

DANCING IN CIRCLES

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. MINIVAN (MOVING) - NIGHT

An aurora borealis dances in a starry sky around a hilltop surrounded by farmland below.

A hand-painted multicolored old minivan, psychedelic peace sign on the roof, twist and turns down the hilltop road.

INT. MINIVAN (MOVING) - NIGHT

Thick sculpted multicolored brush strokes of psychedelic patterns painted on the walls and ceiling.

The aurora borealis colors shine through all the windows.

Long-haired SEAN RAMONE (27) steers with paint smudged hands.

His cute frizzy-haired, hippie-looking, noticeably-pregnant wife FAITH (25) plays guitar next to him.

They smile at YOUNG DANNY (7) in the back seat. He smiles at them. Drinks milk from a carton as he draws in a sketchbook.

They all laugh and sing along to a 60s protest song.

Suddenly, oncoming headlights glare directly into a teardrop prism hanging from the rearview mirror.

Sean slams the brakes. O.S. TIRES SCREECH. The prism spins, swirling beams of light around the interior.

An SUV crashes head-on into them and the milk explodes from the carton as it flies against the cracking windshield.

EXT. CHICAGO LOOP - "L" PLATFORM - LATE NIGHT

SUPER: TWELVE YEARS LATER

The downtown Chicago skyline looms in the background.

White paint drips in Jackson Pollack style swirls across the platform spelling "WHO'S THE TERRORIST NOW?"

A train zooms through the station ripping stencils off seven whitewashed ad posters along the railing exposing...

Drones firing missiles with misspelled corporate logos at Muslim men, women, children, in an Afghan mountain village.

The train car lights flash across the posters and animate...

The men, women, and children tumbling across the other posters. They spiral down a toilet on the seventh one.

DANNY RAMONE (19) rugged handsome, Mohawk, hump on his back under his coat, drops a roller in a bucket of white paint.

EEYORE (60) frumpy, droopy-eyed policeman and ALICE (25) perky, cute blonde policewoman, burst onto the platform.

Danny pulls a twelve-inch metal hook from inside his coat and drops it onto the railing as he jumps over.

Eeyore tosses the bucket of paint over the railing.

EXT. STREET BELOW - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Danny bounces on a parked car hood from a bungee cord around his wrist attached to the hook over the railing.

The bucket hits the roof. Paint splatters him as he jumps off the car and cuts the cord with a box-cutter blade.

He shrugs out of his paint-drenched coat.

An oxygen tank strapped to his back. A hose connects a regulator to a paint can and the airbrush in his hand.

Two COPS run down the stairs under the platform toward Danny.

Danny rolls the tank toward the Cops. They run up the steps.

DANNY

Works every time, I...

He removes a paint-soaked boot. Notices Alice closing on him.

Danny throws the boot at her. She ducks the boot. He runs.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Come on, Alice!

Alice quickly closes on him.

Danny turns the corner onto --

ANOTHER SIDEWALK

He passes retail stores and leaves white shoe prints behind.

Alice hot on his heels, leaps for him.

DANNY

See ya around!

He dodges her. She stumbles sideways. He ducks into a --
DOORWAY

Alice rounds the corner and skids to a halt.

ALICE
I got you, white rabbit!

The boot prints end at a glass door painted with "Wormhole Records" around a black LP sized record disk. No Danny.

A breeze blows her hair back as she turns the knob and shoves the locked door. The business is closed and dark.

Alice pokes her finger into the center of the "Wormhole Records" logo. Her finger sinks into a vortex in the glass as tiny lights swirls around it.

ALICE (CONT'D)
That's curious?

INT. FOLEY HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

A cell phone vibrates across an exquisite nightstand in a room full of matching furniture.

WARREN FOLEY (34) preppy horndog lawyer in a shirt and tie, tosses a bottle of lotion into the bathroom sink as he exits.

He kisses a pricey bag of golf clubs laying on the bed next to his slept-in side. Toilet paper hangs from his boxer's fly.

He unplugs a red jump drive from a laptop on his pillow. Flips it on the nightstand. Grabs the cell phone as it falls.

He snatches a flower from a vase, bites the stem and smiles at his reflection in a wall mirror.

WARREN
Mirror, mirror, I'm the man!

He reads the cell phone screen. His smile turns to a frown.

WARREN (CONT'D)
Shhh-it!

He holds the phone with his shoulder. Grabs his pants off the bed and hops into them.

WARREN (CONT'D)
(into cell phone)
Hey, how ya doing, baby? What's up?

The toilet paper hangs from his crotch. A woman's voice squawks inaudibly from the cell phone.

WARREN (CONT'D)
 (into cell phone)
 Bullshit!

He sets the laptop on the nightstand. The red jump drive tumbles behind the nightstand as he rushes out.

EXT. CUL-DE-SAC - DAY

A GIRL (10) baseball cap, carries a bag of newspapers as she steps under a "DEAD END" and "ELM STREET" sign on a lamppost.

She enters a circular street with Hummers in driveways guarding sleek sports cars and extra large custom homes.

She grabs a paper, steps on "1313" stenciled on the curb.

An SUV skids around the Girl. An IRATE WOMAN (37) tennis attire, hops out and grabs the paper from the Girl.

GIRL
 Mom!

IRATE WOMAN
 Get the hell in the car!

She crosses the lawn and the sprinklers go on.

IRATE WOMAN (CONT'D)
 (into cell phone)
 Get out here, Warren, or I'll come inside with the blessed news!

INT. FOLEY HOUSE - FRONT FOYER - DAY

Warren rips the toilet paper from his crotch as he hurries down the curved staircase. He whispers to the cell phone:

WARREN
 We'll be together soon. Until then,
 you've got to be strong.

He jumps the last two steps and smashes the cell phone off the marble floor as he lands.

He opens the front door. The wet newspaper socks him in the crotch and unfolds on the front porch.

The headline "DANCING IN CIRCLES".

EXT. HAVE A GAS/MINI-MART - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The sun rises above a "HAVE A GAS/MINI-MART" sign spinning on top of a pole over a gas station. A busy city street beyond.

Danny, bandaged fingers, bangs on the mini-mart window with a sliding cash-tray as the lights go on inside.

DANNY

Good morning, Gena.

GENA PETRO (34) cute, short, muscular, messy blonde hair, appears behind the glass. She drops a clipboard in the tray and sends it out.

GENA (OVER PA)

The readout on the pumps needs to be done, Danny. Right away?

DANNY

I drew another one for you. You're my hero, Gena!

He holds the blank-inside of a cereal box up to the glass, on it is a caricature of Gena dancing as a harem girl with gas pump hoses curled upright like cobras around her.

GENA (OVER PA)

Quit busting my balls, Danny, I need those numbers.

He takes the clipboard, drops a ring of house keys on top of the caricature on the tray and sends it in.

INT. HAVE A GAS MINI-MART - DAY - CONTINUOUS

A bubble camera on the ceiling above five aisles of junk food. Coffee makers on a counter over cabinets between coolers on the back wall.

DANCER (17) dreadlocks overflowing a hair wrap, scratches the first instant lottery ticket in a string of a dozen.

DANCER

Momma needs a new cell phone.

She taps her foot on an empty stroller facing a crane game.

Gena cocks her head, holding a handset phone to her shoulder as she squats behind the counter.

GENA
 (into handset phone)
 Yes, Mr. Richard, I know I'm four
 months behind on rent. But I-I...

She wraps the house keys around a prescription bottle of green pills on a shelf under the register behind a .38 pistol and six .38 cartridges.

She stands, pulls a \$100 bill from the register. Pockets it.

GENA (CONT'D)
 I can't believe you'd do this to
 us. You know I'm deep in debt.

She grabs a pen off the register.

GENA (CONT'D)
 (into phone)
 Please, Mr. Richard, I already work
 a hundred hours a week. Please, we
 can't go on living in my car.

She chomps on the pen and speaks through clenched teeth:

GENA (CONT'D)
 (into phone)
 We can go for another ride. I'll
 take real good care of ya. Anything
 ya want. Yes, the roof still leaks.
 Why's that so fucking funny?

She squeezes her eyes shut and leaks tears as she exhales.

GENA (CONT'D)
 (into phone)
 I'm sorry about swearing, sir. I
 won't come near you again. I'll
 send Vegas with some money...

Click. The line goes dead. She spits out the pen. Drop-kicks the phone. The phone bounces one way. Batteries the other.

GENA (CONT'D)
 Screw yourself!

She looks at a dozen caricatures of her as rock stars, skateboarders, race car drivers, comic heroes, on the blank-insides of cereal boxes with the caricature Danny gave her.

She scowls with extreme prejudice out the window at Danny.

EXT. HAVE A GAS MINI-MART - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Danny hops on one paint-splattered boot around the gas pumps and writes the numbers on the clipboard.

He steps behind a rusty ragged topped convertible parked along the building and pushes the bumper up and down.

The convertible rear door squeaks open and a skateboard slams wheels down on the pavement.

VEGAS PETRO (17) short blonde beauty, big white shades, exits the car and steps on the skateboard.

She slings an acoustic guitar over her shoulder and skateboards around Danny.

VEGAS

You rock, I roll, Danny boy!

DANNY

Hey, Vegas, I got that pirate tape of The Germs at Masque Club in '78 at the record shop for you.

VEGAS

Can I come tonight and pick it up? Buy you a coffee for your trouble.

DANNY

It's a date.

VEGAS

"American leather, The poisonous members, Not alone-not together."

Danny steps in front of her. She tails-skids into him. He grabs the lapels on her leather jacket.

DANNY

"Their American leather."

VEGAS

(laughingly)
"Laughter forever."

DANNY

"Now I hear laughter."

She kick-flips the skateboard and grabs it.

VEGAS

I love The Germs. Darby Crash's lyrics are so unholy.

Danny opens a "circle-A" shaped locket around her neck. A Darby Crash photo on one side. Kurt Cobain the other.

DANNY

Double suicides or a conspiracy to remove our future leaders?

VEGAS

Self-destruction is the purest act of anarchy.

DANNY

Anarchy is chaos, disorder, law of the jungle. That to me is survival.

VEGAS

I'll have to think about that.

He hands her the clipboard.

DANNY

While you're thinking, how about getting to work, punk?

VEGAS

Shut up and die.

DANNY

Kurt was a fag in drag!

VEGAS

The Circle Jerks are homos!

She gives him the finger as she opens the door and smiles.

A bell on a circular metal coil hanging from the door chimes.

INT. HAVE A GAS MINI-MART - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Vegas enters and her smile turns into a snarl as...

Gena steps from behind the counter toward Vegas.

GENA

God bless you and your just-in-timing. You know Danny won't come in until he sees you.

VEGAS

Danny's taking me on a date tonight.

GENA

Get him back here for the last shift. Lotto's gonna top a billion.

VEGAS

You said if Danny took me on a date you'd bring him to meet Aunt Reno. Can you bring us after work?

GENA

Of course, baby girl.

She rushes into the bathroom and slams the door.

VEGAS

Hey, momma, can we please go home? I need some more clothes.

GENA (O.S.)

Be at home behind the register.

Vegas rolls behind the counter. Grabs the house keys from under the register and skateboards to the bathroom.

VEGAS

Can I have my own room please, mother dear?

GENA (O.S.)

What for, baby girl?

Vegas skateboards away. Plays the guitar and sings.

VEGAS

"So I... can sigh... eternally..."

GENA (O.S.)

No suicidal grunge rocking through the store, baby girl.

She mimes shooting herself in the mouth.

GENA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Thank you, baby girl.

Vegas swerves down the aisle, plays guitar and sings.

VEGAS

"Ya ain't nothing but a hound dog."

The bell on the door chimes as LANCE (16) long-haired, skinny, bucket hat, vintage hippie clothes, enters.

GENA (O.S.)
 Stop the rock-a-billy. Get back up
 front and put the gee-tar down.

Vegas wheels back down the aisle past the bathroom. Sings.

VEGAS
 "Gee-Tar-zan, And her monkey band."

Lance enters the aisle. Vegas swerves by him to the counter.

Lance knocks on the bathroom door. Gena opens it. He dangles
 a small brown dropper bottle in her face.

GENA
 Is that it?

LANCE
 Three hits. Liquid LSD. A
 psychedelic circus in a bottle. Way
 better than what you been buying.

GENA
 Deal.

She hands him the \$100 bill and takes the bottle.

LANCE
 Don't you wanna know the doses?

GENA
 Go ahead, Lance.

LANCE
 One drop's a lion tamer. Two's an
 electric high-wire act.

GENA
 Three?

He grabs her wrist.

LANCE
 No freaking way. Three is a psycho
 killer clown shot out of a cannon.

