

Brain Time

By

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INT. DAY - PSYCHIATRIC OFFICE

Dr. Randal Glen, early 40's, dress shirt with no tie, sleeves rolled up, and messy hair sits at his desk just behind his patient who is reclined in a chair facing away from the doctor. Dr. Glen is playing sudoku on his phone just below the top of his desk out of view of his patient. His patient Larry, is mid 30's, slightly overweight, balding, and wearing thick glasses. Larry is reclined all the way back on the chair with his eyes closed and fingers locked across his chest.

LARRY

The dream always starts the same way. I'm asleep in my bed when I feel something at the foot of my bed. I think its Darla so I call out to her. I can't pick my neck up to see, not like I can't move, but just really slow like I'm in quick sand.

DR. GLEN

Mm... So your stuck in this quick sand. I see. Go on.

Dr. Glen is about to reach a new level on his game. His responses to the patient are automatic. The game is more important. The doctor is on autopilot.

LARRY

I'm not actually in quick sand. I'm in bed. Anyway I'm not struggling but I am slowly lifting my head to see Darla at the foot of the bed when I realize she is right next to me, practically on my pillow.

DR. GLEN

Is Darla aware of the presence sitting on the edge of the bed?

LARRY

That I'm not sure of but she's awake. She's always awake watching me during the dream. So I get my head up finally after what seems like several minutes and there she is. Just sitting there staring at my wall.

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DR. GLEN

Maybe next time you could try to ask Darla if she see's it too.

LARRY

Why would I attempt to ask Darla if she sees it too.

DR. GLEN

Like you said she's always awake. Maybe your mind is placing her there awake for a reason. To help you solve this mystery.

LARRY

Right, then the real mystery would be "Why am I talking to my cat?".

DR. GLEN

Ooh... I see. So Darla is not your wife.

Larry's eyes open wide and he turns his head struggling to see the doctor sitting at his desk but the awkward position of the chair prevents him from getting a clear shot. Dr. Glen realizes he has struck a chord in Larry and carefully slips his toy into the top desk drawer.

LARRY

MY WIFE! I've been coming to you for over a year and you think I'm married.

DR. GLEN

Listen Larry, don't take this the wrong way but the way you talk about Darla all this time it sounded like a partnership of man and wife more than the connection between pet and owner.

LARRY

Yeah, but honestly it makes me feel like your not listening to me sometimes.

DR. GLEN

Larry I assure you I am listening. Sometimes maybe I listen to closely and analytically as someone who specializes in human emotion I confuse your descriptions of Darla's emotions for that of a spouse. Please continue

(CONTINUED)

Larry rolls his head back and shuts his eyes and tries to relax again. Dr Glen slides his drawer open and continues his game.

LARRY

So anyway. I get my head up finally where I can see my mother and I try to say mom but its like my throat is filled with cotton. Nothing is coming out. It's so real that my throat is sore when I wake up.

DR. GLEN

Lets focus on the apparition of your mother. What is she wearing?

LARRY

I guess like a gown.

DR. GLEN

Cotton or silky?

LARRY

Silky I think. It appears to shimmer a bit.

DR. GLEN

Is it short, or Lacey at all.

Larry opens his eyes again and rolls him to the top of his head with an annoyed look.

LARRY

I don't know. Its short I guess. Why?

DR. GLEN

Is it sexy like... lingerie?

LARRY

No its not sexy like lingerie.

DR. GLEN

Of course. Yes!

Dr. Glen wins the game in his hand and he's not actually responding to the patient, but celebrating out loud. He slides the phone back into his desk and slaps the drawer shut startling Larry. Larry rolls his head over to try to see the doctor again. This time he focuses under the doctors desk realizing the Dr. Glen has his feet in one of those electronic salt bath foot massages you see in the

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airplane magazines, or in the dozens of catalogs distributed around the holidays. Larry thinks this is a bit odd but he's still interested in what the doctor has to say.

DR. GLEN

Yes, I mean of course it's sexy. It's your mother.

LARRY

No... I don't see how... Your maybe confusing something I said again.

DR. GLEN

No Larry is clear. Your subconscious is confusing your speech. All this time I thought Darla was your wife because in your mind you have replaced your instinctual desire as a human to need that connection that a partner can give you, with your cat.

LARRY

I'm not seeing how having a pet is replacing any desire of love.

DR. GLEN

Your dreams are telling you this. This dream you keep having is illustrating the lack of partnership in both sides of your brain. The right side of your brain is showing you Darla, your companion who is resting on the other side of your bed like a wife would. The left side of your brain is filling the lack of sexual relations in your waking life with the image of your mother on your side of the bed, wearing lingerie.

Larry pops up from his relaxed position with a look of disbelieving.

LARRY

Are you fucking serious? I'm paying eighty bucks an hour for this crock of shit.

DR. GLEN

That crock of shit is classic Freud Larry. No one is saying you want

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DR. GLEN (cont'd)  
to sleep with your mom. Every guy who has a mother symbolizes the opposite sex with the image of them. Most men's Oedipal response is to want what their father had. In your case the image of your mother is symbol for sex, and your cat is wife. Neither of which you have, or have had in a while.

Larry is insulted and tired of hearing the Doctor's psychobabble. He stands up and faces the doctors desk. He puts his hands in his pockets and shakes his head looking down at the doctors feet in the bath. The doctor takes his feet out of the bath and leans forward to hear what Larry has to say.

LARRY  
Listen Dr. Glen. I'm gonna go now. I wont be back until Dr. Rebecca is back and ready to pick her old patients back up.

Larry leans forward and places his hands on the doctors desk.

LARRY  
I can't believe that after a year of therapy you thought my cat was my wife. And the only diagnosis I have is that I have haunting dreams of my dead mother because I never got to sleep with her, because I am jealous of what my father had... who let me remind you, I'VE NEVER FUCKING MET. Have Martha call me and schedule an appointment when Dr. Rebecca is off the road and ready to have her old patients back.

Larry storms out of the office. Dr. Glen follows after tracking water from the foot bath across the room and into the Lobby. A young female patient who is sitting in the Lobby looks at the two strange men coming out of the office. She is dressed in typical high school Gothic all black. Purple streak in her hair, black fingernails, and black lipstick. She chews on her fingernail as the two men bust into the lobby. Martha Dr. Glen's secretary is peeking around a magazine and looks down at the floor where Dr. Glen is forming a pool of water at his feet, his dress pants are rolled up above his ankles.

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DR. GLEN

Larry look all I'm saying is you have to try to find a woman, or someone to fill those voids in both sides of your head.

Larry is embarrassed looking at the secretary and girl in the lobby.

LARRY

"Woman, or someone"? So what I'm gay now too. So in less than an hour you've told me I want to sleep with my mother. I'm so pathetic I treat my cat like my wife. And I'm jealous of a man who didn't live past thirty. And to top it off maybe gay.

DR. GLEN

Well.. not exactly.. C'mon

The girl sinks back down in her chair and Martha ducks back behind her magazine. The doctor realizes he just offended Larry beyond repair.

LARRY

GO FUCK YOURSELF.

Larry storms out of the lobby trying to slam the door behind him but it wont because its on one of those hydrolic hinges. Still he tries to slam it again and gives up before leaving.

DR. GLEN

SO SAME TIME NEXT WEEK THEN?

Dr. Glen leans against Martha's desk and whispers around her magazine.

DR. GLEN

Martha please cancel my appointments for the day.

MARTHA

Yes sir Dr. Glen. I'll stay and take calls and call your appointments for the rest of the day. Oh Dr. Glen. There are a number of calls regarding Dr. Rebecca. When shall I say she is returning to the practice?

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Dr. Glen walks by the desk and takes a look at the Gothic girl eating her fingernails and turns back before stepping back into his office.

DR. GLEN

Make it the rest of the week. Leave a message on the recorder, and take some paid time off.

Dr. Glen ignores the inquiry on his wife/partner and retreats back to the sanctuary of his office. Martha gives the Gothic girl a look of apology. The Gothic girl looks kind of crazed.

GOTHIC GIRL

Look all I want is a refill on my aderall.

She continues to nervously chew her fingernails. The look on Martha's face is disturbed. Dr. Glen's hand pops out of his office with a prescription at the ready. The girl jumps up and grabs it and runs out of the lobby.

INT. MORNING - TELEVISION STUDIO MORNING SHOW

Dr. Rebecca Glen is seated next to the host of the local morning news program in her home town of Bristol Falls, NY. She is dressed in typical TV medical professional/motivational/inspirational business power suite. She's moderately attractive early 40's, red hair. The host is a cheap knock off of Reggis with out the Kelly to make him more funny.

HOST

So your here back in Bristol Falls. How does it feel to be home.

DR. REBECCA

Honestly it's surreal. I haven't been here since I left for college basically.

HOST

What no visiting the folks for the holidays?

DR. REBECCA

Actually my mother lives in Manhattan now with my sister so the holidays for me now are right at

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DR. REBECCA (cont'd)  
home where I live. But I'll tell  
you I miss The Falls in the  
winter. It was always fun here  
growing up, you know to a certain  
extent.

HOST  
Well not always fun from what I  
gathered in your book.

Dr. Rebecca kind of laughs it off. She knew somehow the  
subject of her troubled youth in Bristol Falls would come  
out in the interview, she just wasn't sure how he would  
bring it up. She pauses for a moment admiring the hosts  
cunning play on her words.

DR. REBECCA  
So you did read my book? I'm  
actually surprised.

HOST  
What? Surprised I know how to read  
more than cue cards.

The two laugh at the hosts lame joke.

HOST  
No really, it is compelling, and  
there's no wonder why people  
identify with your work. You  
really put yourself out there with  
this and I and everyone out there  
applaud you.

The host starts giving her a standing ovation and the crowd  
follows, she gives a kind of uncomfortable smile to the  
crowd.

HOST  
Thank you so much for dropping by  
the studio this morning.

DR. REBECCA  
Thanks for having me.

HOST  
If anyone out there wants to meet  
Dr. Rebecca she will be at the  
Barnes and Noble out at the Bristol  
Falls Galleria at 2:00 p.m. signing  
books. The book is called Just  
Stop, Dr. Rebecca's Guide to Ending

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HOST (cont'd)  
Compulsive Behavior. Thank you  
again, Dr. Rebecca Glen ladies and  
gentlemen.

DR. REBECCA  
It's always a pleasure.

The two hug, the audience applauds loudly. The show goes to commercial and the television crew come out from all around changing the set, and escorting Dr. Rebecca back stage. The audio tech is a goofy stoner chick who comes to take the microphones off of Dr. Rebecca. Dr. Rebecca stands there opening her arms so the girl can pull the chord that is woven into her clothes out.

AUDIO TECH  
Man what did we do to you  
here? I'm gonna have to strip  
search you to get to the end of  
this wire.

Dr. Rebecca lets out an uncomfortable laugh as the audio tech accidentally gooses her in the ass trying to get to the chord.

AUDIO TECH  
I'm not just saying this, but I  
read your shit man. It really  
helped me out. No shit.

DR. REBECCA  
No shit.

AUDIO TECH  
I know right? I bet your thinking  
not this bitch right? Totally  
normal right?

DR. REBECCA  
Hey, we all have little  
secrets. Imperfections we try to  
hide.

AUDIO TECH  
I was a total sex addict. I was  
boning' like three times a day. My  
shit would like burn a hole in my  
pants unless I was getting  
some. You know what I mean?

DR. REBEKA

Yea, I guess I know what you mean. So your all better now.

The audio tech is frustrated with the chord and decides to go deep. She reaches into the coat part of Dr. Rebecca's suit, around her body making Dr. Rebecca really uncomfortable. She kneels down to the floor looking up at the doctor while she has the end of the chord finally.

AUDIO TECH

No, I mean I still like to fuck all the time. I just understand a little more now.

DR. REBECCA

Well, I'm glad I could help. I guess.

The doctor wiggles out of the corner the tech has her in, and backs away.

DR. REBECCA

Look if you ever want to slow down, ask about welbutrin. Its fairly safe as far as the FDA and all.

AUDIO TECH

Na, I don't use drugs.

Dr. Rebecca throws her a look of disbelief.

AUDIO TECH

Well not drugs like that.

DR. REBECCA

There's always marriage then.

At first the tech doesn't realize shes joking and then they slowly begin to laugh together.

AUDIO TECH

Ahhh. She's funny too. Look you know where to find me if you want, right?

DR. REBECCA

Okay, great to meet you. I gotta run now.

Dr. Rebecca fakes like someone is trying to get her attention from the other side of the room and gets away from the nimpho. She looks back as she exits the room and the Audio Tech mouths the words "Call Me".

## INT. DAY - TRIP LANG'S LOFT STUDIO

Trip Lang and eccentric artist is crashed out on a giant karastan Rug in the middle of a giant room with no furniture except for the chair Charles Rawlings, a novelist turned biographer who is writing a book about Trip Lang is sitting on. The rooms walls are covered with half finished paintings, all of which are giant size versions of fictious world money. One has images of Ahmadinejad from Iran for example, the one he is passed out in front of is the Obama Bill. The backgrounds of these elaborate bills are the hieroglyphics of our time illustrating whats going on in world politics. From a distance they look like typical bills but they tell a story. In the background of the Ahmadinejad bill armed police escort people into voting booths, but the image is very subtle.

Trip rolls around a bit. He knocks over a Covosier bottle that he drank the night before. In the background there is a lot of noise and people talking from the other room. He sits up a little gathering his composure. He holds his pounding head. He waves good morning to his biographer. He takes a minute to look at his work on the canvase as if he doesn't remember painting it.

CHARLES THE BIOGRAPHER  
Wha's wrong? You don't remember painting Obama?

TRIP LANG  
No I mostly remember. It's actually pretty good.

CHARLES THE BIOGRAPHER  
You might want to lose the gold tooth.

Trip laughs, he didn't see that at first.

TRIP LANG  
I might indeed. I'm a staunch supporter, please don't lecture me on political correctness. I'm an artist, I defy the borders that confine the rest of the world.

Trip realizes they are not alone in the apartment, the moving crew shuffling through the loft are easily heard through the temporary walls of Trips studio.

TRIP LANG  
What's all that.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLES THE BIOGRAPHER

A moving crew.

TRIP LANG

Yea, what are they moving.

Charles takes a final sip of his coffee before sitting it on the floor. He puts his laptop in a shoulder bag, and readies a pen and notepad because he knows that there is about to be plenty of material for the next few moments.

CHARLES THE BIOGRAPHER

That is the moving crew that Thomas hired to move him out of the apartment. They've been here for about an hour they should be about done.

TRIP LANG

Shit!

Thomas gets up, now he's awake. He peaks out at the guys carrying out some boxes.

TRIP LANG

Shit! He's been out of town for a week. He's not supposed to be back until tuesday.

CHARLES THE BIOGRAPHER

He came back yesterday.

TRIP LANG

Why didn't he come home yesterday then?

CHARLES THE BIOGRAPHER

He did come home yesterday.

Trip realizes maybe he doesn't remember everything from the night before. He holds his head again, and drags his feet into the empty art covered walls of the loft. He doesn't realize Thomas, his partner is standing behind him. Thomas a well dressed, clean cut sensible looking person is standing by the kitchen while the light from the mid morning sun floods into the room around him. Trip tries to turn and face him but is blinded by the incoming sunlight from the morning sky shifting around the neighboring buildings. Thomas is holding a large Mexican style clay pot with a closet plant in it.

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THOMAS

It looks a lot like it did when I moved in.

TRIP LANG

Oh, I didn't see you there. Look, yesterday was just a minor set back, I was just bored without you here.

THOMAS

Right, Just yesterday? You were so high last night I was afraid you were gonna have to go the hospital. I gave you the bottle so you would drink and pass out. There are little empty baggies all over the place. You went out and scored dope the day I left town, did you not?

Trip doesn't answer him, he just hangs his head knowing there is nothing to say.

THOMAS

You don't have anything to say?.... Fine. I really hope you find someone who can help you. I have a life to live, and you are too talented to live your life between OD's and cycles of twenty four hour painting sprees. Bye now trip.

Charles is standing behind Trip writing in the note pad. Before Thomas leaves Trip begins to look up to say something.

TRIP LANG

I have something to say.

Thomas slows and turns. Trip walks up to him.

THOMAS

You don't have to say anything Trip.

TRIP LANG

No I want to. You've been good to me, and I... And I...

(CONTINUED)

THOMAS

Well, you what?

TRIP LANG

And I... (gagging and vomiting  
sound)

Trip grabs the closet plant and wraps his arms around it throwing up into it. He falls to his knees and places the plant in front of him heaving some more. The look on Charles's face is priceless.

THOMAS

Nice. I really thought something good might come out of that hole in your face that you've trained to sometimes be smart and endearing. You can have the plant. If it survives this their might be hope for both of you.

Thomas walks past Trip who is still heaving on the floor. He stops at Charles who he has not yet acknowledged. Charles is surprised that Thomas is about to actually say something to him.

THOMAS

Charles

CHARLES THE BIOGRAPHER

Yes Thomas.

THOMAS

Get a fucking life and go back to writing fiction. Don't be the biographer that helps kill his subject. If he starts to turn blue, call the fucking 911, don't just stand there with that fucking pen.

CHARLES THE BIOGRAPHER

Will do! Good day now.

Charles is not offended, it is if he expects this. He waves at Thomas who gives the two a fake smile, then a look of disappointment, and then a slow head shake before exiting the room.

TRIP LANG

It's his fucking fault I drank anything last night anyway. Shit! Well at least my head feels a little better now.

(CONTINUED)

Charles scratches in the pad knowing he just got some good stuff. Trip looks around a little at his empty place and kicks some empty box across the room.

TRIP LANG

Look Charles, I'm gonna take a shower, and when I get out can you try something for me. It's really for both of us.

CHARLES THE BIOGRAPHER

It depends on what it is Trip.

TRIP LANG

No, that's not what your supposed to say when someone asks you that.

CHARLES THE BIOGRAPHER

Well, I'm sorry. That's what I say when you ask me that. I'm not gonna do anything crazy.

TRIP LANG

I don't want you to do anything crazy. Look when a friend asks you if you will do them a favor you say sure not knowing yet what it may be.

CHARLES THE BIOGRAPHER

Okay, but what if the person asking is not your friend?

TRIP LANG

We're not friends?

CHARLES THE BIOGRAPHER

Not in the classical sense of the term, no. I'm your Biographer. Your my subject.

TRIP LANG

What do we have to do to become friends. We already hang out all the time what else do friends do that define there relationships?

CHARLES THE BIOGRAPHER

Friends High Five a lot.

TRIP LANG

If I high five you, then can we be friends?



CHARLES THE BIOGRAPHER

Yes, I suppose then we can be friends.

