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by gregg araki

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n o w h e r e

BLACK

The infinite empty hole before time and space. Accompanied by silence, the sound of absolute eternal nothingness.

A depressive teenboy VOICE comes floating, disembodied, deadpan - close-miked so it sounds intimate yet somehow faraway, like it comes from beyond this astral plane.

DARK (VO)
(total monotone)

LA is like nowhere. Everybody who lives here is lost...

long, sloooooow fade in

int-THE UNKNOWABLE VOID.time unspecific

A billowing morass of white, shifting clouds, gently rising up. We could be languidly drifting through heaven or floating in a barbituate dreamhaze...

The title **n o w h e r e** (printed in lower case, helvetica bold) gradually metamorphoses out of the mysterious fog - simultaneously dissolving into legibility and wafting upwards as the CAMERA begins an imperceptible, inexorable TILT DOWN.

The NOISE of a shower, like the harsh static of a neglected TV, slowly FADES UP as we find

DARK SMITH, 18, an indescribably beautiful half-asian boy with a mop of black hair, standing underneath a torrent of hot water in the steam-filled, ethereal space.

As Dark languorously soaps the smooth skin of his alabaster chest, his lean stomach, and lower, we can't help but voyeuristically appreciate his aesthetic delectability. He bears a singular resemblance to a wet angel.

Closing his longlashed eyes, he begins fantasizing in preparation for some good, old-fashioned beating off...

cut to

int-GLOOMY BEDROOM.night

Dark doing the nasty with his cute, spunky, Afro-Am gf MEL. Their carnal activity is too slow for reality - it's more like a sensuous, underwater ballet.

Lifting Dark's arm, Mel feasts on his erogenous pit, then fills his mouth with her tongue. He's left gasping for breath.

hey, Dark... MEL

hey what, Mel? DARK
(in a happy daze)

Want me to...? MEL
(suggestively wets her lips, looking
down towards his OS hard-on)

uh...yuh huh... DARK
(so turned on he can barely speak)

How bad? MEL
(evil smile)

uh... pretty darn bad... DARK

Mel gets a look of malevolent glee on her face.

Well then... *Beg* for it. MEL

Dark laughs, embarrassed but definitely aroused by the idea. Mel grinds her warm body against his, persuading him.

Beg me. MEL

...no... DARK

Do it. MEL

Dark hesitates, but his teenage hormones win out in the end.

Please. DARK
(giving in)

MEL

Not beggy enough.

DARK

(growing desperate)

Pretty please.

Mel beams, triumphant.

MEL

Next time, I'll have you on your hands and knees...

She torments him a bit more, chewing on his pouty lower lip, then slowly sinks out of frame. As Dark leans his head back in blowjob-receiving ecstasy, we match cut

back to

int-SHOWER

Dark getting with the program, his hands running wild over his suds-coated body.

cut to

int-LOCKER ROOM.dusk

In the musty twilight of the adolescent afternoon.

Dark is taking off one of those lame blue-and-gold P.E. uniforms next to MONTGOMERY who, if Dark looks like a stranded angel, must be a fucking teenage god put on this earth by accident. A living, breathing specimen of boy wonder perfection: tangled dirty blonde hair, a lean body that's smooth and white as a pearl, startlingly blue eyes which reflect the profound depths of his lost soul. From his neck, a plain silver cross dangles, gleaming in the soft, dreamy light.

As the two boys undress wordlessly, side by side, they exchange timid, hornified glances and subterranean smiles.

Finally, Montgomery reaches out and softly, like a butterfly alighting on a flower, touches the supple flesh of Dark's upper bicep. The boys' eyes meet with such electricity it scares them both.

MONTGOMERY

Hi.

Dark is so overcome with forbidden lust, he can't make a sound.

MONTGOMERY

My name's Montgomery.

At last, Dark manages a choked

DARK

.....hi.

Montgomery's hand inexorably migrates upwards, coming to rest on the nape of Dark's knotted neck.

MONTGOMERY

You're so...tense.

Dark swallows, about to gag on a mouthful of spit, as Montgomery begins to gently but firmly knead his corded neck muscles.

MONTGOMERY

(smiling in an inutterably sexy fashion)

You have got the deepest, blackest eyes I've ever seen. It's like I could just tumble right into them and keep falling forever...

By now, Montgomery's face has gravitated right up to Dark's: their breath mingles together, their lips are practically touching. Dark closes his eyes, ready and waiting for the heavenly inevitable...

back to

int-SHOWER

Dark picking up the pumping pace...

cut to

int-ABSTRACT DARKENED STAGE.night

Caught in a flattering spotlight, Dark is stripped naked, tied to a hard metal chair.

KRISS AND KOZY, a couple of hipsters in their late 20s who seethe with an aura of dangerous sex, approach Dark like cats closing in on their prey. They're both decked out in leather and rubber gear straight out of a Club Fuck! fashion show.

They stand over Dark, glowering down at him. Kozy's got on reflecting sunglasses just like the cop in *Psycho*.

KRISS
(sneering)

Filthy animal.

Kozy removes the thick, tooled belt from around his waist and wraps it around Dark's neck. Squeezes. As Dark struggles, Kriss leans in and crams her muscular tongue down his throat, leaving black lipstick smeared all around his mouth. Dark gasps for air.

Kriss smiles, pleased, and reaches down to fondle his (OS, of course) erection as Kozy pulls the belt-noose tighter.

KRISS

(eyes shining with menace)

I am gonna ride you and ride you until you are ready to *die*, till you *plead* with me to stop. Then I'm gonna ride you some more.

Any objections to that, scum?

Kozy's belt is cinched so tight, Dark can hardly shake his head.

DARK

.....uh....

Kriss SLAPS him hard across the face WHAP!

KRISS

Who told you you could speak, *slime*?!

Through with the tender foreplay, Kriss removes her leather G-string and rubs it all over Dark's face. Laughing, she ties it around his head as a blindfold then mounts him like he's a vintage Harley and starts fucking him without mercy.

We're TIGHT on Dark's face as the combination of Kriss's pelvic thrusting and Kozy's belt-noose cutting off his oxygen drives him closer and closer to the edge of orgasmic bliss...

back to

int-SHOWER

Dark's breathing is rapid, strangulated. Every muscle in his quaking body tenses, readying for a monster spew...

Then there's this rude BANG BANG BANGING at the bathroom door.

cut to

int-HALLWAY.inorning

DARK'S MOM (played by like Exene Cervenka, Cathy Rigby, or some lost 70s TV icon like Karen Valentine) waits impatiently in the hall. She's got this fluorescent blue clay facial stuff on and looks like a Kabuki gargoyle standing there in her fireproof JC Penneys robe.

DARK'S MOM

Dark? Dark? Are you flogging the puppy *again*???

More pounding. BANG BANG BANG.

DARK'S MOM

Lemme in. I gotta wash this crap offa my face!

back to

int-SHOWER

Dark rolls his eyes and drops his aching, OS boy-sausage.

DARK

Mom, can you wait just a sec, *please*?

DARK'S MOM

(OS, through door)

Honey, I have to rot my life away in a 9-to-5 hellhole to support your lazy, juvenile delinquent ass, remember?

Dark sighs as his frustrated load backs up into his blue balls.

back to

int-HALLWAY

DARK'S MOM

Sweetheart, chipmunk, my little ray o' sunshine...

**OPEN UP THIS MOTHERHUMPING
DOOR *RIGHT NOW!!!***

BANG BANG BANG BANG BANG.

back to

int-BATHROOM

Emerging dripping wet from the shower, Dark hangs an ugly, mauve towel around his slender hips.

DARK

Jesus, can you *hold on*?!

He yanks open the door and Mom flies in like a witch on a broom.

DARK'S MOM

Cripes, it's soggy as an armpit in here. How long've you been in the shower abusing yourself?

Dark storms out and we FOLLOW him into the hall.

DARK'S MOM

(OS, calling after him)

You pump your handle too much, young man. It's gonna wither up and fall off!

DARK

SHUT UP SHUT UP SHUT UP *SHUT UP!*

cut to

int-DARK'S BEDROOM.morning

SLAM!

We cut on Dark banging shut the door to his room. The Sanctuary. Chock full of teen angst paraphernalia - gory comic books, a mess of CDs, posters of Ride, Skinny Puppy and a bloody crucified Jesus, bright yellow 'CRIME AREA - Do Not Cross' marker tape, etc.

DARK

Bitch.

He drops the towel (which the CAMERA coyly follows to the floor) and starts foraging through the scattered heaps of dirty laundry. Locating his favorite trashed, holy levis, he yanks them on (not bothering with underwear this morning). The CAMERA follows this movement back up to Dark as he sorts through the video shit piled on his desk - his Sony TR7 camcorder, mini tripod, a mess of tapes, etc.

He uncovers this totally grodified GREEN FUR-COVERED BALONEY SANDWICH beneath some loose papers.

DARK

Gyewww.

The sandwich looks unnervingly scary, like some creepy alien guinea pig crawling with nasty viruses - or more simply, an omen of death and decay. He puts the plate on the floor (out of sight, out of mind) and finally finds what he's looking for.

HIS POV

A VIDEO8 CASSETTE labeled "homework/oct 10".

BACK TO SCENE

Dark pops the tape into his videodeck and clicks on a small monitor.

HIS POV - VIDEO

The screen gradually coming to TV life. MEL, whom we recognize from his earlier shower fantasy, is lying on his bed reading *Thrasher Magazine*, sucking on a rootbeer popsicle. The CAMERA is subjective, handheld and interrogative - or inquisitive at least in a friendly puppydog way.

DARK

(VO from behind camera)

C'mon Mel....

MEL

(not looking up from her magazine)

N - o - p - e. Forget it.

DARK (VO)

Mel, I gotta make a documentary about someone I care about 'n' it's due next Wednesday.

So? MEL

Mel... DARK (VO)

MEL
(looking up for the first time)
And who ever said you care about me anyways?

Me. DARK (VO)

Yeah, right. MEL

DARK (VO)
Didn't I give you my Cap'n Crunch Decoder Ring back in sixth grade?

MEL
That was Angelique Tewksbury, dorkball.

DARK (VO)
(caught)
oh.
(changing the subject)
Hey, take your shirt off.

Mel busts up.

DARK (VO)
Come on. It's art.

MEL
(a bit, er... skeptical)
Uh *huh*...

DARK (VO)
It'll give Professor Sighvatsson a boner 'n' he'll gimme an 'A'.

MEL
I'm sure. Take your Prozac, Dark.

DARK (VO)
What's the matter? You scared?

MEL
No.

DARK (VO)
C'mon... howzabout a little gratuitous nudity for the viewers...

Mel just smiles.

DARK (VO)

Think of The Scandal. Everyone in class'll be all shocked 'n' outraged 'n' stuff...

Mel's the type of person who would do it - just for the fuck of it - and Dark knows it. Playfully, she begins to slowly lift her extra-large striped boy's t-shirt, tantalizing Dark and his camera. Thoroughly into the power of the moment, she inexorably raises the shirt higher, revealing more and more of her soft, cocoa-colored flesh...

At this point, the OS phone begins to BLIP.

Mel has this look of pure flirtatious delight on her face as her shirt creeps higher and higher....

But the OS phone keeps BLIPPING, insistent.

DARK (OS)

Man.

FREEZEFRAME on Mel smiling devilishly, her pert buds on the verge of making an appearance. We hear the OS sound of Dark's frustrated sigh and CLUNK CLUNK CLUNK, him fumbling for the receiver.

BACK TO SCENE

Dark, phone tucked under his chin, hunts for a cigarette.

DARK

Yeah?

intercut with

int-MEL'S BEDROOM.morning

MEL runs around her messy, bursting-with-oversaturated-colors room with her cordless phone, pulling on skatechick attire. There's appropriately feisty MUSIC playing on the stereo in the BG.

MEL

S'up, bonzo dog breath? Need a ride to class?

DARK

(VO over phone)

Nah, I'm not goin'.

MEL

Dark, you are gonna totally flunk the eight whole units you're retaking this semester...

back to

int-DARK'S ROOM

Dark lights up his first precious cig of the day with a CLINK of his silver lighter.

DARK

What're you, my career guidance counselor?
(takes a deep morning drag)

I gotta do some editing on my 101 project, then I'll prob'ly head over to the Hole for some chow...

cut to

int-MEL'S BATHROOM

Mel dumps a box of Tampax onto the cluttered counter.

MEL

Maybe I'll go with. I just got my period and I don't think I can make it through another of Stark's snore-a-thon lectures either.

As the CAMERA FOLLOWS Mel around, we catch sight of LUCIFER (nee Lucy), her pixie-ish, fire-engine-red-haired gf peeing on the toilet.

MEL

'n' make sure you edit my boobs out. I do *not* want the whole school starin' at my chimichangas...

Since Lucifer's likewise on the rag (they've been together long enough to "sync up"), Mel hands her a tampon too.

back to

int-DARK'S ROOM

Dark, with Mel floating frozen in time on the monitor behind his head.

DARK

Why not? They're pretty enough. Hey, Lucifer's not with you, is she? I cannot stomach seeing her butt-ugly likeness this early in the day.

back to

int-MEL'S BATHROOM

LUCIFER

(laughing, she yells into the phone)

Lick my box, Rover!

DARK

(VO over phone, yelling back)

Clean the maggots out of it first, you stinky oyster!

MEL

(used to/amused by their bickering)

You *guys*...

back to

int-DARK'S ROOM

Dark runs his hand through his gorgeous mass of rumpy hair.

DARK

I mean it, Mel. I do not want to have to look at that tarantula woman over my morning espresso...

MEL

(VO over phone)

Don't be a seizure queen, Dark. I'm sure. We'll pick you up in like twenty?

DARK

Mel, I told you, I'm editing...

back to

int-MEL'S BATHROOM

MEL

Seeya, loverboy.

As Mel disconnects, Lucifer FLUSHES and pulls up her white vinyl miniskirt.

LUCIFER

(grimacing)

How you can continue to frog that annoying buttloaf when you have someone as sexy 'n' rad as *me* around....

MEL

(smiles coyly)

What would life be without a little mystery?

Lucifer rolls her eyes as there's an anxious KNOCK at the door.

ZERO (OS)

Mel?

MEL

Yo?

int-ADJOINING ROOM.morning

ZERO, Mel's adorable, mega-tasty 16 year old little bro, leans against the bathroom door in his BVDs.

ZERO

You wenches done in there or what? I gotta whiz like a busted firehose.

back to

int-BATHROOM

Lucifer adjusts her skirt while Mel lets Zero in.

ZERO

'bout time.

LUCIFER

(ruffling Zero's already disheveled hair)
If it isn't little baby Zero...

ZERO

(scowling)

Cut it out.

Laughing, Lucifer gives Mel a quick kiss and heads out.

Zero goes to take his morning leak (with his back to us, of course) as Mel positions herself in front of the mirror, making her hair even bigger and more chaotic.

ZERO

(trying to act all grownup 'n' casual as he pisses)
So you uh, goin' to Jujyfruit's party tonight?

MEL

I'm sure. How did *you* hear about it?

ZERO

(all down)

Hey...

MEL

You are *not* invited, shrimpskin. You're barely old enough to shave, Zero.

ZERO

Felch me. C'mon, I got a date with Zoe 'n' she totally wants to go. Mom's already lettin' me take the car...

Finished peeing, Zero shakes his OS dick and stuffs it back into his shorts.

MEL

(going back to coiffing her hair)

Sorry...

ZERO

(scowling)

You are such the straining sphincter, I swear.

cut to

HANDHELD VIDEO POV

ext-THE SUNSPLASHED BOULEVARD.day

We SLO-MO BLUR past a horrible accident - a decimated, FLAMING HYUNDAI wrapped around a telephone pole and this TOTALLY WRECKED WOMAN screaming, with blood spurting out of her in gory gushers. It's like some nightmare apparition and it's gone in the blink of an eye...

int-MEL'S WAY COOL CONVERTIBLE FALCON.day

Cruising the avenue with the top down and scrappy MUSIC blasting, Mel and Lucifer (wearing trendy shades, naturally) sit up front while Dark shoots video8 footage from the back.

MEL

I have got *the* skeeviest zit sproutin' right in the middle of my forehead. It's gonna be a full-on third eye by the time we get to Jujufruit's party. I hate that.

DARK

(not bothering to take the camera away from his eye)
What I hate is when you get a zit way down on your back in a spot where you can't even reach to pop it.

LUCIFER

Y'know if you pop a zit on your forehead, you can get blood poisoning and die.

DARK

Lucifer, you are so dumb, you should donate your brain to a monkey science fair.

He points his camcorder at Lucifer.

