

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 with the skyscrapers of downtown Chicago in the background.

White paint drippings lead across the platform 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)
Can't tell the Christians from
Satan's Army. Who's the terrorist
now?!

He pulls a twelve-inch metal hook out from inside his coat as two cops, ALICE, 35, and LORNA, 52, burst onto the platform.

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

THE STREET

Danny bounces on the hood of a curb-parked car and looks up as he hangs from a bungee cord looped around his wrist:

DANNY
Time to...

He sees the paint can falling toward him and leaps onto

THE SIDEWALK

The paint can slams onto the car hood, exploding paint drenches him as he pulls out a box cutter and cuts the cord.

He removes his drenched coat, an oxygen cylinder strapped to his back upside-down with a regulator gauge connected to a hose that leads from a paint can to an airbrush in his hand.

Lorna jumps off the stairs onto the sidewalk toward him.

He rolls the apparatus toward her and sprints away.

Danny looks over his shoulder, running and laughing as he sees Lorna back away from the cylinder.

DANNY

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

He sees Alice jump over the cylinder in full stride, yelling to Lorna:

ALICE

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

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

ALICE

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 album-sized record disk.

She rattles the locked doorknob; the store's unlit. She stares curiously into the center of the "Wormhole Records" logo and taps her curled finger on the glass.

ALICE

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 boxer's 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 and shuts the lid.

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

He takes a flower from a vase of flowers and bites the stem, smiling 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

You again...

He holds the phone between his shoulder and his cheek and grabs a pair of suit pants from the bed. Smirking at his reflection as he hops into his pants, buttons, and zips them:

WARREN

(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, and rushes out.

The red jump drive bounces behind the nightstand.

EXT. WARREN'S HOUSE - DAY

JODY, 12, in a baseball cap and 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.

She steps just short of "1313 ELM STREET" stenciled on the next driveway with a white sports car. She grabs a paper.

INT. WARREN'S HOUSE - FRONT FOYER - DAY

Warren stops halfway down the stairs at a window and sees an SUV skid around Jody to a halt on his driveway.

IRATE WOMAN, 37, in tennis attire, jumps out of the SUV and 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

The water sprinklers go on, dousing the Irate Woman as she valiantly winds up her pitching arm with the newspaper while crossing 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, and lowers his voice, whispering 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 wet newspaper smacks him in the crotch, unfolding 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 off 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, frustrated romantic, messy hair, eyes closed, behind the counter, back to the window, a handset phone pinned to her shoulder with her ear:

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
(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, it explodes against the counter.

GENA
Fuck yourself next time, Dick.

Danny BANGS on the glass.

She wipes away her tears and turns to Danny outside the transaction window above the cash tray.

DANNY
Good morning, Gena!

She drops a clipboard into the cash tray and sends it out to him.

GENA
The readouts on the pumps need 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, and limps away.

She looks at a dozen caricatures of her as rock stars, skateboarders, race car drivers, and comic book heroes on the blank insides of cereal boxes under the one Danny gave her.

She sneers with extreme prejudice out the window at Danny.

EXT. HAVE A GAS STATION & MINIMART - DAY

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

DANNY
Anniversary day. Dead twelve years
now, and still no name.

He steps behind a rusty, ragged-topped convertible parked alongside the building and 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, a short blonde beauty with big white shades, exits the car, steps on the skateboard, slings an acoustic guitar on a strap over her shoulder, and skateboards around Danny.

VEGAS
You rock, I roll, Danny boy!

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

VEGAS
*American leather/ The poisonous
members/ Not alone-not together...*

He steps in front of her. She tail 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 an anarchy locket, "circled-A" for Anarchy on it, around her neck, Darby Crash photo on one side, Kurt Cobain on 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, and 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

Vegas enters, and 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.)
Thank you.

Vegas plays rockabilly on her way back down the aisle,
singing.

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 rockabilly. Get back up
front. Put the gee-tar down. No
more encores, thank you. And do-as-
you 're-told, baby girl. We have
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, sets the guitar in a corner,
grabs a pack of cigarettes from the display, and rolls back
out.

She pockets the pack as she passes behind the Dancer,
scratching off the last of her instant tickets:

DANCER
Five will get me fifty.

Vegas grabs a bag of nacho chips from an aisle display, spins
around, and 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 and sucks on a stuffed red apple.

The mirror reflects Dancer's shocked face, her jaw drops, and her eyes roll back as 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 under Dancer's head, and 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 you, please?

