

THE BLIND RAGE OF PEACOCK MILLER

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Adam Penn
414 North Curson - Apt. 206
Los Angeles, CA 90036
(323)687-7417
adamdpenn@gmail.com

A TITLE CARD reads: "Rockville, MD. 12 Miles Northwest of Our Nation's Capital. December 17th, 2008."

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

CLOSE ON scuffed New Balances and courier-clad legs sprawled lifelessly on a carpeted floor.

A clock radio alarm sounds-- "Last Christmas" by Wham! plays.

The right New Balance moves slightly, then rests.

We travel up the body-- past the courds, across a tightly buttoned vintage navy peacoat spackled with blood, and settle on the pallid face of PETER "PEACOCK" MILLER (21).

He lays on the floor and uses the corner of a night table as a pillow. His puffy eyes stare at something above.

PEACOCK (V.O.)
Fuck. Catman Crothers.

Peacock's POV: the carcass of a GREY CAT sprawled across the blades of a still ceiling fan. It's face has been torn off, it's torso checkered with bites and tears.

PEACOCK (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I loved that cat.

Peacock looks down at his hands-- bloody, with bits of grey fur and flesh under his fingernails.

PEACOCK (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Ok asswipe. Relax. Recount recent events... Parents in Boca. Proverbial fort held down by me.

On his desk is the clock radio-- it reads 6:48.

PEACOCK (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Last night-- supposed to take out trash, shovel driveway. Did neither.

Next to the clock radio is a large bong.

PEACOCK (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Watched Rudolph special. Did bong rips. Masturbated online.

CUT TO BLACK:

PEACOAT (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Then black.
 (pause)
 I loved that fucking cat.

TITLE over black-- "THE BLIND RAGE OF PEACOAT MILLER".

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

Peacoat sits at his computer and opens ichat-- he launches a video chat with the name "dopeman69."

A window reveals chipper WESAM FAHMY (21, Egyptian, painfully nerdy-- thick glasses, a messy 'fro, acne).

WESAM
 Catchin' the worm, old pal?

PEACOAT
 My alarm. I shut it off, change the time. Always sounds at 6:48.

WESAM
 Buzzard's luck, man. Even technology hates you...

PEACOAT
 And you're up why?

WESAM
 Just got in. Finals then a redeye from LAX. I'm currently hopped up on No Doz and twizzlers. How's it being back?

PEACOAT
 A welcome reprieve from my string of C minuses.

WESAM
 No Bernice?

PEACOAT
 Spain.

WESAM
 Cool. So it's just us boys, cruisin' the town--

PEACOAT
 That's kinda homosexual.

WESAM

You know what I mean. Your sister's
a distraction for me.

PEACOAT

You made your bed on that one. Plus
she's about to get married. High
time you got over shit.

Wesam takes a moment, studies his friend.

WESAM

What happened to you? Your eyes are
sunken, your apple-cheeks have gone
sallow. You look like Moby.

PEACOAT

I feel like shit--

WESAM

And your lips-- they're all dry and
cracked. Reminds me of when I
checked out my anus with a hand
mirror.

A moment. Then,

PEACOAT

I killed my cat.

WESAM

Catman Crothers?

PEACOAT

Yes.

WESAM

You loved that cat.

PEACOAT

I know.

WESAM

So why would you do such a thing?

PEACOAT

Not sure.

WESAM

What's that mean?

PEACOAT

Don't remember.

WESAM
What's the last thing you do
remember?

Peacoat pauses. Finally...

PEACOAT
Sitting down to jerk off.

WESAM
Then you blacked out.

Peacoat nods.

WESAM (CONT'D)
Did you cum?

PEACOAT
I don't know. You're my most
intelligent friend. You figure it
out.

WESAM
Flattery is appreciated, but it
sounds like you need an MD. I'm
merely an engineer-to-be.

PEACOAT
Fine, don't help me. Happy fucking
xmas.

WESAM
Hang on, hang on... Can you make it
over here?

Peacoat nods.

WESAM (CONT'D)
Then do that. Whenever. We'll take
it from there. Cool?

PEACOAT
Yep.

WESAM
Cool. Peace.

Wesam signs off.

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

Peacoat stands on a chair. He pushes the cat carcass off the
ceiling fan with a broom. It THUDS into a trash can below.

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

Peacoat digs a small hole in the snow-covered ground. He somberly dumps the cat carcass inside.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

He scrubs blood off the ceiling fan.

INT. FOYER - LATER

Peacoat stares at a closed door, taped to which is a photo of his gorgeous sister BERNICE (26), her meathead fiancée MARK (29), and Mark's golden retriever COMMANDO.

A speech bubble extends from each one's mouth.

Bernice's reads: "Reminder bro-- Feed Commando! CONFINED HIM TO BASEMENT!"

Mark's reads: "I pay dog-sitters in euro-porn. Is that Miller household legal tender?"

Commando's reads: "Remember, Sully, when I promised to kill you last? I lied."

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

Peacoat plays with and feeds Commando.

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM - DAY

He shoves his courderoys and peacoat in the washing machine, followed by his boxers and t-shirt. Peacoat reaches for detergent and freezes...

Three deep red marks on his left bicep catch his eye. The marks trail across his shoulder and go to the middle of his chest, where his light chest hair gives way to a bald patch.

Peacoat curiously touches the red, irritated skin of the bald spot. He traces his finger across a few dried blood droplets.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Peacoat, in a robe, takes bong hits as "Romancing The Stone" plays on TV-- it's the final scene-- MICHAEL DOUGLAS (in crocodile boots) and KATHLEEN TURNER are on a yacht.

KATHLEEN TURNER
I like your boots.

MICHAEL DOUGLAS

That poor old yellow-tailed guy
developed a fatal case of
indigestion. Died right in my arms.

KATHLEEN TURNER

I can't blame him. If I were to
die, there's nowhere else on earth
I'd rather be.

MICHAEL DOUGLAS

I couldn't stop thinking about you.
I even read one of your books.

KATHLEEN TURNER

Then you know how they all end...

They kiss, the end credits roll...

A sudden meow. Then another. And another.

Peacoat looks at the doorway leading to the kitchen-- an
ORANGE CAT hungrily whines for a meal.

PEACOAT

Catligula... you asshole. Hungry?
(pause)
Or do you know what I did to your
comrade?

Another meow.

PEACOAT (CONT'D)

Couldn't I have killed you instead?

Peacoat and the cat stare at each other with mutual disdain.

KITCHEN

He begrudgingly feeds the orange cat.

I/E. OLD CHEVY CAVALIER/RESIDENTIAL ROAD - AFTERNOON

Peacoat drives his car through a chilly suburban wasteland.

I/E. OLD CHEVY CAVALIER/RESIDENTIAL ROAD - AFTERNOON

He pulls up in front of a large, white McMansion, walks to
the unlocked front door and goes inside.

INT. MCMANSION - CONTINUOUS

Peacoat walks through the silent house.

PEACOAT

Yo! Wesam!

Nothing. He descends a flight of stairs into the

BASEMENT

He steps into a wood-paneled rec room, looks around-- no one.

WESAM (O.S.)

(doing his best "Robocop")

Don't move, creep.

Wesam stands in the doorway, over Peacoat's shoulder. He aims a Laser Tag gun at his friend's head.

PEACOAT

How'd you get there?

WESAM

With the stealth of a cougar.

PEACOAT

And a children's toy.

WESAM

Think so? Put this on.

He tosses Peacoat the Laser Tag helmet.

PEACOAT

Really?

WESAM

Humor me.

Peacoat studies the bulky '80's-futuristic helmet. As he straps it on...

PEACOAT

Let this stand as a testament to my
value of our friendship. No
complaints about helping me--

ZAP! Wesam fires-- a red beam of light crosses the room, connects with Peacoat's forehead. His entire head snaps back, then forward.

PEACOAT (CONT'D)

What the fuck--?!

ZAP! Another shot-- Peacoat flies back into a stack of boxes.

WESAM

(approaches Peacoat)

Built into this "children's toy"
are the transformers, oscillator,
and capacitor of your basic 70,000
volt stun gun. The wireless
relationship between gun and helmet
allowed me to--

PEACOAT

Send 70,000 volts straight into my
skull.

WESAM

Exactly.

PEACOAT

You know, fuck you Wesam. You
could've caused serious damage--

WESAM

(points gun at Peacoat's
head)

It's just *Sam* now. Assimilation is
the key to joining campus culture.
It only took me three years to
figure that out.

Sam grabs a marijuana vaporizer off a desk.

SAM

Here. Smoke it off.

Peacoat appreciatively begins to "smokelessly" smoke weed. He
remains nestled in the collapsed stack of boxes on the
ground. Sam sits in a nearby chair.

SAM (CONT'D)

So tell me what happened.

PEACOAT

I already did.

SAM

You blacked out while jerking off.

PEACOAT

Yeah, but the disturbing part is
that I killed my cat.

SAM

Have you ever done things in your sleep before? Walked, talked, snored?

PEACOEAT

Nope. I sleep like a Nostromo crew member.

SAM

Side note, homie-- no one's ever gotten laid off the strength of an "Alien" ref. Pass that shit.

Peacoat passes him the vaporizer. He hits it.

SAM (CONT'D)

And you never blacked out before?

Peacoat shakes his head.

SAM (CONT'D)

Well I'm puzzled, bro. We gotta call in a professional.

PEACOEAT

Absolutely not.

SAM

Why's that?

PEACOEAT

Tell a doctor I brutally murdered a housecat? That's like some pre-serial killing behavior. I'll be in a straight jacket pallin' around with a big Indian chief.

SAM

Then we leave out the murder part. This is clearly some kinda head issue. You need to get your shit shrunk.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING/HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

Sam and Peacoat walk down a cold, endless hallway towards a door marked "Dr. Randolph Kaiser, MD."

PEACOEAT

This is gonna be awkward.

SAM

Yeah?

PEACOAT

Been three years.

SAM

How'd you leave things?

PEACOAT

Didn't. Moved to Ithaca, just stopped showing up.

SAM

You should've called.

PEACOAT

I know.

SAM

But he's a professional. I'm sure it'll be fine.

PEACOAT

He sent me a birthday card for my eighteenth.

SAM

See? No hard feelings then.

PEACOAT

Had a picture of a big-breasted, bikini-clad chick on the front. Said "This is Edith." Then on the inside it had Edith, sans bikini, holding a birthday cake. And it read: "It's your birthday-- have your cake and Edith too."

SAM

Weird. Doesn't sound very doctorly.

PEACOAT

Yet his reputation precedes him...

SAM

Yo you get that evite?

PEACOAT

No.

SAM
How'd you know what I was talking
about?

PEACOAT
I haven't gotten any evites.

SAM
Nelly Skylar's having her holiday
party tomorrow.

PEACOAT
You make it sound like an annual
thing.

SAM
It is. You coming?

PEACOAT
As a non-invitee? I think not--

Suddenly the door swings open, almost clocking them.

GIRL (O.S.)
(from behind opened door)
Bye Dr. Kaiser! Thanks again!

DR. KAISER (O.S.)
You take care, dear. See you
next... *Valentine's Day!*

The girl giggles. Sam and Peacoat share a look.

GIRL (O.S.)
See you then!

The girl shuts the door and appears-- it's VALENTINE SPARKS
(21), a beauty with a dark streak. She steps into the hallway
and freezes, sensing a look from the boys.

VALENTINE
Can I help you two?

SAM
You almost hit us. With the door.

VALENTINE
Well go sing your song of sorrow to
Dr. K.

PEACOAT
Valentine Sparks.

VALENTINE

You know me?

PEACOEAT

We went to school together. First through twelfth...?

She takes a moment, releases an annoyed sigh.

VALENTINE

Yeah... You and I-- we shared an unfortunate experience.

PEACOEAT

So you know who I am?

VALENTINE

Peter Miller. Or, sorry-- *Peacoat*. And Wesam Fahmy.

SAM

Just "Sam" now.

PEACOEAT

Were you pretending not to know us?

VALENTINE

Kind of. How many annoying "catch-up" convos do I have to have every time I'm home from college? Same script every time. Gets old.

PEACOEAT

Then let's skip that part.

VALENTINE

Ok.

PEACOEAT

Didn't know you saw Dr. K.

VALENTINE

I don't. Not anymore. Just like to pop in when I'm home, bat my eyelashes, re-up on the Lexapro. Usual shit. What brings you here?

Peacoat and Sam share a look.

PEACOEAT

Just some basic life re-assessment.

VALENTINE

Thinking of transferring, switching
majors, killing yourself--?

SAM

He blacks out every time he
masturbates.

VALENTINE

(smirks)

Well color me intrigued. And you
think that pervert's gonna help?

PEACOEAT

Only one way to find out.

VALENTINE

I'd love to hear how this
progresses.

PEACOEAT

Me too.

VALENTINE

You going to Nelly's Ecumenical
Holiday Booze 'N Fuck Fest?

PEACOEAT

(to Sam)

That's what it's called on the
evite?

Sam nods.

PEACOEAT (CONT'D)

Well shit. Guess I am now.

VALENTINE

Cool. See you two then. Peace.

PEACOEAT

See ya.

He watches her wistfully as she disappears down the hallway.

INT. DR. KAISER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Peacoat sits uncomfortably on a couch. He stares quietly at
DR. KAISER (a 53 year-old Casanova). After a long moment,

DR. KAISER

So tell me something.

PEACOAT
What do you want?

DR. KAISER
Anything at all. What have you been
up to lately?

Peacoat thinks a moment.

PEACOAT
This morning I watched a DVD.

DR. KAISER
Which film?

PEACOAT
Romancing The Stone. Good flick.

DR. KAISER
And what about it appealed to you?

PEACOAT
I dunno... Cartagena, buried
treasure, a hero who smokes weed
and drinks yet still saves the day
and gets the girl.

DR. KAISER
So you aspire to be a little more
like--

PEACOAT
Jack T. Colton?

Kaiser nods.

PEACOAT (CONT'D)
He is a pretty smooth dancer.

DR. KAISER
Peter...

PEACOAT
Yeah?

DR. KAISER
You gonna tell me why you're here
now, after a three year absence?

PEACOAT
I moved away. College.

DR. KAISER
That's not what I meant...
(studies Peacoat)
I sense hesitation. You remember
how I made my career, yes?

PEACOEAT
Koresh.

