

EXACTLY WHERE  
I SAW THEM

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## EXACTLY WHERE I SAW THEM

### Plot

Four people are invited to what they think is a dinner party, all of them being rich or famous. As the night progresses, odd things begin to occur, arguments erupt, and tensions rise, until everything comes crashing down in a moment. Eventually, it is uncovered that the host is someone, or something, completely different than previously believed. The story alternates between this and a subplot featuring a luckless lawyer who is struggling to find cases. He meets a hitman who he uses to kill victims, the families of which then become his clients. At some point near the end, these stories connect in a clever way.

### Characters

LUCIO 18 (Black)	The rich house owner who orchestrated the dinner. He has a silken tongue, which he uses to hide something from his guests. Hint of Spanish in his accent and demeanor.
RYOTA 17 (Red)	Property developer who owns most of the city. He is slightly naive and rude, which leads to conflict with the others. Asian in both accent and appearance.
LUC 18 (Blue)	Wine-maker who talks down to all the other guests. Arrogant and unfeeling, and wants nothing more than to leave the party once things begin to turn suspicious. Stereotypically French.
QUEENIE 17 (Gold)	An actress dressed in silk and fur. She is overbearing towards the others, but mostly lets

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	<p>them bicker among themselves. Her fighting attitude, however, soon gets her into trouble. Could be French/British/etc.</p>
PARRIS 17 (White)	<p>A shy model who sits around quietly, letting the others dictate what to do. Arrives late to the party. French/South American/Southern USA</p>
HAIDER 20 (Brown)	<p>A lawyer down on his luck. He meets a hitman, whom he uses to kill people, the families of which become his clients. Arrogant and demeaning, mostly because of his ill-luck. American.</p>
ELMER 20 (Green)	<p>A quiet hitman who hides beneath black clothing. He does not speak much to HAIDER, though he is partners with him; he prefers to do his job, then disappear. He is the one who QUEENIE glimpses in the first scene. Unknown race.</p>
CIARAN 19 (Purple)	<p>One of ELMER's targets, though saved by HAIDER when he starts to beg for his life. He is acquainted with ELMER, though not in a friendly way. HAIDER keeps pestering him to find out what he is so hesitant to reveal. Russian.</p>
Extras, Victims, Etc.	<p>Victims of ELMER or other various extra roles. Shown mostly during the HAIDER subplot.</p>

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### Writer's Note

This film is based around alternating perspectives, switching from one character to the next. Use lots of darkness to conceal the set, as there will not be any sort of high-budget facade here, and give each character the color listed in the character list, not only to wear, but to use around them in lighting, scenery, etc. This can be used as foreshadowing if seen in the background, on some pivotal object, or in the lighting. This is not a conventional murder-mystery, but rather an almost surrealist piece based around that cliché.

Flicker of film, almost like a tape player. Some words blink onto the screen in small, pale type. Beware the fog. Then, His plaything waits. Then, He will devour them. Screen goes black, tape player stalls, the static freezing, then it cuts to Tarantino-style intro with shots of the scenery beneath the credits, each shot gradually moving inward into civilization, staring at the church, then ending at the pavilion.

### **EXT. MANSION YARD - DAY (QUEENIE)**

QUEENIE is walking beside the small lake in the mansion yard, ascending the hill to the house. There is a pavilion overlooking the lake, and she glances at this as she passes. Stopping, she looks again, intrigued by something. She approaches, entering the pavilion, and finds a paper stuck between the railing; unraveling it, she reads silently, the camera showing the words: Ryota Property: Our Best is Your Best. It's an advertisement in a torn newspaper page. She rolls it up, confused, just as she spots someone across the lake dressed in black.

This figure waves to her and she slides the newspaper into her bag as she leaves the pavilion, a frown forming on her face. She waves back warily once her hands are free of the paper, then glances back to see the man rounding the lake, taking long strides.

### **INT. MANSION DINING - DAY**

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Medium close-up on LUCIO sitting at the head of a table. He has a smirk on his face as he glances from QUEENIE, who is seated to his right at the far end of the table, to LUC, who sits opposite her, fixing his cravat with a morose expression. Minute of silence, shifting focus between the three before LUCIO begins talking. LUCIO has a slight silkiness to his speech, as if English is his second language.

LUCIO  
Wine?

QUEENIE shakes her head, LUC harrumphs.

LUC  
(Stuck up)  
It's piss.

LUCIO  
(He finds this amusing)  
It's from your vineyard.

LUC's eyes widen and he shifts in his chair. He tries to salvage his pride.

LUC  
Then I will.

LUCIO snaps his fingers, watching as LUC's brow furrows in irritation. A servant appears carrying wine on a tray; he pours it into LUC's glass, then hurries off, vanishing. LUC swirls it around in his glass before sipping it lightly.

LUCIO  
Such young talent... one of the screen, the other of... the alcohol.  
(To LUC) Your father must have died a proud man, Luc, (To QUEENIE) and yours must live as one, my dear Queenie.

LUC  
(With rising passion)

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My father died a drunk bastard. A pig. A poor vagabond in a millionaire's guise. It's my obligation to be what he never was – the man he wanted to be, yet to live as such, not to use that life as a facade.

LUCIO tilts his head, unimpressed.

LUCIO

Wonderful; perhaps our fathers knew each other.

QUEENIE

My father's rather opposed to my success. He asks me for my money, but doesn't want me to earn it; he thinks of me more as a lawyer.

LUC

Do you argue?

QUEENIE

(Resolutely)

I don't.

LUCIO looks from one to the other, then a noise sounds from above – a large bang. The guests look upward in shock, then to LUCIO, who seems unperturbed.

LUCIO

(After a moment)

Cat.

LUC's brow furrows again, then he fixes his cravat once more, sipping his wine. QUEENIE leans back in her chair, stretching out her arms behind her, then she pauses in this position, staring up at the ceiling. Camera shows her perspective, revealing the watermark seeping through the wood. A drop forms, then falls, landing on her face; she flinches, straightening in your chair. She looks to LUCIO.

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QUEENIE

(Disgusted)

Got a leak?

LUCIO fixes her with a stare for a moment, then his chair creaks as he peers up at the roof. He looks back down to her.

LUCIO

(He doesn't seem to care)

I do hope not; perhaps I may go and see.

He rises from the table, sliding his chair back in, then he nods to both.

LUCIO

(Cont.)

