLAIRE

That doesn't make any sense. Why  
are you doing this?

Ansel SCREAMS.

The phone begins to ring in the other room...

ANSEL

(realizing)

Fuck. That's Terry. Terry is  
calling. I have to answer that.  
Fuck!

CLAIRE

Let me out. I want to get out of  
here.

ANSEL

Stop. Just stop.

He throws himself into the door with everything he has this  
time but injures his shoulder in the process...

CLAIRE

Are you okay?

ANSEL

NO I'M NOT FUCKING OKAY- OKAY?

He slides down the door to the floor and begins to cry. He's  
completely lost it...

The phone stops ringing.

ANSEL (CONT'D)

What is happening to me?

Claire steps towards Ansel and holds his head against her  
thighs, comforting him. She begins to hum but not a song or  
melody. It's more of a droning sound. It calms Ansel.

She finishes humming and sits down in front of him...

CLAIRE

They left your pay. It's yours. Is  
that who Terry is in this? Is he  
why you need the money?

\*\*\*

Ansel wipes away tears. He's like a child post tantrum. He  
nods...

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Why do you let him control you?

ANSEL

I owe him.

CLAIRE

Is he your God?

ANSEL

No.

CLAIRE

Then how could you possibly owe him?

ANSEL

He helped me when I needed help.

CLAIRE

He took advantage of you.

ANSEL

No.

CLAIRE

Yes.

ANSEL

Nothing happens the way it should with me. Everything fails.

CLAIRE

What are your failures.

ANSEL

My marriage failed.

CLAIRE

Why?

ANSEL

Because of money.

CLAIRE

That's an excuse. Why did your marriage fail?

ANSEL

I don't know.

CLAIRE

Why did your marriage fail?

He tears up...

ANSEL  
Because I'm a failure.

CLAIRE  
And she saw that.

ANSEL  
She already knew. She just  
acknowledged it.

CLAIRE  
Why are you a failure?

ANSEL  
Because I've only ever been good at  
one thing and... All of this is her  
fault.

CLAIRE  
Your wife?

ANSEL  
No. A girl.

CLAIRE  
What was her name?

ANSEL  
Jennifer.

CLAIRE  
What was her name?

The repeat question throws Ansel, off...

ANSEL  
Jennifer.

CLAIRE  
Who was Jennifer?

ANSEL  
She... Do you know the Universal  
Concurrence? We did one of these...  
exactly like this... with her.  
But...

CLAIRE  
What?

ANSEL  
Nothing. It doesn't matter.

CLAIRE  
What happened?

ANSEL  
I did my job. She questioned her choices and went home with her family... but the family didn't put in the work.

CLAIRE  
She was the one on your show.

ANSEL  
She... I...

CLAIRE  
You had her on two days after the group suicide. No one had access to her like you did.

He's on the defensive, mind spinning, rationalizing...

ANSEL  
We flew her out. It was all expenses paid! It was supposed to be a nice vacation for her.

CLAIRE  
You exploited your relationship with her.

ANSEL  
No.

CLAIRE  
You did it for ratings.

ANSEL  
No!

CLAIRE  
You knew she was fragile and yet you put her out there for the world to judge.

He's losing it again...

ANSEL  
She agreed to it all. How could I have known that she still felt a connection to the Concurrence?

CLAIRE

How could you not have known? You pressed her. You opened the wound. You gave her the knife and she slit her wrists with it.

\*\*\*

ANSEL

She chose to be with them. She had free will!

CLAIRE

Did she really?

Ansel's looks to the ground...

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Look me in my eyes and tell me you don't blame yourself.

ANSEL

Everyone does.

She SLAPS him. He's in shock...

CLAIRE

No- Look at me. Listen to my words. Feel them. Are you to blame for Jennifer's death?

He looks into her eyes and finds salvation in them. He begins to cry. After some time...

ANSEL

I was in control. I used her.  
(he releases)  
I could have helped her but I chose not to. I made the choice.

CLAIRE

And that choice cost you everything.

ANSEL

Everything. Yes.

CLAIRE

Tell me what you lost. I want to hear it.

ANSEL

My show. Money. My house. My wife--

CLAIRE

NO!

(composing herself)

Those are things. What did you lose?

Long pause...

ANSEL

Every kind of respect.

CLAIRE

Are you happy with who you are?

Ansel shakes his head, "No."

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Do you owe Terry your happiness?

ANSEL

No.

CLAIRE

What do you owe him?

He's mesmerized by her...

ANSEL

Nothing.

CLAIRE

Do you owe him your money?

ANSEL

No.

CLAIRE

The only person you owe is yourself. Do you see that?

ANSEL

I see it.

CLAIRE

Does what I say make sense to you?

