

# Last Days

by  
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First draft  
June 8, 2002

## FIRST ACT:

## EXT. FOREST DAY

A long drifting view over a forest, the tops of Douglas Fir trees forming pyramids of green on a sloping mountainside that seem to go on forever and lead to a deep river valley with a gigantic hydro-electric dam in the distance.

## EXT. UNDER A BRIDGE DAY

Sawed logs jutting from a hillside, dripping wet, knurled branches and roots twist into the earth and the rushing water of a stream. Fog drifts by a figure:

## BLAKE

He sits on one of the logs under a colossal fallen tree overhanging the spray from a waterfall.

## EXT. THE NEIGHBORHOOD LATE AT NIGHT

Blake is walking on a wet street passing large houses with gardens, spherical and conical shaped shrubs and amber front gate lights drift by slowly, we follow him sometimes down the middle of the road and sometimes on the edge near the sidewalk.

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The sky is growing brighter.

He walks off the road up a curved driveway.

At the end of the curve is an enormous Scottish Arts and Crafts styled oversized wooden lake house with a pleasantly sloping Cascade roof.

GROWING  
LIGHTER SO IT  
IS MORNING

There is a parking area on the side of the house and a garage with a similar Cascade roof with second story balconies above, and a glass roof.

Blake walks to the rear of the greenhouse, up the back stairs, and we can see him inside, he walks to the middle of the room and looks up at the sky through the glass roof, then disappears and we hear him rummaging around our of our view, in what sounds like gardening tools.

EXT. THE HOUSE MORNING

Blake walks out the greenhouse carrying a long garden hoe he walks across a back yard to a tree. He has an easy manner about him, he is having fun, almost. He digs in the ground next to the tree with the hoe.

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He finds what he is looking for, a small box, takes it under his arm and he walks into the back door of the mansion.

INT. HOUSE MORNING

Continuing from outside, Blake walks into the house, almost whistling, puts the box down, we can see now that it is a Dutch Masters cigar box inside a zip lock bag, very worn, he takes it out of the zip lock bag that is still covered with mud, throws the bag under the sink.

He places the box on the kitchen table and opens one of the kitchen cabinets, pulls out a box of Koko Krispies, pours some into a bowl he finds in the kitchen cabinet. Opens the refrigerator, puts the Koko Krispies on the shelf next to a carton of milk and picks up the milk.

He hits his neck as if he has just been bit by a mosquito.

He pours milk into the bowl, then when he puts the milk back into the fridge he grabs the Koko Krispies and returns the box back into the cabinet.

Blake leans against the counter, opens a drawer next to him, we can see into the drawer, there are plenty of knives, plenty of forks, but there are no spoons.

He opens another drawer, we see a few large spoons there.

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He picks one out, it is too large to be eating cereal with, but he uses it anyway.

Then he takes a seat at the kitchen table and proceeds to eat his cereal one bite at after another.

When he finishes, he puts the cereal bowl and the spoon in the refrigerator and leaves the room, walks down the hall...

INT. HALL MORNING

Blake climbs a large dark wooden staircase turning left twice and into the master bedroom.

INT. LARGE MASTER BEDROOM MORNING

He stops to look around, everything is in order, neat, there is an expensive looking canopied bed.

Blake lays across the bed and slowly rises up as if he were being pulled up by ropes, slowly.

He takes off most of his clothes, opens a closet and looks at the dresses hanging in front of him. He grabs one and tries it on.

He walks around the bed wearing the dress. He searches behind the bed where there is a small closet. He pulls a GUN from the closet.

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As if hunting rabbits with the gun, Blake stalks through the room and stops in front of a chest of drawers. He opens one of the drawers, he finds a hunting cap with pull down ear warmers. He puts this on and admires himself in a mirror. He adjusts the ear flaps and ties them around his chin.

INT. VANITY MORNING

Blake sits in front of a mirror, takes his cap off, combs his hair for a few minutes, giving himself little looks in the mirror. Then puts the cap back on.

The phone begins ringing in another room.

INT. VARIOUS ROOMS IN HOUSE MORNING

Blake hunts around the house with the gun, room by room, pretending to hunt something, still wearing the dress and the red and black plaid hunting cap with side ear flaps down.

INT. HALLWAY DAY

Blake reaches the top of the stairs leading to a finished third floor. There is a mirror on the wall he notices moving slowly one way and then the other way.

Alarmed, he avoids the mirror.

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INT. ONE BEDROOM UPSTAIRS MORNING

Blake finds a girl and boy, SUSAN AND MAXI, sleeping in their clothes in a double bed. A television is on in the bedroom tuned to MTV that is playing a Bette Midler video.

