

LIGHT SLEEPER

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SHOOTING DRAFT

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JOHN LETOUR, forty, light sleeper. Never meant to be a drug dealer, it just came along. He's been other things: messenger boy, cab driver, model, postal clerk, doorman, nightclub shill -- never meant to be them either. Now he's a D.D. Drug dealer.

JOHN LETOUR, well-groomed, khaki slacks, leather jacket, tippet-like scarf, belt pouch, "Beatle" boots, a shadow drifting in and out of other shadows, New York, day, night: watching, listening, rarely speaking -- nonexistent, seen only by those he sees. His face an affable blank. Make of it what you will. The eyes flicker; the hands shift discreetly. A map of calculation.

Once he had a drug problem. Life turned a page. Today he follows instructions: he sleeps light -- one eye open, anticipating. JOHN LETOUR, D.D., loner, voyeur, has been drifting toward an unknown destination. At mid-life the destination draws near. The circle tightens. The dealer is anxious. The destination is love.

NIGHT IN THE LIFE

CREDIT SEQUENCE: New York by night. JOHN LETOUR nestles in back of a blue car service sedan, face reflected in the window. Neon mixes with steam, street people with tourists, young dates: each with a different agenda, a hidden purpose.

His beeper goes off. He clicks it, checks the digital message. The DRIVER stops at an uptown corner. LETOUR opens the curbside door, motions to the DRIVER he'll be back in "ten" minutes. He enters the video laundromat, a twenty-four-hour video rental/laundromat/tanning salon.

Inside, he meets a RETRO-YUPPIE (J. Crew Division) in the "Classics" section. They exit.

On the sidewalk, money is exchanged for a packet. LETOUR pockets the uncounted cash. The YUPPIE mouths goodbye, eager to put distance between him and LETOUR. JOHN checks his beeper, stops at a pay phone, dials.

JOHN LETOUR re-enters the sedan; the DRIVER heads downtown. High-rises give way to Tudor City. Uncollected trash lines the curbs. LETOUR eyes a PEDESTRIAN; PEDESTRIAN looks back. Later. Three a.m. The streets are dark. LeTour's car passes a glowing Korean market.

LETOUR narrates from diary:

LETOUR

(voice over)

Labor Day weekend. Some time for a sanitation strike. Everybody crazy to stock up. They decide to score at the last minute and want it now. Never fails. The faces look alike. You gotta use memory tricks: each has some peculiarity -- it keeps you sharp. A D.D. told me when a drug dealer starts writing a diary it's time to quit. I started writing after that. Not every night -- now and then. Just to burn off the night. Fill up one book, throw it out, start another.

The sedan drives on. End credits.

CUT TO:

HOMEBASE

Four a.m.: streets empty. LeTour's sedan drops him off near a ten-story West 80s apartment building. JOHN gives the DRIVER a forty-dollar tip (standard procedure), turns the corner. He presses the intercom; a buzzer unlocks the door. He enters the lobby, walks past English reproduction furniture toward the elevators. Presses the button.

Penthouse C door opens. ANN lets JOHN in with a smile.

ANN, forty-four, striking in a tailored dress, greets him with a wet kiss. Her hair is coiffured, her face made up. She is John's employer, mentor, confidante, Mother Hen: she keeps the books. Her ingenuous demeanor belies sterner stuff: she's been in the drug business fifteen years.

Ann's apartment is a jumble of sensibilities: dark green walls, zebra-skin sofa, Haitian wall friezes, framed magazine photos of Paramahansa Yogananda, Liz Taylor, the Duke of Windsor -- paintings stacked behind an oversized urn. A bird flits in its cage. One corner of the living area is devoted to a fledgling cosmetics business: Macintosh computer, billboard of trade paper clippings and ads, herbal samples, reference books, color charts.

ROBERT, fifty, slight, waves hello as JOHN locks the door. Gay, hip, worn, he's John's "co-runner."

They work -- and eat -- out of Ann's apartment. Take-out tins of Indian food are stacked amid crystals, tarot cards, glasses, and vitamin bottles. No sign of drugs, drug paraphernalia, or money.

ANN

Darling.

LETOUR

Ann.

ANN

Have we made New York safe for another weekend?

LETOUR

(waves)

Robert.

ROBERT

Get a job.

LETOUR

(about ROBERT)

Sad what ten years without sex can do.

Repartee: the plumbing of family feeling.

JOHN unzips his belt pouch, walks toward the bedroom to deposit the night's earnings.

ANN

Any hundreds?

LETOUR

Twenties -- and tens.

ROBERT

Tens!

ANN

Goddamn cash machines.

ROBERT

Did what's-his-name give you a hard
time?

LETOUR

(out of shot)

You mean --?

ROBERT

Yeah.

LETOUR

Cash Before Delivery.

(re-emerges)

CBD.

ROBERT

Fucking investment bankers.

ANN

These Wall Street kids deal with

fake money all day, they think cash is a theoretical concept -- like it doesn't apply. I see 'em at two, shudder to think at nine they're buying and selling -- turned me off the stock market.

LETOUR

It's late.

(to ROBERT)

You staying?

ROBERT

It's over.

LETOUR

I'm gonna crash -- try, at least.

ANN

(to LETOUR)

Tomorrow will be easier. Maybe we can all eat together. Go on. You look tired. Here, take a couple of C's. I'll pick up anything that comes in.

LETOUR turns to leave.

ANN

Sleep tight.

ROBERT

Pick up the trash.

LETOUR

(laughs)

Yeah -- big kiss.

He throws two kisses, exits.

CUT TO:

JOHN'S APARTMENT

First light reflects across the Hudson as LETOUR walks west on 22nd Street toward his Chelsea apartment building. A delivery truck passes uncollected garbage. He enters a nondescript doorway. Inside his studio apartment, JOHN sits at a second-hand table writing in a composition book. He drinks from an eight-ounce glass of white wine, continues.

The room has little personality; Ann's apartment has enough for two. Nails indicate where pictures once hung; a boombox sits on the linoleum floor amid cassettes, books (Autobiography of a Yogi, The Secret Doctrine), fashion magazines, a stack of unopened CDs. A futon is unrolled beneath the room's sole decoration, a poster of a human foot advertising a forgotten photo exhibit. Wine bottles -- Chenin Blanc. Precious little to show for forty years.

LeTour's narration resumes as he writes:

LETOUR

(voice over)

"Labor Day." "Union Movement" --
there's a contradiction in terms. I

know about long hours. It's worse when I'm off -- I just walk and walk. Where am I going? There's an element of providence to it all. Like rolling numbers. Luck. You're walking down the street, some guy that looks maybe a little like you does a stick-up four hours ago, there's an APB description out and a cop pulls you in cause he's cold and wants to go inside -- they grab your stash. Your number's up. You're busted for nothing. For bad luck.

CUT TO:

JEALOUS

Five p.m. A Clinton transient hotel.

Inside hotel room, LETOUR meets with JEALOUS, a twenty-five-year-old drug intermediary in leather jacket. JOHN counts hundred-dollar bills, hands them to JEALOUS.

JEALOUS

Are they "faced"?

LETOUR

Don't bore me.

JEALOUS rearranges the hundreds:

JEALOUS

Is it so much work to face them the
same direction? You don't do it, I
got to. It's time -- my time --

LETOUR

(overlap)

Jees --

JEALOUS

We've been through all this.

(LETOUR shrugs)

This nineteen-gram shit is a drag.

LETOUR

We pay you more, you put up with
more. White drugs for white people.
Twice the price, twice the safety.

JEALOUS

I can't believe Ann's been working
as long as she has -- never busted.
She's something.

LETOUR

Never made any big money either.

JEALOUS

Sure.

LETOUR

She blows it.

JEALOUS

You believe that? What you gonna do after she quits? How long you been with her?

LETOUR

She always says that. We'll see, Jealous.

JEALOUS

She's out. You should pick up her trade. You're too old to be a gofer. They know you, they trust you.

LETOUR

No way. I'm not the management type. I get in charge, I'll start using again -- not for me. I know music people. I'm gonna get in recording.

JEALOUS

Yeah.

LETOUR reaches for the door.

JEALOUS

Tour.

LETOUR

What?

JEALOUS

Normally this wouldn't matter to you, but you may get hassled.

LETOUR

Why?

JEALOUS

You read the papers? The Park murder.
All over the Post. Mariah Rangel --
nineteen-year-old Barnard co-ed bitch
dead in Turtle Pond coked to the
fucking gills. All of a sudden they're
hot after mid-level dealers. They're
buzzin'. You know her?

LETOUR

(shrugs)

I look like an encyclopedia? Who
knows?

(opens door)

Thanks for the warning.

CUT TO:

THE NIGHT BEGINS

Ann's apartment. Eight p.m. She opens the door for LETOUR,
kisses him, goes back to the phone. Mantra muzak plays as
JOHN locks door, heads toward bedroom. Inside bedroom, MTV
glows silently as ROBERT, wearing a black turtleneck, works
at a desk amid tools of the trade: digital scale, "hot box,"
Deering grinder, block of manite, pure cocaine, pills, felt
pen. ROBERT scissors glossy magazine paper (Elle) into neat
quarters, folds each into gram-size "bindels" -- envelopes.
Red satin drapes the ceiling.

ROBERT

Jack.

JOHN kisses him atop the head.

ROBERT

You pick up from Jealous?

LETOUR

(passes bag)

Yeah, nineteen grams after four times last night. We're certainly not his favorite people.

ROBERT

We don't make the laws. Nineteen is carrying, twenty is dealing. Let him be stupid.

LETOUR

He took my hundreds.

ROBERT

(stands)

Take over for a while. I'm getting contact high.

LETOUR

(sits)

Who's Her Majesty talking to?

ROBERT flips through cable channels as JOHN grinds cocaine.

ROBERT

The Ecstasy connection. From Arizona.
She's trying to get them to come
here -- or, better, Europe.

LETOUR

That's where the money is.

ROBERT

All mark-up -- the "Big One."

LETOUR

(laughs)

Don't dress.

(beat)

You really think she means it?

ROBERT

That's what she says. New Year's Eve
and out -- no Acid House, no product,
no deliveries.

LETOUR

That's just her mouth talking.

ROBERT

Next year -- strictly Akasha.

LETOUR

"Akasha"?

ROBERT

Cosmetics. That's what Ann's calling
the company now --

LETOUR

(interjects)

-- this week. I don't get it --
marigolds, violets, sage -- why'd
anyone pay to put weeds on their
face?

ROBERT

Why'd anyone pay to put them up their
nose? I like cosmetics. I need
cosmetics. You should come in with
us.

LETOUR

You forget: she hasn't asked me.

ANN hangs up, calls:

ANN

(out of shot)

Johnny! Robert! Come here!

They return to the living area.

ANN

(open arms)

Plant me two kisses, boys, fifteen
hundred Ex at thirty each and the
delivery's here.

They simultaneously kiss her cheeks.

