

T H E I N F O R M E R S

Screenplay by

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Based on the book "The Informers" by

Bret Easton Ellis

Black water flickers with light. Suddenly a pool is radiated an intense aqua blue. The sounds of a party fade in along with the ominous opening of The Go-Go's "This Town".

A party in the backyard of a Bel Air mansion. 1983.

It's paradisiacal: huge flowering trees lit by ground lamps, the massive steaming pool, a giant fountain spraying water, an endless maze of gardens, a house the size of a hotel looming over the scene. It's a dream, a mirage.

The college kids that make-up the party are all interchangeable: blond, beautiful, tan. And everyone is dressed in the clothing of the era: pastels, Polo shirts with the collars up, tight jeans, pennyloafers, mini-skirts and Camp Beverly Hills tank-tops.

GRAHAM (21) and CHRISTIE (19) are two of these perfect specimens. They make-out while sharing a joint on a chaise lounge by the pool. They blow smoke into each other's mouths and kiss hungrily, oblivious to the rest of the party.

On the chaise lounge opposite them: MARTIN (20) and TIM (20). Tim does bumps of coke from a vial and is talking nonstop at Martin who just sips a Corona and stares coolly at the couple grinding into each other on the chaise. We can't hear anybody because of the music.

BRUCE (20) makes his way down the steps leading to the pool, followed by a drunken RAYMOND (20), who's trying to explain something to him. Bruce brushes Raymond off, stepping over kids dotting the steps in pairs.

Bruce finally pushes through the crowd and leans down to where Graham and Christie are locked together. He whispers something into Graham's ear. Graham nods.

Martin watches, amused. Tim keeps wiping his nose until two girls flop down and seduce him for the vial.

Raymond watches Bruce whispering in Graham's ear until Graham pulls away from Christie, laughing. Christie sees Bruce and smiles lazily, reaching over to stroke his face. Martin flinches and drains the Corona.

Bruce pulls Graham up off the chaise. The two of them say good-bye to the group and stumble off, Christie following.

Raymond watches, disappointed as the three of them leave.

EXT. HOUSE, BEL AIR - NIGHT

Bruce stumbles down the steps that lead to a street packed with cars. Graham follows and then suddenly turns.

Christie is standing at the doorway, smiling. Backlit from the party behind her she's a stunning So-Cal goddess.

Graham, wasted, smiles back. Christie keeps smiling. But Bruce has turned around-and from behind Graham-Bruce is also smiling at Christie.

Who is Christie really smiling at?

Kids running up the steps interrupt Graham's longing stare. Bruce reaches over and grabs him, knocking him out of his reverie. They bound down the steps to the street.

Suddenly, Martin appears behind Christie in the doorway and wraps his arms around her. Christie laughs and lets Martin drag her back into the maze of the party.

They're replaced by Raymond who stares at Bruce and Graham disappearing into the darkness of Bel Air.

EXT. STREET, BEL AIR - NIGHT

Bruce bounds toward his Porsche. Graham staggers after him towards his 450 SL. As he's unlocking his door Graham remembers something and turns around, shouting at Bruce.

Bruce-already in the Porsche and pulling out of the space-unrolls his window and tosses a vial that Graham catches.

The Porsche tears down the street, screeching. Graham hurriedly does a couple of bumps and then hops into the 450 SL and follows his friend.

EXT. BEL AIR GATES - NIGHT

The two cars swerve onto Sunset.

EXT. SUNSET -- NIGHT

The Porsche and Mercedes race each other to the 405 Freeway.

Wire Train's *Chamber of Hellos* whirs across the soundtrack.

EXT. FREEWAY

The Porsche and SL race across the near empty 405, swerving in and out of lanes, zooming past the occasional car.

The cars merge onto the 101.

EXT. DESERT

There are no cars on the two lane blacktop heading towards the lights of Palm Springs. Whizzing out of the darkness: two pairs of headlights illuminate the desert.

INT. 450 SL

Graham smokes a cigarette, music blasting, top down. In front of him Bruce's Porsche speeds toward its destination.

Suddenly, in an instant, through the windshield, Graham watches as the Porsche loses control and flies off the road.

Graham shouts out and slams on the brakes, passing Bruce's car tumbling through the desert sand.

EXT. DESERT

Graham, panting with fear, jumps out of the car and runs toward the Porsche-lying on its side, headlights flickering, music still blasting, steam curdling from its smashed hood.

Graham runs to the car screaming Bruce's name. He slows down when he sees a body writhing in the flickering headlights of the Porsche-a strobe light effect. Bruce has burst through the windshield and has been thrown fifty feet from the car.

Graham falls to the ground. Bruce is kicking himself around in circles, his eyes locked open in a mask of blood and glass. Bones are jutting from his chest and arms and legs. He reaches out to Graham, who is stunned with horror.

As Bruce goes into his death throes, Graham doesn't know what to do. He screams uselessly for help.

His screaming is interrupted by a giant explosion that turns the desert orange in one intense blast as the Porsche blows up, revealing the smashed cactus and the coyotes running back and forth in the darkness.

Graham is blown backwards, losing consciousness.

INT. HAWKER 800X PLANE CABIN - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

BRYAN METRO (28), chiseled and rock-star handsome, leans his head against an oval window, staring out into the darkness below him when suddenly a tiny blast of orange appears and then disappears in the desert the plane is flying over.

ROGER (30-ish), razor-thin with a blond ponytail, shuffles up the aisle. Behind him various band members are zonked out in swivel chairs in the darkened cabin.

BRYAN

Tell me something, Roger...

ROGER

Set your watch back. There's a time difference. We're landing in Los Angeles. It's a city in California.

BRYAN

What, man? No...did you see that...down there? I think there was, like, this explosion...

ROGER (sighs)

You didn't see anything, Bryan. You're wearing sunglasses and the windows are tinted. As usual, you probably hallucinated an explosion.

BRYAN

That's...um, cool...I guess...

ROGER

What is it? You on edge? You want some valium? A lude? A pack of gum?

BRYAN (murmurs)

It's so dark down there...

(a beat)

I used to live here...Didn't I?

EXT. SKY - EARLY DAWN

The Hawker descends into Van Nuys Airport, the city lights a shimmering blanket. The roar of the engine billows.

EXT. EXECUTIVE AIR TERMINAL HANGER - DAWN

WILLIAM SLOAN (late-40s), tan, fit, Polo shirt, walks around the perimeter of a two-engine Cessna, guided by a salesman.

SALEMAN

They're looking for four seventy-five. Maybe four-sixty.

WILLIAM

Tell me something else: why am I getting rid of the Piper?

SALESMAN

Because the cub won't break a hundred forty knots. You'll see the difference on a long haul.

WILLIAM (murmurs to himself)

Long hauls. I don't do long hauls.

Their conversation fades as the landing of Bryan Metro's Hawker drowns out all ambient noise.

INT. BEL AIR MANSION BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

A ringing white telephone. A female hand lifts the receiver.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

Yes?

SPANISH FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

Senora Sloan, lo siento, es Martin,
Senor Martin--

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

Tell him I'm out. I'm not here...

LAURA SLOAN (mid-40s), blond and classically beautiful, sits up in bed, glancing at the digital clock on the nightstand next to framed photographs of William, and her son, Graham, and her daughter, SUSAN (18). It's 10:00 AM.

She sighs and reaches for the remote, turns on the TV. CHERYL LAINE (30s), a pretty, blond newscaster, appears on screen.

CHERYL

Hello, I'm Cheryl Laine and I'm
filling in for Suzanne Yakamoto
this morning. Our top story:
President and Mrs. Reagan visited-

Overcome by revulsion, Laura switches the TV off.

Dressed in a nightgown, she walks slowly to the Venetian blinds covering the windows in the massive white bedroom. She peers through two slats, shielding her eyes from the sun.

A flash of light and then the view adjusts: an Olympic-sized pool and a POOL BOY (shirtless, blond), sweat dripping down his back. He removes two dead rats from the pool's filter.

Laura closes the slats and enters an immense, all-marble bathroom. She stares at her reflection in the many mirrors that wall the space. New lines are forming around her eyes.

She opens a cabinet and removes a prescription bottle, emptying two capsules into her hand. She pops them in her mouth and cups water from the faucet to wash them down. Then she removes another bottle and takes two more pills.

Disrobing, she steps into the shower and turns the faucets, releasing a blast of water. She touches a breast while her other hand moves below her waist. The water keeps running over her naked body as we hear the sounds of sex.

INT. CHRISTIE'S APARTMENT - MORNING (CONTINUOUS)

Graham Sloan thrusts into Christie and grunts loudly as he comes. He rolls over, panting. Christie reaches for a bong on the nightstand and lights it, inhaling deeply. She passes it to Graham who takes a monster hit and slides into oblivion.

They lay on the bed, naked, smoke dissolving around them. Slowly, Graham realizes something.

GRAHAM
What time is it?

CHRISTIE (turning)
It's ten-thirty.

Graham moans, covering his face with his hands.

GRAHAM
Fuck. We've gotta go. We're gonna
be late.

Christie looks over, confused. And then she realizes.

CHRISTIE
Oh. That... Yeah...

With a lot of effort Graham pulls himself up. Christie lies on the bed. Graham notices.

GRAHAM
What are you doing?

CHRISTIE
I don't want to go. I kind of don't
feel well...

Graham sighs and gets up, padding naked toward the bathroom.

GRAHAM (sighs)
Yeah? Well, neither do I.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING LOBBY - DAY

Graham and Christie walk out of the elevator dressed in stylish black. They pass JACK (24), a cute, scruffy doorman. Jack is on the phone and speaks in a hushed voice as they pass. He places a hand over the receiver and smiles.

JACK
Good morning.

The smile disappears as Jack removes his hand from the phone.

JACK
You want me to tell you why I don't
want you coming to town? You really
want to hear the reason? Because.
You. Are. Fucked. Up. That's why.

DEEP MALE VOICE (O.S.)
That's not a good enough reason.
That's not even a reason. That's
just one person's opinion.

JACK
Peter, I'm not gonna let you drag-

PETER (O.S.)
I'm calling you from a payphone
outside of Barstow and I have no
more quarters. It's simple. Me and
the Indian need a place to hang out
for a couple of days. We're coming
down tonight... We have a plan.

JACK
I don't want to hear about your
plan. I don't want to know what
you're going to do.

PETER (O.S.)
It doesn't involve you.

JACK (wavers)
If you come down you stay a night-
one night-and then you move on.
Okay?... Hello?... Peter?... Hello?

PETER (O.S.)
You wanna know something?
(a beat)
It's not gonna happen like that.

Jack is suddenly disconnected. He's gripping the phone so
tightly his knuckles are white.

INT. BRENTWOOD HOUSE - DAY

Tim Price, lost-looking, stands in front of a full-length
mirror as his mother, ELENA (40-ish), blond and thin, knots
his tie. He's dressed in a black suit and keeps sighing.

ELENA
Just tell him you've got too much
schoolwork.

TIM (closes eyes)
But I don't want to tell him
anything. I want you to tell him
that I'm not going.

ELENA
Tim, I'm not married to the man
anymore. You're his son--

TIM (voice rising)
So what? Like that means anything?

ELENA
I don't want to be put in the
middle like this. I hate to be put
in the middle--

TIM (panicking)
How can you be put in the middle if
you're on MY side? I don't get it.
What are you telling me?

Elena sighs, stands back. She stares wearily at Tim.

ELENA (quiet emphasis)
I'm trying to tell you that your
father doesn't give a shit what I
want or what I think. That is what
I am trying to tell you.

Tim takes this in and realizes his mother is right. But.

TIM
I'M trying to tell YOU that I don't
give a shit what dad wants or what
dad thinks. That is what I'M trying
to tell YOU.

Elena stares at her son, and smiles sadly.

ELENA
He's your father.

TIM
He's an ASSHOLE!

Tim storms out. Elena's left alone in Tim's room. She sighs.

INT. CHERYL'S MALIBU CONDO - DAY

Sunlight streams in on DANNY (21) sleeping naked on Cheryl's
bed in front of MTV. Martha Quinn introduces the new
Psychedelic Furs video. The alarm on the bedside clock hums.
Cheryl walks in, back from work, and turns it off.

Cheryl glares at Danny before she takes off her jacket and
slumps onto the bed, awakening him. He stares groggily.

DANNY
Jenny's dead. Someone cut her
throat. All the blood was drained
from her body. Biff told me.

CHERYL (carefully)
Who's Biff? Who's Jenny?

DANNY

Jenny. Jenny? That girl I met at
The Odyssey on the night of the
Duran Duran look-a-like contest?
They found her body in a metal drum
outside the Ralph's on Sunset...
Biff called and told me...

CHERYL

I thought I told you not to answer
the phone. I thought I told you
I'll take my calls at the station.

Danny stares at her blankly. Until:

DANNY

Hey, why didn't you wake me? What
time is it?

CHERYL

I set the alarm. I had to fill in
for Suzanne this morning.

Danny pulls himself up from the bed just as Cheryl rolls
toward him. He lights a cigarette, naked and confused. He
starts looking for his clothes. He puts on a wrinkled suit.

CHERYL

Where are you going?

DANNY

To a memorial service.

CHERYL

Who? Jenny?

DANNY

No. Bruce.

CHERYL

Jesus, pretty soon you're not gonna
have any friends left.

Danny glares at her as he pulls on a purple Polo shirt.

CHERYL

I'm sorry... Don't go...

DANNY

I don't even know what I'm doing
here.

CHERYL (pause; softly)

What are you doing here?

DANNY

My dad kicked me out of the house.
My dad asked me why I don't have a
job. I told my dad "Why don't you
suck my dick?" I can't be having
this conversation with you, baby-

The phone rings. Danny looks at Cheryl on the bed. She
reaches behind and unplugs the telephone. The ringing stops.

DANNY

Who was that? William?

CHERYL

Don't go right now.

DANNY (shrugs)

I'm going. I'm gone. Later.

Cheryl stares at the video flashing by on the screen.

INT. STARK WHITE BEDROOM - DAY

The same video is playing on another TV screen and as the
camera pans over to a white headboard against a white wall we
see a pair of tan legs flop down from the bed and touch the
white flat carpeting.

We stay with the legs as they walk toward a door. The door
opens to reveal a white marble bathroom.

The legs move to a toilet and someone hums along with the
video playing from the bedroom as they piss into the toilet.
But suddenly the humming stops, followed by the pissing.

The camera pans to the reason: a pool of blood on one of the
marble tiles.

The camera booms upward to the bathroom mirror.

In it: JAMIE (22), tan, with white-blond hair, naked with
dried blood covering his chest and chin and jaw.

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL - NOON

A stream of cars unloads at the valet stand.

INT. BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL BALLROOM

Blown-up photos of Bruce dominate an entire wall. In every
one he's grinning and wearing Wayfarers. Bruce's MOTHER
stands at a podium, staring blankly at the crowded room.

MOTHER (choked)
And in conclusion I'm going to play
Bruce's favorite song. It meant a
lot to him.

She nods to a technician. Pat Benatar's bombastic "Shadows of the Night" booms loudly. As the song plays we see:

Graham, next to Christie, staring blankly at the photos;
Martin gritting his teeth and rolling his eyes; Tim staring
sadly into space; Raymond, seated in the back, the only one
visibly upset.

The song keeps playing. The audience is trapped.

INT. BALLROOM - LATER

People mill around. There's a full bar and a sushi setup
where a bored Japanese chef stares idly at the mourners.

Laura wanders over with a plate and gestures. While the chef
prepares something, William hesitantly walks up to her. Laura
notices and nods. William smiles nervously.

LAURA
So. Friday?

WILLIAM
Yeah, Friday. I made the
reservation for eight-thirty.

LAURA
Where?

WILLIAM
At Spago.

LAURA
Have you told Graham and Susan?

WILLIAM
Oh, no... I thought maybe it could
just be the two of us.

Laura takes the sushi from the chef.

LAURA
I don't think I'm ready for that.

WILLIAM (a beat)
Okay. I'll tell them to join us.

LAURA
I'll see you Friday, William.

EXT. POLO LOUNGE PATIO

Graham, Martin and Tim share a joint. Raymond just stares at them, listening to their thick, drugged voices.

MARTIN

Fucking Pat Benatar, man?
Personally, I just think his mom
liked that song. Bruce had shitty
taste in music but no way--

GRAHAM

And what's up with the sushi bar?
Bruce hated sushi.

TIM

This has not been what you would
call a fun week.

RAYMOND (suddenly)

I can't believe this. I can't
believe you're acting this way.

A stunned, confused silence from the three guys.

MARTIN

Acting? What way?...Oh no. Are you
crying again?

RAYMOND

You all seem like you just don't
give a shit.

MARTIN (shrugging)

Hey, maybe I don't. Bruce was a
jerk. It's over. Let's not fucking
dwell on it.

RAYMOND (insistent)

Graham? He was one of your best
friends, right?

GRAHAM (surprised)

We were just driving out to Rancho
Mirage because his grandparents
have this awesome place out
there...

RAYMOND (last chance)

Tim?

TIM

He mentioned me on his yearbook
page.

RAYMOND

I can't believe this. I can't believe you guys don't give a shit.

MARTIN

If giving a shit means wetting your pants like some kind of fag over this, then, no, I guess not.

GRAHAM

Hey, Martin, cool it. Look Raymond, there's nothing we can do. It's time to move on.

TIM

He's right, Raymond. Drop it. Okay?...It's already been a week.

Raymond stares in disbelief. Graham notices while holding smoke in his lungs. He lets it out and touches Raymond.

GRAHAM

Okay... He was a nice guy... He wasn't a jerk...

Martin tightens up.

MARTIN

What do you mean, Graham? After that shit he pulled with Christie?

TIM (groans)

Oh Christ, Martin, what the fuck are you doing?

Graham stares at Martin, confused.

GRAHAM

What shit...did he pull with Christie?

TIM (warning)

Martin-

MARTIN

Bruce was fucking her BEHIND your back.

TIM

Hey, Bruce screwed her maybe...eight or nine times. Don't make it seem like it was some kind of hot affair or anything.

Graham stares at everyone, trying to play it cool.

GRAHAM

Wait... Like, you all knew about this?

MARTIN

Graham, you always tell me that you're not serious about Christie anyway. And it's not like you haven't fucked around. You're never gonna win Boyfriend of the Year.

GRAHAM

She's my girlfriend, Martin.

MARTIN

Considering the last two months, I don't know what that means, Graham.

GRAHAM

But-wait a minute. You all knew?... Raymond, did you know?

Raymond looks away and stares into space. He nods.

TIM

Look, who even knows if it's true? It's just something Bruce told everyone and bragged about. Hey-anybody want to go to the movies?

MARTIN (sighs)

Can't. Meeting someone for lunch.

GRAHAM (trying to keep it together)

I'll go. Sure. What's playing?

RAYMOND (stands up)

I can't believe you guys don't care.

Graham lurches out of his seat and grabs Raymond.

GRAHAM

I WAS THERE, YOU ASSHOLE!