BLAKE  
Wabbits...

He pretends to shoot them, one at a time, taking careful aim.

The phone begins ringing in the room.

Satisfied he leaves the room.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS MORNING

Blake stands in a downstairs den. He closes the doors behind him. He turns on the television.

The television is already tuned to MTV.

Blake moves about the room, dancing to the sound of a Guns 'N' Roses song on his MTV.

After the song ends he puts the gun down and tries to sit with no chair near him. He remains suspended in a crouched-semi-seated position for a minute in an apparent drugged state.

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Then he finally makes it to the ground fully seated on the floor, and slides back to lean against the closed doors, somewhat comatose, his eyes half shut, not paying attention to the television.

But he, Blake, is on the television, we see a video clip, he is singing on MTV. He is too stoned to notice or else it is an ordinary enough occurrence for him to care.

The door he is leaning against opens and Blake falls out backwards and hits his head on the wood floor hard.

It is Susan from the bedroom, one of the rabbits. She is nervous she might have done something wrong. She hesitates, then pushes Blake back upright enough that she can close the door again.

Blake now upright again leaning against the door. He hasn't noticed anything.

Someone begins knocking on the front door in the hallway near the room we are in.

There are VOICES from the "rabbits," some hurried and crucially important discussion. Then one of the RABBIT VOICES answers the door. There are questions, whether anyone has "seen Blake? Where is he?"

The rabbit's voices muttering through the closed door they "haven't seen him." "He isn't there." "He may have flown into town, but he isn't in the house." "They haven't seen him." "Where is he?"

The phone is ringing again. There are shoes clumping fast over the wooden floor, more chatty sweaty discussion. Then we hear the FRONT DOOR CLOSE.

RABBIT VOICE O.S.

Want something ta drink?

GUY VOICE O.S.

No, I have to call her up and tell her he isn't here.

RABBIT VOICE O.S.

Right, right, right, yeah, yeah. I think that's probably her on the phone right now. She's been calling all night.

There is a distant phone conversation for a minute. The voices grow less distinct, there are hurried footsteps around the front door which finally we hear open and shut, and footsteps hurry away down the hall.

Blake opens his eyes and gets up, the voices and noises have stopped entirely.

He opens the door and brings his gun with him, hunting more rabbits in the house.

We don't see any of the people that were speaking in the hallway a moment ago.

Until Blake comes around the corner of the kitchen door and aims his gun at another girl, TERESA, who screams.

BLAKE  
(after a second)  
Pesky wabbits...

TERESA  
(regaining her  
composure)  
...still reading about Houdini,  
I hope, Blake?...

BLAKE  
Yes, I am, in fact...

They stare at each other for a moment.

BLAKE  
amazing magician...

EXT. HOUSE MORNING

He walks out of the house changed back into his regular clothes but is still wearing the red hunting cap with the dangling ear flaps and carrying the gun, he stops in front of the hole he made in the ground with the garden tool.

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He pushes some of the dirt back into the hole, looks around because he thinks he's being watched, hears two guy voices in front of the house, then sneaks up the stairs back into the greenhouse above the garage being careful not to attract the attention of the two GUYS, MAXI and ALAN he now can see talking in the driveway.

INT. GREENHOUSE MORNING

Blake enters. Hears a car ignition. Walks to the window at another end of greenhouse and looks down at the driveway.

He sees Maxi standing in the drive and a red Toyota compact leaving. He aims his gun at the car as it drives away.

Maxi waves goodbye to the car. Then looks up at the greenhouse. Blake lowers his gun and steps back from the window.

He puts the gun in a corner with the gardening tools.

He sits on a stool and nods a bit.

He begins looking through a shoulder bag, gets out a notebook and draws and writes in it as he looks out the window.

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INT. GREENHOUSE DAY (LATER)

Another person walks up the driveway. Blake can see him out the window, it is DONOVAN. He knocks on the front door of the house.

The door opens, and Maxi sticks his head out. Then Maxi steps out onto the porch and closes the door behind him.

Donovan talks with Maxi on the front porch, it is a cryptic, hurried and mostly inaudible conversation, as if they don't want anyone to hear them, but we catch words like "super, extra, responsible, rock star, and fuck ups" occasionally.

Donovan looks back over his shoulder at the greenhouse for a second. Then they finish their conversation and Donovan walks back down the driveway.

Blake draws in his notebook.

EXT. HOUSE LATER IN THE DAY

Outside Blake can see the rabbits leaving, there are four of them. Maxi, Joe, Susan, and Teresa. They pack into a small white compact and buzz down the drive.

