

~ THE ROAD ~

EPISODE ONE: ISTANBUL

THE BIRTH OF TRAGEDY

By

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and

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FADE IN:

EXT. RECORDING STUDIO - NIGHT

The camera pulls back to reveal a sign above the storefront that says:

The Hall of Supreme Harmony

As the camera continues pulling back, an ominous male FIGURE walks into the picture. The FIGURE wears a black overcoat, black boots, black gloves, long black hair. He carries a receptacle of some kind at his side. Because the camera is angled toward his backside, the FIGURE is unidentifiable.

The FIGURE casually walks up to the studio's front door and, without hesitation, rams his clenched fist through the adjacent window, reaches in and pops the lock from inside. The camera follows the FIGURE into the studio.

The FIGURE continues walking through a series of corridors and passageways. It seems endless.

POV the FIGURE:

The FIGURE comes to a door, opens it and enters the studio's control room.

CUT TO:

Several racks of recording equipment take up one wall. A large recording console comprises the center of the room. Rare instruments hang from various spots on the wall, including a Greek bouzouki given to MR. E by Mikis Theodorakis.

The FIGURE walks over to the tape machine by the far wall. A pile of two-inch master tape boxes sit next to the machine. He removes the box from the bottom of the pile. The box is labeled:

BENEDICTION:

A SUITE FOR SUZANNE

The FIGURE places the tape box back on the pile, hoists up the receptacle, opens the cap, and pours gasoline onto the pile of tapes, the tape machine, the console, the equipment rack, and everything else in the room.

The FIGURE notices a large mural on one wall. It's a portrait of a beautiful woman. The name SUZANNE, painted in a colorful and calligraphic font, appears over her head. The FIGURE seemingly unzips his fly and urinates on the mural. Then he picks up the receptacle and empties the last of the gasoline onto the mural. A match is lit and the mural is ignited. The room is suddenly engulfed in flames.

The camera focuses on the mural as we see the last portions of SUZANNE's portrait incinerate and turn to ash.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CONCERT HALL

The camera pulls back on a woman who appears to be SUZANNE. She is in the audience, shrouded in an ethereal ray of light.

MR. E is on stage, performing. He sees SUZANNE, stares intently at her and smiles. She smiles back at him.

The song ends.

MR. E is suddenly immersed in a wave of muffled silence and slow motion. He walks off to the side of stage left and starts talking to TRUE LOVE. The dialogue is inaudible, but we can tell what is being said by simple body language: MR. E continually points into the crowd, in the direction of where he saw SUZANNE. TRUE LOVE scours the audience in befuddlement. He does not see SUZANNE. She is no longer there.

At the end of the exchange, MR. E pushes TRUE LOVE slightly, as if to tell him to go into the audience and find SUZANNE. As the audio fades back up to its normal level, MR. E walks to the center of the stage and begins the final song.

TRUE LOVE descends the stairs leading to the main floor. The camera follows him as he cuts through the crowd, searching for someone or something he's not sure is even there.

MR. E glances over to the side of stage left, where TRUE LOVE was standing just minutes before, and notices SUZANNE. Next to her is an albino. This is MISTER PROUST.

SUZANNE and MISTER PROUST turn around and walk into a billow of smoke.

The song ends.

MR. E
 Shalom baby.
 (Pauses)
 Thank-you. Good night.

MR. E unstraps his guitar and sets it carefully on a guitar stand, next to an amplifier. He quickly exits the stage and walks into the lingering smoke.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

A heavy fog settles in as a black limousine whirls into view.

A silhouetted MR. E emerges from the haze, dressed in black, wearing sunglasses, his hair slicked back, and carrying a guitar case. He approaches the limousine.

The CHAUFFEUR stands next to the car, holding a sign that says:

mr. e

MR. E walks up, lowers his glasses, and nods to the driver, who opens the door. He steps forward and into the car.

The limousine cuts through the mist, wheels around and exits the train station. As it travels to its destination, we are taken through the city of Istanbul.

EXT. PANORAMIC SHOTS OF ISTANBUL - CONTINUOUS

The gateway between Europe and the Middle East, Istanbul is a living city held together by a mixture of old and new -- ancient mosques, churches, and palaces sit amongst anonymous modern structures, educational institutions, and marketplaces. The Bosphorus River flows through its center, leaving a vibrant and cultural shimmer in its wake.

John Coltrane's "Equinox" plays in the distance as the cool night air washes over the city's topography.

MR. E
 (V.O.)
 A lot of things go through your
 mind as you move through unknown
 terrain. It's a strange mix of
 fear, excitement, reverence,
 privilege, and loneliness.
 (Pauses)
 They say Istanbul is the crossroad
 between east and west.
 (MORE)

MR. E (cont'd)

Yeats wrote "Sailing To Byzantium" in its honor. It was the hub of activity many centuries ago when it was known as Constantinople. Back then, the great Turkish leader Mustapha Kemal Ataturk brought his newly christened country Turkey into the modern grips of the 20th Century.

(Pauses)

I wonder if Coltrane ever made it here. I do believe he would have been attracted to the rhythms and sounds of the Sufis with their neys and sazs and Turkish drums.

(Pauses)

Graham Greene wrote: "A story has no beginning or end. Arbitrarily, one chooses that moment of experience from which to look back or to look ahead." For me, the road is where it all happens, where one is transformed and illuminated. And where aberrant behavior manifests at odd, ambiguous moments.

The streets of Istanbul. Random shots of traffic, lights, scenes of debauchery, belly dancers, gypsies, and street vendors.

The camera swings into one building and onto the next. Glimpses of naked women, barroom brawls, and general mayhem, bouncing from frame to frame.

MR. E

(V.O.)

Why is man so attracted to conflict? It's like a vice he tries to shake but is constantly drawn to...

Miscellaneous shots of bombings, combat, rioting, looting, protests, and human chaos.

MR. E

(V.O.)

I see a lot of faces, lonely faces, desperate faces...tragic and sad faces. I see young faces and old faces...faces full of ecstasy and agony, confusion, exhaustion and exultation. I see the faces of hustlers and streetwalkers.

(MORE)

MR. E (cont'd)
 I see Jesus and Krishna and the
 boddhisatva. I see the faces of
 love and war, sex and death. I see
 the face of SOREN KIERKEGAARD.

CUT TO:

An illustration of SOREN KIERKEGAARD with moving lips.

