

GOLDEN

Written by
Shawn Johnson

[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
(818) 292-7651

INT. KITCHEN - DAY (MORNING)

Mike, (late 20s-30s) comes into the kitchen dressed for an office job. His wife, Sybil (late 20s-30s) is in the kitchen, also dressed for work.

MIKE
Morning beautiful.

SYBIL
Hey hon.

He comes up behind her and kisses her neck and cheek.

They make breakfast together.

MIKE
She up yet?

SYBIL
She better be.

Shouting upstairs.

SYBIL (CONT'D)
Zoe! Breakfast sweetie. Hurry up.

Their daughter comes down the stairs.

MIKE
I think she's pulling away. Is that normal? Did you stop worshipping your father at this age?

SYBIL
Don't be paranoid. She's just getting older.

She comes up behind him now

SYBIL (CONT'D)
Besides, I still worship you.

MIKE
You can't worship me. My ass doesn't look anywhere as good as yours. Just simple logic.

Zoe (16) comes down stairs and into the kitchen.

MIKE (CONT'D)
The soon-to-be birthday girl rises.

ZOE
Morning dad.

She goes over and hugs him. Sybil mouths the words

SYBIL
Told you.

He smiles and kisses her head.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Mike is waiting at the cross walk. He notices a man who has stumbled into the street and fell down. The old man stumbles around and gets up. Mike sees a car coming at the drunken man and rushes over to get him out of the way.

MIKE
Watch out!

The drunk man turns to see the car and then is shoved to the side narrowly being struck. The car's horn is blaring.

Voices are getting louder. Everything is fuzzy. As it comes into focus the homeless man, Silas (30-50) is sitting on the curb next to Mike

Mike is standing over him trying to pull him to his feet.

The old man has beard and a strong smell of alcohol on his breath that Mike smells at a distance.

SILAS
Get off of me--I'm just...

The drunk man stands up and dusts himself off. He looks every bit the part of a homeless man.

MIKE
You okay?

SILAS
Crazy bastard came outta nowhere.

He turns towards the car.

SILAS (CONT'D)
Maniac!

Mike chuckles at this after catching his breath at the excitement.

MIKE
Yeah, he's gone.

SILAS
Hmhf.

Mike covers his mouth when the homeless man gets too close. He checks his watch.

MIKE
Hey is there somewhere I can take you? I don't want you trying to find out if your immortal again.

Silas, who had appeared drunk, looks much more focused when he looks at Mike.

SILAS
I want to give you something for saving me.

MIKE
Not necessary, unless you have some ibuprofen for this headache that just hit me.

SILAS
It was selfless. It deserves to be recognized in the eyes of gods.

Mike is caught off-guard by this statement.

MIKE
And that's a totally normal thing to say. I think I may have hit you a little too hard. What's your name?

Silas has returned to his more "drunk" look and his eyes are wandering around.

SILAS
Silas.

MIKE
Well Silas, can you wish me to be made of money because if I don't get to work my boss will give a strong need for it.

As if upset by the wish-making comparison.

SILAS
I'm not a genie.

Mike laughs at this.

MIKE
I figured as much.

SILAS
Is that really what you'd chose?

MIKE
A human ATM?

Mike thinks about it for a second.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Yeah. You have to admit it'd make
life--easier. No more working. More
time to spend with my family.

Silas looks disheartened at Mike's response.

SILAS
Money? I--I thought you'd be
different. Everyone is the same. I
can't make you an ATM, I don't do
mechanical.

Mike is checking his watch but still laughs at Silas's
comment.

MIKE
No worries Silas. It's been real,
but I have to get to work. Stay
safe.

Silas places a hand on Mike's shoulder and then shakes his
hand.

SILAS
But you have earned a reward.

MIKE
Okay Silas. I gotta go.

Silas releases his grip and Mike turns around and leaves. He
pulls a bottle of sanitizer out and washes his hand. Silas is
watching him.

FADE OUT.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

The following morning, MIKE is in the bathroom shaving in he mirror with a pair of electric clippers, trying to get that perfect "shadow." The room is filling with steam from the hot water in the shower.

He looks at the hair in the sink. It looks almost metallic.

He moves in closer to look at it.

MIKE
That's weird.

He thinks out loud to himself.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Or is it odd?

He gets close to the mirror to look at where he just shaved. He notices there is a "metal" gleam to his skin. He rubs his eyes and now he can't focus.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Huh. Must still have gunk in my eyes.

He trims the rest quick and jumps into the shower, not realizing that the steam on the mirror was because it was hot.

MIKE (CONT'D)
SHIT!!

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

The table is empty and SYBIL, Mike's wife, is sitting there looking at her tablet.

Mike is noticeably redder than before the shower.

MIKE
Good morning beautiful. You're up early. Whatcha doin'? Cooking? Nope. Checking the news? Anything happening in the world I should know about? Cooking?

She holds up the tablet for him to see. It's a shopping cart.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Shopping. Great. Hey, can you take a look at something? I was shaving this morning and...

SYBIL

You shaved?

MIKE

I did. Anyway, the hair kind of looked, I don't know, silver? Blonde? Does my skin look right.

He moves his face close to hers so she can look at it. He kisses her cheek while he's there. She doesn't look up at him.

SYBIL

Not now I'm busy.

