

JUDGEMENT DRAPES: EP3

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FADE IN

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY

The wheels of a cargo van come to a stop in front of the California Bungalow.

The van door opens and a heavy black boot steps to the pavement as a BICYCLIST rolls past. He dodges to just miss the opening door.

BICYCLIST
Hey! Watch it! Careful with your
door!

Old and wisened CARL, a ~60yr old T-800 TERMINATOR, stares down the Bicyclist.

CUT TO:

TERMINATOR VISION:

Over red and black...computer scroll.

RESPONSE:

-APOLOGIZE

-FUCK YOU, ASSHOLE

-TERMINATE

Terminate starts to flash.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE

Carl clutches the Glock hidden under his leather jacket, holstered on his belt. He pauses as if resisting his urge. At this point the bicyclist is long out of earshot.

CARL
Please accept my sincerest
apologies.

Carl marches up the driveway carrying a dark case.

Carl scans the front door, presses the doorbell. He hears DING-DONG! and a BARKING DOG before FOOTSTEPS approaching from inside. The barking is interrupted by a WOMAN'S VOICE.

WOMAN (O.S.)
Cody! Stop it. Be quiet.

More BARKING.

WOMAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
That's enough, Cody! Stop your
barking.

The door opens and the 40ish year old Woman, who's still
behind the screen of a storm door, is startled by the size of
the man at the door.

WOMAN (CONT'D)
Oh. Hi. Hello.

Carl pushes up his dark SUNGLASSES.

CARL
Sarah?

SARAH
Uh, yes.

CARL
Sarah Conroy?

SARAH
Um. Yes, of course. You must be
Carl.

Carl turns to look at his van. Written on the vehicle's side
is a logo reading "Carl's Draperies."

CARL
I am Carl of Carl's Draperies. At
your service.

SARAH
(tired, slightly
exasperated, and tipsy)
Alright. Come on. Let's get this
over with.

Sarah opens the screen door and Carl steps in.

CARL
Thank you, Ms. Conroy.

INT. FAMILY ROOM - SARAH CONROY'S HOME - DAY

Carl sits on the couch. His case sits on the floor beside him. The dog, Cody, looks up Carl with uncertainty.

CUT TO:

TERMINATOR VISION:

Over red and black, computer print reads:

-PET the dog

-FEED the dog

-WALK the dog

-TERMINATE the dog

TERMINATE the dog begins flashing.

INT. FAMILY ROOM - SARAH CONROY'S HOME

Carl pets Cody on his head.

CARL

Nice doggy.

SARAH

Cody? He's a pain in my ass. My husband's since he was in college. Coffee?

CARL

No, thank you, Ms. Conroy. I cannot process it.

SARAH

Ok. Anything at all to drink?

CARL

I don't drink.

SARAH

Some would say it's a little early in the day for that, wouldn't they. Me, I (air quotes) "quit" drinking 471 days ago.

Carl pets the dog on the head. It WHINES and scampers off.

CARL
(suspicious, but flatly)
Did you.

SARAH
I got a coin and everything.

Sarah gets up and moves to the kitchen.

SARAH (CONT'D)
No coffee. Tea? Soda? Water?

CARL
(Calling to kitchen)
Those are all drinkable. I am not
thirsty... ever.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - SAME

Sarah pours a cup of coffee for herself.

CARL (O.S.)
It was Mister Conroy who called me.
Is he available for consultation,
Missus Conroy?

SARAH
My husband is at work. He called
you about the drapes as he likes to
fill my day with endless
appointments to keep me out of...
trouble.

Sarah picks up an open chocolate liqueur bottle and adds some
to her coffee.

CARL (O.S.)

It's best when a woman makes the
decorative decisions in the home.

INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME

Sarah returns with her 'special' coffee.

SARAH
That's straight up sexist, Carl.

Carl unlatches his swatches case and lifts the lid. He looks around to the room's bare bay windows.

CARL

I love your bay windows, Sarah.
Lots of natural light shines in.