SOREN KIERKEGAARD
 Life involves risk.

MR. E
 (V.O.)
 ...and CHARLES BUKOWSKI...

CUT TO:

A photograph of CHARLES BUKOWSKI with moving lips.

CHARLES BUKOWSKI
 It's a spear in the gut how they
 need their Van Gogh madness and
 Mozart suffering to feed on.

MR. E
 (V.O.)
 ...and JOHN LENNON...

CUT TO:

A photograph of JOHN LENNON with moving lips.

JOHN LENNON
 Life is what happens when you're
 busy making other plans.

CUT TO:

Random shots of various people from different walks of life.

MR. E
 (V.O.)
 I see a lot of things, but life is
 mostly forgetting.
 (Pauses)
 The secret is the delicate art of
 stitching it back together...

EXT. HYATT HOTEL LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

The camera closes in on MR. E's limo pulling into the
 driveway. He steps out of the limo, his guitar case in hand.

Without hesitation or ceremony, he nonchalantly walks into the hotel.

As MR. E strolls to the front desk to check in, his eyes are deeply drawn to the clerk behind the counter, a beautiful young Turkish woman named DILEK. A strong sexual tension between MR. E and DILEK immediately kicks into gear. She hands him his key, and he leans across the counter and whispers into her ear.

MR. E walks down the corridor and enters an elevator. He notices a peculiar man, an albino with pink eyes named MISTER PROUST, standing in the elevator. He is wearing a pink tuxedo with tails and a top hat. He brandishes a white cane.

CUT TO:

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

As the door closes, PROUST speaks.

PROUST
Good evening, Mr. E.

MR. E
(Curiously)
Good evening. Do I know you?

PROUST
You may or may not know me, but I know you.

PROUST moves a little closer to MR. E.

PROUST
My name is Mister Proust. I am the executor of lost memories. And you know how memories work. Sometimes they're your best friend, and other times your worst enemy. Sometimes they're full of joy and nostalgia -- other times, they're full of pain and anguish...

He smiles demurely.

PROUST
...they can be saints or devils, they can be political hostage negotiators. They can be faulty and warpy....exaggerators and revisionists...

MR. E stares intently at PROUST.

MR. E

What does that have to do with me?

PROUST

Memories have everything to do with you. Mr. E.

The elevator stops. PROUST extends his cane, parts a blood red velvet curtain hanging in front of the elevator door. MR. E stands motionless and transfixed as he becomes immersed in a mosaic of memories.

PROUST

Your name is Edward Estlin. You're a musician. However, your show biz moniker is Mr. E. It's not self-applied. But that's neither here nor there. We all need a hook, an angle, a scheme to hawk our wares and sell our goods.

(Pauses)

You've done pretty well so far. You've written several hundred songs, traveled the world, shared the beds of some beautiful women and some not so beautiful women. You've met politicians, carnival barkers, musicians of a wide and diverse variety, religious leaders, artists, writers, filmmakers, palm readers, peepshow doormen, and a host of barbarians and saints.

The flood of memories instantly cease. Suddenly, MR. E notices he is no longer standing in the elevator, but rather in a small white room. PROUST is now dressed like a gypsy. He grinds an organ while a small monkey donning a fez and holding a collection cup stands by.

PROUST

For you Mr. E, it's all about the music. Through feast and famine, sacred and profane, the music has always been at the heart of the matter. It is faithful, stubborn, and at times, elusive. But in moments of crisis, it is always ready to excavate and explore.

PROUST continues to grind the organ as the monkey does a little dance. It approaches MR. E, tugs on the leg of his pants, and holds up his cup.

MR. E reaches into his pocket and pulls out a coin. He places it in the cup and walks over to a door. He opens it and steps forward.

CUT TO:

INT. MR. E'S SUITE - CONTINUOUS

MR. E steps into his suite. He walks into the master bedroom, places his guitar case on the bed, and takes in his surroundings.

MR. E

(V.O.)

I like hotel rooms. You get the feeling of perpetual motion, suspended animation. It's like you're on the lamb.

(Pauses)

I was born in Los Angeles, the city of Angels. My parents were poets. I didn't know my mother very well and I didn't know my father at all. It wasn't until several years after her death that I discovered my namesake. She left behind a journal. It offered a few insights and clues into who she was. I wish I could have known her better, but life has its own rules.

He opens the guitar case and pulls out a notebook.

MR. E POV:

He opens the notebook and there's a photograph inside. It's a picture of his grandparents, JOE and MARIANNE.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TYPICAL SUBURBAN HOME IN SAN PEDRO, CA - NIGHT

FLASHBACK

The faint sound of music plays as a young and excitable EDWARD ESTLIN sprints into the living room.

EDWARD

Grandpa Joe, Grandpa Joe. What are you listening to?

GRANDPA JOE

Hank Williams, Eddie. "The Lost Highway." They called him the hillbilly Shakespeare, a rare breed, an original, a possessor of deep emotions, a real poet.

EDWARD

A poet. Kinda like my mother.

GRANDPA JOE

Yeah, kinda. Your mother was a unique, but fragile woman, Eddie. We used to listen to Hank Williams, John Coltrane and Franz Schubert. She was really fond of Schubert's "Trio" in E flat. It inspired her to write a poem called "The Beginning Of Sorrows."

(Turns to yell)

Marianne. What are you cooking in there?

GRANDMA MARRIANE

(Off)

Macaroni and cheese.

GRANDPA JOE

(To EDWARD, grumbling and holds his nose)

Macaroni and cheese!

GRANDMA MARRIANE

(Off)

What did you say, dear?

GRANDPA JOE

Nothing, Rose Blossom.

(To EDWARD)

Ah hell. it's better than starving.

EDWARD walks over to where GRANDPA sits. They remain still as they continue to listen to the music.

GRANDPA JOE

Your grandma's a good one, Eddie. I hope someday you're as fortunate.

EDWARD smiles. GRANDPA JOE beams proudly at the boy and winks.

GRANDPA JOE
 Hey, why don't you grab your guitar
 and I'll show you how to play some
 Hank Williams.

END OF FLASHBACK

FADE TO:

INT. MR. E'S SUITE - EARLY MORNING

Dim rays of light bleed across the ceiling, accentuated through the streams of smoke emitted from the candles and incense. DILEK sits upright in a large bed, her body partially concealed and draped by sheets. The camera pans around as MR. E, guitar in hand, finishes playing a song called "Cup Of Trembling."

