

# Martin and Sira

By  
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TITLE: 1997

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

MARTIN sits in his car, parked at the side of the road. His hands grip the steering wheel.

He is around 28, but with a ages-old look in his eyes and short dark hair. His expression is that of a very upset person, and he looks out at the night sky desperately, seeking calm in its vastness. He is shaking slightly.

A woman's hand reaches over and rests on his leg. It is SIRA. Martin continues staring out at the night. He then tries to compose himself, looks ahead, puts the car in gear and eases back onto the road.

We see only Sira's dark eyes, looking at Martin in observation, then looking straight ahead.

We see the road in front of them, briefly illuminated by the car's headlights, then turned red by the taillights, then disappearing into blackness as the car descends into the night.

INT. MOTEL BEDROOM - NIGHT

Martin sits on edge of bed, wearing only boxer shorts. He is quietly weeping.

Behind him, partially concealed, is an attractive, elegant woman's motionless body. It is Sira. We see only her feet at the moment.

MARTIN

You've gone away, Sira.

We see Sira, from lips to shoulder. Her hair is jet black, her skin pale. A sheet is rolled up and wrapped around her neck.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

You got away.

Hands that are not Martin's touch Sira's mouth, then unwrap the sheet from her neck. Arms lift her off the bed. Martin is still sitting on edge, looking away.

MARTIN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

It hadn't always been so hard.  
Madness is something you can slip  
into any time. It comforts you and  
welcomes you back.

(MORE)

MARTIN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Don't ask me whether it's okay or not...my answer can't be trusted.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

TITLE: FOUR MONTHS EARLIER

Martin, an English teacher, walks down the hallway, calm. Students bustle around him as he approaches.

STUDENT

Hi, Mr. Korper.

He smiles and nods. He walks into his room. There are posters on walls- Oscar Wilde, Charles Bukowski, Brett Anderson, etc. There is a sticker- "To the true cynic, nothing is revealed."

A troubled-looking girl in dark clothing is sitting in one of his desks.

Martin walks over to a position behind her.

MARTIN

Hello, Meghan, how are you today?

Martin's eyes focus on her young, soft neck.

MEGHAN

Rotten.

Martin feels himself getting a little out of control, and pulls himself back.

MARTIN

Splendid! It's good to be unhappy...builds character!

He walks past her and to his desk, looking back and smiling quickly, assuringly. Meghan rolls her eyes.

INT. SCHOOLROOM - DAY

The classroom is filled with teachers involved in a teachers' workshop. Martin sits a table with other teachers, listening to a presentation. A short attractive woman of Pakistani descent, MRS. KENNEDY, is speaking.

MRS. KENNEDY

We as educators are here to help children. We don't HELP a child by shouting at them. We don't HELP a child by calling attention to their failures.

(MORE)

MRS. KENNEDY (CONT'D)

They need positive affirmation of what they do right. Yes, Mr. Korper?

MARTIN

(clearing throat)

Yes, but do they seriously need MORE inflation of their egos? Do they NEED to be coddled and have their failures overlooked? Sure, it's "healthy" at times, but looking at our society of under-educated yet incredibly loud people...what would you suggest as the remedy here?

MRS. KENNEDY

(after a long pause)

Well, Mr. Korper, what would you suggest we do?

MARTIN

Ah, y'know, you're right, I'm sorry. More praise for idiocy. Yay!

Other teachers shift uncomfortably, look at each other. Facial expressions say, "Someone has violated the group mentality."

CUT TO:

The meeting break where another teacher, GARCIA, looks at Martin.

GARCIA

Jesus, Korper...

MARTIN

Just nevermind, nevermind. I'll learn to shut my mouth one of these days.

GARCIA

What do you plan to do in the meantime?

MARTIN

Get fired.

INT. SIRA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Sira lays in bed, asleep. Camera shows close-ups of items in room. A candle.

A small framed B+W picture of a little girl, perhaps 6 yrs old smiling, cherubic. An H.R. Giger painting on her wall.

