

THIS IS WHAT YOU GET...

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. ELEVATED "L" PLATFORM - NIGHT

Five large whited-out billboards spray-painted one word at a time, form the sentence "THIS REALITY IS MY CREATION" leading halfway across an empty platform along the railing.

White paint drippings across the platform lead to DANNY RAMONE, 20, ruggedly handsome, short Mohawk, bulky coat. White paint runs down the sides of a gallon can and drips off a roller on top of it onto his boots and pools around them.

He airbrushes two tribal men wrapped in robes and scarves on the next large whited-out billboard along the railing. The two men stand on a mountain labeled "Afghanistan" looking up.

Above them is a jet with the Christian cross on its belly. Dropping bombs covered in misspelled corporate logo decals. Like stock-cars, roaring down the Daytona Speedway.

DANNY

(to tribal men)

The Christians are coming.

He pulls a twelve-inch metal hook from inside his coat as two cops, ALICE, 25, and LORNA, 52, burst onto the platform.

He hooks the top rail and jumps over before Alice reaches the railing. Accidentally kicks the paint can off the platform...

STREET LEVEL

Danny bounces on the hood of a parked car at the curb. Looks up as he hangs from a bungee cord looped around his wrist:

DANNY

Time to...

He sees the paint can fall. Inches from his head. He leaps to

THE SIDEWALK

The pail hits the car hood. An explosion of paint drenches him as he pulls out a box-cutter. Cuts the cord.

He removes his drenched coat. An oxygen cylinder is strapped to his back upside-down with a regulator gage connected to a hose that leads from a paint can to an air-brush in his hand.

Lorna jumps off the stairs onto the sidewalk toward him.

He rolls the apparatus toward her. Sprints away.

Danny looks over his shoulder as he runs. Laughs as he sees Lorna back away from the cylinder.

DANNY

Works every goddamn time, I... shh-shit!

He sees Alice jumps over the cylinder in full stride. Yelling to Lorna:

ALICE

Go around the block, Lorna. I got the white rabbit.

Danny looks down and hops on one paint-drenched boot as he removes the other boot. Sees a trail of white boot prints leading to Alice, closing on him.

ALICE (CONT'D)

You're all mine.

He throws the boot. She dodges it. He runs past an eclectic collection of retail storefronts just ahead of her:

DANNY

Come on, Alice!

He ducks into a doorway.

ALICE

I got you, rabbit!

She skids to a halt. The boot prints end before a glass door painted with elongated letters spelling "Wormhole Records" around the edge of a black LP sized record disk.

She rattles the doorknob. Door locked. The store is dark. She stares curiously into the center of the "Wormhole Records" logo. Taps her curled-finger on the glass:

ALICE (CONT'D)

That's curious.

INT. WARREN'S HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

A cell phone buzzes as it vibrates across an exquisite nightstand in a bedroom full of matching furniture.

WARREN FOLEY, 34, athletic build, slick-back hair. Handmade shirt. Tie. Rushes from the bathroom. Toilet paper hangs from his boxers' fly as he tosses a bottle of lotion on the bed.

He yanks a red jump drive out of an open laptop on the pillow. Shuts the lid.

He tosses the red jump drive on the nightstand. Catches the cell phone as it walks off the nightstand.

He takes a flower from a vase of flowers. Bites the stem with his teeth. Smiles at his reflection in a mirror on the wall.

WARREN

Mirror, mirror, I'm the man.

He pulls a cell phone from under the pillow. His smile turns into a frown as he sees the number on the screen:

WARREN (CONT'D)

You again...

He holds the phone between his shoulder and cheek. Grabs a pair of suit pants from the bed. Smirks at his reflection as he hops into his pants. Buttons and zips them:

WARREN (CONT'D)

(into cell phone)

Hey babe. Why so early?

The toilet tissue now hangs from his pants fly as a woman's voice squawks inaudibly from the phone against his ear.

He grabs the laptop. Slides it on the nightstand. Rushes out.

ANGLE

The red jump drive bounces behind the nightstand.

EXT. CUL-DE-SAC - WARREN'S HOUSE - DAY

JODY, 12, in a baseball cap. Backpack full of newspapers. Rides a kick scooter under an "ELM STREET" and "DEAD END" sign as she enters the half-circle street.

She throws papers onto half-circle driveways where Hummers guard sleek sports cars before custom homes.

As she steps just short of "1313" stenciled on the next driveway. A white sports car parked there. Grabs a paper...

INT. WARREN'S HOUSE - FRONT FOYER - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Warren stops halfway down the stairs at a window. Sees an SUV skids around Jody to a halt on his driveway.

IRATE WOMAN, 37, in tennis attire. Jumps out of the SUV. Snatches the paper from Jody's hand.

Warren smiles as he aims his cell phone through the glass and taps an umbrella icon on the screen.

EXT. WARREN'S HOUSE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The water sprinklers go on, dousing the Irate Woman. Valiantly she winds up her pitching arm with the newspaper as she crosses the front lawn. Screaming into her cell phone:

IRATE WOMAN
 (into phone)
 Get out here now, Warren! Or I'm
 coming inside with the blessed
 fucking news!

INT. WARREN'S HOUSE - FRONT FOYER - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Warren races down the stairs. Rips the toilet paper from his fly as he lowers his voice to a whisper into the cell phone:

WARREN
 You did this to me on purpose. You
 conniving little...

He jumps the last two steps. Whips open the front door...

The flying wet newspaper smacks him in the crotch. Unfolds on the stoop. He grunts at the headline "THIS IS WHAT YOU GET."

INT. HAVE A GAS STATION/MINIMART - DAY

Five aisles of junk food, magazines, and chips.

The middle aisle leads to coffee makers and a Slushee machine on a counter over cabinets between a wall of coolers.

DANCER, 16, dreadlocks overflow her hair wrap. Bounces her foot on an empty stroller. Scratches her way through a string of instant game tickets to the floor at an automated lottery machine.

DANCER
 Momma needs a new cell phone.

GENA PETRO, 32, pretty, muscular, messy blonde hair, eyes closed, behind the counter. Her back to the window. Her ear presses a handset phone to her shoulder:

GENA
 (into phone)
 Yes. But Mister... Richards. I just
 can't believe you... You're--
 (chews on her pen)
 Doing this to me. I'm already
 working eighty hours a week.

She looks out the window beyond the old gas pumps as the sun rises over a "Have A Gas & Minimart" sign near the street.

GENA (CONT'D)

(into phone)

If you could just give me another week. Vegas and I can't continue to live in my car. Please, Sir! Hello? Fucker! I hate being hung up on.

She drop-kicks the phone. Battery, back, phone, scurry apart.

GENA (CONT'D)

Fuck yourself next time, Dick.

O.S. SOMEONE BANGS ON THE GLASS...

She her wipes tears off. Turns to Danny, the Someone outside. Banging on the transaction window above the cash-tray.

DANNY

Good morning, Gena!

She drops a clipboard in the cash-tray. Sends it out to him.

GENA

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

DANNY

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

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

GENA (OVER PA)

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

He takes the clipboard, drops a ring of house keys on top of the caricature on the cash-tray. Sends it in. Limpes away.

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

She sneers with extreme prejudice out the window at Danny.

EXT. HAVE A GAS STATION/MINIMART - DAY - CONTINUOUS

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

He steps behind a rusty ragged topped convertible parked along the building. Pushes the bumper up and down. He has an X tattooed across the back of each hand.

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

VEGAS PETRO, 17, short blonde beauty, big white shades, exits the car. Steps on the skateboard. Slings an acoustic guitar on a strap over her shoulder. Skateboards around Danny.

VEGAS

You rock, I roll, Danny boy!

DANNY

Hey Vegas, I got that pirate tape of The Germs at Masque Club in 78 at the record store.

VEGAS

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

He steps in front of her. She tails skids into him.

DANNY

(grabs her leather lapels)
"Their American leather..."

VEGAS

(laughingly)
"Laughter forever..."

DANNY

"Now I hear laughter."

She dismounts. Kicks the skateboard up into her hands.

VEGAS

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

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

DANNY

Double suicides or a conspiracy to remove our future leaders?

VEGAS

Self-destruction is the purest act of anarchy.

DANNY
Anarchy is chaos, disorder, law of
the jungle. Kill and be killed.

He grabs the skateboard from her. Jumps on. Circles her.

VEGAS
Fuck off and die.

DANNY
Kurt was a fag in drag.

VEGAS
Circle jerks are homos!

She gives him the finger as she enters the station, smiling.

INT. HAVE A GAS STATION/MINIMART - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Vegas enters. Her smile turns into a snarl. As Gena steps out from behind the counter around her:

GENA
God bless you and your just-in-
timing. You know Danny won't bring
the clipboard in until he sees you.

Vegas watches Gena go down the aisle into a bathroom.

VEGAS
Hey momma, can we please get out of
here at a decent hour for a change
thank you?

GENA (O.S.)
Make yourself at home behind the
register.

Vegas skateboards behind the counter, yelling:

VEGAS
Can I have my own room someday?

GENA (O.S.)
What for, dear?

Vegas rolls from behind the counter toward the bathroom.
Strums the guitar and sings:

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

GENA (O.S.)
 No suicidal grunge rocking through
 the store, baby girl.

Vegas mimes shooting herself in the mouth with her fingers
 and thumb gun.

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

Vegas plays rock-a-billy on her way back down the aisle.

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

A bell on a circular metal coil hung on the door chimes as a
 long-haired skinny TEEN BOY in a bucket hat enters the store.

GENA (O.S.)
 Stop the rock-a-billy. Get back up
 front. Put the gee-tar down. No
 more encores, thank you. And do-as-
 you're-told, baby girl. We got
 customers.

Vegas rolls past the bathroom toward the counter. Twangs on
 the guitar strings and sings:

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

She spins behind the counter. Stands the guitar in a corner.
 Grabs a pack of cigarettes from the display. Rolls back out.

She pockets the pack as she passes behind the Dancer. As she
 scratches off the last of her instant tickets:

DANCER
 Five 'ill get me fifty.

Vegas grabs a bag of nacho chips from an aisle display as she
 spins around. Opens the bag as she tail-skids behind Dancer.

She crunches chips as she taps on the Dancer's shoulder.

VEGAS
 The machine ate your baby, Dancer.

Dancer looks at the empty stroller and rushes to the crane
 game window.

DANCER
 Oh, God! My baby! Will somebody
 please help me?!

Gena rushes out of the bathroom down the aisle. Wide-eyed.

GENA
I'll be goddamned!

Her panic matches the screaming Dancer as she and Vegas stare inside the crane game.

VEGAS
It's baby heaven.

A HAPPY BABY, six months old. Sleeps on a pile of soft animals. Sucks on a stuffed red apple.

The mirror reflects Dancer's shocked face. Her jaw drops as her eyes roll back and she faints.

Gena catches her and eases her to the floor.

GENA
Baby girl, please stay here till I
get back.

She removes her sweater. Folds it. Puts it under Dancer's head. Runs to the bathroom.

Vegas steps over Dancer toward the crane game.

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

She stares through the crane game Plexiglas. Teen Boy looks over her shoulder:

TEEN BOY
Can I play next?

VEGAS
You're demented.

