

FADE IN:

INT. CLARE LAVEAU'S OFFICE/APARTMENT- THAT MOMENT

Clare Laveau's apartment is a testament to shattered dreams and dead hope. The lights are all turned off, preventing us from getting too good of a look at anything. Nevertheless, we can still tell that the cleanliness of it cannot help to hide its dank nature. FOOTSTEPS APPROACHING, CLICKING AGAINST THE HARDWOOD FLOOR. GROWING PROGRESSIVELY LOUDER AS THEY NEAR. WE HEAR THE SOUND OF KEYS DANGLING FROM A KEY-RING AND A KEY BEING SLIPPED INTO A LOCK.

Music Cue: Instrumental intro to "Agnus Dei", by Rufus Wainwright chimes in. The dull screech of violins sounding like rusted bridge joints creaking in a semi violent wind, soon joined by a piano and middle eastern instruments. Its overall feeling/tone is an operatic, grand mourning.

Light from the apartment proper pours into the office, but it is a dank, dull light that does little to illuminate the place. Enter CLARE LAVEAU, a New Wave Humphrey Bogart, circa NOTORIOUS. He wears a dirty gray fedora that has seen far, far better days and a laptop in it's carrying case Over his shoulder. He pauses, locks the door, and walks towards his desk; as he does so, he gives a half-assed CLAP CLAP of his hands; an unseen CLAPPER turns the lights on in his office, revealing an anonymous CORPSE in a dark suit lying directly in front of his desk in a tipped over chair. A puddle of blood surrounds it. Laveau regards it for a moment.

LAVEAU
Motherfucker.

LAVEAU soccer-kicks the corpse right in the head. A tiny splatter of blood flies up and strikes LAVEAU in the face; this pisses him off even more and he spits on the corpse. LAVEAU turns to his desk, removes his hat and laptop/case from his shoulder and sets them down; he reaches into his coat at waist-level and comes out with a .380 caliber pistol. He pulls back the slide and allows the final remaining bullet to fall into the palm of his hand. LAVEAU goes to his chair and slumps down into it, exhausted. He looks at the corpse again, then at the bullet in his hand. He holds it in his thumb and forefinger and brings it in close to his face to inspect it.

LAVEAU'S POV,
SHINY BRASS BULLET between his fingers

Hold...then BLUR ON THE BULLET INTO AN ABSTRACT HAZE OF
WARPING COLORS

DISSOLVES TO:

EXT. THE SKY ABOVE THE TOWNSHIP OF EDEN, DAY

MUSIC CUE: Rufus Wainwrights voice operatically emerges(plays til noted) with Latin Lyrics listed below.

(CONTINUED)

AGNUS DEI
Agnus Dei" Agnus dei Agnus
dei Qui tollis peccata mundi
Agnus dei Agnus dei Qui
tollis peccata mundi Dona
nobis pacem Dona nobis pacem
pacem Dona nobis pacem

TRANSLATION
Lamb of God You who take away
the sins of the world Lamb of
God You who take away the
sins of the world Give Us
Peace Give Us Peace Peace
Give Us Peace.

CAMERA(AERIAL) SWOOPS DOWN TRAVELING GRACEFULLY DOWN,

The town is beautiful, lush, a wooded paradise on Earth. A Norman Rockwell painting come to life. Intermingled with the forestry are enormous homes.

CAMERA FINALLY REACHING A LOWER LEVEL...TRAILING THE LONG AND WINDING STREETS.

We enter MARKET STREET, continuing on with the Norman Rockwellian theme of the town, but now instead of butchers and bakers, we have a massive, multi-story bookstore, megaplex grocery store, etc. A yuppie paradise. Amongst this picture-perfect scene of bliss is a MENACING FELLOW in a navy blue suit. He leans against a lamppost, casually smoking a cigarette. He looks out at the people around him from behind a pair of Ray-Ban Wayfarers. Spotting a pair of GUYS IN BROOKS BROTHERS SUITS across the street, he starts at attention, tossing his cigarette down and stubbing it out. He looks both ways before crossing the street and falling into step behind the Brooks Brothers. They are chatting nonchalantly to one another, oblivious that they are being followed. They reach a street corner and look to check for passing cars. The pause is all that MR. RAY-BAN needs; he reaches into the jacket of his suit and comes out with a .38 special. Mr. Ray-Ban reaches up and aims the gun; the barrel is inches away from the back of the head of the first Brooks Brother. CRACK! CRACK!

Mr. Ray-Ban fires first into the back of Brooks Brother 1's head and then immediately moves the gun on a horizontal axis and does likewise to Brooks Brother 2. The bullets are hollow points and they mushroom as they travel through the Brooks Brothers' skulls, coming out the front of their face three times bigger than they went in. People scream; people hit the deck; people run for it. Mr. Ray-Ban sticks the gun back in his coat; a car without license plates comes screeching around the corner in the middle of the chaos; it doesn't stop, just slows enough for Mr. Ray-Ban to dive in. The door slams shut as the car speeds away out of Market Street, leaving behind a terrified crowd of people.

END MUSIC CUE.

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. LAVEAU'S OFFICE, DAY

Laveau's watching Jeopardy on a little color TV set. He looks only slightly less haggard than he did in the opening scene. His television set is on a little table catty corner to his desk; he has his feet propped up on the table and a open bottle of Captain Morgan's spiced rum in his hand.

(CONTINUED)

LAVEAU
(fast)
What the fuck was EXODUS 8:2!

JEOPARDY CONTESTANT JULIE
What was Exodus 8:2

ALEX TREBEK
Right. Julie, pick again.

JEOPARDY CONTESTANT JULIE
I'll take The Bible again for eight
hundred please.

The picture is abruptly replaced by a TITLE CARD: BREAKING NEWS. Tinny music typical of a newscast accompanies the sudden appearance of the card.

CUT TO:

INT. NEWSROOM, EVENING

A NEWSCASTER sits a desk in a typical newsroom set; clocks on the wall.

NEWSCASTER
Good evening. Breaking news from Market Square here in Eden, where we have been told two people are dead. We now go live to Market Square with Bret Lancaster. Bret, can you tell us what's going on?

EXT. MARKET SQUARE, EVENING

Bret Lancaster, typical square-jawed newscaster pretty boy, live on the scene in Market Street.

BRET (ON TV)
Yes, Cindy, the police are keeping relatively quiet about what exactly is going on, but what I can tell you is that two men are dead, having been shot to death about twenty feet from where I'm standing right now in Market Square in what has been called a gangland style execution

SOUND CUE: DOORBELL.

Laveau turns his attention away from the television set to his wristwatch...He rolls his eyes.

Laveau moves to his office door, opens it, steps out into a narrow hallway, walks down it into a living room where the apartment front door is. He looks through the peephole and then unlocks a chain-lock, flip-lock, two dead-bolts, and a regular turnkey lock. He opens the door to reveal ARTHUR WILSON, a slightly rotund man with a crappy haircut, aviator sunglasses, and horrendously bad skin.

(CONTINUED)

LAVEAU
Art, come on back.

CUT TO:

INT. LAVEAU'S APARTMENT, MOMENTS LATER

Laveau and Arthur are sitting in Laveau's office, Laveau behind his desk, Arthur in a chair in front of the desk.

LAVEAU
You hear about this shit? Laveau
gestures to the television set.

ARTHUR
Terrible stuff. I live about five
miles away from it, too...

INSERT ON TELEVISION,

The screen is filled with the visage of a young business woman wearing a sharp black suit and glasses. Who looks like she was born without personality. A caption identifies her as DIANE BAKER, EDEN COMMUNITY LEADER.

DIANE
The council will not stand for this
type of gangland violence in Eden.
We want the people to know that the
best officers that the County's
Police Department has to offer are
currently working on the case, and
they will continue to work round
the clock until the murderers are
caught. There is no need to hide in
your homes. This remains a safe
community.

Back into Laveau's office. He picks up the clicker and switches the television set off.

LAVEAU
Down to business.

ARTHUR
How you been?

LAVEAU
Got drunk on absinthe last night,
played with knives. You?

ARTHUR
Business as usual.

Beat.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
Did you find anything, Clare?

(CONTINUED)

LAVEAU

....Arthur this has been going on for quite some time. We've known one another for years. And every time you come back to me, it gets a little harder.

ARTHUR

Clare, anything?

LAVEAU

Arthur, I'm not going to lie to you. I like your money. I like money, period. I'm not adverse to doing this work for you. But I think that it would be a failure on my part, for my reputation, if I didn't tell you that your coming here is starting to be a waste.

Laveau looks down at his Apple MacBook Pro, opens up a slide show in Iphoto titled Eve Wilson(Big Spender). An ironic old jazz song plays over the elaborately prepared slide-show perfectly. The images just show mundane routines of a yuppie women.

LAVEAU (CONT'D)

She went shopping at Kroger's. Had a manicure. By that time she had to pick the kids up from school, take them to soccer practice - what can I tell you, Art, she's a saint. A goddamn saint.

Arthur sighs and leans back in his chair, running his hands over his face.

ARTHUR

I was so sure. So sure.

LAVEAU

Arthur, there are men who come to me, almost as frequently as you, positive that their wives are cheating on them. And just as I do for you, I follow their wives, and just as in your case, I find nothing. But these men, Arthur, some of them won't take that for an answer. They become obsessed. Start to act strange around the house; they begin to look at their wives in a different way. And the wives notice it. It isn't all that uncommon for a guy who thinks his wife is running around on him, for him to actually cause his wife to run around on him because he's acting like such a goddamn jittery loon. He creates the problem that he thought existed.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LAVEAU (CONT'D)
And more often than not, Arthur,
those are the guys that go
absolutely ape-hit.

ARTHUR
Clare, you don't think--

LAVEAU
It's not like people have built in
defenses against these kind of
things. Anyone's susceptible to it.
You just have to accept the fact
that you're wrong. You were wrong
the last time, and the time before,
and you're wrong now. Instead of
worrying about thinking your wife
is running around on you, I think
what you need to worry about is why
you think that.

ARTHUR
I know she is, Clare, I don't know
if she's too sneaky for you, or
what, but I just know it.

LAVEAU
Arthur I haven't turned up
anything.

CUT TO:

EXT. SOCCER FIELD PARKING LOT, DAY; FLASHBACK

LAVEAU sits in his car with a high quality camera(Nikon D-100
with a long lens). He watches as another car pulls up.

CUT TO:

I/E CAR, DAY; FLASHBACK

Inside this new car is the PRETTY WOMAN from the photos,
EVE WILSON. With her is a clean cut, trim YOUNG MAN, whom
we will come to know as PAUL VAN BREDAM.

In the back are the The Wilson's eight year old twins: Hanna
and Kevin ,in "TEAM EDEN" soccer uniforms.

EVE
OK kids, get on out, Mommy and her
friend have to find someplace to
park and we'll come and find a seat
in a minute.

The kids get out. Eve and Paul watch them go. As soon as
they're out of sight, Eve produces a vial from her breasts,
takes the top off and snorts a big bump of cocaine.
Her face lights up in an obvious euphoria as the cocaine
overtakes her.

(CONTINUED)

EVE (CONT'D)
(Screaming)
ALRIGHT! (Claps hands)
GO TEAM!

She grabs Paul and begins to animalistically devour his face. Laveau watches the whole sordid scene. He looks at his camera and sets it aside.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. LAVEAU'S OFFICE, DAY

Laveau gives a little shrug to Arthur, his face bearing a kind of weasly "Well, whattya gonna do?" Expression.

LAVEAU
I mean nothing.

Arthur puts his hands to his face in confused anguish. After a moment:

ARTHUR
How much do I owe you?

LAVEAU
The usual. No expenses this time around.

Arthur removes a checkbook and cuts Laveau a check. Laveau watches, dispassionate. Arthur puts the check on the desk.

LAVEAU (CONT'D)
Think about what I told you.

ARTHUR
I will.

LAVEAU
This doesn't have to end badly.

ARTHUR
Thank you, Clare. Thanks for caring.

LAVEAU
Come on, I'll take you out. I gotta go do another job.

They rise, Laveau leading Arthur out of the office. When Laveau slams the door behind him, a previously unseen butcher knife falls from the ceiling and lands on Laveau's desk.

CUT TO BLACK:

ON BLACK:
Sounds of the suburban nightlife: frogs, crickets, etc.

FADE IN:

EXT. THE WILSON'S HOME, NIGHT

The home of Arthur Wilson and his wife Eve and their children Hanna and Kevin. A comfortable lower-upper class, two-story Tudor home, with a four car garage and a front lawn that screams "Better Home and Garden." All of the home's lower-level lights are on.

Headlights approach the drive, getting brighter. Arthur pulls up in a sleek black BMW. The far left garage door opens.

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. BMW, CONTINUOUS

Arthur readies to pull into the garage when he sees that a brand new Chevy Suburban is in his spot.

ARTHUR
Since when?

Arthur pulls back. The garage door goes down; he turns towards one of the other garage doors, opens it, pulls in.

CUT TO:

INT. THE WILSON'S KITCHEN, NIGHT

A beautiful, Martha Stewart Living kitchen. Arthur's twin seven year old's, HANNA and KEVIN, sit at the table, doing their homework. In the living room, Eve plays Schubert on an expensive looking grand piano. On the edge of the piano is a half-empty glass of wine beside a half-empty bottle of wine. A cigarette burns in an ashtray beside the bottle. Eve finishes up her piece and takes up her cigarette, turning to address her children.

EVE
Are you still doing all right,
children?

She wipes her nose. Hanna closes her workbook and studiously folds her hands.

HANNA
I'm doing much better now that I'm
done with math. Yawn.

EVE
(tired)
Fabulous. Did you double check your
answers?

HANNA
Yes mommy.

EVE
Did you show your work this time?

(CONTINUED)

HANNA

Yes. I put the work that I already did in my head onto paper to prove I know what I'm doing to a stupid fat cow who dresses like a penguin.

EVE

Hanna, it's only fair to the stupid children. They're the ones whose work Sister really wants to see. And this time please erase any of your hateful little messages before you turn your paper in.

HANNA

I didn't write anything mean.

KEVIN

No, you just said it to her face.

HANNA

You liar!

Hanna hits Kevin. They slap fight. Eve rolls her eyes.

EVE

Cut it out.

KEVIN

Admit it! Admit it! Daddy will tell mommy, he knows!

HANNA

Shut up, asshole!

Sound Cue: Garage door closing.

KEVIN

Daddy's home.

EVE

Alert the authorities.

Eve finishes off the entire half glass of wine in a single swig, takes a single, long drag off of her smoke, and then pours another whole glass of wine and chugs some of that, too.

KEVIN

Now you're gonna get it.

HANNA

Yeah, right.

Arthur enters from the garage, carrying a bouquet of roses. Eve finishes her wine, stands, sashays half drunk to a wet bar in the living room and looks for something hard.

EVE

Hello, Arthur.

(CONTINUED)

ARTHUR
Eve, since when do you park on my
side of the driveway?

EVE
I'm sorry, I didn't get the memo
that this was obsessive compulsive
week at the asylum.

Arthur puts the bouquet and his briefcase down on the kitchen
counter, turns, and looks sternly at Hanna.

ARTHUR
Honey, do you know what our little
princess got into trouble for
today?

EVE
I don't know, Arthur, but I can
only assume you're going to reveal
to me the sordid depths of our only
daughter's shocking depravity.

ARTHUR
What? She called Sister Agnes a
'goddamn bulldog!' In a Catholic
school classroom!

EVE
Well, we better batten down the
hatches, the end of the world must
be coming. Wait a minute, how do
you know this?

ARTHUR
She called me at work today.

EVE
Why?

ARTHUR
Because I am her father! Young
lady, if I ever have to get another
call at work that you've been
mouthing off to the Sisters, you
won't be sitting down for a week!

EVE
Arthur!

Hanna looks more scared of her mother's shouting than of her
father. Eve enters the kitchen, carrying a half-empty tumbler
of Vodka.

EVE (CONT'D)
I will handle this, Arthur. I am
their mother. I know how these sort
of things work.

Eve turns to Hanna.

(CONTINUED)

EVE (CONT'D)

Don't worry sweetie, Daddy isn't allowed to discipline you. Now why don't you and I go to your room and let the boys here have a little time for some male bonding. Your daddy thinks your brother isn't getting enough of a daily dose of testosterone.

Eve and Hanna head off, Eve shooting Arthur an emasculating glare. Arthur looks at her, and the flowers on the counter, sighs, and puts a hand on Kevin's shoulder.

ARTHUR

Heya champ, how you doing?

KEVIN

I'm fine, dad, except for this stupid math.

ARTHUR

Well, hey, why don't I have a look at it, see what I can help you with.

Arthur sits down at the kitchen table, takes the workbook from Kevin.

KEVIN

It's really hard, Dad. Everyone expects me to do good because I'm related to you.

ARTHUR

Shush, Son, that's not true. Gosh. We got our work cut out for us. Kevin, everything on this page is wrong except for the first two. And they give you those answers here at the top of the page.

KEVIN

(frustrated)

I can't do them right, I'm too dumb!

ARTHUR

Well, did you take your pills for that?

KEVIN

They don't make pills to make people smart.

ARTHUR

I meant your concentration medication.

KEVIN

You mean my speed?

(CONTINUED)

ARTHUR

What?!

KEVIN

Timmy Olsen's dad told me that my medication is speed and that you and mommy put me on it because you're just too lazy to raise me, just like all the mommies and daddies who put their kids on speed.

ARTHUR

Ralphie Olsen, that motherfu...
Shit, sorry, son, I mean, gosh, I didn't mean to have a potty mouth around you.

KEVIN

It's OK, you always do.

ARTHUR

Just never repeat anything you ever hear me say. You know what? It's late. You need to get to bed.

KEVIN

What about my homework?

ARTHUR

I'll take care of it. But it'll be our little secret, right?

Kevin smiles and nods vigorously.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Good. Go on now, off with you.

Kevin runs off to bed. Arthur slouches back and sighs.

CUT TO:

EXT. NIGHT CLUB, NIGHT

Laveau sits in his Citroen, looking a bit nervous at some sleazy nightclub in the urban ghetto. Lots of beefy guys and "gangster" looking types. Laveau comes up with a flask of booze and takes a shot from it. He keeps his eyes on the front of the night club. Finally, CARLO, a young, trashy looking woman, and TYRELL, a muscle-bound black guy, come out, all over one another, both of them very smashed. Laveau looks relieved; he takes up his camera and aims at them, snaps a picture. The flash goes off.

LAVEAU

Oh, sweetheart, I thought I turned you off!

Tyrell, alerted by the flash, stares at Laveau.

(CONTINUED)

TYRELL
Mother Fuca'!

LAVEAU
Shit!

Laveau drops his camera in his lap and tries to start his car. He pops the clutch and it stalls on him, His eyes dart to his door lock-its not locked. The second he puts his hand to push down the lock Tyrell opens the door, and drags Laveau out. His camera falls to the ground; Laveau is slammed against the side of his car. Tyrell is about six foot three and weighs three hundred pounds of solid muscle.

TYRELL
What you be takin' pictures me and
my woman, cracker?

Laveau puts his hands up in a weak defense; he's way too drunk to coordinate himself properly.

TYRELL (CONT'D)
I asked you a question, whats with
the candid camera shit?

By now, Carlo has rushed up.

CARLO
(goadin)
I know this Fuca'! This is one of
Dave's friends, goes out drinks'
with him! Mother-in-law was some
hot hit college grad, some criminal
degree, but he quit his job and
blew all his goddamn cash on booze,
drank his self into the poor house.
Now he go round Dick Tracy, mister
private eye, thinks' he be Shaft or
some hit like that. My husband pay
you, bitch, he pay you to watch me?

LAVEAU
I don't divulge the names of any of
my clients.

Tyrell slams Laveau hard against the side of his car.

TYRELL
My woman be askin' you a question!

CARLO
Dave tell me this here motha' even
gone done killed mens before.
Money's right he go kill any one.

TYRELL
You a kill, huh, you think you
gymnast? Let me tell you, know who
I am, I'm GO, original gangster,
you done fucked with the wrong
brother.

(CONTINUED)

LAVEAU
Ya know, you really need to learn a
new adjective hommie.

Tyrell reaches down and picks up Laveau's camera.

LAVEAU (CONT'D)
Hey, put that down!

TYRELL
Oh, master Dick don't like me with
his fancy ass hit?

Tyrell smashes the camera against the roof of the Citroen.

LAVEAU
You fuck! That was a Nikon!

TYRELL
Oops!

Tyrell takes the remnants of the camera and smashes them
across Laveau's face. Laveau goes down out of frame, moaning.

CARLO
Beat his ass, Tyrell, beat it!

Tyrell obliges. He brutally kicks Laveau repeatedly, though
we don't see it. Laveau moans in agony.

CUT TO:

INT. THE WILSON HOME, ARTHUR'S OFFICE, NIGHT

We can't make out the details of Arthur's office because the
room is completely pitch black except for the faint glow of a
computer screen on a desk. Arthur sits right in front of it,
his face lit up by the light from the monitor. He looks
simultaneously dazed and wide awake. He's staring intently at
something we can't see; there is lust in his eyes.

Beat.

SOUND CUE: The crackle of an intercom.

EVE (O.S.)
Arthur? Are you in there?

Arthur stares at the computer screen more.

EVE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Arthur?

Arthur, not taking his eyes off the screen, reaches over and
hits an unseen button.

ARTHUR
Yeah?

(CONTINUED)

EVE (O.S.)
You working in there?

ARTHUR
It's all I ever do, isn't it?

Beat.

EVE (O.S.)
The roses, are they for me?

ARTHUR
You like 'em?

EVE (O.S.)
They're very pretty. I was thinking
that Hanna should give them to
Sister Agnes to apologize.

Arthur breaks away from the PC and gives a frustrated look at
the unseen intercom.

ARTHUR
But I bought them for you!

EVE (O.S.)
And it was a waste of money. I
can't stand the smell of roses, you
should know that. They would serve
a better purpose going to Sister
Agnes.

ARTHUR
I bought them for the woman I love,
not a goddamn nun!

EVE (O.S.)
Yeah, yeah no, no Arthur, they need
to go to Sister Agnes. She could
use the boost.

ARTHUR
fine.

EVE (O.S.)
Excellent. I'm turning in. Don't
stay up.

ARTHUR
I won't... I love you.

EVE (O.S.)
Yeah, ditto. Night.

SOUND CUE: The intercom snaps off.

Arthur wipes his face, turns back to his computer, and pulls
up the web-page. It's a horny house wives porno site.

CUT TO:

INT. LAVEAU'S APARTMENT, NIGHT

Keys turn in the two dead-bolts and the turn-key lock. The door opens and Laveau enters, clutching his side in agony. He claps, weakly, turning on the lights. He staggers to his office, unlocks it, and then staggers in, clapping to activate the lights, and collapsing on the couch face-first. He moans and lays there, reaching down on the floor and feeling around for something. He comes up with a half-empty liquor bottle, opens it, and sloppily pours some of it into his mouth.

Beat.

Laveau stands, staggers over to a record player, and turns on a Nina Simon tune . He goes and sits in his deskchair, props his feet up, and stares ahead, blank-faced.

CAMERA PANS SLOWLY ACROSS LAVEAU'S OFFICE WALL, It is adorned with awards and degrees and family photos depicting Laveau in better days. In the pictures he is young, clean cut, and optimistic. One degree is for a PHD in Forensic Pathology. A newspaper headline reads, "Suspected Serial Rapist Dies in Hail of Police Gunfire," with the caption, "Rookie detective leads cops to suspect's front door." A picture of a young Laveau in a trim 1970s style suit is featured below the headline.

Laveau's old fashioned rotary telephone starts to ring, causing the whole unit to vibrate. He stares at it a moment, and then picks it up.

LAVEAU

Laveau Investigations. This is
Clare Laveau speaking.

MAN (V.O.)

That was quite a beating you took
back there, Mr. Laveau.

LAVEAU

Who the hell is this?

MAN (V.O.)

