

MAPS TO THE STARS

an original screenplay by

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Revised: February 9, 2012

INT. SAINT JOHN'S HOSPITAL -- DAY

13-year-old TV megastar BENJIE WEISS approaches the sickbed of CAMMY, a frail, pretty girl around the same age. Behind him trails ARNOLD, his harassed agent. Cammy shyly props herself up, thrilled he's visiting.

BENJIE

Hi there.

CAMMY

(weakly shakes hands)
I didn't think you'd come.

BENJIE

Oh? Why's that?

CAMMY

You're so busy.

BENJIE

Not for you.

CAMMY

I liked "Bad Babysitter." You were so funny.

BENJIE

We did 450 million worldwide. People don't realize that...

(looks around)

Don't you have an iPad?

(Cammy shakes her head)

Arnold, can we get her an iPad?

(to Cammy)

We'll load it up. You can watch shit in 3D. We got great satin crew jackets: "I Was A Bad Babysitter" in gold on the back. Get your swag on!

(serious)

How did you get AIDS, Cammy?

CAMMY

I don't have AIDS -- it's Non-Hodgkin's lymphoma.

Benjie shoots a withering look to Arnold, as if the latter was somehow remiss in filling him in; quickly recovers.

BENJIE

Know what I'm gonna do? I'm gonna make a movie of your life! Ryan Gosling will play me and I'll play you. Be my date at the Oscars?

Cammy nods, embarrassed. A Photographer appears in doorway.

BENJIE (CONT'D)
Here's the man from Us Weekly. Are
you ready for your close-up?

EXT. SAINT JOHN'S HOSPITAL -- DAY

Benjie and Arnold leave the hospital grounds.

BENJIE
Non-Hodgkin's...

ARNOLD
I'm sorry about that.

BENJIE
What the fuck is "Non-Hodgkin's"?

ARNOLD
I think it's a blood thing.

BENJIE
"Non" -- I mean, it either is or it
isn't.

ARNOLD
Were you serious? Because we can
definitely get it to Robin. It's
just the kind of thing he likes to
do.

BENJIE
(contemptuous)
"We can get it to Robin" -- you can
barely get toilet paper to your ass.
It would make for uplifting drama.
Hey, I even have a title: "It's A
Horrible Life"!

ARNOLD
If you're not serious, Benjie, it's
better not to promise.

BENJIE
Arnold "Kubler-Ross" has spoken!
The great rabbi of death and dying!
Man of wisdom! The Zen Archer! I
have a new nickname for you: The
Museum of Tolerance.

ARNOLD
(riding it out)
Drop it, Benjie.

BENJIE

Drop it? I have a better idea.

(beat)

Why don't you show me your cunt? I
know you have one. Little Jew faggot.

Benjie climbs into limo. After a BEAT, Arnold follows.

INT. THE WEISS HOME. DINING ROOM -- NIGHT

Benjie sits at table having dinner with his mother, CRISTINA.

She's in her 40s. Attractive; "tightly wrapped".

BENJIE

What'd they offer?

CRISTINA

Five million, with ten points from
cash break.

BENJIE

What's Genie asking?

CRISTINA

Eight -- and twenty from dollar one.

BENJIE

What do you think?

CRISTINA

We pretty much have their balls.

BENJIE

Kewl. When's the "audition"?

CRISTINA

It's not an audition, Benjie. I told
you that.

BENJIE

Right. Sorry. Uh, when's the urine
test?

CRISTINA

(ignoring his sarcasm)

Friday, at ten. The studio just
wants to see for themselves that
you're bright-eyed and bushy-tailed.

BENJIE

But the deal's contingent on the
meet --

DR. SANFORD WEISS ENTERS in robe, carrying drink. Mid-40s: formidable, ironic. He listens to his wife and son's killer showbiz patter with wry amusement. Sits down.

CRISTINA

They want to protect the franchise.

BENJIE

I am the franchise.

SANFORD

Goo-goo ga-jooob, goo-goo ga-jooob!

CRISTINA

Sanford, aren't you going to eat?

SANFORD

I was listening to a very interesting tape of the Dalai Lama's on the way home. Say what you like about politics but the man is a pro. Free Tibet... Tibet is not free. Tibet is very expensive; I have the receipt from Amazon to prove it. Anyhow, Buddhists say a prayer at mealtime...

BENJIE

(ignores him; to
Cristina)

Is Genie going to be there?

CRISTINA

She thinks it better not to be.

BENJIE

I want her there.

SANFORD

"Pray that those that eat, the things that are eaten, and the actual eating shall be universally devoid of Self." Don't you love it?

BENJIE

I'm going to bed.

SANFORD

Goo-goo ga-jooob.

Benjie EXITS.

INT. THE WEISS HOME. BENJIE'S BEDROOM -- LATER THAT NIGHT

Benjie sleeps. The trees stir outside the window. Slowly, we become aware of an orangish glow. He stirs.

MOVE OFF BENJIE, TRACK THROUGH ROOM to bare feet of child.
PAN UP, REVEALING CAMMY. She wears WEDDING VEIL and half-open HOSPITAL GOWN, torso covered with TATTOOED STARS. Behind her, strips of crepe paper blow upward, an imitation of fire.

BENJIE

Who is it?

CAMMY

It's Non-Hodgkin's...

BENJIE

What are you doing here?

CAMMY

On my school notebooks/On my desk
and the trees/On the sand, on the
snow... I write your name.

Terrified, he slinks back toward bed as she approaches.

BENJIE

I'll make the movie -- is that why
you're here? I don't know what Arnold
told you...

She covers his mouth with her tattooed hand, shutting him up.

CAMMY

On all the flesh that says yes/On
the forehead of my friends/On every
hand held out... I write your name.

Benjie AWAKENS with a gasp.

INT. SANFORD'S OFFICE -- DAY

New Age music. The room is dark, curtains drawn. A woman lies on a massage table, under a sheet. This is HAVANA SEGRAND, late 30s, a star's charisma. Her body, naked but for panties, arches back; not much care being taken to cover her. An unseen man (fully clothed) pins her arms from behind.

Her eyes are shut. After a few BEATS, he whispers in her ear, as if to cue her. She "echoes" him throughout.

SANFORD

Don't, Mama.

HAVANA

(halting)

Don't...Mama --

SANFORD
Don't hurt me like that.

HAVANA
Don't hurt me like that...

SANFORD
Don't come into my room at night --

HAVANA
Don't come into my room --

SANFORD
-- when I'm sleeping --

HAVANA
Don't come in when I'm sleeping!

SANFORD
I won't let you anymore.

HAVANA
I won't let you anymore!

SANFORD
You... mother - fucker ---

HAVANA
Motherfucker! You hurt me!

SANFORD
How? How did I hurt you?

HAVANA
I was your little girl! I was your
little girl and you hurt me!

SANFORD
Why did you do it, Mama? Because
they hurt you? Not good enough!
Not good enough!
(egging her on)
Come on, Havana! Stop forgiving!

HAVANA
I don't care what they did to you!
I wish they killed you! I'll kill
you myself, Mama! How could you do
that to a child?
(crying; little voice)
How could you do what you did to me?

SANFORD
I want to be free, Clarice.

HAVANA
I want to be free --

SANFORD
Clarice -- Mama, set me free!

HAVANA
Set me free --

SANFORD
I will be free. I will take back the
years you stole...

HAVANA
Please!

SANFORD
(resumes normal voice)
I'm going to press on a personal
history point. Everything's stored
in the thighs...

He presses down, close to the groin. She grunts.

SANFORD (CONT'D)
Take back the years, Havana. Take
back the years she stole from that
little girl --

Havana begins to yowl and keen, sobbing as we go to:

INT. THE HOME OF HAVANA SEGRAND. DEN -- DAY

Havana sits on couch, smoking. Wraparound shades cover puffy
eyes. Post-therapy, huddled into herself, she watches a

DVD.

INSERT -- THE FILM SHE'S WATCHING.

The film is black and white. Shot around '72, it recalls
Warren Beatty and Jean Seberg in "Lilith".

Two lovers run through a wind-blown field. A young Intern,
in hospital whites, chases a short-haired Girl, played by
CLARICE TAGGART, Havana's mother. She wears a simple, white,
sexy summer dress. They tumble down; he lands on top of her.
Something troubles the Intern; Clarice strokes his head.

YOUNG INTERN
Rebecca... we have to stop. You're
a patient here. I want to help you,
not --

CLARICE AS REBECCA
 You don't think I set those fires,
 do you?

YOUNG INTERN
 I think that... you didn't mean to.
 You need help, that's all --

CLARICE AS REBECCA
 Don't you want to help me?

YOUNG INTERN
 Not like this...

He is under her spell. She pulls him to her and they kiss.

[DOORBELL RINGS O.S.] The Intern begins to speak but she
 quiets him with a finger to his lip. She traces same finger
 on his forehead.

CLARICE AS REBECCA
 On all the flesh that says yes/On
 the forehead of my friends/On every
 hand held out... I write your name.

WIDEN OFF OF SCREEN as Havana's Mexican Housekeeper ENTERS.

HOUSEKEEPER
 It's Miss Genie.

INT. THE HOME OF HAVANA SEGRAND. LIVING ROOM -- DAY

GENIE KATZ-COHEN, Havana's agent, awaits. Havana flops down
 on a white Shabby Chic couch.

GENIE
 How are you, baby?

HAVANA
 OK. I had a really heavy session
 with Sanford.

GENIE
 ("genuine")
 That is so brave, what you do.

HAVANA
 It doesn't feel brave.
 (beat)
 I need a new chore-whore.

GENIE
 What happened to Adagio?

HAVANA
I had to fire her.

GENIE
You're kidding! What happened?

HAVANA
She was stealing.

GENIE
Adagio? I can't believe that.

HAVANA
She took some money. And a ring I
got last year in Paris. And some
Vicodin.

GENIE
Oh my God. You caught her?
(Havana nods)
Did you call the police?

HAVANA
I told her I would if she didn't go
to rehab.

GENIE
Is she there now?

HAVANA
(nods)
That's what I get for hiring someone
named Adagio.

GENIE
I'll call Jodie. She knows some great
girls.

HAVANA
As long as they don't have a funny
name. What's happening with "Stolen
Waters"?

GENIE
I talked to Vita -- everyone's at
Sundance.

HAVANA
Everyone but me. That was the best
reading I ever gave, Genie! I went
in and blew everyone away!

GENIE
I know.
(MORE)

GENIE (CONT'D)

The only thing I can think of is that they might be having concerns about the perception of "stunt" casting.

HAVANA

Everything is stunt casting.

GENIE

Havana: This is a movie -- not even a great movie -- that your mother shot 30 years ago.

HAVANA

It's Damien Javitz, Genie! And it's a fucking amazing part. And I killed it. Is Sterl doing it?

(Genie nods)

He owes me -- I introduced Sterl to Harvey! Harvey's producing... he can talk to Damien -- I'll have Harvey talk to Damien...

GENIE

Why do you have this hard-on? You'll be competing with your Mom -- who, in case you weren't aware, happens to be a dead cult figure! I hate to see you getting so crazy. There are so many movies out there for you --

HAVANA

Where, Genie? Do you know what Jakob said to me the other day? He said because I know so many celebrities, I should consider becoming a manager. Do you know how hard it was to hear that, Genie?

(impassioned; helpless)

Everything I'm doing, in my therapy, in my life, is to get this part -- Havana clutches her belly, wincing in pain.

GENIE

Are you OK?

HAVANA

Cramps.

INT. THE HOME OF HAVANA SEGRAND. BATHROOM -- DAY

Havana stands at the sink, getting her bearings. She splashes water on her face, then looks over to the tub and gasps: her

dead mother CLARICE is soaking there. She looks roughly the same age she did in the film, and wears the same summer dress.

CLARICE

Mother-daughter incest is so.. 80s overkill. Anne Sexton I am not.

HAVANA

(paralyzed)

Oh God --

CLARICE

The shock will wear off. What's the matter, Havana, did you think it would be like "The Sixth Sense", with the dead clamoring to be heard? Do you know what the dead clamor for? Do you know what hell is? A world without narcotics.