The two ready themselves for the first attempted High Five. Charles wants to go before Trip is ready. The two can't seem to get it right. The first attempt they kind of miss only hitting pinkies.

TRIP LANG

What happened?

CHARLES THE BIOGRAPHER

I don't know, that felt all wrong. Maybe we're not ready for this.

TRIP LANG

No we can do this, I know it.

CHARLES THE BIOGRAPHER

Okay, lets try again.

TRIP LANG

Someone once told me the secret to the high five is you got to look at the other person's elbow to make perfect connection.

The two ready themselves.

TRIP LANG

Your eyes on my elbow in 3, 2, 1,  
(SMACK)

The two hands clap together echoing through the whole loft.

TRIP LANG

Good! That was awesome!

Charles is stunned by the perfectly executed high five.

CHARLES THE BIOGRAPHER

I've never felt anything like that. It's like we've been high fiving our whole lives.

TRIP LANG

Great! Now will you do me a favor?

CHARLES THE BIOGRAPHER

Whoa, don't you think we're moving a little too fast. First we're

(MORE)

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CHARLES THE BIOGRAPHER (cont'd)

high fiving, I mean we already  
skipped hand shakes all together.

TRIP LANG

I just need help bringing in all  
the old furniture I have in  
storage. I put it all up when  
Thomas came in with his metrosexual  
chair collections, and ottomans  
"coffee tables" that you can't sit  
on or rest your feet on even though  
they are cushioned. I have a  
coffee table, and a an ottoman.

CHARLES THE BIOGRAPHER

Sure. All you had to do was ask  
man.

Trip kind of snickers at his weird new friend.

INT. AFTERNOON - BOOKSTORE

Dr. Rebecca is signing books for several fans waiting in  
line at the book signing session at Barnes and Noble book  
store. One of them catches her eye. It's Cathy Velero from  
high school. Dr. Rebecca is delighted to see a familiar  
face. Cathy is the typical house wife, white pants and a  
flower print shirt. Dr. Rebecca stands to greet her old  
friend with a hug.

DR. REBECCA

Cathy Velero! How are you sweety?

CATHY

It's Cathy Riley now.

DR. REBECCA

As in Billy Riley?

Cathy shakes her head with a huge grin on her face.

DR. REBECCA

Wow, how long ago did that happen?

CATHY

A little over twenty years ago.

Cathy fumbles through her purse and pulls out family  
photos. She flips through finding some young photos of her  
children.

(CONTINUED)

DR. REBECCA

Oh my god! They are so cute.

CATHY

Much cuter than than they are now  
trust me. But I love  
them. They're still my babies.

DR. REBECCA

Ha. Well they can't be that much  
different now right?

CATHY

No, only except there almost twenty  
years older....

Dr. Rebecca's expression is stunned.

CATHY

Yea. You heard me correctly the  
oldest turns twenty next month.

DR. REBECCA

Well i've just been out of the loop  
I guess. I'm sorry for that.

CATHY

Don't be. Look at you  
now. Gigantic. Every time I turn  
on the television. There you  
are. You have any children?

DR. REBECCA

No. It might be too late for me.

CATHY

No, you would be amazed. Remember  
Denise Preston. She married a rich  
man out of high school and took him  
for all he's worth, and then she  
became a Lesbian. Her and her  
lover Debra got a sperm doner last  
year, and too everybody's surprise  
she gave birth too a baby girl.

DR. REBECCA

Really? She's two years older than  
us. She's almost fourty three.

CATHY

She said she fit in trips to the  
fertility clinic in between botox  
injections. You should see her  
she's a freak of nature.

(CONTINUED)

The two laugh. The conversation takes Dr. Rebecca back.

CATHY

You could see her tonight. I'm having a get together. All the girls will be there. Please come

DR. REBECCA

I'll do that, I will. Look let me sign your book and I will put my cell number in there. Just promise not sell my phone number at the used book store.

CATHY

Oh, I've allready read it on my Kendal. I just wanted this for keepsake.

DR. REBECCA

So you've read it all huh? What did you think?

Cathy pulls her in for a quick hug.

CATHY

It was good. I didn't think...

Dr. Rebecca cuts Cathy off in mid sentence.

DR. REBECCA

Shit!

CATHY

What is it?

Dr. Rebecca stares over her shoulder, and then pulls her aside behind a book display. She sees the Audio Tech waiting in line with a copy of her book.

DR. REBECCA

Let's walk out this back door. I see someone we got to stay clear of.

The infatuated audio tech is scanning the crowd for the doctor. The two duck out the side of the bookstore to the outdoor exit. Dr. Rebecca is ready to go.

CATHY

I will call you later with directions to my place. I got to go back in though. My daughter and I are together.

(CONTINUED)

DR. REBECCA

Great! I will look forward to it. I will bring some wine allright.

CATHY

We all like wine. You wont have any complaints there.

The two women split up. Cathy pulls out a phone and dials a number.

CATHY

Denise? Yea, its Cathy. We have to get together tonight. You wont guess who I just ran into. Call the girls.

INT. AFTERNOON - CAR

Dr. Rebecca drives through the boulevards and neighborhoods of Bristol Falls. She slows down in front of several houses. Her phone rings and she screens the call. She sees Randall's name on the caller ID and decides not to answer.

Cut to - Dr. Glen's Psychiatric office. He is waiting for Dr. Rebecca to answer. He gets voice mail. An impersonal and rather annoying computerized voice message comes on. Dr. Glen cusses to himself.

DR. GLEN

Shit! Answer your phone (voice message - Noone is here to take your call right now...)

Dr. Glen hangs up on it and puts the phone down in frustration.

Cut To - Dr. Rebecca's Car

She slows as she drives over the falls. She looks down over the edge into the swimming hole where people are sitting along the side throwing a tennis ball for their dog.

Flash Back - Day - The Falls

Young Dr. Rebecca and several people are swimming. There is a boy sitting on the side of the pool. Young Dr. Rebecca is looking at him.

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YOUNG REBECCA  
TRIP. C'MON GET IN.

The young Trip sits on a rock next to a young black haired girl with glasses. Trip smiles and waves, and it's obvious that he's kind of shy. Irene the young girl with glasses scoots over next to him. Trip and Irene begin to talk. The two look fit for each other, the seemingly intraverted itelecutal types.

IRENE  
You want to leave or something?

YOUNG TRIP  
No. I think I'm gonna hang out here.

Trip's eyes are fixed on the young rebecca swimming around and looking at him from the water. She swims over to him and reaches out for his hand. She gently tugs him into the pull. He reluctantly follows her. Irene watches them for a second, and then gets up and walks away mad and jeaulous. The two swim around a bit. She tugs on him making him swim to the end of the pool where the Falls touch down on the water from above. She gets out and runs behind the falls with a come hither look over her shoulder. He gets out and follows her into the falls. He can see her shape and red hair through the sheet of water as he passes through it. As he enters the small cave the other kids start to hollar high pitched noises and laugh, as if they know what's about to happen. Trip looks over his shoulder, young Rebecca pulls his chin back to her and kisses him. He is surprized, but follows along with it. She takes his hand and presses it against her breast.

Cut Back - Dr. Rebecca's Car

Dr. Rebecca rolls through a stop sign. She is crying a little bit. A police car rolls up behind her and puts his lights on. She pulls over, now even more upset. She rolls down the window. The police officer walks up.

DETECTIVE WALTERS  
Maam I pulled you over because you ran through that stop sign back there. Are you okay?

He notices she is crying. She fumbles for her ID, and her phone rings. She picks it up seeing its Randall again and puts it back down letting it ring.

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DETECTIVE WALTERS

Hey I know you. Dr. Rebecca. What are you doing in Bristol falls?

She is visibly upset and ignoring the Detectives questions. She starts handing him Ids and insurance through the window. Her phone starts to ring again. He stands there admiring her beauty.

DETECTIVE WALTERS

Look. I'm not a traffic cop. Just be careful okay?

He hands her the paperwork back. He looks at the phone on the seat.

DETECTIVE WALTERS

You gonna answer that?

DR. REBECCA

It's my husband, so no. He's just got bad timing that's all.

Detective Walters is a bit confused by her.

DR. REBECCA

Thanks for just giving me a warning.

DETECTIVE WALTERS

What can I say? I'm a fan. You gonna be alright?

DR. REBECCA

Yea. I just haven't been home in a long time. Thats all.

DETECTIVE WALTERS

I'm Detective Jim Walters. I live right down the road here.

DR. REBECCA

Pleasure to meet you Detective, but not quite sure why I would need a Detective, but thanks.

DETECTIVE WALTERS

Call me Jim please. I'm not saying you'll need a detective. But heres my card anyway okay.

The two exchange a smile. Dr. Rebecca stops crying, and she reaches out and pats his hand that is resting on the open

(CONTINUED)

window. Detective Walters steps aside letting her pass. He stands there and watches the car drive away. He watches it as it vanishes around the bend. Detective Walters then gets back in his cruiser.

INT. DAY - PSYCHIATRIC OFFICE

Dr. Glen is sitting at his desk waiting for the phone to pick up on the other end. An annoying electronic message sounds.

DR. GLEN

Look. You got to start leaving a personal message on your phone. How do I know I didn't dial the wrong number? What is this Rebecca? You've been away for a month and I havn't spoken to you in three weeks. Call me. I love you.

Dr. Glen hangs up the phone and turns on the television in his office. The first thing he sees is the image of his wife. The host begins to talk. He mutes the television. He stares at his wife for a moment, and then turns off the television. At that time his brother, a tall, lanky, hippy version of him pops in the room. Russel is a little younger, with long hair, faded jeans, tie died t, and sandals. As he walks in Dr. Glen is fixing a glass of whiskey.

RUSSEL

Hey buddy. Hows my bro?

DR. GLEN

Yo Russ, get in here man.

He goes over and hugs his brother.

DR. GLEN

You want one too.

RUSSEL

I was looking for Martha when I came in.

DR. GLEN

Yea, I gave her the week off. I'm taking some time myself.

RUSSEL

Rebecca still out.

(CONTINUED)



DR. GLEN

I've, tried to call. The day she left town we had been arguing, she didn't even say goodbye. Things are looking rough.

RUSSEL

That sucks dude. Mind if I do a j.

Russel has allready begun to light a joint as he fumbles around the office and Dr. Glen's strange things.

DR. GLEN

I guess so. Why do you still smoke pot?

RUSSEL

Takes the edge off I suppose.

DR. GLEN

What edge? Your not married, you have no bills, and you haven't worked in years.

RUSSEL

Not true brother. I'm paying on two new kayaks I bought last month, and I've been playing a regular gig at Gilly's Pub, and I got married last year.

Dr. Glen starts coughing while he sips his drink and hands the other to his brother. He is looking totally confused at the last thing his brother just said.

DR. GLEN

Shut the fuck up. You say some crazy shit sometimes. I love you but your a fucking loon.

RUSSEL

No for real. Marisol, a Nicaruagan girl. Her family paid me ten thousand dollars so she could become an American. She's fucking hot too. She has to stay with me for two more months before we annul the marriage. I'm hoping to consummate before it's too late.

DR. GLEN

Marisol. Get the fuck out of here. I thought it was odd that

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DR. GLEN (cont'd)  
you had a live in housekeeper. I  
just never mentioned it.

RUSSEL  
Yea, and she cleans for  
free. C'mon want some of this?

DR. GLEN  
No, I shouldn't.

RUSSEL  
No, you should. You have no idea  
where your wife is. Your taking  
time off for what I call brain  
time. And your guzzling whiskey  
before the sun goes down. Take it  
from someone who is always on brain  
time. You need it.

Russel extends the joint and Dr. Glen takes a big  
hit. Russel laughs.

RUSSEL  
Far out. I haven't seen you do  
that since high school. Makes me  
all warm inside.

Dr. Glen takes a big hit and holds it in and starts coughing  
uncontrollably.

RUSSEL  
Triquelo Cavrone. Tu fuma le mota  
muey fuerte. You got to take it  
easy.

DR. GLEN  
Okay. I don't speak spanish, but I  
think your telling me to slow down.

RUSSEL  
Hey thats pretty good bro. Marisol  
has been teaching me a little. I  
can only speak it when I'm stoned.

DR. GLEN  
You think that's the same for  
everyone?

RUSSEL  
What's the same?

DR. GLEN  
That they can only speak spanish  
when they're stoned.

RUSSEL  
If it is, than there is some stoned  
mother fuckers in Mexico.

The two laugh uncontrollably.

RUSSEL  
Look I was coming by today to ask  
you to feed my dogs this week.

DR. GLEN  
Where are you going?

RUSSEL  
Where are we going? Thats the  
question. Don't worry about my  
dogs. Your off and I'm taking you  
to the beach. We got to try out my  
new Kayaks.

DR. GLEN  
I don't know.

RUSSEL  
No you don't know... Whats good  
for you. Your coming with  
me. We're gonna go upstairs and  
get your fishing gear and some  
clothes.

DR. GLEN  
But I have stuff here I got too...

Dr. Glen starts pacing through his office, and looking  
through his day planner to see that he has nothing on it or  
the calendar for the whole week.

RUSSEL  
"JUST STOP"

DR. GLEN  
That's funny. Rebecca's  
Book. Funny.

RUSSEL  
"Just Stop".

DR. GLEN

You can make fun of Just Stop if you want, but that shits making us rich.

RUSSEL

Rebecca, Rebecca, Rebecca. What about Randall. "Just Stop"? Really? Thats a fucking stupid theme of therapy for people who can't stop. Has it really helped anyone?

DR. GLEN

Your right. It is fucking stupid.

RUSSEL

"Just stop". Dude really you got to get out of here for a while.

DR. GLEN

Your right. I don't think I've helped anyone in this office in a long time.

RUSSEL

So help yourself dude. Catch some fish. Drink some beer. Brain Time. Instead of Sitting around here trying to pull new terms for crazy out of the MSN.

DR. GLEN

It's called the DSM 4.

RUSSEL

What ever, its the Bible of Pseudo Science. You guys just make up new diagnosis so the drug companies can make new poisons. I saw a whole thing with Tom Cruise about it.

DR. GLEN

You must be stoned all the time if your taking the word of the guy who's famous for sliding around in his tighty whities over me. Your right though, I do need to get out of here.

Dr. Glen reaches down to his desk and grabs his phone out of the top drawer. Russel reaches out to stop his hand from picking the phone up.

(CONTINUED)

RUSSEL  
What are you doing?

DR. GLEN  
Getting my phone. What does it  
look like?

RUSSEL  
No bro. You wont need it where  
we're going. Trust me.

DR. GLEN  
What if Rebecca tries to call me.

Russel rolls his eyes at his brother. Dr. Glen accepts the  
reality of the situation.

DR. GLEN  
Your right, but I got to leave a  
note for Martha.

Dr. Glen tosses the phone onto the couch.

Cut To - Driveway Outside Psychiatric Office

A large Luxury Van is parked on the street. Dr. Glen and  
his brother carry the doctor's fishing equipment down the  
drive to the van.

DR. GLEN  
I can't believe you still drive  
vans around.

RUSSEL  
Some people let go of the eighties  
to easily bud. Embrace the  
van. The van gives back.

DR. GLEN  
She's not quite like the original.

RUSSEL  
No, she's no Pegasis. But you know  
what she has that the Pegasis never  
had?

DR. GLEN  
What's that?

RUSSEL  
GPS, and sattelite radio. I got  
this station called Jam On. It's  
all jam bands, and The Greatful  
Dead.

(CONTINUED)

Dr. Glen responds with a bit of sarcasim and a roll of the eyes.

DR. GLEN  
Awesome! Let's get Jammin'

Dr. Glen gets situated in the seat and looks up at the visor and sees an old photo of him and his brother standing in front of the van they called Pegasis, parked at the beach. Dr. Glen smiles and shakes his head. Then he looks back at his brother who is checking the tie downs on the kayaks and smiles to himself.

DR. GLEN  
C'MON MAN. LET'S GET OUT OF TOWN.

RUSSEL  
That's what I'm talking about  
man. That's the spirit.

Russel fires up the van and Casie Jones is playing loudly on the radio. Dr. Glen is excited and pats the dashboard. The two sing the chorus to Casie Jones as the van drives off.

DR. GLEN  
"Casie Jones you better  
watch your speed"

RUSSEL  
"Casie Jones you better  
watch your speed"

INT. NIGHT - BED AND BREAKFAST LOBBY

Dr. Rebecca walks into the lobby of an old bed and breakfast in the colonial district of Bristol Falls. A small Iranian man comes out from the back of the house to greet her.

KALIL  
Mrs. Dr. Rebecca. My wife and I  
are honored to have you stay with  
us. I am Kalil, and my wife is  
Kharshi. She is cooking for you  
right now.

DR. REBECCA  
You own this place now? What  
happened to the Burleson's?

KALIL  
They died several years ago. First  
Mr. Burleson, and then Mrs.  
Burleson.

(CONTINUED)

DR. REBECCA

I guess they were getting up there.

KALIL

Yes, very old. I think she was almost ninety. It was very sad for a lot of people who knew them.

DR. REBECCA

I can imagine. They were very nice.

KALIL

Yes, but not for us. Their family sold us this place for half what its worth. Kharshi and I were so happy. This is our dream.

DR. REBECCA

Right... Well Kalil. I would love to see my room than.

Kharshi enters from the kitchen with trays of food setting them out on the table.

KHARSHI

Dr. Rebecca please sit and have some food. I am such a big fan.

DR. REBECCA

Anything for a fan.

Dr. Rebecca sits at the table looking at all of the Persian style cuisine not knowing what to do with it. Kharshi and Kalil start first, and she watches them to know where to start on the food. After a few uncomfortable moments of Kalil and Kharshi watching her eat Dr. Rebecca thanks them and heads up to her room. She turns back at the top of the stairs.

DR. REBECCA

Thank you. Really, I couldn't have another bite. You wouldn't happen to sell wine here would you.

KALIL

No mamm. I'm sorry. But you are welcome to bring it in as long as you take it with you at the end of your wonderful stay.

(CONTINUED)

DR. REBECCA

Okay there Kalil. Good night to you both.

She opens the room and drops her stuff next to the door. She flops down on the bed and her phone rings. She gets back up to see who it is. She doesn't recognize the number. She answers the phone.

DR. REBECCA

Oh hey Cathy. Of course I didn't forget. I was just thinking I needed a drink actually. I'm hoping alchohal will be involved. Great. Give me directions than. I can't wait.