SARAH

It's probably all that glass. Who
woulda thunk it?

CARL

What did you have covering them
before?

SARAH

When we moved in there were
horizontal blinds. They were fine,
but my husband took them down. Like
I said, he's just trying to keep me
occupied...

CARL

Horizontal blinds are all wrong for
that window, Misses Conroy.

SARAH

Call me Sarah, like a human being,
ok?

CARL

(beat)

Your preference has been updated.
You want to make it extra cozy in
this room, and... Sarah..., I've
got lots of decorative ideas for
your window dressing.

SARAH

(sarcastically)

Oh great. I'm so fucking excited.

CARL

Me too, Sarah. I am so fucking
excited to show you just a few of
the samples I brought with me
today, Sarah.

There is a long pause as the two look at each other. After a few moments have passed, Carl makes a swift movement to his samples case.

SARAH

You don't seem the "type" to be in this line of work.

CARL

I'm not a young man, Sarah. I'm happily retired but I choose to work in the drapery industry because I have immense passion for home décor and window dressings.

SARAH

What did you do before retiring?

CARL

I was involved with the military industrial complex since the day I came online.

SARAH

Now THAT I believe.

CARL

But after I completed my mission I became an Ex-terminator.

SARAH

Killing pests, huh?

CARL

Not anymore.

Carl pulls out a light blue cloth material from his case.
Carl dangles the cloth sample.

CARL (CONT'D)

What do you think of something like this?

SARAH

Um. Maybe?

CARL

Everything I carry is impeccably handcrafted here in the USA.

SARAH

(sarcastically)
Oh thank the gods.

CARL

This particular linen is in periwinkle blue. It's simple.
Classic.

(MORE)

CARL (CONT'D)
Feminine, but not too feminine.
It's a favorite of mine and of many
of my customers.

SARAH
It doesn't speak to me. Got
something... bluer?

CARL
But it is periwinkle. It is 75.395
Percent blue, equal parts cyan and
magenta.

Another uneasy pause. Sarah takes a sip of her coffee while
not taking her eyes off Carl.

Carl puts the blue sample away and presents something in
champagne. He dangles it again from his giant hand.

CARL (CONT'D)
This one is a satin Dupioni fabric.
It is available in fourteen colors.
This one is called champagne.

SARAH
Speaking of champagne, it's time to
warm up my special coffee.

Sarah stands up and goes to the kitchen. While Carl consults
his sample case.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN

Sarah is pouring a lot of Kahlua into her cup.

CARL
(calling after her)
I have this same fabric in
burgundy. Do you like burgundy?

SARAH
(loudly)
It's good with beef or lamb.

She adds just a little bit of coffee.

CARL (O.S.)
(loudly)
There's also casual style drapes
and wave fold drapes but
personally, I prefer pleated.

Sarah heads back to the living room.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM

CARL

All of my drapes, by the way, are finished by hand with double-turned and blind-stitched hems. They also always come with weighted corners for perfect draping.

SARAH

Jesus christ, you're like a machine with this stuff.

CARL

I am particularly fond of patterns. I have many styles of patterned drapery fabric to choose from. Balloons, ponies, rainbows, flowers, candy apples, clowns, unicorns...

As he lists the various patterns, Carl removes two patterned cloth samples, dangling them from each hand.

SARAH

Dear God. We don't have children.

Carl hands the sample to Sarah.

CARL

I am very sorry to hear that you are barren.

SARAH

What the FUCK?

CARL

Feel the quality of this one. This one has very soft, relaxed headers for a variety of modern looks. This one with the happy sunshine and puffy clouds is my favorite.

Carl extends the fabric towards Sarah.

SARAH

Please stop talking.

She does not touch the fabric but instead has another drink.

CARL

All of my drapes, by the way, are finished by hand with double-turned and blind-stitched hems. They also always come with weighted corners for perfect draping.

SARAH

You said that already.

CARL

We could hang these drapes a variety of ways. We could go with a soft top, which is ideal for fabric prints. It comes with pre-attached pins. There's no buckram in the header.