Vegas gives Teen Boy her taco chips and goes behind the counter.

The bell chimes. Danny enters and drifts toward the counter, watching Dancer on the floor and 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 and pockets the keys before Danny gets behind the counter.

DANNY
 What's with Sleeping Beauty?

VEGAS
 A dwarf took her place under the
 glass.

Danny squats as he puts the clipboard behind the .38 under the register, looks for the keys, grabs the prescription bottle, and reads, "RENO FOLEY 1313 ELM STREET" on the label:

DANNY
 (speaks quietly, smiling)
 Happy anniversary, Reno Foley.

He mocks, slashing the prescription bottle with the box cutter, puts the bottle back, and pockets the box cutter:

DANNY
 Where are my keys, Gena?!

GENA (O.S.)
 Look near the prescription bottle
 on the shelf under the register.

Vegas collects parts of the phone from the floor, puts them together on the counter, and punches 9-1-1. As Danny stands:

DANNY
 Am I missing something?

VEGAS
 (hand over the phone)
 Shh. Prince Charming's 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. Danny pats himself down.

DANNY
You're witty.

VEGAS
It gets me noticed.

DANNY
Have you seen my keys?

VEGAS
First, your boot. Now your keys.

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, a thin, raven-haired beauty, in a 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 countertop on her way by.

Loud PUNK ROCK wafts through a canyon of stainless steel appliances as she opens the patio door, leans outside, and lights her cigarette.

She blows smoke rings and peers through them across the

EXT. WARREN'S HOUSE - POOLSIDE - DAY

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

Warren lies on a weight bench by the pool bench-pressing two hundred pounds, sets the bar on the rack, and gets to his feet.

He grabs a suit coat off a 3-Iron on the diving board, puts the coat on, a flower in his lapel, looks across the pool at

INT. WARREN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Reno takes the cigarette out of her mouth, tears the lit end off, tosses it, and ducks back inside through the patio doors.

She flips a switch on the wall over the sink and drops the cigarette in the grinding jaws of the garbage disposal.

Warren enters, pissed, and slaps the disposal switch 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 and turns away.

He grabs a cigarette pack from her robe and 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 garbage disposal's grinding jaws.

RENO
I almost drowned in that accident.

She grabs the sprayer from the sink.

RENO

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, and jams it on its mount.

WARREN

A few pounds off couldn't hurt.

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

RENO

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

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

WARREN

A baby!

She lays her head on his chest, tears filling her eyes.

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 and pops them in her mouth.

RENO
Did you fuck the newspaper girl's
mom?

WARREN
I told you, I've changed.

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

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

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

She curtsies and bows.

RENO
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 eyeballs 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'm sorry for being so bitchy. I'll forgive you. Just come back to me. I miss you.

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

LIVING ROOM

Reno catches Warren at the front door, wiping 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

Are you imagining things again? I'm not having a baby with a crazy person.

RENO

I'd be a good loving mother.

He SLAMS the door shut 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, and turns on the disposal.

She grabs the flower off the counter and dips it into the disposal's grinding jaws, fingers dangerously close to them.

RENO

Wish I may...

She pulls out the tattered flower.

RENO

That I might...

She kisses the tattered flower.

RENO

Make him love me again!

She drops the flower into the disposal.

She switches the boom box on and pounds on the refrigerator door to the fast PUNK ROCK beat as she slides to the floor.

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

RENO

Welcome to the bottom of the
wishing well.

EXT. WARREN'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - DAY

Warren puts a cordless headset on and backs against the white sports car. As Vegas pulls the rusty convertible alongside him. She leans out her window, smiling 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 slick, want to 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 earphones:

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
Are you 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)
I wonder where she gets it.

Gena bites his ear and 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)
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, and lays rubber out of the driveway.

INT. WARREN'S HOUSE - FRONT FOYER - DAY

Reno hurries up the steps, crosses the landing, and disappears into the first of three bedroom doors.

Loud opera music PLAYING.

She exits one bedroom and enters the second bedroom.

A heavily dramatic symphonic overture is PLAYING.

She rushes out and into the third bedroom.

She leaps out of the third bedroom.

Another opera starts with a kettledrum BEATING.

She stomps down the stairs.

A CACOPHONY of three operatic arias begins with the divas' voices in conflict.

KITCHEN

Reno grabs a can of beer from the fridge, drinks some, and sticks her other hand out.