VIDEO POV

LUCIFER

I read it in *Sassy Magazine*, scrotal fungus.

(to Mel)

Hey Mel, know what this is?

She makes a LOUD FARTING noise with her hand cupped under her armpit.

LUCIFER

(busting herself up)

Dark being born.

MEL
(unable to keep from chuckling)

Gross.

BACK TO SCENE

DARK
(lowering the camera again, rolling his eyes)
Yuk yuk yuk.

MEL
"Moving right along..."

Dark aims his camera back outside and sees

VIDEO POV

MONTGOMERY, the boy from his locker room wet dream, standing at the bus stop. As he passes by in artsy, hallucinatory, video-degenerated SLO-MO, there's something otherworldly and almost chilling about the image.

BACK TO SCENE

Wo. DARK

He films Montgomery who recedes dreamlike into the distance.

Mel, back it up. DARK

What? MEL

Just back up, alright? DARK
(a little too urgent)

cut to

ext-BUS STOP.day

Montgomery looking positively phosphorescent, like some kind of mirage. He's got this golden halo glow surrounding him and his silver cross glistens in the sunlight.

Mel's convertible, with Dark leaning out the side, backs into the frame.

Need a lift? DARK

Montgomery smiles bashfully and fidgets like a dewy yearling afraid of its own shadow.

MONTGOMERY

uh... well....

DARK

You're in my Modern Society class, aren't you?

MONTGOMERY

yeah, uh, I think...

DARK

Name's Dark - that's "Dark" like absence of light...

LUCIFER

Or "Dork" like we all call him.

DARK

(to Lucifer)

Cram it, fishburger.

(to Montgomery, making introductions)

This is Mel, 'n' the loudmouth hag is Lucifer.

MONTGOMERY

Montgomery.

Hi's go all around.

DARK

We're on our way to the Hole for breakfast. Wanna come?

MONTGOMERY

I, uh, kinda have a class...

DARK

We'll eat quick 'n' drop you.

Dark pops open the door, a seductive invitation. Montgomery hesitates.

DARK

C'mon...

Shyly, Montgomery smiles.

cut to

int-THE HOLE.day

A scungy, laidback, cappuccino/bad poetry hangout with something esoterically hip like DEAD CAN DANCE, MY BLOODY VALENTINE, SLOWDIVE, etc droning on the stereo in the BG.

Dark is videotaping his breakfast companions as the sunlight pours in, bouncing off the formica table, creating cool light patterns with his and Mel's cigarette smoke.

HANDHELD VIDEO POV

Montgomery looking like some luscious, adolescent boy-model from a Herb Ritts shoot.

MONTGOMERY

So what's with the camcorder? You in film class?

DARK (VO)

Till I get bored.

LUCIFER

(through a mouthful of peanut butter and bagel)
Dark thinks he's gonna be the next Clive Barker - like, *right*.

DARK (VO)

Eat my turbo, willya Lucifer?

Dark puts his camera aside, takes a bite of danish.

DARK

(to Montgomery)

Actually, I'm convinced I'm gonna die soon...

(takes another bite)

...in like a spectacular plane crash, fire, chemical explosion, something...

(washing the stale pastry down with coffee)

...'n' I wanna film it so there'll be this like cool record of my own death. So I take my camcorder with me wherever I go, just in case...

LUCIFER

Isn't that just so bitchen...

DARK

Will you please *Shut - Up?**

(*pronounced in a special, Valspeak-colloquial way)

Montgomery is listening to Dark very seriously - like it touches a dark, scary chord deep inside him. He's absently playing with the silver cross hanging from his neck (a recurring nervous habit of his).

MONTGOMERY

How do you know?

DARK

(chewing)

Know what?

MONTGOMERY

That you're gonna, y'know... die.

DARK

(shrugs)

I just know. I *feel* it. Like a prenomination.

LUCIFER

Duh. You mean "*premonition*".

DARK

Whatever.

LUCIFER

How can you have one if you can't even pronounce the friggin' word?

DARK

I am about to lose my temper, Lucifer. And I am going to deck you.

MEL

(sighs like it's a familiar routine)

You *guys*...

Just then

ALYSSA, a frail delicate beauty with long black hair and iridescent blue eyes, comes literally CRASHING into the place, accidentally knocking a lamp over.

ALYSSA

(bewildered by the ruckus she's caused)

oops.

Montgomery recognizes her and somehow, the sight of her (like practically everything else) spooks him.

MONTGOMERY

Alyssa.

He gets up from the table and comes over to help her pick up the lamp.

ALYSSA

Clumsy me... Hi Montgomery. What're you doing here? Aren't you s'posed to be in Thermonuclear Catastrophes class?

MONTGOMERY

yeah, well, uh...

She touches his arm, conspiratorially pulling him aside.

ALYSSA

Hey. Do you know what today is?

MONTGOMERY

uh, Thursday?

ALYSSA

No, dodo-bird. I mean, do you know what's *special* about today?

Montgomery shakes his head and looks befuddled (as well as unearthly beautiful in the wash of golden light - it's that halo action again).

ALYSSA

(her voice hushed)

It's Armageddon Day. The day the world is supposed to End.

Montgomery just looks at her, like this is frightening him way, way more than it should.

ALYSSA

(practically whispering now)

Like have you heard of "The Rapture"?

MONTGOMERY

That movie?

ALYSSA

No, silly.

(rolls her eyes)

It's this like radical religious movement in South Cambodia. All these tens of thousands of people have been giving away their worldly possessions, quitting their jobs, leaving their families - all in preparation for "The Rapture", ascending into Heaven on the day that Christ returns to earth and the world is destroyed...

Her wide, translucent eyes lock onto Montgomery's and won't let go. He anxiously fingers his cross.

ALYSSA

... And according to their scriptures, *today* is that day.

Montgomery stares at her, filled with inutterable dread. He tries to swallow but his mouth has gone dry.

MONTGOMERY

... So, like, what're we s'posed to do?

A deathly serious beat.

ALYSSA

(her huge eyes brimming over with earnestness)

I don't know.

Montgomery is getting very, very tense when

DINGBAT (OS)

Alyssa. Are you gonna join us back here on Planet Earth sometime this decade or what?

Alyssa and Montgomery turn to see DINGBAT, a perky, stick-thin-gangly blonde with braces, the "Brain" of the group. Not a full-fledged geekess - just a tad socially retarded and unlike the others, you can imagine her actually cracking open a book. Seated at the table behind Dingbat is EGG (a.k.a. POLLY), a shy, self-conscious bundle of luscious, porcelain-skinned neurosis.

ALYSSA

(snapping out of her fearful reverie)

uh... yeah. Hi Dingbat.

Dingbat comes over.

DINGBAT

Hey Montgomery.

MONTGOMERY

(still shaken by Alyssa's ominous words)

.... hi....

DINGBAT

Alyssa, me 'n' Egg've been waitin' like eons. Want us to start without you or what?

ALYSSA

No, I'm coming...

MONTGOMERY

(gradually returning to reality)

Hey, Dingbat. Can you uh, help me study for the History of Lethal Epidemics midterm?

DINGBAT

Sunday night, nine-ish?

MONTGOMERY

Cool. Are you goin' to the Kick The Can game tonight?

DINGBAT

Düh. Yes.

(pulling Alyssa by the arm)

C'mon. I am fully prepared to pork out major.

ALYSSA

(waving)

Bye, Montgomery.

MONTGOMERY

Seeya.

back to

EXTREME CU

Dark fires up a fresh cigarette, the CAMERA focusing on his reflection, all tiny, distorted and trapped in the shiny surface of his lighter.

Pushing away her thoroughly cleaned-up plate, Lucifer BELCHES loudly.

LUCIFER

uckg. I gotta burn these calories fast before I blow up.

(to Mel)

Let's go rollerblading in Venice or something?

DARK

(exhaling a stream of smoke)

I'd rather have my ball hairs burned off with an acetylene torch.

LUCIFER

That can be arranged. Who said you were invited?

Montgomery returns to the table, collects his books 'n' stuff.

MONTGOMERY

I better get to class.

DARK

Are you OK, man? You look kinda pale.

MONTGOMERY

(shrugging it off)

I'm fine. I just...I gotta go.

MEL

We're on our way out, we'll drive you.

(touching Dark's hand - a significant gesture
not overlooked by Dark or Lucifer)

Sure y'don't wanna come with?

DARK

Nah. Think I'm gonna go to the recordstore...

(There's something very touching and pure in Mel and Dark's interchange here that represents what their relationship is about - it's like if they were in a different, less fucked up time and place, they'd be a sweet, old-fashioned boy-loves-girl couple...)

But this tender moment is shortlived as

COWBOY (OS)

Dark, 'sup?

COWBOY, a super-cute, queer industrial boy wearing way baggy camouflage shorts, clunky army boots and suspenders (no shirt) saunters over.

DARK

Hey Cowboy.

Once again, hi's go all around.

MEL
We're outtahere.
See you later?

(to Dark)

DARK
yeah.

COWBOY
You guys playin' Kick The Can tonight?

DARK
Huh?

MONTGOMERY
Kick The Can. At eleven oclock in the old baseball field.

COWBOY
Before Jujufruit's party.

DARK
oh.

He takes a lazy drag of his cig.

MONTGOMERY
(shyly to Dark - is he flirting with him or what?)
You're gonna uh, be there, right?

DARK
(heavy eye contact)
....sure.

Montgomery beams, a happy boygod.

LUCIFER
(impatient)
Let's *evacuate*.

Now byes go all around.

COWBOY
Hey, don't forget our gig at the Buttcrack next Wednesday.

He hands out flyers for his band, GIRL+ANIMAL=SEX, as everybody starts to walk away.

MEL
Who's opening?

COWBOY
Sandy Duncan's Eye and Jayne Mansfield's Head.

LUCIFER

(as she exits)

Putrified. I met the drummer for Sandy Duncan's Eye at a party and he reeks like a barnyard animal.

COWBOY

(calling after them as they leave)

Come late then 'n' just see us.

Mel, Lucifer and Montgomery vacate as Cowboy turns a chair around backward and sits. He scratches a fresh tattoo, the word "FAG", on the soft underside of his left wrist.

COWBOY

(his tone suddenly all serious)

Seen Bart around today?

Dark inhales a lungful of smoke, taking note of Cowboy's uneasiness.

DARK

no.

COWBOY

We were s'posed to rehearse this morning 'n' he like totally flaked *again*.

Cowboy sighs, bummin' heavy duty. Both he and Dark know what Bart's absence most likely means.

cut to

int-TASTELESS WEHO CONDO.day

MED CU

The BART in question, standing against a tacky, gold-vein-mirrorized wall. He's a strikingly handsome Mexican kid - suedehead, close-cropped goatee, pierced nipples, tribal tattoos, the whole outre-chic homo thing happening.

HANDJOB (OS)

So, Barty boy...

Bart fingers the wad of sweaty bills in his clutched hand, all tense.

ANOTHER CU

reveals why. H being measured out and scraped into an available receptacle, a (non-lubricated, duh) condom.

HANDJOB (OS)

Haven't seen you for a while...

HANDJOB, a scraggly sexy, shirtless dude in his 20s (cameo by like Eddie Vedder or the Soundgarden dude with the pecs), licks the powdery residue from his fingertips.

BART

(practically salivating, eyes fixed on his fix)
Yeah... I been uh, busy....

Smiling, Handjob dangles the junk in front of Bart's nose, like a snake hypnotizing a helpless bird. As Bart reaches for it, he cruelly snatches it away.

HANDJOB

(laughing)

Busy *jonesin'*, y'mean.

BART

Whatev. C'mon, Handjob, quit screwin' around...

Handjob smirks sadistically as behind him, his roommates KRISS AND KOZY (likewise recognizable from Dark's earlier shower fantasies) emerge from the back bedroom. They're not wearing much in the way of clothes and look like they've been up to something nasty. Upon seeing Bart, Kriss gets a really frightening smile on her face. (While Kozy, eyes hidden by sunglasses, registers no emotion at all.)

KRISS

Bart. To whom do we owe the pleasure?...

BART

(not taking his eye off the bag)

Hey Kriss...

She reaches out and toys with his left nipple ring, flicking it then sloooooowly, seductively twisting it.

KRISS

I hope you're here for an appointment...

BART

Nah. Me 'n' Handjob're just conductin' a little business...

HANDJOB

(twirling the smack-filled condom like a dead yoyo)
He's here for my brand of bliss today, Kriss.

KRISS

(purring like a tigress as she continues to torture Bart's nipple)
Pity. And to think that Kozy and I offer so much more *bang* for the buck...

back to

int-THE HOLE.day

EXTREME CU

A humongous mound of moist, scrumpdelicious CARROT CAKE shot so close that it looks like the surface of an extraterrestrial landscape.

SERIES OF CUs

First Alyssa, then Egg, both staring at the dessert, drooling...

DINGBAT (OS)

OK, ladies...

THIRD CU

Dingbat going

DINGBAT

...SCARFI

The three girls go for it like famished Ethiopians devouring a crust of stale bread - not what you'd call a pretty sight.

back to

DARK AND COWBOY

Cowboy is eating a PB&J on Wonderbread as Dark lights his dozenth cigarette of the day.

COWBOY

(mouth chewy full)

I dunno what to do. I mean, it's hard enough bein' in a band with your boyfriend, but when stuff like this starts happenin'...

(shakes his head)

What'm I s'posed to do? Fire him?

DARK

Or break up at least.

They both smile.

COWBOY

So what's up with my video?

DARK

I'm still in the 'conceptualizing' stages. But don't worry, it's gonna blow your head off.

COWBOY
(perking up)

Yeah?

DARK
(with hand gestures)

You 'n' Bart are like trapped inside this gigantic uterus...

COWBOY
Are we lip-syncing, man? I mean, y'know how I hate those bogus VH-1 lip-syncing videos...

back to

ALYSSA, EGG AND DINGBAT

CU

The carrot cake looks like it was hit by a disintegration ray - all that's left is tiny specks splattered around the periphery of the plate.

The three girls sit there, post-binge, the sugary calories rushing through their metabolic systems like wildfire.

DINGBAT
(sucking the last bit of frosting off her finger)

glug.

ALYSSA
Are you gonna...?

DINGBAT
I promised my mom I'd stop for a week. You?

ALYSSA
I'm just gonna do a bunch of speed later 'n' not eat for three days.

They both turn to Egg, who suddenly gets up and runs off.

cut to

int-BATHROOM.day

Egg, on her knees, **BARFING** noisily into the toilet (filmed from behind, so this isn't *too* major a gross-out). Finished, she flushes, rinses her mouth out in the sink and spits. Then, like she does this after every meal, she takes Binaca out of her pocket and spritzes away all traces of vomit-breath.

Deciding she needs to pee as well, she sits down on the bowl (again, this is all filmed in an ever-so-discrete way). We hear the sound of OS TINKLING.

Then, like something out of a totally bizarre dream, this COMPLETELY GORGEOUS TEENYBOPPER IDOL (playing himself) walks in the unlocked door.

As his and Egg's eyes lock for a split-second, they're both absolutely mortified by the situation.

MR. TEEN IDOL

sorry.

He's gone, like a fleeting mirage, out the door with an embarrassed SLAM.

back to

ALYSSA AND DINGBAT

gawking at Mr. Teen Idol, who's replacing his Armani shades by the john, trying hard to not be noticed.

ALYSSA

Isn't that....

DINGBAT

OhmyGod.

They giggle.

back to

DARK AND COWBOY

Getting up, dumping change on the table.

COWBOY

...Well, ' guess I'd better go out 'n' hunt for him.

DARK

(pausing to light yet another stogie)

Can you drop me at Aron's? I wanna score the new Coil CD.

COWBOY

Sure. Hey, did you hear what happened to Marcus?

Dark looks like "no, what?".

COWBOY

His asshole fell out 'n' he has to have surgery.

DARK

(smirks, sucking up nicotine)

Oh Henry.

They pass by

MR. TEEN IDOL

who's still waiting outside the bathroom.

They take one look at the utterly cracked sight of him standing there and walk off laughing.

The toilet FLUSHES OS and Egg finally emerges from the john. Her eyes meet Mr. Teen Idol's again and they're both uncomfortable and embarrassed. She starts to hurry away.

MR. TEEN IDOL

Wait.

Egg freezes like a doe caught in the headlights of an oncoming car.

MR. TEEN IDOL

(all charming fumbling)

I uh, I'm really sorry. I just... I mean, the door was unlocked 'n' I...

EGG

(avoiding eye contact, she wants to just disappear)

Forget about it.

She tries to escape but Mr. Teen Idol stops her.

MR. TEEN IDOL

What's your name?