GENA
 You're colorful. Now go away.

Lance obeys.

Vegas grabs a pack of cigarettes from a display behind the
 counter. Pockets them.

Dancer scratches off her last instant ticket, still bouncing her foot on the empty stroller.

DANCER
Five 'ill get me fifty.

Vegas grabs a bag of nacho chips from the aisle and steps behind Dancer. Vegas speaks as she eats chips:

VEGAS
The machine ate your baby, Dancer.

Dancer peers at the empty stroller. Rushes to the crane game.

DANCER
Oh, God, my baby! My mother is gonna kill me.

Gena scurries out of the bathroom.

GENA
I'll be damned.

Dancer and Vegas stare inside the crane game.

VEGAS
It's like baby heaven.

A baby sleeps on a pile of stuffed animals.

The mirror in the game reflects Dancer's face as she faints.

Gena catches Dancer. Eases her to the floor. Rolls her sweater up and slides it under Dancer's head.

GENA
Baby girl, stay with Dancer.

She runs to the bathroom.

Vegas steps over Dancer and speaks to Gena:

VEGAS
I'll keep an eye on the blessed event.

She peers at the sleeping baby. Lance behind her.

LANCE
Can I play next?

VEGAS
You're demented, Lance.

Gena tosses her cell phone to Vegas, kneels and applies a wet cloth to Dancer's forehead.

GENA

Call the fire department, please?

Vegas gives Lance her taco chips.

The bell on the door chimes as Danny enters.

DANNY

What's with sleeping beauty?

VEGAS

A dwarf took her place under glass.

Danny stoops behind the counter and grabs the prescription bottle from the shelf.

He squeezes the bottle in his hand as he sees Vegas drift toward him, punching 911 into the cell phone.

DANNY

Where are my keys? Gena always puts them under here.

She turns away from him and lifts the phone to her ear.

VEGAS

Shh, Prince Charming's on the hook.

Danny unfolds a news article with a faded photo of the smashed and burned minivan, headlines "HORRIFIC CAR CRASH KILLS HUSBAND AND PREGNANT WIFE LEAVES ONE SON ORPHANED".

"Officer Zed, I smelled alcohol in the SUV and found Reno Foley's empty prescription bottle of Lithium--"

Danny crumples the article and sneers at "RENO FOLEY 1313 ELM STREET" on the prescription bottle.

Gena notices Danny stooping behind the counter.

GENA

Vegas, grab your Aunt Reno's pills before I forget.

Vegas goes behind the counter. Danny sets the prescription on the shelf. Vegas reaches around him for the bottle.

DANNY

Gena, where are my keys?

GENA
Look under the counter!

DANNY
I did!

Vegas smothers the cell phone against her chest.

VEGAS
Everyone, shush!
(into phone)
"HAVE A GAS MINI-MART" on Milwaukee
needs a fire rescue. A midget
crawled up the crane game's ass.

She sets the phone down. Danny gets in her face.

DANNY
You're witty.

VEGAS
It gets me noticed.

DANNY
Have you seen my keys?

VEGAS
First your boot and now your keys?

DANNY
This is a conspiracy!

VEGAS
Paranoia, they destroy ya.

He dings the door bell with his middle-finger.

INT. FOLEY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The room is a page out of an interior design magazine. A crystal chandelier hangs from the center of the ceiling.

RENO FOLEY (29) raven-haired beauty in a robe, sits on the couch and smokes a bent cigarette.

She stares at a Greek Tragedy Mask throw pillow, flips it onto the Greek Comedy Mask side and smiles.

RENO
You look like I feel.

She gets up and kisses a "The Complete Works of William Shakespeare" book on a coffee table as she goes into the --

KITCHEN

Reno turns on a boom box on the granite counter top.

Punk rock blares as she walks through a room full of expensive stainless steel appliances and cabinets.

She opens a patio door and blows smoke rings toward a pool.

EXT. FOLEY HOUSE - POOLSIDE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

An automated cover caps the pool.

Warren bench presses 250 pounds and sets the bar on the rack.

He grabs a suit coat off a diving board and puts it on.

He fixes the flower in the lapel and cranes his neck toward Reno smoking in the doorway.

WARREN

I knew it!

INT. FOLEY HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Reno flicks the cigarette into the rain gutter and goes in.

Warren enters. She greets him with a smile.

RENO

Knew what?

WARREN

Give me a kiss.

She kisses his cheek.

He grabs a pack of cigarettes from her robe, rips the power cord out of the wall socket and silences the boom box.

RENO

I'll just get fatter.

WARREN

I got five and ten pound weights out there too. Learn to swim.

He flips a switch on the wall over the sink and dumps the smokes into the grinding jaws of a garbage disposal.

RENO

I almost drown in that accident. I don't even go in the hot tub.

She grabs the sprayer from the sink.

RENO (CONT'D)

This is as close as I get to the
pool--

She leaks water from the sprayer on his pant leg by accident.

He twists her wrist, takes the sprayer and jams it on its
sink mount.

WARREN

A few pounds off couldn't hurt.

She pushes her belly out, grabs the flower from his lapel and
offers the flower to him.

RENO

I was thinking the other way. Like,
we should have a baby?

He slaps the flower out of her hand onto the counter.

WARREN

A baby?!

She lays her head on his chest. Her eyes fill with tears.

RENO

I'd be such a good loving mother.

He pulls a prescription bottle from a cabinet and shakes the
last two green pills into his hand.

WARREN

We've been over this many times.

RENO

Please...

WARREN

Gena and Vegas are coming over with
a new prescription.

He holds out two green pills in his hand. She whimpers.

RENO

No thank you.

WARREN

Take them. They'll clear your head.

RENO

Only if you say pretty please with
an answer to a question on top.

WARREN

Sure, sweetie. Go on.

She grabs the pills and pops them in her mouth.

RENO

Did you fuck the newspaper girl's
mom?

WARREN

I told you, I've changed.

RENO

Okay then. Did you fuck the
newspaper girl's father?

WARREN

Honestly, you need to get your mind
out of the gutter.

RENO

I live in the ass end of a cul-de-
sac, in what was once a drug-
infested city neighborhood.

She curtsies and bows.

RENO (CONT'D)

Now gentrified into the never-
ending, middle-class, espresso-
enema, soccer-moms, you fuck!

WARREN

This is getting way too complicated
for my time frame. I gotta go.

RENO

Coming and going. Not much change.

WARREN

I've got that big verdict today.

RENO

Another one of your alleged
murdering drug dealers?

WARREN

He owns the biggest car dealership
in the city.

RENO
Kiss my ass, you fool.

She sticks her ass out. He eyes her ass as he passes.

WARREN
We better make that fifteen pounds.

RENO
I'm just your sagging workhorse.

WARREN
What do you want from me?

RENO
A baby?

WARREN
We can't afford it. Look at the
house I got you. You're ungrateful.

He steps down the hallway toward the front of the house.

RENO
Oh, Warren. I sorry. Being so
bitchy. I'll forgive you anything.
Just come back to me. I miss you.

She spits the pills in her hand, slaps them on top of the
fridge and goes after him.

LIVING ROOM

Reno catches Warren at the front door.

WARREN
Why don't you take another yoga
class and enlighten-up?

RENO
I want to have a baby. What about
all that cash you got from all your
drug dealer clients in the safe--?

He slaps her onto her knees. She pouts. Streaming tears.

WARREN
You imagining things again? I'm not
having a baby with a crazy person.

RENO
I'd be a good loving mother.

He slams the door on his way out.

EXT. FOLEY HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - DAY

Warren backs against a white sports car. Vegas pulls the convertible alongside and smirks at his wet pants.

VEGAS

Little rain on your parade, Warren?

WARREN

Always sunny in Vegas.

VEGAS

I hear the tricky part is knowing when to get out.

WARREN

I still got my pants.

Gena slouches in the passenger seat behind dark sunglasses.

Vegas tosses the skateboard out the door onto its wheels and stomps on it.

Warren flips her locket on her chest and eyes her breasts.

VEGAS

See anything you want?

WARREN

Whose picture's in there?

She slaps his hand away.

VEGAS

Yours of course.

WARREN

What does the "A" stand for?

VEGAS

Antichrist.

WARREN

You're funny.

VEGAS

Hey there slick, wanna trade cars?

WARREN

Can you handle a stick?

She smacks his ass as he gets in his car.

VEGAS
You do have Alzheimer's.

WARREN
Then don't bother to remind me.

VEGAS
What happens in--
He presses his hand over her mouth.

WARREN
Vegas!
Gena exits the car.

GENA
Warren, please don't get my baby
girl all revved up.

WARREN
You're alive?

VEGAS
Mom pretends to sleep when I drive.
Her ignorance is my bliss.
Gena lowers her glasses, stares at Vegas and applauds.

GENA
Open eyes are of endless
encouragement to dramatists.
Vegas bows and takes-off on her skateboard down the block.

VEGAS
Once around the park, driver.
Warren smiles at Gena.

WARREN
I wonder where she gets it.
Gena bites his ear and whispers:

GENA
Same place you do. Hands off Vegas.
He grabs her and moves her back.

WARREN
There's been enough melodrama
around here already for one day.

GENA

Danny took the bait. Tonight.

Warren kisses her cheek and whispers in her ear:

WARREN

You just get him here. Keep Vegas
by the pool. And I do the rest.

He shows her a chrome .45 automatic in his waistband, gets in
the car and guns-it out of the driveway.

INT. FOLEY HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Reno snatches the pills off the fridge, flips the garbage
disposal on and slaps the pills down the drain.

RENO

I'll start my diet now.

She grabs the flower and dips it in the drain, fingertips
dangerously close to the grinding disposal jaws.

RENO (CONT'D)

Wish I may...

She pulls the chewed flower out of the drain.

RENO (CONT'D)

...that I might...

She kisses the flower.

RENO (CONT'D)

...make him love me again!

She drops the flower in the disposal. Turns the boom box on.

She pounds on the fridge door to a fast punk rock beat as she
slides to the floor.

RENO (CONT'D)

The bottom of the wishing well...

She wipes the tears from her cheeks and erases a scuff mark
off of a floor-tile.

RENO (CONT'D)

A good mother takes care of her
house and her husband loves her for
it. That's a place for children.

REAR STAIRCASE - MINUTES LATER

The off-set steps connect the second floor with the basement.

Reno hurries up the stairs, crosses the landing and disappears in the first of three bedroom doors.

O.S. LOUD OPERA MUSIC PLAYS.

She exits one door and enters the second doorway.

O.S. A HEAVY HANDED DRAMATIC SYMPHONIC OVERTURE PLAYS.

She rushes out and into the third bedroom.

She leaps out of the room.

O.S. CLASSICAL OPERA STARTS WITH A KETTLEDRUM BEAT.

She dances a sequence of ballet steps and slowly her moves mix with karate kicks and spins.

O.S. A CACOPHONY OF DIFFERENT OPERATIC ARIAS BEGINS WITH THE DIVAS VOICES IN CONFLICT.

Reno storms down the steps into the --

KITCHEN

Reno grabs a can of beer from the fridge and sips it.

RENO

Cold comfort.

Vegas flies around the corner, skids across the counter and stuffs the pack of cigarettes in Reno's pocket.

Gena breezes in. Checks the top of the fridge where Reno had her pills and approaches Reno.

GENA

You're not sleeping again,
obsessing over having a baby.

RENO

Why sleep when it's all a dream?

GENA

Did you take your pills today?

RENO

I'm on a diet.

Gena stares in Reno's eyes and finger-combs her hair back.

GENA

I got more medication for those
bloodshot eyes of yours.

She leads Reno by the hand into the --

LIVING ROOM

Gena fluffs the pillow and sets it Tragedy side up at the end
of the couch.

Reno lies on the couch. Head on the pillow.

Gena sits next to Reno and sets the beer on the floor.

RENO

You're such a caring Sister.

GENA

Shh. Close your eyes now.

She pulls the dropper bottle of LSD from her pocket and drips
a drop in each of Reno's eyes. Reno whimpers:

RENO

I'd be lost without you and Vegas.

GENA

Don't cry. You'll ruin the chance
of the drops making things better.

She puts her hands over Reno's eyes, kisses her cheek and
secretly drips the last drop in Reno's beer.

GENA (CONT'D)

All done, Sis. And for being such a
good sport.

She pulls Reno to her feet and gives her the beer.

GENA (CONT'D)

Finish your drink.

Reno drinks the beer and follows Gena into the --

KITCHEN

Gena takes the empty beer can from Reno.

RENO

Don't you mind my drinking?

GENA

You being agreeable is all I ask.