DR. KAISER
Indirectly. I worked with survivors
of Branch Davidian sexual and
physical abuse. Sent in by Slick
Willie himself.

Kaiser motions to a photo of him shaking Bill Clinton's hand.

DR. KAISER (CONT'D)
Nothing shocks me. I just wanna
know what's going on--
(touches Peacoat's head)
--in there. Crack that melon open.
Let it all out.

PEACOEAT
It's kind of weird.

DR. KAISER
It's all in the way you view it. I
once had a patient who couldn't
sustain an erection unless he
recited the Declaration of
Independence.

PEACOEAT
Whoa. Nutjob.

DR. KAISER
No. Patriot.

PEACOEAT
Ok. I'm with you.

DR. KAISER
So spill it.

PEACOEAT
The other night I went to...
pleasure myself.

DR. KAISER
Magazine, website, grey matter?

PEACOAT
Website. So I sit down--

DR. KAISER
Which website?

PEACOAT
Is that important?

DR. KAISER
Maybe.

PEACOAT
It's called "McStiff the Slime
Dog." Dot com. It's free.

Kaiser writes this down.

DR. KAISER
What link?

PEACOAT
Huh?

DR. KAISER
I know those sites. You choose your
fetish-- pigtails, twins, BDSM--

PEACOAT
The last link I remember-- said
something like "average looking
Asian teen taken from behind"--

DR. KAISER
Average?

PEACOAT
I was curious.

DR. KAISER
Perhaps because you feel you're
average.

PEACOAT
So I'm not three minutes into
the... festivities... when I pass
out. I wake up the next morning on
my bedroom floor.

DR. KAISER
Do you recall anything from the
night?

PEACOAT

No.

DR. KAISER

Have you been sexually active as of late?

PEACOAT

With a girl?

DR. KAISER

With anyone other than yourself?

PEACOAT

Negative.

DR. KAISER

And the other night-- this was the first time this has happened?

PEACOAT

Yes.

DR. KAISER

Ok. Good. Here's what I'm gonna suggest: Like any medical condition, we wait it out. See if it happens again. This could be holiday stress, could be coming home from college having to face the sexual being you were growing up. You and I both know those years were no peach.

PEACOAT

No they were not.

DR. KAISER

So just go about your business. But if this happens again, I beg you, call me immediately. Night or day.

PEACOAT

Ok. Thanks.

DR. KAISER

Be safe, Peter.

INT. PEACOAT'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Peacoat and Sam sit on the couch smoking a bong, watching "Romancing The Stone"-- Michael Douglas and Kathleen Turner dance to beautifully cheesy music. As they kiss...

SAM

I always thought this movie was just a series of mudslide scenes.

PEACOEAT

Like you wouldn't watch that?

SAM

I also kinda thought its target audience was chicks. No offense.

PEACOEAT

Cuz Joan Wilder's a romance novelist? Fuck that. Waterfalls, crocodiles, partial nudity... It's subversively actually for men--

SAM

Who enjoy the company of other men.

PEACOEAT

Fine. Then you will remain one of the unenlightened.

Peacoat stops the DVD. CNN appears in its place.

NEWSANCHOR

(on TV)

We return now to Green Briar, West Virginia where Senator Blake Samarin and his wife Jodi, home for the holidays, were brutally murdered. Police Chief Randy Marbelle tells of the shock and fear that has stricken the community.

On TV: fat, mustached CHIEF MARBELLE at a press conference.

CHIEF MARBELLE

While we in the department are deeply saddened that even elected officials are no longer safe in their own homes, let me just say that in this case it is not the "who"-- it's the "how" that makes this cop sick to his stomach.

REPORTER (O.S.)

Can you describe what you saw?

Marbelle takes a long, troubled moment.

CHIEF MARBELLE

The bodies of the victims were
partially dismembered. Eyes gouged.
Faces torn straight off.

Peacoat looks up from the bong.

CHIEF MARBELLE (CONT'D)

Tears and bite marks throughout the
flesh. It was just... savage. Never
in my thirty years on the force
have I seen such rage...

Peacoat has turned white. Sam obliviously watches.

CNN cuts back to the newsanchor.

NEWSANCHOR

The senator's thirteen-year-old
son, William, was found alone in
the house and is currently being
held for questioning...

SAM

Shit is fucked, right? Kid
should've at least waited til
Christmas morn, see what he got.

Sam finally notices his pale, sickly buddy.

SAM (CONT'D)

Yo-- you alright?

PEACOAT

Think I over-smoked. I gotta go to
bed.

SAM

You?

Peacoat nods.

SAM (CONT'D)

You must be maturing. You never
over-smoked. Are you maturing?

(walks to the door)

If I come over tomorrow and you're
watching "The Big Chill", we're
done.

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

Peacoat sits at his computer. He goes to cnn.com-- a headline reads "Senator, wife murdered-- son remains lone suspect."

He turns on the computer's internal camera and hits record. A window on screen captures his every move.

He goes to the website McStiffTheSlimeDog.com, scans the page for the "average looking Asian teen taken from behind" link.

He takes a deep breath and clicks it.

ON SCREEN: Your basic web porno clip-- an ASIAN GIRL (18) gets fucked from behind by a faceless MAN. She moans and speaks in her native tongue.

Her moaning builds in intensity. She screams loud. Louder. Even louder. She shrieks at the top of her lungs-- it reverbs into silence...

The porn image becomes solarized as an electronic tune takes over the soundtrack.

A gun-wielding HAND reaches into the frame foreground and squeezes the trigger-- BLAM!

Peacoat flinches. Sweat forms on his brow.

A hyperkinetic montage of solarized violence (news clips, movie scenes, etc.)-- intercut throughout is a repeated shot of two DOGS humping.

Peacoat sweats even more.

The word "love" appears on screen. It pulses to the music, which gets even faster. As it pulses the word gets larger.

Peacoat's wide eyes watch as the word "love" looks like it's about to explode. Finally it does-- BOOM!

His eyes slam shut, he hunches over and convulses. Tears roll down his cheeks. Spittle leaks from his mouth.

Peacoat looks like he's about to explode, when his body goes limp. His head SLAMS onto the desk below--

CUT TO BLACK:

The clock radio sounds-- "A Wonderful Christmas Time" by Paul McCartney.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

The clock reads 6:48. Peacoat lays on his carpet, face down, forehead against the corner of the night table.

He comes to and checks the ceiling fan-- no carcass.

A slight rustle draws his attention-- Catligula takes a shit in one of his shoes.

PEACOAT

Asshole.

He goes to his computer and double clicks a file on the desktop-- the clip Peacoat shot of himself last night.

He hits "play" and watches his "on screen" self start the porn clip. We see bits of what we just saw-- Peacoat reacting to the gunshot, to the violent clips, etc.

"On screen" Peacoat convulses. Tears stream. Spittle forms. Finally he collapses out of frame.

Peacoat jogs through the clip until his "on screen" self rises back into frame, eyes closed, a smile on his face. His right hand methodically digs and claws at his left upper arm.

PEACOAT (CONT'D)

What the fuck...?

"On screen" Peacoat scans the room and walks off.

Peacoat frantically tears off his coat and lifts his t-shirt-- the red marks on his upper arm are now lined with dried blood. The bald patch in his chest is all scabby.

Whatever happened, it's worse now.

Peacoat launches an ichat with Sam.

PEACOAT (CONT'D)

You up?

SAM

I think I'm still on Pacific.

PEACOAT

It's 4 a.m. PST.

SAM

Feeling better labia lungs?

PEACOAT
It happened again.

SAM
You killed your other cat?

PEACOAT
I blacked out.

SAM
Same deal? Knuckle shuffle on the
piss pump?

PEACOAT
I watched the last clip I saw the
other night.

SAM
So there's one specific clip that's
freakin' you out.

PEACOAT
I think so. Check it.

Peacoat sends Sam the clip of himself watching the porn.

SAM
You want me to watch you rub one
out?

PEACOAT
Fuck off. Just watch it, hit me up
when you're done.

Peacoat signs off. He immediately picks up his cell phone and
dials. After a few rings, he leaves a message.

PEACOAT (CONT'D)
Hey, Dr. K. It's Peter Miller. It's
a bit early, sorry. But you wanted
me to call if it happened again. It
did. The thing is though, it seems
to be this one clip-- the "average
Asian girl"-- that knocks me out. I
don't know. Call me back when you
can. I'd love to come in and see
you today. Thanks.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Peacoat sits on the couch eating cereal and watching CNN-- an
ANCHORWOMAN discusses the West Virginia murders.

ANCHORWOMAN

Police in Green Briar, West Virginia remain on the hunt for a killer despite last night's shocking admission. Senator Samarin's son, William, released this statement through his attorney.

On screen a graphic of a drafted letter appears. The anchorwoman reads along with it.

ANCHORWOMAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

"Despite having no recollection of events on the evening of December 16th, something tells me that I am responsible. With great regret, and with no motive, I know that I murdered my parents in cold blood. I loved them dearly. I miss them dearly. William Samarin."

The anchorwoman reappears on screen.

ANCHORWOMAN (CONT'D)

A search of William's room found no evidence linking him to the crime. He was home-schooled, teachers described him as an introvert--

Peacoat's cell phone rings-- it's Sam.

PEACOAT

Hey.

SAM (O.S.)

Crazy shit! What the hell were you doing to your arm?

PEACOAT

There's this whole self-mutilation element at work. I tore out a chunk of chest hair.

SAM

A chunk. Your chest hair's literally about as thick as Madonna's daughter's unibrow.

PEACOAT

I like my chest hair. I'm what they call "retro-sexual."

SAM (O.S.)
Or non-committal. I'm on my way.

INT. PEACOEAT'S BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

Peacoat sits at his desk while Sam lounges on the bed tinkering with his altered laser tag gun.

SAM
So you've tested the possibility
that it's not just this clip?

PEACOEAT
I watched an over-40 blow an elf
while Santa jerked off. Only thing
missing was Burl Ives narration.

SAM
I never knew you fetishized the
over-40's. I thought we shared.

PEACOEAT
The only active body parts were the
windows to my soul.

SAM
When did you watch?

PEACOEAT
About an hour ago.

SAM
So if it were to happen--

PEACOEAT
It'd happen right away. Least it
did before.

SAM
Now we gotta see if the clip-in-
question affects someone else. Get
up.

PEACOEAT
What if you try to kill me?

SAM
Why would I do that? You're my best
friend.

PEACOEAT
Catman Crothers was one of my best
friends.

SAM
Some sad shit... You're still
coming tonight, yeah?

PEACOAT
Assuming I'm not walking around
with my eyes closed.

SAM
We gotta play this up.

PEACOAT
Fuck you.

SAM
Naw, man. It'll be like "Teen
Wolf." Which makes me Styles.
Remember the party scene?

PEACOAT
Seven minutes in heaven.

SAM
There you go.

PEACOAT
I'd rather keep it on the DL. Until
I find that I'm suddenly a
basketball star or can car surf--

Peacoat's cell phone rings. He answers it.

PEACOAT (CONT'D)
Hello?

DR. KAISER (O.S.)
(nervous energy)
Pete-- Dr. K. I know it's last
minute-- but can you come to me?

PEACOAT
Your office?

DR. KAISER (O.S.)
My apartment. The one downtown.

PEACOAT
You have a downtown apartment?

DR. KAISER (O.S.)
54 Connecticut Avenue. Number 4.

PEACOAT
Why the urgency?

DR. KAISER (O.S.)
You said it happened again.

PEACOAT
I'm alive. Functioning normally.

DR. KAISER (O.S.)
No matter. I think there's more to this.

PEACOAT
Huh?

DR. KAISER (O.S.)
Just hurry.

He hangs up. Peacoat looks at his friend.

INT. SAM'S FORD PROBE - LATER

Sam, behind the wheel, weaves in and out of highway traffic.

SAM
I love that your shrink's gone off the rails. Because of you.

PEACOAT
He must think I'm pretty fucked.

SAM
Show him the clip of you watching the clip?

PEACOAT
No.

SAM
Wait till he sees that. What the hell's on this thing anyway?

Peacoat thinks a moment. Sam exits the highway.

PEACOAT
It's all kind of hazy. I remember seeing this Asian chick--

SAM
The average one.

PEACOAT
She's getting nailed. She screams.

SAM
Pleasure or pain?

PEACOAT
Can't tell. Then this arm reaches
across the screen. A burly arm.
Like a longshoreman's. It holds a
gun. When it pulls the trigger all
I recall are a bunch of crazy
colors. No details.

Peacoat thinks another minute.

PEACOAT (CONT'D)
And warmth.

SAM
Huh?

PEACOAT
I felt this intense warmth seeping
through my body. From my brain on
down...
(pause)
Feels like the M&M's commercial--
the cartoon one where the chocolate
guys stand under a shower to get
their colored candy coating.

SAM
I don't like the idea that those
characters aren't complete until
they conceal their natural brown-
ness.

PEACOAT
Says the man formerly known as
Wesam.

SAM
The name change serves no purpose
other than to help me pull strange.

PEACOAT
And it's worked?

Sam pulls up to the curb near an apartment building.

SAM
Work-in-progress. 54 Connecticut
Ave...

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Peacoat checks the numbers on the doors, stops at #4. He rings the bell. No answer. He knocks.

PEACOAT
Dr. K?

Nothing. He checks the doorknob-- unlocked. He steps into the
FOYER

The apartment is dark-- all the curtains are down. A distant
TV blares CNN.

PEACOAT
Hey... Dr. Kaiser? It's Peter.
Miller.

Peacoat creeps through the apartment. He heads through the
living room, towards a bedroom in which the television plays.

Peacoat stops at the door-- it's open just a crack.

PEACOAT (CONT'D)
Dr. K?

Still nothing.

BEDROOM

The blue light of the TV illuminates a sleeping lump in bed.

PEACOAT
Hey doc... Rise and shine.

No movement. As Peacoat creeps towards the bed...

ANCHORMAN (O.S.)
(on TV)
After the shocking death of Senator
Samarin and his wife, CNN has
received over twenty unconfirmed
reports of copycat killings, in
cities ranging from Atlanta to St.
Louis to San Francisco.

Peacoat rounds the foot of the bed.

ANCHORMAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 (on TV)
 Victims have been compared to chew
 toys, slabs of meat, rag dolls...

Peacoat stands by the headboard, staring down at the lump. He cautiously removes the blankets-- a WOMAN (28), face ripped off, flesh torn and eaten, lays lifelessly.