TIM

Hey, come on, dude-

GRAHAM

I was there. I was the one who watched him fucking bleed to death out there. I'm the one who waved down a car. Who waited for an ambulance. So don't give me any shit about how I don't care.

Graham, disgusted, pushes Raymond away from him and falls back into his chair. Raymond stumbles out of the patio. Martin sits back, amused. Tim looks worriedly after Raymond.

TIM

Someone should go talk to him.

MARTIN

And say what? And say what, Tim?

TIM

I don't know, talk to the guy.

GRAHAM

I'm not doing it.

MARTIN (leaning in)

Tim, Bruce thought Raymond was an asshole. Do you understand that? He fucking loathed the dude. He tolerated him because WE were Raymond's friends.

GRAHAM

He's right, dude.

TIM (studying Graham)

I thought Bruce was killed instantly.

GRAHAM

He was.

TIM (stands)

You told Raymond he bled to death.

MARTIN

Jesus, Tim-what's the fucking difference? I mean we're having a fucking wake at the fucking Polo Lounge. I mean, come on.

TIM (holds his ground)

No, really, Graham. Is that what happened?

Graham closes his eyes, leaning back, getting some sun.

MARTIN (mutters)

I hope it made him feel worse.

TIM (still staring at Graham)

You never grasp anything, Graham. You look okay but nothing really works.

INT. MEN'S ROOM, HOTEL

Tim can hear crying coming from one of the stalls. He opens the door and sees Raymond hunched on the floor. Tim stares, not knowing how to comfort his friend. Slowly, he lets the stall door close, shutting Raymond out.

INT. HOTEL SUITE, CHATEAU MARMONT - DAY

A beautiful young girl's nude body is pressed against a sleeping Bryan Metro. Bryan suddenly wakes up and wonders where he is. Movement on his other side distracts him: a young boy's nude body shifts in its sleep.

Bryan reaches for the phone and presses a number.

BRYAN
Get these kids outta here.

Bryan-with a lot of effort-puts the phone in its cradle. The boy stares at Bryan. Bryan stares back, indifferently.

BRYAN (finally)
You're feeling sorry for yourself?
Is that it?

Bryan untangles himself from the bodies and struggles up out of the bed. He staggers naked into the bathroom.

Two large bearded GUYS open the door to the suite and move quickly toward the bed. Bryan watches from behind the half-closed door of the bathroom.

GIRL/BOY (O.S.)
Don't... Hey don't... Please...

As the kids cries turn into moans, Bryan shuts the door. The camera pans along the room until it floats out the window.

EXT. SUNSET BOULEVARD

A Jaguar drives by the hotel and stops in front of Le Dome. A valet opens the car door and Laura Sloan steps out.

INT. LE DOME, BAR

Martin sits at the bar, impatiently finishing a drink. He watches as Laura makes her way to him. They stare at each other. Martin lifts his wrist to show her a gold Rolex.

MARTIN
You're late.

LAURA
Yes. I am. Let's sit.

Martin looks at his watch and then at his empty glass and then back at Laura, who just stands there, impatiently.

INT. RESTAURANT

Laura stares at Martin as he wolfs down a salad. Her face is a mask as she sips a glass of white wine.

MARTIN

So they come over to the apartment in Westwood--unannounced--and my stepfather wants me to go to this dinner party at Chasen's and I had to stand there and tell them I didn't want to go to the dinner party at Chasen's and then my stepfather mentioned how much the insurance on my BMW was costing him and it just turned into this very tired thing and it totally threw me off on that video I'm directing-

LAURA (interrupts)

Don't call the house.

MARTIN (a beat)

I called because I wanted to talk to you. I was going to tell you I couldn't make it today.

LAURA

Just don't call the house anymore.

MARTIN

Why? There's someone there who cares?

Laura lights a cigarette. Martin puts his fork down.

MARTIN

We're eating at Le Dome. I mean, Jesus.

LAURA

It shouldn't affect us-but William is moving back in.

Martin takes the information and reacts quizzically.

MARTIN

Are you telling me he dumped the newscaster chick?

Laura's face tightens. She stubs out her cigarette.

LAURA

I'm telling you not to call the house anymore. I will call you.

EXT. CENTURY CITY - DAY

Long shot of Tim and Graham walking up to a theater where "The Hunger" is playing, both of them still dressed in their suits from the memorial service. They buy tickets as the camera pulls back and up until we're in:

INT. LES PRICE'S OFFICE

Les Price (48), Tim's father, medium height and build, handsome but weary, is on the phone watching his son through a mirrored window, staring across the plaza from his sixth floor office. Tim glances at the window.

LES

Yeah... No, I can't... Las Cruces sounds great... No... I'm taking Tim to Hawaii for a couple days... Yeah, the whole father-son thing...

Tim keeps looking up at the building and then he disappears into the theater, Graham trailing behind.

LES

Yeah...it should be fun... I'm looking forward to it...
(realizes)
I mean WE'RE looking forward to it...

INT. RESTAURANT, MELROSE - DAY

Cheryl sits at a window table with Sheldon. She ignores her salad and the glances she's receiving from other tables.

SHELDON

Two weeks?

CHERYL

I'll take one if that's all you can get me.

SHELDON

What is this week for? Where are you going?

CHERYL

I just want to go somewhere.

SHELDON

Where is somewhere, Cheryl?

CHERYL

I don't know where somewhere is,
Sheldon.

SHELDON

Are you falling apart on me, baby?

CHERYL

What is this, Sheldon? Can you get
me a week off or not?

SHELDON

I'll try, honey.

CHERYL

You'll try? Just do it, Sheldon.

SHELDON

You lack faith. That's your
problem. You lack faith.

CHERYL

My agent is telling me that I lack
faith? My life must really be a
disaster.

SHELDON

I'll talk to Jerry. Jerry will talk
to Evan. But it's gonna be a battle
because sweeps are coming up and-
hey, don't look like that. Turn
that frown upside down.

CHERYL

What the hell are you talking
about? What would that get me? An
upside down frown? Are you on dope
or something, Sheldon?

The check arrives. Without looking, Sheldon pays.

SHELDON

You still living with that pretty
boy?

EXT. RESTAURANT, MELROSE - DAY

Sheldon and Cheryl stand at the valet. Cheryl stares at a
tan, handsome boy walking across an intersection.

SHELDON

Your phone has been busy lately.
You've become hard to reach.

CHERYL

You can always get a hold of me at the station.

SHELDON

Cheryl, does this little crisis have anything to do with what happened with William?

CHERYL

Sheldon, he's moving back in with his wife.

SHELDON

I've seen him around and I don't know how happy he is about that.

CHERYL (staring at boy)

He's pathetic.

SHELDON

Cheryl: it was just the year that didn't work out. It ended painfully for you, I understand that. But I think William has regrets about moving back in with Laura.

CHERYL

Then why is he doing it?

She keeps staring at the boy. Sheldon notices.

SHELDON

Know him?

INT. JAMIE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Jamie frantically scrubs the blood from the floor of his bathroom. Satisfied, he sits back, panting.

He stands up and stares at himself in the mirror, inspecting his face, craning his neck, looking at himself from all angles.

He looks around the bathroom. It's shining white and pristine. Satisfied, he turns to the shower and pulls back the white curtain.

Blood is splattered everywhere in the shower stall. The bathtub is half filled with blood and flesh. On the tile wall are a series of circles and lines drawn in blood.

Jamie stands there, stunned.

EXT. RUN-DOWN VAN NUYS HOUSE - DAY

Jack pulls his Dart into the dilapidated driveway lined with dying palms. A low-rider creeps by slowly, blaring Salsa.

PETER (25)-too skinny-sits on the patio steps waiting. As Jack approaches, Peter flicks a cigarette away and stands.

PETER (unsmiling)
Jackson. How's it hanging, buddy?

JACK
What the fuck are you doing here?

PETER
I told you I was coming. What? Did you think that was a joke?

JACK
I thought you said tonight.

PETER
I wanted to surprise you.

JACK (breathes in)
I told you one night. Understand?
Just one night. Then you move on.

PETER
Whatever, dude.

Jack stares angrily but reigns himself in.

JACK
So...where's the Indian?

PETER
The Indian's in the desert.

JACK (confused)
The Indian's in the desert? What does that mean? The Indian's in the desert?

PETER
The Indian did some bad things and decided to stay in Barstow, lay low. But Mary's in the van.

JACK
Who?

PETER
She's in the van. Follow me.

Peter smiles and walks towards a Chevy van. Jack follows reluctantly. Peter opens the van's cargo door.

MARY (17): strung out and pretty, writhes against the wall.

PETER

That's Mary. Mary, this is Jackson.

Mary keeps kicking the wall of the van, wild-eyed, moaning.

PETER (finally)

She's...sort of ignoring the whole situation.

JACK (humbled)

How...old is she?

PETER (shrugs)

Sixteen? Seventeen... I never ask.

JACK

Let's just get her into the house.

INT. UCLA DORM ROOM - DAY

SUSAN SLOAN (19, blond)-Graham's sister, and William and Laura's daughter-is nervously cleaning her room. William shifts in a chair and runs his fingers over the keys of a typewriter that sits on a desk below a poster for The Motels.

WILLIAM

So, how's my little punk rocker doing at school?

SUSAN

I'm not a punk rocker, Dad.

WILLIAM (smiles)

Oh, come on. You look a little, um, punk.

(smile fades)

I mean...don't you?

SUSAN (giving in)

A little, I guess. How's work?

Susan mindlessly rearranges a shelf: cassettes and magazines.

WILLIAM

Great. We've got a full slate of pictures that are testing through the roof. One you'd really like.

SUSAN

Yeah? What is it about?

WILLIAM
It's about a twelve year old boy
who becomes President.

SUSAN (stops, confused)
President...of what?

WILLIAM (stuck)
Um, the United States.

SUSAN (sighs)
It sounds better than the one about
the talking car. How's Graham?

WILLIAM
Well, you know your brother.
He's...he's a little hard to
reach... I'm sure he was very upset
about his friend's death. That must
be tough... But I'm sure he's fine-

SUSAN (finally and hard)
How's Cheryl?

WILLIAM (flinches)
I'm not seeing Cheryl anymore.

SUSAN (stops busying herself)
What? When did this happen?

WILLIAM
Actually, I wanted to talk to you
about that.

SUSAN (tense)
So-this is the reason for the
shopping expedition and the lunch
at La Scala and the trip to my dorm
room which you had no interest in
seeing until today.

WILLIAM
I don't know if you've talked to
your mother lately.

SUSAN
I talk to her. When she's coherent.
Which is rarely. Why?

WILLIAM (pause, then)
I'm moving back. Mom and I are
going to live together again.

SUSAN (surprise; disgust)
She didn't tell me that.

WILLIAM

Well, how do you feel about this?

SUSAN (unenthused)

Great. I think it's great. A really good move.

WILLIAM

Do you really think it's great?

SUSAN

Well, it hasn't really hit me that you might be like, totally serious.

WILLIAM

We're going to be a family again.

SUSAN

Graham and I aren't moving back in, Dad. So you're not going to be a family again. You're going to be a couple again. Not a family.

WILLIAM

When you give me that type of response, honey, I can't tell how you feel about this.

SUSAN (mutters)

Don't worry about it.

WILLIAM

But I want your approval.

SUSAN (whirls around)

Why? You never wanted it before.

INT. CHRISTIE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Fun Boy 3's on MTV singing "Our Lips Are Sealed" while Christie, her top off, dances, eyes closed, running her hands over her body. The room is hazy with smoke.

Graham lies on the floor with Martin-both wasted, watching her. Tim is on the couch in his underwear, rolling joints and placing them in a baggie. Something sexual has gone on.

The video ends and Christie falls to the floor, giggling. She lands between Graham and Martin and the three of them start making out. Graham keeps pushing Martin away but he's too stoned and gives up. Christie responds to them both.

A Bryan Metro video appears on MTV. Christie sits up.

CHRISTIE

He's gorgeous. I love this song.

Graham pulls her back down while Martin's hand reaches for her panties. Christie moans and kisses Graham and then turns and kisses Martin. Graham tries again to pull her back to him but fails. His hand joins Martin's.

The phone rings. The wasted threesome ignore it. Tim looks up from the joints he's rolling and answers the phone.

TIM

Yeah?... Graham, it's for you...

Graham looks up, eyes half-closed, his hand and Martin's both moving under Christie's panties.

GRAHAM

I'm not here.

TIM

It's Lance.

GRAHAM

Oh shit.

Graham stumbles up, adjusting himself, and takes the phone. Tim stands up and starts getting dressed.

GRAHAM (into phone)

Hey, Lance... Yeah... What do you need?... When?... I can get you that... Dude, bogus, but okay...

Martin stands and takes Christie's hand and they stumble out of the living room and down a hallway. Graham's gaze follows.

GRAHAM (into phone)

Okay... Give me an hour... Yeah, I sort of get what you're saying...

Graham hangs up and looks down the darkened hallway Martin and Christie disappeared into. He sighs.

TIM

Business?

GRAHAM

Yeah. You wanna drive me?

TIM

Can't.

GRAHAM

Why not?

TIM

I'm going to Hawaii.

GRAHAM (a beat)
Well, fuck dude. Give me a better
excuse than that.

TIM
I wish I could.
(lifts bag of joints up)
Thanks. Aloha.

Tim leaves. Graham stands alone in his living room.

INT. PHARMACY - DAY

Laura-wearing large sunglasses-hands her prescription bottles
to a pharmacist. He studies them, concerned.

PHARMACIST
Miss?

LAURA
Yes?

PHARMACIST
It says here 'no refills.'

LAURA (startled)
What? Where does it say that?

The pharmacist points to one of the prescription bottles.
Valium prescribed by a Dr. Wayne Nova. Exp. Date 10/10/83.

LAURA
Dr. Nova made some kind of mistake.

PHARMACIST (sighs)
Well, there's nothing I can do.

LAURA
But... I need them refilled.

The line behind her sways impatiently. The pharmacist hands
the bottles back to Laura. She tries to hand them back.

PHARMACIST
There are reasons why your doctor
did not want these prescriptions
refilled, Mrs. Sloan.

Laura gazes distantly, and then fakes a laugh.

LAURA
He's always playing jokes on me.

INT. HOTEL SUITE, BATHROOM - DAY

Bryan hauls himself out of a bathtub filled with ice water, scattering cubes across the tiled floor. He dries off, lights a smoke, and chases it with a swig from a bottle of vodka.

Walking out of the bathroom in a towel, he slips on an ice cube and falls face first, his hand outstretched onto the floor where the bottle breaks into several large pieces. It cuts a huge gash in the fleshy part of the palm. Blood gushes from the wound as Bryan makes a shrill, awful noise.

He pulls himself together and sits up. Blood streams down his wrist and forearm. He takes the towel and wraps it around his hand. Naked, he picks up the phone and dials a number.

BRYAN (into phone)

Lucifer?

ROGER (O.S.)

What the fuck are you doing with two underage kids? How many times are we going to go through this? It. Does. Not. Matter. If. It. Was. Consensual.

BRYAN

I need something.

ROGER (O.S.)

What? Your Mr. Potato Head broke? You need another one?

BRYAN

I fucked up my hand...

ROGER (O.S.)

How did you do this? Did someone help you?

BRYAN

I did it shaving. Who the fuck cares. My hand is fucked-up. Just get a doctor.

ROGER (a worried beat)

Which hand? The right hand?

BRYAN (a worried beat)

The one... I wear my ring on...

ROGER (relieved)

That's your left hand. You can play with the left hand fucked-up. Look, we're meeting Gary Gray in an hour.

BRYAN (long pause)
I don't know if I'm available for
that meeting.

ROGER (O.S.)
I'll send the hotel doctor to sew
you up and then you're gonna pull
it together and get yourself ready
for a meeting with Gary Gray. And
when I knock on your door you are
going to answer it without your
cock hanging out of some fourteen
year-old girl's ass. Got it?
And you're going to be wearing
something with long sleeves.

BRYAN
Why?

ROGER (O.S.)
Multiple choice. A: You look nice
in long sleeves. B: You have holes
in your arms. C: You have holes in
your arms, or D: You have holes in
your arms.

BRYAN (a long beat)
C?

ROGER
Relief.

Bryan hangs up. The towel is a deep red now. He scans up to
the track marks in his arms.

INT. TELEVISION NEWS STUDIO - EVENING

Cheryl sits at the anchor desk getting made up.

PRODUCTION ASSISTANT
Cheryl. There's a call for you.

CHERYL
Who is it?

PRODUCTION ASSISTANT
William Sloan. He called before.
What should I tell him?

Cheryl detaches her mic and walks to the phone next to the
studio monitors. She braces herself before picking up.

CHERYL
What?

WILLIAM (O.S.)
I was calling the house but I think
it was the wrong number.

CHERYL
It must have been the wrong number
because I'm not home.

WILLIAM (O.S.)
Why haven't you been home?

CHERYL
I've been busy. I've been filling
in mornings for Suzanne Yakomiato.

WILLIAM (O.S.)
I want to see you.

CHERYL (losing patience)
What about Laura, William? Have you
asked her if this is okay?

WILLIAM (O.S.)
She's in Palm Springs for a couple
of days.

CHERYL
I don't believe you. What about
Laura, William?

WILLIAM (O.S.)
What about her?

CHERYL
What-about-Laura?

WILLIAM (O.S.)
I think I've missed you. I think I
might be making a big mistake.

Cheryl hangs up and heads back to the anchor desk.

EXT. BRENTWOOD HOUSE -- DUSK

A limo idles in front as its driver places Tim's bags in the trunk. Tim--stoned--hugs Elena goodbye. She watches as Tim ambles toward the limo. Tim gets in. The limo pulls away from the house. Elena sighs.

INT. LIMO

Les holds a glass of vodka and squeezes Tim's knee.

LES
So, how ya doin, Tim?

TIM
Um, good. I'm fine. How are you?

LES
Oh, I'm okay, I guess. Hey--you
wanna drink?

TIM
No, that's all right.

LES
Aw, come on. Have a drink.

TIM
It's okay.

LES
I'll pour you one anyway.

Les reaches over and lifts a bottle of Stolli from an ice bucket and pours the drink. He hands the glass to Tim.

LES
So, what are you up to?...You had
to go to that memorial today, huh?
Do you wanna talk about it? I mean--

TIM (sharp)
What time does the plane leave?

LES (turns away)
Eleven sharp.

Silence. Les suddenly looks back at Tim.

LES
You wanna hear something?

TIM (startled)
What is it?

LES
I meant: do you want to play some
music?

TIM
Oh. Um. No. Whatever you want to
hear is fine.

Les fiddles with the radio. He locates Devo's "Beautiful World". Les nods his head to the beat, sipping his vodka.

LES
Who is this?

TIM
I think it's Devo.

LES
Devo. Great.

Les keeps nodding to the music. Tim sips his drink.

LES
Were you in Century City today?

TIM
No.

LES
You sure? I thought I saw you going
to that vampire movie.

TIM
It wasn't me.