DILEK
 Your songs remind me of Dostoevsky.

MR. E
 I've always felt a great kinship with the Russians. They're twisted thinkers and deep-sea fishermen, biblical and ferocious.

DILEK
 Are you a Christian?

MR. E
 I believe Christ was the first existentialist. A man full of love and grace, but fully aware of man's futility.
 (Pauses)
 Aren't you Muslim?

DILEK
 (embarrassed)
 Well yes, but I'm not a strict follower. It's my tradition and traditions are good, but sometimes difficult to follow.

MR. E
 Very difficult indeed. When one is as beautiful and alluring as you are Dilek.

DILEK

(Smiles)

I just hope I don't lose my job over this. Management has a real problem with employees of the hotel spending intimate time with the guests.

(Pauses)

Do you think you'll ever come back to Istanbul?

MR. E

I hope to.

The camera pans slowly across the room, caressing the shades that soak in the darkness.

MR. E

(V.O.)

I always hope to come back to places where I meet the good ones, the beautiful ones, or the dirty ones. But the truth is no one ever knows where and when one will end up. So I take each day as if it's the last. Praising Hosanna, taking the good with the bad, the sacred and profane.

(Pauses)

My whole life is in a perpetual state of stalking the muse, running down the miracles in the tower of song -- music, art, love and death; the great themes that spin, twirl, and dissolve into memory.

DILEK hangs her legs over the edge of the bed, resembling an innocent Cupie doll.

DILEK

What comes first -- the words or the music?

MR. E

Well, that depends. Sometimes, it's the check.

DILEK

Have you ever been in love?

MR. E

Everyday.

DILEK
What do you mean?

MR. E
(matter-of-factly, but
sincere -- one of MR. E's
many contradictions)
Right now, I'm in love with you.
And that's all that matters. The
way I see it, everything is
ephemeral and unpredictable. I just
try to hold on briefly and then get
out of the way before the whole
shit house goes up in flames.

DILEK is taken aback as she pulls up her stockings.

DILEK
I see.

MR. E
(Leans forward)
What do you see?

DILEK
(Stands and turns to MR.
E)
I see that you hide behind lofty
thoughts that you call art.

MR. E
Love is an art. Love is passion and
rage. Love is sublime and
ridiculous.
(Pauses)
Love is never having to say you're
sorry.

MR. E bursts into laughter.

DILEK
(With a serious tone)
I'm glad you find this so amusing.
I may be young, but I'm not
ignorant. When someone says they're
in love, they should mean it.

MR. E find this amusing and sports a crooked, Lyle Lovett-
style grin. He is rendered speechless.

DILEK
Well, I guess I got what I wanted.
And you got more than you deserved.

Seething with anger, DILEK exits the picture.

MR. E

(V.O.)

The road, as you see, has its own rules, rights, and designations. There's a saying: What happens on the road, stays on the road.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CEMETERY - LATE AFTERNOON

FLASHBACK

An empty road. A balloon floats into the picture and a walking pair of boots follow it up the road. The balloon and the boots advance several yards and stop. The balloon settles next to a grave stone. The boots belong to MR. E. A caretaker known as BALLOON MAN is kneeling beside the grave.

MR. E

How's she doing, Balloon Man?

BALLOON MAN

Your mother's doing great Mr. E. I'm taking real good care of her.

The gravestone reads:

SYLVIA SEXTON R.I.P.

Below that it says:

the world is puddle-wonderful

MR. E

I think about her every day.

BALLOON MAN

Your mother and father were both very special people.

MR. E

Thanks Balloon Man.

(Pauses)

And how are you?

BALLOON MAN

Fair to Midland. How's the road been treating you?

MR. E
 Forever changing, but always the
 same.

The camera cuts to the balloon, which ascends into the
 heavens.

END OF FLASHBACK

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MR. E'S SUITE - LATER

The phone rings. MR. E scoops up the receiver.

MR. E
 (Cautiously)
 Hello...

SUZANNE
 (Off in a seductive purr)
 Hello Rimbaud. How's life?

The camera pans over to the flickering television. An image
 of SUZANNE appears on the screen in an American movie, which
 is dubbed in Turkish. It's one of the many absurd
 coincidences that could only happen on THE ROAD.

MR. E
 (Stares at the TV)
 Life is the farce which everyone
 has to perform.

SUZANNE
 (Off)
 What a life! True life is
 elsewhere. We are not in the world.

MR. E
 And now I drift through the poem of
 the sea with deliriums that streak
 the glowing sky.

SUZANNE
 And some day I will open your
 silent pregnancies.
 (Pauses)
 When are you coming home?

MR. E
 Ah, my dearest Suzanne -- when are
 you coming home?

Nina Simone's "Suzanne" floats in and out as MR. E laughs and engages in playful banter with SUZANNE. He stares at the TV again.

CUT TO:

C.U. OF SUZANNE ON THE TV

MR. E suddenly appears next to SUZANNE. The picture morphs into a scene taken from a memory. MR. E and SUZANNE are walking down a street. It is bright and full of colors, like a David LaChapelle photo.

A CYCLOPS approaches MR. E and SUZANNE.

CYCLOPS

Excuse me. Do you have the time?

MR. E and SUZANNE look at him curiously

CYCLOPS

Yes, the time.

At this point, the CYCLOPS performs an original song called "The End Is The Beginning Of The Start."

CYCLOPS

(Sings)

Time present and time past are both
perhaps contained in time future,
and time future contained in time
past.

If all time is eternally present,
all time is unredeemable. What
might have been is an abstraction,
remaining a perpetual possibility.

Only in a world of speculation.

What might have been and what has
been points to one end, which is
always present.

The song ends.

SUZANNE

What's your name?

CYCLOPS

Eliot. Thomas Stearns Eliot.

MR. E
 (Extends his hand)
 It's been a pleasure.

CYCLOPS
 (Shakes MR. E's hand)
 Duly.

MR. E stares aimlessly at the television set.

MR. E
 Until we meet again. *Mi Amore, Ah
 revoir.*

Exhausted and disoriented, MR. E haplessly hangs up the phone and contemplates his next move. He lays back on the bed and shuts his eyes. Barely into a deep sleep, he hears footsteps and then a knock. At first, he thinks it's a dream. But then, he hears the knock again.