Blake sneaks out of the greenhouse again, and enters the back door of the house

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INT. HOUSE DAY

He walks through the first floor, heads up the stairs and returns to the master bedroom where he found the gun.

He opens the closet. He puts on a big overcoat and a hat to fit over the one that he has on already.

He hears a car coming up the drive.

EXT. HOUSE MORNING

Blake walks across the lawn avoiding Donovan and the Detective who are walking around the other way.

EXT. PARK DUSK TO NIGHT

Blake walks across the park, we can see his house in the distance over some shrubbery.

Two birds dive at him as he walks, defending a nest nearby.

He sits on a park bench and looks over a lake as the sun is beginning to go down. Cars drive on a street in front of him.

Blake hears a car pull into the drive, can hear people get out, and there is yelling in the house, two voices, "Blake!!" "Blake!!!"

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He doesn't respond.

EXT. HOUSE NIGHT

He walks across the lawn and enters the back of the house.

INT. HOUSE NIGHT

Blake opens a kitchen cabinet and takes out a box of Kraft macaroni and cheese. He fills a pot with water and turns on the gas. He waits for the water to boil. He pours the macaroni in the boiling water, waits a few minutes, drains the water. He adds the rest of the contents of the box, adding too much milk making it runny, and light orange in color.

He tastes it.

Blake hears a car arrive and stop. He makes his way to the back of the kitchen preparing for intruders.

The rabbits come in the front door.

Blake listens to their slow conversation, and a song put on the stereo, a Thirteenth Floor Elevator song.

Maxi stops in the entrance to the kitchen. Stops in front of Blake. He puts his hand on his hip and spits out a whole load of information fast, sweaty-and-paranoid-like.

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MAXI

Dane's picking up the guitarist and a DHL package at the airport that arrived from LA, she didn't tell me what was in it, Alan told me there might be a group arriving in from LA soon, the doctor isn't coming with them, she might be just making it up, but I don't think she'll come with them.

Blake just listens raptly, staring at Maxi.  
Lots of sweat.

MAXI

She's staying in LA, she's staying down there for some reason - she says she really wants to speak to you - I told her I didn't know where you were. Can I tell her where you are? I won't unless you want her to know. What are you doing here?

The phone begins ringing.

MAXI

She's upset. The big reason's she feels all the excitement and media about your treatment center escape may screw up her album release, she is completely bugged out about that - she wants it to go smoothly naturally - talks endlessly about it. I think if we just play it cool everything is going to go alright. Just stay out of sight. It'll be okay. When did you get here? Why didn't you call?

Then he leaves as quickly as he came.

Blake takes the macaroni and cheese with him to the basement.

INT. BASEMENT NIGHT

He eats the macaroni and cheese sitting at a drum set among other musical instruments and sound equipment.

JOE, one more of the rabbits comes down the stairs and stops.

JOE  
Oh, hey Blake.

Blake stares at him.

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Joe continues down the stairs until he is standing in front of an amplifier.

JOE  
Looks like Susan has been playing this guitar. She has the knobs turned down real low.

Blake takes a bite of macaroni and cheese.

JOE  
Nice down here, huh?

BLAKE  
Yeah. It's like the only place I can relax now.

Joe searches through a pile of records...

JOE  
Neil Diamond, that's not punk rock.

He throws the record away, in back of the amps on the floor.

Finds another non-punk record.

JOE  
Billy Joel...mm...what are you doing with these?

Throws the record on the floor again in back of the amps.

BLAKE

I was studying structure.

(laughs)

I can sit down here studying  
song structure.

Joe finds a Slayer record.

JOE

A thing that the guitarist used to do when he laid down some of these tracks with Slayer is he'd file down the frets of his guitar until he'd get that amazing buzz noise, you hear it on the Mississippi recordings and usually no place else 'cause he was the only one that would do that. It sounded real cool, though. But especially on the last few tracks of the third album, that stuff really was fucking stiff, he's playing really hard on those things.

BLAKE

Yeah. I like the last song on the first side of the third one, that's my favorite one, they've got some kind of great old ancient German fuzz on their guitar, A Persimmons probably, which are those fucking great single effect fuzz boxes.

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JOE

Oh, yeah, really, those are great. Thor has a few signed originals...

BLAKE

He does?

JOE

Yeah...

BLAKE

Can you get me one? Get me two, I'll pay for 'em...I'd like to go myself, I could get in the car and go to Portland or somewhere, but someone let the air out of all the tires on me. Go an buy some records, or hear you guys practice.

JOE

Donovan has been working on some new shit.

BLAKE

I promise I'm going to make them sign you, I promise that, Joe. Because you are so fucking cool. You are my favorite band. They want me to work, so if they want me to work then they got to put my friends to work, Joe, if they want like more albums and things, or concerts. They may make me write some songs.