EXT. NIGHT - CATHY'S HOUSE

Dr. Rebecca stands at the front door. She is nervous and waits a minute before ringing the bell. She rings the bell. Almost instantly Cathy answers. Cathy and a group of four other women are standing wedged in the doorway looking at Rebecca like the side show just arrived. Dr. Rebecca realizes instantly that this party was not planned before her encounter with Cathy at the mall. They all just want a peice of the now famous Dr. Rebecca. They all hover around her as she enters the house. Two of the Ladies hug her. Cathy hugs her first.

CATHY

I'm so glad you came. Lets get you a cocktail girl. You remember Denise right? And this is Debra.

DR. REBECCA

Denise of course. Hey.

The two hug. Denise is much more feminine than her partner Deb. Deb reaches out for a firm handshake.

DEBRA

What's up Doc? Loved it when you were on Montel.

DR. REBECCA

Thanks. He does a good show.

DENISE

He's allright, I like Maury better.

(CONTINUED)



CATHY

Your out of your mind. Maury is getting to be just like Jerry Springer now.

The five women move into the kitchen around the bar. Some music is playing. It's obvious to Dr. Rebecca that the party is just for her which makes her feel special. The only uncomfortable part of it, is the fifth lady with long straight black hair, and glasses who has not introduced herself yet, and has not smiled once. Dr. Rebecca finally gets tired of the silent stare from her, and introduces her self.

DR. REBECCA

Hello. I'm Rebecca Glen. I don't believe we've met.

Irene shakes her hand with a limp wrist and a half smile. Cathy butts in real quick.

CATHY

Oh, you know Irene Rebecca. You just don't recognize her now because she's so beautiful.

DR. REBECCA

Irene. Of course, I remember now.

Irene turns and bats her eyes at the two ladies in a sarcastic manor. She still doesn't say a word.

CATHY

Let's freshn our drinks up and move to the living room.

The five ladies move to the living room. As soon as Dr. Rebecca enters the room she is overwhelmed by the beauty of the giant painting above the fire place. The painting is of the swimming hole under the falls where she had her encounter with the young trip. She can hardly speak, she can just stare at it. It looks so familiar. You can see the half naked silhouette of the beautiful red head behind the sheet of glass covering the cave at the back of the falls. The water is painted so vividly with thick strokes of blue and white. The painter put unnecessary time into this peice. The oil is on so thick the painting must weigh a good fifty pounds.

DR. REBECCA

Is that?

Cathy walks up behind her admiring the painting as well.

(CONTINUED)

CATHY

Bristol Falls. Pretty awesome right?

DR. REBECCA

Yea, I can't believe it. The painter must have spent some time there.

DENISE

Trip did it.

DR. REBECCA

Trip Lang? Really?

DEBRA

Cathy was lucky to get it before...

Denise cuts her off, and Cathy gets uncomfortable. Irene finally says something.

IRENE

Before he died.

Dr. Rebecca sits down on the ottoman as if she has had the wind knocked out of her. Dr. Rebecca looks back to the painting.

Flash Back - Day - The Falls

The young trip and the young Dr. Rebecca are in the cave again. She has pressed his hand to her breast. He nervously pulls it away. She tries to kiss him. He kisses her for a second, but it feels all wrong. He turns his head away from her. He runs out of the cave, dives into the pool and swims across to the other side. A few kids there don't know what happened. A few minutes later the young Dr. Rebecca emerges from the cave visibly upset. Her friends swim over to her to console her and find out the problem.

Cut to - Night - Young Trip's Front Door

A uniformed officer rings the doorbell of young trip. His mom answers the door. Trip stands behind his mother. They are both surprised and confused.

Cut to - Night - Back Seat of Police Car

Trip is sat in the back seat and the door closes in his face. He is completely stunned. His mother cries as the car drives away.

Cut Back - Night - Cathy's House

(CONTINUED)

Everyone is silent in the room. Dr. Rebecca is saddened by the news. She looks at Irene.

DR. REBECCA  
How did he die?

IRENE  
I heard he overdosed. He was pretty excentric, and loved to get high. I hadn't seen him in years. But from the last time we saw each other. He was pretty far gone.

DR. REBECCA  
That's horrible

IRENE  
Well when your kicked out of your home town that young people tend to have some conflict in their lives.

Irene is purpousfully laying on the guilt trip. She smirks at Cathy who is looking at her like she lost her mind. Dr. Rebecca is shaken. She excuses herself from the room trying to squelch the tears that are about to come. She stands and walks by Cathy.

DR. REBECCA  
Your bathroom Cathy.

Cathy was not expecting anything like this, she ushers her to the bathroom. Cathy turns back to look at Irene.

CATHY  
What the fuck do you think your doing.

IRENE  
I'm drawing the puss from the wound Cathy.

DENISE  
Ugggh. Grose. What are you talking about. Why is she in there crying.

IRENE  
You don't know. She is the reason Trip had to leave town.

DENISE

I thought Trip had to leave because his parents found out he was gay.

DEBRA

FUCKING FACISISTS!

CATHY

There was more to the story maybe.

IRENE

Oh theres more to the story allright.

Cut To - Night - Cathy's Bathroom

Dr. Rebecca is washing her face after crying uncontrollably in the bathroom for several minutes. She walks out of the bathroom to the edge of the hallway where she can hear them talking about her.

IRENE (O.S.)

I told everyone back then. She was fucking lying. You guys know as much as I do. Trip was a fag. He couldn't have raped her.

Dr. Rebecca walks in the room. Everything goes silent. She addresses Irene. Cathy tries to get up and patch things up. She holds her hand out to Cathy making her stay seated. She begins to cry as she tries to force the words out.

DR. REBECCA

Your right. I was mad. I fucking lied to everyone. I DIDN'T THINK IT WOULD KILL HIM.

CATHY

You didn't kill him Rebecca.

DR. REBECCA

NO, I DID. IF IT WASN'T FOR ME. HE MIGHT HAVE HAD A CHANCE AT A NORMAL LIFE.

CATHY

You can't take that burden.

Cathy puts her arms around her. Denise and Debra start clearing out of the room towards the kitchen. They were not prepared for this kind of drama. Irene stands and gets in Dr. Rebecca's face.

(CONTINUED)

IRENE

Yes she can. She needs to take that shit until the day she dies. It was you that fucked him up. What else did you lie about?

Dr. Rebecca is startled at the aggressive words from Irene.

IRENE

I read that fucking peice of shit book you wrote. Or most of it anyway, it was so bad I couldn't finish it.

CATHY

Irene. Stop

IRENE

Just Stop. What a fucking stupid name for a book. What a fucking slap in the face of people who really can't control themselves. "Just Stop". That's your treatment? I read about your troubled childhood. Getting raped. What else did you lie about.

DR. REBECCA

EVERYTHING. SO MUCH WAS A LIE. I just couldn't stop. Trip was the first, and then it got out of control. I tell lies to back up lies.

CATHY

Rebecca stop. Thats just an exageration right?

DR. REBECCA

I'm sorry I should go. Irene. I don't know what to tell you

IRENE

Just tell the truth Rebecca.

Rebecca quickly hugs Cathy before leaving. Cathy is left there shaking her head. Irene sits back down and starts to finish her drink. The other two pop their heads around the corner to see what's going on.

(CONTINUED)

DENISE

Is she gone.

CATHY

I can't believe what just happened here.

IRENE

I knew it. All these years. I knew she fucking lied about trip. We should call the poparazi. Man this is a good tip.

DEBRA

I know a guy.

DENISE

You know a guy. Yea right. Shut up Deb.

DEBRA

No really I know someone.

CATHY

We couldn't do that.

IRENE

You couldn't.

EXT. NIGHT - CATHY'S HOUSE

Dr. Rebecca walks out into Cathy's front yard. She takes a seat on the front steps. She begins to cry. From a distant a voice out of the dark.

AUDIO TECH (O.S.)

Hey you. Are you okay?

DR. REBECCA

Holly shit what are you doing here? Are you following me?

Dr. Rebecca gets up. She is kind of scared by the strange girl from the television studio. She has stopped crying. She paces back and fourth with her keys in hand.

DR. REBECCA

Where is my fucking car?

AUDIO TECH

Hey, relax. I'm not stalking you. I live here. And the only car I see is my car.

(CONTINUED)

Dr. Rebecca looks both ways and sees the small hybrid.

DR. REBECCA  
Someone stold my car. What do you  
mean you live here?

AUDIO TECH  
My mom lives here.

Dr. Rebecca turns and looks at the house that she is  
pointing at.

DR. REBECCA  
Cathy's house?

AUDIO TECH  
Yea, my mom.

DR. REBECCA  
Cathy is your mother? So you're?

AUDIO TECH  
Laura.

DR. REBECCA  
Well Laura, it looks like my car  
has been taken.

AUDIO TECH  
Yea, there has been a lot of car  
theft this year. Sorry. Come in  
and call the police.

DR. REBECCA  
No. I can't go back in  
there. I'll just call on  
my... Fuck. My phone, and bag are  
in the car.

AUDIO TECH  
C'mon. I'll take you where you  
need to go. I'll be cool. Don't  
worry.

Dr. Rebecca feels she has no choice and walks to the car.

DR. REBECCA  
I really need a drink before  
anything else.

AUDIO TECH  
I gotta a place. Don't worry.

They get in the car and drive off.

INT. NIGHT - TRIP LANG'S LOFT STUDIO

The boys back at Trip's apartment were able to restock it with furniture again. They are sitting around with one light on and no music. Trip is sitting closest to the light mixing small tubes of paint together and testing them on a small piece of canvas. Charles has his laptop out stretched out on the futon typing away. Trip is annoyed at the silence, and Charles' typing.

TRIP LANG  
For god sakes man.

CHARLES THE BIOGRAPHER  
Whats wrong

TRIP LANG  
What the fuck are you typing?

CHARLES THE BIOGRAPHER  
Uhh... A biography.

Charles is rather sarcastic in his answer.

TRIP LANG  
No shit. I mean what the fuck are you biographing. I'm not doing anything. Not painting anything. What the fuck do you have to write about.

CHARLES THE BIOGRAPHER  
Some of the most powerful material comes from nothing. Sometimes doing nothing is more compelling. Look at Ghandi, they made movies and wrote books about that guy for doing nothing. And Howard Hughes locking himself up and doing nothing made him one of the most mysterious and interesting people in history.

TRIP LANG  
For one Ghandi was a revolutionary spiritual leader for millions of people, and Howard Hughes was billionaire lunetic. This is hardly the same thing.

CHARLES THE BIOGRAPHER  
Thats where your wrong. Your reflecting on the past

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



CHARLES THE BIOGRAPHER (cont'd)  
week. You've been on a bender for days, that developed into a drug induced paiting spree of New World Money Portraits which is something completely different than you've ever done. And your boyfriend just moved out and took all of his shit. I would say some shit went down that needs to be "Biographed".

TRIP LANG  
To top it all off I have cold sweats, a splitting head ache, and I'm sick to my stomach.

CHARLES THE BIOGRAPHER  
I predicted this. Withdraw symptoms. I've never witnessed it.

TRIP LANG  
And your not gonna.

Trip gets up and puts on his coat. Charles is concerned and starts to get up and put his shoes on.

TRIP LANG  
Where do you think your going?

CHARLES THE BIOGRAPHER  
I'm coming with.

TRIP LANG  
Ahh. No!

CHARLES THE BIOGRAPHER  
No, I must insist. If your going to do this to yourself, you owe it to the biography. When you agreed to this, I told you that you would come to this crossroad. You seemed to understand that full exposure is the best thing.

TRIP LANG  
Forget it. Your not coming with me.

CHARLES THE BIOGRAPHER  
I'll follow you.

TRIP LANG

Look just stay here.

CHARLES THE BIOGRAPHER

No!

TRIP LANG

Follow me, but when people start getting suspicious of the worm that's following me around with a note pad and voice recorder I'm not gonna help you out.

CHARLES THE BIOGRAPHER

Fine.

TRIP LANG

Fine!

EXT. NIGHT - THE METRO POLL LOUNGE

Outside the door of the modern day speakeasy The Metropol, Trip and Charles approach the Cast Iron door to the underground lounge. The club is downtown on a side street that probably gets a lot of foot traffic during the day, but at this hour the few people you see stare at you with a zombie like glare. The door to the ground cracks open and the iggy pop look alike peaks his head around and asks Charles to open his wallet and show his ID.

DOOR MAN

Show me and ID.

The door man is more concerned about whether or not Charles has a hidden badge in his wallet. He grabs it out of Charles' hand and gives it back to him after looking inside. He gives Charles a mean up and down glance as he walks past. Charles continues down the steps after Trip who has already made it to the bar. The bartender is a crazy looking girl with pistols tattooed on either side of her chest and a massive mohawk. They do a shot together and she leans across the bar and yells something in Trip's ear. Charles can not tell what she is saying because the music is slow and loud. Trip turns to Charles and motions for him to follow. The room is crowded but everyone is not very active, just milling around. Skinny Puppy's low electronic buzz is deafening and disorienting in conjunction with the different color lights, and strobes that are the only way of seeing in the red and black decorated underground. They make it through the club into a service hallway which is lit with blinding fluorescent lights which is blinding in contrast to the rest of the club. There are people passed in the

(CONTINUED)

hall. Trip walks up to a door, and turns to Charles who is regaining his hearing.

TRIP LANG

This is as far as you can go. Past  
this door is not up to me. Your  
gonna have to wait in the hall

Charles looks rather nervous as if he might be regretting the trip. He picks up his voice recorder and puts it to his lips. Trip shuts the door behind him and Charles is alone.

CHARLES THE BIOGRAPHER

And just like that I'm stranded in  
the wasteland. Surrounded by a few  
ravenous creatures.

Charles is referring to the couple at the end of the hall who have been kissing and touching since they came down the hall. She is moaning, and the guy has his hand up her skirt. The two are half in a doorway and in the hall. The guy gets her in position and starts having sex with her. The whole think doesn't take but a few seconds and the guy finishes and crawls into the room.

CHARLES THE BIOGRAPHER

Decerning between the sex fiends  
and the drug addicts is  
impossible. The only thing to do  
is hope that no one approaches you,  
and try not to make eye contact  
with anyone.

Just at that time the girl in the door way sits up and looks down the hall at Charles who is trying desperately not to look back. She gets up and starts laughing and starts walking down the hall scraping her body against the wall which is the only thing holding her up.

SEX FIEND

I see you over there.

CHARLES THE BIOGRAPHER

Its too late. I've been  
spotted. I need to stay here or I  
could lose Trip, who is my only  
safe way out of here.

The sex fiend slowly come a little closer. Laughing some more.

(CONTINUED)

SEX FIEND

Are you talking in to your hand? Hey your not like in the secret service or anything? Is the president here.

CHARLES THE BIOGRAPHER

Actually I'm talking to the starship enterprise. They're going to beam me up at any minute.

SEX FIEND

Far out man. You think I could go to?

CHARLES THE BIOGRAPHER

Sorry mamm, ever since 911 we've been very careful who we let aboard. Captain Kirk does not like supprises.

SEX FIEND

Well you tell catain kirk I will suck his di...

The wall that she was using as a body brace runs out as she approaches a door. She falls into the empty dark room. Charles laughs at the girl. The door that Trip went into opens. Trip pokes his head out and grabs charles jacket and pulls him in.

CHARLES THE BIOGRAPHER

What I thought I couldn't.

TRIP LANG

Nah, he said its cool. Just don't use any recording shit or writing any names or shit okay. Be cool, and then we'll get out of here. Cool?

CHARLES THE BIOGRAPHER

I'm cool?

TRIP LANG

I thought I heard you talking to someone.

CHARLES THE BIOGRAPHER

Just scotty, its all good.

(CONTINUED)

Trip looks at him funny and then pulls him inside and makes him sit down at this card table. This massive fat guy is got no shirt on is sitting there watching cartoons. He smiles at charles.

THE FAT MAN

What's up man. Trip tells me your writing a book about him.

CHARLES THE BIOGRAPHER

A biography actually.

THE FAT MAN

Great. You can leave me out okay?

CHARLES THE BIOGRAPHER

Totally. Done.

Trip is over at small kitchenet fixing up something by the sink. He plops down on a milk crate and pounds a needle in his arm.

THE FAT MAN

Its fucking disgusting isn't it.

CHARLES THE BIOGRAPHER

Excuse me?

THE FAT MAN

To watche guys like me and trip sitting around in a dungeon sticking needles in our arms.

CHARLES THE BIOGRAPHER

I hadn't put much thought into it. This is the first time I've seen it go down.

THE FAT MAN

Well its disgusting. Your friend there is gonna die with one of those little bastards stuck in his arm. I know that for sure.

CHARLES THE BIOGRAPHER

Do you now?

THE FAT MAN

Yea. The only thing I don't know is which one of us will go first.

(CONTINUED)

Charles and The Fat Man look at each other with a very serious stare. Then the fat man nods off. Charles looks over at Trip who's face is celebrating the high he is feeling. He tilts his head back and mutters.

TRIP LANG

Don't listen to that fat  
bastard. He's pathetic Charles. I  
wont die like this I promise you.

Charles believes Trip and shakes his head in understanding. Trip pops up after getting his fix. He rolls up some stuff and stores it in an eyeglass case and puts it in his shirt pocket. He throws some money down on the card table and grabs Charles' shirt again, and pull him to his feet. Trip opens the door and the Sex Fiend is naked leaning up against it passed out. She falls back into the room.

TRIP LANG

Holly shit. Watch out for the  
naked girl.

SEX FIEND

Wait, don't go yet. What was your  
name.

TRIP LANG

Dude, It think she's talking to  
you.

Charles bends down to the girls face. And says seriously with out laughing.

CHARLES THE BIOGRAPHER

It's Laforge, Jordi Laforge. Don't  
worry. The transporter is down,  
but I will send an away team for  
you.

SEX FIEND

Thanks Jordi.

CHARLES THE BIOGRAPHER

Sorry maam, I wish I could do more,  
but I must follow the prim  
directive.

SEX FIEND

Tell captain kirk hello from me.

(CONTINUED)

TRIP LANG

What the fuck happened out here,  
while I was away?

The two walk off as the girl lays down and passes out. Charles and Trip laugh hysterically down the hall.

EXT. NIGHT - THE BEACH

Dr. Glen admires the full moon just above the horizon. The waves crash on the beach. He tosses another log on the fire, Russel kneels beside him and pulls a foil pouch out of the fire.

DR. GLEN

That smells excelent.

RUSSEL

Yea, buddy. Little butter, garlic,  
lemon juice. Fish on the half  
shell.

DR. GLEN

I really forgot about the beach.

Russel scoops some of the fish out and takes a bite. He cracks a bottle of beer for his brother.

RUSSEL

Sometimes people think there out  
there in the real world and they  
don't have time for this kind of  
stuff. But this is the real  
world. Its here everyday doing its  
thing, while everybody else is out  
there making up things to worry  
about and reasons to keep them from  
this place.