Les knows Tim is lying. He downs his vodka.

EXT. FREEWAY - NIGHT

The limo zooms down the 405 towards LAX. The camera pans right and moves forward towards a club off the road. Music thumps and a line waits outside.

INT. CLUB

A large concrete warehouse. Talk Talk blasts over a packed dance floor while a pink strobe flashes.

Jamie's wearing a suit with a thin tie. He leans toward a young blond GIRL, drunk, checking her lips in a compact.

JAMIE
You sure you're not younger?

GIRL
No. I'm nineteen.

JAMIE
Well, you look sixteen. Maybe
fifteen. But nineteen's cool. I'm
psyched.

The girl stares at Jamie blankly. He grins. He's so striking looking that the girl's reluctance fades and she smiles back.

GIRL
What now? It's kinda early.

JAMIE
Why don't you tell your friends
you're about to leave with the best-
looking guy here while I order
another white-wine spritzer. That
sounds like a plan, right?

EXT. CLUB VALET - NIGHT

Jamie hands the attendant his ticket.

JAMIE
It's the anthracite Porsche.

Jamie wraps his arms around the girl.

GIRL
You've got a Porsche? Cool.

JAMIE
This is gonna be great. I'm totally
jazzed.

The girl smiles, weaving drunkenly.

INT. JAMIE'S PORSCHE - NIGHT

Jamie drives as David Bowie's "China Girl" blasts from the
speakers. In the passenger seat the girl nods to the music.

JAMIE
I got a joke. What's an Ethiopian
with sesame seeds on his head?

GIRL
What's an Ethiopian?

JAMIE
A Quarter Pounder.

GIRL
I don't understand. What's an
Ethiopian?

JAMIE
Boy, that really cracks me up.

The girl rests her head back, unsmiling, closing her eyes.

EXT. JAMIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jamie's Porsche dives into the garage.

EXT. JACK'S HOUSE, PORCH - NIGHT

Jack, in his doorman's uniform, shares a joint with Peter.

JACK
That's a lot of money.

PETER
What does that mean?

JACK
What do you think THAT means?

PETER
That's the question. That's what I'm asking you. Why don't you give me an answer?

JACK
The answer is: You're out of your fucking mind. I don't have that kind of money.

PETER
You told me you were all set-up out here. That you were working in some penthouse and were making decent cash. That you came all the way out to LA and that you made it.

Jack stands up and looks down at Peter.

JACK
I don't have shit, Peter.

Peter laughs so hard he falls to his side. Jack just stares.

JACK
You're taking this pretty good.

PETER (stops laughing abruptly)
I need to make a payment. I need to pay someone off. Do you understand that? That's why I'm here.

Jack walks away from Peter.

PETER
Hey-where are you going?

JACK (turns around)
My shift starts at eleven. You're leaving tomorrow. I'll be back at noon and you will be gone. Do you understand what I'm telling you? Are you processing the info? You will be gone when I get back.

PETER (a beat)
I'll tell Mary you said goodbye.

JACK
Tell her whatever you want.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS ULTRA MODERN HOUSE - NIGHT

Graham's 450 SL rolls into the driveway. He hops out and walks past two teenage girls in headbands and sweats sharing a joint. Their eyes follow his ass as he enters the house.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Graham moves through a grand foyer, passing a couple of PA's. In the living room: cameras, a film crew headed by Martin, and a band--The English Prices. Martin confers with Leon, the lead singer. The drummer, Rocko, jokes around with Spaz, the synth player, until he notices Graham.

ROCKO
Hey, Graham's here.

SPAZ
Totally excellent.

LEON
Perfect timing, dude. We so need your services.

MARTIN (pissed)
What you need, Leon, is to do this shot. And I'm going to tell you why you need to do this shot.

LEON
Thrill me, you piece of trash.

MARTIN
Because the video won't make sense without it.

LEON
It's a fucking video, Martin. It doesn't need to make sense. It just needs to be NOT LAME... Graham-- what do you think?

GRAHAM (startled)
Oh man, leave me out of this.

MARTIN (glares)
Thanks for the support--as usual.

LEON (to Graham)
Hey man, you got us covered?

Graham reaches into his pocket. He hands Leon four vials.

GRAHAM
You're all set.

LEON
Totally excellent.

Leon heads over to the band, hands everyone their individual vials, and then does four massive bumps. Martin keeps glaring at Leon until he gives up and turns to Graham.

GRAHAM
Isn't Christie supposed to be here?

MARTIN
She left after you and Tim split.
And she never came back.

GRAHAM
I thought you were going to put her
in this.

MARTIN
I did too. But she's a little
unreliable...I guess you know that
now. Right?

GRAHAM
So...where are you staying tonight?

MARTIN
Probably at Nina's. In Malibu.
Relieved?

GRAHAM
Cool. Who's Nina?

MARTIN
Nina. Nina Metro.

GRAHAM
Bryan Metro's wife?

MARTIN
Ex-wife. Where are you staying?

GRAHAM
Honestly, Martin? I don't know how
I feel about the situation anymore.
I'll probably just crash at my
mom's.

At the mention of "Laura" Martin flinches, checks his watch.

MARTIN
Look, we've got eight more shots...

GRAHAM
Yeah. You're busy.

Martin walks away from Graham and over to Leon. Graham waits a beat and then heads out.

INT. LAURA'S MANSION - NIGHT

Laura lies in her massive bed, sipping wine, looking through her phone book. On the TV: "Dynasty". She finds a name: MARTIN. There are a series of phone numbers beneath it. She reaches for the phone and dials slowly.

Two rings and a voice answers. It's Christie.

CHRISTIE
Hello?

LAURA
Is...Martin there?

CHRISTIE
Uh, no. Wait...let me check...

Laura waits, inspecting her manicure. She pours a pill bottle out onto the nightstand. Two pills left. She takes one.

CHRISTIE
Oh, I forgot... He's not here...

LAURA
Do you know where he is?

CHRISTIE
I think he's up in the hills. He's working tonight. Have you tried his place in Westwood?

Laura keeps looking at her hand.

CHRISTIE
Wait, is this Julie? The girl Martin picked up at 385 North? With the white Rabbit?... We all went to my place and partied with Graham? You and Martin disappeared? Hello?

At the mention of her son's name, Laura stares up from her hand to the framed photograph of Graham on her nightstand.

LAURA
No. This isn't her. I'll call back.

CHRISTIE
Whatever.

Laura hangs up. She finishes the wine in one gulp.

INT. HOTEL SUITE, BALCONY - NIGHT

Bryan stares out from behind black Wayfarers at the LA skyline. Sitting with him, eating Sushi, are Roger and Gary (35)-a movie producer, bald and wearing a kimono. On the floor is a young blond girl, topless, flipping through an issue of Billboard. Bryan keeps glancing at her: is she the girl he threw out of his hotel room earlier? Gary sucks in on a fat joint and gestures at Roger's ponytail.

GARY (exhaling smoke)
That's nifty. Like Adam Ant. Right?

ROGER
I could have been aiming for Ant.

GARY
Hey, did anybody feel that earthquake?

ROGER
I think I did. It was really scary.
(glances at Bryan)
Well, scary is subjective.

Bryan lights a cigarette, sucks in deeply, and then slowly raises his hand. Silence.

ROGER
Please don't feel like you're saying too much.

BRYAN
Why don't you just ignore me.

GARY
Okay. An idea for a movie. And the reason we came to Bryan Metro is because people remember how intense that movie turned out about the life of the band. I mean-holy Christ-the four of you guys- Sam and Matt and...um...

ROGER
Ed. His name was Ed.

GARY
Right. Ed. What is known as a real tragedy. A real shame. Upsetting too, I bet. Right?

BRYAN
When your bassist jumps off the
roof of The Clift Hotel, I'd say
so.

ROGER
They were already broken up by
then.

GARY
Well you guys were like a
pioneering force in rock and it's a
shame you broke up- (sucks in on
joint)--and can I interest you in
some sashimi?

ROGER
Yeah. It was a shame. But Bryan's
solo career has been incredibly
successful. It's a new stage.

They both look to Bryan for a reaction; there isn't one.

GARY
Anyway-since that movie turned out
to be so cool and profitable
without exploiting anyone we were
wondering if you'd be pleased and
thrilled to star in a movie. One
where you would actually play
yourself.

ROGER
We get so many scripts. Bryan just
turned down *Amadeus*, so we have
rather high standards.

GARY
This movie is basically your
typical rock-star-in-outer-space
thing. An alien creature, this ET-

BRYAN (clutches Roger)
ET?

ROGER (soothingly)
Extra-terrestrial.

GARY

The ET sabotages Bryan's limo after a gig and there's a big fiery chase and somehow-but we haven't quite nailed it-The English Prices show up and you all go to a planet where Bryan falls in love with a princess-we're thinking Pat Benatar or a Go-Go-and in order to escape from the planet you have to perform this big concert for the emperor who is basically this, um, giant tomato.

Gary hugs himself, grimacing, shuddering. Deadly silence.

ROGER (guessing)

So, it's madcap, right?

GARY

It's not tacky and everyone is getting very excited by it.

Bryan slowly gets up and quietly removes himself from the room. Silence.

ROGER

Well...we're grateful for your interest.

INT. FIRST CLASS CABIN, PLANE - NIGHT

Tim's got his Walkman on, reading a copy of GQ (when it still had models on its covers). Les--headphones on, drinking champagne--reads James Michner's "Hawaii." He looks over at Tim, but Tim doesn't notice. He just stares at the GQ.

Les is startled when a stewardess offers him more champagne. He smiles at her, letting her pour.

EXT. CHERYL'S CONDO, MALIBU - NIGHT

Cheryl's Jaguar pulls up to the small driveway where Danny's red Porsche is parked. She gets out carrying groceries.

INT. CONDO

Cheryl walks in and sees a BOY (19), wearing only a bathing suit and sandals, drinking OJ in front of her open refrigerator. She sets the bag of groceries on the counter. The boy turns around when he hears the noise.

Cheryl and the boy stare at each other. Finally.

CHERYL

Um, hello?

BOY

Hey.

CHERYL

Who are you?

BOY

I'm Biff. Hi.

CHERYL

Biff. You're Biff?

BOY

Sure am. See ya around.

Biff walks out of the kitchen. Cheryl stands still, thinking.

INT. BEDROOM, CONDO

Cheryl carries a bottle of white wine into the bedroom. Danny lies under a sheet on the bed staring at The Cars on MTV, surrounded by wadded-up Kleenex and a bottle of baby oil.

Cheryl opens the balcony doors: the sounds of the Pacific crashing against the shore. As she starts undressing she moves to the Betamax and rewinds a tape, then presses PLAY. A Beach Boys concert appears. She fast-forwards and presses PLAY. More Beach Boys.

CHERYL

You didn't tape the newscast.

DANNY

Yeah, I did.

CHERYL

But there's nothing here.

DANNY

Really?

CHERYL

There's nothing here.

DANNY (thinks; groans)

Oh man, I'm sorry. Had to tape the Beach Boys.

CHERYL (a beat)

You had to tape a Beach Boys concert?

DANNY

Yeah, it was like the last one before Brian Williams died.

Cheryl sighs, drumming her fingers on the Betamax.

CHERYL
It wasn't Brian WILSON. It was
Dennis.

DANNY (sits up a little)
No, it wasn't. It was Brian.

CHERYL
You've missed taping the show two
nights in a row now.

She brushes past the bed and into the bathroom where she
turns the faucets in the bathtub.

CHERYL (calls out)
And it was Dennis.

DANNY (O.S.)
I don't know where the hell you
heard that. It was Brian.

CHERYL (loudly; feels water)
It was Dennis Wilson.

DANNY (O.S.)
Brian.

Cheryl stalks back into the bedroom, nearly hysterical.

CHERYL
It was Dennis.

DANNY (fooling with remote)
It was Brian. You are wrong to the
max.

CHERYL (screaming)
It was Dennis Wilson, you little
asshole!

As Cheryl starts undressing-practically ripping her clothing
off-Danny stares at the TV, humbled.

DANNY (finally)
William kept calling all afternoon.

Cheryl downs the glass of wine and pours herself another.

CHERYL
He didn't mention that to me. What
did you tell him?

DANNY (grins)
That we were dry-humping and you
couldn't make it to the phone.

CHERYL
Dry-humping? So you weren't exactly
lying.

DANNY (snorts)
Right.

CHERYL (unglued)
Why don't you just leave the
goddamned phone unplugged?!? Don't
pick it up! Don't answer it! Don't
touch it!

DANNY (sits up)
You're crazy! What is this shit
about the phone? You're fucking
crazy! You're-

CHERYL
And what was that little surfer
doing in my house?

DANNY (defensive)
That was Biff. He was Jenny's best
friend... He doesn't surf...

CHERYL
Well he looked real upset.

Naked, Cheryl walks into the bathroom with her glass.

INT. BATHROOM

Cheryl eases into the water, lying back, sipping wine.

Danny, wrapped in a sheet, walks in and sits next to the tub.
He lights a joint. Cheryl closes her eyes.

DANNY (coughing)
You want a peace offering?
Some...peace weed?

CHERYL
No... I don't want any peace
weed...

DANNY
It'll make you peaceful...

CHERYL (sighs)
It's no use...

DANNY
I'm too young. Duh.

Cheryl sighs and reaches out to touch Danny's leg.

DANNY
Does William know about me?

CHERYL
I guess he does now... Does it matter?

DANNY
Do you still like him?

CHERYL
Don't ask me that... Please...
Danny?...

DANNY (hoarse voice; moving finger)
Ye-e-es, Mrs. Torrance?

CHERYL
Why do you keep staying here?

INT. JAMIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jamie, naked, quickly lights candles. The bathroom door opens and the girl he picked up walks out carrying her shoes. He ignores her until he has finished lighting all the candles.

GIRL
You'll take me back... after?

JAMIE
Yeah. Sure. Come here.

GIRL (nears him)
Do you have any coke?

He pulls her towards him and they kiss. Jamie undresses her. Finally she's naked and he pushes her head down to his waist.

After a while he pulls her up and tosses her on the bed. He climbs on top of her and starts pounding into her, hard. The girl starts whimpering. She tries to push him off.

GIRL
Hey...easy...you're hurting me...

In one swift movement he punches her rapidly in the face until she's knocked out. He pulls out of her, and panting, lifts her unconscious body off the bed.

INT. JAMIE'S BATHROOM

Jamie dumps the girl's body in the bathtub. He moves to the mirror. And stares.

He opens the medicine cabinet. On a shelf: a row of five razor blades and a sickle-shaped cutting instrument.

He lifts the sickle and closes the medicine cabinet. He moves towards the girl. He makes a small incision above her breast. He presses his fingers against the incision.

On the white tile above the tub Jamie draws a series of lines and circles-- shapes that signify something only to Jamie-- while whispering to himself.

Solemnly he touches his fingers to the bleeding incision again and stripes a line of blood across his forehead. He closes his eyes and continues whispering to himself.

And then he abruptly stops. He opens his eyes and stares at the girl before reaching for the sickle.

EXT. BRENTWOOD SCHOOL DISTRICT PARK - MORNING

Kids ride bikes and skateboards before class starts. The park is emptying out. Peter's circles in his blue Chevy van nervously smoking a cigarette. Mary sits next to him, dazed.

Peter hones in on one particular kid: a boy, 10, blond, skateboarding, wearing a Walkman. The van circles the park until the boy checks his watch and jogs toward the sidewalk.

Peter flicks his cigarette out and pulls up to the boy just as he throws down his skateboard. The van lurches to a stop. Peter effortlessly shambles up behind the kid-who can't hear anything because of the Walkman-and grabs him by the waist.

The cargo doors open. Mary is on her knees in back holding them. Peter throws the kid in, slamming the doors shut, and races back into the driver's seat. Mary stares at the skateboard wheeling down the empty sidewalk as the van screeches away from the park.

EXT. CHRISTIE'S APARTMENT ROOF - DAY

Susan walks the perimeters of a pool on top of Christie's building. A panoramic view of Los Angeles surrounds it.

Martin stands at a makeshift bar blending Margaritas with a stacked GIRL and a muscled GUY. Culture Club blares. Christie (in an impossibly revealing top) sits next to Graham (bathing suit; Wayfarers) at the deep end. She whispers in his ear as he sips a Corona.

Susan walks over. She waits to be noticed. Christie realizes first and nudges Graham, who looks up and smiles.

GRAHAM (amiable)
Hey, what are you doing here?
...Christie, you know my sister,
Susan, right? Have you guys met?

SUSAN (cold)
Yeah. Hi.

CHRISTIE (gets it)
Hey, I'm gonna get a drink, okay?

Graham, worried, looks over at Martin as Christie stands up.

GRAHAM
Cool, baby. Why don't you bring me
one, okay?

Christie drifts over to the bar.

SUSAN
Does she, like, go to restaurants
and movies dressed like that?

GRAHAM
You a little jealous?

Susan kneels down and whips off Graham's sunglasses.

GRAHAM (squinting)
Hey, mellow out.

SUSAN
Look, did you know they were going
through with it?

GRAHAM (a moment)
Oh. You mean mom and dad? Yeah, mom
mentioned something when I woke up.
What a scandal, huh?

SUSAN
She's letting him come back.

GRAHAM
Do you really care?

SUSAN
Oh God, you're so stoned. You're
such a stoner. I can't talk to you.

GRAHAM (genuine)
Hey, I'm not. I'm really not stoned
yet.

Graham stares as Martin brushes something off Christie's breast. The Guy and Girl lean against Martin suggestively.

SUSAN (impatient)
You should talk to him.

GRAHAM (murmurs)
And say what exactly?

SUSAN
Like: "Dad, this is a really terrible idea. Don't do it"?

GRAHAM (scowls)
Why would I tell him that? I don't even like him.

SUSAN
You shouldn't just sit back and watch this happen without saying something.

The Guy strides over and kneels next to Graham and hands him a Margarita. He whispers in Graham's ear while touching his chest. The Guy walks away. Weird sex vibes.

SUSAN (exasperated)
Don't you care what he did to Mom?
And now he's coming back and he'll probably do it again. I had to deal with her, Graham. I was the one who had to take care of her. And I'm not doing it again, okay?

GRAHAM
They're like these ghosts to me--

Graham turns back to the bar. Everyone has gone inside.

SUSAN (pleading)
Graham, please. We have to do something. If Dad pulls this shit again, Mom's not gonna make it. This will destroy her.

GRAHAM
Look, I'm going inside. I'll be back up in about an hour, okay?

Susan just stares at the tiles she's kneeling on as Graham walks away from her.

INT. CHRISTIE'S HALLWAY

Graham pads toward a closed door. He slowly opens it and peers into the semi-darkness.

Martin, Christie, the Guy and Girl: on the bed, naked, moving into each other. Muffled moans, bodies repositioned. Graham watches, transfixed.

And then he enters the bedroom and closes the door.

INT. BRYAN'S HOTEL SUITE - DUSK

Bryan lies in the trashed suite, watching TV. He flips through channels mindlessly. Reagan, Reagan, Reagan. Suddenly: Bryan's face is on the screen. It's MTV News.