HAVANA

What's happening...

GENIE (O.S.)

Havana?

CLARICE

The worst, pornographic cliché, Vanna -- this childhood rape fantasy. Get a life; or maybe you should get a death. Isn't it pathetic enough that you're lobbying for your mother's old role?

((stands up in the tub))

And you're not going to get it!

((aggressively moves towards her))

You don't even have the chops. I did -- and I was young and gorgeous. You! With your shitty tits, and that used-up old hole: it stinks worse than me!

HAVANA

(covers face, mortified)

No no no! --

GENIE

(ENTERS)

Are you all right? Should I call someone?

Clarice is gone; the tub, empty.

HAVANA
(ironic)
They're already here...

INT. GREYHOUND BUS -- NIGHT

CAMERA SLOWLY DOLLIES down aisle, past hacking, sleeping Passengers. PICK UP AGATHA WEISS in rear seat; she too sleeps, her features in shadow. A satin jacket covers her like a blanket. In gold letters: "I Was A Bad Babysitter".

EXT. GREYHOUND BUS STATION -- DAY

Agatha steps off bus, blinking: her first taste of the light and sun of L.A. In her late teens, Agatha's dark hair hangs peekaboo-style; she wears arm-length gloves. Half of her face is disfigured from a burn.

INT. LINCOLN TOWN CAR -- DAY

JEROME FONTANA, early 30s, sleeps behind the wheel of a black Town Car, chauffeur's cap on dash. There's a script across his lap -- "Bad Babysitter 2", multiple authors credited.

Through Town Car window, Agatha approaches, lugging a battered old Louis Vuitton duffel. She raps on window, startling him. He turns the engine on, lowering the window on her side.

AGATHA
I'm Agatha Weiss.
(he's nonplussed)
I asked for a limousine.

JEROME
(straightens up)
There weren't any available.

AGATHA
(hands him address)
Can you find this place?

JEROME
Yeah. But with a cash call, I'm going to have to collect up front. It's 45 an hour with a two-hour minimum.

AGATHA
(hands him a wad)
There's two hundred. OK?

Jerome pops the trunk and scurries around to help with bag.

He opens door; regally, she ENTERS.

INT. LINCOLN TOWN CAR -- DAY

As they cruise the streets of Beverly Hills, an intrigued Jerome observes his strange client through the rear-view.

AGATHA

Can we get a star-home map?

JEROME

It's a waste -- unless you want to know where Ryan Seacrest used to live.

Where'd you come in from?

AGATHA

Jupiter.

(beat)

Florida.

JEROME

What are you doing in L.A.?

AGATHA

(droll)

They flew me in for one of those plastic surgery reality shows. Do you drive a lot of celebrities?

JEROME

I had Tim Tebow -- that was probably the heaviest. For me. I drove Tatum O'Neal, for her reality show. Chuck Lorre - he created "2 1/2 Men".

I seem to get a lot of producer/directors. Juliette Lewis.

AGATHA

She's a Scientologist?

JEROME

(nods)

I'm thinking of converting -- as a career move.

AGATHA

You're an actor?

JEROME

Actor-writer.

AGATHA

I know Jodie Foster.

JEROME

Oh really?

AGATHA
Do you like her?

JEROME
A little intense for my taste.

AGATHA
I think she's really talented.

JEROME
How do you know her?

AGATHA
E-mail.

EXT. VACANT LOT -- DAY

The Town Car pulls to curb; Agatha gets out. A weedy lot.

JEROME
What is this?

AGATHA
I thought it might be on the star
map. Benjie Weiss lived here...

JEROME
How do you know?

AGATHA
I used to babysit for him.
(laughs)
I was the original "bad babysitter".

Jerome comes up behind her as she surveys the land.

JEROME (O.S.)
That's weird. My agent's trying to
get me an audition for "Babysitter
2."

SLOWLY CRANE UPWARD as Agatha walks through lot, Jerome
tagging behind her.

JEROME (CONT'D)
It's a rewrite. It's a longshot,
but Jakob Leitner got it to me...
He's a personal manager -- a total
heavyweight. We went to Beverly
together...

CLOSE ON AGATHA, taking in the ghost-lot, as we DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HOLLY CREST HOTEL -- NIGHT

ESTABLISHING SHOT. The neon sign.

INT. HOLLY CREST HOTEL. ROOM/BATHROOM -- NIGHT

CLOSE ON STARS HOMES MAP, folded on bureau.

CLOSE ON 8x10 OF BENJIE in the TV show, "Praise the Lourds."

A boombox beside it plays the "Lourds'" heinous theme song.

CLOSE ON MOVIE POSTER: Benjie Weiss, in "Bad Babysitter".

CLOSE ON EMPTY RX BOTTLES. 'Jupiter Pharmacy' labels read AGATHA WEISS. In EXTREME CLOSE-UP succession: Stelazine, Depakote, Zyprexa, Effexor, Neurontin, Ativan.

CLOSE ON AGATHA. In the harsh light, she stares at herself in the medicine cabinet mirror. She wears a nightgown and the usual long-armed gloves -- more burn scars visible.

AGATHA

(softly)

On my school notebooks/On my desk
and the trees/On the sand, on the
snow... I write your name.

From bottle to bottle, she gathers one pill after another.

AGATHA (CONT'D)

On all the flesh that says yes/On
the forehead of my friends/On every
hand held out, I write your name...

She swallows them with a glass of water.

INT. STUDIO. EXECUTIVE SUITE -- DAY

The big meeting: Benjie, Cristina, Genie and Arnold face off with production heads JEB, STU, and HANK.

BENJIE

What's the difference between a fag
and a refrigerator?

GENIE

(rolling eyes)

Oy.

CRISTINA

Let him get it out of the way.

BENJIE

A fridge don't fart when you pull
the meat out.

HANK

Oh Jesus.

STU

Please don't tell that on the junket.

ARNOLD

He knows I'll break his fingers.

HANK

That is terrible. But very funny.

JEB

So! We're back-to-school with "Bad
Babysitters".

BENJIE

Is this "detention"?

STU

No way. You're head of the class.

HANK

We understand you had a rocky summer
vacation.

ARNOLD

A productive one.

CRISTINA

It wasn't easy -- for any of us --
but he learned a lot.

BENJIE

Absolutely.

JEB

I went through the drug thing myself --
not at your age, but hey: shit
happens. It just happens earlier
than it used to.

GENIE

Benjie's done lots of growing up.

CRISTINA

(proud)

He sure has.

BENJIE

The last season of "Praise the
Lourds", I was making three hundred
thousand a week. I was nine years
old. How psychotic is that.

STU

"Crazy-money."

ARNOLD

For anyone.

HANK

But worth every penny.

JEB

You've got a tremendous fan base out
there.

BENJIE

I just didn't have the skills.

STU

That kind of income would fuck up
Mother Theresa.

BENJIE

She's already fucked up. She's dead,
that's how fucked up she is.
(the room laughs)

JEB

We have a mandate -- Cristina knows
this, and I know you do too.

STU

We need to protect the franchise.

BENJIE

Goo goo ga-jooob.

HANK

We kept things quiet last year --
Arnold, your people were terrific.
Nothing from the tabloids.

JEB

Still, a grown-up in recovery can be
a career-booster. A child is something
else.

GENIE

I think we all understand that, Jeb.
Though it didn't hurt Drew.

JEB

Guys, we're on your side. Please understand that.

CRISTINA

I don't think we'd all be in this room if we didn't feel a level of trust. Is there a budget yet?

STU

Fifty eight, but that's strictly inhouse.

JEB

We lost Elle. But she wasn't someone we were counting on. We're closing with Carey as the young mom --that should be fun.

HANK

What we need to know are the circumstances of Benjie's rehab.

GENIE

He detoxed at a private home.

CRISTINA

The ranch of my husband's partner.

STU

How is Sanford?

CRISTINA

Terrific.

HANK

He's got another bestseller out there.

CRISTINA

He just taped Oprah.

JEB

My wife did one of his workshops.

HANK

Where was the ranch?

BENJIE

Montana. Medicine Ridge.

STU

God's country.

BENJIE

God's bootcamp -- Twelve Step Hell.

(MORE)

BENJIE (CONT'D)
(the room laughs)

JEB
Are you going to AA? Because that
kind of exposure can create --

CRISTINA
We have Meetings at the house. The
Double A has done that, case by case,
for years.

HANK
Kick-ass mom you got there.

BENJIE
And she knows how to hit without
leaving marks on the body.

ROOM LAUGHS AGAIN AS WE GO TO

INT. STUDIO. LAVATORY -- DAY

Benjie dry-heaves into toilet while Cristina holds his head.

BENJIE
I will never be humiliated like that
again. Never!

CRISTINA
It's over, baby... we have them.

BENJIE
Who are they? Those twentysomething
fuckers... who are they?

CRISTINA
They're ours, now -- ours!

INT. SOHO HOUSE RESTAURANT -- NIGHT

Havana has dinner with STERL CARRUTH, the popular film actor.

He's around 35.

HAVANA
Did Damien say I was too old?
((Sterl shakes head
between bites)
Did the casting people? Did Sarah
Horowitz?

STERL
Havana, come on. The part's just
written younger.

HAVANA

Sarah Horowitz cast me in my first movie! Maybe he saw that stupid thing I did for TNT, for money...

STERL

Never do anything for money.

HAVANA

Yeah, well, we all haven't been as smart as you. Are you going to support me on this, Sterl? Are you going to support me with Damien?

STERL

You know I will.

(beat, then)

I think he's taking a hard look at Azita Wachtel.

HAVANA

Azita Wachtel? She's a Harper's Bazaar covergirl!

STERL

She was nominated for an Oscar --and she's Canadian. Canada's cofunding.

HAVANA

You know what Azita Wachtel's story is? What she was known for? She used to let producers stick their cocks in her ass and pee.

STERL

(lecherous)

That's good to know. Look: you have a relationship with Damien...

HAVANA

I have three calls into him but he won't return.

STERL

You gave a great reading --

HAVANA

Did he tell you that?

STERL

He said you were "very strong".

HAVANA

He did? He said that?

STERL

Yes!

HAVANA

(genuine)

Oh Sterl -- I have to get this part.
We would be so great together.

STERL

I thought we already were.

She kisses him as we TRACK THROUGH RESTAURANT to another booth: Benjie sits with RHETT, a 17 year-old TV star, and two girls, KAYLA and SAM -- very old 15 year-olds.

KAYLA

Oh my God, she's 23 -- the WB thinks
she's 16!

RHETT

How do you know she's 23?

SAM

Her labia's pierced.

RHETT

You need to be 23 to have your labia
pierced?

KAYLA

She's... menopausal.
(they crack up)

RHETT

(to Benjie)
Nice girls, huh.

KAYLA

Oh my God, Rhett, did you tell him?

SAM

About the --

BENJIE

What? The idiot song from your series
went number one? Who gives a shit?

KAYLA

Benjie, you won't believe this.

RHETT

It's too fuckin' weird.

BENJIE

Now I'm getting interested.

RHETT

There's this crazy girl -- she sent me 6,000 letters in two months.

BENJIE

Sounds like marriage material.

KAYLA

You should just fuck her, Rhett.

SAM

Or eat her during her period.

RHETT

Don't be vulgar.

KAYLA

Rhett won't even do that to me.

SAM

Because you're menopausal!

RHETT

Would you guys chill? So the production company finds out the Teamster's been selling this chick my shit. For, like, \$3,000.

BENJIE

Out of the trailer?

RHETT

When the guy comes with the hose to empty --

SAM

What's she doing with it?

BENJIE

Stockpiling -- for that rainy day.

KAYLA

Where does she get the money?

BENJIE

Sludge fund.

SAM

Benjie, you are so sick!

RHETT

Lots of days, I ran "specials" -- when I had diarrhea.

BENJIE
Summer clearance.

RHETT
Everything must go!

Hilarity. CAMERA TRACKS OFF THEM, passing another booth.

STARLA GENT, a vibrant 30ish redhead, Wynonna Judd-type, has her head turned, flirting with someone O.S.