Sira's sleeping face is unhappy, slightly concealed by chin-length straight black hair. Her skin is pale, her body somewhat gaunt, yet with its beauty. She wears underwear and a small undershirt. The doorbell rings.

Sira slowly stirs, gets up and trudges over to the door.

The door yields CHRISTINE, her co-worker, in nurse's uniform. Christine is a more plain-looking, clean cut type.

CHRISTINE  
(somewhat displeased)  
Sira.

SIRA  
(passionless)  
What?

Christine stares at her, refusing to play along.

SIRA (CONT'D)  
I was sleeping.

CHRISTINE  
Obviously. We're late, jerk.

SIRA  
(walking back into  
apartment)  
I thought I had a dream.

CHRISTINE  
(softens tone)  
I thought you gave up on those  
years ago.

SIRA  
Of course I did.

INT. NURSING HOME - DAY

An elderly female resident, ESTHER, stares blankly into space. Sira, in nurse's uniform, is squatting, trying to put a spoon of medicine in her mouth.

SIRA  
C'mon Esther, take your medicine.

Esther is motionless.

SIRA (CONT'D)

Esther, I've brought you drugs.  
Your social life is declining.  
Gentlemen prefer a pleasantly high  
girl...

INT. NURSING HOME HALLWAY - DAY

Christine walks with purpose. She is a very orderly, mannered person. An older male resident, MR. FOTH, peers out of his room.

MR. FOTH

Hey, Nurse, c'mere!

CHRISTINE

Yes Mr. Foth?  
(approaching him)  
How can I help you?

MR. FOTH

(evidently not "on the  
level")  
Where's my damn truck?

Christine is quite familiar with Mr. Foth

CHRISTINE

Mr. Foth, I've told you your  
daughter has your truck.

MR. FOTH

My daughter? Well, she wouldn't...  
(indignant)  
I think I know where my truck is!

CHRISTINE

Well, anyway, I have to get going,  
Mr. Foth.

MR. FOTH

You know where my truck is, by god,  
you were in it last night with the  
boys!

She gets frustrated, rolls her eyes and moves briskly away.

MR. FOTH (CONT'D)

Hey, don't go, Goddammit...my  
truck!

INT. NURSING HOME ROOM - DAY

Sira is still with Esther.

SIRA  
 Oh, dear Esther, what shall we do?  
 Every night I go home, you remain  
 here, lost.

Esther coughs.

CHRISTINE  
 (poking head in door)  
 Hey.

SIRA  
 Hey.

CHRISTINE  
 Mr. Foth needs more Halidol.

SIRA  
 Mr. Foth is fine. What did he do to  
 you now?

CHRISTINE  
 He didn't do anything to me. He's  
 just getting nasty...

SIRA  
 You could use some of that.

Christine stares.

SIRA (CONT'D)  
 OK, I'll do it.

CHRISTINE  
 (slightly irked)  
 Thank you.

SIRA  
 Hey, are you gonna come with me  
 tonight?

CHRISTINE  
 I'd only end up dragging your  
 unconscious ass home anyway.  
 (waits for reply, doesn't  
 get one.)  
 Well, give me a call if you're in a  
 bind.

SIRA  
 Are you sure you want to make that  
 offer?  
 (looks to Christine)  
 (MORE)

SIRA (CONT'D)

Just shitting you. I won't get in trouble, and I won't care if I do.

CHRISTINE

Don't say things like that. Anyway, just give me a call if you need to.

SIRA

(hushed, looking away)  
Okay.

INT. SIRA'S CHILDHOOD BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sira is six. She is dreaming.

DREAM: We see flashes from her mind. Her dreams are in B+W, hard to make out, like a weak signal on a TV.

Her young scared face.

A dark-robed man with a pale face and large black eyes approaching.

REALITY: Sira trembles, moaning. Her older sister YOUNG DEBRA goes running, screaming "Mom, Dad, call the hospital! Sira's not well!" Her voice sounds muffled, as if in a dream.

DREAM: The dark-robed man's face fills Sira's internal vision, white noise growing louder, textures grainy.