CUT TO:

C.U. OF THE DOOR

Another knock.

CUT TO:

C.U. OF A DISHEVELED MR. E

Another knock with urgency.

MR. E
 (Irritated)
 Son of a bitch!

MR. E leaps from his bed, hostility on his breath, and lunges at the door. He struggles with the latch, wrestling with the lock that separates him from the intruder. The door suddenly pops open.

Silence. No one is there. MR. E's eyes are drawn downward to a small, Chinese box -- an ornate and mysterious gateway to worlds unknown.

He suspiciously picks up the box, looks one way down the corridor and then the other, and carefully carries the box into his room, cupping it in his hands.

He yawns and slowly opens the box. He finds a card inside.

CUT TO:

C.U. OF THE CARD

It reads:

"Music to create harmony must investigate discord"

MR. E looks in the mirror and, like rings in a tree, sees the lines in his face. He then walks over to the window and stares down at the Bosphorus River below.

CUT TO:

C.U. OF THE PHONE

The phone rings. A hand comes into the picture and pulls up the receiver.

MR. E

Hello.

TRUE LOVE

(Off)

Hey, Mr. E. It's True Love. How are you doing?

MR. E

Fine True Love. And you?

TRUE LOVE

(Off)

You know me -- *Verdad Amore*. The Ambassador. The bringer of true love...

MR. E

Brilliant.

TRUE LOVE

(Off)

I'll see you in an hour for sound check. And then the rest of the afternoon is yours. You can relax, watch "Who Wants To Be A Turkish Millionaire," channel the muse, or visit Uncle Nappy -- whatever your heart desires.

MR. E

Great. See you then.

CUT TO:

INT. TRUE LOVE'S HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

TRUE LOVE hangs up the phone, pulls out a notepad, picks up the phone and dials.

TRUE LOVE
 Merhaba ("Hello" in Turkish) Eyup.
 This is True Love.
 (Pauses)
 True Love, Mr. E's tour manager.
 (Pauses)
 Yes, how are you?
 (Pauses)
 I'm very well, thank you. Just
 making sure that ground transpo is
 here at eight. I'll have the guest
 list a little bit later.
 (Pauses)
 Oh yeah, please don't forget the 35-
 year-old Scotch McCallum.
 (Pauses)
 Yes, it helps loosen up his nasal
 passages.
 (Pauses)
 I'll also need someone to keep an
 eye on him. He likes to explore on
 his own, and sometimes he gets lost
 in unfamiliar surroundings.
 (Pauses)
 Okay. If there's anything else,
 I'll be in touch.
 (Pauses)
 Excellent. Hoscakal ("Good-bye" in
 Turkish).

TRUE LOVE hangs up the phone.

The camera pulls back as TRUE LOVE continues making phone calls. There are several books on a nearby table, including one on Zen Buddhism and another called *The Art Of Living* by Epictetus.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DARK AUDITORIUM - AFTERNOON

A road crew scurries about the stage -- laying cables, hanging speakers and lights, unveiling guitars, drums, keyboards, and other equipment.

MR. E

(V.O.)

Sound checks are basically worthless. Everything changes: the ambience, the tone of the room, the attitude, the army of silent hostility. But out of respect, to whom I am not quite sure, I oblige and go through the motions.

Sound check activities abound -- roadies are frantic and running around, techs tweak knobs, the promoter and the caterer rush by for no apparent reason.

CUT TO:

C.U. A ROADIE'S LIPS BRUSH ROUGHLY ACROSS A MICROPHONE

ROADIE

(Slobbering and shouting)

...Testing...one, two. I have one, two testies. Testing, testing, testing.

A hot and heavy breath all over his microphone -- this is a major pet peeve of MR. E's.

DISSOLVE TO:

An animated sequence of phobias, pet peeves and assorted annoyances with 'Psycho'-like music.

C.U. of MR. E's face in horror over the lips on the microphone. The camera pulls back to reveal him in a strait jacket, being pummeled with images of grotesque-looking characters shouting out hyperboles, such as "you're so amazing," "awesome, incredible, historic, monumental, brilliant..." This is followed by an army of cell phone users. Various people are shouting into their cell phones ("Can you hear me now? Sorry I haven't called you back. I've been busy. Really busy. Crazy busy. Busy, busy, busy."), twirling them like six-shooters, snapping pictures and playing video games. Some of the cell phones light up like Christmas trees, blinding MR. E and sending him into submission.

MR. E despises over-used hyperboles, clichés, cell phones, and drooling roadies.

FADE TO BLACK

INT. TV STUDIO

A TV NEWSCASTER sits opposite HANS WITTGENSTEIN.

TV NEWSCASTER

I am talking with Hans Wittgenstein, renowned mentor and close friend of musician, singer, songwriter, Mr. E. Welcome, Mr. Wittgenstein. Please tell us about yourself.

HANS

I was born in Vienna, Austria. My father was a professor of linguistics and my mother was an experimental artist and composer. They met at Cistercian Preparatory School. They were both acquaintances of Sigmund Freud and Adolph Hitler. Tragically, they died in the war.

HANS nervously wipes his brow and takes a sip of coffee.

HANS

That's when I moved to Norway for a short spell before coming to America. I eventually settled in Rome, Georgia where I worked for a cousin and studied philosophy, literature, music and art.

TV NEWSCASTER

Where did you study?

HANS

I studied on my own. In bars and libraries.

TV NEWSCASTER

How did you meet Mr. E?

HANS

We met in the library. He'd been drifting, trying to make his way to New York. He noticed that I was reading Nietzsche's *The Birth Of Tragedy*. He was intrigued by the Apollonian- Dionysian polarity. And we struck up an instant friendship.

(MORE)

HANS (cont'd)
He must have been 16 or 17 at the
time.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF ROME, GEORGIA - DAY

FLASHBACK

The camera sweeps over a farmhouse.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

Random shots of abstract paintings, exotic curios from around the world, and a diverse collection of handmade musical instruments.

A teenage EDWARD ESTLIN sits with his acoustic guitar. HANS sits across from EDWARD, huddled behind a set of harmonic water bowls and microtonal marimbas.

HANS
Make the music like Ravi Shankar,
Sun Ra and John Cage. Bring in some
flavors from the Middle East.
Become intimate friends with the
drone. The drone is where it all
begins and ends.