If you're well enough, we'd like
you to take a step outside. If you
do, it will make you a very, very
wealthy man.

SOUND CUE: RECEIVER HANGING UP.

He looks at the phone and carefully puts it down. He rises, removes his .380, and heads outside.

INT. LAVEAU'S APARTMENT BUILDING, SIXTH FLOOR HALLWAY,
CONTINUOUS

Laveau exits his apartment locking his door behind him. He heads down a long eerie hallway to an elevator. Reaching the elevator's doors. Pushes the lifts going down button.

(CONTINUED)

The doors open immediately. He gets in and we watch the doors close.

EXT. LAVEAU'S APARTMENT BUILDING, CONTINUOUS

Laveau comes outside and looks left to right as he approaches the chauffeur.

CHAUFFEUR

Good evening, Mr. Laveau. We were hoping you'd come down.

The chauffeur opens up the back door of the limo. Laveau hesitantly enters.

CUT TO:

INT. LIMO, CONTINUOUS

The inside of the limo is plush and posh. Across from Laveau sits IAN KRUGER, a pale faced, moderately handsome young sycophant with a brush cut. The chauffeur closes the door and the limo begins driving off.

IAN

Good evening, Mr. Laveau. My name is Ian. I must apologize for the late hour.

LAVEAU

Listen pal, I'm not gonna fuck with you, I've had a lot to drink in the past seventy-two hours. What the hell is going on?

IAN

The chance of a lifetime, sir. The opportunity that you have been waiting for: the chance to make all of your dreams come true. But I shouldn't talk; I am only the messenger. My employer is the man to whom you should direct your questions.

LAVEAU

And where's he at?

IAN

We're going to see him right now.

LAVEAU

See him at..?

IAN

Have you ever heard of Eden, Mr. Laveau?

LAVEAU

Yeah, I read the Bible.

(CONTINUED)

IAN
Heh heh, no sir, but you're very close.

EXT. GATES OF EDEN - NIGHT
The limo approaches and glides through the entrance to Eden, a big, rustic gateway with the announcement "WELCOME TO EDEN-PARADISE REBORN"

MONTAGE SERIES OF SHOTS:

- CAR TRAVELING PAST SEVERAL SHOPPING PLAZAS THAT ARE ALL CLOSED FOR THE NIGHT.
- LIMO GOING THROUGH MARKET STREET. EVERYTHING IS SHUT DOWN FOR THE EVENING HERE, AS WELL.
- LAVEAU IN THE BACK OF THE LIMO, HIS FACE TACITURN AS HE OBSERVES EVERYTHING THROUGH ONE OF THE LIMO'S TINTED WINDOWS.

IAN
Eden, Texas, the perfect community. It ranks on over twelve USA Today Top Ten lists, including income, schools, low crime rates, and low divorce rates. Designed specifically for you by our founding father and head of the township, Francis Orwell.

LAVEAU
And is that who I'm gonna go see now, this Orwell fella?

IAN
That is correct.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. EDEN COUNTRY CLUB, CONTINUOUS

The limo turns into the So-Cal styled country club.

IAN (V.O.)
Mr. Orwell's personal headquarters and the sparkling crown jewel of Eden, the Eden Country Club. Seventy-five percent of the residents are members.

LAVEAU (V.O.)
Not very imaginative when it comes to names, are you?

I/E. THE LIMO- CONTINUOUS

Laveau looks out the window at all the recreational activities the place has to offer as Ian speaks:

(CONTINUED)

IAN

This is our newest treat here at the club, an eighteen hole golf course professionally designed by a team of engineers flown daily to Eden on a Lear Jet straight from Tokyo. We're currently applying for PGA status. Are you a fan of golf, Mister Laveau?

Laveau yawns.

IAN (CONT'D)

How about tennis, then? It is a French game. The construction of our courts were overseen by former Wimbledon champions

LAVEAU

A French game?

IAN

You are French, aren't you, Mr. Laveau?

LAVEAU

I have no fucking clue, I'm adopted. Listen, I don't play games, Ian, which is apparently more than I can say for you. Now you seem to be full of information, so tell me, why the Hell am I here, and why the Hell can't I be asleep right now?

IAN

A man of business, I see.

LAVEAU

Capitalist, born and raised.

IAN

Well I can assure you, sir, that within the half hour you will be offered a proposal that will ensure that you live the remainder of your natural life in the absolute most luxurious fashion known to Western Man.

LAVEAU

Cool.

Ian looks at him with a snooty kind of expression.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB, NIGHT

The limo cruises beneath the drop-off area for the country club - a cobblestone driveway beneath a large white and pink striped canopy.

I/E THE LIMO - CONTINUOUS

The limo stops. The chauffeur gets out, comes around, opens Ian's door. Ian gets out. Laveau adjusts his own blazer, takes out a pack of smokes, packs it on his knee, removes one, and lights up. Laveau's door is opened up; he sighs, tiredly, and gets out.

IAN
I'm sorry, Mr. Laveau, the Eden
Country Club is a family facility.
We're non-smoking.

Laveau looks cockeyed at Ian, holds his cigarette out at a 90 degree angle, and drops it on the ground.

IAN (CONT'D)
We appreciate it. Right this way.

CHAUFFEUR
Hey, Ian!

IAN
Yes, Driver?

CHAUFFEUR
Driver? Bitch, since when do you
call me drive-

IAN
What is it?

CHAUFFEUR
You just want me to stay here, or
what?

IAN
Yes.

Ian and Laveau head towards the front doors of the country club. The doors are mainly made out of a thick pane of frosted glass with opulent, Anglo-Saxon designs. A DOORMAN in full old-New-York regalia opens it, politely nodding to each man as they enter.

DOORMAN
Good evening, sirs.

A doorman. Laveau thinks this is the greatest thing in the world. He grins.

(CONTINUED)

LAVEAU
Evenin' pal.

CUT TO:

INT. EDEN COUNTRY CLUB, MOMENTS LATER

Fountains. Marble pillars. It's a Babylonian pleasure palace. Laveau whistles. From off screen, we hear the PROUD GRAND VOICE OF FRANCIS ORWELL.

ORWELL (O.S.)
Impressive, isn't it? I designed it myself.

Laveau looks around for the source of the voice. His eyes finally come to rest on a big, old-fashioned elevator shaft that sits against the back wall, in between two spiral staircases reminiscent of those on the Titanic. Coming down the elevator shaft is the car, which looks like a big roller coaster car, albeit infinitely fancier. Sitting on the bench is the Eden's founding father and C.E.O. FRANCIS ORWELL. He's dressed like a golfer (polo shirt with Eden Country Club's logo and khakis).

ORWELL (CONT'D)
The floors and the pillars are solid marble and the carpet that you're standing on now was flown in on special order from Iran. The fountains? Mister, those fountains don't have tap water, that's water from the private spring located right below the club, which is also the source of the water daily pumped into and drained out of our Olympic sized swimming pool.

The car reaches the bottom. Ian hurries over and opens the door of the elevator shaft and then the gate on the car. Orwell rises and moves to Laveau.

ORWELL (CONT'D)
And speaking of great and wonderful things, you must be Clare Laveau. My avenging angel, my white knight of justice. I've heard quite a bit about you.

LAVEAU
And I've heard a bit about you, myself, from your little pal over there. What's your excuse?

ORWELL
Let's just say that I found out about your prowess from a satisfied customer of yours who wishes that she remain anonymous.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ORWELL (CONT'D)

What she did tell me, though, really got my imagination working, so I had some of my boys check your credentials out. And, I think it goes without saying, since you're here, that I was duly impressed. Hey, what kind of guy am I, making you stand down here like this, in the lobby, like some visitor. Come here, let's take a ride.

Orwell gestures for Laveau to enter the elevator. He does, hesitantly, and they each sit on the bench. Ian closes it up for them again and stands there, watching cockily as they rise up.

CUT TO:

INT. ORWELL'S OFFICE, MOMENTS LATER

Orwell's office is a filthily huge affair that might be a little too hoity-toity even for Bill Gates' mansion.

ORWELL

Can I get you a drink, Mr. Laveau?

LAVEAU

Whattya got?

ORWELL

Well everything.

LAVEAU

Mister, you just earned some major points. Jack and coke.

Orwell prepares Laveau his drink at a wet-bar right out of the 1950s. Laveau takes it and downs it all in a single gulp. Orwell looks at him, beaming.

ORWELL

All right, that's outta the way. Let's take a little walk outside, shall we?

CUT TO:

EXT. BALCONY, NIGHT

The doors open up and Orwell and Laveau walk out onto the grand balcony. Laveau has another cocktail. The balcony overlooks the golf course; there's a bright, full moon in the sky that lights it all up with pure white light. Some sprinklers have just come on; crickets chirp in the distance.

ORWELL

Laveau, when I came to this place, there was nothing here butt trees and forests so thick that when the sun went down you couldn't see a thing in front of your face not even on a moonlit night.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ORWELL (CONT'D)

I came here, it seems, so many years ago, and so much has happened since, I can't even remember if I had a child yet. I was on my way home, I can't remember from where, and the lake caught my eye. I had never come this way before, and there was only one road then, none of the roads you've driven here existed yet. Just one road, and it ran along the lake. It drew me. I pulled over and got out. I knew my late wife would be furious if I were late, but, I didn't care, because, it was calling to me. And when I got to the shores, I. I felt a certain sense of anxiety looking at it, even though I didn't know why. It was a night very much like this one the water was reflecting yellow there were ducks all around at my feet, picking in the grass I looked out across the water, and I almost wept. I didn't know if it was because I felt terrified, though who knows how I could, looking at all of this beautiful scenery or if it was because of something else. I sat down in the grass and took off my shoes and tried to make the feelings the anxiety, the fear, the sadness make them pass but I couldn't. I sat there until the sun went down, it was a night not unlike this, and even in the dark it was still warm the mosquitoes came around and started to bite me, but still, I sat there, and stared at the lake the moon rose up in the sky, I'll never forget that it was a Hunter's Moon. Do you know what that is, Mr. Laveau?

LAVEAU

Yes, when the moon is yellow.

ORWELL

Yes, that's right, when the moon is yellow, and it was very yellow that night, and when I saw it I became even more terrified. Almost like a child, I'm not ashamed to admit, that's how I felt, like a beautiful, small child, surrounded by something so much greater, so much more vast than himself, that there was nothing I could help to do but lie there in the grass frozen, unable to move. The moon reached its highest point in the sky, and the whole lake was lit up by its light it turned gold, Laveau, the water turned gold.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ORWELL (CONT'D)

And right then, that is when I knew, what it was that I had to do. Why I was afraid. Why I felt these things. It was because, I was so terrified, that that no one else would ever see such beauty that I alone would be the only person to ever behold such magnificence that the people, in the ghettos, and in the cities, would spend their lives surrounded by gray buildings and concrete looking out at skies, where you couldn't even tell the color was blue because a good view was blocked by skyscrapers That my people, would live in a world where families get car-jacked in the streets coming home from a baseball game, or getting ice cream, because their skin was the wrong color, or because they looked too rich That is when I knew, that I had to bring my people to this place. I had to take them away from the terrors and frustrations of the city, away from the gangs and the car jackings, the drugs, the violence So that they could start their lives anew. So that they could remember what the word community meant not a city, a cold, dead city a community a happy place a safe place where the word family would come to have new meaning its old meaning. I went out the next day, and I bought all of this, every last acre. My wife, she thought that I'd gone mad, but But I knew what it was that I was doing. And over time, she, herself, came to understand too.

Orwell sniffs. A single tear rolls down one side of his face. Laveau takes a long sip from his drink.

ORWELL (CONT'D)

But I'm losing all that now, Laveau. The drugs, they, they've crept back in, you see and the gangs, the violence The police are even saying now that there's some international gangster smuggler dealer that's moved in, they call him the Dutchman, and I had the DEA come in and try and find him but they couldn't come up with squat. I hired a pair of men, similar to yourself, albeit with more conventional references, and they lasted two days before someone blew their brains out in broad daylight. Everything that I tried to protect my people from, everything I tried to take them away from It's all coming back.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ORWELL (CONT'D)

Only it's worse this time, because in the city, the beauty of life has already been destroyed, it was, years ago, by the industry barons, who cleared the forests and filled the lakes and laid the cement. Here, I have let the houses and the buildings exist along with nature. But these people, these, pieces of human offal, they want to corrupt it, corrupt it just like the land was corrupted in the time of my great, great, great grandfathers. They want to defile the trees and the forests with their meth and their crack, and taint the lake with one another's blood until the water turns red with it. I don't want that, Laveau. I can't have it. I have worked far, far too hard to see that become of my...Eden. Do you understand what I'm saying, Mr. Laveau? Do you understand what it is I'm asking you to do?

LAVEAU

You want me to take out the trash.

Orwell chuckles, weakly.

ORWELL

Yes, in more ways than one.

LAVEAU

If the money's right I think I can oblige.

ORWELL

My boy a king's ransom for you, to clean up my Eden. A king's ransom, all the tea in China, and all the women of the world.

Laveau and Orwell shake hands. Orwell reaches into his pocket and comes out with a business card.

ORWELL (CONT'D)

This is my private line. It's checked daily for taps. Any updates, anything major, I want to hear about it. Now do you have any idea where to begin?

CAMERA PUSHES IN QUICK TO A CLOSE-UP ON LAVEAUS FACE

LAVEAU

(smiling)

A pretty good one.

INT. MILE'S PUB - NIGHT

CAMERA QUICKLY PULLS OFF A CU ON LAVEAU'S FACE AS HE ENTERS THROUGH THE PUB'S FRONT DOORS TO A FULL WIDE SHOT.

LAVEAU looks around,

Mile's is a once very classy jazz bar but now a sleazy roadside nightclub that caters to the perverse. We follow Laveau as he enters, into a smoke-filled room populated by tables and dead-eyed folk sitting around nursing drinks and chain-smoking. On stage is a pretty, redheaded SALLY ANN, a young girl of about twenty-two, singing a slow, sad jazz tune. Laveau stops a minute to watch. As she finishes up, everyone claps. Laveau smiles and walks away, moving until he reaches the bar at the back of the place. There, surrounded by a group of DEGENERATES, is MILE KNEZNICK, a skinny Serbian Nationalist, with a handlebar mustache and dressed in the stereotypical euro-trash style. He is in the middle of telling a story:

MILE

....The Texas rodeo yes yes thats good But I've got better...Alright So back in Serbia, we have thing that we like to do to our women. It is called The Tony Danza. It is best fucking thing to do when you are fucking woman. Here is how works: You fuck your woman like dog. When you think you are ready to come, lift your hand up in air and make fist like wrecking ball. Then you yell, very loud, like you mean it, "Who's the boss?" Then you punch the woman as hard as you can in back of head and you scream, "Tony Danza!" While blowing your load.

The guys listening crack up hysterically.

MILE (CONT'D)

You really must try this when fucking woman. Best if done in front of mirror, so you can see expression on her face when you slam your fist into her. But you must be careful that she does not see you make fist. OK, now, I got another one, this one is called, Digging for worms

Laveau clears his throat. Mile looks over and sees him.

MILE (CONT'D)

Boys, I must tell you to this later. I have business that is very important to take care of right now.

(CONTINUED)

The degenerates split up and Laveau goes and sits down at the bar.

MILE (CONT'D)

Fucker! How have you been?

LAVEAU

All right, I guess. That absinthe you sold me last night was fucking killer.

MILE

Good stuff, is not? You play with the knife?

LAVEAU

Oh yeah. Just like Hemmingway.

MILE

I have more, if you like, in office.

LAVEAU

Yeah, I'll definitely be taking home some more of that. But I got something else I got to talk to you about. A little favor I gotta ask.

MILE

Of course Mile listen. But he does not do the gay shit.

LAVEAU

Can we go in your office? This is sort of a sensitive subject.

MILE

Yes, yes, but no gay shit, as I say. Mile is man, he does like the cock.

LAVEAU

(Sarcastic)
You disappoint me, Mile.

CUT TO:

INT. MILE'S OFFICE, MOMENTS LATER

Mile and Laveau enter Mile's office. Mile crosses to a little oak desk with a leather executive chair behind it. Laveau has a seat in front of the desk. Also present in the office is an ornate cabinet with glass windows. The cabinet is full of green bottles - Mile's absinthe. Mile takes out a soft pack of Austrian cigarettes out of his shirt pocket. He pulls out a smoke with his teeth and offers one to Laveau.

MILE

Please, take.

(CONTINUED)

Laveau takes the cigarette. Mile takes out a Zippo lighter, lights up his own cigarette, and then offers it over to Laveau. Laveau lights up; both men relax. Mile switches on a little radio on his desk; out comes some operatic, classical music.

MILE (CONT'D)

So what is it that Mile can do for you?

LAVEAU

What I'm about to tell you is strictly between you and me.

MILE

I understand.

LAVEAU

Do you know about Francis Orwell?

MILE

Yes, he is man on TV. He has commercial, "Come to Eden, I make perfect town." He is cocksucking sack of shit. He is man who loves self. Mile is not welcome in his community.

LAVEAU

Yeah, well, I just got back from his country club. Apparently his perfect little town has quite a little drug problem. And Mr. Orwell wants them gone. As in permanently.

MILE

He wants for you to kill them.

LAVEAU

Bingo.

MILE

And what does this have to do with Mile?

LAVEAU

I know that you have dealers crawling all over this place every night. The other night on my way in here, someone offered me a bag of crack and didn't even bother to make it discrete.

MILE

This is going where?

LAVEAU

I need you to talk to them. Set them up with me. Be my connection.

(CONTINUED)

MILE
You want for Mile to set up men
with you so that you can kill them?

LAVEAU
That's pretty much the gist of it.

MILE
Mile does not involve himself with
things like that.

LAVEAU
Come on, they're assholes, man.
Most of them don't even pay you
when they come in here. They just
use your joint as a flophouse. Have
you been in the bathroom lately? I
went in there the other night to
take a piss and there was a guy
hunched over the sink with a needle
sticking out of his arm.

MILE
It is true that many do not pay.
But they bring more people. And
when people see a lot of people in
one place, they think there is
something good there, and they want
to be there too.

LAVEAU
Yeah, but is that the sort of
person you want to be using as a
magnet? A guy who cooks his
breakfast up in a teaspoon? Look,
Mile, I'm not asking you to set up
decent people. Decent people don't
get involved in this kind of shit.

MILE
Decent people? Most of them are
like children. Twenty one, twenty
two. Some of them are younger than
that, not even out of the high
school.

LAVEAU
Well, if that's the case, what're
they doing then but shitting away
their lives?

MILE
You kill the children?

LAVEAU
They ain't kids, in my book, the
second a kid starts pushing crack
cocaine, they stop being a kid and
start being a bottom feeder.
They've thrown their life away. I
got no sympathy for them.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LAVEAU (CONT'D)
I used to put hits like that away,
and let me tell you they were
always smug, always goddamn smug.

MILE
You make good points. But Mile is
still not very convinced. Perhaps
if there were more to story.

LAVEAU
Huh?

MILE
Perhaps if, money was involved?

Laveau chuckles.

LAVEAU
You're shrewd, you know that?

MILE
It is like you say yourself, "I am
capitalist."

LAVEAU
Indeed you are. Name your price.

MILE
You make Mile offer. Never should
the person asking of the money go
first.

LAVEAU
Ten thousand. Dollars.

Mile sits back further in his chair and grins.

MILE
Ten thousand dollars? The going
rate for hit in this country is
twenty-thousand.

LAVEAU
And you won't be killing anyone,
now will you? That's my job. Ten
grand is pretty damn good for what
amounts to a finder's fee.

MILE
You cannot blame Mile for trying.
You go home now. Mile will make
calls for you. Go out, shake hands,
put ear to ground. I be back to you
soon with your first customers.

LAVEAU
You're a good friend, Mile.

MILE
You still want of the Absinthe?

(CONTINUED)

LAVEAU

Indeed I do, friend, indeed I do.

Mile grins and rises and heads to the absinthe cabinet. He has to unlock it to open it. He reaches in and removes a bottle, which he hands to Laveau. Laveau goes into his wallet, pays Mile.

MILE

I have flown in from Czech Republic, you know. Very dangerous. Very expensive. The man I buy from say, that those who drink it there do so in preparation for the destruction of themselves. They say that for every drop of the drink they take, the fairy comes and takes another piece of the soul. The man who is weak already, has more to lose. First the fairy steals his soul, and then it tears his mind apart.

LAVEAU

Well then, I'll be sure to quit drinking when I get to one drop short of an empty soul.

MILE

Be careful, my friend.

LAVEAU

I've drunk this before and had no problem.

MILE

I mean about the job. The killings. Watch your back.

Laveau nods to Mile and turns to leave.

AS HE WALKS OUT OF THE OFFICE, THE CAMERA SLOWLY MOVES IN ON THE ABSINTHE CABINET, UNTIL THE CAMERA IS ENVELOPED IN GREEN.

SWISH PAN INTO:

A WEIRD NIGHTMARE

A succession of sounds and voices, fading in and out, and overlapping one another, accompanied by weird, twisting images. Laughter from a man and woman can be heard.

EVE (V.O.)

I love you.

ARTHUR (V.O.)

Will you marry me?

EVE (V.O.)

We're going to have a baby!

(CONTINUED)

SOUND CUE: BABY CRYING

DOCTOR (V.O.)
It's a boy.

SECOND DOCTOR (V.O.)
It's a girl.

EVE (V.O.)
I'll always love you.

The sounds all overlap and become a mish-mashing jumble of voices from Arthur's past, finally reaching an ear-splitting crescendo that's interrupted by a alarm clock going off.

INT. THE WILSON HOME MASTER BEDROOM, MORNING

ARTHUR'S POV,
Looking up at Eve's face, which is blurry and out of focus.

EVE
Arthur Wilson! Get up!

Arthur groans.

THE CAMERA FOCUSES IN ON EVE'S FACE. SHE'S PISSED.

CUT TO:

INT. THE WILSON HOME MASTER BEDROOM, THAT MOMENT

Arthur shoots up in bed. He looks dazed, panicked, and unaware of his surroundings. Eve stands beside the bed, smoking a cigarette.

ARTHUR
What time is it?!

Arthur looks at the digital alarm clock. 8:00 am

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
Oh shit!

Arthur scrambles to get out of bed, gets tangled up in the sheets, and falls onto the floor. Eve watches. He struggles to get up and finally does.

EVE
Calm down. I set the clock two hours ahead last night.

Arthur slumps against the wall, holding his chest.

ARTHUR
Goddammit you almost gave me a goddamn heart attack!

EVE
Oh, wouldn't that have been a pity.

(CONTINUED)

ARTHUR
Fuck you!

EVE
Please, Arthur, the comeback for that one's way too easy. And now that our little breadwinner is wide awake and ready to face the day, I've got to make our wonderful little hellions their breakfast before they eat us both alive.

ARTHUR
Fine!

Eve blows smoke out of her mouth and turns, sashaying toward the bedroom door.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
Wait! I'm sorry!

Eve stops, turns.

EVE
And I'm sorry, for doing you a favor and making sure you didn't sleep until noon again.

Arthur opens his mouth to speak.

EVE (CONT'D)
I don't want to hear it. I know what's coming, another trip down memory lane and the Arthur Wilson that used to be. I'm not in the mood this morning.

Arthur starts to cry.

EVE (CONT'D)
Jesus Christ, the fucking water works. Take your medicine and get dressed and come downstairs. I'll make you oatmeal.

ARTHUR
Okay.

Eve leaves and shuts the door behind her. Arthur sniffs and wipes his eyes and heads to the closet. He opens it to reveal a line of expensive suits hanging in a row. Each of them have a piece of paper hanging from them; written on each piece of paper, in Eve's handwriting, are different days of the week. He removes the appropriate suit, then goes to a tie carousel from which a note hangs reading "CHOICE OF THE DAY."

Arthur stares blankly at the ties for a moment and then chooses one.

CUT TO:

HANNA
No I didn't! Look at the front of
the box, smarty pants!

Kevin turns the box around and looks at it.

KEVIN
Yeah, so?