REALITY: We see Sira laying still, pale, her eyes frozen open, her MOTHER clinging to her, crying.

EXT. SUBURBAN AREA - DAY

A van travels in residential area 20 mph. Inside the van, on a teenage boy's lap, we see the hands of CHRIS drawing. The symbols he draws look ancient. The picture he draws looks straight out of Burroughs' Naked Lunch, a biological nightmare.

We see Chris' face. He is 17, with a dark look in his eyes. Pulling back a little, we see he is in a wheelchair. His mother, DEBRA, drives.

DEBRA

Well, here's home!

Chris is silent.

DEBRA (CONT'D)

Are you going to want any help right away? Chris?



CHRIS  
 (stirring from thought)  
 Ah...No. Just put me in my room,  
 okay?

DEBRA  
 (pulling in driveway)  
 Okay, honey.

Like a memory that comes rushing back, a new scene snaps into view...

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

FLASHBACK: A speeding car. Chris and his friend NEIL. Chris drives.

Watching them, we can see they are drugged.

NEIL  
 What's going on Chris?

CHRIS  
 (excitedly)  
 The destruction of all our innate  
 principles!

Car accelerates.

NEIL  
 (curious)  
 I see...how is this being done?

CHRIS  
 We're letting go!

NEIL  
 Yes?

CHRIS  
 I'm letting go of the wheel! We're  
 breaking, we're breaking away  
 Neil!!!

NEIL  
 Chris?

CHRIS  
 Yes?

NEIL

(squints out window)  
Is that crowd of people outside  
that trailer over there part of the  
plan?

A trailer is parked off-road, and Chris and Neil are heading straight for a group of people who are absently enjoying themselves with a game of cards.

CHRIS

It would sweeten the picture, eh?

Neil looks out the side window. The edge of the road is moving erratically.

NEIL

Chris, the road is moving. I'm not  
sure if we are.

CHRIS

(certain)  
Then it must be part of the plan.

Car leaves road. The trailer Neil pointed out is only twenty yards from road. The seven people lounging outside have only a started to turn their heads. A headlight consumes our vision. Pictures flash- a mangled wreck, mangled bodies, Chris laying inside the wrecked car. It has plowed through the people, then into a ravine. Neil lays dead next to Chris, head crushed. END FLASHBACK.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

The memory fades, back to today, where Chris is being wheeled into his room. His mother kisses his cheek, then leaves.

Chris wheels himself to his bed and throws his sketchpad on it.

Around his room there are various books, handwritten, resembling the occult, but not associated with Wicca. There is a poster of the human anatomy, a poster of a Biblical-style demon, and one of a Giger-like demon.

The screen saver on his computer reads, "Beyond faith, beyond reason." On the wall above it is a picture of him as a boy holding a trophy. The banner behind him reads "Writing Celebration 1986"

INT. CHRIS' KITCHEN - DAY

FLASHBACK: It is twelve years earlier, for we now see Chris as a five-year old. Sira is fourteen.

There should be no mistake, this is the empty Sira. They are sitting at the kitchen table.

SIRA

Tell me about your dream, Chris.

CHRIS

(un-childlike)

There were fangs, Sira, fangs...

SIRA

How many?

CHRIS

Lots. They were in a shape...

SIRA

What shape?

CHRIS

Spirals. I was falling through them.

SIRA

Then what?

CHRIS

I slipped through...then you were there.

SIRA

I was in your dream?

CHRIS

Yes, I saw you and we held hands. Then we were bitten.

SIRA

Bitten?

CHRIS

I felt the fangs in my back, and I saw them get you too.

SIRA

Then what?

CHRIS

That's it.

SIRA

It was a happy dream?

CHRIS

I think so.

SIRA

Oh. Oh, well.

(pause)

Do you want to try it?

CHRIS

Okay.

Sira gets up, picks up her schoolbag, unzips it and pulls out a bottle of clear liquid.

SIRA

Today we'll have gin and tonic.

Chris starts giggling. Sira prepares the drinks, while Chris giggles, and giggles, and giggles.