I will return promptly. If the others arrive, be good guests and let them in.

He crosses the room, leaving through the door. QUEENIE turns to look at LUC, who she finds staring at her, his face cold. She shifts in her chair, then looks to his wine. The surface is rippling.

LUC

You are an actress?

QUEENIE

(Looking at him)

Yeah. And you make wine? Did your dad pass on his vineyard when he died or something, or did you take it from him?

LUC

Does it matter?

QUEENIE

(Unsettled)

No, just askin'.

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LUC swirls his wine, watching in silence, then he puts it down. From his pocket, he takes a lighter, but he pauses before producing his cigarillo.

LUC  
Do you mind?

QUEENIE shakes her head, but after a moment, she frowns. Just as LUC is about to light the cigarillo, she speaks.

QUEENIE  
You old enough to be smoking?

LUC raises his eyebrow, taking the cigarillo away from his lips.

LUC  
I am.

QUEENIE  
How old are you?

LUC  
(With sass)  
Eighteen... Old enough to run a company, old enough to smoke.

He pauses, then, seeing that QUEENIE does not, in fact, approve, puts the cigarillo back in its case; this returns to his pocket. Now he holds the lighter, fingering the switch.

LUC  
(To diffuse the tension)  
You were in movies. Which ones?

QUEENIE leans back again in her chair, yet not far enough to be beneath the trickling water. She sighs.

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QUEENIE

Ones about lawyers, ones about spies. Got invited to the Academy Awards for one of my latest – one about a billionaire. It didn't win anything.

LUC

Were you nominated?

QUEENIE

(Regretful)

No... not even considered. Movie was, but... not me.

There is a moment of awkward silence. Above, a faint noise can be heard – a dragging, as if something is being pulled across the floor.

LUC

You have a lover? (Beat) How old are you – since you asked me, I have to ask you.

QUEENIE raises her eyebrows.

QUEENIE

(Disbelief)

You want a date?

LUC realizes what he just implied.

LUC

(Flustered)

Oh, no, just asking. (Beat) No, I have a girl at home... and I love her.

QUEENIE

(To his previous question)

I'm seventeen... (Pause) What's her name?

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LUC

(Dreamily)

Aimée. Her father knew my father; they went to school.

He flicks the lighter on and the flame dances.

LUC (Cont.)

If I could be back with her now... I would do anything to see her.

QUEENIE

Why are you here, then? If you want to be with your girl so bad,  
why did you come?

LUC

(Bitter)

My father was a brash old fool, yet my mother could outdo him.

She wants to make a friend of Lucio – she's still alive – and  
sent me here to do it for her; I have to have acquired a deal by  
the time I return to her – a deal for three palettes of  
Cabernet.

QUEENIE

(Confused)

So you didn't come for the dinner?

The lighter flicks off; LUC glances up at QUEENIE, fixing her  
with his stare.

LUC

Why are you here, then? You have no deals to sign, I am sure, so  
what brought you to this terrible house?

QUEENIE

(Suspicious)

I was invited for dinner... a dinner for actors... (Pause) You're  
not an actor.

There is a loud bang that shakes the table, knocking the wine  
glass onto its side; the liquid spills all over the tabletop and

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QUEENIE jumps up from her chair, holding her expensive clothing away from the wine. LUC does the same, just as a trail of red trickles down into his chair.

QUEENIE

What in the hell?

LUC

What is he doing up there, knocking down a wall? Idiot!

He looks down to ensure his suit is clean, then kicks the chair in irritation, sending it sliding across the floor. Just as it comes to rest, there is a knock on the door that silences both guests. They look at each other, then QUEENIE points to the door, raising her eyebrows; LUC, vexed, goes to open it.

On the other side is RYOTA, dressed in a red blazer. There are sunglasses hiding his eyes, but he very clearly turns to look over LUC's shoulder at the girl standing behind. He smiles, then looks back at LUC, who wears a chilled expression.

RYOTA

You're not Lucio.

LUC

(With irritation)

I am Luc, one of his guests – one of his very angry guests who dislikes his vulgar behaviour.

RYOTA

(To QUEENIE, with a suggestive tone)

And you?

QUEENIE frowns, then steps forward, clearly unimpressed by his suave introduction. Her confusion is mounting now. She wonders if RYOTA is an actor.

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QUEENIE

Queenie. You probably saw me in a movie... (Beat) Are you an actor?

RYOTA

I knew I recognized you... I never forget a face. I'm Ryota, and no, I'm not.

He smiles at her, but receives a confused frown in return. Put out, he steps inside, straightening LUC's cravat as he passes; LUC reaches up, glaring, and fingers it until he is satisfied that the damage has been mended. He shuts the door. RYOTA carries a bag, which he sets down beside the door. QUEENIE looks down at it, then up at him.

QUEENIE

What's in there?

RYOTA

Something I never travel without.

LUC

(Pestered)

And what would that be?

RYOTA

(Mocking)

Nothing you need concern yourself with, Jules.

LUC

My name is Luc.

RYOTA

I know.

RYOTA enters the room, finding a spot at the dining table to sit at, but frowning down at the spilt wine. He resolves to stand, then begins to examine the artwork on the walls. *The Dead*

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*Toreador by Edouard Manet* catches his attention, and he stands before it, staring in silence. He is making himself at home.

RYOTA

Strange artworks... is Lucio a sadist?

LUC

He is rich, and the rich hang odd things on their walls. That is a piece by Edouard Manet.

RYOTA

One of your people, then?

LUC glares at him, yet his back is turned, so he can not see. RYOTA pivots on his heel, sauntering back over to the table with his hand buried in his pocket. He takes his sunglasses off now, folding them and hanging them from his collar.

LUC

Dark enough for you now?

RYOTA says nothing to that. He finds a seat clear of spilt wine and sits down, straightening his blazer. He gestures for QUEENIE to sit, but she stands, leaning on the back of the closest chair.

RYOTA

And where is our host?

LUC

Renovating upstairs, I imagine.

QUEENIE

He went to check on a leak; that one, there. (Point)

RYOTA looks up at the roof and sees the water mark. He frowns, then rises, moving to stand directly beneath it.

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RYOTA

Maybe a burst pipe? That mark is rather... long, isn't it?

LUC

It is. Now who are you? You're not an actor, and you're definitely not a winemaker, so what's your story?