HANNA
Do you see anywhere on the box
where it says you get a prize?

Kevin has a very blank, very dumb looking expression on his face. He looks at the box, and then regards it as if it were a piece of shit, pushing it away. He then turns and starts to stare at Hanna, who's starting to fidget and scrunch up her face.

HANNA (CONT'D)
Mom, Kevin's staring at me!

EVE
Kevin, stop being so creepy.

Arthur enters, straightening out his suit, trying to look like he's got everything together.

ARTHUR
Good morning, my little munchkins.

KEVIN
Morning dad!

HANNA
Morning dad!

ARTHUR
Are my two favorite little people
in the whole wide world ready to go
to the bus stop?

HANNA
Yes, sir.

KEVIN
Yes, sir.

ARTHUR
Alright then, lets go!

The two kids rise slowly from the table. Eve kneels to hug each of them.

EVE
Now don't let daddy upset you on
the way to the bus stop. He's a Mr.
Cranky Head this morning.

Arthur watches this from the sidelines, emasculated.

(CONTINUED)

EVE (CONT'D)
Kevin, I don't want to hear from
your principal again that you were
looking up girls' skirts. Hanna,
you be good.

Eve rises, looks at Arthur, and raises her eyebrows at him while blowing smoke out of her mouth. Arthur and the kids leave, walking down the long hallway leading to the front door. Arthur opens it for the kids and exits leaving the door open behind him.

CUT TO:

INT. WILSON FAMILY HOME MASTER BEDROOM, MORNING

Eve enters and looks at herself in a mirror. She fixes her hair up as if she's going somewhere, making little random adjustments to herself to make her look less disheveled. Finally she sits on the side of the bed, picks up the phone, and dials. After a moment:

EVE
Hi there.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE WILSON FAMILY HOME, THAT MOMENT

Arthur and the kids walk through the front yard. As they reach the sidewalk they run into MARGARET, a pretty young mother, walking her own CHILD to the bus stop.

MARGARET
Well, howdy there stranger! Long
time no see.

ARTHUR
Oh, uh, morning, Margaret. How are
you and the girls?

MARGARET
Fabulous! Oh my God, do you watch
CNN? They had this segment on there
last night, about a video-game,
where you go around k-i-l-l-i-n-g
cops and stealing people's cars!
And they're marketing this to the
children! I called up Betty Hooper
as soon as the commercial break
came on and told her that we need
to do something about it! I thought
maybe if we circulated a petition
to the other parents in Eden and
then submitted it to some of the
retail stores around here, we might
be able to convince them not to
carry it.

(CONTINUED)

It becomes clear that Margaret is one of those people that will talk your ears off until you either run away or slap them.

ARTHUR
Oh, hey, Margaret, you know what?
I've got this huge meeting today,
the CEO is going to be there, and
some members of the boards of
directors of Microsoft.

MARGARET
Oh, my God!

ARTHUR
And I am totally not prepared right
now. Do you think you could take
the kids to the bus stop while I go
back in and get all my stuff
together?

MARGARET
Oh, oh, yes, of course! Come on,
children, we're going on an
adventure!

HANNA
Dad!

ARTHUR
Go on with Miss Margaret now,
honey.

Margaret begins babbling on about some banal topic as she and the children head off. Arthur hurriedly goes back inside.

CUT TO:

INT. WILSON HOME FOYER, MOMENTS LATER

Arthur leans back against the closed door and breathes a sigh of relief. There is a brief pause as he hears Eve's voice softly coming from upstairs.

CUT TO:

INT. WILSON HOME MASTER BEDROOM, THAT MOMENT

EVE
I want you here with me, right now,
just to make all of this go away,
just for a little while. I can't
stand it all much longer, it's
getting to be too much for me.
Whenever I'm here I feel dead, like
a goddamn zombie.

CUT TO:

INT. WILSON HOME HALLWAY, THAT MOMENT

Eve's voice can be heard, nearly inaudible, as Arthur creeps down the hallway slowly, listening. We hear Eve giggle, light, airy-happy.

EVE (O.S.)
All right then. Maurice's. Noon...
I love you, too.

We hear the receiver click down. Arthur is breathing heavily, his teeth clenched, trying not to cry. He goes into the bedroom.

INT. EVE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Eve is getting up off the bed; as she turns and sees Arthur.

EVE
Arthur?

ARTHUR
Hi.

EVE
"Hi?" Why the fuck aren't you going to work, Arthur?

ARTHUR
Me and the kids ran into Margaret on the way out. I didn't want to have to listen to her go on, so I told her I had a big meeting and shoveled the kids off on her.

EVE
How utterly paternal of you. That still doesn't explain why you're back here.

ARTHUR
I thought maybe we could you know...

Eve rolls her eyes.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
Hey, uh, who was that on the phone?

EVE
My father.

ARTHUR
Oh?

EVE
Yes.

ARTHUR
How is he?

(CONTINUED)

Fine. EVE

Yeah? ARTHUR

EVE
Yeah. I can stand here and exchange monosyllables all day, but I really rather would do better things with my time. And you need to get to work. My father didn't get you that job so you can piss away your time here.

ARTHUR
Oh, yeah, yeah well See ya.

EVE
Bye.

Arthur leaves. Eve watches. There is but a tiny hint of sadness in her face.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE WILSON HOME DRIVEWAY, CONTINUOUS

The garage door opens up and Arthur tears out in his BMW. He takes a nasty corner coming down the driveway, punches the button to send the garage door back down, and then floors the accelerator.

CUT TO:

INT. ARTHUR'S BMW, CONTINUOUS

Arthur, blubbering, opens a cell phone with one hand and dials. The other hand remains tenuously gripping the steering wheel. He is audibly accelerating, and tears quickly cloud his vision. We can hear the phone ring on the other end.

ARTHUR
Answer me, goddammit!

CUT TO:

INT. LAVEAU'S OFFICE, CONTINUOUS

Laveau is asleep in his desk chair. He's leaning back, his feet propped up on his desk. An empty booze bottle has slipped out of his hand and is laying on the floor beside him. His phone rings. And rings again. Three times now. Laveau doesn't budge.

CUT TO:

INT. ARTHUR'S BMW, CONTINUOUS

Arthur squeals and pounds the hand holding the cell phone on top of the steering wheel, then quickly returns the phone to his ear.

ARTHUR
Pick up! Pick up!

CUT TO:

INT. LAVEAU'S OFFICE, CONTINUOUS

The phone rings again. An answering machine picks up.

LAVEAU'S VOICE (V.O. ON MACHINE)
Hello, you have reached the office
of Clare Laveau

The sound of his own voice stirs Laveau. He awakens with a start and a "Huh? Wha?" He looks around, eyes full of sleep, and realizes that it's his answering machine. He picks the phone up and punches the stop button on the machine.

LAVEAU
Laveau Investigations, Clare Laveau
Speaking.

CUT TO:

INT. ARTHUR'S BMW, CONTINUOUS

Arthur is driving uber-reckless now. He's an accident waiting to happen. He speaks through tears.

ARTHUR
Clare? It's Arthur. Everything's
all fucked up, man, everything's so
fucked up.

CUT TO:

INT. LAVEAU'S OFFICE, CONTINUOUS

Laveau has a "Oh, Jesus Christ, not again" look on his face. He rubs his hands over his face and leans his head back.

LAVEAU
Arthur?

On the phone, Laveau can hear a loud horn honking and the sound of a swerving car. Laveau sits at attention.

LAVEAU (CONT'D)
Arthur, where are you?

CUT TO:

INT. ARTHUR'S BMW, CONTINUOUS

Arthur swerves the wheel; he's just avoided a head on collision. He continues blubbering.

ARTHUR
I'm in my car I don't know where
I'm going. My life is so fucking
fucked up right now.

CUT TO:

INT. LAVEAU'S OFFICE, CONTINUOUS

LAVEAU
Arthur, calm down. Pull the car
over and take a oxycot-

CUT TO:

INT. ARTHUR'S BMW, CONTINUOUS

Arthur is staring straight into the camera.

ARTHUR
I can't fucking calm down! My wife
is getting Fucked by some other
man! Some other guy is fucking
shoving his cock in her pussy and
blowing his load! How the fuck do
you think that makes me feel? How
the fuck do you think that I can
calm down with the knowledge of
that?

CUT TO:

INT. LAVEAU'S OFFICE, CONTINUOUS

LAVEAU
Arthur, I'm going to hang up. Pull
your car over, calm down, and then
we'll ta-

CUT TO:

INT. ARTHUR'S BMW, CONTINUOUS

ARTHUR
Jesus Christ, Clare! I need a
fucking favor! This is my fucking
hour of need! I'll pay you whatever
you want, just do this for me, OK,
just do this one little thing.
Maurice's Restaurant, at noon. Go
there. See if she's doing anything,
doing anyone, God!

CUT TO:

INT. LAVEAU'S OFFICE, CONTINUOUS

Laveau considers this.

LAVEAU
If I take this job, you're going to
have to pay me the two week rate.
I'm a busy man.

CUT TO:

INT. ARTHUR'S BMW, CONTINUOUS

ARTHUR
I don't give a fuck! I'll give you
my fucking car!

CUT TO:

INT. LAVEAU'S OFFICE, CONTINUOUS

LAVEAU
All right then. Maurice's. Twelve
o'clock. You just threw away a wad
of cash, pal.

CUT TO:

INT. ARTHUR'S BMW, CONTINUOUS

ARTHUR
You're a good friend, Clare. I love
you man.

Arthur hangs up the phone. A moment after he does he realizes that the lane he's in is coming to an end. He swerves and slams on the breaks. His car goes off road doing seventy. He slams into a ditch; the airbag does not deploy. Arthur sits in shock for a moment and then buries his head in his arm and sobs violently, pounding the steering wheel and dashboard.

CUT TO:

INT. LAVEAU'S OFFICE, CONTINUOUS

Laveau sits back in his chair, looks at the ceiling. He picks the phone back up, dials.

LAVEAU
Hello?

EVE (V.O.)
Hello?

LAVEAU
Well howdy there, stranger. It's
your old pal with the Polaroid.

Beat..

(CONTINUED)

EVE (V.O.)
Shit.

LAVEAU
Guess who hired me again?

EVE (V.O.)
None other than the reliable Arthur
Wilson, who the hell else? You
goddamn prick.

LAVEAU
What can I tell you, sweetheart?
I'm rolling in the greens today.

Click. Dial tone. Laveau smirks and puts the phone down. He leans back further in his chair and lights up a smoke.

CUT TO:

EXT. SKYSCRAPER, LATE MORNING

WIDE ANGLE ON,
A HUGE skyscraper in a city, possibly Houston. A big marble sign out front identifies it as "JOYCAMP, INC."

Arthur's BMW drives into the shot. He drives into the parking garage and parks, gets out, and gets his briefcase out of the trunk. He goes to an elevator and gets in, pushing the button to go to the 66th floor. The elevator rises. Arthur watches the numbers rise and sighs.

CUT TO:

INT. JOYCAMP, INC. 66TH FLOOR, MOMENTS LATER

Elevator doors opening up on the 66th floor of Joycamp, Inc. He passes a reception desk, behind which large gold letters on the wall identify the company. Sitting there is a secretary who gives Arthur his mail. Arthur takes it and keeps on walking, past five doors, entering the sixth, which reads "A. WILSON." He goes in, closes the door behind him, and goes and sits at his desk and cries.

Beat.

SOUND CUE: KNOCK KNOCK

Arthur looks up, wipes his face.

ARTHUR
Come.

The door opens up. There stands, MR. JOYCAMP, founder and CEO of Joycamp, Inc. He is a large, bald man, with round, gold rimmed glasses, suspenders, and a two-tone dress shirt. Arthur rises.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
Mr. Joycamp, sir!

(CONTINUED)

MR. JOYCAMP
Let's take a walk, son.

Arthur follows Mr. Joycamp. They head into Mr. Joycamp's office, a needlessly ostentatious affair with giant windows looking down on the city. Mr. Joycamp sits at his desk, which looks like a gigantic Ark of the Covenant. On the desk is ARTHUR'S COMPUTER.

MR. JOYCAMP (CONT'D)
Have a seat, Arthur.

Arthur sits, nervously eyeing the computer. Mr. Joycamp folds his hands across the top of his stomach and looks at Arthur and sighs.

Beat.

MR. JOYCAMP (CONT'D)
Arthur, you've been here a long time. So you know that this is a family company. You do know what that means, don't you? Family? Family means Sunday picnics in the park, with big wicker baskets and red checkered blankets on the grass Mom in her pearls and dad in his bowling shirt, and little kiddies, running through the grass and putting little paper sailboats on the banks of a river. Families are happy people, Mr. Wilson. Good people. Clean people.

ARTHUR
Sir?

MR. JOYCAMP
What families aren't, Mr. Wilson, are degenerates. Perverts. Are you well versed in company policy, Mr. Wilson?

ARTHUR
Ya, Ya... Memorized the handbook on the first day!

MR. JOYCAMP
Memorized! Well then! Perhaps you can cite to me section 407?

ARTHUR
Oh, yes, of course, the section dealing with with isn't that?

MR. JOYCAMP
Pornography, Mr. Wilson! Porno! Material depicting the sexual act for the purpose of arousing the viewer! Your computer is chock full of it!

(CONTINUED)

Mr. Joycamp slaps Arthur's computer. Arthur jumps in his chair.

MR. JOYCAMP (CONT'D)

I saw it! All of it! Every vile photo and video! And the fact that we found such things isn't even the thing that bothers me the most. It's the nature of them. Perhaps we could have forgiven you if what we found ran along less degenerate avenues. If your interests did not usurp the very nature of the concept of the family!

ARTHUR

(Crying)
NoNo

MR. JOYCAMP

And not only is it unnatural, sir, but I can only imagine how painful it must be! Quite frankly, this whole ordeal leaves me speechless. I see myself as the father of the Joycamp family, and now it is as if I have discovered the sick secret of one of my sons, and I must discipline him.

ARTHUR

What are you doing to do, spank me?!

MR. JOYCAMP

You would like that, wouldn't you, you sick son of a bitch!? Get out of here! You are hereby terminated from Joycamp Incorporated!

ARTHUR

Oh God, please, sir, no, please

MR. JOYCAMP

Your services are no longer wanted here! We do not need the likes of you tarnishing the good name of Joycamp Incorporated! Security!

SOUND CUE: BOOM!

The doors fly open and two huge SECURITY GUARDS in tight suits stomp into the room. Arthur leaps from his chair.

ARTHUR

What the fuck?!

SECURITY GUARD 1

Come on, nancy boy.

CUT TO:

EXT. JOYCAMP, INC. BUILDING, DAY

Abruptly we're out front of Joycamp, Inc. Arthur is unceremoniously hustled out through the lobby by the sleeves and shoulders of his coat. Mr. Joycamp follows.

MR. JOYCAMP

And don't even think of bringing your perversions back to this company! I took out a restraining order with Judge Harris this afternoon at the country club. You come back here, you'll be charged with trespassing, and sexual assault!

ARTHUR

Fuck you, you son of a bitch! I hated this fucking place anyway!

Arthur kicks one of the security guards in the shin, breaks away from them, and charges Joycamp. He's about a foot away from Joycamp when security grabs him again. Arthur wrestles against them, to no avail.

MR. JOYCAMP

Well, Mr. Wilson, you've got some balls for someone who sucks cock. Boys, give him his severance package!

One of the guards holds Arthur's arms behind his back. The other produces brass knuckles and slugs Arthur as hard as he can in the stomach. Arthur whines and falls onto the ground; the guards start to mercilessly pound the ever-loving shit out of him. We dolly away from this to Mr. Joycamp, who lights up a larger-than-life cigar and puffs away on it, laughing sadistically and slipping his thumbs through his suspenders.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MAURICE'S RESTAURANT, NOON

A fancy French restaurant in suburbia. We see a couple entering the place.

THE CAMERA DOLLIES SLOWLY.

FREEZE FRAME. SOUND CUE: SNAPSHOT

MUSIC CUE: Edith Piaf singing "Tu Est Partout"

A picture is taken. The image fades to black and white and blurs.

INT. MAURICE'S RESTAURANT, CONTINUOUS

LAVEAU'S POV THROUGH HIS SPY CAMERA,
Eve and Paul, feeding one another bits of food from their
respective plates and locking their arms to drink their wine.

A look steadily comes over Eve's face and she turns her head,
ending up facing directly into the camera/Laveau's face. Her
own happy face changes back to the disaffected one she wore
with Arthur. She says something to Paul that we don't hear,
then rises from the table. Laveau raises his now half-empty
glass in a toast to Eve and takes half of it down. Eve enters
the bar, strutting like a model headed down the catwalk. She
takes a seat beside Laveau.

LAVEAU
(Slurred)
Trouble-maker!

EVE
You're a goddamn crook, you know
that.

She takes a white envelope from her purse and hands it over.
Laveau opens it and discretely thumbs through a wad of cash
before slipping the envelope into his breast pocket.

LAVEAU
Now, see, that's where you're
wrong. I'm protecting Arthur.
You're the one breaking the, what
is it, fourth commandment?

EVE
Protecting him my ass. If I cut off
your cashflow you'd turn around and
show him every goddamn picture.

LAVEAU
And, is that so bad, either?
Doesn't he deserve the truth?
Really, either way is honorable,
depending on how you look at it.

Laveau finishes his drink and looks back at Paul.

LAVEAU (CONT'D)
The two of you are quite a match.
It really does kill me about you
and Art.

EVE
I still love him, if you're
thinking I don't. I do. Just not
the way I used to love him. Now
he's more like my child. Or one of
those dogs that's so ugly that it's
cute.

(CONTINUED)

LAVEAU
So why don't you divorce him? It'd
save a lot of heartache.

Laveau pats the envelope in his breast pocket.

LAVEAU (CONT'D)
and the both of you a lot of
greens. Bartender! Another!

EVE
I don't want to hurt him. Besides,
I'm Catholic.

The bartender brings around another scotch. Laveau drinks a
sizable amount.

LAVEAU
So? You're cheating on him. It's
not like you're little miss rules
and regulations. Besides, if I
remember my Catholicism correctly,
adultery is acceptable grounds for
divorce.

EVE
without me, Arthur wouldn't last a
week. He'd kill himself. Not that
it'd matter. God forgive me, the
poor son of a bitch would be
happier dead as it is.

LAVEAU
Divorce. Get one. Now. I mean it,
sweetheart. Do him and yourself a
favor and kill the marriage.

EVE
My father would kill me.
Appearances are everything to him.

LAVEAU
Yeah, I've heard that tune before.
Fuck him. Fuck 'em all.

EVE
No, really, I'm not exaggerating.
My father is a goddamn psychopath.
He'll kill you. He'd kill a lot of
people if he had the chance.

LAVEAU
Well, if it comes down to it, you
know that I operate in other
avenues besides spy work.

EVE
(Scoffs)
You couldn't kill my father. If it
were possible, Paul would've done
it a long time ago.

(CONTINUED)

LAVEAU
He doesn't strike me as the
criminal type.

EVE
You don't know shit. Paul's more of
a man than you'll ever be. You have
no idea how much restraint he's
exercising in not killing you.

LAVEAU
Yeah, why doesn't he?

EVE
Because I told him not to. It would
devastate Arthur. For some reason
the poor man thinks that you're his
friend.

LAVEAU
And what is it, exactly, that our
dear Mr. Van Bredam does, anyway?

EVE
He's an art dealer with a bad
temper.

LAVEAU
Ah, a real dangerous fella, huh?
You know, all failed artists go
insane. Look at Hitler.

EVE
Oh, shut up.

LAVEAU
Okie doke.

EVE
Besides, in spite of your negative
points, Laveau, I don't think
you're THAT bad.

LAVEAU
I can respect that.

EVE
Don't think I don't respect you,
Clare, I just think that you're an
utter douchebag.

Laveau cackles. When he finishes he checks his watch.

LAVEAU
Well, sweetheart, I got what I came
here for.

EVE
Clare, stop taking his money,
please?

(CONTINUED)

LAVEAU
Certainly. When you stop cheating.
Good afternoon, Mrs. Wilson.

Laveau stands, nods, and walks away. He passes Paul as he leaves the restaurant; Paul regards him coolly, saying and doing nothing.

CUT TO:

EXT. EDEN COUNTRY CLUB, DAY

Laveau's Citroen pulls up outside the country club. The windows are obscured by what appears to be smoke. A VALET, a young kid in his twenties, approaches. The driver's side door opens up, and marijuana smoke comes billowing out, accompanied by blaring music. Laveau stumbles out, chuckling tosses down a joint and stomps it out with his foot before staggering past the valet. The valet watches him go before moving toward the car.

VALET
Sweet!

INT. ORWELL'S OFFICE, DAY

Orwell is sitting behind his desk, holding a meeting. Arranged in chairs in front of him are Diane, Ian, and a "Suburban Cowboy" named SHERRIF ED WALLACE.

ORWELL
All right, that takes care of that... By the way, Diane, how is gas doing?

DIANE
Two dollars a gallon, sir, lowest in the country. We're getting write ups in USA Today and the Chronicle later this week.

ORWELL
Marvelous, marvelous! Ian!

IAN
Sir?

ORWELL
Handle the press when they come. Give them the grand tour. Tell them, that Eden is an oasis in the desert of high, unfair gas prices... and that Francis Orwell, father of the town, is the benevolent sheik who controls it, welcoming all weary nomads to rest their camels, and take a drink.

IAN
Of course, sir.

(CONTINUED)

SOUND CUE: INTERCOM BUZZ

SECRETARY (O.S.)
Mr. Orwell? A Clare Laveau to see
you.

Orwell grins.

ORWELL
Ahh, my little private Dick. The
man I told you all about, the
gardener who is going to weed our
beloved garden. Stacy, send him in.

The doors to Orwell's office open up and Laveau enters.
Everyone regards him coolly.

LAVEAU
Am I interrupting something?

ORWELL
No, of course not, please, step
right up. I'd like you to meet some
of the members of my commission,
the people who help to run this
town. We don't have a mayor here in
Eden, you see, the people control
the town, and here before you are
some of the best and the brightest
that Eden has to offer. You
probably recognize here, from the
TV, Diane Baker, and this of course
is my girl Friday, Ian, and this
charming fellow here is our police
SHERRIF, Wallace. Now, Mr. Laveau,
what can we do for you?

LAVEAU
A report, Mr. Orwell.

ORWELL
Marvelous! Go on.

LAVEAU
I made contact last night with a
man who has an intricate
understanding of the inner workings
of the town's drug culture. He's
going to make contact with several
pushers and set up meetings with
them for me.

Orwell looks at Laveau coldly, then addresses the others:

(CONTINUED)

ORWELL

Do you see this? Do you see? Those last two bums we hired couldn't even find one single pothead, in a city crawling with them, before they get their brains blown out, and this guy here, two days on the job, is already attempting to make contact with pushers. Pushers! SHERRIF Wallace, why don't you give Mr. Laveau an idea of what's going to be happening when he makes contact.

Sherrif Wallace approaches Laveau and hands him a slip of paper and a key.

SHERRIF WALLACE

This here is my number. When you take care of business, give me a call. I'll be out to help you in picking up whatever mess might be left behind. Now this here, this here's a key to a storage shed. The address is on that there paper with my phone number. Everything you seize from these sons of bitches, you take there. Lock it up. I'll make sure that it gets dealt with properly from there on out.

ORWELL

Couldn't have said it better myself, pal. Now, Mr. Laveau, was that all?

LAVEAU

For now.

ORWELL

Well then, is there anything else I can do for you?

LAVEAU

Not off the top of my head.

ORWELL

Very well then. Keep me updated. You are dismissed. Laveau turns and leaves.

Diane looks at Orwell snottily.

DIANE

That's our white knight? Christ, Francis, he looks like Columbo. Does he even bathe?

ORWELL

If you can't say anything nice, Diane, don't say anything at all.

(CONTINUED)

SHERRIF WALLACE
Seems like a nice enough feller to
me. Whattya think, Ian?

