The Secret Sun 1.

The sound now, Sound FX; Voices and music. A party.

The words now on screen; a caption:

"Where was my heart to flee for refuge from my heart? Whither was I to fly, where I would not follow? In what place should I not be pray to myself?"
-The confessions of St. Augustine

It fades after a brief moment.

Black screen:

The sound now: Music and voices.

The music: "The Hustle- Van McCoy and Soul City Symphony". Mid-song. It emanates from a floor model High-Fi record player in the living room.

Words on screen; a caption: New Years Eve, 1976

It dissolves.

FADE IN:

-A FLASH BACK-

A series of quick shots; revealing people dancing, drinking, eating, talking, making out etc.

Angle on a group of young adults away from the party- gathered around a table near the kitchen, behind this the lively New Years (Eve) Party goes on. Close on the table, a game of high stakes poker mid hand and drugs are the favorite currency. (Mostly bags of weed, a few bags of white powder, an old handgun, about two hundred dollars in tens, fives and ones etc.)

Another angle now, as the camera soon discovers and begins to examine two young boys in the back drop. They mostly keep to themselves quietly watching every move the adults make at the table and on the dance floor. Secretly sneaking food and cans of Budwieser from the kitchen, largely unnoticed by the adults.

The Secret Sun 2.

CONTINUED

Angle again, on the party - and then the high stakes poker game.

Open bath room. A small group of youngmen gathered in a circle.

QUICK CUTS: Tinfoil crinkles, powder sprinkles, lighter flickers, smoke drifts, lips pucker, straw sucks, pleasure sighs.... Spoons burn, tourniquets tighten, needles plunge, and eyes roll back and close with delight. Children stare, grownups don't care.

Estab. Scene.

INT. LAWSON'S CHILDHOOD HOME. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT. CONTINUOS.

The lively party filled with thirty something's, drinking, drugs, continues.

Angle again on the two young boys, LAWSON (Age 11-12) and his little brother RANDY (Age 9-10); they sit (quietly) away from the major festivities, playing with each other in a corner- though watching everything. The music turns slower now, the lights dim (the place lit only by the kitchen light, candles and the Christmas tree lights now) as the adults take to the living room floor hand in hand with a partner.

The sound now; music: "A whiter shade of pale- Procol Harum". As the camera loosens our view, it begins to reveal an unspeakable horror, we see LAWSON being led away by the hand -by an ADULT MAN seen at the poker table moments ago. On first glance, all would seem normal but as the scene begins to unfold, it will become a very disturbing image indeed.

Close now on a closet door, as its pulled open.

Angle on LAWSON and the MAN as they enter. He opens two beers, giving one to LAWSON, drinking the other. He pulls the string on the light bulb now and the door slams shut on our view.

Black.

Inside the darkened closet.

ECU: LAWSON'S eyes, his trembling mouth as he drinks the beer, a hot terror seizes him, the MAN wraps an arm around him before forcing him down to the floor and climbing on top of him, he struggles off

The Secret Sun 3.

CONTINUED

their jeans; fumbling in the dark with the zippers and belt buckles, whispering in the boys ear for quiet, cooperation and approval.

Soon, LAWSON will grunt a yelp at penetration, his tears and cries silenced by the large drunken hand which covers his mouth.

Black.

Back in the living room.

The party continues, as the count down to 1977 has started now in full.

Back in the closet.

Angle close on the tiny crack under the closet door as the light from the party luminates LAWSON'S face, it is the face of a child griped in confusion and fear. The light shone under the door casting strange shadows and shapes on his image, his eyes like steel, his face blank, removed.

Moments later.

The MAN, zips up, fastens his belt buckle and exits the darkened closet on all fours.

The door slams shut on our view. Black.

The party continues with the sounds now of New Years gunfire, fire works, noise makers and laughter.

Back in the closet.

Angle close on LAWSON, on the closet floor, his pants hang around his ankles, underwear torn open. He lies perfectly quiet and still-staring blankly towards the heavens.

The sound now: Sound FX; LAWSON'S P.O.V. The staccato sounds of the gunfire, the continueing countdown to the New Year, champagne bottles uncorking, noise makers, revelry and good cheer, it grows louder and louder until it is finally drowned out by the music from the Hi-Fi.

The sound now; music: "Let's get it on- Marvin Gaye".

Dissolve.

The Secret Sun 4.

CONTINUED

-BACK TO PRESENT-

FADE IN

The words on screen now, a caption: 1979 WINTER

Dissolve.

EXT. CEMETARY. DAY.

The view now, trees in winter and a long desolate strip of winding road to a forgotten Cemetery. Smoke stacks, warehouses, and a city dump along the way. In the b.g. The City of Baltimore looms on this neighborhood as if a neglegent crypt keeper.

Over this, the sounds now, of a Childs birthday party: And a voice over. It is the voice of young LAWSON ADAMERE'(Filtered). This V.O. will continue through the scene and inter- over lap into the following scene.

EXT. HISTORIC CEMETARY. DUSK.

Establish (Historic) Cemetery grounds. The old trees, head stones, rusted gate, overgrown dead weeds etc.

LAWSON V.O.

On my third birthday, I had a party. It wasn't until years later that my mother finaly told me that I gave her the worst fright of her life at that party. She told me the story of her worst fears as a mother and how I had really scared the shit out of her. She also told me, that it wasn't really just fear that she had felt, it was also a lot of guilt, you see, it was my third birthday party but my actual birthday, had been almost six months earlier. The timing was inconvenient, (MORE)

The Secret Sun 5.

CONTINUED

LAWSON V.O. (cont'd) so, they never told me. Anyway, I guess, she felt like the lord was punishing her, or something, for trying to fool me with this bogus party six months too late. Thing is, I didn't mind it at all. Hell, I was three.

The words on screen now; Titles begin.

Lawson V.O. Cont.

Anyway, she tried to explain it all away, to make herself feel better I guess, you know, as a mother. She said it just worked out that way, you see, six months before that, when my actual birthday was, she and the old man were fighting really bad, but, after he got sent to the pen, well, I quess she just felt like, it was a good time for a party. Make a long story short, there we all were, at my third birthday party, and it was quite the bash too, me, my Mom, my little Brother and all of these neighborhood kids which was kind of strange because as far back as I can I remember, it was always just me and my little brother RANDY. We never had friends or anything like that. We were that family on the block that nobody talked to, old ladies crossed the street when they saw one of us coming; grown people started whispering at the mere sight of an ADAMERE'. Well, that's how I remember it anyway. So, there we were, on this incredibly beautiful, peaceful sunny afternoon, celebrating my life, all three years of it, albeit, a few months late, when all of a sudden she say's, that I just turned crayola blue, sneezed a couple of times and my face was full of blood, I mean, she said it was a lot of blood, and then, she said I just dropped my head and went to sleep right there at (MORE)

The Secret Sun 6.

CONTINUED

Lawson V.O. Cont. (cont'd) the table. Party over. Of course, she freaked out, who wouldn't, so she runs over and starts shaking me thinking, stray bullet to the back of the head or something. But then she looks closer and there's no extra holes out of the ordinary, and well, that started her shaking and punching me even more, you see, she thought by then, I was choking on hot dogs, cake and chips. But I wasn't, I wasn't. And years later, when she told me that story, I told her the one about the dark closets and the nightmares that just never seemed to end, but, it really just didn't seem all that shocking to either one of us anymore. Not after a lifetime of doctors, the hospitals, specialist, oncology hospices, quack clinics, holistic healers and the spiritual shamens that I'd endured since that day. In fact, the only thing that was really shocking was the fact that I was around talking to my Ma at all. But after all of it, all of those doctors and specialists, they finally all came to one conclusion, they said, that through the miraculous work of their top notch staff of experts, I had beaten it, I had slayed the dragon of death and gloom. Beaten the odds. I had done the impossible, and I started to believe in the miracle too. I mean, after all of that, I was feeling better, so God must have put me here for a good reason, right? Surely life was mine now to live to the fullest of my ability; surely life would be grand now, right? Was I invincible, am I special, or was I chosen for some wonderful thing in this life that has yet to reveal itself to me? Surely he must have saved me for something great, right, something good and noble? My MOTHER used to say, that she sold her (MORE)

The Secret Sun 7.

CONTINUED

Lawson V.O. Cont. (cont'd) soul for mine. I'm sure she was kidding, but it was true, I did it, I had beaten it. And the best part is, I didn't feel sick anymore or weak or cold or scared of the not knowing, or anything like it. I felt good and strong again, normal. Twelve and a half years old and finally, normal. Thank God. So, at the tender young age of thirteen, I had my second birthday party, and I didn't turn blue or have a nosebleed or pass out or anything like it. I was cured. Healthy. And me and my Mom and my little brother, we had a fucking ball. I got drunk for the first time in my life on that day too and it wasn't on something that was attached to my I.V. bag or came in the form of twenty horse pills. It only took two beers to do it too, but they were the best beers I ever drank in my life. I never did have another birthday party after that one, maybe that's why I remember, that, that one was the best. And after that party and that day, everything else just sort of pales in comparison and everything's changed since that day, and now, I can't help but think, that It was all so quick and far too drastic. And what I remember the most about it all, is that I think that, that was the last time I ever saw her smile. We buried her twenty-one days later. I don't know why I remember that, I just do. And everything before that, even the parts where I was sick and dying, it's almost as if, it just never really happened. And I don't remember any more happy times growing up and I don't know any peace, at least none that last's.

The Secret Sun 8.

CONTINUED

EXT. CEMETARY. WINTER. DUSK. CONTINUOS.

The sounds now: Young voices and music; "Don't you want me- Human league". Mid- song. It bellows out of a nearby boom box, its location not quite known. Over this, moans and groans sexual in nature, growing louder and louder, these sounds, all of them, fill the early evening air and reverberate off of the huge head stones and giant crypts returning as an echo at times.

We are closer now, on the back of a huge eighteenth century head stone, as the camera ARCS bringing the loosening view into focus at once. Closer now and we see Young LAWSON'S dirty combat boots and then the bare flesh of his legs, he is naked from the waist down and sits straddled atop an OLDER BOYS lap, face to face. "THE BOY" holds him tightly down in place at the shoulder blade with a hand- with the other hand, he huffs paint fumes from a plastic bread bag. He drops the bag after another a hit of the fumes, grabbing LAWSON much rougher now with both his hands, tightly gripping him at the waist and shoulder now, he violently grinds up and into him, eyes closed, harder and harder, more and more violently and without abandon now. LAWSON, clearly in pain, finally cries out to the night, followed by "THE BOY" who screams his inevitable climax and his grip loosens allowing LAWSON to break free, he does, ruffled, but not broken.

He walks a few paces away and urinates on a head stone before pulling his pants on and lighting a cigarette.

"THE BOY" sprays another hit into the bag and huffs from the fumes again, in a moment he will go blank -but for now, he clumsily points out a place for Young LAWSON to make their sleeping quarters for the night, his words mumbled and slurred. The view loosens again, to reveal a series of small campfires and perhaps five or six other bedrolls scatered amongst the ancient headstones and large four hundred year old oak trees.

The Camera ARCS the cemetary, revealing in closer detail now, the shocking truth; it reveals a homeless Youth camp amid these civil war-era headstones with several coffee can fires burning sporadically between the various tents, bedrolls and card board box shelters.

Another angle now and LAWSON is revealed under these small fire lights which flare up occasionally, He looks younger and frailer than expected, in fact, under the light of this night he looks to be only around thirteen years old and his bruised and skinny frame leave us all deeply concerned. At this very moment he looks like a

The Secret Sun 9.

CONTINUED

frightened child in an adult world.

As the camera slowly ARCS him closely, it also reveals a hospital arm band, and a balding head with small patches of hair here and there. In the b.g. LAWSON watches as "THE BOY", passes out cold against the headstone of some brave civil war veteran, spent and stoned out of his head, gold paint smeared around his mouth, nose and hair.

Suddenly a YOUNG GIRL (age 5-6) approaches LAWSON, she is dirty beyond belief, he smiles for her now extending an orange. She returns the smile for him, grabs it and skips off.

The sound now; Music (From the boom box: "ANGIE- The Rolling stones").

LAWSON unfolds the bedroll, taking time to make it as comfortable as possible, making small talk with "THE BOY" as he does. Once finished, he takes a seat across from "THE BOY" closer to the fire, taking the can of spray paint and the plastic bread bag out of "THE BOY'S" hand, sprays a hit and inhales deeply.

A pause.

In a moment, his eyes will roll to the back of his head and then, at once, they will slam shut, the body will slump off to one side and the only sounds left -will be the music and the crackling fires.

Dissolve.

FADE IN

EXT. CEMETARY. FOLLOWING MORNING. CONTINUOS.

The sound now; "Tom Waits" wafting through the freezing morning air, he sings about "The cold, cold ground" and we are-

Very close now on LAWSON, as he startles awake at once, alone in the bedroll. He quickly glances his surroundings, looking for CAMERON YOUNGER - "The Boy", he's quickly found in the exact same spot as the night before, asleep, his back leaning against the headstone; head pointing downward facing his crotch, chin resting comfortably

The Secret Sun 10.

CONTINUED

on his chest, hair blowing wild in the cold morning breeze.

LAWSON begins to wake and rise now, in the b.g. Life begins to show itself among the dead, as young bodies slowly reveal themselves out of their bedrolls and make shift tents, the sun rising quickly as they emerge slowly, wearily from their sleep. The scene, almost spooky in light of the location.

LAWSON

(To "THE BOY", jokingly)
Hey you, I thought you said you were
going to keep me warm last night, wake
up sleeping beauty; I'm talking to you.
What, you just fuck 'em hard and put
'em away wet- and then you just, tune
them out is that your story? Such a
fuckin' romantic CAM. Wake up, you'll
freeze to death.

He tosses oranges at him, striking him on the head once. Nothing.

LAWSON approaches "THE BOY" now, shaking him, lightly at first and then harder, frantically harder. But he is stiff with rigor mortis, a jolt to all of a young man's senses at once.

A stunned and frightened LAWSON jumps back, speechless stareing at the young corpse for a minute or two before it sinks in, slowly coming closer to look at and eventually touch him. "THE BOYS" face covered in gold paint, his eyes and mouth wide open, stare back blankly, he looks almost like a gold statue or a manikin. In the b.g. The YOUNG GIRL stands quietly watching, understanding; in her hands a cup of hot coffee for LAWSON, she drops it on the ground now and runs away freigtened. LAWSON startles at this, before continuing, he closes the eyes and mouth, before rifling the pockets for cash and other valuables, about a hundred and forty dollars in cash and silver, a watch, a silver zippo and a half full bottle of Wild Turkey. The handful of loose phone numbers and business cards he tosses into the fire, the driver's license, he keeps.

The sound now; Presently we hear the voice of LAWSON ADAMERE'.

LAWSON V.O.

However it is, the dead, like the born rich, are different than you and me. In (MORE)

The Secret Sun 11.

CONTINUED

LAWSON V.O. (cont'd) thinking about it I couldn't help myself but, I had to admit, I was kind of impressed by the way he looked, striped of that fundamental vitality, like a tree in winter without its leaves. Death, takes so much away, yet it takes nothing at all. Nothing you can really name at least. Life, somehow, is just a visible thing. And I'm not afraid anymore, if I ever was. (To the corpse) How in the fuck are you going to protect me now Cam? And who's going to protect and look after you now? I guess this means I'm on my own again, huh? Thanks a hell of a lot, shit; I need a shower.

He picks up the paint can and tosses it as far away as his arms will let him. Taking a seat on a small head stone across from "THE BOY" he drinks from the Wild Turkey bottle straight, taking large painful sips, the music wails even louder slicing through the cold morning air with new meaning, his breath rising up to greet the sun as it quickly fills the darkness with light. Behind him now, in the b.g. a small crowd of young onlookers has gathered quietly watching, waiting and one can only assume, mourning and gawking.

LAWSON V.O.

CAMERON YOUNGER was the last guy who you'd expect would get himself kicked off of the planet during his sleep. And the thought of him sitting there like that, all cold and stiff, made me cringe for him, because I knew, that for him, going like that was kind of like getting fired on your day off. Shot to death by a SWAT team, knifed to in an alley, yes, I could see that for CAM, but in his sleep? Somehow it just didn't seem fitting, it was certainly not his style, as it was in everything he did, including fucking, it was just too clean, there was no suffering, no (MORE)

The Secret Sun 12.

CONTINUED

LAWSON V.O. (cont'd) pain, no torrid story behind it. In life, there was always pain and suffrage whereever CAM was, and it usually involved those closet around him. And now, at the end of the day for him, it's me, above everyone else who knew him probably, that felt the worse, because I sat through it all with him, in front of God and country while he tutored me in all of the ways of urban street survival, Karma sutra sex rituals that sometimes lasted for hours and even included as many as three or four different adult woman or men and me, in the middle of it all with them, not to mention his always unpleasant but profitable love without borders for hire -schemes, in which, basically he sold my ass to tourist and made money. And I'd sit there through it, always simpering and pretending he was inventing cold fusion or something every time he opened his mouth or cracked a joke. For what ever the reasons and all of them at the same time I followed him because he was a rock. He was CAMERON YOUNGER. CAM. A suave mother fucker at the top of his game in life and the oldest, coolest, and hands down best looking and highest paid guy on the strip, a skilled and sometimes sensitive twelve year veteran of the hustle, albeit, that he was also an egocentric, sexually ambivalent, glue and paint huffing sadist who, by the age of nine had already mastered every form of human misconduct known to God, including sexual torture, unspeakable cruelties towards the young and old alike, pet's being a favorite mind you; fraud, prostitution, bribery, arson, the list was impressive, he was also the go to guy for everything imagined on the streets, from booze, to any kind of drug ever grown in the dirt (MORE)

The Secret Sun 13.

CONTINUED

LAWSON V.O. (cont'd) or manufactured in a lab, loans in a pinch, weapons, hot wheels, he could do it all and then some.

Later.

EXT. CEMETARY. DAY.

LAWSON sits on a head stone atop a hill over looking the busy activity surrounding CAMERON YOUNGER'S body retrieval. Cop's, the coroners office, crime scene techs, working the body and immediate surroundings.

LAWSON watches and drinks.

LAWSON V.O. Cont.

It was just my dumb luck and misfortune to think that he could do it all forever. Which, I thought, when I first begain openly plotting to sleep with him from the moment I met him, by the time I saw him in action, I had it all figured out, all of my greatest worries and fears would be solved in an instant, I'd have it made for sure, or so I thought, and I would survive. I quess, I saw him as a beacon of security on my journey to someplace, anyplace better than here, and he was, for about a month and eightteen days and I followed him around this city, being pimped out, punched out, and exploited, now I was humiliated and degraded. All the times I followed him around acting like a lost puppy dog who would starve to death without the tutelage of his, truly. And now, of course, his demise was not factored into my short term plans especially after I literally had to step on all of the little people in my fast paced, end run, to get to the top of CAM YOUNGER. Suddenly I needed a new course of action. You'd be (MORE)

The Secret Sun 14.

CONTINUED

LAWSON V.O. Cont. (cont'd) surprised at what a person will do, espeacially when it's five below zero and no one will talk to you anymore because you've screwed them all over in your never ending quest to get to a place of comfort and status, only to have it snatched away by the cruel hands of Christ the redeemer. It taught me a very valuable lesson, that out here, people are as unforgiving as rats and even crueler when they can be.

-A FLASH BACK-

EXT. DINER. A WINTRY DAY. MORNING. CONTINUOS.

Words on screen, a caption: 1980

Angle wide on a city diner and then closer on its front window. Through it we see four Baltimore City (Mounted Patrolmen) having breakfast. As the view loosens it reveals the rest of the diner's front façade including the parking lot, out front and center in the parking lot we are in awe of four beautiful police horses ceremoniously parked, their front legs outstretched on the curb, their backs lowered and awaiting their riders patiently.

Slowly the Camera's view continues to loosen further soon revealing cross streets, traffic, pedestrians and a busy little intersection.

Angle closer on the corner across from the diner now, closer still and we see young LAWSON working the street corner and its busy traffic. He looks cold, tired, hungry, worn thin, and miserable. His face and eyes begin to shift their focus from the speeding traffic, which seems to move without slowing, to the diner across the street. He glances the diner window, close now on the cops (in the window) and then the police horse's tied off out front, back and forth his focus intensifies, his posture changing by the second until he resembles a mad lion about to attack it's pray in a jungle, the mental angst and uncertainty shown on his face.

LAWSON CONT.
So with the wolves at my back, my (MORE)

The Secret Sun 15.

CONTINUED

LAWSON CONT. (cont'd) choices seemed very limited.

The snow falls harder now, his coat not nearly heavy enough for the elements.

Close on LAWSON, his hands stiff with cold and then the traffic speeding by without so much as a glance and now he makes his decision, he wants a pony ride and he moves into position to steal one. A calulated and deliberate attempt to get arrested and find shelter, he sneaks across the street towards the diner with stealth and skill hiding behind parked cars and trash cans along the way.

FLASH CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS. MOVING. DAY. CONT.

Close on LAWSON in full gallop atop a police horse, the wind in his hair and a smile on his face.

The entire Baltimore City government behind him- and closing in fast, whistles blowing, sirens wailing, their faces tense and ectched with a certain kind of anger not seen everyday on low salaried city cops.

Angle close on the horse hooves hitting the pavement, all sixteen of them, another angle, closer on the faces of the cops all twisted and angry as they gain on him.

Angle back on LAWSON, racing through streets atop this huge beast, cutting through parking lots, city traffic, and otherwise peaceful parks.

Angle now on the police cars which close in from different directions, left and right, the mounted cops behind him, motorcycles in front, nowhere to run.

FLASH CUT TO:

EXT. STREET. UNDER A COLD RAIN. DAY. CONT.

The Secret Sun 16.

CONTINUED

LAWSON face down on the pavement in the middle of the street, the traffic blocked from all directions with police equipment, they beat the shit out of him now.

Close on his face and the chaos around him, sirens blaring, police radios wailing, a cluster fuck of cops as far as the eye can see.

INT. BALTIMORE CITY JAIL CELL. DAY. CONT.

Close on LAWSON black and blue from the beating, his arm in a sling as the cell doors shut tightly behind him.

The sound now; nerve-racking loudness all around us. But on his face, a smile as big as Baltimore, he lights a cigarette and settles in to get some much-needed rest, humming a tune and grinning from ear to ear.

WHITE OUT.

-BACK TO PRESENT-

INT. ABANDONED BASEMENT.NIGHT. CONTINUOS.1982.

Med. C.U. LAWSON rises from a bare mattress on the basement floor, his companion seen in the b.g, leans back and opens a package of tinfoil.

MAN

Do you want some of this?

LAWSON

No thanks. Could you pay me first?

MAN

Whatever shorty. Don't know what you're missing.

He hands LAWSON a few bills. And then-

QUICK CUTS: Tinfoil crinkles, powder sprinkles, lighter flickers, smoke drifts, lips pucker, straw sucks, a pleasure sigh...

The Secret Sun 17.

CONTINUED

Presently we hear, the sound now;

ELIJAH JEFFRIES, V.O. Quiet and reflective.

ELIJAH V.O.

