

JUDGEMENT DRAPES: EP2

Written by

Scott Barrett

Based on Terminator
By James Cameron

Cinemotion
1984 North Main St. #204
Los Angeles, California 90031
323-717-8478

INT. LITTLE GIRLS ROOM - DAY

Carl and Carlos are looking at a window in this baby blue room.

Around the room are scattered babies toys and dolls. Carl looks around the space.

CARL
This is a little girls room?

CARLOS
Hrphf, may as well be. The kid
plays with dolls and is a
little...you know.

Carl looks at Carlos with no understanding of what he's talking about.

CARLOS (CONT'D)
So anyway... in here I was thinking
a nice solid color, you know? Like
a strong blue or...

CARL
Don't do it.

CARLOS
Maybe a toupe...

CARL
You need butterflies, polka dots,
balloons.

CARLOS
Yeah. A simple toupe.

Carl turns and walks out of the room.

CARL
I'll go get some nice patterns from
my van.

CARLOS
Tan, toupe, fuckin' sandlewood.
Nothing GAY.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOME - DAY

Carl walks down the stairs and to his van.

CARL
Butterflies, Polka dots,
balloons...

CUT TO:

TERMINATOR VISION:

In deep reds and blacks we see hanging swatches of material in Carl's drapery van.

Certain swatches are being outlined and a list of butterflies, polka dots and balloons are illumination and being checked off as they are spotted.

INT. SUBURBAN HOME

Carlos is on the phone and quite angry.

CARLOS
Actually, you can tell that fey kid of 'yours' to toughen up and learn how the world works. Well three is old enough. (beat) No, YOU pick him up from the nanny, I'm here with the drapery guy right now. (beat) Ha, no, that is NOT happening! Just remember who pays the bills around here, Alicia. I'll turn his room into a home office and you two can find a new place to live, how does that sound? (beat) Whatever, I honestly don't give a shit.

Carlos slams the receiver down on the cradle with a CRACK.

CARLOS (CONT'D)
BITCH!

Carl is standing in the doorway with his patterned fabric swatched draped over his arm.

CARL
Is now a bad time?

Carlos is fuming.

CARLOS
It's ALWAYS a bad time with that whore.

Carlos strides over to Carl and looks closely at the swatches.

CARLOS (CONT'D)
Are those horses?

CARL
Ponies.

CARLOS
Man, fuck you and fuck this fag
shit! Solid color I told you. GO
get some solids or I will take a
hot steaming dump onto your head!

Carlos jams his fingers into Carl's chest.

Carl remains motionless for a moment.

CUT TO:

TERMINATOR VISION:

The angry Carlos is ranting while Carl is 'thinking'. In his crushed blacks and deep reds we see bright white text showing his decision tree. It is cycling between three choices:

GO GET SOLID COLOR DRAPES

LEAVE AND DO NOT RETURN

TERMINATE

Carlos continues his rant while the tree cycles.

CARLOS
What kind of MAN runs a draperies
business anyway? Huh? Are you a
'man's' man? Eh? Drapes aren't the
only thing you like hanging,
amirite? Eh? Queer eye for the
curtain guy.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOME - DAY

The door to the home opens and Carl steps out onto the veranda. He is holding his swatches of patterned colors.

He closes the door, walks to the top of the entrance stairs and then stands motionless.

TIMELAPSE TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN HOME - DUSK

The overhead clouds rush by as the scene turns from midday to afternoon sun to approaching sunset. Carl has not moved.

A yellow cab pulls up in the driveway next to Carl's drapery van. A latino woman and young boy (3yrs) gets out. The two approach the front of the house as the cab pulls out.

ALICIA

Uhm... who are you? Are you the drapery man?

CARL

You must be Alicia. I am Carl. Your husband was termi... was called away and will not be back.

ALICIA

...Called... away?

CARL

I will assume his duties to you from now on. Sexual congress will not be required.

While Alicia and the boy digest what they have just been told, Carl walks down the stairs, past them, turns and extends a hand.

CARL (CONT'D)

Come with me if you want to leave.

CUT TO:

TITLE CARD:

JUDGEMENT DRAPES

INT. CARL'S VAN - MOMENTS LATER

Carl is pulling out of the driveway. Alicia is in the passenger's seat with the 3yr old on her lap.

CARL

Wave goodbye to your old home and say "Hasta la vista", baby.

ALICIA
His name is Mateo.

CARL
Say Hasta la vista, Mateo.

The baby gurgles something unintelligible while waving.

CARL (CONT'D)
Close enough.

CUT TO:

BLACK