RYOTA moves out of the way of the trickling water and stands with his hands in his pockets. Now realizing that he has been asked a question, he moves over to LUC, reaching out to shake his hand. LUC takes it begrudgingly.

RYOTA

As I said, I'm Ryota – property developer; you could say I own half the city. I'd bet you live in one of my apartments.

He brushes off LUC's blazer. QUEENIE and LUC exchange a confused glance. If he's not here for dinner or to make a wine order, then he's here for another reason.

RYOTA

(Looking around)

Quaint abode he's got here. All it's missing is a black iron fence. And where is the bast— oh, right. Upstairs. I'm quite tired, frenchie, so excuse my not listening to you.

LUC

(Irritated)

And how did you receive an invitation? Do you know Lucio?

RYOTA

Never met him. I just got an invitation from my secretary, said some guy dropped it off – looked pretty richly dressed – and told her it was for me. Some housewarming party or something.

LUC

(Confused)

Housewarming?

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He looks to QUEENIE again. Now they know something is wrong.

RYOTA

(Frowns)

Yeah. Isn't that what he told you?

The door to the parlor opens to admit LUCIO, who wears a smirk. LUC immediately adopts a glare, then he steps forward to confront his host as LUCIO crosses the room to his seat.

LUC

Like to rattle your guests? We almost ruined our clothes with spilt wine, you fop, and your seats are fit for the dump. What were you doing, dragging a body around?

At the mention of a body, LUCIO stops, halfway sat down, to fix LUC with a stare; the smile is gone from his face. LUC's brow furrows, then he backs away, returning to stand by his seat as LUCIO drops into his, now smiling again. LUCIO looks to RYOTA.

LUCIO

Ryota... how pleasant it is to see you.

RYOTA sits down, then starts fingering an olive on his plate, rolling it around. He looks to LUCIO, his face blank.

RYOTA

I've never met you.

LUCIO

And you have met your fellows, I presume.

RYOTA (Sarcastically)

Oh, just lovely people.

LUCIO

And we need only one more to complete the set.

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QUEENIE

Set?

She and LUC are still standing; she still leans on her chair, he seems aloof, distant from the table.

LUCIO

She will be late, I have heard, so we must begin our dinner. There is no sense in wasting it, is there? Expect her later this evening.

LUC

Who is this?

There is another bang, quieter this time, but still audible. LUC turns to scowl at LUCIO, fixing his cravat. QUEENIE and RYOTA glance upwards, then RYOTA turns to LUCIO.

RYOTA

You got a cat?

LUCIO smiles, then gestures for QUEENIE and LUC to sit down. QUEENIE finds a dry chair warily, but LUC resolutely disobeys.

LUC

What's going on up there, Lucio? Are there others here? Do you have children? And tell me what all these tricks are about? What is this, huh? A dinner or a wine deal?

LUCIO

You will see, my friend; be patient, and you will see. For now, you must eat. It is rude to refuse your host's dinner; of all here, you must know this.

He stands there for a moment, then finally sits down. LUCIO addresses the table.

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LUCIO

I do apologize for the confusion, but I will explain everything in time. For now, let us begin our dinner.

Hold on a close-up of a smiling LUCIO, then cut to shot of a close-up on *The Dead Toreador* until music from a car radio begins to play, then cut abruptly to the next shot.

**INT. CAR - DAY (HAIDER)**

HAIDER and ELMER are sitting in a car, peering out the windows. They are watching for their target; HAIDER is flicking through a magazine, and ELMER is sitting quietly. HAIDER glances at his companion. There is thick tension in the air. The music is playing from the radio.

HAIDER

I don't think we're really connecting here... do you?

ELMER turns slowly, his eyes hard as glass.

ELMER

No.

HAIDER

(Persistent)

Like, I know you're not the talkative type, but we could at least make it seem a little less like we're a divorced couple or some shit.

ELMER

(Disinterested)

You're not a wise guy, Haider; you think with feeling instead of intelligence. What about this task requires friendly conversation?

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HAIDER

(Lowering his magazine)

You think I'm a bum? Is that it? That I'm some low-life bastard who can't get it together?

ELMER

(Pause) You are.

HAIDER gapes at ELMER for a moment, then goes back to reading his magazine, rather vexed. There is silence for a moment, then he shuts the magazine, leaning over to try and put it in the back seat.

HAIDER

(Wired)

Don't like that shit anyway. No girls, just ads for skin cream and cigarillos.

ELMER says nothing as HAIDER finishes writhing, trying to reach into the pocket on the back of the driver's seat to store his magazine. He returns to his proper position, then straightens, scanning through the windshield. He wants to say something to ELMER, but doesn't know how, kind of like when a dad wants to tell someone he's proud, but showing emotion isn't masculine, so it comes off as awkward.

HAIDER

You know, I... appreciate this, Elmer. If it weren't for you, I'd be sleeping in a box under the overpass.

Nothing from ELMER. It's awkward now, so HAIDER responds with anger.

HAIDER (Cont.)

(Vexed)

But it would be nice if you talked more. I don't have nobody but you, man.

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ELMER

(Fed up, but not angry)

I wonder if you'll ever figure out why no one is friends with you. Maybe you'd find it beneficial to be more observant, to look around sometimes.

HAIDER grabs the wheel, turning in his seat to face the hitman.

HAIDER

(Angry now)

Now listen here, buddy. You're just a kid who got in with the wrong crowd, no better than me. I picked you up from that shit and got you out of there – got you away from those coppers. What did I get? Huh? A bastard with a stick so far up his ass you can see the tip in his throat when he talks to you; what kind of reward is that? I'm not a rich guy, Elmer, and neither are you, so shut up (Beat) – actually, don't shut up. Open your god-damn mouth once in a while and talk about the last girl you took out to dinner or the way you like to watch the clouds drift by on a nice summer day, how they remind you of some nice shit or something. Do you get that? You don't have to act like you just buried your old man.

ELMER turns to look at the lawyer, then he turns back, continuing to scan out the window. HAIDER gapes once more, speechless, then slumps in his seat, leaning his head against the window with a thud.

ELMER

(Unmoved)

You're a criminal, Haider. Even I can recognize that this whole thing is vile and corrupt; what friendly conversation does a kid like you deserve? Can't get a job out of law school, so you go killing.

HAIDER was staring out the window, watching the field outside. He interrupts, then continues staring.