EGG

(on the spot, even more nervous now)

Egg. I mean, my real name's Polly, but my friends all call me Egg.

MR. TEEN IDOL

'Egg'?

EGG

It's dweeby, I know, but it just kinda... stuck.

MR. TEEN IDOL

Oh.

(extends his hand)

Well, hi Egg. I'm--

EGG

I know who you are, duh. I'm not from another dimension.

They exchange smiles.

cut to

ALYSSA AND DINGBAT

who are like *freaking* out - their best friend is standing there talking to... they just can't believe it.

OhmyGod. DINGBAT

ALYSSA
(wrinkling her nose)
He looks skinnier in person.

DINGBAT
So? He's still the total definition of yummy.

The girls giggle as Egg comes back to the table.

DINGBAT
(all excited)
OhmyGod, whatdidesay??

EGG
(smiles, blushing)
Nothing really, he just...
(gathering up her stuff)
He invited me to go for a walk.

DINGBAT
WHAT??!!!

EGG
(shushing her, afraid that He might hear)
Shut up!

Egg rolls her eyes and goes back over to the bathroom where she reconnects with Mr. Teen Idol who's just finished taking his own pee. As they leave the coffeeshop together, Alyssa and Dingbat just watch, incredulous.

DINGBAT
No way...

ALYSSA
(out of the blue)
My palm itches.

DINGBAT
Where's Shad?

cut to

ext-VENICE BOARDWALK.day

CU

A boy's PALM being read by an old woman's gnarled, jewelry-covered hand.

The palm belongs to SHAD, Alyssa's twin brother (with whom she has this trippy symbiotic twin bond thing). Shad likewise shares Alyssa's coloring - her long black hair and translucent blue eyes - only he also possesses this wildness, this over-the-edge voltage that is simultaneously exciting and scary. He's seated at a table, having his fortune told while his dark, intense gf LILITH looks on.

The PALMIST (cameo by the "Where's the Beef?" Lady from the Wendy's Commercial or that "I've fallen and I can't get up" Dame) looks up from Shad's outstretched hand into his eyes.

PALMIST
(completely deadpan)

Death.

Shad grins, turned on by the notion of his impending death.

SHAD

Cool.

He and Lilith start passionately making out as the PALMIST puts her cigarette out in an overflowing, baroque ashtray.

SHAD
(brushing his lips against hers as he speaks)
Lilith, have I ever told you that I love you?

LILITH
(sexily gnawing on his full lower lip)
Stow it 'n' pay the lady, Shad.

Shad gives Lilith's pink tongue a playful bite as Mel and Lucifer come careening towards them on their rollerblades.

LUCIFER
WATCH OUT, BREEDERS!!!

Mel and Lucifer go SWOOSHING by, practically running Shad and Lilith over.

SHAD
(arm protectively around Lilith)
Watch out yourself, y' freakin' lezbot!!!

LUCIFER
(yelling back, sticking her tongue between her fingers)
Eat my Bermuda Triangle, Shad!

Laughing, Lucifer and Mel return their attention to their intensely competitive race for speed.

Mel's ahead by a hair but she hits a rock in the bike path and goes for a mean TUMBLE, landing butt-first in the sand. Lucifer screeches to a halt with her toebrake.

LUCIFER

Youch. You alright?

MEL

(gives her a nasty "like, duh" look)

No.

Lucifer helps Mel get back on her feet.

MEL

(grimacing in pain)

OWwww...

(noticing in the distance)

Hey, look who it is...

THEIR POV

By the lifeguard station on the sun-soaked sand, Lucifer's half-sister JANA, her hunky boyfriend NOAH (played by like that homo from "The Grind" or one of the *International Male* underwear guys) and blonde bimchette SHANNON are posing in skimpy bikinis for a blackclad PHOTOGRAPHER. The trio of models are all dripping wet, anatomically perfect and completely soulless.

SHANNON

Hey Jana, isn't that your muffediving little sister and her disgusto cocoa-flavored girlfriend?

JANA

(through a sickly sweet smile)

Cram it in your clammy crevice, will you Shannon?

Shannon sneers as Noah flexes his pecs.

NOAH

Think I need to pump again.

PHOTOGRAPHER

I gotta change filters anyhow.

Noah drops to the sand and starts doing military pushups.

SHANNON

I could use a firm-up too.

Shannon likewise hits the ground for a set of reps while Jana does stretching exercises, contorting her body like a pretzel.

DUCKY

I just woke up.

DINGBAT

Really?

Ducky fidgets a bit: it's clear he's totally infatuated with Alyssa, while at the same time, Dingbat has a bigtime crush on him.

DUCKY

Did you hear Muriel's in Cedar Sinai?

ALYSSA

Who's Muriel?

DUCKY

My stepmom. She's way anorexic: she passed out in her low-impact aerobics class 'n' they had to carry her out on a stretcher.

DINGBAT

Bummer.

DUCKY

You guys gonna be at the Kick The Can game later?

Alyssa shrugs, noncommittal.

DINGBAT

I am.

This last line is drowned out by the obnoxious guttural GRUMBLE of a demuffled MONSTERBIKE pulling into the lot. Alyssa's face brightens upon seeing

ELVIS, a 30ish, skanky but extremely sexy biker-dude with long hair, muscles and many tats. He lifts his *Terminator*-style shades and flashes Alyssa a smile.

ALYSSA

(beams, excusing herself)

Later, guys.

DINGBAT

(rolls her eyes)

Right.

Alyssa goes over to Elvis who's straddling his rumbling, throbbing hog.

ELVIS

Hi sexy.

Alyssa smiles coquettishly, obviously head-over-heels for the bikestud.

ALYSSA

hi.

Wanna ride? ELVIS

uh huh... Where've you been? ALYSSA

Places. Get on. ELVIS
(a who-fuckin'-cares shrug)

Alyssa obediently climbs on the motorcycle, wrapping her frail arms around Elvis's broadshouldered, leather-vested chest.

You smell like a wet dog. ALYSSA

Complainin'? ELVIS

Nope. ALYSSA
(on top of the world)
(she kisses his grimy neck and does
her puma-in-heat imitation)
rreeeorrrr.

Elvis grins and they go ROARING off. Ducky and Dingbat watch them disappear down the street.

What does she see in that scuzball? DUCKY

Dingbat holds up her hands indicating a length of about 13 inches and Ducky sighs.

Y'seen Egg around? It's her turn to recycle the aluminum... DUCKY

OhmyGod. You haven't heard? *Your* little sister just left here with...
you're not gonna *believe* it... DINGBAT

cut to

ext-LAKE HOLLYWOOD.day

Egg and Mr. Teen Idol stroll along a romanticized, golden-hour-lit stretch of the reservoir. They aren't holding hands but they might as well be.

So do you think this is completely weird, or what? MR. TEEN IDOL

What? EGG

MR. TEEN IDOL

Y'know. Hangin' out, with me, like this...

EGG

Well... it's kinda surreal, I guess.

Mr. Teen Idol flashes his million-buck-a-picture pearly whites.

MR. TEEN IDOL

You have no idea what a drag it is being like, a "celebrity". Everybody treats you like you're not even a person anymore, like you're this thing, this... entity. You're eating dinner in some restaurant, or goin' to a movie or whatever, and people stare and point at you, start whisperin' to their friends like you're some exhibit at a freak show....

EGG

(sympathizes, but all she can come up with is a not-very-eloquent)

Wow.

MR. TEEN IDOL

I don't wanna whine or complain... I mean, I'm "successful", I make lots of money 'n' stuff. It's just it can get sorta lonely sometimes....

He sighs with well-rehearsed ennui and looks at Egg who has a total "understanding" face on.

MR. TEEN IDOL

(continuing)

That's why I like being with you. I mean, I don't know you that well, but you seem, I dunno, different. Neat.

EGG

(sweet smile)

Thanks.

MR. TEEN IDOL

(finding a spot)

Wanna sit?

EGG

sure.

They park it on the water's edge.

MR. TEEN IDOL

So, are you in school or...?

Egg nods, shyly.

MR. TEEN IDOL

Studying...?

EGG

I dunno... Nothing.
 (embarrassed at how dumb she must be sounding)
 I mean, a bunch of stuff, nothing specific...

MR. TEEN IDOL
 (that smile again)

Well, just so you *aren't* in the Industry. I have sworn off all actresses, agents, d-girls, you-name-it, for all eternity.

Egg laughs politely and when her eyes meet his, they give it all away: she's over-the-rainbow in love. Mr. Teen Idol smiles at her then looks out over the glistening water.

MR. TEEN IDOL

I have this fantasy. It's kinda cornball and romantic, I know... but there's times when I'd like to just disappear. Meet up with someone special, just run away, and Never Be Heard From Again.
 (his mesmerizing eyes locking onto Egg's)
 Don't you think that'd be *killer*?

EGG

(completely under his spell)

uh huh...

Mr. Teen Idol smiles again, eyes all atwinkle.

MR. TEEN IDOL

Me too.

cut to

int-HANDJOB'S CONDO.day

TV

SUZANNE SOMERS flexing her mega-buck ThighMaster muscles with the sound off. ABRASIVE metal-industrial NOIZE (COP SHOOT COP, whatever) plays in the BG.

Sprawled on the overstuffed sofa, Handjob talks on his cellularphone as he shoots up.

HANDJOB

(all slurry)

Yeah. Just fax the deal memo to my lawyer 'n' we'll talk once she's gone over it. Yeah, I want to write *and* direct. Ab-so-lutely.
 (his head flops back as the needle goes in)

...I have to ensure that the artistic integrity of the project isn't compromised... uh huh...

BANG BANG BANG. OS POUNDING at the front door.

HANDJOB

... I know I'm late with the polish... First thing Monday. I solemnly swear...'K. Ciao.

BANG BANG BANG BANG. More pounding.

HANDJOB

J.F. Christ. Hold on...

Putting the phone down on the ugly marble coffeetable which is piled high with *Varietys* and old scripts, Handjob sort of falls off the couch.

BANG BANG BANG.

HANDJOB (OS)

Coming...

He picks himself up and staggers towards the door.

IN THE FOYER

(which is decorated with this huge *Reservoir Dogs* poster featuring Harvey Keitel pointing a Magnum right at us), Handjob barely has the chance to turn the doorknob before Cowboy comes busting in, shoving him back into the living room.

COWBOY

Where is he??? Is he here?

Handjob, too high to feel threatened, just laughs.

HANDJOB

He was here like an hour or so ago...but no, man, he's not here now... Barty boy has left the building...

Frustrated, Cowboy roughly pushes Handjob who falls like a rag doll back onto the bouncy sofa.

COWBOY

Where'd he go? Did he say where he was going???

..

HANDJOB

(smiles like it's all some pleasant, floaty dream)
Heaven, man. He said he was taking a hike up that ol' Stairway
To Heaven...

Cowboy is way sad.

cut to

ext-BUS STOP.day

Dark waits, holding an Aron's bag stuffed with freshly purchased CDs. Sitting on the bench in front of him are THREE SPACE CADET CHICKS with scary hair that he probably knows from school but he pretends like he doesn't so he won't have to deal. He hides behind his shades and lights a cig as the Chicks chatter.

CHICK1

OhmyGod. Jujufruit's party is tonight and I don't have a clue who to go with!

CHICK2

What about Jason?

CHICK3

I'm going with Jason.

CHICK1

Well then, I'll go with Tomas.

CHICK3
(to CHICK2)

I thought *you* were going with Tomas.

CHICK2

Tomas has a dinky weenie.

Dark looks at his watch: his bus will *never* come and he'll have to listen to these annoying bitches for-fucking-ever.

CHICK3

You did Tomas?

CHICK2

I'm sure, *gross*.

(as an afterthought)

I *thought* Jason was doing Tomas.

CHICK1

Jason is doing that Valley sluthole IleneSchwarzkopf.

CHICK3

Un true. Says who?

CHICK1

Ilene.

CHICK3

And you believe her? She lives in Whittier!

Dark yawns.

CHICK2

If Jason did Ilene, then he must've done Richard.

CHICK1 AND CHICK3

Who's Richard?

CHICK2

Ilene's other scag. She's totally into these kinky threeways.

CHICK3

Ilene is a whore.

Bored out of his fucking mind, Dark starts looking around the street.

HIS POV

There's like this green, geckolike SPACE ALIEN (with a tail even) wandering totally unnoticed amongst the oblivious pedestrians across the way.

BACK TO SCENE

Dark does a double take - like *What The Fuck?*

CHICK1

Is Richard the surfer with the hairlip who drives a black Jetta?

CHICK2

No, he's got a Lexus.

Dark starts frantically foraging through his backpack for his video8 camera.

CHICK1

Whatever.

(beat)

I thought he hung himself.

CHICK2

No, he's totally gorgeous. Plus he's got a Lexus.

CHICK1

Oh. Is he gay?

Dark finally pulls his camera out amidst a tangle of cords and wires. Switches it on...

WAY BUMPY HANDHELD VIDEO POV

The Alien gradually COMING INTO FOCUS. But the BATTERY WARNING LIGHT starts blinking and the SCREEN quickly goes DEAD.

CHICK2

Who? Jason?

CHICK3

Richard?

Frustrated, Dark swats the side of his camera with his palm, trying to get more juice out of the damn thing, but it's no use...

CHICK1

Tomas.

Chick2 and Chick3 look at Chick1, roll their eyes.

CHICK3

Well, duh. What do you think, dingleberry?

Dark watches incredulously as the Alien aims a strange RAYGUN CONTRAPTION at the Three Chicks...

CHICK 2

I swear, Trudi, sometimes you are *so* naive...

Chick1 sits there with a sheepish expression on her face.

CLOSE

on Dark's dumbfounded reaction as we hear this huge OS **ZZZZZAAAAAPP** (like the sound of cattle being fried on an electric fence).

Dark looks down to where the Three Chicks were sitting and they're gone without a trace. Well, actually, all that's left behind is their **RETAINERS** - which look somehow terrifying and funny at the same time, all wire and pink, pre-formed plastic grossness.

He looks back across the street and

HIS POV

The Alien has likewise vanished.

BACK TO SCENE

Dark scans all around but it seems that nobody else has even noticed what he thinks he's just witnessed - it's just the bustling buzz of urban life as usual.

Holding his camcorder limply at his side, Dark is totally bewildered.

Was he just hallucinating? Was this all just some acid flashback or something?

cut to

ext-HOLLYWOOD BLVD ROOFTOP.dusk

This monumental, surreal billboard advertisement for Forest Lawn Mortuary ("Like Any Beautiful Place - Reservations Required") suspended high over the filthy, brown city.

Directly beneath this cool visual, Bart sits amidst the gravel and pigeonshit. He grasps onto the metal railing, hanging like a scarecrow or a fucked up Jesus, rolling his limp head back, surrendering to the chemical nirvana coursing through his veins.

Then **SOMEBODY, A FIGURE**, casts a long dark shadow over his inert form. Bart slowly revolves his eyes in his skull to see who it is.

COWBOY (OS)

I figured you'd be here.

Identifying his lover through the evanescent haze, a languid smile materializes on his pale face.

BART

.....*Dude*.....

Though they've been through this scenario a million times, it still tears Cowboy apart to see the guy he loves like this.

COWBOY

Bart. You promised me, man. You promised.

BART

(after a way longer than normal response time)
I'm sorry, Cowboy. I'm *really sorry*....

Cowboy gazes down at his junked-up bf and wants to cry.

COWBOY

Bart...

Bart looks up into Cowboy's painfilled eyes and it's torture for both of them: it's like they're two drowning boys clinging to the same sinking liferaft.

BART

I'm trying, man. I *swear* I'm trying...

All Cowboy wants is to hold Bart in his arms, take care of him, make everything alright again - *bút* that's not allowed.

COWBOY

Bart, man, you have got to get clean. You've got to. Or it's all over. You, me, the band, the whole falafel...

BART

I *will*. You know I will, Cowboy.

COWBOY

I mean it this time, Bart.

BART

OK, OK....

Bart reaches out to Cowboy, a seductive invitation that he normally is unable to resist. Bart knows, even as wasted as he is, that he's got this power over Cowboy, that their love blurs his judgement like a strong drink (or drugs, for that matter).

BART

Come here.

Cowboy looks at the guy he cherishes more than anything in this world and can feel his defenses melting...

BART

C'mon....

Cowboy's on the verge, perched on the brink of giving in, succumbing to his intense need for Bart but

COWBOY

(tearing himself away at the last minute)

No, man.

He steps out of Bart's powerful magnetic field.