ANN

(to LETOUR)

Whatja think?

LETOUR

Of what?

ANN

The face cream. Almond, marigold,
chamomile, egg, aloe -- the "Almilk"
formula. I remixed it.

LETOUR

(smells her)

Very nice.

ANN

Reminds me, if you get downtown stop
at Enhancements and pick up some
almond oil -- not the California.

(fishes menus from
desk)

What should we order?

LETOUR

How about Indian?

ANN

Darling, it's Saturday.

ROBERT

Thai. We haven't had Thai in a while.

The phone rings. Ann's voice repeats a recorded message:

ANN'S VOICE

"Hello. This is Ann. If you leave a message, we'll get back to you -- sooner than you think."

Answering machine beeps. MAN'S VOICE speaks from the tiny speaker: "Ann, this is Ed. Call me. 749-2876."

ANN

(to ROBERT)

Answer that. He'll call back every five minutes.

ROBERT

(walking)

The night begins.

The phone rings again: another message as ANN examines the menu.

ANN

"Ped Srilom"? -- it's Northeastern.
Duck.

LETOUR

(glancing)

I'm going veggie. Get me the "Puk Ob."

ROBERT

(out of shot from
phone)

Me too.

LETOUR

Use it for facial cream.

ROBERT

(out of shot)

Remove unsightly hair!

ANN

Laugh, one day you'll be watching me
on "Oprah" from a welfare hotel.

LETOUR

Forgive us.

ROBERT

(returns)

Eddie wants now. Now. His place. Top
Lady. God knows what happened to his
shit yesterday.

ANN

(to LETOUR)

You take it -- call in.

LETOUR

It was supposed to be light tonight.

ROBERT

Don't you watch TV?

LETOUR

Don't have one.

ROBERT

Well if you were the normal stupid
fuck you should be so lucky to be
and had one, you'd know it's supposed
to rain --

ANN

Good for the trees --

ROBERT

Some farmer whacked his numerology
on us.

ANN

(peers through curtain)

It's started.

ROBERT

The Farmer's Almanac is based on
numerology.

LETOUR

Raining?

ANN

Take a coat.

(to ROBERT)

And you, clean up the product before

the food delivery comes.

JOHN grabs his belt pouch, heads for the closet.

CUT TO:

CONFESSOR LETOUR

Rain falls on LeTour's car near an East Side luxury high-rise. The door opens to Eddie's apartment: severe decor, once chic, now dated. EDDIE, thirty-two, is a mess: puffy face, sweaty shirt, pinched lips -- on a drug jag.

EDDIE

Le Tour! -- finally. What took so long?

LETOUR

(steps inside)

Traffic. It's raining.

EDDIE

How's things?

LETOUR

Okay.

EDDIE

I need a quarter -- you got it?

LETOUR

(nods)

Robert said he sold you a quarter

yesterday.

EDDIE

(slurs)

Some friends came over. How much is
that? Fourteen-hundred?

LETOUR nods as EDDIE, employing diminished skills, counts
from a roll of twenties. JOHN looks around: full ashtrays,
porn tapes, empty vodka bottles -- there have been no
"friends."

LETOUR

Eddie. Look at yourself. Sit down.
I've known you, what, like eight
years?

EDDIE

(counting)

Yeah...

LETOUR

Knew you from the other job, the one
before the last one you fucked up. I
knew your wife -- remember her? We
used to sit and talk and talk --

Pressures EDDIE into chair.

EDDIE

(whining)

You don't know what she was like --

LETOUR

This is no good. I'll sell you a gram and some downs, but I ain't gonna put you in the emergency room. Cool it. Go to bed. Sleep it off.

John's beeper goes off.

EDDIE

(stands)

You charge \$200 for what goes for ninety on the street -- and you're not gonna sell?

LETOUR

(clicks beeper)

So go to the street.

EDDIE

I'll call Ann.

LETOUR

Go ahead. You know what she'll say. Phone's over there.

EDDIE

(irrational)

I'll tell the fucking cops.

LETOUR

(flashes cold)

Fuck you. That's it. You're out.

(turns to leave)

Don't call again. Catch you next
lifetime.

EDDIE

(contrite)

Please, Tour, I'm sorry. You're right.
I didn't mean that. I'm quitting
anyway. I'll take the gram. Sorry.

LETOUR

(turns back)

Okay.

EDDIE

Two hundred?

LETOUR nods.

EDDIE counts \$200 as LETOUR takes a gram from his pouch,
gives it to him.

LETOUR

You got downs?

(EDDIE nods)

One more thing. I gotta use the phone.

EDDIE pockets the envelope as JOHN, checking his beeper,
walks to the phone.

Later. LETOUR sits in an Upper West Side apartment as an
earnest MID-TWENTIESH MAN, wearing undershorts, snorts a
hefty line, offers a rolled dollar bill as he talks. LETOUR
declines.

MID-TWENTIESH MAN

(continuing)

...but -- if there's no God, how can man conceive of him? The idea of God presupposes the existence of God. That's the Ontological Argument. Anselm. Twelve hundred. Fourteen hundred -- I'm not sure --

LETOUR

(checks his watch)

I've got to go.

MID-TWENTIESH MAN

(gesturing)

Let me finish. Okay, if the idea of God is implanted by God -- the *sensus divinitatus*, the sense of the divine -- what is the role of human thought? Not faith, thought...

LETOUR's mind drifts. His diary voice overlaps:

LETOUR

(Voice over)

Everybody wants to talk. It's like a compulsion. My philosophy is: you got nothing to say, don't say it. They figure you can tell a D.D. anything, things they would never tell anyone else. He understands. Of course they're stoned to start. If I

could tie together all the hours of
coke talk I've heard, that would be
a lot of string. It was Robert's
idea to add twenty-five dollars to
home deliveries cause it's such a
hassle. Fifty is more like it.

Later. Narration continues as sedan drives through rain.
Later. A Tribeca loft. LETOUR swaps drug jargon with TWO
N.Y.U. STUDENTS at an impromptu party. Attractive ingenues
drift by. TRENDY TWOSOME, blasted, sways, to techno-rap.

Business done, LETOUR turns to leave. The FIRST STUDENT grabs
his shoulder:

FIRST STUDENT

C'mon, Tour, stick around.

SECOND STUDENT

Yeah.

FIRST STUDENT

There's only four of us and like
seven of them -- and we're paying
for the dope. See her, over there,
the blonde, long hair, yellow skirt? --
she's gonna model for Elite.

DOWNTOWN NYMPH, sixteen going on seventeen.

LETOUR

(smiling)

Me? I'm an old man. She'd break me

like an old horse.

SECOND STUDENT

Shit, dude --

LETOUR

Nah. Thanks anyway.

(checks watch)

I gotta go. Have fun.

(heads toward exit)

CUT TO:

FACE FROM THE PAST

LeTour's sedan heads down Lexington Avenue. It rains unabated. Puddles glisten; red taillights refract on the windshield. JOHN rests in back, a bag from Enhancements beside him.

Pedestrians, well-dressed and casual, desperately wave for taxis amid sacks of garbage. No use: nothing for blocks.

John's sedan stops for a midtown light. LETOUR looks out the window, sees a WOMAN vainly hailing a cab. He looks again. She turns her head. He recognizes her.

LETOUR

(to DRIVER)

Carlos. Wait a second.

He leans over, opens the far door, calls:

LETOUR

Marianne! Marianne! Hop in! I'll
give you a ride.

MARIANNE JOST, thirty-five, stylish in short black hair and
long black coat, steps closer, looks through the rain.

LETOUR

John. John LeTour.

MARIANNE

(recognizes him)

John?

LETOUR

Get in. You're getting soaked.

She ducks inside, slams the door.

MARIANNE

(awkward)

Hi...

The car moves on.

LETOUR

Where are you going?

MARIANNE wipes rain from her cheeks; her expression deepens:
cautious, suspicious. No reply.

LETOUR

I didn't know you still lived here.

MARIANNE

(second thoughts)

Maybe this wasn't such a good idea.

I should get out.

LETOUR

Don't be crazy. It's pouring.

MARIANNE

I'm not supposed to be around --

LETOUR

(completes sentence)

-- former drug associates.

MARIANNE

It's four years I'm clean. No alcohol,
no cigarettes, no nothing.

LETOUR

I heard. I'm happy for you.

MARIANNE

It's still not easy.

LETOUR

I know. Mar, you don't need to avoid
me. I'm straight -- two years. It
came that time. I tried to tell you.
I wrote. I called.

MARIANNE

(looks around)

I should get out.

LETOUR

Honest.

MARIANNE

But you're dealing.

LETOUR

No. I stopped.

MARIANNE

What's in the bag?

LETOUR

Almond oil. You can check.

(opens bag)

Look.

She does: Enhancements Almond Oil. John's beeper goes off! --
he punches it.

LETOUR

Shit.

MARIANNE

What's that for? In case someone
needs almond oil in the middle of
the night?

LETOUR

I still deal a little, but I'm
straight -- that part's true. Believe

me.

MARIANNE

(to DRIVER)

Stop here. Now. Stop!

LETOUR

I won't say anything. I promise.
I'll just sit here. I'll just give
you a ride.

The car pulls over. MARIANNE opens the door, gets out.

MARIANNE

Goodbye, John.

LETOUR

Where do you live?
(door slams)
Mari...

She fades into the rain. JOHN watches, aching.

DRIVER

Sir?

LETOUR

Eighty-third Street.

The sedan continues uptown.

CUT TO:

MEMORIES

John's apartment. Pre-dawn. His diary lies open on the desk. LETOUR sits clothed on the futon, drinking white wine. He pages through a cheap, half-filled photo album. He touches snapshots, 3x5's from another time:

-- JOHN and MARIANNE, arm in arm, on a Florida beach

-- MARIANNE, surprised by the camera, snorting coke at a party

-- JOHN, MARIANNE, and ANN posing, smiling, same party

-- JOHN and MARIANNE kissing over birthday cake, same party

-- MARIANNE IN MOROCCO BAZAAR

-- JOHN blowing a kiss in Fez airport

CUT TO:

PSYCHIC HEALING

LeTour's narration continues over embossed card on an entry table: Teresa Aronow, Psychic Reading, 37 Jones Street, New York, N.Y. 10012, (212)473-4297. VOICES under narration:

TERESA

(out of shot)

Coffee?

LETOUR

(out of shot)

Thanks.

TERESA

(out of shot)

Black?

LETOUR

(out of shot)

Yeah.

TERESA

(out of shot)

Here.

JOHN accepts a coffee mug, sits on a sofa across from TERESA. Sunlight falls through crocheted curtains.

TERESA ARONOW, fortyish, professionally young, is compact, demure; she wears business jacket and skirt, patterned blouse. Nothing about her is remotely paranormal -- nothing except, of course, her "aura." The "Other Side." Her voice is at the same time soothing, piercing.