Gena kneels and applies a wet cloth to the Dancer's forehead.

GENA
Baby girl, call the fire
department. Will ya, please?

Vegas gives Teen Boy her taco chips. Goes behind the counter.

The bell chimes as Danny enters. Drifts toward the counter. Watches Dancer on the floor. Gena with the towel to her head.

Vegas grabs a ring of keys by a prescription bottle of square green pills and a .38 revolver on a shelf under the register. Pockets the keys before Danny gets behind the counter.

DANNY

What's with sleeping beauty?

VEGAS

A dwarf took her place under glass.

Danny puts the clipboard behind the .38 under the register. Looks for the keys. Grabs the prescription bottle. Reads "RENO FOLEY 1313 ELM STREET" on the label.

DANNY

Where are my keys, Gena?

GENA (O.S.)

Look by the prescription bottle on the shelf under the register.

Vegas collects the parts of the phone from the floor. Puts it together on the counter. Punches 9-1-1.

DANNY

Am I missing something?

VEGAS

(hand over the phone)

Shh. I got Prince Charming on the hook.

(into phone)

This is the Have A Gas Station Minimart. We need an ambulance and fire rescue. No. A sleeping beauty crawled up the crane game's ass.

She sets the phone in its cradle. As he pats himself down.

DANNY

You're witty.

VEGAS

It gets me noticed.

DANNY

Have you seen my keys?

VEGAS

First your boot. Now the keys. Hmm?

DANNY

This is a conspiracy.

VEGAS
Paranoia, they destroy ya.

He uses his middle finger to chime the bell on the door.

INT. WARREN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Walls to ceiling, the room is a page out of an interior design magazine.

RENO FOLEY, 29, thin, raven-haired beauty, in robe, sits up on the couch with a bent unlit cigarette in her mouth.

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

She stumbles to her feet with pillow creases and mashed hair on one side of her face as she walks into the

KITCHEN

Reno switches on a boom box on the granite counter top on her way by.

Loud punk rock wafts through a canyon of stainless steel appliances as she opens the patio door. Leans out. Lights her cigarette.

She blows smoke rings and peers through them across the

EXT. WARREN'S HOUSE - POOLSIDE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

An automated cover hums as it closes over the pool water.

Warren lays on a weight bench by the pool bench-pressing two hundred pounds. Sets the bar on the rack. Gets to his feet.

He grabs a suit coat off a 3-Iron on the diving board. Puts the coat on. Flower in his lapel. Looks across the pool at

INT. WARREN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Reno takes the cigarette out of her mouth. Tears the lit end off. Tosses it. Ducks back in through the patio doors.

She flips a switch on the wall by the sink. Drops the cigarette in the grinding jaws of the garbage disposal.

Warren enters. Pissed. Slaps the disposal switch to off.

WARREN
I knew it. Again.

RENO
If it's new, how can it be again,
counselor?

WARREN
Give your fucking word games a
rest. Pucker up.

He gets in her face to kiss her.

RENO
Up yours.

She lifts her chin. Turns away.

He grabs a cigarette pack from her robe. Unplugs the radio.

WARREN
What's yours is mine.

RENO
I'll get fatter if I quit.

WARREN
Exercise. I have five and ten-pound
weights out there. Learn to swim.

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

RENO
I almost drown in that accident.

She grabs the sprayer from the sink:

RENO (CONT'D)
This is as close as I get to the
pool.

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

He grabs her wrist. Takes the sprayer. Jams it on its mount.

WARREN
A few pounds off couldn't hurt.

She pushes her belly out. Grabs the flower from his lapel.
Offers the flower to him.

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

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

WARREN

A baby!

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

RENO

I'd be such a good loving mother.

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

WARREN

We've been over this many times.

RENO

Please...

WARREN

Gena and Vegas are coming over with a new prescription for you.

He offers her the green pills in his hand.

RENO

You can't remember anything, ever. But you never forget to call Gena.

WARREN

Take them. They'll clear your head.

RENO

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

WARREN

Sure, sweetie. Go on.

She grabs the pills. Pops them in her mouth.

RENO

Did you fuck the newspaper girl's mom?

WARREN

I told you, I've changed.

RENO

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

WARREN

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

RENO

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

She curtsies and bows:

RENO (CONT'D)

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

WARREN

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

RENO

Coming and going. Not much change.

WARREN

I've got that big verdict today.

RENO

Another one of your alleged murdering drug dealers?

WARREN

He owns the biggest car dealership in the city.

RENO

Kiss my ass, you fool.

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

WARREN

We better make that fifteen pounds.

RENO

I'm just your sagging workhorse.

WARREN

What do you want from me?

RENO

A baby?

WARREN

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

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

RENO

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

She spits the pills into her hand. Slaps them on top of the
fridge. Goes after him.

LIVING ROOM

Reno catches Warren at the front door. Wipes her tears away.

WARREN

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

RENO

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

WARREN

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

RENO

I'd be a good loving mother.

He slams the door on his way out.

Reno stomps back down the hallway into the

KITCHEN

Reno slaps the pills off the fridge. They hit the floor. She
hunts them down. Stomps on them. Turns on the disposal.

She grabs the flower off the counter. Dips it into the
grinding disposal jaws. Her fingers dangerously close.

RENO

Wish I may...

She pulls out the flower. It's all tattered.

RENO (CONT'D)

That I might...

She kisses the tattered flower.

RENO (CONT'D)

Make him love me again!

She drops the flower into the disposal.

She switches the boom box on. Pounds on the refrigerator door to the fast punk rock beat as she slides to the floor.

She wipes tears from her eyes. Wipes scuff-marks off the floor with her wet fingers:

RENO (CONT'D)
Welcome to the bottom of the
wishing well.

EXT. CUL-DE-SAC - WARREN'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - DAY

Warren puts a cordless headset on. Backs against the white sports car as Vegas pulls the rusty convertible alongside him. She leans out her window. Smiles at his wet pant leg.

VEGAS
Someone rain on your parade,
Warren?

WARREN
Always sunny in Vegas.

Gena slouches in the passenger seat behind sunglasses.

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

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

VEGAS
See anything you want?

WARREN
Whose picture's in there?

She slaps his hand away.

VEGAS
Yours of course.

WARREN
What does the "A" stand for?

VEGAS
Antichrist.

WARREN
You're funny.

VEGAS
Hey there slick, wanna trade cars?

WARREN

Can you handle a stick?

She smacks his ass as he gets in his car.

VEGAS

You do have Alzheimer's.

WARREN

Yeah, so don't bother to remind me.

VEGAS

What happens in--

He presses his hand over her mouth.

WARREN

Vegas!

She taps on his headset earphone:

VEGAS

Who are you always talking to on that headset?

WARREN

Satan demands one's heart and soul.

He shifts his eyes off Vegas onto Gena. As she exits the car.

GENA

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

WARREN

You're alive?

VEGAS

Mom pretends to sleep when I drive. Her ignorance is my bliss.

Gena lowers her glasses. Stares at Vegas. Applauds:

GENA

Open eyes are of endless encouragement to dramatists.

Vegas bows and takes-off on her skateboard toward the house.

Warren smiles at Gena:

WARREN

I wonder where she gets it.

Gena bites his ear. Whispers:

GENA

Same place you do. Hands off Vegas.

WARREN

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

She rattles the prescription bottle at him:

GENA

Making Reno crazy isn't enough.
Danny took the bait. Vegas is
bringing him to the gas station
tonight.

Warren kisses her cheek:

WARREN

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

He shows her a chrome .45 automatic in his waistband. Gets in
the car. Lays-rubber out of the driveway.

INT. FOLEY HOUSE - FRONT FOYER - DAY

Reno hurries up the steps. Crosses the landing. Disappears in
the first of three bedroom doors.

O.S. LOUD OPERA MUSIC PLAYS.

She exits one bedroom. Enters the second bedroom.

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

She rushes out and into the third bedroom.

She leaps out of the third bedroom.

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

She stomps down the stairs.

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

KITCHEN

Reno grabs a can of beer from the fridge. Drinks some. Sticks
her other hand out.

Vegas enters. Puts the pack of cigarette in Reno's hand:

VEGAS

Your sis-is coming fast.

Reno pockets the cigarettes. Gena enters. Rattles the prescription bottle in her hand and takes the beer from Reno.

GENA

You're not sleeping again.
Obsessing over having a baby.

RENO

What good is sleep? Only my
nightmares ever come true?

Gena and Reno stare lovingly in each other's eyes. Finger-comb each other's hair back.

GENA

Did you take your pills today?

RENO

I'm on a diet.

Gena feels for the pills on the fridge. Kicks the smashed pills around the floor. Empties the beer can in the sink. Rinses it out with tap water.

She gives Reno two square green pills from the prescription bottle. She takes them. Reno gives her water from the can.

RENO (CONT'D)

I closed the pool to warm it up for
you, sis.

Vegas sits on the counter:

VEGAS

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

Gena whips the can at Vegas. She catches it against her chest. Mouths the words "sorry, Mother".

RENO

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

Gena kisses her cheek.

GENA

Thank you, dear.

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

RENO

I'm sorry to cause you to worry.
I'd go crazy without you. I'd drown
in my... own tears.

Her lips quake as she starts to cry. Then sucks it up.

GENA

Maybe we should talk?

RENO

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

GENA

Promise me you'll take a nap today.

RENO

I promise.

She finger-draws a cross over her heart. Gena finger-combs
Reno's hair back.

GENA

All right.

RENO

Now here, allow me.

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

GENA

Thanks.

Reno beats Gena to the patio door. Opens it.

RENO

Looking to drown your sorrows?

GENA

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

RENO

I'd hate the silence.

GENA

Never underestimate the healing
power of silence.

RENO

To each her own.

GENA

I know, you prefer deafening tones.

RENO

Noise is my asylum. A perforating
refuge.

GENA

Whatever you just said makes sense
somehow.

Vegas jumps off the counter. Pats Reno on her back.

VEGAS

Good one, Reno.

GENA

You too dramatists are ah...

VEGAS AND RENO

Two peas in an infinite pod.

They clasp hands. Bow together. Laugh.

Gena shakes her head as she steps out the patio door:

GENA

Time for my silent treatment.

Vegas and Reno watch Gena on the

EXT. WARREN'S HOUSE - POOLSIDE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Gena strips down to her panties. Tosses her bra. Steps past a
bubbling hot tub.

VEGAS (O.S.)

"Silence entombs death."

RENO (O.S.)

That's not Poe.

Gena reaches under the diving board. Opens a keyless entry
pad mounted behind the ladder. Enters a three digit code.

VEGAS (O.S.)

It's Macbeth. We read it yesterday.

RENO (O.S.)

Where is my mind?

The automated pool cover opens. Gena grabs a 25-pound weight
off a rack of assorted weights. Sets it on the diving board.

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

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

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

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

Gena grabs goggles off the pool ledge. Bites the other end of the tubing. Snaps the goggles on.

RENO (O.S.)
Shakespeare and Cobain, hmm?

VEGAS (v.o.)
Rock and bloody roll.

Gena hugs the weight as she splashes into the water.

INT. WHITE SPORTS CAR - DAY

Warren speeds through traffic. Slams through gears. Squeezes between cars.