COWBOY

Just get clean, OK? *Please?* I'll do anything to help you through it - but we cannot do this anymore. Do you get it? *No More.*

He runs off, leaving Bart sitting there, marooned. Angry, wasted and sad sad sad all at once, he gives the long-gone Cowboy the finger.

BART

(a bitter murmur)

I love you too, dude.

If only he wasn't so fucking high, he could muster up the energy for tears.

cut to

int-HANDJOB'S CONDO.dusk

CU

Kozy, mirrored sunglasses still on, a cig dangling from his lower lip, counts ten-dollar bills as menacing, techno-drone MUSIC (something along the lines of pre-discofied CABARET VOLTAIRE) plays in the BG.

CU

Bart's beautiful, drugged-out face. Impassive, eyes totally dead, lit by blood red, pulsating STROBES.

THIRD CU

Kriss licks Bart's nipple ring, pushing it around with her strong tongue. As she moves in to chew on the steel ring and tender flesh, we TILT UP to Bart's head rolling around in exquisite agony.

Suddenly, he jerks in pain too intense to be mistaken for pleasure.

BART

AHh!

As Bart's head flops back in tormented ecstasy, Kozy steps forward, wielding a pair of shiny, stainless steel ELECTRICAL PLIERS in his right hand. Placing his left on Bart's hot cheek with terrifying gentleness, he speaks in a voice that sounds like *Robocop-meets-Night Of The Living Dead*.

KOZY

Dear, sweet and tender Bart...

(bringing the pliers closer, closer, closer
to Bart's quivering, intact right nipple)

How do you spell Relief?

IN A TIGHT TWOSHOT

We don't see what happens to Bart's nipple but we do watch his reaction, a HOWL of orgasmic anguish. Killing the pain with more pain - but a pain that is, at least, physical, sharp and definable.

And Kozy smiles, an icy, very scary smile, for the first time. His teeth are all capped in glinting silver, like that bad guy from the James Bond movies.

cut to

int-ELVIS'S CONDO.dusk

In contrast to his grungy image, Elvis lives in a sleek, ultra-moderne, yuppified highrise. Over the leather and polished chrome sofa, there's a huge framed photo of the two loves of his life: himself and his Harley.

There's the OS SLAM of the door and he and Alyssa, tearing each other's clothes off, make their way over to the couch and PLOP down on it.

ALYSSA

(inbetween tongue-wrestling him)

I wrote a poem for you last night. Want me to read it to you?

He RIPS her shirt off.

ELVIS

No.

He starts sucking her face.

ALYSSA

Hey Elvis.... Do you believe in God?

Elvis lifts both her arms and devours her pits.

ELVIS

(inbetween the left and right one)

I don't believe in anything.

Groping behind the sofa, he pulls out a THICK, BLACK LEATHER STRAP.

ALYSSA

You have to believe in something.

ELVIS

No I don't.

He removes her bra and yanks it tight around his neck as a choker.

ELVIS

Tie me up.

Alyssa obediently complies, pausing only to kiss him sweetly on the cheek.

ALYSSA

OK, Mr. Kinky.

He undoes his grody jeans and she helps tug them off. Hurlled across the room, they land on the immaculate white carpet with a FLOP.

Alyssa's got his hands behind his back and is cinching the belt.

ELVIS

Tighter. Tighter...

Alyssa does as instructed, yanking on the strap with all her 90-pound might, till you can practically hear his tendons popping.

ALYSSA

(breathing hard after such exertion)

This OK?

Elvis groans like a pleased pig. She removes his dingy white Calvin Kleins and flings them across the room too - they land on a miniature STATUE OF DAVID.

Laying his now-naked (and of course, below the frameline) body across Alyssa's lap, he barks out his next command.

ELVIS

Spank me, baby. Spank my hot, tight, round ass!

She starts hitting him, SLAP SLAP SLAP.

ELVIS

Harder! *HARDER!!!*

Alyssa does as told, WHAP WHAP WHAP.

ALYSSA

(not interrupting her spanking rhythm)

Uh, Elvis?...

He makes more animal noises inbetween the WHAP WHAP WHAPs.

ALYSSA

y'know what?....

WHAP.

Elvis grunts.

ALYSSA

I uh...

WHAP.

ALYSSA

(her voice unsure)

I love you.

WHAP.

ELVIS

(muttering into the cushion)

I love you too, cuddlebunny...

This fills Alyssa with joy. She puts all her heart and soul into her spanking, much to Elvis's masochistic delight, *WHAPWHAPWHAPWHAP....*

cut to

int-DARK'S BEDROOM.evening

ULTRA-ULTRA SLOMO VIDEO POV

FRAME BY FRAME through the televoid murk. A mosaic of blurry, bumpy, handheld mush - the street, cars, the BATTERY WARNING LIGHT blinking - it's the footage Dark shot earlier trying to capture the Alien on tape. Instead all he got was utterly indecipherable VIDEO SLUDGE.

BACK TO SCENE

Watching all this on his desktop monitor, surrounded by the enveloping gloom of his room, Dark silently mouths the word "Fuck".

There's the OS RAT TAT TAT of someone tapping on his window.

CLICKING off his TV, he goes to investigate and finds Mel climbing in his window. Sipping a brewski, she holds a second bottle out for him.

MEL
(way cute)

Thirsty?

Dark smiles.

DARK

Mel.

Making herself right at home, Mel throws herself down on Dark's springy, unmade bed - looking ever-so-boneable in the dim, romantic light.

MEL

How ya doin', smiley?

Dark perches on the edge of the bed.

DARK

OK... now.

His eyes meet hers and there's this incredibly touching, melancholy moment between the two of them: it's like they can't express in words all the screwy, messy feelings, the emotional static between them.

So instead, they give up and lean towards each other and kiss, meeting halfway in the middle. The contact between them is gentle, uncertain and somehow heartrendingly desperate.

TIGHT TWOSHOT

Their sumptuous lips part and their foreheads roll against each other like gears.

DARK

Mel...

MEL
(imitating him)

Dark...

DARK
(smiles)

I love you, Mel. Totally, true and pure...

MEL

Me too.

They kiss sweetly like the couple on the Closeup toothpaste box.

DARK

I just wish that we didn't like get together with so many other people 'n' stuff.

MEL

Palooka, you know...

(kisses him)

I firmly believe...

(kisses him again)

that human beings are built for...

(kiss #3)

sex and for love...

(kiss #4)

And that we should dole out as much of both as possible before we're old and ugly and nobody wants to touch us anymore.

She roughly shoves Dark down on the bouncy mattress.

DARK

(sighs, they've been through this one many times before)

I know...

MEL

And...

(another kiss)

just because I make it...

(kiss)

other guys and girls...

(kiss)

That has no effect whatsoever on my feelings for you.

Dark sighs again.

DARK

Sometimes I feel so old-fashioned and from another planet. But its like I'm half a person without you.

MEL

(beams)

You are so cute.

She thrusts her tongue down his throat and proceeds to peel off his grimy t-shirt.

DARK

(lying back, surrendering himself to another great round of teen-fucking)

Life is so complicated.

cut to

int-BETTER HOMES AND GARDENS-STYLE HOUSE.evening

CU

In the hallway of a cheery, ultra-middleclass dwelling, there's a LARGE FRAMED PHOTO on the wall - one of those multiple-photo collage deals filled with pictures of Alyssa and Shad as kids. One PHOTO in particular is singled out, a TIGHT SHOT of the impossibly beautiful, raven-haired twins, cheek-to-cheek. And though they're the apotheosis of Sears Portrait cuteness, there's something dark, unsettling, almost *Omen*-like about them as they stare into the lens...

SHAD

(a low OS muffled moan)

I love you, Lilith, I love you...

The CAMERA FOLLOWS the sound of Shad's voice, tracking towards the bedroom located at the end of the hall.

SHAD

(more garbled OS mumbling)

I love you more than life, more than death, more than time and space... I love you, I love you, I love you...

As we enter color-coordinated, suburban bedroom, we find Shad and Lilith doing the dirty on his parents' bed. He's got one of those wiffle-ball bondage things stuffed in his mouth (explaining his muffy voice); she's on top, dripping hot candle wax on his bare, quivering torso.

SHAD

(gurgling as he nears orgasm)

.... I love you.....

LILITH

(ready to come too)

I bet...you say that... to all the girls.

SHAD

(right on the verge)

Oh Lilith, Lilith, LILITH...

back to

int-ELVIS'S CONDO.evening

CU

Alyssa's face, all sweaty, her hair's a wreck. With Elvis's OS face in her lap, she's gasping desperately, also about to come (that twin thing again).

ALYSSA

I....

I...

can't...

b-breathe.... I...

(big monster climax)

AAAAAAAAAAAAHHHH--

cut to

TV

MOSES HELPER, a frighteningly hunky, charismatic televangelist (played by like postpunk pinup Henry Rollins) in the midst of a passionate sermon. At the bottom of the screen, a TELETYPE scrolls: "REACH OUT AND TOUCH MOSES HELPER... CALL 1-714-HI-JESUS..."

MOSES HELPER

In this world of sexual depravity and perversion, who can lead you out of the muck, out of the dank, filthy swamp that mankind has foolheartedly allowed itself to sink into? Who is the Only One who can save you from an existence of emptiness and misery???

Moses's scary, overweight Orange County AUDIENCE chimes in like lobotomized drones.

TV AUDIENCE

(in unison)

JESUS!

MOSES HELPER

Jesus! JESUS! Jesus, Jesus, *Jesus*. Jesus, Our Lord. Jesus who died on the Cross for our sins so that we might be Saved.
Welcome Jesus Into Your Life, Brothers and Sisters, So That He Might Show You The Way To The Glorious Kingdom of God!!

The TV Audience goes wild, shouting "Jesus, Jesus, Jesus" as Moses Helper, glamorously backlit, raises his arms towards Heaven, a single tear of joy trickling down his cheek.

The sound suddenly goes DEAD, and the images of Moses and his rabid congregation seem even more foreboding and unsettling silent.

MR. TEEN IDOL (OS)

I read someplace that that dude's got like twelve wives...

cut to

int-CHATEAU MARMONT.evening

Mr. Teen Idol pushing the 'MUTE' button on the remote. He and Egg sit on the couch in front of the TV.

Egg, more than a little tipsy, giggles. Mr. Teen Idol reaches for the half-empty bottle of Absolut Citron on the coffee table.

EGG

I think I'm drunk.

MR. TEEN IDOL
(smiles, refilling her glass)

Most excellent.

He holds up his glass and proposes a toast.

MR. TEEN IDOL

To Destiny.

His sparkling blue eyes take hers hostage as their glasses connect with a symbolic CLINK. They exchange smiles and drink.

MR. TEEN IDOL

Hey.

Looking up from her glass, Egg's eyes are wide with nervous anticipation.

EGG

what?

He puts his drink and hers down on the table and moves in for the kill...

TIGHT TWOSHOT

He traces her delicate profile with his fingertips.

MR. TEEN IDOL
(silky smooth)

You are so beautiful.

Egg would blush but her face is already rosy from the alcohol. Mr. Teen Idol leans in, his pouty lips practically touching hers within the confines of the intimate CU.

MR. TEEN IDIOL

Know what the difference between sex and love is?

Egg shakes her head as he ever-so-sensuously wets her dry lips with his warm tongue. As their profiles separate, he stares deep deep deep into her soul.

MR. TEEN IDOL

Fifteen minutes.

Before she can laugh at the punchline, he is smothering her mouth with his own. Their kissing grows more passionate and urgent by the minute, and intercourse of the most intense kind is rapidly becoming inevitable.

But...

Something, which is hardly even perceptible at first, develops between them, gradually, progressively by degrees. It's like this subliminal undercurrent of roughness, violence that inexorably creeps into their foreplay and spreads like a virulent infection.

He's starting to hurt her. Getting scared, she tries to pull away...

EGG

.....wait... stop.

Mr. Teen Idol glares at her and out of the blue, SLAPS her really hard across the face. She gasps in shock but the whole thing is happening too fast and is too unreal for her to really react. As he continues to molest her, she starts to cry, whimpering like a lost kitten.

EGG

Don't... please don't.....

Mr. Teen Idol has instantly transformed into a total monster. Tearing off her clothes, he forces his tongue so far down her throat that she can't scream or hardly even breathe.

MR. TEEN IDOL

Don't play innocent little virgin with me, babe. You want me. Admit it. You want to make it with me so you can go braggin' to all your little slutress friends "Hey, I just screwed a *big star*, aren't I just *So Bitchen???*"

Egg takes advantage of the opportunity and makes a desperate scramble for the door, but Mr. Teen Idol tackles her on the carpeted floor. She lands with a bonebruising THWUD and BANG, hits her head on the edge of the coffee table.

EGG

(bleeding at the temple now)

No... no... Don't...

Mr. Teen Idol savagely hits her again and she goes sprawling, blood gushing from her nose now too.

EGG

God... please, stop...

Pinning her arms behind her back, he fetches a nearby coathanger and binds her wrists together, the wire cutting into her soft white flesh.

EGG
 (hysterical now, sobbing uncontrollably)
 WHAT'RE YOU GONNA DO? WHAT'RE YOU GONNA DO TO
 ME????

SUDDENLY

There's a loud KNOCKING at the door and Mr. Teen Idol clamps his hand over Egg's mouth.

CONCIERGE (OS)
 Sir? Excuse me, sir? Is everything alright? We heard noises...

His eyes crazed, Mr. Teen Idol's got his hand pressed so tightly over Egg's mouth that she's turning blue.

MR. TEEN IDOL
 I'm fine. I just knocked over a chair by accident...

CONCIERGE (OS)
 Sorry to bother you, sir. Have a good evening.

MR. TEEN IDOL
 Thanks.

As the sound of the Concierge's footsteps and Egg's last ray of hope disappear down the corridor, Mr. Teen Idol leans in to whisper hotly, sinister, in her ear.

MR. TEEN IDOL
 Well, that was a close call, now wasn't it?... But tonight is your lucky night, little Egg. You're about to get the best dogging of your perky, pathetic life, and you're gonna love every single second of it. You'll feel like you've just died and gone straight to Heaven...

His hand still on her mouth, he drags the kicking and flailing Egg into the bedroom and SLAMS the door shut.

cut to

int-DARK'S BEDROOM.night

Dark and Mel, all post-coital cuddly on his demolished bed.

As Mel drags on the requisite after-fuck joint, staring up at the ceiling, Dark just gazes at her, dreamily running his fingers through her hair.

MEL
 (exhaling)
 I feel so much better now.

Dark smiles, all warm and content.

DARK

mm hm.

MEL

Isn't sex just the *best* tension release there is? I mean, it's so intense and physical - like a really good, sweaty game of racquetball - only you get to come at the end.

Dark brushes his tender, full lips against her perfect neck.

DARK

(barely audible murmur)

I adore you.

MEL

What a nice thing to say.

She kisses Dark on the nose and he curls up against her, settling in like a big, comfortable cat.

DARK

Why don't we just bout the Kick The Can Game 'n' hideaway here in my room forever?

MEL

What time is it?

She looks at her Swatch.

MEL

No way. I was s'posed to pick up Lucifer twenty minutes ago.

DARK

(sighs)

Mel...

MEL

(hunting for her clothes)

She is gonna murder my ass.

She starts dressing despite Dark's efforts to get her to lay back down.

DARK

(taking hold of her arm)

Mel...

She looks into Dark's pleading, fathomless eyes and wants to cry.

MEL

Angelboy, I gotta go.

She pulls her t-shirt on over her head and reaches for her shorts.

DARK

Mel, waitasecond...

She's buttoning her fly as Dark wraps his arms around her from behind like an octopus.

DARK

Mel, will you marry me?

Mel stops, looks at Dark, and laughs.

MEL

You're too precious for words.

She kisses him sweetly on the cheek and gets out of the bed. Dark's bummed.

MEL

See you at Kick The Can. 'n' don't forget it's your turn to provide the X.

She grabs her Docs and socks and is on her way out the window from whence she came.

MEL

(kissing him through the air)

Love you, pooh butter.

Then she's gone, leaving Dark there in the lonesome gloom.

cut to

int-GARCIA FAMILY LIVING ROOM.night

TV

GEOFF EDWARDS (or whatever-the-fuck-his-name-is) doing *The Big Spin* in espanol. As the wheel goes round and round, the Audience goes rabid. The image is somehow hype/colorful, garishly surreal and depressing all at once.

In the light of the glowing TV set, MR. AND MRS. GARCIA (Bart's Mom and Dad) sit on the frumpy, avocado green sofa, clutching their Lotto tickets, noisily eating a large bowlful of those Flaming Red Hot Cheeto things.

Bart enters through the front door in his tattered leather jacket, trying hard to not be noticed.

