

S P I N N E R

An original screenplay

by

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FADE IN

INT. HANGAR - EARLY DAWN

Complete DARKNESS. We HEAR footsteps OS as they make their way into a poorly illuminated shed. SUDDENLY - the footsteps stop. Silence. We HEAR the distant SOUND of a small propeller plane's engine roaring at full throttle.

GREG (V.O.)

There's a point in everyone's life when Earth will inevitably claim you back as its very own fertilizer. But it won't happen before the members of the so-called "mainstream society" have shoved you aside. One day you wake up and suddenly you're just this washed up, old, useless has-been. An inconvenience.

(beat)

Let's just hope that by that time you've somehow managed to save enough money to survive after the world has completely dismissed you. That's right. It don't matter who you are, or how ya wish others will wanna remember you, you'll still end up six feet under a ton of dirt. Plant food for the rest of eternity.

(beat)

Rest in peace, they'll say. But let me tell you something, if you're not smart and didn't plan ahead, the last thing you'll be doing down there is any kinda resting.

(beat)

Are you saving some money for those you'll be leaving behind? Don't you dare stress too much about it. Anxiety will only make you toxic. A very bad fertilizer, and Earth for sure won't be happy.

EXT. SKY - JUST ABOVE A ROAD BY THE SEA - MORNING

We hover atop billowy peaks. Earth looks like a perfectly organized bookshelf. A two-lane highway cutting a wedge through the robust Californian hills bordering the seashore. A cycling competition is taking place down below, but we can't identify who's in first place, because everything's turned upside down.

GREG (V.O.)
 Now imagine that same Earth, only
 it's upside down.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

A YOUNG COUPLE (early 20's) sits at a table. The image continues to be inverted. The man strikes a match and places it near the woman's face. We notice the flame goes downward instead of up, like it's supposed to.

GREG (V.O.)
 Gravity has nothing to do with it.
 You see, I'm good at what I do
 because I've been blessed with a
 condition I like to call: "the
 upside-down gift".

(beat)

Football stadiums, the seashore
 over at Florida during winter, the
 Cherry Hills race track during
 Spring, all those people trapped in
 cars during traffic jams across the
 LA highways. They've all seen me
 sometime.

MONTAGE

A series of inverted images:

- A cat sitting on top of a table as it stares down a mouse.
- A MAN and a WOMAN run through a tunnel.
- A diver jumps off a cliff. Seems as if he's shooting for the sky instead of diving into the sea below.
- From the sky the vast ocean looks like its also upside-down as the sun slowly begins to die in the horizon.

GREG (V.O.)
 Now imagine not being able to see
 that same world...
 (beat)
 ...at all.

FADE TO BLACK:

SUDDENLY...

GREG (V.O.)

Not even the real problem here, but
for sure's only making things
worse.

INT. GREG'S TRAILER - MORNING

A pair of vacant, expressionless eyes open. In the distance, we HEAR a small plane's engine.

Next to an old couch and over the stained rug we SEE a half empty bottle of Johnnie Walker Red label whisky. Crappy rental furniture lying around, a huge TV screen hangs from a wall on the side. From the looks of it, no woman's been inside the cramped space in ages.

SUDDENLY a man rises. He is GREG (46), tall, skinny as a stick. A bit worn out for his age. His slouched shoulders and unkempt beard makes him look like the kind of guy who doesn't mind sleeping anywhere with his clothes and shoes still on. He wears a pair of outdated sweatpants. The printed letters read: "Ellesse". A money pouch hangs across his bare chest. The kind a gawky tourist would use to keep his money safe while traveling to a third world country.

Greg stumbles a bit, then extends his arm and runs his fingers over the wall, as if following an invisible path toward the door.

GREG

(shouts)

Digger!

Greg opens the door and quickly covers his eyes as the morning sun smacks his face with a vengeance. Both his irises look glassy, thick. As if someone had spread honey on them.

EXT. GARDENIA VALLEY AIRFIELD - CULVER CITY - MORNING

The long grass around the small airfield looks painfully thirsty. In the distance, an old control tower rises behind a long cement hangar. We SEE five old trailers -- circa 1970 -- parked side by side. Between them, a couple of porta-potties separate one from the other. A sign reads: "Gardenia Valley Airfield".

GREG

Digger! Digger! Get your ass over
here right now!

Greg walks erratically as he hears the SOUND of a low-flying engine.

His foot stumbles upon a rock, yet he continues to move forward. Clumsily, yet determined, like a blind man without his guide stick at hand.

Three Pipers fly in circles up in the air, then dive one by one, toward the huge advertising banners spread side by side on the grass, ready to be attached to the planes.

Greg SUDDENLY halts as one of the planes descends at full speed, dangerously close to him and successfully picks up a banner. Greg nervously turns to a HAND, placed over his shoulder and sees RON (35), smiling. He's a mechanic with a clean conscience and extra oily hands.

RON

Where you going in such a rush,
huh? Better watch your step there,
old buddy.

(beat)

Unless you wanna be the first human-
kite California's ever seen.

Ron chuckles.

GREG

Have you seen Digger?

RON

Yup. He's out there somewhere with
the other boys.

Ron waves a hand near Greg's face.

GREG

At the airstrip?

(furious)

Just tell me where he is, dammit!

RON

C'mon Greg, we don't want no
trouble, do we?

Ron offers his arm.

RON (CONT'D)

Here. Let me walk you there.

Greg refuses and pushes Ron away.

GREG

He's just a kid, he shouldn't be
anywhere near that airstrip. He
knows damn well its way too
dangerous.