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HAIDER

Fly off the handle? Kiss my ass. (Pause. He thinks about it) All men are vile and corrupt... The bastards who don't hire me for their cases are vile and corrupt, the lawyers who get the cases in my place are vile and corrupt. What difference does it make?

ELMER pulls out his pistol and begins to check the cartridge for bullets, drawing the attention away from the conversation.

HAIDER

You checked that five minutes ago.

ELMER

I know.

He slides the cartridge in and cocks the pistol, leaving it in his lap with his fingers wrapped around the handle. A car passes, lights flashing across both faces. HAIDER sits up.

HAIDER

(Irritable)

Abandoned road my ass.

ELMER

Should we ask him to politely follow us into an alleyway? Into the field? Once we get out of the car, he'll run.

HAIDER

(He's done)

Whatever, man.

A moment of silence. Camera is now pointed through the windshield; a car is approaching in the distance, tires creating clouds of smoke. It stops, then someone gets out – only a black dot on the horizon. The dot begins to approach.

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HAIDER

There he is... Now we gotta sit here like assholes for him to reach us. (After a moment of watching the man) Move a little slower, numbnuts, why don't you?

ELMER says nothing; his eyes are fixed on the dot. HAIDER smacks his arm after a moment.

HAIDER

Hey, act like we're broke down or something. He might go another way if he sees us staring like pedos.

ELMER turns to look at HAIDER. Cut to both men standing outside the car. The emergency blinkers are on and the hood is popped up. HAIDER is pretending to examine the engine while ELMER stands by.

HAIDER

(Leaning on car)

You know, man, with all the money we've gotten, I think I might settle down. You know any girls I could take out?

ELMER

(Staring at the target)

No.

Camera shows the dot. The humanoid figure is now visible, arms and legs swinging as he walks.

HAIDER

Not one?

ELMER

No.

HAIDER

(He wants to poke the bear again)

You know what I think?

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No answer from ELMER, so HAIDER continues.

HAIDER (Cont.)

I think that if you ever had any fun – if you even smiled – you're head would blow off or some shit. When you were a baby, did you ever smile at your mom, or did you just scowl at her?

ELMER

(Uninterested)

I sat down, shut up, and ate my slop.

HAIDER

And did you lie down and cry like a normal kid, or did you get up out of your crib at night to walk over to your parents' room so you could tell them you shit yourself?

ELMER

Maybe I did. What does that have to do with us – right now – standing on this road?

HAIDER

Nothin'.

ELMER

Then shut up, cause he's just about here. Start bitching about the engine or something.

HAIDER

Yeah, fine.

The man approaches, frowning as he examines the car. His gaze passes over the two men, then he approaches ELMER, who motions for him to come over. The man is flustered and nervous – there wasn't supposed to be a car here.

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MAN

(He just wants to leave)

What's going on here? Did you break down?

ELMER

Yeah, just farther up the road. Couldn't push it anymore, so we've been waiting for two hours.

He starts to pull his pistol out, but then he glances over and sees a car rumbling down the road, dust following in a billowing cloud. The man turns and spots the car, then he scowls. The car pulls up, slowing to a stop; the window rolls down. There is another man inside.

DRIVER

What's the problem here? Broke down?

MAN

(Nervous. Everything's going wrong)

These two, yeah.

DRIVER

You're not with 'em?

MAN

No. I was just... (Hesitate) walking.

DRIVER

(Frown)

Down a dirt road?

ELMER

(To Driver, slightly annoyed)

We're alright. You can keep going. This fellow's already helping us out.

DRIVER

But he's walking. He doesn't have anything with him. I got some jumper cables if your battery's dead.

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ELMER

(Insistent)

No thank you. We're fine.

DRIVER

No really, I can help. Let me get 'em out.

He gets out of his truck, slamming the door. He walks around to the trunk, then begins searching for his jumper cables.

HAIDER

Elmer. Come look at this.

ELMER walks over and leans in to hear HAIDER's whispering. The two strangers wait where they were.

HAIDER (Whisper)

God damn, what the hell are we gonna do now?

ELMER (Whisper)

I can hit both.

HAIDER (Whisper)

Both!

ELMER smacks his arm.

ELMER (Whisper)

Would you shut it?

HAIDER (Forceful whisper)

You listen here, Elmer. That's two cases, two times the risk, and two times the dead bastards. How are we gonna clean this up?

ELMER

I'll handle it.

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He walks back to the two men, just as the driver emerges from the trunk with the cables.

DRIVER  
I got th-

The gun fires, putting a hole in his head. The cables fall from his grip and his corpse falls to the dirt. In quick succession, a second shot fires off, blowing a hole through the original target's stomach. He falls down as well.

HAIDER  
(Fuming)  
You god-damn idiot!

ELMER replaces his weapon, then HAIDER approaches, peering down at the corpse of the main target.

ELMER  
Don't leave prints, don't touch him. Don't even touch the dirt.  
Let's get out of here before the cops come.

HAIDER  
You better be right, or we're both screwed.

HAIDER slams the hood shut, then they both return to the car; the headlights turn on as the car engine growls, illuminating the bodies, then the vehicle turns and drives off, leaving the scene.

**INT. MANSION DRAWING ROOM - DAY (QUEENIE)**

LUCIO  
Wine?

LUCIO stands at the drink cart on one side of the room. His guests are scattered around in a formation similar to what might be seen in a painting, some sitting, others leaning on things.

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RYOTA  
I will.

LUCIO  
Wonderful.

LUC  
(Suspicious)  
You seem eager to get rid of my wine, Lucio.

LUCIO  
(Without hesitation)  
My friend, it is wonderfully made, so I must share it. When I am inevitably forced to buy more, you are the one who will benefit from the money.

LUC quiets down as LUCIO gives the glass of wine to RYOTA, who takes a long drink. QUEENIE watches him, frowning, then turns to LUCIO. He pours wine into her glass.

QUEENIE  
When will your last guest be arriving? How long will we be staying here?

LUC  
(Mumbling)  
I've asked myself such questions since I got here.

LUCIO  
She should be arriving quite soon; in fact, let us count. Three, two, one.

The doorbell rings and the guests all look at each other, confused expressions on their faces. LUCIO smirks. That was rather supernatural.

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LUCIO

(Jovial)

I shall let her in.

He leaves the room, heading for the front door. There is quiet for a moment between the guests until LUC breaks it.

LUC

He hasn't told us anything yet. I swear this is some joke... or maybe a dream; a terrible, god-awful dream.