MRS. GARCIA

(in Spanish with subtitles, not taking her eyes off the TV)
Hi honey. How was school today?

BART

(totally dead)

Great.

Mr. Garcia belches.

MRS. GARCIA
(more Spanish with subtitles)
There's leftover taquitos in the frig.

Her attention remains glued to the TV as Bart escapes to his room.

BART
(running up the stairs)
thanks.

cut to

int-BART'S ROOM.night

There's a big, blood red MINISTRY poster on the wall over the bed featuring a Chinese guy with a gun to his head.

Bart tosses his jacket and clicks on the TV which fills the room with a oscillating video blue glow.

TV

A FEMALE NEWSCASTER (cameo by like MTV Bimbo Kennedy or something) reading a bulletin like a badly-dressed automaton.

NEWSCASTER
(on TV)
Miracle AIDS cure turns out to be a hoax. The Atari Gang continue their reign of terror in the city. And Palos Verdes City Councilwoman insists her teenage son was kidnapped and experimented on by Space Aliens...

Bart sits on the edge of the bed and touches his nipples which are caked with dried, oozy blood. He clutches his head in his hands, trying to keep it from cracking wide open....

cut to

ext-CONDO COMPLEX.night

On the street in front of one of those hideous pink-and-green stucco monstrosities, Zero hops out of the brand-spanking-new Acura he borrowed from his Mom for the night.

He stops to check his hair in the rearview mirror, musses it up a tad more with his fingertips. Popping a hunk of BubbleYum into his mouth, he trots up the front steps of the pseudo-Hacienda.

BY THE GLASS FRONT DOORS

He BUZZES Zoe's Mom's unit. Waits.

Zero? ZOE
(VO, crackly over the intercom)

Yeah, Zoe, it's me. ZERO

Be right down. ZOE
(VO over intercom)

Zero beams - it's intolerably cute, 100% pure puppy love.

He waits impatiently, fidgeting, bopping his head to an imaginary song. Scanning around, he sees

HIS POV

Across the street, there's this super CREEPY GUY - who's half in street clothes, half in clown makeup - and it's like something straight out of John Wayne Gacyville. He walks under the eerie, pulsating streetlamps like some zombie nightmare - but this is the topper: he's carrying a BIG SHAGGY DEAD DOG in his arms and sobbing like crazy, like he's just lost his only friend in the world. The image is one of sheer horror and in a bizarre, very unnerving way, ineffable melancholy.

BACK TO SCENE

Zero gapes at the spectacle, speechless. ZOE, who's as 16 year old adorable in her rave/thrash garb as Zero is, materializes behind him and wraps her hands over his eyes. Zero leaps about a foot in the air.

Y'AAHI ZERO

ZOE
(giving him a sweet kiss on the cheek)
Hey homey. Why so jumpy?

...I... ZERO

He turns back around but

HIS POV

The Clown Guy and his Dead Dog are gone - disappeared into the night.

BACK TO SCENE

ZERO

... I just... Nothing.

(trying to forget about the scary vision,
he gives Zoe a kiss)

Mmm. Strawberry.

The kids start playfully frenching and stuff which gets their adolescent hormones raging right away.

ZERO

I missed you.

ZOE

(big Pepsodent smile)

You just saw me day before yesterday, kumquat.

ZERO

So? I missed you anyway.

ZOE

(reaching down and grabbing his OS woody
which tents his baggy shorts)

Y'mean "Gilligan" here missed me.

ZERO

(leaning his head against hers)

We *both* did. You're our favorite person in this whole, wide,
scuzbucket world....

Zoe kisses him on the nose (they're so obnoxiously in love, it's like a Certs commercial).

ZOE

You are the sweetest boy ever.

They kiss some more.

ZOE

So did you get the address for Jujufruit's Party?

ZERO

er....

ZOE

Zero...

ZERO
(all smooth)

Hey...

(kisses her forehead)

Would I ever let you down?

Zoe beams and gives him a big hug. Zero's face looks not so very certain.

cut to

ext-THE BASEBALL FIELD.night

CU

A big PICTURE of BILL CLINTON with a target crudely scrawled on it. Spattered with gobs of what looks like, well, spit.

We hear the OS sound of SNORTING.

Dark preparing to hock a big, green loogie. He shoots for the target but misses by a mile.

DARK

Damn.

Dark is surrounded by his fellow contestants: Montgomery, Mel, Lucifer, Cowboy, Dingbat and Ducky.

LUCIFER

Tough tits, dickweed. You're it.

Dark glowers at Lucifer whose got her arm looped possessively around Mel's neck. Ducky meanwhile sets up The Can on the rubber, pentagonal home plate.

COWBOY

Tabitha time.

Dark pulls SEVEN TINY WHITE PILLS out of his pocket, and everyone in turn takes a pill, handing him a crumpled twenty-spot. In unison, the group pops the pills and washes them down with lukewarm beers.

DARK

(makes a sour face)

ugk.

Now it's time for the Big Countdown. In accordance with the rules of the game, Dark closes his eyes, extends his arms and everyone gathers around him as if he was Jesus handing out miracles. As he begins to rotate, they all start counting and spinning him around faster and faster like a human top...

GROUP

1....2.....3.....4.....

SEASICKNESS-INDUCING POV

Everything going round and round and round and round, out of control...

GROUP
(continuing over)

5.....6.....7.....8.....9.....10.

At '10', everybody disperses, running off in opposite directions, leaving Dark staggering around with his eyes still shut. He falls on his butt, alone in the foreboding darkness, and continues to count...

DARK
...11....12.....13.....14.....15.....

cut to

ext-SUNSET BLVD.night

Friday night on the boulevard seethe. Traffic, noise, the normal chaos.

Into the harsh glare of the urban maelstrom, Egg comes running, all hysterical, covered with blood, her clothes in shreds - she looks like some kind of horrific phantasm. And the sound of her wracked sobbing is completely lost in the cacophonous ROAR of the indifferent city.

cut to

ext-LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.night

Shad and Lilith sit in his way boss Impala Convertible overlooking the shimmering expanse of lights and cars and smog. He's got his arm around her as she eats a Hershey's Kiss, unwrapping the foil drop of chocolate.

SHAD

There it is, babe. The vast and arid wasteland of glittering filth, emptiness and death.

LILITH

(bored, popping the kiss into her mouth)

Hoo-ray.

SHAD

Hey, did you hear about that old guy in Brentwood who croaked 'n' by the time his neighbors found him, his dog had eaten half his face off?

LILITH

Would you stop wasting precious time and plug me already?

Shad beams and kisses her, his tongue forcefully invading her chocolatey mouth.

SHAD

Mmmm.

(licks the chocolate off his own lips and grins)

Let the love feast begin.

He and Lilith do the tongue-twist some more, smearing the gooey chocolate mess between them. Being horny teenagers, they're immediately out-of-control and ready for some good old-fashioned "auto fucking". They're totally going for it

BUT

HEADLIGHTS pull up, interrupting their tryst.

They both look over and see

THEIR POV

Zero and Zoe pulling up in Zero's Mom's Acura.

SHAD

(pure annoyed)

Occupied, dude.

Zero, embarrassed, starts to back the car up.

ZERO

Sorry.

(a sudden idea)

Hey, you guys goin' to Jujyfruit's Party?

SHAD

Buzz off, twerp.

ZERO

(under his breath)

Asshole.

Zero and Zoe drive away.

SHAD

Goddamn chipmunks.

Lilith jumps him and they resume their grabbing 'n' groping but Shad hesitates, suddenly inspired.

LILITH

Now what?

A sly smile on his face, he seductively unwraps another Hershey's kiss as Lilith, all randy, opens her wet, red-lipped mouth, waiting to be fed...

But Shad's got other ideas.

SHAD
(teasing her)

nuh uh. Not here...

Smiling like the sexiest devil on earth, he points down lower.

SHAD
(breathing steamily into her ear)

There.

The idea puts a big smile on Lilith's face. She leans back in the cushy vinyl seat...

Shad reaches under her tight black miniskirt, slowly peeling down her mesh net leggings and matching black bikini panties. Helping him, she kicks off her stockings, freeing up her legs.

Shad then takes the Hershey's kiss and in an unbearably sexy manner, licks it until it glistens, all warm and moist and melty... As he positions himself to insert it in its targeted destination, the CAMERA (of course, this is a *family show*, after all) hangs tight in an incredibly

INTIMATE TWOSHOT

featuring the hot-and-bothered pair's matched profiles. He's staring at her face, intently watching her each and every reaction. As he puts the piece of candy home, she gasps softly which makes him totally pleased. Opening her eyes, Lilith pulls him to her and they kiss really hard and long and rough.

Pausing, he lifts his hand up so that she can lick clean the sweet, brown residue smudging his fingertips.

SHAD
Taste good?

Lilith moistens her lips and closes her eyes, looking just unbelievably fuckable. Shad frenches her some more to get a taste for himself as her hands clutch and claw at his rangy, disheveled hair.

As he slowly, inevitably sinks out of the bottom of the frame, she tilts her head back in agonized anticipation...

SHAD
(OS, making smacking and slurping sounds)
Mmmmmm. I just *love* the Milk Chocolatey Goodness of Hersheys...

Lilith moans, in rapture.

cut to

ext-BASEBALL FIELD.night

Dark is CLOMPING his way up the bleachers - dizzy, dazed, plus as the drugs have started kicking in, high as a kite.

He's searching the shadows for lurkers, but as he's sorta hallucinating, he keeps getting distracted by the shifting patterns of dark and light, the texture of things, etc.

DARK

Come out, come out, wherever you are...

He shambles right past Mel and Lucifer who are crouched in the crawlspace underneath the benches.

LUCIFER

What a goomba.

She tries to make out with Mel who flirtatiously giggles and teases her.

cut to

ext-THE DUGOUT.night

Skulking in the darkness, Dingbat and Ducky peer around the corner at Dark who's wandering aimlessly around the baseball diamond.

DUCKY

Can you see him?

DINGBAT

He's about fifty yards from the can and so blitzkrieged, he's just like staggering around...

Dingbat turns and looks into Ducky's twinkly aqua eyes.

DINGBAT

Uh, Ducky?

DUCKY

What?

DINGBAT

Have you ever like, I mean, I know it's none of my business, but I uh, I heard this rumor that you're like, y'know, waitin' for the right person...

DUCKY

That's *not* true. I've "done it", I'm sure.

DINGBAT

With who?

DUCKY
Lotsa people. A buncha times.

DINGBAT
oh.

There's an awkward, self-conscious beat till Dingbat, the drugs taking effect, throws all caution to the wind. She hurls herself at the unsuspecting Ducky and their heads collide with a BONK.

DUCKY
OW!
(nonplussed)
What'd you do that for?

Dingbat shrugs.

DUCKY
I think you chipped my tooth...

Embarrassed, Dingbat leads him by the hand.

DINGBAT
C'mon.

She and Ducky make a mad dash for The Can. Dark is so out of it that he barely even starts to move in their direction as they easily kick the can to clear heaven CLAAAAAANNG.

DARK
Man...

cut to

int-LOCKER ROOM.night

It's way spooky in the echoey, metal-and-concrete bunker (which we subliminally recognize from Dark's earlier shower wet dream). Tentatively making his way through the murk, Montgomery fingers his dangling cross, his general fear of the world only exacerbated by the drugs.

Peering around, his every nerve is on edge, he's like Sigourney Weaver in *Alien* waiting for the Monster to get him....

When he feels a hand suddenly grab his shoulder, he practically leaps into the void. He whirls around to find a smirking Cowboy.

COWBOY
Cripes, don't bust your ballsac.

MONTGOMERY
You... I wasn't... you, uh, scared me.

COWBOY

Obvious. Has Dark been through here yet?

MONTGOMERY

no.

COWBOY

Well, Ducky 'n' Dingbat're already free. Dark is so swacked he's already doin' the Cujo.

Montgomery looks at him like "Huh?".

COWBOY

Y'know, the "Cujo"...

(demonstrating, he staggers around like the big, rabid dog from the Stephen King movie of the same name)

MONTGOMERY

oh.

COWBOY

Well, later.

He leaves, melting into the darkness.

COWBOY (OS)

Don't let the Boogeyman get you.

MONTGOMERY

right...

Left alone again, Montgomery is totally petrified - he's rubbing his cross so intently, the silver's practically coming off on his fingers.

Feeling another hand on his shoulder, he spins around and

MONTGOMERY

Jesus, Cowboy...

He sees

MONTGOMERY'S POV

Like an image straight out of *Plan 9 From Outer Space*, the GREEN SPACE ALIEN's got his scaly paw on him, pointing the RAYGUN.

BACK TO SCENE

Montgomery SILENT SCREAMS his horrified head off.

cut to

int-EGG'S BEDROOM.night

Egg, battered and bruised, crawls through the open window of her dimly lit room and rushes over to lock the door. Switching on the TV with the remote to cover the sounds of her crying, she throws herself down on the bouncy bed.

The TV warms up, filling the room with an incredibly eerie glow - it's like something straight out of *The Exorcist*.

Huddling under the frilly covers and she starts surfing through the channels, looking to lose herself in the safe, hermetic world of TV. We hear a jumbled succession of OS TV BLURBS - 976-sex ads, "Our top story tonight: Axl Rose castrated in a bizarre accident", Tomorrow on OPRAH: "Are There Space Aliens In Our Midst?", etc - interrupted by a concerned KNOCKING at the door.

EGG'S DAD (OS)

Polly, honey? Is everything alright?

EGG

(tears streaming down her face)

I'm fine, Dad.

int-HALLWAY

EGG'S DAD (played by one of the grownup ex-Brady or Partridge Sons, or maybe like Greg Louganis) stands outside her door.

EGG'S DAD

D'you want something to eat? We saved you some shepherd's pie.

EGG (OS)

No, thanks. I'm not very hungry...

EGG'S DAD

Y'sure? We can heat it up in the micro.

int-EGG'S ROOM

EGG

(barely able to keep from breaking down)
Really, Dad. I ate already with Alyssa and Dingbat.

EGG'S DAD (OS)

Maybe later then.

EGG

uh huh... OK...

Crying full force now but desperately stifling herself so as not to make any noise, Egg waits for her Dad to give up.

int-HALLWAY

He finally does, wandering off down the hall, back to his La-Z-Boy recliner and evening paper.

int-EGG'S ROOM

She turns the TV up LOUDER to mask any stray sniffings.

HER POV

Moses Helper continuing his relentless, impassioned rant.

MOSES HELPER

(on TV)

Are you lost, my little lambs? Confused? Don't know where in this world to turn? Well, friends and neighbors, how 'bout this? Will you do me just this one teeny li'l ol' favor?

The TV Audience chimes in obediently "Yes, YES"...

MOSES HELPER

(on TV)

Wherever you are, put down whatever it is you're doin'... And Close Your Eyes. C'mon, do it with me now. Don't be shy. Nobody's watchin'...

BACK TO SCENE

Egg gazes at the luminous TV, her face wet with tears.

MOSES HELPER

(OS, on TV)

It won't take but a minute out of your busy day, I promise...

Egg, eyes burning anyway, succumbs. A big tear rolls down her satiny cheek and drips off her chin.

MOSES HELPER

(OS, on TV)

Are you with me? Eyes shut tight?

"Yes, Brother", "Praise Jesus", etc is heard from the OS TV Audience.

BACK TO TV

Moses Helper, arms reaching skyward.

MOSES HELPER

(on TV)

Now, along with me, think about Heaven. Concentrate. Get a full-color, widescreen picture in your head... Ain't it *so nice*? Ain't it downright *beau-ti-ful*? Better 'n any ol' movie or TV show? That White, Pure, Holy Light cascadin' through your veins, coursin' all through your Body And Soul?

The OS TV Audience goes into rapturous convulsions, totally in Moses's power.

MOSES HELPER

(on TV)

Now don't you feel so much *better*? More relaxed? Just *thinkin'* about Going Straight To Heaven. Doesn't it make you feel Soooo Goshdurned *Good* Inside?

BACK TO SCENE

Egg, her eyes squeezed tight, sobs uncontrollably.

cut to

int-BART'S ROOM.night

Likewise propped up in bed with his eyes shut, Bart is in a similar state of bliss.

ON THE TV

MOSES HELPER

(on TV, continuing)

Inner Peace, Harmony, *Eternal Everlasting Salvation*. It's yours, people, *All Yours*. And all you have to do is Believe. It's that simple. It doesn't cost money, you don't have to go to college 'n' study for it, it's Yours *Right Now*. And All You Have To Do is Believe. *Believe!* Do you *believe*, my fellow children of God?

The OS Audience starts droning "We Believe, We Believe"...