They begin playing. It is an hypnotic mix, tossed about like a rapturous current flooding the ancient highway.

END OF FLASHBACK

FADE TO:

INT. HOTEL BAR - LATER

MR. E enters. It is several hours before show time. A young and attractive female sings Nick Drake's "River Man."

MR. E POV:

He scopes the scene before him and catches sight of an attractive young woman sitting alone at the far end of the bar. He ambles over and pulls up a bar stool next to the woman. He doesn't speak.

A BARTENDER walks over and nods. MR. E nods back.

The woman, PENELOPE, glances over casually and realizes who is sitting next to her.

PENELOPE

Hello Mr. E, my name is Penelope.
It's an honor and a pleasure to
make your acquaintance. I've
admired your work for many years,
especially your song cycle on
Cummings.

MR. E

(Gives her the one-over)
Why thank you. I didn't think
anyone remembered that one.
(Pauses)
Penelope, huh? Are you Greek?

PENELOPE

(Giggles)
No, I'm from Oxford, England. I'm a
student studying the classics.
Byron, Wordsworth, Keats, Shelley.

MR. E

Ah, yes. The Romantics.
(Pauses)
Are you here alone?

PENELOPE

(Ambiguously)
No, I'm here with someone.

MR. E

(Coyly)
Oh yeah? Who might that be?
Ulysses?

PENELOPE

No. His name is Thom, Thom Yorke.
Maybe you've heard of him.

MR. E

(Sarcastically)
Oh yes, Mr. Thomas Yorke,
singer/songwriter from Oxford,
England. The new Mr. E!

PENELOPE

Well, yes. Critics *have* compared
him to you.
(Playfully sarcastic)
You know, back in the day when you
were relevant.

MR. E is taken aback and momentarily loses his concentration.

MR. E

Let me tell you something little Miss Wounded Romantic. Being relevant means nothing to me. I know critics call Thom Yorke a genius, but 'genius' is a funny term. They use it so they can own your soul for a while, then discard it at their whim.

(Pauses)

You want to know what I think of your little Thommy Yorke: he's a didactic, whiny little misanthrope.

PENELOPE

So you disregard all criticism?

The BARTENDER places a drink before MR. E. He picks up a glass and takes a long, hard pull.

MR. E

(Seemingly ignores question)

I find most criticism ludicrous, spiteful, and willfully destructive. I never met a critic that was worth more than a stone's throw to a drip can.

PENELOPE

They've been pretty good to you.

MR. E

It's like love -- it starts off pure and simple, then it degenerates into hostility and possession.

THOM YORKE enters the bar and approaches MR. E and PENELOPE. He bows in honor of the legendary musician.

THOM

I'm a great admirer of your work Mr. E.

MR. E

That's funny. That's just what your girlfriend said.

THOM

(Motions to PENELOPE)

Penelope? She's not my girlfriend, mate. Just an old family friend.

MR. E's demeanor changes drastically as he glances over at PENELOPE and smiles.

MR. E

(To THOM)

Well, Mr. Yorke. What brings you to Istanbul?

THOM

I've developed a growing interest in Sufism and the dervishes. So we came to explore.

MR. E

Have you come to any conclusions?

THOM

To be honest, I feel like George Harrison when he discovered India.

PENELOPE

(To MR. E)

What are your impressions of Istanbul?

MR. E

I always find Istanbul mystical and exotic, but in the wrong hands ripe for insurrection.

THOM

I hear you're playing tonight with some Turkish musicians.

MR. E

Yes. And I'd like to personally extend an invitation to you and your old family friend Penelope...

(Smiles at PENELOPE)

...to come to the show and partake of the festivities.

MR. E grabs PENELOPE'S hand and, like a suave Lord Byron, kisses it.

PENELOPE's smile is as wide as the Caspian Sea. She is obviously confused, but smitten by the charms of the aging troubadour.

CUT TO:

EXT. GRAND BAZAAR - CONTINUOUS

MR. E is out for a leisurely stroll, passing beggars, merchants, rug dealers, belly dancers, and various curio shops along the way. He approaches a small woman, a box of books at her feet. He notices the name *Charles Bukowski* on the cover of one book and sees that it is translated into Turkish.

He continues walking along when he comes upon a McDonald's. There's a sign in front advertising a new sandwich called the McTurko. Yes, even Ronald McDonald has infiltrated Muhammad and his minions.

C.U. MCTURKO SIGN

CUT TO:

MR. E POV:

A group of anonymous people are staring and pointing at MR. E.

MR. E

(V.O.)

A funny thing, fame. You work your whole life to get it. And the rest of your life to avoid it.

(Pauses)

I like to explore on my own. It's a sort of liberation, an air of danger.

MR. E resumes his walk and a Turkish midget named GODOT enters the picture, dancing and motioning MR. E to follow. He obliges and is led down an alley.

CUT TO:

As MR. E disappears down the dark alley, DILEK walks by, takes note, and makes a call on her cell phone.

CUT TO:

MR. E continues following GODOT into an ominous room off the beaten path.

CUT TO:

INT. DARK, SMALL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Here, he meets HORUS GRAETTINGER, a phantom-like presence who represents death.

Without missing a beat, GRAETTINGER darts his eyes as he dramatically recites a slice of his seething dialogue.

GRAETTINGER

I met a man, naked, starving,
hysterical, mad, with a suitcase
full of thoughts...jagged and
twisted thoughts. Like a cycle of
myths, spasms of mercy, dripping
and dilating at the center of his
consciousness. Waiting
phantasmagorically for time the
destroyer.

MR. E glances downward and notices a piece of paper sticking out from under his shoe. Upon further investigation, he sees that it is a decal of a smiley face which happens to be smiling up at him. He cracks a sly grin and tries to remove the decal from his shoe, but it won't budge.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TRUE LOVE'S HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The camera segues to a smiley face decal on TRUE LOVE's Day Runner. SUZANNE sits in the corner of the room, playing cello; however, TRUE LOVE does not see or hear her. He is on the phone.

TRUE LOVE

Have you seen him?
(agitated, but pauses and
takes a deep breath)
What do you mean you lost him?
(Pauses)
Excuse me, you said the last you
saw of him, he was following a
midget?
(Pauses)
That's not good.
(Pauses)
Where are you?
(Pauses)
I'm on my way.