In the spring of nineteen eighty two we met each other in the darkest bar rooms and hustler parks of Baltimore and we got drunk and stoned every night right along side the rest of the unhappy men and boy's who hovelled beside us in the same darkness and shame which seemed to surround everyone we knew, in those early days we formed an unsinkable bond the two of us. Enthralled of a tender dialect of death, and desperation out of the self-hatred and unrealized repentance of two souls. Together, we bore the shame of our very existence and the guilt and the self-hatred of our every abuser. We lifted our drinks in dark toast, but were always ashamed of our bad taste and the choices we had made in this life. We moved through the nights, like skilled liars and craftsmen pretending to know everything about every one and anything that ever mattered. And though we knew how to take communion, together, we learned how to take drugs and we learned how to live life and how not to die in the streets and we followed each other, not just because we wanted to but because in the end, we had to. Before we met each other, neither he nor I had ever seen or known such peaceful and colored days. Together, we made the violent landscape that surrounded us tolerable. Alone, it was unbearable, but, together, we had sunlight out of the darkness, together, we had a place of our own and it was bright and inviting. And ultimately I can only wonder now, if we just managed to delay the inevitable. Surely it was worth it.

The Secret Sun 18.

CONTINUED

INT. ABANDONED BASEMENT. CRASH PAD. NIGHT. CONT

Candles provide the lighting here and we can just barely make out the figures of bodies scattered about the room on the floor and in the darkened corners. (About four or five STREET KIDS, doing their tricks and or drugs in dark corners).

The sound now; music: coming from a boombox radio, it wafts into the scene filtered through ceiling leaks and momo-toned b.g. noise and conversations - "Into the night- Benny Mardones"

The camera ARCS the dark room settling on the view of LAWSON standing in front of a large cracked wall mirror, shirtless, his eyes blank.

In the b.g. The OLDER MAN'S naked frame spread out on the mattress.

Closer now on LAWSON'S image in the mirror, sweating profusely, his frame small and frail looking, ribs discolored and bruised. He stands at the mirror, slowly, methodically cutting into his arms with a razor blade, the blood dripping down to the floor and pooling into large puddles at his feet, a ghastly vision. In the b.g. The OLDER MAN, high as a kite watches intently focused on his every image. Angle close on LAWSON, half naked in the candle light bleeding and cutting.

Another angle slowly reveals the OLDER MAN in the b.g. masturbating.

Suddenly behind them, the door burst open to reveal a Young ELIJAH, his eye blackened, shirt torn, griping a backpack and out of breath, scared shitless, desperately trying to find a place to hide, behind him footsteps getting closer and closer. The sound now; outside an angry voice calling out searching for ELIJAH.

LAWSON turns now to face ELIJAH, takes his hand and leads him quickly through another part of the basement, the OLDER MAN jumps up naked and angry, calling out for LAWSON to finish what he paid him for, but the two disappear into the darkness of the basement through a broken wall down more stairs and then to the outside.

EXT. STREET. MOVING. NIGHT. CONT.

LAWSON and ELIJAH sprinting away from the building. They slow only after about two blocks are between them.

The Secret Sun 19.

CONTINUED

ELIJAH opens his backpack, which is full of cassette tapes, he gives LAWSON a shirt and a bandana for his bloody arm.

LAWSON

So, what the fuck did you do to that guy, rip him off? He seemed pretty pissed.

ELIJAH

Sort of, it's a long story. Jerk didn't want to pay me, so I took it out on his music collection. You like Alabama, Kenny Loggins, he sure as hell does. And you, why were you doing that to yourself down there, don't that hurt?

ELIJAH wraps LAWSON'S arm, stopping the bleeding. LAWSON looks through the tape collection tossing half of them into the streets.

LAWSON

It hurts a lot less than you think if you do it right. The blade has to be perfectly sharp is all, I'm not certifiable I promise, that guy's WALTER, he pays me for that. He's into all kinds of weird stuff like that, drinks blood, cum, all kinds of disgusting shit. It's true, he gets off on it. We call him, "the Vampire WALTER". Pays fifty bucks for that alone and he doesn't even touch me, just watches and jacks off, he just needs to see blood to get off, pretty decent trade off if you ask me I mean at least with WALTER you know he's not going to ever touch you, it's not his thing. What's your name, you're new around here, I'm LAWSON. LAWSON ADAMERE', don't wear it out.

The Secret Sun 20.

CONTINUED

ELIJAH

ELIJAH JEFFRIES, look, maybe we should walk faster, talk less, I mean, no offense but I don't want to run into my guy or your guy- "Vampire WALTER", that's for sure. They're probably still looking for us, crazy people never give up.

LAWSON

It's cool, WALTER will be fine, there's no shortage of takers for his endless supply of fifty-dollar bills. He's harmless; guy's just a freak of nature that's all. So, you got a room, a place to stay yet?

LAWSON puts the tee shirt on now. ELIJAH checks his make shift bandage, securing it.

ELIJAH

No. Just winging it. Stayed at the bus staion last night, night before that, Pen station. So, is there such a thing as any normal adult people around here? There certainly aren't any normal john's out here, that's clear. Freaks of nature on every corner. Are all of the grownups insane around here? Anybody normal that I could maybe, meet? I need to be taken care of.

LAWSON

Normal? Where've you been, normal is still a novelty to most of these fucking people. Normal behavior, or normal sex, what are you looking for anyway- light's out missionary position and a then a social worker to talk tosomeone to tell you why it was all wrong? I hate to tell you this, but you and that guy chasing you, you got the wrong anatomy for that kind of normal fucking and the social workers that I (MORE)

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CONTINUED

LAWSON (cont'd)

know could use the therapy themselves. Sex is what it is, especially out here. Look, you can come with me if you want to, I have an apartment around the corner. Lucky for you I don't take fucked up tricks there anymore so it's always safe and clean. I want to keep it that way too. Come on, follow me and keep up. You huff, get high, drop acid, pop ludes, shoot smack, ride the white horse, freebase, what?

ELIJAH

No, nothing. You?

LAWSON

Not today anyway. Do you drink?

ELIJAH

Sure. No, not really.

LAWSON

Shit, don't you know that around here, beer is for breakfast? Come on, I need another bottle of Wild Turkey. It's cool; I'll get you some milk or a soda if you want. Maybe some crystal, you look like a crystal kind of guy. Are you a crystal junkie, a speed freak, a methhead?

ELIJAH

I don't do crystal. But I can drink...
Turkey with you if you want me too,
whatever the hell that is. I guess this
means; I owe you one, for saving my ass
like this, kind of like, in jail? One
favor deserves another, knight in
shineing armour, how can I ever repay
you?

Shoots him a look.

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CONTINUED

LAWSON

Jail? What kiddie jail have you been in young ELI? Look, you don't owe me shit all right, no blow jobs, no hand jobs and no snow jobs either, so just, keep your dick in your pants all right, I fuck for three reasons, and you'd do smart to learn to do the same; to get something I need, to get ahead, or for cold hard cash. Don't forget that. If you need a place, and things work out, and your neat and tidy, maybe, you can stay. As far as paying me back, just get a job, a real job, help out around the place, two can make the rent a lot cheaper than one they say, besides, hustling doesn't seem to be your strong suit. From the looks of it, maybe you should go legit, in fact, I think I see a lot of BURGER KING in my future. Yea, they let you take home all of the overages and mistakes at the end of the night. Bad for them, good for me, that could be alot of food. Are you at least incompetent? Because, hey, if you are, we could eat really good, are you all thumbs? Eat up with the dumb ass?

ELIJAH

No, I'm not, "eat up with the dumb ass".

LAWSON

I didn't say you were, I said if you were. Com'on, it's this one over here.

They turn a corner now walking towards and then up to LAWSON'S apartment building; they disappear from view into the long darkend hallway with it's rows and rows of overstuffed un-checked mail boxes.

Back in the basement.

The door swings open with a swift kick, to reveal, an angry MAN with rage in his eyes, he scans the room looking for ELIJAH, a shiny

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CONTINUED

blade in his hands.

The YOUNG MAN'S P.O.V. of bodies strewn everywhere, people sleeping, sex in dark corners, junkies shooting up, smoking crack, the bloodstains on the floor.

Slowly he backs out of the space, eerily spooked, closing the door softly but quickly behind him.

Dissolve.

THE PRODUCTION COMPANIES LOGOS ARE PRESENTED AUSTERELY OVER A BLACK BACKGROUND.

There is a moments hesitation and then, the words:

On screen; a caption:

"The secret sun"

It dissolves.

Also on screen;

1992 Baltimore, Maryland

It dissolves.

FADE IN:

EXT. RAILWAY STATION. BALTIMORE CITY TRANSIT. DAY.

ELIJAH stands on the platform arms loaded with grocery bags, the station over crowded with afternoon commuters as the camera discovers and begins to examine one remarkably handsome sixteen year old boy.

ELIJAH'S P.O.V, close of the boy, his blue eyes are piercing, their expression merciless.

And now, the sound; of a train bearing down on the station platform, it grows louder and louder as the boy suddenly steps in closer to the edge of the platform arms out stretched, eyes closed. ELIJAH, immobile now, watches, tensely disturbed, as the shot becomes jumpy

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CONTINUED

and jolts with the rumble of the train entering the final tunnel to the station, angle closely now, on a piece of gray canvas which flaps incongruously in and out of the shot behind the boy. And now the boy seen from below, framed on the edge of the platform suddenly steps forward even closer as the train screams it's approach warning, his clothes flying in the strong cross winds, ELIJAH closes his eyes tightly bracing for the messy impact as the train roars screeching into the station for it's scheduled noon stop. The doors open now, and passengers depart and I embark before ELIJAH opens his eyes again, and just as fast as it entered the station, it departs. The boy, having disappeared into the mass of commuters aboard the train - now presses his lips against the glass for ELIJAH'S benefit, fogs the window over and scribbles "Faggot" shooting him a bird as the train departs.

Angle close on ELIJAH as the camera quickly zooms in -but continues beyond him, through him and beyond the train station walls until it settles on the view of Baltimore.

It is an unbelievable view of a foreboding and brutal concrete jungle -surrounded in poverty and wealth, a slew of steel and glass towers that climb up and into the heavens, waterfront warehouse buildings, yellowing pornographic store fronts and finally, a stunning harbor that seems to race up to meet the eyes.

Later.

EXT. ELEVATED TRAIN PLATFORM. DAY.

Close on ELIJAH descending the steps of the station exhausted, once on the street, he looks out now towards the city terrain, his face blank, tense, removed.

The sound now; Presently we hear the voice of ELIJAH.

ELIJAH V.O. CONT.

Sometimes, I still hear him speak. His words ring so clearly. He speaks of his heart rendering departure from this life. He speaks, of how different things were in those days but mostly; he speaks to me of journeys never traveled and dreams unfulfilled.

Sometimes I see him, impossible as that (MORE)

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CONTINUED

ELIJAH V.O. CONT. (cont'd) must sound I still see him. Since he died, I see him every night, my great and radiant sun. My secret sun.

The sound now; the streets in full motion, traffic, rain and thunder in the distance.

A Quotation on screen; a caption:

"It is so much easier to consign and condem a soul to perdition and to stand around and say prayers to God to save it, rather than to stand up as men and women and take the blame ourselves for letting it grow up in neglect and run to ruin in the first place"

-Oliver Wendell Holmes

Dissolve caption.

Moments later.

Angle on ELIJAH walking home, the streets rain soaked, his grocery bags seconds from splitting now but he stops to watch a YOUNG MAN across the street, flirting with the cars on the corner as they pass, yelling obscenities when they refuse to stop for him, his technique needs work. ELIJAH watches him, contemplates it all for a brief moment until the YOUNG MAN catches his eye. There is ackward acknowledgement, and now he smiles broadly for ELIJAH crossing the street towards him, he approaches at first, sexually and then, after a brief moment -figuring this will go nowhere, as a pan handler, he mumbles asking for pocket change. ELIJAH'S hand goes for his pocket; and he produces a few bills, considers this for a moment and then impulsively gives the YOUNG MAN the entire wad. Angle again on ELIJAH amused now with the YOUNG MAN, who walks away still flirting and flashing the cars, ELIJAH watches him closely now, transfixed with his image, his swagger, his mannerisms, the YOUNG MAN feeling under the microscope, turns once again towards ELIJAH, still unsure, and motions for him sexually again, but ELIJAH stares off into nothingness now, far off in a far off day dream.

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CONTINUED

ELIJAH V.O.

I can still remember his walk, how he moved, how he stood. His posture, he moved with the grace of a deposed king. If I could just have one of those days again, I'd save him this time, I'd find a way.

He stares out at the city terrain a smile on his face; and suddenly he seems dwarfed by the immense landscape which surrounds him. His eyes misty with tears. In the b.g. The YOUNG MAN turns, walking awayand suddenly his entire image changes into that of LAWSON ADAMERE' and now it is the year nineteen eighty-two (from present day to nineteen eighty-two) as the streets, cars, buildings, all metamorphose before our eyes back in time. Day to night.

NOTE: Time change. FX;

Words on screen now; a caption:

1982 summer

It dissolves.

ELIJAH V.O. CONT. We were so happy back then.

The sound now, presently we hear the streets of Baltimore in motion.

Segue into:

EXT. BALTIMORE STREET CORNER. NIGHT. 1982

ECU: On LAWSON ADAMERE' he stands on a street corner. His blue eyes focused on the terrain ahead and around him. This is to become one of our most memorable images of him; tense, restless, youthfulenergy with clear skin and peach fuzz on his face and chin, half in the bag, always scanning the crowd around him, he has large reddish hands, none too clean with rather long arms, he's tall and lanky and smokes like a chimney always swigging from a bottle of Wild Turkey and playing with his silver zippo, clicking it open and closed, a nervous habit. He is an exceptionally good-looking young man with

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CONTINUED

boyishly masculine features and manerisms with brains, charm and personality to match. His azure eyes tell the story of a domestic and urban battlefield littered with human land mines and horror stories too numerous to count, too unspeakable to list, unheard of things. Fact is, he is a scared child in an adult world -but he bluffs well enough to convince the toughest street walkers, 'Don't fuck with me' Thus, his saving grace and perhaps a bit of a calling card as well. He carries himself well beyond his years.

EXT. 1982. BALTIMORE STREET CORNER. NIGHT.

ECU: LAWSON'S mouth, his eye's, his hands, how he fidgets about nervously scanning the streets swigging from a bottle in a brown paper bag. The camera's view loosens again on the street corner revealing LAWSON in the process of working the oldest profession known to man. Prostitution.

Quick views of the city, arcades, bars, yellow storefronts, pornographic bookshops and movie theaters, warehouse buildings and slow moving traffic, lots of YOUNGMEN loitering, DRAG QUEENS on one side of the street, working BOY'S on the other, futher down the block, the LADIES. We are in the red light district of Baltimore and there is action everywhere.

LAWSON enters the frame again, filtered through the secondary lens of a hand held video camera.

Jolting shots and non-fluid movements.

A group of tourist frame him through their lens standing next to an exceptionally tall, but very pretty black DRAG QUEEN. Soon, they move on leaving LAWSON on his corner working the traffic and occassional pedestrian that wonders through.

The presentation titles end

The view begins to loosen again. In the b.g. The crowded and dirty street corner comes into focus at once, HUSTLERS, HOOKERS, DRAG QUEENS, and various other night lurkers continue to assault the senses in a series of jolting unsteady hand held video shots.

EXT. (LAWSON'S CORNER). SIDEWALK. NIGHT.

LAWSON'S corner, a busy little area, as two MOUNTED PATROLMEN stroll

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CONTINUED

through the scene, LAWSON flashes them a knowing smile and glance, they frown in remembrance of their last encounter, shooting him a bird and voicing an idle threat of bodily harm before continuing on their way.

EXT. STREETS. BALTIMORE. NIGHT. MOVING.

LAWSON walking and working the streets. He's looking for and asking after "ELIJAH", to no avail- tonight. (Non- scripted).

FADE TO:

Later.

EXT. PEGASUS BASEMENT. BAR. NIGHT.

A spectacularly dingy multi level bar, mixed crowd of local rejects. LAWSON enters the Pegasus bar, looking around at the crowd of OLDER GUYS, YOUNGER HUSTLERS, DRAG QUEENS and LOUNGE LIZARDS of all shapes sizes and colors.

On the jukebox, the sound; music: "Blue Monday- New order"- "Atomic-Blonde"-"Tom swayer- Rush". But on the back stage, a female impersonator belts out a confusing stand-up act about penis sizes and the shapes of vaginas.

INT. PEGASUS BASEMENT BAR. @ THE DOOR. NIGHT.

LAWSON pay's the dollar cover making small talk with the doorman and friends, again asking after "ELIJAH" but no ones seen him tonight he continues into the darkened bar. He speaks the usual hellos and salutations etc. as he makes his way into and through the crowd and smoke. Constantly asking after "ELIJAH" but again no ones seen him.

Later.

INT. PEGASUS BASEMENT BAR.

LAWSON goes over to an OLDER HEAVYSET MAN; no particular conversation is audible just yet over the music, just muffled bar chatter throughout, coming from every direction. The camera tracks

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CONTINUED

the faces in the joint. In the far b.g. On a small stage, a drag show in full regalia. Atop the bar itself young dick dancers make their way between cocktails and ashtrays.

LAWSON makes his way through the club, which makes up two levels and several different rooms all it seems with a different soundtrack playing in the back. Eventually, he will make his way to the downstairs bar; it's quiet compared to the rest of the place and he takes a seat next to the OLDER HEAVYSET MAN from upstairs. On top of the bar, more dick dancer's, they dance to the tune of; "Personal Jesus- ABC" spilling people's cock tails and kicking over ash trays.

Later.

Back on LAWSON and his companion The (OLDER HEAVEYSET MAN) who buys him another Wild Turkey and a coke back. Angle on the drink rings left on the bar, about six in front of LAWSON.

Close now, on the two of them.

(OVER THE MUSIC)

LAWSON

My name's LAWSON... by the way.

MAN

Well, nice to meet you LAWSON... You were the first person I saw when you came in the door, upstairs. So nice to meet you too, my pleasure. I'm glad we could sit here and talk like this, it's good to get out and just relax and unwind sometimes. And I would love to take you home with me, but, unfortunately I don't have any place we can go tonight my wife's home.

LAWSON

I know a place were we can go, but, you have to watch out for the cop's. It's cool though; I wouldn't take you any place that wasn't cool.

The man thinks about this for a moment and then scans the faces in the bar, the drunken dick dancers, the couple arguing over money at the end of the bar, his eyes follow the large cock roach on the bar

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CONTINUED

top; Close on the ROACH, which crawls across the bar- inches from his drink- yet manages to escape the dick dancers stockinged feet at every beat and step to the music, drinking from the rings left on the bar.

MAN

What are we waiting for, this place stinks.

And with that they get up and walk back through the bar, past the drag show, through the main bar and those dick dancer's; finally making their way out of the bar.

MAN

Fucking place is like Las Vegas, you can't get out of the place and there are no clocks anywahere.

EXT. PARKING LOT OF THE PEGASUS. NIGHT.

LAWSON and the OLDER HEAVYSET MAN walking to a car, as hustlers in the parking lot cruise other patrons coming and going.

EXT. A DARK PUBLIC PARK. NIGHT AND RAIN.

Angle on LAWSON and the MAN exiting the car, they walk into the park. Sound now; music, from a parked low rider on side street off of the park. "Games people play- Allen Parsons Project"

EXT. PARK GAZEBO. NIGHT.

Angle on LAWSON and the MAN under a gazebo, shadows and shapes with the moonlight, vague patterns and movements as LAWSON and the man perform what we can only guess is oral sex on each other.

As the song ends with the car pulling off in the b.g. So to does the sex act. A police car cruises through the shot seconds later, they shine their spot light into the dark park, and bodies scatter from every corner and from behind every tree- but the cruiser continues through never stopping.

LAWSON spits, collects his cash and the two exit the gazebo in separate directions through the park. LAWSON crosses back to the street and continues his walk.

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CONTINUED

Dissolve.

FADE IN.

EXT. BALTIMORE SIDE WALK. NIGHT. (MOVING).

Angle on LAWSON walking and working the streets. Around him action everywhere.

Angle on a small sports car as it slows to check him out, there is brief conversation - some mutual flirtation and then-

Later.

INT. FRONT SEAT OF A PARKED CAR. NIGHT.

LAWSON and a YOUNGMAN in the front seat of the car having sex.

Music on the radio- "Would I lie to you- The eurhythmics". But The YOUNGMAN is too rough, a semi violent date rape is taking shape here, until LAWSON breaks free and jumps out leaving the YOUNGMAN half naked and pissed off. Once out, LAWSON shouts a litany of profanities at him before continueing his walk. Once around the corner, he uncovers the MAN'S wallet out of his underwear removing the cash and tossing the wallet in a dumpster along the way.

Later.

EXT. STREETS. NIGHT. MOVING.

LAWSON walks the night his head held high. Now he is striking blatantly sexual poses as each car passes, but for now, the cars keep going instead. He counts a wad of cash pleased at the amount so far. He walks on.

LAWSON

So much for love.

His slack jawed expression changes a bit now as a truck slows to taunt him with sexual compliments. He flashes a flirtatious smile at its occupants but they keep going instead and for the first time we see that there is almost a joy in him at this moment, a bit of purity that shines through; he continues his walk undaunted by the cars that keep moving with out slowing until-

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CONTINUED

Angle on a grey Mercedes as it pulls just ahead of LAWSON and stops, he trotts up to it and hops in, it speeds off.

Later.

INT. CHEAP MOTEL ROOM. NIGHT.

LAWSON and an OLDER MAN in a semi- but hilarious S&M scene. The old guy really into it as LAWSON watches with shock, masking his laughter. Whips, chains and a blindfold on the old guy that keeps him facing the wall instead of LAWSON. LAWSON sits in a chair reading a book, occasionally calling out one perversion or another for the old guy, and rarely looking up except to almost laugh.

The sound; music: "I can't go for that- Hall and Oates" Coming from a passing pedestrian with a large boom box on his shoulder, the music will stay with us a while.

EXT. MOTEL AND STREETS. NIGHT. (MOVING).

Later.

LAWSON leaving the motel, he continues his walk crossing the street now; He stands outside a flashy night club on the strip waiting for a large crowd.

EXT. A GAY CLUB. NIGHT.

LAWSON'S walk has led us here. This club is a flashy upper crust restaurant and bar. A favorite of the well to do gay crowd and whenever possible the hustler's too.

Music: "Suspicious minds- Elvis Presley" - "Steppin out- Joe Jackson"- "Last dance- Donna Summer" - "Pull up to the bumper- Grace Jones".

INT. GAY CLUB. NIGHT.

Angle on LAWSON entering the club, he slips in on the coat tails of a large party of YUPPIE BOYS unnoticed by the door staff, going straight to the bar. He orders a drink and begins to scan the crowd. His P.O.V. of a YOUNG MAN standing alone against the wall, handsome, mid twenties, there is a moment of mutual appreciation and acknowledgement, a flirtatious smile and a nod. ARC shot, LAWSON and

The Secret Sun 33.

CONTINUED

the YOUNGMAN until, LAWSON'S eye catches sight of a handsome older GENTLEMAN, this guy reeks of money and he turns on the charm, demanding eye contact from LAWSON at once. The GENTLEMAN comes over after a brief moment, he buys him another drink.

At the bar.

LAWSON and the GENTLMAN, talking now, nothing in particular. LAWSON soon glances another YOUNGMAN, also reeking of money, cute, twenties, dark hair, slim build, and he sits alone at a table, his waiter presenting a bottle of wine for his approval. Rich kid, Baltimore blue blood. Another Wild turkey for LAWSON, compliments of his OLDER GENTLEMAN, but he stares off now, at the YOUNGMAN, at the table. The two seem to have made plans with a glance now. They exchange knowing glances back and forth now, without a break.

No conversation is audible here in particular, just the GENTLEMAN going on about work, and stocks and bonds, etc. LAWSON hasn't heard a word anyway.

Angle now on the YOUNGMAN'S table, it's empty and suddenly, here he is, standing in front of LAWSON.

At the bar, angle on LAWSON, the OLDER GENTLEMAN and now the YOUNGMAN.

