

NYLON NIGHT

12.3.2017

"Holding on to anger is
like grasping a hot
coal with the intent
of throwing it at
someone else; you are
the one who gets burned." - Gautama Buddha

DARKNESS, then...

INT. DARK KITCHEN -- NIGHT

... a refrigerator door opens and PETER STANTON puts a six-pack of beer (short several bottles) on the top shelf. He does so with his right forearm which we see is wrapped in cloth. Fresh blood seeping through tells us that whatever befell Peter happened within the last hour.

Peter shuts the refrigerator, turns away and grabs an opened bottle of beer off the countertop on his way out.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

A middle class living room. Photos on the walls of Peter and his beautiful high school sweetheart, ANNA. No children, yet.

Peter enters with a banged up face. He's angry. We see it in his eyes. They reveal an inordinate amount of harbored rage commonly seen in young men raised by angry fathers. But Peter is a man now. A 33-year old, self-centered man who has been warned many times before about the stubbornness and anger he inherited from his father.

With his head tilted back, Peter gulps down several ounces of beer, spilling some, as he walks over to the sofa.

Peter grabs the remote as he flops down on the sofa and turns on the TV. We hold on Peter as he watches the **nightly news**.

NEWSCASTER'S VOICE (O.S)

A man authorities were hoping to
find sooner than later was
apprehended tonight.

PETER SPITS OUT HIS BEER.

PETER

The fuck.

Shocked by what he sees on TV, he grabs the remote and turns up the volume.

NEWSCASTER'S VOICE (O.S.)

For weeks, local and state
authorities have been on the
lookout for Wyatt Sosa, the 39-year
old Phoenix man accused of
infecting his entire family with
HIV.

Peter stares at the tv screen, stunned. We still haven't seen the TV, but whatever Peter sees, it has left him breathless.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

Ahem.

Reverse on ANNA standing tall and beautiful at the foot of the staircase. She's wearing nothing but panties, a pair of black see-through **nylon stockings** and a smile. Her breasts are that of a young lady's, spry. There's no wilt or hang as they've yet to be pulled down by a nursing baby. The longer we stare at her, the more she begins to look like a high-priced escort. Either Peter is lucky or Anna has bad taste.

ANNA

The doctor said the best time to try is during the middle of my cycle. Today's the 13th. Just saying.

A moment stretches on with Peter never looking back at Anna. CLOSE ON Peter: a look of confusion and terror on his face.

ANNA (CONT'D)

(growing concern)

Pete?

Anna looks to the TV, but the news has gone to commercial.

She moves to Peter. Gets in front of him and sees his banged up face for first time, the sight of which angers her.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Goddmanit Peter!

Anna sucks her teeth and continues to chew Peter out.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Is this how it's gonna be when we have kids? You coming home every night drunk, beat up and angry just like your father?

Peter is too shocked and stunned to speak.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Peter! I'm talking to you.

And then it suddenly registers with Anna that Peter, aside from having taken several blows to the face, doesn't look so hot, the color draining from his face before our very eyes.

Anna softens down now, very concerned. She drops to her knees and looks Peter close in the eyes.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Honey, what is it? What happened?

Peter doesn't say or do anything. He just stares off silent, his mind paralyzed in his self-made horror.

Off the dread in Peter's face, we FAST REWIND BACK to the beginning of this tale.

CUT TO:

EXT. SEEDY STRIP CLUB -- NIGHT (EARLIER)

Card: EARLIER IN THE NIGHT

Out back behind a dark, windowless building, a small lamp shines above a metal door with no knob. A RAUCOUS on the other side of the door. Yelling, screaming, it builds into the door BURSTING open with Peter and his younger brother, CANYON STANTON, being physically removed by two large MEN.

PETER

I'M NOT DRUNK YOU DUMB FUCKS! I
COME HERE ALL THE TIME. THAT UGLY
ASS BITCH YA'LL GOT WORKING IS A
LIAR! SHE TOLD ME I COULD TOUCH!

The men literally THROW Peter and his brother out of the club. Canyon hits the ground and bangs his knee. No sooner does Peter hit the ground than he is back on his feet, coming at the goon-like men like a rabid dog with it's teeth bared.

CANYON

Pete, NO!

Enraged, Peter SWINGS wildly. Both men parry Peter's wild punches. Man #1 quickly wraps Peter up and pins his arms behind his back as Man #2 buries a vicious one-two combo, left-right, deep into Peter's stomach.

Peter drops to his knees and clutches his stomach in pain as Man #1 boots him across the face.

Peter tumbles to his side and curls up in the fetal position. Peter moans on the ground and Canyon hurries over to his aid.