She crunches the beer can in her hands.

Reno looks out the patio door.

RENO

I closed the pool cover to keep it warm, it was freezing last night.

Vegas slides on her butt across the counter next to Reno and sets the new prescription bottle near the sink.

VEGAS

It's cold, then it's hot. This city is bipolar.

Gena whips the crunched can at Vegas. She catches it against her chest and mimes the words "sorry Mother".

RENO

You can open the pool cover once you're out there.

Gena kisses her cheek.

GENA

Thank you, dear.

Reno drapes her arms over Gena's shoulders, nose-to-nose. They furrow their brows. Smile warmly at each other.

RENO

I'm sorry to cause you to worry.

GENA

Maybe we should talk?

RENO

No, I'm fine. I just had a bit of a tiff with Warren, but I'm good.

GENA

Promise me you'll take a nap today.

RENO

I promise.

She finger-draws a cross over her heart.

Gena combs Reno's hair back with her fingers.

GENA

All right.

RENO
Now here, allow me.

She pulls a coil of plastic tubing and a roll of duct-tape from a lower cabinet and tosses them to Gena.

GENA
Thanks.

Reno beats Gena to the patio door and slides it open.

RENO
Looking to drown your sorrows?

GENA
I need a weightless hour. You should get over your water phobia.

RENO
I'd hate the silence.

GENA
Well, never underestimate the healing power of silence.

RENO
To each her own.

GENA
I know, you prefer deafening tones.

RENO
Noise is my asylum, a perforating refuge.

GENA
Whatever you just said makes sense somehow.

Vegas jumps off the counter and pats Reno on her back.

VEGAS
Good one, Reno.

GENA
You both are a...?

VEGAS
Two peas in an infinite pod.

She and Reno clasp hands, bow together and laugh.

GENA
Time for my silent treatment.

She steps out the door. Vegas and Reno watch Gena on the --

EXT. FOLEY HOUSE - POOLSIDE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Gena strips down to her panties, tosses her bra and steps past a bubbling hot tub.

VEGAS (O.S.)
"Silence entombs death."

RENO (O.S.)
That's not Poe.

Gena reaches under the diving board, opens a keyless entry pad mounted behind the ladder and enters a three digit code.

VEGAS (O.S.)
It's Macbeth. We were reading it yesterday. Shakespeare's our everyday.

RENO (O.S.)
Where is my mind?

The automated pool cover opens. Gena grabs a 25 pound weight and sets it on the diving board.

VEGAS (O.S.)
There is joy in escape.

Gena duct-tapes one end of the tubing to the diving board.

RENO (O.S.)
Escape is a temporal retreat.

VEGAS (O.S.)
"She wants some water, To put out the blowtorch."

Gena grabs goggles off the pool ledge, bites the other end of the tubing and snaps the goggles on.

RENO (O.S.)
Shakespeare and Cobain?

VEGAS (O.S.)
Rock and bloody roll.

Gena hugs the weight and splashes into the water.

INT./EXT. WHITE SPORTS CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Warren speeds through traffic and slams gears as he squeezes between cars.

WARREN

Get the hell out of my goddamn way.

He weaves through a convoy of semi trucks. The truckers blow their horns and give him the finger.

WARREN (CONT'D)

Hey, thanks for the directions. But I'm going the other way.

He hits the passing lane and floors-it as he glimpses a "Cicero exit 1/4 mile" sign.

WARREN (CONT'D)

Shit! Next exit!

He half-circles right and cuts-off a semi.

He misses the ramp and skids sideways across a grass triangle alongside the exit ramp.

The passenger side door bashes into a plastic water bunker.

INT. DANNY'S BUNGALOW APARTMENT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Danny enters. A tub of bubbly water splashes over the sides.

DANNY

My keys in there?

Vegas' face breaks the sudsy surface. She takes a deep breath and hangs her arms over the tub.

VEGAS

I love your place.

DANNY

I've been losing things lately. Finally, I find the answer.

VEGAS

Would you like to pat me down?

DANNY

Don't even.

She rises naked. He shoves her in the suds and leaves. She comes up and stares through tears as the door closes.

VEGAS

You're odd! You know that?

DANNY (O.S.)
 Yes, I do. Now how the hell did ya
 manage to follow me?

She steps out of the tub and leans against the door.

VEGAS
 It took me a week of jumping on and
 off buses, trains and switching "L"
 lines just to track you back here.

DANNY (O.S.)
 You must be a bloodhound.

VEGAS
 Are you a terrorist or something?

HALLWAY

The walls and ceiling painted with comic book illustrations.

Danny sets his forehead on the bathroom door and slides the
 box-cutter blade from its sheath.

DANNY
 (sotto)
 Something like that.

He yells through the door:

DANNY (CONT'D)
 Okay, ya stole my keys. I get that.
 Ya followed me, well, that's my
 carelessness. But how'd ya get past
 Grace, and why didn't she tell me?

VEGAS (O.S.)
 She caught me on the front stairs.

DANNY
 I knew ya couldn't get past her.

BATHROOM

Vegas finger combs her wet hair.

VEGAS
 Your landlady's worried about you
 and your love life. She says you're
 becoming a hermit. She thinks I'd
 be good for you. We're in cahoots.

DANNY (O.S.)
 You're, like, what, 16 years old?

VEGAS

I've been seventeen, like, five months now.

DANNY (O.S.)

Come back in, like, seven months. And please, wait outside.

She lays her forehead on the door and closes her eyes.

VEGAS

I can't survive seven months.

DANNY (O.S.)

Why? What's wrong with you?

VEGAS

I'm suicidal.

The door bursts open. Knocks her back. She splashes on her butt in the tub. Legs over the side. Danny storms in.

DANNY

You okay?

She reaches out to him and blows suds off her nose.

VEGAS

I'm lonely.

He leans over the tub. She smiles up at him.

DANNY

Good. I can't afford to be sued by Uncle Warren.

He collects a cup of razors from the side of the tub.

VEGAS

Then you do care for me?

DANNY

Grace wouldn't live to be ninety if something should happen to you.

She flings water at him.

VEGAS

She's sweet.

He gets in her face:

DANNY

I think your problem is immaturity.

She stands with her arms out, tits in his face and smiles.

VEGAS
Baby loves attention.

DANNY
Focus on this.

He shuts the door as he leaves.

INT./EXT. WHITE SPORTS CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

Warren drives with a cordless headset on.

He snorts a line of cocaine off his steering arm as he swerves through expressway traffic.

He tailgates a pickup with drywall stacked in the rear bed. Its brake lights color his angry face red.

WARREN
(into headset)
Where? They didn't come back from
where? Calm down!

He downshifts, fishtails left and accelerates onto the shoulder past the pickup.

RENO (V.O.)
(filtered)
I've been playing the loving
sister, and mother, long enough.

WARREN
(into headset)
Give me something that I can use to
find them. An address or a place.

RENO (V.O.)
(filtered)
Vegas mentioned something about a
wormhole records in Wicker Park?

He squeezes between cars and gives the finger to the pickup driver.

WARREN
(into headset)
Don't do anything, anymore. You
fucked this up! I'll fix
everything.

RENO (V.O.)
(filtered)
How was I going to predict she
wouldn't come back?

WARREN
(into headset)
Listen! Go to my house after work
tonight, hop in the pool and relax.
I'll find 'em and bring 'em to you.

He removes the .45 from the glove box, sticks it between the
seats and rips the headset off.

WARREN (CONT'D)
A guaranteed fix to everything.

He steers one-handed and bites a cap off a brown gram-size
bottle of cocaine.

WARREN (CONT'D)
Bottoms up.

He plugs the bottle in his nose and snorts cocaine from it.
He veers in, out and around traffic.

WARREN (CONT'D)
Scared stupid flock-a sheep, drive.

He looks at the duct-taped in place passenger side mirror.

WARREN (CONT'D)
The world's lost without duct-tape.

He stares in the rearview mirror at a black rust-bucket jeep
behind him matching his every move.

WARREN (CONT'D)
Stay with me little black sheep.

He turns to see the pickup pass him and swerve in front of
him. The top-sheet of drywall flips backward from its bed.

The drywall explodes across his roof. Chalk powder cakes the
windshield and the side windows.

He swerves into the emergency lane and screeches to a halt.

He squirts the washer fluid and the wipers smear white muck
across the windshield. He works the washer lever. No fluid.

WARREN (CONT'D)
Goddamn, quit on me!

INT./EXT. HAVE A GAS/MINI-MART - NIGHT

A sign over the counter flashes "MEGA BALL \$1,571,123.00".

Gena stands behind the register, stares at a drawer full of cash and taps a handful of drop-box envelopes on the counter.

A LITTLE OLD LADY holds thirty lotto receipts on the other side of the counter, facing several GRUMBLING CUSTOMERS.

GRUMBLING CUSTOMER 1
This is where all our taxes go.

GRUMBLING CUSTOMER 2
Going-going-gone.

GRUMBLING CUSTOMER 1
Bet that's her sports car outside.

LITTLE OLD LADY
I should be ashamed, but I ain't.

She stomps toward them and gives them the finger.

The Grumbling Customers back into bags of chips on a shelf.

LITTLE OLD LADY (CONT'D)
Money changes everything, pussies!

Two PRETEENS run by the Grumbling Customers and splash their Slushees on them.

PRETEENS
Respect your elders!

The Grumbling Customers chase the Preteens out the door and the Little Old Lady follows them out:

LITTLE OLD LADY
God blesses us with all these
little darlings.

Gena twists the handful of drop-box envelopes in her hands.

The Little Old Lady enters a bygone muscle car and peels-out.

INT. DANNY'S BUNGALOW APARTMENT - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Vegas, naked, exits the bathroom door and steps between stacks of books and albums.

She walks along a series of cartoon frames of Danny spraying two cans of aerosol paint in each hand. As a crowd chases him by apartment buildings covered in graffiti art.

VEGAS

An urban legend in his own mind.

Danny leaps off the last frame and disappears.

Vegas parts strips of plastic hanging from the doorway and punk rock blasts her as she enters a --

STUDIO

A blue flashing light on a police surveillance camera on a streetlight outside shines through curved glass bay windows.

Vegas follows the blue light around the circular walls.

Broken brush strokes sculpt the rough textures of thick plied oil paint, creating a mural of punk rock mosh-pitters in frenzied blurry motion around the room.

VEGAS

Nice effect.

A diaphanous border of luminescent yellow veils elongated stick figures on a balcony painted high on the wall.

She steps by a set of drums, guitar, and bass with amplifiers under a sheet of paint-splattered plastic.

Danny lies on top of a scaffold, a turntable and speakers mounted on the wood-framed bottom.

He uses his fingernails to sculpt thick plied black paint into a disk at the center of a multi-layered swirling vortex of white, red, gray and blue, spanning the ceiling.

Vegas scratches the needle across the record.

Danny sits up, face, hands, and hair splattered with paint.

VEGAS (CONT'D)

Why aren't using your brush?

DANNY

Sculptural carving of space. When JMW Turner met young painters, he'd check their nails as a test of their seriousness. I'd pass.

He dangles his hand and wiggles his paint caked fingers.

Vegas whips his keys at him. He catches them. She curls her hands into fists, rises on her tiptoes and snarls:

VEGAS

I won't bother to steal them again!

Danny throws his paint-covered smock to her.

DANNY

Put that on and wheel me to my
right, will you please?

Her anger turns into delight as she puts on the smock.

VEGAS

How'd you make this room a circle?

DANNY

Plywood in the corners. Etched into
the plaster. Warped using water.

VEGAS

What are you painting?

DANNY

I paint a black hole everywhere I
spend a lot of time. Emergency
exits. Cause, ya never know.

VEGAS

We are so much alike.

She pulls the collar up around her neck.

DANNY

Well, I have to admit, it looks
much better on you.

He smiles at her for the first time. She beams back.

VEGAS

Finally, a compliment, thank you.

DANNY

Well, if Grace likes you.

VEGAS

Doesn't she mind you painting on
all the walls?

DANNY

Grace is my patron saint. Now,
since you stopped my mojo, it's up
to you to get me on a roll again.

Vegas pushes the scaffold with a spring in her step.

VEGAS

What does she think about your mural?

DANNY

She can't see it.

She stops pushing.

VEGAS

Are you saying you don't let her in here?

DANNY

If ya paid any real attention to her before ya ran upstairs, you'd-a maybe noticed that Grace is blind.

VEGAS

You've got a blind landlady as a guard?

DANNY

Vision is highly overrated among the senses. You're a bloodhound. I shouldn't have to tell you that.

He climbs down and leads Vegas around the room. They check-out the mural.