IAN
I'm going to have to hold off on an
opinion until I see him in action.

DIANE
This is a mistake, Francis. You
should've given more protection to
the last two guys. They were
bonded! This guy, you got him
from... where the hell did you hear
about him from?

ORWELL
That is a matter that is none of
your concern. What does matter is
that I know his history, what he
has done, what he is capable of
doing. You picked the last time,
and look where it got us. The first
public murder in the history of the
city. No ma'am. We will not be
having that happen again.

SHERRIF WALLACE
Damn right we won't, my boys didn't
know how to handle it! I couldn't
very well have the cleanup squad
come out in broad daylight, I had
to use boys from the force! One of
them damn near lost his guts!

ORWELL
Do you see, Diane, what your
foolish choice of bonded, licensed
individuals caused? We must learn
from our mistakes, and be patient.
Patience is a virtue; possess it if
you can.

Orwell, Ian, and Sherrif Wallace all smile at Diane. Diane
glares back.

CUT TO:

INT. LAVEAU'S APARTMENT, THAT MOMENT

Laveau enters into frame, looks out the peephole, and opens
the door. There is Arthur, his clothes ragged, his face
swollen and red. Some dried blood surrounds his nose and one
of his eyes is black.

LAVEAU
What the hell happened?

(CONTINUED)

ARTHUR
(Sobbing)
Clare they fired me, Clare my job,
they took my job.

Arthur collapses forward into Laveau, sobbing. Several moments of uncomfortable silence follow, during which Arthur keeps his head on Laveau's chest, sobbing and babbling, pounding his fist weakly into Laveau's chest. Laveau looks confused about what he should do.

LAVEAU
Do you want to sit down?

Arthur keeps his head on Laveau's chest and shakes it back and forth, "no."

LAVEAU (CONT'D)
Do you wanna go get plastered?

Arthur nods.

CUT TO:

INT. LAVEAU'S CAR, DUSK

Laveau and Arthur drive towards Mile's Pub.

ARTHUR
What am I gonna do, Clare? Eve is already cheating on me, and that was when I had a job and was bringing home the big bucks. Now I'm a fucking loser failure.

LAVEAU
You're not a loser and you're not a failure. Everyone hits rough spots in their lives, this is one of them. You'll be back on your feet in no time flat.

ARTHUR
They found porno on my computer, man! Joycamp plays golf with my father-in-law! My father-in-law who got me that job in the first place! He is going to bring the fucking wrath of God down on my ass!

LAVEAU
All right, I admit that your situation right now is a little bit dire.

ARTHUR
Dire? Dire!? THEY FUCKING BEAT ME!
WHO THE HELL GETS BEATEN WHEN THEY LOSE THEIR JOB? WHO? WHO? The world is a dominatrix, and I am the bitch with the ball in his mouth!

(CONTINUED)

Laveau pulls into the parking lot for Mile's Pub. He and Arthur get out, enter the pub.

INT. MILE'S PUB, NIGHT

As soon as they enter, Mile beckons to Laveau from behind the bar.

LAVEAU

Art, the guy who runs this place needs to see me. I'll only be a second. Get yourself something and I'll be right back. Hey! There's a jazz act should be coming on in a few minutes. You'll enjoy it.

Laveau slaps Arthur on the back, heads off to see Mile. They talk as they head into Mile's office.

LAVEAU (CONT'D)

I got a buddy over there who just lost his job and had the shit beaten out of him all in one afternoon. This better be important.

MILE

Important? Is someone threatening Mile important? Is desecrating my building important? You tell Mile! You tell him! When people threaten, when people want dead, when they want to shoot with gun bullets through Mile's face, is that important?! Is it?!

LAVEAU

Whoah, whoah, calm down, Mile. What're you talking about?

MILE

Someone paints on back of bar, "Fuck the Serv!" You know what "serv" means? It is racial slur against Serbians! It is same as calling black man nigger! They call Mile a nigger!

CUT TO:

INT. MILE'S PUB SHOWROOM, CONTINUOUS

Arthur, slumped down in his chair, nursing a glass of something hard and powerful. He looks down at his glass loathingly.

ANNOUNCER

And now, Mile's Pub is proud to present, the jazz styling of Miss Sally Ann!

(CONTINUED)

The stage is lit up with ethereal light. People clap. Arthur looks up to see a thin curtain draw back to reveal pretty little Sally Ann standing at a microphone with her baby brother ERIK on an old upright piano. Sally begins to sing, beautifully. Arthur's eyes begin to light up. He cries as he listens, though it is not the pathetic blubbering that he's been doing; he is moved by the beauty of the music and of Sally Ann's voice.

CUT TO:

INT. MILE'S OFFICE, CONTINUOUS

Mile is still screaming at Laveau. Laveau sits in a chair, head kind of balanced in his hand, a sick kind of amusement just below the surface.

MILE

Does black man tolerate being called nigger in this country? There parts of this country where you killed for saying that, but it's OK to say, "Fuck Serv" on back of Serbian Man's club? And this! This!

Mile throws a wadded up piece of paper at Laveau. Laveau opens it. The paper says: "Get the fuck out of dodge if you know what's good for you. We'll chop your fucking cock off, you fucking serv."

MILE (CONT'D)

More! More of the slurs, and threats now! They want to cut off my cock, Mile's cock? They do not make knife sharp enough to cut through my cock! They cannot kill Mile's cock! Mile's cock kills them!

Mile reaches into his desk and comes out with a ludicrously big handgun. Maybe a S&W 500 Magnum. Laveau reacts with shock as Mile slings it around.

MILE (CONT'D)

You see what big gun Mile has? Mile kill these motherfuckers!

LAVEAU

Whoah, whoah, Mile, put that hit down! Now listen, I don't like the sound of any of this. It's probably just some kids fucking with you. But there's nothing wrong with being sure. I think the best thing to do right now, is to let me look at your security camera tapes, and in the meantime, shut this place down. Just for maybe a few days, until I give you the all-clear.

(CONTINUED)

Mile gets even more pissed, and begins to swing the gun as he speaks, causing Laveau to jerk around uncomfortably.

MILE
Shut down? Shut down! Every day
this place is closed, Mile loses
money! Mile cannot afford to lose
money!

CUT TO:

INT. MILE'S PUB SHOWROOM, CONTINUOUS

Sally Ann finishes her act. Everyone applauds. She bows to the audience and then turns and winks at the Piano player. The Piano Player nods gentlemanly. Arthur makes the biggest spectacle of anyone, dropping his glass as he rises to make an over-blown standing ovation; his glass shatters as it hits the floor, but he doesn't seem to notice. Sally Ann leaves the stage; the Piano Player goes into a soft piano jazz number and everyone calms down and goes back to their drinking. Arthur resumes slumping in his seat and looks confusedly for his drink; he's too plastered to realize that he smashed it. After a few more moments of sitting there looking sorry, Sally Ann comes up.

SALLY ANN
Hey there stranger.

ARTHUR
Oh! Huh?

SALLY ANN
Mind if I have myself a seat?

ARTHUR
Oh, gosh, not at all

Sally Ann takes a seat.

SALLY ANN
You liked my song.

ARTHUR
Gosh, yeah.

SALLY ANN
It's not often I make grown men cry
during my numbers.

ARTHUR
Is that why you came here? To make
fun of me?

SALLY ANN
Not at all. I don't think I got any
kinda special talent. I just like
to sing.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SALLY ANN (CONT'D)

So I figure that a guy has got to be pretty down on his luck to bust out like that just hearing me belt out a tune.

CUT TO:

INT. MILE'S OFFICE, CONTINUOUS

Mile is still raving, Laveau is getting slightly pissed at all this gun nonsense.

MILE

Mile cannot lose money! Why should Mile lose money because he is threatened? This is America! Mile knows his rights! Mile should not lose money because someone decide they want to kill him!

LAVEAU

Mile! Put the fucking gun down! Jesus Christ jumping over a candlestick! That thing is loaded, isn't it?

MILE

You tell Mile!

Mile points the gun at the ceiling and fires. The gun IS loaded, and it sounds like an explosion when it goes off. Laveau hits the deck; people can be heard screaming from out in the pub.

CUT TO:

INT. MILE'S PUB SHOWROOM, CONTINUOUS

Arthur looks around, terrified.

SALLY ANN

Don't worry, that's the boss. He's been a little high strung today. Someone's been sending him hate mail.

ARTHUR

They probably don't hate him as much as people hate me.

SALLY ANN

Man, you're hard on yourself, you know that? Nobody likes a sad sack who's always letting himself have it. You said that you didn't used to be like this, well, what happened?

(CONTINUED)

ARTHUR
I fucked up. I fucked up bad. This
is all my fault. I brought all of
this down on myself.

CUT TO:

INT. MILE'S OFFICE, CONTINUOUS

Laveau picks himself up off of the floor. Mile stands there, covered in a thin layer of dust that came down from the ceiling. Laveau quickly snatches the gun away; even he has difficulty holding it with one hand because of the weight.

LAVEAU
Mile, listen carefully. If you keep playing with shit like this, and acting like a goddamn maniac, no racists are gonna have to kill you, you're gonna get yourself killed. Put this shit away. Now if you're not going to close this place down, at least give me the security tapes. I'll take a hard look at them. Maybe see something that nobody else would think to look for.

Mile glares at Laveau, opens his desk. He takes out some tapes and throws them down.

MILE
There are your tapes. And while you sit jacking off to them Mile's life still is in danger. You give back!

Mile snatches back the gun from Laveau.

MILE (CONT'D)
You find who is doing this to Mile. You find them, you bring them to me! Mile fuck them! Mile fuck them good! They want to chop off my cock? I chop off theirs, and make them fucking eat it! I am no one's servant!

LAVEAU
Hey, hey, hey now, calm down for a sec, I gotta ask you, about that thing

MILE
Mile is checking, yes, yes, Mile has been asking around lots.

LAVEAU
Well, at least try and be discrete about it.

Laveau looks at the giant .500 magnum.

(CONTINUED)

LAVEAU (CONT'D)
As discrete as you can be.

Laveau heads back into the bar proper, letting out a major sigh of relief now that THAT is over. He finds Arthur, who now has his head on Sally Ann's shoulder, sobbing.

SALLY ANN
(Looks up at Laveau)
He yours?

LAVEAU
Unfortunately.

ARTHUR
I wanna go home, Clare.

LAVEAU
OK, Art. We'll go home.

Laveau tries to help Arthur up, but Arthur is too drunk to stand up straight and he slips, falling down onto his chair and breaking it. He sobs harder.

LAVEAU (CONT'D)
Oh, shit, goddammit. Someone give me a hand?

The Piano Player approaches.

PIANO PLAYER
Here, I got him. On the count of three. One, two, three.

The Piano Player and Laveau pick Arthur up from under the arms and start him towards the door. Arthur calls back to Sally Ann.

ARTHUR
Thank you for listening!

Sally Ann watches them go, ruefully.

CUT TO:

EXT. MILE'S PUB, NIGHT

It's a dark, dank night. The Piano Player and Laveau haul Arthur towards Laveau's car. Midway there, Arthur begins to hitch, and Laveau and the Piano Player have to help him towards some bushes, where he upchucks his guts. Then they get him to Laveau's car and shove him in the back.

LAVEAU
Thanks for your help, pal.

PIANO PLAYER
Don't mention it. Always willing to help out a designated driver.

(CONTINUED)

LAVEAU
I wasn't quite planning to be one

PIANO PLAYER
Huh? Oh! Heh heh. Well, in any
case, you be careful.

LAVEAU
Yeah, same to you, buddy.

PIANO PLAYER
Well, I have another number coming
up. Good evening.

The Piano Player heads back in. Laveau watches him go, then looks disdainfully at Arthur, who's now passed out in the back. He sighs, shakes his head, and gets in.

CUT TO:

INT. LAVEAU'S CAR, MOMENTS LATER

Laveau is driving down the road, pissed. In the back, Arthur is slipping in and out of consciousness. He looks down on the floor; leaying there amongst a mess of stuff is Laveau's pen camera, the one he used at Maurice's. Arthur looks at it questioningly, and gingerly picks it up and slips it into one of his pockets.

CUT TO:

EXT. ARTHUR'S HOUSE, NIGHT

Laveau pulls up to Arthur's house, gets out of the car, and knocks on the door. He waits a while until Eve answers the door.

EVE
Clare! Oh my God, Arthur is
missing!

LAVEAU
No he ain't, he's in the back of my
car, drunker than an Irishman and
sadder than an orphan at Christmas.
Joycamp canned him this afternoon
and apparently things got a little
bit rough.

EVE
Oh, my God!

LAVEAU
Think you can give me a hand? He's
dead on his feet. No way I can get
him in by myself. Eve sighs,
visibly upset, on the verge of
tears.

(CONTINUED)

She comes outside in her bathrobe and helps Laveau grab Arthur and haul his bulk inside.

CUT TO:

INT. WILSON HOME, CONTINUOUS

EVE
Goddammit, ÖOh, Goddammit, Arthur.

LAVEAU
Where we gonna put him?

EVE
The couch.

Laveau and EVE have quite a difficulty in getting Arthur onto the couch. They finally more or less drop him there, where he lands with a loud thud and a drunken groan. You can hear the support structure of the couch groan under the force of his landing. EVE huffs and puffs, trying not to break down. Hannah comes into the room, sleepy.

HANNAH
Mommy?

EVE
Daddy's sick, sweetie, mommy has to take care of him. Go back to bed. I'll be in in a while to tuck you back in.

The child exits. Eve is really upset now.

EVE (CONT'D)
He makes the kids see him this way. God. Oh God.

LAVEAU
He does love you Eve.

EVE
I know.

LAVEAU
You're probably wanna get him onto his stomach, and, ah, kinda turn his head, so that he doesn't choke if he barfs in his sleep.

EVE doesn't move, as if considering if that would be such a bad thing.

LAVEAU (CONT'D)
Eve.

EVE
Oh. Yeah.

(CONTINUED)

Eve and Laveau situate Arthur on the couch so as to prevent any death by vomit asphyxiation. That task done, Laveau doesn't seem very comfortable staying very longer.

LAVEAU
Well then, ah, I have a previous
engagement

EVE
Go.

Laveau nods and heads out, leaving Eve at the brink of tears staring down at Arthur.

EXT. LAVEAU'S APARTMENT COMPLEX, NIGHT

It's pouring rain. Laveau walks through it casually, not even bowing his head, allowing the torrent to strike him in the face. He whistles "Bei Mir Bist Du Schoen" as he walks. Just as he reaches the door of his apartment, we hear a VOICE scream:

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
(Pissed)
Hey, fucker!

Laveau turns to see KURT, a hippie kind of guy in his 20s, with a blonde beard and scraggly hair. He rushes Laveau.

LAVEAU
Shit!

Laveau turns around and tries to run for it. KURT catches up to him, grabs him by the back of the jacket, and slams him against the side of the building.

LAVEAU (CONT'D)
Howdy, KURT, how are you?

KURT
You fucked my girlfriend,
motherfucker.

LAVEAU
Nah, I didn't, I'm gay.

KURT opens the door of the apartment, sticks Laveau's head in the door-frame, and slams it on him. Laveau winces.

KURT
I came to pick her up last night,
piano player tells me you showed,
your drunk buddy caused a scene,
and then Sally told him she was
headed over to your place to suck
your cock. She suck your cock
buddy, huh?

Kurt slams the door on Laveau's head again.

(CONTINUED)

KURT (CONT'D)
I said, did she suck your cock?!

LAVEAU
If you keep slamming my head in
this door, I won't be able to
answer any questions.

KURT yanks Laveau away from the building and then slams him into the side of it. Laveau winces. There's a pause as Kurt waits for an answer. Laveau realizes this and says:

LAVEAU (CONT'D)
(Flatly)
Yes. She sucked my cock.

Kurt punches Laveau; Laveau goes down, on his face. He picks his head up, spits out blood and a tooth.

LAVEAU (CONT'D)
Hey, what're you so uptight about?
You're fucking that Yolanda broad.

KURT
Wait, she told you about that?

Laveau picks himself up, brushes himself off.

LAVEAU
Yeah, that fat bitch with the bad
teeth you keep saying you're gonna
marry.

Kurt doesn't see any humor in this. He beats the crap out of Laveau and leaves Laveau half-slumped over in the rain, moaning.

KURT
You fuck her again, I'll kill you.

Kurt storms off. Laveau stays slumped there a moment.

CUT TO:

INT. LAVEAU'S APARTMENT COMPLEX, THAT MOMENT

Laveau, dripping wet, heads down a hallway of studio apartments, holding his head and his head in agony. He reaches his own, #187. He goes to get his keys out and open up. He slides the key in the lock and abruptly stops whistling. He puts his hand on the door, turns the knob; it opens. Laveau's face goes deadly serious. He puts his keys away, takes out his .380, and silently sneaks into his apartment.

CUT TO:

INT. LAVEAU'S APARTMENT, THAT MOMENT

Every light is off; a thin blue light, like that of a television set, radiates out from under the door of his office. Laveau takes off his shoes, and quietly creeps towards his office, gun drawn. Tension builds. He reaches the office door, grips the gun in one hand, flings the door open and dives in ready to blast some caps off. He finds Sally Ann laying there on his couch Drinking a can of beer and eating microwave popcorn, with her top undone to reveal her bra.

She sees him and screams.

LAVEAU
Holy shit!

SALLY ANN
Jesus, man, are you fucking crazy?!
Put that Shit away!

Laveau takes a deep breath, holsters his gun, turns the lights on; as he does this, he says:

LAVEAU
Sorry, sweetheart, something big
came up and I forgot you were
comin' over.

Sally Ann shields her eyes as they adjust to the light.

SALLY ANN
Well I guess I'm pretty damn lucky
that it wasn't too big, or else
you'd have shot me.

LAVEAU
I always ask questions first, shoot
later.

Laveau takes off his coat, gun belt, etc.

SALLY ANN
Whatever. God. Your friend OK?

LAVEAU
Not for many, many years. Which is
about the same I can say for your
boyfriend.

SALLY ANN
What?

LAVEAU
You see these spots here on my
head?

SALLY ANN
Yeah?

(CONTINUED)

LAVEAU
Well tomorrow they're gonna be
giant fucking bruises, and I've
probably got a concussion, too,
because little Mr. Kurt decided to
play door-bang with my skull.

SALLY ANN
Fuck.

Laveau goes about hanging everything up to dry on a coat rack
in the corner of his office, until he's left in an undershirt
and boxers.

LAVEAU
What do you see in that
motherfucker, anyway? Didn't he
wrap your tits in baling wire once?

SALLY ANN
No, he made me wrap his cock in it.

LAVEAU
Even more of a reason to drop the
fucker.

SALLY ANN
He was the first boy I ever kissed.

LAVEAU
Yeah, how many years ago?

SALLY ANN
I've told you already, there's this
connection between us that I can't
let go.

LAVEAU
You're his mistress.

SALLY ANN
His fiancé's a bitch.

LAVEAU
So are you.

Beat.

LAVEAU (CONT'D)
Hey, hang tight. I got something
for you. Consider it a make-up
present.

SALLY ANN
It better be damn good, Clare. It's
pretty hard to say 'sorry I almost
blew your goddamn head off.' They
don't make a greeting card for
that, motherfucker.

(CONTINUED)

Laveau chuckles.

LAVEAU
You are such a fucking drama queen.

Laveau exits his office. Sally Ann flips through channels on the TV. Laveau comes back with a bottle in a bag. He puts the bottle down on the tabletop, hard, to get her attention.

SALLY ANN
Oh, come on! More boring Captain Morgan.

LAVEAU
Nope. Something you've wanted for longer than bigger tits.

SALLY ANN
Something I..?

Sally Ann's beautiful, wide eyes stare at Laveau.

SALLY ANN (CONT'D)
Fuck me! You got it!

LAVEAU
You're goddamn right I did, and I can sure as hell use it right about now.

Beat.

A quick-flash montage of rapid, close up, disorienting shots:

-LAVEAU POURS DRINKS

-A SUGAR CUBE BURNS

-LAVEAU AND SALLY ANN TOAST ONE ANOTHER WITH THEIR ABSINTHE AND TAKE THEIR DRINKS.

CUT TO:

INT. EVE'S BEDROOM, NIGHT

Nighttime. The dark, quiet bedroom of Mrs. Arthur Wilson. She sleeps peacefully on one side of the bed, lost in dreams.

THE CAMERA MOVES UP OVER EVE, SO THAT SHE'S JUST OUT OF FRAME.

Beat.

Enter Arthur, looking absolutely plastered. He's been crying. He sniffs as he staggers towards his wife, stopping at the edge of the bed. He stands there and looks down at the out of frame at Eve. We very audibly hear his zipper come down and the dull clap of a belt buckle against the floor.

(CONTINUED)

Arthur sniffs again and his arm begins to move in rhythm as he starts to masturbate himself.

CUT TO:

INT. LAVEAU'S APARTMENT, THAT VERY MOMENT

Laveau and Sally Ann are tangled around one another in a heated, teenage make-out fest. He yanks Sally Ann's shirt off over her head and pops one of her tits out of her bra, thrusting his head down to feast on it.

ECU ON LAVEAU'S CROTCH,
Sally Ann grabs Laveau's penis

CUT TO:

INT. EVE'S BEDROOM, THAT SAME MOMENT

Arthur is still whacking it.

ARTHUR
(Whispering)
Love me.

CUT TO:

INT. LAVEAU'S APARTMENT, THAT SAME MOMENT

Sally Ann's bra is gone. Laveau's standing up and she's got her legs wrapped around his waist, gripping his now bare shoulders, digging her nails into his flesh almost deep enough to draw blood. Laveau is clearly in pain-and he likes it. He grits his teeth and dry humps Sally Ann against the edge of the couch before swinging her around and carrying her off to the bedroom. Laveau falls, right on the edge of the bed, Sally Ann under him. She lets out a shriek of surprise and giggling ecstasy, reaching down to grab at Laveau's ass.

CUT TO:

INT. EVE'S BEDROOM, THAT SAME MOMENT

Arthur is really getting into it now. A sudden jolt of pain hits him and his eyes bulge open. He takes a deep breath, his arm pausing for the briefest of moments before resuming. He looks off to the side.

JUMP CUT:

A photograph on a nightstand of the Wilson family in happier times.

CUT TO:

Back to Arthur, his head moving back to look down at his wife. His head rolls back. The tendons in his neck are popping out.

CUT TO:

INT. LAVEAU'S APARTMENT, THAT SAME MOMENT

Laveau is on his back in bed, his wrists up against the headboard. Sally Ann is mounted on his chest, attaching a pair of handcuffs to his wrists and looping the chain through the bars of the headboard. Sally Ann closes one of the cuffs and tightens it so much that it digs into Laveau's flesh. Laveau's face contorts in pain and pleasure. Laveau on his back, the handcuffs on. Sally Ann moves down and mounts him. She begins to ride him.

Sally Ann screams and slaps Laveau on the chest before digging her sizable nails into his nipples. Laveau gasps and shuts his eyes tight, writhing in masochistic satisfaction.

CUT TO:

INT. EVE'S BEDROOM, THAT SAME MOMENT

Arthur has begun to blubber, quietly. Fat tears roll down his face, his eyes shut so tightly that the area around his eyes is starting to go bright red. A glob of snot comes out of his nose and remains suspended there for a moment before he reaches across his face with the back of his free arm and wipes it away with a big honking snort.

JUMP CUT:

The picture on the nightstand again.

JUMP CUT:

ECU ON ARTHUR IN THE PHOTO

Strong, handsome, Arthur. A pillar of community and style; the picture perfect image of a paragon of manliness.

ON ARTHUR,

Arthur now, sniffing to avoid more snot from ozzing off the lower half of his face. The remnants of a thin sheet of mucous glisten dully off the lower portion of his face.

CUT TO:

INT. LAVEAU'S APARTMENT, THAT SAME MOMENT

Laveau bucking as Sally Ann continues to pound/ride him.

SALLY ANN
COME IN ME! Its all I want!