The YOUNGMAN suddenly grabs LAWSON tightly, sending him into a dip and kissing him full on the lips. (It's a long wet kiss).

YOUNGMAN

Darling, did you get lost... I've been looking all over the place for you. Glad you could make it tonight. (To the OLDER GENTLEMAN as he tosses him a twenty-dollar bill) Get lost troll, he's with someone tonight. Our tables over here honey, you're so forgetful.

And with that he leads him by the arm, towards the table -(ordering another bottle of French wine as his waiter passes), he pulls LAWSON'S chair out for him at the table and everything about this handsome stranger says class as they take their seats across from each other. There is an awkward pause at first and then;

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CONTINUED

YOUNGMAN

Hi. My names CHAD. I saw you, from across the room, I couldn't help myself. You looked like a distressed angel. Plus, I thought it was pretty pathetic the way you let that old guy fawn all over you. I thought you maybe, might need a little rescuing tonight, I know I certainly do.

LAWSON

Oh really?

CHAD

Yes really. So what's your name good-looking?

LAWSON

LAWSON. So, you want to' rescue me huh CHAD? And just what makes you think I need to be rescued again, you see I think I missed the first part of that little number you just performed through all of the bullshit that was coming at me.

CHAD

Oh. Bullshit? Very good LAWSON, what, I can't just like what I see and decide not to wait on line for my turn? I hate to wait, really I do, and I don't share and I don't play well with others. But, I'll make an exception in your case. Can we maybe play together?

LAWSON

You must have a very complicated life CHAD, a very complicated life. For all you know I may have been here with that old guy, did you ever think of that? And, you just ordered at least a hundred and fifty dollars worth of wine and your all-alone tonight, seems pretty complicated to me CHAD.

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CONTINUED

CHAD

But you see I'm not alone- not anymore am I LAWSON? This is the part where you say, "Why no CHAD, you're not alone anymore." I'll keep you in good company all night, curl your toes.

LAWSON

That's still to be decided.

CHAD

What... Not cute enough for you? You like 'em old and dried up do you? I can go back over there and get that crusty old man for you again if you'd like, maybe get my twenty bucks back that you've already cost me.

LAWSON

So, are you here to complicate my life too now? It's obvious yours is very complicated just judging by the attitude and the wine you choose. Or are you, trying to compensate for some other short coming, do you want to' tell me now or later, when you fail to rise to the occasion?

The waiter returns with a glass for LAWSON and another bottle of wine.

CHAD

Oh, someone's having flashbacks of sleeping with the already near dead, I'm young and very full of cum and I've never failed to rise to any occasion yet. Look... I just saw you over there and I come here a lot and I've never seen you in here before was all, I'd remember you. Now, is that a crime LAWSON? I'll tell you what, let's start over. Is this your first time in here because the place brightens up it seems (MORE)

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CONTINUED

CHAD (cont'd) only when you're here.

LAWSON

No, it's not the first time for me. But I don't come in here very often It's a little, uptown for me. It's not in my budget. Just a change of scene, thanks for the drink, the wine... It's good. Pricey I'm sure. Probably the first and last time I'll have this again, in a while.

CHAD

Don't stress money when your with me it belittles you, besides, I have plenty. Enough for you and me. Hey you know what, we should play a game you and me it'll be fun. It's called what will you do for a dollar? You see, when I saw you, let's just say I knew you were looking for some company so, what do you say, you don't mind being my company do you I mean, you are a working boy right, a rent boy? So why don't you be my company for the night? And we can play a game you'll love it they all do. It's called what will a boy like you do for a dollar and the only rule is you have to do everything I say or you loose the game and then, you don't get paid when I'm through with you. It's not a hard game, though I will tell you it can be very sexual. Very sexual if you know what I mean? It can also be very rewarding too. Sexually and financially, so what do you say?

A pause on LAWSON'S face stunned as it hits him, of course it was too good to be true.

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CONTINUED

LAWSON

Look CHAD I don't want to play that game, I don't really want to play any games tonight. It's early and I'm already tired. I really shouldn't have even come in here to tell you the truth. So, why don't you give me a break tonight, okay? I mean, if you want to fuck around okay, that's cool with me, I'm a rent boy, I get thirtyfive an hour for regular, you do know what regular is, that's you do me or I do you, blow job's or fucking only. Extra's cost more. And no pain, bondage or humiliation and don't cum in my mouth because I hate the fucking taste, unless, you're prepared to give me at least twenty bucks more and then, I guess its okay, but I don't swallow. And that's on top of the thirty an hour, and it's a one hour minimum regardless of how quick we are. But that's all, no games. And If you don't want to fuck around, that's cool too, If you just want to sit here and maybe talk, that's cool too, we don't even have to have sex, I sit with a lot of guys and just talk, I do. A lot of the older guys like to talk. Or if you'd like, I can just model for you, if you want, or, I can just touch myself if that's what you're into, I can do it fast, if you'd like. Or I take my time and make it last a little while. I can also, maybe, just jack you off, or, jack us both, at the same time. And I can cum practically at will. I mean, quickly if you'd like, or, I can make it last the whole hour if you want. If that's what you like? (A long Pause) Or, I can just leave; maybe I should just go- I'm so fuckin' stupid.

Enjoying LAWSON'S awkward moment before speaking.

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CONTINUED

CHAD

No don't leave, That was really direct. C'mon, you're a working boy. Don't leave. You're here already, I'm here, I have money and you need money. So, I'm buying you, top dollar too, so, work for me tonight? Come on what do you say? We could have some serious fun here. I got an eight-ball in the car I got a hotel for the night right on the water, lots more where that came from too what do you say? But, you gotta' play the game all night, "What will you do, for a buck?" and every time you do something that I demand, you get an extra ten dollars when it's all over, but the trick is, you have to do it. Like truth or dare, even if I said go down on me, under this table, right now you'd have to do it. The beauty of the game is, there are no limits to the fun that can be had by all. What do you say? Come on it's the best deal going tonight and you know it or are you just afraid to play the game?

LAWSON

Look, CHAD I was actually looking for someone else when I came in here. He's not in here so, maybe some other time for you and me, what do you say? I mean, I'm already getting a little drunk and you're just not hearing me anyway; I don't like to play games like that, It's too hard to get paid at quitting time, no offense to you. I've just been screwed over like that too many times before, sorry, but those are the rules for this boy with everybody. I have to go now anyway, I have some people waiting on me and I'm going to be late.

CHAD

Oh come on, it's just a stupid little game, don't go, you just got here.

(MORE)

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CONTINUED

CHAD (cont'd)

Don't you know how much can happen between us tonight, a lot can happen in one crazy night.

LAWSON

A lot can happen in ten minutes too and it just did. Didn't you feel the magic? Me neither.

CHAD

You make it sound as if I'm asking you to eat my ass before we run off and conquer the world. Well I'm not you know, it's only a fucking game. I mean don't get me wrong you can eat my ass anytime but I'll never ask you to come along while I conquer the world. Trust me. You're just not smart enough for that rent boy. All I'm asking for from you is a little head, a little fucking, maybe a little fisting, you know nothing your not used too I'm sure. By the way I'm the top, okay? I'm always the top. So let's just finish our wine and we can go back to the room and you can start earning your payday.

LAWSON takes a step back ready to leave.

CHAD Cont.

I didn't say you could stand up or leave did I? You're not playing the game right- deduct ten points already. Now sit back down, sit down, sit down and play the game the right way. Come on sit back down you're not playing it right you stupid ass hole! What, all looks and no brain? Why don't you just sit back down and play the game right!

LAWSON

Because I don't want to play your stupid game all right! Look, I should just go before this becomes a scene. Later CHAD, This is just too creepy for (MORE)

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CONTINUED

LAWSON (cont'd)

me.

CHAD

Then just get the fuck on then! You should be bared from civilized society you fucking prick teasing little hustler boy! I'll bet your not even old enough to be in here. I can't even believe they let a tease like you in, ANGEL should watch the front door a little better.

Angle on CHAD as he grabs LAWSON'S arm and tosses a glass of wine in his face, as he unleash his furry into him.

CHAD Cont.

And fuck you if you don't know how to play the game! Just for that I'm not even going to' fist fuck you when were through! And "hell no, I don't want to buy any drugs from you"!

He pushes him now, LAWSON stumbles over the chair behind him and falls to the floor. Regains himself in an instant, all eyes upon him now.

LAWSON

Why don't you take your ass back to suburbia, fist fuck your little brother some more or don't you think It'll still fit you fucking prick!

And with that the bouncers are on him in an instant. Punching him twice in the gut, twisting his arm behind his back and forcing him to the front door by force.

He moves like a limp noodle under the strength of the bouncers as they toss him out of the club and to the curb like a rag doll.

Angle on the curb as he lands hard in the street; smashing his rib cage against the concrete curb; a loud yelp escapes him upon impact.

Quick cut: Back in the club we angle on the staff kissing CHAD'S ass at the table pampering him with VIP treatment.

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CONTINUED

EXT. GAY CLUB. NIGHT.

LAWSON carefully picks himself up and gimps on down the street now guarding his ribs with both hands.

EXT. SIDEWALK. NIGHT. MOVING.

Close on LAWSON walking away from the club- in agony.

Later.

EXT. SIDEWALK. NIGHT. (MOVING).

Angle on LAWSON walking along the wet streets.

The sound now, music; "I'm on fire- Bruce Springsteen". It comes from a passing Cadillac Fleetwood that has slowed to check LAWSON out he stops briefly to make small talk with the driver but the pain is too much right now and the car moves on after a short conversation. The music stays with us through the scene and continues into the next as juke box music.

Closer on LAWSON again, stopping briefly during this walk to look inside a sex bookstore. He's still looking for ELIJAH but no one's seen him here tonight.

And with that he continues on his way.

He continues down the sidewalk crossing the street towards another Bar.

As we approach this bar the first thing to grab us about the place is the sheer amount of people gathered outside loitering about. The second thing to grab our attention is the relaxed atmosphere and the fact that everyone seems to know everyone. And lastly, that the average age seems to have dipped into the early to late teens with an ample supply of over weight middle aged men who seem to bask in the pleasures of the young rent-able company.

This is a dive bar buried deep in the under belly of city code compliance's worst nightmare. Practically windowless and always damp this is the kind of place where any normal God fearing man would

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CONTINUED

easily expect to be knifed at any given moment. But the fact is, this is one of those rare establishments harmless and upbeat with one of those rare jukeboxes filled with great tunes and a very hustler friendly bartender. The kind of place where everyone can expect to leave with a great buzz a smile and a date for the night.

EXT. BAR NO.3. NIGHT.

LAWSON stops to chat briefly with a few regulars outside again asking after "ELIJAH" to no avail. Descending the steps into-

INT. BAR NO.3 NIGHT.

No large crowd to speak of- about fifteen or twenty people, he is greeted warmly here; his drink in front of him before he even orders it a shot of Wild Turkey and a coke back.

LAWSON

(To bartender)

Hey MIKE, where's everyone tonight?

MIKE

REGANOMICS kid, at home broke or out trying to make some the wrong way, you starting early or still going from last night?

LAWSON

A little early.

MIKE

You hear the news; TONY TEE went to jail last night. Fourth time hustling he's terrified, says it's a mandatory six months for him this time.

LAWSON

Six months, maybe he'll gain a couple of pounds.

MIKE

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CONTINUED

MIKE (cont'd)

just had to get high. Stupid ass, I told him to just wait for me until I got off work. Now I got him calling' me every hour on the hour, like I got some bail money', and the thing is, he knows my rents due on Friday's.

LAWSON

Are you still seeing him?

MIKE

I don't know why, he's the dumbest son of a bitch I ever got with and I mean, he's even dumber than CHARLES was and you know that son of a bitch was dumber than a sack of wet rusty hammers rusting lost on the dock someplace.

LAWSON

CHARLES was definitely not the sharpest knife in the drawer. Tried to tell you that, but you were in love.

MIKE

He was hung like a fucking horse, I'm not completely stupid ya' know. Shit, TONY TEE'S not hung like a horse that's for sure and dammit my rent's due. But look at that face would you? He sure is a looker.

MIKE holds up a photo of TONY TEE. He's an Italian kid, skinny, handsome, looks like a dumb boxer.

LAWSON

Stunning, maybe you should nick name him- "The face". You seen Eli, yet?

MIKE

Now there's one I don't figure, what the hell do you see in that rotten assed kid anyway? Comes in here the other night, drunk off of his ass already and hiding a little bottle of (MORE)

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CONTINUED

MIKE (cont'd)

Wild Turkey in his pocket, Now I know where he picked that little trick up from, but at least your slick about it, he comes in and he's pouring people drinks and shit and I got a full house, and you know, I only let him in here because of you- and then on top of it all, all of a sudden- I look up, and that crooked Dicked little shit's pissing in my trash can. The one right next to the dance floor! Middle of the fuckin' bar and he's pissing in the trash can, now I'm telling you, he's under-aged anyway and I don't even have to let him in the joint and the only reason I do, is because he came in with you first, and you vouched for him that day, remember? But if he can't respect me and my other customers- I mean, who the fuck does he think he is- and who the fuck do you think has to clean up a mess like that at the end of the night? Ya' go to take out the garbage- shit's leaking out all over your pants and shoes, and its piss! And I am not into that kind of shit LAWSON.

LAWSON

MIKE what's with the riot act? I was just asking if you'd seen him, that's all. I'll talk to the kid all right? Relax. So, have you seen him today or what?

MIKE

What? Jez... I'll never get him out of here now, say it ain't so... You fuckin' the kid now? 'Cause you could do better if you ask me.

LAWSON

What's it to you? Look, he just didn't come home last night is all. That's all, leave it at that.

A Beat.

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CONTINUED

MIKE

Didn't know you put him up, that's all, no sweat off of my nose.

(Pause, pouring him another)

So, how's that working out for you?

(After a beat)

He using the toilet at your place?

LAWSON

Very funny MIKE. Actually, it's okay, reminds me of RANDY, a little bit. Just having someone around is all. Had my eye out for him all day... No sign of him. Kid's hardheaded MIKE you know, I just hate to worry.

MIKE

Ahhh... He's all right, he'll be around later, here, here's a couple of bucks go and put something on the jukebox for me will ya' It's too damn quiet in here.

LAWSON goes over to the jukebox feeding it coins and punching in numbers long since known by heart.

The sound now, music; "The boss- Diana Ross"- "Saved by zero- the fixx"- "Simply irresistible- Robert Palmer" - "Edge of seventeen-Fleetwood Mac"

MIKE

(Calling out across the bar to LAWSON)
Hey, you wanna' dance later tonight?
I'm short two bodies all of a sudden,
ya' know TONY TEE'S out for the count
and that kid RUSTY, broke his leg
roller skating over by the park, I
dunno', broke it skating or getting his
dick sucked by some rough trade, one of
those, I can't remember which one he
said, it was a bad connection on the
phone who cares anyway, he ain't coming
in, that much I do know. Every thursday
(MORE)

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CONTINUED

MIKE (cont'd)

and friday night, same ole' shit. I should just say fuck it and quit having dancers altogether. Start making you people watch drag shows, now those girls got it together, and always-on time too. They want to make money. Goddamn young kids around here just want someone to hand it to them.

Angle on LAWSON turning back to the bar, but without warning his nose begins a slow trickle of deep red blood. Soon it becomes a river and he races for the restroom.

CUT TO:

INT. BAR NO.3. RESTROOM. STALL. NIGHT.

Angle on LAWSON he sits back on the toilet, lid closed, holding his head back, toilet paper stuffed up his nostrils. His shirt, a bloody mess of crimson with thick red clotted globs which cling like snot from his chin and fingers.

INT. BAR NO.3. REST ROOM. NIGHT.

Close on MIKE nervously loitering outside the stall. He checks on him after a beat.

MIKE

You sure you're all right kid? You gotta' take better care of yourself I'm always telling you kids to take better care of yourselves but do you ever listen?

LAWSON

I'm all right MIKE I'm fine it's just a little nosebleed that's all. Thanks.

MIKE

Yeah, don't mention it kid, third little nose bleed this week. And that's just in here. Look, why don't you just call it a night, I hate seeing you like (MORE)

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CONTINUED

MIKE (cont'd) this. Go see a doctor.

LAWSON

What, and miss all of that dancing loot? Nah. Besides, I just saw a doctor last night he said I was fine, in fact, he said that my ass was absolutely perfect. Seriously, I'll be okay. I'm tired of walking. Just, let me dance tonight and I'll be fine.

MIKE

All right, sure LAWSON. Listen, I gotta' get back to the bar- you just call out if you need anything. And by the way, I know that doctor that you left here with last night, he still using that doctor crap on you boy's, guy's a fucking chef at Mortons.

LAWSON

Makes sense, tosses a mean salad. Hey, thanks MIKE, I'll be okay too and I'll be out in a minute.

MIKE exits.

INT. BAR NO.3. NIGHT.

Angle on MIKE as he exits the rest room catching a YOUNGMAN behind the bar drinking from the beer taps, mouth on metal. MIKE yells an explicative and chases the kid out from behind the bar and outside, using only a chair and his raised fists.

INT. BAR NO. 3. RESTROOM. NIGHT.

LAWSON exits the stall going over to the sink. He stops to clean up starring at his image in the mirror for a moment. Suddenly we see the true fear in his face and eyes as if he were conducting a high stakes fight for his very survival right here at this moment in this mirror, he looks truly scared and vulnerable. He runs out of the rest room in a flash of panic.

CUT TO:

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CONTINUED

INT. BAR NO. 3. LATER. NIGHT.

An animated crowd fills the bar room. The dancers- Dick dance on small stages throughout the bar. And we are close now on LAWSON dick dancing in his tidy whitties.

The sound, music; "Burning Sky- Bad Company"- "Pasties and a G-sting-Tom waits"-"We don't have to take our clothes off- Sylvester"

The crowd- a strange mixture of high-energy eighties CLUB KIDS, HUSTLERS, DRAG QUEENS and OLDER JOHN'S. The drinks flow freely, money changes hands quickly and we see everything one would expect to see in this type of establishment. The camera tracks the faces and bodies in the bar. Open drug usage, drag queens being drag queens, couples kissing, lot's of indistinguishable conversation and bar chatter, people hustling on the pool tables in the back. The dancers with their jocks full of bills work the room for tips and after hours dates.

INT. SPORTS CAR. LATER. MOVING. NIGHT.

The sound, car radio, music; "Beautiful loser- Bob Seger" It continues through scenes end.

LAWSON and a MAN (TRICK) from the bar, handsome mid to late thirties.

Zooming down the dark roads of Maryland. It's a long and winding tree lined road, a desolate strip of country landscape in the wee-hours of the morning.

EXT. FARM HOUSE. DAWN.

Angle on the sports car as it pulls into the drive of a farmhouse.

INT. FARM HOUSE. BED ROOM. DAWN.

Close on LAWSON'S face, as a hand pulls him slowly onto the mattress. The Camera pulls focus through the large bay window, the moon shining brightly in the early morning sky casting strange and wonderful patterns throughout the room's walls.

Dissolve.

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CONTINUED

INT. FARM HOUSE BEDROOM. DAY. LATER.

His companion spent and out of breath sits up in the bed. LAWSON sits on the edge of the bed at it's foot.

MAN

(Short of breath)
That was fucking fantastic where have you been all of my life?

The MAN springs up from the bed now with renewed energy, kisses him on the lips before going off towards the shower calling out along the way.

MAN Cont.

Do you think that you could take a taxi back; I have a really early day tomorrow, just add it to what I owe you? I hope I can see you again, sometime maybe next weekend... Maybe we'll start a little different, like with some food or something. Oh, your moneys on that dresser sweet heart, in that envelope, I added a little tip hope you don't mind. Would you, like to see me again?

LAWSON

A date? or professionally? Do you mean professionally?

MAN

Of course what else? What are you talking about?

A Pause and then.

LAWSON

Nothing. Sure, no problem.

(OMITTED SCENES)

LAWSON picks up the envelope terminally non confrontational. It's full of twenties; his feelings a little bruised and so he stands now and begins to get dressed. The sound of the shower now.

Dissolve.

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CONTINUED

INT. TAXI. DAYBREAK. MOVING.

LAWSON in the back seat- the long ride home.

The meter reads thirty-six dollars and counting as the sunlight begins to fill the entire scene, he looks inside the envelope now and counts it, about a hundred and fifty dollars and now without warning his nose begins to bleed again. At first just a small trickle; ECU slow motion: it falls drop by drop, with the first drop falling with a splash onto the white money envelope and then his shirtsleeve; And then, back to normal as it quickly becomes an uncontrollable river of red confusion. The driver pulls over angry.

Dissolve.

EXT. LAWSON'S APARTMENT BUILDING. MORNING.

LAWSON exits another Taxi, his arms loaded with grocery bags, shirt and pants blood stained.

Inside the hallway.

LAWSON fumbles with his bags and keys making his way inside the apartment turning on a light. He looks down on the sofa to notice ELIJAH asleep. He smiles a hidden grin pleased to see him safe he makes his way to the kitchen quietly.

Angle on ELIJAH, he wakes with the front door opening and the light in his eye.

INT. LAWSON'S APARTMENT. KITCHEN. MORNING.

LAWSON putting groceries away. Enter ELIJAH in the doorway in his underwear scratching himself.

Close on ELIJAH in the threshhold, ESTABLISHING SHOT.

He's a radiant young man, mid to late teens, princely boyish good looks a glittering white smile and an ambiguous sexual energy that fills the room whole. His features, fine and delicate, his lips and cheeks rosy red, eye's brown and wide, his hair a mess of dark curls. His frame, boyishly skinny. He takes a seat at the kitchen table sleepy eyed. There is a strange pause and then;

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CONTINUED

LAWSON

Did you eat yet?

He opens a beer.

ELIJAH

No. Fucked up night. I got ripped off, got a hold of some bad acid. Lost my phone book with every important phone number I had in the world in it, the one you gave me, almost got hit by a car not paying attention, just a fucked up night. And, a cop almost shot me; it's a long story.

LAWSON

I can't wait.

INT. LAWSON'S APARTMENT. KITCHEN. MORNING.

C.U. egg's cooking in a frying pan. LAWSON cooking breakfast.

Later.

At the table ELIJAH smokes a cigarette and downs a beer.

Presently; we hear the voice of LAWSON.

LAWSON V.O.

In order to understand a guy like ELIJAH I guess I need only look at myself or my kid brother before the suicide. Before the end. The truth is he's nothing like me or my kid brother. Maybe that's why I like him, because everything about ELI just reassures you, that in the end, there is some common goodness about people. Real innocence. Not that he's an angle mind you, but he is for the most part, everything that my brother and me could have never dreamt of being. And I just feel better knowing that with him, I don't have to invent any history one day that will sound like a better lie (MORE)

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CONTINUED

LAWSON V.O. (cont'd) than the truth. Like the history I invented to describe to people, the life of my little brother RANDY. When the truth, as painful as it is, is that almost everything about RANDY, I invented, and I've practiced it for so long I almost believed it myself for a while. Except now, when I look at this kid ELI and I'm reminded of my own, self-made bullshit. And how I did itnot for his memory- but for my own selfish reasons, because I felt like it was me who had failed him, and that if anybody had to die, by all rights, truthfully it should have been me. Only I could never understand why even now, it wasn't me. I've come so close so many times and still, here I am looking at this kid and wondering why any of us ever have the right to feel so inadequate, that we should ever need to reinvent someone's entire life. But that's just what I did. I invented this entire life as one big crazy adventure. Invented it to make him something special, which is something he never was and he was never innocent or good, or pure at heart. Not like this kid right here. He was a full-fledged junkie by the age of thirteen and he was dead by sixteen of his own selfish hand. It's hard to really understand a quy like Eli. He's not like me at all or RANDY for that matter, he's so different, truth is, I just admire him for who he's not. He's not a fake. He's not pretentious or a wanna' be anything. The thing about Eli is, he's not some stuck in the mud little runaway shit from the Midwest at all, nor is he some frail assed little white boy running away from one kind of fucked up evil abuse or tragic horror story after another. No, Eli's not running away from anything or anyone. (MORE)

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CONTINUED

LAWSON V.O. (cont'd)
Fact is, I actually think that he's
running head long into everything and
everyone. Eli's just a queer kid with
no shame to his game and here is, out
here slumming it with us, trying to
swallow it all down, all in one big
gulp. And fuck the world if they don't
like it or understand. There's so much
life in him.