TRACK to Havana and Sterl. Sterl motions Starla over.

HAVANA
Who is that?

STERL
Starla Gent. Country singer.

HAVANA
She won "The Voice?"

STERL
Runner-up. She's a wild woman.

HAVANA
She doesn't want to act, does she?

STERL
Didn't I tell you? Javitz cast her.

HAVANA
(playfully swats him)
Shut - up!

STERL
(eyeing Starla)
Glen Campbell peed in that butt for sure.

The two crack up as Starla arrives to effusive greetings.

BACK TO BENJIE'S TABLE -- CONTINUOUS

Benjie and Rhett are alone at the table.

RHETT
You like Sam?
(Benjie shrugs)
You could fuck her. She wants to be in your movie. I hear she gives good Vicodin.

BENJIE
I've almost got 90 days.

RHETT

Till what.

BENJIE

Sobriety, dick-wad.

The girls return.

KAYLA

Oh my God, the human stench!

SAM

That fat columnist was in the bathroom --
we saw her ankles. What's her name?

KAYLA

It was like something dead farted!

SAM

(looking O.S.)

Isn't that Sterl Carruth?

RHETT

With Havana Segrand.

BENJIE

We have the same agent.

SAM

(with distaste)

How old is she?

KAYLA

Totally menopausal.

SAM

She's like older than my mother.
Are they fucking?

KAYLA

She would be, like, a mercy fuck.

SAM

Like orderlies do in convalescent
homes!

RHETT

Didn't her mom die in a fire?

BENJIE

Yeah.

RHETT

Like Jack Cassidy.

KAYLA

Who's that?

RHETT

The prototypical swinger. David
Cassidy's father.

KAYLA

Who's David Cassidy?

RHETT

Shawn Cassidy's brother.
(the girl's still
nonplussed)

BENJIE

Her mom was a very cool actress.
Clarice Taggart.

SAM

(genuine)
A&E did a thing on her. She was so
cool! She was young.

BENJIE

Hey: know what Hell is for Teamsters?

RHETT

Minimum wage?

BENJIE

People asking for refunds on all the
shit they were sold.

MORE DARK HILARITY AS WE GO TO

INT. THE HOME OF HAVANA SEGRAND -- NIGHT

Havana, Sterl and Starla are in bed together. Things are
heated; then, a sudden, harsh vibrating sound.

HAVANA

What is that?

Sterl grabs his BlackBerry off nightstand and looks at caller
I.D. He motions them to be still. During his conversation,
Havana is on her side, backed into Starla; they undulate.

STERL

(into phone)
Hey, Damien. Anything happening?
(beat)
I could totally wear two earrings,
love that...
(MORE)

STERL (CONT'D)
 (listens a few beats)
 Maestro? I'm just here with the kids,
 doin' the bedtime story thing. Can I
 call you back?
 (beat)
 Thank you, sir. I'll call first thing.

He hangs up. Havana is petulant.

HAVANA
 Mention me, when you talk.

STERL
 (masturbating)
 You're so fucking crazed. Suck my
 dick and I'll put in a word...

PUSH IN ON HAVANA, eyes shut, writhing. Then, a weird WHISPER:

CLARICE
 I loved you so much...

Havana's eyes pop open. She turns her head -- in place of
 Starla is Clarice, wedged tightly against her.

CLARICE (CONT'D)
 You were such a beautiful little
 girl, but you lied! You lied!

Havana gasps, leaping from the bed.

EXT. THE HOME OF HAVANA SEGRAND. SWIMMING POOL -- NIGHT

Havana runs outside, afraid. Sterl follows after, naked,
 drawing her to him. Santa Anas blow.

STERL
 Hey hey hey, what's happening?

HAVANA
 I -- I'm sorry. I just got...
 uncomfortable.
 (covering)
 Guess I'm a lousy dyke, huh?

STERL
 (half-disgusted)
 Why don't you take a Klonopin?

He goes back inside as she stares into space.

CLOSE ON RIPPLING WATERS OF POOL as we go to

INT. LINCOLN TOWN CAR -- NIGHT

Benjie and Sam in back; he takes her home. Sam acts a little differently than she did at Soho House. More respectful.

SAM

Are you and Rhett old friends?

BENJIE

We actually know each other from a pediatric AIDS thingie. A benefit.

SAM

He's sweet -- I love Kayla.

(beat)

Are they casting your movie yet?

(he nods)

I read the script.

BENJIE

How'd you get hold of it?

SAM

I read the script. It's really funny.
I'd love to read for "Tina".

BENJIE

Who's your agent?

SAM

It was Tag Pfister but I got caught in the merge -- I didn't want to go to TTA. Know who's really into you? My mom -- seriously! I sort of keep her away from my guy friends. She's always hitting on them.

BENJIE

Dr. Phil material! How old is she?

SAM

Thirty-four. But she's so not menopausal. She had me really young. She's way prettier than me -- I think so, anyway. When I said we were having dinner, she said, "That's so hot!"

(laughs)

I think she wants to get you in the Jacuzzi.

BENJIE

Kewl.

SAM

We could all go in -- I mean, unless you have to be home. We have a deck, it's so beautiful at night. She takes pills for a herniated disc. There's a doctor who gives 'em to her whenever she wants. They're, like, Percocets. And she's got fentanyl patches -- they're timereleased? She doesn't really care what I do, as long as I use protection. Sometimes we do stuff together -- well, not together, but like, in the same room, with different guys.

Benjie's spooked by something he sees out the window.

BENJIE'S POV -- IT'S CAMMY, FROM THE HOSPITAL. SHE STANDS

in middle of road in hospital gown, holding a MAPS TO STARS HOMES sign. She smiles hauntingly as they pass.

BENJIE

(to Driver)

Hey, stop! Stop!

SAM

What's the matter?

BENJIE

Back up! Back up!

The Town Car backs up. Benjie EXITS.

EXT. STREET -- NIGHT

Benjie sees Cammy in the distance and breaks into a jog.

She looks back at him, teasingly. He speeds up but cannot catch her; her speed is super-human. Finally, he stops -- unhinged.

INT. HOLLY CREST HOTEL. AGATHA'S ROOM -- NIGHT

RAP MUSIC as Agatha studies herself in the bathroom mirror, slinkily dancing. Holds a hand to the burned side of her face, then takes the hand away -- repeats the motion, in a kind of "now-you-see-it, now-you-don't".

PAN OFF AGATHA TO TV SCREEN (MOS) -- Benjie Weiss in what we assume to be "Bad Babysitter." The scene predictably banal and domestic. CAMERA PUSHES IN until it is all static, then

LONG FADE TO BLACK.

INT. TTA (TALENT AGENCY) -- DAY

Havana and Jakob Leitner, her harassed personal manager, sit at a conference table; you can see the bustle of the agency through the glass.

HAVANA

I thought Larry Kasdan was going to be there -- that it was a meet. I didn't know I was going to read. They didn't give me the right driveon so I had to walk, like, a mile. I stank by the time I got there. And the casting person, who I know, doesn't even acknowledge me -- she walks past without saying anything! Then she says she isn't even sure if Larry knows I'm coming in! This is Larry Kasdan, not Bertolucci! His movies don't even make money anymore -- and I know Larry. And they wanted to videotape me but I said: Excuse me. You need special make-up for taping or you look green. So she says I can either tape or not --like the whole thing is some... pointless exercise! Jakob, I really can't take this anymore. It is so pathetic! I'm really tired.

(sees someone O.S.)

Is that Jodie?

Jodie Foster ENTERS -- Havana, instantly energized. Jodie's small entourage politely hang back while the actresses embrace.

HAVANA (CONT'D)

Hi Jodie! When did you get back from the Hamptons?

JODIE

I've been back, but I'm at the beach. Havana, it's been so crazy.

HAVANA

Did you wrap?

JODIE

We're going back to Prague for reshoots.

(excitedly)

Are you doing the Javitz film?

HAVANA

I hope! Did you hear something?

JODIE

Genie said you were up for it.
Wouldn't that be so amazing? Your
mother -- oh my God, Havana!

HAVANA

Do you know Damien?

JODIE

We had dinner once, in Tangiers.

HAVANA

(half-kidding)

If you see him, tell him to hire me!

JODIE

Maybe you should just do a cameo --
like Faye, in "The Thomas Crown
Affair".

HAVANA

(lying)

That would be so great!

JODIE

Genie told me about Adagio.

HAVANA

I forgot that she worked for you.

JODIE

Three years. Are you still looking
for an assistant?

HAVANA

Absolutely.

JODIE

Would you do me a favor? Would you
interview a girl I met on e-mail? I
know it sounds bizarre!

INT. THE HOME OF HAVANA SEGRAND. LIVING ROOM -- DAY

Agatha sits on couch opposite Havana. The plaintive song of
windchimes plays throughout.

AGATHA

I am so nervous.

HAVANA

It's OK. Would you like some tea?

AGATHA

Thank you. Yes.

Havana EXITS to kitchen; we see her in b.g.

AGATHA (CONT'D)
Your house is so beautiful. The walls
look so thick! And the chimes --

HAVANA
They're from a monastery in
Dharamsala. I met the Dalai Lama --
very cool man. He laughs a lot.
He's actually like someone you'd
want to, just, hang with -- if he
weren't the Dalai Lama!

Havana reenters with tea.

AGATHA
Thank you for the tea.

HAVANA
Maria's at the hospital -- my
housekeeper. One of her girls is
sick. She's got, like, forty kids.
(beat)
I guess you know why you're here.

AGATHA
Because of Jodie.

HAVANA
How did you guys start e-mailing?

AGATHA
She was going to do a movie about a
burned girl. I think it fell through.

HAVANA
Was that weird for you? I mean --

AGATHA
At first I thought it was maybe going
to be exploitative. I'm not really
a big lover of that kind of "genre" --
I guess "Mask" and "Elephant Man"
were OK. But one of my nurses said
she was a legitimate person -- I
didn't find that out till later that
she was Jodie Foster!

HAVANA
How long did you e-mail?

AGATHA
About six months.

HAVANA

You came out to see her?

AGATHA

(shakes head)

I just wanted to see Hollywood. But she did take me to breakfast at the Four Seasons. Zooey Deschanel was there, and Ryan Murphy - he created "Glee" and "Nip/Tuck." It was pretty amazing.

HAVANA

Do you have family?

AGATHA

In Florida. That's where I'm from.

HAVANA

Agatha... can I ask about the burn?

AGATHA

(centers herself)

I was working at a planetarium, after school. I was twelve. There was an electrical fire. I ran into a storeroom -- like a jerk.

HAVANA

(beat)

This isn't a very glamorous job.

AGATHA

I'm not used to glamour!

HAVANA

You'd be running errands. Getting things fixed, going shopping --

AGATHA

Miss Segrand... I would be the most competent, most loyal, most grateful personal assistant you ever had.

HAVANA

You don't have a car?

(Agatha shakes her head)

But you drive.

AGATHA

I have a valid Florida license.

HAVANA
Jodie's funny. She knew I should
meet you. Do you know how my mother
died?

AGATHA
No.

HAVANA
In a fire.

Havana moves closer. Her hand goes to Agatha's face. Agatha
flinches; lets Havana slowly move hair aside, revealing scars.

HAVANA (CONT'D)
Agatha... I think you're beautiful.
Do you know who looks just like you --
inside?
(long beat)
Havana Segrand.

Agatha hugs her. The actress is caught offguard, moved anew.

INT. LIMOUSINE SERVICE -- HOTEL GARAGE -- DAY

The Dispatcher calls out to Jerome.

DISPATCHER
You've got a request.

JEROME
What is it?

DISPATCHER
Hollywood tour. Cash call. Holly
Crest Hotel.

Jerome reacts, weighing it. The cash wins.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD -- DAY

The "sidewalk of stars." CLOSE ON Clarice Taggart's -- a
gloved hand ENTERS FRAME, tracing over it. REVEAL Agatha,
kneeling down. WIDEN TO REVEAL JEROME, watching her; though
intrigued he is perhaps a little impatient as well.

INT. DENNY'S -- DAY

Jerome and Agatha have coffee.