Laveau opens his eyes. He throws his head back as he ejaculates. Sally Ann shrieks.

SALLY ANN (CONT'D)
Thank You God for birth control!

Laveau's face contorts from an expression of, "Hell yeah" to "What in the fuck is this all about?"

CUT TO:

INT. EVE'S ROOM, THAT SAME MOMENT

Just as Laveau comes, so does Arthur. We hear Eve scream. Arthur looks down as Eve's head suddenly pops up into frame. We can't see her face, but we can see her hands as she wipes her face with the backs of them, disgusted.

EVE
What the fuck! What the fuck,
Arthur?

Arthur stops, still recovering from the shock. Then his face wrinkles into a prune and he lets out a long, low, childish sob and falls to his knees.

ARTHUR
(Wailing)
Why don't you love me?

EVE
Oh, Arthur.

Eve gets up from the bed and moves to Arthur, kneeling beside him. He's almost doubled over onto his face now, still sobbing.

ARTHUR
Love me, love me.

EVE
Oh, baby, I do love you.

ARTHUR
Fuck me then, fuck me show me.

EVE
You know I can't do that, Arthur.

ARTHUR
Then just show me that you love me.
Do something! Something! Show me
you love me!

EVE
Arthur, you've been drinking. I can
smell it on your breath.

She sighs.

EVE (CONT'D)
Come on, baby, let's get you back
to bed.

Eve rises, helps Arthur up. He leans against her as he continues to sob, his face now totally goosed up with snot, his eyes swollen and wet. Eve leads him to his room.

EVE (CONT'D)
Come on, I'll tuck you in.

(CONTINUED)

ARTHUR
Can I suck your titty 'til I fall
asleep?

EVE
Ha!

CUT TO:

INT. LAVEAU'S APARTMENT, THAT SAME MOMENT

Laveau and Sally Ann are lying side-by-side in bed now, both taking a post-coital smoke. Laveau holds a cigarette in between his lips and inspects the thin ribbons of blood on his wrists from where the cuffs cut into him.

LAVEAU
You're a weirdo. You know that,
right?

SALLY ANN
What?...Sorry I wasn't listening.
I'm still tripping like a
motherfucker.

LAVEAU
Me too.

Beat.

They both laugh

SALLY ANN
How man people you killed, Clare?

LAVEAU
What's that?

SALLY ANN
How many people have you killed?

LAVEAU
More than you need to know about.

SALLY ANN
Christ, that many?

LAVEAU
I never said how many.

SALLY ANN
It must be a lot if you say, "More
than you need to know." I'm not
fucking stupid, I can read between
the lines.

LAVEAU
Fifteen.

(CONTINUED)

SALLY ANN
Jesus. How the fuck can you just do that?

LAVEAU
It's real easy, all you gotta do is point and pull the trigger.

SALLY ANN
Have you ever done, like, women?

LAVEAU
Only men. And they were all guilty.

SALLY ANN
You knew them?

LAVEAU
Odds are if someone is putting a hit out on you you're not innocent. E.L. Doctorow said, "Nobody dies who hasn't sinned."

SALLY ANN
Still, how can you?

LAVEAU
Because I like money. This bed, the clothes I wear, that absinthe we're still tripping on? It all costs money. Know how much a person's life is worth, how much it'll cost you pretty much anywhere in America to purchase someone else's death? Twenty grand. The kids in Eden drive cars that cost more than that. How can you ask me how I mind what I do when a human life is only worth that much? God didn't set that price, sweetheart, men did, and it's men that I kill. The whole fucking human race can go to hell. And if one son of a bitch gives me the cash to finish off another, I'm more than happy to put it in the bank. You wanna see the last great thing humanity did?

Laveau claps his hands. The lights turn on. He claps his hands again and they go off. Laveau makes a, "See?" face to Sally Ann. He finishes his cigarette and puts it out on his nipple, not even flinching.

LAVEAU
One of the first and last cases I worked for the PD was a serial rapist. They had me go in and do the crime scene photos. He'd carved her up like a Virginia ham.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LAVEAU (CONT'D)

She was cut in so many ways that they couldn't even stitch her back up for a proper funeral. After that, I just said fuck it. If I protect and serve with the cops that means I have to protect and serve the same kinds of fucking animals that do this shit and then go around acting like everything's hunky-dory. Fuck that shit. Fuck all that shit.

SALLY ANN

Sometimes I think you're the only one who really understands me, Clare.

LAVEAU

Women were made to be loved, not understood. Oscar Wilde said that. Get on your back. It's your turn for the cuffs.

CAMERA DRIFTS OVER TO THE CLOCK ON LAVEAU'S NIGHTSTAND.

IT READS 10:30. THE NUMBERS FADE INTO 12:30, AND WE DRIFT BACK OVER TO THE BED. Sally ANN IS PASSED OUT, FACE DOWN, HER BARE ASS UP IN THE AIR. LAVEAU IS SITTING AWAKE NEXT TO HER, STARING AHEAD, SMOKING. We hear a phone ringing from Laveau's office (the next room).

He gets up off the bed, stretches his back causing it to crack, walks to the rooms door...opens it, exits the room to his office where he claps, the lights turn on, and he answers the phone.

LAVEAU (CONT'D)

Laveau Investigations.

MILE (O.S.)

Hello?

LAVEAU

Mile?

MILE (O.S.)

This is Mile. Hello? Laveau. Get me talking to Laveau.

LAVEAU

This is him. Whattya got for me, Mile?

MILE (O.S.)

Yes, yes, this is Mile.

LAVEAU

Yeah, I know, cool, whattya got?

MILE (O.S.)

I did as you paid and got something very, very large for you, Laveau.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MILE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
But you have to do as these boys
say, OK? You just go to a park, OK?
In one hour. And you must be alone.

LAVEAU
What is this cloak and dagger
stuff, don't I get to start off
small?

MILE (O.S.)
You listen this does not come back
to Mile.

LAVEAU
No, it won't. Trust me. I went to
school with your brother, for
Chrissakes, we got our Forensic
Pathology degrees together, you
think I'm gonna fuck you over?

Laveau reaches into his desk, comes out with some Captain
Morgan. He reaches back and plucks a shot glass off of the
wall behind him.

MILE (O.S.)
No one fucks Mile over, no one!
But...I do not think you would fuck
me over. Now listen careful. You
need to know these things. Your
name is Anatole Borreaux. You will
be offered the chance to buy fifty
kilos of cocaine. The price that
they will ask for this is five
thousand dollars. There will be
more than one man. They will more
than likely have some firepower.
But I am told that these men are
not high in the ranking of their
organization. They are pawns. Pawns
for big time drug dealer, a
foreigner, like Mile. But not a
Serbian.

LAVEAU
Foreigner, do you know what kind of
foreigner? Did they mention if he
was Dutch?

MILE (O.S.)
Mile knows nothing about anyone
Dutch.

LAVEAU
Well, I'll just have to find out
myself then.

MILE (O.S.)
You need ski mask? Mile sell you
very nice ski mask. One for five
dollars. Two for seven fifty. You
cannot get better deal than this.

(CONTINUED)

LAVEAU
I don't need a ski mask. Where do I
go?

MILE (O.S.)
Oceanic Park. You know where
Oceanic Park is?

LAVEAU
Yeah, yeah, two miles from club,
right there by Eden Cove Estates.

MILE (O.S.)
Yes.

LAVEAU
They're expecting me in an hour?

MILE (O.S.)
Yes.

LAVEAU
Well then, I better get going.

MILE (O.S.)
Yes you should.

Mile hangs up. Laveau looks confused at the sudden silence,
and hangs up.

LAVEAU
Fun, fun

QUICK SHOTS:

- LAVEAU TAKES A SHOT OF BOOZE
- HE LOADS AND HOLSTERS HIS GUN
- FIXES HIS SUIT IN THE MIRROR

JUMP CUT:

EXT. LAVEAU'S APARTMENT BUILDING, NIGHT

His car speeds out of the parking lot.

CUT TO:

EXT. OCEANIC PARK, 1:00 AM

A nice little park sandwiched between the road and a lake. We
get the impression that this is the lake Orwell was talking
about. There's already a Corvette waiting there in the dark,
lit up only by the light from the water. TWO COLLEGE KIDS are
sitting there, a pair of twenty-something yuppies/preppies by
the names of BIFF and ARNOLD.

(CONTINUED)

BIFF
This motherfucker's late, man. I
don't like this shit. Let's go.

ARNOLD
Hey, my guy never let me down.

BIFF
We're being set-up!

ARNOLD
Shut the fuck up.

Beat.

ARNOLD (CONT'D)
You nailed Susie yet?

BIFF
Fuck yeah! I tapped that bitch the
first night.

ARNOLD
No way!

BIFF
Yeah dog, we went back to my place,
I slipped some ropes in her
Cosmo... she was all mine.
(laughingly) I ain't trippin',
dawg.

ARNOLD
Aw, that's smooth, man.

BIFF
Get this: She wakes up the next
morning in my bed, and she's such a
slut, she doesn't even think twice
'bout it.

ARNOLD
Fuckin' A, man, A.

BIFF
Hey, you got a smoke, I'm gettin'
nervous waitin' for this guy. This
place freaks me out.

Arnold reaches into his pants and comes out with a pack of
smokes.

BIFF (CONT'D)
What the fuck?

ARNOLD
Huh?

(CONTINUED)

BIFF
Fuckin' menthols, man? These are
nigger smokes.

Biff and Arnold are suddenly spotlighted by the brights of Laveau's Citroen. They shield their eyes; Laveau turns the car off, switches to regular headlights, and exits the car. He's wearing a pair of dark aviator sunglasses.

LAVEAU
(Faking a French accent)
Evening, gentlemen.

Laveau approaches them carrying a briefcase. He looks out of sorts and is wobbling back and forth.

BIFF
Man, you're way older than I
thought. You a cop, man? Those are
cop glasses.

ARNOLD
Yeah man, you gotta tell us if
you're a cop.

LAVEAU
Anatale Borreaux, private citizen,
at your service. I believe you were
expecting me?

Biff reacts badly.

BIFF
Borreaux? Hold on a second now,
nobody told me I was dealin' with a
Frenchy.

LAVEAU
What?

ARNOLD
Biff, what the fuck?

BIFF
These fuckers can't be trusted,
man. They'll sell you out every
time.

LAVEAU
Asshole, do I fucking sound French?
Now I got a hot piece of ass
waiting for me back at home, and
I'd like to get back and tap it a
few more times before I gotta get
up again for work in the morning.
Let's do this shit and be done, all
right?

ARNOLD
Come on man, I'm too tired for this
shit.

(CONTINUED)

Biff looks at Arnold angrily, then back to Laveau.

 BIFF
All right, hot shit, let's see the
Benjamins.

 LAVEAU
Not so fast. Now normally when I do
this I'm all ready and willing to
show my dough, but that French
remark is gonna cost you.

 BIFF
Fucker, if we were bangers you
would be dead-

 ARNOLD
Jesus Christ, Biff, cool it with
the racial shit, OK, I'm supposed
to be getting laid right now. Show
him the stuff so we can fucking go!

Biff goes back into the CORVETTE and comes out with a
briefcase that he opens up to reveal the goods.

 LAVEAU
That's all I needed to see.

Lightning fast for being so damn drunk, whips out his .380
and pops both men. Biff and Arnold both go down, moaning in
agony. The bullets were hollow points and have left both men
terribly mutilated, probably fatally. Laveau drops the
briefcase and moves to Biff, who's holding his own stomach,
trying to quell the blood-flow. Laveau sticks his shoe over
Biff's throat and aims the .380 at his face.

 LAVEAU (CONT'D)
Start talkin' if you wanna keep
livin'. Where do the drugs come
from?

 BIFF
(Moaning)
Oh God this black guy he hangs out
the coffee shop on Potter's Mill
and Bending!

 LAVEAU
What about the Dutchman?

 BIFF
What?!

Laveau pushes down his shoe on Biff's throat. Biff grabs
Laveau's ankle and weakly tries to push him off.

 LAVEAU
The Dutchman! Where's the
Dutchman!?

(CONTINUED)

BIFF
I don't know about any Dutchman,
goddammit!

 LAVEAU
Don't lie to me, boy!

 BIFF
I'm serious, man! I have no clue
what the fuck you're talkin' about!

Arnold calls from his own place on the ground.

 ARNOLD
We get the drugs from this black
guy! His name's Dyrese!

 LAVEAU
Well, I have a little message for
you to give Dyrese. Straight from
Francis Orwell.

Laveau fires down into Biff's head, killing him. Arnold
screams.

 ARNOLD
Oh God, oh please! No..!

Laveau pulls the trigger. But his arm jerks, and instead of
hitting the guy in the forehead, the hollow point bullet
blasts a chunk out of the side of his face. Arnold screams in
unholy agony; Laveau stares for a moment with a ghost white
face at the havoc he has wreaked. Arnold keeps screaming.

 LAVEAU
Shut up!

Laveau takes steady aim, fires. Arnold stops screaming as he
dies. Laveau is breathing heavily now, his teeth bared.

He tries to take a deep breath but he can't. He staggers
against the Corvette and sits down on the edge, holding his
stomach and removing his sunglasses. He puts aside the .380
and takes out his flask and takes a swig of booze. Laveau
sits a moment, trying to calm himself. After a while, he
summons up the resolve to take out his cell phone and dial
the Sherrif.

 LAVEAU
Wallace? It's the exterminator. I
just killed a couple of big rats
down at Oceanic, and damn if I'm
gonna be able to take care of them
on my own.

Laveau sits there a moment, drinks some more. He smiles
weakly, stands, and goes to his car and shuts off the
headlights.

(CONTINUED)

CUT TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

EXT. OCEANIC PARK, SOME TIME LATER

The water is still dark and reflecting the moon. We pan across to Laveau, sitting on the back of the corvette in the dark, with the briefcase full of drugs on his lap. He drums his fingers idly on the lid. We hear the sound of a car approaching; Laveau readies his .380 as headlights fall across his face....

Laveau? SHERRIF WALLACE (O.S.)

Laveau puts his gun down.

LAVEAU
Glad you could join me.

SHERRIF WALLACE
Well, I ain't so glad myself, I was havin' one randy dream 'bout a pair of big tittied lesbos, but you're savin' me the trouble of dealin' with this shit, so I can't complain.

Sherrif Wallace sneezes.

SHERRIF WALLACE (CONT'D)
And it sure is a load off my conscience.

IAN
Mr. Laveau. Good evening. Ian enters the frame in one of his sycophant suits.

IAN (CONT'D)
Good to see you again.

LAVEAU
Yeah. Well, here's the situation.

Laveau, Wallace, and Ian walk around to the front of the Corvette. Wallace shines a flashlight inside to reveal Biff and Arnold's corpses sitting in the seats, their heads resting against the dashboard.

LAVEAU (CONT'D)
I wasted a couple of these brats and I figure that Orwell doesn't want their bodies littering his park.

SHERRIF WALLACE
Well, son, you're the man with the plan, what do we do?

(CONTINUED)

LAVEAU
You guys got one of those car
compactor places anywhere around
here?

The SHERRIF thinks about this for a moment and then laughs.

SHERRIF WALLACE
Well now, that is genius.

LAVEAU
Get a blanket or something, cover
them up, or even better get
something to block out the windows.
Maybe a car cover. You know anyone
who can be trusted who drives a tow
truck?

IAN
It can be arranged.

LAVEAU
Make sure no one can see the bodies
not that there's that many people
drivin' the streets at this time
anyway Get this thing to a crusher,
and run it through. When it comes
out the other side in a little
cube, you take that, take it
someplace like a steel plant,
someplace that has the vats, the
molten stuff. Chuck it in there. I
hear it's how they did Hoffa.

SHERRIF WALLACE
(to Ian)
Well, you heard the man, get on the
wire and let's get this shit taken
care of.

Laveau nods to them.

LAVEAU
Well then, you gents have fun. I
got some business of my own to
attend to.

CUT TO:

EXT. STORAGE SHED, NIGHT

The mist is as thick as pea soup outside one of those rent-a-center garages that people store their crap - and sometimes themselves - in. Crickets chirp in the distance. We hear the sound of an engine running, a car approaching through gravel. The headlights of Laveau's Citroen cut through the fog.

CAMERA PANS WITH THE CAR PASSING BY.
It is heading for a storage unit... he car drives past the camera and abruptly goes into reverse into a medium close up.

(CONTINUED)

LAVEAU'S POV,
Storage Shed #420...

Laveau gets out of the car. He reaches into his pocket and pulls out a key, walks up to the shed, and unlocks it. He grabs the handle on the door and gives a big grunt, pushing it up to reveal a gaping, dank, damp storage space with a concrete floor. The headlights of his car pour in, lighting it up. He turns, goes back to his car, and pulls the trunk release. The trunk pops, and Laveau heads back around to the rear of the car, taking out a cigarette and lighting up as he goes. A DIESEL FORD F-150 Approaches.

Laveau turns around, annoyed.

LAVEAU
Oh, goddammit.

A souped-up Ford F-150 with big-ass tires and lights mounted on the roof approaches. Laveau is stunned as he's spotlighted in the brights. The lights on top of the cab turn on and blind him further. The engine cuts off and the side door opens up.

ANGLE ON, THE GROUND BY THE DRIVERSIDE DOOR.
A pair of tight fitting cowboy boots drop out of the truck into the frame. CAMERA MOVES UP ON slender, chicken legs clad in flesh-tight Wranglers. We keep going up and see a huge belt buckle; a skin-tight security guard uniform shirt unbuttoned down to the navel; a hairy stomach and chest; a thick gold chain; and finally the face of an overly intense looking SECURITY GUARD in a cowboy hat.

LAVEAU (CONT'D)
Turn that shit off, man!

SECURITY GUARD
Son, this place is closed.

LAVEAU
Hey, just, just gimme a minute, all right?

SECURITY GUARD
What you got there in your trunk, boy? Dead whore?

The guard laughs sadistically.

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)
No, now seriously, I'm gonna need to take a look at what you got there.

LAVEAU
My name's Laveau. I'm doing some work for Mr. Orwell.

(CONTINUED)

SECURITY GUARD
Oh? You're Laveau? Well, that
changes everything. But let's have
some ID to verify that first, huh?

Laveau takes out his wallet, hands it to the security guard,
and retrieves the suitcase full of coke from the trunk of his
car

INSERT ON,
Laveau's wallet in the security guard's hand. The beam of a
small Maglite shines across it.

Laveau, frustrated, walks into the storage garage and sets
the briefcase down. The guard looks at Laveau's rear end as
he puts the coke down. His jacket flaps open and we see his
.380 in its holster.

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)
That's a pretty nice set you got on
you.

Laveau turns around, somewhat disturbed by the connotations
of this.

LAVEAU
What?

SECURITY GUARD
That pistol you're packin. That a
.380?

LAVEAU
Why yes it is.

SECURITY GUARD
Don't go for the big ones, huh? Me,
I prefer a good .44 mag. But if you
got a smaller one and know how to
use it, it's just as deadly, ain't
it?

LAVEAU
Well, I suppose it is.

SECURITY GUARD
You French, son?

LAVEAU
Huh?

SECURITY GUARD
Laveau sounds like a French name to
me. I got a special place in my
heart for French men.

LAVEAU
I don't know.

(CONTINUED)

SECURITY GUARD
You don't know? A man needs to have a strong personal identity. If he doesn't know where he came from, how does he know where he's going?

LAVEAU
What the hell does that mean? Look, I was adopted, OK? And I did what I came to do. Now if you'll give me my wallet back, I just want to get the hell out of here.

The security guard looks at Laveau and begins to cry dramatically.

SECURITY GUARD
I didn't mean to bother you. I just get so lonely out here, all by myself.

Laveau starts to move towards his car cautiously.

SECURITY GUARD
Don't go. I won't cry no more. The young ones like it when I cry. They say it makes me seem more sensitive.

LAVEAU
You're... you're very sensitive.

SECURITY GUARD
I don't really want to be a security guard. This is how I'm paying my way through school. I want to be a writer.

LAVEAU
Hey, that's a good job, I like books.

SECURITY GUARD
It's expensive to go to school. Even night school. Not only do I do this, but before I come to work every night, I also dance.

LAVEAU
Oh yeah? Really?

SECURITY GUARD
Here, you want to see me do some of my moves?

The security guard does some weird, kinky, male sex dancer moves. Laveau watches in horror.

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)
Was that sexy? I try real hard to be sexy.

(CONTINUED)

LAVEAU
Oh yeah, that's...that's real good,
man, that was, that was really hot.

SECURITY GUARD
Really?

LAVEAU
Oh, yeah, and, uh that was so hot,
that, that I gotta go home now so I
can go jack off.

Laveau makes a big step toward his car.

SECURITY GUARD
You don't have to go you know.

LAVEAU
Oh, uh, yeah I do. I'm not into
that, ah, exhibitionist stuff,
nature, natural, out in the open
stuff. I like to do shit at home.

SECURITY GUARD
You want me to follow you home?

LAVEAU
No. That's OK.

SECURITY GUARD
I just want to help you. Laveau
looks around. He realizes that the
garage door is still open.

LAVEAU
Hey! Hey! The door, the garage
door. I had a pretty hard time
getting it to open. Why don't you
give me a hand?

Laveau goes back to the garage. The security guard
approaches, and together the two men lower it down. Laveau
locks it up. The security guard hands him back his wallet.

SECURITY GUARD
Here you go, son.

LAVEAU
Thanks.

SECURITY GUARD
And you remember, I'm here, every
night, and I can stay all night
long.

LAVEAU
That's a comforting thought.

SECURITY GUARD

I got the big gun, son. And if you ever need me to use it, all you gotta do is swing by here and get me. You want me to give you my number?

LAVEAU

That's fine. I don't want to risk anything. This is dangerous work. I never know who could get a hold of my things. Then they'd know about you.

SECURITY GUARD

Ahhh. You're lookin' out for me.

LAVEAU

Of course. You helped me out. And now I gotta be on my way.

SECURITY GUARD

Keep us safe, Mr. Laveau. We're counting on you.

Laveau gets in his Citroen and hauls ass out of there. The security guard watches him go, grinning, shaking his head back and forth, before spitting out a giant wad of tobacco.

CUT TO:

INT. THE WILSON HOME, THE NEXT DAY / EARLY AFTERNOON

It's early in the afternoon and the kids have all gone off to school. Eve moves through the hallway, into an empty bedroom, and into her bathroom, where she quickly applies some makeup, fixes her hair, and hurriedly, almost giddily fumbles into a new dress hanging on the wall. She is putting on a pair of earrings as she exits the bathroom, only to find Arthur sitting on the edge of the bed in a ribbed undershirt and white briefs with neatly displayed photos of Eve in the acts of her love affair with Paul on the bed.

EVE

Arthur! Jesus Christ!

ARTHUR

Where are you going?

EVE

Where am I going? Why are you still here? You were supposed to go see daddy an hour ago about getting your job back.

ARTHUR

Fuck that, I have more important things to do.

(CONTINUED)

EVE
More important than getting your
job back, than making sure our
family doesn't end up out on the
street? Do you want your daughter
getting molested by perverts before
she's even sixteen?

ARTHUR
Cut the crap, bitch, we both know
that your father bought this house
and he won't let his little
princess or his grandchildren end
up out on the street.

Eve is taken aback by this harshness. She looks at the bed

EVE
Where the hell do you get off...

Arthur takes out Laveau's camera pen and holds it up.

ARTHUR
I found this in Laveau's car the
other night. I was drunk and I
thought that it was one of my pens.
Turns out it's a camera...so I took
It to my PC, plugged it in to the
USB and found all these lovely
photos.

Beat.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
You fucking him, Eve?

EVE
That's very interesting, Arthur,
because I read in Ladies Home
Journal last month that the number
one question men ask when they find
out about a wife's infidelity is,
"Did you fuck him," while a woman
asks, "Do you love her?" I had no
idea you were so... average.

ARTHUR
I said, are you fucking him?

EVE
Golly, Arthur, what do you think?
That he and I just share romantic
French meals and listen to chamber
music?