MOSES HELPER

(on TV, holding his hand to his ear)

What's that? *I can't hear you, brothers and sisters...*

"We Believe, WE BELIEVE", the rhythmic mantra grows louder and louder...

MOSES HELPER

(on TV)

I CANNOT HEAR YOU, BROTHERS AND SISTERS! It's like I got cottonballs stuck in my ears!... You at home, you gotta help out. You gotta let me know, LET *JESUS KNOW!!!*...

BACK TO SCENE

Bart starts mumbling.

BART

We believe... we believe.....

BACK TO TV

If Moses were any more into it, he's be frothing at the mouth.

MOSES HELPER

(on TV)

**LOUDER, BROTHERS AND SISTERS, LOUDER! LET
SWEET JESUS HEAR YOUR PROUD, STRONG,
MAGNIFICENT VOICES ROAR!!!**

BACK TO SCENE

(only suddenly we're in)

int-EGG'S BEDROOM

Egg, utterly hysterical now, crying her tortured soul out.

EGG

We Believe... **WE BELIEVE..!....**

cut to

int-SHAD'S CONVERTIBLE.night

The incessant rhythm of "We believe, we believe" chanting is carried over the cut, flowing into Lilith's syncopated on-the-verge-of-orgasm gasping and the THUNK THUNK THUNK of her skull against the window.

LILITH

oh - oh - oh - oh - oh - oh.....

OOOOHHHHHHHHH!

Her entire body spasms and stiffens, rising off the vinyl seat. As she collapses, out of breath and flushed, Shad lifts his covered-with-chocolate-and-love-juice face from between her aching legs.

SHAD

(grinning like a bad boy)

Yum.

His face meets hers and they french voraciously. Still turned on, Lilith shoves him down into his seat.

LILITH

Your turn.

SHAD
(big smile)

Yabba-dabba-doo.

As she opens his fly with a delectable OS ZZZIIIIIIIPP, he fires up the car engine, VROOOM.

SHAD

Let's go, baby.

Lilith smiles carnivorously and her head disappears out of the frame, towards Shad's lap. Shad's foot presses down on the accelerator and he loudly REVS the motor, anticipating, VROOM VROOOOOOM.

SHAD

Let's go-go-GO!

He inhales sharply as he feels her mouth close around his OS dick.

SHAD
(growling breathlessly, eyes closed in bliss)
ohhhh, Lilith, your mouth feels like I'm dippin' my joystick in boiling hot oil...

Lilith makes happy, OS suckling sounds and Shad puts the car in reverse.

SHAD

You dig slurpin' on that one-eyed python, don't you, darlin'?

She gurgles OS, affirmative.

ext-LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN

Tires SQUEALING, Shad's Impala tears backwards, kicking up dust and gravel as they back up onto the main road.

SHAD
(howling at the moon)
I wanna DIE! **LET'S ALL DIE!!!!**

Shad puts the car in drive and they go careening off into the all-consuming night, practically colliding with this oncoming HUGE STEAMROLLER which BLASTS its horn.

cut to

int-ELVIS'S BEDROOM.night

Alyssa awakes with a sudden gasp in the designer sheets (it's - guess what? - that symbiotic twin thing again). Elvis, passed out, naked and groggy beside her, stirs and grumbles.

ELVIS
(not even opening his eyes)

what is it?

ALYSSA

Nothing. I just...

Elvis grunts, makes a smacking noise and rolls over, facing away from her.

ALYSSA
(staring up at the ceiling in the dark)

Elvis...

Elvis doesn't reply, shifts his bulk around in the sheets.

ALYSSA
Have you ever wondered what would happen if the Big Earthquake hit and all the nuclear power plants in California blew up? I mean, what would they do with all the hundreds of thousands of dead bodies?

Elvis sighs into his pillow.

ELVIS
Babycakes, go back to sleep, willya?

Alyssa tries but can't, her mind now buzzing with the image of piles and piles of irradiated corpses.

cut to

ext-E-Z QUIK MART.night

In the flaring fluorescence of the 24-hour convenience store, Zero pulls into the parking lot, pops out of the idling Acura.

ZERO
Back in a flash.

He gives Zoe a kiss - with a taste of tongue - and runs to the payphone.

AT THE PHONE

He drops in a quarter and punches a number, waiting impatiently for the line to connect.

ZERO
(hearing a machine pick up)
Damn.

PHONE MACHINE

I'm out or I'm screening. So like, Welcome To Life. BEEEEEP.

ZERO

Godzilla? Yeah, you there, man? Pick up. Pick up. C'mon....

(sighs)

Hey, you gotta help me out, man. I need the address for that party tonight at that Jujufruit dude's place... I think it's like off Mulholland or something... So if you like get this message, leave the address on my machine 'n' I'll beep in. Thanks, Holmes.

Zero hangs up, like "*Fuck*" - now what's he gonna do? Just then, a TRIO OF FELLINESQUE DRAG QUEENS sashay out of the store, cackling loudly.

QUEEN 1

(munching on a SuzyQ)

Once we get there, I swear I am gonna tear Jujufruit's balls off 'n' make em into beef earrings.

QUEEN 2

They won't go with those shoes, doll.

QUEEN 1

(mouth full of chocolate cake)

Crystal, crystal, who's got the crystal?

QUEEN 3

OhmyGod, you are a drug pig.

QUEEN 1

I'm rubber, you're glue...

Grinning from ear to ear, Zero runs back to Zoe waiting in his Mom's Acura.

ZOE

Well? Did you get the address?

ZERO

(all cocky)

Didn't I tell you? Don't you worry 'bout a thing, babe.

HIS POV

The Drag Queens piling into this HUMONGOUS, MUDCAKED 4-WHEELER JEEP.

BACK TO SCENE

Zoe beams, gives Zero a big smooch.

ZOE

You're the *Best!*

cut to

int-LOCKER ROOM.night

Into the dank catacombs, Dark shuffles along, lost, like he's wandered into some old episode of *Scooby Doo* by accident.

DARK

(his voice all tiny and echoing)

Montgomery? Me!? Butthead hogbitch Lucifer? Anybody here???

He trips over something - a forgotten, smelly gym shoe, his own left foot, whatever - and falls to the ground THUD.

DARK

OW!

His chin practically lands on

MONTGOMERY'S SILVER CHAIN, coiled up on the concrete like a slender, jewelled snake.

Examining it, Dark holds it up in the moonlight. The dangling necklace slowly revolves, glinting ominously...

DARK

(a hushed, scared whisper)

Montgomery?... Dude?...

Getting jittery, Dark peers into the all-enveloping inkiness, a terrible sinking dread growing in the pit of his drug-saturated stomach...

Whipping around, he sees

HIS POV

The Alien looks at him and waves (yes, waves as in "Yo, whassup?").

BACK TO SCENE

Dark jumps in the air, throwing himself against a bank of metal lockers, BANG!

When he looks again

HIS POV

Nothing. The Alien's history. Gone. Again.

BACK TO SCENE

Dark, thoroughly dumbfounded, just stands there, clutching Montgomery's chain in his hand...

CLLAAAAANNG! The distant OS sound of The Can going over again, accompanied by faroff laughter (Mel and Lucifer have gotten free).

Shitting twinkies by now, Dark scampers away.

cut to

ext-BASEBALL FIELD.night

Mel, Lucifer, Dingbat, Ducky and Cowboy loiter by the capsized can as Dark comes wandering back.

LUCIFER

Hey, loser.

(forming an "L" on her forehead with
her thumb and forefinger)

Loooooooooser.

DINGBAT

Where's Montgomery?

Dark is speechless, pale - like he's just seen a Space Alien or something.

LUCIFER

Everybody else is free. We can't wait around here all friggin' night for him to turn up.

COWBOY

I saw him in the locker room awhile ago. Did you check in there?

MEL

(noticing the pallor of Dark's face)

Dark, what's the matter?

She sees Montgomery's necklace in his hand.

MEL

Isn't that Montgomery's cross?

Dark just nods. Like he can't imagine trying to explain what he's seen, what he thinks has happened to Montgomery - I mean, everybody'll think he's wacko. Plus he's on fucking drugs...

COWBOY

What, did he get bored 'n' go home or something?

Dark shrugs like yeah/no/whatever maybe.

LUCIFER

I swear, that guy is so L-A-M-E. Well, I vote we migrate to the party. The keg's already extinct I'm sure.

DUCKY

Don't you think we oughta maybe wait for him? I mean, what if--

MEL

He can always meet up with us later. He knows the address.

(shudders with a sudden chill)

Maybe it's just the 'stacey, but this place is startin' to give me the creeps...

We cut out for a WIDESHOT as the group begins to disperse then RACK unexpectedly to the FG, where the Space Alien is watching with reptilian slit eyes...

COWBOY

(faraway and tiny in the distance)

I gotta make a call. I'll catch up with you guys there.

cut to

ext-MULHOLLAND.night

VERTIGINOUS DRIVING POV

Tailing the Drag Queens' Jeep which is literally tearing up the snaky, treacherous road. The Queens are all SHRIEKING with laughter and have some frenzied MINISTRY TUNE BLASTING from their stereo.

int-ZERO'S MOM'S ACURA

Zero concentrating intensely, like he's taking his Driver's Ed exam all over again, trying to keep up with the speeding Jeep. Zoe is all cuddled up against his tense shoulder.

ZOE

(cooing dovelike)

You are such the driving talent.

Zero, sweat gathering on his brow, almost veers off the curvy road.

DRIVING POV

The Queens WHOOP AND HOLLER as they gun it and the Jeep goes SQUEALING around the bend.

BACK TO SCENE

Zero does his best *Starsky & Hutch* to stay with them, but by the time he rounds the corner...

HIS POV

The Jeepful O' Queens is gone. Vanished into thin air.

BACK TO SCENE

Zero jerks the car to a halt. Sighs.

ZOE

What's the matter, baby? Why're we stopping here?

Wiping his hair out of his face, Zero sighs.

ZOE

Lovebug, what is it?

Zero, hands still gripping the steeringwheel, looks around at the pitch blackness surrounding them. He has no fucking clue where they are even.

ZERO

I, uh, think, we, uh, might, be...
(fades off)

Zoe, ever the sweetheart, leans her forehead against his and gazes into his doe-brown eyes.

ZOE

Are we lost, huggypbear?

ZERO

'Course not. I just, I'm figurin' out the shortcut way to get there...

ZOE

Zero...

(kissing him very sexy soft on the lips)

It doesn't really matter. I mean, I don't really care about that lame ol' party. It probably sucks anyway...

ZERO

Zoe, we're gonna find it. I would *never* let you down.

Zoe, her eyes literally twinkling, looks at Zero with love that could melt an iceberg.

ZOE

You are a dream come true.

She strawbermily licks his lips and they start going full-tongue force again as the idling Acura purrs...

SUDDENLY

The phallic shaft of an UZI is jammed through the window into the back of Zero's cranium.

OS FEMALE VOICE

OK, dweezil. OUT.

Zoe gasps and Zero turns to see

THEIR POV

THREE SCANTILY-CLAD, MACHINEGUN-TOTING MEMBERS OF THE ATARI, this gang of sleek Asian lesbians renowned for their ruthlessly violent behavior and knockout gams.

BACK TO SCENE

Both Zero and Zoe are frozen with fear.

ATARI 1

You heard me, pinhead. Outta the car before I perforate you.

Trembling like scared puppies, Zero and Zoe do as instructed while the Atari Chicks pile into the Acura.

ZERO

(practically in tears)

Please... It's my Mom's... She'll kill me....

Atari 1 points her Uzi at the woody tenting Zero's baggies.

ATARI 1

Well, tell 'er that The Atari say "thanks for the *bitchin* wheels, *bitch!*"

She laughs at her own wordplay and revs the engine, VROOM VROOOM. The car goes SQUEALING backwards, onto the main road.

As the Atari Chick puts it in gear and burns rubber, Zero sees his allowance for the next five hundred years racing away. He goes running after them.

ZOE

Zero, don't--

One of the Atari Chicks hangs out her window and cuts loose with a DEATH-CHATTERING round of Uzi fire. Zoe and Zero both eat dirt.

ZOE

ZERO!!!!

Zoe runs to Zero who's shaken and bruised, but otherwise unharmed.

ZOE

(clutching onto him, adrenaline pumping)

Oh, cuddlepuppy...

cut to

ext-THE HOT DOG STAND.night

Beneath this hunkin' incandescent weenie, Cowboy hangs onto a payphone, waiting for the line to connect.

COWBOY

Lo? Yeah. Hey, Mr. Garcia. Is uh, Bart in?

(something weird is up on the other end)

Mr. Garcia? I can't understand...What? Speak English please...

intercut with

int-SUBURBAN KITCHEN.night

MR. GARCIA is in a state of shock on the phone in the cheerful yellow kitchen as MRS. GARCIA YAMMERS in hysterical espanol in the BG.

As the shot inexorably WIDENS, we discover the reason why: Bart, dead, his head stuck in the Amana Radarange oven.

back to

COWBOY

beginning to freak.

COWBOY

Mr. Garcia?????

cut to

int-ZERO'S MOM'S ACURA.night

Careening along the precarious, twisting road, the Atari Chicks whoop it up, drinking Absolut Curant out of the bottle as POUNDING SATANIC ROCK blares over the stereo system.

ATARI 1

(to Atari 2 who's fiddling with the stereo)

LOUDER! LOUDER, BITCH, LOUDER!!!

LOUDER!!!!!!!

Smiling, Atari 2 cranks it up in eardrum-pulverizing increments and the impossibly loud music does in fact get louder, louder, unbearably louder...

Till we

ZOOM by and SWITCH CARS in a FLASHCUT to

int-MEL'S CONVERTIBLE

Speeding in the opposite direction, with the same SONG SCREAMING over the speakers.

Lucifer is whispering in/nibbling on Mel's ear in the frontseat as Dark, Dingbat and Ducky are crammed into the back.

Watching his girlfriend frolic with Lucifer, the wind blasting over them, makes Dark really depressed. He takes a gulp of lukewarm beer and feels very sorry for himself.

Dingbat, in the meantime, is taking full advantage of the cramped quarters and breathing down Ducky's throat.

DINGBAT

Isn't this fun?

DUCKY

(not very comfortable)

uh..... yeah.

The MUSIC continues to blast.

cut to

ext-BLACK ABYSS OF MOUNTAIN WOODS.night

The lost waifs in the Big, Scary Forest, Zero and Zoe trudge arm in arm along the roadside, bummin' to the max.

ZERO

My mom is gonna chop my pecker off with an axe.

ZOE

Don't worry, smooshkins...

(stops to give him a reassuring kiss)

I love you.

ZERO

Me too.

(kisses her on the head)

But my mom is gonna wire a car battery to my testicles...

Just then, an ISUZU AMIGO pulls up, illuminating the forlorn teen couple in its headlights.

HANDJOB

(leaning over Kriss and Kozy who share the passenger seat)

Hey kids. Need a lift?

ZERO

Yeah! Where you headin'?

HANDJOB

Well, there's this party at Jujufruit's...

Zero and Zoe's faces light up.

ZERO

Co-o!! *

(*pronounced as two syllables "Coo-el")

He and Zoe pile into the back of the Amigo.

cut to

int/ext-JUJYFRUIT'S HOUSE IN THE HILLS.night

The BIG PARTY (at last).

A SERIES of random, deadpan fragments cut in time to the mesmerizing, relentless beat of some deranged party tune like MEAT BEAT MANIFESTO's "Edge of No Control".

Lit with throbbing STROBES, the whole sequence has this totally dislocating, phantasmagoric ambiance.

CU

Some POOR SCHMUCK BARFING into a bowlful of garishly orange Nacho Doritos.

CU

SPEED being cut into neat, white, granular lines on the glass frame of a James Dean poster.

The Models - Jana, Noah and Shannon - all clad in hideous West Hollywood designerwear, gather round.

JANA
(giggling)

Assume the position.

They insert rolled 100 dollar bills in their nostrils and bend over like doggies ready to be mounted.

int-DINING ROOM

Seated at the table, Shad is carving a pentagram into the soft flesh of his inner wrist with an X-ACTO blade (just the blade, sans knife-holder). Lilith is beside him, watching.

SHAD
(snickering, *Beavis & Butthead*-like, at
the red stuff spurting out)

Cool.

LILITH
(eyes gleaming)

Blood is cool.

She laps up the red liquid dribbling down his pale forearm.

SHAD
Your tongue is cool.

Lilith's got his blood smeared all over her already red lips which Shad licks off. They begin going at it (again) on top of the table as everyone around them goes on about their business, totally oblivious.

TILT UP to Handjob, Zero, Zoe, Kriss and Kozy entering through the kitchen.

