

**FUGUE STATE**

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**INT. BUTCHER ROOM - DAY**

An eyeball opens, rolls in its socket, blinks hard.

A fluorescent light FLICKERS over head.

A sink OVERFLOWS with water, it cascades onto the floor and swirls with BLOOD down a drain in the center of the room.

TONY TAMBINI rolls over. Tony is 35, bald, thick beard, a tough but broken man, bags under his eyes.

He looks down at his white shirt, it is stained with burgundy BLOOD.

He frantically grabs at his chest, lifts his shirt and breathes easy, it's not his blood.

He scans the room, molded linoleum tile, a butcher table with BLOODY knives and cleavers.

An OLD MAN faces down in a puddle of BLOOD. He is dressed in a similar suit to Tony.

Tony reaches for the man, rolls him over, he is 63, peppered hair, the spitting image of Tony. This is ALFRED TAMBINI.

A knife is jammed in Alfred's chest.

TONY

What the fuck!?

Tony scrambles, bumps into a wall. A small electronic device around his wrist CLANGS against a pipe.

Tony looks at his wrist, blood seeps around the edges of the device.

He tries to pull the device off, it's stuck tight. A red light flashes on the outside, rhythmic.

Tony crawls to Alfred, looks at the dead expression on his father's face. Tony breaks down and CRIES.

A CLANG outside.

Tony snaps his attention behind him as a RED BLUR rushes past the doorway.

TONY (cont'd)

Hey!

Tony stumbles to his feet, lumbering towards the door his stride cut in half by his baggy jeans.

**INT. SLAUGHTERHOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Old rusted equipment illuminated by beams of sunlight, columns of dust hang in the air.

Metal chains swing and clink together as Tony rushes out.

He spots the RED NECK MAN, feeble, hunch backed, he wears a red flannel shirt held on by tattered overalls.

The red neck is inhumanly far away.

TONY

Hey!

The red neck stops, turns and stares at Tony. The red neck grins with yellow, snarled teeth. BLOOD seeps from the corner of his mouth.

The red neck turns and scuffles around a corner.

TONY (cont'd)

Stop!

Tony sprints after him, he turns the corner, an emergency exit creaks closed.

Tony rushes for the door, he SLAMS into it with his shoulder and stumbles into --

**EXT. SLAUGHTERHOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

A vast abandoned compound, graffiti covers the large buildings. Weeds grow through sand. Broken windows abound.

Tony slips on loose gravel, shields his eyes as he scans left and right.

The red neck has vanished.

Tony treks towards a police squad car parked behind a rusted burgundy pick up truck.

After a few steps, the device on Tony's hand electrocutes him. He grabs his wrist in pain, steps back.

He steps forward, the device light turns RED and electrocutes him again, the light on the outside of the device blinks, then fades off.

He takes a few steps forward, prepared for the shock but the bracelet doesn't go off.

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He tries the door on the squad car, it's locked. He peaks inside, no keys.

Tony looks into the bed of the pick up truck, POOLS of BLOOD shimmer in the plastic grooves.

IN THE TRUCK, keys hang in the ignition. He tries the door, it's open.

Tony searches the filthy cab, he POPS open the glove box. Old napkins, lottery tickets and scraps of paper tumble out.

He opens the center console, rummages around old tapes and finds the registration, it reads: **DOMINICK FRANCO.**

Tony twists the keys, the truck rumbles on. Tony shifts into gear, pauses a moment, finally he shuts the car off.

A rock SMASHES through the squad car window.

Tony reaches in and pushes a button below the steering wheel. The trunk POPS open.

Tony reaches into the trunk and grabs a large evidence bag. He SLAMS the trunk.

**INT. SLAUGHTERHOUSE - DAY**

Tony steps in, his eyes glued to his father's corpse.

He flips the evidence bag inside out, sticks his hand inside and grabs the knife. Blood DRIPS off the knife as he slips it out.

Tony flips the bag over and zips it closed. He stands and stares at Alfred's body before he leaves.

TONY

Bye, pops.

**EXT. SLAUGHTERHOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

The pick up truck engine ROARS to life.

Tires SPIN.

Gravel FLIES. The truck speeds away.

**SUPER: FUGUE STATE**

PRELAP: A GUNSHOT.

**INT. SHOOTING RANGE - DAY**

A white human target, no holes.

ABIGAIL ROSE stands at the range. She is 32, a bad ass brunette with a badge, her father's only chance at a son.

She holds a black hand gun, aims down range, her hands shake. She SQUEEZES --

BANG!

The white human target, a bullet over the targets shoulder.

ABIGAIL

Dammit.

Abigail lets out a deep sigh, takes aim again, her hand shakes more. She pauses, breathes in deep and --

BANG!

Wide. Again. She SLAMS the gun onto the aluminum counter. and SCREAMS.

She leans against the wall, slides down onto the ground, breaths deep, lets it out slow. Her hands shake.

She braces her elbows on her knee, buries her head in her arms and CRIES.

Alone.

**INT. ABIGAIL'S APARTMENT - DAY**

A small dirty apartment, old food dishes sit in the sink. Laundry sprawled across the furniture.

A black lab wags it's tail at the door, excited. The door cracks open. Abigail enters.

The lab licks Abigail's hand as she sets her bag down on the coffee table.

ABIGAIL

Hey, buddy.

Abigail drops her keys into a dish next to an urn.

Photos of Abigail and her father, CLIVE ROSE, 50s, both in police uniform, her first day.

**INT. ABIGAIL'S BATHROOM - DAY**

A grimy bathroom. The ugliest old green linoleum floors.

An ORANGE PILL BOTTLE on the counter reads **TAKE ONE PER DAY**.

Abigail pops it open, two pills rattle inside. She dumps them into her hand, throws them into her mouth.