VEGAS

This is serious. You ever show anyone your work?

DANNY

The hermit in a cave exhibit. No one's been inside except Grace. Cats don't care for punk rock.

VEGAS

These are awesome.

She stops him.

VEGAS (CONT'D)

I had you all wrong. I thought you were cool, but...

She shakes her head at him.

DANNY

You're disappointed.

She smiles adoringly at him.

VEGAS
I left my disappointment in the
bathroom. How about me?

DANNY
Me who?

She walks away along the wall and calls back to him:

VEGAS
Am I all wrong?

She clamps her hands to her chest and mimes the words "please-
please-please" hoping he shares her feelings.

DANNY
You couldn't disappoint me.

She runs to him, kisses his cheek and scurries back where she
was. He smiles wide and rubs the cheek she kissed.

She points at the mural.

VEGAS
Mosh-pits seem like total disorder.

He catches up to her.

DANNY
The world turns and so the worms.
Dancing in circles.

She hops around and throws punches. He circles her.

VEGAS
I've been a total punk all my teen
years. I read everything about the
Brits and Americans. Always wanted
to slam-dance. What's it like?

He grabs her by the shoulders.

DANNY
Actually, it's a... total
unequivocal escape...

He opens her smock and smiles playfully at her breasts.

DANNY (CONT'D)
Ya shed your ills. Come out
recycled.

She shoves him back and hugs the smock closed.

VEGAS
It can't be that easy.

He stares in her eyes.

DANNY
Yes... I see.

He takes her hand and leads her to the scaffold ladder.

VEGAS
What are we going to do?

DANNY
We're gonna flush whatever ills ya.

He points to the black hole in the ceiling.

VEGAS
I have so much.

She folds her arms over her chest.

DANNY
Black holes are the vacuum cleaners
of the cosmos.

O.S. A VACUUM CLEANER SUCKING UP COINS.

INT. FOLEY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Reno shakes a vacuum cleaner and four coins fall out.

RENO
I slave all day for nothing but
loose change.

She collects the coins.

RENO (CONT'D)
But I dance tonight.

She dances on the couch and clicks the coins like cymbals
between her fingers.

RENO (CONT'D)
Queen of the gypsy butterflies.

She jumps down, runs around and flutters her arms like a
butterfly.

RENO (CONT'D)
As a butterfly, I must...

She stops and stuffs the coins in her pockets.

RENO (CONT'D)
I must... Butterflies...?

She sits on the coffee table and knocks over an aerosol can of furniture polish behind her.

RENO (CONT'D)
Butterflies?

She grabs the can and sets it against her forehead.

RENO (CONT'D)
Concentrate...

She shuts her eyes a beat. Jumps up. Looks around. Smiles.

RENO (CONT'D)
They go from flower to flower
making their world beautiful.

She rips a rag from her back pocket and races around. She sprays the polish and wipes the furniture.

INT. DANNY'S BUNGALOW APARTMENT - STUDIO - DAY

Danny and Vegas sit under the scaffold next to the stereo.

VEGAS
You're still bitter.

DANNY
Losing everyone can be inspiring.

VEGAS
You miss them, don't you?

He looks around the room.

DANNY
Mom taught me music. Dad painting.
They're all around me. Time's all
we didn't have. It took me twelve
years to convince myself of that.

VEGAS
How did you deal with it?

He faces the biggest guy in the mural.

DANNY
I'd search out the largest, hardest
dude in the mosh-pit. Then...

Danny pumps his fist at the biggest guy in the mural.

DANNY (CONT'D)

I'd punch him. He'd beat me to a pulp. Pain's a great diversion.

VEGAS

Did you ever think about suicide?

DANNY

And finish off my whole family.

VEGAS

Not much of a psychoanalyst, am I?

DANNY

Do you even know the meaning of psychoanalysis?

VEGAS

An attempt to provide a conceptual framework, more or less independent of clinical practice.

He softly kisses her cheek. She smiles wide.

DANNY

So much for the independent. Where did ya get all that head shrinking?

VEGAS

You want to understand a crazy family like mine. You read a lot about psychology. Oh, and I have a photographic memory.

DANNY

That can be hell.

She shrugs her shoulders.

VEGAS

Gena had me before she was sixteen. Don't know my dad. Gena and I secretly hate each other. We never really talk. Just snappy dialogue.

DANNY

You seem okay together.

VEGAS

She never forgave me for my birth. I came screaming into the world and Gena went screaming down the hall.

DANNY
She's your mother.

VEGAS
I just work for her. Reno's my
chosen mother. We speak endlessly.

DANNY
Women talk and put everything in
order. Men are all action, the
birthplace of anarchy.

VEGAS
You don't know Reno. She is punk
rock!

Danny drapes his arms over her shoulders, furrows his brow
and stares in her eyes.

DANNY
I've got to meet her. Reno's your
aunt. Gena's sister, right?

Reno nods.

VEGAS
Reno taught me everything. We
created this quite literate world
of our own.

She jumps on the scaffold, climbs halfway up the ladder and
stares at her arms to the ceiling.

VEGAS (CONT'D)
The cosmos is our stage, we are its
celestial players. Our guise is our
shield.

DANNY
Careful, the light's quite
literally not very good for you in
a black hole.

She jumps down and sits on the bottom board by the stereo.

VEGAS
Snappy dialogue. I expect more from
you.

DANNY
What about uncle Warren?

VEGAS
He's just a preppy horndog lawyer.

DANNY
Snappy dialogue.

VEGAS
How did your parents die?

DANNY
I knew that was coming.

VEGAS
There's only so much I can sniff.

DANNY
Follow me.

Vegas follows him through the strips of plastic hanging from the doorway into the --

HALLWAY

He lifts a deck of cardboard cards from a pile of albums.

He taps the edges on the missing last frame: People line a subway station lit by candles in their hands as...

Danny slits a faceless woman's throat with a box-cutter and shoves her in front of an onrushing train.

DANNY
I sketched these frames on the backs of cereal boxes.

VEGAS
Like old glass cartoon frames?

He rubber-bands the left side of the stack.

DANNY
It's a flip-book. Daumenkino,
that's German for "thumb cinema."

The top sketch is of the interior of the minivan with Sean driving and Faith playing guitar next to him.

The aurora borealis colors shine through all the windows.

Young Danny drinks milk from the carton in the backseat as he draws the first few swirling lines of a vortex in the center of two sketchbook pages.

DANNY (CONT'D)
I was drawing a continuing line
from the center outward, imagining
I was traveling into the unknown.

VEGAS
Zebras never change their stripes.

DANNY
Snappy!

VEGAS
It can be a curse.

DANNY
The curse is taming the shrewd.

He flips through the cards.

BEGIN ANIMATION FLASHBACK

Headlights glare through the borealis colors on the windshield.

Sean slams the brakes. The milk carton flies by Faith as she drops her guitar and reaches for Young Danny.

Young Danny keeps drawing the swirling line until the vortex encompasses both sides of the sketchbook pages.

An SUV slams the minivan head-on. The hood crumples. The windshield cracks. As the milk carton explodes against it.

The dashboard crushes Sean and Faith.

The rear glass shatters as the front of a semi truck slams the rear end and folds the back end.

The interior bursts into flames. Danny flies through the windshield, face buried in the sketchbook page.

Danny spins face-first down the vortex and shrinks into a black dot.

INT. YOUNG DANNY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The black dot expands on the ceiling and spits Young Danny out. He flops on his stomach in bed, face buried in the vortex across both pages of his sketchbook.

ANIMATION FLASHBACK ENDS AND BACK TO SCENE

Vegas pulls the cards down from in front of Danny's tearful eyes. He twists away, takes a step and stops.

VEGAS
Who was driving that SUV?

DANNY

Police wouldn't tell me. Same with the psychiatrist. No one believed my story about the wormhole. But I was in that minivan with them.

He rips the rubber-band and flings the cards off the wall.

DANNY (CONT'D)

The psychiatrist said I'd made the whole wormhole story up.

VEGAS

What was her reasoning?

DANNY

It was my way of forgiving my parents for leaving me home alone. But it was me, I was the one I couldn't forgive, for surviving.

VEGAS

I believe you.

She follows him through the strips of plastic into the --

STUDIO

He sits next to the stereo and looks down.

DANNY

Been so long. Too long. I don't know. Grace is right to worry.

Vegas stoops in front of him.

VEGAS

Then trust Grace, she said I'd be good for you. It's in my voice.

DANNY

Trust? You're psychoanalyzing me.

VEGAS

I'm sorry.

He grabs her shoulders and stares in her eyes.

DANNY

No. Don't be. You're doing me good. I mean. What you're saying. Go no.

VEGAS

We the worms that turn, live in the chaos of the world. But in all its ugliness, there is light and so much love.

DANNY

You sure you're only seventeen?

VEGAS

I'm full of the promises of Shakespeare, Dickens, Freud, Cobain and Crash.

DANNY

You're infectious. I felt it the first time I saw you. The world shuddered at my feet.

He takes her hand and lays it against his chest.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Words began flooding my heart, but they all seem so much like promises.

She lays her arms over his shoulders.

VEGAS

Promise me the world and all the love in it. The future is never more than a promise.

She draws his lips to her's and closes her eyes.

DANNY

Do you wanna be a part of my world?

She nods and waits for his kiss. He drags her by the hand through the strips of plastic hanging on the doorway.

EXT. DANNY'S BUNGALOW APARTMENT - FRONT PORCH - DAY

Danny pulls Vegas out the front door onto a roofed brick porch surrounded by a cement ledge.

GRACE (69) African American beauty queen, retired, her pearly smile under sunglasses, sits on a throne wicker chair in a shady corner and fans herself.

A variety of cats sleep at her feet. A big pipe wrench leans on the wall.

GRACE

I knew she was the one. Vegas, now
who better to bring this hermit
into the light?

She taps her foot against the wrench.

DANNY

That's my cue.

He kisses Grace. She fights him off and giggles:

GRACE

Stop that, stop that now. Oh...

She runs her fingers through his Mohawk.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Why anyone with such nice hair
would do such a thing. No wonder
you're hiding.

DANNY

Don't you love me?

She turns her head toward Vegas.

GRACE

Heaven protects this man. The way
he survived that accident.

She kisses his head.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Policemen told me he was violent,
but the things he's done for me...
The Lord knows he saved my life.

He removes his shoes and faces Vegas.

DANNY

Will you join me?

VEGAS

Lead on...

She kicks her shoes off. He grabs the pipe wrench. They dance
down the steps and across the grass onto the --

SIDE STREET

Danny taps the wrench on a fire hydrant.

Suddenly, a dozen African American kids surround Danny and Vegas.

HONEYCOMB (12) mulatto girl, blonde braided pigtails, twisted baseball cap, bursts through the crowd and confronts Danny.

HONEYCOMB

Uh-uh, Danny! I know you didn't.

DANNY

Didn't what, Honeycomb?

She turns to Vegas and puts her hands on her hips.

HONEYCOMB

Think you could do this with some other girl. Who's she?

Vegas offers to shake her hand. Honeycomb grabs Vegas' locket and inspects it.

VEGAS

I'm Vegas. Honeycomb? That's sweet.

HONEYCOMB

I ain't! Ya best not have Danny's picture in here!

Danny eases the locket out of Honeycomb's hand.

DANNY

I know it's not your nature, but try to be nice. Big brother's orders!

He pulls her cap over her eyes and hugs her.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Got that, little sister.

She pecks a kiss on his cheek.

HONEYCOMB

All right, Danny.

She squeezes Vegas' hand and leans toward her.

HONEYCOMB (CONT'D)

You better be good for him, Girl?!

She helps Danny open the hydrant with the wrench and water gushes out. The kids jump and yell in the cold stream.

Vegas stuffs her locket in her back pocket with the chain hanging out.

Honeycomb bumps Vegas in the back as she passes her.

HONEYCOMB (CONT'D)

Excuse me!

She jumps over the curb, stops on the grass and smiles at the Vegas' locket curled in her palm.

INT./EXT. WHITE SPORTS CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

Warren squints through the chalk streaked windshield as he races up an expressway exit ramp and turns onto a boulevard.

He powers down both chalk covered windows and notices the open hydrant gushing water down the side street as he passes.

WARREN

Just what I need.

He U-turns onto the side street and closes the windows.

Warren stops short of the hydrant, seeing the murky shapes of people in the water through the chalked windshield.

Danny, Vegas and the Kids scurry out of the spraying water onto the curb.

Honeycomb crouched behind the fire hydrant, lowers her hands from the spigot and ends the downpour.

Warren pulls even with the hydrant, opens the shotgun side window and waves at Honeycomb. She crosses her arms.