Vegas enters and puts the pack of cigarettes 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 into each other's eyes and 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, and 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

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, miming 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 as
they furrow their brows, smiling 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 and hands them to Gena.

GENA

Thanks.

Reno beats Gena to the patio door and 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 and pats Reno on her back.

VEGAS

Good one, Reno.

GENA

You two dramatists are ah...

VEGAS AND RENO

Two peas in an infinite pod.

They clasp hands, bow together, and laugh. Gena shakes her head as she steps out through the patio door.

GENA

Time for my silent treatment.

Vegas and Reno watch Gena on the

EXT. WARREN'S HOUSE - POOLSIDE

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

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

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

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

VEGAS (O.S.)
It's Macbeth. We 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 and sets it on the diving board.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Gena hugs the weight as she splashes into the water.

INT. WHITE SPORTS CAR - DAY - TRAVELING

Warren speeds through traffic and slams through the gears, squeezing between cars.

WARREN
Get the fuck out of my way.

He weaves his way through a convoy of trucks.

They BLOW their air horns and give him the finger as he passes.

He hits the passing lane, reaches out the window, and gives the middle finger to the truckers.

A CACOPHONY of semi-air horns responding.

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

WARREN

Fuck it!

He veers right, inches from several cars' front and rear bumpers, then narrowly cuts off an air-braking semi.

He misses the ramp and 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 (coke) on the bar.

Warren grabs the coke bottles and the pills, pocketing 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, and sorts through court documents inside it.

VLAD

Those pills will 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.

A door OPENS and SLAMS.

The photo skews, he scowls, downs his drink, and chews the ice.

VLAD
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, flops into the leather chair, work boots untied.

MARKO
What's up, dog?

Vlad steps behind Marko's chair, towering 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 into 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.

VLAD

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

MARKO

Fuck court. Vladimir, let's make a
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 and kicks Warren's damaged car.

VLAD

I come here with nothing. Make it
big. 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 and 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 the 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 --

PRE-LAP - A gavel BANGING echoes in a courtroom.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

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

Vlad 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 peel... 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 corridor. Marko chases him.

WARREN

Marko, your brother should have listened.

MARKO

You call yourself a lawyer.

WARREN

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

MARKO

What's up wit'...
(lowers voice)
... That two million of ours?

Warren slows, stares back at him for a second, and 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.

He 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 off the motion sensor, and 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 and pees in another urinal.

MARKO

I will be seeing you on the other
side.

Marko rises, shaking the cobwebs from his head.

WARREN

Maybe I should bang your head a
little harder.

MARKO

Fuck ya talkin' 'bout?

Warren opens his briefcase and removes a sheet of paper.

WARREN

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

MARKO

Bullshit, dog!

WARREN

Wipe your dog's ass with these.

He holds up the sheet of paper, an "ARREST REPORT" with
"MARKO MARTA" on it.

MARKO

Where did ya? Fuck you! These are
fake!

Marko grabs the paper and stuffs it into his pocket.

WARREN

Let's stop all this 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 and 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, and shoves him into a stall.

WARREN

Then you won't mind if I show your 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 peeks outside the stall, surveying 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 toward a tub full of foaming bubble baths.

DANNY

Are my keys in there with you?

Vegas's face breaks the foamy surface as she comes up, gulping air as she 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 SLAMS it on his way out.

VEGAS
You're odd! Do you know that?

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

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

VEGAS
It took me three weeks of jumping
on and off buses and trains while
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 get past her.

She shakes water from her hair and 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 and shuts 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, it shoves her backward into the tub as
he storms in.

DANNY

Are you all right?

She reaches out to him, blowing 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, and gets in her face.

DANNY

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 shut behind him as he leaves.

She rips the door open and storms naked into the

HALLWAY

She stomps between books and albums stacked along the floor, dragging her finger along a series of two dozen side-by-side cartoon frames hand-painted across the wall.

ON THE CARTOON FRAMES

Danny runs with an airbrush 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. In your own mind!

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

BACK TO SCENE

Vegas 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 thickly applied 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 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, face, hair, pants, and smock splattered with paint.

VEGAS

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 and wiggles his paint-caked fingers.

Vegas throws his keys at him. He ducks and catches the keys.

VEGAS

I won't bother to steal them again!

Danny removes his smock and throws it to her.

DANNY

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

She smiles and puts the smock on.

VEGAS

How'd you make this room a circle?

DANNY

Plywood in the corners, etched into
the plaster. Warped using water.