(MORE)

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BLAKE (cont'd)

That's why I have those Neil Diamond recordings. Sad, huh? Writing songs - all the fans are going to buy that crap and listen to it... Joe, when you tap the world on its shoulder because you have a song that you want it to hear, and the world turns around...you better have something worth playin'...

Joe blinks his eyes at this comment.

JOE

You can look out on the ocean.  
(somewhere in here he has an idea that he is talking about, and he says, that it wasn't his idea, it was donovan's idea, but the idea to do Donovan's idea, was his idea. )

BLAKE

It's a lake.

JOE

I mean, yeah, the lake, you can look over it..

BLAKE

You can't see the lake from the greenhouse, but I can see you guys running around in the house, I can see in Maxi's room, it's fascinating.

JOE

but...

BLAKE

I'm not going to tell anyone. Who'd I tell? (Anybody can move wherever they want. I just try to keep track of my own movements these days. That's enough. Have you ever tried that? To follow yourself around? Like a spy. You can wind up anywhere.)

Blake gets out from in back of the drums and picks up a guitar.

JOE

What should we do?

BLAKE

Kill kittens.

JOE

No, I mean what song?

Joe gets behind the drums.

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BLAKE  
It's a new one called "Kill  
Kittens."

JOE  
Okay.

Blake strikes his guitar once.

Maxi is walking down the basement stairs. He walks over and whispers something in Joe's ear and then Joe obsequiously goes back upstairs with Maxi.

Blake finishes his macaroni and cheese, and puts the bowl down on an amp, starts the recorder, adjusts the microphone, and plays a Joni Mitchell song on the guitar

EXT. HOUSE NIGHT

Blake walks through the night in the rain and walks up the stairs. We can see a figure cross in back of him as he walks, someone that he doesn't see. Shadowy, ominous.

INT. GREENHOUSE NIGHT

Blake goes inside. He stands alone in the middle of the greenhouse looking at the rain on the skylight. The rain is starting to come down harder now. He is sweaty and nervous.

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The house is creaking and we can hear the wind and strange voices that are whispering to him.

He gets his gun and sits in the middle of the room with it.

SECOND ACT:

INT. HOUSE MORNING

SUSAN is sleeping. The television is left on with the sound turned low. Our view drifts to the television and we can see a music video playing, Red Hot Chili Peppers.

Behind the MTV video on the television we can see Blake walk across the back yard of the house and pause at the tree as we saw earlier, and dig a hole as before, finding the box, he found earlier and walks to the house.

Susan still sleeps in front of the television. Our view roams around the room, sees Blake walk by at the end of the hall through an open doorway and frames back up on the television, which has begun an hourly news update.

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## NEWS REPORTER ON TELEVISION

Blake Torrance has been missing from his California treatment center, the grunge rocker was scheduled to spend a full month in the American Day Rehab center for, drug use, but he only made it for one day. The front man for the Seattle band was cleaning up so he could consider headlining Lallapalooza this summer. His wife's album is due out in four weeks, and she is beginning her publicity obligations for its release, but this morning was unfortunately arrested for drug possession following a 911 call for help from the Nepinsula Hotel in Beverly Hills, the details of that arrest have yet to be released. This will be the first album for the wife of Blake Torrance, and reports hint that there is a guest appearances by him on some of the recordings. Blackly Black has also been seen with Chicago rocker Bobby Doran, on the island of Malta a few weeks ago suggesting that perhaps he also will appear on the new album.

The report on the television continues,

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BLAKE  
(in a televised  
interview)

I hope that we can just keep it together through some of the hardships of....I don't know...I sound like the president, don't I?... Just kidding....we'll try really hard to make some good music sometime soon. We just played Rome ha-ha....

The telephone begins ringing

NEWS REPORTER ON TELEVISION  
And that concludes MTV news for now join us in another hour for up to the minute music news reports, I'm Cal Worthington for MTV news.

As Susan sleeps, a music video of Bette Midler's "Wind Beneath My Wings" plays. Halfway through the video a figure comes near Susan and we can hear him say "wabbits"  
AS BEFORE.

The phone begins to ring, as before.

We do not however see the figure. He pretends to shoot them and leaves the bedroom.

She stirs awake. Susan sits up and looks at Maxi next to her, then to the phone. She walks to the bathroom.

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INT. BATHROOM MORNING

Susan washes her face.

INT. FRONT HALLWAY MORNING

Susan comes down the stairs, hears the television in the adjoining room, she opens the closed door as before but this time is from her side of the door. Blake falls out. Nervous, she pushes him back in, closes the door. Doesn't know what to do.