DR. GLEN

I didn't make up anything, I just  
started believing in the worries of  
everyone else.

RUSSEL

It's a horrible way to waste your  
days bro.

DR. GLEN

It's not so horrible. I'm helping  
people.

(CONTINUED)

RUSSEL

I guess so. But when was the last time you helped someone without prozak?

DR. GLEN

All the time. I also help them with xanax, lithium, and valume.

Dr. glen reaches down and grabs a stick out of the fire and uses the hot end to light a joint he has pulled out of his pocket.

DR. GLEN

If only this was legal. This could put me out of business.

RUSSEL

You could do like Rebecca and help them with her Just Do It method.

DR. GLEN

Its Just Stop.

RUSSEL

What ever. Whats it all about anyway?

DR. GLEN

Its for people who have developed compulsive behaviors that they can't control. Its not just as simple as telling them to stop pulling their hair out, or anything like that. Its a step program.

RUSSEL

Does it work.

DR. GLEN

I don't really know that she has cured one patient with it. All I know is that she wrote this book one summer, and next thing I know she is on TV. She has transferred all of her patients to me. And I haven't had sex in almost a year.

RUSSEL

Get out of here.



DR. GLEN

Not exagerating. In my field, at least our take, as Doctors, on the matter. This is a deal breaker.

RUSSEL

You think its over?

DR. GLEN

I wish I knew what it is. The only thing I know for certain is that we're eating fish on the beach, and Rebecca is out there somewhere in the imaginary world we made for one another. all I can do is wait for her in the real world, and hope she knows where that is.

RUSSEL

She'll be back bro. I'm sure of it.

DR. GLEN

I'm not gonna hold my breath.

Russel is taking a hit of the joint and holds it in. He speaks through his held breath.

RUSSEL

oK, i WILL THEN...

He laughs blowing out the smoke. They both start to laugh. At that moment a girl leans over the balcony on the beach house closest to where Russel parked the van.

BEACH BLONDE

HEY. OVER HERE.

The guys are surprised that someone is calling out to them from the house. They turn around, and Dr. Glen puts his hands to his chest as if to say "Who Me."

BEACH BLONDE

You mind if we come enjoy that fire with you.

DR. GLEN

NO, I GUESS NOT.

BEACH BLONDE

I'M SORRY. YOU SAY NO.

Russel reaches over and hits Dr. Glen on the arm. Dr. Glen grabs his arm.

(CONTINUED)

DR. GLEN  
What the fuck.

Dr. Glen turns his attention back to the attractive girl leaning over the edge of the balcony.

DR. GLEN  
No. I said yes.

Russel reaches out and punches him again in the arm.

RUSSEL  
Quit saying no fucker.

Dr. Glen is rubbing his arm, this time it hurt more.

DR. GLEN  
Okay quit fucking hitting me.

He turns again to the girl.

DR. GLEN  
YES, COME DOWN PLEASE. BRING A  
BLANKET.

The guys pay close attention to the girl as she gathers two of her friends and some bottles of booze and turns the light off inside the cabin. Russel reaches out and starts rubbing his brother on the shoulder.

RUSSEL  
There's three of them dude. This  
could be the night.

DR. GLEN  
What night?

RUSSEL  
You know. The night I'm always  
imagining when I'm jerking  
off. Three hot beach babes in  
their twenties, on the beach,  
night. Full  
moon? Yes. Temperature? Perfect. God  
I just hope I smell okay.

DR. GLEN  
Well lets just hope their idea of  
fun is a couple of forty year old  
fish mongers.

The three girls approach them and plop down by the fire. They all seem to be in their early twenties, and drop dead gorgeous.

(CONTINUED)

BEACH BLONDE

We smelled pot, and we saw the van  
and thought it might be cool to  
come down.

DR. GLEN

I've been telling my brother for  
years that the van is a dead  
giveaway.

The other two girls sit on either side of Russel who is lighting up another joint. He takes a hit and passes it to the brunette on his left who looks strikingly similar to the brunette on his right. She takes a hit and crawls across Russel's lap locking lips with the other girl and blowing the smoke into her mouth.

RUSSEL

Far out.

The beach blond pours some shots of Jager Meister and they all take them. She takes a hit off the joint and blows it into Dr. Glen's mouth, who is emotions are all over the place. Scared, Uncomfortable, Horny, Belligerent he can only giggle as the girl is seducing him. She stands up and takes her top off giving him a come hither look and then runs towards the water. Half way out she takes her shorts off leaving only her panties. Dr. Glen is stunned.

RUSSEL

Dude. I was right. It's gonna  
happen. Tonight.

DR. GLEN

Ahhh. What do I do?

Russel is not paying attention to his brother. He is taking hits out of the mouth out of one of the brunettes. Dr. Glen stands up and looks out in the water. He can see her there looking back at him. He takes his shirt off and runs over to her stomping through the water. She laughs at him as he falls in. He starts laughing and floats on his back for a minute. She swims over to him.

DR. GLEN

It's cold isn't it

BEACH BLONDE

You just have to be warm blooded  
enough.

They both stand up in the water. She presses her breasts against him. They start to kiss, and he caresses her

(CONTINUED)

breasts. Over on the beach the two girls and Russel are giggling drunk and high. They run over to the van, both girls half naked and Russel in his tighty whites. They climb in and he slides the door shut. Music starts playing in the van.

INT. LATE NIGHT - BRISTOL FALLS TAVERN

Dr. Rebecca and Laura the Audio Tech are slamming last second shots at the bar. The music is loud and a man standing behind Dr. Rebecca has her hands on her hips. The bar tender rings a boxing ring bell multiple times

BARTENDER  
LAST CALL! I DON'T CARE YOU GO BUT  
YOU CANT STAY HERE.

The crowd gets louder ignoring the bartender. Laura pushes the guy behind Dr. Rebecca and he spills his drink on the guy next to him. The two start to scuffle with each other. Dr. Rebecca hops up on the bar trying to break up the fight. She starts ringing the bell, and when the crowd turns she opens her top exposing her breasts to the crowd. She is definately drunk and out of control. Laura can't believe it and climbs up next to here and exposes her breasts too. The guys in the crowd go wild. The bartender sprays them with the soda gun. The two women kiss putting on a show for the bar. A young man in the crowd catches the whole thing on his video phone. Dr. Rebecca and Laura fall off the back of the bar onto each other laughing hysterically. The bartender helps them up and ushers them out the back to the ally behind the bar. They get out there and Laura stops to light a cigarette.

DR. REBECCA  
Tell me you have another one of  
those.

AUDIO TECH  
Sure. Here.

She lights the cigarette for Dr. Rebecca.

DR. REBECCA  
Be a lot cooler if it was joint.

She hints her desire to get high.

AUDIO TECH  
No, unfortunately they drug test at  
the station. I can't afford to  
lose this internship, it could cost  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

AUDIO TECH (cont'd)  
me my scholarship to film  
school. But I have something a  
little different. They can't test  
for it.

DR. REBECCA  
What is it?

Laura puts the cigarette out that she just lit, and digs  
into her purse. She pulls a black film canister out with  
the letter A on the lid. She shakes out a few small peices  
of paper onto her hand.

AUDIO TECH  
The guy called it Window Paine

DR. REBECCA  
Window Paine?

AUDIO TECH  
Acid man! You know LSD

DR. REBECCA  
I graduated High School in the 70's  
I know what acid is.

AUDIO TECH  
Have you ever done it?

DR. REBECCA  
No.

AUDIO TECH  
I think this might free you.

DR. REBECCA  
Free me?

AUDIO TECH  
You know. Change the winds in your  
sail. Put you on another course  
for a while. Something unexpected.

DR. REBECCA  
I don't know...

AUDIO TECH  
No you don't. You have the right  
to know. Stick out your tongue.

Dr. Rebecca sticks out her tongue and Lauran pops the hit of  
acid on it.

(CONTINUED)

AUDIO TECH

Don't swallow it just let it  
dissolve in your mouth.

DR. REBECCA

What will it do to me?

AUDIO TECH

It will take control. You will  
become an audience to  
yourself. You will see things in a  
different way, and see things  
you've never seen before.

DR. REBECCA

What if I can't handle it?

AUDIO TECH

First, don't be scared. Just let  
it take you. Second, you have no  
choice. It will take you even if  
you try to resist.

DR. REBECCA

Great.

Dr. Rebecca looks a little scared as the two start to walk down the street. Laura puts her hand around her guiding her along.

INT. NIGHT - TRIP LANG'S LOFT STUDIO

Charles is crashed on the the sofa. There is now a couple of long swings from a child's swing set hanging from the ceiling in the apartment. Two strange people are swinging obviously high, and laughing their asses off. Trip crawls into the closed off studio onto his blanket on the karastan rug with all of his painting supplies and a new bottle of brandy. He lights a cigarette pulls out a baggy of white powder. He breaks some up on the top of a large can of paint and snorts it all. He crawls over to his bag on the floor and pulls out some head phones, and puts them on. If finds some music, and now he has enough energy to pull himself up to his feet. He walks over and cracks the can of white paint on the floor and poors it out into his large mixing tray. He unwraps a new paint roller and screws it onto a broom handle. Just like painting a wall he starts to cover the giant canvas with the white paint. In the other room the guy on the swing is knealing on the floor by the coffee table cooking a few shots on a copper top with a candle and a pair of pliers. He sucks the fluid into a seringe and cools them in a glass of water. He takes one of

(CONTINUED)

them and walks into the studio where trip is working. Trip turns and sees his friend with the seringe and immediately stops painting and strips his belt off. He wraps it around his arm and extends it out as he plops back down on his balnket and rug. He can't here anything with the headphones as the guy with the shot peirces the vein on Trip's Arm. Trip lays back and blacks out.

INT. EARLY MORNING - BEACH HOUSE BEDROOM

Dr. Glen and the Beach Blond are asleep. A door slams shut in the front of the house. A woman yells down the hall.

VAL'S MOM (V.O.)

Val honey we're here. YOU IN THERE  
BABE?

The Beach Blonde, Val sits up fast startled. She starts shaking the doctor.

BEACH BLONDE

Randy get up. My mom and dad are  
here.

Dr. Glen rolls off onto the floor startled by the comment. He crawls naked to the edge of the bed with fear in his eyes.

DR. GLEN

What did you say?

The blond beauty who now in the light of day looks to be much younger than the night before looks at him apologetically and mouths the word SORRY. He shuffles around looking for his clothes.

BEACH BLONDE

YEA, I'M UP MOM. You have to get  
out of here.

DR. GLEN

Believe me, I'm trying. Where are  
my clothes? Jesus Christ. How old  
are you?

BEACH BLONDE

Its okay i'm eighteen.

Dr. Glen lets out a fake and rather sarcastic sye of relief and wipes his forearm across his head.

(CONTINUED)

DR. GLEN

That makes me feel better. Hey while we're at it lets run off and rob banks together.

BEACH BLONDE

You didn't ask.

DR. GLEN

Ahh heres my pants. I'm old enough to be your father. You always go around seducing people your fathers age? Shit I can't get them on.

The mother who is leaning against the door is still calling out to her daughter. She turns the door handle and opens the door just a crack to talk through.

VAL'S MOM (V.O.)

Are you okay.

Val's mom still can't see her around the corner of the door. But she does see the reflection of Dr. Glen's ass crawling through the window beside her bed. She goes storming in the room. Dr. Glen makes a dive for it and hangs on the other side thinking the balcony was there. He dangles there for a minute suspended over grass near the car park under the house. Val's mother screams. The father who is unloading his things out of the back of the family car sees the naked middleaged man suspended in air. He can't believe his eyes. Dr. Glen drops to the ground and grabs his pants that he dropped there. The two men look at each other for a second and then Vals dad dives for the golf bag stuffed under the luggage. Dr. Glen makes a run for it towards the van on the beach. Val's Dad struggles with the the seven iron not able to pull it out of the bag fast enough. Dr. Glen is halfway to the van. The two girls are getting out of the van, and stretching their arms because they just woke up. Dr. Glen jumps in past the two girls almost knocking them over. The girls don't know whats going on.

BRUNETTE SISTER #1

HEY!

DR. GLEN

SORRY LADIES.

He slides the door slamming it shut and jumps in the driver seat slamming his hand down on the locks locking all doors. Russel is just waking up and sitting forward with his shirt and his tighty whites on not knowing whats going on.

(CONTINUED)



RUSSEL

No need to slam the door bro. It's not a cadillac. What the fuck, where are you going man?

Dr. Glen full of fear and adrinalin starts up the Van. And starts to move forward.

RUSSEL

Where's the fire man? Why are you naked bro.

Just at that time the father makes his way to the front wind sheild of the van smashing it with his golf club. It drives off with the half naked girls standing on the beach next to the fire where Russels pants and shoes, and Dr. Glens shirt and shoes are. The father chases the van throwing his club and smashing the back window. The Casie Jones is jamming again on the stereo as they speed away. Russel is freaking out and Dr. Glen is cracking up laughing at this point, and swinging his pants in the air as they speed away. It was a daring escape.

INT. MORNING - POLICE STATION

Detective Walters walks through the station office. Several people at desks, other officers and detectives wave to him. He is carrying some breakfast sandwiches and a coffee. He drops the sandwiches on a female colleague's desk after grabbing one for himself. She immediately digs in the bag grabbing one and trowing it across the desk to her partner.

DETECTIVE WALTERS' COLLEAGUE

Hey thanks Jim

Detective Walters notices a tabloid on the desk with Dr. Rebecca's face in the bottom right hand corner. He turns it to get a better look.

DETECTIVE WALTERS

Yea, no problem. Hey, you done reading that.

His colleague is surprised by his request to read the trashy magazine and motions for him to take it off the desk. Her and her partner start laughing.

DETECTIVE WALTERS' COLLEAGUE

What is it Jim. Trying to findout where Brangelena is right now.

(CONTINUED)

He laughs with her, and leans forward showing her the picture on the front.

DETECTIVE WALTERS  
See this chick right here.

DETECTIVE WALTERS' COLLEAGUE  
Dr. Rebecca?

DETECTIVE WALTERS  
Yea. I met her yesterday. I pulled her over and gave her my number.

DETECTIVE WALTERS' COLLEAGUE  
Smooth!

DETECTIVE WALTERS  
She's a red head.

DETECTIVE WALTERS' COLLEAGUE  
So.

DETECTIVE WALTERS  
A hot one. But there is something with her though. I thought maybe I would read this and get a little insight.

DETECTIVE WALTERS' COLLEAGUE  
Let me know if it helps. You would be the first person getting insight from that.

DETECTIVE WALTERS  
Why do you read it?

DETECTIVE WALTERS' COLLEAGUE  
I don't. I just look at the pictures so I know what to where.

DETECTIVE WALTERS  
I see. You mind?

DETECTIVE WALTERS' COLLEAGUE  
It's yours buddy.

They smile at each other and Detective Walters finds his place at his desk. He enjoys his sandwich and coffee while he flips to the page about Dr. Rebecca. There is a picture of her and her husband, both looking unhappy at a red carpet event. He focuses in on her picture, admiring all he can from the low quality grain of the tabloid photograph. The

(CONTINUED)

headline reads, Does the Counselor Couple need Couples Counseling? He runs his finger over her face. A phone rings at his colleagues desk next to him.

DETECTIVE WALTERS' COLLEAGUE

This is Detective Dixon. Okay. Where? You have a vin number off of it. Okay, I'm ready. Alright we'll be right down. Let me try to track down the owner. Bye.

DETECTIVE WALTERS

You got another joy ride car?

DETECTIVE WALTERS' COLLEAGUE

Not sure. This one was burned.

DETECTIVE WALTERS

No shit? I think our theivs are evolving. Vandals.

His colleague starts tapping away at the computer. She puts in the vin number and fills out the vehicle registration request online form. The license page pops up. Her face turns to total disbelief.

DETECTIVE WALTERS

What is it?

DETECTIVE WALTERS' COLLEAGUE

You might want to take this one Jim.

DETECTIVE WALTERS

Why? What is it?

DETECTIVE WALTERS' COLLEAGUE

Red Mercedes two door, registered to Dr...

DETECTIVE WALTERS

Dr. Rebecca Glen

She shakes her head yes. He pops up dropping his coffee in the trash and pulling his gun out of the top drawer of his desk. He whips his coat on and hangs his badge from his coat pocket. The concerned Detective Walters goes into hero mode, and flies out the door of the police station. Over his shoulder he yells to his colleague.

(CONTINUED)

DETECTIVE WALTERS  
TRY TO CALL HER HUSBAND!

EXT. MORNING - SEEN OF CAR FIRE

Detective Walters carefully walks around the car inspecting the evidence from a distance while the Fire Investigator checks the seats in the back for evidence of Arsin. The investigator holds up a test strip in the light.

INVESTIGATOR  
Excellerant. Pink means  
excellerant.

DETECTIVE WALTERS  
It's pink alright.

Detective walters approaches the car with a small flash light. He reaches in his coat pocket and pulls a pen out and uses it to stir some broken peices of plastic, leather, and burnt personal things around on the passenger seat.

DETECTIVE WALTERS  
She left her phone, her purse, all  
of her money, and her car is  
missing and she hasn't reported it  
yet? This doesn't look good.

INVESTIGATOR  
I'm no cop. But this looks like an  
abduction.

DETECTIVE WALTERS  
We're always hiring.

INVESTIGATOR  
Thanks Jim. I'll stick to what I  
know. I'm gonna pull all my peopl  
back now. Looks like you got a  
crime scene on your hands.

DETECTIVE WALTERS  
Looks that way. Thanks.

INVESTIGATOR  
Hope you get your guy.

Detective Walters nods as the fire crew backs their trucks and equipment out. Police start taping off the area. Detective walters pull his pone out.

(CONTINUED)

DETECTIVE WALTERS

Yea, it doesn't look too good. Send forensics out. We got a crime scene. Try to find out where she was staying.

INT. MORNING - LAURA THE AUDIO TECH'S BEDROOM

Dr. Rebecca pops up from her sleep nest to the half naked audio tech, Laura. She grabs her head which is pounding. She scans the room for an idea of what took place there the night before. She sees the half naked girl in bed with her. She sees an open lap top on the edge of the bed with a word document up on it. She sees a video camera on the night stand next to the girl. She is really confused. She crawls across the bed and begins to read the letter that she undoubtedly wrote the night before.

DR. REBECCA (V.O.)

Step 1. The first step in freeing myself of my life long compulsive lying disorder is to retrace my steps and tell the truth.

DR. REBECCA

Oh no.