VEGAS

What are you painting 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've got 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 and leads her around the mural.

VEGAS

This is serious. Have you ever shown 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

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 and calls back to him:

VEGAS
How 'bout you?

She shuts her eyes, miming the words: *please-please-please*.

DANNY
Me? Oh. You couldn't disappoint me.

She runs over and kisses his cheek. He smiles as he rubs the cheek that she just kissed.

She walks along the wall, pointing 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, throwing punches. He ducks and 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
You shed your ills. Escape them.
You come out recycled.

She shoves him backward and 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 and ties her robe around her.

She moves Warren's possessions 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, and leans toward the side of the nightstand.

RENO
Oh no, this will not do.

She bounces to her feet and drops onto her knees by the side of the nightstand.

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

RENO
This ejaculation certainly missed
my mark, Warren. The instructions
say to wet and apply here.

She licks her fingers, rubs them off, shuts her eyes, slides her wet fingers into her robe, and massages between her legs.

RENO
Now, that's the damn spot.

She reaches behind the nightstand and feels around.

RENO
Something more for my attention?

She pulls her hand out and sees the red jump drive in her hand.

RENO
Why and what are you hiding?

INT. DANNY'S BUNGALOW - STUDIO - NIGHT

Danny rips the plastic off the instruments and turns the amplifier on.

Vegas grabs the guitar and jacks it into 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, and 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 laptop screen on her lap, and blocks the visual content on the screen.

A man and woman MOANING and GROANING during sex on the laptop speakers.

She smacks the lid down, rips the red jump drive out, and 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, and laughs hysterically:

RENO

So 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 and flips the garbage disposal on.

RENO

I'm thinking very clearly now.

She stares into the grinding wheels, stabs the wall over and over, and speaks clearly and slowly.

RENO
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
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 widely.

DANNY

So much for the independent. Where did you get all the 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. 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

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, and TAPS the deck edge on the last frame he left on top of the pile of albums.

ON 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 boxcutter blade and shoves her in front of an onrushing train.

BACK TO SCENE

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 flipbook. A 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 in the passenger seat plays guitar.

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

DANNY

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 show's about to begin.

He flips through the cards:

ON THE ANIMATED FLIP-BOOK PAGES

The man jerks the steering wheel from right to left. The woman drops the guitar, fearfully turns, and 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. The hood crumbles. The windshield fractures. The dashboard collapses, swallows the front seat, and crushes the man and the woman.

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

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

He lies on his belly in bed, nose in the center of the drawing across his sketchbook pages, book against a pillow.

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

Action, you see, is the only truth.

VEGAS

Words bear knowledge.

DANNY

The psychiatrist and all her
knowledge. This 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... not good at saying things. I
don't know. It's been so long. 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 into 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 and lays it against his chest.

DANNY
Words began flooding my heart, but
they were... 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 hers 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 - NIGHT - TRAVELING

Warren drives with a cordless headset on.

He snorts a line of coke 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, and 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 and 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! 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 and smiles at it.

WARREN
A guaranteed fix to everything.

He drops the .45 between the front seats, steers one-handed, and bites the cap off a gram-size bottle of coke.

WARREN
Bottoms up.

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

WARREN

Scared stupid flock of sheep,
drive.

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

WARREN

Stay with me mister Wile E. Coyote.

The pickup fishtails in front of him, brake lights flashing as the top sheet of drywall flips backward from its bed.

The drywall explodes across Warren's roof, and 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, and a few drops of the washer fluid spit out as the wipers smear white muck across the windshield. He pumps the washer lever. No fluid.

WARREN

Goddamn, quit on me!

WILE E. COYOTE, 35, a big tattooed man, exits the jeep, pissed, stomps toward Warren, hammer in his hand, his long leather overcoat flapping.

WARREN

Yo. You looking for me, dog?

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

WARREN

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 rack muck across 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 enjoyed our
little race. And I'm gonna give you
something for your effort.

The wipers are SQUEALING. He takes the bottle from his nose
and taps a line of coke down 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

Meep-Meep!

Warren fishtails away, his fender swats Wile E. Coyote
backward. He trips over his hammer and EXPLODES between the
flashing headlights of an oncoming semi.

INT. HAVE A GAS STATION & MINIMART - NIGHT

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

Gena stands at the register and stares at a drawer full of cash, TAPPING 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 and gives them the finger.

Grumbling Customers back into bags of chips on a shelf.