TRUE LOVE calmly replaces the phone into its cradle. He takes another deep breath and speaks.

TRUE LOVE

The way of Zen is never easy. The
way of Zen is never hard. The way
of Zen is just the way of Zen.

TRUE LOVE arises and exits.

CUT TO:

INT. DARK, SMALL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

GODOT tugs at MR. E's shirt-tails and hands him a tall, thin glass filled with Lion's Milk, a local Turkish libation. He examines the drink momentarily and takes a healthy swig. Then he turns to his right and notices a strange figure in a robe with the word "Alien" scrawled across his chest.

CUT TO:

GRAETTINGER

Some say you're a madman, others
call you a genius.

MR. E

Well, they said the same things
about William Blake and Percy
Shelley, so I guess I'm in good
company.

(Takes a careful sip of
his drink)

Really, I'm just a song-and-dance
man with a fascination for the
lurid.

GODOT

Enjoying your Lion's Milk?

MR. E

Not bad. How 'bout a refill little
man?

GODOT frowns then laughs uncontrollably. He goes off to fetch MR. E's drink.

CUT TO:

EXT. TAXI CAB IN GRAND BAZZAR - CONTINUOUS

TRUE LOVE emerges from the cab with a cell phone to his ear.

TRUE LOVE

Okay, I'm here. Where are you?

(Pauses and looks to his
left)

Yeah, I see it.

TRUE LOVE walks toward the entrance of the alley. The cell phone is still to his ear.

Various merchants and street people angle for TRUE LOVE's attention, but he continues onward, unabated.

TRUE LOVE
Down the alley?
(Pauses)
Got it. Thanks.

CUT TO:

INT. DARK, SMALL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

MR. E
(To GRAETTINGER)
What's the story with the alien?

GRAETTINGER
He's here of dream and intoxication, to examine your inner world, your obsessions, losses, and savage urges. To see what lies in the underbelly of your soul. And to make you an offer.

MR. E
OK...what are you offering?

GRAETTINGER
Well, you see Mr. E, loss, as you know, can be devastating. And the way in which one gets to the bottom of his Dionysian dilemma cannot be properly assessed without sacrifice. So, what are you willing to sacrifice?

FATHER MERTON enters. He is a pious man who represents the redemptive traits of MR. E's personality.

MERTON
Just as a dog returns to his vomit, so does a fool to his folly.

MR. E
But it is the glory of God to conceal a matter, and the glory of kings to seek it out.
(Pauses)
Hello Father Merton, what brings you to these yonder parts?

MERTON
I'm always here for those in need.

The camera jumps back and forth between GRAETTINGER, MERTON, and GODOT.

MR. E

(V.O.)

To live life, you've got to experience it. All we know is what we see, touch, taste and smell. It's ok to get a little down and dirty. It all comes off in the wash. Sure, I studied the Greeks, the Blakes, the Rimbauds. But I always wanted to be a drifter in exile, somewhere between Hank Williams and John Cage -- shifting between internal and external spaces, making the familiar strange and the strange familiar.

(Pauses)

Sometimes when you're seeking redemption, one must cut a deal with the devil.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

TRUE LOVE frantically checks doors, windows, and whatnot. He then sees a MAN, sitting lotus-style against a wall.

TRUE LOVE

I'm looking for a man dressed in black. He's an American.

The MAN, who has no teeth, points to a row of three cups sitting before him. The cups are turned upside down.

MAN

Pick one.

TRUE LOVE picks up one cup to reveal a fortune cookie. The MAN picks up the fortune cookie, bites into it, and removes the fortune. He hands the fortune to TRUE LOVE.

TRUE LOVE

(Reading the fortune)
What is the ultimate philosophical thought?

TRUE LOVE closes his eyes, takes a deep breath and ponders the message. He opens his eyes and stares at the MAN.

TRUE LOVE
To think what can't be thought.

The MAN smiles and stands. He motions TRUE LOVE to follow him.

CUT TO:

INT. DARK, SMALL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A seductive BELLY DANCER enters the room and dances wildly before MR. E, who becomes noticeably aroused.

As the BELLY DANCER continues, Three MONKS enter.

SMASH CUT TO:

C.U. MONK #1

MONK #1
Terror.

SMASH CUT TO:

C.U. MONK #2

MONK #2
Self-immolation.

SMASH CUT TO:

C.U. MONK # 3

MONK #3
Excavation.

The camera pulls back on all THREE MONKS.

THREE MONKS
(In unison)
Deranging the senses to come to an
understanding. Deranging the senses
to come to an understanding.
Deranging the senses to come to an
understanding.

Thelonious Monk's "Well You Needn't" plays as the camera frantically jumps back and forth from MR. E to the belly dancer, over to GRAETTINGER, then to FATHER MERTON, followed by GODOT, and finally the THREE MONKS.

MR. E

(V.O.)

One minute, I feel like Christ, the next, Judas. It's all very complicated, schizophrenic and paranoid.

(Pauses)

Oh Juliet, wherefore art thou?

TRUE LOVE's hand comes out from nowhere and touches MR. E on the shoulder.

TRUE LOVE

Hey Romeo. It's time to go. We have a show.

FADE TO:

INT. THE CONCERT VENUE - EVENING

The venue is packed with thousands of rabid loyalists, waiting to catch a glimpse of MR. E.

The camera gathers a few quick shots of various audience members as the anticipation mounts.

CUT TO:

INT. BACKSTAGE ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

DILEK attempts to negotiate entry with the security guard, but is turned away. She walks away in frustration.

CUT TO:

INT. STAGE - CONTINUOUS

MR. E goes into a song called "Fringe On The Curve." He is backed by local Turkish musicians of the highest caliber. The fans hang on to every word and every note. They break into another song called "Istanbul," followed by "Packed Like Sardines In A Crushed Tin Box," written by THOM YORKE.

THOM, who is standing in the wings, walks onto the stage as the song begins and joins MR. E. He has been performing the song all over Europe for the last several months. Yes, this is a strange dream within a dream.

THOM and MR. E conduct a serious meditation on the I chord, droning like dervishes in a trance.

The concert is a smashing success.

FADE TO BLACK

INT. THE AFTERSHOW PARTY - LATER

The camera swings through a wild collage of eccentric characters, party dwellers, exotic women, business-types, hash dealers, gypsies, a black man wearing a kilt and playing bagpipes, plus various critters, clingers, and misfits milling about. Everyone wears name tags. Imagine, if you will, the films of Federico Fellini and David Lynch.