Teresa's West Village consultation room is startlingly mundane: a bourgeois walk-up. Upholstered furniture, Tiffany objets d'art, framed photos of her husband and children -- a trip to Capri. A twenties portrait of Madame Blavatsky, above the fireplace, centers the room.

LETOUR

I'm not sure how this works.

TERESA

Have you ever been to a psychic
before?

LETOUR

No, but I've, well, I've heard about
it.

TERESA

Do you need advice? John?

LETOUR

(nods)

No... it's not that... I don't know --
I just decided to come. I thought...

TERESA

Be comfortable.

(smile)

How did you hear about me?

LETOUR

A recommendation. Somebody from work.
Two hundred dollars, right?

TERESA nods. JOHN tucks cash into an envelope, places it on
the coffee table.

TERESA

It's a lot of money?

LETOUR

I don't care.

TERESA

(explaining)

I look at you. I give you my impressions. I feel your "vibrations" -- I don't like that word, it sounds phony, but I can't think of anything better.

(watching)

You're anxious.

(he shrugs)

More than usual. Your aura is very strong. I feel a very strong vibration from you. A change is coming. You're worried about money. You say you don't care about money but that's not true.

LETOUR

Yeah.

TERESA

Your livelihood is endangered. You're worried about the future. You don't have much money saved. What will you do?

LETOUR

I don't know.

TERESA

I see a woman who has betrayed you.

LETOUR

(smiles)

My mother?

TERESA

(cuts him short)

Who will betray you.

LETOUR

Not... I...

TERESA

Keep it in mind. I have a strong feeling about this woman, a woman close to you, she will betray you. You're in the entertainment business, aren't you?

LETOUR

Yes.

TERESA

But you're not happy. You want to do something else. Is it music?

LETOUR

Yes...

TERESA

You have a talent for music.

LETOUR

As a child.

TERESA

You still have it. It's strong. I see music in your future. A career opportunity will come in the music field. Take it. It won't seem promising. Take it anyway.

(pause)

You're full of stress. Are you exercising?

LETOUR

No. I --

TERESA

You should exercise more. You must let go of this stress. It's not good for your health. I'm not saying you're going over to the other side, but it's not good for you. You're still drinking, aren't you? You have a drinking problem?

(he shrugs)

It's interfering with your health and your life too. You've had other problems. Drug addiction.

LETOUR

Yes.

TERESA

This was very important in your life.

LETOUR

Yes.

TERESA

You are in the balance. Everything you do -- positive or negative -- in this life is a drop that will carry over in the next. Every act, every decision matters.

LETOUR

Teresa?

TERESA

What is it?

LETOUR

I'm thirty-eight years old.

(beat)

Forty.

TERESA

You're young.

LETOUR

I have trouble sleeping.

(TERESA waits)

Look. What do you see around me? Is there anything? Is it dark? Have I run out of luck? Is there luck?

TERESA

I see a glow. Everything you need is

around you. The only danger is inside
you.

CUT TO:

MONEY CHANGER

Ann's apartment. The night has already begun. ANN sits on the floor beside a YOUNG HASID counting money. He wears Orthodox garb: black hat, black coat, peyas. Tibetan bells reverb from speakers as the Bergmanesque cambist runs faced twenty-dollar bills through a battery-operated counting machine, places stacks of cash on the floor. ROBERT returns a call from the kitchen; LETOUR emerges from the bathroom, wiping his hands.

ANN

(to LETOUR and ROBERT)

Your pay's on the table.

JOHN walks to the cosmetics corner, finds an envelope with his name on it, looks inside: \$500 in twenties. He pockets the money.

LETOUR sits as HASID double-checks the total: cash covers the available floor space.

YOUNG HASID

(dialogue punctuates
action)

One hundred thirty-one, let's make
it 130-\$13,000, hundreds for small
bills. One percent commission, \$130

to you -- add tens or whatever if
you want.

Opening a satchel, he removes bound \$100s, counts off 130 as
ANN adds up commission in small bills. He loads the satchel:

YOUNG HASID

Same time?

ANN

(nods)

Two weeks -- don't run. Stay a while.
We'll order kosher. We'll tell you
dirty stories. We'll talk Zionism.

The HASID laughs. He likes her.

YOUNG HASID

(passes hundreds)

I'm late already. I only come 'cause
I like you. Sure you're not Jewish?
I don't want to see you hurt. Find a
man. You should do something else.

ANN

(offers commission)

Invest in my cosmetics line.

YOUNG HASID

(takes money)

Don't mix business with friendship.

ANN follows him to the door.

YOUNG HASID

Shalom.

ANN

Shalom.

(opens door)

See you next week.

(calls after him)

Don't eat any hot dogs!

ANN closes door.

LETOUR

Jealous said something about a yuppie
murder in the Park. You know anything
about it?

ANN

It's all over the news.

LETOUR

Jealous said to be careful.

ANN

We are careful.

ROBERT

(returning)

We're too small time. Besides, she
wasn't one of ours -- not directly.

(to LETOUR)

Tis is at St. Luke's. He wants

somebody over right away. Second
floor waiting room.

LETOUR

A hospital? What's he doing there?

ROBERT

He says he needs you to come to St.
Luke's. I'd go but I got the other
thing.

LETOUR

The --?

ROBERT

Yeah.

ANN

(to LETOUR)

Go. Keep on his good side. He set up
Arizona.

Phone rings; Ann's machine answers: "Hello, this is Ann..."

ANN

(to LETOUR)

Let's have lunch. Tomorrow.

LETOUR

Me?

ANN

One o'clock. Côte Basque. Is that

too early?

LETOUR

No. Yeah -- sure.

ROBERT

Tonight?

LETOUR

I vote Japanese.

ANN

Fine.

ROBERT

Okay.

LETOUR

(heads for door)

Mixed sushi. Oshitashi.

CUT TO:

ST. LUKE'S

EMS vehicles line street outside St. Luke's -- Roosevelt Hospital. Inside, LETOUR weaves through Emergency (eerie), double-steps the stairs, looks for the second floor waiting area.

TIS (Mathis -- pronounced Tees), thirty-five, Swiss, paces in the waiting room. He wears a linen jacket, horn-rim glasses, Cerrutti Euro-swank. He spots JOHN, takes him aside:

LETOUR

What's going on?

TIS

You got some valiums?

LETOUR

(nods)

-- 'n 'ludes.

TIS

Just a valium -- a ten.

LETOUR

What is it?

TIS

You won't believe it. What a
nightmare. I brought in this chick.
She O.D.ed -- man, I didn't even
know her. I didn't have to bring her
in. The cops are coming back to talk
to me. I'm hyper. I gotta come down.

LETOUR

(hands him valium)

Here.

TIS

Make it two.

LETOUR obliges. TIS pops a blue without water, pockets the

other.

TIS

Thanks.

LETOUR

She okay?

TIS

Who?

LETOUR

The girl.

TIS

Yeah, yeah. Met her last night. A walking vacuum cleaner. What a nightmare. Underage.

LETOUR

You need a lawyer?

TIS

(gestures toward suited man)

He's here. Thanks.

TIS folds a bill into John's hand.

LETOUR

Any time.

TIS turns, steps away. LETOUR walks down the long corridor.

Curious, reflective, he slows past open doors. Friends,
family, patients sit in blue light. Each room a drama.

He heads down a duplicate corridor. A VOICE turns his head:

RANDI

John!

He turns to see RANDI JOST, thirty, Marianne's younger sister.
She wears running shoes, jeans, red sweater.

LETOUR

Randi?

RANDI

(kisses him)

I can't believe it. Marianne's here
too. She flew in. It's been so long.
You look great.

LETOUR

(deactivates beeper)

You too. Randi, what's wrong? Why
are you here?

RANDI

Mom. She's back in. Didn't Marianne
tell you?

LETOUR

Serious?

RANDI

(nods)
More chemo.

LETOUR
Can I see her?

RANDI
She's sleeping. She sleeps most of
the time. She'd like it, though. She
still talks about you.

LETOUR
(sad)
I'm so sorry. She's a terrific woman.
I was crazy about her. God.

MARIANNE, head down, approaches. Looking up, she finds herself
unexpectedly beside JOHN and RANDI:

RANDI
It's John. What a coincidence.

MARIANNE
(gathering herself)
Yes.
(extends hand)
Hi.

LETOUR
(shakes hand)
Randi told me about your mom. I'm
sorry.

MARIANNE

Thanks.

LETOUR

She's sedated?

MARIANNE

Yeah.

RANDI

She would be so happy to see John.

MARIANNE

I don't think that would be a good
idea.

An awkward silence: RANDI doesn't get it.

LETOUR

You both look so tired.

MARIANNE

One of us has to be here.

RANDI

The hospital lets us stay in her
room.

LETOUR

Let me buy you some coffee or
something -- the cafeteria's
downstairs. It helps to talk.

RANDI

You go, Marianne, it's my turn with
mom.

MARIANNE

I shouldn't.

RANDI

Go. You haven't eaten. Go on.

(nudges her)

Go on.

MARIANNE

I...

RANDI

Bring me a coffee.

MARIANNE acquiesces.

LETOUR

This way.

(to RANDI)

Kiss your mother for me.

JOHN escorts MARIANNE toward the stairs.

CUT TO:

EUPHORIC RECALL

Hospital cafeteria. JOHN and MARIANNE carry trays to a formica
table, molded chairs. He mixes sugar in his coffee as she

sets out her salad, diet soda, to-go coffee.

An awkward moment. MARIANNE scans the fluorescent room:
doctors, nurses, relatives.

LETOUR

I like your mom.

MARIANNE

She liked you. You know this will
happen someday, but when it does...
Your mother -- that was a shock.

LETOUR

(re: Marianne's mother)

She's been sick a while?

MARIANNE

A year.

LETOUR

Your father?

MARIANNE

("no")

Not this time. His new wife -- he'll
make it to the funeral.

LETOUR

What have you been doing? Where do
you live?

MARIANNE

It's...

(deciding)

I don't want you to know about my
life.

LETOUR

Anything? You married? Have children?

A dog?

(smile)

House plants?

MARIANNE

Details just open the door.

LETOUR

The door to what?

(no answer)

It's not like we're strangers. We
were married.

MARIANNE

We were not.

LETOUR

There was a ceremony.

MARIANNE

He wasn't even a minister. He was an
astrologer.

LETOUR

He was also a minister. "Universal
Harmony."

MARIANNE

He was a Pisces.

LETOUR

You're a Pisces.

MARIANNE

It was not legal.

LETOUR

In the eyes of Jeanne Dixon we're
still --

MARIANNE

I was on the cusp.

LETOUR

We were happy.

MARIANNE

We were miserable. We were either
scoring or coming down -- mostly
coming down.

LETOUR

There were good times. Area, out on
the street, laughing, dancing with
friends -- we were magical.