The doorbell rings, Susan rushes back up the stairs without answering it.

INT. BEDROOM DAY

Susan walks past Maxi, who is just waking up.

SUSAN  
Michael is here.

MAXI  
Where? Is that Blake ringing  
the doorbell?

SUSAN  
He's downstairs in the den. I  
don't know who's at the door.

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INT. BATHROOM MORNING

The tub fills with water, she gets in and sweats and soaks with a guilty look. She hears a pounding on the front door down stairs.

INT. BEDROOM DAY

Maxi, gets out of bed in his clothes he never took off and walks downstairs to answer the door.

INT. FRONT HALLWAY MONRNING

Maxi answers the front door.

It is Alan. Lots of sweating.

MAXI

Hey, nice day, huh?

ALAN

It's a beautiful clear morning, but a hundred years from now none of us will ever know the difference.

MAXI

I keep forgetting that, but, yeah, that is absolutely right, man. Yeah I guess we won't. But our kids and ancestors will.

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ALAN

She's sending a private Dick on a plane to look for the American Icon.

MAXI

What? A detective? What's she doing? Where'd she find him?

ALAN

I think she looked him up in the yellow pages.

(shrugs and laughs)

You know, she's an optimist, she sees something to gain in every situation, she used to be hard-core - the detective'll be here in about an hour - Donovan is going to ride around with him and look for Blake at all the places he can think of. They'll drive by here. You shouldn't be here when they come. Donovan will warn you when they're going to arrive. She's uptight. Is he here? Where is Blake?

MAXI

No. He's not around right now. He may be in town but he isn't in the house. Haven't seen him.

The phone starts to ring.

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MAXI

Want something to drink?

ALAN

No, I have to call her up and tell her he isn't here.

MAXI

Right, good. I think that's probably her on the phone right now. She's been calling all fucking night.

Alan picks up the phone. Lots of sweating.

ALAN

Hello? (cheery)Hi. No it's Alan. I know, I know. Listen (he whispers the rest of it so Maxi cannot hear)

Maxi stands away, pretending that he isn't trying to listen.

ALAN

(whisper, whisper) Don't worry it'll be alright. (whisper, whisper, whisper) Take it easy I think that it's going to be okay.

Alan rolls his eyes at Maxi.

ALAN

Right. Exactly. (whisper) Look, don't blame me for... Okay. Okay.

The voice on the other end is screaming, we can almost hear everything squeaking through the line.

ALAN  
(voice is still  
screaming)  
Bye.

Alan hangs up the phone and begins to leave, Maxi follows him out the front door.

EXT. HOUSE MORNING

Maxi and Alan out front. Both sweating. They are distracted and not really paying attention to each other. More to the sounds of the outside creepy daytime. Neighbors. Car by's. Birds!

MAXI  
(this could be better)  
He's been under a lot of stress, obviously, you'd be too - and one of the reasons he is up here is just to freak her out. And it's working. And he he knows he's supposed to be in treatment and all this...

ALAN  
Yeah.

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MAXI

(sees Blake leaving house and walking to greenhouse but Alan doesn't)

He's going to be fine I think, he was even joking around yesterday on the phone, he is definitely in hiding out mode, but he seems, well, happy even.

ALAN

Let me know when you hear from him. And Donovan will call, okay, he's going to ride around with the private Dick. If she found him in the yellow pages, should be fucking strange.

Alan gets in his car and backs down the curved drive. Maxi looks up at the greenhouse door windows *as before*, and goes back inside.

INT. HOUSE DAY

Maxi walks to the kitchen and sits down at the table, where also sit TERESA and JOE another couple that are living in the house. They don't talk, they just look afraid.

There is a knock on the door. He is sweating.

Maxi gets up from the table and goes to the door.

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He opens it and sees Donovan. Maxi steps onto the front steps.

EXT. HOUSE DAY

Both guys are whispering, so it's hard to hear, they are very keyed up, nervous.

MAXI  
(quietly)  
Hey man, what's up?

DONOVAN  
What's up.

MAXI  
Are you with that private  
detective?

DONOVAN  
He's at the end of the drive  
waiting in his rental.

MAXI  
I thought you were going to let  
us know...

DONOVAN  
(he looks up at the  
greenhouse)  
I couldn't get away from him  
long enough to call you, he is  
really on my ass.

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MAXI

Tell him that nobody's home and the alarm is on, and that you've to go call her to get her to turn it off. Then we'll get out of here and you can come and sneak around in the house and look for him, alright?

DONOVAN

How is he?

MAXI

Fine.