INT. LAWSON'S APARTMENT. KITCHEN TABLE. MORNING.

LAWSON and ELIJAH eating breakfast.

The sound now all at hyper speed- truth as farce:

SEGUE INTO:

Words on screen now, a caption: 1983 winter

INT. PUBLIC LAUNDROMAT. MORNING.

Close on the horrified faces, the shock of the older customers as they quickly finish their laundry -trying to leave as quickly as possible, the parents with small children flabbergasted- running out as fast as they can, with hands over their children's ears.

ELIJAH, loud, oblivious and animated throughout.

ELIJAH

So anyway, I got him all tied up now and he's tied up good I got him in the Great Dane position and I'm fucking the shit out of him now, I mean a good deep Dicking is taking place here ya' know what I'm talking about, and don't forget, I'm on coke too, I mean, we both are, so, I'm thinking this is gonna' be an all night fuck, right? So here we are, screaming at the top of our lungs, I mean, he's Screaming like a goddamn, monkey crack whore and all (MORE)

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CONTINUED

ELIJAH (cont'd)

of a sudden', in walks his fuckin', wife! Only, the bitch is in this cop's uniform! So, naturally, I'm thinking, the hell you say cowboy, this shit's gonna' cost you extra, you taught me that one, only, she starts freaking the fuck out on us, instead of joining us, she's going off! So now, he's freaking out, she's freaking out, and I just wanna' get paid by this time and go... Now remember, I still got him tied up now, and all of a sudden, he starts acting like a goddamned trapped gibbon, trying to get free! So then, it hits me! She's a real fucking cop, and she ain't planning to join in, in-fact, she wasn't expecting to come home and find her old man, doggy style, taking one for the home team, ya' know what I mean, and then it really hits me, this bitch is still behind me, and I know, this can't be good, especially, with my record for breaking up happy homes, and with the cops in general, you know what I'm saying? And right at about that moment, he brakes loose, and I just, the fuck up, and I'm searching for my jeans now, and I remember, we got a trail of clothes and shit, all over this fucking house, I mean, from the front door, to the bed room, we got clothes everywhere! The next thing I know, they're fighting, I mean, they're fighting like two men would fight! It was fucking surreal! It's a fistfight, two feet to my left, and I mean, they're beating the shit out of each other. But hey, I got my jeans now, in my one hand, underwear and boots in the other, I see my tee shirt, and watch, and it's on my way out, and I'm collecting my shit as I go down the hall, I mean, I'm not sticking around for this shit, fuck the money, fuck the drugs on the coffee table, fuck this (MORE)

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CONTINUED

ELIJAH (cont'd)

whole scene is what I'm thinking... I mean, sometimes, its just time to clear out, and you know, let a couple have a moment to themselves. So now, I'm at the door, but now, I'm trapped in the fucking place, they got those double dead bolt locks, on the doors. I swear, I couldn't get the fuck out of the place. I had to climb out, through the doggie door! Goddamn snoopy dog, followed me half of the way to the bus stop, I'm telling you, he didn't even want to stick around for that scene, and he lived there! I'm telling you LAWSON; I'm never going back to that bar again, I always pick up the weirdest guys there, and six bucks now for a cocktail? That place, is just bad vibes these days, bad vibes, full of snobs, rich married men, guys with, cop wives and over priced drinks. Bad vibes, and that's just the kind of place, that can get my fake I.D. snatched, ya' know! And for what, bad vibes? Not me, I'm not losing another fake Id, not over some bullshit like that. But I did loose it again, I left right there on the fucking coke tray. Thank God my names not Hop fucking Sing, or whatever the hell it said. Some fucked up name JOE put on it. Prick. God I hate that fucking bar.

LAWSON

Yeah, I was there for a minute myself last night, It's definitely not healthy.

LAWSON quickly glances around, surveying the faces.

Angle close, on faces.

ELIJAH has cleared almost all of them out of the place.

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CONTINUED

CUT TO:

INT. PUBLIC LAUNDROMAT. MORNING.

Angle on an OLD WOMAN as she collects the last of her clothes from the washer, leaving, she mutter's-

OLD WOMAN

Shamefulness... Young people today! If I wasn't a Christian woman, I'd put the blood of Jesus Christ on you, but he might just strike you down dead right where you stand!

Close on the OLD WOMAN'S face as she quickly exits the Laundromat disgusted, leaving a trail of dropped laundry behind. Back to ELIJAH who continues without regard;

ELIJAH

So, do you think you could get me some of that vodka this morning?

LAWSON shoots him a look.

EXT. BALTIMORE CITY STREETS. MORNING. (MOVING).

Angle on LAWSON and ELIJAH walking with laundry and grocery bags, smokes, dangling from their lips.

ELIJAH

So, this crazy fucking guy, is so waked out of his mind, that he starts going off on this guy, he said he knew, back in Atlanta. The one who's dying. So, this guy's dying right, only he doesn't want it to be of the big C, you know what I mean? It's like; anything but Cancer is what he's saying. So, this guy at the bar tells me, the guy went out and hired this hustler, now this guy, was supposedly some kind of doctor, only now, he doesn't practice anymore, he's too sick or something (MORE)

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CONTINUED

ELIJAH (cont'd)

now, anyway, so he can still get all of this shit, you know, drugs for the pain, a scalpel, a rib spreader, shit like that, all the stuff they would need to do this thing with. And he's like, schooling this hustler on how to use all of this shit. On him, when the time comes-

LAWSON

The hustlers, a doctor?

ELIJAH

No, no, no. The guy, who's dying of the big C, is the doctor, keep up LAWSON, anyway all of his life, he was some kind of weird, neurotic nymphomaniac, some weird shit I don't know what you call it, couldn't control himself, the guy was like, always fucking everything that moved. Like a rabbit or something, he couldn't help it though. But anyway, he knew those kinds of low life hustler's because of it, you know? I mean, he had to search for weeks before he found the right hustler, to perform, that particular service, you know? So anyway, he finds this guy, and explains it all to him, about how he's dying of the big C, and all of that, and he tells the guy, that he's not going out like that, it's not operable, what are you going to do? So he goes out, and, with the help of the first hustler guy, they hire a second hustler, because it's going to take, at least two, to do this thing, and it was a friend, of the guy, I was telling you about, at the bar, that's how he knows all of this, it's first hand shit. So, anyway, the plan is, he'll pay these guy's, each, five thousand large, plus all the coke they can do, and all they have to do, is fuck him, drug him up, with the (MORE)

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CONTINUED

ELIJAH (cont'd)

special medical drugs, which he provides, cut open his chest, take the rib spreader, open him up, and fuck him in his heart, until, he's completely fuckin' dead. Now, I ask you, is that not, the sickest shit you've heard all day, or what? But, think about it... For five grand... I don't know? I mean, It's not my heart that's heavy with cream of some young guy, plus, you know, it's a memory that'll last a life time, and the stupid fuck was dying anyway.

LAWSON

Okay, now tell me how you meet these insane fucking people again? I mean, to even sit around a bar, and tell that story, a person has to be lacking some sort of brain chemical, they'd have to be. Jesus, I feel dirty just talking to you Eli. I feel like, I need another shower just, walking on the same side of the sidewalk with you! Go; walk on that side for a while. Man, you are just; eat up with the dumb ass.

ELIJAH

Hey, five grand... Like, you wouldn't at least think about it, if it were offered to you, I know I would, hey, let's get some of those cigars too, the fat ones.

CUT TO:

(Omitted Scene)

EXT. LIQUOR STORE. MORNING.

Close on ELIJAH waiting outside. He is collecting phone numbers of

The Secret Sun 59.

CONTINUED

guys that pass on their way to work and pan handling the women.

Back inside the store-

LAWSON at the counter to pay, peers through the storefront glass to see ELIJAH, he shakes his head in total disbelief, pays the clerk and exits the store.

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDEWALK. LAWSON'S NEIGHBORHOOD. LATER. (MOVING).

LAWSON and ELIJAH walking home.

LAWSON

I just don't know Eli, I mean; I really need to get some sleep before tonight. It's Friday night, you know, busy, busy, busy. Lot's of money tonight, I thought, I might go down by the pier tonight, a change of scene, I think, maybe you should come too, that's like eighty bucks a pop, straight kink. We barely even have to work for it when we do it like that, you know that, we'll do like, the whole two way thing with the tourist, three tricks and call it a night, two hundred and forty bucks, right there, easy money. What do you say, and I can keep an eye out for you?

ELIJAH

Just, let me do this thing first, you'll, hardly even know were there trust me LAWSON.

LAWSON

Bullshit, look, you wanted my opinion, so there it is. I just think, it's a stupid idea; it's the same thing as, having a pimp. What do I look like, some crack whore who needs some guy to protect me by taking all of my money, (MORE)

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CONTINUED

LAWSON (cont'd)

save me from my cash and myself? That's for bitches Eli come on, were better than that shit.

ELIJAH

But that's not what it's about, at all, listen again, only this time hear me, on call, exclusive parties, out calls only. It's a totally better class of people too, my kind of people. Rich guys!

LAWSON

Just tell me again in English, why you need my apartment?

ELIJAH

You know, for a young man, you don't listen too good. Because, you have to have an address to get on with these guys, I told you that three times already. I mean, otherwise they may as well just go right out on to the streets and get any skank assed punk, that's not what they're about, look, they come over, they meet us, sort of, check us out, and then, if they like what they see, and why not, we're a class act, and then, we're in. In like Flynn. You get a pager and everything, and when it goes off, you just call in, get the instructions, and a driver comes and picks you up. Simple as that, it's better than an escort agency, but the best part is, they send a car for you, can you believe that shit? You get a fucking driver! No more working the streets, or those, skank assed clubs, like the 101 room, I mean, that place is really bad vibes.

LAWSON

I just think, it all sounds too good to be true, like there's a catch. And that (MORE)

The Secret Sun 61.

CONTINUED

LAWSON (cont'd)

mean's, there usually is, unlike you, my young friend, I may have been born last night but I've been up, all day.

ELIJAH

Goddamn your cynical, do you have any idea, how cynical you sound right now, who the hell pissed in your corn flakes, because it wasn't me, okay? Okay, what's the catch you say, okay, as I understand it, what ever the guy gives you, for payment, you can only keep like, twenty-five percent, I think that's what he said, the guy at the club, RICHIE, I think is his name. I got the number right here though, the rest, you give to the driver. But still, it's like a guaranteed two or three hundred bucks in your pocket, that's per trick, LAWSON. And the room, everything else, is paid for. It's all, paid for, can you believe it?

LAWSON

And you, don't think there's something, just a little bit wrong with all of that, do you? You don't think that, maybe that sounds just a little, too easy for all of that cash, this all-just, sounds, perfectly normal to you, doesn't it? These guys sound like the mob Eli, regular gangsters. You're crazy if you get mixed with all of this but just leave me out of it if you do. I don't want any part of this.

ELIJAH

They are gangster's LAWSON; I never said they weren't gangsters. They're the new gangster's. Bonafide. Come on, just meet them with me, come on, please, I promise, if you don't like them, then, I won't do it either. But I'm telling you, these guys are the (MORE)

The Secret Sun 62.

CONTINUED

ELIJAH (cont'd)

real deal, I should have called them when I first met them at the club. After last night, man, I need a change, and so do you. We're going to make a lot of money LAWSON a lot of money! Trust somebody for once, will you?

INT. LAWSON'S APARTMENT. AFTERNOON.

Angle on the front door as ELIJAH opens it. LAWSON'S, P.O.V.

ENTER: RICHIE, ANTONIO, and CARLOS. ARC shots of the group. Midtwenties to the early thirties. Mysticism and intrigue cloud the very air with an ever-present hint of danger always in mind.

The sound now; radio, "Little by little-Robert Plant"- "Can't stand losing you-The Police" - "Head over heals-Tears For fears"

ELIJAH

RICHIE so good to see you again man. Hey, sorry I waited so long but I told you I'd call right?

LAWSON nods his hello.

ELIJAH

Oh yeah, this is my friend that I was telling you about, LAWSON. He wants to hear all about what you guy's got going' too, we think it sounds like a good idea.

LAWSON

Well, Eli was me a little bit, not much though- I mean, I don't know much...

ELIJAH

Can I get you guy's something to drink? I got some of that vodka, that you guys were drinking at the club, that Russian stuff. Stoli? Cause I remembered that's what you were drinking and it was good.

(MORE)

The Secret Sun 63.

CONTINUED

ELIJAH (cont'd)

Come on in, make yourselves comfortable have a seat, I figured we could talk in here.

They make their way inside the apartment now. Settling down at the kitchen table.

RICHIE

I'll have a shot of that, It's good shit right?

ELIJAH

Oh yea, the best...

RICHIE

Oh, let me introduce everybody here, this is ANTONIO and that's CARLOS. That's everybody, were like a family.

ELIJAH

Shot's for the family then?

CUT TO:

INT. LAWSON'S APARTMENT. DINNING ROOM. LATER.

Suddenly, the trio seem as harmless as the furniture in the room, the air thick with the smoke of cigarettes and cigars, the bottle of vodka almost empty. The tone and atmosphere here although still mingled with clouds of suspicion and tiny hints of danger, has relaxed considerably.

Later. Mid conversation

ANTONIO

The problem, with most of that shit was, there was no real money in it, but this, is a sure fucking thing. With RICHIES contacts, shit, it's perfect, no need to ask- "where's the beef", (MORE)

The Secret Sun 64.

CONTINUED

ANTONIO (cont'd)

here, that's for sure. I even know this straight kid from D.C. want's to come up and work it for this kind of cash.

RICHIE

But that shit won't fly, the key here is professionalism. I mean, I don't give a bug's dick who people like to kiss, But, if I'm in on this thing, I need the pros, because, that's what my clientele demand. And no straight guy, just looking to get paid, one night, is going be able to do this, the right way. I mean, you can't go from MS. PACMAN, down at SHELLIES arcade, to sucking cock, just because the moneys good, I need pro's, and that means fag's, no offense to you guy's. I mean, I got clients lined up out the ass, and let's face it, I'm certainly not going to sleep with them, but that's where you two come in, I mean, you're already doing it anyway, so, why not get paid what your worth for it, why not, we all get paid for it?

CARLOS

Hell yeah, we'll set everything up for you, everything's safe, nobody fuck's with you, trust me on that, or they'll end up, seriously missing from the planet. And all the hotel's that you'll frequent, we already own the security guards, in fact, most of the time; they will be your eyes and ears for the real trouble out there. You can trust them. They'll be looking out for you, RICHIES got them in pocket. I told you boys, we've got all of the kinks worked out already, and we've been doing this with the ladies for sometime. Shit, over a year and a half in BALTIMORE, and NEW YORK too.

The Secret Sun 65.

CONTINUED

LAWSON

So, what's our take, what's this twenty five percent I heard about?

CARLOS

Twenty-five percent, who told you that? Dream on Nancy boy, twenty percent is what you get. Which is more than great, on average, that's about four hundred and fifty dollars per client that you'll see. Plus, all of the clients are instructed to tip well for services rendered, and they do, these guy's are our regulars anyway. Professionals. You're going to average, about six to seven bills a date. Time's that, by about, two to three dates a night, each. You do the math but I know, it's worth it. Right now, you're turning what, a hundred thirty, one fifty a night, I don't even know the kind of hoops you gotta' jump through to get that- sucking dick in cars an' shit, back alleys.

LAWSON

It seems to me, we're doing all of the work, I'm not trying to be rude or anything, but think about it, how many more of us are there out there, besides just Eli and me? I mean, you guys are making a killing, off of us, on our backs.

RICHIE

I like this guy, first of all, I don't think that was rude at all, I think it was a very good question, and it shows that you pay attention. I hate stupid people, that don't pay attention, your very smart. Okay, first of all, you're really not doing all of the work, you see, our clients like a little recreation with their ideal sex. I try to deliver both, get it, the boy, the girl and the blow. Or what ever else it (MORE)

The Secret Sun 66.

CONTINUED

RICHIE (cont'd)

is, that floats their boat. You name it, I sell it. You deliver it, and deliver yourself. Total- -Package, one pre-set, brokered price, and I've been doing this very successfully with the ladies, for over a year and a half now. And, not one arrest, and then it hit me; half of my clients are well to do gay men with lots of disposable income. They love to party; maybe, they don't want to party alone no more. Now, I'll admit, that this part is a little new to me, and you'll be the first. But, I've been talking to some of my best, gay customers, and they seem, all up for the idea, no pun intended.

CARLOS

-And we are not pimps, that just, sounds so bad. We're drug dealers, with shit on the side. That sounds so much better to me, I mean, pimps beat up on people, intimidate people, hurt people, we don't beat up on ladies, or fags, if that's what you were worried about.

ANTONIO

Just don't fuck with the product. Once you deliver it into his hands, and he gives you the money, then, you can get as freaky and high as you want to, It's paid for, the moment it leaves your hands, into his hands. And at the end of the run, minus the tip, turn everything over to the driver. RICHIE finds, and unless you don't want it like this, that a giant check every three or four days, seems to help you guys out more than just, daily money at the end of the shift. That's the way most of the girls do it, they get like, two or three grand every three or four and RICHIE won't fuck you on money, he won't fuck you, even when one of the girls had a problem once, she thought, (MORE)

The Secret Sun 67.

CONTINUED

ANTONIO (cont'd)

she was due more than she was, I've personally seen RICHIE, come out of his own pocket, and give that to her. And then later, when she figured it out, did he ask for those nine hundred dollars back? No! Because that's the kind of guy he is and I've seen this man staright up shoot a motherfucker in the face for less, but he won't fuck you on your money.

RICHIE

These guy's, range from, some of my hornier bankers, to doctors and lawyers. I even have an ambassador from New York City. You name it, they all buy from me. We have a Spanish consulate, a Mexican General who has a taste for the cocaine, and an even bigger taste for the young boy's. You name it, you'd meet them, these guys come into Baltimore, out of NEW YORK, and DC, and party here, with me, because it's all about privacy, and that's what we want to continue with this new service.

LAWSON

And just what is it that we do?

RICHIE

Do what you do best, and count your money. You're taking candy from a baby, a sleeping baby. depending on what they want. You're date ends, when the client wants it to end, the longer the date, and the better. The more shit he buys to party with, the better.

ELIJAH

Did I not tell you LAWSON, this is a fuckin' sweet deal Man?

LAWSON

And when, would all of this come (MORE)

The Secret Sun 68.

CONTINUED

LAWSON (cont'd)

together?

RICHIE

My shit's in place, for the most part, a couple of phone calls to my big spenders, let them know, I got a couple of boy toy's now too. Maybe as early as midnight, but remember, you're it, I only have you two, so, you might be a little busy for a while, that is, if you're in?

LAWSON

Why so few, I mean, there's tons of other boy's out there?

RICHIE

No offense, but I really just don't know that many faggots, I meant, gay guys. Plus, I'm really not in the habit to advertise for such services and job openings. I just saw your man Eli dancing at the club the other night, and I thought, he'd be perfect, something about his attitude, the way he had all of these guy's, and girls, just eating out of his hands. Kid must have turned, four tricks in two and a half hours at that club the other night, I was impressed, and he never broke a sweat or even had a hair out of place. I just kept watching him, and then, I gave him my number and told him to give me a call. And I said to CARLOS that kid is a gold mine, that's who we need right there. You know, most of these fag's out here, that I've seen so far, are homeless skanks. But now you and your boy Eli here, apples and oranges. I think I can work with that, youth, there's something about youth and older men. They seem to love it, eat the shit up, I wish I could bottle it like Pepsi; I'd be rich as fuck. But now that maybe, you're interested, (MORE)

The Secret Sun 69.

CONTINUED

RICHIE (cont'd)

maybe I don't need to bottle it. Maybe you two can be my eyes and ears for some more fresh blood too. New talent, no fucking speed freaks, nothing worst than a gay speed freak. First rule of busy- ness, do you have a product that the people want, or need? Oh I think so, I think so. Next rule, is there a market? I know so, I know so. Next rule, can you meet the demands of that market? I don't know, I don't know. Do I have you boy's onboard, or not? That determines if I can meet the demands of my market. This is Busy-ness.

ELIJAH

I want in-

RICHIE

Good, let's make this happen, but the one who impresses me most now, still needs to think about it huh? That's cool, you think about it somemore and get back to me. Antonio, give me your pager.

ANTONIO hands RICHIE the pager off his belt.

RICHIE gives it to ELIJAH.

LAWSON

What if things just don't work out? What then, let me guess, you guy's hunt us down and give us cement boots, sell us into white slavery, what? You know where I live.

RICHIE

I like that, I like him. Just find me a replacement, as good or better than you, that's all and walk away. And I mean, walk the fuck away. I don't even (MORE)

The Secret Sun 70.

CONTINUED

RICHIE (cont'd)

want to hear rumors about you. That's all.

A pause, and then;

LAWSON

Okay, I'm in. I'll try it.

RICHIE

All right, you had me worried for a second there, because after meeting you today, I really don't think I could launch this now, without you. You're smart, and you have street smarts I can tell. And I want you to take charge, of the guy's, as they come onboard. CARLOS pager!

CARLOS hands RICHIE his pager,

RICHIE gives it to LAWSON.

RICHIE Cont.

Gentleman, welcome to the wonderful world of better living through sex and drugs. Fuck Rock and Roll.

He counts out a wad of bills now, hundreds and fifties, lays them across the table. Swigs from the vodka bottle, almost draining it. Stands, his group rises now too.

RICHIE Cont.

A little sign on, to seal the deal, buy yourselves something pretty. Remember, there are no poor people in this organization, dress the part. We gotta' get going, lot of phone calls need to take place before tonight, to make all of this happen, answer those pagers. CARLOS, you got that, and call STAVROS too. I'll page you guy's, with more info. There is a lot of money to be made, and we are going to make it all, (MORE)

The Secret Sun 71.

CONTINUED

RICHIE Cont. (cont'd)

so, make me rich!

They say their good-byes-

And with that, RICHIE, ANTONIO and CARLOS towards and out the front door.

Sound FX: The sound of pagers at once.

INT. LAWSON'S APARTMENT. BATHROOM. NIGHT.

On LAWSON and ELIJAH in the mirror at once, dressing and primping. Suits and ties, they sparkle like new diamond rings.

The sound now: Turns into, car radio- music- "In the name of love-U2". Throughout the following series of shots.

EXT. BALTIMORE CITY SKY LINE. NIGHT.

Segue into-

EXT. TOWNCARS (WHITE) and (BLACK). NIGHT. RAIN. MOVING.

INT. TOWNCAR (BLACK). BACK SEAT. NIGHT. RAIN. MOVING.

The downtown streets of of Baltimore.

Angle on ELIJAH being chauffeured through Baltimore in the back seat.

INT. TOWNCAR (WHITE). BACK SEAT. NIGHT. MOVING.

Close on LAWSON being chauffeured through the River front district. Around him nothing but harbor and huge steel and glass towers which loom high above into the night sky.

EXT. WESTIN PLAZA HOTEL. NIGHT. MOVING.