**INT. PHARMACY - DAY**

Aisles of chips, cold medicines and other knickknacks.

Abigail waits in line, she fidgets in place, taps her foot. A female PHARMACIST waves her over.

ABIGAIL  
I need a refill.

The pharmacist takes her pill bottle, looks at the date.

PHARMACIST  
I'm sorry Miss Rose, you'll need approval from your psychiatrist for a refill.

ABIGAIL  
No, but, look --

Abigail holds up her pill bottle, points at the date.

ABIGAIL (cont'd)  
-- It says I have another two weeks, you must've given me the wrong amount.

PHARMACIST  
You'll have to call your psychiatrist.

ABIGAIL  
He won't write me a refill for another two weeks. I told him what happened.

PHARMACIST  
I'm sorry, without a doctor's prescription, there's nothing I can do.

Abigail SLAMS her hand on the counter. She stops, breathes in, collects herself. She looks up, forces a smile.

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ABIGAIL  
Please, Anne, I need this.

PHARMACIST  
I'm sorry. I wish I could help you  
but we can't give you an  
unscheduled refill without the  
doctors release.

The pharmacist looks around, notices her BOSS watching.

ABIGAIL  
(whispers)  
Could I get a sample of something?  
Zanex, prozac, anything? Just for  
the day?

PHARMACIST  
I'm sorry.

ABIGAIL  
I'm not a monster, you know?

Abigail storms out.

**EXT. PHARMACY - DAY**

Dirt covered asphalt radiates heat in a deserted parking  
lot. Abigail trudges towards her car.

She shoves the key into the lock.

PHARMACIST (O.S.)  
(yells)  
Miss Rose!

Abigail turns, the pharmacist sprints towards her.

PHARMACIST  
Here.

The pharmacist hands Abigail a small plastic package.

PHARMACIST (cont'd)  
Prozac. A few days sample.  
(beat)  
We're all a bit of a monster,  
aren't we?

Abigail looks at the bag.

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PHARMACIST (cont'd)  
You can't blame yourself for what  
happened, Abby --

ABIGAIL  
-- please don't...

PHARMACIST  
Your dad would've done the same  
thing.

ABIGAIL  
No, my dad wouldn't have missed.

**INT. TRUCK - DAY**

The beat up truck rattles down the street.

Tony looks around the cab as he drives, he scans the streets, paranoid.

He rolls to a stop at a red light. A black sedan glides up behind him.

Tony looks back at the driver, a large MAN IN BLACK, covered in shadows. Tony adjusts his mirror, stares at the figure. Something is off.

Green light.

Tony pushes his foot on the gas, the man in black follows.

Tony keeps an eye on the mirror.

Tony watches as the man follows him before turning onto a side street. Tony breathes a sigh of relief.

**EXT. TONY'S APARTMENT - DAY**

Tony pulls over outside a gray apartment complex.

He glances around and hurries across the street, up the steps to a small apartment.

Police tape crosses the door. A police crime scene notice jammed into the frame.

Tony pulls the notice off the door. He breaks the tape, it hangs in the door frame as he enters.



**INT. TONY'S APARTMENT - DAY**

Tony enters the stale apartment. He flicks on the light. It looks unlivd in, no personal items.

Discolored squares on the wall with lone nails where PHOTOS used to hang.

Empty furniture sits in the corner of the room. Dust covers the wood coffee table.

A single packed ROLLER BAG sits next to the door, handle up.

Tony steps into the bedroom, a large BLOOD stain on the carpet. The bed is tossed, sheets RIPPED off.

Tony looks in the closet, few clothes hang on wire hangers.

He removes his BLOOD stained clothing. He grabs a pair of worn jeans from the hamper, drops his clothes in it's place.

He slips on the jeans. Grabs a button up shirt from the closet and throws it over his shoulders as he walks out.

He peaks out the blinds as he buttons his shirt.

The man in black sits inside his car, reading a newspaper, he GLANCES up at Tony, sensing he was being watched.

TONY  
(sotto)  
Shit.

Tony grabs the door handle. Stops, deep breath. He pulls it open and rushes out. The door SLAMS behind him.

**INT. POLICE STATION - DAY**

Abigail struts to her desk, sets her bag and coffee down and notices the empty chair across from her.

She puts the other coffee cup on the empty desk and looks around. Officers mill around but not who she's looking for.

ABIGAIL  
Anybody seen Alfred?

No answer.

Abigail searches through the precinct.

ABIGAIL (cont'd)  
Tambini?  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

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ABIGAIL (cont'd)  
 (beat)  
 Anybody?

Abigail notices CAPTAIN REEVES, 50s, tight muscles withered with time, sitting in a conference room with a SERGEANT.

Abigail strides towards him. She peaks inside, KNOCKS on the window. Reeves looks up, waves her in.

ABIGAIL (cont'd)  
 Sorry, Captain. Have you seen Alfred?

Reeves motion for her to come in. Abigail closes the door, sits down.

REEVES  
 Alfred never checked in at end of watch last night. We've got black and whites out looking for him.

ABIGAIL  
 Can I help?

REEVES  
 No. Keep working your cases without him. If you need help, pull Luke in.

Abigail nods.

REEVES (cont'd)  
 I'm sure he's fine. You know how he can get.

A KNOCK. An ASSISTANT appears in the doorway.

ASSISTANT  
 Detective Rose.

Abigail looks up.

ASSISTANT (cont'd)  
 We've got a crime scene.

**EXT. SINGLETON RESIDENCE - DAY**

Police tape surrounds a light blue home, it FLICKS in the wind tied to a SINGLETON REALTY sign staked in the lawn.

POLICE OFFICERS stand watch. Neighbors line up to catch a glimpse of the cause for commotion.

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