V.J.

Bryan Metro, the former lead singer of Lunar Park, plays four sold-out dates at L.A.'s Greek Theater this week on his massively successful "Informers" World Tour. "The Informers," Metro's first solo effort, has gone platinum.

CUT TO: Stock concert footage of Bryan rocking out on stage.

V.J.

We caught up with Matt Dunn, the former guitarist of the now defunct Lunar Park and asked if he planned to see his old band mate this week.

CUT TO: Matt-a clean-cut, New Wave-ish rocker (mid 30's) standing at some vague rock event, squinting into the camera.

MATT

Oh, um, really? He's gonna be in town? Just kidding. You know, yeah, I don't know if I'm gonna do that... We really haven't been in touch... Um, there was a lot of, you know, tension when the band fell apart and I mean who doesn't know THAT?... But, y'know, it was so long ago-years. And I've moved on and um, I wish Bryan the best... But...no... I'm not going.

Bryan turns off the TV, drowning the room in darkness.

EXT. MAUNA KEA HOTEL DINING ROOM, HAWAII - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Les and Tim sit at a table overlooking the darkened beach. A waiter clears their plates. Les downs another Mai Tai. Tim lifts the candle from the table and lights a cigarette.

LES

Ah Christ, Tim-don't smoke. We're in Hawaii for Christ's sake.

Tim stubs the cigarette out, then folds his arms-a stance.

LES (softening)
Um, listen...

TIM (a beat)
Uh-huh. Go on.

LES (grasping)
Who...do you think is gonna make it
to the Super Bowl this year?

TIM
I have no idea.

LES
Think the Raider's will make it?

TIM (shrugs)
Raiders have a chance.

A long silence. Les flags down a waiter and points at his empty glass, then sits back and studies his son.

LES
Hey, how's Graham doing?

TIM
Graham?

LES (uneasy)
Yeah... Graham.

TIM (staring)
Who is Graham?

LES (a beat)
Don't...you have a friend named
Graham?

TIM
I don't know anyone named Graham.

LES
I thought you told me you did.

They sit in silence until a waiter places another Mai Tai in front of Les who immediately takes a big swallow. Les looks over at the table across the aisle: four gay men (40s) laughing loudly. One of them glances at Tim.

LES
So-how's your Mom?

TIM (stony)
She's great.

LES
Do you remember when we used to
come here during the summers?

TIM (shrugs)
Not really.

LES (getting lost)
Jeez...when was the last time we
were all here together?

TIM
I don't remember.

LES (still lost)
Could it have been three years ago?
August? That can't be right...

TIM
July. Right before you moved out.

LES (remembers)
That's right. The 4th. Right,
right. That's when we went scuba
diving and your mother dropped the
camera overboard. Yeah, I remember.

TIM
All I remember are the fights.

Les notices the gay men lowering their voices-and suddenly
they all glance at Tim.

LES
Hey, let's go to the bar.

TIM
Whatever.

INT. BRYAN'S HOTEL SUITE (CONTINUOUS)

Sitting on his bed Bryan dials a number while holding the
phone with his bandaged hand. He waits. He breathes in.

MATT (O.S.)
Hello?

BRYAN
Hey Matt, it's me...

MATT (a long beat)
Whoa...Um, where are you?...How did
you get this number--

BRYAN
I'm here. L.A.

MATT (a long beat)
Uh, well, what has it been?...
Three years?

BRYAN
No man, not that long...I mean-

MATT (cuts him off)
Someone told me you were touring.

BRYAN
It's been fucked-up grueling. You remember.

MATT (O.S.)
I remember it was fun. For a while.

Bryan doesn't know what to say. Matt realizes and sighs.

MATT (O.S.)
I saw...the video.

BRYAN
The one with Rebecca De Mornay?

MATT (O.S.)
Um...no. The one with the...monkey.

BRYAN
Oh yeah... That was Roger's idea...
It was a...very popular...monkey...

MATT (O.S.)
How's Roger? Out of Rehab?

BRYAN
A long time ago. Hey-did you hear
the record?

MATT (hesitant)
Yeah, my little girl has it...
Um... It was, um, really...valid.

BRYAN (inches forward)
Well, are you doing anything now? I
thought I heard that Lindquist was
gonna produce something...right?

MATT (a beat)
I might be going into the studio in
a couple of months. Why, what's up?

BRYAN (hard for him)
Well, man, I wonder if you'd like
to...

BRYAN (CONT'D)
 I don't know...maybe get together
 and...write some songs when I
 finish with the tour...maybe even
 record some stuff...

MATT (hard)
 I don't think that's ever going to
 be a possibility. The old days are
 over. Do you understand that?

BRYAN
 Well, it's not like-

MATT (O.S.)
 It took me a long time to recover
 from what we went through and I've
 moved on.

Bryan's digging at his bandaged hand-blood starts flowering.

BRYAN
 I am, too, yeah so am I but-

MATT (no bullshit)
 Look. It's over. I don't know what
 happened. But it's over. It's gone.

BRYAN
 Is this all because of Ed and-

MATT (O.S.)
 No, Bryan. It was over before Ed
 jumped. It was over way before
 that. And I don't have the faintest
 fucking clue why you're calling me
 or how you got this number.

BRYAN (a long beat)
 Maybe...you've got a point.

MATT (O.S.)
 Bryan? I don't care if you think I
 have a point.

BRYAN (finally)
 I guess I don't care either then...

But Matt's already hung up and Bryan's just muttering into
 the dial tone.

INT. MAUNA KEA HOTEL BAR (CONTINUOUS)

Les is drowning in a Mai Tai. Tim sips a Corona. Two
 attractive WOMEN (30's) sit nearby sipping huge pink drinks.
 They keep glancing at Les and Tim. Les notices.

LES (quietly)
What do you think?

TIM (alarmed)
About...what?

LES (playfully)
What do you think I mean? Next to
us. Them.

Tim looks over at the two women and then back at Les.

TIM
What about them?

LES (a beat)
Don't you go out with girls?

TIM
Excuse me?

LES
Don't you date?

TIM (shudders)
What are you asking me?

The brunette smiles at them: an invitation.

LES (slurring)
The odds look good. The odds look
pret-ty good.

TIM
What odds? What are you talking
about?

LES
Watch this.

Les leans in for the kill. He turns, grinning.

LES
Well, what are you ladies drinking
tonight?

The brunette holds up her drink, smiling.

BRUNETTE
Pahohoes.

LES
Pahohoes. That sounds intriguing.

BRUNETTE
They're delicious.

TIM (under breath)
I don't believe this.

LES (to bartender)
Hey, Hiki-why don't you bring these two gorgeous ladies another round of, Pahohoes... So, Where are you gals from?

PATTY
We came in from Chicago. I'm Patty and this is Darlene.

LES (aiming for suave)
The Windy City. I know it well.

PATTY
Where are you both from?

LES
L.A. Los Ang-el-eezz. The City of Angels. I'm Les Price and this is my son, Tim.

Tim stares at the bar. A blender whirrs.

LES
He's, um, a little shy.

PATTY
Hi, Tim.

Tim smiles to himself and keeps looking down. Les stares at his son, not amused.

LES
He goes to USC. He's majoring in the "I've Lost the Ability to Speak" program.

Les and the women laugh and Tim goes along with it.

DARLENE
I have a niece out in L.A. She goes to Pepperdine. Her name's Norma Perry.

LES
Hey, Tim, you ever meet Norma Perry? She's a niece and goes to Pepperdine.

TIM
No, I'm, um, afraid I haven't...

LES
Hey-how long are you both on The
Big Island?

PATTY
Until Sunday. What about you guys?

LES
Until Saturday, Patty.

PATTY
That's nice. Just the two of you?

LES (slaps Tim's back)
Thass right. Just the two of us.

PATTY
Isn't that nice, Darlene?

DARLENE
Father-son. It's nice.

Darlene finishes her drink. The bartender sets the next round
on the bar. Tim clenches his jaw.

LES
Well, it doesn't have to be just
the two of us. I hope I'm not being
too forward if I ask you something.

PATTY (leaning in)
I'm sure you won't be, Les.

TIM (mutters)
Jesus...

DARLENE (playing along)
What do you want to know, Les?

LES
Well, if you two ladies are here
with anyone.

PATTY (mock-sadly)
We're here alone.

DARLENE (mock-sadly)
All alone.

TIM (to Les)
Can I have the key to the room?

LES (turns; realizes)
Why? Where are you going?

TIM
I'm going to the room. Where do you
think I'd be going?

LES (falling)
But, you didn't finish your drink.

TIM (holds out hand)
I don't want the drink. Just give
me the key.

LES (sobering)
Well, I'll come with you...

TIM
No, you just stay here and see how
it plays out with Patty and
Marlene.

DARLENE
That's Darlene, honey.

TIM
Whatever.

Confused, Les slowly hands Tim the key. Tim grabs it and
stalks out of the bar.

PATTY (perplexed)
What's wrong with him, Les?

Les takes a contemplative sip of his Mai Tai.

LES (shrugs)
Problems at school... His mother...

EXT. RESTAURANT PATIO - DAY

At a table overlooking Melrose: Graham stares longingly at
Christie scanning a menu until a waitress stops by.

CHRISTIE
My stomach's been queasy... I'll
just have that salad made up of ten
different kinds of lettuce. Graham?

GRAHAM (sighs)
Just a Coke... Got to have dinner
in a couple hours with The Family.

The waitress leaves and Graham keeps staring at Christie
while she inspects a purple bruise on her arm.

CHRISTIE
Remember that girl--Tamara--from
Pasadena?

CHRISTIE (CONT'D)

We met her at Las Crusces and you know--whatever happened that night? Well, she was found in the back of the Ralph's on Beverly, completely drained of blood and her neck was like chewed open--and I don't know what this is. I have another one on my foot.

Christie holds out her arm for Graham to inspect.

GRAHAM

I don't know either. Look, Christie, tell me something. What do you think about Martin?

CHRISTIE (shrugs)

He's nice. He's...hot.

GRAHAM

Yeah, hot. Hmm. Well. I'm not sure I'm at the same place you are... y'know, with everything that's been going on with him...

Christie stares blankly. Graham looks away, embarrassed.

GRAHAM

Forget it. Sorry I brought it up.

CHRISTIE

Martin's not even staying at my place, Graham. He's staying at Nina's, even though he told me that Nina is insane. Oh, that reminds me. I wanna see Bryan Metro at The Greek tomorrow night. Can you call your dad and see if he can get tickets like through the studio or something?

Graham thinks things through. Christie notices and sighs.

CHRISTIE

Martin doesn't mean as much to me as you do, Graham.

GRAHAM

Yeah. I know that. But, like, aren't WE seeing each other?

CHRISTIE

I guess. We're together now. I'm about to eat a salad with you now.

GRAHAM

But you're also sleeping with him.

Christie smiles--she's dazzling--and leans forward.

CHRISTIE

Graham?

GRAHAM

Yeah?

CHRISTIE

You're forgetting something.

GRAHAM

What?

CHRISTIE

We're sleeping with him, okay?
WE'RE sleeping with Martin. And if
I'm cool with that, well...

Graham finally looks down, brow furrowed, lost.

EXT. THE IVY, PATIO - NIGHT

Jamie sits with MIRANDA (late 30's)-tall, beautiful, tan.
Miranda smiles wanly while Jamie chews a bloody steak.

JAMIE

Even though you're older than me by
like fifteen years you look totally
great. Hey- what's the definition
of 'superfluous'? Ethiopian after-
dinner mints. That so totally
cracks me up.

Jamie laughs, sawing into his steak. He notices Miranda's not
laughing.

JAMIE

Hey, talk to me. Tell me things.
How's Marsha doing?

MIRANDA (murmurs)

She's in Malibu with one of the
Beach Boys. Before that: Emilio
Estevez.

JAMIE (surprised)

No way, dude.

MIRANDA (softly)

Would I lie to you, Jamie?

JAMIE (resumes eating)

I always thought Marsha was too
weird. All that animal shit?

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Like she was only into horses and the occasional cow or dog. I mean I heard she would go out to Calabasas, to the stables, and bleed a fucking horse in thirty minutes. I mean, holy shit, baby, that's getting semi-ridiculous. Personally? I can't stand being around horse blood--

MIRANDA (interrupts)

You need to be more careful, Jamie.

Jamie suddenly stops eating and looks at Miranda, confused.

JAMIE

What do you mean?

MIRANDA

You've been getting sloppy. I've been reading about your exploits with an alarming frequency lately. The girls that have been dumped behind various supermarkets? Correct me if I'm mistaken but there seem to have been five in the last month alone. It sounds like things are getting a little out of control for you.

JAMIE

Miranda-

MIRANDA

You need to be careful, Jamie. Do I need to remind you about Roderick? Remember Roderick, Jamie?

Jamie to put down his knife and fork and stares off.

JAMIE (softly)

Did they...did any of you ever find out who did that to him?

MIRANDA (sighs)

We were told they were led by the father of the Dawber girl. We think he tracked Roderick down and broke into his house. With a machete. That's all it took. So: in other words, Jamie, just be a little more discreet. And try to control yourself.

JAMIE (looks down)

Now I'm bummed. You've bummed me.

MIRANDA (finally grins)
I have a few ideas on how we can
pep you up again.

Jamie slowly looks up and as his eyes meet Miranda's wicked expression he smiles again.

INT. CHERYL'S CONDO - NIGHT

Cheryl lies in bed with Danny, stroking his face. He kisses her. Her hand moves down his toned chest. But she becomes distracted. She closes her eyes and tries to relax. Danny gets on top and starts to move into Cheryl, thrusting slowly.

Cheryl opens her eyes: he's staring into her face, straining. She puts her hands up to his chest. It seems like she's reaching for him, but then she pushes him away. Danny stops. He falls off her and rolls onto his back, exhaling deeply.

CHERYL
I'm sorry.

DANNY
For what?

CHERYL
I don't know what you want from me.
I don't know why you're here.

DANNY
This is starting to matter to you?

Cheryl closes her eyes. Danny stares at the darkened Pacific.

CHERYL
What do you want us to do?

DANNY (thinks)
I'm hungry. Let's do Spago.

INT. SPAGO - NIGHT

The front room overlooking Sunset. Laura sits across from William. Susan sits next to her mother- their backs to the main dining room. Graham is next to his father.

Everyone holds up champagne flutes-a toast is in process.

WILLIAM
To new beginnings.

The family clicks glasses and sips champagne. Laura smiles at William who seems overly animated. Graham, stoned, gazes out the window as he lights a cigarette. Susan is intent on keeping the peace. Finally: a waiter hands out menus.

SUSAN

So I'm totally psyched we're seeing
Bryan Metro at the Greek tomorrow.
That's if Graham got the tickets.

GRAHAM

Yeah, I got the tickets and stop
saying 'totally.'

SUSAN (suspicious)

Who did you get them from?

WILLIAM (looks up)

He got them from me, honey. I got
them through the studio.

Suddenly William's face freezes.

Cheryl and Danny are being led to a table in the center of
the dining room. Since Laura and Susan aren't facing that way
they don't see Cheryl.

But Graham does. He slowly closes his eyes.

SUSAN

Well, I'm glad you didn't go
through Martin-

Laura flinches at the sound of the name.

GRAHAM

He could have gotten us backstage.

SUSAN

Oh who cares? He's always getting
us crappy seats. And he's such a
total stoner. Plus, Mom- get this-
he's a male prostitute.

A long beat while Laura processes this.

LAURA

Why...did you direct that statement
toward me?

GRAHAM (tiredly)

Mellow out. I didn't go to Martin
for the tickets. I asked Dad. And
Dad came through. And Mom, Martin's
not a male prostitute. That's on
the record.

LAURA

Why do you think I would care?

Graham looks over at his father who stares at Cheryl.

GRAHAM

Plus, Martin's coming to the show with me and Christie so I hope you get over how "like, totally grody" you think Martin is.

SUSAN

I hope your girlfriend remembers to wear a shirt.

William watches as Cheryl gets up from the table and strides towards the restrooms. He stands abruptly.

LAURA

Where are you going?

WILLIAM

I'm going to use the restroom and when I return I hope my delightful children will have finished their conversation about their wonderful friends.

Laura sips her champagne and watches as William walks away.

Graham watches as Danny waves to a table of gorgeous blond girls. Danny stands and carries his drink over, kneeling by one of them. They giggle as he closes his eyes and opens his mouth. A girl feeds him a small slice of pizza. He leans his head against her chest, chewing gratefully.

INT. BATHROOM

Just as Cheryl is about to close the door of the private bathroom, William pushes in.

She stifles a cry of surprise and backs away. He hurriedly closes and locks the door. They stare at each other.

CHERYL

Who are you here with?

William's silence is an answer. Cheryl looks away.

CHERYL

Oh god...

WILLIAM

Baby... Cheryl...

CHERYL

Don't come near me.

WILLIAM

I know you're angry, but I know you've missed me...

CHERYL
I can't deal with this. You're with
them tonight-

WILLIAM (helpless)
But I want to be with you...

CHERYL (loses it)
Oh shit, William. I don't want to
hear it again! I don't want to hear
how much a divorce is gonna cost
you! If you really loved me you
would have just done it. I was
ready to be there for you but
instead you decided to make
everyone miserable.

WILLIAM
Don't you still want to be with me?

CHERYL
Not if you're still with her.

William grabs her roughly and starts kissing her. Cheryl
pushes away until she relents and falls into the kiss.

Someone knocks on the door. William pulls away.

WILLIAM
I haven't moved out of the condo
yet. Stop by. Okay? I'm gonna take
a couple days off. Come see me.

CHERYL (torn)
I...can't... I don't want to...

WILLIAM
Well...come to The Brodkey's party
on Friday. There'll be a lot of
people. We can talk there...

Cheryl, her eyes filled with tears, nods. William stares at
her longingly, then opens the door and leaves.

INT. SPAGO

Laura sighs and puts her menu down. She gazes up at the
mirrors that panel the upper walls of the dining room. She
spots William behind her, striding back into the room. He
stops by a table of executives and lingers for small talk.

Laura looks back at her menu. She then looks back up to see
where William is. In the mirrors she sees Cheryl quickly walk
back into the room, purposely ignoring William-who glances at
her-and then she sits at the table Danny scampers back to.

William, agitated and flushed, sits back at the family's table and quickly downs his champagne. Graham looks at his father. His reaction: silence, amused disgust.

WILLIAM
Honey, we're going to the Brodkey's party Friday night, right?

LAURA (stone-faced)
Why would we go to the Brodkey's party Friday night? That's TV.

Laura lights a cigarette.

WILLIAM
It's not only going to be TV people. I think it should be fun...

LAURA (a beat)
I don't want to go to the Brodkey's party Friday night.

William meets her gaze. A longer beat.

WILLIAM
Well, what do you want to do instead? Sleep? Lay out by the pool? Count your shoes?

Graham giggles at the awfulness of it all. Susan, confused, looks at her parents. They are in a staring contest.

