

Another Night In Lotusville

INT. WASHROOM - DAY

A fine white powder is spread next to the sink. Cocaine. After licking off the dust particles, the baggie is stuffed into the pocket of a well dressed, yet facially depleting addict. TROY [38].

He folds back his jet black hair as he begins to sift through the coke in desperation. Focused. Mesmerized.

FLASH BACK TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Troy lays bare chested in the middle of the queen sized bed. The blankets are in a mess, obviously thrown around for a reason, as a young girl stands at the end.

She wears nothing, but his undershirt. A once natural beauty with golden locks is a now warned out mess. CHLOE (23). Her eyes punctuate from her pale skin.

She puffs the end of a doobie and blows smoke rings to Troy.

CHLOE

You love me?

TROY

I wouldn't be here if I didn't.

CHLOE

You wanna hit?

TROY

(Chuckles)

Stop with the stupid questions.

She climbs over him and hands him the roach. As he tokes she begins to consume him with her tongue and lips.

He puts it down for a moment as he becomes more involved. She rises over him again.

CHLOE

Come here.

BACK TO PRESENT:

Troy splits the cocaine in neat lines and begins to suck it in. He turns on the faucet, while he whips down a line.

FLASH BACK TO:

INT. HOTEL - DAY

CHLOE
You like that?

Troy and Chloe are in the final moments of pleasure, as all calms down. After a moment, Troy sits up and sits on the edge of the bed. She looks to him as she begins to swig her liquor.

CHLOE (CONT'D)
I need you in my life.

TROY
What's that?

CHLOE
I need you in my life.

TROY
I am in your life.

He rubs his face as he pulls his shoes to his feet.

CHLOE
You come here every two weeks. A month-

She sits up and takes another swig is sloppy anger.

CHLOE (CONT'D)
You come here...and you fuck me-

TROY
What's a matter with you?

He turns, while flipping his dress shirt onto his shoulders.

CHLOE
You think you're better than me or something?

TROY
I never said that.

CHLOE
I'm a joke to you?

PRESENT TIME

Troy is killing each line as a small commotion is heard outside. The heat emits from the hot water flowing.

FLASH BACK CUT:

INT. HOTEL - DAY

TROY

Why do you have to be crazy with
this shit all the time? Huh?

Troy stands up as Chloe's anger grows.

CHLOE

Why don't you run back to your
guinea wife?

Troy SLAPS her.

TROY

Watch your fuckin' mouth in front
of me!

(Towering over her)

You always have to start up with
that. Maybe you should stop
drinking when I come over, you
think of that?

She looks to the ground...refilling her drink.

CHLOE

What...you care now?

He holds back and takes out his wallet.

TROY

How much do I owe you?

CHLOE

Don't bother, tough guy.

TROY

Listen-

CHLOE

Fuck you!

TROY

No, fuck you! You think I can't go
down the street and find another
junkie whore?

(Pause)

This is business..you get it?

Out of all the insults...that one was a dagger. Her face
falters as he begins to pull out bills.

(CONTINUED)

TROY (CONT'D)

Here. How much?

CHLOE

I love you and you don't even care.

TROY

Please, stop with that, will you?

CHLOE

(Tearfully)

It could be different.

He opens the doorway stares and shoves the money in a dirty liquor glass. She breaks down, but glares out the window as he walks away.

PRESENT DAY

He cleans off the coke and turns off the sink. He looks into the mirror and can only see a million bucks, but all we see is a bugged out loser.

Unexpectedly, he flips out a L.A POLICE TROOPER BADGE. Cleans it and straightens it.

A bang crashes at the door.

MAN'S VOICE (OS)

Sergeant! Hey, Sergeant!

TROY

Yeah?

MAN'S VOICE (OS)

Forensics here. They wanna talk.

TROY

Yeah, just a sec.

He flushes the toilet, waits a moment to straighten, and walks into the middle of a crime scene.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The room is the same one from before, but this time covered in blood from the carpet to the wall.

A tarp lays over the victim. A DETECTIVE greets troy with a strong hand shake as the other members take PHOTOS.

(CONTINUED)

THE DETECTIVE

You usually take pisses at the
crime scene?

TROY

I'm passing a stone, detective.

He doesn't buy it, but why go further. He kneels down and
lifts the tarp for him. CHLOE. Paler then before, while her
wrists are slashed severely.

Troy holds back, but his eyes show sickness.

THE DETECTIVE

What do you think?

TROY

Some mixed up hooker I guess.

THE DETECTIVE

Slit her wrists. No suicide note or
nothing. She have a boyfriend?

TROY

How would I know?

THE DETECTIVE

Some jerk off probably. Two kilos
worth of rock and coke. Pool boy
heard and argument going on.

BEAT.

TROY

See anything?

THE DETECTIVE

Nope.

They stare around the room. TWO BLOODY HEARTS ARE PAINTED ON
THE CEILING.

FLASH BACK TO:

INT. HOTEL - SOMETIME

Troy and Chloe make love...a TWO HEART TATTOO ON his
shoulder blade. She grips him tightly.

THE DETECTIVE (VO)

Two hearts...with her own blood.
You believe that? Must've been high
as a kite.

(CONTINUED)

PRESENT TIME

Troy looks away as his mind begins to slip. The detective stands over him and the body.

THE DETECTIVE (CONT'D)
You alright?

TROY
Yeah.

He looks at the body and to the rest of the clean up crew.

TROY
Can we move the body. It's starting
to smell.

Troy covers the tarp.

INT. CAR (MOVING) - LATER AT NIGHT

The undercover police cruiser makes its way down the brooding and hot streets of LA. Freaks, weirdos intermingle with the normal tanned crowd of the rich and spoiled.

The detective sits quietly as Troy drives absent minded.

THE DETECTIVE
Doesn't make sense, does it.

TROY
What?

THE DETECTIVE
(Long sigh)
Everyone's going all crazy out
here. See the girls come to the
city...

INT. MORGUE - SOMETIME

Chloe is now a thinned cadaver on steel slab. Troy touches her delicately. Too late for any affection. He fights back his emotion.

THE DETECTIVE (CONT'D)
Wanna get out...be a star...find a
guy. Things get messy with a dream.

He cries, but his moans are mute and silent. Nothing.

(CONTINUED)

THE DETECTIVE (CONT'D)
It's this fuckin' nightmare, man.
Day in and out.

INT. CAR (MOVING) - BACK TO BEFORE

Troy watches the crowd as the car makes it's way down.
Passed the palm trees.

THE DETECTIVE (CONT'D)
Roam out here like ghosts in a
graveyard. And we just ride and
ride and ride, until everyone's
dead.

They share a tranquil silence.

THE DETECTIVE (CONT'D)
You know what I mean?

Troy takes a moment.

TROY
I don't know. I kind of like L.A.