Vegas pushes Danny to the bungalow and looks behind her at the back of Warren's head as he sticks it out the window.

WARREN (CONT'D)

Come on, little girl, do me!

Honeycomb centers Vegas' locket on her chest and shrugs her shoulders at Warren.

HONEYCOMB

Ain't no little girl, mister! You
move yo-ass!

He pulls in the center of the splashdown area and crosses his arms over his chest.

The Kids jeer from the curb for Honeycomb to spray the car.

She spins Vegas' locket around on her back and sprays Warren's car.

INT. FOLEY HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Reno dances out of a steamy bathroom in a robe and stops...

She faces Sean and Faith in the burning wrecked minivan on her bed.

O.S. FLAMES ROAR AS TWO PEOPLE SCREAM IN AGONY.

Reno falls to her knees and looks tearfully at the bed with the golf clubs in it. No fire.

RENO

My routines will save me from this
onslaught of madness.

She shakes as she adjusts Warren's personal items into specific places on the furniture.

RENO (CONT'D)

Look Warren each room a perfect
showplace. Oh no, this will not do.

She licks her fingers and wipes a crusty splatter of ejaculation off the nightstand.

RENO (CONT'D)

This ejaculation certainly missed
my mark Warren.

She massages it between her legs.

RENO (CONT'D)

Now that's the damn spot.

She grabs the red jump drive laying behind the nightstand.

RENO (CONT'D)

Well, let's see why you're hiding?

She gets on her tiptoes, pirouettes, and leaps out the door.

INT. WHITE SPORTS CAR (IDLING) - NIGHT

The hydrant water pounds on the roof. Warren rubs cocaine into his gums.

The water cascades down the windshield and cleans the chalk from the windows.

The blue light from the police surveillance camera on the streetlight flashes through the streaks in the wet glass.

WARREN

Unfucking believable. My luck.

He turns back, moves his head around trying to see through the water as it runs down the rear window.

WARREN (CONT'D)

Where the... Shit, I forgot the...

He grabs the .45 from under the arm rest and tries his best to stretch to the glove box without noticeably leaning.

Honeycomb yells at Warren through the glass:

HONEYCOMB

Hey, dude, ya gotta move! Okay?

Warren powers the window down.

WARREN

But the cops?

HONEYCOMB

Ain't no police.

Warren sticks his head out the window and stares at the surveillance camera. The blue light flashes across his smile.

WARREN

No cops?

Honeycomb raises her arms in agitation.

HONEYCOMB

Dude, move!

WARREN

Yeah-yeah.

Vegas' locket bounces on her back as she skips away.

But he stares at the blue flashing light reflecting in the bay windows.

WARREN (CONT'D)

Nice windows.

Vegas opens the blinds on the bay windows and peers down at Warren's car as she plays the guitar.

Warren pulls away and waves over the roof at the Kids. He doesn't see Vegas staring down through the bay window blinds.

INT. DANNY'S BUNGALOW APARTMENT - STUDIO - NIGHT

Vegas tunes the guitar as she steps away from the blinds.

Danny rips the paint-splattered plastic off the instruments.

DANNY
Show me what ya got, kid.

VEGAS
I got plenty.

She jacks the guitar into the amplifier.

DANNY
You'll have to keep up with me.

He sits at the drums and pounds a fast punk rock beat.

Vegas wails on the guitar, joining him at the speed of sound.

INT. FOLEY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Reno sits on the couch, pokes her nose into the screen of the laptop on the coffee table and blocks the visual content.

O.S. A MAN AND WOMAN MOAN DURING SEX ON THE LAPTOP SPEAKERS.

She smacks the lid down, rips the red jump drive out and smashes the laptop into the fireplace.

MASTER BEDROOM

Reno dives on the bag of golf clubs on the bed. Grabs a video camera from between books on the headboard self.

RENO
You are a degenerate bastard.

She slaps the personal items off the furniture, rips the mirror off the wall and shatters it on the floor.

She drags the golf clubs to a window. Sneers at a full moon.

INT. FOLEY HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Smashed appliances on the counter-top. Gouged cabinet doors hang from broken hinges. Water overflows the sink.

The fridge is beaten up with a 3 iron buried in the door.

LIVING ROOM

Torn paintings tossed on the floor, furniture ripped, coffee table busted. The TV and sound system smashed.

STAIRCASE

She drags the bag of golf clubs up the steps through a stream of water running down and sashes past the --

BATHROOM

She scoffs at a disaster area. Hot water shoots from a broken bathtub faucet onto the floor and fills the room with steam.

The sink busted in half. A dildo stuck in the drain buzzes.

EXT. COMMUTER TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

Danny and Vegas stand in a metal shelter along railroad tracks in a bygone industrial area under a bridge.

DANNY

You came in Reno's bedroom and did what to Uncle Warren? You're lying.

She mimes using a cue-stick to break a rack of billiard balls on a pool table.

VEGAS

I'm good with a stick.

DANNY

He goes crazy on you after that?

VEGAS

Hell no. Warren's my bitch, now.

She grabs her crotch, waddles around and howls. They laugh.

DANNY

Gena's little school-girl ain't in school anymore. She's a punk.

VEGAS

Where are we going?

DANNY

I thought I'd show you a night out.

VEGAS

We're not gonna just circle jerk around downtown.

He lifts her off her feet and glances at his watch.

DANNY

Let's elevate your game.

VEGAS

I already rode the "L" through the loop enough times to be loopy. I'm tired of going in the same circle.

DANNY

Trust me. You're about to witness a new definition of loopy.

A locomotive squeals by, empty unlit passenger cars pass and the last coach halts in front of them. The entry door opens.

The train FIREMAN (40) greasy hair, mustache, smudged horn-rimmed glasses, jumps out and waves a flashlight.

Danny and Vegas climb aboard the --

INT. TRAIN VESTIBULE (IDLING) - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Danny and Vegas climb the stairs and smirk at each other.

ABE (50) Abe Lincoln look-alike, conductor cap, vest, pocket watch, sneers at them from the bottom step as they pass.

DANNY AND VEGAS

(simultaneously)

All aboard "that crazy train!"

Fireman hops on the train.

Abe turns a skeleton key on a big ring with twenty more in a keyhole under "OPEN/SHUT" next to the door and closes them.

COACH

Danny sits at the aisle. Vegas next to him. The remaining seats empty.

DANNY

Looks like Disney's one president short.

VEGAS

Ever see The Twilight Zone where a guy rides a train to another time?

Abe steps behind their seats. Fireman faces them.

ABE

You two look gosh darn familiar.

She curtsies for them, sits and shakes her head.

VEGAS

I don't remember either of you.

FIREMAN

You and your friends. Your friends.

DANNY

I think the little lady here is right, you're full of hooey.

ABE

Don't condescend me, boy. They're your friends too. They all wear that same Mohican hair you do.

DANNY

Why don't I pay our fares so you all can go about entertaining yourselves?

He reaches for his wallet and stops as Abe shakes his head:

ABE

Ain't no way we gonna make no deal.

Fireman gets in Vegas' face.

FIREMAN

Your pa know you date heathens?

Danny shoves him on his ass. Fireman hops up. Abe seizes him.

Vegas points out the window. The train passes a station and several PEOPLE wave at the train.

VEGAS

Notice anything?

Abe and Fireman smile deviously at each other.

ABE

I got a story to tell, in private. About a problem we had a while back. Punks, hair like you. Didn't wanna pay. Made a right ruckus.

FIREMAN

I saw it coming. Seen it.

ABE

I didn't make no fuss. I just told 'em, "This train is mine, and it don't stop 'less I get the fares."

Danny pulls cash from his pocket and offers it to them.

DANNY

I said I'd pay.

ABE

You gonna listen. Put that away.

Vegas kisses him and folds the money in his palm.

VEGAS

Go on, we're interested.

ABE

Seems those Mohican punks made that ruckus to distract us.

FIREMAN

I seen it coming and I knew.

ABE

Come to pass they had a confederate paint the rebel flag on both sides of my train. Made us two old fools.

Fireman points to Danny:

FIREMAN

I seen this one get on that night. He's a real trickster.

Vegas sneers at Danny then glances at both side windows.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

Danny sits in a bosun's chair on ropes outside the windows on both sides and spray-paints the glass red, white and blue.

FLASHBACK ENDS AND BACK TO SCENE

Abe and Fireman wave Vegas and Danny out of their seats.

ABE

I'd like you two at the door so we can get ya out soon as they open.

Danny and Vegas head up the aisle. She whispers to him:

VEGAS

You're the confederate.

DANNY

Who could resist fucking with them?

They exit the passenger car, laughing as they enter the --

TRAIN ENTRANCE VESTIBULE

They stop on the top step above the door.

Abe and Fireman crowd them toward the edge of the stairs.

ABE

I's wondering if you's know where I
can find them Mohican friends a-
yours. I ain't seen 'em in a while.

Abe squeezes between them and steps down to the door.

ABE (CONT'D)

Don't want no fuss, but I wonder if
they-all made it home? You know,
since they got off and walked.

He sticks the skeleton key in the keyhole next to the door.

ABE (CONT'D)

Maybe they strayed on the tracks,
got themselves run over. Train
wheels grind ya up pretty good.

He turns the key. The door opens and the wind howls in.

Fireman shoves Danny down the stairs and grabs Vegas.

Abe seizes Danny by the neck on the bottom step. Leans him
out the door.

ABE (CONT'D)

Probably nothing left of 'em. No
fuss to that. But I wonder if you
could clear up my notions for me
before you join 'em?

DANNY

I got a notion.

He grasps the key-ring, head-butts Abe and flings him
sideways out the door. Abe grabs Danny. Danny goes out too.

Danny hangs out the door by his grip on the key-ring, kicking
his heels on the bottom step as the key bends in the keyhole.

Fireman wrestles Vegas to the last step and hurls her out.

DANNY (CONT'D)

I got ya!

He grabs onto her arm. They dangle out the door by his grip on the key-ring.

Fireman jiggles the bent key as he turns it in the keyhole.

FIREMAN

I'll get them for ya, Abe!

Danny kicks Fireman behind the knees and buckles them.

Fireman tumbles backward off the train.

Danny pulls Vegas against his chest. She climbs over him onto the train and helps him get in. They collapse on the steps.

VEGAS

Wow, that was different.

DANNY

We should jump before we get to the next station.

VEGAS

Just jump?

DANNY

Let anarchy rule your fate.

VEGAS

I don't know, we're moving fast.

DANNY

Velocity is essential to escape.

He hugs her, jumps out and takes her with him.

EXT. RAILROAD EMBANKMENT - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Danny and Vegas hit a sandy hill and tumble down apart.

He helps her up and brushes her off.

VEGAS

You miss me?

DANNY

I was preoccupied.

VEGAS
I can fix that.

She pulls him down, rolls on top of him and kisses him.

INT. FOLEY HOUSE - WARREN'S HOME OFFICE - NIGHT

Water pours in through the door. Busted computer, printer, furniture and a flipped desk to one side.

Heavy gouges in the soggy wood floor lead to an antique metal safe and the bag of golf clubs in the center of the room.

Reno, nude, smacks a golf club across the safe door. Barely dents it. Drops the busted club in the bag. Grabs another.

EXT. ARAGON BALLROOM - NIGHT

Two dozen YOUNG PUNKS gather behind crowd control ropes outside glass entry doors.

Danny and Vegas hop from the street onto the sidewalk under "Sexy Violents - Uproar - Tumult" across a marquee.

RECON'S VOICE (O.S.)
Danny-boy!

RECON (25) big, New York accent, Marine haircut, leather jacket and pants, snakeskin boots, razor-blade earrings, cuts through the Young Punks and jumps the ropes.

RECON
Move ladies!

He points his hand like he's aiming a pistol at Danny.

DANNY
Crazy Recon. Always the cut-up.

Recon blocks their path.

RECON
Halt, Danny-boy!

DANNY
Buzz off!

He gets in front of Vegas and bear-hugs Danny. Snarls at her:

RECON
Hey, sweetheart.

DANNY
Fuck-off with this bullshit, Recon.

Recon sets him down and grins at Vegas.

RECON

Ya know, anyone else says that to me, I'd screw my frigging snakeskin's up their ass sideways.

VEGAS

Repressed sexual urges can often emerge in violent acts.

Recon looks at Vegas, then his boots and back at her.

RECON

I should get new boots, huh?

Everyone laughs. Recon points to Vegas and snaps his fingers.

RECON (CONT'D)

This is the gas station girl.

DANNY

I'm painting the town.

RECON

Graffiti, tonight?

DANNY

She's my inspiration.