LITTLE OLD LADY
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

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

GRACE, 69, African-American beauty queen, sunglasses, sits on a wicker throne chair in a corner, fanning 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, giggling.

GRACE

Stop that, stop that now. Oh...

She finger-combs his Mohawk straight up.

GRACE

Why anyone with such nice hair
would do this? No wonder you 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

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, grabs the wrench, and faces Vegas.

DANNY

Will you join me?

VEGAS

Lead on, Mister Piper?

She kicks her shoes off and takes his hand.

They dance down the steps and across the grass onto a

SIDE STREET

Danny taps the wrench on a fire hydrant.

A dozen African-American KIDS surround Danny and Vegas.

HONEYCOMB, 12, a mulatto girl with blonde pigtails, a twisted baseball cap, and big eyes, cuts through the kids and squeezes 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 and 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's anarchy locket and 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
Got that, little sister.

She pecks a kiss on his cheek.

HONEYCOMB
All right, Danny.

She squeezes Vegas's hand and leans toward her.

HONEYCOMB
Ya better be good for him, girl!

She lays her hands on Danny's, helps him turn the wrench, and opens the hydrant valve.

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

Vegas puts the locket in her back pocket. The chain is hanging out.

Honeycomb bumps into Vegas as she goes around her.

HONEYCOMB

Excuse me, girl!

She jumps over the curb and stops in the grass, smiling at Vegas's anarchy locket curled in her palm.

INT./EXT. WHITE SPORTS CAR - NIGHT - TRAVELING

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

He opens the chalk-covered side window, smiling 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 and sees the water gushing from the open hydrant down the street.

WARREN

I need a wash.

He spins into a U-turn around traffic, zooms down the

EXT. SIDE STREET - NIGHT

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

Warren stops the car before the water and 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, and waves at Honeycomb.

Vegas pushes Danny to the bungalow and 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's anarchy locket on her chest and shrugs her shoulders at Warren.

HONEYCOMB

Come on! Move yo-ass, mister!

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

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

She spins the locket around on her back, clasps her hands under the water from the hydrant, and sprays Warren's car.

INT. WHITE SPORTS CAR - NIGHT

The hydrant water rumbles on the roof.

Warren pinches coke off his nose, massaging it into his gums.

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

He grabs the .45 from between the seats and 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 and opens the window.

WARREN

The cops?

HONEYCOMB

Ain't no pole-lease, mister.

Warren leans out his window and peers at the surveillance camera on the light pole as the blue light flashes over his smile.

WARREN

No cops...

Honeycomb kicks the door.

HONEYCOMB

Move ya-ass, mister!

WARREN

Yeah.

Vegas's necklace bounces on Honeycomb's back as she struts away from Warren as he

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

WARREN

Nice windows.

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

He waves over the roof at Honeycomb, and the Kids on the curb jeer, waving him out of the way.

INT. WARREN'S HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Reno dives onto the bed and grabs a video camera by the lens from between books on the headboard.

RENO

You are a degenerate bastard.

She slaps Warren's possessions 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 outside.

EXT. WARREN'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT

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

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, and 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 are scattered across the floor. Gouged cabinet doors hang from broken hinges with water overflowing the sink.

The fridge is dented with 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, with torn paintings askew on the walls, furniture ripped, and a TV and sound system busted on the floor.

RENO

The party's over.

MARKO

Are you a vandal?

RENO

You're not very bright?

MARKO

I'm just talking out loud, bitch.

RENO

You mean thinking.

MARKO

Yo! What's up with that?

RENO

You mean, you're thinking out loud.

MARKO

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

He cocks the 9mm.

MARKO

Yo, where's the safe, bitch?

RENO
You mean dead bitch.

He throws her down and 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 and 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 and 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 and 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 is busted in half with a vibrating dildo sticking out of the drain.

She spins to face him, grabs the gun, and 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 to kill that fuck.

RENO
Be my guest!

She tears his shirt open, then hugs and kisses him hard.

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

She leaps into his arms, wraps her arms around his neck, and 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 (O.S.)
Danny-boy!

RECON, 25, big, New York accent, Marine haircut, leather pants, snakeskin boots, and razor-blade earrings, he 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, snarling.

RECON
Hey, sweetheart.

DANNY
Bear fag.

Recon sets him down and smiles at Vegas.

RECON
Ya know, anyone else says that to
me, I screw my frigging snakeskin's
up-their-asses 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, and SNAPS his
fingers.