When the waiter finally arrives, Laura looks up to the mirror: Cheryl's table is empty.

INT. JACK'S HOUSE - DAWN

Peter sits dazed in an armchair watching MTV: Bonnie Tyler. He doesn't look up as Jack walks in.

JACK
What are you still doing here? I thought I told you I wanted you gone. What did I tell you this--

Jack suddenly hones in on a pair of children's tennis shoes sitting on the coffee table.

JACK
What are those?

Peter's silent-a dumb smile on his face.

Jack hears a muffled thump and noises from the bathroom.

JACK (startled)
What the fuck's going on in there?

Peter remains ominously silent as Jack slowly makes his way to the bathroom door. He opens it.

INT. BATHROOM

The kid lies in the bathtub, crying, his hands and feet bound with electrical cord. Duct tape holds a sock in his mouth. He kicks the sides of the tub with his small white feet.

Jack slams the bathroom door and runs over to Peter, tackling him. He starts punching blindly.

JACK
What the fuck have you done?!? What
the fuck have you done?!? What the-

Peter grabs Jack's punching arm and snaps it back. Jack howls in pain and rolls off Peter. Peter stands up and reaches down and pulls Jack up by his hair. He leans into Jack's face.

PETER
Shut. The. Fuck. Up.

Peter pushes Jack away. Jack cries softly, cradling his arm.

JACK
Why? Why? What are you doing?

PETER
The kid'll bring us money.
(a beat)
That was the plan. The plan I
informed you about?
(a beat)
This is the plan.

JACK
You're holding a kid for ransom?

PETER
No. These freaks in West L.A. pay
five-six thousand bucks for
something like this...
(a beat)
They think they're vampires.
(considers)
Hell, when you think you're
something maybe you are.
(shrugs)
To each his own.

Jack stares at Peter in disbelief. He realizes Peter is much worse than he ever imagined.

PETER

I'm making the necessary calls.

Jack races to the kitchen sink and vomits. Panting, he slaps cold water on his face. Peter looms behind him.

PETER

You've got to relax. That's your problem, Jackson. You don't know how to lay back. Even when we were kids out in the desert you could never mellow out. Even surrounded by all that sand and rock and silence you could never relax. At night and all there was was darkness and the wind and the desert and you could never accept that this is where you belonged. This is where you would always be.

JACK (crying)

But that was different. That was a long time ago. We're not in the desert, Pete. We're not in the fucking desert.

PETER

Oh. I think we still are.

EXT. TENNIS COURT, MAUNA KEA HOTEL - DAY

Tim and Les in their tennis whites on opposite sides of the net. Les slams the ball forward. Tim misses. Les serves again, harder. Tim ducks. Les keeps serving. Finally, Tim hits the ball back, grunting with exertion.

TIM

Not so hard, Dad.

LES

Hard? You call that hard?

TIM (stuck)

Well, um, yeah.

LES (good-naturedly)

Hey, you win some, you lose some.

Les slams the ball forward again.

EXT. BEACH, MAUNA KEA - DAY

Tim and Les lie side by side on chaise lounges. Tim wears Wayfarers and listens to his Walkman. Les reads "Hawaii", occasionally sniffing the lei around his neck. Patty and Darlene pass by and wave. Les waves back.

LES

You were pretty rude to them last night.

Tim shrugs. Les downs his Mai Tai. Two of the gay guys walk by, glancing at Tim as he rubs suntan lotion on his chest.

LES

Hey, Tim...could you get your old man a Mai Tai or a rum and Coke?

Tim-because of the Walkman-doesn't hear his father. Les reaches over and taps Tim's arm. Tim jerks up suddenly.

TIM

What?

LES

Why don't you get your Dad and yourself a drink?

TIM (sighs, gets up)

What do you want?

LES

Rum and Coke.

Tim pulls on a USC T-shirt and walks listlessly to the bar. Les watches as the two gay guys strike up a conversation with Tim. Tim laughs and says something back. And then Les notices The Girl.

She's walking up from the shoreline, 20-tan, long blond hair, a bikini. Stunning. She moves sensually to the bar and stands next to Tim-who is, as usual, oblivious.

Les watches. Finally The Girl says something to Tim. Tim looks at her and smiles and they talk for a moment until the bartender hands Tim a drink. Les keeps watching.

As Tim walks back to Les, The Girl says something, and Tim almost trips as he turns around and nods. He jogs back. Les takes the drink from Tim. Tim removes the USC T-shirt.

TIM

Met a girl from San Diego.

Les smiles as Tim races off to The Girl, now standing at the shoreline. The two of them dive into a breaker.

EXT. WILLIAM'S CONDO, CENTURY CITY - DAY

Cheryl's Jaguar pulls up outside William's condo. She gets out of the car and walks up to the front door. She rings the bell and waits. And waits. Finally she walks back to the Jag.

INT. JAGUAR - DAY

Cheryl sits in the driver's seat staring through the windshield at the empty condo. She opens the glove box and removes a pad and pen and a vial. She snorts a few bumps of cocaine, then furiously scribbles something. She crumples the paper into a small ball and throws it at the condo door.

EXT. BEVERLY BLVD - DAY

The Plimsouls "A Million Miles Away" blares. Cheryl's Jag passes CBS studios-- she almost swerves into another car.

INT. JAGUAR

Pulling over, Cheryl catches her breath. She tears through her purse for a cigarette. She finds the pack. Empty.

EXT. CANTER'S - DAY

Cheryl gets out of the Jaguar and walks toward the entrance.

INT. CANTER'S

A large fluorescent-lit deli. Late afternoon: only a few elderly people sitting listlessly in booths.

Cheryl makes her way to the cigarette machine passing a table of young punks-The English Prices-hanging with a journalist and various girls. They get quiet when they notice her. And after whispering to each other, they start giggling.

The vending machine won't take Cheryl's money. Behind her, The English Prices keep snickering.

Finally she picks up a fresh pack. She slides in to a booth and opens the Marlboros as an old waitress walks up.

WAITRESS

What would you like, hon?

CHERYL

Just tuna on wheat and a water.

WAITRESS

Okay... You're Cheryl Laine, right?
I think you're great, honey. The
piece you did on Kitty Genovese? I
remember when that happened. It was
so sad.

Cheryl smiles thankfully. She looks at her cigarette and realizes she has no matches. She looks around helplessly. More laughter from The English Prices table. Suddenly: Leon-the lead singer from Martin's video shoot-heads her way.

LEON
Hey, aren't you, um, on the news or something?

CHERYL
Yes. Yes, I am.

LEON
You're Cheryl Laine, right?

CHERYL (straining)
Yes. Yes. I am. You don't have a light, do you?

LEON
Sorry, no light. But listen, can I have your autograph? I'm, like, your biggest fan.

The band laughs hysterically. Leon hands her a napkin.

CHERYL (flinching)
Do you have a pen?

LEON (to the booth)
Hey Spaz, you gotta pen?

Spaz shakes his head no, burying his face in his hands.

SPAZ
Ask her if she has any lipstick.

CHERYL (keeping it together)
I think I have one...
(rummages in purse)
What would y-you like it t-to say?

LEON
Um, I don't know... Something nice?

CHERYL
Well, what's your name?

LEON
Um, make it out to Spaz.

CHERYL (concerned)
S-spaz?

LEON
Yeah. With an S. And a Z.

Cheryl writes: "To Spaz. Best Wishes. Cheryl Laine."

CHERYL
Here you go.

LEON

Hey, thanks a lot, Cher. Um, by the way, we're opening for Bryan Metro at The Greek tonight. You wanna go?

CHERYL

Thanks, b-but, I've got to-

LEON

Yeah, talk about the plane crash with a gleam in your eye. Got it. Thanks a lot, Cheryl.

Leon struts back to his table waving the trophy. The English Prices convulse with drugged laughter. Cheryl, humiliated, turns her head and stares at her sandwich.

EXT. GREEK THEATER - NIGHT

The audience cheers as Bryan finishes a song. Behind them is a huge billowing tapestry: INFORMERS WORLD TOUR 83/84.

BRYAN (counts off)

One, two, three, four-

The band launches into another song. The audience roars. Bryan holds onto a microphone with his bandaged hand.

BRYAN

"Another night passes by/and still you wonder what happened..."

And then he freezes. The song continues without the vocals. The guitarist jerks his head up. The bassist moves closer toward Bryan. The drummer keeps beat. Bryan looks down, breathes in, waits. And then:

BRYAN

"Another night passes by/and still you wonder what happened..."

After that: nothing.

The guitarist and synth player exchange worried looks. Bryan's face is tense with concentration. The band keeps playing as Bryan pulls the microphone stand closer.

BRYAN

"Another night passes by/and still you wonder what happened-"

Immediately the guitarist steps up to the mic stand.

GITARIST

"You give the world one more try as you send in your stand-in."

Bryan moves away from the mic stand, clapping. The guitarist sings the rest of the song as Bryan twirls himself off-stage.

EXT. CHATEAU - NIGHT

Bryan exits a limo, his face a mask of pain; he's a wreck.

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR

Bryan staggers down a dimly lit corridor. Two roadies and a security guard sit across from Bryan's room. They nod as he pushes his door open and disappears into his suite.

INT. HOTEL ROOM

Bryan walks into the bedroom and turns on a lamp that casts a faint glow. A girl-17, topless-lays propped up on Bryan's bed wearing only white panties. She smiles eagerly. Bryan stares.

GIRL
Surprised?

Bryan isn't. He just stares sadly at her, disappointed. Finally he sighs and starts undressing.

GIRL
Don't you want to know who I am?

BRYAN (so tired)
Are you from around here?

GIRL
Not really. I'm officially from
Nebraska. A little town near
Lincoln?

Bryan tiredly takes off his T-shirt and falls into an arm-chair, staring at the girl in the semi-darkness.

BRYAN
You had a job at the mall, right?
But the mall closed down, right?
It's all empty now, huh?

GIRL
Have you been there?

BRYAN (fading)
I've been to a mall in Nebraska...

GIRL
Yeah?

BRYAN
And it's all flat. It's all
totally... totally... flat...

The girl keeps staring hopefully at Bryan, wetting her lips. But Bryan's eyes are closed and he isn't moving... But then he opens them.

BRYAN

Come here.

INT. CHRISTIE'S APT, BEDROOM - NIGHT

A tangle of bronzed, muscled limbs composed of Graham, Christie and Martin, sleeping naked on a vast mattress.

Suddenly: the sound of muffled gunshots from somewhere outside the building.

Graham opens his eyes and carefully sits up as two more gunshots go off. He stares at Christie and Martin, his eyes scanning Christie's beautiful body- they stop on a small purple mark on her arm. He's about to touch it when another shot is fired.

INT. LOBBY

As the elevator doors open two more shots are heard. Graham, wearing shorts and a t-shirt with the word "ALMOST" on it, slowly walks through the darkness of the lobby.

Jack stands at the door, looking across Wilshire Boulevard where six or seven police cars are parked, lights flashing.

GRAHAM

What's going on?

Jack shouts out, totally startled, as he turns around.

GRAHAM

Hey, easy man, it's only me.

JACK

You scared me...

(turns back to door)

I don't know. I think some guy has his wife up there and is, like, threatening to shoot her or something. Something like that. Maybe he's already shot her. Maybe he's killed a whole bunch of people... There's a SWAT team trying to talk to him... I don't think you should go out there.

GRAHAM

I won't.

JACK (shivering)
You live on the 11th Floor, right?
The guy who does videos-- Martin?
He visits you a lot?

GRAHAM
It's actually my girlfriend's
place. I'm Graham.

JACK (holds out shaking hand)
I'm Jack... I thought, um, Martin
was her boyfriend... I've talked to
Martin a couple of times. He knows
someone in a band I was almost in.

Jack offers Graham a cigarette. Three more shots. A
helicopter circles. Jack's hands are trembling so badly that
Graham has to steady them when Jack lights his cigarette.

JACK
So what do you do?

GRAHAM
I go to school at USC.

JACK
Yeah? That's cool...

GRAHAM
Do you go to school?

JACK (nodding rapidly)
No. I'm an actor, really. Well, I
was in a couple things: a
commercial for gum. Boyfriend in a
Clearasil spot. Unless you're
willing to do some pretty awful
things it's hard getting a job in
this town...and I'm willing.

Jack is now starting to freak Graham out.

GRAHAM
Yeah. I guess.

JACK
I really want to get into video.
That's why Mark is a really good
contact.

An ambulance pulls up to the police cars.

GRAHAM
You mean Martin. It would probably
help out a lot, dude, if you got
the name right.

Jack nods. But then he starts panicking when he realizes Graham is leaving him.

JACK
Hey, where are you going, man?

GRAHAM (points over his shoulder)
I've got to...drink some juice
and...um, then get some sleep...

He backs toward the elevator. Jack moves with him, worriedly.

JACK
Yeah, sure, dude. I understand. You
sure you don't want to stay with
me? I could really use the company.

GRAHAM (worried now, in the elevator)
I'm sorry... I have to go.

JACK (stricken)
But I think something's gonna
happen.

Graham smiles weakly as the elevator doors close.

EXT. CLUB RAMPAGE - NIGHT

Another club in another warehouse in another part of nowhere.

INT. CLUB BATHROOM

A pretty blond girl (19) sits in a stall, shooting up. When she removes the needle from her arm the dope hits and she slumps against the wall, then slowly regains her composure. She drifts out of the stall and stares in the mirror.

INT. CLUB

The girl glides slowly through the club as The B-52's "Mesopotamia" blasts out over the sound system (*"Turn your watch back, turn your watch back, about a 100,000 years..."*).

She moves along the perimeters of the dance floor as hundreds of kids gyrate to the thumping beat. Jamie suddenly steps in front of her. The girl stops moving.

JAMIE (grinning)
I thought I lost you.

EXT. VENTURA BOULEVARD - NIGHT

Jamie's anthracite Porsche races down the empty boulevard.

INT. CAR

Jamie jabbers away, while the girl sits in the passenger seat nodding off to The Bangles "Hero Takes A Fall."

JAMIE

I usually hate skinny chicks but you look hot. What I'm trying to tell you is that I am into you anyway. Hey-what do you call an Ethiopian wearing a turban?

(a beat)

Q-Tip. That really cracks me up. Even you must admit it's riotous.

GIRL (vaguely)

Doesn't Michael Jackson live around here?

JAMIE

Yep. He's a buddy.

GIRL (spacey)

I'm really impressed.

JAMIE

I only went to one party after the Victory tour but it was really shitty. I hate hanging out with niggers anyway. I have a problem.

GIRL

That's not exactly the nicest thing you could say.

JAMIE (groans)

Oh, mellow out. I said I have a problem.

EXT. JAMIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jamie's Porsche dives into the garage.

INT. JAMIE'S BEDROOM

The candles are lit and Jamie's fucking the girl hard. He reaches over to the nightstand for the sickle and while pumping into the girl he lays it next to them on the bed.

And then, lifting the sickle, he makes a deep incision in her neck. Jamie locks his mouth on it and drinks heavily. The girl is laughing--out of it, eyes closed, her legs wrapped around Jamie's ass.

Suddenly, Jamie stops fucking the girl. He sits up and wipes his mouth. He looks down at the girl: laughing, oblivious, stoned.

JAMIE

What are you on?

He lifts a candle up, inspecting her body. And then he finds them--her track marks. She rolls around, lost in the dope, blood pooling onto the Calvin Klein comforter.

Jamie bolts up. Standing over her body, in a blank monotone, he whispers to himself.

JAMIE

You're unclean...

Jamie suddenly runs, doubled-over, to the bathroom where he falls by the toilet and starts vomiting. And then he collapses onto the tiled floor, panting, holding himself, whispering an incantation that means only something to him.

He waits until his strength returns to stand. He staggers back into the bedroom, his mouth smeared with blood.

He stands over the girl and watches as she slowly dies, too weak to move. She stares in horror at Jamie as the life literally drains out of her. And then it does.

EXT. BUILDING COMPLEX, WILSHIRE - DAY

Laura's Jaguar pulls into the building's underground lot.

INT. DR. NOVA'S OFFICE

Dr. Nova is a young shrink in his early 30's-hip and tan and wearing an Armani sweater. The office: grey carpet, Patrick Nigel prints, Venetian blinds. Laura sits across from him.

NOVA

...it was out in the Colony. At the house of the ex-wife of this rock star-have you heard of Bryan Metro? Anyway, she's a little crazy but-

LAURA

I need the Valium and the Librium refilled.

NOVA (a beat)

Why do you think that?

LAURA

Don't ask me why. Just do it.

NOVA

Why shouldn't I ask you?

LAURA

Because I asked you not to? Because I pay you \$135 an hour?

NOVA (pauses)

How is the situation with William?

LAURA (hard)

The situation? He's moving back in... But he's still seeing her...

NOVA (a beat)

And how do you feel about that?

LAURA

I feel that you should refill the prescription.

NOVA

Laura... I'm only looking out for your best interests.

LAURA (ruefully)

Oh, isn't everyone?

INT. MAUNA KEA HOTEL SUITE - EVENING

Tim stands in front of a mirror in the bathroom, perfecting his hair. Les peers in, wearing a linen suit and holding a drink, watching as Tim studies himself from all angles.

LES (clearing throat)

We're gonna miss our reservation.

TIM

I'll be done in a sec... Is it okay if I invited Rachel to dinner?

LES (pause)

Who's Rachel?

TIM

The girl I met on the beach today?

LES (thinks)

I've already invited Patty and Darlene so the more the merrier.

Tim whirls around with a "Don't fuck with me" expression.

LES

Hey, it was a joke. Calm down. Finish your hair.

Tim walks out of the bathroom and across the grand suite into a walk-in closet. Les wanders the room with his drink.

LES
Where's she from?

TIM (O.S.)
She goes to UC San Diego.

LES
Who is she here with?

TIM (O.S.)
Her parents.

LES (mulling)
Well, won't they want to have
dinner with her?

TIM (O.S.)
They're in Hilo for the night.

Tim takes two shirts back into the bathroom. He puts one on and inspects himself. Then he tries the other one.

LES
Do you like her?

TIM (toneless; studying himself)
No. I think she's a raging bitch.
That's why I invited her.

Les drains his drink and walks over to the mini-bar.

LES
Tim, I wanna ask you something and
I want you to tell me the truth...
Are you glad you came?

TIM (flat)
Sure. Why wouldn't I be?

LES
I thought maybe you didn't want to.

TIM (not even listening)
Why would you think that?

Tim decides on the first shirt.

LES
Your mother said maybe you didn't
want to.

Tim freezes for a second and then buttons up the shirt.

TIM
I never said that.

Tim studies himself one last time in the mirror and then turns to face Les with a blank stare.

INT. NINA METRO'S MALIBU HOUSE - DUSK

The phone rings in the living room of a lavish house. Through the floor to ceiling windows looking out over the beach: Martin and Nina playing with a little boy, Kenny (4).

Nina (30s)-a rock and roll survivor wife, hears the phone ringing and jogs up the patio steps to answers it.