WARREN
Get the fuck out of my way.

He weaves his way through a convoy of trucks.

They blow their horns. Give him the finger as he passes...

He hits the passing lane. Reaches out the window. Gives the middle finger to the truckers.

O.S. A CACOPHONY OF SEMI AIR HORNS RESPOND.

He sees a "Criminal Courts Exit 1/4 mile" sign on the right.

WARREN (CONT'D)
Fuck it!

He veers right. Inches from the front and rear bumpers of several cars. Then narrowly cuts-off an air braking semi.

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

He slams the passenger side door against a group of exploding plastic water bunkers.

INT. CAR DEALERSHIP - VLAD'S PRIVATE OFFICE - DAY

Ice cubes splash into a glass on the marble top of a wet-bar.

A leather couch and chair face a wall mounted TV before closed curtains covering a large picture window.

VLADIMIR MARTA, 30, big, rugged, sharp suit, Croatian accent. Pours a double vodka. Slaps a handful of green square pills and five brown gram bottles of cocaine on the bar.

Warren grabs the coke bottles. And the pills. Pockets them.

VLAD

I hope you took my advice about those ecstasy pills. Two at a time will knock you out of your orbit.

WARREN

Sometimes a person needs to be kicked out of orbit.

Warren grabs a briefcase off the end of the couch. Sits. Opens it on his lap. Sorts through court documents inside it.

VLAD

Those pills will definitely do that, my friend.

He smiles proudly at several framed photos of a small used car dealership in different stages of development along the wall.

He straightens a skewed aerial photo of his large dealership showroom of new cars and the surrounding lot.

O.S. A DOOR OPENS... SLAMS.

The photo skews. He scowls. Downs his drink. Chews the ice:

VLAD (CONT'D)

Dear, brother.

He pounds the glass down on the bar. Turns toward...

MARKO MARTA, 22, skinny Vlad look-alike, accent, goatee, tracksuit, bucket hat, gold necklace. Work boots untied. He flops on the leather chair.

MARKO

What's up, dog?

Vlad steps behind Marko's chair. Towers over him.

VLAD
Change, Marko. We have court.

MARKO
This shit's all-new, dog.

VLAD
Wear something old.

He slaps the hat off Marko.

MARKO
Yo... What-up, dog?

Vlad flips the chair over. Marko's head slams the floor as he sprawls across it.

VLAD
Change for me.

MARKO
What the fuck, man, I...

Vlad stomps on Marko's back. Marko sees Warren stop going through the documents in his lap. Smiling sideways at Marko.

VLAD
I am not just man, or dog, and
certainly not black... or you!

MARKO
Forgive me, Vladimir.

Vlad helps him up. Marko grits his teeth as Vlad hugs him.

VLAD
I love you, my brother.

MARKO
I watch too many of those rap
videos.

VLAD
You need to remember where you come
from.

MARKO
I'm going to stick around here
more. Take an interest in the
business. I can change.

VLAD

Go now. Lose the black dog. I need my Croatian brother by my side at court.

MARKO

Fuck court. Vladimir, let's getaway. We can start again.

VLAD

I am not leaving all this.

MARKO

"All this?" Now you are the one that's forgotten. We came from less than nothing. You got millions stashed with this piece of shit lawyer.

VLAD

I won't go back.

MARKO

We can be desperados again. I'm tired of this nine to five crap.

VLAD

Go, please.

Marko opens the door. Shuts it as he goes into the

HALLWAY

Marko rips a 9mm from his pants. Cocks it. Mimes shooting it through the door:

MARKO

Fucking touch me again... I'll plant yo-ass in the past, dog.

VLAD'S PRIVATE OFFICE

The curtains wisp-open automatically...

Vlad smiles out the picture window at a dealership lot full of new cars, salesmen, and buyers.

A black SUV skids to a halt next to Warren's damaged white sports car. Marko exits the SUV. Kicks Warren's damaged car.

VLAD

I come here with nothing. Make it big.

(MORE)

VLAD (CONT'D)

Now they find some two-bit bust-out felon from my past to use against me. Who gave them the name of this bust-out?

Warren rifles through the documents in his briefcase.

WARREN

I can prove the allegations false and save you.

Marko enters. Tosses the white car's side-view mirror into the open briefcase.

MARKO

Nice driving.

WARREN

(raises voice)

As I was saying, Vlad, I can save you--

Marko raises the 9mm from his waistband:

MARKO

I had your fucking savior right here, brother! If you'd-a let me kill that rat motherfucker when I had the chance...

(aims gun at Warren)

Instead of you believing in this legal crap-hole!

Warren blocks the muzzle with a stack of documents. Vlad steps behind Marko as he cocks the gun.

VLAD

Marko!

MARKO

Paper can't wrap bullets.

WARREN

This type of activity is not only counterproductive but--

O.S. A GAVEL BANG ECHOES IN A COURTROOM...

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

A middle-aged judge sets the gavel down. The stenographer closes shop. Two smiling prosecutors shake hands.

VLAD MARTA (30), muscles bulging from under a silk suit, stands next to Warren behind the defense table.

Two large bailiffs grab Vlad and cuff him. Warren shuffles papers into his briefcase. Vlad leans in his face.

VLAD
Nothing to worry about, huh?

WARREN
Vlad, come on... we can appeal.

Vlad drags the bailiffs with him as he head-butts Warren.

VLAD
I will peal... your skin!

Warren carries the briefcase into the aisle. Rushes through the doors into the

CORRIDOR

Marko gets in Warren's face before the doors shut behind him.

WARREN
Move, little man.

MARKO
Yo... What the fuck was that
bullshit, dog?

Warren steps around him down the hall. Marko chases him.

WARREN
Marko, your brother should have
listened.

MARKO
You call yourself a lawyer.

WARREN
I'm sorry we lost, our business is
closed for today.

MARKO
Whassup wit' ah...
(lowers voice)
That two million of ours?

Warren slows. Stares back at him a second. Continues faster.

WARREN
I've got business to attend to.

Marko nips at his heels. Warren smiles like the Cheshire cat.

MARKO

Hey... don't dis' me here, dog.

WARREN

Call my office and schedule an appointment.

Marko cuts him off at the "Men's" bathroom door.

MARKO

That's some bullshit, and you know it, dog!

WARREN

Okay. We'll have that appointment now.

Warren lowers his head and bull-rushes Marko into the door.

MEN'S BATHROOM

Warren shoves Marko across the tiles. Sits his ass in a porcelain urinal. Bangs his head into the motion sensor. The toilet flushes.

MARKO

Fuck!

WARREN

Not so tough on this side of a metal detector are ya, little man.

Warren sets his briefcase down. Pees in another urinal.

MARKO

I will be seeing ya on the other side.

Marko rises. Shakes the cobwebs from his head.

WARREN

Maybe I should bang your head a little harder.

MARKO

Fuck ya talkin' 'bout?

Warren opens his briefcase. Removes a sheet of paper.

WARREN

Your brother doesn't know what I know.

MARKO

The fuck you trying to say?

WARREN

You saved your own ass by turning tricks for the narcs.

MARKO

Bullshit, dog!

WARREN

Wipe your dog-ass with these.

He holds up the sheet of paper. It's an arrest report with Marko's name on it.

MARKO

Where did ya? Fuck you! These are fake!

Marko grabs the paper. Stuffs it into his pocket.

WARREN

Let's stop all the bullshit, Marko?

Marko straightens his tracksuit.

MARKO

I want that motherfucking money, dog!

Warren steps over to the sink and washes his hands.

WARREN

You gave them Vlad in exchange for your ass. Your brother was going down no matter what. That's on you, dog!

MARKO

No fucking way.

Warren tears a paper towel from a dispenser. Dries his hands.

WARREN

Fucking way, dog.

MARKO

Hey, suck my ass!

He throws a punch. Warren catches the fist in the paper towel. Twists his arm behind him. Shoves him into a stall.

WARREN

Then you won't mind if I show
brother Vlad your arrest report?

MARKO

Don't do that.

WARREN

How about I give you all the copies
and the two million?

MARKO

What do you want from me?

Warren leans out of the stall. Sees the empty room. The
automated toilet flushes as he shows Marko a picture of Reno:

WARREN

Kill my crazy wife.

INT. DANNY'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Danny walks in. Stares at a tub full of bubble-bath.

DANNY

Are my keys in there with you?

Vegas's face breaks the sudsy surface. She takes a deep
breath. Hangs her arms over the bathtub lip.

VEGAS

I love your air.

DANNY

I've been losing a lot of things,
lately. Now I found an answer.

VEGAS

Would you like to pat me down?

She starts to get up.

DANNY

Don't even.

He shoves her into the suds. She comes up staring angrily
through tears at the door. As he closes it on his way out.

VEGAS

You're odd! You know that?

DANNY (O.S.)

Yes, I do. Now how the hell did ya
find me?

She steps out of the tub. Leans against the door:

VEGAS

It took me three weeks of jumping on and off again buses, trains and switching "L" lines just to track you back here.

DANNY (O.S.)

You must be a bloodhound yay?

VEGAS

How about you, are you a terrorist or something?

DANNY (O.S.)

You stole my keys. Okay. Ya followed me. *My* carelessness. But how did ya get past Grace? And why didn't she tell me?

VEGAS

She caught me coming up the front stairs.

DANNY (O.S.)

I knew you couldn't past her.

She shakes water from her hair. Runs her fingers through it.

VEGAS

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

DANNY (O.S.)

You're like a... what, sixteen years old?

VEGAS

I've been seventeen for like five months now.

DANNY (O.S.)

Come back in like seven months. Oh, and please, when ya get here, wait outside.

She lays her forehead on the door. Closes her eyes:

VEGAS

I can't survive another seven months.

DANNY (O.S.)

Why? What's wrong with you?

VEGAS

I'm suicidal.

The door bursts open. Shoves her backward on her ass in the tub. He storms in.

DANNY

You okay?

She reaches out to him. Blows suds off her nose.

VEGAS

I'm lonely.

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

DANNY

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

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

VEGAS

Then you do care for me?

DANNY

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

She flings water at him.

VEGAS

She's sweet.

He turns to leave. Spins back. Gets in her face.

DANNY

Personally, I think your problem is immaturity.

She stands. Arms out. Tits in his face. With a crooked smile:

VEGAS

Baby loves attention.

DANNY

Focus on this.

He slams the door behind him as he leaves.

She rips the door open on her way naked into the

Vegas exits the bathroom nude and steps between stacks of books and albums on the floor along the wall.

She drags her finger along a series of two dozen side-by-side cartoon frames hand-painted across the wall.

INSERT CARTOON FRAMES

Danny runs with an air-brush in each hand and spray-paints twenty people chasing him across gray ghetto neighborhoods.

He leaves behind a varying array of vivid graffiti art covering the ghetto neighborhoods in each progression.

VEGAS (O.S.)
You're an urban legend out of your
own mind!

Danny leaps off the last cartoon on the wall and disappears.

END INSERT

She parts strips of plastic hanging over the door frame. Punk rock blasts as she enters a

STUDIO

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

Vegas follows the blue light around the circular walls.

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

VEGAS
Nice effect.

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

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

Vegas finds Danny's character painted on the wall. Landing in the frenzied crowd of punk rocking youths.