Peacoat holds back the vomit--

DR. KAISER (O.S.)
 Johnny-come-quickly-- welcome.

Peacoat looks up-- Dr. Kaiser stands in the doorway holding shopping bags. He looks exhausted yet crazed.

DR. KAISER (CONT'D)
 Had I been home when you arrived I
 would've kept you out of here.
 Sorry about that. But in a way I'm
 glad you saw. No bullshit between
 us. Just a coupla old friends.
 Who'd you kill?

PEACOAT
 What?

DR. KAISER
 Peter--

PEACOAT
 My cat.

DR. KAISER
 Ah, an innocent still.

PEACOAT
 I loved that cat. Who is she?

DR. KAISER
 My girlfriend. My mistress.

PEACOAT
 Thus the secret downtown apartment.

DR. KAISER
 I dunno about secret. My wife--
 she's gotta know. I've been banging
 twenty-somethings since I turned
 thirty. I just thank Christ I came
 here last night. Can you imagine if
 I'd been home?

(MORE)

DR. KAISER (CONT'D)
If that were the mother of my
children instead? Or, God forbid--
my kids?

PEACOAT
Bullet dodged. When did you watch?

DR. KAISER
Last night. I wanted to get inside
your head, see what was knocking
around. I pride myself on a
personal interest in all of my
patients. Particularly those with
psycho-sexual issues. You could say
I *get off* on it.

Dr. Kaiser removes the items from the shopping bags onto the
bed-- rope, a saw, garbage bags.

PEACOAT
So, in a way I'm responsible.

DR. KAISER
(re: TV)
You see how this thing is
spreading? Wildfire out there. I
would've come across it sooner or
later. You actually did me a favor.
This kind of thing has been nothing
more than academic back room
whispers, rumors... until now.

PEACOAT
And what kind of thing is that?

DR. KAISER
Psychological terrorism.

Peacoat can't react.

DR. KAISER (CONT'D)
Come on. My office.

Dr. Kaiser hurries into the next room.

INT. DR. KAISER'S APARTMENT/OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

He sits at his computer. Peacoat sits on a leather couch.

PEACOAT
Can I assume you're gonna chop up
her body and spread the pieces?

DR. KAISER
Something along those lines.

PEACOEAT
Next time you leave home with a
corpse inside, consider locking up.

DR. KAISER
Oh dear. My brain... been elsewhere
since... you know. This is
Pandora's box. Open wide. This is
the stuff careers are made of!

PEACOEAT
You killed your mistress.

DR. KAISER
Collateral damage, Peter. I need to
explore this. Someone, somewhere,
has figured it out-- how to attack
an isolated society. Suicide
bombings and the like-- only work
in communities. This-- it's gonna
rot us from the id on out.

Kaiser types a web address.

PEACOEAT
And how are you gonna study
something like this?

DR. KAISER
This kind of crisis-- it's my bread
and butter. Branch Davidians,
polygamists, AIDS patients-- I'm
the guy they called. Having moved
onto a private practice in no way
means I should stop serving the
greater good.
(pats a nearby chair)
Come on. First step--
desensitization.

Dr. Kaiser clicks the mouse-- the familiar screams of the
average Asian girl commence.

PEACOEAT
What are you doing?

DR. KAISER
I thought you'd wanna assist. I've
watched it twice. You at least as
many times.
(MORE)

DR. KAISER (CONT'D)
Logic tells me it's effects will
wane with each viewing. Like a
drug.

PEACOEAT
And if it doesn't?

DR. KAISER
Hopefully between us we'll remember
more.

PEACOEAT
Doc, shut it off.

DR. KAISER
Sit next to me, Peter. Watch it
with me.

The gun shot. Then the electronic music. Peacoat turns his
head away from the computer.

PEACOEAT
(stands up)
Doc, please--

DR. KAISER
Don't you want that feeling again?
That--

PEACOEAT
Warmth.

DR. KAISER
Exactly.

PEACOEAT
No. No I don't.

Dr. Kaiser starts to sweat and convulse.

DR. KAISER
Then... Then you *should* leave
Peter...

The electronic music picks up. So does Kaiser's convulsing.

DR. KAISER (CONT'D)
Now... Leave now Peter...

Peacoat backs out of the office, his eyes locked on the doc.

DR. KAISER (CONT'D)
Get out of here please... Leave!

Kaiser's eyes close-- sweat and tears pour down his face. The explosion on the clip-- Kaiser's body crashes onto his desk.

PEACOAT
(retreating)
Ok Doc... I'm going. I'll call 911.
They'll handle this. Sorry I
brought you into it.

Peacoat turns and starts to shut the door behind him.

DR. KAISER (O.S.)
(softly, mechanically)
Don't leave please.

Peacoat freezes, turns around-- Kaiser stands by his desk, eyes closed. He wears a creepy mouth-closed grin. His right hand claws at his left shoulder.

DR. KAISER (CONT'D)
You're my dear friend. Let's spend
time together.

Kaiser steps towards Peacoat who retreats into the

LIVING ROOM

PEACOAT
Thanks, doc. But I really should
go. I got a party. A "booze 'n fuck
fest." I shouldn't miss that,
right? You wouldn't if you were me--

Peacoat trips over an ottoman-- he lands on his ass, looks up as Kaiser closes in. Peacoat scoots back but corners himself against a wall.

DR. KAISER
Poor boy. Let me help you to your
feet.

Kaiser stands over him-- he extends his left hand as his right claws at his own chest.

DR. KAISER (CONT'D)
Let me help you.

PEACOAT
I think I'm good, thanks. Just back
up. A few steps. You and I will be
fine.

DR. KAISER
(leans in)
I want to help you.

PEACOEAT
I said I'm good. Thank you. Just
stay where you are.
(reaches for cell phone)
I'm gonna make one quick call--

Kaiser lunges for Peacoat's cell phone. Peacoat flinches away
as Kaiser grabs his other hand. He squeezes.

DR. KAISER
You're my dear friend.

PEACOEAT
Doc, that hurts! Please--

Kaiser digs his fingernails into Peacoat's flesh. Peacoat
screams, yanks his hand away, clutches the wound.

Kaiser goes for his neck.

PEACOEAT (CONT'D)
Dr. K, no. Leave me alone.

Peacoat crab-walks to a side table. He grabs items off the
table-- an ashtray, a lamp-- and flings them at the doctor.
He misses by a mile.

DR. KAISER
I want to hold you.

PEACOEAT
I don't wanna be held, doc.
Seriously.

The doctor leans in, grips Peacoat by the neck.

Kaiser throttles Peacoat, digging his nails deep into his
flesh. Peacoat screams, kicks, flails-- he's powerless.

PEACOEAT (CONT'D)
Doc, you don't wanna kill me.
Please. I'm a paying customer--

DR. KAISER
You're my dear friend. I want to
love you.

PEACOEAT
Stop saying that shit!

DR. KAISER
(digging deeper)
But I want to love you... I need to
love you... I have to--

Suddenly Sam clocks Kaiser across the temple with a lamp-- it shatters. Ceramic shards everywhere.

Kaiser stumbles back and falls through a glass coffee table. Glass shards everywhere...

The two boys silently stare at his twitching body.

SAM
(catching his breath)
You scream like a eunuch.

Sam straightens himself up-- tucks in his shirt.

SAM (CONT'D)
So you coming to this party or
what? I gotta change, shower, pick
up magnums.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Sam and Peacoat head straight for the car. They fling the doors open when suddenly-- a WOMAN'S TORTURED SCREAM pierces the air. It comes from inside the building.

Sam and Peacoat share a look. As the scream fades into silence, the boys simultaneously jump in Sam's car.

INT. SAM'S FORD PROBE - LATER

Sam speeds along the highway.

PEACOAT
I feel like we should've checked it
out. The woman. That Dr. K most
likely relieved of a face--

SAM
We don't know shit. Chick could've
seen a mouse. I'm done playing John
McClane. Sam needs to get his drink
on, his smoke on. Go home with
somethin' to poke on.

PEACOAT
You've earned it.

SAM

Fuckin' a. Know what else I've earned?

PEACOAT

I can't. Not in good conscience. You saw what he became.

SAM

I can't believe you ever entrusted that guy with your mental state. No wonder people thought you were asexual.

PEACOAT

Fuck that.

SAM

You went through high school not talking to a single female.

PEACOAT

I was saving myself for Valentine. You know this.

SAM

You've inexplicably pined away for--

PEACOAT

Eleven years.

SAM

Which puts you on track to finger bang her sometime around your eightieth birthday.

PEACOAT

At which point I'll be too riddled with arthritis to even perform.

SAM

You've never really even spoken. Until today.

PEACOAT

Which is why it's time to "carpe diem." Isn't that what the optimists say?

SAM

Don't waste your time. At the age of twenty-one it's about quantity.

PEACOAT

But we got shit in common. We apparently share a shrink!

SAM

Think Mario Batali made fennel-dusted sweatbreads right off the bat? I'm sure he first slogged through 400 runny, greasy, odiferous grilled cheeses.

PEACOAT

Yes but...

SAM

Huh?

PEACOAT

Nothing...

SAM

I got no time for coquettishness.

PEACOAT

It's just... She knows I'm a sexual being. She could be the only one.

Sam shoots him a look.

PEACOAT (CONT'D)

Sixth grade. I had a routine. I'd hang in the library doing homework and shit. During free period. But after like a half hour I'd get super-horny. So I'd go to the magazine rack, grab a few issues of *Jet*--

SAM

The number one African-American newsweekly?

PEACOAT

The "beauties of the week" made my vas deferens feel like an illegal street race. I'd sift through the beauties and choose one to accompany me to the bathroom.

SAM

Where she caught you in action.

PEACOAT

She surprised me in the library.
During the selection process.

SAM

And you couldn't play it off?

PEACOAT

My feet were up on the desk. I was
wearing Umbros. She walked over to
ask me something and it was--

SAM

Up periscope?

PEACOAT

(nods)

Like a Nessie sighting. Plus a
ball.

SAM

Right or left?

PEACOAT

Right. Which sucks cuz I think my
left is more impressive.

SAM

So you've been obsessed with her
all this time simply cuz she knows
for a fact that women give you
erections.

PEACOAT

And she never told a soul. It's
been our secret. Our bond.

SAM

Right, but doesn't that kinda
perpetuate the whole nasty "Pete's
an asexual" business?

PEACOAT

The point is she spared me
humiliation. I never woulda done
that for somebody--

SAM

She made an effort to *not* talk to
us before. But whatever man. Carpe-
fucking-diem.

INT. PEACOEAT'S HOUSE - EVENING

Peacoat steps inside-- Catligula waits for him, pissed.

PEACOEAT
Sorry. Forgot this morning. Not
that you'd give a shit but I kinda
got a lot going on.

He hisses. Peacoat nods as he feeds the cat.

INT. BASEMENT - EVENING

As Peacoat descends the stairs,

PEACOEAT
You, on the other hand-- you and me
Commando, same wavelength. People
get preoccupied, they slip up. You
understand, dontcha boy? That's why
you're man's best--

Peacoat freezes-- sprawled across a treadmill is the Golden
Retriever's carcass, face torn off.

PEACOEAT (CONT'D)
Oh no...

The mess is contained to the treadmill. Nothing on the
surrounding floor. He looks at his clean hands, puzzled.

PEACOEAT (CONT'D)
I've gotten better. Neater. Fuck.

A door is heard unlocking upstairs. Peacoat panics--

BERNIE (O.S.)
(from upstairs)
Hola, acorn-dick!

Peacoat rips off his coat and lifts the canine carcass. He
awkwardly carries it into the

LAUNDRY ROOM

He opens the washer door.

PEACOEAT
Sorry boy. You deserve better.

BERNIE (O.S.)
Peacoat-- you here?

MARK (O.S.)

Where you at, future bro-in-law?

He shoves the carcass inside the washer, followed by his stained t-shirt, and shuts the door.

BASEMENT

Peacoat powers up the treadmill-- the bloody section of the conveyor belt rolls underneath. He puts his jacket back on.

FOYER

Bernie and Mark lug suitcases as Peacoat emerges.

BERNIE

What's shaking, acorn-dick?

PEACOEAT

I think we can retire that one.

BERNIE

(to Mark)

I've seen a lot of penises in this life-- his looks just like a tiny little acorn.

PEACOEAT

I was five. I've grown some since.

BERNIE

Used to razz him about getting a double BJ from Chip and Dale--

MARK

Bern, c'mon. I'm sure by now he's graduated to an Alvin-sized orifice.

Mark playfully punches Peacoat in the shoulder.

PEACOEAT

So anyway-- Spain? How was it? Get to the Prado?

Bernie and Mark share a smirk.

BERNIE

We never made it.

MARK

I think we both ingested some of that Spanish fly, if you're catchin' what I'm throwin'.

PEACOAT

Well, glad you two had fun.

Mark seductively winks at Bernie.

MARK

How's my favorite bitch-magnet? Behaving?

PEACOAT

He was...

MARK

What's up...?

PEACOAT

Last night... We were out in the yard. He saw a deer.

MARK

He bolted?

PEACOAT

Sorry.

Mark pauses a moment, thinks. Then,

MARK

Ah, fuck it. I name him after an Arnie flick I can't freak every time his *predatory* instinct kicks in. Am I right?

PEACOAT

Sure.

MARK

He's done this before. Always comes back in a few hours. Whenever he gets hungry.

Peacoat does his best to not let on.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Peacoat stands by a running sink-- he splashes water on his face, plugs in an electric razor, shaves nonexistent stubble.

He focuses intently on what he is doing. Suddenly...

VALENTINE (O.S.)
(seductively)
I like your boots.

Peacoat looks over-- Valentine stands in the doorway.
Shocked, he looks down at his feet: he wears crocodile boots.

After a moment of confusion he looks back up at Val.

PEACOAT
(uncontrollably)
That poor old yellow-tailed guy
developed a fatal case of
indigestion. Died right in my arms.

Val smirks, walks over to him, her arms over his shoulders.

VALENTINE
I can't blame him. If I were to
die, there's nowhere else I'd
rather be...

The two stare at each other, nose-to-nose-- sweat pours from
Peacoat's brow. He lowers his razor, starts to convulse...

Val leans in for a kiss, when--

ZAP!!! An electric spark-- Peacoat snaps out of it: Val is
gone, so are the croc boots. He has placed his (now fried)
razor in a puddle of water on the sink.