Angle on the TOWNCAR as it pulls into the hotel. Once stopped, a bellhop opens LAWSON'S door, and he emerges from the big car, at first, looking up to see the beauty of the tall structure and then in a moment he will disappear into the busy lobby.

CUT TO:

The Secret Sun 72.

CONTINUED

EXT. GLASS ELEVATOR. WESTIN PLAZA HOTEL. NIGHT. MOVING.

INT. ELEVATOR. WESTIN PLAZA HOTEL. NIGHT. MOVING.

On LAWSON in the glass elevator looking down the action below.

INT. ELEVATOR. WESTON PLAZA HOTEL. NIGHT.

On LAWSON as he steps free of the elevator walking down the long corridor to find suite 6708.

The music fades at the first knock on the room door.

EXT. SUITE 6708. WESTON PLAZA HOTEL. NIGHT.

And the door opens to reveal; STAVROS an elegant cavalier of about fifty, tall, well tanned, he speaks with an accent.

STAVROS

Hello, I'm STAVROS. And you, you must be LAWSON? Mr. Vandange did not do you justice over the telephone. You are quite handsome indeed. Please, won't you come, in please?

INT. STAVRO'S HOTEL SUITE. #6708. NIGHT.

LAWSON enters the suite, apprehensive at first; STAVROS closes and locks the door behind him.

STAVROS Cont.

Do you have something for me?

LAWSON

Oh, yes. Yes, I do.

LAWSON hands over the neatly wrapped red velvet package, tied off with ribbon.

Close on STAVROS he opens it at once pouring its contents out onto the coffee table. About two eight balls of coke, pills and a glass pipe. He smiles his approval.

The Secret Sun 73.

CONTINUED

STAVROS

Please, my handsome guest, have a seat, make yourself comfortable. Let me take your jacket, and get you a drink. Me, I'm having brandy myself, what would you like?

LAWSON

I'll have the same, please. Thank you.

STAVROS

Excellent.

STAVROS takes LAWSON'S coat and pours him a brandy, taking a seat on the sofa.

STAVROS Cont.

Please have a seat, we are early yet and dinner is still, one and a half hours away. I made us reservations at the continental room I hope you don't mind.

The sound now; Music: Original.

LAWSON takes a seat on the plush sofa as STAVROS moves closer to him.

STAVROS soon begins to cut the coke, which is bricked, with a razor blade, making large lines across the table, he snorts one instantly, a pause and then; he motions for LAWSON to snort one as well, and he does. STAVROS moves closer now, reaching out for his hand, LAWSON nervously complies extending it outward. He kisses it and then dumps enough cocaine on it to drop an elephant, snorting it all off quickly.

The sound now: Club music, at club volume; "Crazy for you- Madonna" - "Relax- Frankie goes to Hollywood" - "You're the first, my last, my everything- Barry White"

(OMITTED SCENES)

INT. CONTINENTAL NIGHT CLUB. DANCE FLOOR.

A hot bed of motion and excitement.

The Secret Sun 74.

CONTINUED

FLASH CUT TO:

INT. CONTINENTAL ROOM. NIGHT.

Angle on LAWSON and STAVROS at the VIP table high as kites on Sunday morning in the park. They sway back and forth with the music and the drugs, LAWSON sitting on his lap. Below them from their location the dance floor in all of its splendor and glory.

FLASH CUT TO:

EXT. BALTIMORE BOAT HARBOR. A 135 FT. YACHT. NIGHT.

INT. YACHT CABIN. NIGHT.

ELIJAH and an OLDER GENTLEMAN having sex below, just shapes and shadows with the moonlight. Glasses of wine and drugs left out in the open on the table, everything swaying with the harbor tide.

FLASH CUT TO:

Back at the Continental room.

Angle close on the dance floor, as the camera discovers LAWSON and STAVROS dancing.

Music now: "Burning down the house- Talking heads".

LAWSON'S dance, a choreographed- blocked event -which prominently features LAWSON taking over the dance floor, STAVROS lost in the excitement watches riveted.

CUT TO:

EXT. STAVROS' HOTEL SUITE. #6708. AT THE DOOR.

LAWSON and STAVROS struggle at the door to enter the suite they can't seem to get the open fast enough each pawing at the other.

The Secret Sun 75.

CONTINUED

INT. TOWNCAR (BLACK). NIGHT. MOVING.

Close on ELIJAH in the back seat being chauffeured home.

The music on the radio: "I feel for you- Chaka Khan".

INT. STAVROS HOTEL SUITE. #6708. DAWN.

On LAWSON as he dresses in the vanity mirror-behind him, STAVROS kisses him on his neck and nibbles at his ear lobes.

CUT TO:

INT. TOWNCAR (WHITE). MOVING. MORNING.

Close on LAWSON, his long ride home a smile on his face.

INT. LAWSON'S APARTMENT. HALLWAY. MORNING.

LAWSON turns the key making his way inside, ELIJAH awake, sits on the sofa in underwear the place dark, the curtains drawn tight.

ELIJAH

And how was your night, sunshine?

LAWSON

Fantastic, I just realized something...

ELIJAH

Me too, but you first.

LAWSON

I've been doing this all wrong for way too long and I made a four hundred dollar tip. And he was so nice to me.

ELIJAH

I did heroin for the first time in my life tonight, we fixed it with cocaine. And did it.

A pause.

LAWSON flops down beside ELIJAH.

The Secret Sun 76.

CONTINUED

LAWSON

And how was that?

ELIJAH

See for yourself.

Music: "Hurt" Nine Inch Nails".

Angle close now, on the coffee table. On it about a quarter of a gram of china white and some loose crack rocks.

Close on LAWSON'S face, the room dark- curtains drawn tight.

Later.

LAWSON and ELIJAH on the sofa, ELIJAH inserts the needle into LAWSON'S arm and instantly he turns off.

Close on the needle as it breaks the skin and then a series of:

Quick Cuts: ECU; a pupil instantly dilating, smoke drifting up into the air, the veiw loosens now to reveal LAWSON and ELIJAH smoking Crack.

FADE OUT.

(OMITTED SCENE)

FADE IN:

INT. LAWSON'S APARTMENT. LIVING ROOM. LATER. DUSK.

Same as before, but now the sun fades quickly as seen through the curtains in the b.g.

ELIJAH

Let's go out, we've been sitting on this sofa for the last nine hours. We're rich, the night is upon us again. We're young, we should go out don't you (MORE)

The Secret Sun 77.

CONTINUED

ELIJAH (cont'd)

think?

LAWSON

What the hell, but bring the drugs for Godsake. Damn I feel good! It's better than sex.

CUT TO:

EXT. TAXI @ BAR NO. 3. NIGHT.

Angle on the taxi as it pulls up to the bar. Close on LAWSON and ELIJAH as they spill out of the taxi on cloud nine from Jupiter.

The LSD lens and all of its splendid colors and patterns.

FX: The LSD lens, LAWSON'S, P.O.V.

Angle on LAWSON as he looks up at the night sky, the clouds racing across the night skyline at break neck speeds, their colors purple-red- orange and hazy. Beams of of yellow light streak and shoot from the sky towards and at him, he ducts behind the taxi a few times before slaping and pinching himself in an attempt to sober and make things return to normal, or atleast stop chasing him, looking up again, the clouds begin to slow to somewhat normal speeds, shapes and colors. He looks around now to see if anyone else could see this, and then at ELIJAH, who is talking (moving his lips) but LAWSON can't hear a word. Just silence. He shakes it off, figureing it best to just continue into bar and try not make it too obvious.

LAWSON

Listen to me, when we get inside I think you should make a gesture to MIKE. You know something nice, you peed in his trashcan and I'm way to fucked up to get kicked out of anyplace tonight.

ELIJAH

Fuck MIKE, he hates me.

The Secret Sun 78.

CONTINUED

LAWSON

He doesn't hate you; you pissed in his trash can, just do it for me then.

INT. BAR NO. 3. NIGHT.

LAWSON and ELIJAH enter making their way to the bar at once.

At the bar;

MIKE

Mutt and fuckin' Jeff, how's tricks? (To LAWSON)
Missed you last night.

LAWSON

Long story, remind me to tell you about it when I'm not so fucked up.

MIKE

When's that suppose to be? (To ELIJAH) Hey kid...

LAWSON kicks him in the shin.

LAWSON

Say hello Eli.

MIKE

Has boyfriend got you potty trained tonight?

ELIJAH

Yeah sorry about that trashcan thing I was a little fucked up that night, it won't happen again.

MIKE

You're a good kid, now, what can I get you? The usual LAWSON?

ELIJAH

Not tonight and I'm buying, so, how about a top shelf round, the good (MORE)

The Secret Sun 79.

CONTINUED

ELIJAH (cont'd)

stuff, the stuff you actually have to work at to get down, and don't forget to pour yourself one too, thanks much.

MIKE

Yeah right, I like mine neat, neat and clean but with a sinfully dirty price kid.

ELIJAH

Well let's do that for everyone in the house then, the sinful stuff on the sinfully dirty shelf please. That one, way up there, we're celebrating a sudden turn of luck in an otherwise rotten life. Com'on you heard me, start trottin' these folks are thristy.

ELIJAH breaks out a Onehundred-dollar bill. Handing it to MIKE who instantly holds it up to the light checking its legal tender.

ELIJAH Cont.

You like that, looks pretty good right? Which one is that, oh, careful with that one, I just made it, might still be a little wet around the edges. If you'd like, I can make you some too, for a small fee of course, it's all in the paper that you use, right paper and you'd barely even know its a worthless fake.

LAWSON kicks him again.

LAWSON

Quit fucking with him ELI, it's real MIKE, we got a job. Imagine that.

MIKE shoots them a look, satisfied with its authenticity before going around the bar and collecting drink orders.

MIKE

Alright you cocks and cunts, top shelf, place your orders while the going's good, It's on the gentleman at the end (MORE)

The Secret Sun 80.

CONTINUED

MIKE (cont'd)

of the bar here, name's Eli. Eli! That'll be fifty-six fifty out of a Ben Franklin, what do you know, looks like I would owe you some change if you didn't already have a twenty dollar tab and I just know you mean for me to have a tip, now don't you?

MIKE pockets the bill. Leaving ELIJAH to look stupid.

CUT TO:

LAWSON

Told you about flaunting your money didn't I?

INT. BAR NO. 3. LATER. NIGHT.

The place resemble a private party atmosphere with LAWSON and ELIJAH buying the night's drinks for everyone in the place.

Music: Jukebox. "Take on me- Aha"- "I'm coming out- Diana Ross" - "Sledge hammer- Peter Gabriel" - "The tide is high-Debra Harry"

Much later.

Angle on LAWSON and a YOUNGMAN as they slip away quietly from the table and head for the restrooms.

ELIJAH in the middle of one of his long-winded stories continues without notice, his audience captive.

INT. BAR NO.3. RESTROOM. STALL. NIGHT.

LAWSON and the YOUNGMAN locked in the tiny stall doing drugs, laughing quietly.

CUT TO:

Later.

INT. BAR NO.3. LAWSON AND ELIJAH'S TABLE. NIGHT.

Close on ELIJAH his audience on the edge of their seats focused on

The Secret Sun 81.

CONTINUED

his every word.

FLASH CUT:

Back to the rest room stall.

Close on LAWSON as he lights a glass pipe, the YOUNGMAN, down on his knees performing oral sex in the tiny restroom stall, LAWSON close to climax -screams out in pleasure Cumming. The YOUNGMAN gags and projectile vomits onto the toilet and all over the floor and stall walls.

FLASH CUT:

Back at the table.

Angle on the faces at the table, gathered around ELIJAH'S every word. He reaches the punch line of the sick joke, and they are indeed, disturbed for a brief moment.

FLASH CUT:

The restroom stall.

Angle on LAWSON as he exits the stall, high as a lawn dart, laughing his ass off, in the b.g. The YOUNGMAN pukes his guts out. LAWSON zips up, stopping at the mirror to check himself, noticing now, that his nose is bleeding.

Music: Jukebox. Filtered in the b.g. "Save the last dance - the drifters".

Closer on LAWSON in the mirror a panic attack coming. The sounds now all at once, staccato: Sound FX. (LAWSON'S P.O.V) Bits and pieces of bar chatter- the music- the YOUNGMAN puking in the stall- toilets flushing- and people whispering over the sight of him.

Close on LAWSON, blood running down his chin to his chest, a ghastly vision indeed. In the b.g. People entering and exiting around him stare whispering, horrified.

Dissolve.

The sound now; Sound FX: A pager.

FADE INTO:

The Secret Sun 82.

CONTINUED

The Baltimore city skyline at night.

INT. TOWNCAR. NIGHT. MOVING.

LAWSON being chauffeured, clean now, suit and tie. He looks tired.

INT. LAWSON'S APARTMENT. NIGHT.

Sound FX: A pager.

Close on ELIJAH, asleep on the sofa until the pager startles him awake at once, he jumps up from the sofa, tripping over a pair of shoes in the floor, falling face first into a sheet rock wall. A drunken state of complete sloth (Time to make the donuts).

INT. HOTEL ELEVATOR. NIGHT.

LAWSON going up. He snorts a large line of white powder from a coke spoon, fishing around in his pockets for the slip of paper with a room number, during this he drops the drug bag on the elevator floor, a security guard also present on the elevator, points it out to him, just as the doors open to waiting guest, he scoops it up quickly -finds the piece of paper -barks at the OLDER WOMAN'S dog who waits patiently to board the elevator, she shoots him a look on his exit as she and her dog enter quickly, he continues his dog barking as he walks down the long corridor looking for room number 4507. Passers by -stare and gawk in horror.

INT. HALL. HOTEL SUITE #4507. NIGHT.

He knocks and it opens to reveal-

Two very butch WOMEN one forties and WHITE the other thirties and BLACK.

He takes this in for a second, scanning the room in every direction. His focus stops on the coffee table in the middle of the suite, on it and in plain view an assortment of sex toys and dildo's. Some are strange and unknown others look home made and painful, most are too large and dangerous looking for words to discribe.

There is a pause of uncertainty.

LAWSON slowly enters the room and the door slams shut behind him.

The Secret Sun 83.

CONTINUED

Angle on his reaction. He quickly hands the package over turning to exit-

BLONDE (GERMAN ACCENT)
I think, you get undressed now. Go, get undressed, skinny boy. Go, under ze' light. Is okay, go, now.

(SCENE OMITTED)

Close on his reaction, and then, like an apprehensive puppy; he slowly begins to strip nude and waits on the next command. The WOMEN, ignore this, as they inspect the drug package and then, his package. Mumbling a "So-so" to each other followed by laughter.

CUT TO:

Later.

LAWSON flat on his back handcuffed to the bed naked, as the view loosens we are in witness to a marathon drug induced three way -with LAWSON merely serving as a human dildo, they bark orders at him stuffing themselves full of cocaine. Terrified, he complies as best as he can, his nose and face covered in cocaine.

Mean while...

INT. RITZ HOTEL. SUITE. NIGHT.

Angle on ELIJAH as he dances atop a nightstand in his underwear for a wheelchair bound GENTLEMAN, he wears cowboy boots, jock strap and a cowboy hat. The GENTLEMAN claps his hands to the music's beat a huge smile on his face.

Music: From a boom box on the dresser- "Big country- Big country".

INT. TOWNCAR (BLACK). MORNING. MOVING.

Angle close on LAWSON, things seem to move a bit slower for him this morning. He freely snorts coke off of the back of his hand, his eye's blood shot, hair disheveled he looks rode hard and put away wet.

The Secret Sun 84.

CONTINUED

EXT. LAWSON'S APARTMENT BUILDING. MORNING.

The TOWNCAR pulls away from the curb. LAWSON disappears into the dark hallway careening into the walls along the way to his door. He fumbles with the keys and finally makes his way inside.

INT. LAWSON'S APARTMENT. LIVING ROOM. MORNING.

ELIJAH still dressed sits on the sofa smoking from a crack pipe in the darkened room. LAWSON nothing to be said locks the door plops down beside him and joins him at the pipe. With the curtains drawn tightly they sit and smoke nothing to be said.

C.U. LAWSON'S eye's as his pupils constrict and then fully dilate leaving behind a blank expressionless gaze.

Music now: Through what follows. "Angel- Sara Mc Lachlan" in its entirety.

FADE OUT.

Words on screen: A caption; 1985 SUMMER

FADE IN:

MONTAGE: With the music which continues.

EXT. TOWNCAR'S. MOVING. NIGHTS AND MORNINGS.

INT. TOWNCAR'S. MOVING. NIGHTS AND MORNINGS.

LAWSON and ELIJAH in the back of the Town car's being chauffeured from hotels and nightclubs in and around the Baltimore, D.C. area.

THE MONTAGE REPRESENTS SIX MONTHS OR MORE

Through this we hear the voice of LAWSON;

LAWSON V.O.

Sometimes the only thing that's really unbearable is that nothing is really so fucking unbearable-

FADE IN:

The Secret Sun 85.

CONTINUED

EXT. A HOTEL HALLWAY. OPEN ATRIUM . NIGHT.

Angle on LAWSON as he enters a room at this cheap open air hotel.

LAWSON V.O. Cont.

-And on this side of the bridge you understand nothing. But as you step lightly across it to madness you are upheld by timelessness-

Later.

LAWSON exits the room now, his clothes half off, hang from his body.

EXT. HOTEL CORRIDOR. OPEN ATRIUM. NIGHT.

Close on LAWSON stopping now, leaning against the side of the building, he snorts a line of cocaine but suddenly- his nose becomes a torrent of red confusion. He falls against the building for support now, using it to steady himself, sobbing desolately and without control as strangers pass and gawk, but he can't be concerned with that just now, lit now, only by the secondary light of the street lamp, his back against the wall, one knee drawn up, his face a bloody mask of despair and fear.

His voice- continues with almost child like appeal.

LAWSON V.O. Cont.

-There you are directed straight into the belly of the demon. Here you are complete forever; there is no road to travel and no time to travel through. All you have to do is let go. Let go, I know I should just let go.

INT. TOWNCAR (WHITE). NIGHT. MOVING.

Music- radio; "I don't care anymore- Phil Collins".

LAWSON in the back seat lying down, his eye's swollen with tears. He is being chauffeured home now, the DRIVER, glances in his rear view mirror occasionally, concerned. He tries to make small talk but it's wasted right now.

The Secret Sun 86.

CONTINUED

-FLASHBACK--

INT. LIMO CABIN. A WINTRY DAY. MOVING.

Angle close on LAWSON and his little brother RANDY in the back of a limo in route to their MOTHER'S funeral. RANDY sobs but LAWSON sits across from him stone-faced, watching him. He leans in after a while and ties his tie for him. Ahead of them, as they turn onto the cemetery grounds he looks out now to see the hearse in front of them. He watches it closely. Suddenly his nose begins a slight trickle of blood; it lands on his shirtsleeve as if animated. Close on the blood, as it drops down onto the shirtsleeve making a tiny splash in slow motion.

-BACK TO PRESENT---

INT. TOWNCAR (WHITE). LATER. NIGHT. MOVING.

Close on LAWSON, his nose a river of blood as the driver pulls over worried now and trying to help, but LAWSON springs from the car as it slows and runs off down the street until out of sight.

Later.

LAWSON streaming with sweat bumping into unwary passers by as he swigs from a bottle of Wild Turkey walking the streets. His suit bloodstained as if a terrible fight had taken place, walking aimlessly through the old streets, sporadically stopping to give hustlers cash and or a swig of Wild Turkey, occasionally stopping on a corner and shooting the shit with strangers.

Dissolve.

INT. HOTEL ROOM. NIGHT.

Angle on ELIJAH dancing atop a nightstand for the GENTLEMAN in the wheel chair again. This time he wears a skimpy costume as if it were Halloween. The OLDMAN claps along to the beat of the music on the boom box euphoric and the show.

FADE TO:

EXT. TRENDY SIDE WALK CAFE. AFTERNOON.

The Secret Sun 87.

CONTINUED

LAWSON and ELIJAH having lunch. Somehow today they look radiant. Clean, shaved and well dressed, they very much match the trendiness of this establishment.

ELIJAH

I don't even have to say it because I already know what your thinking about it.

LAWSON

(To Waiter)

Can I have another bloody Mary please?
(To ELIJAH)

My nosebleeds have been getting worse. Everyday, worse and worse. There's something I need to tell you. It's hard though, you know, I think everything's happening all over again-

ELIJAH

I know what it is, we need a breakwhat do you think I've been talking about over here for the last twenty minutes, the weather? We need a break.

LAWSON

Yeah, from snorting up all of Baltimore we need a fucking break. I think my weekly drug bill alone could heat this place for a year, but that's not what-

ELIJAH

I'm just saying at least if we found some more people we could take a little break. Maybe a whole week or two come back to work and work a little less a little lighter a little smarter as you would say.

LAWSON

RICHIES never going to let that happen, there's too much money coming in now. "Busy- ness" is too fucking good! You really should look at some of the numbers sometimes-

The Secret Sun 88.

CONTINUED

ELIJAH

Well, I'm the one who keeps getting stuck with all of the weird geriatric one's. The fucking burn out's with the limp Dick's and the sickest fucking sexual fantasies ever concocted or conceived out of the depths and recesses of the human mind, my God-

LAWSON

-Oh you have got to be shitting me?! Weird one's, weird? I've been spanked on my bare ass with a double headed dildo, bottle fed warm milk while wearing a diaper and being clutched in the arms of a heavily armed psychotic Spanish dictator, handcuffed to a bedass up for three hours by a Japanese tourist, duct taped to a hot radiator wearing a hooded leather slave mask -of which, cut ninety percent of my air off and, saving the best for last, raped by two Dykes, twice! They took complete advantage of me for six and a half hours, almost broke my dick off twice and on top of that, they wouldn't even let me speak! That's right, it was forbidden, not allowed. They used sex toys on me too. Sex toys my ass, torture devices! I'm not even sure if they were cleaned first. Still don't know what the fuck that other thing was that they used on me, some, big shiny thing. It certainly couldn't be called a sex toy, more like a small shinny cylindrical mini- bike; the bitch kick started it for the love of God. She kick started it and then she shoved it full throttle up my very sore poop shoot over and over again and then, she shoved it into her friend and then into herself and then back into me, over and over and over again this went on.

ELIJAH shoots him a look stunned.

The Secret Sun 89.

CONTINUED

ELIJAH

Jesus, that's just nasty. That's going to scar you for life you know, so, what else did they make you do? Start from the beginning.

LAWSON shoots him a look.

ELIJAH Cont.

You know what I mean, this is another example of exactly why we need to find at least two or three more people, like yesterday.

The WAITER returns with drinks, leaning in to set them down now, ELIJAH slides his chair back from the table and takes a peeks at the YOUNGMANS ass, sizing him up, when he leans in to pour more water, ELIJAH lifts his apron high into the air getting a good look at the YOUNGMANS package and pointing it out for LAWSON, who remains speechless.

The WAITER and LAWSON shocked, shoot him a look. The WAITER not sure what to do next, exits the table quickly, dumbfounded and embarrassed, disappearing back into the kitchen.

LAWSON

I can't believe you just did that. Either way, I can't even think straight right now. Let's plan on sometime next week we'll go out and find a couple of people okay but not like this. Poor bastards probably back there quitting even as we speak.

LAWSON looks around to survey the faces "yes" they saw that too.

LAWSON Cont.

Can't you tell a straight man when you see one Eli? Now all I'm going to say is, when he comes back out here you had (MORE)

The Secret Sun 90.