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

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

Danny lies on top of a scaffold. A Punk album plays on a turntable and speakers mounted on the wood-framed bottom.

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

She scratches the needle across the album on the turntable.

Danny sits up off his back on the top of the scaffold. His face, hair, pants, and smock splattered with paint.

VEGAS (CONT'D)

You're not using a brush?

DANNY

Sculptural carving of space. When JMW Turner met young painters, he'd check under their nails for paint. Test their seriousness. I'd pass.

He shows her his hand. Wiggles his paint-caked fingers.

Vegas throws his keys at him. He ducks. Catches the keys.

VEGAS

I won't bother to steal them again!

Danny removes his smock. Throws it to her.

DANNY

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

She smiles. Puts the smock on.

VEGAS

How'd you make this room a circle?

DANNY

Plywood in the corners etched into the plaster and warped using water.

VEGAS

What are you painting up there?

DANNY

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

VEGAS

We are so much alike.

She pulls the collar up around her neck. He smiles at her.

DANNY

Looks so much better on you.

She beams back at him. He lies back on the scaffold.

VEGAS

Finally, a compliment, thank you.

DANNY

Well, if Grace likes you.

VEGAS

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

DANNY

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

Vegas pushes the scaffold.

VEGAS

What does Grace think of your
mural?

DANNY

She can't see it.

She stops pushing.

VEGAS

You won't let her in here?

DANNY

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

VEGAS

You have a blind landlady guarding
your place...

DANNY

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

He climbs down. Leads her around the mural.

VEGAS

This is serious. You ever show anyone your work?

DANNY

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

VEGAS

These are awesome.

She stops him.

VEGAS (CONT'D)

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

DANNY

You're disappointed.

VEGAS

I left my disappointment in the bathroom.

She walks away along the wall. Calls back to him:

VEGAS (CONT'D)

How 'bout you?

She shuts her eyes. Mimes the words: please-please-please.

DANNY

Me? Oh. You couldn't disappoint me.

She runs over. Kisses his cheek. He smiles. Rubs the cheek she kissed.

She walks along the wall. Points at the mural.

VEGAS

Mosh-pits seem like total disorder.

He catches up to her.

DANNY

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

She hops around. Throws punches. He ducks. Circles her...

VEGAS

I always wanted to slam-dance. What's it like?

DANNY

It's a total unequivocal escape.

He opens her smock. Smiles at her breasts.

DANNY (CONT'D)

You shed your ills. Escape them.
You come out recycled.

She shoves him backward. Hugs the smock closed.

VEGAS

I'm all about getting away.

DANNY

What's the farthest you've gotten?

VEGAS

When I was 15. Stole some of Gena's
money. Spent the weekend in Grant
Park at Lollapalooza. Slept on the
"L", circling the loop both nights.

DANNY

Maybe we should get you back to the
Minimart, huh? Help your mom?

VEGAS

I'm done going in circles.

INT. WARREN'S HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Reno shimmies in circles as she dances out of the steamy
bathroom. Ties her robe around her.

She moves Warren's personal items into specific places on the
furniture and straightens up the bed.

RENO

Places everyone. Pinpoints,
locations. Win, place, show,
showplace... Look Warren, each room
is a perfect showplace.

She bows to the furniture. Sits on the bed. Leans toward the
side of the nightstand.

RENO (CONT'D)

Oh no, this will not do.

She bounces to her feet. Drops on her knees by the side of
the nightstand.

She lightly touches a white crusty splatter of Warren's ejaculation on the wood.

RENO (CONT'D)
This ejaculation certainly missed my mark, Warren. The instructions say; wet and apply here.

She licks her fingers. Rubs it off. Shuts her eyes. Slides her wet fingers inside her robe. Massages between her legs.

RENO (CONT'D)
Now, that's the damn spot.

She reaches behind the nightstand. Feels around...

RENO (CONT'D)
Something more for my attention?

She pulls her hand out. The red jump drive in her hand:

RENO (CONT'D)
Why and what are you hiding?

INT. DANNY'S BUNGALOW - STUDIO - NIGHT

Danny rips the plastic off the instruments. Turns the amplifier on.

Vegas grabs the guitar. Jacks into to the amps.

They nod to each other.

VEGAS
Let's see if you can keep up.

He sits behind the drums. Twirls the drumsticks into the air. Catches them. Pounds a fast punk beat on the drums.

She joins in at the speed of sound...

INT. WARREN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Reno sits on the couch. Pokes her nose into the screen of the laptop on her lap. Blocks the visual content on the screen.

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

She smacks the lid down. Rips the red jump drive out. Smashes the laptop against the fireplace.

RENO
You can't do this! Do you hear me?!

She crouches. Grabs a handful of hair from the sides of her head. Pulls her face to her knees. Laughs hysterically:

RENO (CONT'D)
 You think this is funny?
 (continues laughing)
 Stop laughing at me!

She leaps up. Storms into the

KITCHEN

Reno grabs a butcher knife from a cutlery stand on the counter. Flips the garbage disposal on.

RENO
 I'm thinking very clearly now.

She stares into the grinding wheels. Stabs the wall over and over. Speaks clearly and slowly:

RENO (CONT'D)
 I will tear this house down around
 them.

INT. DANNY'S BUNGALOW APARTMENT - STUDIO - DAY

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

VEGAS
 You're still bitter.

DANNY
 Losing everyone can be inspiring.

VEGAS
 You miss them, don't you?

He looks around the room.

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

VEGAS
 How did you deal with it?

He faces the biggest guy in the mural.

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

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

DANNY (CONT'D)

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

VEGAS

Did you ever think about suicide?

DANNY

And finish off my whole family.

VEGAS

Not much of a psychoanalyst, am I?

DANNY

Do you even know the meaning of psychoanalysis?

VEGAS

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

He softly kisses her cheek. She smiles wide.

DANNY

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

VEGAS

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

DANNY

That can be hell.

She shrugs her shoulders.

VEGAS

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

DANNY

You seem okay together.

VEGAS

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

DANNY
She's your mother.

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

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

Reno nods.

DANNY (CONT'D)
What about uncle Warren?

VEGAS
He's just a preppy horndog lawyer.

DANNY
Snappy dialogue.

VEGAS
How did your parents die?

DANNY
I knew that was coming.

VEGAS
There's only so much I can sniff.

DANNY
Follow me.

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

HALLWAY

He lifts a deck of cardboard cards off the pile of albums.
Taps the deck edge on the last frame, that he leaves on top
of the pile of albums.

INSERT THE LAST FRAME

Several commuters stand on a foggy dark subway station
platform holding lit candles.

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

END THE LAST FRAME INSERT

Danny carries the cards to Vegas, minus the last frame.

DANNY

I sketched these frames on the
backs of cereal boxes.

VEGAS

Like old glass cartoon frames?

He rubber-bands the left side of the stack.

DANNY

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

The top sketch is a drawing of the interior of a minivan. A hippie-looking man drives down a road at night. A hippie-looking woman plays guitar on the passenger seat.

Seven-year-old Danny sits in the back seat. Draws the first few swirling lines of a vortex in the center of two sketchbook pages.

DANNY (CONT'D)

I used to draw a continuous line
from the center outward, imagining
I was going down a tunnel.

VEGAS

Zebras never change their stripes.

DANNY

Snappy!

VEGAS

It can be a curse.

DANNY

The curse is taming the shrewd. Now
quiet, the shows about to begin.

He flips through the cards:

BEGIN ANIMATION FLASHBACK:

The man jerks the steering right to left. The woman drops the guitar. Fearfully turns. Screams something at the boy.

But Danny just holds his pencil to the paper as the swirling line grows... Encompassing the whole page.

The reinforced bumper of an SUV slams the front end. Crumples the hood. The windshield fragments. The dashboard collapses. Swallows the front seat. Crushes the man and the woman.

The rear glass shatters as the crashing front-end of a semi folds the trunk lid like an accordion...

The interior bursts into flames. Danny flies through the windshield. His face buried between the sketchbook pages as he spins down a vortex. Shrinking into a black dot.

He lands on his belly in bed. Nose in the center of the drawing across his sketchbook pages. Book against a pillow.

END ANIMATION FLASHBACK AND BACK TO SCENE:

Vegas pulls the cards down from in front of Danny's blank stare. Clenched teeth. He twists away, steps and stops.

VEGAS

She turned to you-- You're Mother.
She said something to you before
the accident. What did she say?

DANNY

She told me: "Everything's going to
be all right, Danny." Words,
promises...

He rips the rubber-band and flings the cards about the room.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Action, you see, is the only truth.

VEGAS

Words bear knowledge.

DANNY

The psychiatrist and all her
knowledge. Led her to say that I'd
imagined the whole thing.

VEGAS

What was her reasoning?

DANNY

I made the whole thing up, so I
could forgive them for leaving me
alone. But it was me, I was the one
I couldn't forgive.

VEGAS

I believe in you.

DANNY

I'm sorry. I'm not good at saying
things. I don't know. It's been so
long... Too long. I don't know...

(MORE)

DANNY (CONT'D)

I can't even cry anymore. I'm just angry. The tears... just boil away inside me. Grace is right to worry.

Vegas kisses his head.

VEGAS

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

He leads her through the strips of plastic into the

STUDIO

He sits next to the stereo and looks down.

DANNY

Trust? You're psychoanalyzing me.

VEGAS

I'm sorry.

He grabs her shoulders and stares in her eyes.

DANNY

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

VEGAS

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

DANNY

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

He takes her hand. Lays it against his chest.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Words began flooding my heart, but they're... just more promises.

She lays her arms over his shoulders.

VEGAS

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

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

DANNY

Do you wanna be a part of my world?

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

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

Warren drives with a cordless headset on.

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

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

WARREN

(into headset)

Where? They didn't come back from where? Calm down!

He fishtails left. Zooms onto the shoulder just past the pickup. Veers right. Cuts the pickup off.

GENA (V.O.)

I've been playing the loving sister, and mother, long enough.

WARREN

(into headset)

Give me something that I can use to find them. An address or a place.

GENA (V.O.)

Vegas mentioned something about wormhole records in Wicker Park?

He zigzags between cars. Gives the finger to the pickup driver as he cuts him off again.

WARREN

(into headset)

Don't do anything, anymore. You fucked it up! I'll fix everything.

GENA (V.O.)

How was I going to predict she wouldn't bring him back to the station tonight?

WARREN

(into headset)

Listen to me, Gena!
(MORE)

WARREN (CONT'D)

Go to my house after work, hop in the pool and relax. I'll find 'em and bring 'em to you.

He takes the .45 from the glove box. Smiles at it.

WARREN (CONT'D)

A guaranteed fix to everything.

He drops the .45 between the front seats. Steers one-handed. Bites the cap off a gram-size bottle of cocaine.

WARREN (CONT'D)

Bottoms up.

He plugs the bottle in his nose. Snorts cocaine from it as he veers in. Out. Around traffic.

WARREN (CONT'D)

Scared stupid flock-a sheep, drive.

He looks at the passenger side mirror duct-taped in place. Notices something. Stares in the rearview mirror at a black jeep behind him as it matches his every move.

WARREN (CONT'D)

Stay with me mister Wile E. Coyote.