HANDJOB
(in a druggy stupor, looking around at the mayhem)
Glory Hallelujah, I am so polluted...

Zero and Zoe check out the noisy, psychedelic room full of real-live grownup debauchery. They trade excited smiles.

ZERO
Awesome!

He and Zoe kiss as this BIG-BREASTED BRUNETTE promenades past, attracting Kriss and Kozy's eyes.

KRISS
Hey.

The BBB looks Kriss's way and Kriss jumps her. Kozy joins in and the three of them start a menage right there on the spot, disappearing into the morass of human flotsam and jetsam.

Zero and Zoe exchange glances like "Wow, cool".

JUJYFRUIT, this scrawny 6'7" guy who looks like an overgrown Ramone comes over.

JUJYFRUIT
Yo, Handjob. 'sup?

HANDJOB

Me. I'm up...

(wasted laugh)

Wet party, amigo.

JUJYFRUIT

(shrugs, like "what'd you expect?")

Hey, you got any horse tranquilizers?

HANDJOB

No, man, I took 'em all before I came here. But I do have some terrific---

They're interrupted by the trio of crazed, jeep-driving Drag Queens who ambush Jujyfruit and drag him away.

QUEEN1

JUJYFRUIT, *BABY!!!*....

Handjob is all like "whatev", finding his own attention distracted by this **SEXY BLACK GIRL** who's giving him a come-hither look.

ZERO

(to Handjob, acting all down)

So, like, where's the kegger?

Fixating on the SBG, Handjob barely sorta points towards the backyard.

ZERO

(looping his arm around Zoe's neck,
he starts to head off)

Brewski?

HANDJOB

(drifting off towards the SBG)

uh huh... sure....

cut to

..

ext-IN FRONT OF THE HOUSE

We're TRAILING two PEROXIDED VALLEY GIRLS walking by, chattering like chihuahuas.

PVG1

OhmyGod, have you seen Theresa lately? She gained like fifty pounds in one week!

PVG2

I *told* her not to stop doing crystal.

The CAMERA STOPS to pick up Elvis and Alyssa who arrive on his growling monsterbike, knocking over the PINK FLAMINGOS on the lawn.

They dismount and Elvis, obviously quite fucked up already, hangs his arm around Alyssa's neck. She beams happily.

ELVIS

Make a hole, sweetie.

She complies, forming a little "o" with her mouth. Elvis sticks his long tongue out like a big pink hard-on and essentially screws her face with it.

int-LIVING ROOM

Dingbat and Ducky enter the smoky purgatory.

DUCKY

(checking the sole of his shoe)

Think I stepped in dog doo.

DINGBAT

(not missing a beat)

Wanna beer?

Ducky nods as Mel, Lucifer and Dark, who's still in a zomboid daze, trail in behind them.

MEL

Score me one too?

LUCIFER

Just snag as many as you can.

DINGBAT

What am I, the friggin barmaid? Come with.

Lucifer rolls her eyes and reluctantly follows Dingbat to the keg. Ducky picks an old *LA WEEKLY* up off the floor and starts wiping his shoe as Dark pulls Mel aside.

MEL

(he's kinda hurting her arm)

Oww..

DARK

(a painfully sincere look in his eyes)

Mel, we gotta talk.

MEL

Yeah?

DARK

(suddenly all timid and uneasy)

I think we need to discuss our relationship.

MEL
 (trying to lighten up the heavy situation)
 What relationship?

The words singe Dark and Mel's instantly sorry for the joke.

MEL
 Baby, I don't think this is the time or the place...

DARK
 (so full of fucked up feelings he can't
 even look her in the eye)
 Mel, I just... I really need--

Just then, GATOR, this buffed-out, longhaired studbox, comes swaggering over.

GATOR
 Mell
 (gives her a big hug)

MEL
 Gator. 'sup?

GATOR
 Sameole, sameole. Hey Dark.

Dark looks at the grinning friendly Gator and kinda scowls and mumbles.

GATOR
 (to Mel, pretending Dark doesn't exist)
 I haven't seen you since that time backstage at the Palace after
 the Engorged Gonads show...

He puts his arm around Mel and leads her away. Dark is left there bummed,
 watching Ducky wipe the shit off his shoe. He drags on his cig and sulks.

int-FAMILY ROOM

Elvis and Alyssa make their way through the loud, disorienting room as the MUSIC
 continues to pound. Elvis accidentally splashes some of his drink on this COUPLE
 sitting on the floor.

DISGRUNTLED PARTY DUDE
 Watch it, Gomer.

Without warning, Elvis PUNCHES the DPD's lights out. Then, finishing off whatever
 he's got left in his glass, he tosses the cup away and BELCHES.

ALYSSA
 (smiling, so in love with her guy)
 You Tarzan, Me Jane.

They reach the dining room where Shad and Lilith are full-on humping on the table.

ELVIS

Isn' t that your twin brother?

Alyssa looks down, sees the '666' tattooed on his left shoulder.

ALYSSA

That's his tattoo.

Shad and Lilith make all these animal noises, utterly indifferent to their surroundings.

LILITH

(breathless)

uhhhh, I can feel the vein of your purple-headed monster throbbing inside me...

SHAD

(enthusiastic)

Aw-right!

Alyssa reaches down to tap Shad on the tattoo and he's quite unhappy to be coitus-interrupted.

SHAD

What? Oh, hi sis.

ALYSSA

Dad says don't forget to mow the lawn tomorrow.

SHAD

Tell Dad to kiss my grunt lizard.

Beneath him, Lilith is beginning another multiple orgasm.

LILITH

oh - oh - oh - oh...

SHAD

...
If you'll excuse me...

He goes back to the business at hand as Elvis leads Alyssa away.

ALYSSA

(that ol' twin thing again)

No wonder I feel so randy all of a sudden.

She starts vacuuming Elvis's tongue out of his face and they likewise begin doing it right there, standing up, groping each other, spilling her beer on the carpet.

Handjob stumbles by, now on the trail of this SIX FOOT TALL AMAZON WOMAN wearing star pasties and an American flag miniskirt.

HANDJOB

(hand over his heart)

I pledge allegiance... to the flag.....

The CAMERA FOLLOWS Handjob's patriotic pursuit across the roomful of skeezy humanity, till we're back to

Ducky (his shoe finally clear of dog excrement) and Dark hangin' out.

DUCKY

Hey. D'you know Alonzo DeLosa?

DARK

(lighting another cig)

That dude never shuts up.

DUCKY

Well, he shagged this chick he met at the Olive a couple weeks ago, and last Wednesday, he woke up 'n' his pecker was covered with itchy, black, pus-oozing sores.

Dark makes the gas face, grossed out. Dingbat and Lucifer return with a load of brews in those cheap plastic cups.

DARK

(grabbing one)

Finally.

LUCIFER

Bite me. Where's Mei?

Dark shrugs.

DINGBAT

Bob's here.

DUCKY

Who's Bob?

DINGBAT

That hermaphrodite pornstar who can screw himself.

DARK

(sips his beer)

Oh, him.

DUCKY

What's a hermafrodyke?

Juicyfruit appears, holding a cellularphone in one hand and a bottle of Jack Daniels in the other. Drag Queen 1 is hanging on his back like a papoose.

JUJYFRUIT

Ducky, man. Phone call. It's your dad.

He hands Ducky the phone and disappears again into the party miasma with his Drag Queen backpack.

DUCKY
(unable to hear because of the noise)
Hello? HELLO??

This DRUNK SKINHEAD (cameo by like Flea or whats-his-face from STONE TEMPLE PILOTS) staggers up to Lucifer who's scanning the room for Mel. He grabs her roughly by the arm.

DRUNK SKINHEAD
Hey, cutie. Can I jizz on your face?

Lucifer glares at the guy then BELTS him across the room. Nobody in the vicinity even blinks.

Then Lucifer spots

HER POV

Mel and Gator making out uninhibitedly in the corner.

BACK TO SCENE

Fuming, Lucifer starts shoving her way through the mob towards her philandering gf.

Meanwhile

DUCKY
(hollering into the receiver)
What's that, Dad?? I can't hear you... Wait... I said *WAIT A SECOND...*

He goes off to search for a quieter area of the house.

Dark, achieving a major buzz, is busy watching the Mel & Lucifer Show across the room.

HIS POV

The girls engaged in this big emotional fracas as Gator just looks on dumbly. They're all yelling and screaming (well, Lucifer's doing most of the yelling), but we can't hear anything because of the overwhelming DIN of the party - so it's like this bizarre pantomime performance. Finally, Lucifer gets so pissed that she tosses her beer at Mel but misses and hits Gator instead. Devastated, Lucifer storms off in tears.

BACK TO SCENE

Dark smiles, entertained.

DINGBAT
Where's Lucifer goin'?

DARK
 ("who cares?" shrug)

I gotta leak major.

cut to

int-BATHROOM.night

The Poor Schmuck BARFING some more - all around, all over, everywhere but *in* the toilet bowl. Hugging his porcelain goddess, the dude passes out face down in the repulsive puddle, SPLAP.

Dark steps in to urinate, but hesitates as he catches sight and a whiff of the situation.

DARK
 (gnarly gas face)

yeeeeewww.

But he's gotta pee, bad. So, holding his nose, he carefully steps around the pool of puke, and whizzes away.

He sighs with relief as the SOUND of his beer-urine hitting the water fills the tepid air.

Just as he's about done, the door swings open and Mel, drunk, stumbles in.

MEL

Ooopsie.

DARK
 (drunk too, he neglects to put his
 OS dick back in his pants)

Hi...

MEL
 (all of a sudden, she's kind of shy and awkward)

hi.

They just stand ~~there~~ for an insecure moment.

MEL

Your, uh, thing is out.

DARK
 (looking down OS, he fumbles)

Huh? Oh. Sorry...

He puts the baby lion back in its denim cage. There's another uncomfortable beat.

MEL

You, uh, done?

DARK

uh, yeah... 'cept... well...

He indicates the vomitus mess by the toilet.

MEL

Repulse-o. Guess I'll have to use the other john.
(she burps inadvertently and giggles, embarrassed)
'scuze me.

Dark looks at her and feels totally sad.

DARK

So're you gonna get with Gator tonight?

Mel shrugs.

MEL

I s'pose.

Dark sighs, bewildered.

DARK

Mel, are we still together, or what?

Mel shrugs again, scratches her eyebrow. Dark reaches out and in an achingly tender way, strokes the soft skin of her lower arm.

MEL

(all tom up)

Dark...

Dark leans in closer and Mel just stands there like a lawn statue.

DARK

(breathing warm and intimate into her ear)
I just wish things weren't so messed up 'n' confusing....

He clings to Mel like she's a life preserver in a icy arctic ocean.

DARK

(so quiet and vulnerable)
Can't we just leave this place? Can't we just leave this whole planet behind and forget about everybody 'n' everything and just like be in love 'n' stuff?....

Mel's arms tighten around Dark's back like a boa constrictor, and the image of the two of them, holding onto each other in the stark, ugly, too-bright bathroom is pure heartbreak.

MEL

(like a kitten smothering inside a burlap bag)
oh Dark....

This fragile, transcendent scene - like most such moments - is short-lived however, rudely cut short by a LOUD POUNDING at the bathroom door, BANG BANG BANG.

OS MALE VOICE

Hello? Hello??? Anybody home in there?

Mel takes advantage of the excuse to pull away.

DARK

(trying in vain to keep holding on)

Mel...

MEL

(sighs)

I'm sorry, Dark. I just... Look, I'm wasted right now. You're wasted. Can't we just deal with this later?

Dark looks at her with his soulful, liquid eyes.

DARK

I... I just really miss you, that's all.

The expression on Dark's beautiful face just rips Mel apart.

OS MALE VOICE

Hello? HELL-LOOOOOO???

DARK

(way annoyed)

Can you *hold on* a minute????

MEL

(practically in tears)

I gotta go pee.

She reaches out with fleeting, tragic tenderness and strokes Dark's cheek. Then she runs for the door - colliding on her way out with

Zero and Zoe who tumble, arm in arm, into the room.

ZERO

Héy sis.

MEL

(upset enough to start with)

What're *you* doing here???

ZERO

(ever-so-casual shrug)

Hangin.

Mel can't handle it - her intense feelings for Dark, her bratty little bro seeing her like this, the large quantities of chemicals in her bloodstream...

MEL

I need air.

She's gone.

ZERO

Hey, Dark. How's tricks?

DARK

(an immense hangover starting already)

Hey Zero.

ZERO

Radical party, huh?

Dark has no comment as the Poor Schmuck by the toilet wakes up and starts PUKING again.

cut to

int-BEDROOM.night

Ducky enters the back bedroom, still hunting for a space quiet enough to carry on his phone conversation.

DUCKY

Oh, sorry.

(looking, he sees)

HIS POV

Jana, Noah and Shannon in the midst of a 3-way on the waterbed.

SHANNON

(peevd)

I'm so sure.

BACK TO SCENE

Ducky turns his back, giving the Menage o' Models their privacy.

DUCKY

Dad, I can still barely hear you. We must have a rotten connection...

intercut with

int-EGG'S ROOM.night

Egg's (and Ducky's) Dad is sobbing, out of his mind with grief.

EGG'S DAD

Son... I don't know how to... oh *dear God*...
(breaks down crying again)

DUCKY

(VO over phone)

Dad? *Dad??* What is it? What's wrong????

As with the earlier shot of Bart, the CAMERA inexorably PULLS BACK to reveal Egg's pink, flowery room splattered up and down with buckets of bright red gore. On the other side of the bed, Egg's legs are hooked up over the edge of the mattress (apparently, she fell over while offing herself). And at the foot of the bed, glistening in the flickering blue glow of the TV, a large STRAIGHTRAZOR sits in a soaking puddle of crimson.

EGG'S DAD

(choking on the words)

... it's... it's your sister....

back to

TIGHT CU

The color slowly draining from Ducky's face.

cut to

ext-PATIO.night

Kneeling by the gorgeously strange, aqua-blue illuminated pool, Dark smokes a stogie, feeling totally alienated from the buzzing, happy hordes surrounding him.

Dipping his smoldering butt into the cool water, he listens to it die with a HISS and notices

HIS POV

Across the way, Mel is dragging the drunk Gator out of the party, obviously in a hurry to escape. She happens to look up and her eyes catch Dark's.

BACK TO SCENE

Dark's face. Pure, blank, teenage despair.

BACK TO MEL

Really wacked out now, she literally runs away, yanking Gator by the arm.

BACK TO SCENE

Dark sighs. He looks down into the pretty, undulating, fluorescent water and wants to just die. But instead, he fires up a fresh cig.

Dingbat, who's eating a corndog slathered in yellow mustard, comes over.

DINGBAT

(her mouth full of 'dog)

Seen Ducky? He disappeared.

DARK

No.

(inhales a deep lungful of smoke)

Think I'm gonna bail.

DINGBAT

How come?

DARK

'Cuz this party's about as fun as an ingrown butt hair.

SUDDENLY,

Ducky comes running towards them, SCREAMING like a fucking banshee.

DUCKY

(totally bonkers)

NOOOOOOOOOOOOO--

He throws himself into the water, SPLAAASH, trying to drown himself as ONLOOKERS watch in shock.

DINGBAT

DUCKY!!!

She drops her corndog and dives in, SPLOSH, to rescue him.

COOL SLO-MO UNDERWATER SHOTS

of Dingbat and Ducky's surreal aquatic struggling. Their desperate, frenzied motions are magically transformed into a fluid, utterly beautiful ballet - oddly reminiscent of the astronauts floating around in outer space in **2001**.

FINALLY,

Dingbat breaks through the water's surface and succeeds in dragging the soggy, unconscious Ducky to the edge of the pool where Dark and various Onlookers help fish him out.

Dingbat proceeds to give vigorous mouth-to-mouth to the waterlogged Ducky till he finally gags up water and starts breathing again.

DUCKY
(all sobbing and choking)

Egg... Egg....

DINGBAT
(totally taking charge like Randolph Mantooth
in *Emergency!*)
Somebody get a towel!...

cut to

int-KITCHEN.night

Dark, totally fucked up by all that's happened tonight, staggers through the crowded, way-too-bright kitchen in search of a towel.

HIS POV

The Green Alien is foraging through the white upright Frigidaire, looking to score another brewski. Finding one, he pops it open, turns toward Dark and smiles.

BACK TO SCENE

Dark, incredulous, swears off hallucenogenic drugs forever.

HIS POV

The Alien raises his bottle to Dark, toasting him, then takes a gulp of beer and disappears undetected into the grungy crowd.