RYOTA

You're quite awake, monsieur.

LUC glares at RYOTA.

QUEENIE

Let's just all quiet down and be respectful. We don't know who this woman is, so let's not scare her.

LUC

(Sarcastic)

She is one of the four most unfortunate people in this country.

RYOTA

You're not really giving our host a chance, Frenchie. He gave us our dinner, offers us wine, and has given us a pleasant experience overall.

LUC

Are you rating your stay?

RYOTA

Maybe I am. Why not? I respect men like him.

They scowl at each other as QUEENIE watches in frustration; she takes a sip from her wine. She starts to run her fingers along the velvet of her chair, her golden rings sparkling. Enter a dream-like sequence where her fingers lift from the velvet. She

## EXACTLY WHERE I SAW THEM

is seated still, yet the chair is placed amidst a void of blue light. When she blinks, her eyes turn the same blue color, almost glowing. She is lying, slumped in her chair, perfectly still.

A doorway opens in the void and LUCIO enters with PARRIS. They move around, as if speaking to the other two guests, yet QUEENIE can see them only. After a moment, LUCIO turns to her and his eyes flash red, then she is back in the drawing room; she opens her eyes and looks around. Her gaze comes to rest on the wine glass, which she holds still. There is something in the bottom: powder suspended in the wine.

LUCIO

And this is Queenie, you might have seen her in a film.

PARRIS and LUCIO are standing over QUEENIE. PARRIS tilts her head, studying her, trying to recognize her face; when she does, she smiles kindly.

PARRIS

(Giddy)

From that one about the billionaire; I remember it. That's one of my favourites.

QUEENIE is trying to regain her composure after being drugged. She smiles, though her eyes are clearly glazed, and reaches out to take PARRIS' hand, setting the drugged wine down on the table.

QUEENIE

A pleasure. And who are you?

PARRIS

(Shyly)

Parris. I'm a model. I've been on the covers of some major fashion publications... (Beat) Do you read magazines?

EXACTLY WHERE I SAW THEM

QUEENIE

(Trying to stay awake)

Not often... no, though I know I've been in some myself. I look for my picture then chuck it.

PARRIS

I was just featured in V.G.D., they put me on the cover, you know. I looked like a queen.

She makes a waving gesture like the queen of England, then smiles and snickers. QUEENIE is beginning to feel faint, blinking her eyes repeatedly.

LUCIO

I shall leave you two to speak.

He leaves, crossing the room to the others. QUEENIE's scowl follows him. PARRIS finds a chair and sits, then looks expectantly at QUEENIE, anticipating conversation.

PARRIS

So this is a cocktail party for celebrities... I don't see many celebrities... or cocktails, other than you, obviously.

QUEENIE

(Frowning)

Did your invitation... What did it say?

PARRIS

(Confused)

Cocktail party.

QUEENIE turns to look at LUCIO, but his back is facing her. RYOTA sips some more wine, and is beginning to look drowsy as well. LUC drinks nothing, and looks perfectly awake.

PARRIS

Queenie?

EXACTLY WHERE I SAW THEM

QUEENIE looks over, smiling.

QUEENIE  
Sorry, I'm just tired.

PARRIS develops a worried expression, then turns to look at the wine glass.

PARRIS  
I think I might have some wine.

QUEENIE  
(Urgently)  
No.

PARRIS looks at her, confused.

QUEENIE  
It's not very good... warm. Just have some water. (Points)

PARRIS  
(With distaste)  
Water?

RYOTA's glass slips from his fingers, shattering on the floor and spilling wine everywhere. All attention is drawn to the mess and LUCIO hurries over to help clean it, as well as LUC and PARRIS. LUC is not yet sedated, as he drank no wine from the new pitcher.

PARRIS  
Oh, is he sick?

LUCIO  
I am not sure. It's best to let him sleep; I will take him upstairs.

## EXACTLY WHERE I SAW THEM

LUCIO holds RYOTA up as they cross the room, then vanishes through the door. The remaining three glance awkwardly at each other, then PARRIS leans down to clean the spilt wine with a cloth from the table. The white quickly turns red in the fabric. LUC eventually leans down to help, tightening his cravat to ensure it does not fall from his neck and into the liquid. QUEENIE remains seated, still dizzy, trying to collect herself.

LUC

This whole dinner has been in disarray since it began. I don't know why I came, god-damn it, why did I come?

PARRIS

(Confused)

Disarray? What do you mean? What's happening?

LUC begins to retell the sequence of events as the camera focuses on QUEENIE. She is struggling to stay awake, yet the knowledge that she could be carried off like RYOTA keeps her eyes open. Unsteadily, she rises from the chair, then crosses the room, bursting through the door and into the hallway, where the walls are lined with paintings. She walks through, stumbling on her heels, until she falls to the floor at the end of the hall. Violent coughing racks her body, little droplets of blood leaving her lips and collecting on the hardwood. The front door is framed in moonlight ahead, its windows letting in beams of paleness into the dark foyer. Slowly, she tries to crawl across the floor; she almost reaches the door before she hears footsteps behind her, echoing in the gaping room.

LUCIO

Queenie, my dear. Are you sick?

She turns to see him standing in the darkness atop the stairwell, his black suit shrouding his body, so that it looks as if his head is floating. She turns away, continuing her

EXACTLY WHERE I SAW THEM

crawl, but LUCIO descends the staircase, reaching her in a few long strides.

LUCIO

Come with me, I will treat you. You need rest, to sleep, as Ryota did.

QUEENIE

(Voice choked)

Get away from me, you bastard.

LUCIO stands there as she continues to crawl, watching as she struggles to reach the door.

LUCIO

You are sick.

She ignores him, finally reaching the door. As she reaches up for the handle, she collapses, yet her hand is wrapped around it; the door swings open, letting in a breeze that ruffles her hair. She looks out and sees the black-dressed man from the beginning, making his way up the front pathway. LUCIO notices him, then quickly moves to shut the door, locking it.

QUEENIE (Whisper)

No, you bastard.. Let me out.. Let me out.. Your drugged me, you bastard.

LUCIO

Come, my dear, and sleep.

He reaches down to pick her up, taking her in his arms as her eyes close.

EXACTLY WHERE I SAW THEM

**INT. CAR - DAY (HAIDER)**

HAIDER is driving while ELMER sits in the passenger seat. They are not talking to each other, but sitting silently, ELMER focused on a magazine in his hands. The cover reads V.G.D.