CONTINUED

LAWSON Cont. (cont'd) better hope he doesn't throw your ass out of the place and if he doesn't, you should apologize for starring at his box. And as for the other thing, there's that doctor's convention at the Harbor house, RICHIE says expect a lot of business from that he's got us back to back to back appointments the whole fucking weekend. So let's just hold off. And then, we'll go out clubbing and looking. We'll get through this weekend just fine; we've gotten through all these months haven't we? So smile, It's the next best thing you can do with your lips or so I hear and leave the straight help alone, ten thousand restaurants in the greater Baltimore area and you pick the one with the only straight waiter in the entire city and then, you practically grope him at the table.

LAWSON stands to exit throwing down a fifty-dollar bill, scanning the restaurant for the waiter, no sign of him, he downs the last of his drink in one gulp.

LAWSON Cont.

I'm going now before you get us kicked out, I'm going back to the house to get some sleep, what ever you do, don't wake me up when you come in, I feel like shit I just need to sleep. Okay, not even for a fire just let me burn up or die from the smoke.

LAWSON kisses ELIJAH high on the top of his head before leaving. Angle on the reactions in the restaurant. LAWSON exits, ELIJAH gloats.

CUT TO:

INT. LAWSON'S APARTMENT. BEDROOM. NIGHT.

LAWSON asleep in bed.

Sound FX: The sound now, Young voices in several conversations,

The Secret Sun 91.

CONTINUED

laughter and music.

Radio Music: "Off the wall- Michael Jackson"-"Express yourself-Maddona".

As LAWSON flicks open a battered eye. The room dark, shades drawn tight. Is this a dream?

Living room.

ELIJAH and about eight YOUNGMEN in the living room, most of them nude or in their underwear.

Bedroom.

LAWSON peering out of the bedroom into the living room to see- a room full of naked boys and ELIJAH in the middle of them trying to set up a brand new -just out of the box video camera.

Angle on ELIJAH as he looks up now to see LAWSON pissed off and leering at him.

ELIJAH

LAWSON, your up! Bout time too, hope we didn't wake you too early.

LAWSON

What the hell is this?

ELIJAH

Interviews. I could really use a hand here too, let me introduce you to everyone-

LAWSON

In a second, um, can I see you in the bedroom for just a minute young Eli? Why don't you go ahead and put the camera down this'll only take a minute or two.

ELIJAH

(To the Boys) Excuse me for a second.

The Secret Sun 92.

CONTINUED

ELIJAH exits the living room and enters the bedroom now; LAWSON closes the door behind them.

INT. LAWSON'S APARTMENT. BEDROOM. NIGHT.

ELIJAH

You know some of these guys are really talented I mean, there are some good prospects out there.
(Indicates twelve inch penis size)
You should see some of these boy's.

LAWSON

Have you lost your mind, get these fucking children out of my apartment and for god sake- make em' put their clothes back on!

ELIJAH

Okay, first of all they're not all children not all of them. Second of all have you forgotten how much we really need this? Do you realize that for each one of these so-called children, as you choose to call them not my words your words, we get time off? Time to breathe again and go out and shop, spend some of this money that we seem to have so much of these days. Time to live once again, isn't that the whole purpose of working so hard day in and day out? Plus, there's a two hundred dollar bonus for each one that we pick and that goes into our pockets, RICHIE said that. Don't you see this is the only way, come on just meet them It's not so bad really it's not. And some of them actually have great potential. The rest can go. We'll give them twenty bucks and send them on their way, simple as that, even swap no swindle. Come on out here and see for yourself.

(Pause)

The Secret Sun 93.

CONTINUED

ELIJAH Cont.

Trust me it's all good, no more worries JEDI knight the force is strong with us. I went to the movies today.

LAWSON

You're insane, why didn't I see that before now? Insane. I'm going back to bed this is not how to do this, we were going to go out to the clubs and scope it out on a weekend, remember, this afternoon? Well, we just talked about it, so, this is on you now. Good night ELI, hide your wallet and jewelry; I'm locking my room door, bye- bye.

ELIJAH

The problem with that is, RICHIE thinks these are your recruits. Yeah, see, he called earlier and, he must have thought I was you over the phone. He's coming by in about an hour to take a look at what you have for him.

LAWSON

Are you crazy or just suicidal ELIJAH? You can't do this, you can't invite a busload of runaway twinkie meat up here to my apartment and then invite RICHIE to come over and meet them. He can't be here in this apartment with these kids ELI, he's not going to see your sense of humor, now either they, or I, have to be gone before he gets here, because he's going to murder someone if you introduce him to all of these children today. And since I'm sure you're going to, it may as well just be you and them that get killed, so I'll leave. You don't know anything about these people; they could be police recruits on their way to the fucking academy for all you know! Do you think that what you dowhat we do is legal in the great state of Maryland do you? Jesus, I gotta' get out of here I can't even breathe.

The Secret Sun 94.

CONTINUED

LAWSON cracks the bed room door peering out, his P.O.V, of the young faces and half naked bodies, he closes the door back.

LAWSON Cont.

Jesus, what did you do, stake out the fucking Greyhound bus station? Did you make a sign too, did it read all runaways form a single file line in front of LAWSON'S house!

Angle on LAWSON as he cracks the door open again, peering out, he closes it back, quickly.

LAWSON Cont.

Jesus, there must be at least fourmajor, class a -felony's for RICHIE out
there and three of them are naked, not
to mention the drugs in this place. You
didn't give them drugs did you, tell me
you didn't? Did you give them drugs to
loosen them up, just a little bit, to
make them strip nude like that, ELIJAH?
Tell me you didn't give them drugs?

ELIJAH

No! of course not. Don't be stupid. I just smoked a little pot with them. Some of them. Snorted a line or two, a little coke, it was very little I'm almost out, and only with the cute one. One. Cute one's. What, what was the question again, I mean in what context do you mean give them drugs? I just don't understand the question and I don't like the tone of your voice. That short kid, he brought his own stuff and I don't know anything about that okay. It's like a spanish inquisition around here. Is vodka considered a drug-drug?

LAWSON Shoots him a look.

LAWSON

Jesus Christ! You're nuts, insane.

The Secret Sun 95.

CONTINUED

ELIJAH

Oh, I'm nuts. You see felony's and I see a day off think about that the next time you're ass is hand cuffed to a hot radiator being butt fucked by lesbians with a shiny cylindrical mini-bike, okay!

LAWSON

This is so not good ELIJAH, they can't be here like this when RICHIE gets here. And there's too many of them, at the most we could only get one or two out of a street crowd like this, at the most.

ELIJAH

Relax, that's why I brought the video camera. They'll be long gone before he shows up. One or two huh? Well, then, all the more reason for you to come out here and help me. We need to choose them before RICHIE comes over don't you think? Since, they are here now. Just think a day off. Think of how we could start delegating the really weird runs onto the new guys. That's sheer power man. You can't beat it. Think about it.

Close on ELIJAH, as he cracks the door open and points towards a young man before closing it back. He's a tall, youngman, maybe nineteen- twenty years old with model good looks.

ELIJAH Cont.

That kid with the mole is all cute, but he's got fucked up balls. That's just my opinion though, maybe you should look for yourself, tell me what you think of him.

LAWSON shoots him a look.

LAWSON

You're examining their balls too?
(Dumbfounded)
Okay, I'll play along, this is nuts,
(MORE)

The Secret Sun 96.

CONTINUED

LAWSON (cont'd)

what's wrong with his balls Eli, what could possibly be wrong with that guy's balls? Let's have it.

ELIJAH

Well, he doesn't have any and I think that's gross, he should go right? Definitely he should go. It's just, tight skin down there, damn weird to look at and touch.

LAWSON gapes at ELIJAH perplexed with it all.

ELIJAH Cont.

I mean, you ever make it with a guy with no balls or no nipples or no pee hole? It's just gross right, It's fucked up right? Takes your mind totally off of sex, nobody wants to see that. Hey, or maybe they would, maybe we should pick him just for the novelty of it, imagine that?

A beat, on LAWSON, and then quickly;

LAWSON

Do nothing until I get out there, okay?

ELIJAH

I'll work the camera then?

LAWSON

Sure, get everything on film; why not make it easier for them to convict RICHIE later? Less money the taxpayers have to shell out collecting evidence if we put it all on film, open and shut case, maybe he'll show us mercy for our extreme stupidity.

LAWSON searches the room floor for something to wear.

The Secret Sun 97.

CONTINUED

LAWSON Cont.

After all, we'll make it so easy for them they could convict him with a twenty-five dollar gift certificate with the evidence we'll provide. RICHIE might not even kill us he'll be tickled so funny over the whole thing.

(OMITTED SCENE)

LAWSON struggles on a pair of jeans.

FLASH CUT TO:

INT. LAWSON'S APARTMENT. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

A room full of young meat. LAWSON and ELIJAH in the middle of the confusion.

Seque into- Later-

Angle on the images on the TV screen, The YOUNG BOYS being interviewed through the video camera. The shots jerky and often unsteady as each boy talks a little bit about himself, most of them nude or in underwear. The conversations sexually explicit and shockingly detailed in nature. LAWSON, heard in the b.g. asks the questions they answer.

Close on the TV screen, as the last boy is interviewed on the tape.

INT. LAWSON'S LIVING ROOM. NIGHT. LATER.

As the camera loosens now to reveal LAWSON, ELIJAH, RICHIE, ANTONIO and CARLOS as they finish watching the tape. ELIJAH flicks flips the light back on.

ELIJAH

So, what do you think?

RICHIE

I think they look like a bunch of fourteen-year-old runaways from east Kansas, except what's his name, number four.

The Secret Sun 98.

CONTINUED

LAWSON

PACO, his names PACO he's actually twenty, twenty one I think he said.

ELIJAH

That ones kindda' shy and inexperienced, but that other one before him, number three, JUSTIN, whew! Sucks a mean cock, really enjoys it too lot's of spit and extra suction— does just what you tell him to do, balls and all, the whole works.

The room shoots him a look at once.

ELIJAH Cont.

(On their reaction)
-What? Okay, no needle marks either,
tough crowd tonight, I was just telling
the truth- the guy enjoyed doing It, he
told me so-

LAWSON

-Anymore?

RICHIE

(Trying to get the image of ELIJAH and the KID out of his mind) Nah, they all remind me of my little brother and I just can't see my little brother snorting coke off of somebody's Dick, bad visuals, kind of like that image you just left me with Eli, wished you hadn't have said that out loud. LAWSON, is he clean is he on the streets, what?

LAWSON

I don't know, I'll find out. He's got a motel room, been there almost two weeks. From Texas I think.

CARLOS

I don't know RICHIE, kid doesn't look right for this line of work. Looks like he could be the poster child for just say no in bed, if you ask me. Too (MORE)

The Secret Sun 99.

CONTINUED

CARLOS (cont'd)

straight looking. There's something kind of squeaky clean about him too.

RICHIE

Why am I even about to have this conversation with you- do you suck Dick CARLOS? Do you let men suck your Dick, don't answer that dummy, when I'm paging your ass for hours sometimes and you won't answer, but do you suck Dick bitch?

CARLOS

Oh hell no, I don't do none of that shit RICHIE! But it's about the gut. It's just a feeling.

RICHIE

If you don't suck Dick, then shut the fuck up! All day with you and this negative shit! You've been on the rag all day, what's wrong with you? Why don't you try learning how to work that damn pager a little bit more, see if you can call me back when I call you the first five to ten times. (To LAWSON directly) What do you think, I mean, what do you really think of him, you've seen the tight schedule I got us all under, can he handle it? You need to be sure, and, I need to know that you're sure, because, if it doesn't work out, it's all on you. So be sure, be very sure. Take him out; get to know him little bit better. I mean, at this rate I just need one more, just like you Dickboy, and fuck the rest of them, you're the shit, I saw those numbers last Saturday, The sheer amount of back-toback dates you pulled, the hoe's don't pull it down like that do you hear me, you are Dickboy! Now on a serious note can he handle it Dickboy?

The Secret Sun 100.

CONTINUED

LAWSON

I think, maybe, I don't know RICHIE, I just like, talked to him for like twenty minutes is all, we had very limited time constraints. So many people to see and all I don't know him that well he seems smart enough. He's eager to make some cash.

RICHIE

Well, get to know him, and then, let me know if his pager's on or off. Show him all the ropes, explain all the rules, that's you're job now. And for Godsakes don't let ELI talk to him whatever you do, did you know he told Mr. Greenwell that Fridays are now called free-days. Almost had to cut that motherfucker to get my money out of him, that shit wasn't funny ELI. I'm gonna have to have serious conversation with that boy one of these days. Anyway, call me, when you got it all figured out, don't just talk to him and keep it a secret, he's either in or he's not. When you decide which one it's going be, you call me and you let me know, one way or the other, that way, I too, can get excited about it do you see what I'm saying? Good.

RICHIE gives LAWSON a pager.

RICHIE Cont.

Eli, I need you to make another run, you got a repeat customer. Asked for you by name, guy's crazy about you, rambling on, and on and on, said you made his week, or some shit like that. Something about some dancing, plus, he's down to the last of his little stash, so, ten o'clock, be out front, guy's got a double order.

ELIJAH on the sofa playing with a Rubics Cube, never looking up.

The Secret Sun 101.

CONTINUED

ELIJAH

Yeah, I live to serve old Mr.VANWINKLE. He makes me dance all night in my chivies because he can't get it up anymore, he shoots his dope and I dance all night, mostly to country music because he loves country music. And then when all the music's over he just watches me jack off. Sometimess I do it on him, when he's feeling naughty. It's really disgusting.

RICHIE

Much more information than I needed. (To LAWSON) Why does he do that?

ELIJAH

What, we do, I do, you want me to lie about it?

RICHIE and his group stand now to exit.

RICHIE

(To LAWSON)

Make my phone ring Dickboy.

(To CARLOS)

You hungry, Is that why you're in this mood -you want to eat something, how about pizza? Let's go back over to Gino's.

CARLOS

We just left Gino's.

RICHIE

He owes me money, were going to keep going until he pays me! Every morning he opens up for lunch and every night for dinner I want him to see our faces, eating and drinking up all of his shit for free, what are you complaining about anyway, it's free food it's free beer. Why you gotta' be so negative all day? Pizza's fuckin' great food!

(MORE)

The Secret Sun 102.

CONTINUED

RICHIE (cont'd)

(To LAWSON and ELIJAH)
See you guy's later, Eli, ten o'clock
be out front because moron number two
is in a bad mood and we'd hate to hear
that he got a complaint from one of the
drivers about you being late, he might
have a kitten or something right before
my very eyes and I sure as hell don't
want to witness any shit like that. And
don't eat anything, I'm sending you
guys over some pizza, the works, a
whole spread.

CARLOS shoots RICHIE a look. And with that they exit.

INT. CLUB VELVET. V.I.P. ROOM. NIGHT. LATER.

Music now: Club music, at club level; "Infatuation- Rod Stewart" - "Shake it up- The Cars" - "Devil inside- INXS"

LAWSON and PACO on the sofa in the VIP room. This club is eighties decadence at it's finest.

Mixed crowds of straight and gay occupy the dance floor below.

LAWSON and PACO sit in the reserved seating area, their table over flowing with drinks, food and drugs.

Mean while-

INT. A HOTEL ROOM. NIGHT.

The sound, music; "Freinds in low places- Garth brooks"

ELIJAH dancing atop the dresser for the OLD MAN he wildly snorts from a bottle of poppers clad only in a jock strap, cowboy hat and boots. The OLD MAN claps along with the beat, a slice of heaven on his face.

Back to-

INT. CLUB VELVET. V.I.P. ROOM. NIGHT.

The Secret Sun 103.

CONTINUED

LAWSON and PACO, the room spins.

LAWSON at the table vomiting in a trashcan.

CUT TO:

INT. TOWNCAR (GREY). NIGHT. MOVING.

Close on PACO being chauffeured now through the streets of Baltimore.

Back at club velvet.

Angle close on LAWSON he leasns against the side of the club, his nose and shirt blood and vomit stained. He is gathering himself from a surreal case of the spins presently and can't be bothered by the growing crowd that gathers gawking and starring at him.

The sound now; music: "Big log-Robert Plant" it continues through into the following scene.

CUT TO:

LAWSON in the shower, close on him as he scrubbs himself raw. Tears flowing.

INT. LAWSON'S BATH ROOM. LATER. NIGHT.

Later.

Close on LAWSON starring closely at his image in the mirror, his face emotionless, blank, skin pale, hands trembling he holds a shaving razor.

Dissolve.

INT. TOWNCAR (WHITE). NIGHT. MOVING.

LAWSON being chauffeured, he wears a suit now, his face red and raw, eyes swollen on his chin and cheeks peach fuzz and stubble left in place.

INT. SUITE. NIGHT. BALTIMORE IN THE B.G.

Angle very close on the wall sized window its curtains open to the

The Secret Sun 104.

CONTINUED

night view of Baltimore. The view begins to loosen and now includes a portion of the hotel room and PACO and an OLDER GENTLEMAN who wears a foreign millitary uniform complete with side arm. They stand face to face in the center of the room, he takes the drug sac from PACO'S hand and then slowly reaches out to touch his hairless face, softly tracing the length of it with his long fingers. He wears a Harvard ring. PACO nervous, tense, doesn't move a hair until he finishes. The camera zooms past them and in on the window again showing the beautiful night view of the city in full again. There is a moment and

then-

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL SUITE. NIGHT.

Angle on the hotel bed close on two strong sweat covered hands holding tight to the top of the headboard. The view loosens to reveal PACO naked and face down on the bolster, suddenly The OLDER GENTLEMAN'S face lunges full into frame at once, and PACO cries out to the night as he's penetrated in one quick thrust after another.

FADE IN:

INT. DINER. BOOTH TABLE. DAWN.

Angle on LAWSON, ELIJAH and PACO. After breakfast, half full bottle of Wild Turkey atop the booth table. Mirror with a razor and straw covered in white residue, the waitress, a friend clears the dirty dishes scattered about the table. Returning for the last of the dirty dishes ELIJAH pours her a drink, LAWSON pay's the check.

Music, softly playing out of a jukebox in the corner: "Broken wings-Mr. Mister"- "The man's too strong- Dire Straits" - "Eye's without a face-Billy Idol".

PACO

I don't really think I had an opinion of him one way or the other It wasn't like it was my first time, ya' know? I just knew what he wanted immediately and I did it. The strange thing was it wasn't exactly what he wanted, turns (MORE)

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CONTINUED

PACO (cont'd)

out the fucking guy is like some kindda' sexual sadist. When I was done or more like when I thought I was done, fucker was just getting started. He injected me with cocaine, right up my fucking ass man, it's wearing off too and It hurts to even be sitting here, goddamit what was I thinking? And I swear he must have taken a bath in that fucking Aramis I can still smell it all over me.

ELIJAH

That's better than shit, Mr. VANWINKLE smells like shit, really he does. It's not his fault though, he's just sick and an addict, made all of his money suing Revlon and now he smells like shit and can't even get it up. But I like him because he's so sad and pathetic, his face just seems to come alive when I dance for him. It's very sad really. And he's not even that old, fifties I figure. I think he has that new faggots disease that all of the old queens are getting. I dance for him three times a week now and then I jack off on him, he loves it. He's very generous too, he gives me jewelry now, did I tell you that? Last week I got a Cartier watch and I danced for him in nothing but the watch. But I digress, LAWSON, you should have warned our new friend here about Sir. DELGADO, that wasn't very nice of you. Guy's a total pig. Works for the MEXICAN CONSULATE in D.C. Nothings too much for him when it comes to willing and able boys. My first time, I thought he was going to shoot me with his goddamn side arm, later, I just thought he was going to fuck me to death. Hope he didn't pay you in Peso's.

Oblivious to every word spoken up till now, he is drunk and stoned

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CONTINUED

and still, he pours another.

LAWSON

I've been having these headaches lately, real bad and then when I look down my nose is bleeding like a fucking river. When I was a kid I had this secondary infection once and the doctor said I might have gotten' it through sexual contact I don't remember what it was called, but, because of my condition it would make my nose bleed all the time. Mono I think it was, I can't remember now. Now I know what it is though, these goddamn drugs every night. Too much drugs. Way too much drugs. At least, I hope that's all it is, I'm going to my appointment and I'll see. (To ELIJAH after a pause)

(To ELIJAH after a pause)
Do you think I'm an addict?

Pause.

ELIJAH

Were all addicts for something, but I think you just have a lot on your mind right now. Your so deep, Dickboy. Just have another drink. I'm sorry about DELGADO, PACO, so, other than waking up with a ten-inch poop shoot and really bad taste in clothes, what are you an addict for PACO?

PACO

(Pause)

I thought it was sex, drugs and rock and roll. now I'm not so sure anymore.

ELIJAH

Sex. You hear that LAWSON we got a regular sex addict in our midst? Sex huh, what kind of sex -straight sex, gay sex, Bi sex, sex for love, money what?

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CONTINUED

PACO

No love. Never love. Not even sex with intimacy, just sex. I used to have this tee shirt back in Texas, it read, "Cock, tits, pussy and ass", and on the back it said- "I want it all". I got a lot funny looks wearing that shirt, but I didn't care. It represented me just perfect.

ELIJAH

Well let me ask you something Tex, what do you think now, do you still want it all?

PACO

I don't scare easy, I'm not some fucking loser who can't hang if that's what you're trying to say. I've been with guys before, like that too, you know?

ELIJAH

Oh, you've been with guys who tied you to the bedpost, injected cocaine up your ass and fucked you face first in a mattress for four hours before? Hot damn LAWSON, we got a real cowboy here! What's in that water in Texas, anyway they should bottle it.

LAWSON

Jesus, that's enough ELI. DELGADO'S out, I'm going to' talk to RICHIE about him tonight. PACO, I'm really sorry about that, I should have warned you about him. We have a few safe words that we use, all of the clients know them, if you say a safe word, they'll back off. I fucked up. I wasn't exactly in any shape. I forgot. What did he give you? Money?

PACO thinks about it for a second, calming down.

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CONTINUED

PACO

A hundred fifty. I turned the rest over to my driver. You mean, I could have just said a few words and he would've stopped raping me?

LAWSON tosses cash onto the table, two hundred bucks for PACO and a hundred in twenties for ELIJAH.

ELIJAH

Yep, "I need some water". "Easy there tiger". "Nice technique", Just a few. We use codes in case the rooms are bugged. Protects the well to do clients. Don't ask me why. But I usually just say- "Stop it motherfucker that hurts", did you ever try that? Didn't think of that, huh?

LAWSON

Christ! Eli! I'll handle it with DELGADO, other than that, you okay, I mean he didn't hurt you or anything did he?

PACO

No. Not really. I thought he was going to' cut me with that knife he keeps or shoot me, but he didn't.

ELIJAH notices the money on the table now, picking it up.

ELIJAH

What's this for?

LAWSON

To shut up and leave the new guy alone before he quits.

PACO

I can take care of myself all right, I don't need you to bribe him to take it easy on me. I was just so damn scared okay, I didn't know what I could say or exactly how to say it, to make him (MORE)

The Secret Sun 109.

CONTINUED

PACO (cont'd)

stop, or take it easy on me. I mean, He was pretty rough.

ELIJAH

Jez... I was just kidding, can't anybody take a fucking joke anymore? PACO I'm just fucking with you. Serious. Don't take it personal and please, whatever you do don't quit. If you do he wins. Fuck him. We make thousands of dollars doing this and every now and then we get a little dirty. It's the price of glory. Sometimes we have to work for our money, right? Tonight was just one of those nights you had to work for it. We've all done the DELGADO thing at least once, trust me. Even LAWSON. I'm sorry he was your first, but this is what it's all about right here!

PACO peps himself up as best as he can, the worst over now.

