

“The Lost and the Damned”

Screenplay

By

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## 1. INT. THE JAZZ CELLAR – NIGHT

FADE IN.

The air hangs heavy with swirling smoke, suffocating the dimly lit room. Flickering, amber lights cast distorted shadows on the worn-out walls. The distant cacophony of clinking glasses and half-hearted laughter fills the space, mocking the hollow existence of those trapped within.

JACE "JAZZ" ANDERSON (37), a wretched soul trapped in a world of his own making, stands at the dilapidated bar, slumped and defeated. His face etched with lines of weariness and self-loathing. His bloodshot eyes, once vibrant, now reflect only despair and regret. He clings to a glass of whiskey, the only companion that understands his pain.

The jazz ensemble, an unrelenting tormentor, mocks him from the corner. The dissonant trumpet blares, a piercing scream that mirrors the torment in Jace's soul. The drums beat with relentless fury, echoing the chaos of his thoughts, while the piano keys strike discordant chords, a haunting reminder of shattered dreams.

Sweat trickles down Jace's pale, haggard face as he takes a desperate drag from his cigarette. The acrid smoke invades his lungs, choking him with its bitter embrace. A hollow cough escapes his parched throat, a symphony of his self-inflicted destruction.

Jace's bloodshot eyes dart around the room, each gaze a curse upon those unfortunate enough to meet his tormented stare. The weight of his misery radiates, a palpable aura of despair that permeates the air. He is a poison, a contagion that spreads suffering to all who cross his path.

Across the room, a WEARY WAITRESS moves with cautious steps, her exhausted eyes mirroring his own shattered spirit. She approaches, her voice filled with resignation.

WAITRESS  
(*weary*)

Another drink, Jace?

JACE "JAZZ" ANDERSON  
(*bitter*)

Pour it, doll.

The Waitress pours the amber liquid, her hands trembling under the weight of his anguish. She speaks softly, her words laced with sorrow.

WAITRESS  
(*sympathetic*)

You're drowning, Jace.

Jace's bloodshot eyes burn with anger, mingled with self-loathing.

JACE "JAZZ" ANDERSON  
(*harsh*)

I know damn well. I'm Practically a walking black cloud over those who care.

The words hang, a curse in the air, a testament to the damage he inflicts on all who cross his path. The dissonant jazz ensemble intensifies their torment, their melodies amplifying his anguish and self-destruction.

With a nod, the Waitress retreats into the shadows, leaving Jace to drown in his own sorrow. The weight of his presence suffocates the room, a relentless reminder of the pain that follows in his wake.

He glances at the tattered photograph pinned to a nearby pillar—a mugshot of the man he seeks – an unfinished case. A perverse satisfaction flickers within his soul, the hunt a respite from his own inner torment.

The jazz ensemble's discordant melodies meld with the darkness that engulfs Jace's heart, intertwining his misery with the soul of The Jazz Cellar.

Jace steps into the abyss beyond, leaving behind the remnants of hope in the speakeasy. The stage is set for a tragic dance of despair, where the only rhythm is the relentless beat of his shattered soul.

FADE OUT.

## **2. EXT. CITY STREETS – NIGHT**

FADE IN.

The streets of the worn city are bathed in the dim glow of streetlamps, casting an eerie haze over the worn cobblestones. The distant sound of jazz spills out from hidden speakeasies, adding a rhythmic pulse to the air. Shadows dance along the alleyways, concealing secrets and sins that haunt the city.

Jace "Jazz" Anderson, dressed in a worn-out trench coat, walks heavily through the dimly lit streets. The weight of his past and the burden of his relentless pursuit bear down on his weary shoulders. His eyes, filled with a mix of determination and desolation, scan the surroundings, searching for the next clue.

The air is heavy with the scent of humidity, mingling with the occasional whiff of bourbon and tobacco. The flickering neon signs of various establishments cast a colorful glow upon Jace's face as he passes, their promise of fleeting pleasures lost on a soul consumed by darkness.

