

OVER BLACK.

SUPER: "Look how good they feel." - Danko, *Cosmopolis*

INT. MAKEUP STORE - NIGHT

A young man in a beanie (20s) walks through the aisles of a closed makeup store. He throws items at random into a duffel bag on his shoulder.

His name is MONTREUX JAZZ.

MONTREUX JAZZ

I hope I go to jail. I hope I go to
jail. I hope I go to jail. I hope I
go to jail. I hope I go to jail.

He stuffs palette after palette into his bag.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Montreux Jazz heats up some leftovers. His girlfriend CASCA (20s) sits at the kitchen table.

INT. LIVING AREA - NIGHT

Details of Montreux's face fill the frame.

MONTREUX JAZZ

Do you want to see all the makeup I
got?

CASCA

Yeah, I do.

MONTREUX JAZZ

I have to go sell it in a few
hours.

CASCA

And I'm gonna make you so pretty
before you go and the guy is gonna
try to fuck you.

MONTREUX JAZZ

SHUT UP!!! SHUT THE FUCK UP!!!

Casca's face goes blank. She turns on a video game. The apartment has signs of consumption on most of the surfaces, a few cute decorations.

MONTREUX JAZZ
I have to go sell them. But you
should take some stuff.

CASCA
I'll look.

MONTREUX JAZZ
Whatever you want.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Montreux sits in his car, vaping.

Behind him, the concrete expanse of an underground parking
lot. Duffel bags of cosmetics on the passenger seat.

A shadow crosses the windshield, darkening Montreux's face.

JAMES
What was that?

Montreux looks at the phone in its holder on the dashboard.
He's Facetiming his older brother, JAMES (30s). Not
everything can be made out, but he's outside, sitting down.
It's sunny.

MONTREUX JAZZ
Someone on a bike.

JAMES
Isn't it like four A.M for you?

MONTREUX JAZZ
Almost.

Montreux looks at the duffel on the seat.

MONTREUX JAZZ
Fuck.

He grabs a thing of blush and turns it over.

MONTREUX JAZZ
This costs ninety dollars.

JAMES
Ninety?

MONTREUX JAZZ
This blush is worth ninety dollars.

JAMES
That's crazy.

Montreux sets it on the dashboard. He pulls out a lipstick.

MONTREUX JAZZ
And this? I don't even know.

James peers into his phone camera.

JAMES
There's someone behind your car.

MONTREUX JAZZ
It doesn't have a price on it.

JAMES
How much do you make doing this?

MONTREUX JAZZ
Not enough.

JAMES
He's looking into the trunk.

MONTREUX JAZZ
And then he'll see me.

The wall in front of the car brightens. Beams of light move through the car and to the left. The light leaves the wall.

JAMES
What are you saving up for?

MONTREUX JAZZ
I have to fucking be alive.

A car stops behind Montreux's. A MAN in a windbreaker turns away from Montreux's car and gets into the passenger side of the stopped car.

The car drives off.

MONTREUX JAZZ
I want a better apartment. You,
you, you have sex with your
boyfriend in front of the big
window, and the ants come into your
kitchen and you go live in a hotel
for a few days while someone comes
and handles all the ants.

JAMES
That's the problem...ants.

MONTREUX JAZZ

I was driving here and I looked up,
I looked down, and I thought I
don't know in which direction I
have to look to find the ants.

He looks into the bag of makeup again.

MONTREUX JAZZ

And it was so dark out. It is so
dark.

JAMES

Dark.

MONTREUX JAZZ

The sky is a deep blue, but if
there were enough ants to fill it,
it could be black. Real black.

JAMES

Black.

James sips a coffee drink.

JAMES

You have to come visit me in
Chicago. We're having the warmest
winter on record.

MONTREUX JAZZ

Work.

JAMES

You and Casca.

MONTREUX JAZZ

You want to meet Casca. But should
my brother know my girlfriend?

JAMES

It's not uncommon.