The pickup fishtails in front of him. The brake lights flash. The top-sheet of drywall flips backward from its bed.

The drywall explodes across Warren's roof. Chalk powder cakes the windshield and the side windows.

He swerves right. Fishtails to a halt in the emergency lane.

He turns on the wipers. A few drops of the washer fluid spit out. The wipers smear white muck across the windshield. He works the washer lever. No fluid.

WARREN (CONT'D)

Goddamn, quit on me!

WILE E. COYOTE, 35, big tattooed man. Exits the jeep. Stomps toward Warren. Pissed. Hammer in his hand. His long leather overcoat flapping.

WARREN (CONT'D)

Yo. Ya looking for me, dog?

He reaches deeper and deeper between the seat for the .45...

WARREN (CONT'D)

This is what you get... Shh-shit...

Wile E. Coyote sticks his head in Warren's window. Cocks the hammer in his hand.

WILE E. COYOTE
Hey there, buddy! I am gonna have
to teach you some--!

Warren snorts from the coke bottle in his nose as he jams the .45 between Wile E. Coyote's eyes. He drops the hammer.

The wipers continue to squeak as they muck rack the glass.

WARREN
Listen here, Wile E. You're stuck
between a bullet and 85 mile-an-
hour traffic.

WILE E. COYOTE
Please, sir!

WARREN
Are you one of Marko's dogs?

WILE E. COYOTE
I don't know any Marko, sir.

WARREN
Then why are you after me then?

He twists the muzzle sideways into Wile E. Coyote's forehead.

WILE E. COYOTE
I'm just a victim of road rage
looking to kick some yuppie's ass.

WARREN
In that case... I really enjoyed
our little race. And I'm gonna give
you something for your effort.

The wipers squeal... He takes the bottle from his nose. Taps a line of coke along the slide of the .45.

WILE E. COYOTE
Sir, please. I just took the cure.
Six months clean. I can't go back.

Warren lowers the .45 muzzle under Wile E.'s chin. Cocks it.

WARREN
Come on... Fucking snort it!

Wile E. Coyote snorts the coke.

WARREN (CONT'D)

Meep-meep!

Warren fishtails away. His fender swats Wile E. Coyote backward. He trips over his hammer. Explodes between the flashing headlights of a oncoming semi.

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

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

Gena stands at the register. Stares at a drawer full of cash. Taps a handful of drop-box envelopes on the counter.

LITTLE OLD LADY holds thirty lotto receipts on the other side of the counter and faces several GRUMBLING CUSTOMERS in line.

GRUMBLING CUSTOMER 1

This is where all our taxes go.

GRUMBLING CUSTOMER 2

Going-going-gone.

GRUMBLING CUSTOMER 1

Bet that's her sports car outside.

LITTLE OLD LADY

I should be ashamed, but I ain't.

She stomps toward them. Gives them the finger.

Grumbling Customers back into bags of chips on a shelf.

LITTLE OLD LADY (CONT'D)

Money changes everything, pussies!

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

PRETEENS

Respect your elders!

Grumbling Customers chase Preteens out the door. Little Old Lady exits:

LITTLE OLD LADY

God bless the little ones.

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

GENA

Where are those two? I could strangle that Vegas and Danny both.

She rips the envelopes in half. Stares out the window.

EXT. DANNY'S BUNGALOW - FRONT PORCH - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Danny pulls Vegas out the front door to a roofed brick porch.

GRACE (69) African-American beauty queen, sunglasses, sits on a throne wicker chair in a corner. Fans herself.

Three cats sleep at her feet. A pipe wrench against the wall.

GRACE

I knew she was the one. Vegas, now who better to bring this hermit into the light? All we need is the "Pied Piper" to bring the kids.

DANNY

That's my cue.

He hugs and kisses Grace. She fights him off. Giggles:

GRACE

Stop that, stop that now. Oh...

She finger-combs his Mohawk straight up.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Why anyone with such nice hair would do this. No wonder ya hide.

DANNY

You don't love me?

She looks over his head at Vegas.

GRACE

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

She kisses his cheek.

GRACE (CONT'D)

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

Danny removes his shoes. Garbs the wrench. Faces Vegas:

DANNY

Will you join me?

VEGAS

Lead on, mister piper?

She kicks her shoes off. Takes his hand.

They dance down the steps. Across the grass onto a

SIDE STREET

Danny taps the wrench on a fire hydrant.

Suddenly, a dozen African-American KIDS surround Danny and Vegas.

HONEYCOMB (12) mulatto girl, blonde pigtails, twisted cap, big eyes. Cuts through the kids. Gets between Danny and Vegas.

HONEYCOMB

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

DANNY

Didn't what, Honeycomb?

She puts her hands on her hips. Turns to Vegas:

HONEYCOMB

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

Vegas offers to shake her hand. Honeycomb pinches Vegas' anarchy locket. Looks it over.

VEGAS

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

HONEYCOMB

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

Danny twists the locket out of Honeycomb's grasp.

DANNY

I know it's not your nature... Try and be nice. Big brother's orders.

He pulls her cap over her eyes.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Got that, little sister.

She pecks a kiss on his cheek.

HONEYCOMB

All right, Danny.

She squeezes Vegas' hand. Leans toward her:

HONEYCOMB (CONT'D)

Ya better be good for him, girl!

She lays her hands on Danny's. Helps him turn the wrench and open hydrant valve.

The hydrant gushes water on the Kids. They jump and yell.

Vegas back pockets the locket. The chain hangs out.

Honeycomb bumps into Vegas on her way around her.

HONEYCOMB (CONT'D)

Excuse me, girl!

She jumps over the curb. Stops in the grass. Smiles at Vegas' anarchy locket curled in her palm.

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

Warren squints at the chalk-streaked windshield as he swerves through several cars on a busy boulevard.

He opens the chalk-covered side window. Smiles at the Criminal Courts Building and Cook County Jail on his way by.

WARREN

Rest well, Vlad. Your money's safe.

He drives past the side street. Sees the water gush from the open hydrant down the street.

WARREN (CONT'D)

I need a wash.

He spins into a U-turn around traffic. Heads down the

EXT. SIDE STREET - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Vegas and Danny jump with the Kids in the hydrant water.

Warren stops the car before the water. Peers at the murky shapes of people in the water through the chalk-streaked windshield.

Danny, Vegas, and the Kids, back onto the curb.

Honeycomb straddles the hydrant. Lowers her arms from in front of the spigot and ends the downpour.

Warren pulls next to the hydrant. Opens the passenger side window. Waves at Honeycomb.

Vegas pushes Danny to the bungalow. Looks behind her at the back of Warren's head through the open driver window.

Warren looks out the passenger side window at Honeycomb behind the hydrant.

WARREN

Come on, do me!

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

HONEYCOMB

Come on! Move yo-ass, mister!

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

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

She spins the locket around on her back. Clasps her hands under the water from the hydrant. Sprays Warren's car.

INT. WHITE SPORTS CAR (IDLING) - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The hydrant water rumbles on the roof.

Warren pinches coke off his nose. Massages it in his gums.

The downpour washes the chalk from the windows and a blue light strobes through the streaks in the glass.

He grabs the .45 from between the seats. Tries to stretch his shaky arm toward the glove box without noticeably leaning...

Honeycomb bangs on Warren's closed window:

HONEYCOMB

Y'all gotta move! Okay?

Warren. Jolted. Drops the .45 on the floor. Opens the window.

WARREN

The cops?

HONEYCOMB

Ain't no pole-lease, mister.

Warren leans out his window. Peers at the surveillance camera on the light pole. The blue light flashes over his smile.

WARREN

No cops...

Honeycomb kicks the door.

HONEYCOMB
Move ya-ass, mister!

WARREN
Yeah.

Vegas' necklace bounces on Honeycomb's back. As she struts away from Warren...

But he stares at the blue light flashing on the second floor curved glass bay windows on the front of the bungalow.

WARREN (CONT'D)
Nice windows.

A guitar neck parts the bay window blinds. Vegas peers down the strings at Warren's car through the curved glass.

He waves over the roof at Honeycomb. The Kids on the curb jeer and wave him out of their way.

INT. WARREN'S HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Reno dives on the bed. Grabs a video camera by the lens from between books on a headboard self.

RENO
You are a degenerate bastard.

She slaps the personal items off the furniture, picks a jewel box up and smashes it into the mirror.

She turns to a window and glares at the full moon.

EXT. WARREN'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

A sledgehammer thumps in the moonlit grass along a fence.

Marko lands next to the hammer and a spotlight hits him.

He squints at the spotlight over the master bedroom window and sees Reno stare at him from behind the glass.

He lifts the hammer and sneers at the vacant bedroom window.

He runs by the pool toward the open patio door to the

INT. WARREN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Reno closes the patio door and fumbles locking the latch.

The door jerks out of her hand and opens.

Marko jumps in. Knocks her down. Pokes a 9mm to her cheek.

MARKO

Welcome to your nightmare.

RENO

What took you so long?

She twists her head. He follows her gaze around the room.

Smashed appliances scattered across the floor. Gouged cabinet doors hang from broken hinges. Water overflows the sink.

The fridge is dented all over. The 3-Iron buried in the door.

MARKO

Nice work.

He drags her into the

LIVING ROOM

Marko shoves Reno into the midst of more devastation.

The room is trashed. Torn paintings askew on the walls. Furniture ripped. A TV and sound system busted on the floor.

RENO

The party's over.

MARKO

You a vandal?

RENO

You're not very bright?

MARKO

I'm just talking out loud, bitch.

RENO

You mean thinking.

MARKO

Yo! Whassup with that?

RENO

You mean, you're thinking out loud.

MARKO

I mean to say... Hey, fuck that!

He cocks the 9mm.

MARKO (CONT'D)
Yo, where's the safe, bitch?

RENO
You mean dead bitch.

He throws her down. Smirks in her face.

MARKO
You are one sick beautiful bitch.

RENO
If you're going to kill me, do it
upstairs. This is the living room.

MARKO
You got a dying room, huh?

RENO
I was contemplating a nice
bloodbath.

She jumps up. He grabs her robe. Jams the gun to her head.

MARKO
How's 'bout, my motherfucking gun,
my motherfucking plan, yo?

RENO
I'm done with any man's plans.

She kicks him. Runs. He grabs her by the collar.

MARKO
Whoa there, girl!

RENO
I'm done with workhorse crap too.

She spins away from him. He rips her robe off.

She trips naked toward the stairs.

He tosses the robe.

MARKO
Now I get it.

He chases her onto the

STAIRCASE

They splash up the sopping wet steps.

He jumps on her back. Tackles her on the landing.

They slide across the wet floor. Splash halfway in the

HALLWAY BATHROOM

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

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

She spins to face him. Grabs the gun. Puts it to her head.

MARKO

You ain't playin'.

RENO

Finish me.

MARKO

Yo, Bitch, I didn't tell you I was gonna kill ya?

RENO

Do you work for Warren?

MARKO

Warren! I ought-a kill that fuck.

RENO

Be my guest!

She tears his shirt open. Hugs and kisses him hard.

He shoves her away. She frowns. He drops his pants.

She leaps in his arms. Wraps her arms around his neck. Cinches her legs around his waist.