MARIANNE

You took off for three months without
telling me and called once. That's

how magical we were. You were an encyclopedia of suicidal fantasies -- I heard them all. Nobody could clear a room like you, John. And the friends, you may have noticed, turned out to be mine, not yours. I envy you. A convenient memory is a gift from God.

LETOUR

You exaggerate.

MARIANNE

In rehab they call this "euphoric recall." You only remember the highs, never the lows.

LETOUR

We were happy.

MARIANNE

I was drowning.

LETOUR

It wasn't me --

MARIANNE

You watched --

LETOUR

You jumped --

MARIANNE

You did nothing -- "It wasn't your business, you weren't responsible" -- you still think like that.

(shakes head)

Actions have consequences; so do --

LETOUR

(overlap)

I --

MARIANNE

-- inactions.

LETOUR

I didn't --

(MARIANNE smiles)

I meant well.

MARIANNE

You always meant well.

LETOUR

We were in love?

MARIANNE

Yes.

LETOUR

We were happy?

She doesn't answer. He slides his hand across the table. She notices his gold and onyx ring.

LETOUR

You bought it for me. It's inscribed
inside.

She pushes his hand away. Details open doors.

LETOUR

Ann's quitting. I've got to find
something else to do.

MARIANNE

Ann? I'll believe it when I see it.

LETOUR

It's true.

MARIANNE

Are you really straight?

LETOUR

Yeah.

MARIANNE

Let me see your eyes.

JOHN leans forward, eyes open. She presses up an eyelid,
examines one iris, the other:

MARIANNE

Eyes are deceiving.

(beat)

Congratulations.

LETOUR

If I could do that, I could do anything.

MARIANNE

What do you mean?

LETOUR

We could do anything. We could start over.

MARIANNE

(bangs her head)

What was that? I think I heard something.

LETOUR

I'm serious.

An INTERCOM VOICE announces visiting hours will end in five minutes.

MARIANNE

You're crazy.

LETOUR

(gestures to room)

This is crazy.

MARIANNE

I have to get back.

JOHN nods, checks his watch -- he's late too. They exchange

"last looks"; MARIANNE stands.

LETOUR

I'll walk you.

He stands, follows.

CUT TO:

NEW DIARY

Later. LeTour's sedan pulls up near Palio, a midtown restaurant.

JOHN steps around garbage bags, enters.

Inside, JOHN "maps" bar, greets the MAÎTRE D'. LETOUR spots the FRENCH (LaCroix and Montana) COUPLE in the dining section, catches the man's eye. He nods to the MAÎTRE D', makes his way toward their table.

He joins the FRENCH COUPLE, declines a drink, exchanges drugs/money amid air kisses.

Late night. Fog hangs over 22nd Street: Chelsea's deserted. Homeless men behind windbreaks of trash.

John's apartment. He writes bareback at the desk. He completes his composition book diary mid-sentence, closes it, discards it. He lifts a new book from the floor, opens it on the desk, continues.

He fills his glass with wine:

LETOUR

(voice over)

I can always find another way to make a living. I never planned this in the first place -- not like Ann. She came up to sell, have parties, make contacts. She was so glamorous. I just wanted to be around her. She'd sit up listening to coke stories. Now it's me and Robert. The whole crowd was the same age. Everybody's younger now. She made me.

LETOUR pulls his weekly pay from his pants, puts five twenties in an envelope. He addresses the envelope. "Linda Wichel, 1012B-2 A Street, Sacramento, California," stamps it.

Dissolves: (1) LETOUR vanishes from his desk, (2) materializes fetally on his futon, bareback, slacks, boots, anxious, awaiting sleep.

LeTour's diary contains parallel columns of names: one headed "People Who Are Left Handed," the other, "People Whose Eyes Don't Match."

CUT TO:

CÔTE BASQUE

Midday. JOHN, wearing a black tweed jacket, tie, khaki slacks, mails the Sacramento letter, enters CÔTE BASQUE, a hoity-toity 55th Street restaurant.

Midmeal. ANN and LETOUR sit in a prominent booth; power moguls confer quietly. A deferential WAITER brings fresh berries, retrieves empty salmon plates.

ANN

You have any money saved?

LETOUR

There's some. Not much. A thousand or two. Maybe more -- I'm not sure.

ANN

What do you do with your money?

The CHEF stops by, asks if the meal was satisfactory. ANN assures him it was, kisses his hand. The CHEF nods, gratified. JOHN resumes the conversation:

LETOUR

I don't know. It's not that much in the first place -- as you know.

ANN

(counterpoint)

It's tax free --

LETOUR

Rent, utilities, phone, tips, CDs -- what about your money?

ANN

Kitty Ford once told me, "Ann, the

only person I know that lives as well as you is my grandmother." All the money I've made, all the money I've spent -- it never adds up. This last two years cosmetics' been taking everything.

LETOUR

I wish I could help.

ANN

You still go to meetings?

LETOUR

No, but I'm okay. What are the odds of meeting someone you haven't seen in years twice in two days?

ANN

Ask Robert to make up a chart for you; the other person -- who is it?

LETOUR

Just a contact -- you don't know him.

ANN

What's the plan?

LETOUR

The plan?

ANN

What you gonna do?

LETOUR

My future?

ANN

Too conceptual?

LETOUR

We had this conversation two years ago. We'll have it two years from now.

ANN

This time it's for real.

LETOUR

(accepting premise)

I'm thinking of some music courses.
Mixing, sound editing --

ANN

You took that before.

LETOUR

That was acting.

ANN

(corrects him)

Modeling.

LETOUR

Why all this concern? Suddenly you

care?

ANN

I have feelings too -- you may have noticed. I guess I'm worried. I'm tough, you gotta to be tough, especially in this business, it's one thing to act tough -- I've seen Zipporah twice this week.

LETOUR

She helps you?

ANN

(nods)

-- harmonizes, she's encouraging me to get out of this into the cosmetics thing --

WAITER leans in, deposits check as WELL-TANNED CUSTOMER, fifty-five, cologne and hauteur, passes. He looks at ANN blankly, continues. She watches:

ANN

(about CUSTOMER)

Nomination for Best Picture. I knew every girl he fucked -- how, why. I knew when he had trouble shitting. Like this.

(crosses fingers)

His wife says he gets straight or she cuts him off. Old money. I remember the last thing he said to

me: "See you soon." Yeah, sure. That
was five years ago.

ANN pulls a wad of twenties from her purse, counts bills
atop the check: \$260.

ANN

(vulnerable)

You'll still talk to me, won't you?

A beat: this is the reason for lunch. The WAITER picks up
the cash, appraises the gratuity.

LETOUR

You --?

(to ANN)

Of course I will.

ANN

It'll be strange without you around.

I hadn't thought of it -- it hit me.

LETOUR

(clever)

We'll always have Paris.

ANN

(reproachful)

John.

JOHN reaches, touches her visceral emotion. He takes her
hand:

LETOUR

Ann, you want me, call, write a
letter, tell a wino -- I'll be there.

She smiles, clasps his hand. Touching, he is touched.

CUT TO:

GENERAL HOSPITAL

Afternoon. St. Luke's. LETOUR, wearing tweed jacket, walks down the corridor, checks room numbers. A NURSE passes. He stops at a room, pushes the door a crack, peeks inside, quietly enters.

Inside the hospital room, MRS. JOST, sixty-five, lies sedated, attached to IV tubes and a respirator. Flowers wreath the bed.

RANDI sleeps in a chair by the window.

LETOUR looks from MRS. JOST to RANDI and back again: a vibrant woman reduced to a shell. He soundlessly eases into a vacant chair.

His mind goes back.

RANDI twists fitfully in her chair. A stuffed bear peeks over family photos on the window sill.

MARIANNE steps into the doorway, stops, frozen -- watching the tableau: JOHN, RANDI, her mother. Her face is ravaged: the death watch has taken its toll. LETOUR reaches his arm,

touches the hospital bed.

MARIANNE tiptoes behind JOHN. He turns, stands.

LETOUR

(soft)

I'm sorry. I...

She puts her finger to her lips. He nods. She steps closer, holds him politely. His cheek nestles in her neck.

They turn toward the door, step into the corridor, walk arm in arm as if supporting each other.

LETOUR

(after a moment)

I always thought my father would die first. He would die, then my mother and I would reconcile. Just her and me. I hated him for living.

MARIANNE

It's like a joke. It's not a real feeling. It's like a feeling of a feeling.

LETOUR

My old man bawling in the hospital, me popping in and out of the john getting loaded.

(beat)

I miss you.

They stop. She kisses him.

MARIANNE

You tried to kill me. You took ten
years of my life one way or another.

(he kisses her)

I couldn't hate my mom -- I was too
busy hating you.

LETOUR

I thought I was just killing myself.

She runs her hands under his shirt, up his back.

LETOUR

Selfish.

MARIANNE

I remember.

LETOUR

What?

MARIANNE

What it felt like.

(kisses his face)

What this tasted like.

He slips his hands under her blouse, caresses her breasts.

LETOUR

I see you and my heart starts
thumping.

MARIANNE

John.

They kiss deeper, bodies grinding. The painful present fades. A NURSE approaches with WHEELCHAIR PATIENT. She tries to pass one side of JOHN and MARIANNE, tries the other side, is blocked again. The NURSE stops, stares at their soap opera.

Sensing her glare, JOHN and MARIANNE, hands over and under each other, stop, look to the NURSE: embarrassed -- yet blissful.

LETOUR

Excuse us.

(to MARIANNE)

Let's go.

MARIANNE

Come. Come with me.

CUT TO:

HOTEL SEX

Paramount hotel room: Vermeer's Lace Maker dominates Phillippe Stark decor.

LETOUR and MARIANNE are all over each other. The pain of the moment, the pain of the past are subsumed by passion. Blind, welcome sexuality.

Naked, they kneel facing each other on the bed, faded bleeding

heart tattoo on his bicep:

LETOUR

Have you ever had sex totally
straight?

MARIANNE

Not with you.

LETOUR

Neither have I.

MARIANNE

Such an erection.

LETOUR

Never had anything like it stoned.
Feel it.

(she does)

MARIANNE

Weird.

LETOUR

(caresses erection)

Wow.

MARIANNE

I'm dripping.

LETOUR

Let's disappear.

They smack their sweaty bodies, tumble yelping to the carpet, kiss indiscriminately:

LETOUR

Kiss, kiss, kiss.

MARIANNE

Kiss, kiss, kiss.

LETOUR

Together.

Later: night. They lie nude in a scramble of twisted sheets and mattresses. Street lights cast horizontal shadows. LETOUR crawls over, falls upon Marianne's breast. She wakes up, looks at JOHN, looks out the window, returns to slow sad reality.

MARIANNE stands, pulls on her panties.

LETOUR

(waking)

You need to go back?

She dresses before responding:

MARIANNE

This is the end. It was wonderful. I'm glad it happened this way. It will never happen again. You will not see me, you will not call me again. I'm happy for you. I wish you the best. I'm leaving. I'm going

back to the hospital. I shouldn't
have left -- but I don't regret it.
Please dress and leave as soon as
possible. I have a key. Goodbye.