JEROME
(awkward)
You were in a fire, right?

AGATHA

You know, I never quite figured out what happened. I think one night I got drunk and slept on my face really hard.

JEROME

(relieved she kept it light)

So what are you going to do now that you hit Tinseltown? Your money's not going to last if you spend your time riding around in limos.

AGATHA

I like burning through cash.
(smiles)
Actually, I got a job.

JEROME

Where?

AGATHA

Do you know Havana Segrand?

JEROME

Sure. Know of.

AGATHA

I'm her new personal assistant.

JEROME

(skeptical)

Was that the Jodie Foster connection?

AGATHA

Actually, it was. She's getting me a car.

Jerome looks increasingly uncomfortable.

WAITRESS

(enters)

Can I get you anything else?

Jerome shakes his head. The Waitress leaves the check, EXITS.

AGATHA

Do you want to have dinner on the weekend?

JEROME

The weekend isn't great for me -- I have to work on my script.

AGATHA

I have a great idea for a movie -- maybe we can write it together! It's got an incest theme -- guess those are kind of overdone, huh. Sex abuse: the new religion! The truth is, my parents were brother and sister. Whoa, I never tell anyone that! It's kind of been there/done that --I know that sounds jaded -- but I think it'd make a cool indie. I want to act in it. You could too! I think it could be good if it wasn't pretentious. If we get that whole mythological thing goin' on...

JEROME

Agatha -- I, listen... look, I think you're a little crazy! --

AGATHA

(charming)

Well, so?

JEROME

OK, here's what's happening: I'm kind of... Involved with someone. What I'm saying is, I hope everything works out with you.

He gives her back the cash she gave him.

JEROME (CONT'D)

I don't want to take your money.

AGATHA

Fuck you!

She abruptly EXITS.

JEROME

(lackluster)

Hey --

He sits there, feeling shitty. Still, something about her still pulls him.

EXT. STREET -- DAY

DOLLY WITH AGATHA as she walks, wind blowing back her hair, revealing her scar. Her lower lip trembles with emotion.

EXT. VACANT LOT -- DAY

Agatha passes the infamous vacant lot, without acknowledging.

A LONG FADE TO BLACK as we go to

INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE -- DAY

Benjie lies on a couch. HARRIET, his 50ish shrink, listens.

BENJIE

I don't know. I saw her on the road...

HARRIET

Can you be sure? Did you call the hospital?

BENJIE

I was afraid to.

(beat)

The first time I dreamed about her -- this time, it wasn't a dream. Do you think I'm going crazy?

HARRIET

I think it's probably time for you to talk about certain things.

BENJIE

My sister?

HARRIET

Yes.

BENJIE

She always wanted to "marry" me. That's how we played -- we used to do the ceremony. Don't you think that's strange? Do you think I'm crazy like her?

HARRIET

No -- but I think that if we don't look at things, they can make us crazy.

BENJIE

Mom and dad were at some party. I was six or seven then. That night -- the night it happened -- we did the "ceremony". The marriage thing. Then she gave me pills. "Vitamins," she said. I woke up in the hospital. They pumped my stomach; the firemen carried me out of there. I never saw her again.

HARRIET

Have you asked your parents --

BENJIE

They don't talk about her -- they
won't... Harriet, what do I do?
What do I do if I "see" people again?

HARRIET

You call me.

INT. SANFORD'S OFFICE -- DAY

Semi-darkness while Havana undresses.

HAVANA

-- I'm afraid! Whenever I see her,
it's so real. I don't want to be
hospitalized! My career is so fucked
as it is --

SANFORD

Textbook TSS, Havana. You saw heavy
combat, as a child.

HAVANA

Could I be a "multiple"?

SANFORD

I don't see that. If you are, we'll
deal with it.

HAVANA

Damn her! What does she want?

SANFORD

When you came out of hiding and
externalized the shame, Mother didn't
like that. But what we can name, we
can tame.

HAVANA

(lies down)

She wants me to fail -- I won't!

SANFORD

(approaching table)

"I won't" -- now that's little Vanna.
Celebrate her! The "imago-deity" --
that's what Jung called it. We call
it the "magical child". That child
will not fail. Turn over.

He touches her neck, her shoulders, the small of her back.

HAVANA

I hired a girl... it's amazing.

SANFORD
Why is it amazing?

HAVANA
She's... disfigured. She was burned,
in a fire -- on her face.

SANFORD
(that got his attention)
Where is she from?

HAVANA
Florida. It's so amazing that she
just... showed up at my doorstep.
I just had the sense that I'm working
through something by hiring her.

SANFORD
People don't just enter our lives
randomly, we call them. Two women,
linked by fire -- I'll bet the visions
go away now.

HAVANA
Do you really think? --

SANFORD
You're welcoming Mom into the house!
You're saying, "Hey, Ma, come on in,
you don't scare me! I'm empowered!
Soup's on! This is my house, Ma! I
built it with my pain and my hope,
and you can't hurt me anymore! I'm a
magical child, Ma! So come on in!
Mi casa es su casa!"

(beat)
Deep breaths, now, Havana...

She breathes deeply as Sanford pushes, liberating her.

INT. THE WEISS HOME. MASTER BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Sanford, in bed, reading by the light of a nightstand lamp.

Cristina beside him, propped up, smoking. Agitated.

CRISTINA
What if she comes to the house?

SANFORD
She won't.

CRISTINA
Then what is she doing here?

SANFORD
Maybe she's sightseeing.

CRISTINA
Why are you so cavalier about this?

SANFORD
We've always handled things
differently, you and I.

CRISTINA
You have to get her fired!

SANFORD
And then what? If she's working for
Havana, we know where she is. It
buys us time.

CRISTINA
If she tries to get to Benjie --

SANFORD
I'm more concerned about the tabloids.
I'm about to go on a book tour, for
chrissake.
(turns light off)
Good night.

Hold on Cristina, in darkness -- not a happy camper.

INT. THE WEISS HOME. HALLWAY -- NIGHT

We see a door open a crack. A figure stands there, poised,
uncertain. It is Sanford, who clearly could not sleep. He
looks down the hall -- sees a light on. Slowly walks toward.

He stands outside his son's door. He is about to knock, when
he hears the low tones of Benjie's voice:

BENJIE (O.S.)
On my school notebooks/On my desk
and on the trees/On the sand, on the
snow... I write your name.

Sanford looks puzzled.

BENJIE (CONT'D)
On all the flesh that says yes/On
the forehead of my friends --

Sanford raps on the door.

INT. THE WEISS HOME. BENJIE'S ROOM -- NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Benjie is startled. (He is alone.) He has a book in his lap, which he quickly hides in another pile on the floor.

SANFORD (O.S.)

Son?

BENJIE

One second... come in!

His father ENTERS, in his robe. Benjie is in pajamas.

SANFORD

I saw your light.

BENJIE

I couldn't sleep.

SANFORD

Me neither. Were you reading?

BENJIE

Just boning up on the script.

SANFORD

It's hard to do that without a partner.

BENJIE

Mom usually reads with me. But I like to know the lines pretty well before we go over them.

SANFORD

That's what makes you a pro.

(sits on bed)

Listen -- there's something I wanted to talk to you about.

BENJIE

I'm not taking anything, not even Vicodin. I have a really good sponsor, he's been clean and sober for 20 years. He worked with Robert Downey Jr. and Demi and the guy from Green Day.

SANFORD

No -- it's about your sister. I think she may be back. Here, in Los Angeles.

BENJIE

Whoah. Did she call?

SANFORD

She hasn't. Yet.

BENJIE

I thought she was in prison somewhere.

SANFORD

A hospital -- far away. But now she's free, white and 18. The courts couldn't hold her. I'm in the process of acquiring a restraining order against her. I'd like you to let me know if she tries to contact you.

BENJIE

A restraining order? Too bad you couldn't have gotten one right after she was born, huh. Coulda had a judge standing by in the delivery room... or maybe you tried that.

SANFORD

We tried a lot of things, Benjie.
(falsely heartfelt)
Mostly, we tried our best.

BENJIE

That's in your book -- that's a big thing in your book. "Trying your best" is supposed to give people lots of points.

SANFORD

I don't know that girl anymore, son; not that I ever did. I don't know if she's dangerous. I knew this day was coming, but I should have anticipated... stupidly, I just thought she'd stay put. I want you to let me know if she sees you -- you happened to be the object of her assault.

BENJIE

I'll tell you if she pops up. You know how we like to share.

SANFORD

You get some sleep now, OK?

Benjie nods. His father kisses the top of his son's head, then EXITS. After the door is shut, Benjie retrieves the book he had been reading. Tucked inside is the Paul Éluard "I write your name" poem ("Liberté"), written on a piece of paper. Benjie slowly begins to read it aloud.

CAMERA REVEALS the book it was tucked within: "SECRETS KILL" by Dr. Sanford Weiss. PhD.

INT. THE HOME OF HAVANA SEGRAND. DEN -- DAY

Havana sits in lotus position on cushion, facing wall. She wears jogging pants and loose t-shirt. Her face relaxes as she enters deeper into her meditation.

Her answering machine engages.

HAVANA (O.S.)
I'm not here. Leave it at the tone!
(tone, then)

GENIE (V.O.)
Havana, are you there? Pick up, pick up. Havana?

Havana remains placid, continuing meditation.

GENIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I don't know if you've read the trades but... they announced that Damien went with Azita.

Havana winces, but barely; her eyes remain closed. Throughout the rest of speech, her facade begins to crack.

GENIE (CONT'D)
I can't say it's not a complete surprise but I am very angry at the way it was handled. It makes me look foolish but that's my problem, not yours. I'm so sorry, honey -- I have calls into Damien. And I hate to be leaving this on your machine -- I just didn't want you to hear from someone else, if you already haven't. As you know, I strongly think there's no love lost on this project -- those were always my feelings. I know and respect the reasons why it was so important to you but I think it's of equal importance we put this behind us. So, onward. I'm messengering six scripts to the house, including one Jodie put you up for -- she is such a good friend -- lots of great stuff on the horizon. Call me as soon as you get this. I love you and it's going to be a great year.

Havana rips the answering machine from wall. After a BEAT, she arches neck to sky like a wolf, loosing an obscene scream.

INT. STUDIO SOUNDSTAGE. BEDROOM -- DAY

Benjie sits on the lower half of a bunk, conspiring with ROY, a cloyingly cute eight year-old. During the scene, the

CAMERA SLOWLY PULLS BACK TO REVEAL PRODUCTION CREW.

BENJIE

I made a hole in the wall. We'll be able to see everything.

ROY

Everything?

BENJIE

Or your money back!

ROY

Oh boy! I wanna see her vuh-by-nuh!

Benjie slyly nods, smirking at Roy.

DIRECTOR (O.S.)

And... cut!

Having held back laughter for take, the crew lets it rip.

INT. TRAILER -- DAY

An unhappy Benjie ENTERS -- his mother awaits.

BENJIE

"Mister Vuh-by-nuh"'s getting all the laughs.

CRISTINA

He's only in four scenes.

BENJIE

And he's stealing every one of them. Piece of shit. Will you call Genie? Call Genie and tell her I want the piece of shit flushed.

(antennae up)

What are you doing here?

CRISTINA

I wanted to talk to you about something... but it can wait.

BENJIE

Not the studio and their drug shit again!

VOICE FROM OUTSIDE
Ready for you, Benjie --

BENJIE
(shouting back)
Fuck off! I gotta eat something! My
blood sugar drops whenever I do a
scene with Mister Piece of Shit Vuh-
By-Nuh!
(back to Mom)
Ma, can you stick one of those
breakfast burritos in the microwave?
Put it on two minutes -- perfect.

INT. MAXFIELD'S -- DAY

Agatha walks to parking lot, loaded down with garment bags.
She loads them into the back of a convertible Mustang. A
Town Car is parked; Jerome stands beside it reading a paper.
He looks up and sees her -- and gets a little spooked.

AGATHA
Hey!

JEROME
(forcedly casual)
Hey! How ya doin'?

AGATHA
I'm cool.
(slight edge)
I thought you'd be working on your
script.