They go at each other with sexual tenacity.

EXT. ARAGON BALLROOM - NIGHT

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

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

RECON'S VOICE (O.S.)

Danny-boy!

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

RECON
Move, frigging ladies.

He mimes aiming his fingers like a pistol at Danny.

DANNY
Crazy Recon. Always the cut-up.

Recon blocks their path.

RECON
Halt, Danny-boy!

DANNY
Buzz off!

Recon steps in front of Vegas. Bear-hugs Danny. Snarls.

RECON
Hey, sweetheart.

DANNY
Bear fag.

Recon sets him down. Smiles at Vegas.

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

VEGAS
Repressed sexual urges can often emerge in violent acts.

Recon looks at Vegas. Then at his boots. And back at her.

RECON
I should get new boots, huh?

Everyone laughs. Recon points to Vegas. Snaps his fingers.

RECON (CONT'D)
The gas station girl?

DANNY
I'm spray-painting the town.

RECON
Graffiti, tonight?

DANNY
She's my inspiration.

RECON
Come on, let's get inside.

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

RECON (CONT'D)
Where exactly is that studio you
hide in, Danny-boy?

INT. ARAGON BALLROOM - BACKSTAGE OFFICE - NIGHT

Walls oil painted in Renaissance style. Hordes of rebellious punks in Mohawks, fists in the air on three walls.

A punk band plays on the White House steps in a mural behind a desk.

Five punks raise a flagpole with the Anarchist flag on the White House roof. Ala the Marines on Iwo Jima.

Recon grabs a leather jacket off a wall hook. Slips it on. Sits on the desk next to three spray-paint cans.

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

VEGAS
Danny?

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

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

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

They turn to the door.

DANNY (CONT'D)
Catch you on the rebound, Recon.

Recon jumps up. Knocks a spray-paint can off the desk. Cuts Vegas and Danny off before they reach the door.

RECON

Hey, Danny-boy! Don't go
disappearing in one of your
frigging wormholes on me again.

He leans toward Vegas:

RECON (CONT'D)

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

Danny pockets two spray-paint cans:

DANNY

Ouroboros.

RECON

Next time, I'm coming over to that
gas station and get ya, Danny-boy.

Vegas and Danny smile. Shake their heads at each other:

VEGAS AND DANNY

We're not ever going back there
again.

Danny leads Vegas around Recon. He grabs them from behind:

RECON

Bull shit. Hey. Before ya go; I got
a favor to ask, Danny-boy.

DANNY

No way.

RECON

Hey! Ya didn't let me ask.

DANNY

I'm not doing a set.

Recon spins Danny around to face him.

RECON

What, one frigging song? For your
new pretty girl here. Come on!

Vegas gets between them. Squints sideways at Danny.

VEGAS

You don't have to.

She sneers and shakes her head at Recon.

VEGAS (CONT'D)

He doesn't want to. So fuck off!

RECON

I don't want anything for myself. I speak for the kids out there. They need inspiration. Anger, angst.

DANNY

Kurt's dead.

RECON

All right, rebellion. I'm gumming up my cool here for ya. Hell, I frigging miss ya, Danny-boy.

DANNY

No.

Recon smacks his hand on the desk.

RECON

Fuck that! Ya owe me, and ya know it! Ya run out on me, without saying a thing. Come on!

DANNY

This is getting old, Recon.

Danny and Vegas step toward the door.

RECON

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

VEGAS

Ever pay him for these paintings?

Recon heads them off before the door.

RECON

He painted himself into a beggar's corner. I was there for him when he had nobody. He was a starving graffiti artist, with two cans of half-empty spray-paint to his name.

VEGAS

You took advantage of him.

RECON

I took Danny-boy off the streets. I recognized his potential.

(MORE)

RECON (CONT'D)

I had to frigging force him out of his suicidal gloom and doom shell.

DANNY

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

RECON

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

He pulls a western Colt revolver from his jacket pocket. Cocks it.

VEGAS

Wow!

RECON

Ya-who, wow.

Danny cuts in front of Vegas and peers down the barrel.

DANNY

It's all right.

RECON

Ya frigging wanna a war, Danny-boy?

DANNY

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

Recon eases the hammer down. Puts the Colt in his jacket pocket.

RECON

Sure, yeah, okay. You play my baby Les on stage. But I got your pretty new baby girl, Danny-boy, right behind you. Watching...

He aims the Colt through his pocket at Vegas.

DANNY

Don't you fucking dare hurt her!

RECON

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

Danny opens the door. Loud punk rock blares in from the

BALLROOM

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

"Sexy Violents" across the bass drum skin.

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

Recon stands backstage. Aims the Colt in his pocket at Vegas.

Clouds of multicolored fog fill the air and shroud a balcony around the ballroom floor.

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

Two hundred DRUNK AND DISORDERLY PUNKS crowd the stage.

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

The drummer beats. The bass and guitar strum in rhythm.

SKINNY MAN (ON PA)

Welcome to the dark side a Chicago!

He dives into the audience. The stage lights go out.

O.S. DRUNK AND DISORDERLY PUNKS SHRIEK.

A spotlight hits Danny. He hops to the microphone, chokes a Les Paul guitar neck and riffs cords:

DANNY (ON PA)

Destroy the temples!

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

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

Two dozen PUNK ELITES hang from the balcony and cheer.

Recon smiles. Danny smashes the Les Paul off the stage. Spins toward Recon. Recon backpedals. Shouts to Vegas:

RECON

Danny-boy 'ill kill her if--

Danny swings the busted guitar into Recon's gut. Knocks him head over heels on his ass.

Twenty Punks storm onto the stage. The band plays on.

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

Danny pulls Vegas along. Swings the microphone stand at the storming Punks and clears the way to the front of the stage.

As Recon stands. The storming Punks attack him.

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

VEGAS

I don't know!

DANNY

Now's the time!

They leap into the sea of Punks. Hands and arms carry them toward the mosh-pit.

Recon chases them through the Punks and leads seven BOUNCERS.

VEGAS

Thanks for elevating my game.

Vegas and Danny land. Feet on the floor. Race toward the mosh-pit. Recon and the Bouncers gain on them.

DANNY

Now you tell me what it feels like.

They run along the outer edge of the mosh-pit. Danny spray-paints the floor as they cut through the Mosh-pitters.

VEGAS

Ya gonna introduce me to ouroboros?

They enter the center of the mosh-pit. The shimmering beams of white light intensify as the swirling fog engulfs them.

Recon and the Bouncers split in opposite directions around the mosh-pit and slug their way to the center.

The Bouncers show Recon a boy and girl Mosh-pitter in their grasps at the center of the spray-painted swirling line.

RECON

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

INT. WARREN'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

Candles flicker in a pool table pockets in the dark. Marko and Reno have oral-sex in 69 positions under the torn felt.

EXT./INT. WORMHOLE RECORDS - NIGHT

Danny opens the door. Follows Vegas into the unlit store. Locks the door. Leads Vegas to the counter.

DANNY
Define a marvel?

VEGAS
An event outside normal causation.

He steps behind the counter. Flicks a light switch on.

DANNY
I'm the event outside normal causation.

VEGAS
The accident. Where do I fit in?

DANNY
There's nothing normal about you.

VEGAS
Thank you.

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

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

She hugs and kisses him.

DANNY (CONT'D)
I decided on Kurt as the lamb, with Darby, and... I'm still not sure...

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

DANNY
You got a thing for Sid, yeah?

VEGAS
Nasty boys, always.

Danny unlocks a closet. Pulls two stuffed backpacks from inside. Hands Vegas one.

DANNY
Rebels always leave their mark.

INT. WARREN'S HOUSE - HOME OFFICE - NIGHT

Computer, fax machine, furniture, shelves, and a copier lay in ruin. Wood splinters below several holes in the paneling.

Reno sits naked on the drawers of a desk on its side.

RENO
Hit me again!

A trail scuff-marks lead to an antique five by five-foot antique metal safe in the center of the floor.

Marko, nude, smacks the sledgehammer off the safe door barely denting it.

EXT. WORMHOLE RECORDS - ROOF - NIGHT

Danny pulls Vegas up through a trapdoor. They step to the back of the building. Drop their backpacks.

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

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

VEGAS
Can you do this all in one night?

DANNY
I got the whole thing in my head.

He pulls two metal hooks from one backpack and a bosun chair.

VEGAS
What's my part?

DANNY
Bring the ropes from the other bag.

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

DANNY (CONT'D)

I paint my way down the wall on the
bosun chair. You toss me the color
I call. It's written on the can.

He hooks the top of the wall. Drops the ropes over.

DANNY (CONT'D)

I paint a section. We move the
hooks.

He pulls an oxygen tank from a backpack with a regulator,
hose, paint can, airbrush, and straps it to his back.

VEGAS

Someone might see me up here.

He shakes the paint can, opens the valve and it HISSES.

DANNY

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

She grips the airbrush. Puts her hood on her. Shuts her eyes.

VEGAS

Dude, what are you going to do?

DANNY

You remember the CD I gave you, the
band, "Nobody's?"

VEGAS

Jay J. Bad-ass.

He airbrushes her closed eyes and her face black. They sing:

DANNY

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

VEGAS

"Yeah, Yeah, Dude's gonna shoot".

O.S. THE BELL ON THE MINIMART DOOR CHIMES.

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

Gena sits asleep on the counter. Her forehead rests against
the window in the dark. She mumbles:

GENA

Is that you, baby girl?

She shudders awake. Stares through the glass at the deserted station outside, and the street beyond it.

She jumps off the counter. Runs down the aisle to the back.

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

He squats. Catches the pot. His Colt revolver falls out of his jacket. He scoops it up. Pockets it.

RECON

I'm not here to rob you.

She walks toward the counter. He follows. Coffee pot in hand:

GENA

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

RECON

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

GENA

He'll be here tomorrow.

RECON

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

She grabs him by his jacket in front of the counter.

GENA

You're full of shit.

RECON

Just gimme his address and I'll go.

GENA

Fuck you!

She goes behind the counter. He leans over the counter.
Laughs in her face:

RECON

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

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

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

RECON (CONT'D)

Ouroboros...

She fires. Drills him between the eyes.

He crashes into the "BANG ENERGY DRINK" display. Slouches over a pile of cans under a "MORE BANG FOR YOUR BUCK" sign.

GENA

You don't know me. No one knows.

She stuffs all the cash from the register into a paper bag. Grabs the six cartridges from under the counter.

She drops the spent shells from the .38 into the bag and loads three of the cartridges in the gun.

GENA (CONT'D)

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

She waistbands the .38. Pockets the last three cartridges.

She steps on Recon's chest. Lifts a ceiling tile. Takes a disc from a DVR system in the ceiling.

GENA (CONT'D)

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

She pulls Recon's Colt from his pocket with her hand around his. Blasts the DVR system and the ceiling tile to pieces.

GENA (CONT'D)

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

She stares at her reflection in the disc. Squeezes her eyes shut. Forces tears down her cheeks.

GENA (CONT'D)

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

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

GENA (CONT'D)

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

She cracks the disc. Splits the image of her face in half.

EXT. ANOTHER SIDEWALK - NIGHT

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

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

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

WARREN

What the hell?