RECON
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 alongside the building.

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

INT. ARAGON BALLROOM - BACKSTAGE OFFICE - NIGHT

The walls are oil-painted in the 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, and 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 is 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
Catch you on the rebound, Recon.

Recon jumps up, knocks a spray-paint can off the desk, and 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

A couple of times, he left me with
my snakeskin's up-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, shaking 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! You 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, squinting sideways at Danny.

VEGAS

You don't have to.

She sneers and shakes her head at Recon.

VEGAS

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! You ran 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. You 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. 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 want a war, Danny-boy?

DANNY

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

Recon eases the hammer down and 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 and LOUD PUNK ROCK blares in from the

BALLROOM

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

"Sexy Violents" across the bass drum skin.

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

Recon stands backstage, aiming 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 pounds a BEAT, bass, and guitar STRUM IN RHYTHM.

SKINNY MAN (O.S.)
(over speakers, filtered)
Welcome to the dark side of
Chicago!

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

Drunk and disorderly punks SHRIEKING.

A spotlight hits Danny as he hops to the microphone, chokes a Les Paul guitar neck, RIFFING CORDS:

DANNY
(over speakers, filtered)
Destroy the temples!

The band rips into a REBELLIOUS PUNK ROCK. The crowd of Punks pogo dance, nodding and bowing 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 Les Paul off the stage and spins toward Recon. Recon backpedals, shouting 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 and spin into a glow stick blur as they gyrate their barbed wire 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 and flings the microphone stand into the fist-pumping sea of Punks on the dance floor.

VEGAS

I don't know!

DANNY

Now's the time!

They leap into the sea of Punks, their hands and arms carrying Vegas and Danny 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, and 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, and Danny spray-paints the floor as they cut through the Mosh Pitters.

VEGAS

Going to introduce me to Ouroboros?

They enter the center of the mosh pit, and 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 a girl Mosh Pitter in their grasp at the center of the spray-painted swirling line.

RECON

Got my snakeskins screwed up-my-own-ass, again. Frigging Ouroboros!

INT. WARREN'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

Candles flicker in a pool table's pockets in the dark as 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, and leads Vegas to the counter.

DANNY

Define a marvel.

VEGAS

An event outside normal causation.

He steps behind the counter and 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

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, and hands Vegas one.

DANNY

Rebels always leave their mark.

INT. WARREN'S HOUSE - HOME OFFICE - NIGHT

A computer, a 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 of scuff marks leads 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 and drop the 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 under this 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
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 and drops the ropes over.

DANNY
I paint a section. We move the
hooks.

He pulls an oxygen tank from a backpack with a regulator,
hose, paint can, and 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.

He grips the airbrush, puts her hood on her, and 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, her face black. They sing:

DANNY
*"I'm a nasty boy/ Hope you
appreciate it".*

VEGAS
"Yeah/ Yeah/ Dude's gonna shoot".

PRE-LAP - The bell on the minimart door is CHIMING.

INT. HAVE A GAS STATION & MINIMART - NIGHT

Gena sits asleep on the counter, forehead resting against the window in the dark, mumbling.

GENA

Is that you, baby girl?

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

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

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

He squats and catches the pot. His Colt revolver falls out of his jacket. He scoops it up and 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 and 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 and SHATTERS the coffee pot upside her own head. She wobbles, head bleeding, as she grabs the .38 from under the counter.

RECON

Ouroboros...

She FIRES, drilling him between the eyes.

He crashes into the "BANG ENERGY DRINK" display, slouching 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 and 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

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

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

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

GENA

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, blasting the DVR system and the ceiling tile to pieces.

GENA

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

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

GENA

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

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

GENA

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

She cracks the disc, splitting the image of her face in half.

EXT. ANOTHER SIDEWALK - NIGHT

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

One is Danny, in a knit hat, playing 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

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'd help you?

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!

The sound of an "L" train ROARING in the distance.

Warren scurries down the block.

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

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

EXT. WORMHOLE RECORDS - NIGHT

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

ALLEY

Warren backs into 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, slapping 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 are nailed to crosses with
syringes on either side of Kurt.

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

Twin Wendy O. Williams stand with fanned Mohawks and spears, standing 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, and 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

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, and 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

I must be punchy.

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

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

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

She splashes into the water and 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

Anyway... We can relax and play pool. Give my mom some time to decompress.

DANNY

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

She smiles widely 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, and howls. They laugh.