LETOUR

Marianne...

MARIANNE

It's my fault.

MARIANNE, clothes askew, exits.

LETOUR

I love you.

LETOUR is alone. He pulls his pants on. Looking for his socks,
he peruses Marianne's personal things. He examines her
cosmetics, her underclothes. He dabs her perfume on his cheek.

Buttoning his shirt, he retrieves his beeper from suit jacket.
Activated, it disgorges messages. He checks his watch: 9:00
p.m.

CUT TO:

GET ON OUT

Nine-thirty: Ann's apartment building. Trash stacked high.

LETOUR presses the buzzer.

LETOUR, exhausted, unfocused, enters Ann's apartment. ANN is

immediately upon him:

ANN

Johnny, what is this? Your beeper
broke, gettin' some shiatsu? Two
hours: where have you bee?

LETOUR

There was a mix-up --

ANN

How you gonna survive on your own?
The U.N.'s got some conference in
two days. The holiday's over --
ragheads everywhere trying to score.
U.N. security at every hotel -- little
creeps with lapel pins. Even I've
been out. This is where our money
is: Europe, Asia, not the streets --
you wouldn't know crack from
crackerjacks.

LETOUR

Where's Robert?

ANN

Busting his ass. He's out doing your
job.

LETOUR

It was a confusion.

ANN

Get confused on your day off.

LETOUR

When is that?

ANN

Don't get wise. What do you want me to do? Suck your dick? -- okay. A raise? No way. Get out there. There's a list on the TV. I love you. Get your ass outta here before I kiss it.

LETOUR

(pecks her cheek)

I'm on my way. Love you. Forgive me.

CUT TO:

AU BAR

LeTour's sedan waits between limos.

Inside, JOHN passes the MAÎTRE D', looks around: he's known here. Au Bar, a restaurant/club open 9:00 p. m. to 4:00 a. m., caters to the young, the rich, the European.

He spots TIS with THOMAS, twenty-five, his handsome trainer, and TWO MODELS at a second-floor table. They exchange nods.

LETOUR scans the room: suspicion is second nature.

A laughing man (GUIDONE) at the bar catches his eye. He seems

to blend: Italian, twenty-eight, silk suit, impeccable hair, accent -- but something's not right. His black shoes have rubber soles. LETOUR looks for a gun bulge, dirty hands. The ITALIAN turns; LETOUR glimpses his face: too pale. The ITALIAN averts his eyes. Glancing back, LETOUR walks up the stairs to Tis' table.

TIS

Tour, sit. Take a rest. LeTour, this is Gabri, Tasha -- you know Thomas. They're here for a show.

The MODELS respond in respective accents. THOMAS extends his hand. JOHN shakes, remains standing.

LETOUR

Enchanté.
(to TIS)
How'd it turn out?

TIS

(to GABRI)
Questo è un vero Americano.
(to LETOUR)
What?

GABRI and TASHA buzz.

LETOUR

St. Luke's.

TIS

No problem, but -- can you believe

this? -- she's out of the hospital
in one day, calls me up, wants to
"get together." Some people are just
born for losing. Want to go in back?

LETOUR

Not now.

TIS

Huh?

LETOUR

Look at the bar. Black-haired guy,
late twenties, brown suit, drinking
tonic?

(TIS nods)

He's casing you. Not me, you.
Undercover, whatever -- he's on you.

TIS

You know him?

LETOUR

(shakes head "no")

Just a feeling. You holding?

TIS

No. Need help?

LETOUR

("no")

Leave a message. Robert or I will
come by later.

TIS

Forget it. It wasn't for me anyway.

(to MODELS)

Who am I trying to impress?

(they smile

uncomprehendingly)

Make it tomorrow. A half -- no, three-quarters.

LETOUR

Nineteen is the top. I'll make two trips.

TIS

Nineteen is fine.

LETOUR

(leaving)

A domani. Take care, girls.

CUT TO:

THERE IS A DIRECTION

The blue sedan drives west past Times Square, turns north on Eighth Ave. A plastic wall of trash stretches toward the river. Port Authority hustlers -- male, female -- cruise as TRANSIT COPS whack an emaciated CRACKHEAD. JOHN, lit by neon, lowers his power window.

John's apartment. Night. He writes in his diary, drinks.

LETOUR

(voice over)

I feel my life turning. All it needed
was a direction. You drift from day
to day, years go by. Suddenly there
is a direction. What a strange thing
to happen halfway through your life.

He goes to the phone, dials. A voice answers:

HOTEL SWITCHBOARD

(out of shot)

Paramount Hotel.

LETOUR

Marianne Jost, please.

HOTEL SWITCHBOARD

(out of shot)

Just a moment.

A pre-recorded message comes on:

HOTEL MESSAGE

"Welcome to the Paramount. Your party
is out. If you would like to leave a
message for --

(Marianne's voice)

'MARIANNE JOST'

(back to message)

-- please do so after the beep."

LETOUR hangs up, carries the phone to the boombox. He dials again, presses 'Record,' holds the receiver to the mike, records the hotel message, hangs up.

First light slants from the window. LETOUR lies clothed on the futon, boombox by his ear. He presses "Play" and "Rewind," running the tape over and over, listening, re-listening to Marianne's voice: "Marianne Jost." "Marianne Jost." "Marianne Jost.")

CUT TO:

PHONE CALLS

Midday. Twenty-second Street. A helter-skelter of daytime activity unseen before.

John's apartment. Sunlight fills the studio apartment. LETOUR, unshaven in T-shirt and slacks, sets the phone on the desk beside his open composition book. He pauses, dials.

HOTEL SWITCHBOARD

(out of shot)

Paramount Hotel.

LETOUR

Marianne Jost.

HOTEL SWITCHBOARD

(out of shot)

Just a moment.

JOHN waits, closes his diary.

HOTEL SWITCHBOARD

(out of shot)

I'm sorry. Ms. Jost checked out this morning.

LETOUR

She was there yesterday.

HOTEL SWITCHBOARD

(out of shot)

She checked out this morning.

LETOUR

Did she leave a forwarding number?

HOTEL SWITCHBOARD

(out of shot)

No.

LETOUR

Thank you.

He hangs up, thinks, redials.

ST. LUKE'S SWITCHBOARD

(out of shot)

St. Luke's -- Roosevelt Hospital.

LETOUR

Mrs. Jost. JoAnn Jost. She's a patient.

ST. LUKE'S SWITCHBOARD

(out of shot)

Just a moment.

A long silence. JOHN looks out the window. A MEDICAL STAFF VOICE from the hospital:

MEDICAL VOICE

(out of shot)

Who is this calling?

LETOUR

(thinking)

Skyline Floral. We're trying to confirm a delivery.

MEDICAL VOICE

(out of shot)

Mrs. Jost passed away last night.

LETOUR

Are the funeral arrangements local?

MEDICAL VOICE

(out of shot)

Just a sec -- yes, Plaza Memorial.

LETOUR

Thank you.

MEDICAL VOICE

(out of shot)

You're welcome.

JOHN hangs up, paces, sits.

CUT TO:

DIRTY LAUNDRY

Afternoon. Chelsea laundromat. Mothers and maids gossip, sort clothes. Hispanic radio underscores the whirl of machines.

LETOUR, unshaven, shoves dirty clothes into a washer. He counts out quarters, starts the machine.

Heading toward a vacant chair, he spots a MAN out the window. It takes a second to place the face: it's the "Italian" from Au Bar in street clothes. He watches JOHN watching him.

LETOUR walks outside, approaches GUIDONE on the sidewalk:

LETOUR

Can I help you, officer?

GUIDONE

What?

LETOUR

I hope I haven't made a mistake. You are a cop, aren't you?

GUIDONE

Yes.

LETOUR

Could I see a badge?

GUIDONE eyes LETOUR with disdain: the contempt of a cop for a dealer, of youth for middle age.

GUIDONE

(shows credentials)

Bill Guidone.

LETOUR

What is it?

GUIDONE

You think you're invisible, don't you? You think we don't know you, LeTour -- that's the name you use, right?

LETOUR

My father's a partner in a powerful law firm. If you have anything in mind, do it by the book.

GUIDONE elbow-stabs LETOUR, kicks his shin. Wincing, retreating, JOHN staggers, regains his balance.

GUIDONE

(in his face)

You? Who the fuck cares about you? I could grind you right here! -- maybe I will! -- and nobody would give a fuck! You're not worth the paperwork.

I look like Narcotics? I'm Homicide --
I'm investigating the Park murder.

LETOUR

(acquiescent)

I don't follow the news.

GUIDONE

Downtown's interested how a Barnard
honors student with fancy parents
got a quarter of uncut coke on her
when she was murdered. I mean, we
just don't see this girl cruising
Alphabet City trying to score.
Somebody sold her, somebody upscale
and classy -- you're classy, I hear --
and that somebody knows something we
need to know.

(hand inside LeTour's
shirt, pinching his
tit)

Delivery boy!

LETOUR

I wish I could help. I don't even
know who's president.

GUIDONE

Let me put it this way. Here's my
card

(hands card)

Ask around, take a week or so. Call
me. Tell me something I don't know.

Either that, leave town, or get your
ass busted day in, day out.

LETOUR examines the card.

CUT TO:

FUNERAL HOME

Evening. LETOUR, shaven, in black tweed jacket, white shirt,
black tie, crosses Amsterdam Avenue, enters Plaza Memorial
Chapel.

Inside funeral home, JOHN checks the letterboard for Mrs.
Jost's name. An arrow directs him.

Nondenominational muzak. Senior citizens whisper off-screen.

Walking, he sees MARIANNE, dressed in black. She sees him,
turns to him; her face hollow, desperate:

MARIANNE

Get out.

LETOUR

Marianne...

MARIANNE

(emotion rising)

Every time you come into my life
something terrible happens. I thought
I was rid of you. How'd you get here?
I don't want you here! I don't want

you around me, I don't want you around
my mother! Damn you!

LETOUR

Marianne...

MARIANNE

(wild)

Get out!

A PLAZA MEMORIAL EMPLOYEE approaches. RANDI, in black,
intervenes, pulls JOHN toward the door. MARIANNE YELLS from
behind: "Out!" Outside, they stop midsidewalk.

LETOUR

I didn't...

RANDI

I'm sorry. That's the way it is. You
shouldn't have come. Marianne has
been up all night, crying and crying.
She wasn't there when Mother passed --
died -- she blames herself. It
wouldn't have made any difference.
She just slipped away. Marianne's --
I'm worried --

A CRACKHEAD strides past trash ramparts, cursing, demanding
money: "Fuck white devil, fucking the black, give the fucking
money, white fuck..., " etc.

LETOUR

It's...

RANDI

Don't try.

LETOUR

How are you?

RANDI

Me?

LETOUR

Yes, you. I can't think of anything,
but if there was anything I could
do...