DANCER

Trade you a song for cash, mister.

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

Vegas tosses the tambourine behind her to Dancer.

DANCER (CONT'D)

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

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

WARREN

What makes you think I'm helpful?

DANCER

You remember love, don't you?

WARREN

What's the going rate for love these days?

DANCER

Whatever you can find in your heart to give.

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

WARREN

Cash is lovely, is it not?

DANCER

I love you, my brother.

WARREN

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

She grabs the \$20 and dances suggestively.

DANCER

Don't bring me down.

WARREN

All aboard the love train!

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

Warren scurries down the block.

Vegas wraps Dancer in her overcoat. Gives her the top hat.

Danny whips his cap off. Licks his hand. Spikes his hair.

EXT. WORMHOLE RECORDS - NIGHT - MINUTES LATER

Warren kicks the locked door of "Wormhole Records." Goes down a gangway along the side of the building into the

ALLEY

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

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

The drop-cloth rustles. Slaps Warren in the back.

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

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

Darby Crash and Sid Vicious nailed to crosses with syringes to Kurt's left and right.

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

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

Upside down American flag pasties on all their nipples.

The Ramones and Sex Pistols play in the cloudy sky.

EXT. WARREN'S HOUSE - POOLSIDE - NIGHT

Gena closes a backyard gate. Zigzags across the grass. Carries the paper bag full of money. Sets the bag under the diving board

GENA

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

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

GENA (CONT'D)

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

She splashes her face. Grabs a 25-pound weight off the rack of assorted weights. Carries it to the diving board.

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

GENA (CONT'D)

I must be punchy.

She sets the 25-pound weight in her hand on the other weight already on the end of the board and strips.

She folds the .38 with the bag of money in her clothes. Sets them under the board.

She slaps the goggles on. Bites the end of the tubing. Hugs one of the 25-pound weight from the board to her chest.

She splashes into the water. Sinks to the bottom.

EXT. CUL-DE-SAC - WARREN'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Gena's convertible is parked in the driveway.

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

VEGAS

Any way... We can relax and shoot
pool. Give my mom some time to
decompress.

DANNY

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

She smiles wide as she mimes using a cue-stick forcefully to break a rack of billiard balls on a pool table.

VEGAS

Told you I'm good with a cue-stick.

DANNY

Did he go crazy on you after that?

VEGAS

Hell no. Warren's my bitch, now.

She grabs her crotch. Waddles around. Howls. They laugh.

DANNY

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

Danny slides away from her along the curb:

DANNY (CONT'D)

You keep your cue-stick where I can see it when we're in there.

VEGAS

No, your ass is mine.

She grabs him and kisses him.

DANNY

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

VEGAS

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

DANNY

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

VEGAS

I left my guitar in the house. I'll play to Reno's weakness when we're in there. She loves all that old fogey, roll some dope, hippie folk.

Vegas and Danny strum imaginary guitars and sing:

DANNY

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

VEGAS

"Love, Love, Love".

Danny grits his teeth. Mumbles to himself indistinctly...

INT. WARREN'S HOUSE - POOL UNDERWATER - NIGHT

Gena, weight on her lap, sits on the bottom. Breathes through the tubing as she massages her temples.

The video camera in a duct-tape sealed baggy sinks into her lap. The viewfinder screen open. The red jump drive plugged into it.

She lifts the baggy. The viewfinder screen light up.

BEGIN VIEWFINDER SCREEN RECORDING:

INT. WARREN'S HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

The video camera bounces on the headboard. Auto-focuses as it records Warren on top of Gena. Screwing in the bed.

WARREN

Gena, Gena!

GENA

Oh, my God, Warren, yes!

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

WARREN

Ah-owe, fuck no!

Gena shoves him off of her and the bed.

GENA

What?!

She sits up frozen in shock. Watches Warren circle the room. Trailing a cue-stick. A foot up his ass.

Vegas stands in front of the footboard and yells:

VEGAS

Breathe, Mom!

END VIEWFINDER SCREEN RECORDING AND BACK TO SCENE

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

She drops the video camera. Tosses the weight off her lap. Swims to the surface of the

POOL

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

GENA

What are you doing, Sis?

RENO

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

She sways over the board edge. Feet on the 25-pound weight.

RENO (CONT'D)

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

GENA

What are you talking about?

She grabs the board. Pulls herself up by one hand. Strokes Reno's leg with her other.

GENA (CONT'D)

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

Reno kicks her hand away. Backs off of the 25-pound weight.

Gena drops to the edge of the pool. Pulls the .38 from her clothes under the board. The bag of money sinks in the water.

GENA (CONT'D)

Look at me, Reno.

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

GENA (CONT'D)

Come to the edge, Sis. Let me see you. Look in my eyes and tell me you believe I'd do such a thing.

Reno steps on the weight. Peers over the end of the board.

Gena raises the .38. Aimed in Reno's face. Reno trips backward over the weight. Catches her balance on the board.

The weight flips off the board. Smacks Gena in the head. She fires the .38. Blasts a hole in the keyless entry pad.

The automated pool cover hums as it closes...

Reno kneels on the board. Reaches for Gena. Gena bleeds from the head as she struggles to tread water. Gripping the gun.

RENO

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

Gena reaches out. Reno seizes her gun-hand wrist. Rises off her knees and pulls Gena from the water.

GENA

You're finally gonna be dead!

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

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

GENA (CONT'D)

Let... go!

She jerks the gun again and again. Grabs Reno's arm. Pulls Reno to her knees on the edge of the board.

RENO

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

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

GENA

Time to drown you. My sorrow.

She rips Reno's hair out. Gena bangs her chin on the board as she falls. Reno's torn-out hair tangled between her fingers.

Gena spits blood. Splashes into the water. Sinks.

Reno backs down the diving board ladder. Kneels. Taps the numbers around the bullet hole in the keyless entry pad. The .38 still bites her bloody left hand.

RENO

I didn't want this. Gena...

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

POOL UNDERWATER

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

The automated cover hums as it closes over the pool.

Reno sits on the ledge. Props her feet on the cover edge. Tries to stop it. It moves her back. Shuts. The hum stops.

Reno kicks the keyless pad as she sobs and gasps.

EXT. WARREN'S HOUSE - POOLSIDE - NIGHT

Vegas leads Danny into the yard.

Reno looks down with empty-eyes at the pool cover as she walks around on it.

VEGAS

What are ya doing?

RENO

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

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

VEGAS

Is there something the matter?

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

RENO

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

VEGAS

Is my mom around?

RENO

She's lying down, inside.

VEGAS

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

RENO

Didn't say anything about it to me.

VEGAS

That's... not like my mom.

RENO

You're right, she was certainly more bubbly than I'm used to her being.

She scoffs. Shakes her head. Pulls her ear.

VEGAS

What in hell's the matter with you?

RENO

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

She pinches her lips shut.

Vegas pulls Danny by the arm toward the house.

DANNY

She's really off her meds?

VEGAS

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

DANNY

(sotto)

A psycho killer clown shot out of a cannon. Bad trips all around.

Reno follows them. Keeps her bloody hand behind her.

RENO

Who's your guy?

VEGAS

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

RENO

Your name does proceed you, Danny.

She shakes his hand. Grabs Vegas and backpedals to the house.

RENO (CONT'D)

Come with us, boy.

He follows them through the patio door into the

INT. WARREN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Reno releases Vegas and backs against the patio door.

RENO

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

Vegas and Danny walk around and survey the devastation.

Reno shuts the door. Stares at her bloody handprint on the
glass. Whispers a hiss at the hammer bite marks in her hand.

VEGAS

I don't know what to do.

DANNY

She's kooky.

VEGAS

I'm a kook, she's unhinged.

Danny kisses her head.

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

Warren barrels down the expressway feeder ramp into traffic
and glances into the rearview mirror.

WARREN

Did I lose 'em?

The squad car races down the ramp a hundred yards behind him.

LORNA (O.S.)

Take it easy. Stay behind him.

ALICE (O.S.)

I'm not losing two white rabbits.

Warren zigzags through traffic.

The squad car on his ass.

WARREN

Get off my ass!

He crosses three lanes of traffic. Beats a semi onto an

EXIT RAMP

The semi fishtails behind him. Blasts the air-horn.

The squad car climbs a strip of grass between a cement wall
and the semi.

ALICE (O.S.)
Hold onto your pension.

LORNA (O.S.)
Deja vu... all over again.

The squad car veers across the semi's front end in sight of white sports car farther up incline ahead.

Warren runs a red light. Swerves and skids sideways onto a

FRONTAGE ROAD

He wheels around a curve past custom homes on one side. The expressway on the other.

WARREN
Round and round and round we go.

The squad car fishtails onto the road and closes on Warren.

He spins the wheel right. Turns onto an

AVENUE

Garbage receptacles along the curbs of custom homes on both sides.

Warren downshifts. Fishtails around two receptacles on the curb, overfilled with old flat screen televisions.

WARREN
The TV's on you. See you around.

The squad car screeches around the turn. Both cops stare out passenger side window and watch Warren...

He lays-rubber around a half-circle driveway. Reenters the street behind the squad, and speeds back the way they came.

Both cops turn forward as they plow into the receptacles on the curb. And the televisions smash through the windshield.

Warren shifts gears and squeals around the corner onto the

FRONTAGE ROAD

He cuts the next corner. Swerves onto another street:

WARREN
Sayonara, suckers!

INT. WARREN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Vegas and Danny walk around. Gawk at gouged walls, decimated furniture and broken appliances scattered across the floor.

DANNY

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

He spray-paints a spiral across the floor into a big runny swirl in the center.

VEGAS

I can't believe Reno would do this.

DANNY

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

Vegas grabs the spray-paint can. Tosses it down the hallway.

VEGAS

I think you're just clinging to the past. Spray-painting yourself in circles?

RENO (O.S.)

Oh, Dan, dear...

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

RENO (CONT'D)

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

VEGAS

You are crazy.

RENO

I'm usually just a dramatic little housewife. But today, I'm a bipolar butterfly with chain-saw wings.

Danny pulls Vegas backward toward the kitchen.

DANNY

We'll get out of your way.

Reno cocks the .38.

RENO

You're not playing along... Dan.

Vegas snaps into a rage. Danny holds her back.

VEGAS
Where is my mother?!

RENO
Silence entombs death.

VEGAS
What?!

She fights to free herself. He wrestles her away.

VEGAS (CONT'D)
Let me go!

DANNY
No, Vegas!

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

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

The .38 accidentally fires. Hops back and shakes her head.

Danny spins Vegas to the wall. Blood drips from the back of his gunshot-tattered-ear.

VEGAS
Danny?!

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

RENO
Rock and bloody roll, Vegas. You
knew... Warren, and my, sissss...

She stomps her foot down. Fires the .38. Pops a hole in the center of the ceiling. Water drips out of the hole.

Vegas steps away from Danny toward Reno.

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

RENO
What why?

VEGAS

Why my mother screwed your husband.

RENO

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

Vegas moves closer to her and speaks softly:

VEGAS

It was after your first attempt at suicide with drugs in high school.

RENO

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

VEGAS

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

Reno grits her teeth and speaks:

RENO

I proved my love for him.