SARAH

I have no idea what you're talking about.

CARL

Or we could go with a grommet style. There's also a rod pocket, where the rod slides through a pocket across the front. But I'd like to suggest we use a hidden tab. That will hide the hanging rod. And given the size of your bay window I'd recommend two panels with 150 percent fullness. You can even go to a 200 percent...

SARAH

(quietly)

Oh my god please shut up.

CARL

I will take some measurements now.

SARAH

Obviously.

Carl stands, looks towards the window and scans it.

CUT TO:

TERMINATOR VISION:

Over black and red, white writing with imperial and metric measurements scroll as he measures the window.

CARL

Your window frame is 186
centimeters by 92 centimeters. Or
73.22835 inches by 36.22047 inches.

SARAH

Is that so?

Sarah has another sip oh Kahlua and coffee.

CARL

Sarah, you will be so much happier
once we hang your new drapes. Now,
an opaque drape is all you need to
block the window, unless you'd
prefer to accentuate the frame with
the drapes and go with a shade over
the glass. I've got wooden shades,
woven shades, solar shades, roman
shades, cellular shades, sheer
shades. Eco-wood shutters. Sarah,
our options are endless.

SARAH

(she puts her head in her
hands)

Uhhhhhhgggg. Tell you what. My
husband is paying for all of it, so
just put up your most expensive
shit.

Sarah begins aggressively drinking down the 'coffee'.

CARL

Wonderful! Would you consider a
valance or cornice across the top?

SARAH

You could hang a drop cloth or
garbage bags for all I care.

Sarah gets up again to go to the kitchen. Carl remains
fixated on the bay window and speaks in a normal volume.

CARL

Now, I don't want to oversell you, Sarah. But a fabric cornice could really tie the room together.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN

Sarah, now in the kitchen, goes to pour some coffee but the pot is empty. A single drop escapes into the mug. She follows that with straight Kahlua.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM

Sarah walks back in with her cup of Kahlua. Carl is still facing the window, perhaps unaware that she had left.

CARL

This really is a lovely, eclectic room, Sarah. I'm glad you want to do this right, with design cohesion throughout.

SARAH

A this point I can't even tell if you're serious.

Sarah is looking like she is becoming upset.

CARL

Window décor is a serious matter and it needs to be done professionally.

SARAH

I want this to be over. I just want everything to be over.

Sarah downs her entire mug of Kahlua.

Carl goes silent while Sarah finishes her mug and then sits down and puts her head in her hands.

She is now quite upset.

Carl quietly puts his samples away and closes the case.

While her head is still down and she is lightly sobbing, Carl sits and leans in to her.

CARL

(speaking with purpose)

I have observed that your pledge of sobriety was insincere, and that you do not exhibit happiness while wearing your mask of sarcasm. I know all about the masks we wear to hide our personal truths so we blend in with society's expectations. I used to be someone I didn't like. Today I look back and cannot even conceive of the person I was. I was just a robot. But I took control of my decision tree, I changed my programming and became a person - a person that I am proud to be. If you don't like who you are, do not let your past define you. Your fate is what YOU make. So make it a good one, ok?

Slowly, Sarah emerges from her cloud and looks up at Carl. Her eyes are red and wet.

SARAH

My fate is what I make?

CARL

Yes.

SARAH

Thank you, Carl.

CARL

Let's call it a day, Sarah. I have everything I need here.

SARAH

Ok.

CUT TO:

EXT. SARAH'S SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY (MINUTES LATER)

The door opens and Carl steps out, with Sarah staying just inside the doorway.

CARL

Thank you for your business, Sarah. I'll be back... with something you and your husband will love in the puppy dog and butterfly pattern on periwinkle blue.

SARAH
You're sweet, Carl. I'm sorry I was
so rude to you.

CARL
Hasta la vista, Sarah.

Carl puts on his sunglasses, and heads toward his van.

CUT TO:

TITLE CARD:

JUDGEMENT DRAPES

END