PACO

Yeah, you're right... So I got a little dirty tonight, fuck him, we make thousands. So fuck him, so what if my ass hole feels like I just got done shooting a JEFF STYRKER, JOHN HOLMES fuck flick. It is just sex after all, right, its just sex. Can't kill me. Anybody got any more coke and a fucking syringe? Not to shoot up, I don't do that. My ass hurts! And I can't do it myself, so, somebody needs to meet me in the little boys room, bring the necessary equipment please.

LAWSON and ELIJAH stare gaping at PACO for a beat and then laughter as the tension loosens.

PACO

What the hell's so funny I'm fucking serious?

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CONTINUED

LAWSON

Well, I'm not going anywhere near your ass hole PACO, I mean, I'm sorry you had a bad day and all, but, no offense.

PACO

You got some coke?

ELIJAH reaches down into his bag and hands PACO a tube of Preparation H, LAWSON hands him a baggie of cocaine and he rushes off to the restroom.

ELIJAH

Wash your hands before you come back to the table please! Well let the ninetyeight wounds of our savior burst and bleed he's much more fucked up than I am. Okay, let's see if I got this straight, I'm an addict for the attention of old, desperate limp Dicked men who cling to me, you've got some strange childhood sexual disease that makes you, a bleeding drug addict and our new friend here basically just wants his chocolate star fish to feel better. For the love of humanity, how very fucked up are we? Do you think he'll draw the line at farm animals or domesticated? Wait, don't answer that, I don't think I want to know. The truth is bound to be more fucked up than anything I could ever concoct out of the recesses of my own twisted imagination. Gotta' love his attitude though.

LAWSON

I told him not to fuck us over, told him that if he quits RICHIE'D drown him in the bay like the last guy that had his job. I think he believed me. But that is pretty shity, DELGADO trying some shit like that on the new guy. And he only gave him One fiffty. Kids got (MORE)

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CONTINUED

LAWSON (cont'd)

spunk though.

ELIJAH

You can say that again, lots and lots of spunk, warm spanish spunk.

LAWSON shoots him a look.

LAWSON

Here he comes, lighten up.

PACO returns now, relieved.

ELIJAH

Did ya' wash your hands?

PACO

Yes. Thank you so much, that feels so much fucking better. And hey, I'll get used to this all you'll see LAWSON, don't you worry; no way am I going to quit on you. Not now, I've come too far. You tell RICHIE, I did just fine tonight for me will you? No complaints okay?

ELIJAH

So tell me PACO, are you really just a horny straight boy? It's okay you can tell me, you see, I only ask because sometimes DELGADO, calls in a request for someone in drag and I, we just need to know if we can count on you. Don't be embaraced, we have lots of straight boys here in the armpit of Maryland, fucking and getting fucked in and out of drag for all sorts of twisted reasons. Mostly money though. I already know that you get fucked; now I just want to know if you're a straight boy getting fucked just for the money or are you a fag who really likes it. (MORE)

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CONTINUED

ELIJAH (cont'd)

Because when we interviewed you, you claimed to be Inexperienced.

PACO

For this kind of money, I'm straight to bed. And there's hardly such a thing as a straight man anyway. That's for sure. I think ultimately all guys are Bi sexual ELI.

ELIJAH

You're scaring me make him stop LAWSON. Just remember the basic rules, TEX, they'll be no schlepping the bosses but if you do, invite me along, I promise I'll behave, I'll even dance if you'd like. People rave about my dancing you know, rule number two don't ever bring any straight women near me, your girlfriends, sister what ever, they're always trying to fuck me standing up coming and going and I'm really just not interested, still they find me adorable for some reason. That's all, how about you LAWSON, any rules for the new boy? Oh, just don't touch LAWSON'S drug stash and you'll do just fine with him, he needs those drugs, the boy's got headaches and nose bleeds you insensitive fucker.

ELIJAH laughs

The sound now; Sound FX: LAWSON'S pager..

ELIJAH Cont.

Oh, just do a big fat line or two go do your date and don't you worry about that headache for the rest of the night. You'll notice how Dickboy's pager goes off ten times more than ours PACO. I'm really starting to wonder what's really going on with you, have you got some thirteen inch cock that you're hiding from the rest us? Have (MORE)

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CONTINUED

ELIJAH Cont. (cont'd) you been using the penis pump? Come on you can tell us, we won't tell, that's not possible I saw it in the shower the other morning; It's a pretty normal penis. (ELI looks at him now, sizing him up with a wicked grin) So, there's something else going on with you, he's just way too popular for us PACO, come on you can tell us Dickboy, what is it you got a little something, somthin', somthin', somthin' on the side? A little somthin', somthin' that you can't get at home? A boyfriend maybe? Girlfriend? Gold fish? Well, who the hell is it that you keep rushing off to see every morning and mid afternoon. Fine, you know I can keep secrets too.

LAWSON shoots him a look before going over to the phone booth, standing he spills a loaded coffee onto ELIJAH'S silk shirt. He makes a clumsy attempt to clean it but only makes it worse. ELIJAH shoo's him away-

ELIJAH

Go; make your phone call, go! And never darken my Dior again!

LAWSON smiles going over to the pay phone, he got the joke. (Dior, Christian Dior) In the b.g. PACO and ELIJAH play some type of drinking game with quarters while LAWSON calls in for instructions for a date.

INT. TOWNCAR (WHITE). NIGHT. MOVING.

LAWSON being chauffeured, until suddenly without warning- The car is hit tee- bone while crossing an intersection, driver's side -it's bad. Real bad.

Close on the Town car vs. Suburban: the Impact.

Sound now: Sound FX. Two car horns, different notes, tones. Metal on metal at high speed, no breaks. The continued wail of the car's horns.

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CONTINUED

FLASH CUT TO:

-FLASH BACK-

INT. LAWSON'S CHILD HOOD APARTMENT. NIGHT.

LAWSON aged about eleven as his father corners him yelling and punching him in his face, neck and head. LAWSON falls to the floor in the fetal position and covers his head. In the b.g. His mother black and blue with her own bruises can only watch and cry his brother RANDY hides nearby under the dining room table.

-BACK TO PRESENT-

FLASH CUT BACK TO:

EXT. THE WRECKAGE. MORNING.

Glass everywhere, vehicle fluids draining onto the streets. Everything a twisted mass of metal. Horns, still blaring -filtered. Close on LAWSON as he comes to- he panics when his door won't open he's trapped; he begins to eat the drug packets, all of them one by one. What he can't eat he reaches over and stuffs into the mouth of the driver, who is unconscious, bleeding from the mouth, nose, eyes and ears. When this proves too difficult he tries again to get out, this time through the back window, successfully knocking it out he climbs out through the opening, dragging himself over to the sidewalk and street drain, dumping a case with the remaining drugs inside; Close on the drugs going into the sewer system, white powder, crack rocks, pills, etc.

The sound now: Sound FX. Emergency sirens, louder as they get closer.

Music: "With or with out you- U2" It continues into the next scene.

Angle on the accident scene -over head shot. LAWSON having a seizure on the side walk foaming at the mouth, eye's rolled back into his head, muscles constricting. Blood oozing from his nose and ears.

CUT TO:

Much later.

INT. BALTIMORE SHOCK TRAUMA HOSPITAL. NIGHT.

LAWSON'S ICU ROOM. Tubes, monitors, everywhere.

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CONTINUED

INT. HOSPITAL. WAITING ROOM. NIGHT.

ELIJAH dazed and confused sits alone. PACO, RICHIE, ANTONIO, CARLOS, all gathered, quietly talking amongst themselves making small talk masking worry with jokes.

Close on ELIJAH'S face, his tears falling to the floor like water.

Presently; we hear the voice of ELIJAH.

ELIJAH V.O.

I always thought that someday, somehow if I ever eluded his tortoise like shell and got to peer deep down into his soul, down into his very core that I would see a vision of glory. That would see in him a lion heart beating at mach speed enlarged with this passion for life with courage and ball juice running through his veins instead of just mere blood. But what I finally saw in him, wasn't the image of the brave lion at all, but instead, it was more like a scared gremlin. It was something that proved to be frail and sickly, it was something almost too human and it made me believe that no matter what- that he had to be protected. Hidden from the cruelties of the world as if it were his very definition of worth and his greatest weakness. And in that way his greatest nobility came from me, cutting him off from people and things. Life. And in that, I always thought that he was cheap with himself. With his own pleasures in life, not because he needed my protection and help for the rest of his life, but because he let me. And it was crushing to witness day after day, but neither he nor I, would've had it any other way. It became a thing taken for granted and (MORE)

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CONTINUED

ELIJAH V.O. (cont'd)

never spoken of. A pact, a bond, And a secret, known only between us.

FADE IN:

Months later.

INT. HOSPITAL. ONCOLOGY UNIT. LAWSON'S ROOM. DAY.

ELIJAH and PACO enter the room now.

LAWSON slowly wakes to see them standing over him.

ELIJAH

I always cry in hospital rooms.

PACO

We need to stop meeting like this too, it's depressing.

ELIJAH

This is fucked up.

PACO

On the upside though, they say he ingested enough drugs to get The entire lower half of Baltimore stoned for a week and a day, so he probably doesn't shit for pain.

PACO pokes LAWSON in the side curiously, speaking as if he's deaf.

PACO Cont.

Do you feel any pain? Ya' know, RICHIE could go to jail for this. But you got bigger problems now don't you? Anyway, funny thing about evidence, seems you ate it all, poor DANNY, just driving along minding his own business, chewing on what, nine- ten bags of pure smack, not bothering nobody, when all of a sudden that fucked up drunk guy just slams right into yall'. Just a case of two fucked up people on the road at the (MORE)

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CONTINUED

PACO Cont. (cont'd)

same time- what the fuck are the odds of that happening? And you, during all of the commotion, those drugs must have just flown down your throat. You're a case history for medical students the world over. Your toxicology reports alone, are going into the Guinness book of world records I heard.

PACO puts the flowers on the table, ELIJAH gives PACO the Quiet down "He's not deaf" sign.

PACO Cont.

Not to worry about that though I told them they must be mistaken because you're our lead alter boy. And then they told me to pee in this cup. Again.

PACO holds up a specimen cup before discarding it on the table, ELIJAH kisses his forehead.

PACO Cont.

So, how's the food Dickboy, did you see any bright white lights, did you talk to Jesus and why can't I put metal in a microwave, these are the questions we want answers to, these are the questions you can now answer, now that you've seen the big white light and returned to us with all of your faculties somewhat intact. Is it true that everyone in heaven's naked and that Mary Magdalene, what's she really like, she really a virgin or just a sneaky biblical bitch?

ELIJAH

That's a fine question you fucking idiot. Take him lord, he's ready. PACO I mean, not you LAWSON.

LAWSON

Am I dead? Is this heaven or hell? I know that something really bad has (MORE)

The Secret Sun 118.

CONTINUED

LAWSON (cont'd)

happened, it must have, I want to know what, exactly. What happened to me?

ELIJAH

Drunk driver. A very bad accident. You've been here for twenty-one days, twenty-four really but who's counting. You're doing much better now, they had you under something to keep you asleep for the first few days, it helped the seizures, until the drugs ran their course and wore off. And then, you just wouldn't wake up. Probably for the better, now that you're up, they want to wait a couple of days and then they say you have to restart your chemotherapy, said you missed two appointments. Fuck! I'm sorry, let's talk about something else. You look better, rested. Twenty four days of sleep. All of your customers are asking after you, that STAVROS guy, he's really cool, I'm surprised he hasn't come by yet, to see you. I told him what happened to you, last week, when he called and requested you. He seemed real broken up too, hope you don't mind I told him about the accident and the cancer?

PACO is Rifling through drawers, pocketing odd things found around an oncology patients room, medical supply things.

PACO

Not to worry about him though, I already stepped up to the plate for you; I'm keeping him occupied for you. Him and those filthy fucking dykes! Why didn't you tell me about them, those chicks are nasty total fucking sluts, but best part is, they do all the work for you -I'm just this human fucking real boy toy- dildo to them, it's great! Love it, love it, love it, and love it! Sorry, didn't mean to say that (MORE)

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CONTINUED

PACO (cont'd)

out loud so many times, what? (He holds up some medical supplies) Hey what do you think these are for, you think he needs them? Think you're going to be needing these? I'm sure they have plenty more where that came from.

He pockets them.

ELIJAH shoots him a look.

LAWSON

I can't remember anything Eli, it's all just blank, everything's blank and my mouth's so dry- Shit-

FLITJAH

Well, that's to be expected you've taken everything through a tube for the last month, I mean, it was a fucked up crash. And then you took all of those drugs on top of it, you're very lucky to be alive right now. You died once; you know, DANNY died for good, not to bring you down or anything. It was instant. Everything was all fucked up for a while too, low profile on everything. Things are getting back to normal now. We got about four new people too. Cops are trying to fuck with RICHIE every now and then, about the drugs and you, everything. But it's okay they don't know anything if they did, they'd have moved on us a long time ago. I didn't even know you were that young, I just always thought that you were older, so much older, the way you always just took care of everything. Since the first day I met you, you remember that?

PACO struggles to get oxygen from the port over the empty bed beside

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CONTINUED

LAWSON'S.

PACO

Hell, I'm older than you Dickboy and lot's older too. Imagine that, slut like me, are you even legal? Maybe I should be the boss, huh?

LAWSON

I'm so thirsty.

ELIJAH

You want some water, I don't mind getting it? You know how I like to be needed.

PACO

The woman just told us not to give him anything in case he had to go back into surgery, remember, that liver thing, think before you speak, now he's all psyched for water, which he can't have.

ELIJAH

He can have water if he wants water. Jesus, look at you. Fuck! All this fucking time and not one word from you that you were really sick. You're so sick right now.

ELIJAH starts to sob.

ELIJAH Cont.

They say, you're going to have seizures for the rest of your life now because of this and black outs and vertigo. A whole different personality. But mainly it's the fact that you have... That you're really sick right now.

He stops; it's too painful and not really the right time to say it.

Close on LAWSON as the tears well up in his eyes, but he will not shed them just now.

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CONTINUED

ELIJAH

Oh God, what are you going to do, what are you going to do? This is so very bad.

LAWSON

Don't cry, I've been doing' this, in my head for years. Since the first day when it went away, and now it's almost like a weight lifted off of me, there, it's happened, now I'm just back to normal. Doctors and tubes and needles and pain. I'm tired. I feel two hundred years old. I wanted to feel better, I swear I did. And I did. For a while anyway. It was worth it too. I think... It's just all, so hard, It's so hard for me to think right now, so hard to focus, who would have ever thought that life -it would be so hard. I used to think that one-day I'd create a new color or something great like that, something with some real purpose. Something that would give it all meaning, make sense of it all. See something new or create a new language. Change something in this world, change something for the better for someone else. Someone other than just me. I always wanted to look at that person and know, what I had done, really get it, to just know that I had made something better for someone.

A pause as LAWSON stops, his expression serene, voice determined.

LAWSON Cont.

-I'm just, tired, I just want some rest now. I need to rest. I'm, okay with this I'm used to it and I'm okay with it. So please, don't you dare cry for me. I knew, the nose. The nose, knows. Don't cry ELI, please stop it! Don't cry for me. I'm not something to be pitied. Come here. Closer.

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CONTINUED

ELIJAH joins him in the bed now, holding him tightly. He breaks out a small silver flask and takes a swig, holding it up to LAWSON'S lips, LAWSON takes a small

sip. And now, he will let his tears flow in the comfort of ELI'S arms.

PACO in the b.g. Stares out the window, silent.

ELIJAH reaches out a hand to wipe away the hair in his face.

ELIJAH Cont.

Well, took me long enough to get to the truth and now that I know, I guess I'm glad you've finally come to me, with your little problem and you know, you shouldn't feel to bad about not telling me sooner, and a lesser man might have turned to Jesus at a time like this, the deception and all. But, you did the right thing in coming to me with your little problem. We'll fix you right up.

He shoots LAWSON a smile. A pause and then;

ELIJAH Cont.

This is what we're gonna do, we're gonna' walk through the fire and dare it to touch us. Do you hear me; I dare it to touch us, nothing can touch us, not this, not them, not Lukemia, not anything. Nothing! Because were invincible do you hear me, in- fucking - vincible, and don't you ever forget it.

They drink from the flask.

Dissolve.

FADE IN.

EXT. BALTIMORE SHOCK TRAUMA HOSPITAL. DAY.

The city towers in the b.g. As the leaves of fall, plunge down to earth in a splendor of shapes, sizes and colors.

The Secret Sun 123.

CONTINUED

Presently, we hear, the voice of LAWSON.

FADE IN:

INT. ONCOLOGY UNIT. CHEMO WARD. LAWSON'S ROOM. DAY.

The sound now; music: Original.

LAWSON in bed, almost hairless, he's weak and desperately struggling to stop throwing up presently. A nurse monitors him, in the b.g. ELIJAH misty eyed, can't take it anymore, and leaves the room in a rush. LAWSON continues his ordeal. A very unpleasant scene.

LAWSON V.O.

No stranger's wing shielded me; no souls protected me. I stood as witness to hells fury, a witnes to the common lot, a survivor. Hoping that I would eventually just, get used up, praying for a peace that only giving up could bring. And when it failed me too, I drank to my sickness, I drank to my ruined house and to the dolor of my life and I drank to lying lips that had betrayed me and to dead cold pitiless eyes, eyes that were in fact my eyes, my lips, my house, my life. And I drank to the hard reality that the world was brutal and course and that God in fact, had not saved me, ELIJAH did.

EXT. HOSPITAL. DAY. SNOW FALLING..

"LAWSON'S well planned escape".

Angle on LAWSON sitting in a wheelchair under the hospital carport. Cigarette dangling from his lips, nervously he scans the terrain in all directions for knowing hospital staff.

His P.O.V- ELIJAH racing around the parking structure behind the wheel of a Town car stopping just inches from the wheelchair having spared no curb along the way to get there.

Angle on ELIJAH he hops out of the drivers seat loads the bags loads

The Secret Sun 124.

CONTINUED

LAWSON and then, quickly struggles to load the wheelchair forcing it into the back seat tightly and untidy. Onlookers focused on the action. He hops behind the wheel now, burning rubber as he exits.

Sound now, music: On the car stereo; "Golden years- David Bowie".

Close now on LAWSON and ELIJAH in the big car, smiles on their faces going home.

Dissolve.

Weeks later.

INT. BAR NO. 3. DUSK.

The sound now; jukebox, music: "All by my self- Eric Carmen"

Close on LAWSON at the bar drinking, the usual crowd of regulars MIKE behind the bar, chats with him as he polishes glasses.

MIKE

Oh for God sakes will somebody please change the fucking music. I told them to take that damn record off of there.

MIKE puts a few dollars on top of the bar, a customer takes it and goes for the juke box.

LAWSON

No, don't. I like this song. I like it a lot. It's a good song, it should be song of the year. I feel free for the first time in months, these last few days. Closing down shop with you every night just like old times wouldn't miss it for the world. And that's saying a lot being in this dump. MIKE uno mas' por favor, double, hell triple, what the hell fill it up. You only live once.

The customer shrugs his shoulders at MIKE, putting the money back on the bar.

LAWSON suddenly drops his cigarette atop the bar, his eye's roll

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CONTINUED

back, his hand begins to twitch and shake slightly, his nose begins to bleed. He tries to talk, but he can't speak. He tries to get up and leave, sparing himself this embarrassment, but he can't move. And now he watches the faces around him twisted with shock and horror, his final image before the seizure takes complete control, rolling his eyes back into his head, will be the faces of the people whom he scared shitless at this bar.

FLASH CUT TO:

INT. TOWNCAR. NIGHT. MOVING.

It races through the downtown streets, just shy of reckless, ELIJAH in the back seat with the face of a worried parent.

Back in the bar.

Close on LAWSON in the complete throws of a violent seizure at this moment, its frightening to witness- he's spread prostrate on the floor, his head knocking against the legs of a bar stool until MIKE thinks to move it out of the way. Everyone in witness panicked with no thoughts on how to help or what to do.

EXT. BAR NO. 3. NIGHT.

The Town car screeches to a stop coming to rest partly on the curb. ELIJAH and his DRIVER EXIT and rush down the stairs into the bar.

FLASH CUT TO:

EXT. BAR NO. 3. NIGHT. LATER.

ELIJAH and the DRIVER carry LAWSON'S limp body out of the bar to the car. He seems pretty much in and out of it presently but the seizures have ended.

Town car radio; the low sound now, "I wear my sun glasses at night-Cory hart".

INT. TOWNCAR. BACKSEAT. MOVING

LAWSON his head across ELIJAH'S lap, he's awake now. Staring up at him, the quiet road home. ELIJAH strokes his hair softly.

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CONTINUED

ELIJAH

It's okay you're fine. You're going home now. It's going to be okay now, just relax; we're almost there.

(OMITTED SCENE)

LAWSON can't help but find some comfort in this, but he sits up anyway, gathering himself, as the Town car pulls in front of the apartment building ELIJAH and the DRIVER hop out, open LAWSON'S door and reach for him.

LAWSON

I'm fine. I'm okay now- I'm okay! I'm
not your ward you know?

He climbs out, unsteady and dizzy at first and then, just drunk.

ELIJAH

Let's go inside I'll run you a hot bath, that always makes you feel better, I got you some new pamas too you'll love em', they're silk.

LAWSON

No, I just want to sit here for a second, you can't fix everything with a damn tub full of hot water you know Christ. And stop buying me shit, okay, just stop it.

LAWSON stops, surveys the neighborhood landscape before sitting down on the cold grass. There is a moment of quiet and then.

LAWSON Cont.

I did it didn't I; I had a fit in that bar, fuck! Shit! Fuck! Shit! I can never go back in there, that's that, I'm running out of bars Eli.

ELIJAH contemplates for a second before joining him on the cold grass.

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CONTINUED

ELIJAH

It's not a fit It's a seizure LAWSON.

LAWSON

Seizure by your definition, a fit if you're standing by watching it or having it. It's a fucking fit, why does everything have to be a contradiction with you all the time?

The sound now; Sound FX; ELIJAH'S pager.

LAWSON Cont.

Go, I'm okay now I'm two feet from the door what's the worst that could happen don't answer that, go already I'm fine. Go back to work.

ELIJAH unsure stands anyway. A Pause.

LAWSON Cont.

Thanks, for coming to get me.

He leans down and kisses him on the forehead before disappearing into the Town car, it speeds off.

LAWSON falls back onto the softness of the grass now looking up at the stars in the clear night sky.

Dissolve.

FADE INTO:

Words on screen; a caption. 1989 FALL

It dissolves.

INT. LAWSON'S APARTMENT. LIVING ROOM. DUSK.

The sound now; the television, "Hill street blues- TV show".

As the view loosens on the small TV screen, it reveals LAWSON on the sofa, coffee table littered with pill and booze bottles. Closer now on LAWSON his appearance dramatically different. Unshaved, unkempt, his eyes heavy with drink, drug and medication he sways back and forth on the sofa, he looks years older.

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CONTINUED

Angle on the bedroom door ELIJAH fresh out of the shower, enters the living room. His face bears the mark of disgust and concern. He takes a seat beside him.

ELIJAH lights a cigarette and pops a beer open.

ELIJAH

Just checking to make sure your still breathing.

LAWSON playing with a handful of colorful pills.

LAWSON

I have a system, if I take just enough of these red ones and just enough of these blue one's and only two of these white ones, I find that I can function pretty well. But, if I'm going to be drinking and when am I not I have to take six of these black one's to counter the white one's. Of course then I have to take a yellow one too and a half of one of these blue ones with the black band around it. Normally, the yellow one's would make me sleepy but I find that taking them with the black one's seem to have an opposite effect. It's funny really; I'm not sure what these purple one's do yet they don't give you a buzz that's for sure. What do you think?