RECON

Come on, let's get inside.

He herds them under each arm to an alley along the building.

RECON (CONT'D)

Where exactly is that studio you hide in, Danny-boy?

INT. ARAGON BALLROOM - BACKSTAGE OFFICE - NIGHT

The walls painted in Renaissance style. Hordes of punks on the White House lawn, fists in the air, cover three walls.

A punk band plays on the White House steps in a mural behind the desk. The building is covered in graffiti.

Five punks raise a flagpole with an anarchy "A" flag on the White House roof. Ala the Marines on Iwo Jima.

A beautiful Les Paul electric guitar stands in one corner.

Recon sits on the desk next to two used cans of spray-paint.

Danny ushers Vegas in. She gazes at the walls and ceiling:

VEGAS

Danny?

The ceiling painted as an aerial view of several punk mosh-pitters circling the Presidential Seal on an oval rug in the oval office.

RECON

Yep. Danny-boy's a bona fide revolutionary.

DANNY

I love my country, but change is essential. So let's go.

They turn to the door.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Catch you on the rebound, Recon.

Recon cuts Vegas and Danny off.

RECON

Don't make me come over to that gas station to get you.

Vegas and Danny smile and shake their heads at each other.

VEGAS

We're not ever going back there again.

RECON

What are you gonna do, Danny-boy? Disappear with her in one of your frigging portals on me again?

He leans toward Vegas. Danny pockets the spray-paint cans.

RECON (CONT'D)

Couple times, he left me with my snakeskin's up my own my own ass. What did ya call it, Danny-boy?

DANNY

Ouroboros.

RECON

That's it. This time, before ya go; I got a favor to ask.

Danny leads Vegas around Recon.

DANNY

No way.

RECON

Hey! Ya didn't let me ask.

DANNY

I'm not doing a set.

Recon spins Danny around to face him.

RECON

What, one song? For your new pretty girl here, come on!

Vegas gets between them and squints sideways at Danny.

VEGAS

You don't have to.

She sneers at Recon.

VEGAS (CONT'D)

He doesn't want to. So fuck off!

RECON

I'm speaking for the kids out there now. They need inspiration. Anger, angst.

DANNY

Kurt's dead.

RECON

Hell, I miss ya, Danny-boy.

DANNY

No.

Recon smacks his hand on the desk.

RECON

Fuck that! Ya owe me and ya know it! Come on!

DANNY

This is getting old, Recon.

Danny and Vegas step toward the door.

RECON

I gotta look out for *my* future. You got this new pretty girl here, you should do the same.

VEGAS

Did you pay him for painting this room?

Recon heads them off before the door.

RECON

I was there for him when all he had was two half-empty cans of spray-paint to his name.

Danny grabs the spray-paint cans off the desk. Pockets them.

DANNY

Now we're even.

VEGAS

You took advantage of Danny.

RECON

I took Danny-boy off the streets. I recognized his potential. I had to force him out of his suicidal gloom and doom shell.

DANNY

I, I, I. Who brought a full house of punks in here, guzzling beer for two years?

RECON

Yeah, okay, enough of the hospitality suite. I'm gonna have to get old cowboy out on ya!

He pulls a western colt pistol from his coat and cocks it.

VEGAS

Wow!

RECON

Yahoo, wow.

Danny cuts in front of Vegas and faces the barrel.

DANNY

It's all right.

RECON

Ya wanna a war, Danny-boy?

DANNY

I'll trade your six-gun in my face for your Les Paul on stage?

Recon eases the hammer down and eases the pistol in his jacket pocket.

RECON

Sure, yeah, okay. Ya play my baby,
Les. But I got your pretty new
girl, Danny-boy.

He aims the pistol through his pocket at Vegas.

DANNY

Don't you hurt her!

RECON

Oh hey, Danny-boy, where's the
love?

Danny opens the door and loud punk rock blares in from the --

BALLROOM

A THREE GIRL PUNK BAND in torn blouses, nylons and micro-mini plaid skirts, tune up a guitar, bass and drums on a stage.

"Sexy Violents" across the bass drum skin.

TWO TALL BLONDE GIRLS, go-go skirts, combat boots, spin barbwire Hula-Hoops strung in neon glow sticks on the stage.

Recon stands backstage, pokes the gun in his pocket at Vegas.

Clouds of multicolored fog fill the air. A ghost of a balcony surrounds the elongated circle of the room.

A mirrored disco ball on the ceiling twirls shimmering beams of light in orbit around the room.

Two hundred DRUNK AND DISORDERLY PUNKS pound on the stage.

A SKINNY MAN (27) covered in tattoos, drags a microphone stand to the edge of the stage.

The drummer beats, the bass and guitar join in rhythm.

SKINNY MAN (ON SPEAKERS)

Welcome to the dark side a Chicago!

He dives into the audience. The lights go out.

A spotlight hits Danny as he hops to the microphone and riffs cords on the Les Paul:

DANNY (ON SPEAKERS)

Destroy the temples!

The band rips into rebellious punk rock. The crowd of Punks pogo dance and bow to the tempo.

Fifty MOSH-PITTERS swirl into battle at the rear of the room.

Two dozen PUNK ELITES hang from the balcony and cheer.

Recon smiles. Danny smashes the Les Paul against the stage and spins toward Recon. Recon backpedals and yells at Vegas:

RECON

He'll kill her if he--

Danny swings the busted guitar smack into Recon's chest. Recon tumbles head over heels across the stage.

Crazed punks storm the stage.

The Tall Blondes raise their arms and spin their barbwire Hula-Hoops into a glow stick blur.

Danny pulls Vegas along, swings the microphone stand at crazed Punks and clears their way across the stage.

O.S. AUDIO FEEDBACK SHRIEKS. As crazed Punks attack Recon.

Danny drags Vegas to the stage edge and flings the microphone stand into the fist-pumping sea of Punks on the dance floor.

VEGAS

I don't know.

DANNY

Now's the time!

They leap into the audience and body surf toward the balcony.

Recon chases them through the crowd with several BOUNCERS.

Vegas and Danny hit the floor. Race toward the Mosh-Pitters.

Recon and the Bouncers close on them.

Vegas and Danny run along the outer spiraling edge of the Mosh-Pitters circular frenzy.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Now you tell me what it's like.

The orbiting light intensifies around the Mosh-Pitters as Danny and Vegas shove their way into the circle.

Recon and the Bouncers split in opposite directions around the Mosh-Pitters.

Recon shoves through the Mosh-Pitters, bumping and bruising his way into the center.

He meets the Bouncers with two young Punks in their grasp.

RECON

Got my snakeskin's screwed up my own ass again. Fucking Ouroboros!

EXT./INT. WORMHOLE RECORDS - NIGHT

Danny and Vegas enter the unlit record store.

The door closes. The vortex of tiny lights swirls in the center of the "Wormhole Records" logo on the glass.

Danny leads Vegas to the counter.

DANNY

Define a marvel?

VEGAS

An event outside the normal causation.

He leaves her and steps behind the counter.

DANNY

I am the event outside the normal causation.

VEGAS

The accident. Where do I fit in?

DANNY

There's nothing normal about you.

VEGAS

Thank you.

Black neon lights bordering the ceiling blink on and highlight infamous punk rockers painted on the walls.

Danny leads Vegas through the record store.

DANNY

I got a recording of "Bleach" on "Sub Pop" and a bootleg of Nirvana's 1990 show at the Pine Street Theatre, stashed in the back, just for you.

She hugs and kisses him.

DANNY (CONT'D)

I decided on Kurt as the lamb, with Darby and... I'm still not sure.

VEGAS

Those dudes took it so seriously. Make it Sid. He never gave a fuck.

DANNY

Do you have a thing for Sid?

VEGAS

Nasty boys, always.

Danny pulls two backpacks out of a closet. Hands one to her.

DANNY

Rebels always leave their mark.

EXT. WORMHOLE RECORDS - ROOF - NIGHT

Danny pulls Vegas up through a trapdoor in the ceiling. They step to the alley side of the roof and drop the backpacks.

They stare at the "L" tracks, draped with canvas drop-cloths lit from the inside, covering the length of the alley.

O.S. THE MUFFLED SOUNDS OF COMPRESSORS AND MEN WORKING.

DANNY

They're spray-painting this under section. We got all night.

VEGAS

Can you do this all in one night?

DANNY

I got the whole thing in my head.

He pulls two metal hooks from the backpack and a bosun's chair.

VEGAS

What's my part?

DANNY

Bring the ropes. I'll show you.

She removes two rope bundles and follows him to the short wall bordering the alley. He carabiners each rope to a hook.

DANNY (CONT'D)

I'll paint my way down on the bosun's chair.

(MORE)

DANNY (CONT'D)

You feed me the paint cans. I'll call the colors, written on the can.

He hooks the top of the wall and tosses the ropes over it.

DANNY (CONT'D)

I finish a section and we'll move the hooks.

He straps the oxygen cylinder with the regulator to his back.

VEGAS

Someone might see me up here.

He uncoils the hose. Screws a paint can and the airbrush on.

DANNY

I got something special for that. Pull up your hood, close your eyes tight and don't move a muscle.

She flips her hood over her head and closes her eyes.

VEGAS

Dude, what are you going to do?

DANNY

You know the band "Nobody's?"

VEGAS

Of course.

He aims the airbrush between her eyes.

DANNY

(sings)
"I'm a nasty boy, Hope you appreciate it."

VEGAS

(sings)
"Yeah, yeah, Dude's gonna shoot."

He airbrushes her eyes and her face black.

O.S. THE BELL ON THE MINI-MART DOOR CHIMES.

INT. HAVE A GAS/MINI-MART - NIGHT

Gena sits asleep on the counter with her forehead against the window in the dark and mumbles:

GENA

Is that you, baby girl?

She shudders awake and stares through the glass at the deserted station and the street beyond.

She jumps off the counter and runs down an aisle to the back.

She takes a bag of coffee from the cabinet. Grabs the coffee pot and turns to Recon. Startled. She drops the pot.

He stoops and catches the pot. His pistol falls out of his jacket. He scoops it up and pockets it.

RECON

I'm not here to rob you.

GENA

Then get the fuck out of here.
We're closed.

RECON

I'm Danny's friend. I need his
address. Ya got it?

GENA

He'll be here tomorrow.

RECON

I just saw him and Vegas they said
they're never coming back here.
They're running away together.

She grabs him by his jacket.

GENA

You're full of shit.

RECON

Just gimme his address and I'll go.

GENA

Fuck you!

She goes behind the counter. He stops on the other side.
Laughing.

RECON

You're crazy lady! That's why
they're not coming back.

He opens a can of "BANG energy drink" from a display and
drinks it as he sets the coffee pot on the counter...

She grabs his hand. Shatters the coffee pot upside her head. She wobbles. Head bleeding. Grabs the .38 under the counter.

RECON (CONT'D)

Ouroboros...

She fires and drills him between the eyes.

He crashes into the "BANG energy drink" display and slouches over a pile of cans under a "MORE BANG FOR YOUR BUCK" sign.

GENA

You don't know me. No one knows.

She stuffs all the cash from the register into a donut bag and grabs the six cartridges from under the counter.

She drops the spent shells from the gun into the bag and loads three of the cartridges.

GENA (CONT'D)

He wasn't alone, detective. He came. Stopped me from making my drops. He knew exactly where the CCTV recorder was.

She waistbands the .38 and pockets the last three cartridges.

She steps on Recon's chest, lifts a ceiling tile and takes a disc from a DVR system in the ceiling.

GENA (CONT'D)

His accomplice had my baby girl, Vegas. He said they'd kill her when and if I didn't go along.

She pulls Recon's gun from his pocket with her hand around his and blasts the DVR system to pieces.

GENA (CONT'D)

Danny. Danny has Vegas. To think I treated him like a son. They waited for the billion dollar lotto.

She stares at her reflection in the disc, squeezes her eyes shut and forces tears down her cheeks.

GENA (CONT'D)

They were definitely going to kill me. Danny kept Vegas away from here on purpose, so I'd be alone.

She smiles at her own reflection in the disc, bends it and contorts her reflection on its mirrored surface.

GENA (CONT'D)

I'm tired of being kept alone. I'm going to put an end to all this.

She cracks the disc and splits her face down the middle.

EXT. ANOTHER SIDEWALK - NIGHT

Warren weaves his way through several BAR HOPPERS toward three street performers sitting against a storefront...

One is Danny, knit hat, plays guitar. Two is Vegas, top hat over her eyes, long overcoat, bangs on a tambourine.

Three is Dancer, peasant skirt, vintage bustier, jumps up, gets in Warren's face and ushers him past the others.