HAIDER

The judge called me yesterday. He fell for that shit like nothing.

ELMER

You don't have to do this, Haider. Just take what you can get.

HAIDER

And live in a ratty old apartment on the east side? Hell no. I don't roll like that. If I don't have gold paper to wipe myself with and women lining up at my front door, I'm doing something wrong.

ELMER

(Tired)

You're a criminal, just as bad as all the people you've sent to jail.

HAIDER

(Slightly irritable)

And I'm good with that. Every bastard in the justice system is more of a crook than me, and they get paid by the hour to sit up there and look intimidating - now don't you go sighing like that on me, Elmer. My life sucks, you get that? You're my out, not sent from God, not sent from the devil either; I found your ass and I'm using you to get me where I need to be. One slip from your mouth and you're back in jail, 'cause by god, there's been enough killings as it is and I've got the murderer sitting right next to me.

ELMER

(He's getting angry now)

Shut your mouth, you pig. Who's holding the pistol?

EXACTLY WHERE I SAW THEM

HAIDER

Point it up your ass and pull the trigger then; do me a favour.

ELMER looks back down at his magazine. After a moment, he shuts it, then pulls out his pistol, checking the cartridge to ensure he has bullets left, and perhaps to show HAIDER as well. The lawyer glances down at it, then scowls.

HAIDER

Put that away, you idiot, I'm driving.

ELMER

I know that. That's why I'm not gonna shoot you.

HAIDER (Mumbling)

Christ!

The car pulls into a side road, then shuts down, the headlights going dark. Both doors open and both occupants leave the car, closing the doors behind themselves. HAIDER scans his surroundings, searching the horizon, but finds only flat fields of grass.

HAIDER

You said he'd be here.

ELMER

He is.

ELMER begins to walk down the road, his long coat swaying in the breeze. He pauses halfway, then turns to peer into the grass; from his belt comes his weapon, then he aims it at the spot his eyes are fixed on. From the grass comes a kid dressed in a purple jacket, his hands raised over his head.

EXACTLY WHERE I SAW THEM

CIARAN

(Frantic)

Please don't kill me! Don't kill me! I've done nothing, you  
bastard, don't kill me!

ELMER

(Calm)

Come out, get on the road.

CIARAN emerges from the grasses and stumbles onto the dirt,  
shying away from the pistol, which follows him like a snake's  
head. He falls to his knees, shielding his face with his hands.  
HAIDER watches from beside the car, a frown on his face.

HAIDER

Who's this?

CIARAN

Please, Elmer. God-damn it, Elmer, please. Don't kill me!

ELMER

Shut up and stand.

CIARAN rises from his knees, still shying away.

ELMER

How much did you pay him?

CIARAN

What?

ELMER

(More forceful)

How much did you pay him?

CIARAN

I paid him full - I paid him half! Don't kill me!

EXACTLY WHERE I SAW THEM

ELMER

Where's the other half?

CIARAN

I spent it – not on anything bad! Not on girls or cigarillos;  
don't kill me, Elmer!

HAIDER

Elmer, what's going on?

ELMER

I'm just gonna shoot this bastard, then we can go.

CIARAN

No! Don't kill me Elmer!

He tries to move away, but the pistol fires off, sending a spout  
of dirt into the air near CIARAN's foot.

ELMER

Stay there, Ciaran.

HAIDER

(He comes up with a plan)  
Bring this guy with us, Elmer.

ELMER

(Disbelief)

What?

He turns around, shock on his face as he waits for his answer.

HAIDER

He sounds like he's in some deep shit. It'll be better for both  
of us if we just hand him in instead of shooting and getting  
involved in this.

EXACTLY WHERE I SAW THEM

ELMER

I'm already involved in this, Haider.

HAIDER

(Resolute)

But I'm not. Bring him and we can hand him to... to your boss, or whoever the hell wants him. I don't want this case, Elmer.

ELMER

You won't have a case. We're killing him on a dirt road.

HAIDER

(Desperate)

But - hey, listen. Come on, Elmer. What's the deal with him?

ELMER

He was supposed to give my money to my boss, but he pocketed half.

HAIDER

Then we give him to your boss to settle the rest, explain it all to him. Better than blowing his brains all over the road and being in the hole a couple thousand.

CIARAN

Listen to him, Elmer.

Another shot puts a hole in the dirt road; CIARAN leaps out of the way.

ELMER

And if I give you up to the boss, what are you gonna do? You're gonna find a way to convince him it was my fault, to throw my ass under the bus, and that's a pretty heavy bus. It's speeding, Ciaran, and one of us is getting hit.

EXACTLY WHERE I SAW THEM

HAIDER

Elmer.

ELMER

Haider, shut it.

CIARAN

Yeah, Haider. Shut it.

ELMER

(Threatening)

One more word out of your mouth, bastard. Speak it. I dare you.

(Beat) Now listen to me and don't interrupt. I've got a few options here: one being the one where I let you go, but I'm not into that; two being the one I'm leaning towards, which is putting a hole in your ugly little head and letting your rotting body feed the daisies over there; the third being the most risky for me. If I choose it, I could either be dead before noon tomorrow, or you could be dead before noon tomorrow, depending on what the boss is feeling.

CIARAN listens in silence, though there are clearly words on his lips that he wants to say.

ELMER (Cont.)

What makes you think I want to choose option three? I could just kill you now and forget this whole deal ever happened.

HAIDER

And what would your boss do? You're debt's not paid, Elmer. This bastard was the messenger, and he blew it, but he was carrying your money. Pardon my saying, but it was your fault for choosing him to carry your cash.

ELMER considers in silence.

HAIDER (Cont.)

So you take him to your boss, explain the whole deal, then, you know, he can torture the bastard and get his money's worth.

EXACTLY WHERE I SAW THEM

ELMER

There's no guarantee he'll take that.

HAIDER

Did you have a target, then? Is that what the money was for?  
Can't we just kill him?

ELMER

(Resolute)

Absolutely not. That's out of the question, Haider. Not an  
option.

HAIDER

Was it your wife or something?

ELMER

(Irritated)

No, Haider, we're not doing that. It wasn't my wife, got it?

HAIDER

What's the deal then? What would your boss want?