NINA (British accent)
Hello?

BRYAN (O.S.)
It's me.

NINA (a shocked beat)
How do you have this number?

BRYAN (a beat)
What's going on? How are you?

Nina looks back fearfully at her son and Martin through the window: Martin swinging Kenny up into the air.

BRYAN (O.S.)
Hello? Are you there?

NINA (flinches)
It's funny, but you actually sound like you care.

INT. BRYAN'S HOTEL SUITE

Bryan sits by the window, cradling the phone as he chops lines on a giant mirror with the hand that's not bandaged.

BRYAN
Maybe I do.

NINA (O.S.)
Maybe you don't. Look, how did you get this number?... Was it Roger?

BRYAN (sighs)
Let me just talk to Kenny.

INT. NINA METRO'S MALIBU HOUSE

Nina looks out at her little boy. Martin has walked away and is smoking a joint while staring out into the Pacific.

NINA
He can't right now. He's on the beach with a friend.

BRYAN (a beat)
Who?... A friend of his or a friend of yours?

Nina reaches for a cigarette, lights it. She says nothing.

BRYAN
Well, that's just great. Let's get this over with. Let me talk to my kid without freaking out, Nina.

NINA
Look, some other time, Bryan. Okay?

BRYAN (O.S.)
I would like to talk to my son.

NINA
You don't even have visitation rights, Bryan-

BRYAN (voice rising)
Put him on the phone, Nina-

NINA
Bryan, why are you making me say this? He doesn't want to talk to you. What do you want me to-

BRYAN (overlapping)
Just tell whoever you're fucking to bring my kid in and put him on the phone--

INT. BRYAN'S HOTEL SUITE

NINA (O.S.)
Okay, I'm going to hang up now-

BRYAN
Nina, just because I don't have visitation rights doesn't mean I can't talk to my kid. Now, if you want me to have my lawyers-

NINA (O.S.)
FUCK YOUR LAWYERS, BRYAN. JUST FUCK THEM. I'M HANGING UP!

BRYAN (pleading)
Nina, Jesus, please, I'm sorry, I-

NINA (breaking down)
 Don't call here. I have no idea how
 you got this number but don't ever
 call here again.
 (whispers)
 He's so afraid of you. You scare
 him, Bryan.

BRYAN (suddenly furious)
 And you don't you fuckin' Medusa?

Nina hangs up. Bryan's bandaged hand is bleeding again.

MONTAGE (BEGINS IN JAMIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT):

"Love My Way" by the Psychedelic Furs blares. Jamie lifts
 weights and does "clap" push-ups wearing only briefs.

Jamie lies on a tanning bed.

Jamie, at a supermarket, sips a blood-red Smoothie as a
 checkout girl rings up a cart filled with organic herbs.

Jamie whips through West L.A. in his Porsche, passing strip
 malls and nightclubs. Two blonds in a BMW pull up next to him
 at a stoplight. He winks at them. They laugh and flirt back.

Jamie stops at another light. Suddenly his windshield is
 tinted blue from the giant glowing lower-case "t" that sits
 atop the Thrifty Drugs sign. Jamie stares, mesmerized. The
 "t" is a cross. The cross symbolizes something that causes
 Jamie to flinch.

Overcome by revulsion, Jamie floors the Porsche through the
 light and swerves to avoid getting hit by oncoming traffic.

EXT. JACK'S HOUSE -NIGHT

Jack's car pulls up to the driveway. He gets out holding a
 McDonald's bag and walks hesitantly into his own house.

EXT. BACKYARD -- NIGHT

Jack sits at a rusted patio table smoking a joint. Police
 sirens, dogs barking, a helicopter. He closes his eyes and
 takes another toke. It's not doing anything.

INT. JACK'S HOUSE

Jack walks to the bathroom door. Silence: and then a sudden
 thumping noise. The kid kicking against the bathtub.

Jack moves away and drifts into his bedroom. Only one light
 is on and it's dim. Mary, strung-out, lies on his bed, in
 panties and a white T-shirt. Jack stares at her: she's sexy.
 But there's Peter to contend with. So: he backs away.

MARY

Hey, Jackson. You got any more pot?

He starts to walk out but turns when Mary calls his name.

MARY (softly)

Hey...don't go...stay...why don't
you stay... Peter's gone...

JACK

Where...did he go?

MARY

He...had to meet with these
people...they can...only meet at
night... So...why don't you...keep
me company...

JACK

I have to be at work soon.

MARY

But...you just came home...

JACK

I was driving around all day. I
didn't want to come back here. And
I don't want to be with you now.

MARY

Why...not?

JACK (a beat)

Do you want to know what I'm
thinking? I'm thinking any girl who
hangs out with Peter is fucked-up.
How did you get so fucked-up, Mary?

MARY (a beat; smiles)

I know what else you're thinking...

Her hand moves down to the waistband of her panties.

JACK (swallows)

What? Tell me.

MARY

You're thinking about me... And
you're thinking Peter's gone
out...why not stick around and see
what happens...

JACK (gulps)

I don't want to see that...

Mary lies there, drugged, touching herself. Jack's breathing hard, staring at her. He's drawn to the mattress.

JACK
Where did you meet him?

MARY (like a child)
In the desert... Peter did some bad stuff out in the desert...

JACK (almost awed)
Yeah? Like what?

MARY
We met the Indian in Carson... And he turned us on to some real heavy shit...so we hung out with him and he was real nice and peaceful...and one morning when Peter left...our room...to get some --I don't know- cigarettes?-the Indian came in and...and...and we fooled around...and he was nice...

Jack puts his hand on Mary's thigh. He slowly moves the hand toward her panties.

MARY
And then Peter came back... And do you wanna know what he did?...
(giggles)
Guess.

JACK (a whisper)
I don't want to guess that.

MARY
He took the Indian to the desert...

JACK
But you...were already in the desert...

Jack's other hand is massaging one of Mary's breasts.

MARY
But we went...deeper...farther than we had ever been...

She starts moaning softly.

JACK
What happened out there?

MARY
He...he shot him in the eye...

Peter's hand stops moving. Mary is now a child, looking at Peter with wide eyes, nodding.

MARY
And...his head opened up...like a
giant red flower...

Jack moves his hands away from Mary.

MARY
And then he took...he took the
Indian's...jeans...he took them
off...and Peter pulled out
a...knife and...

Jack stands.

MARY
...and he cut it...he cut it
off...right there in front of
me...and there was a fountain in
the sand...and when he brought it
to me...he asked in the sweetest
voice I've ever heard..."Is this
what you wanted...?"

Jack stands in the doorway. Mary's face is wet with tears.

EXT. MARTIN'S APARTMENT - DUSK

A modern building near the UCLA campus.

INT. MARTIN'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM

MTV: Prince is the only color in the grey-on-grey bedroom.

Laura lies under the covers. Martin lies next to her, naked, doing leg-lifts, a cigarette clenched in his teeth. He stops, then rubs Laura's flawless legs. He straddles her, growling. Laura takes the cigarette from him and drags off it.

LAURA
Were you at the beach yesterday?

MARTIN (nuzzling)
No. Why? Thought you saw me there?

LAURA (thinking)
I called one of your numbers. A
girl answered. She said you were in
Malibu.

MARTIN (the brush off)
I'm the tannest one in my family...

Martin takes her hand and guides it to his dick. Laura removes her hand and traces Martin's stomach and chest and then touches his lips. He sucks on a finger. She pulls away.

LAURA

I wonder what your parents would
think if they knew a friend of
theirs was sleeping with their son.

MARTIN (faltering)

You're not friends with my parents.

Martin tries kissing Laura. But she pushes him off.

LAURA

I think twice was enough.
(a beat)
And I don't feel comfortable here.

MARTIN

Well, Big Bad William moved back
in. Sooo. Unless you wanna shell
out for a room at The Bel Air...

Martin lays there, absently touching himself. Finally he heaves himself off the bed and pulls on his underwear.

LAURA

Where are you going?

MARTIN

I have a class at six.

LAURA

One you actually go to?

Martin zips up faded jeans, throws on a Polo shirt. Laura reaches into a Gucci purse. She pulls out a brush and strokes her hair. Martin sits next to her with a boyish smile.

MARTIN

Baby, could I please borrow sixty
bucks? I gotta pay this guy for
these Billy Idol tickets and I
forgot to go to the Instateller and
it's just really a hassle...

Laura stops brushing her hair and stares at Martin as if she's remembering something.

MARTIN

What?...What is it?

LAURA (shakes it off)

Never mind. Just something my
daughter said about you.

MARTIN
She's not my biggest fan.

Laura reaches into the purse and hands Martin the cash.

MARTIN (kisses her)
Thanks baby. I'll pay you back.

He bounds out of the room.

LAURA (calls out)
Don't call me baby.

Laura waits for the sound of a door slamming shut.

EXT. MAUNA KEA, DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Rachel stands, her back to us, looking out over the darkened Pacific and a beach dotted with tiki-torches.

TIM (O.S.)
Rachel?

Rachel turns around. Her hair is pulled back-a purple flower in it, her tan dark, a perfect white smile. Les breathes in.

RACHEL
Hi, Tim.

TIM (reluctantly)
Rachel, this is my dad, Les Price.

RACHEL (holds out hand)
Hi, Mr. Price.

LES
Hello, Rachel.

Les takes her hand, then tentatively lets go of it.

RACHEL
You both look nice.

TIM
You look great.

LES
Yes. You do.

Tim glances at Les, then at Rachel. His shy smile fades.

RACHEL
Thanks, Mr. Price.

EXT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

At a candlelit table, Tim and Les and Rachel are in the middle of dinner. Les is drunk. Things have unravelled.

RACHEL

So what did you do after the beach?

LES

Well, I watched Tim perfect his hair for two hours and choose what shirt he was gonna wear...

(reaches over)

What is that stuff anyway...

TIM (leans away)

It's just gel for your hair. And it wasn't two hours.

Tim looks at Rachel in mock-exasperation. Rachel smiles.

RACHEL

So, what do you do Mr. Price?

LES (leaning in)

You've been calling me that all night. Call me Les.

RACHEL

Okay, what do you do, Les?

LES

Tim didn't tell you? I'm a real estate investment analyst. It's less interesting than it sounds. And, may I ask, what do you do?

RACHEL

I'm a student.

LES

Of what?

Only Les can make this sound like a lewd come-on.

RACHEL

Oceanography. I go to UCSD.

LES (drunk)

Thass interesting.

Rachel notices Tim looking at his father and perceives that she needs to move the conversation in another direction.

RACHEL

Did anybody see that Robert Waters is here?

TIM (staring at her)

Who's that?

LES

Come on, Tim. Robert Waters. He stars on "Flight Patrol." It's a television show... On television.

TIM

I guess I don't watch enough TV.

LES (snorts)

Yeah, right.

RACHEL (to Tim)

You really don't know who Robert Waters is?

TIM (on edge)

No, I don't. But you do, right?

RACHEL

I met him at Reagan's inauguration. God, I thought everybody knew who Robert Waters is.

TIM (irritated)

I don't. Why do you guys care?

RACHEL

Well, it's a little weird...

TIM (coldness evaporates)

Why?

LES

He's here with three guys. The very macho star of "Flight Patrol"- that's a very popular TV show, by the way, bud-is here with three guys. Get it?

TIM

So?

RACHEL (surprised)

So?

LES

One of them tried to pick up Tim.

TIM
Me? When?

RACHEL
At the bar. Today. On the beach.

TIM
Him? That guy?

LES
Yeah. That guy.

TIM
He was nice... a nice guy. So what?

LES (insinuating)
I'm sure he was really nice.

RACHEL (grins)
Real nice.

Tim looks at Rachel-and then, sharply-at Les. He realizes something and relaxes. He lights a cigarette with a candle.

TIM
I guess you two would notice.

LES (pats Rachel's arm)
I guess we would.

RACHEL (pulling away)
Come on, Tim. They like you. You're probably the youngest guy here.

TIM (deep drag)
I haven't noticed how many "young guys" aren't here. Sorry.

RACHEL (concerned)
You smoke?

LES
I told you, Tim.

Tim, shocked, looks at Rachel, then at Les.

TIM
What?

RACHEL
It's bad for you.

LES
He knows. I told him last night.

TIM (glaring)
No. You told me not to smoke
because we're in Hawaii. Not
because it's bad for me.

LES
Well, it's bad for you and I find
it offensive.

TIM
I'm not blowing it in your face. Am
I really bothering you? I mean,
Jeez, we're outside. We're outside.

RACHEL (softly)
You just shouldn't smoke, Tim.

TIM (stands)
Well, I'm going somewhere else to
finish this cigarette since you two
don't like it... Are the odds
pretty good tonight, Dad?

RACHEL
Tim, don't go. Just sit down. It's
okay.

LES (hard)
No. Let him go.

Tim walks away. Rachel turns in her chair.

RACHEL
Tim? Oh God...

Tim has disappeared into the darkness. Les doesn't speak.

RACHEL (standing)
Good night, Les. Thanks for dinner.

LES
Where are you going? We're not done
yet. Have another drink.

RACHEL
Please tell Tim I'm sorry.

As she walks away, Les reaches out and grabs her arm.

LES
Rachel...

She pulls her arm from Les's grasp.

RACHEL
I'll see you guys tomorrow.

LES

Rachel...

She walks out of the dining room. A waiter brings a check.

INT. HOTEL BAR - NIGHT

Roger and Bryan sit at a private table in the corner of the empty bar. At the entrance the roadies and security guards stand watch. Bryan swigs Jack and picks at his bandaged hand.

BRYAN

Why do I have to meet them?

ROGER

Because they opened for you the last five nights and you've refused to be available for one measly cocktail. They feel a little shut out. Stop picking at that. What are you doing? Are you on coke?

BRYAN

Grams and grams and grams of it. If you knew how much you would choke.

ROGER (sighs)

I suppose that's better than the angel dust routine from '81. Wasn't that when you tried to set your ex-wife on fire with a Tiki torch?

BRYAN (sullen)

I was married to her then.

ROGER

I suppose it was a good thing that Nina had the sense to hurl herself into the ocean. Considering how smart she was when you first met I was glad her reflexes had improved.

(lights cigarettes)

Christ, I can't believe she got custody... But then I hate to think what would've happened to that kid if it was given to you...The Alien would have made a better parent.

BRYAN

I'm getting up and leaving.

ROGER

They'll be here any minute. They're shooting the cover of the new Rolling Stone.

(a beat)

ROGER (CONT'D)
Oh. I forgot. You don't read that publication.

BRYAN
Not after that shit they pulled with Ed's death.

ROGER
Listen: they have a very hot album and it would be a favor to me if you were cordial and cool to them.

BRYAN
Why the fuck do I have to be cool? They're terrible. They're a terrible, shitty band. Why do I have to be cool to these fuckheads?

ROGER
Because they are going to be huge and I am going to sign them and they are going to be opening for you throughout Europe. That is the plan. Help facilitate it.

BRYAN
I don't think I'm capable of Europe, Roger. I'm a wreck. I think the tour is over after this-

ROGER
That's what you always say and-oh shit, here come the little bastards. Just be cool.

BRYAN
Jesus fucking Christ. I am cool.

ROGER
Just keep telling yourself that and roll your sleeves down.

Bryan rolls them down as Leon and Spaz from The English Prices walk in followed by two underage Mexican girls.

Leon holds out a hand with a spiked bracelet wrapped around his wrist. Bryan shakes it, smiling wanly. They sit.

LEON
Man, it's so cool you took some time out to finally say hi. We've been fans for, like, forever.

SPAZ
Yeah, since like fifth grade.

ROGER (suddenly)
Where's Rocko?

LEON (tapping nose)
Rocko has "mono".

ROGER
I'll have to send him some flowers.

LEON (to Bryan)
Rocko is the drummer... But we may have to get a machine... He's from Anaheim.

BRYAN (stuck)
Oh...that's, um...nice...

ROGER
Does anybody want any sushi?

LEON
No, I'm a vegetarian. I already had a big dinner of Spaghetti0's.

ROGER
Hip.

LEON (to Bryan)
Anyway, man, like it was such an honor to open for you this week because, well, the band's records-just blew me away when I was a kid and you really influenced our songwriting and shit.

Bryan keeps smiling wanly and nods. No other reaction. Leon stares and then turns to Roger, who pours Bryan a glass of the Jack and hands it to him. Bryan drains it.

LEON (to Roger)
He's, um pretty, uh, subdued, huh?

ROGER
We call him, in-fact, The Sub Dude.

LEON (apprehensive)
That's...cool...

ROGER (gesturing at the girls)
So, who are your friends?

LEON
Oh, man, these girls are so bitchin. They can't understand one word of English but they fuck like little jumping beans.

SPAZ (laughing, turning to the girls)
 Can't you? You a good fuck, you
 little Olveira street bitch?

Spaz has a sincere expression on his face, nodding. The girl looks at the expression, takes in the nod, and smiles back a worried, innocent smile and nods, too. Everyone laughs.

LEON (nods; smiles)
 You give real good head, right? You
 like it when I slap your taco-
 eating face with my fat leathery
 cock you spic bitch?

The girl nods, smiling, and looks at her friend. The band laughs and high-fives. Roger laughs. The Mexican girls laugh. Bryan smiles but the smile fades as he stares at Leon. Leon notices. Bryan keeps staring. Leon leans forward.

LEON
 What is it, man?

BRYAN
 I... I see myself in you... I see
 you...in me...

LEON (impressed)
 Whoa...yeah?...

BRYAN
 You'll be there...in another ten
 months...

EXT. CARNEYS, SUNSET - DUSK

Graham and Martin sit outdoors inspecting the cover of People magazine which displays a pretty, young actress.

GRAHAM
 I can't believe you fucked her.

MARTIN
 Why's that so hard to believe?

GRAHAM (considers)
 I guess you fuck anything, right?

MARTIN (without looking up)
 I did you, dude.

Graham sighs. Martin opens the magazine, studies more photos.

GRAHAM
 So... you're not staying at
 Christie's anymore?

MARTIN

I needed to finish that video, man.
But it ended the night you stopped
by and no one's called. They
probably hired someone else. I
mean, it sucks. We've known Leon
for a long time and now that
they're on the cover of Rolling
Stone-I'm outta the picture?

GRAHAM

Why do you shoot those things
anyway? It's lame.

MARTIN

It's supposed to be a career... You
know, Graham, not everyone has a
rich daddy and not everyone can
afford to deal drugs "for fun."

GRAHAM

Your parents are loaded.

MARTIN

Loaded is a relative term, dude.
(closes magazine)
My parents aren't exactly my
biggest fans.

GRAHAM (sighs)

Look: are you at Christie's or are
you somewhere else?

MARTIN

I always felt that you...weren't
into it as much as Christie and I
were, y'know the whole thing...
That you had, well, let's just
say...reservations about certain
aspects of the...whole set-up...
So, no, I'm no longer there.
Anyway, the place is empty now.

GRAHAM

What do you mean-it's empty?
Where's Christie?