He stares at his slick, sweaty face in the mirror.

He grabs his cell and texts Sam: "party = bad idea. maybe
general practitioner time."

Sam fires back: "Valentine + 'carpe diem' = Pete Miller,
bottom bitch."

EXT. NELLY SKYLAR'S MANSION - NIGHT

Peacoat and Sam walk from the car to the front door.

SAM
So how's she look?

PEACOAT
Who?

SAM
Bernie.

PEACOAT
She looks like my engaged sister.

SAM
Yeah but anything new? Tats?
Piercings? A tan?

PEACOAT
See for yourself. Come over.

SAM
I can't. Not ready yet.

PEACOAT
Cause she saw you going to town.

SAM
If only. She walked in as I came.

PEACOAT
Seriously man-- who jerks off in
someone else's bathroom and doesn't
lock the door?

SAM
I went in there to shit. The
masturbation was an impromptu
thing.

PEACOAT
And that answers the door locking
question how?

SAM
Bottom line-- your sister, a woman
I held in very high regard,
happened to catch me ejaculating on
a mound of my own feces. The irony
being I would've normally flushed
between the two events. Except, in
an effort to appeal to that hippy
phase she was in I'd been trying to
reduce my carbon footprint. No
extraneous flushes. I mean, where's
the fucking lesson--?

PEACOAT
I killed her fiancée's dog.

SAM
What?! Why?

PEACOAT

Last night. That clip I sent you,
when I get up and walk out? Must've
done it then. He was a great dog...

SAM

I'm considering suspending our
friendship. Until you get all this
murder outta your system.

They reach the front door.

SAM (CONT'D)

But for tonight we're just a coupla
party guys. Drinking, talkin' up
the skirts, normal shit. Cool?

Peacoat nods.

SAM (CONT'D)

Let's do this-- buffalo stance.

Sam flips up his collar and smooths his eyebrows.

PARTY HOUSE

The party is extravagant-- the house has an '80's white and
pastel color scheme and sparse, modern furniture throughout.

The boys scan the packed room.

SAM

So to confirm-- I get to be
"Styles."

PEACOAT

What does that even mean?

Sam thinks a second, has no answer.

SAM

Come on.

He heads towards the bar with Peacoat hot on his heels. Sam
eyes a passing BLONDE CHICK.

SAM (CONT'D)

(smiles at her)

Hey babygirl. I'm at Cal Tech.
Engineering. Know what that means?

The Blonde Chick shakes her head.

SAM (CONT'D)
Means I'm gonna be loaded. Beyond
your wildest dreams.

BLONDE CHICK
So?

SAM
So invest in your future-- let me
ravage you tonight.

Blonde Chick leans in close, seductively.

BLONDE CHICK
I've got a better idea.

SAM
(smirks)
And what's that?

BLONDE CHICK
Try me when you're rich. Or when
the Acutane kicks in. Whatever
happens last.

She walks off. Unfazed, Sam and Peacoat continue to the bar.

PEACOAT
You should try a softer approach, I
think. Less offensive.

SAM
How? I'm always a perfect gent.

PEACOAT
Well, for one you tend to discuss
female anatomy with strangers.
Maybe curb that a bit.

They reach the bar. Sam fixes two Jack and Cokes.

SAM
That's because it's beauty. God's
art. And it's rarely with
strangers. Acquaintances maybe.

PEACOAT
Yeah but you use scientific terms.
Labia, cervix, vulva-- makes people
uncomfortable.

SAM

And that's my fault? All my terms
have Latin roots. Same as the pro's
use.

(hands Peacoat a drink)
Bottoms up.

The two clink their cups and guzzle their Jack and Cokes.

INT. PARTY HOUSE - LATER

Peacoat and Sam sit on either end of a white couch. They each
clutch a drink and sway slightly, having had a few too many.

In between them a GIRL snorts a line of cocaine off a glass
table. She rises, wipes her nose-- it's hostess NELLY SKYLAR.

NELLY

When I get married, my body will
totally belong to my husband.
Except for one spot. It's the size
of a nickel and I poop out of it
every morning.

PEACOAT

I feel like I missed something.

SAM

I said if society embraced
cannibalism we should eat the band
Nickelback, shit them into a
spaceship and launch it into the
sun. Maybe she misheard--

NELLY

Guys I'm so glad you made it. I get
nervous every year that no one's
gonna come. So every year I gotta
invite more and more people. It's
just crazy, all the people that
actually respond and come out.
Makes me feel so loved!

PEACOAT

I wasn't invited.

NELLY

It probably went to your spam
folder.

PEACOAT

I've never been invited. Makes me
feel so hated.

NELLY
Oh, Peacoat...

She drunkenly rests her hand on his knee.

NELLY (CONT'D)
You're not hated. Most people
couldn't care one way or the other
about you.

PEACOEAT
Wow. So in high school I was an
asexual who inspired only
indifference.

NELLY
(cracks up)
Who knew you were so funny?

She keeps laughing, finally resting her head on his shoulder.

Nelly starts to play with one of the buttons on his peacoat.

PEACOEAT
Careful with that. This thing is
old.

NELLY
How old?

PEACOEAT
The '40's.

NELLY
Do you ever take it off?

PEACOEAT
Never.

NELLY
Never ever?

Suddenly,

VALENTINE (O.S.)
You hard?

Peacoat looks over his shoulder-- Valentine stands behind
him, smirking at fucked-up Nelly clinging to his sleeve.

VALENTINE (CONT'D)
Don't black out now.

PEACOAT
My funny Valentine.

VALENTINE
Never heard that before.

PEACOAT
How goes it?

She sits on the arm of a nearby chair.

VALENTINE
I should be asking you that. Happen again?

PEACOAT
Yeah.

NELLY
Did what happen again?

No one says a word.

NELLY (CONT'D)
It's my party. Which means I get to be involved in all conversations--

VALENTINE
(to Peacoat)
How'd it go with Dr. K?

PEACOAT
I don't know how much help he'll be, but it was fine.

VALENTINE
Did you ever talk to him about what happened with us?

PEACOAT
That was before I started going to him. You?

VALENTINE
Of course. It was one of my first experiences of a certain type. Could've fucked me up sexually.

PEACOAT
Did it?

VALENTINE
(shrugs)
Kaiser thinks it might've.

A PALE KID in skinny jeans and a trendy 'do interrupts. He carries a clipboard and looks as if he hasn't slept in days.

PALE KID
What's going on, trancies?

PEACOEAT
Trannies?

PALE KID
No. Sorry. Just an expression. So,
you guys like to party, yeah?

Peacoat shrugs. Val says nothing.

PALE KID (CONT'D)
Well spread them earholes, I got
news-- I provide a service, free-of-
charge. An e mail sign-up for
future parties. Underground shit.

VALENTINE
So raves, basically.

PALE KID
Not exactly. But they're fucking
fun. I promise. It's like we're all
in prison. And these fiestas are
like the conjugal visits.

PEACOEAT
I think I'm sold.

Peacoat grabs the clipboard, signs up and offers it to Val.

VALENTINE
You really gonna start attending
raves?

PALE KID
Raves is a misnomer. But the next
one's tomorrow night. Ten-ish.
Details to follow. Come check it
for yourselves before you wreck it
for yourselves.

Valentine shrugs-- "why not?" As she signs up...

NELLY

Guys I'm bored. Hello, this is *my* party. I wanna dance.

PEACOAT

By all means--

NELLY

A hostess should never dance alone. That's what my mother always says.

PEACOAT

That's some Huxtable-caliber shit--

NELLY

So let's cut a rug. I mean, technically you weren't invited so you shouldn't even be here.

PEACOAT

What happened to the "spam folder" theory?

NELLY

You've still never kissed a girl right?

Peacoat shoots a glance to smirking Valentine.

PEACOAT

I'm not getting into this.

Nelly leans in. Valentine watches, amused.

NELLY

How about I kiss you. Long and hard and with my tongue if you come out on the dance floor with me?

Peacoat is shocked into silence. He turns to Sam, who is passed out. Nelly gets even closer.

NELLY (CONT'D)

See, coke always makes me horny. And you need some action. Plus you're actually not as hideous as you were in high school. That's like, what-- three birds, one stone?

Peacoat is paralyzed. Nelly smirks mischievously.

NELLY (CONT'D)

Good boy... Here comes trouble...

Nelly leans in as if for a kiss-- she grazes his lips with hers and goes for his ear.

NELLY (CONT'D)

...After you show me some moves.

INT. PARTY HOUSE/DANCE FLOOR - LATER

Coked-up Nelly grinds Peacoat, who does his best to channel Michael Douglas' moves in "Romancing The Stone." He's not even close.

Peacoat spots Valentine through a sliding glass door-- she talks to a couple of DOUCHEBAG GUYS by an outside bar.

He slows his "dancing" to a halt.

PEACOAT

You good for a few?

NELLY

I didn't release you.

PEACOAT

Right. But I'm empty. My cup.

NELLY

Double time, Miller. I'm very fickle. You could lose out on this nubile bod.

PEACOAT

You needing?

NELLY

Chardonnay.

PEACOAT

Really?

NELLY

You never had Chardonnay and nostril dust?

PEACOAT

Can't say I have.

NELLY

The balanced diet of any self-respecting yuppie.

PEACOAT

The secret of your success.

She winks and goes back to dancing as Peacoat heads outside.

EXT. BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

He sidles up to the bar, positions himself next to Valentine.

VALENTINE

How's it looking?

PEACOAT

On a Chardonnay run.

VALENTINE

Smooth. You're on the fast track
for an evening of WE TV.

PEACOAT

My ovaries churn at thoughts of
Cinematherapy. And you? How's the
juggling of douchebags going?

VALENTINE

Easier than juggling bowling pins.
More for amusement than anything
else. I'm not so into rape.

PEACOAT

Suppose you saw a hunk in cut-offs
and a mesh tee? In an alley. Alone.

VALENTINE

Well that beefcake's begging for
it. In which case I don't consider
it rape.

PEACOAT

He shouldn't be going anywhere
lookin' that fine.

They share a laugh.

Something catches Valentine's eye. She touches a small tear
in the shoulder of his peacoat.

VALENTINE

You ever gonna retire this thing?

PEACOAT

Probably not. The coat's a survivor. It's pushing seventy years.

VALENTINE

Yeah?

PEACOAT

My grandfather wore it in the coast guard during WWII.

VALENTINE

Didn't realize the coast guard had much of a role in the second world war.

PEACOAT

It didn't.

VALENTINE

So why were you trying to force a connection?

PEACOAT

I guess as some sort of temporal reference. I dunno.

VALENTINE

So your grandfather gave it to you.

PEACOAT

(nods)

Someone had to patrol the coast.

VALENTINE

How old were you?

PEACOAT

Ten.

VALENTINE

And you've worn it every day since.

PEACOAT

It's comfy. Warm. Simple. Matches everything.

VALENTINE

Yeah but-- wearing the same thing every day for eleven years-- that's like beyond compulsion.

PEACOEAT
Everybody needs a crutch.

VALENTINE
Has Kaiser buzzed in on this one?

PEACOEAT
Of course.

VALENTINE
And?

PEACOEAT
He claims I find comfort in the way
my grandfather never tried to be
the hero. The coat belonged to
someone completely average. Who did
nothing great.

VALENTINE
Not only superheroes get to wear
uniforms...

PEACOEAT
Something like that.

VALENTINE
You really are one for the books.

PEACOEAT
And you see a shrink cuz you're of
sound mind?

VALENTINE
I saw a shrink because of you.

PEACOEAT
Bullshit.

VALENTINE
Yours was the first turgid peen I
ever saw. And it was forced into my
line of vision. It's not like I
wanted to see it.

PEACOEAT
So I essentially raped your eyes.
How horrific...

VALENTINE
It's just traumatic for a girl. I
had no older siblings. Had never
watched a porn.
(MORE)

VALENTINE (CONT'D)

I started seeing your pulsing, pink
baby snake everywhere-- lamp posts,
the bathtub spigot... my grandma's
Virginia Slims--

PEACOEAT

I violated an innocent...

VALENTINE

It's good we're talking about it.

PEACOEAT

But you actually invaded my
privacy. Maybe I was victimized
too. Ever consider that?

VALENTINE

Hold up--

PEACOEAT

You're kind of as much a Peeping
Tammy as I am an ocular rapist--

VALENTINE

Forget it then. Subject dropped.

PEACOEAT

Maybe we're both injecting some of
our own narcissism into it.

VALENTINE

(incredulous)

Whoa... Really?

PEACOEAT

No use in having a pissing contest
over who it was worse for.

VALENTINE

Well perhaps one day you'll come
down with a case of objectivity.
Until then...

She steps back, pissed.

VALENTINE (CONT'D)

Your girlfriend's coming.

Valentine walks back inside as Nelly approaches.

NELLY

I'm coming down, Pea. I need more
snowflakes.

PEACOAT

Not without a dry white wine you don't.

He hands her a glass. She sips.

NELLY

You coming? My mom always says--

PEACOAT

The hostess should never ingest narcotics alone?

NELLY

Close enough... I feel a real connection with you tonight. You've changed so much in three years.

PEACOAT

I'm not as hideous.

NELLY

That and you're more... spiritual.
I'm feeling you more...
(points to his forehead)
Up here... Come on.

Nelly grabs his hand and leads him off.

INT. PARTY HOUSE/NELLY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The room is an orgy of pink and stuffed animals.

NELLY

Home to my private stash.

She pulls a bag of coke from a night table and cuts lines.

NELLY (CONT'D)

Want in? It'll make you totally horny. I completely wore off while I was freaking you.

She snorts some lines as Peacoat awkwardly wanders the room.

NELLY (CONT'D)

Whew. There's the magic. My legs are all rubbery.

Nelly eyes Peacoat. She smirks and gently pats the bed.

NELLY (CONT'D)

Sit here. Next to me.

PEACOAT

Yeah?

NELLY

I told you I get uber-horny.

Peacoat nervously sits next to her.

PEACOAT

Before anything happens, I just want you to think about tomorrow. I don't wanna be the cause of intense regret on your part.

NELLY

Shhhh...

Nelly guides him down so that he's on his back.

PEACOAT

I just have a feeling you'll spend the bulk of tomorrow seated in the shower, clutching your knees, sobbing--

NELLY

(unbuckles his belt)

We're young, it's a party. Let's make mistakes.

PEACOAT

But you don't find me attractive.