VEGAS

How, by taking another bottle of pills?

RENO

He asked me to marry him.

VEGAS

After my mother begged him to stay with you.

She lowers her eyes and smiles to herself.

RENO

We were in love.

VEGAS

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

RENO

Shut up!

VEGAS

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

RENO
Who says this?

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

Reno paces in a corner.

RENO
She was the crazy one tonight.

VEGAS
Sure, now you're the degenerate.

RENO
This gun gives me strength.

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

Vegas holds Danny. They whisper to each other:

DANNY
Is that all true?

VEGAS
No, my mother was a degenerate.

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

Warren stands. His back toward the basement stairs.

WARREN
What the damn hell's...?

Marko creeps up the steps behind him.

Reno turns the .38 on Warren.

RENO
Here's *my* man, now!

WARREN
Put that pistol down, Reno!

He goes for the .45 in his waistband behind him.

Marko stabs his 9mm in Warren's back. Rips the .45 from
Warren's pants.

MARKO

We on the other side, now.

Reno waves the .38 at Warren.

RENO

"The crazy bitch" will end this.

Marko slips the .45 under his belt buckle. Whispers to Warren:

MARKO

Yo, I want that safe's combination.

Warren twists his head toward him and whispers:

WARREN

Finish your job.

RENO

Bring my hopeful husband over here.

Marko shoves Warren at Reno. She aims the .38 at Warren. Lowers her aim onto his balls. Cocks it:

RENO (CONT'D)

Pull down your pants, Warren!

Warren trembles as he hesitantly undoes his zipper.

WARREN

What are you doing?

RENO

Take them off, now bitch!

He takes his pants off. Leaves his briefs on.

WARREN

Okay, okay.

RENO

On your knees.

He kneels.

WARREN

Please, what do you want from me?

RENO

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

MARKO

Damn!

WARREN

Please, please, I sorry...

Reno shakes her head.

RENO

Vegas, you better turn around. Ya don't need to see this.

Marko aims the 9mm at Danny.

MARKO

Don't mind wasting your ass, dog.

He grabs Vegas. Jams the gun to her neck. Looks at Reno:

MARKO (CONT'D)

Shame to cap this fine bitch. Trade you her for Warren.

Danny seizes the 9mm.

Marko kicks Danny in the nuts, slams him into the wall. Cocks the gun to his head.

MARKO (CONT'D)

Yo fucking dead!

O.S. GUNSHOT. A bullet pops Marko in the head. He drops dead.

Reno swings the smoking .38 barrel onto Vegas and Danny.

RENO

What's with these men?

He spins Vegas behind him and hugs her.

Warren dives onto Marko. Reaches under him for the .45 in his belt buckle.

RENO (CONT'D)

They got balls. That's the problem.

Warren drags the .45 out from under Marko.

Reno fires. Puts a bullet between the butt-cheeks of Warren.

RENO (CONT'D)

I am the hero of my own tragedy!

She runs into the

KITCHEN

Reno opens the patio door and runs out to the

EXT. WARREN'S HOUSE - POOLSIDE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Reno steps on the diving board. Walks to the end...

INT. WARREN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Warren stuffs the "Greek Comedy/Tragedy Mask" pillow in his bloody briefs. As he aims the .45 at Danny, shielding Vegas.

VEGAS

How are you gonna get away with it?

WARREN

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

VEGAS

Why would he... Danny-boy?

WARREN

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

Danny turns to Vegas. Speaks through gritted-teeth:

DANNY

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

She grabs his arm. Stares sideways in his eyes:

VEGAS

"Danny-boy 'ill kill her if--" He gets the chance! Reno was driving the SUV that killed your parents in that crash.

Danny yanks his arm free from Vegas. Steps toward Warren.

Warren fires the .45. Blasts Danny in the shoulder.

EXT. WARREN'S HOUSE - POOLSIDE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Reno steps to the end of the diving board. Fires the .38 at the pool. Drills two bullet holes in the cover.

She sucks on the .38 barrel. Pulls the trigger. Click, click, click, on empty chambers.

RENO

I must end this bloodbath with my own.

She shut her eyes. Jumps off the board. Rips through the bullet holes in the cover.

INT. WARREN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

O.S. TWO GUNSHOTS ECHO.

Warren waves the .45 and laughs as he watches Vegas try to wrestle out of Danny's grasp. But he keeps her behind him.

WARREN

Those shots should finish Reno's act.

Danny pins Vegas in a corner of the wall.

WARREN (CONT'D)

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

He taps the coke bottle in his palm. Gets none out. Sees a clump of white powder on the bottom of the bottle.

WARREN (CONT'D)

I was going to use Marko...

He catches the water dripping from the bullet hole in the ceiling in the coke bottle. Shakes it. And drinks out of it.

Danny shoves Vegas in front of him toward the kitchen.

WARREN (CONT'D)

I can use you both, dead.

He fires the .45. Blasts Danny in the calve. He falls. Shoves Reno into the kitchen as he goes down.

Warren leans over Danny. Aims the .45 between his eyes.

Vegas smacks the .45 from Warren's hand with the 3-Iron. The gun splashes into the water in the middle of the floor.

Vegas cracks the 3-Iron upside Warren's jaw. He spins. Steps toward the .45. Danny trips him.

He flops onto the .45. Rolls over. Fires it at Danny.

Vegas swings the 3-Iron. The bullet pings off the 3-Iron head. And the club twirls out of her hands.

She stumbles back. Danny catches her. She sits in his lap.

Warren kneels in the center of the spray-painted spiral and wets his fingers in the water dripping from the ceiling.

He aims the .45 at Vegas and Danny. Cocks it and sniffs the water from his fingers.

WARREN (CONT'D)

Meep-meep!

The beat-up safe crashes through the ceiling in a deluge of water and crushes him to the floor.

The floor cracks toward the corners. Drops in the center.

Danny and Vegas fall to the floor. Slide toward the safe. The floor crackles around the safe as it chews through it.

Danny grabs Vegas. Climbs the floor to the kitchen. Grips the doorway. Swings Vegas into the room. She helps him climb in.

The floor collapses. The safe goes with it. Crashes onto Warren's dead body and smashes into the pool table under him.

EXT. FOLEY HOUSE - POOLSIDE - DAY

Danny pulls the box-cutter out. Jumps on the diving board.

Vegas enters the code in the keyless entry pad.

DANNY

What's going on?! Open the cover!

VEGAS

The remote's fucked!

Danny dives through the hole that Reno went through.

POOL UNDERWATER

Danny bloodies the water as he swims toward Reno and Gena nose to nose, kneeling on the bottom.

Danny tries to pull Reno away from Gena. But Reno's fingers are curled around Gena's hair at the back of her head.

Danny twists Reno's head. Extends the box-cutter blade all the way out as the last air bubble pops out of Reno's mouth.

He cuts the hair from Gena's head curled in Reno's fingers. Half hugs Reno. Swims toward the hole.

The box-cutter sinks to the bottom with the bag of cash.

POOLSIDE

Vegas pulls Reno through the hole onto the cover. Drags her out of the pool.

Danny climbs out. Vomits water. Coughs out words:

DANNY

She didn't wanna live without Gena.

Vegas kneels next to Reno. Stares at her trembling hands.

VEGAS

I don't know CPR.

Danny kneels on Reno's other side. Pumps her chest.

DANNY

That's how I saved Grace. Feel for a pulse.

He leans his ear over Reno's mouth. Tilts her chin up with his hand on her forehead. Breathes into her mouth.

VEGAS

No. No pulse!

He pumps her chest again. Presses his ear to her chest. Blows air into her mouth.

DANNY

Check it again.

Vegas feels her carotid artery.

VEGAS

Oh, God, no!

He stares in Reno's eyes. Pumps her chest. Pool water drains out of her mouth.

DANNY

Help me, Reno! It's me Danny-boy.
Look at me. I won't go away. Oh
God, please, don't die on me!

VEGAS

Nothing!

DANNY

What will she respond to? A song?
Poetry? What does she read?

Vegas shakes her head and cries.

VEGAS
She loves Greek Tragedy.

He pumps her chest faster. Foamy water pours from her mouth.

DANNY
Tell me something you learned: Do
tragic heroes have to die?

He rolls Reno on her back. Breathes into her mouth. He spits
out foam as he rolls her sideways.

She drools foamy water as he pumps her chest.

VEGAS
Aristotle said, "heroes need not
die." But they *must* undergo a
change in fortune. A revelation!

DANNY
Pulse?

She feels for Reno's pulse. Shakes her head. Tears streaming.

DANNY (CONT'D)
What does he mean, revelation?!

Vegas kisses Reno's head.

VEGAS
A recognition about human fate, and
destiny. "A change from ignorance
to awareness of a bond of love or
hate."

Danny breathes air into Reno's mouth. Spits out foam as he
pumps her chest.

DANNY
Reno. Gena and Warren were going to
kill you. If you die, they win. You
saved Vegas and me, Danny-boy.
You're our hero. Don't leave us.

Danny kisses her head and weeps.

Reno coughs up vomit and gasps for air as Vegas hugs Danny.

O.S. POLICE SIRENS AND CAR TIRES SCREECH INTO THE DRIVEWAY.

Several spinning blue police car lights swarm around Vegas,
Danny, and Reno.

INT./EXT. DANNY'S BUNGALOW - BATHROOM - DAY

Danny, shoulder and leg-bandaged, stands at a window.

Vegas pours peroxide from a bottle on a cotton ball. Swabs his stitched-together ear as they stare through the window at

ANGLE

A moving truck pulls away from in the front of the bungalow.

Honeycomb straddles the hydrant on the side street below. Locks her hands under the spigot. Shoots water high in the air...

Reno holds hands with the dozen Kids. Leads them in and out of the waterfall.

BATHROOM

Danny and Vegas turn away from the window:

DANNY

I'll sell all of my equipment, my art and anything else.

VEGAS

You don't have to.

DANNY

I want to take care of you both. The doctor said Reno's doing fine on her new meds, but I want to do more.

She kisses him with a playful smile. Waves for him to follow.

STUDIO

Vegas leads Danny along a trail of scuff-marks to the beat-up safe in the middle of the floor.

VEGAS

My patron saint just happens to be an eight hundred pound safe.

She spins the dial on the safe left. Right. Left again.

DANNY

You know the combo?

VEGAS

Warren never had a head for numbers. But I...

She twists the handle. The safe door springs open.

Danny jerks her back into his lap. They sit on their asses...

The safe opens. Stacks of wrinkled cash pour out.

DANNY

You have a photographic memory.

VEGAS

Hell can have its uses.

He hugs her from behind. Kisses her neck.

DANNY

I want you to remember something if
I ever get out of line with you.

VEGAS

What?

DANNY

I don't need an eight hundred pound
safe to fall on me.

She turns around. Shoves him down. Climbs on top of him:

VEGAS

What are we going to do now?

DANNY

How about that slam-dance?

O.S. PUNK ROCK BLARES, SINGER SHRIEKS LYRICS...

INT. ARAGON BALLROOM - NIGHT

Danny and Vegas slow dance at the center of swirling mass of
punk rock Mosh-pitters as shimmering beams of white light
orbiting them intensifies...

FADE OUT.

THE END