CHRIS

This'll be fun.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. CHRIS' BEDROOM - DAY

Seventeen year-old Chris positions himself in front of an open space. He fishes a pill out of his pocket and pops it. He then reaches down, pulls up his pedals, and falls forward onto the floor.

DEBRA

(from outside room)

Chris, did you fall?

CHRIS

(growing dreamy from the  
effects of the pill)

No...just dropped some books!

He clasps hands, points them towards ceiling forming a circle with his fingers, looks through.

CHRIS (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I'm a magic entity...I'm no longer a child or anybody's son. I've moved beyond the natural progression of thought. I stopped being scared of irrationality, I looked at it and saw larger patterns. Life is all ordered- it all follows certain principles.

(MORE)

CHRIS (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I've applied reason to the fullest,  
and it has led me here. I've  
discovered the seemingly  
unreasonable.

(presses hands to belly)

Everyone says this can't happen.  
I've exceeded their visible range  
of action. I've designed it so that  
this can happen. Circumvention. I  
am a magic entity.

His eyes close - pictures of an x-ray of a broken spine flash  
by. There shouldn't be any visible special effects, but an  
ominous background ambiance signaling a powerful force at  
work.

CHRIS (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Let this higher reason meld the  
gap.

Short pause. Chris opens his eyes. He leaps up.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Martin stands in doorway of his classroom. He is looking down  
hallway curiously. The halls are mostly empty, except for  
Chris, who walks around a corner into view, back turned to  
Martin.

MARTIN

(whispering)

Son of a bitch...

Chris reacts to Martin's voice. Martin's eyes grow  
interested, not reacting in a surprised manner. Chris turns  
and sees Martin, approaches him.

CHRIS

Mr. Korper...

MARTIN

Mr. Embry...it's certainly strange  
to see you walking...

CHRIS

So thinks the world.

MARTIN

You're slightly famous. I read  
about you in the paper today.

CHRIS

Yeah, I'm not very happy about  
that.

(MORE)

CHRIS (CONT'D)

But I came here because I've got an essay I want you to read It's about my car accident.

MARTIN

The truth?

CHRIS

(calm pause)

Yes. I've told you the truth.

He pulls his paper out of his backpack, hands it over.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

This is just for you.

MARTIN

Thank you, it's an honor.

CHRIS

It's the truth, Mr. Korper.

MARTIN

Your version, Chris?

CHRIS

Read it first.

MARTIN

Alright, alright...get outta here anyway, I'm not giving you a pass.

CHRIS

No problem, Mr. Korper!

He jogs away. Martin watches, observing the bounce in Chris' step.

MARTIN

Amateurs. How the hell, though...?

INT. MARTIN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Martin is on the telephone with a friend, WILLIAM. As William speaks, Martin ambles around his apartment. He turns on his computer.

MARTIN

(without missing a beat)

Fuckin' amateurs, these kids smoke a joint and think they've seen the ends of the earth.

Martin takes a drag on a cigar blunt.

WILLIAM (O.S.)  
He smokes pot?

MARTIN  
Oh, well, probably. Probably worse  
than that.

He coughs loudly, exhaling smoke.

WILLIAM (O.S.)  
You'd better report him, I think.

MARTIN  
Oh, William, grow up! You think he  
needs his cause validated? You'll  
inflate the god complex he already  
has.

WILLIAM (O.S.)  
What's his name, Martin?

MARTIN  
(pause)  
You think I'm gonna let you get  
your hands on him? You can't even  
conceptualize the way he thinks.  
Believe me though, he can see all  
you represent in a second.

Martin pets his cat.

WILLIAM (O.S.)  
Nobody can fully comprehend the  
word of God.

MARTIN  
I wasn't talking about God, I said  
you! Did you take a class in self-  
righteousness?

Martin looks at his computer monitor. He clicks on a porn e-  
mail spam message.

WILLIAM (O.S.)  
I'm merely an instrument in God's  
plan.

Martin smiles wryly at what he sees on the screen.

MARTIN  
Yeah, and the world is lying on the  
operating table knocked out while  
you're fingering its asshole.