Memories from the night before begin to take over her thoughts. She shakes Laura awake. Laura rolls over unable to open her eyes. Dr. Rebecca gets up starts getting dressed. She picks up the camcorder on the night stand and starts it from the beginning. Its her sitting at the computer. She can't hear anything. She rummages through Laura's things and finally finds a set of headphones in her desk drawer. She plugs the headphones in and begins to listen to the tape.

DR. REBECCA ON VIDEO

Why are you filming me?

AUDIO TECH LAURA ON VIDEO

We're making a documentary.

Dr. Rebecca is crying and typing on the computer. It is obvious the acid has taken control of her since of reason.

AUDIO TECH LAURA ON VIDEO

This would be the most interesting documentary of the year.

(CONTINUED)

DR. REBECCA ON VIDEO  
Your trying to exploit me.

AUDIO TECH LAURA ON VIDEO  
No you having an honest account of trying to right your wrongs will be the only way you can save face with the public.

DR. REBECCA ON VIDEO  
I don't care about face, I just want to tell the truth.

AUDIO TECH LAURA ON VIDEO  
Thats what documentaries are all about. What are you doing?

DR. REBECCA ON VIDEO  
Its a letter to my husband, and I also copied my agent on it.

AUDIO TECH LAURA ON VIDEO  
What does it say.

DR. REBECCA ON VIDEO  
It's a list of appologies for every lie I can remeber telling. From cheating on tests, to hitting my neighbors car.

AUDIO TECH LAURA ON VIDEO  
Why are you doing this?

DR. REBECCA ON VIDEO  
Because I ruined someone's life, and now he's dead. I will never be able to ask for forgiveness.

AUDIO TECH LAURA ON VIDEO  
What will all this accomplish?

DR. REBECCA ON VIDEO  
My agent will help me tell my story to the world. The truth shall set me free!

Dr. Rebecca turns the camera off and takes the headphones out of her ears. She paces the room pist off. She sits down at the computer and pulls up her e-mail. She then realizes she coppied everyone in her in box. Her face goes cold like stone. She walks into the bathroom and washes her face. She looks in the medicine cabinet and finds a bottle of tranquilizers, and another bottle of pain killers. She

(CONTINUED)

takes the bottles. She opens the bottle of tranquilizers and pops two of them in her mouth.

DR. REBECCA

What have I done?

She rummages through the clothes in the closet and changes into some of Laura's punky hipster clothes. Then she goes through Laura's bag finding some money, and her car keys. She exits the room. Laura continues to sleep. Moments later the sound of Laura's car speeds off.

INT. MORNING - PSYCHIATRIC OFFICE

Martha brings the mail in back at the office. The phone is ringing off the hook as she walks in. She can't get to it in time. She runs over to the table throwing the mail on the desk. Dr. Glenn's note blows off the table underneath the office chair. The phone stops short. She walks out of the room for a moment, and the phone starts again. She runs and catches it this time.

MARTHA

Lang Psychiatric.

DETECTIVE WALTERS' COLLEAGUE (O.S.)

This is Detective Simmons with the Bristol Falls police department. Who am I speaking with?

MARTHA

This is Martha the secretary. Is everything okay?

DETECTIVE WALTERS' COLLEAGUE (O.S.)

That's to be determined. I need to speak with Dr. Randall Glenn.

MARTHA

He has taken off all week.

DETECTIVE WALTERS' COLLEAGUE (O.S.)

I see. Well this is very important, Can I have his home number?

MARTHA

This is it actually. He has a Cell. Do you have a pen handy?

(CONTINUED)

DETECTIVE WALTERS' COLLEAGUE (O.S.)  
Go ahead.

MARTHA  
It's 545-7755

DETECTIVE WALTERS' COLLEAGUE (O.S.)  
And that is 212

MARTHA  
Sorry, 718 actually

DETECTIVE WALTERS' COLLEAGUE (O.S.)  
Great thanks.

MARTHA  
No problem, bye.

Martha hangs up the phone. She paces for a second a bit worried about Dr. Rebecca. At that moment Dr. Glenn's cell phone rings in his office. Martha is surprised that its there. She enters the office and picks it up off the couch. She hesitates to answer it, but she has a look of confusion her face showing that she has a strange feeling about the phone being left behind, and the fact that the police from Bristol Falls are trying to contact the Doctor. She answers it.

MARTHA  
Yea, hello?

DETECTIVE WALTERS' COLLEAGUE (O.S.)  
Martha?

MARTHA  
Yes?

DETECTIVE WALTERS' COLLEAGUE (O.S.)  
Me again. So the Doctor left his phone behind.

MARTHA  
Looks like it.

DETECTIVE WALTERS' COLLEAGUE (O.S.)  
Any other ideas? Obviously I he's not home or at the office.

MARTHA  
I don't know what he had planned for his unexpected leave of absence.

(CONTINUED)



DETECTIVE WALTERS' COLLEAGUE (O.S.)  
What do you mean unexpected.

MARTHA  
I probably shouldn't, its kind of  
personal.

DETECTIVE WALTERS' COLLEAGUE (O.S.)  
Listen, Martha. We've found Dr.  
Rebecca's car burnt to a crisp and  
abandoned with all her  
belongings. We need to find him.

MARTHA  
He closed the office for what the  
best I could tell would be a much  
needed vacation for his own mental  
health. Dr. Rebecca hasn't been  
around in months, and Dr. Glenn had  
taken on all her patients. I think  
he is sort of tired.

DETECTIVE WALTERS' COLLEAGUE (O.S.)  
Tired, and missing.

MARTHA  
I will do my best to track him  
down.

INT. MORNING - POLICE STATION

Detective Walters' Colleague Detective Simmons still on the  
phone with Martha is concluding the conversation with the  
secretary trying to track down the missing Dr. Rebecca.

DETECTIVE WALTERS' COLLEAGUE  
Martha, does Dr. Rebecca have an  
agent or a manager that helps her  
with her television spots and book  
signing tour.

MARTBHA  
Yes, let me look for this number to  
this gentleman. A mr..... Brody  
Epstein. 212 555- 4576

DETECTIVE WALTERS' COLLEAGUE  
If you find Mr. Glen please call me  
ASAP.

Detective Walters walks in the police station after she  
hangs up the phone. He walks over to her desk and leans in  
over her shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

DETECTIVE WALTERS  
Get a hold of the Doctor?

DETECTIVE WALTERS' COLLEAGUE  
No Actually, he is nowhere to be found either. Look here is the number to Dr. Rebecca's agent, who should be able to tell you her schedule and where if any she was staying in town.

DETECTIVE WALTERS  
The Doctor is no where to found huh?

He takes the number from her and folds it to put in his pocket. He is pondering the possibilities of the situation.

DETECTIVE WALTERS  
Forensics turned up nothing other than the back seat was doused with gasoline.

DETECTIVE WALTERS' COLLEAGUE  
Maybe there's nothing to it.

DETECTIVE WALTERS  
Or maybe Dr. Rebecca has become a statistic.

DETECTIVE WALTERS' COLLEAGUE  
What kind of statistic?

DETECTIVE WALTERS  
Did you know that over 50% of murders of Women in the United States are by their spouses.

DETECTIVE WALTERS' COLLEAGUE  
C'mon Jim, lets not jump to conclusions yet. You don't know she is dead. For all you know she is fine.

DETECTIVE WALTERS  
I don't know anything yet. All I know is a got a burnt up Mercedes, and a celbrity psychiatris MIA.

DETECTIVE WALTERS' COLLEAGUE  
Just do me a favor and lay off the television forensic dramas, and let the evidence form your opinions.

(CONTINUED)

## DETECTIVE WALTERS

Your right, I will. Keep trying to find Mr. Glenn. I'm gonna call this guy and find out where she is staying.

## EXT. DAY - IN THE VAN

Crusing down the highway Dr. Glenn and Russel race away from the beach. There is no music playing. Russel is driving now. he is only wearing his shirt, white brief underwear, and sandals. Dr. Glenn is in the passenger seat wearing just his pants. The thrill of the chase has worn off. Dr. Glenn starts to dose off. A cell phone ring wakes him. Russel presses a button on his steering column. He talks to the speaker phone in his van. The broken english from Marisol back at home speaks back.

RUSSEL

Hello.

MARISOL (O.S.)

Ola. Russel. Esta bien.

RUSSEL

Yea, we're good. You?

DR. GLEN

What the fuck is this? You have a cell phone?

RUSSEL

Well just for emegerncies and stuff. I don't like walk around with it up to my ear all the time.

DR. GLEN

I'm just saying it's kind of hipicritical.

RUSSEL

Why cause I made you leave yours? You needed to leave yours because of your sick disconnection with yourself.

MARISOL (O.S.)

Who is it you with Russy?

RUSSEL

That's my brother. Remember Randall.

(CONTINUED)

MARISOL (O.S.)  
Oh bueno. Bueno. Randall I call  
for you.

DR. GLEN  
Me. Whats up Mari?

MARISOL (O.S.)  
Marta es looking for you. Bristol  
Falls police call para Dr. Reba.

DR. GLEN  
What about Rebecca?

RUSSEL  
Mari. What about Dr. Rebecca?

MARISOL (O.S.)  
Que?

RUSSEL  
Rebecca! What's the problem?

MARISOL (O.S.)  
Desaparecido.

DR. GLEN  
What? What the fuck does that  
mean?

RUSSEL  
She is missing. The bristol Falls  
Police says she is missing.

DR. GLEN  
Shit! Missing?

RUSSEL  
Thats what she said.

DR. GLEN  
Are you sure? How do you  
know? You don't speak spanish.

RUSSEL  
I'm pretty sure.

MARISOL (O.S.)  
Si  
Randall. Misseen. Desparecido.

The reality of the situation sets in. Russel hangs up his car phone. Dr. Glen is guilt stricken from the night before, and becoming sad and worried. Russel tries to console his brother. he reaches over and pats him on the shoulder.

RUSSEL

Look, I'm sure she's okay. Maybe she's just on a little brain time like us right?

DR. GLEN

Dude. The police are FUCKING SAYING SHE IS MISSING! She's not okay. Okay?

RUSSEL

Okay man. Look I'll drop you off back in town as soon as possible so you can take care of her.

DR. GLEN

No. C'mon. We need to go straight there now.

RUSSEL

Okay bro, what ever you need. Can we find some clothes first? I lost my wallet back there on the beach. You think you could help me out.

DR. GLEN

Even if you had your wallet?

RUSSEL

Your right, there is really nothing in there but my discount card to the grocery store, blockbuster card, and a winning lottery ticket for five bucks. Look I'll pull over here at this store.

DR. GLEN

give me your shirt and sandals.

They pull over at the store, and Russel hands over the shirt and sandals leaving him in only the breifs. David puts them on and steps out of the van and looks back at his bother. The view of his brother behind the wheel of the van in only his underwear lightens the mood.

(CONTINUED)

DR. GLEN  
Well hello naked guy in van.

RUSSEL  
Just hurry please.

DR. GLEN  
Ha, ha. Man you look like a guy  
who knows how to have a good time.

Russel starts to laugh as well. Dr. glen walks into the store. Russel puts his head back for a bit, and plays some music. After a few moments a suburban pulls up next to the van. A Mom driving several young girls to the store spots the half naked man in the car and makes her daughters get back in the car away from the van. She locks the doors and pulls her cellphone out. You can't here what she saying but it is obvious she is reporting the man to the police. In the store Dr. Glen finds some clothes for the two, and picks up a road map, some food and drinks, and a pack of cigarettes which he contimplates buying because he has quit smoking. He sees a computer in the office behind the clerks desk.

DR. GLEN  
Listen I will give you twenty  
dollars if you let me get on that  
computer and check my e-mail.

CLERK  
Hell ya man. She's all yours.

DR. GLEN  
Thanks. I'll only be a minute.

CLERK  
For Twenty bucks you can hang out  
in there until I close.

Dr. Glen walks in the office and closes out the porn sites that are up on the screen.

DR. GLEN  
Thats allright, Just need a few  
minutes.

He opens his e-mail and sees there is a message from his wife. He opens it up to find a three page story. He is blown away by the essay. He reads to himself the first few lines. His eyebrows raise. Concern of his wifes mental state take over his thoughts. At that time the clerk walks in.

(CONTINUED)

CLERK

Hey, you come here in a van with a naked guy.

DR. GLEN

Yea. Who wants to know.

CLERK

I think he's getting arrested

DR. GLEN

What?

Dr. Glen pops his head up to see. He sees the police officer cuffing his brother on the side of the van. He panics and hits the print button on the e-mail not getting enough time to finish reading the message. He snatches the page off the printer and runs out to help his brother.

DR. GLEN

Hey, WHATS GOING ON HERE?

He startles the police officer who spins around and shoots him with a tazer he has at the ready.

RUSSEL

Hey man. He didn't do nothing man.

OFFICER

You both did. Your perverts. I hate perverts.

Dr. Glen shakes on the ground. The clerk stands in the back ground chewing on a giant beef jerky and laughing. The clerk walks back to his office where the e-mail is still open on the computer. He plops down in the chair and reads it. the last page of the e-mail printed after Dr. Glen ran out. The Clerk picks it up reading the only words printed on the top of the page. The last line of Dr. Rebecca's e-mail. "Randal. Don't come looking for me. I will find my way home, where ever that may be. Hopefully I will figure myself out soon. But don't worry about me. You have wasted enough time on me. Please live your life. You don't deserve me."

INT. DAY - IRENE'S

Irene sits at her computer. The phone rings and Irene answers the phone. It's Cathy.

(CONTINUED)

CATHY (O.S.)

Hey. I wonder what happened with Rebecca last night. I mean I'm kind of worried about her.

IRENE

Really? I could give a shit. Fucking liar. She'll be all right. She hasn't needed you in almost thirty years.

CATHY (O.S.)

I know. It just seemed like a real breakdown.

IRENE

She's a psychologist, I'm sure she can handle it.

CATHY (O.S.)

Irene. Dentists get cavities too.

IRENE

Look. You know I don't care for her.

CATHY (O.S.)

Still you don't feel a moral obligation to keep a look out for someone that might be a danger to themselves.

IRENE

No. I promise you she will be fine.

CATHY (O.S.)

Okay Irene. If you say so. I'm still gonna try to call her today. I'll see you later.

Irene hangs up the phone. She continues tapping on the computer. She finds the New York Gossip Page. She types in a search for Dr. Rebecca. She reads a little by a columnist named Philipe zorn. She clicks around until she finds the phone number to the news desk. She picks up the phone and dials the number.

IRENE

Hello. I have a story for Philpe Zorn. Yea, I'll hold. Thanks.



INT. DAY - BRISTOL FALLS ASSISTED LIVING

Dr. Rebecca waits in the Lobby of the Assisted Living Facility. The nurse approaches the desk.

NURSE

Can I help you miss.

DR. REBECCA

Yes. I want to speak to Veera Lang.

NURSE

Are you family?

DR. REBECCA

Not exactly. I knew her when I was young.

NURSE

Well. Theres no problem you just need to fill out a visitor form. And wear this name bage while in the Alsheimers unit.

DR. REBECCA

Alsheimers unit?

NURSE

Yes. Poor thing. She started having problems only a few months ago, but it has progressed rapidly.

DR. REBECCA

Is she totally gone.

NURSE

No not at all. It comes and goes. Mostly just confussion. I believe sometimes her mind is somewhere in the past.

DR. REBECCA

I see.

NURSE

It may actually be very interesting, because if you knew her when you were young you might be surprized of how well she remembers you as a young woman.

(CONTINUED)

DR. REBECCA

So I can go back now.

NURSE

Yes. You will have to get buzzed  
in and out. Her room is 303. Just  
go on back.

Dr. Rebecca heads back to the hallway where the Alshaimers unit begins. She rings the buzzer. A nurse comes down the hall and buzzes her in making sure that none of the Alshaimers patients escape the unit. She ventures down the hallway. Several patients start following her down the hall. All of the patients are intrigued by her presence as if she is an alien, or foreign visitor amongst a native tribe. A couple of the patients are buzzing with conversation on the matter.

PATIENT 1

That's Marcy's daughter. She's the  
one who married the pilot.

PATIENT 2

No no. That's not Marcy's  
daughter. That's Dorthy's  
Daughter.

PATIENT 1

Hey. I'm Dorthy.

PATIENT 2

Oh yea.

Dr. Rebecca rounds the corner of the hall outside Veera's room. Following her is several patients curious to see who she is. A few of them are in wheel chairs that run into each other like bumper cars. Veera sits in her room facing the window. Dr. Rebecca enters the room behind her.

DR. REBECCA

Veera?

VEERA

Who is that over there.

She fumbles around digging in the seat of her wheel chair looking for something.

DR. REBECCA

Rebecca. Rebecca Howard was my  
maden name. I was friends with  
your son Trip.

(CONTINUED)

VEERA

Oh yes. My son. Such a sweet boy. You say you are friends?

DR. REBECCA

We were once friends.

VEERA

He used to have so many friends when he was young. Now he has none.

DR. REBECCA

Yes I know. I am truly sorry for your loss.

VEERA

What was your name again?

DR. REBECCA

Rebecca.

VEERA

I don't remember a Rebecca.

DR. REBECCA

Trust me. You probably better off.

VEERA

Oh. I'm sure she was beautiful.

DR. REBECCA

So you don't remember what happened between me and your son at all?

VEERA

I don't believe I do. Trip was always so secretive about his love life. I haven't seen him in so long.

DR. REBECCA

I'm really sorry he's gone. I wanted to know where you put him so I could go visit the site.

VEERA

Oh dear. I didn't put him anywhere. Trip puts himself where trip wants. I imagine him traveling a lot. You know he always had a wonder lust. You can't blame him though after what

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

VEERA (cont'd)  
happened to him. You know when he  
had to leave?

DR. REBECCA  
That was my fault.

VEERA  
No. Trip is the only one to  
blame. He was just so wild from  
the time he was born. Just like  
his father. In my day when a man  
wanted you he took you, and I  
surrendered to his father. Times  
just changed for men like them.

DR. REBECCA  
But he didn't try to take  
anyone. He was innocent.

VEERA  
Stop it. Your trying to confuse me  
now.

DR. REBECCA  
Your right. Look I don't want to  
confuse you or try to convince you  
of anything. I just want to know  
where Trip was laid to rest. I  
would like to visit.

VEERA  
What are you talking about? Your  
not making sense.

DR. REBECCA  
Look. Miss Lang. Please think  
hard and concentrate for a minute.

VEERA  
Okay.

DR. REBECCA  
What is the last thing you  
remember?

VEERA  
I remember having coffee with Joyce  
and gardening.

DR. REBECCA  
Here? You garden here?

VEERA

No silly. At home. They don't have gardens here.

DR. REBECCA

Okay, now concentrate again. The last time you gardened at home was at least two years ago. You've been living here now for two years.