ARTHUR
How many times?

EVE
I don't know!

(CONTINUED)

ARTHUR

Guess!

EVE

A thousand! I Fucked him in every way you can imagine! I let him do everything he wanted to me! I was his fucking whore! Are you happy, Arthur, you sad piece of shit? Do you want to know what his come tasted like? Does this get you off? You're into some pretty sick shit anyway, I don't see why this shouldn't get your motor running!

Arthur turns and slams his fist into a stereo sitting on a table nearby. His fist hits the play button and a song comes on. This pisses Arthur off even more. Eve screams something inaudible at Arthur and Arthur hauls back and nails her right across the face. Eve recoils. She looks at Arthur, stunned; Arthur dives at her and grabs her by the face, shoving her onto the bed. He moves towards her; she rolls on her back, hands to her face, crying. Arthur stands there a moment and starts to cry himself. He looks at his hands and turns around, running out of the room.

CAMERA (STEADY-CAM),
Follows him as he runs down the hall, blubbering,
and locks himself up in his office.

As his door slams, we move back to Eve, crying on the bed,
the song drowning out her tears.

CUT TO:

EXT. EDEN COUNTRY CLUB, DAY

There is a hubbub outside the country club.
Orwell stands stoically at a podium in a suit, addressing a crowd of reporters. Ian stands behind him and to the right, hands folded in front of him.

ORWELL

(calmly)

In regards to the two young citizens who were reported missing this morning, and the rumors regarding so-called mysterious circumstances that the newspapers are eating up, I have this statement to release: At approximately twelve thirty this morning, Biff Anderson and Arnold Lesnar were seen near Oceanic Park in Biff's red 2004 Corvette. Shortly thereafter residents phoned in reports of hearing shots fired from the vicinity of Oceanic Park. Eden Police SHERIFF Wallace responded to the scene approximately fifteen minutes after the first phone call.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ORWELL (CONT'D)

He found the park abandoned. There were no signs of foul play. At approximately seven-fifteen a.m., a red corvette with license plates matching those registered to Biff Anderson was seen at a service station ten miles north of Eden. According to preliminary police reports, they were drinking heavily and partaking of controlled, dangerous substances.

In the background, behind the reporters, we see Laveau's Citroen sinisterly pull into frame and idle. We cannot see Laveau inside. Orwell sees it but his expression does not change.

ORWELL (CONT'D)

Now, if I may be frank here a moment, and speak as a father, as a member of this community, instead of as one of its leaders, I want to extend my deepest sympathies to the families of the boys involved in this incident, and assure them that we are going to do everything within our power to bring them home. It is always a tragedy when young people get mixed up as they sometimes do, but as parents we cannot blame ourselves. We only do the best for our children, don't we? Isn't that what living in Eden means, always doing the best for your family?

IAN

Mr. Orwell will now answer a few questions from the audience.

Everyone talks at once. Ian points at one of the reporters.

REPORTER

Mr. Orwell, what about reports of patches of blood-soaked grass being found in Oceanic Park early this morning by rubberneckers?

ORWELL

Oh, that was red paint, from the construction on the gazebo.

IAN

That will be all. If you have any further questions, I will be happy to answer them.

Orwell steps down from the podium and walks around the reporters, flanked by his chauffeur. Some reporters try to follow him but SECURITY redirects their attention to Ian. When Orwell gets to Laveau's car, the chauffeur opens the

(CONTINUED)

passenger side door and Orwell gets in.

CUT TO:

INT. LAVEAU'S CAR, MOMENTS LATER

LAVEAU
Impressive little speech you gave
back there.

ORWELL
All for the good of the community.
And speaking of which, we were all
very impressed with your handling
of that situation last night. We
hadn't expected you to strike a
blow so soon.

LAVEAU
Not really a blow, more of a love
tap.

ORWELL
Nonetheless, there's a briefcase
waiting for you at the storage shed
the next time you decide to drop
by. You'll be more than pleasantly
surprised with its contents. And
that's just the beginning. So then,
what can I tell the boys and girls
about your next step?

LAVEAU
The kids were a couple of low-grade
preppie assholes who wanted to
think they were Mr. Bigshot. The
next bigger fish in the chain is a
connected guy named Dyrese. He
operates out of a coffee shop.

FADE INTO:

EXT. COFFEE SHOP, NIGHT

CAMERA (OVERHEAD SHOT) CRANING DOWN ON,
A local coffee shop that SITS ON THE CORNER OF A STRIP OF
STORES, IN THE MIDDLE OF A LARGER OUTDOOR SHOPPING CENTER.

LAVEAU (V.O.)
You know anything about it? All of
the stores are closed for the
night.

Outside the darkened coffee shop, there is a congregation of
HOODS.

ORWELL (V.O.)
I've hears stories, but there
haven't been any actual crimes
reported there, so I can't tell you
anything concrete.

(CONTINUED)

Sitting in a chair prominent among the hoods is DYRESE, the chief drug dealer here. He's light skinned, looks like he's about twenty, and wears a big black denim jacket and do-rag. On either side of him are two teenage girls, CINDY, who's blonde and white, and LERONICA, who's black and has a beehive hairdo.

ORWELL (CONT'D, V.O.)
But I do know that the place is usually swarming, and I wouldn't be surprised if they're all packing. I'll have SHERRIF Wallace put something together for you.

LAVEAU (V.O.)
Perfect.

Also among the hoods are Tyrell and Carlo. Several people are smoking drugs out of glass pipes, bowls, etc. As we move in, we see a black guy, KANE, BREAK DANCING and trying to free-form rap:

KANE
I am the master, master of the gun,
ridin' round Compton shootin'
bitches with my gun, I say ride,
with my .45, brother at the wheel
while all the bitches die, blood on
the pavement and blood on the
streets, gunpowder in my face,
pedals under my feet, laughin', run
down the fuzz, take a little toke
and get a little buzz, fuck all my
women and then shoot 'em all dead.

Kane slows down his dancing, catches his breath. Everyone cheers.

DYRESE
Brotha, that shit is definitely
goin' on the album. Cindy, you find
anything out from yo' uncle yet?

CINDY
I haven't had a chance to talk to
him yet, but his secretary says
he's been listening to a lot of hip
hop demo discs lately, and he's
said some really good stuff about
some of them.

TYRELL
Fuckin' A, man, we be goin'
straight to the mothafuckin' top.
Gonna be bigger than Tupac, dogs.

LERONICA
Hey Dyrese, get Mulcare to do
somethin'.

Everyone else responds in the affirmative that they want to

(CONTINUED)

see Mulcare do something. MULCARE, a thin, pale white boy with curly black hair, a plaid shirt, and a denim jacket and khakis rises up and goes and stands in front of the crowd. His face remains blank as he raps monotone:

MULCARE
I go downtown lookin' for a ride
lady at my side I say Go downtown
yo-

Mulcare does some half-assed break dance moves. Everyone cheers.

DYRESE
That be some hilarious shit.

SOUND CUE: CAR APPROACHING

Everyone watches as Laveau's Citroen pulls up and parks near the curb. Some of the hoods' hands move in preparation to draw pistols. The door opens and Laveau staggers out, holding a briefcase in one hand and his flask in the other. He takes a long swig and puts the flask away and staggers towards the crowd.

DYRESE
Hey, old man, ain't it past your
bedtime?

LAVEAU
Fuck you. I'm lookin' for Dyrese.

THUG
And what you need to see Dyrese
for?

LAVEAU
Lookin' to score.

CARLO
Dyrese, shit, I know this here
mothafucka, Tyrell kicked his ass a
few nights ago. He that private
Dick I be tellin' you all about!

THUG 2
This white boy five-oh?

TYRELL
No, he don't work for no one but
himself.

Tyrell rises.

TYRELL (CONT'D)
You come back for more, huh, got
another camera I need to shove up
your narrow ass?

(CONTINUED)

LAVEAU
I said: I'm lookin to score. Speed,
preferably. Maybe some ropes, or
some rock.

THUG
Bitch don't know what he be talkin'
bout!

LAVEAU
I know well enough. Now have you
guys got the goods, or are you all
too uncool?

DYRESE
"Uncool?" You know who you talkin'
to?

TYRELL
Come on, let me waste this bitch,
take his loser ass car, use it for
target practice.

LAVEAU
Yeah, well I guess you don't have
cred, then.

THUG
You sayin' we ain't got no street
cred, fucka?

LAVEAU
Not if you can't give me any blow
or speed, you don't. Dyrese looks
around at everyone, nodding. Then
he points at one of the thugs, who
opens his coat to reveal dozens of
little vials attached to hooks
inside the lining.

DYRESE
You want it we got it, old man.

TYRELL
Dyrese, don't be trustin' this
fucker!

Laveau heads to the table, puts the suitcase down. He opens
it to reveal rows of \$100 bills.

DYRESE
Fuckin' A!

LAVEAU
I want all that this can buy me.

CINDY
Oh my God, how much is that?

(CONTINUED)

LAVEAU

Well, I'm not sure myself. Let's find out.

Laveau reaches in and starts taking stacks out. After the third stack, he reaches in, and whips out a sawn-off 12 gauge riot shotgun, modified into a "whippet" gun. It's already been cocked; he aims at the nearest hood and blasts them at point blank range in the chest. The thug flies backwards with his chest missing. Pandemonium ensues; people start running. Laveau moves quick; he starts blowing people away, left and right. Thugs 1 and 2 get it; so does Cindy. Leronica has her leg blown off. Laveau flings down a table and dives behind it; he sticks his head up just enough to take aim and hit Mulcare in the small of the back as he flees. Dyrese stands behind a light pole and shoots out from the side with his nickel plated 9mm; Laveau waits until he moves to fire and then blows Dyrese's hand clean off. Dyrese screams and goes down; Tyrell charges Laveau from behind and grabs him by the shoulders of his coat. Laveau jerks around and shoots Tyrell in the stomach, blowing it out. Tyrell goes down; Carlo screams and runs to him and holds his giant, dead body in her arms.

CARLO

(Sobbing)

You killed him, you killed him,
you white cracker-ass mothafucka!

LAVEAU

Hey, Carlo. This is for my Nikon,
bitch.

Laveau drops the shotgun in Carlo's face and blows her head off. He turns and goes to Dyrese, laying on the ground, clutching his mutilated, bloody stump.

DYRESE

I kill you, white mothafucka

LAVEAU

Now I killed a lot of people here tonight, really loudly. You notice how there ain't no cop cars here yet? Whereas if you Shits had tried anything like that, you'd all be behind bars right now? I may not be "five-oh," but I'm protected from up on high, so it's in your best interests to start talking now.

DYRESE

Fuck you!

Laveau aims the shotgun at Dyrese's other hand.

LAVEAU

I guess you don't want to be able to jerk off that giant black willy of yours anymore then, huh?

(CONTINUED)

DYRESE
Oh God, you killed my bitches!

LAVEAU
Yeah, I'm real cold blooded. Look, this gun, it's pointed at you. Do you get that? If you do not start talking now, you will die. Tell me about the Dutchman.

DYRESE
I don't know no mothafuckin' Dutchman!

Laveau pumps the gun.

DYRESE (CONT'D)
No! Shit! He deal to all the kids in town, man, they all be gettin' his product! I never deal with him any one place, man, it always be different, phone booths and shit, and he always call me!

LAVEAU
What does he look like?

DYRESE
He always sent one of his guys to deal with me, I never seen him myself!

LAVEAU
What'd the guy look like?

DYRESE
I don't remember!

LAVEAU
Wrong answer.

Laveau shoots the guy's other hand off. Dyrese screams.

DYRESE
Oh, God, I wasn't lying, you motherfucker!

LAVEAU
Well then, here's your reward.

JUMP CUT TO:

A black screen, simultaneous with a SHOT GUN BLAST.

FADE IN ON:

INT. MILE'S OFFICE, NIGHT

(CONTINUED)

ANGLE ON, THE BOTTLES OF ABSINTHE IN the CABINET.
It slowly pulls backward to reveal Laveau and Mile.

They're sitting at Mile's desk with huge stacks of cash. Both of them are going THROUGH IT, BILL BY BILL; THERE'S ALSO A MONEY-COUNTING MACHINE ON MILE'S DESK, THROUGH WHICH THEY'RE FEEDING THE CASH. LAVEAU HAS A GIANT CIGAR CLENCHED IN HIS TEETH.

MILE

Had Mile known that this was such a good business, I would have gone into years ago.

LAVEAU

Oh, it's pretty hard the first few times.

Laveau cackles and slaps down a pile of cash.

LAVEAU

I'm getting used to the idea of having all this around. What's my next assignment?

MILE

Even though I get threatened, which you have not told me anything about yet, Mr. Detective.

LAVEAU

Hey, I told you, I'll look at the tapes

MILE

Mile has still asked around. Mile cannot do it much longer, though. People getting suspicious. Asking questions. This afternoon, a man who wouldn't take off his sunglasses forces his way into my office and tells me that curiosity is what killed the cat.

LAVEAU

You kick him out?

MILE

Yes. Mile not worried about him. This is what Mile has found:

Laveau takes out a little notepad and pen.

MILE (CONT'D)

Every Tuesday at four twenty in the afternoon a group of students from Eden Senior High meets behind the gymnasium where they buy small doses of Marajuania from a college student named Johnny Hughes.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MILE (CONT'D)

He works unarmed because it is illegal to carry a weapon on school property.

INERT ON LAVEAU'S NOTEPAD.

We hear Laveau chuckle. He has written the word "LAUNDRY LIST" in the top middle of the page. Beneath it are the words "JOHNNY HUGHES," and beneath that, "HIGH SCHOOL KIDS(?) DOES IT REALLY MATTER IF THEY ARE?"

ON MILE,

MILE (CONT'D)

Also, there is group of Mexicans, living on Daybreak street, one half mile outside Eden. They deal methamphetamines and stolen prescription medication out of their kitchen. There are four of them, all brothers.

LAVEAU

Good, good Say, whatta 'bout the Dutchman?

MILE

Many say he is myth. That Dutchman does not exist. They say Dutchman is the sum of all the dealers in town combined. Metaphorical bullshit.

LAVEAU

And how about the rest? What do they say?

MILE

They say Dutchman works in plain sight. No one knows his face. He works through soldiers that do all of his work for him: Distribution, murders, everything. The Dutchman's customers only ever see the soldiers, never Dutchman himself.

LAVEAU

And any idea what some of these soldiers look like?

MILE

They do business in the dark, wear dark clothes, keep hidden. All of the Dutchman's business happens at night.

LAVEAU

I'm sure to get some shit out of some of these guys. You are doing fucking excellent work, man.

Laveau grabs a stack of bills and shoves it towards Mile.

(CONTINUED)

LAVEAU (CONT'D)
You've earned a little extra. Mile
cackles.

MILE
Mile buy the biggest gun in the
fucking world, now! Mount it to his
desk, put wheels on desk, have
giant, moving gun! Or better, buy
new car, most expensive one they
make. Shaped like a giant cock,
with the license plate, "COCK."
Show the world that it does not
fuck with Mile, Mile fucks the
world.

Laveau chuckles. Suddenly, Terrified SCREAMS are heard from
outside the office. Mile and Laveau bolt to attention. Laveau
reaches into his coat and keeps his hand on his gun. Mile
opens the drawer of his desk, pulls out his .500 magnum,
and clumsily sweeps all of the money into
the drawer with his arms.

CUT TO:

INT. MILE'S BAR, THAT MOMENT

Arthur is standing in the middle of the room in a T-shirt and
walking shorts. He's drunk and he has pistol.

ARTHUR
(Furious)
Where's Laveau? Where the fuck is
Laveau?

Laveau and Mile come out of Mile's office, each holding their
guns. Laveau sees what's happening and lowers his gun.

MILE
Step aside, Clare, Mile blast this
fucker.

LAVEAU
No! Put that shit down. Let me
handle this.

MILE
No, it OK, this is Texas. I kill
this guy, they give me medal.

LAVEAU
Mile, put that thing down!

MILE
But it's legal!

LAVEAU
Arthur!

(CONTINUED)

Arthur sees Laveau. His face softens. He aims his gun at Laveau, his arms shaking.

ARTHUR

She WAS cheating on me, man, she was fucking cheating on me and you fucking lied about it! You were fucking taking money from her, man! How could you do that? You're my friend!

LAVEAU

Arthur, listen, I didn't tell you anything BECAUSE you're my friend. I knew how much it would upset you. I didn't want to hurt you.

ARTHUR

Yeah, then why did you take her money if you weren't going to tell me anyway? And why take the pictures?

LAVEAU

Come on, Art, you know what I am. It's what I do. And I took the pictures, because, hey, God forbid, if you ever found out on your own, I could give them to you, to use in court. See? I've been looking out for your well being this whole time. Now please, look out for mine. Put the gun down.

ARTHUR

You're a crook!

LAVEAU

I fucking am not! Now if you don't drop that fucking thing someone's gonna get hurt!

ARTHUR

Hurt? Hurt? Someone's gonna get hurt, all right, us! Because I'm gonna kill you, Clare, and then I'm gonna blow my own fucking brains out!

LAVEAU

Really now, Art, if you're adamant about using two bullets, wouldn't you rather use one on Eve? Or Eve and her little boy toy? Hell, Heh...remember what I told you the first time you ever came to me? That surveillance wasn't the only thing I did? That option's still available, you know.

(CONTINUED)

ARTHUR
No way man. I can't.

Arthur sobs.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
I love her too much.

Arthur's arms shake more violently as he keeps the gun aimed on Laveau.

LAVEAU
Look, Arthur, I know how much this must hurt you, but killing me isn't going to make it any better. Wouldn't you rather have me on your side?

Arthur sobs again and shakes his head back and forth. He aims at Laveau's head. Laveau lunges forward and struggles with Arthur over the gun, finally jerking it away from him. He realizes how light it is in his hand.

LAVEAU (CONT'D)
This isn't even fucking loaded?

A look of realization dawns across Arthur's face: He forgot the clip. Just as that hits him, so does a chair, swung from behind by Mile.

MILE
Take that, motherfucker! You fuck with my bar? Clare, get this piece of shit out of here. I don't want to see his face here again. I see him again, I kill him.

LAVEAU
Yeah, yeah...

Laveau looks down at Arthur, frustrated, and reaches down to try and pick him up.

CUT TO:

INT. LAVEAU'S CITROEN, NIGHT

Arthur is leaned back in the passenger seat, dried blood around his nose, one of his eyes swollen. He's moaning.

LAVEAU
(Muttering)
Fuckin' fuck-fucking yuppie...

CUT TO:

EXT. THE WILSON HOME, NIGHT

The Citroen pulls into the driveway and parks. The passenger-side door opens up.

(CONTINUED)

Arthur falls out of the car and into the driveway as Laveau shoves him out. The car door slams, and the Citroen pulls out of the driveway and off into the night.

CUT TO:

INT. LAVEAU'S APARTMENT, NIGHT

Sally Ann is riding Laveau. They're both stoned. Laveau holds up a butcher knife and flings it at the ceiling. The speed of the film gradually slows until we're in slow-mo, and Laveau swings his hands around to slap Sally's breast, which bounce vigorously. The film abruptly speeds back up to regular. Laveau reaches back for something and comes around with a wad of \$100 bills, which he throws up in the air. They rain down on he and Sally Ann as the camera pans over to a television set. On the TV is Orwell; the caption on the bottom reads "CRISIS IN EDEN: INSTANCES OF MISSING YOUTH"

ORWELL

The thing, though, you see, that a lot of people don't understand, is that these young people, these, I think it's, it's fifteen now, no, sixteen, sixteen young people who have been reported missing, is that these young people, have actually been accounted for, for the most part, by eyewitnesses who have spotted them elsewhere around town, or just beyond the city limits. This is not a mass disappearance, this is a mass exodus, and I think, I think that is the true problem, these children leaving Eden. Why would anyone want to leave paradise?

CUT TO:

INT. SUBURBAN HOME, DAY

MUSIC CUE: "Ya Ya", by Nelson Riddle for the score he did for Stanley Kubrick's version of Lolita.

Eve is at a party with a bunch of SOCCER MOMS. There's a huge pile of cocaine next to her in the middle of a glass table that they all keep dipping their noses into for snorts. They're all whacked out on coke. Rapid, disconcerting cuts abound and bizarre camera angles disorienting the viewer and putting them inside the madness.

SOCCER MOM

Jerry says he can't imagine going down on me!

SOCCER MOM 2

Steven sure will, though!

Everyone guffaws.

(CONTINUED)

SOCCER MOM 3

What was that movie, with the married couple, then they broke up? I believe what they said, women get married so they can fuck whoever they want.

SOCCER MOM 4

I love Tim, but I'm married, I'm not dead. Sometimes I just gotta get me some.

SOCCER MOM

Men do it all the time, why do they care so much if we do it? It's leveling the playing field!

SOCCER MOM 2

When men do it, they're called swingers, when we do it, we're sluts. Well then, here's to being a slut!

She takes a huge snort.

SOCCER MOM 5

I swear to God, I can't imagine Bernie being the last man I ever Fucked.

SOCCER MOM 6

I can't imagine you ever fucking him!

SOCCER MOM 5

Oh, it's pretty hard because he never is.

Everyone laughs hysterically.

EVE

I haven't Fucked my husband in over two years!

She jumps up on the couch and does a cheerleader's jump, trying to do the splits. She lands clumsily and falls on her ass. Everyone cheers and snorts more coke. Soccer Mom 2 shows up some huge chunks of jewelry.

SOCCER MOM 2

Look at what David got me, everyone.

Everyone oohs and aahs.

SOCCER MOM 2 (CONT'D)

Fourteen karat.

SOCCKER MOM
Forget that, take a look here,
ladies, Andy got it for me for our
last anniversary. Real sapphire.

The soccer moms all start comparing each other's jewelry, all of which was bought for them by their husbands. Everything starts to degenerate. The images and words become more fractured.

SOCCKER MOM 4
I feel sorry for you hun...

SOCCKER MOM
Wow! Best stuff ever Eve!...

SOCCKER MOM 3
Swear to God, the day Joey was
born, I died inside...

Something clicks and Eve realizes something. For her, things begin to slow down.

EVE
Weren't you bringing Joey with you
today?

SOCCKER MOM 3
He's in the car, he'll be fine.

Eve jumps up and rushes out the front door. Everyone looks at her funny and then goes back to snorting.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE THE SUBURBAN HOME, MOMENTS LATER

Eve runs out of the house. There are rows of sports cars in the driveway and along the side of the street. Eve runs to the cars, looking at them frantically. She looks at a Porsche SUV parked across the street and rushes toward

CUT TO:

INT. CAR, CONTINUOUS

DUTCH ANGLE(TILTED UP), from the back seat of a car, looking up at Eve's face, framed in the rear passenger side window. Eve studies what she sees, and her face contorts into sorrow. She bursts out in a long, low, animal wail.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOME, CONTINUOUS

Eve slumps down on the ground against the side of the car, sobbing hysterically. She holds her hands to her face and then jerks them away. There's still some cocaine on them. She wipes it off on her dress, as if it's the filthiest stuff in the world. She drags the back of her arm across her nose, trying to cleanse herself completely of the residue.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOME, SOMETIME LATER

A police car is pulling away from the house; Eve sits on the back bumper of an ambulance with a shock blanket over her shoulders. Paul runs into frame.

PAUL

Eve!

He kneels beside her and puts his arms around her. Eve's face is shifting between blank and near tears. A PARAMEDIC approaches.

PARAMEDIC

Are you her husband, sir?

PAUL

No, just a friend. What's wrong with her? She was hysterical when she called, I couldn't make out anything.

PARAMEDIC

She was at a party inside the home. One of the other women in attendance left her child in the back of the car. Your friend came out to check on it and found it dead.

PAUL

Jesus... Eve... I'm so sorry...

(CONTINUED)

PARAMEDIC
Sir, several of the women appeared to be acting strangely when we arrived. We believe that there may have been some drug use at the party.

PAUL
(Blankly)
I understand.

EVE
I wanna go home, Paul... I wanna go home.