ELMER ponders for a moment, his face strained. It looks as if he is about to cry, but he holds his tears back. He approaches CIARAN, grabbing him and leading him to the car. His wrists are bound, then he is pushed into the back seat as HAIDER gets into the driver's seat. ELMER soon follows, then the doors close, the lights turn on, and the car turns around, rumbling off down the road.

Transition. They have been sitting in the car for a while, CIARAN shying away from both people in front of him whenever one turns around. ELMER wears a disgruntled frown and HAIDER is almost jovial.

HAIDER

How much did he have to pay?

EXACTLY WHERE I SAW THEM

ELMER

Five-hundred thousand.

HAIDER starts to cough, almost losing control of the car.

HAIDER

Five-hundred? What in the hell?

ELMER

Unfortunately, our new friend here decided he wanted to take my compensation money to go and live in Hollywood with gold toilet paper and girls lining up at his door.

CIARAN

I did not.

ELMER

I wasn't talking to you.

HAIDER

So this bastard screwed up your plan? You still have to hit your boss' target.

ELMER

If your plan works, Haider, maybe not. But if our friend here is not what the boss wants, I guess this was all for nothing.

HAIDER

And who was the target? You have to tell me, man. If it wasn't your wife, then who?

ELMER

(His lips are sealed)

I can't say.

HAIDER drops it, though begrudgingly, and continues driving. In the back, CIARAN is shifting around.

EXACTLY WHERE I SAW THEM

HAIDER

If you don't quit moving around there, I'll slap you on the top of the car and let Elmer take shots through the roof.

CIARAN

(Leaning over into the front)

Guys, what if I give you a job, hey?

ELMER

I'd probably put a bullet in your head.

CIARAN

No, listen. So there's this mansion, right, owned by this crazy bastard. He's, like, a serial killer or some shit, and he's got this party going on. I say we, well, I heard the boss – your boss – saying that he wants the guy dead, right; wants his money or something.

ELMER

Don't try to save yourself.

CIARAN

(Desperate)

I'm not! Just listen to me! I say we go in there, take the guy out, then go back to your boss and explain the whole thing. We both get out alive – mostly you – and your boss is happy.

ELMER

Go shove it.

HAIDER

Mansion? What are you talking about?

CIARAN sees that he has gotten HAIDER's attention and leans forward farther. ELMER rolls his eyes and looks out the window.

EXACTLY WHERE I SAW THEM

CIARAN

Yeah, some millionaire or whatever. To the outside, he just looks like that – a millionaire, but underground, we know who he really is.

HAIDER

A serial killer? Are you drunk or some shit?

CIARAN

No, I swear. The boss wants him dead 'cause he's just too creepy or something. He's also stealing business – killing all those important people and leaving nothing for us.

ELMER

Us? Shut up and sit down, you idiot. (Pushes CIARAN back) Don't try to save your ass, 'cause it's not gonna be saved. And don't go running to the boss with this either once we get there. Next time I've got a gun in your face, I'm pulling the trigger.

CIARAN

I'm no-

ELMER

I said shut up and sit down.

CIARAN starts to get angry. He grabs onto HAIDER and starts to flail around, spinning the car out of control. Some shots go off from ELMER's pistol as the car careens into a wall.

**INT. MANSION BEDROOM - SUNRISE (QUEENIE)**

QUEENIE wakes up in a dark room, a table lamp giving off a faint yellow glow on the nightstand beside her. She is lying in a bed, but gets up quickly, stifling a groan as pain shoots up to her head. Slowly, she stands, then looks around. The room is pitch black outside the circle of light, so she stumbles around until she finds a door. Opening it reveals the hallway outside, bright and illuminated by some lights along the walls.

## EXACTLY WHERE I SAW THEM

She stumbles out and shuts the door behind her, then looks left and right, trying to decide where to go. There is a room in front of her, door shut and two lengths of hall on either side that end in darkness. Some footsteps start to sound, so she quickly enters the room in front of her. When she does, her eyes widen and she has to hold back her urge to scream. RYOTA is lying in the bed, blood leaking from his open mouth and collecting in a puddle on the floor. She shuts the door behind her. The footsteps cease, then the door handle begins to open. She runs and hides behind the bed, trying to avoid glancing at the corpse.

LUCIO is framed in the doorway, golden light pouring in around him. He looks around, then enters, approaching the bed and looking down at RYOTA's body. QUEENIE tries not to breathe.

LUCIO  
Take him.

Two others enter the room, grabbing RYOTA's body and leaving with it. LUCIO remains, standing perfectly still.

LUCIO  
Run, my dear.

His footsteps begin to retreat back towards the door, then it shuts. QUEENIE, now sure that she is alone, begins to stand, peering over the bed. There is no one there, so she rises fully. Crossing the room, she begins to look through drawers and cabinets, eventually finding a small flashlight in the nightstand. This, she takes, throwing its light around the room to see what lies in the darkness. There is nothing, so she creeps over to the door, slowly turning the handle. It opens, and she peers through the crack into the hall; it is empty, so she opens the door fully and leaves the bedroom.

In the hallway, she is back to where she began, trying to decide which direction to turn. Eventually, she chooses left, seeing a

## EXACTLY WHERE I SAW THEM

slit of light from a closed window shutter. As she reaches it, she pulls open the blinds, unleashing a flood of pale moonlight. The window is barred, however. After a moment of gaping at it, she turns, creeping down the bend in the hallway.

Cut to her descending the staircase into the foyer, where she spots RYOTA's briefcase leaning against the door where he had left it. She hurries over to it, dropping to her knees and unlatching it with trembling hands. It clicks open to reveal a pistol. QUEENIE picks this up, examining it for a moment before turning to look back up the stairs. She turns to the door, then back to the stairs, until tears begin to fall down her cheeks. She reaches up to cover her mouth with her hand as she sits there in the moonlight, weeping. Her sadness turns to anger and she wipes the tears away with her shaking hands; she rises, gripping the gun tightly. There is an intercom system, one of its speakers attached to the wall. She approaches this, then presses the button hesitantly, leaning in to speak into it.

QUEENIE

(Voice shaky)

Come to the foyer.

Her finger lifts from the button, then she backs away, placing her back against the front door and surveying the doorways and staircases with darting eyes. The pistol waits in her grasp. Some time passes.

LUCIO

You did not run.

LUCIO is standing at the top of the staircase again, his pale face floating there. QUEENIE points the pistol at him, yet he does not even flinch.

QUEENIE

Where are the other two guests? Are they dead as well?