BACK TO SCENE

Dark, in a haze, walks over to the frig, left hanging open. He picks up this dirty dishtowel which is tucked into the doorhandle.

HIS POV

The stained towel embroidered with the words "FIND GOD".

BACK TO SCENE

Dark looks over at Handjob who's propped up against the nearby counter, hitting on some BLONDE DOMINATRIX.

HANDJOB

How'd you like to sit on my face 'n' cut a nice, juicy fart?

BLONDE DOMINATRIX

As if!

The Blonde Dominatrix leaves in a huff, nearly knocking Dark over on her way out.

HANDJOB

Yo. Dark.

DARK

What's happenin', Handjob?

HANDJOB

No poontang, that's fer sure.

(polishing off his beer, he lets out a long, loud CROAK)
Pardon my french. Hey, need anything? Up, down, all around...

DARK

Nah. I'm leavin'. It's been a totally gnarly day.

HANDJOB

Yeah?

DARK

In the last eighteen hours, I've seen five people get abducted by a space alien, watched Ducky try to drown himself, plus I spent like 387 dollars on CDs at Aron's...

HANDJOB

Kick my mom.

(beat)

What CD's'd you score?

SUDDENLY

A PAIR OF HANDS grab Handjob by the shirt collar and violently THROW him to the linoleum floor.

It's Elvis on a rampage with Alyssa tugging on his arm, trying to stop him.

ELVIS

Hey, *punk*. Remember me? The guy you sold the bad drugs to?? The one you *ripped off*???

ALYSSA

(trying to avoid a scene)

Elvis, baby, c'mon...

ELVIS

Where's the money you owe me?? Huh, *punk*???

Handjob is scampering backwards on the floor, like a terrified crab.

HANDJOB

I, uh, got some stuff in the car... *killer* stuff... it's all yours....

WHAM! Elvis kicks Handjob across the room with his heavy motorcycle boot.

ALYSSA

Elvis, DON'T!--

Elvis yanks Handjob up from the floor and SLAMS him up against the pantry which flies open - cans, jars, containers tumble everywhere. Going completely ballistic, Elvis pummels the bejesus out of Handjob, punching him over and over and over again...

ALYSSA

(panicking, trying to pull him off)

Elvis, STOP!!...

Suddenly, in a flash, Handjob snatches an ENORMOUS KITCHEN KNIFE out of the sink. Alyssa SCREAMS.

HANDJOB

(murder in his eyes as blood dribbles
from his nose and mouth)

OK, Asshole. C'mon! C'MON!!

Dark, as if he hasn't witnessed enough weird fucking shit today, cannot *believe* what is happening.

HANDJOB

(now he's the one foaming at the mouth)

C'mon, *man. Come 'n' get me....*

Alyssa clutches onto Elvis's arm, petrified, while Elvis is just plain, 100% pure testosterone-pumping MAD.

Handjob takes a swipe at him and Elvis just goes for it - throwing himself at him in a bonecrushing tackle. As they CRASH into the hard counter, all this shit - Ruffles, OJ, tequila, a sack of flour that bursts open - goes flying every which way.

Elvis repeatedly SMASHES Handjob's wrist against the edge of the stovetop until he finally drops the knife which goes CLATTERING across the floor. Alyssa scrambles to retrieve it, keeping it out of the reach of both the rabid males.

Gaining the upper hand, Elvis now has Handjob by his greasy hair and is POUNDING his head into the slick, smooth formica countertop, THUD THUD THUD...

ALYSSA

Elvis...ohmyGod... *Elvis!!*

The crowd, Dark included, finally intervenes, trying to pry the insane Elvis off Handjob - but it's no use: Elvis has got so much adrenaline raging through his system he's crazed, unstoppable, like Rutger Hauer in *Blade Runner* gone berserk.

He picks up a stray CAN OF CAMPBELL'S TOMATO SOUP and starts HAMMERING Handjob's skull with it, THUK THUK THUK...

ALYSSA

(shrieking her lungs out)

OhmyGod Elvis, STOP IT!!! **STOP!!!!!!**

Blood is spraying and squirting everywhere, spattering Elvis, Dark, Alyssa. The can, so dented it actually springs a leak, spurts condensed tomato sludge all over the place.

THUK THUK THUK THUK THUCK.

And it's over.

The group finally pulls Elvis off, but it's too late. Handjob has shuffled off this mortal coil.

Dripping with blood and tomatoey goop, all hot and hyperventilating after his orgy of violence, Elvis drops the wet, red, sticky can of soup and it lands CLUNK on the linoleum. Alyssa, clinging onto Elvis's back as if for her own dear life, is crying her darling little eyes out.

And Dark is totally catatonic. He just gapes transfixed at the gory OS spectacle of Handjob's demolished skull.

It's like he's staring right into the face of Death: it's looking him square in the eye, defying him to react in some way, *any way* - but he's utterly incapable of feeling a Single Fucking Thing.

There's the OS sound of Alyssa's racked sobbing, the uneasy rustling of the stunned crowd and

SOME STONER'S OS VOICE

How'd *that* happen?

HOLD

on Dark's expressionless expression as the SCREEN gradually darkens in a

long, slow, inexorable fade out.

cut to

int-DARK'S ROOM.night

Cut on the CLICK of the lights being turned on.

Dark, tired beyond this world, shambles in, removing his red-splotched t-shirt. He parks on the edge of the bed and exhales.

Sits there for a long, existential void of a moment...

Finally, he reaches over and grabs his video8 camera from the bedside table. Sticks it in this harness contraption he's got rigged up over his bed.

Laying down, he switches it on.

VIDEO POV

Slowly warming up, AUTO-FOCUSING on Dark as he positions himself, settling in within the scanlined frame. Trapped upsidedown in a confining, claustrophobic CU.

DARK

(wiped out, looking into the LENS, he begins)

Dear Diary...

(a big sigh)

What a *day*. I mean, I swear I have never been so depressed and miserable and lonely in my entire life. It's like I know there's got to be somebody out there somewhere, just *one person* in this huge, horrible, unhappy universe who can hold me in their arms 'n' tell me that everything's gonna be OK... But *how long do I have to wait before that person shows up?*

I feel like I'm sinking deeper and deeper into quicksand, watching everyone around me die a slow, torturous death. It's like we all know, way down in our souls, that our generation is gonna witness the End Of Everything. You can see it in our eyes. It's in mine. Look....

He stares dead-on into the CAMERA and you can, in fact, see this awful certainty burning in the twin black holes of his glazed, dilated pupils...

DARK

(continuing)

We're the Last Lost Generation 'n' we know it. The World Is Coming To A Terrible, Painful End Really Soon and There's Nothing Anyone Can Do About It.

I'm doomed. I'm only eighteen years old and I'm totally doomed.

This sobering thought sinks into Dark's drug-soaked psyche like a mastodon in the La Brea tarpits. He sighs, bummed.

DARK

I had this dream the other night. I was trapped in this long, dark, spiral staircase, running like mad, being chased by somebody, or *something* that was gonna get me. And at the top of the stairs was This Room filled with this incredible, white, radiant light. And I somehow knew that if I made it there, I'd be alright, that all the answers, everything I've ever searched for, the secrets of existence were waitin' for me in That Room. So I'm running up these stairs that go on for like infinity, and my heart's all poundin' and I can't hardly breathe and I'm trippin' and fallin' and about to collapse... But *finally*, I make it to the top of the stairs, to the doorway of This White Room...

... But then I woke up.

Dark stops and gazes into the CAMERA, a lost look on his perfect face as he ponders the Freudian meaning of all this...

He listens to the terrifying Quiet. The stillness of death. The sound of absolute eternal nothingness.

It's one of those weird moments wherein you suddenly become aware of your own beingness, the sheer insignificance of the blip that is your life within the incomprehensible fathomlessness of Time and Space. It's like being perched on the precipice of The Abyss and peeking down - and seeing no end, no bottom, just Blackness going on forever and ever and ever....

Caught in the humming videoframe, Dark has one of these strange epiphanies, then is suddenly overcome with drowsiness. He sighs, a sad, sleepy boy ready for bed. Looking up into the LENS again, he signs off.

DARK

Well....good night.

He blinks his weary, pretty eyes and reaches up to shut off the CAMERA. The SCREEN GOES BLACK.

BACK TO SCENE

Dark takes off his baggy pants, letting them crumple to the floor. Unbeknownst to him, there's this peculiar BURST OF MAGENTA LIGHT outside the window behind his back.

Oblivious, Dark flicks off the lights and crawls nude into the cool, comforting embrace of his sheets. Thoroughly beat, he is more than ready for the eight-hour respite from his torment which Sleep offers...

BUT

There's this insistent RAPPING at his window, TAT TAT TAT TAT...

He turns over and sees

HIS POV

A MYSTERIOUS SHADOW at his window, begging to be let in.

BACK TO SCENE

Dark rolls out of bed, starts fumbling around in the dark for a pair of shorts, some old choners, anything to cover his boy-privates...

The KNOCKING at his window continues, TAT TAT TAT TAT...

DARK

Wait...

He steps smack dab into the GREEN-FUR-COVERED BALONEY SANDWICH/ ALIEN GUINEA PIG and it SPLORCHES inbetween his toes in a repulsive CU.

DARK

Jesus.

Standing there on one leg like a stork, he looks at the grossified glop all over his bare foot. Makes the gas face.

The BANGING at his window grows more urgent, **TAT TAT TAT TAT TAT.**

He finally just picks up an old "KILL YOUR IDOLS" t-shirt from the ground and uses that to cover himself. He hops over on his one clean foot and YANKS open the window.

HIS POV

MONTGOMERY standing there in the bushes, bathed in eerie moonlight (full-on halo action happening all over again). He looks like, well, he's just been kidnapped and experimented on by space aliens. The image is somehow surreal, scary and ridiculous all at once.

MONTGOMERY

(angelboy eyes all wide)

Wo. The weirdest thing just happened to me...

BACK TO SCENE

Dark's face is a beautiful, deadpan blank.

cut to
BLACK

and
roll
CREDITS

But.....

After the CREDITS are over and half the audience has left the theatre, we return with this touching little EPILOGUE....

Back to the ending image: CU of Dark, just staring, all pretty and dumbfounded in the ethereal light.

MONTGOMERY

Well, are you gonna just stand there with your mouth hangin' open, or are you gonna let me in?

DARK

(finally snapping out of it)

oh, sorry.

He helps Montgomery through the window, a feat which requires no small amount of dexterity as he has to keep his own indecent parts obscured by the t-shirt while blocking Montgomery's likewise exposed naughty bits from the CAMERA's prying eye.

Spying a pair of dirty CK choners hanging on a nearby red, glowing lava lamp, Dark grabs them and courteously hands them to Montgomery.

MONTGOMERY

(modestly sliding them on)

Thanks.

He and Dark (who's careful not to lose his shirt-loincloth) sit on the edge of the rumpled bed.

DARK

So, like, what happened?

MONTGOMERY

I got kidnapped by space aliens.

Dark just looks at Montgomery for a second - his face a big, cute question mark.

.."

DARK

Really?

Montgomery nods solemnly, his eyes all big. Dark looks at him some more.

DARK

So, like, then what?

MONTGOMERY

They did all these tests 'n' experiments 'n' stuff on me, then I overheard them talking about their plan to take over the earth. Then I escaped.

Dark is just staring transfixed at Montgomery like he's some riveting TV show.

DARK

No way.

Montgomery's iridescent eyes lock onto Dark's.

MONTGOMERY
(nods, dead serious)

Way.

Dark, all blown-away, can only say

DARK

Fookin A.

Montgomery shivers.

MONTGOMERY
I feel weird. Think I'm catchin' a cold or something.

DARK
(a bit nonplussed)

D'you wanna, um...?

MONTGOMERY
Is it OK if I just, uh, rest here for awhile? I'm suddenly like
soooooo tired...

DARK
(flustered, I mean, alien, schmalien, Montgomery is, after
all, his total Love Object Of All Time)
..... sure.

He helps Montgomery get under the still-warm covers, then just kinda hesitates, hovering... like he doesn't know if he should join him, or...

MONTGOMERY
(making room)

Well, aren't you...?

Dark looks at Montgomery like this can't be real, he must be dreaming. It takes all of his might to **keep** his heart from jumping out of his open mouth (and to keep his OS dick from going **DOING** and slapping up against his belly).

As he warily takes his place beside the shyly smiling Montgomery, the CAMERA settles into a cozy and intimate CU TWOSHOT. The pair of incredibly gorgeous young boys lie there side by side for a moment that feels like about three thousand eternities.

MONTGOMERY
I, uh, hope you don't take this the wrong way or anything...
I mean, I know you and Mel are like, whatever...

DARK
"Whatever" is right. She's all, y'know...
(trails off, shrugging)

Montgomery looks into Dark's infinite eyes and smiles - he does know.

MONTGOMERY

It's not like I'm uh, gay or anything...and I... I know that we kinda just met...

Dark is just gazing at Montgomery's absolutely perfect and pure face.

MONTGOMERY

But uh, I don't know what it is...

(smiles, all bashful)

I mean, I'm really, er, I really like you alot. Like I... think about you.

Dark melts like an eskimo pie on a hot sidewalk.

DARK

(his voice suddenly all gone)

me... too.

(clears throat)

I mean, I feel the same about you... kinda...

MONTGOMERY

Like when I was trapped in the pod thing that the Aliens kept me captive in, all I could think about was what if they kill me, what if I never get to see you again?...

Dark is like in the stratosphere, like this can *not* be happening...

MONTGOMERY

This sounds all lame and pathetic I know, but all my life I've been searching for one special person, *just one person* on this awful, scary planet who I can love, who loves me for what I am...

Mesmerized by Montgomery's luminescent eyes, Dark realizes that this moment, this one wonderful moment is what he's suffered through all his eighteen years of relentless adolescent misery for... This is the one moment that he's been waiting and yearning for with all his tortured, aching heart.

DARK

(all choked up)

That is *so* beautiful.

He slowly leans forward and ever-so-lovingly touches his full, soft lips to Montgomery's silky cheek.

MONTGOMERY

(grins)

Is it OK if I spend the night? I really wanna sleep next to you...

DARK

(gently caressing Montgomery's face)

Only if you promise to never, ever leave me.

MONTGOMERY
(beaming)

Deal.

The two boys snuggle up together in their own private CU, cut off from the rest of the terrible, shitty, outside world. The image of these two lost, desperate souls having finally found each other is so heartrending, so pure, it verges on the transcendent. We HOLD on this heavenly, serene image for a really loooooong, beautiful moment as Dark and Montgomery slowly, contentedly drift off to sleep in each other arms...

But then....

Montgomery coughs a little cough.

Gradually, he begins to have difficulty breathing: the easy, relaxed rhythm of his inhaling and exhaling becomes irregular, strained. He starts to choke.

DARK
(waking up)
what's... is something the matter?

It gets worse. Montgomery is now wheezing, gasping, scared, freaking out....

DARK
Montgomery. Montgomery, *what is it??*

Montgomery starts convulsing, gagging, like he's having some kind of epileptic fit.

DARK
Montgomery, *please... Tell me what it is.....*

Montgomery is like totally BUCKING UP AND DOWN on the bed, his eyes bulging with fear, as Dark throws his own body on top of his, trying in vain to hold him down.

DARK
MONTGOMERY... MONTGOMERY!!!!

Then Montgomery begins to scream - a scream that sounds unlike any that a normal human voicebox is capable of producing.

MONTGOMERY
AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA
AAAAAAAAAAA---

And **SPLAAATTTT** - Montgomery *EXPLODES*: chunks and bits of his warm, blood-oozy flesh SPLATTER all over everything - including an utterly incredulous Dark.

However...

it's not like Montgomery has died really. He's just in fact *transmuted*, burst out of his skin-and-bone cocoon.

So Dark finds himself in bed beside this **TOTALLY EVIL-LOOKING BLACK BEETLE-CREATURE-THING** that's like 5'10" and has these intense, glowing red eyes and gnarly mandibles which make this clicking, smacking sound.

Dark is like agog, his eyes wide as headlights, as the **BEETLE-CREATURE-THING** takes one look at him and says

BEETLE-CREATURE-THING

I'm outta here.

It clammers over Dark with its six insect legs and vanishes like an apparition out the open window.

And Dark is left sitting there in his blood-soaked, gore-spattered bed, his mouth all gaping open, just fucking **staring** straight ahead into the void.

The look on his sweet, perfectly lit, lost boy face is just sheer, unadulterated, blow-my-brains-out-please shock. Like this cannot have just happened. This cannot be reality. This has all got to be some kind of nightmare...

But it's not. It's simply fucking cruel, horrid, unspeakable... It's only

THE END.