MAN #1

If I ever see either of you here
again, I swear to God, I'll fuckin'
kill you.

The men look to each other, then turn away toward the club.

MAN #1 (CONT'D)

Every fuckin' Friday night we get
some angry prick who's gotta ruin
shit. Why? I don't get it.

We lose the men as they return inside the club.

Back on the brothers: Canyon helps Peter to his feet.

CANYON

C'mon, let's get outta here.

Slowly, they limp off...

INT. CAR -- MOMENTS LATER

Canyon is already sitting in the passenger seat when the driver side door opens and Peter climbs in the car.

Peter shuts the door and exhales deeply. For some moments he just pensively looks out through the windshield as if pondering what just went down. And then he looks to Canyon, he too just staring ahead.

A moment like this, then Canyon breaks the deep silence.

CANYON

Your anger's gonna get you killed
one day. Just hope I'm not around
when it does.

Canyon looks to Peter, they two hold each other's gaze. Peter doesn't know what to say that.

A beat passes. Canyon's eyes grow tired of Peter. He turns away from him and looks out the window.

CANYON (CONT'D)

Take me home.

Peter keeps his eyes on Canyon for what seems like an eternity before finally turning forward and cranking up the engine.

INT. CAR -- LATER NIGHT

Peter pulls up to Canyon's house, brakes and puts the car in park. Without looking over at Peter, Canyon opens the door and exits the car.

Peter watches Canyon walk off. The urge to say something boils over and he calls out to his brother:

PETER

Canyon, hold up.

Canyon stops, takes a deep breath, then slowly turns back toward the car and sees Peter leaning over the center compartment, looking out the passenger window.

PETER (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, alright. I have some things I need to work on and my anger is one of them. I know that. Really, I do.

Canyon just looks at Peter, unmoved by his words, having been down this road with him many times before.

PETER (CONT'D)

Angry fathers raise angry sons, right? Isn't that what mom used to always tell us?

Moments pass with Canyon remaining silent. And then:

CANYON

Say hi to Anna for me.

On that, Canyon walks away. Peter watches him disappear inside his house.

Another moment. Peter looks back inside his car, sits there for a moment before changing gears and driving off.

INT. CAR - MOVING -- MOMENTS LATER (NIGHT)

Peter drives in silence. Just him and the few cars passing along the road. Close on the electronic instrument panel: the tank nearly on E.

And then, the gas indicator lamp lights up. Peter sees this and exhales his frustration.

PETER

Great.

He looks ahead, spots a **Circle K** coming up at the corner and turns off the road.

EXT. CIRCLE K -- MOMENTS LATER

Peter pulls into the station and rolls past the brightly lit storefront where a HAGGARD-LOOKING MAN is pressing a man for money as he walks to his car parked out front.

Still moving with Peter's car, his brakes squeal as he slows to a halt alongside a pump.

Engine cut, Peter exits the car and circles around to the gas tank as we PAN to the haggard man crossing the lot toward us.

The 38-year old haggard man moves with one hand holding up his pants and the other gripping a half-empty 40 ounce bottle of Old English. His clothes are tattered, his face dirty, most of his teeth are missing. The closer he gets, not only does he look to be off his rocker, but a little ill as well.

HAGGARD MAN

Hey, man, you think you could help me out with a belt?

With his hand on the nozzle, Peter looks over at the man and frowns to the bizarre question asked.

PETER

A what?!

HAGGARD MAN

A belt? A bungee? Anything. Just need something to hold my pants up.

Peter scoffs, almost breaks a smile at the ridiculous question. He shakes his head.

PETER

No I don't have a spare belt...
(sotto voce)
The fuck...

The haggard man goes on staring at Peter, thinking.

HAGGARD MAN

What about some change?

Again, Peter shakes his head.

PETER

Don't got that either.

The nozzle clicks back letting Peter know his tank is full.

Peter pulls out the nozzle, turns away from the man and returns the pump to its holder when...

... the SOUND of his car door squeaking open causes him to SNAP back to see the haggard man climbing inside his car on the driver side.

PETER (CONT'D)

The fuck! HEY!

Peter runs around the car and literally YANKS the man out.

PETER (CONT'D)

The fuck you doing?!

The man and the 40 ounce bottle hit the ground simultaneously, the bottle shatters and the man smashes his knee.

HAGGARD MAN

Damn! What the hell's your problem?

Peter stands over the man with fire in his eyes.

PETER

My problem?! You just fucking went in my car and you asking me what my problem is? You fucking nuts?

HAGGARD MAN

I just need some help!