WARREN

What the hell?

DANCER

Trade you a song for cash, mister.

Vegas and Danny look away and sing a 60s love song.

Vegas tosses the tambourine behind her to Dancer.

DANCER (CONT'D)

Kind sir, can you please help a few of us destitute runaways?

She rattles the tambourine under Warren's chin. He smirks.

WARREN

What makes you think I'm helpful?

DANCER

You remember love, don't you?

WARREN

What's the going rate for love these days?

DANCER

Whatever you can find in your heart to give.

She smiles at him. He dangles a \$20 bill in her face.

WARREN

Cash is lovely, is it not?

DANCER

I love you, my brother.

WARREN

Sister, I'd rather have a blow-job.

She grabs the \$20 and dances suggestively.

DANCER

Don't bring me down.

WARREN

All aboard the love train!

O.S. AN "L" TRAIN ROARS OVER THE ALLEY BEHIND THE BUILDINGS.

Warren scurries down the block.

Vegas wraps Dancer in her overcoat and gives her the top hat.

Danny whips his cap off, licks his hand and spikes his hair.

EXT. WORMHOLE RECORDS - NIGHT - MINUTES LATER

Warren kicks the locked door of "Wormhole Records" and goes down a gangway along the side of the building into the --

ALLEY

Warren backs against the drop-cloth under the "L" tracks.

An "L" train roars overhead. Vegas and Danny beat on the window of the train and smile down at Warren.

The drop-cloth rustles and slaps Warren in the back.

He swipes wet paint from the back wall of the record store onto his fingers.

He raises his gaze to Kurt Cobain being crucified with syringes as nails in Danny's mural on the back wall.

Darby Crash and Sid Vicious syringed onto crosses to Kurt's left and right.

Patti Smith weeps in front of a crowd of crazed punk rockers tossing a salvo of syringes at the trio.

Wendy O. William twins with fanned Mohawks and spears, stand guard to either side.

Upsidedown American flag pasties on their nipples.

The Ramones and Sex Pistols play in the cloudy sky.

EXT. TRAILER PARK - NIGHT

Danny opens a moth-eaten screen door on an old raised trailer. Vegas jiggles a padlock against the door.

A sign on the door "Wanna get in? PAY ME! - Richard".

VEGAS

He's such an asshole.

DANNY

Richard is a Dick.

TRAILER PARK JESUS (35) Arabic accent, beard, long hair, steps barefoot behind them. "Jesus Saves" stitched on the front of his hooded boxing robe. A crooked cross on his back.

TRAILER PARK JESUS

Humility Vegas, that's what makes us human beings.

Vegas gets in his face.

VEGAS

Isn't cannibalism exclusively a human trait?

TRAILER PARK JESUS

Chimpanzees do it.

DANNY

Monkey see.

He rips the sign off the door and crumples it.

TRAILER PARK JESUS

I, as opposed to you, was made in God's image.

VEGAS

Humans understand irony, no other animal does that.

Danny tosses the crumpled sign to Vegas. They trade winks.

TRAILER PARK JESUS

Understanding is a God-given Christian value.

VEGAS

I'd eat vegetarians, they taste better.

Danny lets the screen clap shut.

DANNY
That's ironic.

TRAILER PARK JESUS
Jesus said a man should walk a mile
in his fellow man's shoes.

Vegas points to Trailer Park Jesus' bare-feet.

VEGAS
No chance of doing that with you.

TRAILER PARK JESUS
I suppose I should chop up my hair
like a savage to follow you both?

He pulls the hair from the sides of his head and mimics a
monkey dancing in circles.

VEGAS
God threw us out of the garden of
eaten' for barbecuing lamb?

TRAILER PARK JESUS
Jesus died for all our sins.

Danny jumps on his bare-feet and leans nose-to-nose with him.

DANNY
Spare us the greatest story ever
told.

TRAILER PARK JESUS
Forgiveness will allow you to love
again, Danny. It's the only way to
free yourself from the past.

Danny steps off Jesus' bare-feet. Amazed. He stammers.

DANNY
I forgive ya.

EXT. FOLEY HOUSE - POOLSIDE - NIGHT

Gena closes a backyard gate, zigzags across the grass and
carries the paper donut bag full of money.

GENA
I'm not sorry. Weightless silence
is my guiltless womb.

She kneels on the pool ledge. Blood drips off her cheek into
the water.

GENA (CONT'D)

I've got a lot of gall wondering
where Vegas gets it all. Justice
is... in the end, sadly poetic.

She splashes her face, grabs a 25 pound weight off the pool deck and carries it to the diving board.

She glares at a 25 pound weight already on the end of the board with the goggles. The tubing duct-taped to the board.

GENA (CONT'D)

I must be punchy.

She sets the weight in her hand on the other weight already on the end of the board and strips.

She folds the .38 in her clothes. Sets them under the board.

She slaps the goggles on, bites the end of the tubing and hugs one 25 pound weight from the board to her chest.

She splashes into the water and sinks to the bottom.

EXT. CUL-DE-SAC - NIGHT

Gena's convertible is parked in the driveway.

Vegas and Danny sit on the curb under the "DEAD END" sign.

VEGAS

We can relax and shoot pool, give
my Mom some time to decompress.

Danny slides away from her.

DANNY

Keep your cue-stick where I can see
it.

VEGAS

No, your ass is mine.

She grabs him and kisses him.

DANNY

Gena will have my ass for not
coming to work tonight.

VEGAS

Reno will talk to my Mom for us.
She's cool. She adores me and
she'll just love you to death.

DANNY

I don't know anything about yuppies
living in "dead end" homes. They
don't even write songs about them.
So I guess they got no soul.

VEGAS

I left my guitar in there, I'll
play to Reno's weakness. She loves
roll some dope, hippie folk.

Vegas and Danny mime playing guitars and sing:

DANNY

"How can we ever overcome, Our lost
brain cells once they're gone".

VEGAS

"Love, Love, Love".

Danny scoffs, grits his teeth and mumbles:

DANNY

My parents and I had the best of
times singing Harry Chapin songs.

INT. FOLEY HOUSE - POOLSIDE - POOL UNDERWATER - NIGHT

Gena sits on the bottom with the weight on her lap, breathes
through the tubing and bloodies the water.

The video camera in a duct-tape sealed baggy sinks into her
lap with the viewfinder screen open.

She lifts the baggy and the viewfinder screen light up.

BEGIN VIEWFINDER SCREEN RECORDING

INT. FOLEY HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

The video camera bounces on the headboard, auto-focuses and
records Warren on top as he screws Gena in the bed.

WARREN (ON SCREEN)

Gena, Gena!

GENA (ON SCREEN)

Oh my God, Warren, yes!

Warren leans toward the lens. The green light blinks in his
eyes. His face blocks Gena and everything else in the room.

WARREN (ON SCREEN)

Ah-owe, fuck no!

Gena shoves him off of her and the bed.

GENA (ON SCREEN)

What?!

She sits up frozen in shock as Warren runs around the room with a cue-stick up his ass.

Vegas stands in front of the footboard and yells at Gena:

VEGAS (ON SCREEN)

Breathe, Mom!

VIEWFINDER SCREEN RECORDING ENDS AND BACK TO SCENE

The tubing rips from Gena's mouth as she sits on the bottom.

She drops the video camera, flips the weight off her lap and swims to the --

POOL SURFACE

Gena treads water. Reno stands on the end of the diving board, holding the end of the tubing.

GENA

What are you doing, Sis?

RENO

You couldn't breathe? I was like that when I saw you screwing my husband on that recording.

She sways over the edge of the board, standing on the 25 pound weight.

RENO (CONT'D)

Now I'm teetering on the brink of the abyss. Sis!

GENA

What are you talking about?

She grabs the board, pulls herself up with one hand and strokes Reno's leg with the other.

GENA (CONT'D)

You haven't slept. You woke from a dream. And imagined a nightmare. I love you. Warren loves you.

Reno kicks Gena's hand away and backs off the weight.

Gena drops to the ledge of the pool and draws the .38 from her folded clothes under the board.

GENA (CONT'D)
Come to the edge of the board, Sis.
I need to see you, now.

She treads water. Aims the gun at Reno from under the board.

GENA (CONT'D)
Look me in the eyes and tell me you
believe I'd do such a thing.

Reno steps on the weight on the board and peers over the end.

Gena raises the .38 point blank in Reno's face. Reno trips backward over the weight.

The weight flips off the board. Smacks Gena in the head. She fires. Blows a hole in the keyless entry pad.

The automated pool cover motor hums as it starts closing.

Reno kneels on the board and reaches for Gena. Gena bleeds from the head and struggles to tread water, gripping the gun.

RENO
Sis, I didn't mean to... I love
you. Please, let me help you.

Gena reaches out. Reno seizes Gena's gun-hand wrist, rises off her knees and pulls Gena from the water.

GENA
You're finally gonna be dead!

She aims the gun at Reno. Reno grabs the gun in both hands.

Gena pulls the trigger. The hammer bites Reno's thumb webbing on her left hand.

GENA (CONT'D)
Let... go!

She jerks the gun, again and again, grabs Reno's arm and pulls her to her knees on the board.

RENO
Please, Sis... I can't swim!

Reno trembles as she pulls Gena over the edge of the board. Gena grabs Reno's hair and pulls her head down.

GENA

Time to drown you. My sorrow.

Gena rips Reno's hair out, drops and bangs her chin on the board.

Gena spits blood, splashes in the water and sinks.

Reno jumps off the board, kneels by the ladder and taps the numbers around the bullet hole in the keyless entry pad.

The .38 hammer is still clamped to Reno's bloody left hand.

RENO

I didn't want this. Gena...

Bloody bubbles rise to the surface under the board and stop.

POOL UNDERWATER

Gena lies dead on the bottom. Her lifeless eyes staring up.

POOLSIDE

Reno sits on the ledge, wedges her feet against the pool cover edge and tries to stop it. It moves her back and shuts.

Reno kicks the keyless pad and sobs.

MINUTES LATER

Vegas leads Danny through the backyard gate toward the pool.

Reno walks around on the pool cover.

VEGAS

What are ya doing?

RENO

Well, I'm over my phobia. I'm walking on water. Bet you didn't think I could do it. But I can.

Danny furrows his brow at Vegas. She shoots one right back.

VEGAS

Is there something the matter, Aunt Reno?

Reno puts her bloody hand over the .38 tucked in the back of her waistband.

RENO

Oh, ah... the matter's closed.

VEGAS
My Mom around?

RENO
She's been lying down inside awhile
now.

VEGAS
What's the matter? Is she mad at me
for leaving her at work alone?

RENO
Didn't say anything about it to me.

VEGAS
That's not like Mom.

RENO
You're right, she was way more
bubbly than I'm used to seeing her.

She scoffs, shakes her head and pulls her ear.

VEGAS
What in hell's the matter with you?

RENO
Your right. That's funny, but it
isn't happy ha-ha. I mean, oh...

She pinches her lips shut.

Vegas drags Danny by the hand toward the house.

DANNY
She's really off her meds.

VEGAS
She's gone without meds before, but
she was never anything like this.

DANNY
(sotto)
A psycho killer clown shot out of a
cannon. Bad trips all around.

Reno follows them and keeps her bloody hand behind her.

RENO
Who's your guy?

VEGAS
Reno, this is Danny Ramone. Danny,
this looks like my Aunt Reno?

RENO

Your name does proceed you in its
ghostly gravity, Danny.

She shakes his hand, grabs Vegas and backpedals to the house.

RENO (CONT'D)

Come with us, boy.

He follows them through the patio door into the --

INT. FOLEY HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Reno releases Vegas and backs against the patio door.

RENO

I'm sorry I took you away from your
man. I'm certainly not that type.
Now that's kind of funny too.

Vegas and Danny walk around and survey the devastation.

Reno shuts the door, stares at her bloody handprint on the
glass and hisses at the bloody bite marks in her hand.

VEGAS

I don't know what to do.

DANNY

She's kooky.

VEGAS

I'm a kook, she's unhinged.

Danny kisses her head.

DANNY

From the crazy train to a train
wreck.

INT. FOLEY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Vegas and Danny gawk at gouged walls and broken furniture
tossed around.

Danny pulls out the two cans of spray-paint.

DANNY

House cleaning with a grenade. We
may need to make an emergency exit.

He squeegees the wet floor with his foot and sprays both
cans, sputtering paint into a spiral vortex.

VEGAS

I can't believe Reno would do this.

DANNY

You said she's a punk. Might be she's an insane fucking bitch.

Vegas grabs the spray-paint cans. Tosses them down the hall.

VEGAS

I think you're just spray-painting yourself in circles?