MARTIN

She moved in with me and Nina.

GRAHAM

Nina Metro? Out in the Colony?

MARTIN

Yeah. I thought she told you...

GRAHAM

No, I haven't been able to get in touch with her.

MARTIN

She hasn't been feeling well. She has these night sweats and swollen glands and this weird rash that comes and goes and these little purple bruises... She's also dropped a helluva lotta weight. Too much, if you ask me.

GRAHAM

Wait, she's sick? I just saw her a couple of days ago...

MARTIN

I don't know what's going on with her. She wanted to get out of the apartment and hang at the beach. Said she would feel better there.

Graham pushes his plate away. He looks down.

GRAHAM

Martin...did you guys-you and Christie- ever fool around when I wasn't there?

Martin, shocked, stares at Graham until he realizes.

MARTIN

Oh man, no... I wouldn't do that to you... Wait a minute... Oh God...

GRAHAM

What?

MARTIN (in awe)

You really like her, don't you?... It's not just a thing for you... You really like her.

GRAHAM (finally)

I want to... I want to...a lot.

EXT. MULHOLLAND DRIVE - DUSK

Jamie pulls his Porsche up to Miranda's house: an imposing Spanish-style colonial at the top of a long, gated driveway.

INT. MIRANDA'S HOUSE

Jamie lets himself in through the kitchen and pulls a Corona out of the fridge.

He notices two hacksaws in a sink filled with pink water. On the counter: a pile of men's Calvin Klein jockeys stained with blood.

INT. DINING ROOM

Miranda's inspecting a lavishly decorated dining table-china, crystal, gold. And the table's odd centerpiece: a large porcelain basin.

Jamie walks up behind Miranda, grabs her by the shoulders. They kiss each other deeply, and then they back away.

MIRANDA

Hey, Jamie.

JAMIE

Hey, beautiful. So-what's on for tonight?

MIRANDA

As we speak Dirk is at "The Butcher's" picking it up at some place out in the Valley... It's a surprise so don't ask me anything.

JAMIE

Excellent. Totally excellent. I'm psyched.

Jamie sips the Corona while Miranda lights candles.

JAMIE

Hey-what's brown and full of cobwebs? Ethiopian's asshole. Oh hell, that's funny.

MIRANDA (murmurs)

That's cute. Do you make those little jokes up all by yourself?

JAMIE

Y'know, Miranda, you told ME that I was being bad. What's going on with the Calvin Klein jockeys out there? I mean, there's a hacksaw in the sink.

MIRANDA

That was Andre's night, not mine.

JAMIE

Oh. Where is Andre?

MIRANDA

Andre has a hangover from last night but he's definitely going to stop by.

Jamie suddenly hears something and whirls around.

JAMIE

What is that?

MIRANDA (busying herself)

What's what?

JAMIE

In there...

Jamie moves towards a door adjacent to the dining table. He turns the handle and pushes it open. Inside: A bed. A girl-16, 17. Blond, naked, comatose, chained.

Jamie moves toward the girl as if in a trance. Miranda abruptly shuts the door.

MIRANDA

No. Dirk will be back soon. Just hold on.

INT. JACK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jack is passed-out on the couch, an empty bottle of tequila by his side. Heavy banging on the front door startles him out of sleep. He sits up, looks around for Peter or Mary. And then his stare turns to the bathroom door. He opens it.

The kid is still there-passed out, shivering. Jack slams the door, panicked. The banging continues. He walks to the front door, wide-awake. He looks cautiously through the peephole.

He's relieved. It's just a cute blond guy-tan with muscles in shorts. He must have the wrong house. Jack opens the door.

JACK

Yeah?

DIRK

Hi, I'm Dirk. Who are you?

JACK

Nobody. What do you want?

DIRK

I'm looking for someone. I have something to pick up here.

Jack stares at this kid, uncomprehending. And then he realizes with horror who this is.

JACK
Someone's not here...

Jack closes the door. Dirk stops it with his Topsider.

DIRK
Dude. A deal was made. I'm here to pick up what is ours. Now, I don't know who you are but there is something here that I now own.

JACK
I want you to go away, okay? I don't want any trouble-

Dirk pushes the door open and walks into the filthy house.

JACK
What the fuck do you want?

DIRK
Where's The Butcher? I'm looking for The Butcher... His name is also Peter.

JACK
I don't know... Maybe you've got the wrong house.

DIRK
No. This is the right place.

Dirk walks around, pokes his head into the bedroom. Jack watches as he passes the bathroom door.

DIRK
What the fuck are you looking at?

JACK
Peter's not here. I don't know anything about what you're talking about... I'm... I'm just really...tired, man...

DIRK
This is very important. So think carefully before you answer: tell me where the fuck Peter is.

JACK (pleading)
I can't tell you that because I don't know.

DIRK

This isn't funny. It's very simple.
Peter was paid. We want what we
paid for. Now where is it?

JACK

I swear to God I don't know.

DIRK

Well, you better find out. You know
why?

JACK

I don't know why...no... I mean...

Suddenly Dirk grabs Jack by the collar and slams him against
a wall. Dirk opens his mouth and scans Jack's face with it.
Jack presses against the wall, shuddering.

DIRK

You better find out because he will
be in a very dark place if we
become disappointed. And we are
becoming extremely disappointed.

Dirk pushes Jack away. Jack cowers by the wall, stammering.

JACK (trying to keep it together)

I promise... I promise I'll tell
him...you stopped by...but I don't
know when he'll be back...and-

DIRK (casual)

It's a simple message. When I
return if Peter does not have what
we want-what is ours- you are all
vapor. And it won't be quick and
painless. It will take hours and by
the end your walls will be very
red.

Dirk walks out. Jack, shattered, closes the door. Silence.
And then from the bathroom: thumping noises.

INT. SLOAN HOUSE, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Silently William and Laura dress for a party. They brush past
each other in the giant walk-in closet.

In the enormous bathroom Laura sits in front of a multitude
of mirrors and carefully applies make-up. William stands on
the opposite side of the bathroom, shaving.

Their backs are to each other but they can see their faces in
the mirror's reflection. They keep stealing glances.
Suddenly, William remembers something.

WILLIAM

Oh, Christ. I need a shot. Do you have any syringes? I can't seem to find them...with the move and all.

LAURA (opens drawer)

Yes. There are some still here.

He unzips his slacks and moves over to where Laura sits. She takes out a bottle of insulin and fills the plastic syringe, tapping out air bubbles. William exposes his thigh. Laura sticks the needle through his skin and depresses the syringe.

The camera pulls back: witnessing a ritual that has been performed many times.

LAURA

I saw her at the restaurant the other night. I saw her.

William moves away. He puts his pants back on.

WILLIAM

You saw who?

LAURA

DON'T MAKE ME SAY HER FUCKING NAME!

WILLIAM

I don't know what you're talking about.

LAURA

Oh just get dressed. I'm not going to have this conversation if you're going to lie to me. I'm sick of it. If you want to talk, tell me the truth.

WILLIAM

I want to talk. I want to talk.

Laura pushes herself away from the dresser in frustration.

LAURA

At dinner the other night when you came back and sat down and mentioned the Brodkey party, I knew why you wanted to go. Do you think I'm an idiot?

WILLIAM

No, of course I don't.

LAURA

What I can't understand is, if you still have feelings for her, why are you here? Why are you back in this house?

He doesn't respond.

LAURA

Are you so selfish that you expected me to stay here with you while you fucked her? Do you really not care about anyone but yourself? I mean really, William, did you ever care about me? Did you ever care about your children?

WILLIAM

You mean our children.

LAURA

Oh, *our* children. Don't be boring. You did this for *our* children? For Graham? Graham's in college. Graham deals drugs. He thinks you're a joke. And Susan loathes you, you must know that. Just be honest. Just be honest with me for one moment in your goddamned life. Did you ever love me?

WILLIAM (a great effort)

I don't know. I thought I did...once.

LAURA

Was it because you were too afraid to be alone? Or was it because you knew you would have to give me fifty percent of everything you think *you* own? Is that it?

WILLIAM

No...

LAURA (sighs)

I'll come with you to the party. I'll make an appearance. We'll have a few drinks. We'll tell everyone that everything's fine. And then when we get back home, you can pack your things and leave. So, yes, we'll go to the Brodkey's party.

WILLIAM

Why would you do that?

LAURA
I want to see her.

EXT. SUNSET - NIGHT

Laura's Jaguar drives past Westwood.

INT. JAGUAR

William drives. Laura sits in the passenger seat. Neither of them speaks. Both of them stare intently out the windshield.

EXT. BEL AIR MANSION - NIGHT

The same house we saw in the opening but with an older crowd. The Jaguar pulls up to a valet stand. William and Laura step out and walk up the stairs that Graham and Bruce tumbled down and which lead into the massive house.

EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

The massive pool is lit in the middle of a vast green lawn. A band plays standards. Striped tents billow in the breeze.

Laura vacantly scans the party as she stands with William in a small group, sipping a glass of white wine. Laura nods and smiles at someone passing. She returns her gaze to William and before slipping into her own dreamy world-she's jolted.

She hones in on Cheryl Laine who stands across the pool, conferring with a group that includes her agent, Sheldon.

Laura's reaction is a series of slow fade-out expressions: anger morphs into sadness which morphs into resolve. And when she looks back at William-tenderness laced with pity.

William returns the stare. But he silently understands what he's receiving from her. Something passes between Laura and William and lands: acceptance.

William excuses himself from the group leaving Laura stranded. Cheryl notices from across the pool and excuses herself from Sheldon.

Laura stares at her drink and smiles sadly to herself.

And then Laura turns away from the group and disappears past the crowds, past the tents, past the palm trees into darkness.

INT. HALLWAY, MAUNA KEA - NIGHT

Les unlocks the door to the suite and stumbles in. Only one lamp is on. Tim sits on the balcony stoned, staring into darkness, the curtains billowing into the room. Waves crashing along the beach make the only sound.

LES
Tim?

TIM (doesn't turn around)
What?

LES (moves closer)
Tim...what's wrong? What happened?

TIM
Nothing.

LES
Do...you wanna talk...?

Tim takes a toke and then stubs the joint out. He stands.

TIM
Did you ask me if I wanted to talk?

LES
Well, yeah...

TIM
About what?

LES
You tell me...

TIM (finally turns)
There's nothing to talk about...

Red-eyed, Tim stares at his father with helpless disgust.

LES (grasping)
Please, Tim...come on-

TIM (whirls)
What? There is nothing to TALK
about.

LES (rambling)
Give me a chance... Don't ruin my
chances...

Les reaches out to Tim. Tim pushes Les away.

TIM (angrily)
You don't have any chances left to
ruin, dude.

LES
Tim, come on, you don't mean that.

TIM

There's nothing. Just forget about it. I'm telling you it'll be easier that way. Just accept it. There's nothing I can tell you, dad, and there's nothing that you can tell me that will make any difference.

Les slumps against a wall. Tim slams the bathroom door.

INT. STADIUM DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

Bryan sits impatiently in a make-up chair. Roger paces behind him, smoking a cigarette, holding a walkie-talkie.

BRYAN

Where's Reggie? I don't feel too good.

ROGER (holds up walkie-talkie)

He just passed Security.

BRYAN

I swear to God, I'm not going out there if Reggie doesn't come.

ROGER

What happened to that distinctly upbeat air you had earlier tonight?

A knock. Roger strolls over and answers the door. A roadie leans in and hands him something. Bryan's already wrapped a rubber tube around his bicep. Roger drops the skag in front of Bryan who greedily opens it and starts cooking it up. Roger watches dispassionately.

ROGER

So. You beat up that nice girl from Kansas the other night. Taking out all your hostile feelings about Nina on a teenager who probably walked across a world of garbage just to touch your face? She's threatening to hire some scumbag lawyer if-

BRYAN

Fuck, Roger. Not now. I'll fucking do it again if you don't shut up-

ROGER

Don't talk that way to me-

BRYAN

Hey, I'm Bryan Metro, I'm-

The heroin hits him in mid sentence and he slumps back into his chair, relaxed and dreamy. Roger looms over him.

ROGER

I know who you are. You're the same tired, fucked-up asshole who went to town on those girls in Missouri with a carving knife. We're still paying those girls off. Do you remember Missouri, Bryan? What went down there? Do you remember the one you almost killed? She was in a wheelchair for a year. Does any of this jog your memory?

BRYAN (spaced)

You're getting heavy, man... I think you've gotta leave me alone, now. But...but I've gotta tell you something first-

ROGER

What? You're announcing your retirement? You're going to sell-out big time?

Bryan dutifully cleans his works while licking his lips. After he shuts his case, he sits back in the chair and stares at his reflection in a Wayfarer lens.

BRYAN

I hate L.A.

ROGER

You say that about everywhere.

BRYAN

No. This is different, Roger. I'm telling you- it's different.

ROGER

But you always tell me every place is different. And it never is. You'll be saying this in every city, in every country, on every tour that you do...

BRYAN

There isn't going to be another tour...

Suddenly the walkie-talkie blares. It's indecipherable but Roger gets it and confirms something back.

ROGER
Focus, focus, focus, for Christ's
sake. Stop dreaming and focus.

BRYAN
Adjust my dreams for me... I need
someone to adjust my dreams for me.

Roger helps Bryan up.

ROGER
That's a good lyric. You should
write it down.

BRYAN
It wasn't a song.

In the hallway, Bryan maintains his balance. Armed by Roger and security guards and the rest of the band, Bryan leads them toward the crowd chanting "BRY-AN BRY-AN BRY-AN" and Bryan starts walking with more purpose, getting jazzed, and then it's time to face his audience.

INT. PHASES - NIGHT

One of Bryan Metro's songs plays across the thumping club. Jamie's standing at the bar with Brooke-very young, blond hair. They laugh and down drinks.

EXT. VENTURA BOULEVARD - NIGHT

The anthracite Porsche races through green lights.

INT. PORSCHE - NIGHT

Greg Kihn's "The Break-Up Song" is on the radio. Jamie speeds maniacally. Brooke rummages through her vintage purse.

JAMIE
I was a little bummed tonight.

BROOKE (uninterested)
Oh. Why?

JAMIE
I went to a dinner party. It broke
up. People got angry.

BROOKE (disinterested)
Why? What happened?

JAMIE
The food never showed up.

BROOKE (suddenly pays attention)
Well... was it invited? Did it need
a ride? I don't get it.

JAMIE
Yeah, we got ripped off. But
someone's gonna take care of the
people who ripped off our food.
Very shortly I would imagine. But
hey-you're cheering me up.

Jamie lights a cigarette, rocking out to Greg Kihn. Brooke is
still rummaging through her purse.

JAMIE
Hey-how many Ethiopians can you get
into a Volkswagen?

BROOKE (still rummaging)
"All of them."

Suddenly Jamie slams on the brakes and the car screeches to a
halt. Jamie breathes in deeply, trying to calm down. Brooke
gives him a look and then returns to her purse.

JAMIE
Okay. How many Ethiopians can you
get into a Volkswagen?

BROOKE
I told you. "All of them." I've
heard it before. Where are we? What
are we doing? Are we going to your
place to do coke or not? What is
this? We're parked in front of a
fucking "Ralph's." Let's go.

Jamie leans back, taking her in. Could she be the one? Brooke
finds what she was looking for: a joint. She lights it.

JAMIE
How old are you?

BROOKE
Eighteen.

JAMIE
No. Really. Come on. It's just the
two of us. We're alone. I'm not a
cop. Tell the truth. You won't get
in trouble if you tell the truth.

BROOKE (fake-scared)
Oh no-will I get in trouble if I
lie? Who am I gonna get in trouble
with. You? Ha ha ha ha.

Jamie just stares at her as she inhales deeply on the joint.

JAMIE

We're not going anywhere until you tell me the truth.

BROOKE (as if it matters)

Oh god. I'm fourteen. I'm fourteen. Can you deal with that?

JAMIE (awed)

No way.

BROOKE

Yes way. I'm fourteen. I was bat-mitzvah-ed at The Beverly Hills Hotel and it was hell and I'll be fifteen in October.

JAMIE

How did you get into the club?

She reaches into her purse to show him her fake I.D.

JAMIE

How do I know you're not just teasing me?

BROOKE

Look real close. Yeah, I was born twenty years ago in 1964. Uh-huh. Right. No, I'm fourteen.

Jamie looks at it, then hands it back. He smiles to himself and resumes driving toward his house in Encino.

JAMIE

All of them. Whew.

BROOKE

Where's that gram you were promising me?

JAMIE

It's at my place.

BROOKE

Well, hurry up. I'm like totally jonesing.

JAMIE (in another place)

You're doing something to me.

EXT. JACK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jack's blue van parks at the curb. Peter and Mary step out.

INT. JACK'S HOUSE

Jack paces. As soon as Peter walks in, Jack rushes over.

JACK
Someone came by the house.

PETER (a beat)
Yeah? And?

JACK
Somebody came by here to pick up something.

PETER
Yeah... That's right...

JACK
Some fucking blond kid said he wanted his fucking "package"...

PETER
Yeah...and did he take it?

Something slowly dawns on Peter and he walks to the bathroom and opens the door. He slams it shut and whirls around.

JACK
I told him we didn't have it...

Mary lets out a moan and covers her mouth with a hand.

PETER (containing himself)
And what did Dirk say?

JACK
You...know his name?

PETER
What did Dirk TELL YOU, Jack?

JACK
He told me he would...they would be coming back here... He was upset...

PETER
So this is why he's-
(points)
still here? Because you told someone who is quite possibly the most fucked-up dude EVER that what he and a group of freaks paid for ISN'T HERE?

JACK (loses it)
You were fucking serious? Who in
the fuck are these people?!?

Mary runs into the bedroom and collapses on the mattress.

PETER (calm but shaky)
I think it would be in our best
interests if we left immediately.

JACK
And go where? And go fucking where?

MARY (crying, from mattress)
I told you. I told you. I told you
we shouldn't have gone to them-

PETER (screams)
SHUT UP!

MARY
They're gonna kill us, they're
gonna kill us all-

Peter walks quickly to a window and looks out in all
directions and then-oddly- UP into the night sky. Peter,
trying not to panic, turns back to a dazed Jack.

PETER
Okay. Get whatever you have to.
We're getting out of here. Now.

JACK
This is not my problem. I didn't-

PETER (grabs Jack)
You don't know what these things
are capable of. You don't have a
clue. They're like something out of
a fucking nightmare. So get your
fucking shit together and let's go.

Peter removes a switchblade from his pocket and snaps it
open.

JACK
Wait-what are you doing?

PETER
If we leave the kid, somebody'll
find him and he'll talk.

JACK (pleading)
Let him starve. Just let him
starve. We'll be gone-

PETER

No. He will talk. And believe me-
this is a lot better way than if
those things get a hold of him.

Jack doesn't move.

Peter starts walking towards the bathroom door. Jack watches,
losing his mind.

JACK

Peter. Wait. I'll do it. I'll
fucking do it.

Jack, acting tough, walks up to Peter and holds out his hand.