ANSEL

It makes more sense than anything I have ever heard.

CLAIRE

How do you feel?

ANSEL  
Clear. Free.

CLAIRE  
Close your eyes.

Ansel closes them...

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
Push everything out of your mind.  
Picture yourself where you are  
right at this very moment.

He shifts a little...

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
Don't move. Be still. Imagine you  
are composed of two parts. Two  
"yous". One lives inside the other.  
This you has lived inside the other  
its entire existence because it did  
not know any other way. Do you see  
the other you?

ANSEL  
I see him.

CLAIRE  
I want you to pull him out of you.  
Rip him from inside you and look at  
yourself from outside yourself.

Ansel's face turns red and his nose begins to bleed...

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
Do you see?

ANSEL  
I see.

CLAIRE  
You are seeing yourself from a  
vantage point you have never seen.  
This is how others see you. What do  
you see?

ANSEL  
Loneliness. Sadness... Weakness.

CLAIRE  
I want you to walk through the  
door, Ansel. I want you to picture  
yourself walking through the door  
as if it isn't even there.

(MORE)

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
(waiting)  
Are you through?

ANSEL  
I am on the other side.

CLAIRE  
I want you to unlock the door.

He exhales slightly...

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
Pull the other you back, Ansel.  
Bring it back to you. Let your two  
selves become one again. Open your  
eyes.

He opens his eyes. He wipes the blood away from his nostril.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
Open the door.

Ansel stands up and turns the knob. The door opens...

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
Do you trust me?

ANSEL  
Unquestionably.

62

**INT. ROOM 205 - MOTEL - NIGHT**

62\*\*\*\*

ANGLE ON the front door. There's a loud BANGING...

MICK (O.S.)  
Roth, open up. I know you're in  
there. Front desk says you haven't  
checked out.

We hear the sounds of Mick picking the lock. A CLICK is heard. The door swings open. Mick takes a peak in. The room is empty...

He checks the bathroom, no one.

He begins walking back towards the front door but stops when he sees Ansel's suitcase. He begins picking through it as...

The door to room 206 slowly and silently creeps open. Ansel \*\*\*\* appears brandishing the screwdriver from earlier. He walks up behind Mick who's still squatting down and drives it into the back of Mick's head...

63

**EXT. PENNY PINCHER MOTEL - PARKING LOT - NIGHT**

63

Terry waits in the car in the passenger seat. He looks up at the open door to room 205. \*\*\*\*

TERRY  
(to himself)  
Come on, Michael.

Terry keeps his eyes trained on the door. Nothing...

TERRY (CONT'D)  
Jeez-louise. What is taking so long.

He pushes his way out the car and shuts the door.

64

**INT. ROOM 205 - MOTEL - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER**

64\*\*\*\*

Terry peeks his head from around the corner into the room. Mick's body is gone. The room is empty but the water in the bathroom is running...

TERRY  
Michael.  
(waits)  
I'm not playing around, Michael.

He carefully enters the room. He's pretty scared.

TERRY (CONT'D)  
What are you doing in there?

The front door begins to close, revealing Claire behind it. When it closes she locks it immediately.

Terry jumps and turns around...

TERRY (CONT'D)  
Good Lord- You sure startled me. I must have the wrong room.

ANSEL (O.S.)  
Hi, Terry.

Ansel is standing near the bathroom. \*

TERRY  
Ansel. You didn't answer our call earlier today.  
(MORE)

TERRY (CONT'D)

I told you to have the money for me today and here you are screening my phone calls- and I'm sorry but that's just plain rude. I'm sick of playin' these games with you- Makin' me drive out all this way.

Ansel takes a couple steps towards Terry.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Where's my money, Ansel?  
(beat)  
And where's Michael?

ANSEL

He has moved on.

TERRY

What is that supposed to mean?

ANSEL

I'm not sure. \*

Ansel motions to the floor beside the bed. \*

Terry takes a step forward and sees Mick lying face down with the handle of a phillips head sticking out of his head... \*

TERRY

(crying)  
Michael, no!  
(to Ansel)  
What have you done?! I wanted to scare you, that's all this was. Oh, God- Why did you have to go and take it this far?

Terry kneels down next to Mick and grabs his limp hand... \*

TERRY (CONT'D)

He was an act-- \*

ANSEL

Do you know what a fault is, Terry?

TERRY

This is your fault..

ANSEL

A fault. A fault.

TERRY

What the heck are you talkin' about?

ANSEL

A fault is a fracture. It's a place where pressure builds and builds until it releases--

TERRY

Please, just let me go. I won't tell nobody about this- I swear.

Ansel is in his own world. The words are almost coming from someplace else other than himself...