EXACTLY WHERE I SAW THEM

LUCIO

No... Not yet. They are waiting.

QUEENIE

(Threateningly, though she's scared)

You're gonna let them go, or I put a hole in your head. Do you get that?

LUCIO stares, unblinking.

LUCIO

Quite.

QUEENIE

Then go get them. Bring them here.

LUCIO

But I cannot do that. Neither can I let you escape; how would I host another party if you escaped? You would ruin it for everyone else.

QUEENIE

You list-

There is a loud bang and a shattering of glass. LUCIO's body starts to tumble down the stairs, until it lands face-down on the floor, blood beginning to pool beneath his head. He has landed in the position of *The Dead Toreador* from the painting. QUEENIE looks out the window and sees the same black-clad man standing in the front yard, a rifle in his hands. He stomps up the stairs, then knocks on the door in three sonorous strikes, each one echoing through the house. QUEENIE hesitantly unlocks the door, then backs away, pointing the pistol at the man as he enters. The shadow hides his face.

ELMER

Is he dead?

QUEENIE nods her head, her eyes gaping.

EXACTLY WHERE I SAW THEM

ELMER

Were you here for a dinner party?

QUEENIE

(Confused)

I... I was.

ELMER

Then call the police. When they ask, say that he was shot by someone outside, though you couldn't see who. Get rid of that gun.

With that, ELMER leaves, shutting the door behind him. QUEENIE watches him go, stunned beyond comprehension. She drops the gun and it hits the floor with a clang.

**EXT. ROADSIDE - SUNRISE (HAIDER)**

ELMER wakes up on the side of the road. The car has collided with a wall, and smoke now rises from the engine. CIARAN is lying not far off, a trail of blood leading from the open car door to him. ELMER rises, somehow unscathed, and approaches the dying man.

ELMER

You ever thought you'd choke on your own blood?

CIARAN

(Barely alive)

Bastard.

ELMER

Did you kill Haider? Did he die in the crash?

CIARAN

He's over there... (Points) You gonna put a hole in his head?

EXACTLY WHERE I SAW THEM

CIARAN chokes as he tries to laugh. ELMER turns and sees HAIDER trying to rise from the concrete, blood matted in his hair and his clothing torn and blackened; he's been burned. ELMER walks over to him, which causes him to fall back down to the road, groaning.

ELMER

Haider? You gonna live?

HAIDER turns to look up at ELMER; most of his face is blackened and scorched. The hitman's eyes widen.

HAIDER

(Choking)

No, man.

There is a moment of silence as ELMER wonders what to do. HAIDER sets his head down on the concrete, breathing slowly.

HAIDER

Are you pointing your gun at my head, Elmer?

CIARAN (From away)

He should've done that earlier, then you wouldn't be lying there, black as hell.

Wide shot of ELMER standing in the middle of the road, the other two lying down, one to the left, one to the right, both dying slowly.

HAIDER

What's he talking about?

ELMER

(Hesitant)

You were the target, HAIDER; the one I had to kill, but didn't. If that bastard over there had just given the boss all the money, we wouldn't even be here.

EXACTLY WHERE I SAW THEM

HAIDER ponders this in silence.

HAIDER

Then kill me. I'm gonna die anyway, man.

ELMER

I won't. Don't ask me that.

HAIDER

(Hard to talk now)

You told me I wasn't anything to you... just part of the job.

ELMER

Yeah, well, you are... but I don't kill people like *this*. Not unless they've done something bad to me... (Beat) you weren't bad to me, Haider.

HAIDER tries to smile, but pain cuts off the expression. He lies still, silent, as ELMER looks down on him. Cut to rocks being piled on the side of the road; ELMER is building a grave. HAIDER has been buried, and CIARAN still lies where he was, though he has clearly been trying to crawl away. ELMER rises, pauses for a moment as he looks down at the grave, then he turns to CIARAN, crossing over to him.

ELMER

(Kneeling and angry)

So how'd this work out for you? All this wouldn't have happened if you'd have just done what I asked.

CIARAN

If you'd have just shot Haider like the boss wanted, all this wouldn't have happened. Anyway, I had no choice, and seeing you killed by your own boss for screwing up would have been a better reward than any money.

EXACTLY WHERE I SAW THEM

ELMER

(He pauses, furious)

Then enjoy suffocating on the last of your life. If you ever look up from hell and see me, remember how everything would have worked out had you just listened. Goodbye, Ciaran.

ELMER rises, but is stopped by CIARAN's last plea.

CIARAN

You're just gonna to leave me?

ELMER

I've got an appointment with a serial killer. Seems I'm not so screwed after all.

CIARAN

At least shoot me, you bastard! End it clean!

ELMER walks off, reaching into the smoldering car to collect his pistol, which he holsters in his belt. That done, he moves to the side of the road to hold out a thumb, waiting for a car to drive by. Scene ends with CIARAN's manic yelling, fading to nothing after the cut.

CIARAN

Kill me, you bastard! God-damn it, just kill me!

**EXT. MANSION YARD - DAY (QUEENIE)**

QUEENIE is standing in the pavilion in front of the mansion, staring out across the lake. Camera focuses on her only, but the voice of the police officer behind her can be heard.

OFFICER

There were three others?

EXACTLY WHERE I SAW THEM

QUEENIE

Yes.

OFFICER

And one, you found dead?

QUEENIE

Yes.

OFFICER

And where were the other two? When you saw them last?

QUEENIE

In the drawing room, cleaning spilt wine.

Officer

The drawing room? Are you certain?

QUEENIE

That's exactly where I saw them.

The officer begins to write for a moment as QUEENIE watches, her face drawn.

OFFICER

Thank you.

He leaves, his shadow vanishing. For a moment, QUEENIE watches him go, until she feels something brush her leg. She looks down to see a newspaper clipping fluttering in the wind. Her gaze drifts over to a spot across the path where some bushes are planted. Crossing to it, she spots something hidden beneath them. It is a box, tilted onto its side, lid open and many clippings of newspaper spilled out. She reaches down to pick one up and her eyes widen. Her own face is staring back at her, marked in black ink beneath the title: *Hollywood's Next A-List Star*. She lets it go and it flutters to the ground, landing beside an image of LUC, one of PARRIS, and one of RYOTA, all

## EXACTLY WHERE I SAW THEM

from newspapers. There are many more than these four, perhaps hundreds, all spilling from the wooden box.

The End