DONOVAN

Fine, I've never seen him look fine before.

MAXI

He's okay. Maybe even happy. Bright eyed, you know.

DONOVAN

Wow. Cool.

Maxi backs into the house. Shuts the door. Hurries to get the others. Quick, puts things away.

MAXI

We're going to take a trip to Scottie's.

Maxi runs to the top of the stairs and grabs Susan who is drying off in the bathroom.

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They very quickly have sex.

Then she puts her clothes on and they head downstairs, picking things up as they go, straightening things, the others are waiting...

EXT. HOUSE DUSK

They pile into the little white car and head out the driveway.

INT. CAR DUSK

Driving, the four pass the two, Donovan and the PRIVATE DETECTIVE, driving the other way.

OUR VIEW follows Donovan and the Private eye back to the house.

EXT. HOUSE DUSK

Donovan and the Ranger get out of the car, try the front door, it's locked. They circle the house looking for a way in.

We can see Blake in the background going around the other way, avoiding them.

The two find a cracked window by the kitchen. They open it with a push, and Donovan climbs in.

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The detective walks back to the front door, and Donovan opens it for him.

They comb through the entire house. We follow them from the outside, pausing in different rooms, turning lights on and off, climbing to other floors.

DONOVAN

Blake!

DETECTIVE

Blake!!

They stand in Maxi and Susan's room, the bed is unmade.

DONOVAN

This is Maxi's room.

They search all the way up to the attic, back down again, and out the front of the house.

DONOVAN

Guess he's not around.

They get back into the car, drive down the curved drive and out of sight.

We remain in the drive looking at part of the house and some bushes. A shadowy figure hurries through our view.

Maxi and the others drive up again. They get out and we follow them into the house.

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INT. HOUSE NIGHT

The FOUR enter the living room and sit in places that seem to be home base. Maxi turns on a stereo, puts on an early Rocky Ericsson and the Thirteenth Floor Elevators song and begins to open a small valise that he is carrying with him.

Maxi hears someone come in the back door. He leaves the living room and we can see him down the hall looking into the kitchen talking to Blake *as before*, but we can't see Blake.

Maxi is down the hall far enough away that the music pretty much drowns out any conversation. Joe watches Maxi, realizes he is talking to someone. Is stoned, sweaty, but curious and affectionate. Like he knows who it is.

Maxi comes back and puts on another record. A Greg Sage record. He looks out the windows of the room, into the rainy night.

Then Maxi sits down and nods out. When he opens his eyes, no one is in the room.

Maxi returns to the kitchen, hears people downstairs talking, we see him go down the stairs and can hear Blake and Joe talking *as before....*

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Maxi interrupts the discussion between Joe and Blake, whispering in Joe's ear, and the two climb up the stairs together.

Maxi leads Joe upstairs and they go into Maxi's room.

INT. MAXI'S ROOM NIGHT

Maxi and Joe grab at each other, quickly take each other's clothes off, take their socks off, and lay down in the bed and kiss and roll, lots of sweat.

Then they lay spent and out of breath on the bed.

They can hear Blake playing Joni Mitchell songs downstairs in the basement.

MAXI

We've got to get out of here.

JOE

Why?

Maxi is silent.

JOE

Is the cop coming back?

MAXI

The ranger?

JOE

Yeah, I mean the ranger or whoever he is, is he a real ranger?

MAXI

He's not real.

JOE

But I saw him.

MAXI

I mean, Joe, he's real, but...he's a private eye not a forest ranger, or a Texas ranger, or any other kind of ranger. And he's not a cop. I assume she'll be back, though...

JOE

Herself?

MAXI

Mmmmm....

Maxi puts on his clothes.

He walks down the hall, and downstairs. He rounds up the girls. They each go different directions, picking up personal items to bring with them.

SUSAN

Are we, like, coming back you guys? Jesus Christ!

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MAXI  
I don't know. Eventually we  
will.

SUSAN  
What about Blake?

MAXI  
He's staying here.

SUSAN  
What's he going to do all  
alone?

MAXI  
I don't know.

SUSAN  
He can't take care of  
himself...can he?

MAXI  
I don't know, honey. I'm just  
doing what I'm fucking told.  
Doin' my job, baby.

They walk out the front of the house,  
getting in the car.

Joe pauses before he gets in the car, he  
looks up at the door windows of the  
greenhouse. He sees Blake dressed up, or  
someone in a red Victorian dress, standing  
in one of the rain spotted window panes of  
the French doors above the garage.

Joe gets in the car and as they drive away he stares at the vision of the red dress until they round the corner and he no longer can see the house.