Mike stands back up.

MIKE

You're too busy to look at me? Are you kidding?

She looks up from her tablet.

SYBIL

Are you feeling neglected or something?

He smiles down at her.

MIKE

Only just this minute. Is there something going on?

SYBIL

Christ.

She grabs his tie and pulls him down and inspects his face.

SYBIL (CONT'D)

Your skin looks red. Probably from the hot shower you just took. I swear I don't know how you got this far in life.

Mike is moving his face around in circles so that Sybil can see better.

MIKE

I know that it's red from the shower, I can feel that. But before I got in the shower it looked--odd.

SYBIL

It's probably just a hormone thing. Your mom had blonde hair. You're probably just getting it late in life. Or your hair is turning grey. It happens.

MIKE

You think?

He stands up again and fixes his tie.

She's already refocused on her tablet.

SYBIL

I don't care.

Mike is about to say something but their daughter can be heard upstairs.

SYBIL (CONT'D)

Did you get Zoe that necklace for her birthday?

Mike gives her a look of disgust at her comment but reaches into his back pocket.

MIKE

Yeah but why does she need this again? She doesn't even wear jewelry.

He stuffs it back into his pocket before she comes bounding down the stairs and into the kitchen.

Zoe, (mid teens), is dressed less for school and more for a Kardashian gathering.

ZOE

Dad, I need money.

Mike is dumbfounded.

MIKE

Sure. Let's blow right past the fact you're dressed like...

Mike looks genuinely confused by his daughter's fashion statement.

MIKE (CONT'D)

What the hell are you dressed like?

Zoe gets very defensive.

ZOE

I look good! Mom don't I look good?

Sybil is still glued to her tablet.

SYBIL

Yeah you do baby. Gonna marry you
to a basketball player.

MIKE

(Quietly to Sybil)...the hell
Sybil? She's like 16 years old. Try
not whoring out your only daughter
so early in life.

Mike refocuses on his daughter.

MIKE (CONT'D)

And you. Not even a 'good morning'
or "I love you dad?"

ZOE

Stop being weird. Are you getting
your period?

Sybil laughs at her daughter's disrespect.

MIKE

Zoe, maybe I'm wrong here but
turning into a money-grubbing
little snot isn't the way to go.

He looks at his wife.

MIKE (CONT'D)

People like that are never happy.

ZOE

Dad...

Zoe touches his arm in mock emotion.

ZOE (CONT'D)

Go through your crisis on your own
time. It's my birthday and you're
not bringing me down with your
shit!

SYBIL (O.S.)
You tell 'em baby.

MIKE
You know what? You two are spoiled.
You have no idea what it's like
working my fingers raw trying to
get you everything you want and you
both under some bizarre notion that
that is how it's supposed to be.

Mike pulls out the necklace from his back pocket and
brandishes it like a wand.

MIKE (CONT'D)
You think you deserve this? You
think you've earned this?

He opens up the box and pulls the necklace out, holding it on
his finger for Zoe to see.

ZOE
Daddy you got it for me!

Mike's angry flow was interrupted and he lost his point.

MIKE
Wh--N--no. I...

Zoe hugs him briefly and grabs the necklace from his hands.
She puts it on.

ZOE
I have to see how it looks. I love
you daddy!

She runs out of the room in search of a mirror.

MIKE
What just happened?

SYBIL
Way to throw down the gauntlet
there. Really had us on the ropes.

Mike looks at her lost.

MIKE
What the hell is going on?

He looks up at the clock

MIKE (CONT'D)
I'm late for work.

Mike walks towards the door.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Mike is sitting at his cubicle unconsciously rubbing at his arm and face.

His nose starts bleeding. It drips on his arm which has a bruised look.

MIKE
What the hell?

His cell phone rings. The caller id says "Sybil."

MIKE (CONT'D)
Hello.

He's grabbing tissues to stop the bleeding. There is no answer on the other end.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Sybil?

He can hear the conversation she's having. She "butt-dialed" him.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Sybil is having coffee with a woman, Lydia. There are shopping bags around Sybil's feet and the two are laughing.

SYBIL
I'm serious. I want you to fuck
him. Fuck him out of my life.

Lydia laughs at this but then starts to notice that Sybil is not laughing.

LYDIA
Wait, you're actually serious? You
want me to..

Lydia moves in closer as to hide the conversation.

LYDIA (CONT'D)
...to sleep with your husband?

Sybil looks at her.

LYDIA (CONT'D)
Why? He's always so nice. He worships you.

SYBIL
He's useless. A snivelling shell of the man I thought he was.

Lydia leans back in her chair. The sun on their faces is reflected in their oversized sunglasses.

LYDIA
So what do I get out of this?

SYBIL
What do you mean?

LYDIA
I mean, other than the pleasure of sex, what do I get?

Sybil ponders this for a second, trying to look nonchalant about it by sipping at her coffee.

SYBIL
You get to help me. What more do you want?

LYDIA
Well, depending on how much you get from the divorce, and it should be sizable, I want to feel like I'm made of money.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Mike stares at the phone in disbelief. He leans over his trash can and throws up.

The tissue is very red now.

Mike gets up and knocks on his boss's door.

JACK
Come in.

Mike opens the door a bit to stick his head in.

JACK (CONT'D)
Jesus man, what happened.