ELIJAH

I think it's sad to tell you the truth, this thing that you've become. Look at you.

LAWSON

Of course you do, you think I'm pathetic. But the truth is I'm just trying to control the fits so I can go out and get a date and be more like (MORE)

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CONTINUED

LAWSON (cont'd)

you.

ELIJAH

What for look at you, you'd scare them away before it even got around to price or where to go let alone what to do and who does what. Have you looked at yourself in a mirror lately, why don't you shower and shave tonight while I'm at work?

LAWSON

Well we can't all be as vibrant and lovely as you my dear can we? Or maybe we can, I'm not dead yet you know there's still time.

He pops another pill chasing it down with a warm beer. ELIJAH in a brief moment of rage takes the bottle of pills from him and then he grabs them all up from the coffee table.

ELIJAH

Don't kill yourself in front of me, okay!

LAWSON

Kill myself, who the hell wants to die not me. I just want a date; do you realize that I haven't been laid in fourteen months? Fourteen months! Fourteen months could be a lifetime for a boy like me. Men love me, they love me, fourteen months, no sex, no passion, no intimacy, none. Nothing. Zilch. No special attention no anything, it's enough to drive a boy to drink or at least insane I do believe. Shit. Did you know all of that about me, the fourteen months thing -do you even care?

ELIJAH

Sorry, I don't do charity.

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CONTINUED

LAWSON

I don't suppose you do. That's okay you were never my type anyway and I hate pretty people. It's a fact I like, manly men, tall, manly men. Not short pretty boys who swish when they walk into a room because they've been fucked too many times by the brotha's and everybody else in the hood with nine inches or more, you really should work on that pretty, swishy boy or people might start to talk.

Angle on LAWSON laughing at his own attempt at viscous humor, he turns off the television now, going over to a boom box radio, he fidgets with the knobs tuning in-

The sound now, music; "Valerie- Steve Winwood". Mid song. A pause, close on ELIJAH.

ELIJAH

You were pretty; you were pretty just a few months ago. And I always had a huge crush on you, but now look at you. Are you really so shallow and dependent and sick on the inside and out that you feel this unstoppable need to bite the hand that feeds you every fucking day? Is the attention that you're not getting from sleazy old men really that important to you? Do you really need that, just to feel halfway good about yourself, is that what you need just to stop heaping it all on me everyday? Well, how sad you really are, it's no wonder you look like you've already lost, like you're just waiting on the funeral. Oh, but that scares you too doesn't it, not the funeral, you can't wait for that part, it's the empty seats at the church that piss you off the most, well, not to worry. You just go ahead and die LAWSON and I'll come and I'll bring a date, how's that? (MORE)

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CONTINUED

ELIJAH (cont'd)

That's at least two people right there? And who knows, maybe your abusive old Man will come too and hey, maybe; he'll bring a date too. Wow, four people, you really did leave your mark on this great big world didn't you and what a mark it is, bloody tee shirts and dozens of bar stools that you've fallen off of. You really let yourself go didn't you, well done leukemia boy! Well done! Did I hurt your feelings, then go into the bathroom and cut on your wrist some more only know that this time I'm not calling anybody for your half assed attempts at mental selfmedication. Your little pity party! Because ultimately, whether you do or you don't, in the end, you're still going to be a washed up little hustler tramp always begging for the attention of men who despise you and your condition. And what's worse is, to me, you're as sick on the inside as you are on the outside. Well done! Well done! Now go, cut on yourself some more and this time, I promise I won't interfere.

Close on LAWSON hurt and scared and then in an instant, angry. He hurls a half full beer bottle across the room at ELIJAH'S head but it misses the target smashing against the television instead, it explodes in a plume of smoke and sparks.

LAWSON unconcerned stands now collects his hat, coat and scarf, tears welling up quickly in his bloodshot eyes. A pause. ELIJAH knows he crossed the line.

ELIJAH

Where do you think you're going? Where do you think you're going?

A pause and then there is an edge of alarm in his tone.

ELIJAH Cont.

Where are you going?

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CONTINUED

ELIJAH unplugs the TV pouring a half full bottle of beer into its smoking shell, in the b.g. LAWSON continues to struggle on his coat.

ELIJAH Cont.

Where are you going LAWSON? Where are you going, look at you, you're in no shape to go out into the night air. LAWSON where do you think you're going?

But LAWSON doesn't turn; instead he walks for the front door and exits into the night. ELIJAH suddenly frightened and vulnerable hurries out behind him, but he's still in his bath towel.

ELIJAH Cont.

Don't go LAWSON don't go come back, I'm sorry, where are you going? Don't leave LAWSON don't go, don't leave me!

Angle on ELIJAH outside the front door his towel falls to the ground as he races out after LAWSON he quickly scoops it up covers himself and retreats back inside.

ELIJAH Cont.

Don't leave come back! LAWSON! LAWSON! Come back, don't leave me.

Dissolve.

FADE IN.

EXT. BALTIMORE SIDE WALK. NIGHT. LATER.

LAWSON out walking the strip, he's trying to hustle- but the cars keep going instead, around him the other hustlers jump in and out of cars, he watches with near panic on his face and the view begins to spin, until a car pulls up along side of him, it slows, the driver takes one look at him and speeds off, he's way too fucked up to really get a date and the cars continues to whiz past him making his vertigo worse, he falls down in the snow, regains himself, leans against a fence for dear life, in the distance another car, it slows, stops; LAWSON'S P.O.V, as the window rolls down to reveal a thrirty something gentleman with a rather unruly shock of red hair spectacled, mid thirties, harmless looking. He flashes a horny

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CONTINUED

smile and LAWSON smiles back.

FLASH CUT TO:

INT. PARKED CAR. NIGHT.

Steam on the windows, LAWSON and the MAN exchange hand jobs. Soon they climax, LAWSON climbs out short of breath panting, a smile on his face. Close on LAWSON the long walk back home.

Another car slows along side of him, the window lowers to reveal a heavy set older gentleman, he flashes LAWSON a horny smile, LAWSON considers this for a second and then smiles back getting into the car now.

CUT TO:

Later.

INT. LAWSON'S APARTMENT. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

Close on LAWSON on the sofa, the burned out TV gone just a charred wall in it wake.

The sound now; low volume, boom box; "The flame- Cheap trick"

Angle on the door, as ELIJAH enters with dinner bags, beer and a brand new portable TV. He lays it all out on the coffee table in front of LAWSON who remains silent during this, until-

LAWSON

You'll never guess what I did tonight.

ELIJAH

I can't believe you just left me like that; I should leave you the same way and let you see how it feels. Maybe I will, maybe I'll just leave and be done with it, do you have any idea how worried I've been do you even care, half the fucking night?

LAWSON

But I had a date. Well sort of, but I came. And so did he I might add.

(MORE)

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CONTINUED

LAWSON (cont'd)

Actually, technically I had two dates.

ELIJAH

Very good LAWSON, and next week we'll work on your name, do you have any idea how worried I've been just sitting here not knowing if you were dead or alive? I didn't even go to work because of you; I couldn't careless if you had a fucking date you cunt!

LAWSON'S eyes go blank at once, and we see the hurt in his face the anger, and the fear. There is a long pause and then-

LAWSON

Well, it was a big deal to me.

He goes to the kitchen.

INT. LAWSON'S APARTMENT. KITCHEN. NIGHT.

LAWSON opens a beer, sitting on the cold floor, his face distant, blank, removed.

Back in the Living room, ELIJAH paces the floor before going into the kitchen. He enters to see LAWSON alone on the floor, in tears.

A pause and then- LAWSON looks up now to see, ELIJAH.

LAWSON

I'm trying so hard, to just function here. And what may not seem like shit to you is a whole lot of shit to me.

ELIJAH kneels down with him, slowly stretching out a hand to wipe away a tear.

LAWSON

Don't.

ELIJAH

I'm sorry, I'm so sorry.

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CONTINUED

LAWSON

I guess you're the new Dickboy around here.

ELIJAH joins LAWSON on the floor now.

ELIJAH

Not me, that's still your title you'll always hold that one, you're a legend in your own mind at least. You are a legend, ten guys one night. Three thousand four hundred bucks and rumor is, that was only in tips. I know, you hate to hear his name, but RICHIE still measures us by your work. He does. It pisses PACO off too, every time.

LAWSON

When you leave me, I'm going to be allalone, there's no glory in that. I'm a has been in a world of right now and I'm scared. I'm so scared.

ELIJAH

Where am I going, I'm not going anywhere. I just, hate seeing you like this, ya' know, between the seizures and the memory lapses, the black out drunks, the pills. The nosebleeds that just go on and on forever.

(OMMITED DIALOG)

(OMMITED SCENE)

A Pause, he runs his hand through LAWSON'S hair pulling him in closer.

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CONTINUED

ELIJAH Cont.

If you need somebody, in the middle of the night, let it be me. It should be me, by all rights anyway, I'm the one who puts up with all of your crap, and I've carried the cross with you, through it all, me, and me alone. I was worried sick about you. Don't ever do that again do you hear me or it's all done, over. I don't care anymore, you can just go back into the hospital, let them take care of you. I mean it. You can never do that to me again. I won't let you. Do you understand that?

He grabs and holds LAWSON tightly now, relieved.

ELIJAH

I'm so fucking happy to see you.

LAWSON

I thought, you didn't do charity, remember? You said I was chairity.

ELIJAH

You're not really charity. I have a little crush on you, I just can't seem to shake it, it's more like a bad habit really. Veiled as I am, behold in what a disorder you have plunged me. Do you really think I'm a swish?

LAWSON

If I say yes you'll send me away to die alone.

Close on LAWSON no more tears, he turns to ELIJAH now and wipes the hair away from his face and eyes. Kissing him high on the forehead.

LAWSON CONT.

I'm sorry, I'm sorry that I hurt you. I'm sorry, I just had to get out.

ELIJAH

I know. The foods getting cold.

ELIJAH stands now, extending his hand to help LAWSON up, he reaches

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CONTINUED

for it now and is pulled up into ELIJAH'S arms. A pause.

LAWSON

Thank you ELIJAH, for everything, you are my best friend. I'm so tired. I'm so tired.

ELIJAH

Well I wonder why, come on, I got you a new TV. Eat something Okay, I'll set up the TV for you if try and eat something. And another thing, I'll be giving you your pills from now on because you don't take them right. Like it or not, you're going to'live a lot longer than they think. You got that, Mr. T said, you gonna' live bitch!

They exit towards the living room, laughing.

Words on screen, a caption. 1990 FALL

FADE IN:

INT. BAR NO. 3. AFTERNOON.

Est. shot. The lively bar crowd, as the camera pans the faces in the smoke filled room until it settles on ELIJAH at the bar having a drink. He wears a mustache and goatee with wire rimmed glasses. He looks almost like a distinguished gentleman.

The camera ARCS him slowly, until LAWSON framed in the b.g. at a table alone comes into view and then full focus.

Close now on LAWSON at the table alone in the back of the dark bar. He lifts the Wild Turkey shot towards his lips his hand unsteady, shakes violently out of control spilling most if not all of the glass onto the table and floor, in the b.g. ELIJAH watches this saddened at his complete lack of motor function.

LAWSON looks completely different here much older than his years, less in control, wide sunken eyes behind thick glasses, heavy army coat and scarf, walking stick at his side. Visible signs of alcohol abuse, medical problems, addiction, and when he speaks now, it is

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CONTINUED

with great difficulty his words slurred his movement's weak and sluggish, portable oxygen bottle by his side, nasal canula attached to his nose. He mumbles at times as he tries desperately to drink the shot, cursing himself over each spilled drop. Again, he brings the shot glass to his lips but again it spills, suddenly behind him appears ELIJAH fresh shot in hand, he takes the half empty shot from him puts it down on the table and holds the new shot out for LAWSON to drink, and he does from ELIJAH'S steady hand. He smiles a sincere thank you for ELI'S approval, and he nods it.

ELIJAH

You ready to go sunshine?

Close on ELIJAH as he reaches a hand out helping LAWSON to his feet. Once up, LAWSON waves a friendly goodbye to the bar patrons and in stereo, they all say a warm goodbye back at him. And with that, they exit the bar towards the light of day.

EXT. BAR NO. 3. DAY.

Angle on a group of YOUNG HUSTLERS loitering outside the bar as ELIJAH helps LAWSON up the stairs out of the bar. LAWSON stops on the curb shooting ELIJAH a look, he stares out now at the young hustlers and the city terrain.

Close on LAWSON'S face, he stares out to see a desolate strip of concrete jungle just before dusk.

The rainy, gray- blue sky bleeding into the Baltimore city streets and disappearing into the endless stretch of apartment buildings, storefronts, bars, arcades and warehouses.

He looks out to see the fresh young faces as they go about their business unaware of anything. He can't help but smile now, smile or cry and he looks at ELIJAH, humming a bit of satisfaction, ELIJAH shoots him a look now, another angle- ELIJAH'S P.O.V and LAWSON'S appearance returns to that of yester-year. And once again he is a teenager. His eye's defiant clear and bright, but swelling fast with the memories of a time long gone but not forgotten.

FX: Time change.

Presently, we hear the strong voice of young LAWSON youthful and full.

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CONTINUED

LAWSON V.O.

Youth can never afford you the bigger pictures in life; the truth is I'm not sure if it should. Something's are just better left unknown or unsaid. In the players' world, perhaps youth and vanity shouldn't be the only things that matter and everything else be damned but when I was sixteen the world was my oyster, one giant apple for me to take a big bite out of, look at me world look at me! Nice firm ass, good teeth, nice Cock, low hanging balls, hell I was the cock of the walk and then I wasn't anymore. No regrets, none.

Angle on LAWSON young, strong, good-looking, he turns to look at ELIJAH but ELIJAH'S appearance remains the same. ELIJAH understands this and the moment is not ruined or wasted.

LAWSON V.O. Cont.

They say it's a sin, I don't know if it is or it isn't sex with men, prostitution, vanity, all of it. I look at the kids these days and I just smile. And I remember it all as if it were just yesterday because it was just yesterday. There's just something about it, hustling and vanity, in this business is definitely a turn on. I don't know if it's a sin or if it isn't a sin but what I do know, one hundred percent and I don't care what anybody says is, let's face it when ever people want you, just because your sexy and hot and young and handsome and they want to pay you money, buy you things, lavish you with attention and kind words just for spending a little time with them. Well it gives a kid the biggest feeling and a sense of power makes you feel ten feet on top of the world. Makes you think that you can do (MORE)

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CONTINUED

LAWSON V.O. Cont. (cont'd) it all, get away with it all and why not let's face it; healthy, goodlooking people can do almost anything they want. They know it too. Look at them the boy's of the night they don't miss a beat trust me. But what they don't know is that out here on these streets even peace itself is war in masquerade. Everyday every single day. And they don't know that everyone gets used up. They don't know that when you've slept with all of the pretty people in the room and borrowed money from all of the rest of them there's a silence and it booms louder than a drum and in that very loud silence that's where you can hear the truth. Out here, we are the sheep and you are the wolves and it's never the other way around. And that's the truth. But someone once told me that most truths were just over rated expressions of youth, flights of fancy or grandeur. I don't know if that's the truth either or maybe it's just some bullshit wisdom that some young kid once used to escape the hard truths that slap you in the face on a cold nigh, when the only choice you have is to keep walking or freeze to death. It took me years to figure that out and now I realize that defeat, can serve as well as victory to shake the very soul and let the glory out in all of us.

A pause. The sky quickly darkens purple- orange- blue, the traffic picks up, the BOY'S gather in mass on the corners bullshiting, etc.

LAWSON V.O. Cont.

Such miseries to which it is neither in your power to relieve for another or prevent, the horrible never ending oscillation between hope and fear and yet any discoveries made however small they maybe, remain, acquired knowledge. The only problem is it takes a lot of (MORE)

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CONTINUED

LAWSON V.O. Cont. (cont'd) hard knocks to acquire any kind of real knowledge out here on these fucked up streets. Look at them already life worn and dying, and they don't even realize it yet, and by the time they do it's already too late. Such a pity.

Close now, on a black Mercedes as it slows to check out the group of hustlers on the corner. The driver checks them out, his window lowers, words are exchanged and the beauty of the group hops into the front seat as the car speeds off down the street, leaving the other hustlers to wonder what's wrong with them.

A pause as LAWSON and ELIJAH witness this action and then-

LAWSON Cont. Vanity, It's such a turn on.

laughter.

WHITE OUT:

FADE IN:

Back to present day. 1992

EXT. LAWSON'S NEIGHBORHOOD. A STREET. DAY.

The streets in motion and presently we hear the voice of ELIJAH.

ELIJAH V.O.

How many days and hours I've sat waiting for him to stroll by me how many more times I've fallen asleep and dreamt that I heard his key in the door or heard his laughter in a bar and turned to glimpse the face I don't know, maybe hundreds. It has been sometime since that very cold fall morning, still I miss him, as if, he were a habit.

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CONTINUED

-FLASH BACK-

INT. LAWSON'S BEDROOM. LAWSON ON HIS DEATH BED. DAY.

An uncontrollable cough.

LAWSON pale beyond belief, unshaven. The sunlight floods the room whole and his eyes glitter with an intense fever, his lips and gums stark white, mouth dry, body trembling, beside him, holding onto his hand, ELIJAH comforts him. LAWSON staring up into his face, whispers the words "I'm sorry you have to be here for this". But ELIJAH doesn't need this; he knows. He murmurs inaudibly near the end; ELIJAH leans in to hear, squeezing his hand tighter, wiping away the hair and sweat from his brow.

The end is near, they both know now and before long the coughing simply stops, the nosebleed stops mid stream, the body relaxes. The room grows terribly quiet; LAWSON'S eye's stare off into space, ELIJAH closes them and brushes his hair, gently.

ELIJAH'S breath rises up to meet the morning air, close now on a piece of fabric hanging on the back of a chair; it flaps as if caught in a breeze, and now, ELIJAH notices the coldness of the room, it's cold, too cold and he follows the breeze from the fabric on the chair into the living room, cautiously at first and then quickly when he sees the open front door.

Angle on the open front door (it's wide open). He closes it, spooked. Locking it, his eye's full of tears now.

And now the look of relief on his face. He returns to LAWSON, lies down beside him, quiet, serene and pours a drink, making a quiet toast by himself.

-BACK TO PRESEN

ELIJAH V.O. Cont.

And I stood by his side and squeezed the blood from his hand just so he'd know; I had not abandoned him and he waited the hour of his death with great composure of mind and spirit. And when that hour came, all of the greatest rewards and all of the heaviest penalties imposed on his mere

(MORE)

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CONTINUED

ELIJAH V.O. Cont. (cont'd) existence, entered through the front door, and he looked them head on and he smiled and he walked out the door behind them one last time. And that was the end of that; I never caught which way they went, now, we communicate like the burrows of foxes in silence and darkness underground. His words my food his breath my wine. And every night I'm reminded in the prayers of my mind, that until we meet, no fire can ever warm me again.

Words on screen now: A caption; 1992 WINTER

INT. BALTIMORE CITY SUBWAY TRAIN. DAY. (MOVING).

ELIJAH seated on the train as it speeds into an above ground station. He's lost in a daydream.

ELIJAH Cont.

He's everywhere now, everywhere but right here. Have you ever missed someone so much that it tore your very soul and heart apart, turned your whole world upside down, missed someone so much you couldn't even remember what normal was anymore? What is normal anyway?

FADE IN:

EXT. LAWSON'S APARTMENT BUILDING. DAY.

Close on ELIJAH walking down the sidewalk now with his grocery bags.

ELIJAH V.O. Cont.

Is normal what we had, or just what I wanted for us to have; this is not normal.

Closer now, on ELIJAH.

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CONTINUED

ELIJAH V.O. Cont.

Yes sometimes I still see him more than I care to admit. He speaks to me of journeys never traveled and dreams unfulfilled the words, ring so clearly now

Suddenly we are back at the beginning of this film (see page 26.) ELIJAH walking home from the train station, grocery bags in hand. The street hustler flirting with the cars on the corner.

The sound now, at once; a loud car horn, jolts us back to present day.

EXT. STREET. DAY.

ELIJAH standing in the middle of the street as the panhandling YOUNG MAN walks away. But he turns again; to nod a thank you to ELIJAH, ELIJAH'S P.O.V of the YOUNG MAN but the face turns into the face of a young LAWSON. And now, through the streets of Baltimore ELIJAH follows him, but he notices this now and turns startled, spooked and he runs off now as if being stalked and chased, through back streets and alleyways, major traffic streets and thoroughfares, ELIJAH struggles to keep up and keep sight of him, his grocery bags long since torn and abandoned in the streets, the camera struggling to keep up with the action, but ELIJAH is too slow for the Young Man. The camera soon, out paces them both; over taking them, soaring on ahead and finally over the edge, until it runs out of city and hovers out and above the dazzling sun speckled sea. This is the view of angels, this is the secret sun.

WHITEOUT:

The sound now, Music: Original.

FADE IN:

EXT. STREET. RAIN. DAY. MOVING.

Close on a speeding taxicab racing through heavy city traffic, it weaves in and out of lanes.

FLASH CUT TO:

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CONTINUED

EXT. STREET. RAIN. DAY.

Close on ELIJAH in the middle of a busy intersection as traffic speeds past him, his chase of the YOUNG MAN, has led him here. And now, he is a deer in headlights. Frozen in the middle of this busy four way intersecting street.

Sound FX: Horns, irate motorist.

FLASH CUT TO:

EXT. STREET. RAIN. DAY. MOVING.

The speeding taxi as it veers around a slower moving truck, ELIJAH and the taxi now locked in on a collision course with fate till the end. The driver sees him now, drivers P.O.V. he struggles to come full stop at once, but it's too late for any such action, the course set.

FLASH CUT TO:

EXT. STREET. RAIN. DAY. MOVING.

ELIJAH'S P.O.V. Close view of the taxi speeding toward him, tires screeching attempting to stop.

The sound now; Sound FX: Tires screeching, horn and then the disturbing thud of flesh and bone against metal and fiberglass. A bone crushing sound.

EXT. STREET. RAIN. DAY.

SLOWER MOTION PHOTOGRAPHY.

Close on ELIJAH'S impact with the taxicab. His body thrown high into the air and then the impact with the pavement below, headfirst. A ghastly sight. The car a mangled wreck, with its fluids draining onto the streets now. The driver slumped behind the wheel in shock. His windshield shattered, hood twisted.

Angle on ELIJAH his body still and quiet in the street, a pool of blood quickly pooling around and under him, limbs missing, body crumpled like a rag doll, Dead.

Stillness, and silence on the streets.

The Secret Sun 146.

CONTINUED

The sound now, presently we hear the whispered voice, of LAWSON; and the distant wail of emergency vehicles.

LAWSON V.O.

On that side of the bridge, you understand nothing. But as you step lightly across it, you are upheld by timelessness. On your side, you are directed straight into the belly of the demon, But here, you are directed straight to the heart of God.

Angle close, on the body of ELIJAH, in the street, the rain, turning into snow now, in the b.g. Where a crowd has begin to gather in mass, the BOY, looks on, in confusion.

ELIJAH V.O.

And you are forever reunited, with all of the ones you loved, and complete, once again. Forever. There are no more roads to travel and no time to travel through, All you have to do is let go, let go.

ELIJAH and LAWSON whisper this;

ELIJAH/LAWSON V.O. Cont.

Let go.

FADE TO BLACK.

Words on screen, a caption:

" As long as there are boys who don't appreciate their youth and men who do, there will always be drama."

-Unknown

Dissolve quotation.

FADE IN:

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CONTINUED

The sound now; music- "The other side of life- The Moody Blues" through titles-

The closing presentation credits in their entirety.

The end.