DANNY

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

Danny slides away from her along the curb:

DANNY

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 have 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, mumbling to himself indistinctly:

INT. WARREN'S HOUSE - POOL - UNDERWATER - NIGHT

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

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

She lifts the baggy. The viewfinder screen lights up.

ON THE VIEWFINDER SCREEN - WARREN'S HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM

The video camera bounces on the headboard, auto-focusing as
it records Warren on top of Gena, screwing her 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, watching Warren circle the room,
trailing a cue stick, that's a foot up his ass.

Vegas stands in front of the footboard and yells:

VEGAS
Breathe, Mom!

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, and swims to the surface of the

POOL

Gena treads water and 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
Now I'm teetering on the brink of the abyss. Ssssis!

GENA
What are you talking about?

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

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

Reno kicks her hand away and backs off the 25-pound weight.

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

GENA
Look at me, Reno.

She treads water, aiming the gun at Reno from under the board.

GENA

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 and peers over the end of the board.

Gena raises the .38 aimed at Reno's face. Reno trips backward
over the weight and catches her balance on the board.

The weight flips off the board, smacking Gena in the head.
She FIRES the .38, BLASTING a hole in the keyless entry pad.

The automated pool cover HUMS as it closes.

Reno kneels on the board, reaching 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

Let... go!

She jerks the gun again and again and grabs Reno's arm,
pulling 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 and pulls her head down.

GENA

Time to drown you. My sorrow.

Gena rips Reno's hair out and 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, and sinks.

Reno backs down the diving board ladder, kneels, and frantically TAPS on 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, lifeless eyes staring up.

The automated cover hums as it closes over the pool.

Reno sits on the ledge, propping her feet on the edge of the pool cover, trying to stop it, but it pushes her back and 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 you 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

What's 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, all 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 is really off her meds?

VEGAS

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

DANNY

(whispers)

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

Reno follows them, keeping 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 precedes you, Danny.

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

RENO
Come with us, boy.

He follows them through the patio door into the

INT. WARREN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Reno releases Vegas and backs against the patio door.

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

Vegas and Danny walk around and survey the devastation.

Reno shuts the door, stares at her bloody handprint on the glass, and 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 - NIGHT - TRAVELING

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 is right 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, BLASTING 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 a
white sports car farther up the 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, with
the expressway on the other side.

WARREN
Round and round and round we go.

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

He spins the wheel right and turns onto an
AVENUE

Garbage receptacles sit 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, and both cops stare
out the passenger side window, watching 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 and swerves onto another street.

WARREN
Sayonara, suckers!

INT. WARREN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Vegas and Danny walk around gawking 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 and 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 sloshes up the basement steps, waving the .38 at Vegas and Danny.

RENO
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
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 as she hops backward, shaking her head.

Danny spins Vegas toward the wall, blood dripping 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, Sisssss...

She stomps her foot down, FIRES the .38, and 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 out. 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 as she speaks:

RENO

I proved my love for him.

VEGAS

How, by taking another bottle of pills?

RENO

He asked me to marry him.

VEGAS

After my mother begged him to stay with you.

She 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 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 toward

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 and rips the .45 from Warren's pants.

MARKO
We are 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 and whispers to Warren:

MARKO
Yo, I want that safe 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
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, leaving 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 am sorry...

Reno shakes her head.

RENO

Vegas, you better turn around. You 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, and looks at Reno.

MARKO

Shame to cap this fine bitch. I'll trade her for Warren.

Danny seizes the 9mm.

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

MARKO

You are fucking dead!

GUNSHOT. The 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 and reaches under him for the .45 in his belt buckle.

RENO

They got balls. That's the problem.

Warren drags the .45 out from under Marko.

Reno FIRES, putting a bullet between the butt-cheeks of Warren.

RENO

I am the hero in my own tragedy!

She runs into the

KITCHEN

Reno opens the patio door and runs out to the

EXT. WARREN'S HOUSE - POOLSIDE - DAY

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

INT. WARREN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

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, speaking through gritted teeth:

DANNY

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

She grabs his arm, staring sideways into 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 and steps toward Warren.

Warren FIRES the .45, BLASTING Danny in the shoulder.

EXT. WARREN'S HOUSE - POOLSIDE - DAY

Reno steps to the end of the diving board. Fires the .38 at the pool, POPS two bullet holes in the cover.

She sucks on the .38 barrel, pulls the trigger, CLICK-CLICK-CLICKING on empty chambers.

