

FILTHY CLEAN

FADE IN:

MAIN TITLE SEQUENCE -- BLACK

INTERCUT -- QUICK FLASH FORWARDS

The crushing, well-dressed foot traffic of WALL STREET.

BLACK -- MORE TITLES -- then

IN AN ELEVATOR, a man's and a woman's FINGERS clasp.

BLACK -- MORE TITLES -- then

The woman's HANDS dig in an empty flower bed. Her wedding band collects soil around its edges.

BLACK -- MORE TITLES -- then

IN AN EMPTY COFFEE SHOP a rumpled man sits alone, watching the crowds push past. He is CHRIS CHAMBERS, mid 40s, looks like he slept in his clothes. Two nights ago.

BLACK -- MORE TITLES -- then

Grey matter that resembles SNOWFLAKES floats from the sky.

BLACK -- MORE TITLES -- then

INSIDE HIS DARK HOTEL ROOM, Chris stares out the open balcony door, as surreal candlelight dances all around him.

A DEAD PLANT droops in a large ceramic pot on the balcony.

END MAIN TITLES.

FADE TO:

EXT. NEW YORK CITY -- ESTABLISHING -- MORNING

Manhattan monoliths in the distance tower above the East River.

Suddenly soaring into the foreground, a different kind of tower seems to reach even higher -- a CHURCH SPIRE.

The church is surrounded by a sea of treetops in the old-money neighborhood.

EXT. STATELY HOME -- FRONT YARD -- DAY

The large, red brick home is a study in exquisite floral landscaping.

FELICIA, mid 30s, prepares to plant a tray of small white groundcover flowers in the empty bed surrounding a tall tree. She is strong and lovely, but her beauty is touched by a certain world-weariness.

Chris, disheveled and sleep-deprived, stands at a distance on the sidewalk.

Removes his sunglasses.

CHRIS  
(charming)  
Hey wonderful.

A moment of recognition -- it's been a while. She stands, wipes off the dirt.

FELICIA  
Chris Chambers.

CHRIS  
Your bed there looks kind of empty.  
I can relate.

She smiles as best she can, avoiding the implication. He approaches.

FELICIA  
They're called the carpet of snow.  
Alyssum, they just bloom forever.  
I, thought I'd....

Her voice trails off into awkward silence. He looks up the empty drive. No one else appears to be home.

CHRIS  
So, how about some coffee?

She offers a thin smile, as if trying not to crush him.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
No, really. I'm buying.

FELICIA  
This isn't happening.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She forces herself to keep on with the planting. He watches, digests her words.

CHRIS  
(sarcastic)  
Chris, wake up and smell the  
goddamn flowers.

He starts to walk away.

FELICIA  
(guilty)  
Hey, I, I'm just, trying to do  
this.

CHRIS  
And I'm just talking about coffee,  
and who knows, maybe something  
really unhealthy like a triple  
latte with whipped cream and  
sprinkles. But then again that  
might be too much to ask...okay,  
fine, plain old joe.

FELICIA  
Surviving isn't a license to go  
back.

CHRIS  
Don't talk to me about survival.

He heads around to the back uninvited.

She exhales, trying to control her reaction.

EXT. FELICIA'S HOME -- BACKYARD -- GARDEN SHED -- DAY

Visible through an old wrought-iron gate, the small garden is filled with incredible FLOWERS everywhere, a riot of color.

They approach a shed, where an iced drink and a small open Bible sit on a workbench. He picks up some heavy-duty hedge cutters, testing the weight in his hands. He clowns with them, puts them around his neck as if to chop his own head off.

CHRIS  
Could I borrow these? My  
chrysanthemums are actually  
blooming, so, you know....

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FELICIA  
The Black Thumb lives on.

She sobers.

FELICIA (CONT'D)  
You need to go.

His clenched jaw creates a thin, ironic smile, and he puts down the cutters.

CHRIS  
Yeah, you're right.

He withdraws a BLACK ENVELOPE.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
Coffee's not why I came. I've got  
this going away party  
tonight...some of my closest  
friends. You'll know most of them.

She looks him over, suspicious. But he extends the envelope, capturing her with his gaze.

As Chris extends the envelope to Felicia, she can see the brutal, self-inflicted SCARS on his wrist.

He waits, extending the envelope.

INT. SHED -- DAY -- LATER

Sunlight spills in through the open window, filtered through dense greenery and lattice. The patches of light and shadow divide Felicia's face as she washes the soil off her hands in the sink.

She scrubs her hands extensively, including her WEDDING RING.

The STEAM surrounds her face in a dream-like vapor, and she gazes into her stark memories:

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. UPSCALE HOTEL ROOM -- MORNING

The luxurious executive suite is bathed in a strange half-light, making it dreamily ideal yet somewhat threatening.

Chris stands comfortably in a thousand-dollar suit and loosened tie.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He flashes a sexy grin from behind his coffee mug, slowly sizing up a particularly pleasant view across the room:

Curtains gently billow beside open balcony doors which reveal the mighty NYC skyline. There, standing lazily beside the curtains is Felicia, her hair tossed by the breeze. An exhilarating visage, she gives Chris playful bedroom eyes.

He approaches, and she delicately touches his shoulder.

END FLASHBACK.

EXT. BROOKLYN PROMENADE -- DAY

Felicia looks out across the water at the world's best known skyline. Turns the opened envelope over in her hands.

FELICIA  
(half-prayer, half-curse)  
Jesus. Jesus....

She opens it: An ornate, gold-embossed invitation.

But as she opens the card, a puzzled look crosses her face. It reads, "A FAREWELL CELEBRATION FOR CHRISTOPHER J. CHAMBERS: FEB 19, 1960 - SEPT 11, 2001. NO FLOWERS, PLEASE."

As she reads, FLAKY WHITE ASH spills out of the envelope onto her lap.

Suddenly panic jolts her, and she frantically wipes and shakes the powder off as if it were burning her.

ONLOOKERS give her strange looks and move away.

FLASH CUT:

Pacing, high energy. She brushes off a spot of stubborn ash.

FLASH CUT:

Angry, nowhere to go, she grips the railing.

FLASH CUT:

She stops pacing, looks off.

The orange sun gently bathes the distant glass, steel and water.

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