THOM

(Tongue-in-cheek)

Didactic, whining little
misanthrope, heh?

MR. E

Just quoting your critics.

THOM

Ah bollocks, mate! I never met a
critic that was worth more than a
stone's throw to a drip can.

THOM and MR. E look at each other in silence and burst into laughter.

A security guard at the entrance of the party, once again, turns DILEK away.

Seven people enter the room. They have painted white faces with dark and heavy eye-liner around their eyes. They are dressed in black clothing with black and white striped top hats without rims, sort of a cross between the Cat In The Hat and the Grim Reaper. They call themselves the Albert Camus'. They saunter past MR. E, who is talking with THOM, and eye them both suspiciously, without saying a word.

THOM

You seem to have an interesting
following. I can't say I've ever
seen blokes like that at one of my
shows.

MR. E

Oh them? They call themselves the
Albert Camus'. Apparently they each
possess one-seventh of Albert
Camus' soul. Yet, they never
approach or speak to me.

THOM
Where do they come from?

MR. E
I don't know. I never see them at
the shows, just the aftershow
parties.

THOM
What do you make of this, mate?

MR. E
Have you ever read Camus?

A man resembling FREDERICK NIETZSCHE waltzes into the room
and approaches THOM and MR. E.

NIETZSCHE
Kafka said: "We are nihilist
thoughts in the mind of God."

MR. E POV: He notices the name tag on the man's lapel. It
says: *Frederick Nietzsche, Philosopher*

MR. E
That's funny, Kafka was 12 when you
shed this mortal coil.

NIETZSCHE
Poor, linear-thinking bastard.

NIETZSCHE breaks into wild laughter.

Just then a large, flying cockroach comes crashing into the
party and causes a malaise.

THOM
Oh fucking hell, it's Gregor Samsa.

MR. E
That must be some kind of omen. Why
don't we get the fuck out of this
madhouse and head back to the
hotel.

FADE TO:

INT. HOTEL BAR - LATER

MR. E, THOM and PENELOPE are seated in a dark corner of the
bar. They are engaged in heady banter, consuming mass
quantities of Lion's Milk.

PENELOPE

(To MR. E)

How do you deal with all this chaos swirling around you?

MR. E

I'm like a traveler who suddenly finds himself in a strange town without knowing how he got there. Which makes me think of those who lose their memory. For a long time, they are not themselves, but someone else.

THOM

Camus?

MR. E

Fernando Pessoa.

THOM

Don't think I know him.

MR. E

He was Portuguese. He had this deep, abstract intelligence that eventually drove him mad, much like my mother who used to read "The Book Of Disquiet" to me instead of bed time stories.

THOM

(Raises a glass and looks at MR. E)

That's brilliant. Here's to your mum and Mr. Pessoa. May their spirits shine forever in the depths of thought and revolt.

(Pauses)

I really enjoyed our little musical manifesto with the Turks tonight.

MR. E

Yeah, every once in a while you get shown the light in the strangest of places. Eyup the promoter was right. The Turks retain some of the best musicians in the world.

THOM

Yeah, they were fucking cosmic. I would have never imagined that one of my songs could be reconstructed with neys and sazs.

MR. E looks suspiciously around the room.

MR. E

I remember first hearing about the Middle East from my old friend Hans Wittgenstein. He taught me a lot about its music and culture. And the power and myth of the drone.

THOM

Whatever happened to the Holy Primitive?

MR. E

(Waxing nostalgically)
The Holy Primitive...it's been awhile.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. AIRPORT TARMAC - DAY

FLASHBACK

Fans and reporters surround The HOLY PRIMITIVE as they walk to their plane.

SWISS KRIS approaches and gazes directly into the camera.

SWISS KRIS

Swiss Kris, percussion.

MAX STORM follows.

MAX STORM

Max Storm, bass.

ALISTAIR FAITH walks up.

ALISTAIR FAITH

Alistair Faith, guitar.

LADY STRANGE follows.

LADY STRANGE

Lady Strange, harmonium.

MR. E steps up.

MR. E

Mr. E.

CUT TO:

INT. CONCERT ARENA

The HOLY PRIMITIVE are on stage. They play drone-fueled, psychedelic space-rock. The sequence includes random shots of the band and audience members.

CUT TO:

INT. DRESSING ROOM

After the show, The HOLY PRIMITIVE gather together.

MR. E is in a sour mood, pacing wildly and throwing handy inanimate objects.

MR. E

Max Storm! Max Storm! Big motherfucking Max Storm! Trying to reinvent the wheel without telling anyone!

(Stops and peers at MAX)

What's going on little Maxi? Thinking about your solo debut? Your absurdest sonata? Your mansion on the hill?

MAX STORM

Hey man, that ain't fair. I just spaced. Shit happens.

MR. E

Shit happens, huh? Shit ain't supposed to happen to rock stars!

MAX STORM

Hey Alistair was fucking up to.

ALISTAIR stirs in his seat and becomes agitated.

ALISTAIR

Hey fuck you, you slivering swine! Don't bring me into your dungeon of bad vibes.

MR. E shakes his head in disgust.

MR. E

Aw fuck it. Where's the Jack...

COLONEL SALT, MR. E's manager at the time, appears out of nowhere with the right solution.

COLONEL SALT

(Holds up a bottle of Jack Daniels)

Right here, my boy. I have the remedy, the cure-all, the elixir of love.

MR. E

Cut the shit and give me a drink,
(Sarcastically)
Colonel Salt.

COLONEL SALT obliges and hands the bottle to MR. E, who proceeds to take a large and generous slug.

CUT TO:

COLONEL SALT

Ladies and gentlemen, I have some good news and some bad news.

No reaction.

COLONEL SALT

The good news is tonight was a sell-out.

No reaction.

COLONEL SALT

The bad news is there is no bad news. The record's holding strong at Number One. So drink up me little droogies, drink up.

Still no reaction as all eyes look to a seated MR. E. MAX STORM sits next to him.

MAX STORM

(Puts arm around MR. E)
Yeah man, the record's Number One!

MR. E

(Sarcastically)
I wonder if Gustav Mahler ever had a Number One.