RANDI

Thanks. I'm okay -- I guess. I mean,
we've been expecting it. It'll hit
me later.

LETOUR

I saw her.

RANDI

Who?

LETOUR

Your mother. I came in the room. You
were sleeping. I just watched.

RANDI

Oh.

(beat)

I'd better get back. Marianne's probably flipping out.

She re-enters the funeral chapel.

CUT TO:

ON A ROLL

Eight p.m. LETOUR, direct from Plaza Memorial, enters Ann's apartment. ANN, coiffured and made up, gestures to take-out tins:

ANN

Have some shu mai. Just delivered.

LETOUR

No.

ROBERT

(entering)

I told Ann you'd be on time. Tis called. He said before ten. He said you were right.

ANN

About what?

LETOUR

An undercover cop. Not a narc. The Park murder. Jealous was straight on that -- you hear anything?

ROBERT

Remember the time that cop called
here? Wanted to know if we had "nose
candy"?

(laughs)

Ann says, "John Candy?" "John Candy?"

ANN looks at JOHN, approaches:

ANN

What's wrong baby? You like like
shit. Something wrong?

(holds his face)

LETOUR

No.

ANN

You can't fool me. I can read you.

LETOUR

(distressed)

What do you care? You're leaving me.
A few more months -- sayonara.

(to ROBERT)

You too. John who? What was his name
again? Le --?

(to ANN: pained)

I mean it's not exactly like I got a
pension plan.

ROBERT

(hurt)

Jack.

ANN

(takes his hands)

Johnny, it's not that at all. Is that what you think? You hate cosmetics. You don't care about it. You told me that.

LETOUR

I know.

ANN

Who knows what will happen?

ROBERT

I got a friend -- a D.D. -- got into lapidary. I'll introduce you. You have to pass a test.

LETOUR

Lapi --?

ROBERT

Gems, you know, crystals, diamonds.

LETOUR

Any more about the Park murder?

ANN

(re: murder)

What's with this thing?

ROBERT

Stay away.

ANN

(genuine)

You want in? We'll make a place for
you.

LETOUR

No.

ANN

It's --

The kitchen phone rings. A voice follows the pre-recorded
message:

EDDIE

(out of shot --
answering machine)

"Ann, this is Ed. You gotta come.
The other thing is over. I'll be
home all night. 749-2876."

ROBERT

Shit.

ANN

(unequivocal)

Don't answer it. Let him call all
night. He's trouble. I don't want to
deal with him.

LETOUR

It's alright, I'll go. Let me handle
it.

ROBERT

I'm sorry if --

ANN

(about EDDIE)

He gives you shit -- fuck him.

LETOUR

(to ROBERT)

Forget it.

ROBERT

We're going Chinese tonight, okay? I
mean we're on a roll --

ANN

Spring roll.

LETOUR

(preparing to leave)

Sure, whatever. Surprise me.

CUT TO:

INTERVENTION

Eddie's high-rise apartment. EDDIE is worse, if anything.
He's been scoring on the street: broken pipes and vials crunch
underfoot.

EDDIE and LETOUR argue ("Fuck you!" "Fuck you!"). EDDIE spits, pushes TOUR, JOHN pushes back. Eddie's feet tangle. He trips, FALLS. A bottle SMASHES.

JOHN goes to the phone, checks Eddie's directory, dials.

EDDIE

(on floor)

You gotta get permission? Check with
Mama?

LETOUR

I'm calling your brother.

EDDIE

Huh?

LETOUR

Yeah, the lawyer in Bronxville. I'm
gonna ask him to come over.

(EDDIE protests)

You've told me so much about him.

EDDIE

(panicked)

No, don't. Please, I'll give you
money, anything. He doesn't
understand. Whose side are you on?

LETOUR

(on phone)

Is this Martin Jeer?

(beat)

Thank you.

EDDIE, woozy, tries to stand.

EDDIE

I shoulda never called.

LETOUR

(to EDDIE)

I recommend Hazelden. It has the best all-around program.

(on phone)

Martin Jeer?

(beat)

I'm here with your brother Ed.

(beat)

Yeah, in the city. I'm afraid there's a medical emergency. You're going to have to come.

EDDIE lurches toward LETOUR. JOHN -- flash of anger -- bootkicks him in the head! Eddie's cheek hits the carpet.

LETOUR

(on phone)

He'll be here.

JOHN, cooling down, measures his breaths. A spring can only be wound so tight.

CUT TO:

LEXINGTON AVENUE

LETOUR walks from his sedan around the corner to the Lexington Avenue entrance to Grace Towers, a pre-war apartment building. In the lobby, he gives his name to the SECURITY GUARD, is directed to the express elevator.

He exits on the thirtieth floor; footsteps muted by thick carpet.

Victorian prints on dark blue walls. He looks about, approaches a door, presses the buzzer.

THOMAS opens the door; JOHN enters Tis' opulent apartment.

Salle and Clemente hang on the walls; New York twinkles outside panoramic windows. A pipe and syringe lie atop art books. TIS, in jogging sweats, comes from the bedroom to greet him.

TIS

Tour, just in time. We were out.
Nineteen, right?

LETOUR

Thirty-eight hundred -- got any
hundreds?

TIS

Some, not the whole thing.
(to THOMAS)
You got hundreds?

THOMAS

No.

LETOUR hands him a plastic bag of gram envelopes. TIS opens a packet, pours the contents on the coffee table.

TIS

I like that about Ann. Always takes the time to grind it. If you do it, do it right.

JOHN hears footsteps, turns to see MARIANNE stumble out of the bedroom! She looks terrible: shoeless, blouse out, hair undone, bruise on her forehead -- perhaps she fell against something -- hands trembling.

TIS

(to MARIANNE)

Looks like you could use some help.

(MARIANNE looks up,
sees JOHN, goes pale)

Mari, this is Tour. You got any hundreds?

JOHN stares speechless: the girl who won't talk to him because he's a dealer. MARIANNE bolts back into the bedroom, SLAMS the door!

TIS

Not the talkative type. Haven't seen her in years. You know her, don't you?

(no answer. TIS counts

the money, offers
it. LETOUR is frozen)
Why they call me? What a nightmare.
(extending money)
You want it or not?

LETOUR
(vacant)
Yeah.

LETOUR pockets the cash. TIS, his arm on John's elbow, "walks"
him to the door:

TIS
See you later.

TIS nudges JOHN to the corridor, closes the door behind him.
JOHN looks toward the elevator; TIS, behind the door, calls
"Marianne!"

Time cut: LETOUR stands in the elevator, red floor numbers
flashing past, blank eyes mirrored in dark glass.

CUT TO:

FALL FROM GRACE

JOHN exits Grace Towers, walks past a limo toward Lexington
Avenue. Rounding the corner, he sees his blue sedan. He looks
at the cash, repockets it. He continues slowly, each step a
separate task.

LETOUR reaches for the door handle. A scream pierces traffic

noise. A car screeches, another. Voices call out.

LETOUR steps back, listens. He retraces his steps, turns onto Lexington Avenue. The SECURITY GUARD, walkie-talkie in hand, clusters on the sidewalk with the limo driver, two pedestrians. A cabbie jumps from his taxi, joins the confusion ("My God!"). A siren approaches. John's beeper goes off.

Drawing closer, LETOUR sees the partial bloodied shape of a broken body on the sidewalk: he recognizes Marianne's skirt. A squad car brakes with a screech. TWO COPS converge, climb over trash, clear the crime scene:

FEMALE COP

Get back!

MALE COP

Who saw it? What happened?

(the FEMALE COP bends
over Marianne's body)

EMS is on the way.

FEMALE COP

Too late --

A second squad car pulls up. JOHN turns away, walks around the corner.

LETOUR opens the car door, closes it, sits inside. A wailing ambulance flashes past, speeds up Central Park West.

LETOUR doesn't react. Beeper re-beeps; he disconnects the battery.

The driver, CARLOS, twenty-five, Hispanic, shirt starched, turns, looks, thinks, says:

CARLOS

Where to?

LETOUR

What?

CARLOS

Where to, sir? Where are we going?

LETOUR

Nowhere just now. Wait.

CARLOS

(after a moment)

You want me to wait here?

LETOUR

Yes.

Pause. More police cars. The EMS siren starts up; the ambulance speeds downtown past LeTour's sedan. No reaction. CARLOS turns off the engine.

LETOUR

Downtown.

CARLOS

Yes.

CARLOS starts the car, pulls into traffic.

CUT TO:

TWENTY-TWO MINUTES

John's apartment. Late night. LETOUR, barefoot, T-shirt, slacks, stands flat against the wall.

WINS broadcasts twenty-four hour news on the boombox. ("Give us twenty-two minutes and we'll give you the world.") Sports, ads, bullshit -- LETOUR hears what he's been waiting for:

NEWSCASTER

(out of shot -- radio)

This story is just in. A woman has fallen thirty stories to her death from a posh Grace Towers apartment on Lexington Avenue. Police are withholding identification pending the notification of the next of kin. The incident happened about ten p.m. According to the sources on the scene there was no one else in the posh Grace Towers apartment when the fall occurred. We will bring you more details as we get them.

(teletype efx)

An end to the sanitation strike seems imminent. Negotiations at the Helmsley Palace are continuing to this hour...

Actions have consequences.

CUT TO:

MOTHER TERESA

First light. Jones Street. LETOUR, sleepless, pounds on Teresa's door. No answer. Knocks again. Again.

Noises from inside. A sleepy voice:

TERESA

(out of shot)

Who is it?

LETOUR

John. John LeTour. Can I see you?

TERESA

(out of shot)

What time is it?

LETOUR

It's important, Teresa.

TERESA

(out of shot)

Call. Make an appointment.

LETOUR

Open the door. You're awake anyway.

(no answer)

Teresa.

TERESA, wearing oriental bathrobe, unlatches the door. JOHN enters, turns to her. The door closes.

LETOUR

Read me. What do you see?

TERESA

Do I know you?

LETOUR

We had a session last week. What do you see?

TERESA

(remembering name)

John?

LETOUR

Yes. Look at me.

TERESA takes a moment to concentrate.

TERESA

Step back.

(he does)

Again.

(he does)

Death.

LETOUR

Someone I knew died tonight.

TERESA

This was not an accident. This person
was murdered.

LETOUR

Am I in danger?

TERESA

(beat)

There is danger around you. It's
very close. I'm sleepy.

LETOUR

What should I do?

TERESA

I can't see it.

LETOUR

Please.

(she shrugs)

Am I lucky?

TERESA

Yes. Don't be afraid. Go home.

TERESA shuffles toward her bedroom -- the "reading" is over.

LETOUR

What do I owe you?

TERESA

Nothing. Forget it. Let me sleep.

CUT TO:

SNITCH

Mid-morning. LETOUR, still awake, walks past towering Chelsea trash.

He passes a newsstand. Tabloids feature yearbook photo of MARIANNE; the headline: "Fall from Grace."