RENO

I must end this bloodbath with my
own.

She shuts her eyes and jumps off the board, RIPPING through the bullet holes in the cover as she dives through it.

INT. WARREN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Two GUNSHOTS ECHOING.

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

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

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

WARREN

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

I can use you both, dead.

He FIRES the .45, BLASTING Danny in his calf. He falls, shoving Reno into the kitchen as he's going down.

Warren leans over Danny, aiming the .45 between his eyes.

Vegas smacks the .45 from Warren's hand with the 3-Iron, and the gun splashes into the water in the middle of the floor.

Vegas cracks the 3-Iron upside of Warren's jaw. He spins, stepping toward the .45. Danny trips him.

He flops onto the .45, rolls over, and FIRES the .45 at Danny.

Vegas swings the 3-Iron, and the bullet pings off the 3-Iron head as 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 and COCKS it, sniffing the water from his fingers.

WARREN

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, dropping in the center.

Danny and Vegas fall to the floor and slide toward the safe. The floor CRACKLES around the safe as it chews through it.

Danny grabs Vegas, climbs up to the kitchen, grips the doorway, and 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 the pool table under him.

EXT. WARREN'S HOUSE - POOLSIDE - DAY

Danny pulls the box cutter out and jumps on the diving board.

Vegas enters the code in the keyless entry pad.

DANNY

What's going on?! Open the cover!

VEGAS

The remote's fucked!

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 and extends the box cutter blade as the last air bubble pops out of Reno's mouth.

He cuts the hair from Gena's head that's snarled in Reno's fingers, half-hugs Reno, and 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 and drags her out of the pool.

Danny climbs out, vomits water, and coughs out words:

DANNY

She didn't wanna live without Gena.

Vegas kneels next to Reno and stares at her trembling hands.

VEGAS

I don't know C-P-R.

Danny kneels on Reno's other side and pumps her chest.

DANNY

That's how I saved Grace. Feel for a pulse.

He leans his ear over Reno's mouth, tilts her chin up with his hand on her forehead, and breathes into her mouth.

VEGAS

No. No pulse!

He pumps her chest again, presses his ear to her chest, and blows air into her mouth.

DANNY

Check it again.

Vegas feels her carotid artery.

VEGAS

Oh, God, no!

He stares into Reno's eyes and pumps her chest as 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, and spits out foam as he rolls her onto her side.

She drools foamy water as he pumps her chest.

VEGAS

Aristotle said, "Heroes need not
die." But they *must* undergo a
change of fortune. A revelation!

DANNY

Pulse?

She feels for Reno's pulse and shakes her head, tears streaming.

DANNY

What does he mean, revelation?!

Vegas kisses Reno's head.

VEGAS

Recognition of human fate, and
destiny. "A change from ignorance
to awareness of a bond of love or
hate."

Danny breathes air into Reno's mouth and spits out foam as he pumps her chest.

DANNY

Reno. Gena and Warren were going to kill you. If you die, they win. You saved Vegas and me, Danny-boy. You're our hero. Don't leave us.

Danny kisses her head and weeps.

Reno coughs up vomit and gasps for air as Vegas hugs Danny.

Multiple SIRENS and car tires SCREECHING intensify.

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 and swabs his stitched-together ear as they stare out the window at the

SIDE STREET

A moving truck pulls away from the front of the bungalow.

Honeycomb straddles the hydrant on the side street below, locks her hands under the spigot, and shoots water high in the air.

Reno holds hands with the dozen Kids, leading them in and out of the waterfall.

BATHROOM

Danny and Vegas turn away from the window.

DANNY

I'll sell all my equipment, 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, waving 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, and left again.

DANNY

Do you know the combo?

VEGAS

Warren never had a head for
numbers. But I...

She twists the handle and the safe door springs open.

Danny jerks her back into his lap as they hit the floor.

The safe opens, and stacks of wrinkled cash pour out.

DANNY

You have a photographic memory.

VEGAS

Hell can have its uses.

He hugs her from behind, kissing 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, and climbs on top of him.

VEGAS

What are we going to do now?

DANNY

How about that slam dance?

PUNK ROCK BLARING and a singer SHRIEKING lyrics.

INT. ARAGON BALLROOM - NIGHT

Danny and Vegas slowly dance at the center of a swirling mass of punk rock Mosh Pitters as shimmering beams of white light orbiting them intensify.

FADE OUT.

THE END