JEROME
Wish I was. Gotta pay the bills.

AGATHA
How's show business?

JEROME
(again, casual)
All right. Got a call-back for "Blue
Matrix." Have you seen it?

AGATHA
I'm not into space soaps.

JEROME
It actually has a kind of "Battlestar
Galactica" vibe goin' on. A post
9/11 thing.

Havana Segrand ENTERS, trailed by some Salespeople, who help carry bags.

HAVANA

(to Agatha)

I can't believe I just spent \$18,000 --
I could have built 100 houses for
tsunami survivors. Let's go.

Jerome is completely taken aback; Agatha revels in it.

AGATHA

Havana, this is Jerome.

HAVANA

Hi.

JEROME

(flummoxed)

Oh hey!

AGATHA

He's a chauffeur.

HAVANA

I can see that.

AGATHA

Jerome just got an audition for
"Battlestar Galactica".

JEROME

(embarrassed now)

It's actually "Blue Matrix." I'm a
big fan, by the way.

HAVANA

Well, thank you. Good luck!

AZITA (O.S.)

Havana!

ANGLE ON the glamorous AZITA WACHTEL (32), exiting store.

Trailing after her is MICAH, her five year-old son.

HAVANA

Oh my God -- Azita!

Havana goes to greet her; Agatha glows in Jerome's direction.

AZITA

Sydney just told me you were here --
I was in the dressing room.

HAVANA
I was going to call you --
congratulations!

AZITA
(Hollywood-humble)
Thank you. I am so excited.

HAVANA
You are going to be so great.

AZITA
You think?

HAVANA
And you'll love working with Damien.

AZITA
He is so great. Havana, that makes
me feel so good. Your mother was so
special. It's really going to be a
challenge for me -- I don't want to
do an impersonation!

HAVANA
Just make it your own. You know,
for a heartbeat, I really wanted to
do it. Isn't that insane?

AZITA
(friendly bullshit)
Oh, but you should have!

HAVANA
Then I said to myself: "Work it out
in therapy, bitch!"

They laugh easily, happy not to be at each other's throats.

Havana bends to the little boy, who retreats behind his mom.

HAVANA (CONT'D)
He's adorable. What's your name?

AZITA
That's Micah. Say hi to Havana...

HAVANA
Hello, Micah! You are so sweet.

AZITA
My shy guy.

HAVANA
He's a heartbreaker.

AZITA
(EXITING)
Great to see you!

HAVANA
Ciao!

Azita and her son go back into store. Havana looks like the wind's been knocked out of her.

EXT. THE HOME OF HAVANA SEGRAND. SWIMMING POOL -- NIGHT

Havana lies on a table, getting a massage. The Masseuse hovers her hands over Havana's energy points.

HAVANA
Thank you, Maya. Can you let yourself out?

The Masseuse EXITS through house. A soft wind. Havana lies on her back, luxuriating. Suddenly, hands are on her again and she startles -- it's her mother. Havana sits up, stunned.

CLARICE
I like your new chore-whore -- awful phrase, isn't it? But you two have a lot in common. That terrible man, for one.
(Sanford's real voice)
"Hey, Ma, I'm empowered! Soup's on! I'm a magical child, Ma, so come on in! Mi casa es su casa!"

HAVANA
What do you want --

CLARICE
(tormented)
This bravado of mine... it's asinine, and I'm sorry. It's just, I'm nervous around you. It sounds comical but I haven't been around people.

HAVANA
I'm not going to listen to this...

CLARICE
Those "incidents" you keep sharing on the talkshows -- they're false memories.

HAVANA
Liar! From day one, liar!

CLARICE

(thoughtful)

Your stepfather must have done those things to you -- why couldn't I see it? His first wife warned me he was that way. You must have been so angry at me for not protecting you --

HAVANA

Stay away from me!

CLARICE

-- so you got it all mixed up. You blame yourself for the night I burned, don't you? I know you didn't mean it to happen, baby!

Havana runs toward house, holding the sheet to cover herself.

Clarice chillingly calls after her, IN SANFORD'S VOICE:

CLARICE (CONT'D)

"This is my house, Ma! I built it with my pain and my hope, and you can't hurt me anymore!"

INT. THE HOME OF HAVANA SEGRAND. LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Havana locks the glass doors, then goes to window and looks out. Her mother sits by the side of the pool, a sorrowful ghost. Havana is unhinged.

HAVANA

Oh God! Oh God oh God oh God...

EXT. THE HOME OF HAVANA SEGRAND -- MORNING

Agatha rings the bell. After a BEAT, the door opens a crack and she ENTERS.

INT. THE HOME OF HAVANA SEGRAND -- MORNING

The house is in disarray. Havana sits on the couch with a huge cup of tea. She looks half-dead.

AGATHA

Hi. Are you OK?

HAVANA

I have the flu. I need cigarettes. American Spirit. I need you to pick up some prescriptions. Vicodin, Ambien, Xanax. I need Astragalus and Golden Seal. And yogi tea.

(MORE)

HAVANA (CONT'D)

Agatha --have you ever heard of Sanford Weiss? The therapist?

(Agatha shakes head)

Of course you haven't, why should you, I'm getting information from a fucking dead person! Tampax. I need Tampax and Cozy Shack -- do you know what Cozy Shack is? Comes in big tubs. Tapioca and rice pudding. And truffles, from Maison du Chocolat -- you get them at Neiman's.

(getting up)

Come out to the yard. I need to move the plants...

EXT. HOME OF HAVANA SEGRAND. SWIMMING POOL/GARDEN -- MORNING

They stand before a row of large, potted plants. Havana's energy is manic and unsettling. She grabs a pot.

HAVANA

They've been like this since the fucking earthquake -- I just want to try and move them there. The tiles are being redone, so don't worry. You can drag them. Well, come on!

AGATHA

They look so heavy!

HAVANA

Don't try and make me into Mommie Dearest, OK? You're strong. You're already wearing gloves... put your weight into it --Agatha tries; the pot budes barely an inch.

HAVANA (CONT'D)

(joining in)

Swivel it! See? Just swivel!

They "swivel" as they drag, moving the pots a few feet.

GENIE ENTERS onto porch, watching the spectacle a moment.

GENIE

Hel - lo! The door was open!

INT. THE HOME OF HAVANA SEGRAND. LIVING ROOM -- MORNING

They ENTER. Havana flops down on the couch.

HAVANA

What's happening?

GENIE

(grim)

This hasn't even hit the news yet.

HAVANA

What?

GENIE

Azita Wachtel's little boy died.

HAVANA

No! I just saw them --

GENIE

He was with his dad, in Ojai. He drowned.

HAVANA

Micah... oh my God! How?

GENIE

I think in the pool.

HAVANA

She wasn't there?

GENIE

I don't know. No one knows yet. Anything. Here's what's going on -- and I know it's ghoulish -- but I think we can get you to replace.

HAVANA

But how?

GENIE

Azita's in the hospital. She totally lost it. They sedated her.

HAVANA

Won't they just shut down? They're insured --

GENIE

There is no way she is going to work.

HAVANA

How much have they shot?

GENIE

Wednesday, they start. The casting person called me three times.

HAVANA

Sarah?

(MORE)

HAVANA (CONT'D)
(Genie nods)
Did you call back?

GENIE
They want to make an offer.

HAVANA
Did Damien call?

GENIE
No, but he's probably consumed.
Havana, they would not make an offer
without Damien's total approval.

HAVANA
(bullshit)
Azita should just do it. She should
work. She should go to the funeral
and go right to work.

GENIE
I know. It's beyond... but do you
still want to do it?

HAVANA
I need to meet with Damien.

GENIE
You will. This thing just happened.
I haven't been able to reach anyone...

HAVANA
Don't come down from my quote. If
they're really in trouble, we're in
the catbird seat -- unless they go
out to someone else.

GENIE
We have the offer. I'll call as soon
as I hear.

HAVANA
Should I send flowers?

GENIE
(EXITING)
You're not supposed to know. And
save the flowers for Damien, when we
close. Ciao!

EXT. HOME OF HAVANA SEGRAND. SWIMMING POOL/GARDEN -- MORNING
Agatha strenuously zigzags a pot toward its destination.

Her gloves are dirty, hair damp, most the burns now exposed.

Music suddenly BLASTS from outdoor speakers -- "Na Na Hey Hey (Kiss Him Goodbye)" -- as Havana skips toward her. She hugs Agatha, puzzled but pleased with her boss's mood swing.

She takes shy Agatha's hands, encouraging her to dance.

HAVANA

Come on! This is for Micah -- and
for miracles! This is for little
miracles!

AGATHA

(smiling)
Who's Micah?

HAVANA

Fire and water! We're fire and he's
water! Say goodbye, goodbye, goodbye!

AGATHA

(uncomprehending but
playing along)
Goodbye!

HAVANA

Goodbye, Micah!

AGATHA

Goodbye, Micah!

HAVANA

Fire and water! Say it!

AGATHA

(loosening up)
Fire and water!

HAVANA

(singing with song)
Na na na na! Na na na na! --

AGATHA

Hey hey hey! Goodbye!

TOGETHER

Na na na na! Na na na na! Hey hey
hey! Goodbye!

Havana, enraptured, dances wildly in place, singing to music.

They dance in SLO-MO, their eyes are closed, heads raised to
the sky, ecstatic...

INT. STUDIO SOUNDSTAGE -- DAY

Agatha approaches a P.A. amidst bustle of "Blue Matrix" production -- aliens, starship crew, et al.

AGATHA

Excuse me... I'm looking for Jerome Fontana. He had a call-back --

P.A.

He's a Voralid?
(she's nonplussed)
Try makeup.

As she walks in the direction pointed, Jerome calls out to her, in full costume. One side of his face (same as Agatha's) appears badly burned: trademark "look" of the Voralids.

JEROME

Hey! What are you doing here?

AGATHA

Havana's having lunch at the commissary -- thought I'd see if I could find you.

A Female Voralid comes up to Jerome, with the same mutilation.

LADY VORBALID

Did you fill out the SAG thing? You have to or you won't get paid.

She EXITS. Agatha inspects his facial makeup, amused.

AGATHA

Is it supposed to be a burn?

JEROME

(smiles)
I don't think so. It's just, like, a birthmark or something.

A pissy 2nd A.D. ENTERS, addressing Agatha.

2ND A.D.

We're five minutes away -- why aren't you dressed? Get dressed!

The Second A.D. EXITS. Jerome and Agatha exchange awkward looks -- then laugh.

INT. STUDIO COMMISSARY

Havana lunches with DAMIEN JAVITZ, late 30s, serious but cool.

DAMIEN

They had a cover for the pool but the motor was in the shop for repair.

HAVANA

He didn't swim --

DAMIEN

(shakes head)

The dad heard the phone, thought it was Azita. Went inside for two seconds...

HAVANA

That's always how it happens -- I mean, that's what you always hear. Have you talked to Azita?

DAMIEN

I went to see her. She's home now. I told her you were going to do the part and she was relieved. At least, she seemed to be. I felt weird going to see her to tell her that, but we'd become close. But listen -- I was going to call and tell you about my decision to go with Azita but things got crazy.

HAVANA

It's cool, Damien. I'm totally fine.

DAMIEN

But I wasn't. I didn't like the way it was handled. I really loved your read, as you know. I had initial misgivings because of the whole connection to your mother. But I'm making such a different film than the original -- in some ways, it doesn't resemble it at all, and I'll probably be taken to task for that.

HAVANA

The script is amazing.

DAMIEN

Thank you. I just want you to feel strong, coming in like this.

(MORE)

DAMIEN (CONT'D)
Things happen for a reason. I'm a
big believer in that.
(beat)
I'm glad you're on the show.

Her eyes water in gratitude; nothing to say.

EXT. STUDIO SOUNDSTAGE -- DAY

TRACK WITH obsequious Lady Interviewer and video crew as
they approach Benjie. He stands at craft service table,
picking out red M&M's.

STAR! CHANNEL LADY
Benjie? Victoria Lapin, Star!
Channel. Are you ready for us?

BENJIE
No.