VEERA

Your right. I have been here a while I guess.

DR. REBECCA

And a couple of weeks ago you had a funeral.

VEERA

I did?

DR. REBECCA

Yes. For your son. Your only son Trip.

VEERA

No stop it. Your confusing me for real now. I would like you to leave.

VEERA'S ROOMMATE (DARCY)

Oh Veera. I'm so sorry for you. I didn't know.

VEERA

Don't believe her Darcy. She is trying to trick me.

VEERA'S ROOMMATE (DARCY)

Why would you try to trick us.

DR. REBECCA

Look. I'm not lying to you. Your son passed away. Try to remember it, and where you burried him please.

VEERA'S ROOMMATE (DARCY)

Lady you need to leave. No one wants to take your tests today.

Veera is confused and upset. She is crying and afraid of Dr. Rebecca. Dr. Rebecca approaches her. Darcy steps in

(CONTINUED)

the way protecting Veera. Dr. Rebecca realizes she is being surrounded by concerned and totally clueless patients of the unit. She backs out of the room. Two older men in wheel chairs take up for the ladies and start ramming her feet and legs with their chairs. She is driven away. The nurses come running down the hall.

NURSE

What's going on?

Dr. Rebecca makes her way to the hall.

NURSE

Half of the unit is out of control. You better get out of here before they get more agitated. What did you say?

DR. REBECCA

It doesn't matter. I'm gonna go now.

NURSE

Okay then. I'm sorry. Its frustrating isn't though. The mind is so complex is it not?

DR. REBECCA

More than you know. More than you know.

The nurse isn't really sure where her response came from. She thinks about it for a second. She gives Dr. Rebecca a head nod and turns to walk off, All of the little old ladies and men in wheelchairs baricade the hall making Dr. Rebecca can't get back down the hall. She gives up and steps out of the glass door that locks behind her. She looks back through the glass and the old man in the wheelchair shoots her the finger.

EXT. DAY - PAPARAZI CAR

Philippe Zorn is sitting out front of the Surf Side Police Department scrolling through photos of Dr. Randal Glenn, and Russel getting brought into the police station on his laptop. A corrections officer approaches the car and hands Philippe a digital SLR camera. Philippe smiles big at the officer.

PHILIPPE

Did you get it?

(CONTINUED)

CORRECTIONS OFFICER

Oh yea. I snapped a their mug  
shots on their too. i thought you  
would like those.

Philippe plugs the camera into his computer and the mug shots  
pop up immediately. He scrolls from Russels to Dr.  
Glen's. Dr. Glen actually looks more of a rough person  
than his brother in these mug shots.

PHILIPPE

Fucking beautiful man. That  
deserves a little more. Thank you.

Philippe palms a couple of bills to the officer through  
window. He doesn't make small talk, just takes the money  
and nods. Philippe look at the photos some more. Some shots  
of Russel crying, and Dr. Glen laying on his back hand  
cuffed and trying to kick at the police. He laughs, and  
pulls his cell phone out. He dials his co-worker.

PHILIPPE

Hey. You at your computer. You  
wont believe these shots. Dr.  
Rebecca's asstranged  
husband. CLASSIC! I'm just lucky  
I guess. Surf  
Side. Yea. Where? Bristol  
Falls? She is missing? I'm on it.

INT. DAY - POLICE STATION

In a small cell the still shirtless Dr. Glen is trying his  
luck at the pay phone. He patiently waits for the phone. A  
craized inmate is sobbing on the phone not saying a  
word. Suddenly he starts trying to smash the telephone with  
the reciever, and the slams it down letting the phone  
hang. This startles Dr. Glen. He picks the phone up and  
hangs back up and gets some quarters out of his pocket. The  
guy standing next to him is shivering and scratching his  
body profusely. Russel is sitting against the wall still  
only in his brief underwear in between a giant black guy  
that continually stares at him, and a drunk red neck who  
keeps leaning over and dry heaving off the side of the  
bench. He desposites his money in the phone keeping an eye  
on all the characters in the cell. The phone rings.

DR. GLEN

MARTHA! Oh thank god your  
there. I really need you. I'm in  
jail. It is really a wrong  
story. I need to get out though to

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DR. GLEN (cont'd)  
get to Rebecca. Yea. No, she sent me an e-mail. I will figure it out. Just get down here please. Hey, also in the e-mail she mentioned a Cathy Riley where she went to a party the other night. Can you find a number and maybe an address for her please. Thank you. Martha your a God send.

Dr. Glen looks over at his bother and gives him the thumbs up. Russel is at the breaking point, but the positive signal from his bro lightened the mood.

EXT. DAY - POLICE STATION

Martha waits out front for the two men. They emerge wearing their new clothes from the gas station. Russels new pants are a little too short for his long legs. The best shirt that Dr. Glen could find says "I Caught Crabs At Surfside" There is a picture of a crab on the shirt as well. Martha hands Dr. Glen the keys to the van and his phone when they come out.

DR. GLEN  
Thanks Martha.

RUSSEL  
Yea thanks Martha.

MARTHA  
Don't mention it.

DR. GLEN  
It's all just really a big...

MARTHA  
Really don' mention it. Just go a find Dr. Rebecca.

DR. GLEN  
Okay, thanks though.

The straight laced martha rolls her eyes and gets in her car and drives off. The two guys get back in the van. Russel inspects the van making sure everything is alright. He checks the glove compartment, he finds a wooden box and pulls it out. A sigh of relief when he looks inside the box.

(CONTINUED)



DR. GLEN

What is it.

RUSSEL

It's still here. My weed.

DR. GLEN

Great! Can we get out of here please before we go back to jail please.

RUSSEL

Oh my. The old man is back.

DR. GLEN

Right. I forgot I was dealing with Mr. Cool. Maybe you want to go back in there with your new buds Tyrone and Leeroy. They were so hospitable to you.

Russel is a bit embaressed and he backs the van out of the police station. Dr. Glen goes throught the bag of his belongings that he got back from the jail after his release. He finds the e-mail he printed off and hands it to Russel. He also pulls out the snacks he bought at the store. He's starving and rips into the crackers, and opens the soft drinks. His phone that Martha brought to him rings. Its a text from Martha. It's Cathy's Phone Number and address.

RUSSEL

Wow. Even I'm worried. I'm no expert but I think she's having a breakdown or something.

Dr. Glen answers him with a look of sarcasm while putting the phone to his ear.

DR. GLEN

YOU THINK?

He waits for a minute while the phone rings. Russel try's to turn the radio on. Dr. Glen turns it off and shakes his head no. Russel pulls a rolled joint out of his box and starts to light it. Dr. Glen pulls his hand with the lighter away from the joint.

DR. GLEN

Yea, Cathy? This is Rebecca's husband. Well, aparently she is missing. I'm on my way to find her. Do you know what set her off? Trip Lang? The Artist?

(CONTINUED)

RUSSEL

Oh he's great. My bud brian knows him.

Dr. Glen puts his hand over his other ear trying to tune his brother out. Russel succeeds in lighting the joint this time. Dr. Glen is annoyed.

DR. GLEN

What about him? So he's dead? Yea. Thanks for your help. I'm coming there. I might call you again. Thanks again.

Russel starts coughing. He tries to pass to his brother who doesn't want it.

RUSSEL

Trips not dead man.

DR. GLEN

What?

RUSSEL

He's not dead. I would have heard that.

DR. GLEN

How can you be sure? When was the last time you talked to Brian?

RUSSEL

No, I know for sure. Brian would have told me that. He talks about Trip all the time. He's like infatuated or something.

DR. GLEN

Can you call him and check?

RUSSEL

Yea. Let me get my phone out. I think I got his number.

DR. GLEN

I can't believe I did that last night.

Russel finds the phone number he is looking for.

RUSSEL

I got it. Dude don't worry about last night. You did what any man

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

RUSSEL (cont'd)  
would do who may be sharing a life  
crisis their spouse.

DR. GLEN  
Thanks. Thats quite insightful of  
you.

RUSSEL  
What ever. I just like coming up  
with excuses for our irresponsible  
acts. Shhh. I'm calling Brian.

The phone rings a few times and finally his friend answers.

RUSSEL  
Hey bro. How are  
you? Yea. That's cool  
dude. Alright, well the reason  
I'm calling is I wanted to ask you  
if you are still friends with  
Trip. Yea, uh huh. So I heard a  
rumor that he died. Is this true  
or not?

Dr. Glen is anctious to hear the answer. Russel gives him a  
positive nod letting him know that he was right. Trip is  
still alive.

EXT. DAY - OUTSIDE TRIP'S APARTMENT

Dr. Glen and Russel pull the van up to the building. They  
climb out onto the street looking up at the old warehouse  
building. It is not your typical apartment, even on big  
city refurbished loft standards. This place is truly like  
something out of a movie.

DR. GLEN  
You think this is it?

RUSSEL  
If I was an excentric drug addict  
artist I would live here.

DR. GLEN  
I guess your right. Lets get in  
there.

The two walk up the stairs to the dark cooridor where the  
front door of Trips apartment is. They both bang on the  
door several times. No one answers. Russel shrugs his  
shoulders. Dr. Glen reaches out and opens the unlocked

(CONTINUED)

door. They walk into the apartment. They both look around a bit. Dr. Glen searches the apartment while Russel walks around inspecting the place, and its oddities like swings hanging from the vaulted ceiling instead of lounge chairs in the living room. Dr. Glen searches each room turning up nothing. There is no sign of Charles or Trip until he finds the studio. Trip is laying on his usual spot in the floor.

DR. GLEN

Trip Lang. Hey. You awake.

Trip walks over and tries to shake him awake. He then checks for a pulse, and then listens for his breath and heart beat.

DR. GLEN

Ahh. Shit. No. FUCK! RUSSEL, IN HERE.

RUSSEL

What?

DR. GLEN

I think he has OD'd for real. Shit.

Dr. Glen starts CPR on him. It doesn't take long and Trip starts coughing and coming too.

DR. GLEN

I don't think he was out long. Another few minutes and he probably would have been dead. Russel go look in the kitchen for some OJ or fruit juice. We got to get some sugar in him.

Dr. Glen looks around at all the empty baggies and sees the needle and burnt copper top from a pickling jar next to a melted candle. He shakes his head in disbelief of the situation. trip tries to make sense of whats going on, he's still out of it. Russel comes back in with a bottle of cranberry juice cocktail.

DR. GLEN

Here Trip drink this. It will help the drugs motabolize in your system.

Trip drinks a little bit shaking off the brief lapse. He looks at both Russel and Dr. Glen confused.

(CONTINUED)

TRIP LANG

Who are you guys?

DR. GLEN

I'll explain in a bit after we get you feeling better. Here Russel lets get him up moving around a bit. Help me bring him in to sit on that couch in there.

TRIP LANG

Yea, couch sounds good.

They help Trip get to his feet and support him as he staggers into the other room. Russel glances at some of his strange paintings in the studio as they walk out.

RUSSEL

Man your work is far out.

TRIP LANG

No. It's shit. Thanks though.

RUSSEL

C'mon, man are serious. I hate when talented people feel an obligation to be modest. It is okay to be good at something.

TRIP LANG

Yea, but its all shit. And I'm not modest. I'm honest.

Russel seems satisfied with the answer. They sit him down on the couch.

DR. GLEN

You feel a little better, you need some coffee or something.

TRIP LANG

Any of you smoke cigarettes.

RUSSEL

Just weed bro.

TRIP LANG

Oh, that could be cool maybe too.

It is obvious that Trip is severly A.D.D. He is allready looking around the room not paying attention to the two strangers in his house, that just possibly saved his life. Russel digs in his pocket for his pot and Dr. Glen

(CONTINUED)

gives him a go to hell look. Russel realizes that this isn't the place or time and stops digging.

RUSSEL  
Sorry. Must have left it.

TRIP LANG  
No worries. Who were you again.

DR. GLEN  
I'm Randal Glen and this is brother Russel. My wife is Dr, Rebecca Glen. She is missing and I need your help to find her, and help her.

TRIP LANG  
Look friend. I'm no private dick. And even if I was how could I help her?

DR. GLEN  
She's lost in Bristol Falls.

TRIP LANG  
Whats her name again?

RUSSEL  
Rebecca.

Trip realizes who they are talking about. He can't believe it. He holds his head in disbelief. At that moment Charles walks in with some stuff from the store.

TRIP LANG  
Oh, this is Charles my Biographer. He is writing a story about me.

CHARLES THE BIOGRAPHER  
Hello. How are you. What did I miss?

TRIP LANG  
Well you know how your always asking me details about my past and you give me a hard time because I leave out about ten years of it?

CHARLES THE BIOGRAPHER  
Yea. Why?

(CONTINUED)

TRIP LANG

Well the past I tried to run from,  
forget, and bury has found me.

Charles looks at the two guys trying to figure them out. He looks back at Trip nodding his head as if he understands the riddle.

CHARLES THE BIOGRAPHER

Well alright then. I'm all ears.

TRIP LANG

Get your note pad or computer or something. I'm gonna tell you a story.

INT. DAY - BRISTOL FALLS TAVERN

Detective Walters walks into the bar. Philipe is sitting int the corner having a cocktail. The Bartender is wiping down the bar with a rag, and setting up for a busy night. Detective walters approaches the bar. The bartender fakes a smile and hand shake with the Detective who holds on a little too tight and a little to long while saying hello.

DETECTIVE WALTERS

Hello Sam. Business been good?

BARTENDER

Yea, its been okay.

DETECTIVE WALTERS

Okay. Well I haven't seen you in a while and thought I'd come by.

BARTENDER

Well, if I knew you missed me so much I would of tried to rob someone so we could spend more time. But this little baby kind of prevents me from getting out so much.

He pops his foot up on the bar showing off a GPS collar around his ankle. Detective Walters laughs at the bartender.

DETECTIVE WALTERS

Ahh, that sucks Sam. If you ask me you got lucky. You could be wiping the floor of your cell right now instead of this bar.

(CONTINUED)

BARTENDER

I guess so. But If I got away with it I'd be wiping something completely different.

DETECTIVE WALTERS

Whats that?

BARTENDER

I don't know. The hood of my new car. My ass with hundred dollar bills, or maybe that shit eating grin off your face.

DETECTIVE WALTERS

C'mon man. I was just doing my job.

BARTENDER

Yea, I know. Its all behind me now anyway.

DETECTIVE WALTERS

Oh? Why is that?

The bartender takes an ultra sound photo out of his pocket and shows the detective his new found joy.

BARTENDER

Yea, actually the old man is letting me buy this place. No more hittin' licks for me. No what I mean.

DETECTIVE WALTERS

That's really great. I'm happy for you.

BARTENDER

You want something?

DETECTIVE WALTERS

Yea, fuck it. Why not? Lets do a shot of Jameson. Give me a soda backer if you don't mind.

BARTENDER

Cool.

The bartender pours a shot and a soda on ice. They do the shot.

(CONTINUED)



BARTENDER

Is there something else you want.

Philippe is busy typing on his laptop in the corner. He is also editing photos. He seems frustrated with his computer.

BARTENDER

Uhh. Hold on detective. HEY YOU WANT ANOTHER?

Philippe looks up and shakes his half empty drink and gives him the go ahead for another drink.

PHILIPPE

HEY. WHATS THE PASSWORD FOR YOUR WIFI?

BARTENDER

GRANDTHEFT, ONE WORD

DETECTIVE WALTERS

Nice.

BARTENDER

I thought you would like that.

DETECTIVE WALTERS

No the real reason I am in here is Dr. Rebecca. You know who I'm talking about?

BARTENDER

Yea. Yea. I know who your talking about. That famous Psychiatrist. Yea like the woman Dr. Phil.

DETECTIVE WALTERS

Yea, exactly. It turns out she's missing and I heard from some people that she was here.

Philippe over hears the conversation and pays close attention.

BARTENDER

No shit. She was in here last night. She was having a GOOD TIME.

DETECTIVE WALTERS

You don't say? What makes you say it like that?

(CONTINUED)

BARTENDER

She was dancing on the bar. I thought I was going to have to throw her out.

Philippe is on the edge of his seat listening to this new break in the events.

DETECTIVE WALTERS

Was she with anyone particular?

BARTENDER

She was with a lot of people. She made out with like three guys. Who could tell which one was more important. There was someone else though.

DETECTIVE WALTERS

Oh?

BARTENDER

There was a girl with her. I think they were together. I caught them smoking pot when I was taking the garbage out, and they both ran off together. I suppose they left together.

DETECTIVE WALTERS

Good. That's a good lead Sam. Do you have any idea who the girl is?

BARTENDER

No, all I know is that she hangs out with some of the kids from the film school. I let them film a skit in here one time.

DETECTIVE WALTERS

Thanks Sam. Good work on the bar, and congratulations on the baby. I'm gonna talk to the judge later this week, I'll see if we can get that off your leg a little sooner. Oh, and here keep the change.

BARTENDER

Hey thanks man. Good luck.

Detective Walters tosses the money on the counter and notices Philippe staring at him on the way out of the

(CONTINUED)

bar. As soon as the Detective drives off Philippe approaches the bar. The bartender has already made him another drink and it is sitting on the bar. Philippe grabs the drink and continues to stand there looking around the bar and back at the bartender.

BARTENDER

Can I get you something else?

PHILIPPE

Yea. I couldn't help but over here your conversation.

BARTENDER

Okay. So.

PHILIPPE

I'm a reporter. And I pay people such as yourself pretty good for information like the conversation you just gave the Detective there for free.

The Bartender now seems a lot more interested in the money part of this conversation. Philippe is waiting for his attention.

BARTENDER

Go on.

PHILIPPE

As I was saying I got the story for last night, but I will give you \$1000.00 for proof.

Philippe gives a smirk as if he just asked something complicated of the bartender.

BARTENDER

I'll tell you what slick. You give me \$1500.00 and I'll give you video.

This is too good to be true. Philippe looks a little confused not seeing any cameras around.

BARTENDER

Cameras? They make em small now dude.

He points to a small black plate in the ceiling. Philippe notices it is right over the bar and the cash register.

(CONTINUED)

PHILIPPE

And you said she danced on the bar. Where exactly?

The bartender slaps his hand on the bar right under the camera in the ceiling smiling at Philippe. Philippe smiles back knowing he just hit pay dirt.

INT. EARLY EVENING - BED AND BREAKFAST

Kalil unlocks the room to the bedroom that Dr. Rebecca rented. Detective Walters walks in the room and looks around.

DETECTIVE WALTERS

She didn't even spend any time in here did she?

KALIL

No. She came in and put her stuff down. And was on her way out in less than an hour.

DETECTIVE WALTERS

Thank you.

KALIL

If you need anything I will be downstairs.