As she slides his pants down...

NELLY

And that matters why? I've blown many guys I don't find attractive.

Peacoat briefly wears confusion, then shrugs it off.

NELLY (CONT'D)

Plus it's the giving season. I'll be like your sexual Santa. Want me to slide down your chimney?

She doesn't wait for a response-- she goes for it. Peacoat closes his eyes and enjoys.

After a moment, Peacoat starts to sweat. He wipes the perspiration from his brow and concentrates.

The sweat builds. It rolls down his face like rain on a windshield. It stings his eyes. As he again wipes--

PEACOAT
Hey, uh Nelly?

NELLY
(mouth full)
Shhh... Just relax...

PEACOAT
No, it's just--

NELLY
Quiet...

PEACOAT
But something's happening to--

NELLY
(looks up, annoyed)
--Your body? See when a man gets
excited, his heart pumps blood
straight into his penis, at which
point it grows in size--

PEACOAT
Nelly... Please...

A "soul glo"-style puddle forms on the pillow. Peacoat starts to convulse. Nelly finally notices...

NELLY
Dude, you alright?

PEACOAT
(struggles with each word)
No... You gotta get outta here--

NELLY
You about to pop?

PEACOAT
Please... Just leave!

Peacoat's eyes slam shut. Tears pour down his cheeks.

NELLY
Are you ODing? Shit-- I can't have
any ODers. I'm calling 911--

Peacoat's body goes limp. Silence... Nelly breathes heavily.

NELLY (CONT'D)
Yo Pea-- you dead?
(shakes him)
Please don't be dead. You're still
hard. Dead guys can't be hard,
right?

She leans into his face, listens to his soft breathing.

NELLY (CONT'D)
Cool... you just keep breathing.
I'm calling for help. Just stay
alive...

She grabs her cell and starts to dial when--

PEACOAT (O.S.)
Let's make love.

Peacoat, on his side, seductively rests his head in his hand.
His eyes are closed and he wears a creepy, wide grin as he
paws at his chest.

Relief washes over Nelly. She hangs up.

NELLY
Jesus, man. You scared the fuck
outta me. Totally killed my high.

She grabs another bag of coke and cuts a line.

NELLY (CONT'D)
And you don't want to make love.
You just wanna nut.

PEACOAT
I love you. I do.

NELLY
Well I'm flattered Peacoat. Really.
But don't mistake booze-fueled
desperation for love.

PEACOAT
I want to hold you.

NELLY
Ok... But it'll take more than that
to get me back into it. You put
quite a scare into me.

Peacoat hugs her from behind with one arm, the other still
digs into his chest. Nelly chuckles, obviously snorts.

NELLY (CONT'D)
You virgins kill me with your
clinginess.

He rests his head on her shoulder as blood pools from his re-opened chest wound onto his shirt.

PEACOAT
I feel close to you. I feel a
spiritual connection.

He tightens his grip around her.

NELLY
Easy there, Pea. You'll get yours
eventually. I'm oddly charmed by
you. I wouldn't call it love, but I
dunno. We could pretend we love
each other--

He digs his fingers into the nape of her neck.

NELLY (CONT'D)
Oww. What the fuck?
(struggles)
You're hurting me. Let me go--

Nelly starts to bleed.

NELLY (CONT'D)
Stop it, Peter--

PEACOAT
(whisper)
I want to love you.

Tears well up in Nelly's eyes.

NELLY
What are you doing? Stop...

PEACOAT
(whisper)
I want to love you.

He claws at her flesh. She squirms but can't break free.
Blood spills onto the bed sheets.

NELLY
Please Peter. Please--

He traces a hand up to her cheek...

PEACOAT
(whisper)
Give yourself to me--

He digs in-- blood geysers from her face.

NELLY
Help! Anyone... Please...

PEACOAT
(whisper)
Love... me... too--!

He swiftly tears away her cheek. As Nelly screams,

CUT TO BLACK:

OVER BLACK "Do They Know It's Christmas" by Band Aid starts.

INT. PARTY HOUSE/BEDROOM - MORNING

Nelly's party mix plays as Peacoat sleeps.

He slowly wakes and looks around-- the other half of the bed is a bloodbath. Nelly's lifeless body lays in a lump.

PEACOAT
Oh no...

He holds back the vomit, reaches for the lump, rolls it over-- Nelly's face has been completely torn off.

INT. BATHROOM - MORNING

Peacoat stares into the mirror. He nervously lifts his shirt-- chunks of flesh and muscle loosely hang around the growing holes in his chest. The wounds still lightly ooze blood.

He gently touches a gash and winces.

He grabs a hand towel and some medical tape from a drawer and bandages his chest.

INT. PARTY HOUSE/DANCE FLOOR - MORNING

Band Aid continues as Peacoat creeps out of the bedroom. The house is empty-- everyone's gone and the place is a mess.

EXT. PARTY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Peacoat steps out into the chilly morning. He heads for his car-- the only one parked out front.

EXT. PEACOAT'S HOUSE - MORNING

Peacoat's Chevy pulls into the driveway. As he gets out...

MARK (O.S.)
Yo-- bro-in-law!

Mark emerges from the nearby woods with a bag of dog food.

MARK (CONT'D)
Where'd you say he went? I feel
like I covered these woods twice
over.

PEACOAT
I don't know. He just took off.

MARK
I'm getting worried, Pete. I put up
signs, checked everywhere--

Peacoat sheepishly shrugs. Mark suddenly spots something on the ground. He picks up an acorn, displays it.

MARK (CONT'D)
Shit, man... I think this rolled
out your trousers!

Peacoat nods and heads in.

Mark laughs, chucks the acorn at him, returns to the woods.

MARK (CONT'D)
Commando!

PEACOAT'S HOUSE/FOYER

Peacoat makes a beeline for the basement door.

INT. PEACOAT'S HOUSE/LAUNDRY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

He opens the washer-- the stench hits him. He holds his breath as he places the dog carcass into a garbage bag.

He carries the bag out into the

BASEMENT

Peacoat removes a shovel from a storage closet.

He goes to a sliding glass door which looks out to the woods.

He grabs the garbage bag and unlocks the door, when...

Mark walks the edge of the woods. He whistles, calls out the dog's name, sprinkles kibble on the ground.

Peacoat cannot make it outside without being spotted.

PEACOAT

Fuck.

His cell rings-- it's Sam. Mark hears the phone from outside-- he curiously looks over.

Peacoat waves to him and answers the phone.

PEACOAT (CONT'D)

Really bad time. What's the deal?

SAM (O.S.)

You tell me, Leisure Suit Larry.

Peacoat drags the garbage bag back to the storage closet. He returns the shovel and begins rummaging.

PEACOAT

The fuck's that mean?

SAM (O.S.)

I dunno... All night, behind locked doors with Nelly Skylar. And which of her body parts was the recipient of your charitable bonation? Tits, face, toes--?

PEACOAT

I killed her.

SAM (O.S.)

Like in the hip hop sense... You "killed it", "beat that pussy up", that kinda thing?

PEACOAT

I killed Nelly Skylar. Like she's dead. One minute my cock's barrelling towards her uvula, next I know she's torn to shreds.

SAM (O.S.)

Don't tell me this shit, man.

PEACOAT

I was about to cum! You gotta help me--

SAM (O.S.)

What the fuck am I supposed to do?
Don't watch the video anymore.
There, done.

PEACOAT

I didn't watch it! I didn't watch
anything! My eyes were closed! Oh
and I've practically literally torn
my heart out of my chest--

SAM

How's that?

PEACOAT

Self-mutilation. Gets grislier each
time. I don't think I'm making it
through the next one--

SAM (O.S.)

We should talk to Holland.

PEACOAT

No can do. Not him.

SAM (O.S.)

You don't think he'd be an
invaluable resource?

PEACOAT

He's an asshole.

SAM (O.S.)

He's an arrogant nerd. There are
worse types.

PEACOAT

No way.

SAM (O.S.)

Purveyor of fine adult films to the
underage set. A veritable
encyclopedia smutannica. We include
him we may actually figure this
shit out.

PEACOAT

He and I... we don't see eye to
eye. We're not on the same page.
Never have been.

SAM (O.S.)
He's a dick no doubt, but a pretty
harmless one--

PEACOAT
He wouldn't sell to me. Tenth
grade. I tried to buy a login and
password from him.

SAM (O.S.)
What site?

PEACOAT
I don't remember... One with Indian
chicks I think.

SAM (O.S.)
Tandoori ovens dot com?

PEACOAT
Sorry. Native Americans.

SAM (O.S.)
Clay ovens.

PEACOAT
That's it.

SAM (O.S.)
He's sold enema flicks to fifth
graders.

PEACOAT
I know.

SAM (O.S.)
You must've done something.

PEACOAT
Not a thing. He just refused.

SAM (O.S.)
Weird.

PEACOAT
Yeah.

SAM (O.S.)
Nonetheless...

PEACOAT
Just come pick me up.

SAM (O.S.)
Don't fucking try to kill me.

Peacoat hangs up. He pulls a large blue vinyl suitcase from the closet, stuffs the garbage bag inside, zips it closed and turns-- Catligula sits nearby, watching and judging.

INT. PEACOAT'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - LATER

Peacoat hits a bong while CNN plays on TV. He passes the bong to Bernie, who snuggles with Mark.

MARK
We keep you up last night, Acorn?
Every time your sis and I rock that
wheelbarrow *posish* she screams like
a Jonas Brothers fan--

PEACOAT
I wasn't here.

MARK
Score?

BERNIE
Him? With Punxsutawney Phil maybe.

PEACOAT
So now I'm fucking groundhogs?

BERNIE
Woodland creatures, whatever.

NEWSANCHOR
(on TV)
Police across the nation have been
working overtime this holiday
season, as "the trance", as many
are calling it, has replaced tinsel
and cheer with bloodshed and fear.
Conspiracy theories abound.
Answers, unfortunately, are harder
to come by--

MARK
Bull-fucking-shit. All of it.

PEACOAT
(borderline insulted)
And why is that?

MARK

Fear-mongering. Everyone's home for the holidays, the networks cook up a story, keep us glued to the tube.

PEACOAT

This thing is realer than Real Deal Holyfield. Trust me.

BERNIE

After you lost 'Mando?

PEACOAT

This thing's a disease!

MARK

Calling it a disease is disrespectful to all those Howie Mandel-lookin' tots on TV. And to every African kid with a big belly struggling with actual disease.

PEACOAT

It's not like those...

MARK

Science fiction.

PEACOAT

Fine. Keep your eyes closed.

Bernie suspiciously eyes Peacoat.

BERNIE

What's it look like then?

PEACOAT

Forget it.

BERNIE

Acorn...

PEACOAT

If I had to describe it, by appearance only... I'd say it looks like... like euphoria actually...

Peacoat gets lost in a thought. Bernie smirks to herself.

BERNIE

My brother the trancer.

PEACOAT

Fuck that. The past week I've done nothing but get baked and watch CNN. It's how I stay informed.

BERNIE

If that's what you want me to believe. I was just starting to respect you the tiniest bit.

Back on TV: a shot of an army-protected hospital, with HOSPITAL WORKERS wheeling PATIENTS in and out on gurneys.

NEWSANCHOR (O.S.)

The President has declared a state of emergency as decontamination centers have been set-up nationwide. It is asked that everyone stay at home and off the web until more is known.

The doorbell rings. Peacoat goes to answer it.

INT. PEACOAT'S BEDROOM - LATER

Sam sits at the computer as Peacoat smokes weed on his bed.

PEACOAT

So I'm a trancer. That's what they're calling people like me.

Sam logs onto ichat.

SAM

Silence. I'm about to engage Holland in a chat. If he hears or sees you he'll log off.

PEACOAT

Where am I supposed to go?

SAM

I dunno... sit on the floor. Somewhere the camera won't see you.

Peacoat sits on the floor as Sam launches a video chat with HOLLAND OATES-- overweight with long hair and a bushy beard.

SAM (CONT'D)

Holland Oates!

HOLLAND

Wesam Fahmy. What's the word?

SAM

The word is just *Sam* now.

HOLLAND

A name change ain't gonna keep you off any FBI watch list.

SAM

But it may get me cock-deep in lady jam.

HOLLAND

Assimilate then penetrate. I like the way you think. Insider's tip though: name your partner-in-creme.

SAM

Yeah?

HOLLAND

With a name comes respect. Until you respect your man-meat, no chick's gonna.

SAM

And your penile nom de plume?

HOLLAND

Purple Justice.

SAM

Huh. So how's the biz?

HOLLAND

Popular as ever. Who knew college kids were just as hard-up as the new-to-pubes demo?

SAM

So you're pretty up-to-speed on the goings-on in the industry?

HOLLAND

Shit, man. I know who you'll be jerking off to two years from now.

SAM

(conspiratorial)

You heard of this clip that knocks people out? Sends 'em into seizure-like episodes, turns 'em into murderous drones?

Holland takes a long moment, stares Sam down.

HOLLAND
Average Asian girl, yeah?

SAM
Firsthand experience or hearsay?

HOLLAND
Not online, man. Some things-- best
discussed in person. Can you get to
the Apex?

Sam nods.

HOLLAND (CONT'D)
My office is in the back. You're
not still hangin' with the sexless
blunder?

SAM
Miller? He's one of them.

HOLLAND
Don't bring him. A genderless
presence-- bad for biz.

Holland logs off.

I/E. SAM'S FORD PROBE - DAY

Sam drives, Peacoat fiddles with the radio-- Christmas music.

PEACOAT
I don't get the guy's beef--

SAM
I think you're looking too deeply
at it. He simply doesn't like you.

The car pulls in front of a run-down porn theater, sandwiched
between a gun shop and a Pinkberry. As Sam slides out,

SAM (CONT'D)
Seriously, man. Just stay out here.
Don't wanna piss him off.

PEACOAT
Call if there's tracer trouble.

APEX THEATER/LOBBY

Sam approaches a grizzled OCTOGENARIAN working concession.

SAM
Holland Oates?

OCTOGENARIAN
Through the theater, behind the
green door.

Sam gives him a thumbs up.

APEX THEATER

Sam walks the aisle, suspiciously eyeing the FEW SLEAZY
PATRONS enjoying an ear-splittingly loud skin flick.

He heads straight for a green door, just next to the screen.

APEX THEATER/BEHIND THE GREEN DOOR

Dark and quiet-- muffled moaning comes from the theater. Old,
dusty film reels clutter the area.