STAR! CHANNEL LADY
We had a four o'clock interview --

BENJIE
No.

STAR! CHANNEL LADY
Didn't Genie tell you --

BENJIE
No.

STAR! CHANNEL LADY
May we just have 15 minutes?

BENJIE
No.

STAR! CHANNEL LADY
But we've been waiting --

BENJIE
Why don't you talk to my co-star,
Jim Carrey Junior. There he is!

Little Roy, in b.g., looks over curiously as Benjie shouts.

BENJIE (CONT'D)
Hey! Mr. Piece of Shit Vuh-by-nuh!
Wanna be on TV? Get your jail-bait
ass over here!

Roy innocently approaches as Benjie EXITS, leaving the
disgruntled Star! Channel Lady in his wake.

INT. TRAILER -- DAY

Benjie ENTERS, gets a soda from fridge and sits. The TV monitor is on, and it catches his eye.

INSERT -- "Stolen Waters," the black and white film seen earlier, starring Havana's mother, Clarice Taggart. Clarice runs down the asylum corridor, chased by orderlies.

Benjie gasps as Agatha puts her hand on his arm. He throws her arm off and shoves her, backing toward door.

BENJIE
(terrified)
Fuck!
(opens door)
You! Get! Out!

AGATHA
I'm not going to hurt you. I'm your
big sister! --

With door open, Benjie reassesses.

BENJIE
How'd you get on the lot?

AGATHA
I work for someone who's doing a
film -- Havana Segrand.

BENJIE
You hungry? Wanna breakfast burrito?

AGATHA
No -- no thanks. I can't stay long.

BENJIE
Havana Segrand... she's really good.
We have the same agent. How'd that
happen? I mean, you working for Havana
Segrand?

AGATHA
Hum, through a friend.
(beat)
Jodie Foster.

BENJIE
(smiles; shakes head)
You know, for a disfigured
schizophrenic, you've got the town
pretty wired!
(beat)
They know you're here, Agatha.

AGATHA
 (surprised)
 How? --

BENJIE
 Dad: he's all fucking seeing and knowing, if you didn't remember. Better watch your step --the old man's getting a restraining order against you or some such shit.

AGATHA
 I'd prefer you didn't tell them I stopped by...

BENJIE
 I'm not a big fan of "closure," so if you're looking for some epiphany that's going to help you get on with your life --

AGATHA
 I wrote to you. For years. To explain...

Voices outside. Benjie protectively waves her into the back of trailer as Jeb, the executive from earlier scene, comes to the door with two grinning, prepubescent Nieces.

JEB
 Benjie? Jeb Berg!

BENJIE
 Takin' a nap, Jeb.

JEB
 Got my nieces here from Connecticut. They just wanted to --

BENJIE
 Universal Studios. Put their asses on the tram, Jebbo.

Benjie slams the door on exec. Agatha laughs.

AGATHA
 You're so mean!

BENJIE
 I fuck 'em when I can. Want a Rockstar?

AGATHA
 No thanks -- sugar makes me crazy.

After a BEAT, they both laugh, breaking the ice.

BENJIE
That's pretty funny.
(she nods)
So: Mom and Dad sent you to the
snakepit?

AGATHA
The courts did.

BENJIE
You look pretty good.

AGATHA
I was in Sherman Oaks -- on the burn
ward. After my grafts, they sent me
to Florida.

BENJIE
Land of "Scarface." Pacino. Love it.
(re "Stolen Waters"
DVD)
Did you put that in there?

AGATHA
(nods)
That's Havana's mom.

BENJIE
Did you start the fire?

AGATHA
This is hard.

BENJIE
No shit! Did you?

AGATHA
(nods)
But I didn't want anything to happen
to you. Do you know about them?
About who we are? Did they tell you --

BENJIE
You gave me -- what, pills?
"Vitamins"?

AGATHA
Probably something for sleep.

BENJIE
You gave me pills, then you set the
house on fire!
(MORE)

BENJIE (CONT'D)

Why am I having trouble with "I didn't want anything to happen to you" part?

AGATHA

I was seeing things...

BENJIE

(interested)

Like what.

AGATHA

People.

BENJIE

What did you do... when you saw them?

AGATHA

I would say, "By this ring... you are consecrated to me."

BENJIE

I remember... that was the game we --

AGATHA

It always worked. After I said it, the people always went away.

BENJIE

OK, you have to go now.

AGATHA

Benjie... there's a script. I can't explain -- you're part of this beautiful, mythological script --

BENJIE

(sardonic)

Oh my God, my long-lost psychotron sister is pitching me a movie!

(stands at door)

Agatha, leave. And take the DVD with you.

He ejects it, hands it to her.

AGATHA

You don't have to worry about me starting any more fires.

(poignant)

They put my pilot light out.

INT. SANFORD'S OFFICE -- DAY

Sanford escorts a middle-aged couple from his office. The crying Wife is pasty and overweight, the Husband stoic.

WIFE

Thank you!

Sanford and the Wife hug. He then shakes the Husband's hand.

SANFORD

Y'all be good to each other now.
Work your program, Milton! And don't
argue in the bedroom: the bedroom is
for sleeping or making love, not for
fighting. If you need to talk, go to
a coffeeshop. See you Thursday.

They EXIT as phone RINGS. He answers.

SANFORD (CONT'D)

(listens, then)

Well, is she there now?

EXT. HOLLY CREST HOTEL -- NIGHT

Sanford's Bentley pulls into lot, parks.

EXT. AGATHA'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Sanford raps on door. She opens it, stunned.

SANFORD

Hello, Agatha.

Before she can even close the door, he pushes it in, entering.

INT. AGATHA'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Taking "regal" possession of her sad little room, he looks through it as if it is a museum of novelties. The first thing he notices is the "Bad Babysitter" poster. He walks to bureau; his eyes alight on a neat row of books.

SANFORD

My books. Read any of them?

AGATHA

Yes.

SANFORD

(plucks one)

"Secrets Kill".

(laughs at irony)

A classic!

AGATHA
How did you find me?

SANFORD
Please: no film noir questions.

AGATHA
Did Benjie --

SANFORD
(aggressive)
Did Benjie tell me you were here?
Now, how would he know that? You
didn't go to see him -- did you?

AGATHA
No...

SANFORD
The question remains: why are you in
L.A.?

AGATHA
I'm in recovery. I wanted to make
amends.

Sanford sits on the bed with a faintly contemptuous sigh.

SANFORD
Not even a paranoid schizophrenic
can escape the long arm of 12-Step.

AGATHA
Why didn't you ever come see me?

SANFORD
That's a victim question.
(beat)
That's an "I Never Promised You A
Rose Garden" question.
(beat)
You know why. I don't believe in
rewarding homicidal behavior.

AGATHA
I've changed. And I -- I wanted to
tell you how sorry I am, for what I
did. I wanted to tell you -- and
Mother. I sent letters...

SANFORD
(abrupt)
Apologies accepted. Need money?

AGATHA

I have a job. I'm working for Havana Segrand. She asked if I knew you...

SANFORD

(takes out check)

Here -- it's \$5,000. I want you to get on a plane; that would be a true amends. Our lives are rich and full -- we made them from the ashes of what you left. Give Miss Segrand notice.

AGATHA

Father, please!

SANFORD

Don't even think about seeing Benjie -- or Cristina! Do you understand?

He embraces her. She stares off, unresponsive.

SANFORD (CONT'D)

You can't actually believed I'd have let you come back and fuck up my world again...

(stands, goes to door)

Pack your cardboard bags and set them by the door.

(beat)

And work your program.

He kisses the crown of her head then EXITS.

EXT. THE WEISS HOME. POOL -- NIGHT

Benjie lies on stomach, on massage table. The Masseur is finishing up. Heat rises off the illuminated pool.

MASSEUR

See you Friday.

BENJIE

Thank you, Rusty.

The Masseur EXITS. Benjie closes his eyes a moment, then hears something stirring the water. Sits up, nervous: someone is swimming in the pool.

BENJIE (CONT'D)

Hey! What are you doing in there?

The figure swims over to side nearest Benjie -- it's a Little Boy. The Boy smiles up at him.

BENJIE (CONT'D)

What the fuck are you doing in my pool?

(the boy laughs)

Who are you?

MICAH

Micah.

Cammy ENTERS in a swimsuit and cap.

CAMMY

He's a drowned boy.

BENJIE

(to Cammy)

I don't want to see you. I didn't do anything to you.

CAMMY

His father thinks he could have done something to save him; that's what fathers always think. You know, Benjie, you should have asked your sister about me...

BENJIE

I'm not going to do this -- go play with somebody else! I'm alive, asshole! I'm alive and I'm not crazy!

Cammy smiles and dives into the pool. Micah joins her in the deep end. They descend, leaving still waters.

INT. THE WEISS HOME. MASTER BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Sanford sits on the couch, drink in hand, asleep. On the PLASMA TV in front of him, his own image.

INSERT PLASMA -- Sanford holds a microphone and walks across the stage like a preacher -- the consummate New Age professional. Across bottom of screen, trails: SANFORD WEISS --

HOUR OF PERSONAL POWER. CALL 1-900-784-7600 FOR "SECRETS KILL" WORKSHOPS NEAR YOU. LAX AIRPORT MARRIOTT...

TV SANFORD

I know a man who lives under the sword of Damocles we call AIDS. When my time comes, he told me, I'm ready. My bags are packed and at the door. I like that. I like that very much. There is a time -- in our lives and in our therapies -- when the eyes

(MORE)

TV SANFORD (CONT'D)
 stray to the bags that wait by the
 door. After we have suffered and
 after we have wept, after we have
 exhausted the fountain of our memories
 and bloodied our hands against the
 walls of our parents' house --

INT. THE WEISS HOME. BATHROOM -- NIGHT

Cristina lies in a tub of water and convulsively weeps.

INT. THE WEISS HOME. BENJIE'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Benjie huddles in bed, covers pulled up -- terrified.

INT. HOLLY CREST HOTEL. BATHROOM -- NIGHT

Agatha methodically empties her pills into the toilet.

CLOSE ON PILLS, floating like little colored logs.

INT. LINCOLN TOWN CAR -- STREETS -- NIGHT

Agatha sits in the back while Jerome plays chauffeur. He
 watches her in the rear-view -- she looks like a star.

She looks out the window and sees children running: Cammy,
 Micah and the Homeless Girl from the beginning of our story.

She smiles, unafraid of what she sees.

AGATHA'S POV -- Cammy smiles back at her as all run past.

EXT. VACANT LOT -- NIGHT

The Town Car pulls up to the old house. Jerome and Agatha
 EXIT, under a full moon.

She walks into the grassy lot, beckoning him. He hesitates,
 then follows. She lies down, pulling at him.

JEROME

It's wet!

AGATHA

(from "Stolen Waters")

Say, "We have to stop."

JEROME

"We have to stop" --

AGATHA

"You're a patient here. I want to
 help you."

JEROME

"You're a patient here. I want to help you" --

AGATHA

"You don't think I set those fires, do you?"

(he says nothing)

Say, "I think that you didn't mean to. You need help, that's all."

JEROME

(beat, then)

"I think that you didn't mean to. You need help, that's all."

AGATHA

"Don't you want to help me?"

She pulls him down. He strips the clothes off her.

AGATHA (CONT'D)

Leave my stockings. I have scars... my legs and stomach... my back --

As he kisses her body, she intones:

AGATHA (CONT'D)

On all the flesh that says yes/On the forehead of my friends/On every hand held out... I write your name.

INT. THE HOME OF HAVANA SEGRAND. KITCHEN -- DAY

Agatha is putting away groceries while watching the TV on the counter. Onscreen, Havana guests on a daytime talker.

TALKSHOW HOST

Your mother, of course, was Clarice Taggart, the wonderful actress who died tragically in a fire in the mid-70s.

HAVANA

Christmas, '76.

TALKSHOW HOST

You've spoken of your mother's addictions -- and recently revealed, very bravely, that you yourself were physically abused.

HAVANA

And sexually, yes.