DETECTIVE WALTERS

Thanks. I shouldn't be long. I'm gonna ask that you leave this room untouched until the rest of my team can get here.

Kalil exits room and Detective Walters starts looking through her things for any clues. He opens up her laptop that's sitting in the side of her travel bag. A mapquest page is still on the screen as the computer repowers. Detective pulls his notepad out and writes down an address.

INT. EVENING - LAURA THE AUDIO TECH'S APARTMENT

Dr. Rebecca is passed out on Laura's couch with a half empty bottle of wine in her lap. Laura walks in and sees the doctor there. She doesn't know what to make of the situation. She walks over and kicks her foot. She comes to. Laura grabs the bottle before it falls and sets it on the table.

(CONTINUED)

DR. REBECCA

Oh, hey. Thanks for stopping by.

AUDIO TECH

Your fucking hammered. Can I have the keys to my car back. Thanks. I was forty five minutes late to work this morning. I almost reported my car being stolen.

DR. REBECCA

Well thanks. I just needed to visit some people. You know?

AUDIO TECH

Ahh yest your quest to wrong all your rights.

DR. REBECCA

Thats the one.

Dr. Rebecca reaches in her pocket and pulls Laura's keys out throwing them on the table and picking the bottle back up taking a drink of it.

AUDIO TECH

Did you make any progress?

DR. REBECCA

No. All dead ends. I've told my lies so well that no one will believe me now when I try to tell them the truth.

AUDIO TECH

You know the police are looking for you?

DR. REBECCA

No. What?

AUDIO TECH

A detective found me at school today. She knew that we were at the bar last night, all that.

DR. REBECCA

Did they find my car.

AUDIO TECH

Well yea, someone took it for a joy ride and set it on fire.

(CONTINUED)

Dr. Rebecca seems not to be phased by the news since she is kind of drunk and high on pills.

AUDIO TECH

Shit. They think your missing. I didn't know what to tell them. I just told them that the last time I saw you was at the bar. You need to call this lady so they know your okay.

Laura hands her a business card for the Detective. Dr. Rebecca looks at the card and tosses it back on the table.

DR. REBECCA

Yea yea. Tomorrow. I'll call and straighten it all out tomorrow.

AUDIO TECH

They say that sometimes tomorrow never comes.

DR. REBECCA

I have been they for a few years. Let me be the first to tell you, they are full of shit. Oh man. What am I gonna do?

AUDIO TECH

Your not the only one wondering that.

DR. REBECCA

I know I'm being a burden.

AUDIO TECH

Oh no. I'm not the only one wondering whats next either. Let me get my computer.

Dr. Rebecca is a little confused at the that statement and why Laura needs the computer.

DR. REBECCA

What are you doing.

Laura comes back in the room and sits down next to her on the couch. She flips open the laptop and starts clicking away. Dr. Rebecca is getting impatient, and annoyed that she wont tell her whats up.

(CONTINUED)

AUDIO TECH

Hold on, you'll see. Here it is.

Laura clicks on a video that was sent to here through e-mail. The Video is from Bristol Falls Pub, the Doctor is dancing on the bar, and jumps down and starts kissing a random guy. Dr. Rebecca hold her head in her hands and starts to cry.

DR. REBECCA

What the hell? That was less than twenty four hours ago. Jesus.

AUDIO TECH

Yea, well thats not all. Your husband is aparently in the news too now. Check this out. The headline is killer. Doctors Gone Wild.

Its Philipe's Gossip page. Pictures of Rebecca dancing on the bar with a link to a video. Pictures of her husband being released from the Surf Side Jail with interview with the officer who had to taze the doctor, and the father who claims he chased the naked doctor away from his cabin.

DR. REBECCA

I guess I'm somewhat happy it's not just me. I don't blame him though. I mean if this is true. I've abandoned him, they should leave him out of it.

AUDIO TECH

Couples are better in the tabloids. Brangelina, Bennifer, Speidi, and don't forget Mance Magillenthal.

DR. REBECCA

What? Who is Brangelina?

AUDIO TECH

You don't know that? Thats Brad Pitt and Angelino Jolie.

DR. REBECCA

Really? Whats the other?

AUDIO TECH

Bennifer? That used to be Ben Afflec and Jennifer Lopez.

(CONTINUED)

DR. REBECCA  
Used to be?

AUDIO TECH  
Yea, well now its Afflec and  
Jennifer Garner.

Laura helps Dr. Glen start smiling again. Dr. Rebecca  
laughs. She forgets she is upset for a few minutes.

DR. REBECCA  
I'm afraid to ask about  
Speidi. Whats that like spider man  
and someone?

AUDIO TECH  
Yea, thats Spencer and Heidi.

DR. REBECCA  
Who the hell is that?

AUDIO TECH  
Exactly.

DR. REBECCA  
Your too funny. And the last one?

AUDIO TECH  
Your gonna love this. Its a trio  
of guys. Does that help you figure  
it out?

DR. REBECCA  
No, tell me.

AUDIO TECH  
Well I've only seen this one a few  
times but its Matthew Mcconaughey,  
Lance Armstrong, and Jake  
Gyllenhaal. Or if your not into  
the guy threeway there is  
Gytherspoon... Jake and Reese  
Witherspoon, thats my favorite!

DR. REBECCA  
Your making that shit up. Get out  
of here.

AUDIO TECH  
I don't lie. Only the truth.

Dr. Rebecca pauses for a minute. Her laughter turns to  
crying. Laura tries to console her.

(CONTINUED)



AUDIO TECH

C'mon I thought I was making you feel better.

DR. REBECCA

I just don't know what to do. The police think I'm dead, and I kind of like it that way because the media is going to tear me apart now. If they think something happened to me they wont be shitty.

AUDIO TECH

I see where your coming from but, you got too realize that this is just another lie. Right?

DR. REBECCA

Your right. What should I do?

AUDIO TECH

Sometimes stuff like this happens to celebrities and its a blessing in disguise. Where were you going with your career anyway? Were you planning on writing Just Stop Again?

DR. REBECCA

I allready finished it actually.

AUDIO TECH

I'm sure its great.

DR. REBECCA

Its a peice of shit. I ran out of lies I had to conjure up new ones, and steal others. I want to delete it and start over.

AUDIO TECH

Than do it. Come clean and right about the truth, because I got to be honest with you. Your real story is far more interesting, and one I think millions of people can identify with. Get it out. There are so many celebrities that have done bad things and by coming clean there career has survived, even flourished. You tell your story and people will embrace it, and you could be bigger than Oprah.

(CONTINUED)

DR. REBECCA

Oprah. Yea right. I don't want to be that big, I just don't want to become a joke.

AUDIO TECH

I'm going to film school. Let me do your documentary. Just Stop.

DR. REBECCA

I don't know.

AUDIO TECH

C'mon lets just give it a try and see how it works for you. You may find it therapeutic.

DR. REBECCA

Have you ever made a documentary?

AUDIO TECH

No, but I am about to turn in my synopsis for my project of the year which is a sports documentary. But this is better.

DR. REBECCA

Whats that about?

AUDIO TECH

It's not that great. You wouldn't be interested.

DR. REBECCA

I just want to know what kind of talent I'm working with. If I think your other idea is good, I'll do it.

AUDIO TECH

Ummm. Okay. Its called Keeper of the Cup. There is a couple of guys whos year round job is to care for and protect the stanley cup. They host visitations for tourists, provide security for the cup, and Prep the cup to be engraved with every team member that wins the cup each year.

DR. REBECCA

Really, thats someones job?

(CONTINUED)

AUDIO TECH

Yea for real. That don't just take out of a box each year. The thing travels all over the country. But thats not really what the movies about. Every year when some lucky hocky team wins the cup each player gets to spend a night with the cup. Some are low key and just have it at home with their families, but others have fucking crazy parties. And these players live sometimes in many different cities and this one guy flies first class with this cup in first class buying it a seat of its own to go to all these different places. Its a dangerous, exciting, and once a year extremely hard job. The documentary is about that dude.

Laura takes a deep breath after spitting out her long pitch.

DR. REBECCA

Wow. That actually sounds great! Are you a hocky fan?

AUDIO TECH

No. So does this mean you will do it?

DR. REBECCA

I guess it does.

Dr. Rebecca is thankful to her new friend. She reaches out to touch her hand. The two hug. Dr. Rebecca looks her straight in the face still holding her.

DR. REBECCA

If you help me reinvent myself, and I don't crash and burn. I will back your documentary when you get out of school. It really is a good idea.

AUDIO TECH

Ahh, you really mean it? You wont regret it. I'm gonna go get my camera.

DR. REBECCA

What, now?

(CONTINUED)

Laura is overcome with excitement. She darts across her room to get her camera. She's back like a flash with a tripod. Then she darts back across the room to grab something else. She pops up from behind the couch like a ninja with a black screen on a stand and pops it up behind the Doctor. Laura darts across the room again. Doctor Rebecca realizes it's for real and reaches into Laura's bag looking for a makeup kit and tries to fix her hair and put some powder on her face. A blinding light powers up. Laura sets up a small light turning her couch into a film studio. She connects a microphone to her camera and powers on. She is really excited.

DR. REBECCA

Wow. You are definitely not messing around.

AUDIO TECH

You need all this stuff. If you don't have it. everything just looks like it was shot on a camcorder. How I want to do this is to start with a kind of confessional. Just say your name, and where your from. Then start with telling me what your first lie was.

DR. REBECCA

Uhh. I don't know if I can remember that. That was probably forty years ago.

AUDIO TECH

What was the first lie that affected someone else. The first lie you couldn't take back.

DR. REBECCA

Yea, I can remember that. You see what happens is everybody lies when they are young. But it's obvious, and almost innocent. But then they eventually either start telling the truth or they tell a lie that is not so innocent. A lie that requires another lie to back it up. And then the back up for the lie needs a backup. Eventually your trapped in a web of them. The first lie I was the worst...

Dr. Rebecca pauses for a long time. She tries to hold back her emotion.

(CONTINUED)

AUDIO TECH

You need a minute.

DR. REBECCA

Yea. You know I didn't think this would be this hard.

AUDIO TECH

Look I will leave the camera running. I'm gonna walk down the street to this little place and get us something to eat. If you feel like sharing some more just start talking. Sometimes it helps break the ice if the someone is alone for the first few minutes. You like Chinese?

DR. REBECCA

What ever. Chinese. Its good.

The over excited and hiperactive Laura heads for the door after putting her shoes on. She is smiling from ear to ear. She is so enthusiastic about the opportunity. She turns back to Dr. Rebecca before leaving the house and gives her the thumbs up. Dr. Rebecca smiles back, and then while she is alone with the camera her facial expression gets very serious.

DR. REBECCA

The first lie was the worst.

EXT. NIGHT - THE VAN

Russel drives down the road and pulls over at a gas station outside of Bristol Falls. Dr. Glen shakes his phone trying to get it to stay on long enough to call someone.

DR. GLEN

Fuck. I have to get a hold of that Detective at the police station here. I don't have the charger for this shit. I wonder if they have something in this store.

RUSSEL

You never know, its a big store. Hey get some papers for me.

DR. GLEN

What like the news.

(CONTINUED)

RUSSEL  
No. Rolling papers.

DR. GLEN  
I don't want to buy those.

RUSSEL  
C'mon fucker. No one knows you here.

DR. GLEN  
Alright. Shit.

Russel reaches around behind the seat by Trip's and Charls' feet.

TRIP LANG  
What are you looking for man.

RUSSEL  
Theres an empty beer can down there. I like to recycle.

Charles reaches down and grabs the can for him. He gets out and starts to pump the gas. Russel fiddles with the can while pumping his gas. Dr. Glen gets out and walks into the store. In the Van Charles is still getting the whole story on Trip. He has his laptop out and is hitting the keys twice as fast as Trip can talk.

TRIP LANG  
and thats why we're coming here. Dr. Rebecca got me thrown out of this fucking place. I was real bitter about it for a long time. I couldn't tell anyone why I couldn't have done what I was accused of. I've always known I was a fag, my father on the other hand. It would have killed him. I absolutely think he would have been more proud of me as rapist than a homosexual. So I let it ride. Besides, if I hadn't of been thrown out of here I wouldn't have become an artist, and I'd probably still be living here eating shit from the locals like my Dad did until he finally passed away.

CHARLES THE BIOGRAPHER  
What about your mom.

(CONTINUED)

TRIP LANG

Yea, I haven't seen her in a while. She actually has alzheimers and lives in a home here.

CHARLES THE BIOGRAPHER

You should go see her.

TRIP LANG

Its pretty hard.

CHARLES THE BIOGRAPHER

Its your mom though.

TRIP LANG

Your right. I'll get Russel to take me by there when we get back on the road. Its just up here before we get into town.

CHARLES THE BIOGRAPHER

Wow. I think my Biography just became a novel.

TRIP LANG

Thomas told you to stick to writing novels. Maybe he was right.

Russel jumps back in the truck and digs around in his center console for something. He stuffs some weed in the end of the beer can and lights it up in the car.

TRIP LANG

Recycle huh.

Russel starts coughing and laughing hysterically and passes it to the guys in the back. In the store Dr. Glen has gathered some things, and he is nervously looking behind the counter for the rolling papers. There is another shopper in the back of the store. We know the shopper as Detective Walters. The Clerk is checking Dr. Glen out suspiciously. Detective Walters doesn't recognize Dr. Glen at first and is shopping in the back.

CLERK 2

Hey buddy. Can I help you?

Dr. Glen is whispering, embarrassed to be buy the papers.

DR. GLEN

i need some rolling papers

(CONTINUED)

CLERK 2

What man I'm sorry I didn't get that?

DR. GLEN

rolling papers

CLERK 2

DUDE! WHAT?

DR. GLEN

I Need Some Rolling Papers.

CLERK 2

What kind do you need. I got zig zag, topps, french light

Detective Walters' police instinct kicks in and he looks over towards the counter laughing about the middle aged man trying to score some rolling papers. His smile washes away from his face when he realizes that the guy looks just like Dr. Rebecca's husband. He sneaks down the isle looking through the rows of chips and candy trying to get a closer look and make sure its him. Before he can get close enough Dr. Glen pays and walks out.

CLERK 2

Thanks. Don't get to high man. KEEP IT COOL MAN!

Ther clerk is laughing and Dr. Glen looks back blushin from embarassment at the Clerk's accusation. When he looks back Detective Walter's gets a clear look at his face. Detective Walter's not in uniform starts to run out to the parking lot to stop the possible suspect. Before he can the clerk who thinks he is stealing because he is still holding merchandise jumps accross the counter to confntont the officer. While walking to the Van in the parking lot two guys come out of no where snapping shots with cameras at Dr. Glen. Its Philipe who is now competing against other paparazi now. Dr. Glen is startled and the stoned group of guys in the van are horrified and paranoid with this situation.

RUSSEL

GET IN THE VAN! GET IN!

Dr. Glen starts running for the Van. Philipe is yelling out to him.

PHILIPE

Dr. Glen do you know where your wife is? Is it true you got caught

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



PHILIPPE (cont'd)  
sleeping with a highschool student  
in Surf Side?

Dr. Glen looks back as he jumps in the van.

DR. GLEN  
WHAT! She was in college!

Before he can say anything else he sees Detective Walters emerge from behind the paparazi with a gun pointed at them. Philippe is smart and runs to his car. Russel sees the unknown gunmen and floors it.

DR. GLEN  
GO GO GO!

RUSSEL  
What the fuck is going on?

Charles is laying on the floor board in fear, and Trip is hanging out the side of the van yelling at the group of strangers.

TRIP LANG  
EAT MY SHIT FUCKERS!

Philippe is already driving out of the parking lot trying to catch up with the van. Detective Walters jumps in his car and fires it up, and is trying to call his partner on his cellphone and drive. He floors it in reverse and wrecks into the other paparazi's car. They try to drive apart but they are stuck.

DETECTIVE WALTERS  
FUCK! PUT IT IN REVERSE ASSHOLE.

He realizes he is stuck and gets out of the car slamming the door and yelling at the guy in the car.

DETECTIVE WALTERS  
I'm gonna arrest you for  
obstruction asshole.

The paparazi is just holding up his hands in surrender to the fired up Detective. He puts the phone back to his ear.

DETECTIVE WALTERS  
Hey. Yea I just found our missing  
husband at the step n go just south  
of the falls. These fucking  
ASSHOLES got in my way. Their in a  
gray an white mystery machine. I

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DETECTIVE WALTERS (cont'd)  
saw three men, one of which was  
beligerant and they reak of  
marajuana. I think the husband may  
be our guy. Get the patrol out and  
I will meet you at the  
station. And send a tow truck and  
a patrol car out here.

The clerk stands out front of the store looking on at the  
confusion. Detective Walters turns his attention to him  
too.

DETECTIVE WALTERS  
Make a fresh pot of coffee or I'll  
arrest you too.

EXT. NIGHT - LAURA THE AUDIO TECHS APARTMENT

Laura walks up to the house with her chinese food realizing  
that her car is gone again. She runs in seeing the empty  
couch and the lights and camera still on and running.

AUDIO TECH  
Man fuck.

She takes the camera off the tripod and looks into the  
viewer seeing that the Doctor did actually film  
something. She skips to the end of the clip and goes and  
plugs it into the television.

DR. REBECCA ON VIDEO  
My lies killed the first man I ever  
had feelings for. For that, I  
should never be forgiven.  
Laura. I'm borrowing your car  
again. I will bring it back.

Laura stops the tape worried about what the Dr. Will Do  
next. She picks up the phone and calls one of her school  
mates to come and help her.

AUDIO TECH  
Hey Rob. Can you come help  
me. We're making a  
documentary. On Dr.  
Rebecca. Really. And we're trying  
to find my car because she stole  
it. Again.

EXT. NIGHT - BRITOL FALLS ASSISTED LIVING

The Van pulls off the main road hiding from the paparazi and gunmen. in the Van the air is tense, and Russel's paranoia is in over drive,

RUSSEL

Man what the fuck man? Cameras and guns. What kind of shit was that?

DR. GLEN

I don't know. Maybe it was the Paparazi.

CHARLES THE BIOGRAPHER

The paparazi don't usually have guns.

RUSSEL

No. You know who have guns? SPIES! There not after me. I don't know any secrets. Any of you guys.

DR. GLEN

Maybe its INS trying to prove that your marriage is unlawful.

RUSSEL

Yea? Fuck you smart ass. What the fuck then?

TRIP LANG

I recognized two of the guys.

CHARLES THE BIOGRAPHER

This just keeps getting better.

TRIP LANG

One of them went to highschool with me. His name was Jim Walters. He was the guy with the gun. He was a real peice of shit from what I can remember. The other guy with the faux hawk and the camera is Philipe something. He is paparazi. I have no idea what he is doing here, but I could only imagine its because your celebrity wife is missing.