END OF FLASHBACK

FADE TO:

INT. HOTEL BAR

Back at the table with MR. E, THOM YORKE, and PENELOPE.

MR. E

Yeah, I guess I was pretty hard on Max. He just seemed to be the one. And now he's...

(draws a finger across his throat)

...no longer with us.

(Pauses)

I couldn't touch Kris, we'd been through too much with the accident and all. Alistair was on his own trip. And Samantha...Lady Strange...was one of the best musicians I ever met. She could play anything -- Beethoven, Monk, German cabaret, Asian lullabies. She never ceased to amaze me.

PENELOPE stirs her drink and looks up inquisitively.

PENELOPE

What happened to her?

MR. E

The road isn't for everyone. She just dropped out, disappeared, never heard from her again. Someone told me she joined a religious order of some sort.

THOM

What happened to your manager, the Colonel?

MR. E

The Colonel. That's a whole other story, my friend.

PENELOPE points.

PENELOPE

Hey, isn't that True Love? What a lovely name...True Love.

MR. E and THOM turn to see TRUE LOVE, who, in his own imitable way, is working the room with lots of handshakes and high fives. He's the Ambassador of Good Will. He spots MR. E, THOM and PENELOPE, and casually ambles to the table.

TRUE LOVE

Hey hey, my my...if it isn't the table of God's most beautiful creatures...

MR. E

(raises his glass)

True Love, a man for all seasons. A man women love. A man children adore. A man men respect. A man gerbils and small farm animals fear...

ALL erupt into laughter.

MR. E throws back a healthy shot of Turkish whiskey.

TRUE LOVE

Ah, Mr. E your gift for hyperbole never ceases to amaze.

THOM

Why don't you pull up a chair mate and have a drink with us.

TRUE LOVE

With all due respect, my dear Mr. Yorke, I must humbly decline as there is much business that needs to be attended to.

MR. E

(Takes a another shot of Turkish whiskey)

Fuck that, Lover Boy. Lighten up and have a drink.

MR. E stands up and consumes a third shot of Turkish Whiskey.

MR. E

(Loudly)

Here's to True Love! *Verdad Amore!*
The ambassador.

TRUE LOVE

Now, now Mr. E, tomorrow's a travel day and we know how you hate those over hangs.

MR. E
 They're called hangovers, lover
 boy. War wounds...sacrificial
 lambs...C'mon.

MR. E takes TRUE LOVE into a bear hug and falls over.

MR. E
 (Loudly)
 I love True Love!

TRUE LOVE
 Ah, Mr. E.

MR. E stumbles over to the piano and begins to play strange,
 discordant chords. He improvises a drunken paean to TRUE
 LOVE.

MR. E
 (Sings and slurs his
 words)
 I love True Love/You love True
 Love/We all love True Love.

The camera pans to the bar with a couple watching MR. E in
 utter mortification.

MAN
 Where in God's name did this
 miscreant crawl out from.

WOMAN
 (Nods)
 I don't know. He's absolutely
 repulsive.

The WOMAN eyes MR. E with animal lust.

TRUE LOVE calmly turns to THOM and PENELOPE.

TRUE LOVE
 I could probably use your
 assistance in getting him out of
 here.

THOM
 Sure, mate. Is this normal
 protocol?

TRUE LOVE
 All in a day's work.

TRUE LOVE, THOM, and PENELOPE approach MR. E and surround him.

CUT TO:

C.U. OF MR. E'S FACE.

Mr. E stares intently at THOM.

MR. E
 What are you looking at you
 motherfucking limey?
 (Pauses)
 Just funnin' you Mr. Sardine.
 C'mon, let's have a drink.

MR. E breaks into a demonic laugh.

TRUE LOVE turns to see a gathering crowd of gawkers and does his best to contain the situation.

TRUE LOVE
 OK kiddies, show's over. Nothing
 more to see here. Let's move along.

TRUE LOVE grabs MR. E by the arm and escorts him out of the bar. THOM and PENELOPE follow in his wake.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

As TRUE LOVE, MR. E, THOM and PENELOPE stumble through the lobby, a photographer appears from nowhere and starts snapping pictures.

THOM
 Ah, not now!

The photographer ignores THOM's pleas. In retaliation, THOM attacks him.

TRUE LOVE
 (To PENELOPE)
 My dear, would you kindly shepherd
 Mr. E up to his room while I attend
 to Mr. Yorke's flustered encounter?

PENELOPE
 Certainly.

PENELOPE takes MR. E by the arm. Together, they disappear down the corridor, toward the elevator, while TRUE LOVE jumps in between the photographer and THOM.

Music plays while the camera swings back and forth, juxtaposing between PENELOPE and MR. E going up in the elevator and TRUE LOVE, the photographer, and THOM caught in a struggle of celebrity versus paparazzi.

GRAETTINGER sits in the hotel lobby, observing, analyzing, absorbing the scene before him. He sees DILEK walk down the corridor toward the elevator.

CUT TO:

INT. A DOOR - CONTINUOUS

A female hand comes into the frame and knocks on the door. A very inebriated MR. E opens the door and sees DILEK. He draws a sly grin at the sight of the young woman.

DILEK
I've been looking for you all
night. I wanted to apologize.

MR. E nods.

PENELOPE
(Off and slurring)
Oh Brave Ulysses. Hurry back, the
ceremony is about to begin.

CUT TO:

C.U. OF DILEK'S STUNNED LOOK.

MR. E
(Smiles lasciviously)
Would you like to come in?

DILEK storms off. Without another word, MR. E closes the door.

The camera steals a shot of Penelope, lying naked on the bed.

MR. E walks up and mounts her. ULYSSES and PENELOPE united at last. They make passionate love. MR. E is legendary for his lovemaking skills, even when he's three sheets to the wind.

Suddenly, there's another knock at the door.

MR.E
(Annoyed)
Oh, for fuck's sake!

PENELOPE moans aimlessly.

MR. E gets up and slowly approaches the door.

MR. E POV:

The door knob slowly turns.

It opens and SUZANNE is standing before him, her arms stretched out as if she was being crucified. She is wearing a crown of thorns and clutching a knife in each hand.

MR. E closes his eyes. When he reopens them, DILEK is standing before him.

DILEK
Satan, oscillate my metallic
sonatas.

DILEK takes the knives and slashes one wrist, and then the other.

FADE TO BLACK.

TO BE CONTINUED...