PAUL
We're gonna get you home...
(to paramedic)
Is it all right to take her?

The paramedic nods in the affirmative. Paul removes the blanket from Eve's shoulders and helps her stand.

EVE
I wanna go away... I want to take Hanna, and Kevin, and get the hell out of this town, and never see any of it again...

Paul is silent as he leads Eve towards his car and helps her in.

CUT TO:

INT. the wilson house/ ARTHUR'S OFFICE, NIGHT

Arthur is sitting naked in front of his computer, though we can't see anything below his chest. He's staring at the screen, thoughtfully. We move in on the screen and see that it's a message board entitled "Fetish Recovery Support."

CUT TO:

INT. MILE'S PUB, NIGHT

The blinds are drawn and the interior is dark. Outside, a car with its headlights off pulls up; we hear the engine as it approaches, then idles, and then shuts off. A car door opens, then closes. The slight sound of a silenced gunshot. The door of the bar swings in softly, the lock shot off. Mr. Ray Ban enters, silently, dressed in a khaki/cream colored suit. He steps soundlessly towards Mile's Office, from which soft folk music can be heard echoing. He places a gloved hand on the door, softly turns the knob, enters. Mile sits at his desk; he doesn't even look up. Mr. Ray Ban fires two shots into Mile who drops dead face down on his desk.

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

EXT. MILE'S PUB, LATER THAT NIGHT

Laveau's Citroen pulls into the parking lot next to Mile's black Honda. There's a bumper sticker on it promoting the country of Bosnia; the Serbian crest is proudly displayed on the hood. Laveau gets out of his car heads to the front door. Noticing the shot-out glass window pane; Laveau takes out his .380 and carefully opens the door, stepping inside.

CUT TO:

INT. MILE'S PUB, THAT MOMENT

The room is dark. Hard noir shadows. Laveau looks around the room. The only light comes from Mile's office. Laveau cautiously makes his way toward it.

SOUND CUE: The sound is progressing murkily, with hints of Serbian folk music echoing from the hall down to Mile's office.

LAVEAU'S POV,
Muddy shoeprints lead the way.

ON LAVEAU,
His face is pale white and covered in sweat.
Laveau makes his way down the narrow hall. He tips up his hat with the barrel of his gun.

LAVEAU
(worried/yelling)
Mile!

Laveau reaches the door. He turns the knob, opens it, and enters the gloomy office.

CUT TO:

INT. MILE'S OFFICE, CONTINUOUS

CAMERA DOLLIES IN SUPER QUICK ON LAVEAU'S FACE TO A CLOSEUP.

His face bears an expression of pure shock. He coughs, almost vomiting, and staggers back, one hand clasping over his mouth and then grabbing at his own face in horror.

SOUND DESIGN NOTE: The murky drones become fierce and blend into-

Operatic, emotional, tragic music.

ANGLE, FULL WIDE SHOT.

Mile hangs from the wall of his office, crucified to the Serbian flag with huge nails driven through his wrists and ankles. Scattered all around the floor is the money Laveau gave to Mile.

Laveau loses his balance and drops his pistol;
a shot goes off and blasts into the liquor cabinet,
shattering bottles of absinthe. Laveau falls to his knees.

(CONTINUED)

CAMERA BOOMS UP AND TRAVELS ACROSS THE ROOM TO MILE'S FACE, WHICH IS ALMOST UNRECOGNIZABLE BENEATH ALL THE LAYERS OF COAGULATED BLOOD. ABOVE THE FLAG, WRITTEN ON THE WALL IN MILE'S BLOOD, ARE THE WORDS,

"Casualty of Peace"

CAMERA HOLDS FOR A MOMENT, AND THEN FLAMES APPEAR SUPERIMPOSED BENEATH MILE'S CRUCIFIED ARMS.

INT. MILE'S PUB, NIGHT

MEN IN BLACK are throwing Molotov cocktails and then turning around and running out of the bar, commando style. The explosions of the cocktails cause flames to spread quick like water pooling out in large circles. Amidst this chaos Laveau walks through the bar, several bottles of absinthe tucked under his arms, and a VHS in his hand. He's the last one to get out of the bar, nearly getting knocked on his ass by one of the fleeing commando dudes.

CAMERA FOLLOWS HIM AS HE EXITS.

EXT. MILE'S PUB, THAT MOMENT

Ian stands in front of a black van parked beside Laveau's Citroen, his arms crossed across his chest, watching the bar burn. Laveau joins him, turning to set down the bottles of absinthe and the VHS on his car hood.

INSERT ON VHS TAPE LABELED "SECURITY"

Laveau removes his sunglasses from his coat and puts them on. He turns and watches the fire, sticking a cigarette in his mouth and lighting up.

CU ON LAVEAU, FIRE REFLECTS IN HIS SUNGLASSES

CU ON IAN, HIS FACE AGLOW IN THE LIGHT OF THE FIRE. HE SMIRKS.

IAN
Well, Mr. Laveau, I handled this pretty impressively, don't you think?

LAVEAU
I think you're an asshole man.

ANGLE ON,
The burning pub, disintegrating quickly. CAMERA pulls in to a tight shot, until the screen is absorbed with flames.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MILE'S HOUSE, NIGHT

The fire dissolves into a shot of casket sitting near the ground, boosted up on supports. The lid, of course, is closed. As the camera pans off to the side, we see a HUGE 24x36 photo of a grinning Mile, which is sitting on an easel. Laveau sits on the floor beside the casket, his knees drawn up to his chest. He momentarily looks over at the casket, but can't watch it for very long. Elsewhere in the house are various GUESTS, FRIENDS, and FAMILY of Mile's, all of them chattering and/or crying, reminiscing about the dearly departed.

ON LAVEAU,

MALE VOICE (O.C.)
(Eastern European accent)
Hello, Clare.

Laveau looks up to see the face of SASCHA, Mile's brother. He looks similar to his dead sibling, though somewhat more handsome and refined.

LAVEAU
Sascha.

Laveau stands, drunkenly. He and Sascha embrace.

SASCHA
I always told him, always told him
that he was going to get himself
killed.

Laveau slaps Sascha on the back.

LAVEAU
You did all you could for him.

SASCHA
I should've encouraged him more,
been harder on him to come to
school with us.

LAVEAU
And look how well our degrees did
us. You didn't even use yours, go
back, get your architecture degree
or what now, me, well the present
situation speaks for itself.

SASCHA
Dreams die.

LAVEAU
Morbid choice of words, don't you
think? And LAME'O.

(CONTINUED)

SASCHA
Appropriate ones, I would say.
Sascha and Laveau look at the
casket. Laveau runs his hand over
it.

LAVEAU
I read that for Serbian funeral
services, someone stays with the
body around the clock. If you don't
mind, I would like to be that
person.

SASCHA
Of course. I think that it would
mean a lot to him. It's open to
anyone. Most people nowadays don't,
but yes, it would certainly mean a
lot to him.

Laveau nods his head as if he doesn't really know if that
statement is true or not.

SASCHA (CONT'D)
I need to go get our cousin at the
airport. His flight doesn't get
here for a few hours, but I need to
beat the traffic.

LAVEAU
Go ahead. I'm not leaving anywhere.

Laveau grabs a folding chair and pulls it up beside the
casket. Sascha exits the frame; Laveau sits there longer,
studying the casket now, studying the picture of Mile.
Someone COUGHS. Laveau turns to see Ian.

LAVEAU (CONT'D)
What do you want?

IAN
I'm here on behalf of Mr. Orwell.
Of course he can't be seen at such
a gathering, associating with such
people, but he does wish to extend
his condolences to you on the death
of your friend. He wishes for me to
tell you that you can consider it
an added incentive to find the
Dutchman. You are, of course,
allowed to deal with him as you see
fit, when the time comes.

Laveau looks at Ian disdainfully. Ian is clearly out of
place. He looks around himself, then clears his throat and
removes an envelope from his suit and gives it to Laveau.

LAVEAU
What's this?

(CONTINUED)

IAN
The city of Eden is celebrating its anniversary. This Saturday will mark thirty years since Mr. Orwell founded the town. We're holding a ball at the country club. In light of your recent contributions to the town's well being, you are of course invited.

LAVEAU
I'm honored.

IAN
Mr. Orwell is looking forward to seeing you there.

LAVEAU
Well I'll be sure to RSVP ASAP.

IAN
Oh, and by the way, it's a costume ball.

Laveau looks incredulous.

IAN (CONT'D)
Good evening.

Ian departs. Laveau watches him go, then looks back at the casket.

The sound of mourners die down as we...

MATCH CUT:

Identical shot, only now it's much later, and Laveau is left alone with the coffin. He's set up a television set in front of him on a folding chair with a VCR on top. He's watching the last security video from Mile's.

ON TV, SECURITY VIDEO:
An angled, overhead shot of Mile's office. Mile sits at his desk. The door opens and Mile is shot twice in the head. He slumps over his desk. Mr. Ray Ban enters and goes to Mile, checking his pulse. Assured that he's dead, Mr. Ray Ban sets down a cloth bag and removes a hammer and large spikes.

ON LAVEAU,

LAVEAU
(slightly amused; curious)
The Shit wouldn't even take his sunglasses off.

ON TV, SECURITY VIDEO:
Mr. Ray Ban has finished crucifying Mile. He removes a paint brush from the bag, then takes out an index card and reads it, before dipping the brush against Mile's head and writing on the wall.

(CONTINUED)

FREEZE FRAME

Laveau has paused the video. He turns the VCR off and puts the television on, and begins flipping through channels. He falls across one program in particular that catches his interest:

(CONTINUED)

INSERT ON TV,

EXT. GOLF COURSE, DAYBREAK

An impossibly golden sun rises over impossibly green grass. A flock of cranes are silhouetted by the sun as they fly away from the water hazard they had been floating around in.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)

(rich seductive)

In the beginning, God created Eden, nature's first paradise. Now, come and experience for yourself the natural wonders of Eden, Texas, nature's perfect community.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE WILSON HOME DRIVEWAY, DAY

WIDE ANGLE ON,

"The Wilsons", in better times. Arthur is strapping, confident, and grinning holding Hanna as a baby. Eve smiles holding Kevin.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)

In Eden, the family comes first. Raise your children in a drug free community protected by one of the ten highest ranked police departments in America and send them to schools staffed entirely by award winning teachers and recreational facilities run by former National Health Organization employees.

DISSOLVE TO:

An opulent shopping center/plaza.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Satisfy all of your needs at any one of the community's five hundred stores, all located conveniently within Eden's Commercial District.

DISSOLVE TO:

A Gothic style ballroom.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Dance the night - and all your worries - away at Eden Country Club ballroom.

FADE TO:

(CONTINUED)

The golf course again.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Or simply relax or enjoy a few
rounds on our signature golf
course, specially designed by
architects brought in from the
heart of Tokyo.

FADE TO:

A series of dissolving shots of places around town, all
looking picture-perfect and too-good-to-be-true.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Whatever your pleasure, dream,
fantasy, or hope, it's waiting for
you here in Eden.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE, DAY

Orwell sits at a desk, hands folded on the blotter, looking
like the picture perfect yuppie.

MUSIC CUE: Upbeat, happy-go-lucky 1950s shopping music

ORWELL
Hello, I'm Francis Orwell, and when
I founded Eden years ago, I had
only one dream: A community in
which a man could safely raise his
family, away from the brutality of
city life, right in the midst of
the beauty of nature. Years later,
that dream has come true for me,
and any dream that you have can
come true, too. Visit us on the
web.

The web address for the Eden flashes across the bottom of the
screen.

ORWELL (CONT'D)
Or just stop on by if you're in the
area. We always love a new face.
And who knows? You just might
decide to stick around.

Orwell grins.

CUT TO:

INT. MILE'S HOUSE, NIGHT

Laveau screams at the television set, grabs it up, and
smashes it down on the floor. The screen shatters and it
ceases operation. He slumps back in his chair, holding his
face in his hands. The room's door slowly opens.

(CONTINUED)

Laveau spins around, gun drawn. Sally Ann enters. Laveau drops the gun.

LAVEAU
Jesus. You scared me. What're you doing here?

SALLY ANN
Nothing else to do. I had a date with Kurt but he never showed. Yolanda said that he went to go meet someone but never came back. Probably some slut he's banging.

LAVEAU
How'd you get in?

SALLY ANN
The front door was wide open.

LAVEAU
Did you close it?

SALLY ANN
Yeah.

LAVEAU
Lock it?

SALLY ANN
In a minute.

LAVEAU
I need it locked, I'm paranoid.

SALLY ANN
No wonder, you're sitting here with a burnt corpse and a busted TV set. Shit, what happened?

LAVEAU
I smashed it.

SALLY ANN
Why?

LAVEAU
Ah, Francis Orwell was on it.

SALLY ANN
Who do you think you are, Elvis? Shit. What do you have against Francis Orwell, anyway?

Laveau sighs. He gestures to the chair the TV set had been in.

LAVEAU
Sit down, Sally Ann.

Sally Ann does so. Laveau ponders everything for a moment.

(CONTINUED)

LAVEAU (CONT'D)

Mile did not die in an accidental fire. That is a story that the arson investigator made up, on my orders. You have to understand that everything that I say cannot leave this room. If you tell anyone what I am about to tell you... you will die.

ON SALLY ANN,

Her eyes go wide when she realizes the severity of what he's saying.

LAVEAU (CONT'D)

About two weeks ago, I was taken to the Eden Country Club in the middle of the night, where Francis Orwell hired me to track down and murder every drug dealer in Eden. Because of his clientele, I asked Mile to find out who the major players around Eden were, and report back to me. He did. Now, there's a man who controls all of the drugs in town, the man Orwell is really after. Mile was asking too many questions, and this man had him murdered.

SALLY ANN

Oh, my God

LAVEAU

All those missing people? The high schoolers, the college kids? They're all dead. They're cars, now, or at the bottoms of lakes, or cut up into a thousand pieces and sent to the dump in a green garbage bag. A few they buried in Potter's Field, with the hobos. And I'm the one who put them in those places. I killed them all. And every time I pulled the trigger I knew that I was putting myself one step closer to Hell. But I didn't give a damn.

Laveau looks at the casket and shakes his head violently.

LAVEAU (CONT'D)

I'm fucking poison, Sally, I'm a toxic human being and you need to stay as far the fuck away from me as possible. Everyone who gets involved with me... I fuck them over. I don't know why I do it, but I do it anyway. I hate myself when I kill but I kill for the money. I'm fucking evil.

(CONTINUED)

Laveau puts his head in his hands and is silent. Sally Ann places her hand on his shoulder.

FADE TO BLACK

FADE IN ON:

INT. MILE'S HOUSE, NIGHT

The lights are all on. Sally Ann and Laveau are asleep on the A leather couch near the casket, still in their clothes.

CUT TO:

INSERT ON DOORKNOB, It turns effortlessly, silently.

The door opens without making a sound and Mr. Ray-Ban steps in, wearing his navy blue suit. He closes the door softly behind himself and removed his gun from his coat. He moves carefully in towards Laveau and Sally Ann; he aims his gun, takes another step. Mr. Ray-Ban steps on a pieces of shattered glass from the television set. He stops, frozen. Laveau springs awake and sees what's going on.

LAVEAU

Fuck!

Sally Ann awakes, startled, just as Laveau grabs her and yanks her out of the way. A silenced bullet whizzes into the ground right where she was. Laveau pulls himself and Sally Ann beneath a table. Laveau yanks his gun out, sticks his head out from the table, and fires a silenced shot towards Mr. Ray-Ban. Mr. Ray-Ban ducks aside. Laveau runs out from under the table and around a corner, cutting Mr. Ray-Ban off; they're too close to one another to shoot and so grab one another and fight, brutally. Finally, Laveau manages to fire a silenced .380 right through one of the lenses of Mr. Ray Ban's sunglasses. A thin stream of blood sprays through the hole and Mr. Ray-Ban goes down, dead. Sally Ann runs from her hiding place and stands behind Laveau, holding him, terrified. Laveau studies his kill.

CAMERA PANS ACROSS TO MR. RAY-BAN'S DEAD FACE.

FADE TO BLACK

IAN (V.O.)

Ladies and Gentlemen, the Eden
Country Club is proud to present
EVE Wilson and Paul Van Bredam.

FADE IN ON:

INT. EDEN COUNTRY CLUB BALLROOM, NIGHT

We fade into the ceiling of the Eden Country Club Ballroom, which is dominated by a giant crystal chandelier.

(CONTINUED)

Camera (crane) spins slowly down onto the crowd of party goers.

Everyone is dressed in various fancy costumes and masks. As the camera travels, we see Eve and Paul are sitting at an impossibly big concert grand piano playing the music we are hearing with a live swing band behind them. There dressed in fancy 1930's fashion. Paul has a green devil mask resting on his lap.

Nearby is Arthur, wearing a sad drama mask. Above them is a giant clock embedded into the wall, reading two minutes to midnight. The camera keeps on moving, and we see Orwell, in a pastel green suit with a matching demon mask. He's dancing fancy, to the delight of several onlookers.

An unimpressed Diane (wearing a witch's mask and black gown) and Ian (wearing a black suit and featureless white mask) watch from the sidelines. Oblivious to all of this is a big mobster-type guy in a velour jogging suit and Bill Clinton Halloween mask, who's pulled the bottom of it up to shovel ordures into his mouth. The song ends and everyone claps. Eve stands and bows to the crowd. In the middle of the applause the clock chimes twelve, big, booming tones, that makes everyone stop what they're doing and stare at it. With everyone's back turned, no one sees it when the big doors at one end of the ballroom open up as Laveau enters, in a red double-breasted suit and red skull mask. When the chiming stops, Orwell goes to a microphone stand to address the crowd.

ORWELL

Ladies and Gentlemen, if I may have your attention, please... There's going to be a brief intermission now while we change bands, and the delightful Rufus Wainwright will be delighting us with his "stylings."

Applause.

ORWELL (CONT'D)

And while they're setting up, I just wanted to thank you for being here this evening, to celebrate with me. And I want you to remember, tomorrow morning, when you wake up to go to church, when you say your prayers at mass, to thank God for what he has given you, to thank Him for the marvelous things that he has bestowed upon you all. Even though my wife died, years ago, I still awake every morning with joy in my heart

CAMERA MOVES DOWN AND AWAY FROM ORWELL SPEAKING TO...
Laveau standing somewhat away from the residents of Eden

Arthur, drunk as a skunk, approaches from behind Laveau and taps him gently on the shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

ARTHUR
Clare, I need to talk to you.

LAVEAU
I have nothing to say to you right
now, Arthur.

ARTHUR
It's important. It's about money.

Laveau sighs and follows Arthur out of frame.

CUT TO:

INT. COUNTRY CLUB BATHROOM, NIGHT

Laveau and Arthur enter the bathroom. They are the only ones there. Each man takes his mask off. Arthur's face is bright red and he's sweating fiercely; he's had more to drink tonight than ever before in his life.

LAVEAU
What is it?

ARTHUR
Clare, I'm just so sorry about how everything has happened. I never meant for things to turn out the way they did, and I'm so sorry for the way I've treated you.

LAVEAU
Arthur, listen to me, man, you need to get some help, OK? You have the money, and from what I understand, Eve's father is a very wealthy man, he can help support her and your kids while you're gone. You need to dry up, clean up, and put yourself back together, and decide what you want to do with your life.

ARTHUR
See, man, see? No one else cares about me that way. No one. I love you, Clare.

Laveau opens his mouth to say something and Arthur grabs him and tongue kisses him. Laveau jerks away and slaps him across the face.

LAVEAU
What the fuck is wrong with you?!

ARTHUR
Eve used to love me, but she doesn't anymore. She can't.

Arthur unzips his pants. Before Laveau can look away Arthur has whipped his penis out.

(CONTINUED)

Laveau catches a glimpse, but does not turn away, instead stars in horror.

LAVEAU
Jesus Christ, what happened?

ARTHUR
I fucked up, man. There's something I never told you man. Something I should have mentioned.... I cheated on her first... I cheated on her while she was taking care of her dying mother. I cheated on her with my next door neighbor Margaret.

LAVEAU
Oh, fuck.

ARTHUR
She told me she was clean and then, afterwards, when I got a good look at her vagina. And saw what was wrong with her.... It's all over my cock, in my mouth.

LAVEAU
Oh, shit.

ARTHUR
I can't shit right anymore, it hurts to jack off, and I haven't slept with Eve in two years...

LAVEAU
Arthur, buddy, there are treatments for this.

ARTHUR
They don't make it go away! Nothing can. I've tried everything. It can only go into remission. Eve won't even look at me anymore unless I have underwear on. The only way I can get anything from her is by jacking off on her while she's asleep.

LAVEAU
I don't want to hear this. OK? I don't want to hear any of this. You're fucked up, man! You are fucking fucked up! You bitch about how you lost everything, about how you're nothing anymore? You fucking did it to yourself, man! You ever hear of a fucking condom? You had everything! You had a family who loved you, you had a job that raked in the dough, and you fucked it all up! I would kill for the things you threw away! I have killed for them, and I don't have shit to show for it either!

(CONTINUED)

ARTHUR
You don't understand! Nobody
does...

Laveau turns, storms out of the bathroom, leaving Arthur
crying by the sink.

CUT TO:

INT. EDEN COUNTRY CLUB BALLROOM, NIGHT

Laveau exits the bathroom, his face sheer anxiety. He runs
smack dab into Paul Van Bredam.

PAUL
Mr. Laveau, I've been looking for
you. Eve and I need to speak to
you.

LAVEAU
Hey, keep it down, pal, her
husband's in there.

PAUL
That's all right, we're leaving.

LAVEAU
Pardon?

Paul takes Laveau by the wrist. He says with conviction:

PAUL
We're leaving.

Laveau looks Paul dead in the eyes. Paul stares back. Laveau
sees something there.

LAVEAU
All right. Where are we going?

PAUL
To see the Dutchman.

Paul and Laveau head for the exit.

CUT TO:

INT. PAUL'S BMW 750 IL, NIGHT

Eve is sitting in the front seat of Paul's car when the
rear passenger door opens and Laveau enters; Paul follows
suit a moment later, getting behind the wheel, starting up,
and beginning to drive.

LAVEAU
Eve.

EVE
Hello, Clare.

(CONTINUED)

LAVEAU
Your husband is crying in the
bathroom.

EVE
What else is new?

LAVEAU
He showed me his cock.

EVE
So you know.

LAVEAU
Now I do. Jesus Christ, why didn't
you tell me?

EVE
Would you really have wanted to
have known?

LAVEAU
It would've made a few things much
clearer.

PAUL
Arthur is a very foolish man. He
had everything and threw it away
for more. Tell me, Mr. Laveau, have
you ever ridden with evil?

LAVEAU
That isn't any way to talk about
Eve.

PAUL
I admire your sense of humor. You
wouldn't be joking, though, if you
realized the situation you are
actually in. The answer to my
question is, of course you have.
You do it every time you get behind
the wheel. And you're doing it
right now. If you go looking for
the devil, Mr. Laveau, you won't
find him. Don't you know that? No
man in history has ever found the
devil. If you seek out Lucifer, he
finds you.

LAVEAU
You're the devil?

PAUL
Enjoy the ride, Mr. Laveau. This is
a BMW after all.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BIG CITY, DOWNTOWN, MAIN STREET, NIGHT

Paul's car pulls into an alleyway right next to what appears to be an abandoned warehouse.

INT. WAREHOUSE, NIGHT

The building's interior has been turned into an awful art party. Most of the partiers are young adults, and all of them are high, drunk, or both. There are tons of "arty" kids, dressed and acting pretentiously. They are all arranged in what amounts to a series of circles, with the center of the circles being a small stage, upon which are a pair of PERFORMANCE ARTISTS singing a disturbing noise melody. Above them are several screens, upon which disturbing images are being projected.

Laveau, Paul, and Eve enter, and take it all in. Paul gestures with his head for Laveau to follow him; they pass through the throngs, including a NIHILIST, who is holding an urn. He dumps the urn out on a table.

NIHILIST

God is dead, and He hates me!