DR. GLEN

What a mess. Good move by getting off the road for a bit. Where are we?

(CONTINUED)

RUSSEL  
We're taking trip to see his mom.

DR. GLEN  
C'mon guys we're on a mission.

CHARLES THE BIOGRAPHER  
He needs this. You should know,  
right Doctor?

DR. GLEN  
I guess your right. Pull the van  
around back in case anyone is  
looking for us. This is so  
weird. I just want to find my  
wife.

TRIP LANG  
I know Doc. I'll be back in a  
few. Take it easy. We'll find  
her.

Trip jumps out of the van and starts to head into the livng  
facility. Charles follows. Trip turns to Charles and  
shakes his head sorry.

CHARLES THE BIOGRAPHER  
What? You don't want me in there.

TRIP LANG  
No. If you don't mind. I got to  
do this on my own. Plus, I don't  
want to confuse my mom.

Charles climbs back in the van kind of down about not being  
able to follow his subject.

RUSSEL  
Hey bud, you know what I was  
thinking about.

CHARLES THE BIOGRAPHER  
No what?

RUSSEL  
If we had not shown up nursed Trip  
back to help. He might have died.

CHARLES THE BIOGRAPHER  
Yes. I don't get your point.

RUSSEL

If you would have come back and found him dead it would have made for a good ending to your biography. I mean how many biographies of living people have you read?

DR. GLEN

It's true. In a way we kind of ruined your book.

CHARLES THE BIOGRAPHER

You would have, but I have decided to go back to writing novels.

RUSSEL

I have a good title for you.

CHARLES THE BIOGRAPHER

Whats that?

RUSSEL

Brain Time

CHARLES THE BIOGRAPHER

I was thinking Bad Art and Pseudoscience.

DR. GLEN

What the fuck is pseudoscience?

CHARLES THE BIOGRAPHER

I'm sorry, just trying to be witty.

DR. GLEN

What made you use that particular word?

CHARLES THE BIOGRAPHER

I saw this special with Tom Cruise talking about Psychiatry and Brooke Shields on television.

DR. GLEN

Oh God.

RUSSEL

Yea man thats what I'm talking about.

He goes for a high five with Charles. The two hands slap together connecting perfectly.

(CONTINUED)

RUSSEL  
Nice High Five.

CHARLES THE BIOGRAPHER  
I got a system for high fiving.

DR. GLEN  
Jesus. Pass me the can.

EXT. NIGHT - STEP N GO STORE

Dr. Rebecca pulls up to the store just as Detective Walters gets in a squad car that follows his car being towed off. Detective Walters and Dr. Rebecca don't notice the close encounter with each other. Dr. Rebecca goes in the store and grabs a basket and heads right for the wine. She goes through and grabs one white and one red. On the way to the cash register she doesn't even looks just grabs any bag of chips.

CLERK 2  
Do you need anything else?

DR. REBECCA  
Do you sell cork screws?

CLERK2  
Yea, right here by the register.

DR. REBECCA  
Great. Give me one of those, a pack of parliments, and a lighter.

CLERK 2  
Okay. Anything else?

DR. REBECCA  
Is that lighter waterproof?

CLERK 2  
I got one thats water resistant.

DR. REBECCA  
Do you sell flash lights?

CLERK2  
Yea, just behind you. Yea just over there.

DR. REBECCA  
That will be all. Can you like triple bag that please.

She finishes up with the transaction and leaves. The clerk thought the transaction was strange because of the doctors careless bhavior. She stops before leaving and graps a styrofoam cup on the way out motion as if to ask if it is okay. He waves her out letting her know it is okay.

EXT. NIGHT - THE FALLS

Dr. Rebecca drives up to the falls and pull her car off the road, under the bridge, near the water. She wraps up her stuff in the thee bags, she includes the pills she took from Laura's house, and ties the bag up tight. She walks into the water wading across the dark pool to the falls. She crawls up behind the falls into cave behind the sheet of water where it all began. She takes her shirt and pants off and lays them off. She curls up on the floor of the cave and takes her chips and wine out of the bag. She cracks the bottle, and eats some of the chips. She uses her flashlight to read the side of the bottle of tranquilizers and opens it up and pops a couple. She washes them down with some wine.

EXT. NIGHT - BRITOL FALLS ASSISTED LIVING

The three guys are relaxing with their heads back listening to music in the Van. Russel looks up and sees Trip racing across the hospital parkinglot with his mother in a wheel chair. Russel reaches over and wakes his brother not believing his eyes. Trip makes it to the van and slides the door open.

TRIP LANG

Okay mom. Now there is a pretty big step up.

VEERA

Your such a nice boy. I'm so excited.

DR. GLEN

What the fuck are you doing.

RUSSEL

You can't kidnapp your mother.

TRIP LANG

I didn't. I checked her out.

CHARLES THE BIOGRAPHER

Who is that running out here.

The nurse is running across the parking lot yelling at the van.

(CONTINUED)

TRIP LANG

Hurry mom. We got to go.

DR. GLEN

Unbelievable. I'm pretty sure we're breaking some laws now.

RUSSEL

We just abducted someone in a van. Yea.

Russel speeds off. Russel turns to Dr. Glen and looks at him. The paranoia is back.

RUSSEL

Where to now dude?

Trip jumps forward in between the two seats.

TRIP LANG

I looked up my friends mom in the phone book and tracked him down. He works at The Bristol Falls tavern downtown. Rebecca has been there. I think we should go there in case she shows back up tonight.

DR. GLEN

Can't hurt. Lets do it.

Russel dives on towards there destination.

VEERA

This is fun!

EXT. LATE NIGHT - BRISTOL FALLS TAVERN

The van pulls up. They all start to get out. Philipe's car is not far behind. He parks out of the light staking out the van.

TRIP LANG

Charles. I need you to stay with my mom. I need to go in a talk you my friend Sam.

CHARLES THE BIOGRAPHER

No. Absolutely not. I'm coming with you. Take your mom if you can't leave her.

(CONTINUED)



RUSSEL  
I'll Stay with your mom dude.

Trip nods to Russel.

TRIP LANG  
Well thank you Russel. That is  
very nice of you.

RUSSEL  
We're good man. We are just going  
to hang out.

Dr. Glen, Trip, and Charles head into the tavern. They walk  
into the bar and find a table to sit down at.

TRIP LANG  
I'm gonna go get Sam. You guys  
want some  
drinks. Beers? Cranberry vodka?

CHARLES THE BIOGRAPHER  
Beer.

DR. GLEN  
I'm good actually. Just want to  
talk to your friend.

Trip walks over to the bartender Sam and he come around from  
behind the bar. The warm embrace is partially to hid the  
exchange of drugs to Trip.

BARTENDER  
Its all I could get. But you  
sounded like you needed it.

TRIP LANG  
Thanks.

BARTENDER  
Thats the husband over there. I  
feel bad for him.

TRIP LANG  
He's a good guy.

BARTENDER  
I recognized that bitch as soon as  
she came in the bar. What she did  
to you.

TRIP LANG

Really. I'm over it. Man I got so many other problems. Go talk to him for a minute.

BARTENDER

Nah, I'm good. Tell him, she hasn't been in yet. I'll be behind the bar if you need me.

Trip walks over to the table dropping the drinks off.

TRIP LANG

He said she hasn't been in tonight. Lets stay for a bit to make sure. Charles I gave him your cell in case he sees her after we leave. Lets just stay a whil, he said last night she was in here at last call.

DR. GLEN

I'm cool for a while. I say we hang out for thirty minutes.

TRIP LANG

Cool. I'll be right back.

CHARLES THE BIOGRAPHER

Where are you going?

TRIP LANG

Jesus Charles. I'm gonna go take a piss. You want to hold it for me.

CHARLES THE BIOGRAPHER

I thought you pissed sitting down.

Trip laughs as he walks towards the bathroom. Once inside he sits in the stall and latches the door. He pulls out the bag he got from Sam. There is a hospital vile and a seringe in the bag. The vile is morphine. He draws a few cc from the vile and shoots it. Back at the table Dr. Glen gets up from the table and walks over to some people and asks for a cigarette. He walks back over to Charles. Charles looks at him strange.

CHARLES THE BIOGRAPHER

I didn't think you were a smoker.

DR. GLEN

Well. Rebecca and I quit together several years ago. But what the

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DR. GLEN (cont'd)  
fuck right? You should go talk to  
that bartender. I'm sure he's got  
some good stuff for your book.

CHARLES THE BIOGRAPHER  
You know Dr. glen

DR. GLEN  
Call me Randal

CHARLES THE BIOGRAPHER  
The book really isn't about him  
anymore. He sure is taking a while  
in there don't you think?

Charles gets up and goes to the bathroom. He goes in and  
pushes the stall open seeing Trip with his pants down sitting  
on the floor. He helps him up and slides his pants back  
up. Charles finds the vile and seringe on the floor and  
throws them both in the trash.

TRIP LANG  
I knew you wanted to touch it.

CHARLES THE BIOGRAPHER  
Shut up. You're kind of pathetic  
you know that. You can't take care  
of your mom like this. You both  
need to be admitted.

Trip is beligerant and hanging around Charles'  
shoulder. Charles walks trip out into the bar. Dr. Glen  
runs over.

DR. GLEN  
What happened?

CHARLES THE BIOGRAPHER  
I guess he had other alternatives  
for visiting his old friend Sam.

Trip grins as his eyes roll back into his head. Dr. Glen is  
dissappointed but not surprized.

TRIP LANG  
Sorry Doc.

DR. GLEN  
Your a sick boy Trip. As soon as  
we find my wife I will get you  
right.

(CONTINUED)

As they try to make it outside Philipe is in the bar snapping shots of them.

DR. GLEN

Not this again. Come on man.

TRIP LANG

Ahhhhh. The paparapazizi

PHILIFE

Hey trip. How you feeling? Working on any new paintings?

Snap Snap Snap Snap Snap, then suddenly out of no where. Charles knocks the philipe out. The three guys stagger out front. Out front Detective Walters has a gun drawn on the three guys. His Partner has Russel handcuffed and laying across the hood of her car. His pot is laid out on the hood. A white van from the assisted living home is out front and an old man Veera's age is waiting in the back seat. The two kiss as she is helped getting into the Van. Trip looks on in disbelief.

TRIP LANG

Look at that. Mom has a boyfriend

VEERA (O.S.)

Where were you? I've been waiting at the restaurant for hours.

The door to the Van slides shut, and Trip's mom rides off with a big smile on her face.

TRIP LANG

I guess she didn't need me to save her.

The Three guys are also laid on the hood and searched.

DETECTIVE WALTERS

Possession of Marijuana, Kidnapping an old Lady, and Possible Murder.

He leans in real close to Dr. Glen's face as he says the word Murder.

DR. GLEN

What the fuck are you talking about?

(CONTINUED)

DETECTIVE WALTERS  
I'm talking about you being in  
Bristol Falls while we were trying  
to track you down in the City. You  
are here, and your wife is missing,  
and her car is found burnt up.

Detective Walters looks at the deputy who is handcuffing the  
guys and points at Charles.

DETECTIVE WALTERS  
Let him go. We don't have anything  
on him.

DR. GLEN  
You don't have anything on me.

DETECTIVE WALTERS  
Well I'm gonna hold you until we  
do. What about that?

TRIP LANG  
Good plan JIM.

DETECTIVE WALTERS  
I know you son?

TRIP LANG  
You used to call me Dipped Wang.

DETECTIVE WALTERS  
Oh yea. Sorry I didn't recognize  
you. Maybe its because you look  
like shit. Dipped Wang. I forgot  
all about that. I hope your not  
still soar about that. You know  
how kids are.

TRIP LANG  
No. Don't appologize for  
that. Its probably the smartest  
thing you've said your whole life.

Detective Walters slaps his hand on the hood next to Trip's  
Head. It leaves his head and ears ringing.

INT. EARLY MORNING - BRISTOL FALLS JAIL

Russel sits in yet another cell while someone is puking next  
to him. This time it is trip who is sick. Russel shakes  
his head annoyed but still has the heart to pat him on the  
back. Also in the cell the paparazi that Detective Walters  
arrested is trying to sleep in the corner.

(CONTINUED)

RUSSEL  
Hey yo. Shutterfly

PAPARAZI  
What?

RUSSEL  
What are you taking pictures for?

PAPARAZI  
USA weekly.

RUSSEL  
Am I gonna be in there?

PAPARAZI  
If they give me camera back.

RUSSEL  
Cool!

In the other room Dr. Glen is still being interogated as a suspect to a murder that hasn't even happended.

DR. GLEN  
I want to find my wife more than you do. Let me go, and we can go find her together. I know she is out there somewhere.

DETECTIVE WALTERS  
We've been going at this all night. I'm beat. I'm gonna go home and get some rest. You will stay in here till I come back and we can start this all over.

DR. GLEN  
Maybe I should get a lawyer

Detective Walters walks out of the room pretending not to hear him ask for a lawyer. The door slams behind him. He walks out to the front desk next to the holding cell Where Trip and Russel are hanging out. On the other side of the front desk Charles is asleep with his head against the wall and legs propped on another chair. As Detective Walters checks out Laura The Audio Tech approaches the front desk.

DESK OFFICER  
Yes maam?

(CONTINUED)

AUDIO TECH

I would like to report my car stolen.

Detective Walters is not really paying attention. No one seems to care that Laura is filming with a hand held camera.

DESK OFFICER

Where and when was the car taken.

AUDIO TECH

Oh we can skip all that. I know who has it.

Detective Walters starts to pay attention now.

AUDIO TECH

Dr. Rebecca stole my car, and a bunch of pills from my bathroom. I'm pretty worried.

Detective Walters is on full alert now, as is Charles who is awake and up standing next to Laura ready to get to the next chapter of his story. Laura is suprised to see the two guys hopping to attention.

DETECTIVE WALTERS

What kind of car do you have.

AUDIO TECH

A silver honda hybrid.

Detective Walters Walks behind the desk and leans over the desk officer's shoulder tapping on the computer.

DETECTIVE WALTERS

Call out on the radio if anyone has seen it.

DETECTIVE WALTERS

Calling all cars. All Points. Be on look out for silver honda hybrid.

RADIO

10 4. I got one a mile back under the Bristol Falls Bridge.

DETECTIVE WALTERS

Get all those guys out, we got to get down there.

EXT. MORNING - POLICE CAR

Trip, Russel, and Dr. Glen are all in the back seat of Detective Walters' squad car. They pull pool underneath the bridge where the silver hybrid is parked. The Detective gets out and checks the car. He walks back and leans into the squad car.

DETECTIVE WALTERS  
She could be anywhere out here. Any ideas?

TRIP LANG  
I know where she is.

The van pulls up behind them with Charles and Laura. Charles looks at Lauran while he is driving. He is curious about the camera.

CHARLES THE BIOGRAPHER  
So how do you know Rebecca?

LAURA  
I'm making a documentary about her. How do you know Trip.

CHARLES THE BIOGRAPHER  
I'm wriing his Biography.

She looks at him with a twinkle in her eye. They stop the van and realize there is a connection there between them. Instant love at first whatever you call it.

LAURA  
How is that going?

CHARLES THE BIOGRAPHER  
Well it almost ened, but when it didn't Dr. Glen showed up and we went on the Dr. Rebecca hunt. And I will be honest its more of a novel now.

LAURA  
I know what you mean. Its way to wild to be true. But it is. Look there is my car.

CHARLES THE BIOGRAPHER  
Hybrid cool.

(CONTINUED)



LAURA

You like green stuff.

CHARLES THE BIOGRAPHER

Oh yea. I was just helping my  
friend recycle some cans last  
night.

LAURA

Cool!

The two get out and walk over to the waters edge where trip  
is taking off his shirt.

LAURA

I think this is where it  
happened

CHARLES THE

BIOGRAPHER

I think this is where it  
happened

The two look at each other realizing that they are writing  
and filming the same story. Trip dives in the water and  
swims across the pool. Inside the cave Dr. Rebecc is in her  
underwear, on the ground empty bottles of pills and  
wine. She is barely concience as trip approaches the sheer  
sheet of water he has painted, just like that painting on  
Cathy's wall. On the other side of the water she can see  
his figure almost angelic. She doesn't think its real.

DR. REBECCA

Am I dead? Are you real?

She barely utters those words almost more quiet than a  
whisper. Trip starts to walk through the sheet of glass  
revealing that it is the older Trip. She goes unconcience  
at the sigt of Trip. Trip leans over her trying to tell if  
she is breathing or not. He tries to breath for her, but is  
unsure about the CPR. She awakens again kissing him. He  
realizes that she will probably make it but they got to get  
her to the hospital. The kiss though was not sexual, but  
beautiful, and he is warmed by the gesture. He carries her  
through the sheet of wather and steps down into the pool  
floating her on her back. Dr. Glen and Detective Walters  
run into the water.

DR. GLEN

IS SHE OKAY?

TRIP LANG

I THINK SHE'LL MAKE IT. WE GOT TO  
GET HER TO A DOCTOR.

(CONTINUED)

The three men carry her to the shore and then into the car. Dr. Glen jumps in the back of the police car resting her head in his lap. He slaps her face and tries to listen for her breath from her mouth. Trip jumps in the front of the car and Detective Walters speeds away. Russel stands next to his van looking on as they drive away. Laura and Charles stand on the bank as she films the whole thing until they see Dr. Rebecca and the three men in the car disappear down the road. On the Bridge Philippe is snapping away with his camera. He walks back down the road to his car. He opens his trunk and puts his camera in and shuts it. Through the back window he can see the back of Sam the Bartender's head hotwiring the car. It fires up and speeds off leaving Philippe standing in a cloud of dust with all of his material and car gone.

INT. DAY - BRISTOL FALLS TAVERN

Shot of the GPS collar that Sam was wearing around his ankle on the ankle of a customer sitting at the bar. The television is on showing the latest on the dramatic events surrounding Dr. Rebecca.

=SILENT MONTAGE WITH MUSIC=

Shot of Laura and Charles working together at her apartment. She is editing video footage, and he is typing across the table from her.

Shot of Russel going home. His dogs run around his legs as he enters the house. They are happy to see him. They are not the only ones. Marisol runs to him for a hug, and then kisses him. He is taken off guard and then goes back for another.

Veer and her boyfriend sit and hold hands in their wheelchairs in the alzheimer's unit.

Dr. Glen returns to work saying hi to Martha as he walks in the lobby to his office. Larry is sitting in the lobby as well as Gothic girl. They all seem happy to see each other.

Video on the television in the lobby of the psychiatric office Oprah. Dr. Rebecca is on as a guest. She is there to reveal her new book titled Honestly.

Fade To Black