LETOUR walks to a pay phone, takes out Guidone's card, inserts a quarter, dials.

POLICE SWITCHBOARD

(out of shot)

Ninth Precinct.

LETOUR

Bill Guidone, please. Homicide.

POLICE SWITCHBOARD

(out of shot)

Hold on.

JOHN, suspicious, looks around. GUIDONE speaks:

GUIDONE

(out of shot)

Guidone.

LETOUR

This is John LeTour. Remember me?

GUIDONE

(out of shot)

Laundromat. Your father's got
connections.

LETOUR

You said I should ask around, tell
you something you didn't know.

GUIDONE

(out of shot)

I thought you'd call.

LETOUR

It ain't much, but it's something.

GUIDONE

(out of shot)

Go on.

LETOUR

A girl died last night. Lexington
Ave.

GUIDONE

(out of shot)

The jumper. Druggie.

LETOUR

The news said she was alone in the
apartment when she went out -- she
wasn't. It's a cover-up. There was
someone else.

GUIDONE

(out of shot)

Who?

LETOUR

Who lives in the apartment?

GUIDONE

(out of shot)

You there?

LETOUR

That's all I know. You asked me to
tell you something. I told you
something.

Hangs up.

CUT TO:

A LITTLE SLEEP

Noon. LETOUR enters a West Village apartment building.

He presses an intercom button. Robert's voice answers:

ROBERT

(out of shot)

Who is it?

LETOUR

Jack. Let me in.

The door buzzes.

ROBERT opens the door to his overdecorated apartment. JOHN looks around. TONY, Robert's younger, unattractive lover, sips coffee at the table.

ROBERT

Where have you been? We were worried.

LETOUR

I need some sleep -- not much. I don't want to go home just yet. A little sleep first. Can I crash here? Nice place.

ROBERT

It's hideous. I did it years ago. I've got to throw everything out. You haven't been here?

(noticing TONY)

Oh, Jack, this is Tony. I told you about him. You should talk. He's the lapidopterist -- gems.

TONY

(corrects him)

Lapidarian.

ROBERT

Same thing.

LETOUR

Can I?

ROBERT

Sure.

LETOUR

What do you know about Tis? What's his relationship to Ann?

ROBERT

They go way back -- before me. Did you cross him?

LETOUR

No.

ROBERT

Don't. He's Ann's Ecstasy connection. She needs that score. What happened?

LETOUR

Nothing.

ROBERT

Don't mess with him.

LETOUR

Is he dangerous?

ROBERT

Everybody's dangerous. We heard what you did to Eddie. Ann thought it was great. She was afraid that was why

you didn't come back.

LETOUR

It was something else. Tell me if
you hear anything.

ROBERT

About what?

LETOUR

Tis.

ROBERT

Tis who? Ann says you want a chart
done.

(beat)

What's wrong?

LETOUR

(internal)

Ah...

ROBERT

(sympathetic)

You down?

LETOUR

(nods)

Yeah...

(culling thoughts)

You ever think about it?

ROBERT

What?

LETOUR

That it'd be like this -- like, your
life, you... that it would turn out
this way? --

ROBERT

Compared to what? My thinking this
or that is going to make any
difference? There's a plan unfolding.
"Will my plane crash?" "Does life
have meaning?" -- why ask me?
Thinking's a fear of living, negative
living; living's something else.
You're afraid. Let the plan unfold.
Stop. Stop, live one day -- one day --

Words blur to jargon. LETOUR cuts in:

LETOUR

-- Robert --

ROBERT

-- day at a time.

LETOUR

(touches ROBERT)

You've lost your fucking brain.

ROBERT

(laughs)

I'm a drug dealer.

LETOUR

Got a tub?

ROBERT

(gestures)

Yeah.

LETOUR

Great.

Turns to bathroom.

ROBERT

There's a plastic bottle of bath oil
in the cabinet. Yellow. Use it --
tell me what you think. It's a new
formula.

CUT TO:

JUMP-OFFS

Six p.m. LETOUR, shaved and bathed, rides a cab uptown, past Harlem, past 158th Street. He motions to the DRIVER; the taxi stops at a blue door between retail stores begging for renovation. TEENAGE LATINOS hang out. LETOUR gives the CABBIE a twenty. LETOUR walks to the blue door; the YOUTHS stop, watch. He knocks on the door. A PUERTO RICAN DOORMAN in white leather pants and a heart-shaped diamond ring opens the door, looks him over. JOHN reaches into his pouch, removes a gram envelope, hands it to him. The DOORMAN takes a taste, buzzes him through a door hand-lettered "Jump-Offs."

Inside Jump-Offs, a cocaine "spot," every eye turns to JOHN: the only Anglo in a Hispanic after-hours club. Tough young faces, each with a style and two inches of attitude. Willie Colon plays on the jukebox.

Searching, LETOUR recognizes a face, walks over:

LETOUR

Manny.

(MANUEL, thirtyish,
Puerto Rican, looks
closer, trying to
place LETOUR)

LeTour.

(helping out)

Jealous. "Jell." SOB's.

MANUEL

(remembering)

Reggae night.

LETOUR

Burning Spear.

MANUEL

How'd you get in?

LETOUR

C-C.

MANUEL

You buying?

LETOUR

How's product?

MANUEL

(gesture: "primo")

How much?

LETOUR

I got a problem. I need a piece.

MANUEL

Piece? Piece of what? Piece of candy?

LETOUR

A gun.

MANUEL

When?

LETOUR

Now. Anything.

(MANUEL is silent)

Am I speaking too fast?

MANUEL

How much you spend?

LETOUR

The rate. What you got?

MANUEL calls over a TEENAGE DOMINICAN, explains the situation in Spanish. The DOMINICAN replies; MANUEL turns back to JOHN:

MANUEL

He's got a 64 Smith-son. Detective
Special. Nobody wants 'em. Fresh
from a cop.

LETOUR

How much?

MANUEL

(consults DOMINICAN)

Four -- including me.

LETOUR

You're fucking me.

MANUEL

("so what?")

Street price.

LETOUR

Where is it?

MANUEL

Sigame.

They lead him to an even darker back room. The DOMINICAN
retrieves an automatic pistol from a trash pail, hands it to
MANUEL. JOHN counts cash from Tis' roll; MANNY hefts the
piece.

MANUEL

The hundreds -- Franklins.

Bills and guns exchanged.

LETOUR

How do you use this?

MANUEL

Automatic.

LETOUR

I don't have much use for a gun.
Never used one like this.

MANUEL

(translates for
DOMINICAN)

Cono!

The DOMINICAN laughs; LETOUR takes his measure.

LETOUR

(businesslike)

What do you do?

MANUEL

Simple. You put the bullets in --
(inserts cartridge)
you point it at the bad guys, pull
the trigger and they fall down!

MANNY repeats this for the DOMINICAN ["bang, bang!"]; they
laugh again. LETOUR eases the .38 into his crotch. MANNY
turns, exchanges Latin hug:

MANUEL

Vaya con Dios.

LETOUR

-- Dios.

JOHN exits, works his way through the club.

CUT TO:

OUT WITH THE OLD

John's apartment. Seven p.m. LETOUR, sweating, bareback, tucks the .38 under his futon.

He takes a bottle of cologne from the bathroom, pours it over his hair, face, and torso, rubs it in.

Licking his finger, he removes Marianne's gold and onyx ring with a tug. His finger stings. He opens a window, throws the ring full force into the junk-strewn courtyard. He shakes his torso; cologne glistens.

CUT TO:

JOHN AND RANDI

Interior, Plaza Memorial Chapel. LETOUR enters the "viewing room," motions to RANDI. She follows him.

They slip into a door, enter the embalming room: stainless steel table surrounded by surgical cabinets.

They embrace, disengage. JOHN looks: Randi's exhausted face mirrors his.

LETOUR

Have you been to the police station?

RANDI

(nods)

She was back on drugs. Really back. They're gonna bring her here too. My God.

(he comforts her)

I thought she was playing for attention.

LETOUR

I didn't know.

RANDI

You're not to blame. Don't blame yourself. You weren't responsible. She was always -- she loved you.

LETOUR

(wipes tear from her
cheek)

She loved you. You were what she wanted to be.

RANDI

She scared me.

JOHN pulls a Polaroid from his pocket.

LETOUR

Look. Do you recognize anyone?

The picture features ANN and TIS: side by side at a dinner party.

RANDI

Tis.

LETOUR

You know him?

RANDI

His father's a lawyer. Did some tax things for Mom. He was at the hospital. What's that smell?

LETOUR

It's me. Cologne. I'm a sucker for that cheap airplane stuff. Did Marianne mention him yesterday?

RANDI

("no")

It was his apartment. What are you thinking?

LETOUR

I don't know.

RANDI

She jumped.

(LETOUR hangs on every
word)

You loved her, but she -- this sounds
terrible but it's true -- she was...
she ruined everything... bad luck.

LETOUR

(heard enough)

When's the funeral -- your mother's?

RANDI

Tomorrow. Will you come?

LETOUR

(vague)

Well, I got this thing to do. It's --
I don't know if I can get away.

RANDI

Try? For me.

LETOUR

I'll try.

CUT TO:

PRODIGAL SON

Ann's apartment. Eight p.m. ANN greets LETOUR with a hug.

ANN

The Prodigal Son.

LETOUR

Sorry about last night. Something
came up.

ANN

Where were you?

LETOUR

T.C.T.E.

ROBERT

"Too Complicated To Explain."

LETOUR

(enters bedroom)

I'm \$500 short from last night. I'll
get it, you can take it from my
salary.

ANN

(stung)

This is family. Are you saying that
to hurt me?

(LETOUR returns)

It's not money.

LETOUR

(chagrined)

Sorry.

ROBERT

Look at this.

("Akasha" visual)

We had a graphic artist make it up --
you know, Billy, Five Towns.

ANN

The label for the cosmetics line.

LETOUR

(examines it)

Classy. Sorta -- Katmandu...

ANN

(corrects him)

Kathmandu.

LETOUR

I love it.

ROBERT

Tis called twice. He wants you to
come by.

LETOUR

(wary)

Me?

ANN

Yeah. Says you were supposed to show
up again yesterday, but didn't.

LETOUR

A lie. I don't want to go. The suicide
and all. Let's stay away.

ANN

Can't. He's the Ecstasy connect. No way I can fuck this.

LETOUR

C'mon...

ANN

This is business.

LETOUR, suspicious, looks from ANN to ROBERT. He knows TIS knows he knows MARIANNE was not alone when she went out the window.

LETOUR

Let Robert go.

ANN

Tis won't deal with fags.

LETOUR

Since when?

ANN

Just is -- so he's a bigot? What's new? So's everybody else.

LETOUR

I don't want to go. I got a bad vibe.

ROBERT

He said you.

ANN

(to LETOUR)

Why?

LETOUR

(to ANN)

Why don't you go? He's your contact.