The nihilist shoves his nose into the ashes and snorts them like cocaine.

They head for a flight of scary looking stairs and make there way upward.

INT. PAUL'S APARTMENT/ STUDIO, MOMENTS LATER

Paul, Laveau, and Eve enter a VERY ART DECO APARTMENT. Its completely different than the downstairs art floor. They make there way into Paul's PRIVATE PAINTING STUDIO. Which is right to the side of the living room. They all take a seat on some stools next to a huge painting that looks 90% complete. Its Francis Bacon morbid and has young men and women doing sinful stuff. Everyone looks sick and unhealthy in the painting

PAUL

What do you think, Mr. Laveau?

LAVEAU

I think every person downstairs and up here tonight's going to Hell in a hand-basket.

PAUL

Not quite. You see, this is Hell.

EVE

Isn't it spectacular?

LAVEAU

Christ, Eve, how did you get mixed up into all this? What happened to the Catholic school girl routine?

(CONTINUED)

PAUL
Eve went looking for the devil.

EVE
Me and daddy got into an argument. This was right after I found out about Arthur. He wanted me to stand by him, become celibate, play the perfect little wifey. I told daddy to go fuck himself and went out to do the worst thing I could to hurt him in the worst way possible. I went to go find the Dutchman, and fuck him.

Laveau looks confused.

LAVEAU
Your father... the Dutchman... Who is your father?

EVE
The man you're working for. Francis Orwell.

Laveau looks on, wide eyed.

LAVEAU
A satisfied customer... You told him about me?

EVE
He said that he needed some hired muscle for personal security. I had no idea.

LAVEAU
Why the hell would he go to his daughter to find a hitman?

EVE
Daddy has no illusions about my nastier habits. He had to have my stomach pumped a few times during college.

Eve takes a long drag on her cigarette.

EVE (CONT'D)
He calls me his Little Whore of Babylon.

PAUL
Of course, she did not find the devil, though, he found her. And I was more than happy to indulge her fantasy.

Laveau realizes the implications of this.

(CONTINUED)

LAVEAU

You...

PAUL

That's right, Mr. Laveau. You looked for me; and I found you. As I was saying, I was more than happy to achieve physical pleasure by using the daughter of my enemy. I had been what one could call a "kingpin" for many years when Eve and I began seeing one another. She took my product and I took her body. And then she took my heart. You must understand, Laveau, that during the course of my career I was fully aware of the evil I was doing, and I did not care. Look at those children out there; that's what they are, children, spoiled, rotten children. They drive cars that cost more than you make in an entire year. Their credit cards have the highest limits in the state of Texas. They wear clothes that premiered on the cover of this month's Vogue and GQ. Every physical whim, every material impulse, has been indulged from the cradle. But they have no souls. Look at them, trying to achieve some sort of satisfaction for emptiness in their hearts. Everything about them is soulless; even their so-called art. They think that they have free range to desecrate the dead in order to make some pathetic, meaningless statement.

LAVEAU

If it disgusts you so much, why are you allowing it? You're the gangster. Do something about it.

PAUL

Forcing them to leave now would hurt me economically. This is a going away party for me; in a matter of days I am leaving this town behind, and I am taking Eve and her children with me. They think they're going on vacation with mommy and her friend. You see, Laveau, what I was getting at, was that until I met Eve I did not care that my product was destroying people; the only people I was hurting were the monsters you passed on the way in.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PAUL (CONT'D)

But then when I realized that I had found love, for the first time in many, many years, and that my love was being eaten away by the very thing that I made my living by... It was a strange feeling, guilt, having it for the first time since high school. And I cannot live with it. Even what I had to do to your little Serbian friend is tearing me apart. I sent his brother a check this afternoon, to cover the funeral. I never would have done that before. I am giving up my current profession. After tonight I will have made enough money that, combined with Eve's father's life insurance policy, Eve, her children, and myself can live comfortably for the rest of our lives.

LAVEAU

You're going to kill Francis Orwell?

PAUL

No, you are. And I'm going to give you fifty thousand dollars to do it. That is over twice your current rate, of course.

LAVEAU

What makes you so sure that I'd go through with it?

PAUL

Because you're a psychopath. You know it. I know it. Only a man with no soul could kill for money with such zeal. You don't care who you hurt, who you cross. Honestly, I have six right hand men operating in this town, you haven't even succeeded in finding and killing one of them, which is what you were hired to do, was it not? Take me down? You were more concerned with the cold-blooded killing of a bunch of dumb kids. Oh, maybe you've convinced yourself that this is all the result of some kind of jading, some result of you seeing things you wished you'd never seen. What did you expect to see as a policeman, Mr. Laveau, bunny rabbits? You told your little girlfriend that you saw a woman cut into bits and it made you quit your career. Bullshit, Mr. Laveau. What you saw was a reflection of your own soul. What you were capable of. It repulsed you. You tried to run from it, but then you embraced it.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PAUL (CONT'D)

But you haven't embraced it yet. Not fully. You still pretend to mourn your friend's death, you still try to convince yourself that you can profess affection for that hippe skank. Soon, though, you won't be able to hide from the truth anymore. You won't be able to deny your own essence. None of us can deny who we are. And who you are, is a killer. And the sooner you can accept that, Laveau, The sooner you can get on with your life, and kill some more people.

Laveau sits back and looks at Paul.

LAVEAU

Anyone ever point out the fact you look and act like a Bond villain?

EVE

(interrupting)

I want Arthur done, too.

LAVEAU

What?

PAUL

Sweetheart, we were going to ease him into that one...

LAVEAU

You certainly had a change of heart, now didn't you?

EVE

Weren't you the one making me the offer again just a few weeks ago in the bar at Maurice's?

LAVEAU

I was trying to put things into perspective for you.

EVE

He has to die, Clare. So that we can all move on with our lives. Look at what he's become. He's not even a man anymore. He'd be happier dead; and you know that's the truth. If you did him in, it wouldn't be murder, it'd be a mercy killing.

LAVEAU

Christ, Eve...

PAUL

Christ is nowhere to be found anywhere here, Mr. Laveau.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PAUL (CONT'D)

Now if you don't mind I rather would take Eve away from here. She is trying to kick her habit, and I am trying to help her. And this is an unhealthy environment. Still, I wanted you to see it. Go enjoy yourself; no one here will harm you. And don't forget about the offers that have been laid out for you tonight. Good evening.

Paul rises, takes Eve by the arm, and leaves through a rear passageway, leaving Laveau alone in the crypt. He rises, and walks back out into the throng of kids. The performance artists are really getting into it now. Strobe lights flash.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

-LAVEAU KNEELS OVER A TABLE AND SNORTS COKE

-LAVEAU DOWNS BOOZE BY THE GLASSFUL

-LAVEAU IMMERSSES HIMSELF IN THE CROWD, STARING AROUND WIDE EYED. IN FRACTURED, BROKEN SHOTS, HE SEES THE PEOPLE HE'S KILLED DANCING AROUND HIM: TYRELL, CARLO, BIFF, ARNOLD, ETC. THEY ALL LOOK LIKE THEY DID WHEN HE KILLED THEM. LAVEAU TAKES OUT HIS SUNGLASSES AND PUTS THEM ON.

THE CAMERA CRANES UP AND ROTATES 360 DEGREES AS IT PULLS AWAY, AND WE...

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN ON:

INT. WILSON HOME, AFTERNOON

There's a knock at the front door. No one comes to answer it; the doorknob slowly twists and Laveau enters. He looks around.

LAVEAU
Arthur? Arthur?

Laveau hears a television set. He closes the door behind him and follows the sound. He finds Arthur sitting in a pair of too-tight white briefs, eating cookie dough with a spoon, watching Star Trek on TV.

LAVEAU (CONT'D)
Jesus, Arthur.

Arthur doesn't look up.

ARTHUR
Hey, Clare. Sorry, didn't want to come to the door like this.

LAVEAU
It's OK. You were drunk. We both were. Actually I still am.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LAVEAU (CONT'D)
Anyway, I owe you an apology, for hitting you.

ARTHUR
I'm real sorry about that.

LAVEAU
It's OK. You were drunk. We both were. I owe you an apology, for hitting you.

ARTHUR
No, it's all right. I deserved it. I shouldn't have done that. Do you want some of this?

LAVEAU
No, it's OK.

Arthur eats more dough, stares at the TV set.

ARTHUR
Why couldn't I have married someone more Counselor Troi?

LAVEAU
It's a TV show, Art, women like that don't exist.

Arthur looks as if he's just been told there's no Santa Claus. He goes back to stuffing his face. He reaches over and picks up a glass of beer.

LAVEAU (CONT'D)
Besides, if you'd have married someone else, you never would've had Hanna and Kevin.

ARTHUR
Yeah...

LAVEAU
You love them, don't you.

ARTHUR
More than anything.

LAVEAU
And you want them to have the best, right?

ARTHUR
Well, yeah.

LAVEAU
Yeah.

Laveau sighs. He's acting like he's not going to see Arthur again for a long time.

(CONTINUED)

LAVEAU (CONT'D)
Arthur?

 ARTHUR
Yeah?

 LAVEAU
Why didn't you ever tell me your
father in law was Francis Orwell?

 ARTHUR
You just found out?

 LAVEAU
Yeah.

 ARTHUR
Oh. I thought you knew.

Laveau goes on stuffing his face. He finishes his beer. Laveau watches Arthur as he stares at the TV set and drops a wad of cookie dough onto his stomach. He scoops it up with his hand and stuffs it in his mouth.

 LAVEAU
Hey, you want some more beer, man?

 ARTHUR
Hey, that'd be great. In the
fridge.

Laveau goes and picks up Arthur's glass. As he heads off:

 ARTHUR (CONT'D)
Clare? What I said last night,
about loving you? I meant it. You
really have been good to me.

 LAVEAU
I love you too, man. Be right back.

Laveau heads into the kitchen. He opens the fridge, removes a can of beer, and looks over his shoulder to make sure Arthur hasn't followed him or isn't watching. He pours the beer, then reaches into his coat and comes out with a box of sleeping pills. Laveau pops about a dozen out of their tin-foil rap and puts them in the beer. He finds a spoon and stirs it until the pills dissolve, then goes back and gives it to Arthur.

 LAVEAU (CONT'D)
Here you go.

 ARTHUR
Thanks man.

 LAVEAU
Hey, you mind, if I watch this with
you?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LAVEAU (CONT'D)
I've heard some pretty good stuff,
but I never seen an episode.

ARTHUR
Hey, yeah, yeah, sure, sit down.
They're having a marathon. I'll
tell you who everyone is.

Arthur takes a big gulp of beer. Laveau watches. Tears fill up in Laveau's eyes. He quickly looks away from Arthur. And stands up-

LAVEAU
May I use your washroom Art?

ARTHUR
Ya, sure, friend. Go through the
kitchen and its in the hall on the
left.

LAVEAU
Thanks.

Laveau heads to the kitchen looking back at Arthur.

LAVEAU'S P.O.V.
Arthur takes a big swig of the beer. CAMERA moves with it up to his mouth as he takes a drink then down when he sets it on the little table nest to him.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. WILSON HOME, EARLY MORNING

INSERT ON,
The nearly-full glass is now completely empty. The camera slowly pans back up to Arthur, dead on the couch.

Laveau sits in a chair, head in his hands. When he picks his head up, we see that he has been crying. He wipes his face, removes the box of sleeping pills from his coat, and wipes it thoroughly on his jacket. Using the edge of his jacket to hold the box, he carefully sets it down next to the empty glass. Laveau takes one last look at Arthur; he picks up a blanket off the end of the couch and carefully lays it across Arthur, covering him from the chest down. Then he turns quietly and leaves.

CUT TO:

INT. LAVEAU'S APARTMENT, MOMENTS LATER

The locks on Laveau's door open violently. He enters, looking shaken. He looks around at everything, and then proceeds to violently trash the place, screaming, crying, and wailing. He ends up in his deskchair, sobbing, holding his face in his hands. After he finally calms himself, he picks the phone up, and dials.

(CONTINUED)

LAVEAU
Mr. Orwell, please.

CUT TO:

INT. CLARE LAVEAU'S OFFICE, DAY

Laveau sits at his desk, ponderously. A knock comes at the door. He rises, moves through the apartment. He looks out the peephole and then opens it up. There is Mr. Orwell.

LAVEAU
Francis, I'm glad you could make
it. This way, please.

They move back towards Laveau's office.

ORWELL
Well, of course, Mr. Laveau, you
said that it was of the utmost
importance, I am not going to, to
just leave you in the lurch.

They get to Laveau's office. Laveau gestures for Orwell to take a seat, which he does. Laveau offers Orwell a smoke, which Orwell takes; Laveau lights it for him, then goes and sits behind his desk.

ORWELL (CONT'D)
And before we begin, please, allow
me to extend my deepest condolences
about your friend.

Laveau nods, silently, and drums his fingers on his desk. Orwell watches him, takes a drag on his cigarette.

ORWELL (CONT'D)
You said you needed to speak with
me?

LAVEAU
Francis, it's over.

ORWELL
Over?

LAVEAU
You see, I've learned something
about myself in the past few days,
Francis. I'm a cold blooded son of
a bitch. And I don't really care
who I kill. But wasting drug
dealers, quite frankly, has gotten
a bit boring. I'm thinking about
moving on to... bigger and better
things, if you get my drift. So,
ah, I'd like to thank you for the
opportunity... and the money...

(CONTINUED)

Laveau takes out his .380, aims it at Orwell.

LAVEAU (CONT'D)

Au revoir.

Orwell nods calmly.

ORWELL

Listen, Clare, I understand that you are upset about your friend

LAVEAU

This isn't just about Mile, God almighty, what the fuck did I just tell you?

ORWELL

Please, there's no need to be harsh about this.

LAVEAU

Harsh? Harsh? How many men in this country hire their own private hitman to kill the undesirables in their communities? Do you have any idea how fucked up this would look to any sane person in the country?

ORWELL

Fucked up? Let me tell you something, my friend, the only thing fucked up is that my community is and has been in danger of becoming the very thing that I created Eden NOT to be, and that is a den of drug dealers and gang members threatening the well being of the good people.

LAVEAU

Jesus Christ, Orwell, good people? The only good people in Eden are six feet underneath marble headstones. You yourself, I know that you're pushing the drugs.

ORWELL

All for the good of the town.

LAVEAU

The people in this town are fucking degenerates, and their kids are goddamn monsters! By the time they reach their parents' age you're going to have a society of Antichrists on your hands!

ORWELL

Silence! I will not tolerate such blasphemy about my community!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ORWELL (CONT'D)

You tell me that my people are fucked up, that it is wrong for me to try and protect them? Everything I have had you do, everything that I have ever done, has all been for the benefit of this community. You see Clare, there's something I didn't tell you, something very important that I think you ought to know, that will change the way you think of what you are doing. I told you, the night that I first sat by the lake, the anxiety that I felt? I never told you why I felt that anxiety, that fear. You see, Clare, the reason I felt that way, by the lake, that night, is because that is when I realized, that I am God.

Laveau stares, incredulous.

ORWELL (CONT'D)

And to clarify that for you, I don't mean in any sort of metaphorical sense, because I founded this town, no, I mean, I am literally God Himself.

Laveau is speechless.

ORWELL (CONT'D)

And now my son, perhaps you will think twice about your mission, your holy mission, to cleanse my land, my Eden, of her impurities, and make it safe again for my children.

LAVEAU

I think you should know, Francis, that your daughter is having an affair with the Dutchman. And she's asked me to kill you. But this isn't for her. This is for me.

ORWELL

Oh, what, what, what are you going to do with that? Shoot me? What do you think that a bullet can do, to God almighty? You think that you, and your gun, and the Dutchman, and my slut daughter can take down the creator of Heaven and Earth? Go ahead, put one in me, we'll see how well you fare in the afterlife.

Laveau shoots Orwell in the stomach. Of course, blood gushes out, and Orwell jerks backwards, his face bearing a look of absolute shock.

ORWELL (CONT'D)

Mister, you just bought yourself a one way ticket to the ninth circle.

(CONTINUED)

Laveau rises from his desk, aims at Orwell, shoots him several times in the body and head. Orwell's corpse, pumped full of rounds, slumps in its chair. Laveau walks around his desk, kicks the chair with his ex-employer backwards; Ala` the corpse from the beginning of the film. Laveau stands there, staring down at Orwell's body. He takes a deep breath, and calmly puts his gun away. His hands are shaking. He turns to the door, claps to shut off all the lights, and leaves.

CUT TO:

INT. DENNY'S, EVENING

Laveau sits in a booth at Denny's. Off in a corner are a bunch of the ARTY KIDS from the mausoleum party. Laveau sits, staring ahead, sipping from a coffee cup. A young, twenty year-old WAITER approaches.

WAITER
More coffee, sir?

LAVEAU
What? Oh, yeah... Pleasant evening,
ain't it?

WAITER
I wouldn't know, sir, I have the
late shift. I gotta deal with them.

The waiter motions to the arty kids in the corner, who have stuck cigarettes in their straws and are smoking them.

ARTY KID
My next poem, is an accusatory
piece against Seth, who last week
called my poem "Death
pretentious"...

WAITER
Tuition's due in a week. I gotta
pull down all the shifts I can.

LAVEAU
College kid, huh?

WAITER
Third year. Goin' for my Ph.D in
Music.

LAVEAU
Third year?

WAITER
Yeah.

LAVEAU
Good boy. You don't give it up,
hear me? Take it from a sorry old
SOB: Don't let your dream die.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LAVEAU (CONT'D)

No matter what happens to you, you don't let something get in the way of it. You work for it, and if you get it, you don't let it go. Capice?

WAITER

Yeah man, sure.

LAVEAU

Good. Now, how about that coffee?

The waiter turns to get Laveau's coffee. When he's out of sight, Laveau rises from his seat, takes out his wallet, and slaps down a huge wad of cash: everything he's got left in his wallet. The waiter heads back towards Laveau.

LAVEAU (CONT'D)

You know what? I changed my mind about that coffee. You have a good night.

Laveau tips his head to the waiter and leaves.

CUT TO:

INT. CLARE LAVEAU'S OFFICE/APARTMENT- THAT MOMENT

The door slowly opens. Light from the apartment proper pours into the office, but it is a dank, dull light that does little to illuminate the place. Laveau enters, locks the door again and walks towards his desk; as he does so, he gives a half-assed CLAP CLAP of his hands; an unseen CLAPPER turns the lights on in his office, revealing Orwell's corpse. A puddle of blood surrounds it. Laveau regards it for a moment.

LAVEAU

(slurred)
Motherfucker.

Laveau soccer-kicks the corpse right in the head. A tiny splatter of blood flies up and strikes Laveau in the face; this pisses him off even more and he spits on the corpse. Laveau turns to his desk, removes his hat, and sets it down; he reaches into his coat at waist-level and comes out with a .380 caliber pistol. He pulls back the slide and allows the final remaining bullet to fall into the palm of his hand. Laveau goes to his chair and slumps down into it, exhausted. He looks at the corpse again, then at the bullet in his hand. He holds it in his thumb and forefinger and brings it inclose to his face to inspect it. Laveau sets the bullet down, picks up the phone, and dials.

LAVEAU (CONT'D)

Sally? I need you to get over here right away. It's about Kurt. What? No. He's fine. Just hurry up. That stuff I told you about the other night? Well, Yo-Yo is knee deep in the middle of it. I'm gonna help him, OK? Look, just get over here, all right?

(CONTINUED)

Laveau hangs up. He looks around his apartment, and smirks. He gathers up a briefcase with all of the money he's made. Picks up the phone again and dials...

IAN
This is Ian Kruger

LAVEAU
Hey, Ian? Bad news, pal...

INT. LAVEAU'S APARTMENT, MOMENTS LATER

CAMERA PANS ACROSS THE EMPTY ROOM....

The door swings open.

SALLY ANN (O.S.)
Clare? Clare?

Sally Ann enters the office. She sees the two corpses on the floor; she trembles, braces herself against the door-frame. Then, she screams. Just then, there comes a pounding at the door. Sally Ann turns and runs to the door. She flings it open and falls crying against Ian.

SALLY ANN (CONT'D)
Oh God! Oh God!

Ian looks questioningly at her and then forces his way past, into Laveau's office, followed by his commando team. Ian looks at the mess; his face has no real reaction.

SALLY ANN (CONT'D)
I got here, and they were....they were... Oh God! Oh God!

IAN
Sally Ann Sanders, you're under arrest for the murder of Francis Orwell.

SALLY ANN
Wh-what?!

The commandos grab Sally Ann. She starts slapping at them.

SALLY ANN (CONT'D)
You motherfuckers! You can't get away with this, cocksuckers! You're dead, you hear me, you can't get away with this!

One of the commandos slugs Sally Ann and she goes down, finally shutting her up. Ian looks down at Orwell; his back is to the commandos, so none of them sees him smile and hike up his eyebrows.

Music Cue: "OLD WHORE'S DIET", by Rufus Wainwright plays over sequence until noted. Lyrics posted below...

(CONTINUED)

OLD WHORE'S DIET
Old Whore's Diet An old whore's
diet gets me going in the mornin'
Ain't nothing like it, gets me
going in the mornin' To say I love
you, gets me going where I want to
Oh, oh gets me going Oh, oh gets me
going in the mornin' (Repeats)
Hell, either here or hell will do
Either here or hell will employ you
Suicidal assistance...
An old whore's diet

EXT. LAVEAU'S APARTMENT BUILDING, DAY

There's a big hubbub of reporters and police as a crying, hysterical Sally Ann is dragged out by the police in handcuffs. Sherrif Wallace and Ian step in front of reporters to address them.

DISSOLVE INTO:

EXT. CEMETERY, DAY

CAMERA ANGLE, LOOKING UP FROM THE BOTTOM OF A GRAVE AS A COFFIN IS LOWERED IN, FINALLY OBSCURING THE CAMERA LENS.

Above ground, a sad Eve stands with Paul's arm around her as she stares down into the grave. A PREACHER delivers a eulogy. Hannah and Kevin stand in front of Eve and Paul; Kevin is crying harder than Hanna. Hanna steps forward and tosses rose petals into the pit.

DISSOLVE INTO:

EXT. HOTEL BALCONY, DAY

A hotel balcony overlooking some far away location. Laveau stands there in an expensive looking bathrobe, smoking a big cigar, looking out over the land plaintively. He takes a drag. A SEXY GIRL comes out and grabs the belt of his bathrobe, holding up a pair of handcuffs. Laveau grins and turns to follow her back into the hotel, revealing his .380 sticking out of the pocket of his robe.

EXT. CEMETERY, DAY

In a different cemetery, a massive state funeral is being held for Francis Orwell. People have shown up in droves. A stoic PRIEST stands at a podium in front of hundreds of people, all of them overreacting with dramatic screaming, tears, etc. Ian, SHERRIF Wallace, and Diane BAKER sit off to the side, watching nearly expressionless. When all is said and done, Ian rises, moves to a blanket covered object, and removes the blanket, revealing a big granite monument to Orwell.

DISSOLVE INTO:

INT. COURTROOM, DAY

Sally Ann sits at a defense table in tears. Ian is on the stand, giving testimony. A LAWYER addresses him and Ian points accusingly at Sally Ann. Sally Ann has a fit and starts screaming; the judge pounds his gavel.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. AIRPORT, DAY

CAMERA PANS ACROSS THE TERMINAL,

A boarding call has just been made, and Paul Van Bredam, Eve, Kevin, and Hanna all make their way toward the gate. As they pass by a newspaper stand, we see the head story: "Jazz Singer CONVICTED of Homicide"

Beside this is a picture of Sally Ann in her prison jumpsuit. Another headline reads: FORMER ORWELL AIDE STEPS UP AS COMMUNITY LEADER Beside this last headline is a photo of Ian standing at a podium, addressing reporters. Eve, Paul, and the children make it to the gate. The kids are arguing with one another; Paul and Eve look ahead, faces beaming with hope for the future.

MUSIC FADES OUT.

FADE OUT.