SAM
Holland? Yo man you here?

No response. Sam creeps up to a closed office door.

SAM (CONT'D)
You in there? Can I come in?

A pause. Then,

HOLLAND (O.S.)
(slow, mechanical)
Who is it?

SAM
Who do you think? It's Sam.

HOLLAND (O.S.)
Come in please.

Sam looks a bit confused as he opens the door.

INT. HOLLAND'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

It's dark-- the curtains are closed, no light breaks through.
The only illumination comes from a TV playing vintage porn.

Sam squints through the darkness.

SAM
Dude-- mind if I turn on a light? I
can't see a fucking thing.
(MORE)

SAM (CONT'D)
 (waits for response)
 Hello? You here?

Sam hits a lamp, scans the room-- no Holland.

SAM (CONT'D)
 What the hell, man? If you're in
 the trance, I swear to God...

Sam goes to Holland's computer, pulls it out of sleep mode--
 the "average Asian girl" site is up.

SAM (CONT'D)
 Shit...

A sudden "ding"-- new e mail. Sam opens it: "Trance The Night
 Away-- Tonight! 7503 Labyrinth Rd. 10ish. Guests encouraged."

SAM (CONT'D)
 The fuck...?

Sam senses something, spins around-- he's face to face with
 Holland, eyes closed, grinning, and pawing at his chest.

HOLLAND
 I am orgasm.

SAM
 Huh--?

Holland lunges-- he grips Sam's neck and begins to squeeze.

SAM (CONT'D)
 Dude... please... It's Sam--

Holland hurls Sam across the room-- he crashes to the floor.
 Holland moves in, claws at Sam's neck and face. Blood spills.

SAM (CONT'D)
 Please stop--

Holland lifts Sam by the collar and throws him onto a couch.

SAM (CONT'D)
 Are you gonna rape me? Cuz if you
 are I'd rather you just tear my
 face off right now--

Holland crawls towards him, digging deeper into his chest.

SAM (CONT'D)
 Seriously man--

HOLLAND
I am orgasm.

SAM
Fine but no rape--

EXT. APEX THEATER - CONTINUOUS

Peacoat waits in the car, bored to tears. He quietly listens to Christmas music on the radio.

He opens his cell and scrolls to Valentine's number. His finger hovers over the "send" button. Yet he can't press it. After a moment he closes the phone.

He fiddles with the radio, flips on a news station.

REPORTER (O.S.)
In local news, District police
dealt with an horrific discovery at
a Dupont Circle apartment complex--
54 Connecticut Avenue--

Kaiser's building! Peacoat raises the volume.

REPORTER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
--resembled something out of a
horror movie, as twenty-three
bodies, all showing signs of
vicious Trancer attack, were
discovered in every unit. Thus far,
there have been no reports of
survivors--

Suddenly, two camouflage jeeps speed down the street and SCREECH to a halt in front of the theater.

PEACOAT
What the fuck...?

EIGHT ARMY GUYS file out and noisily march inside.

INT. HOLLAND'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Holland grips Sam's neck with one hand as the other intensely claws at his own chest.

The army guys storm the room.

ARMY GUY #1
Move in! Trancer's at stage five!
Repeat, stage five! Bring him in
with a pulse, boys--

Holland tears into his own chest cavity. Blood geysers.

One army guy removes a tazer, brings it to the back of Holland's head.

The guy squeezes the trigger-- ZAP! Holland's body tightens then goes limp. He collapses on top of Sam.

ARMY GUY #1 (CONT'D)
All clear. Let's shit-bag this
orca!

Sam peers out from underneath Holland's large, limp body.

Two army guys lift Holland, zip him into a mesh body bag and carry him out.

SAM
Thanks.

Sam goes to a mirror and cleans blood off his face.

SAM (CONT'D)
So clearly you guys are monitoring
the site. You must be government
muscle, am I right?
(pause, no answer)
But when did they declare martial
law? I never heard a thing--

Sam looks up-- Peacoat stands behind him.

SAM (CONT'D)
Day late, dollar short.

PEACOAT
Looks like you didn't need my ass.

SAM
He practically killed himself.

PEACOAT
Is it me or are these dudes
ignoring us?

SAM
No I noticed that.

The army guys case the room, not acknowledging the boys.

PEACOAT
This is kinda awkward, right?

SAM

A little.

PEACOEAT

Like we should at least exchange
pleasantries.

SAM

I tried. Nothing.

A silent moment as Sam finishes cleaning blood off his face.

PEACOEAT

So...

SAM

Splitsville?

PEACOEAT

Sure.

The two ever-so-awkwardly walk out, weaving around army guys.

EXT. PEACOEAT'S HOUSE/WOODS - NIGHT

Mark stands near the edge of the woods. He whistles loudly.

MARK

Commando! Here boy!
(shakes kibble)
'Mando? C'mere!

A sudden meow draws his attention. Another meow. And another.

He follows the mewling into the backyard-- behind the sliding
glass door leading to the basement is Catligula. The cat
stares Mark down.

MARK (CONT'D)

What do you want, Puss? If it's
grub look to your boy Pete.

More mewling. The cat paws at the door.

MARK (CONT'D)

This better be important is all I'm
saying. Cuz you're not getting a
morsel outta me.

Mark opens the door and steps into the

BASEMENT

He squats to eye level with Catligula.

MARK

So what's your damage, feline?

Catligula meows then takes off.

Annoyed, Mark follows the cat towards the storage closet.

INT. PEACOCK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Peacock sits at his computer studying a news site. Sam lounges on the bed.

PEACOCK

Says here they've been collecting trancers about a day, anyone who's visited the site.

SAM

Does it say what they're doing with said trancers?

PEACOCK

"Studying all specimens in an effort to end this epidemic."

SAM

Ominously vague... So basically we'll never see Holland again.

PEACOCK

They can't just make people... *citizens* disappear.

SAM

I never got to tell him.

PEACOCK

What's that?

SAM

I named my partner-in-creme.

PEACOCK

Yeah?

SAM

I thought long and hard, so to speak. Really weighed the options.

PEACOAT
And?

SAM
Lance.

PEACOAT
Hmmm.

SAM
Both name and phallic noun.

PEACOAT
Got it.

SAM
What if they come for you?

PEACOAT
Haven't been to the site in the
last twenty-four.

Sam thinks a minute.

SAM
When I was at Holland's, before he
jumped me, I saw an invite in his e
mail. Said "Trance the Night Away."

PEACOAT
Seriously?

SAM
If I made that shit up I woulda
said "Trance Party U.S.A." Or "The
Politics of Trancing." Something
more clever.

Peacoat is hit with a thought. He checks his e mail.

PEACOAT
I'm invited too...

SAM
Wow. Hear that?

PEACOAT
Huh?

SAM
The pop of your party-invitation
hymen. So we checkin' it out?

PEACOAT
Negative. Last party *I* attended--

SAM
You murdered another human being?

PEACOAT
Yeah... I was thinking more of the
Valentine situation.

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Mark opens the storage closet-- intense stench hits him. He
pinches his nose as Catligula calmly sits by his feet.

The cat paws at the blue vinyl suitcase.

MARK
Jesus, man. Whatchu got in there?

Mark unzips the luggage-- he curiously removes a garbage bag.

Catligula casually walks off.

Mark opens the bag and peers in-- he gags, chokes on tears.

MARK (CONT'D)
Commando...

INT. PEACOAT'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

PEACOAT
I just don't get why she has to
return right around the time I
start spontaneously killing things.

SAM
If you didn't have buzzard's luck--

PEACOAT
I'd have no luck at all.

Peacoat's cell rings.

PEACOAT (CONT'D)
Shit!

SAM
Huh?

PEACOAT
It's Val!

SAM
So answer it.

PEACOAT
I'm letting it go to voicemail. I
tend to fuck up when it's live--

Sam pries the phone away, flips it open and hands it back.

PEACOAT (CONT'D)
Hello?

VALENTINE (O.S.)
(whisper)
Hey.

PEACOAT
This is a surprise. A pleasant one.
I'm sorry about pissing you off at
the party--

VALENTINE (O.S.)
(whisper)
Shut up-- can you hear me ok?

PEACOAT
Of course.

VALENTINE (O.S.)
(whisper)
You gotta get over here.

PEACOAT
Where?

VALENTINE (O.S.)
(whisper)
That "Trance the Night Away" party.
Were you not invited?

PEACOAT
You shouldn't be there-- it's
dangerous. You gotta split--

VALENTINE (O.S.)
(whispers)
It's a normal party. Some familiar
faces. Just... one very odd guest.

Loud knocking is heard in the background.

VALENTINE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 (whisper)
 Shit-- I'm hiding in the bathroom.
 Natives are restless. Get here and
 find me--

Her phone cuts out.

PEACOAT
 Hello?

Nothing. She's gone.

PEACOAT (CONT'D)
 She's at the party. Said to come.

SAM
 Good thing I brought my *trancin'*
 shoes--

BERNIE (O.S.)
 Doth mine ears deceive me?

Sam panics. Bernie opens the door, steps inside.

BERNIE (CONT'D)
 They doth not. It *is* my favorite
 scat-lover!

SAM
 And how are you, Bernice?

BERNIE
 What I've been trying to figure out
 the past three years is, are you
 simply a fecal fetishist? Or are
 you that narcissistic that even
 your own waste turns you on?

MARK (O.S.)
 A deer...

Everyone turns to see Mark in the doorway, clutching the dog-
 carcass-filled garbage bag.

MARK (CONT'D)
 A fucking deer... That my best
 friend chased into the woods... As
 if what you did isn't horrific
 enough-- you decide to lie, make a
 fool of me. Disrespect me.

PEACOAT
I respect you, Mark--

Mark punches a hole in Peacoat's door.

MARK
Do not shit me! You're four red
cunt hairs from Charlize playing
you in a flick. You're a sick fuck,
torturing the innocent--

PEACOAT
That's not true.

Mark, wild-eyed, tosses the garbage bag into the room.
Peacoat, Sam and Bernie recoil from the stench.

MARK
Here's how it's going down, Dr.
Giggles-- Step one: I'm calling the
appropriate authorities. They will
take you away-- to a "Ha Ha House",
a loony bin, wherever they keep
your sick kind. Two: when you get
outta the straightjacket it's
reparations time-- you're gonna
live out your days volunteering for
PETA or the ASPCA. Something
that'll keep you poor. And lastly,
you're gonna wear a "Hello my name
is" sticker on that ratty-ass coat
24-7, but instead of "Peter" it'll
say "Puppy Killer." The only reason
the previously mentioned doesn't
include a painful public fisting--
that's outta respect to that hot
piece of ass with whom you share
genes. Now go give my fallen
soldier a hero's burial.

He storms off, leaving the bag in the center of the room.

MARK (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Tell al-Zargawi he's pallbearer!

Peacoat shoots Sam a look.

BERNIE
(sadistic grin)
So euphoria, huh? Like what?
Rollin' balls on E?

Peacoat just shakes his head in disbelief.

EXT. PEACOAT'S HOUSE/BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Sam carries the garbage bag, Peacoat holds a shovel.

SAM
We're not really doing this, are
we? I don't excel at manual labor.

Peacoat offers Sam the shovel.

SAM (CONT'D)
I don't want it. We audi, yeah?

PEACOAT
I am.

Peacoat grabs his car keys.

PEACOAT (CONT'D)
You gotta cover me. Gimme a head
start. They can't know I'm gone.

Sam eyes him-- this is the last thing he wants to do.

PEACOAT (CONT'D)
I gotta do this. It lessens the
effect if we show up together. From
Val's standpoint.

SAM
This is like Ash rolling up
somewhere without Pikachu. It's
just nonsensical.

PEACOAT
And can you please bury Commando?

SAM
Want me to bake a fucking sponge
cake while you're out too?

Peacoat eyes his friend-- "not now."

SAM (CONT'D)
It's just not cool. I bet trancer-
chicks hump like Quasimodo--

PEACOAT
Remember when we left Kaiser's and
I thought maybe we should stick
around but you wanted to get your
drink on, smoke on--

SAM

And my potential poke on.

PEACOAT

As we drove home he murdered every resident of the building. Twenty-three people in all. Made the news.

SAM

And this concerns my burgeoning sex life how?

PEACOAT

Valentine's at a party full of Kaisers. I save her life--

SAM

Think you're gonna get laid?

PEACOAT

Heroes usually do.

SAM

And the fact that you've recently taken to murder yourself?

Peacoat thinks a long moment. He's stumped.

PEACOAT

I dunno. Just please-- be my friend and cover my ass. Then you can attempt to hump anything you like.

After a long moment, Sam grabs the shovel.

INT. PEACOAT'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bernie sits at Peacoat's computer-- she scrolls through his web history. She finally finds the sought-after link...

The familiar sounds of the average Asian girl commence.

EXT. BACKYARD - LATER

Sam begrudgingly digs a hole in the snowy ground.

INT. CHEVY CAVALIER - CONTINUOUS

Peacoat speeds along a rural road. He opens his cell, dials.

VALENTINE (O.S.)

(voicemail)

Hey you've reached Valentine--

He hangs up.

INT. BEDROOM - A LITTLE LATER

Mark lays in bed watching "Commando" on TV. Holes have been punched in the surrounding walls.

In "Commando" ARNIE has just killed a GUY on a plane and disguised him so he looks like he's sleeping.

ARNOLD SCHWARZENEGGAR
(on TV, to stewardess)
Don't disturb my friend-- he is
dead tired.

Mark loses it-- head in hands, he sobs. After a moment he starts punching the bed. Suddenly,

BERNIE (O.S.)
You're hot when you're violent.

Mark looks-- tranced-up Bernie stands in the doorway. Her eyes are closed and she gently paws at her left breast.

MARK
Did you see what your twisted fuck
of a brother did to 'Mando?

Bernie shuts the door and slowly walks towards Mark.

BERNIE
I'm your hot piece of ass.

MARK
Not now, Bern.

BERNIE
Treat me like your hot piece of
ass...

MARK
Babe, please-- you're being
inappropriate.

Bernie crawls in bed, snakes her arms around his shoulders.

BERNIE
I wanna wheelbarrow--

MARK
I'm not feeling very sexual right
now, ok?

BERNIE
I wanna be your sexual pushcart--

MARK
Bernie, enough!

BERNIE
Shhhh...