MONTREUX JAZZ

We want to visit you. I'm saving to
take us on a trip. Period.

He starts putting on the makeup.

MONTREUX JAZZ

Who loves me?

He messes up bits of it. He does it all; eyeliner, mascara,
blush, eyeshadow.

JAMES

Are you going to show Casca that?

Montreux pulls the phone out of its holder and takes some selfies.

MONTREUX JAZZ

Show Casca what?

JAMES

I bet she'd like it.

Montreux SCREAMS.

James makes a face and drops his phone.

It falls into the grass. James picks it up and looks around. People pass by in the park where James is standing.

MONTREUX JAZZ

It's sunny where you are.

JAMES

No more winter.

More beams of light pass through the car. Montreux looks at his own image in the phone.

JAMES

Stay with me. Both of you. I want you to have something of mine.

MONTREUX JAZZ

I know.

(beat)

Do you ever, do you think, ever, do you feel--

A KNOCK at the car window.

MONTREUX JAZZ

Hang up hang up hang up.

He hangs up on James. Montreux rolls down the car window.

GEORGIE

My man, let me see, let me see!
Montreux.

GEORGIE (30s) shakes Montreux up. He wears a fancy windbreaker. He has a weird-looking vape.

GEORGIE

DMT.

He hits it.

GEORGIE

Try it.

MONTREUX JAZZ

I'm good bro.

GEORGIE

Alright.

Georgie hits the vape.

GEORGIE

I am gonna level with you. I modded this thing. It has meth in it.

He hits it again.

GEORGIE

Let me see. Let me see what you got for me. Okay, let me see.

Montreux pulls the duffel bag over into his lap.

GEORGIE

Let me see.

Montreux sweeps his hand through the bag, displacing the top layer of cosmetics to reveal another layer beneath it, jumbled.

GEORGIE

Okay! We can work with this. We can do some business with this.

Georgie looks in and peers at Montreux's face.

GEORGIE

Wait, damn, let me see.

Montreux stares up at Georgie. He begins to look horrified.

GEORGIE

Are you sure you don't want to try this?

MONTREUX JAZZ

Okay.

He takes the vape Georgie is holding out and hits it without taking his eyes off Georgie.

GEORGIE

Let me see.

Montreux gives the vape back.

Georgie takes it.

His other hand reaches slowly for Montreux's face.

GEORGIE

You...

Montreux SNATCHES Georgie's hand and pulls it into the car. He pulls Georgie's upper body in and SLAMS his head into the steering wheel repeatedly.

Georgie yelps and struggles.

Montreux pushes him out of the car.

Georgie lays crumpled on the cement. Montreux gets out after a few seconds holding a socket wrench. Georgie struggles to get up and Montreux starts hitting him. Georgie reels with each blow as he gets to his feet. He starts to run, but Montreux catches him. They slowly end up back on the ground, as if they have mutually agreed to get there. Montreux hits him over and over.

This pattern repeats a few times.

Georgie stops resisting.

GEORGIE

You...

He stops moving altogether.

Montreux gets up. He goes to his car and pulls the makeup bag out through the window. He walks back over to Georgie and drops it on his chest.

Montreux gets back in the car.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

Montreux's car, parked in the middle of nowhere. The doors are all wide open.

Out the driver's side door, hundreds of ants spill out. Their bodies GLIMMER.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Montreux and Casca sit on the bed.

CASCA

Don't go anywhere tonight. I want you to stay here.

MONTREUX JAZZ

You want all the makeup?

CASCA

No, sweetie. I'll take like one of the nice mascaras.

MONTREUX JAZZ

I have to move it. The money moves by itself, but we have to want it to.

CASCA

I don't want anything. Period.

We see the whole apartment:

--the BATHROOM, with all the lights off, an open bag of makeup on the sink,

--the KITCHEN, Montreux's unfinished leftovers,

--the LIVING AREA,

MONTREUX JAZZ

Then I have to go then.

--the T.V.,

--the BED and the WINDOW behind it.