PETER

And I told you NO!

The haggard man stares up at Peter in silence. A beat, then:

HAGGARD MAN

You know what, fuck you!

Peter's frown grows even harder. Dangerously hard.

PETER

Fuck me?

HAGGARD MAN

Yeah, fuck you! You got any idea what it's like bein' in my shoes?

PETER

In your shoes?

HAGGARD MAN

Yeah, GODDMANIT! In my shoes! Out here without a pot to piss in!

PETER

Fuck outta here with that shit! You break into my car and you actually think I owe you some kind of sympathy?

Peter pauses, lets that hang for the briefest of moments.

PETER (CONT'D)

You wanna change? Here's an idea, stop asking people for shit and get a fucking job!

(MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)

All the time you spend out here
begging for shit, you could be
fixing your life up.

HAGGARD MAN

(oh really?)
Fixing my life?

PETER

You claim to be broken, right?

The haggard man just stares at Peter. Peter holds his gaze.

PETER (CONT'D)

Right?

HAGGARD MAN

No more broken than you.

Peter PAUSES. Caught off guard by that response.

PETER

You don't fucking know me!

HAGGARD MAN

Don't have to, just gotta look at
your face. Whoever broke you did a
damn good job.

Peter takes that in. Feelings of sadness, resentment, bitters
and shame are masqueraded by a show of **fierce anger** as he
stares at the haggard man.

The haggard man shakes his head, begins to pick himself up
off the ground when Peter puts that anger into action and
RUSHES the man with his fists clenched, sending him back to
the ground with a CRACK to the face.

Blood GUSHES out of the haggard man's busted nose.

HAGGARD MAN (CONT'D)

(feeling his nose)
What the fuck! You broke my nose!

PETER

You lucky that's all I fucking
broke! Keep talking!

Peter stares at the haggard man who stares back, but does
nothing.

PETER (CONT'D)

Yeah, that's what I thought.

Peter spits to the ground as he shakes his head and turns away, toward his car when--

-- in a BLUR OF MOTION, the haggard man rises to his feet and scoops the broken bottle up off the ground. Before Peter can turn back, the haggard man DRIVES the broken bottle deep into the back of his right forearm.

PETER (CONT'D)

Ahhh, fuck!

Raving mad, Peter turns and tackles the haggard man to the ground like a linebacker. A tense, violent struggle ensues.

A voice off screen calls out:

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

HEY!

Peter and the haggard man wrestle on the ground, swapping blood through their open wounds.

Stronger, Peter gains the upper hand and straddles the haggard man. On the man, Peter pulls his arm back, about to come down on the haggard man's face when he is suddenly PULLED OFF AND THROWN TO THE GROUND.

MALE VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Get off him!

Peter grabs his cut arm as he looks back at a STORE CLERK wielding a wooden bat like a major leaguer at home plate.

STORE CLERK

Take this shit somewhere else before I call the cops!

PETER

Call the cops on who, me?

STORE CLERK

On both of you!

PETER

(pointing at the haggard man)

Mutha fucka broke into my car and stabbed me! Right here in my arm!

STORE CLERK

Does it look like I give a shit?

(pauses)

Get the fuck out of here! Both of you! NOW!

The haggard man wastes no time in rising to his feet and scurrying off into the night.

Peter watches him go, then looks back to the store clerk venomously.

A meeting of the eyes between these two. Peter looks like an angry wolf. With a defiant scowl on his face and blood leaking down his arm, he goes on glaring at the clerk.

In time, a cooler head prevails and Peter gets into his car.

INT. CAR -- CONTINUOUS

Peter takes off his shirt and wraps it tight around his forearm. Bandaged up, he looks into the side view mirror at the clerk standing still, waiting for him to pull away.

And in time, Peter does.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR -- LATER NIGHT

Peter pulls up curbside to a modest house in need of repair. Shirtless, chest bared, he comes to a full stop under a street light, changes gears and kills the engine.

Some moments as Peter sits there in his faintly lit car, thinking.

He looks to his house and sees lights on in the windows. Anna still awake in there somewhere.

Peter pulls his key out of the ignition and climbs out of the car. He circles around the back of the car toward his house when he realizes he has no shirt on.

Peter turns and walks back to his car.

There, he pops the trunk and lifts the hood to reveal a junky trunk compartment.

Peter sifts through all the mess and finds a dirty shirt. At the same time he exposes a container filled with **nylon bungee cords**. Peter wears the shirt and closes the trunk.

Off Peter walking up to his house we FADE TO BLACK.

IN DARKNESS: **NYLON NIGHT**