RENO (O.S.)

Oh, Dan, dear...

She slobes up the basement steps and waves the .38 at Vegas and Danny.

RENO (CONT'D)

I don't have anything against either of you, but don't ask for trust. Nothing funny there.

VEGAS

You are crazy.

RENO

I am a bipolar butterfly with chain-saw wings.

Danny pulls Vegas backward toward the kitchen.

DANNY

We'll get out of your way.

Reno cocks the .38.

RENO

You're not playing along... Dan.

Vegas snaps into a rage. Danny holds her back.

VEGAS

Where is my Mom?!

RENO

Silence entombs death.

VEGAS

What?!

She fights to free herself as he wrestles her into a corner.

VEGAS (CONT'D)

Let me go!

DANNY

No, Vegas!

Reno stares down the gun barrel and dances in front of them.

RENO

Dan's right. I jump around. This pistol and I have cunt-hair triggers. I don't want to shoot either of you. I'm saving myself for Warren.

The .38 accidentally fires. She hops back. Shakes her head.

RENO (CONT'D)

I didn't mean to do that. But you see what I mean. I told ya so.

Danny spins Vegas to the wall. His gunshot ear drips blood.

VEGAS

Danny?!

She stares up at a splatter of Danny's flesh and blood around a bullet hole in the wall.

Reno spins the revolver cylinder.

RENO

Rock and bloody roll, Vegas.

She fires, pops a hole in the ceiling and water runs down the chandelier onto the spray-painted spiral on the floor.

Vegas steps away from Danny toward Reno.

VEGAS

Now that you know, don't you want to know why?

RENO

What why?

VEGAS

Why my Mother screwed your husband.

RENO

That's easy to figure. Because she was a degenerate, just like he was.

Vegas moves closer to her and speaks softly:

VEGAS

It started with your first attempt
at suicide with drugs, in high
school.

RENO

We all hung around and took way too
many fucking drugs.

VEGAS

Yeah, but you threatened to kill
yourself every time Warren tried to
break up with you.

Reno grits her teeth as she speaks:

RENO

I proved my love for him.

VEGAS

How, by taking another bottle of
pills?

RENO

He asked me to marry him.

VEGAS

After my Mother begged him to stay
with you.

She looks down and smiles to herself.

RENO

We were in love.

VEGAS

Warren married you in exchange for
your Sister Gena's love.

RENO

Shut up!

VEGAS

But their love was just too strong
to keep them apart.

RENO

Who says this?

VEGAS

Gena told me they were hoping "the
crazy bitch" would just end it all.

Reno backs into a corner.

RENO
She was the crazy one tonight.

VEGAS
So you're the degenerate now.

RENO
This gun gives me strength.

VEGAS
Then do it. Do yourself a favor,
and get your ass out of this "dead
end" you call an existence.

Vegas and Danny whisper to each other:

DANNY
Is that all true?

VEGAS
No, my Mother was a degenerate.

Gena's clothes fly onto the floor. Everyone turns.

Warren approaches from the kitchen.

WARREN
What the damn hells...?

Reno turns the .38 on Warren.

RENO
Here's *my* man now!

WARREN
Put that pistol down, Reno!

He reaches for the .45 tucked in his waistband behind him.

Reno waves the .38 at Warren.

RENO
"The crazy bitch" will end this now
if you don't stop moving.

She aims the .38 point blank in Warren's face.

RENO (CONT'D)
Pull down your pants!

Warren hesitantly undoes his zipper. His .45 hits the floor.

Reno runs around him and kicks the gun across the floor.

WARREN
What are you doing?

RENO
Take them off, bitch!

He takes his pants off and leaves his briefs on.

WARREN
Okay, okay.

RENO
On your knees.

He kneels.

WARREN
Please, what do you want from me?

RENO
Your balls. I'm gonna shoot your
balls off.

WARREN
Please, please, I sorry...

Reno shakes her head.

RENO
What's with these men?

Danny spins Vegas behind him and hugs her. Keeping her there.

RENO (CONT'D)
They got balls. That's the problem.

She fires and blows a hole through Warren's boxers right
between his butt cheeks.

RENO (CONT'D)
I am the hero of my own tragedy!

She runs into the --

KITCHEN

Reno exits the patio door.

EXT. FOLEY HOUSE - POOLSIDE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Reno steps on the diving board and walks to the end.

INT. FOLEY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Warren stuffs the Greek Comedy pillow in his bloody boxers as he aims the .45 at Danny. He holds Vegas behind him.

VEGAS

How are you gonna get away with it?

WARREN

Kill you two, wipe the gun off, put it into Danny-boy's hands.

VEGAS

Why would he... Danny-boy?

WARREN

There's something you were never told about your beloved Aunt Reno.

Danny turns to Vegas.

DANNY

I've been festering in anger for years. Look what I did to this house.

She grabs his arm and peers into his eyes.

VEGAS

Reno's the suicidal Lithium Barbie doll. Killed your parents in that crash. "He'll kill her if he," gets the chance.

Danny yanks his arm free from Vegas and steps toward Warren.

Warren fires the .45 and blasts Danny in the shoulder.

EXT. FOLEY HOUSE - POOLSIDE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Reno hops on the board, fires the .38 at the pool and drills two holes in the cover.

She sucks on the barrel and pulls the trigger. Click-click-click on empty chambers.

RENO

This bloodbath ends with my own.

She shut her eyes, jumps off the board and rips feet first through the bullet holes in the cover.

INT. FOLEY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Warren waves the .45 and grimaces through grunts of pain.

WARREN

Those gunshots should finish Reno's
act.

Danny pins Vegas in the corner, barely holding her with all
his weight on her.

WARREN (CONT'D)

Gena and I were racing to escape
our lives. She won for losing.

He smacks the cocaine bottle in his palm, gets none out and
sees a clump of white powder on the bottom of the bottle.

He catches the water leaking from the bullet hole in the
ceiling down the chandelier and into the cocaine bottle.

Danny shoves Vegas in front of him toward the kitchen.

Warren shakes the bottle and drinks it.

WARREN (CONT'D)

I need you both dead.

He fires and blasts Danny in the calve. He falls and shoves
Reno into the kitchen as he goes down.

Warren leans over Danny and aims the .45 between his eyes.

Vegas smacks the .45 from Warren's hand with the 3 iron. The
gun splashes into the water on the floor.

Vegas whacks the 3 iron upside Warren's jaw. He stumbles
toward the .45. Danny dives for his ankles and trips him.

Warren flops on the .45, rolls over and fires at Danny.

Vegas swings the 3 iron. The bullet punches the 3 iron head.
Rips the club out of her hands.

She falls backward. Danny catches her in his lap.

Warren wets his fingers in the water running off the
chandelier and aims the .45 at Vegas and Danny on the floor.

He cocks the gun, sniffs water from his fingers and smiles:

WARREN (CONT'D)

Meep-meep!

The safe crashes down with half the ceiling in a deluge of water and crushes him to the floor.

The chandelier spins by sparking wires attached to the surviving side of the ceiling, swirling light around the room.

Danny jumps up and yanks Vegas to her feet.

The floor cracks toward the corners and droops in the center.

Danny and Vegas fall to the floor and slide toward the safe.

The floor crackles around the safe as it chews through it.

Danny grabs Vegas, climbs the floor toward the kitchen and grips the doorway.

The floor crumbles and the safe falls through it.

Danny swings Vegas into the kitchen and she helps him in.

The safe disappears in a blinding flash of spiraling light.

Warren's dead body thumps on top of a pool table in the basement and the bag of busted golf clubs lands next to him.

EXT. FOLEY HOUSE - POOLSIDE - DAY

Danny pulls the box-cutter out and jumps on the diving board.

Vegas enters the code in the keyless entry pad.

DANNY

What's going on?! Open the cover!

VEGAS

The remote's fucked-up!

Danny dives through the hole that Reno went through.

POOL UNDERWATER

Vegas waves her arms through the hole.

Danny bloodies the water as he swims toward Reno and Gena nose to nose, kneeling on the bottom.

Danny tries to pull Reno away from Gena, but Reno's fingers are curled around Gena's hair at the back of her head.

Danny twists Reno's head and extends the box-cutter blade all the way out as the last bubble pops from her mouth.

He cuts the hair from Gena's head curled in Reno's fingers.

He half hugs Reno and swims to the hole as the box-cutter sinks to the bottom.

POOLSIDE

Vegas pulls Reno out of the hole. Danny climbs out, coughs water out and gulps air.

DANNY

She didn't wanna live without Gena.

Vegas kneels next to Reno and stares at her trembling hands.

VEGAS

I don't know CPR.

Danny kneels on Reno's other side and pumps her chest.

DANNY

That's how I saved Grace. Feel for a pulse.

He leans his ear over Reno's mouth, tilts her chin up with his hand on her forehead and breathes into her mouth.

VEGAS

No. No pulse!

He pumps her chest again, presses his ear to her chest and blows air in her mouth.

DANNY

Check it again.

Vegas feels her carotid artery.

VEGAS

Oh God, no!

He stares in her eyes, pumps her chest and pool water drains out of her mouth.

DANNY

Help me, Reno! It's me Danny-boy.
Look at me. I won't go away. Oh
God, please, don't die on me!

VEGAS

Nothing!

DANNY

What will she respond to? A song?
Poetry? What does she read?

Vegas cries and shakes her head.

VEGAS

She loves Greek Tragedy.

He pumps her chest faster. Foamy water pours from her mouth.

DANNY

Tell me something you learned: Do
tragic heroes have to die?

He rolls Reno upright and breathes into her mouth. He spits
out foam as he rolls her sideways.

She drools foamy water as he pumps her chest.

VEGAS

Aristotle said, "heroes need not
die." But they *must* undergo a
change in fortune. A revelation!

DANNY

Pulse?

She feels for Reno's pulse.

VEGAS

No!

DANNY

What does he mean, revelation?!

Vegas cries as she kisses Reno's head and pumps her chest.

VEGAS

A recognition about human fate, and
destiny. "A change from ignorance
to awareness of a bond of love or
hate."

Danny breathes air in Reno's mouth and spits out foam as he
pumps her chest.

DANNY

Reno. Gena and Warren were going to
kill you. If you die, they win. You
saved Vegas and me, Danny-boy.
You're our hero. Don't leave us.

Danny kisses her forehead and weeps.

Reno coughs up vomit and gasps for air as Vegas hugs Danny.

O.S. POLICE SIRENS AND CAR TIRES SCREECH INTO THE DRIVEWAY.

Several spinning blue police car lights swarm around Vegas, Danny, and Reno.

INT./EXT. DANNY'S BUNGALOW APARTMENT - BATHROOM - DAY

Vegas hugs Danny, his ear, shoulder, and leg bandaged. They stare out a window at the --

SIDE STREET

Honeycomb crouches behind the hydrant and shoots water high into the air.

Reno and Trailer Park Jesus hold hands with the Kids dancing in circles in and out of the falling water.

DANNY

I'll sell all of my equipment, my art and anything else.

VEGAS

You don't have to.

DANNY

I want to take care of you both. The doctor said Reno's doing fine on her new meds, but I wanna do more.

O.S. METAL CRASHES AND WOOD SMASHES IN THE NEXT ROOM.

They sprint into the --

HALLWAY

They run toward lights flashing on the studio side of the plastic strips on the doorway.

DANNY

Stay behind me.

She nods as he leads her into the --

STUDIO

The beat-up safe sits upright on the crushed turntable under the twisted wreck of the scaffold.

Vegas and Danny survey the damage.

DANNY
That never happened before.

VEGAS
My patron saint just happens to be
an eight hundred pound safe.

She spins the dial on the safe left, right and left again.

DANNY
You know the combination?

VEGAS
Warren never had a head for
numbers. But I...

She turns the handle. The safe shifts toward her. Danny jerks her backward into his lap.

The safe opens and stacks of wrinkled cash pour out.

DANNY
You have a photographic memory.

VEGAS
Hell can have its uses.

He hugs her from behind and kisses her neck.

DANNY
I want you to remember something if
I ever get out of line with you.

VEGAS
What?

DANNY
I don't need an eight hundred pound
safe to fall on me.

She shoves him down and climbs on top of him.

VEGAS
What are we going to do now?

DANNY
How about that slam-dance?

O.S. PUNK ROCK BLARES AS A SINGER SHRIEKS LYRICS.

INT. ARAGON BALLROOM - NIGHT

The mirrored ball spins flashing lights through the foggy laser light show around the room as the punk rock continues.

Danny and Vegas slow dance in the center as fifty colliding Mosh-Pitters swirl around them.

FADE OUT.

THE END