TALKSHOW HOST

Which is far more uncommon -- usually, it's a male: the father, stepdad, what have you. And I want to get back to that, Havana, but first there's something I've been dying to ask: What's it like to be starring in a remake of a movie -- "Stolen Waters" -- as you are now --in a role your mother initially mad famous?

HAVANA

Scary!

TALKSHOW HOST

Now, she was even nominated --

HAVANA

For an Oscar, yes. And she did get the Golden Globe. I feel probably about as comfortable as I could. We are very lucky to have Damien Javitz directing --

TALKSHOW HOST

Now, there's a man who's made some strange films! Honored ones, but --

HAVANA (O.S.)

(calling out)

Agatha? Agatha, can you come in here?

Agatha drops what she's doing and EXITS toward voice.

INT. THE HOME OF HAVANA SEGRAND. BATHROOM -- DAY

Havana sits on toilet. Agatha cautiously appears in door and the sitting star waves her in. Occasional sounds remind us she is trying to move her bowels.

HAVANA

Don't be shy. I'm so backed up from the Vicodin. I need you to get me a laxative from Whole Foods -- I think it's called Quiet Moment.

(fart/bowel sounds)

They should call it Unquiet Moment! I need you tonight. Maria can't make it -- one of her thousand kids has cholera, or whatever.

AGATHA

What do I do?

HAVANA

Kitchen stuff, mostly. Easy. Refill drinks. Maybe some serving. You'll have fun. Lots of interesting people. It'll be good for you.

(fart/bowel sounds)

Oh fuck! I think I'm going to need an enema.

(Agatha EXITS)

Wait. I wanted to ask you something. Do you see men?

AGATHA

(embarrassed)

Sometimes.

HAVANA

Are you seeing anyone now?

(Agatha blushes)

You are!

AGATHA

Just dating a little.

HAVANA

What does he do?

AGATHA

He's an actor.

HAVANA

The worst! You have to fight 'em to the mirror in the mornings.

AGATHA

(droll)

In my case, that doesn't apply.

(beat)

He writes, too.

HAVANA

(wiping herself)

You know, you're very attractive, don't run yourself down. Do you "do" it with him?

AGATHA

(shy)

Havana!

HAVANA

You can tell me. How much have you done?

AGATHA
Almost everything.

HAVANA
Do you come?
(Agatha nods)
There you go. Is he a waiter?

AGATHA
He drives a limousine. You met him --
outside Maxfield's.

HAVANA
Oh, he's cute. Limo drivers are
wolves!
(flushes toilet; stands)
I need yogurt and cigarettes. And
call the hot tub man -- the water's
cold.
(fumbles in her purse
for keys)
You can take the Mustang. God, it
stinks in here.

INT. SOHO HOUSE RESTAURANT -- NIGHT

Rhett is at a booth with Gretchen, a 20 year-old
model/actress. Benjie ENTERS FRAME, sits.

BENJIE
Hey, sucker fish!

RHETT
You're out late for a school night.

BENJIE
Two days off.

RHETT
Have a Shirley Temple.

BENJIE
Shirley, you jest.

RHETT
(introducing)
Benjie Weiss -- Gretchen Voss.
(she smiles diffidently)

BENJIE
I feel like getting into some shit
tonight. Got any?

RHETT
 (dodging the question)
 The suits workin' you?

BENJIE
 Bustin' my expensive little hump --
 one day at a time! Where's Kayla?

RHETT
 Fuck her.

BENJIE
 I did -- after the Teamsters sold
 her my poop. She got it for a song.

RHETT
 You mean, for a schlong.
 (to Gretchen)
 Long story.

BENJIE
 Long and coiled. Hey, waddup with
 Sam?

RHETT
 Let's find out.
 (takes out Droid,
 dials)
 She dug you, man. She dug you and
 you dissed her.

BENJIE
 I didn't diss her.
 (beat)
 I know you're holding, Rhett.

RHETT
 I'm not going to be the one to fuck
 up your sobriety, okay?

Rhett talks into cell in b.g. throughout following.

GRETCHEN
 Are you doing the "Babysitters"
 sequel?

BENJIE
 (nods)
 Sequels 'R' Us.

GRETCHEN
 It made so much money.

BENJIE
 I saw you in "Thrill Kill". Kewl.

GRETCHEN

We tried to have fun with horror --
the critics got it, anyway. I gotta
little GHB, if you want to get high.

BENJIE

I think I love you.

She slips him a tiny bottle from her purse. Rhett pretends
not to have seen that; snaps his phone shut.

RHETT

Sam's on her way, Jose. Done deal.

BENJIE

(sliding from booth)
The Terminator!

Benjie EXITS. Rhett stares at Gretchen with disapproval.

GRETCHEN

(defensive)
It's just G.

INT. RHETT'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Sam and Benjie dance. A stoned Benjie lip-synchs to Lou
Christie's "Lightnin' Strikes". He leaves Sam dancing alone
and wanders over to Rhett, who's showing Gretchen a small-
caliber revolver. Rhett is smoking a joint.

RHETT

I got it on eBay. It was supposedly
used at Columbine.

Benjie grabs it from his hands.

RHETT (CONT'D)

Hey! That's loaded man.

BENJIE

(opens barrel)
I'll empty it.

RHETT

Don't fuck around.

Benjie puts the gun into his own mouth.

SAM

Benjie!

GRETCHEN

Oh my God, that is so sick!

RHETT
If America only knew.

Benjie pulls the trigger -- CLICK. He sings:

BENJIE
"If she's put together fine, if she's
readin' my mind, I can't stop it --

GRETCHEN
Finish the joke, Rhett. About the
Texan.

SAM
Oh my God! You've only been telling
it for an hour.

Benjie spins the barrel, puts gun to temple and fires - CLICK.

RHETT
The Texan says to the Yuppie --

SAM
What's a Yuppie?

RHETT
Are you serious?

SAM
I mean, I know what it is, I just
don't know what it stands for.

RHETT
The Texan says to the Yuppie, "I
know a place we can go. They got
dancin', they got fightin', they got
drinkin' and they got fuckin'...

General hilarity. Benjie points the gun at Rhett.

BENJIE
Does this joke end in safe sex?

GRETCHEN
Fuck safe sex! Let's bareback!

RHETT
(re: gun)
'C'mon, gimme that.

BENJIE
I said, Does this joke end in safe
sex?

RHETT
Well, I hope not.

BENJIE
Then I'll have to kill you.

RHETT
This is getting old, Benjie.

A huge shaggy dog ENTERS. Benjie aims; this time it fires.
Pandemonium as Sam and Gretchen SCREAM. Rhett grabs gun.

RHETT (CONT'D)
You motherfucker! Oh God Jesus fuck!
(leans over dying dog)
Get outta here, man! Oh shit! This
is so fucked!

BENJIE
Rhett, I'm sorry! You saw! I had all
the bullets out! --

RHETT
You sick motherfucker, you killed my
dog! Get outta here, Benjie, now!

Rhett sobs over the dying dog as Benjie EXITS.

RHETT (CONT'D)
You're fucking crazy! You fucking
killed my dog! Asshole! --

EXT. THE WEISS HOME. ENTRY -- DAY

Cristina answers the door, stunned. Behind Agatha she sees
Havana's Mustang parked at the curb.

AGATHA
May I come in?

CRISTINA
I'm not sure that's a good idea.

AGATHA
I won't stay long, Mom...
(the word pierces
Cristina)
I just wanted to make amends.

INT. THE WEISS HOME. DINING ROOM -- DAY

Cristina warms up somewhat during scene, as if her fragile
maternal instincts are thawing from hibernation.

AGATHA

I've seen this house... in the
magazines. In Architectural Digest.
And the profiles of Father --

CRISTINA

It makes feel exposed... but Sanford
likes things personalized -- to show
the world how and where we live.
Can I get you anything?

AGATHA

No thank you.

Cristina lights a cigarette and sits.

CRISTINA

(re: cigarette)
I supposedly quit.
(awkward beat)
I -- I actually thought you'd have
come sooner. It's been seven years...

AGATHA

(sweetly droll)
Takes me that long to put on my
makeup.

CRISTINA

(halting)
Agatha, I didn't go to see you --

AGATHA

I wouldn't have gone to see me if I
were you either.

CRISTINA

I was afraid. After what you did --

AGATHA

You don't have to explain... I've
dreamed so much of that old house!
It was the first place I visited
when I came back. It's so strange
that no one's built on it.

CRISTINA

We still own the property.

AGATHA

Since before I can remember, I've
had the same dream -- Benjie and me
getting married, in a big white tent.
It didn't make any sense.

(MORE)

AGATHA (CONT'D)

Then I found out about you and Dad.
You were in Europe; I found the key
to the lockbox. All the pictures...

CRISTINA

We didn't know we were brother and
sister! We'd been separated since we
were kids -- a freak thing. We met
on campus, in the desert. We didn't
know, Agatha!

A key in the door -- both of them stiffen. It's Sanford.

SANFORD

What are you doing here?

CRISTINA

It's all right, Sanford --

SANFORD

I told you to stay away from us!

AGATHA

(trancelike)

You didn't know. It was a freak thing.
I found the pictures -- love is
stronger than death.

He tears Agatha from the couch, then hurls her to the ground.

CRISTINA

Sanford!

He pummels Agatha's stomach.

SANFORD

You crazy cunt!

AGATHA

Daddy, don't!

CRISTINA

You're hurting her!

SANFORD

I'll take a torch and finish you!

He stands her up and walks her brutally to front door. Agatha
clutches Cristina, then WAILS as she runs from the house.

SANFORD (CONT'D)

(agitated)

Gotta handle this... gotta handle
this... OK, OK -- gotta handle this.

Cristina, shaken, has a shock of recognition as she rubs her naked finger.

CRISTINA

My ring! She took my wedding ring --

EXT. THE WEISS HOME - NIGHT

Sanford bolts from house. Too late: the Mustang peels away.

CLOSE ON SANFORD, troubled.

INT. STUDIO SOUNDSTAGE -- DAY

Roy, the 8 year-old scene stealer, ENTERS honeywagon. Benjie follows him in.

INT. STUDIO SOUNDSTAGE. HONEYWAGON -- DAY

Roy stands at the urinal as Benjie ENTERS. Benjie goes to the sink and washes his face.

BENJIE

Piss patrol! Caught in the act!

(Roy smiles)

You know, you're chewin' major scenery out there.

ROY

What do you mean?

BENJIE

You know what I mean, Vuhbyna-head.

Who's the star of this show, Roy?

Huh? Can you tell me, Roy?

ROY

You are.

Benjie dries his face, tosses paper towel and turns: to his horror, Cammy has taken Roy's place at the urinal. She's covered in starry tattoos, as in her first visitation.

CAMMY

He's not your enemy.

BENJIE

(moves toward her)

You...

CAMMY

(sings)

Love is stronger than death...

Benjie lunges, strangling her. She smiles, unaffected by the violence of his assault.

BENJIE

You die! Die! Die! Die!

CAMMY

You're a bad babysitter, Benjamin.

You're a very bad babysitter...

The 2nd A.D. ENTERS to see Benjie strangling Roy -- the little boy is blue in the face. The 2nd leaps to separate them.

2ND A.D.

Jesus! Get -- off -- him!

He tears Benjie off, hurling him into the wall. Roy falls to the floor. The 2nd A.D. quickly examines the unconscious boy then rushes to the door, shouting:

2ND A.D. (CONT'D)

Someone get an ambulance! Call 911!

Someone call a fucking ambulance!

(to Benjie)

You fucking killed him!

Benjie bolts from honeywagon.

INT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL -- DAY

A Nurse leads a haggard Cristina to a locked metal door.

NURSE

He may be groggy from the medication.

Cristina peers through a wire-mesh window.

CRISTINA'S POV -- Benjie sits in bare room, staring a floor.

INT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL. LOCKED ROOM -- DAY

Cristina ENTERS, tearfully rushes to her son. Cradles him.

BENJIE

Mama! --

CRISTINA

My baby, my baby!

BENJIE

I'm so sorry, Mama!

CRISTINA

Why, Benjie? He's a little boy...

BENJIE
I saw her again.