Bernie lightly strokes his cheek with her free hand.

MARK
Babe, I appreciate the distraction,
but your brother-- he needs to be
locked away. He's demented.

BERNIE
I know...

MARK
You do? Good.

BERNIE
I do...

MARK
So how about you let me finish my
tribute--

BERNIE
After...

MARK
After what? After we fuck? No. This
needs to be done. For 'Mando--

BERNIE
After please...

MARK
Bern, you're not making any
sense...

She slowly stops stroking his cheek. A moment of stillness.
Mark looks at her, confused.

BERNIE
After this--

Bernie tears at his cheek. Mark screams, clutches his wound.

EXT. BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Sam buries Commando.

Mark's screams are heard from inside-- he bolts.

HALLWAY

Sam races to the bedroom as Mark's final screams fade into silence. He grabs the doorknob, holds it shut.

SAM

Bernice! You in there?

Bernie breathes heavily. Finally,

BERNIE (O.S.)

Yes... I'm shaking...

SAM

It's ok... Just relax...

BERNIE (O.S.)

I want more... I want it to happen again...

She lightly scratches at the door.

BERNIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I need more... Can I be your hot piece of ass--?

Sam smiles at the prospect, when--

A deafening CRASH from downstairs.

A flurry of footsteps storm the house.

A team of ARMY GUYS march upstairs, past Sam and storm the

BEDROOM

Bernie lunges at the first Army Guy-- she grips his neck, draws blood, and tosses him aside.

SAM

(from doorway)

Bernie-- no! Stop!

The other Army Guys ready their machine guns and close in.

SAM (CONT'D)

Hey... Yo... Bernice!

Bernie's ready to pounce.

SAM (CONT'D)
You are my hot piece of ass...

Bernie turns to him, distracted.

Suddenly-- bloody Army Guy leaps up, tazer aimed-- ZAP!

The electric currents drop her to the floor.

ARMY GUY
Trancer down! Get this sushi to go,
boys! Shit-bag the bitch!

EXT. MANSION - NIGHT

The huge home is the only one for miles.

Peacoat parks amidst the long line of cars on the street. He eyes drunken PARTY GOERS as he heads in.

Pale Kid (from Nelly's) waits by the door, clipboard-in-hand.

PALE KID
Trance Armstrong!

PEACOAT
That me?

PALE KID
What's the deal? Welcome, welcome--

PEACOAT
Everyone's really into word-play it seems. Why is that?

PALE KID
All scenes have their own lingo--
beatniks, hippies... Glad you came!

PEACOAT
Yeah. Quite a trek out here--

PALE KID
And well worth it.
(checks watch)
The witching hour's almost upon us.

PEACOAT
Don't you mean the *trancing* hour?

PALE KID

No.

Awkward silence.

PEACOAT

Well ok. See you in there.

PALE KID

(blocks his entry)

One rule, Armstrong: it's a mobile-free zone inside. Phones, laptops, wireless gadgets-- you use 'em, we trash 'em. What can I say? Trance governs all...

Peacoat nods as he heads in.

INT. MANSION - CONTINUOUS

Usual displays of drinking, dancing and drugging-- all amidst Christmas decor. Flat screen monitors occupy every free inch of wall space-- they flash candid photos of PARTYERS.

Peacoat scans the room... Some familiar faces, yet no Val.

Suddenly, the ELECTRONIC MUSIC from the "average Asian girl" clip kicks in. The CROWD buzzes with excitement.

Peacoat stands confused in the middle of the dance floor.

The lights dim. The crowd cheers. The music builds...

As the music climaxes-- each monitor flashes porn of a different kind: bondage, lesbian, orgies, GILFs, everything.

A MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN next to Peacoat focuses intently on one monitor in which a FAT HAIRY MAN in a diaper jumps rope.

The woman cannot look away. She touches herself... Suddenly, she drops to the floor, pouring sweat, convulsing.

PEACOAT

Fuck...

Other Partyers drop as well. Bodies writhe across the floor.

Peacoat weaves through the packed dance room, up into the

UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Slightly calmer-- a long hallway lined with closed doors. Scantly-clad BIMBOS and shirtless BOYS wander throughout.

Peacoat tries to open the first door-- it's locked.

PEACOAT
(knocks)
Val?!?!

MAN (O.S.)
Fuck you!

Peacoat goes to the next door-- also locked. He pounds on it.

GRAVEL-VOICED WOMAN (O.S.)
Who's that?

PEACOAT
Umm, name's Peter. I'm looking for--

GRAVEL-VOICED WOMAN (O.S.)
You sound hairless.

PEACOAT
Huh?

GRAVEL-VOICED WOMAN (O.S.)
And shy. Are you bashful--?

PEACOAT
Thank you.

As he bangs on the next door...

DR. KAISER (O.S.)
Miller-- Ol' Doc Feelgood is in...

Peacoat looks up-- Kaiser, dressed in a sharp suit, stands at the end of the hallway. He holds a door open.

DR. KAISER (CONT'D)
C'mon-- hugs.

Peacoat doesn't move.

DR. KAISER (CONT'D)
Peter...

PEACOAT
This is a little strange, right?
Being at the same party?

DR. KAISER
One man's strange makes another
man's day.

PEACOAT
(re: bimbos and boys)
And these folks?

DR. KAISER
Hookers and rent boys. The help.
(motions with his head)
C'mere-- you won't wanna be out in
the open much longer.

PEACOAT
You about to trance the night away?

DR. KAISER
That's more of a secondary
priority. I'm here, first and
foremost, as field researcher. See
above all I'm a man of science.

PEACOAT
Caught your handywork on the news.
Alotta science go into that--?

DR. KAISER
The early's are gonna rise any
minute now. And I'm gonna hafta
close and lock this door. Will it
only be Valentine who's safely
behind it?

Peacoat eyes Kaiser. A chorus of screams commence downstairs--
the hookers and rent boys scurry behind closed doors.

INT. PALATIAL BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Kaiser deadbolts the door.

Peacoat takes in the room-- a lavish canopy bed, towering oak
bookshelves, a fireplace with dancing flames.

Valentine sits by the fire in a large leather chair.

PEACOAT
(re: Kaiser)
The "one very odd guest"...?

VALENTINE
I had yet to see the prostitutes.

PEACOAT
You ok?

Kaiser lays on his side on the canopy bed.

DR. KAISER
 She's just fine. We're all just
 fine. Everyone's safe in here.

PEACOEAT
 Unless, of course, you trance-out
 and kill us.

DR. KAISER
 I could say the same to you, Peter.

Peacoat looks at Val.

VALENTINE
 He already told me-- your cat.

PEACOEAT
 And Nelly Skylar.

VALENTINE
 No...

Peacoat sheepishly nods.

DR. KAISER
 Peter, have a seat. Get comfy.

Peacoat sits in a leather chair adjacent to Valentine as
 Kaiser scoots to the edge of the bed.

DR. KAISER (CONT'D)
 Yoshiko! Sakura! Come meet my
 friends!

YOSHIKO and SAKURA-- two sultry, freshly-showered Japanese
 hookers slink in from the bathroom. A towel clings to each.

DR. KAISER (CONT'D)
 Pete, Val-- say hi to Yosh and Sak.

The girls crawl on the bed and embrace Kaiser from behind.

DR. KAISER (CONT'D)
 Between the two of 'em-- not one
 lick of English.

Kaiser deep-tongues Sakura then turns back to Peacoat and
 Val. Yoshiko caresses his chest.

DR. KAISER (CONT'D)
 Introspection, abstract reasoning,
 analytic thought... all uniquely
 human qualities, yes?

PEACOAT

As proven on "Rock of Love."

DR. KAISER

Thing is, Peter-- everything in life needs balance. Every Yin has a Yang. And to the human experience it's the orgasm-- the perfect antidote to the curse of a powerful mind. A brief, simple escape from reflecting on the shittiness of existence. This trance, its more than just an escape. It's a gift.

PEACOAT

Call me old-fashioned but I'll just shoot a load.

DR. KAISER

Well what's replaced your *load* lasts longer, is more intense, is more free of thought. It evolves... It's almost a living organism!

PEACOAT

Doc, I've never gotten laid! You know this. I'll be damned if that's gonna remain fact for the next sixty years--

Kaiser chuckles to himself.

DR. KAISER

This is starting to feel better. More comfortable, yeah? Just like in the office.

Kaiser crosses his legs, looks "professional."

DR. KAISER (CONT'D)

So, you two, tell me why you're here.

VALENTINE

Ummm... I thought it was a party?

DR. KAISER

And it is, my dear. Peter?

PEACOAT

Well... I sorta came here... to rescue her.

DR. KAISER
How heroic! How valiant!

PEACOEAT
Not if I botch it.

DR. KAISER
But an average schlub like yourself
would normally never be here in the
first place. Why now?

PEACOEAT
Are you gonna bill me for this? Cuz
honestly I'm strapped--

DR. KAISER
Avoidance, Peter--

PEACOEAT
Why now...?

Peacoat thinks a long moment.

PEACOEAT (CONT'D)
Val and I-- we shared an experience
that rocked her world. Not in a
good way. And if she's at this
party she's gonna get her face torn
off. And frankly I can't live with
the guilt of knowing that I fucked
her up for much of her short life.

VALENTINE
Thanks...

DR. KAISER
It amuses me how important the past
becomes when the future's in peril--

PEACOEAT
I'd still call your past important.
What you did to those twenty-three
people...

DR. KAISER
I had to. Couldn't help myself. It
feels like... like fucking someone
with God's penis!

PEACOEAT
A man of science, through and
through--

DR. KAISER

I really do wanna learn how to treat this thing. I have a reputation to uphold.

VALENTINE

But you don't wanna treat yourself.

DR. KAISER

It's much too freeing. An ideal sidekick to a developing mid-life crisis.

PEACOCK

Sounds to me like you want your cake... and Edith too.

Kaiser smirks knowingly.

DR. KAISER

Know what "projective identification" is, Peter?

Peacock shrugs.

DR. KAISER (CONT'D)

Well let's say one assumes that others hate them when in fact they have no idea. Yet they act as if everyone hates them, which in turn makes them legitimately despised.

PEACOCK

Self-fulfilling prophecies.

DR. KAISER

"I'm ugly", "My grades are shit", "People don't like me."

PEACOCK

True, true, and true.

DR. KAISER

Doesn't count if you "botch" this rescue mission... It's very crafty how you set things up. So no one notices when you fail...

PEACOCK

Low expectations are like a warm, cozy blanket.

DR. KAISER

Or perhaps a vintage naval *peacoat*?
 (off Peacoat's smirk)
 Yet you've obviously convinced
 yourself that heroism is the
 ultimate goal.

Peacoat thinks on this.

DR. KAISER (CONT'D)

Well what's it gonna be? Jack T.
 Colton or your dear old granddad?
 The soldier of fortune on a
 dangerous treasure hunt or the
 safely content yet never heroic
 member of the coast guard?

PEACOAT

I don't know...

Yoshiko/Sakura massage Kaiser's crotch-- he starts to sweat.

DR. KAISER

Well unfortunately you just might
 have to choose between the two.
 (wipes sweat from face)
 Wicked wiles-- my girls here, they
 got 'em in spades... And, well they
 seem to be affecting me.

PEACOAT

So we stay here with you or leave.
 Either way we go out fighting, Jack
 Colton-style.

DR. KAISER

Either way is a gallows walk...
 Heroes are merely fools with large
 egos. Survival's more your cup of
 tea. Kinda runs in your family.

Peacoat studies Kaiser.

DR. KAISER (CONT'D)

Peter, you introduced me to this
 same glorious world that you
 continually reject. And for what?
 To pursue the pedestrian rite of
 passage that is "penis-in-vagina"?

PEACOAT

Penis in mouth or ass would
 suffice.

DR. KAISER
Well I'd like to repay your
introduction with a re-
introduction. Embrace it with me...
Save yourself--

VALENTINE
Whoa-- hold up...

Kaiser foams at the mouth. Peacoat studies Valentine.

DR. KAISER
(can barely speak)
Yoshiko... Sakura... Make nice,
will ya?

Kaiser weakly pushes their heads together. The girls get the
gist: Yoshiko and Sakura passionately kiss...

Peacoat, wide-eyed, gets momentarily lost in the lesbian
display. Val watches him with disbelief. Finally,

VALENTINE
Ummm... Pete?

He snaps out of it, turns to her-- his face pours sweat.

INT. MANSION/DANCE FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Music blares, strobe lights flash and porno plays on the
monitors as hordes of Partyers convulse on the floor.

A few NON-TRANCERS huddle powerlessly in the corner.

Sam creeps in, eyes wide, a bookbag strapped to his back. He
cautiously steps over convulsing bodies. He scans the room...

The Pale Kid is the last one standing on the dance floor. His
eyes are locked on a monitor-- it plays a gangbang scene.

Sam races over.

SAM
Yo!

Throughout the conversation Pale Kid faces away, his gaze
never leaves the monitor. He speaks slowly, softly.

SAM (CONT'D)
Hey yo-- what's happening?

PALE KID
Feeling good...

SAM

Are you like trancing out?

He starts to sweat and shake a bit.

PALE KID

I said I'm feeling good...

SAM

(looks at monitor)

But I see no average Asian girl in
that fleshy daisy chain. Where's
the clip?

PALE KID

The clip... only plants the seed...

He shakes uncontrollably.

SAM

You're about to drop--

PALE KID

Will you be here when I rise? Like
a phoenix from the ashes...

His twitching hits a fever pitch. Sam reaches into his
backpack and removes the laser tag gun and helmet.

PALE KID (CONT'D)

Stay. You stay... watch me explode--

SAM

Sorry, man. No can do. I gotta weed
dealer to support and an unwatched
"Eyes Wide Shut" Euro-release DVD.

PALE KID

Phones... laptops... wireless
gadgets... you use... we trash--

In a swift motion Sam slams the helmet on his head and ZAP!
Point blank-- Pale Kid hits the floor, unconscious.

An iphone spills out of Pale Kid's pocket. Sam eyes it, picks
it up-- he types in the "average Asian girl" website.

SAM

Come hither, you average-looking
wench of the Orient...

Sam watches the phone as the page loads, when--

A TRANCER GIRL grabs him from behind.

Sam whips around, stuffs the helmet on her head and fires.

The Trancer Girl flies back and drops.

Sam smiles to himself, scans the room...