ANSEL

But slowly after hundreds of thousands and millions of years something begins to grow from these faults. From these faults grow mountains.

TERRY

Why are you doing this? This isn't like you. It's like you're a different person.

It all makes sense to Ansel. Everything makes sense now.

He grabs a copy of his book from the TV Stand...

\*

ANSEL

Someday I will be a mountain but for now I am a Fault.

Ansel rushes towards Terry and strikes him across the face with his book. Blood flies from Terry's mouth. Ansel bashes him with the book again, knocking him to the ground. He hits him again, and again, and again.

\*

\*

ANGLE ON Claire, as she watches blankly...

OFF SCREEN Ansel hammers Terry's face in with the book. We don't see any of this but it sounds horrible. Ansel loses all control.

He reaches a point where he can't do it anymore, completely out of breath.

Every square inch of the book is stained with blood. He drops it on the ground and walks towards Claire who takes him into her arms...

CLAIRE

You did so good. You did so good.  
Doesn't it feel right? To just  
listen? Isn't this easier than  
thinking?

They stand there in each other's arms amongst the death and destruction for a moment.

CLOSE UP

on the book that Ansel used to bludgeon Terry to death. It has fallen open to the one of the first pages. There, signed in black ink is...

*"To Claire, I hope you find this  
book useful in some way. Cordially  
yours, Ansel Roth PhD."*

65      **EXT. PENNY PINCHER MOTEL - MORNING**      65

Ansel throws all the boxes filled with his books into the motel's dumpster.

66      **EXT. PENNY PINCHER MOTEL - PARKING LOT - MORNING**      66

Ansel loads his suitcase and Claire's things into his car. He gets in and starts it up. Claire motions for him to roll down the window. He cranks it down...

CLAIRE

I've forgotten something in the  
room. I don't know how long I'll be  
but I want you to wait for me. Are  
you going to wait for me?

ANSEL

What else am I going to do?

We walk with Claire to the stairs, up the stairs and down the walkway to room 205. She opens the door letting light spill \*\*\*\* into the room...

67

INT. ROOM 205 - MOTEL - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

67\*\*\*\*

There's a sheet on the floor over Terry's body. Claire closes the door and walks past it and on her way to the bathroom...

She comes out holding a tooth brush. She walks towards us but instead of going to the front door she goes to the door to room 206. She opens her side but the door to room 206 is closed. She knocks... \*\*\*\*

It opens revealing Paul and Evelyn. She walks into the room.

68

INT. ROOM 206 - MOTEL - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

68\*\*\*\*

Claire hugs Paul then Evelyn...

PAUL  
How were we?

CLAIRE  
You both were amazing.

Evelyn and Paul smile at each other. They're beaming.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
Did you take care of him?

EVELYN  
Just making sure. This was the white one? Not the colored fellow?

CLAIRE  
The man who struck me, yes.

PAUL  
He is no longer.

CLAIRE  
God willed it.

Evelyn and Paul nod in agreement.

EVELYN  
(re: Ansel)  
And is he..?

CLAIRE  
He's in the car.

EVELYN  
Oh, that's just wonderful. I could cry.

CLAIRE

Out of everyone I chose you. You understand how special you are, don't you? Both of you. I couldn't have done this without you.

She grabs two cups from the table nearby and pours some water from the sink into each of them...

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

You've both reached the final level. How does it feel knowing you're about to move on?

PAUL

I feel...  
(tearing up)  
... happy.

EVELYN

Yes. It's very special. I've never felt this way before.

Claire takes two pills out of her pocket and puts one in each of their hands...

CLAIRE

You have always been and will always be with us. We will see you on the other side.

Claire kisses Paul on the lips. It's like a boyfriend and girlfriend saying goodbye at the airport knowing they won't see each other for a long time...

Claire then kisses Evelyn in exactly the same way. We see it in Claire's eyes that she is in fact quite sad.

Both place the pill into their mouths. Claire hands them their water and they drink.

EVELYN

With his knowledge your teachings will continue to expand beyond anything we ever could have imagined.

PAUL

Ira... We love you.

Claire/Ira takes a step back and lets them lay down in their respective beds...

She waits until their eyes close then leaves the room.

69

INT/EXT. ANSEL'S CAR - MOTEL PARKING LOT - MORNING

69

Claire approaches the car. She goes to open the door but it's locked. She knocks on the window. Ansel leans over and unlocks the door. She gets in...

ANSEL

Sorry.

CLAIRE

No more apologies. We won't dwell on what's happened only what is happening now. We don't feel sorry for ourselves. We have each other. We are strong.

Ansel puts the car into reverse, but keeps his foot on the brake...

ANSEL

Where am I going?

CLAIRE

Home.

CUT TO BLACK:

F A U L T S