CRISTINA
Who, baby? Agatha? Did Agatha come
to see you?

BENJIE
The little girl... she tricked me.

CRISTINA
What little girl?

BENJIE
From the hospital. The one who died...

CRISTINA
Oh Benjie! My baby --
(holding Benjie,
rocking him)
My baby my baby my baby my baby...

INT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL. WAITING ROOM -- DAY

A numb Cristina sits on couch with Harriet, Benjie's shrink.

CRISTINA
We've got to get him home...

HARRIET
I'd like to place him outside of
California. We need to get Jonas to
speak with the district attorney --

CRISTINA
He's only 13!

ATTORNEY
The violence of the assault factors
in, Cristina.

CRISTINA
He didn't take a gun to kids at
school, Harriet! He hurt one boy...

HARRIET
The State's become very tough on
minors.

CRISTINA
(terrified)
They won't send him to jail?

HARRIET
They won't send him to jail.

Sanford ENTERS, ashen.

SANFORD
The boy's going to be all right.

CRISTINA
(relieved)
Thank God...

SANFORD
They've shut everything down. I don't
know if they're going to recast.

CRISTINA
(hopeful)
But it's such a small little part...

SANFORD
(snaps)
Benjie! They're talking about
recasting Benjie! It's over --

CRISTINA
(beat, then, trancelike)
Now the whole world will know. The
world will know we have done crimes...

HARRIET
I'll take Cristina home.

SANFORD
Give her something so she can sleep.

EXT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL -- DAY

A battalion of News Trucks, gathered outside.

Agatha stands amid pedestrians and media people, staring.

PUSH IN ON AGATHA as we SLOWLY DISSOLVE TO

INT. TOWN CAR -- DAY

Jerome drives Havana home from the set. Havana coughs.

HAVANA
I hope you don't mind that I requested
you.

JEROME
I'm glad.

HAVANA
God, I feel shitty. I think I've got
bronchitis.

JEROME

It makes your voice sound sexy.

HAVANA

Thank you. So: how's the romance?

JEROME

OK. Pretty good.

HAVANA

What's that all about for you?

JEROME

What do you mean?

HAVANA

The burn thing. Is it creepy? To fuck her?

JEROME

(offguard)

No.

HAVANA

Does she take her gloves off? Do your friends think it's weird? Have your friends even met her?

JEROME

I'm actually sort of... writing a script about it.

HAVANA

Aha -- research!

JEROME

Everything's research. On some level.

HAVANA

(long beat)

Would you fuck me if I asked you to? For "research"?

JEROME

(abashed)

I don't know.

HAVANA

How would we do it? Can you see me?

(he looks in rearview)

Look what I'm doing.

(he adjusts mirror
down)

How would we fuck? From the back?

JEROME
We could. If you want.

HAVANA
I want. For a long time?

JEROME
Yeah.

HAVANA
Am I better looking? Than her?

JEROME
Uhm... yeah.

HAVANA
Do you like my skin better? Do I
have better skin?

JEROME
Yes.

HAVANA
And my holes? Are my holes better?
Do you want to fuck my holes?

JEROME
Yes...

EXT. THE HOME OF HAVANA SEGRAND -- DAY

The Town Car is parked.

INT. TOWN CAR -- DAY

Jerome and Havana fuck.

EXT. THE HOME OF HAVANA SEGRAND -- CONTINUOUS -- DAY

From the window, we see Agatha watching.

INT. TOWN CAR -- CONTINUOUS -- DAY

After awhile, Jerome comes. Then:

HAVANA
I gotta go.

She quickly disengages -- like a pro.

HAVANA (CONT'D)
Do me a favor and don't get out.

Just climb over.

She EXITS, leaving Jerome a little miffed -- feeling "used."

EXT. THE HOME OF HAVANA SEGRAND -- CONTINUOUS -- DAY

Havana stands by Town Car. She crudely uses a pashmina to wipe the inside of her thigh, way high up. The Town Car pulls away; she half-turns toward it, smirking.

ANGLE ON AGATHA, still at the window, watching.

INT. THE HOME OF HAVANA SEGRAND. LIVING ROOM -- DAY

Havana ENTERS. She is startled to see Agatha sitting on the edge of the white couch, listless and disheveled.

HAVANA

What happened to you?

AGATHA

I took the bus.

HAVANA

What's wrong with the car?

AGATHA

It broke.

HAVANA

What happened to you yesterday?

AGATHA

I was sick.

HAVANA

I've been sick all week! But I still manage to get up at five in the morning and work 14 hours. What's the matter with you?

AGATHA

I think I have the flu.

HAVANA

You're acting really weird. And you're dirty --

AGATHA

I'm sorry.

HAVANA

If it's too much for you to pick up the phone and call...

AGATHA

I'm sorry.

HAVANA

Stop saying that! You know -- maybe this just isn't working. Maybe you need to go back to Florida. You know: back to Kansas, Dorothy. And that's fine. I wish you just wouldn't sit there. It's creeping me out.

(beat)

You smell. You smell! Go home and take a bath. Did you hear me? I don't want you just sitting there!

AGATHA

(stands)

I'm sorry.

Havana stares at the spot Agatha was sitting.

HAVANA

Oh my God, you bled...

AGATHA

I'm -- sorry. I'm -- sorr --

HAVANA

Don't you use fucking Tampax? You -- are -- psychotic. I don't believe this! My crazy assistant bled on my couch! My \$6,000 Shabby Chic couch!

(thumps Agatha's chest)

I -- don't -- want -- you -- in --my -- life!

Havana pushes her; Agatha falls to floor.

HAVANA (CONT'D)

You sick fucking pig!

AGATHA

I'm sorry! I'll pay for it --

Agatha stands, backing up during following, pursued by Havana.

HAVANA

Go to the kitchen and get some Perrier and bleach! I pick you up off the street and give you money, so you can be late for work and have your period on my furniture? Do you think Jodie Foster -- do you think Nicole Kidman and Drew Barrymore have scary little animals working for them? Deformed, scary, menstrual little animals --

With a SCREAM, Agatha grabs an award off the mantel and BRAINS her -- Havana crumbles to ground. Agatha kneels beside her; Havana's limbs tremble in shock and seizure. Again, Agatha brings down the trophy, shattering Havana's skull -- blood spatters the already besmirched couch. Agatha inspects the weight held tightly in her hand.

AGATHA
The People's Choice.

Rapid-fire, she hammers Havana's skull.

INT. THE WEISS HOME. MASTER BEDROOM -- DAY

Curtains drawn. Drone of media helicopters. Genie and a cop stand beside the bedridden Cristina.

LIEUTENANT
Mrs. Weiss... is there anywhere, any place he may have gone to be alone? To think things through? Is there a particular friend he might seek out? Someone who would be able to supply him with narcotics?
(nothing from her)
Call us if you hear from him.
(EXITS)

CRISTINA
He's with her -- they're together.

GENIE
Who, Cristina?

INT. THE HOME OF HAVANA SEGRAND. ENTRY/LIVING ROOM -- DAY

The front door is open. A Yellow Cab pulls up but we cannot see its passenger. Cab drives off; Benjie appears in doorway.

BENJIE
(tentative)
Hello? Agatha?

She ENTERS. Agatha looks radiant -- freshly showered, wearing one of Havana's dresses. They embrace.

AGATHA
Benjie --

BENJIE
I went AWOL. I told an orderly that if he let me slip out, I'd get him \$10,000. Stupid faggot starfucker --

AGATHA
How did you find me?

BENJIE
I knew you were working for Havana.
I've been up here before; we have
the same agent. Is Havana here?

AGATHA
She went to the Canyon Ranch. Damien
gave her a few days off.

BENJIE
(sits, exhausted)
I'm lost, Agatha... I couldn't go to
Rhett's. I can't go home --

AGATHA
You have to listen to me, Benjie,
because there's nothing else. It's
all ending now, do you understand?
(takes wedding band
from pocket)
It's Cristina's. You've got to get
Daddy's... can you do that, Benjie?
Can you go to the house and get his
ring?

INT. JAGUAR -- NIGHT

Sanford talks on the phone as he drives.

SANFORD
(on phone)
We're going to keep it quiet for as
long as we can. I don't want anything
interfering with my book tour --
worst case scenario, I fess up on
Oprah and Sixty Minutes -- do the
whole confessional nine yards.
That'll build us a fresh money stream.
So: we kick it off Monday morning
with GMA and play it as it lays.
Ciao.

EXT. THE WEISS HOME - NIGHT

The Jaguar pulls up. Sanford takes a moment to collect himself
before EXITING.

EXT. THE WEISS HOME. BACKYARD/POOL -- CONTINUOUS -- NIGHT

SLOW PAN FROM GAS CAN to iPod, sitting in "dock" -- it plays
the Theme Song from Benjie's old TV show, "Praise the Lourds."

There is a wedding picture of Sanford and Cristina as well.

INT. THE WEISS HOME. ENTRY -- CONTINUOUS -- NIGHT

Sanford ENTERS, warily. The house is dark.

SANFORD

Baby?

(beat)

Cristina?

(beat)

Harriet? Are you guys here?

An eerie WHOOSH is heard O.S.

EXT. THE WEISS HOME. BACKYARD/POOL -- NIGHT

Sanford EXITS backyard. LOW BRIGHTNESS AND RUMBLE OF FLAMES as we TRACK WITH HIM. He speeds up, freaked out, as he realizes what's happening.

ANGLE ON CRISTINA, in lotus position beside pool, burning.

Sanford SCREAMS -- the heat prevents him from getting closer.

He tries pushing her body into the pool with a chaise longue.

Finally, he rolls a glass table on wheels into her, knocking her into water. He jumps in to fish her out, still screaming.

INT. THE WEISS HOME. DINING ROOM -- LATER -- NIGHT

Benjie ENTERS. The house is dark, quiet. Benjie is startled -- REVEAL SANFORD, sitting on the couch, nearly catatonic.

Benjie's mission is to seize the wedding ring. He comes close and removes it from his dad's finger as Sanford speaks.

SANFORD

Take care of your sister.

Benjie steals away with the wedding ring.

EXT. STREETS -- NIGHT

TRACK WITH AGATHA AND BENJIE as she leads him by the hand to destinations unknown. Brother and sister are followed, almost casually, by Cammy and Micah... then Roy and Havana... then Cristina, and Rhett's barking dog.

A mystical parade of the dead and the living.

EXT. VACANT LOT -- NIGHT

The black Mustang is parked in the driveway of the grassy lot; the Ghosts who followed, now gone -- only brother and sister remain.

Benjie and Agatha sit in the middle of the lot. Agatha is giving Benjie pills; he washes them down with soda.

BENJIE

I've never taken this many before.

AGATHA

That was so brave -- to go back there.

BENJIE

I just... slipped it off his finger.
It was like he wanted me to have it.

(light)

Just call me Lord of the Ring.

AGATHA

Did you see Mom?

BENJIE

I think she was night-swimming.

AGATHA

We should start...

BENJIE

I had 13 summers. Not so bad.

AGATHA

(caresses his head)

Not so bad.

Agatha smiles, then takes Cristina's ring from her pocket.

She holds Benjie's hand then slips it around his finger.

AGATHA (CONT'D)

By this ring --

BENJIE

By this ring...

AGATHA

You are consecrated to me --

BENJIE

I am consecrated to you...

AGATHA

As my husband --

BENJIE
As your husband...

Benjie places his father's ring onto Agatha's finger.

BENJIE (CONT'D)
By this ring --

AGATHA
By this ring...

BENJIE
You are consecrated to me as my wife --

AGATHA
I am consecrated to you as your wife.

BENJIE
Make me as a seal upon your heart.

AGATHA
You may kiss the bride.

She lies on the grass and draws him to her.

AGATHA (CONT'D)
On all the flesh that says yes...

BENJIE
On all the flesh that says yes...

AGATHA
On the forehead of my friends...

BENJIE
On the forehead of my friends...

AGATHA
On every hand held out, I write your
name.

BENJIE
On every hand held out, I write your
name.

They turn to stare at the brilliant sky.

PAN OFF AND TILT UP to the blanket of stars.