INT. PRIVATE CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

Yoshiko and Sakura still intensely make out. Peacoat sweats, shakes, and steals glances as he tries to focus on Val.

VALENTINE

What the hell are you doing? I'd think your fantasies were less cliché than simple girl-on-girl--

PEACOCK

(voice quivering)

Sorry. It's just I've seen this in pics, videos... but in the flesh, the beauty of a sapphic liplock--

VALENTINE

Is gonna get me killed! You gotta stop it!

PEACOCK

I don't think I can... I think it's too late...

DR. KAISER

(intensely convulsing)

Give in to it, Peter.

Peacoat wipes sweat from his brow.

DR. KAISER (CONT'D)

Just one spark... one lusty spark. It's survival and pleasure...

Valentine pleads with her eyes.

DR. KAISER (CONT'D)

Your very own cake and Edith... together at last!

Peacoat shakes and sweats yet his eyes are locked on Val.

PEACOCK

Yeah but... I think in this case...

DR. KAISER
 (almost out)
 Yes, Peter?

Peacoat struggles to his feet...

PEACOEAT
 Right now all I want... is Edith.

He leans into Val, grabs her by the shoulders. She flinches.

PEACOEAT (CONT'D)
 (struggles to speak)
 Kick me... in the... nuts.

VALENTINE
 Huh?

PEACOEAT
 I have a theory. A work-around of
 sorts---

THWAK! Val knees Peacoat in the groin. He doubles over, takes
 deeeeeeep breaths, fights off the pain.

VALENTINE
 Well? Now what?

As Peacoat's convulsions begin to subside...

PEACOEAT
 You went to Kaiser cuz of me.
 (extends his hand)
 Maybe you'll leave him cuz of me
 too...

She takes a moment, cautiously grabs his hand and rises.

Yoshiko and Sakura start screaming in Japanese-- Kaiser is
 unconscious, convulsing and covered in sweat.

VALENTINE
 (motions for them)
 Yoshiko! Sakura!

Confused and frantic, the girls grab their purses. The four
 race to the door. Peacoat nervously opens it--

Sam waits-- the laser tag set aimed and ready.

SAM
 Your ass almost got "lanced."

VALENTINE
Like a wart?

SAM
(re: laser tag gun)
It's what I named this puppy.

PEACOAT
After his cock.

Sam's gaze falls on Yoshiko and Sakura.

SAM
Well, konnichiwa miladies...

PEACOAT
That's Yoshiko and Sakura. Dr.
Kaiser's hookers. Speak zero
English.

SAM
And Kaiser?

PEACOAT
Trancing out over my shoulder.

SAM
Should I "lance" him?

PEACOAT
If you're referring to your gun.

Sam walks to the bed, wedges the helmet onto Kaiser's head.

SAM
Hope no one minds. I called in the
Band of Brothers...

He removes the Pale Kid's iphone (playing the "average Asian
girl" clip) and slides it in Kaiser's pants pocket.

He raises the gun--

SAM (CONT'D)
Welcome to the party, pal--

Kaiser reaches up and grips Sam's neck.

DR. KAISER
My love spills...

He tosses Sam across the room. The gun and helmet go flying.

Peacoat protects the girls as he fights off a relapse of the convulsions and sweating. Sakura fearfully sobs.

Sam groggily looks up from the floor as Kaiser sits up in bed, eyes closed and grinning.

He unbuttons his dress shirt and reveals a deep, scabby, bloody gash over his heart. He claws at it.

DR. KAISER (CONT'D)
My love spills with you, Peter.

Blood bubbles from his chest as Kaiser crawls off the bed.

VALENTINE
What's he doing? He's gonna kill himself!

Peacoat trembles as he lifts his shirt and reveals his bloody chest wound to Val. She cringes.

PEACOAT
Happens to the best of us. If I don't make it, tell people I went out with my heart on my sleeve...

Val sadly takes in his weakening state...

Sakura sees Kaiser and Peacoat's bloody chests, makes a connection. She freaks. Sobbing uncontrollably, she pushes Peacoat aside and bolts out of the room.

YOSHIKO
(frantic, in Japanese)
Sakura! Sakura! No!

Seconds later, a deafening DEATH-SCREAM comes from the hall. Peacoat and Val share a look-- Sakura didn't make it.

Kaiser stands over a battered, helpless Sam. As he leans in,

DR. KAISER
Spill love with me, Peter.

Peacoat's face pours sweat. He shakes. Kaiser claws at Sam's neck with one hand, his own messy chest with the other.

DR. KAISER (CONT'D)
Spill love...

Peacoat eyes the laser tag set on the floor in the far corner of the room.

A sudden TIRE SCREECH outside.

Through the window Peacoat spots four jeeps pull up. A team of ARMY GUYS storm the house.

Peacoat turns to Val.

PEACOAT

Again... Kick me in the--

Thwak!!! She kicks him hard in the balls.

Peacoat breathes deep and stumbles for the laser tag. He scoops it up, slams the helmet on Kaiser's head and-- ZAP!!!

Kaiser's body tightens, then collapses onto the floor.

Peacoat helps Sam to his feet as three army guys invade the room. They head straight for Kaiser (and ignore the kids).

ARMY GUY

Looks dormant. Repeat, dormant.

(checks Kaiser's body)

McSteamy here was one flesh rip away from tearing his ticker--

SAM

That was my friend's doing. Saved his life. And mine--

ARMY GUY

(still ignoring)

Neutralize and shit-bag him, boys!

Sam shakes his head in disbelief.

DANCE FLOOR

A strobe light partially illuminates an orgy of chaos-- hookers and rent boys get torn to shreds as Army Guys haphazardly "taze and bag" trancers. This is a war zone.

Peacoat, Valentine, Sam and Yoshiko descend the stairs and step onto the floor-- the strobe adds to the disorientation.

As they move, Val wipes sweat from Peacoat's face and holds him up, as he "lance's" a path to the front door.

As they near their escape, Peacoat falls to the ground. He uncontrollably shakes.

Trancers begin to move towards the group.

VALENTINE

On your feet, Bernie Lomax! Wanna
get... shit-bagged?

Spittle leaks from his mouth. The trancers close in.

Val picks him up, stares at him deeply. Then... Thwak!!! She
punches him in the balls. As he weakly reflects the pain...

VALENTINE (CONT'D)

C'mon!

EXT. MANSION - CONTINUOUS

The four spill out on the empty, garbage-littered front lawn.

Peacoat lays sprawled on the ground-- the trance/testicle
abuse are taking its toll.

Yoshiko, still miraculously in her towel, sobs as she
frantically rummages through her purse.

SAM

So now what?

VALENTINE

What do you mean? We leave.

SAM

Yeah but we all drove. What do we
caravan outta here?

VALENTINE

That's a terrible idea. None of us
should be alone.

PEACOAT

Then whose car--?

Sudden jingling draws their attention-- Yoshiko clutches a
set of keys and heads for a gold Bentley.

SAM

Fuck. Yoshiko's stackin' paper...

Yoshiko opens the door and waves them over.

Sam and Val help Peacoat to the car. Sam hops in shotgun, Val
and Peacoat get in the back. Yoshiko guns the engine...

INT. BENTLEY - MOMENTS LATER

The Bentley races down a dark tree-lined road.

Peacoat leans against the window-- he's covered in sweat and shakes uncontrollably. Valentine watches with concern.

Sam ogles Yoshiko's towel, barely clinging to her breasts.

SAM
One pothole and it's "tune in
Tokyo"--

On cue, the car hits a bump-- Yoshiko's towel drops exposing her breasts. She could care less.

SAM (CONT'D)
(under his breath)
Let them titties hang, girl...
(deep breath, to everyone)
Cupid's arrow has pierced my loins.

Peacoat struggles to smile through his worsening state.

VALENTINE
We're losing him, Sam! And I don't
think he can take another shot to
the babymakers--

SAM
You can't wait a few? I'm nursing a
serious hankerin' for dairy.

Peacoat shakes intensely, leaks spittle and sweat, goes limp.

VALENTINE
He's out! Gimme the helmet!

Sam, annoyed, takes his eyes off Yoshiko's tits and passes the helmet back to Val. She tenderly straps it onto his head.

Sam readies the gun-- he brings it to Peacoat's forehead.

VALENTINE (CONT'D)
This is safe, yeah?

SAM
I shot him the other day. He
survived.

Sam thinks a second.

SAM (CONT'D)
Of course I since upped the voltage
to two-hundred k.

VALENTINE
From?

SAM
Seventy-thou.

VALENTINE
What?

SAM
It's fine. Trust me.

VALENTINE
You tested it?

SAM
On a gerbil...

Sam thinks... his face reflects the fate of the gerbil.

SAM (CONT'D)
But Pete and a gerbil... two very
different species.

VALENTINE
This is insane--

SAM
I once thought that about making
love to a cored-apple. Now it's my
preferred method--

VALENTINE
Then just do it already!

ZAP! Sam shoots Peacoat-- his body tightens, then goes limp.

SAM
Done. Let's go home...

Sam's gaze immediately returns to Yoshiko's breasts.

SAM (CONT'D)
And Yoshiko-- take the scenic
route.

She hasn't a clue. As the car continues...

FADE OUT.

Over black, John Lennon's "Happy Xmas (War Is Over)" plays.

A TITLE CARD reads "5 Days Later-- Xmas Morn"

INT. PEACOCK'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Peacock stirs awake in bed. He looks at his desk-- a new alarm clock with a bow around it flashes 10:00 am.

On his bare chest is a clean bandage. He peers underneath the bandage-- his self-inflicted wound has started to heal.

MUFFLED CONVERSATION comes from downstairs.

As Peacock shuts off the alarm he catches his reflection in the mirror-- dried red liquid is smeared across his mouth and chin. His face sinks. He's killed again...

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The room is awash in Christmas decorations.

Peacock enters and stands in the doorway: Sam hangs ornaments on a Christmas tree/smokes a bong while Yoshiko sits on the floor intensely studying a driver's license.

SAM

Your boy JC woulda been none-too-pleased had you slept through his birthday. So Santa brought you a new alarm--

PEACOCK

Who's dead?

SAM

Ummm... no one?

PEACOCK

(points to mouth)

What the fuck is this? Unless I'm shedding the lining of my uterus through my mouth, someone's dead.

Sam laughs.

PEACOCK (CONT'D)

What?

VALENTINE (O.S.)

Strained beets.

Valentine, adorable in an oversized t-shirt and tousled hair, stands behind Peacock.

VALENTINE (CONT'D)

I mean, a) you had to eat. And b) there's a rampant web rumor that beetroot dulls the effects of the trance. Could be bullshit though.

PEACOAT

Oh.

Val sits by the tree, grabs the bong, takes a hit.

VALENTINE

Your parents called. I told 'em you were sleeping. Your dad uncomfortably referred to you as "a drip off the ol' cock."

PEACOAT

They come back last night?

VALENTINE

They made a detour-- VA.

PEACOAT

Huh?

VALENTINE

Trying to pull your sis from the Donald H. Rumsfeld Trancer Decontamination Center.

SAM

They're apparently snuffing out libidos in the joint.

PEACOAT

And how might they be doing that?

VALENTINE

Classified.

SAM

My guess-- the delicate dance that is castration-slash-female circumcision.

PEACOAT

Aren't those methods generally considered illegal and inhumane?

SAM

Give 'em credit for trying. They gotta live up to their namesake.

PEACOAT

They know who started this shit by now--?

VALENTINE

Some asshole right-wing "cyber-warrior" group claimed responsibility.

SAM

The O'Reilly Hackers. Retaliation against the porn industry and anyone who supports it.

Peacoat finally notices Yoshiko-- she wears khaki Z. Cavaricci's and a hideous paisley rayon shirt.

PEACOAT

What is that? Early '90's lesbo chic?

SAM

From your mom's storage closet, dick. She was naked!

PEACOAT

That's not preferred?

SAM

By me, sure. I was trying to tone down the objectification of women for Val here.

Yoshiko continues to intensely study a driver's license.

YOSHIKO

(HEAVILY accented)

We-sam. We-sam... Yes?

SAM

Homegirl's obsessed with my "cultural" name. Either that or she's continually insinuating I'm an Egyptian Uncle Tom.

PEACOAT

Hit it?

SAM

Naw, man. Yosh charges 500 bones an hour. I will charm her into some pro bono work though.

PEACOAT

By engaging her in conversation, no doubt.

SAM

Mock me, but I'm quickly gaining fluency in the one true universal language--

PEACOAT

Flatulence?

SAM

I got bitches throwing me their digits. Being a non-trancer-- suddenly I'm a catch. I'm like a Jewish doctor.

Sam tosses a wrapped gift from under the tree to Peacoat.

SAM (CONT'D)

Gift number two.

Peacoat unwraps it-- Sam's laser tag set is inside.

SAM (CONT'D)

Figured it just might keep you outta the Rumsfeld Center.

PEACOAT

Thanks. I do like my balls. Even hope to enjoy 'em again someday.

Val, bong-in-hand, joins Peacoat in the doorway.

VALENTINE

When you heading back to school?

PEACOAT

The third, I think.

VALENTINE

Cool...

She grabs the laser tag set from his hands.

VALENTINE (CONT'D)

My Christmas gift to you-- a Lance-toting shadow. Until you skip town. Then you're on your own.

PEACOAT

I do tend to get drunk and horny on
new year's. And if the beets fail,
someone's inevitably gonna hafta...

He brings a finger-gun to his head, pulls the trigger.

PEACOAT (CONT'D)

And, well, getting put down by you--

Peacoat thinks a sec, looks at her, smiles...

PEACOAT (CONT'D)

There's nowhere else on earth I'd
rather be...

Valentine smiles. The two share a long moment. Finally...

She offers him the bong in the style of a game show hostess.
Peacoat appreciatively nods.

As he takes a monster hit...

SAM

Ahem...

Sam mischievously eyes the top of the door frame, just above
where they stand.

Peacoat and Valentine follow his gaze-- they stand underneath
a mistletoe. The two silently stare at it.

Lennon's "Happy Xmas (War Is Over)" resumes.

They return their gazes to each other. They share a brief
smile. After a long moment...

PEACOAT

Wake me up for New Year's?

Valentine smiles and nods.

Peacoat takes a deep breath and leans in for a kiss. As the
kiss grows in intensity...

FADE OUT.

OVER BLACK we hear their lips part, a loud ZAP, and finally,
Peacoat's body drop to the floor.

THE END