PETER (stops; turns)

Why?

JACK

Because...you'll like it.

Peter considers. Finally he hands Jack the knife.

PETER

I'm gonna pull the van into the
driveway. Mary, get your stuff
ready. Now!

Peter rushes out the front door. Jack stares at the bathroom.
He walks toward it. Mary staggers towards Jack, struggling to
stop him. Jack pushes her away.

Jack opens the bathroom door and walks inside. And then he
closes it.

EXT. CHERYL'S CONDO - NIGHT

Cheryl's Jaguar pulls up to the darkened house.

INT. CONDO

Cheryl stands in the foyer. She flicks on a lamp and
immediately spots the note. In childish handwriting: "I'M
SORRY THIS DIDN'T WORK OUT. LET'S STAY FRIENDS. DANNY."

Suddenly, from the darkness of the living room: breathing.

WILLIAM

I read it, too.

Cheryl can make out William sitting in the darkness.

WILLIAM (fumbling)

I'm sorry we didn't get to talk at
the party but Laura saw you and...

WILLIAM (CONT'D)
 I realized something then. What had I been expecting? That getting back together with her was going to be more convenient? But for who? I don't want to live a fucking convenient life. You were right. I made the move back to her because of money. It would have been easier to just stick it out and so I pretended it was for Susan and Graham but- they're adults and...they don't give a shit about us...and Cheryl...we should have stayed together...

CHERYL
 No, we shouldn't have stayed together. And, William, you shouldn't be here.

WILLIAM
 I was wrong. I was wrong about us.

CHERYL
 William... I'm tired...just go...

WILLIAM
 Don't...you still want me?

Cheryl just stands there, in the light, holding the note from Danny. William holds up his own note, the crumpled piece of paper Cheryl threw at his condo door.

WILLIAM
 You don't have to answer that...

CHERYL
 I told you how I felt and then you moved back in with Laura... You lied to me for the entire year. That's why I never returned the calls, that's why-

WILLIAM
 I left her. Do you understand? It's final.

William moves out of the darkness towards Cheryl.

WILLIAM
 Does the fact that I still want you mean anything or...
 (gestures at Danny's note)
 ...do you want someone else?

CHERYL

He was...just a kid. He was good to have around... He clarified things for me... made me realize what my choices were... That I really didn't have any...in the end...

Cheryl starts crying. William moves closer.

WILLIAM

Come on, don't crack up. It's okay.

CHERYL (through tears)

How can you say that when everything's wrecked?

William leans in and kisses her deeply. She pulls away but finally gives in and she's the one kissing him. They stop.

WILLIAM (gazing at her)

Let's go away.

CHERYL

What are you talking about?

WILLIAM

Hey, let's go to Vegas... We'll just be with each other and when we come back, we'll start over.

CHERYL (smiling, hopeful)

What time is it?

WILLIAM

Midnight.

CHERYL

But there aren't any flights.

William thinks about it and then smiles.

WILLIAM

Sure there are.

EXT. MAUNA KEA HOTEL GROUNDS - NIGHT

Les walks through the deserted grounds, heading toward the sea, nursing a drink.

EXT. MAUNA KEA BOARDWALK - NIGHT

Les reaches the end of the boardwalk. Tiki torches light the sand below. He collapses onto a bench and looks down into the sea. Two manta rays swim in circles, flapping their fins. He stares, sipping his drink.

RACHEL (O.S.)
Manta birostris, or manta ray.

Rachel steps out of the darkness.

RACHEL
They're relatives of sharks. They
spend most of their lives buried in
mud. Because of their size they are
greatly feared.

Rachel sits on the bench next to Les.

RACHEL
When they mate they leave dark
green eggs, with little tendrils.
When they hatch, the empty cases
drift to shore.

LES
Where did you learn all
that...useful information?

RACHEL
I got an A in Oceanography at UCSD.

LES (sighs)
Well, that's impressive... I
guess... You majored in
Oceanography...you're here at the
Mauna Kea with your parents...so
you've got money-

RACHEL
Did you talk to Tim?

LES
Yeah. He's okay.

RACHEL
Don't you two get along?

LES
As well as most fathers and sons.

RACHEL (considers)
That's too bad, then...

LES (shrugs)
Do you think my son is handsome?

RACHEL
Yes. Very. Why?

LES

He just seems like this blank page
but he's always landed the most
attractive women. I just don't see
what's there, so, I guess now I
know

(a beat)

He looks good on the surface...

RACHEL

He's not dumb, Les.

LES

Really? So what did he talk to you
about this afternoon?

RACHEL

Just...things...

LES

What things? Get specific, Rachel.

RACHEL

Why, Les?

LES

I want to know what handsome not-
dumb Tim talks about... Did he talk
about me, for instance?

RACHEL (quietly)

No. He didn't.

LES

Are you lying to me?

RACHEL

We only spent an afternoon together-

LES

Yeah, getting to know each other.
And when you meet someone who is on
a trip with his father certain info
that reasonable people-even
handsome not-dumb people like my
son-offer to explain why they are
where they are is exchanged. This
is called communication. This is
called "information" Rachel. Now
what "information" did my son
impart to you about me?

RACHEL (quietly)

He didn't say a word about you.

LES (shocked)
I don't believe you.

RACHEL
You have no choice.

Les leans in and kisses her. It takes her a moment to give in. She puts her arms around her as he kisses her hungrily.

But then Les quickly becomes more aggressive, trying to pin her down. It's too forceful. He runs a hand up her dress, groping. Rachel pushes him back. When he doesn't stop, she pushes harder.

RACHEL (struggling)
Stop... Les, stop...STOP IT.

Les pulls back, red-faced and panting. Rachel quickly stands and smooths her dress.

LES
What is it? You wanna go to your room? We can go down to the beach.

RACHEL
Good night, Les.

LES (reaching; drunk)
Rachel, hey, come on-

RACHEL
Good night, Les.

She disappears into the darkness.

INT. JAMIE'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jamie is going through his usual ritual, lighting candles. But this time he's paying attention to Brooke, who walks around, unimpressed. Finally she sighs and stares at him.

JAMIE
Yeah?

BROOKE
The coke? Duh.

JAMIE
Where are your manners?

BROOKE
I left them with the Mexicans who raised me.

Jamie smiles. Brooke moves around the barren room, bored.

BROOKE

Why do you have an herb garden in your refrigerator? Why don't you have any furniture?

JAMIE (gestures)

Well, I have this bed. Would you like to try it?

A little scared, Brooke falters.

BROOKE

I have to use the bathroom.

JAMIE

Go right ahead. It's through there.

Brooke steps into the bathroom and closes the door. Jamie begins to undress. Naked, he props the pillows up. And then sits on the bed and waits. He keeps looking at the bathroom door. Finally he gets up and opens it.

INT. BATHROOM

Jamie stands in the doorway. Brooke has opened the medicine cabinet and holds the vicious-looking sickle to the light, turning it so she can see its serrated edge at different angles.

Brooke smiles knowingly when she sees Jamie behind her in the mirror. Surprised, he smiles back. He moves towards her.

BROOKE

I want you to tell me something...but I think I might know the answer...

JAMIE

Okay...go ahead...

BROOKE

It's just that...I think I want...

JAMIE

Yeah?

BROOKE

I want what you are...

JAMIE (shocked)

Yeah? You do?

BROOKE

Yeah... I've been thinking about it ever since we left the club and...I think I've figured you out...

JAMIE (moved)
You...have?

BROOKE (nodding)
Yeah...and I want to be with you...
I want you to...take me on...

JAMIE
I can do that...

BROOKE (looks up at him)
You can... It's possible?

JAMIE
I've been looking for someone...
I've met so many...but no one's
right... I think you'd be perfect.

BROOKE
That's so cool...

JAMIE
But...do you know what this really
means? Do you what we do? Do you
know what I am?

BROOKE (hushed)
Yeah. I do... Now...

Jamie-heartstruck-is standing in front of her, caressing her cheek, lovingly.

BROOKE
You're an agent...right?

Jamie stops caressing her face. The eagerness of his expression slowly collapses into defeat and then sudden rage.

We don't see what Jamie is now doing with his hand but it's grabbing Brooke and we can tell he's squeezing something because of the exertion present on his face. We hear a slicing noise and then, in a matter of seconds, gasping. Jamie face is painted red.

Suddenly, we hear the sound of a window breaking from inside the house. Jamie gasps, whirls around. Voices are whispering from the living room. Then stop.

Jamie walks cautiously to the bathroom door. He listens. He walks through the bedroom, past the flickering candles, and peers into the living room. It's empty.

But Jamie sees the broken window and starts realizing something. He rushes back into the bedroom and throws his clothing back on.

A shadow rushes behind him. He whirls around. He starts whimpering to himself. He rushes back to the bedroom door and looks into the living room.

Nobody. Then he makes a run for the front door.

Just as he starts fumbling with the locks, trying to open it, three pairs of hands grab Jamie and yank him back, throwing him to the floor. He cries out in protest as two pairs of hands hold him down.

And when he sees the machete aimed over his heart, he starts screaming. One of the hands stuffs a rag in Jamie's mouth.

Jamie continues writhing, trying to break free. He shuts his eyes tightly as the machete hacks away.

The force of the blade entering his body causes Jamie to arch upward, shocking his eyes open and the blood he vomits makes the rag fly out of his mouth.

Someone strikes the machete again, driving it deeper into Jamie's heart. Blood explodes everywhere, spraying upwards.

Jamie weeps, gasping for breath. His hands break free and he grabs at the machete. Trying to pull it out of himself, he slices his palms. Another blow is dealt and the machete emerges from his back.

The hands move away. Jamie rolls over onto his side in a fetal position. His POV: Pairs of boots running out of his line of vision.

As his vision dims, Jamie stares at his bedroom and the candles flickering in the darkness, and beyond that, the carnage in the bathroom.

INT. JACK'S HOUSE, BATHROOM - NIGHT

Jack's locks the bathroom door and turns around. The kid-pale and weak-sees the knife he's holding and starts crying, struggling desperately. Jack's eyes fill with tears.

He brings the knife towards the kid's stomach and cuts the ropes binding the child's hands, and then the ones knotted around his legs. He takes the gag out of the kid's mouth. He leans in close to the kid and points to the window.

JACK (whispers)
Wait until I walk out this door and
then get out of here and don't make
a sound, okay?

The kid nods frantically, crying with relief.

Jack brings the knife up and as the kid, bewildered, watches, he cuts a gash in his own forearm. He smears the blood over his hands and shirt. He looks like he just murdered someone.

Jack gives the kid one more look and then walks out.

EXT. JACK'S HOUSE

Jack shambles across the dead lawn and then slides into the passenger seat opposite Peter. Mary is weeping in back.

INT. VAN

Peter looks at blood-soaked Jack and gives a grim nod of approval. Jack just stares straight out the windshield.

EXT. STREET

Peter pulls away from the house. Suddenly, Peter (and only Peter) sees something in the rearview mirror: the kid crawling out the bathroom window and running down an alley.

Peter quickly glances at Jack-who is taking deep breaths, controlling himself.

INT. LOBBY, CHRISTIE'S BUILDING - MORNING

The camera glides by the desk Jack is supposed to be manning.

INT. CHRISTIE'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM

Graham and Martin lie in bed together, sleeping deeply. The phone on the nightstand rings. Graham is shocked out of a dope-induced sleep and reaches for the phone.

GRAHAM (croaks)
Hello?... Yeah?... Who?...

Graham sits up. He listens for a long time. He's expressionless. We hold on this face for a long time as it processes the information. Finally.

GRAHAM
Okay... I'll be there...

He hangs up and calmly reaches for a pipe. Martin groans and sits up on his elbows, yawning. He squints over at Graham.

MARTIN
What time is it? What's going on?

GRAHAM
It's eleven. My father died.

MARTIN (a beat)
What...happened?

GRAHAM
Plane crash.

MARTIN
Are you serious?

GRAHAM
Yeah.

MARTIN (stunned)
Are...you okay? Can you deal?

GRAHAM
I've... got to make a flight in an hour. Someplace near Vegas.

MARTIN (after a beat)
I'm going out to Malibu. I'll tell Christie, okay?

GRAHAM (getting up)
Maybe I'll see you guys later...

EXT. MAUNA KEA BEACH - MORNING

Les and Tim play backgammon. Les concentrates intently. Tim wears a Walkman and moves his discs listlessly.

Rachel approaches wearing a small bikini and a pink lei, more beautiful than ever. She's relaxed, mellow.

RACHEL
Hi, Les. Hi, Tim. It looks like it's gonna be a nice day.

LES (smiles)
Hi, Rachel.

Tim's motionless. He doesn't look at or acknowledge her.

RACHEL
Tim?

Rachel looks at Tim for a moment, then at Les, then back at Tim. She glares hard at Les. And then she finally gives up.

LES
See you later? Maybe at the luau?

Rachel walks away with one last look at Tim.

Les turns his attention back to the board. He rolls the dice, moves a few discs and wins the game.

LES
Double score.

Tim sighs and leans back against his chair. He takes off his sunglasses and rubs his eyes. Les leans back, watching his son. Maybe the odds weren't so good from the start.

Tim stares out into the ocean, squinting, his face a blank mask. Finally he puts his sunglasses back on and lies down. Les stares at his son for a moment and then he does the exact same thing. The camera pans down to the sand...

EXT. DESERT - DAY

We pull up from the sand as a jeep arrives at the crash site. Graham is escorted by a police ranger.

Melted wings, the burnt cockpit, smashed glass covered in charred blood, a propeller still intact. A photographer snaps photos of the engine remains. All we hear is the desert wind.

Graham gazes at the wreckage, devoid of emotion. The Ranger walks away. EMT's collect charred human remains and place them in zippered bodybags.

Pull back to a wide shot of the men surrounding the wreckage in a vast desert.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

From a distance, Peter's van makes its way across a rocky path below an unrelenting blue sky.

The van stops. A single gunshot - loud.

We can make out Peter exiting the driver's side. He moves to the back of the van and opens both doors. He reaches in and drags out a body and throws it in the sand. He looks down at it for a long time and then gets back in the van.

The van backs up, turns around, and then makes its way down the rocky path and toward an Interstate.

Jack's body lies alone in the desert sand.

INT. SLOAN MANSION, ENTRY FOYER - DAY

Susan, beaten from the news of her father's death, walks through the massive entry of a grand hall.

SUSAN
Mom?... Hello?...

Susan scans the living and dining area. Nobody's home.

SUSAN (calls out)
Mom? Are you here?

Susan climbs the grand curving staircase. The camera follows her in one long tracking shot as she peers down side hallways. She's walking a maze toward her mother's room.

As she inches closer to her mother's bedroom she hears faint crying noises. Softening her steps, Susan moves nearer to the door. She listens to her mother mourning the loss of William. Susan takes a deep breath and prepares herself emotionally.

As she opens the door to the master bedroom suite and walks through an entry hall, the muffled cries amplify. But Susan stops. This isn't crying. What she's hearing are moans.

Susan opens the door and her bewildered expression morphs into horror.

Laura is getting fucked savagely by Martin.

Neither Martin nor Laura notice Susan. Susan doesn't make a sound. She simply watches, her mouth creased, and then she turns away, her eyes welling with tears.

The moans and grunts increase in their intensity.

Susan closes the door behind her and starts the long journey through the maze again.

INT. BRYAN'S HAWKER - LATE AFTERNOON

The plane is just taking off. Bryan sits slumped in the same chair we first saw him in, wearing Wayfarers, staring out the window of the plane. Band members and groupies chatter in the background. Roger walks up the aisle.

Bryan looks up at Roger and stares. Roger lights a joint, takes a hit, and passes it to Bryan.

Bryan sucks in on the joint and passes it back to Roger. The two of them exchange a slightly affectionate smile. They've been through this many times before.

And then Bryan turns his head away and leans it against the window. In the distance, LA's lights shimmer.

EXT. NINA METRO'S HOUSE, MALIBU BEACH - DUSK

Graham's 450 SL swings into Nina's driveway. He gets out of the car and slowly makes his way down the deck stairs.

EXT. DECK

Nina plays on the beach with Kenny beneath a pink sunset.

Martin, in a bathing suit, lies on a chaise lounge, contemplating them, a bottle of Cuervo Gold by his side.

Graham sits next to Martin. Martin turns to Graham.

MARTIN
She's down there.

Graham looks to the beach below them and squints. Past Nina and Kenny someone lies on a towel near the shoreline.

MARTIN
I don't know what's happening to her. She looks pretty shitty, dude.

GRAHAM
Yeah?

Nina walks up the deck stairs. Kenny runs into the house.

MARTIN
Nina, this is Graham.

NINA
Hi Graham... Oh, you're Graham... She's really sick... I have no idea what it is. But she needs to see someone... We can't talk her into it... Maybe you can...

GRAHAM
What about her dad?

NINA
He's on location. In Italy.

GRAHAM (a moment)
That's... an answer?

NINA
Graham, she needs help-

GRAHAM
Why do you think I can help her?

Nina looks at Martin. Martin shrugs and swigs the Cuervo.

NINA
Aren't you the one...who loves her?

GRAHAM (anguished)
What's that going to fix? Is that going to help her?

Nina sighs, looks pitifully at Graham and then disappears into the house. Graham stands up and without looking at Martin heads down to the beach.

EXT. BEACH - SUNSET

Graham slowly approaches Christie lying on a towel.

She's wearing a bikini and sunglasses.

The change is so sudden, so shocking. Graham hitches in a breath.

She's pale and too thin with small purple bruises dotting her once voluptuous body. In a matter of days she has wasted away. And the oil rubbed over her body just accentuates its skeletal aspects.

Graham kneels next to her on the sand-and for once we see more than just a flicker of compassion.

He kneels down to stroke her hair. She shivers. She doesn't acknowledge him. The shivering continues then subsides. Her breathing is raspy.

Her lips move. She whispers something. Graham leans down.

GRAHAM

What are you trying to tell me,
baby? What are you saying?

Graham listens and then sits up.

GRAHAM

But we'd better go inside... Tide's
coming in...

CHRISTIE

I want...to stay...

The sun is low now. The ocean's getting dark.

GRAHAM

But it's getting cold...

CHRISTIE

I want to...stay...I need some
more...sun...

A fly lands on a white, bony thigh. It just sits there.

GRAHAM (choking)

But...there's no more sun...

Graham takes a last look at Christie, his eyes filled with tears. He wipes them away savagely with his fist.

Graham turns away and trudges back to the house. Over the soundtrack: The Waterboys' "This Is the Sea" begins playing.

Graham walks up the stairs back to his car, ignoring Martin.

Graham gets into the 450 SL. He sits there, slumped against the steering wheel, tears staining his face.

He starts the car. He drives away from the house.

As Graham drives away from Christie, Bryan's plane comets across the sky, disappearing into a new world.

The camera follows the plane and then it pans down to the now black ocean, a reminder of the dazzling blue lights that flickered in the pool at the beginning.

"This Is the Sea" keeps playing over FADE-OUT and CREDITS.