As he walks, the sounds of the city envelop him. The distant laughter of revelers, the clinking of glasses, and the faint whispers of secrets shared in the night blend into a dissonant symphony. Jace's footsteps echo on the cobblestones, a solemn beat that marks his relentless desire.

A flickering streetlamp illuminates a faded flyer plastered on a nearby wall, advertising a notorious brothel hotel. Jace's eyes linger on the image, a possible lead into a dark and twisted case. It beckons to him, a siren's call to uncover the truth behind the man he is searching for.

An inner song develops within Jace, a haunting melody that intertwines with the distant jazz tunes that saturate the air. It guides him forward, urging him deeper into the city's heart, where the secrets he seeks are hidden amidst the smoky haze and whispered confessions.

Jace quickens his pace, his footsteps echoing with purpose. The city becomes his ally, its dark corners his refuge. Each step takes him closer to the truth, but also deeper into the abyss of his tormented soul.

Jace's gaze lingers on the flickering lights of the brothel hotel. A sense of unease creeps up his spine, a feeling that this twisted path may lead him to darker places than he imagined. But the allure of the truth is too strong to resist.

Jace takes a hesitant step forward, his resolve tinged with apprehension. The city, with its vibrant façade and hidden darkness, becomes a treacherous labyrinth, its secrets threatening to consume him.

As he disappears into the shadows, the neon lights flicker, casting an eerie glow on his determined face. The brothel hotel looms ahead, its dark secrets ready to be unraveled. Jace braces, steeling his heart for the harrowing journey ahead.

FADE OUT.

### **3. INT. THE VELVET TEMPTATION - NIGHT**

FADE IN.

The air inside The Velvet Temptation brothel is heavy with the stench of desperation and decay. Soft jazz melodies, distorted and mournful, seep through the dimly lit corridors, echoing the souls of lost dreamers. The walls, cracked and stained, whisper stories of broken promises and shattered lives.

Jace "Jazz" Anderson steps into this seedy underworld, his eyes sweeping the room with a mix of determination and trepidation. He navigates past scantily clad women, their eyes shadowed by the weight of their own choices. The flicker of candles casts an ethereal glow, creating an illusion of beauty within this chamber of darkness.

Approaching the worn-out bar, the BARTENDER gets a glimpse of Jace's heavy posture, his voice a low, rumbling growl.

JACE "JAZZ" ANDERSON  
*(intense)*

I'm searching for a man. A dangerous man. Have ye seen him?

The Bartender, his face etched with lines of weariness and experience, glances at Jace with guarded eyes. He wipes a glass, the gesture a brief respite from the bleakness that surrounds them.

BARTENDER  
*(gravely)*

Perhaps I have. Perhaps I haven't.

Jace reaches into his pocket, retrieving a roll of cash. He places it on the counter with a heavy thud, the sound reverberating through the air, as if marking the weight of his determination.

JACE "JAZZ" ANDERSON  
*(firmly)*

Spit it out.

The Bartender's eyes flicker, a mixture of curiosity and caution clouding his gaze. He leans closer, his voice carrying the weight of a world-weary truth.

BARTENDER  
*(solemnly)*

He lingers downstairs, in Room 5, But hey Jazz... watch out. The man you seek might embody the scent that permeates this place.

Jace gives him a deep stare, a silent understanding passing between them. He slides a few bills across the counter, a gesture of appreciation for the thread of hope offered in this grim abyss.

Moving through the labyrinthine hallways, Jace becomes immersed in the underbelly of this brothel. Muffled cries and whispered confessions seep through closed doors, fragments of broken souls seeking solace in moments of fleeting pleasure. Shadows dance and contort, mirroring the twisted path Jace walks.

Room 5 looms ominously, its door slightly ajar, revealing a glimpse into a world untamed. Jace stands before it, his hand trembling, the weight of his mission etched upon his weathered face. He takes a breath, steeling himself for the journey that awaits.