OUR VIEW REMAINS in the driveway. There are figures going this way and that, in different parts of our shot, shadowy, fast, curious, sweaty, rainy wet figures.

EXT. GEENHOUSE LATER AT NIGHT

Blake exits and walks down the driveway and then the neighborhood street in the glistening and wet night.

EXT. STREET NIGHT

Blake walks down the street, like the beginning, sometimes in the middle of the street, sometimes on the sidewalk.

EXT. CITY ALLEY NIGHT

Blake walks down an alley that has VARIOUS NIGHT CLUB DENIZENS leaning against the buildings, or standing.

INT. PUNK CLUB NIGHT

Blake enters the door of a club and looks down from a balcony at a group that plays on a stage.

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There is a huge mosh pit below, and there are kids jumping from the balcony all the way into the mosh pit.

EXT. CITY ALLEY NIGHT

Blake walks out of the club. A figure approaches him.

GUY

Hey Blake! What're you doing here?

Blake says nothing.

GUY

Wow I was just in LA man, I was going to look you up! How are you?

Blake just stares at him as if he were watching a television, not unhappily.

GUY

Wow man, I went to this LA club where all these kids were making the scene from Seattle, you know, you would have hated it. And this Elton John concert. He was playing in a like forty thousand seat stadium. Fucked up right?

BLAKE

What?

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GUY

Yeah, man, forty thousand seats.

Blake looks like he is living in a strange new world.

GUY

Yeah, it's fucked right?

BLAKE

It's impossible...that shouldn't be allowed to happen ... the hard work that we've done...oldie rock, that should have been wiped out long ago...@%&#"&%\$#@#

GUY

Yeah.

BLAKE

I can't believe it.

Blake is strangely concerned about this information.

GUY

There are some strange things going on in the rock world.

Blake looks at him and begins to walk away.

GUY

Hey Blake, don't shoot the messenger!

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD NIGHT

Blake walking home alone.

INT. GREENHOUSE NIGHT

He hears the voices in his head again as he stands in the middle of the greenhouse.

He gets his gun.

Blake sits in the middle of the greenhouse holding the gun facing the rear doorway and listening to the voices.

And then someone arrives at the doorway, they are wearing a long black fisherman's raincoat and black rubbery rain hat but we cannot see who it is. They stand there on a doorstep on the other side of the french doors, and Blake stays in the middle of the room with his gun watching the figure.

THIRD ACT:

EXT. HOUSE DAY

It is raining mildly.

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A small utility truck swings up the driveway.

An ALARM TECHNICIAN gets out of the utility truck. He is alone. He calls in to his office on a cell phone. We can't hear what he says on the phone because he is too far away from us.

The Technician looks up at the telephone wires then unloads his ladder. He climbs up the ladder and splices into one of the telephone wires.

The Technician moves his ladder across the drive, and to the greenhouse. He places the ladder on the front of the little house climbs up and begins to do some work on a place where the electrical power and telephone lines are connected to the house.

He stops because he sees something through the window of the little garage greenhouse. And we can see something too, a figure, lying on the floor.

He steps down the ladder, he is kind of rattled.

He walks toward the safety of his truck and calls the security alarm office on his cell phone.

ALARM SECURTIY WORKER  
Hello, hay Steve, this is Jim,  
out at the Lake Washington  
residence.

(MORE)

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## ALARM SECURITY WORKER (cont'd)

I'm putting a system in an upstairs greenhouse above the garage to the main house, and there's something super weird looking, I can see it through one of the windows here...might've already been a disturbance..... real calm Friday until now...

He wanders back in the direction of the greenhouse, staying on the phone and occasionally looking up at the ladder that is still propped against the front balcony.

HE WITNESSES a VISION, an image of dead Blake rising through the top of the greenhouse, and ascending into a cloud. Jim slowly goes down to his knees as he is overcome by the vision, but a few moments pass, and his knees hurt and he gets up again and looks around in the yard and driveway to see if anyone was looking at him.

A few sirens wail in the distance.

OUR VIEW rises up into the air so we can see both houses now. A FIGURE crosses the back yard mysteriously. A few police cars and a paramedic arrive, they speak with the alarm man, and walk up the back wooden stairs, cautiously, with their hands on their guns.

OUR VIEW moves to see on the other side of the glass door, as the police have to break their way through a glass pane, sending the glass flying into the room and over the body, they make their way in slowly, one of them opens the near side glass door after moving a small stool with garden supplies set on it.

OUR VIEW can reach inside the room.

TO SEE, the POLICE, looking over a note that is stabbed into the soil in a planter under the south skylight

TO SEE the shotgun that has fallen on Blake's chest.