ROBERT

He is --

ANN

(to ROBERT)

You giving orders?

ROBERT

(deferential)

No, Missy.

LETOUR

(testing her)

Come with me -- the two of us.

ANN

(upbeat)

Okay. You got it. Like old times --
Ann and Johnny.

(turns to go)

LETOUR

Okay.

ROBERT

Stop it. You're breaking my heart.

CUT TO:

LAST RIDE

Night. ANN and LETOUR side by side in the sedan. CARLOS, at the wheel, anonymous. Outside, SANITATION WORKERS toss sacks of trash into garbage trucks: the strike is over.

ANN reminisces as lights flash:

ANN

It's going to be strange, not doing this. I mean I've had it, but sometimes...

LETOUR

You're gonna do it, aren't you? You're gonna quit.

ANN

(nods)

I think so. Seal this thing with Tis, turn it -- go with the cosmetics. You gotta take a chance in life. No risk, no gain. I've already got retail connections here, London. It was great at the beginning, though.

LETOUR

When?

ANN

You know, when we first started out of the place on Greene Street. Before deliveries, when you were still using. It was open house every night but Sunday. We had everything: uppers, downers, meth, six kinds of hash, all in that trousseau, remember? You could get in for a gram, stay all night -- everybody, music people, movies, Wall Street, fashion -- even politics. I think like five marriages came out of those parties, babies -- really. God.

(JOHN eyes her: why
this Niagara, this
nostalgia?)

You stayed, you then Robert -- but he... I'da never thought you'd, what is it, twelve years? Others, lucky a year max, eight months, in, out, start using, unreliable -- nice kids. Remember when you first came: long hair, dirty fingers --

LETOUR

(overlapping)

You made me --

ANN

-- never washed --

LETOUR

-- khaki pants.

ANN

I should write a book someday. Did you know somebody wanted to do my story? Ghostwrite. It was impossible, of course -- my lawyer freaked I even had the meeting. People envy me. They think my life is so glamorous, but they don't know. I know. Glamorous.

(beat)

It was for a while. Then came crack and fucked everything.

JOHN wonders: The Big Goodbye? Is she acting at Tis' behest?

LETOUR

I gotta stop home a second.

ANN

Why? It's out of the way. They're expecting you.

"They're?"

LETOUR

You know I got a bad vibe about Tis.

ANN

(unconvincing)

Chill. This is routine.

LETOUR

I want to get my lucky jacket.

ANN

Oh. Okay.

The sedan continues south. It turns, stops in front of John's Chelsea apartment building.

JOHN hops out, goes in.

Inside John's apartment he -- a man possessed -- pulls his black tweed from the closet, throws it on the futon. He rolls up his shirt, reaches under the futon, removes the .38.

He straps the gun to his back, wraps duct tape around his chest, end to end over the .38. He tucks in his shirt, puts on the jacket, checks the mirror to see if the gun shows: it doesn't. A pause to appreciate.

LETOUR closes his diary, throws it out the window: a trifle. He slaps cologne on his cheeks -- anointing; heads toward the door.

Outside, LETOUR emerges, walks quickly to the car, plops beside ANN. The sedan drives off. Back seat:

ANN

That took long enough. What did you do, douche while you were at it?

LETOUR

Ann, you got some mouth on you.

ANN

You don't want to know where it's
been.

(sniffs him)

Cologne?

LETOUR

For you.

ANN

Phew. It smells like that stuff they
give you on airplanes. It's no good
for your skin. All chemicals.

LETOUR pulls out a slip of paper, writes a name and address:
"Linda Wichel, 1012B-2 A Street, Sacramento, California."

ANN

What's that?

LETOUR

Do me a favor.

ANN

What?

LETOUR

Don't ask why, just promise.

ANN

What is it?

LETOUR

(testing again)

If anything happens to me -- if I
should like, you know, fucking die --
write and tell her.

Extends slip of paper.

ANN starts to speak, stops.

LETOUR

It's my sister. Her husband's in San
Quentin. She worries, you know.

She takes the name and address.

ANN

(eye contact)

Okay.

ANN, sad, looks out the window. She touches his knee. The
car pulls in front of the Pennsylvania Hotel, 34th and 7th.

LETOUR

I thought we were going to Tis'?

ANN

We are. He's here. He can't very
well work out of his apartment after
what happened yesterday, can he?

They get out.

CUT TO:

SHOOT-OUT

Pennsylvania lobby: a baseball card convention is in progress. ANN squeezes through, goes to the house phone. JOHN follows, scans the tacky lobby: what's up?

ANN

(on phone)

Mathis Bruge, please.

(beat)

Tis? Ann. I'm here with Tour.

(beat)

Okay.

(hangs up)

LETOUR

Tis there?

ANN

Twelve-oh-four.

They go to the elevators, wait with CHATTY CARD COLLECTORS [Pete Rose this, Pete Rose that].

Twelfth floor. ANN and JOHN step out of the elevator, look for 1204.

LETOUR, a step behind, is all eyes, all ears.

ANN checks the number, rings the bell.

THOMAS lets them in the standard issue suite, locks the door.

LETOUR was right: it's a set-up. THOMAS and a TEENAGE CUBAN stand either side of them, waistbands conspicuously bulging. No TIS. JOHN turns to ANN:

LETOUR

(Jesus-to-Judas)

Ann.

ANN's confused, then furious: she had no part in the "set-up." In fact, she doesn't even know it's a set-up.

Bursting rage, she turns on THOMAS, YELLS:

ANN

I told you greasy fucks I don't deal
with guns! I see guns, I walk! How
dare you?

She slaps THOMAS, pulls the 9mm from his waistband, throws it to the carpet.

The CUBAN watches bewildered, gun drawn, awaiting instructions. Now ANN's on him:

ANN

And you, beaner, whoever the fuck
you are, kiss my fat ass!

(she spits on his
shirt, knees him in
the crotch, yanks

his gun, throws it
beside the gut-
clutching CUBAN. She
crosses the room,
YELLING:)

That's it! TIS! Shitball! I know
you're fucking there! Let this be a
lesson! You wanna deal, you gonna
apologize for this!

(to LETOUR)

Let's go.

THOMAS and the CUBAN TEEN retrieve their guns; ANN unlocks
the door.

THOMAS

(pointing gun)

Hold it! Stop right there.

She turns defiantly. TIS enters from bedroom:

TIS

(to THOMAS)

No!

(to ANN)

Sorry about the guns. My fuck-up. I
was just trying to make a point -- I
apologize.

TIS looks to THOMAS and the CUBAN: they lower their weapons.
He only means to threaten LETOUR.

TIS

(about THOMAS and
CUBAN)

Assholes. What a nightmare.

(to ANN)

We'll make the deal tomorrow -- same
terms. Ann. Sorry. Go on, leave,
you're upset. I just need to talk to
Tour a second. About a police matter.

(to LETOUR)

Right?

LETOUR

(to ANN)

Go on.

She hesitates.

TIS

Tour and I need to get our stories
straight. Somebody's talking to the
police. The guns were for emphasis,
to make a point, dumb --

ANN gets it. Fear hits:

ANN

(to TIS)

We came together, we're leaving
together.

(to LETOUR)

Johnny, come with me.

Opens door.

TIS

(a command)

Thomas.

THOMAS fixes his gun on ANN.

TIS

(to ANN)

Don't be stupid. Get out. Leave.

(to LETOUR)

I had nothing to do with Marianne --
she jumped: she was there, then she
was gone.

(nods ANN to leave)

Nothing will happen to Tour.

ANN computes, bolts out, flees, SCREAMING at the top of her
lungs:

ANN

(out of shot)

Fire! Fire! Fire!

The fire bell rings.

THOMAS, TIS, and the CUBAN stare dumbfounded.

LETOUR reaches behind his shirt in the confusion, yanks out
the .38 with a painful rip, turning, fires point-blank into
the Cuban's chest. BLAM! Shirt fabric flares, flies: the
CUBAN falls with blank expression.

THOMAS, off guard, wheels and fires wildly at LETOUR.

JOHN fires back. Both are hit. TIS ducks into the bedroom.

THOMAS and LETOUR fire again, again -- hitting, missing. A bullet hits its mark: THOMAS, frozen, grabs his blood-spurting throat, slumps to floor.

LETOUR bleeds from the stomach and shoulder. His shirt soaks red; he struggles to stand. CUBAN and THOMAS -- both dead. LETOUR checks the .38: five rounds fired -- one left.

LETOUR staggers into the bedroom, finds TIS frantically searching an open suitcase. Off-screen VOICES under the fire bell.

TIS

(desperate)

I didn't --

LETOUR steps to TIS, aims, shoots him barrel to forehead. Exit debris hits the wall. He is dead.

Off-screen screams of guests are countered by commands from hotel security: "Get down!" "Get back!" Fire horns and sirens reverb from the street.

LETOUR, losing consciousness, sits bedside. Gun slips from his hand.

Deflating, he drifts back-first to the bedspread. Blood spreads. His eyes are open.

POLICE VOICES approach.

FADE OUT:

EVERY GRAIN OF SAND

Prison waiting area. ANN, wearing a wool suit, waits among black/Hispanic FRIENDS and RELATIVES. The first scene without LETOUR: she sits quietly. A CORRECTIONS OFFICER instructs the visitors to proceed.

ANN walks through a concrete corridor, finds the visiting area.

LETOUR, in prison fatigues, sits at a table. He sees her, smiles.

ANN sits down. This is not her first visit.

LETOUR

Hello.

ANN

Hi.

Checks watch.

LETOUR

Twenty minutes. You look terrific.

ANN

I look respectable. Any news?

LETOUR

Sentencing's in ten days -- supposed to be. Because of the extenuating circumstances -- our cooperation -- they say it won't be more than five years -- maybe seven. With time served, good behavior, parole, I could be out in two years -- maybe. I hope.

ANN

It feels like forever.

LETOUR

It's not so bad. It's a relief in a way -- at least so far. I've been writing, reading.

ANN

I love your letters.

(pause)

LETOUR

How's business?

ANN

Robert quit. He went back to dealing. I think he thought it would be less work, more money. It's lucky in a way I got mixed up in it -- now I have to see this thing through. So it's cosmetics after all.

LETOUR

(affectionate)

I miss you.

ANN

Me too.

LETOUR

Did we ever fuck?

ANN

What do you mean?

LETOUR

You know, make love.

ANN

(thinks)

There was that party when everybody was so stoned, but -- oh yeah, that night you came over and crashed and we slept together.

LETOUR

We were naked, but did we --?

ANN

You had a hard-on...

LETOUR

I didn't --

ANN

You tried...

LETOUR

I was thinking about it and I realized we never really did. It's one of the things I think about. It's one of the things I look forward to. I've been looking forward.

ANN

Me too.

LETOUR

(touches her hand)

Something can be right in front of you and you can't see it.

ANN

(kisses his hand)

Strange how things work.

The tableau fades.

THE END