With purposeful resolve, Jace pushes open the door, the hinges groaning in protest. The darkness swallows him whole, its tendrils wrapping around his tortured spirit, as he steps further into the depths of uncertainty.

FADE OUT.

#### **4. INT. THE VOID – NIGHT**

FADE IN.

Jace "Jazz" Anderson finds himself in a realm of darkness and uncertainty. The room he entered has vanished, leaving behind an empty void. No walls, no door, only an abyss that stretches endlessly in all directions. The air is heavy with an otherworldly stillness, suffocating any semblance of familiarity.

As Jace stands, disoriented and bewildered, he becomes aware of another figure in this surreal plane. It is himself, a mirrored reflection devoid of emotion or response. The other Jace stares back with vacant eyes, a chilling reflection of his own fractured soul.

An ethereal silence hangs in the air, broken only by the sound of his own breath echoing in the vast emptiness. Suddenly, the void begins to shift, swirling tendrils of darkness coiling and twisting around Jace's body. A black liquid seeps from the void, rising steadily, encasing him in its suffocating embrace.

Jace struggles, gasping for air, but the liquid engulfs him, pulling him deeper into its murky depths. Panic sets in as he fights against the inky tendrils, his movements becoming slower, more sluggish. Each passing moment feels like an eternity, time elongated and distorted.

Visions flicker through his mind, disjointed and fragmented. Memories of his past, faces of the people he has loved and lost, all intermingling with his own reflection in a haunting dance. The hypnotic swirl of the void draws him further into its clutches, unraveling the fragile threads of his sanity.

His body convulses, desperate for escape, but the liquid tightens its grip, its hold unrelenting. It seeps into his mouth, his nostrils, drowning him from within. The blackness fills his vision, blurring the line between reality and nightmare.

In this surreal torment, Jace becomes lost, swallowed by his own inner demons. The room of the void becomes a canvas of his deepest fears, a reflection of the darkness that resides within him.

FADE OUT.

#### **5. EXT. THE HEART OF THE CITY – NIGHT**

FADE IN.

Jace "Jazz" Anderson awakens in the heart of the city, his body trembling with confusion and disorientation. He lies naked on the cold pavement, the remnants of the void's black liquid staining his skin. He retches, expelling the inky substance, a grotesque birth of his new existence.

As he stands, bewildered and vulnerable, everything around him feels unfamiliar, as if he has been thrust into a world he no longer understands. The city streets are alive with the hustle and bustle of the night, but Jace is a solitary figure, an alien in his own skin.

People passing by cast curious glances his way, their eyes filled with a mix of pity and indifference. No wanted posters adorn the walls, no recognition of the man he once was. He is a ghost, forgotten in the shifting currents of time.

Fear grips Jace, a primal instinct taking hold. He stumbles through the maze of towering buildings, his movements erratic and desperate. Each step is a leap into the unknown, a testament to the fragility of his newfound existence.

The night air chills his naked body, a stark reminder of his vulnerability. Laughter and music drift from nearby establishments, a stark contrast to his own disarray. The city, once a refuge, now feels like an oppressive cage, trapping him in a reality he struggles to comprehend.

With each passing moment, the weight of his isolation grows. The laughter of strangers, once a distant melody, now cuts through his very being. The streets, once his sanctuary, now offer no solace, no familiar face to anchor him to his former life.

As the night deepens, an eerie ambiguity hangs in the air. Jace is a puppet on a stage, driven by panic and confusion. His actions are disjointed, bordering on the absurd. Is he searching for redemption or lost memories? Or is he merely a vessel for something darker, something beyond his control?

The night sky watches, silent and unknowing. It offers no answers, only an enigmatic canvas for Jace's unfolding journey. As he fades into the depths of the city, questions linger in the minds of those who bear witness to his strange odyssey.

And in the heart of the city, where dreams and nightmares intertwine, the enigma of Jace "Jazz" Anderson remains, a riddle unsolved, a tale unfinished.

FADE OUT.

END.