TO SEE the police open a wallet that is near his body lying east-west in the room, and opening the wallet and pulling out a drivers license.

TO SEE the picture on the drivers license, AND the dirty spoon and needle in a cigar box that is also lying next to the body.

And to move through the milling figures, and seeing photographers on a hill in back of the house, and moving down the back stairs, and down back into the drive.

Then we can see The Ranger and Donovan at the end of the drive with the multitudes and the cameras. They turn and walk away.

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INT. JOE'S APARTMENT DAY

Joe, Maxi, Susan and Teresa, are watching a television. They can't believe what they see, in the front drive of the house the police cars *as before* being broadcast on a local television channel.

LOCAL NEWS VOICE OVER  
...at about eleven fifteen this morning, the call was received from a security installation worker who had seen a body through the window of one of the houses of the residence. It still has not been identified but is believed to be the putrefied body of the rock star...already, many have gathered in morning at the center square...

Maxi is on the phone.

MAXI  
I understand. I understand. I understand.

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT DAY

Two POLICE DETECTIVES are hovering over a typewriter.

They beat out a final report.

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DETECTIVE ONE

Okay. There are no suspicions on the part of the investigating officers that the gun the victim held in his dead hands had been handled by anybody other than the suicide victim.

Detective two pounds on the typewriter.

DETECTIVE ONE

And that, when Officer Fujumori arrived, the victim was laid out on the floor, and he looked like a rag doll.

DETECTIVE TWO

Yeah, a rag doll. A...rag... doll.

DETECTIVE ONE

That's good.

Detective two types.

DETECTIVE ONE

Like a listless rag doll. That's even better.

DETECTIVE TWO

That's better....listless....

(MORE)

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DETECTIVE TWO (cont'd)

There was an air of completeness about the expression on his face. Or what was left of it.

COP TWO

...air...of...happiness...

DETECTIVE ONE

And furthermore, there were no witnesses. At all.

DETECTIVE TWO

None... at... all....

DETECTIVE ONE

Even though, there were apparently others in the house at a previous time. Whose identities are well known.

DETECTIVE TWO

....others....were...in...

DETECTIVE ONE

No. There were other people in the house within a twenty four hour period.

DETECTIVE TWO

...period...

DETECTIVE ONE

Insignificant, however, friends of the deceased.

DETECTIVE TWO

Insignificant....friends....

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DETECTIVE ONE  
...They were believed to be  
drug addicts and dealers  
according to the wife!

DETECTIVE TWO  
.... were...drug  
addicts...dealers...

DETECTIVE ONE  
One of them was balding, and  
had signs of eczema on his  
forehead, an unfortunately ugly  
smearing of jelly dripping out  
of sores that made him look  
unintelligent.

DETECTIVE TWO  
...look...unintelligent..uh....

DETECTIVE ONE  
As for the wife she looked like  
she had been up for days, and

DETECTIVE TWO  
...up...for...days...

DETECTIVE ONE  
Take that out.

DETECTIVE TWO  
Okay. How about we say she  
looked like she was very tired,  
and disheveled?

DETECTIVE ONE

And that she had the  
wherewithal to order detective  
Yoshiro around like he was an  
errand boy when she visited the  
morgue.

DETECTIVE TWO

What did she say to him?

DETECTIVE ONE

She said she liked his uniform.  
At one point she ordered a  
pizza over his police radio.  
She grabbed it out of his  
hand... Put that in too.

DETECTIVE TWO

...pizza...over...the...police.  
radio...

DETECTIVE ONE

But, even with these  
inconsistencies, there was no  
reason to suspect foul play.

DETECTIVE TWO

...suspect....foul play.

INT. JOE'S APARTMENT DAY

The four still watching the video coverage,  
this time on MTV.

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MAXI

We'd better go. Drive south,  
to LA.

JOE

Yeah, let's get the hell out of  
here. I'm getting the creeps.

MAXI

We could somehow be implicated.  
Finding Blake drugs, or some  
shit. It's better to get the  
hell out of here.

SUSAN

But, I don't have any of my  
stuff.

MAXI

We'll take the stuff we have,  
what do you have?... We'll take  
your cat. Alan or someone can  
send anything else. Let's go.

They hurry out of the apartment,

On the television is a video of Blake  
singing with his band.

EXT. JOE'S APARTMENT DAY

The four surround the white compact car with  
their cat a rolled up sleeping bag, cram a  
suitcase in the trunk, climb in the four  
doors and drive down the street.

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EXT. STREET DAY

We watch the confused little face of their  
pet cat as it rides in the white car.

The car drives for a mile in the rainy  
weather down Interstate 5 while we listen to  
Blake's song on the sound track.

END

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