

THE VELOCITY OF ESCAPE

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. AURORA BOREALIS - NIGHT

Greenish-blue waves of aurora borealis light dance in a starry sky across the rolling hills of a rural landscape.

Industrial warning siren BLARING intensifies.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

An old camper van rattles down a rural road along a security fence with an "ARGONNE NATIONAL LAB" sign on it.

A swirling ball of lightning rises from around an industrial complex of buildings behind the fence.

INT. CAMPER VAN - CONTINUOUS - TRAVELING

Thick bright sculpted colored brush strokes of psychedelic patterns on the walls and ceiling.

Long-haired SEAN RAMONE (27) paint-smudged clothes and hands, massages his wife's neck with one hand, the other steering.

His wife FAITH (25) noticeably pregnant with wiry hair in a tie-dye bandana, plays guitar next to him and kisses his arm.

They smile at YOUNG DANNY RAMONE (7) short Mohawk. He smiles at them from the backseat. A hardbound sketchbook on his lap.

YOUNG DANNY
One last question.

SEAN
That's enough, Danny-boy.

YOUNG DANNY
In twelve years I'll be nineteen.
Then I'll have all the answers.

FAITH
Now that you're answering your own
questions let's sing.

They sing a 60s protest song and laugh. Young Danny coughs.

SEAN
You all right, Danny-boy?

YOUNG DANNY
Yeah, Dad, thanks.

FAITH
Danny-boy, honey, take this.

She stops playing and grabs a pint of milk from a cup holder.

She hands the milk to Young Danny. He sips the milk, nodding to her. She continues playing the song. They sing joyfully.

Young Danny undoes his seatbelt and leans toward the side window, pointing at the swirling ball of lightning approaching the van.

YOUNG DANNY
Mom! Dad! Look!

He swirls his pencil point into the tight vortex, encompassing both pages of the sketchbook.

Faith and Sean look out her window at the swirling ball of lightning.

Suddenly blinding light from oncoming headlights bursts through the windshield into a glass prism hanging on the rearview mirror.

Sean jerks the wheel right. The prism spins, emitting beams of multicolored lights swirling around the van.

Faith drops the guitar, grasps her pregnant belly, and grabs for Young Danny but her seatbelt keeps her short of him.

FAITH
Oh no, Danny-boy, your seatbelt!

Sean slams the brakes. Tires SCREECHING.

An SUV SMASHES head-on into the van. The windshield CRACKS.

The swirling ball of lightning outside surrounds the van.

Young Danny flies headfirst, milk pint and sketchbook in his grasp, through Faith's hands, spilling milk ahead of him.

The sounds of RESONATING CHIRPS grow louder.

The beams of multicolored lights envelop Young Danny, sobbing as he dives down a foggy elongating wormhole.

Sean's and Faith's voices ECHOING with RESONATING CHIRPS:

SEAN AND FAITH
Danny-boy? Danny-boy?

YOUNG DANNY
Mom, Dad, I want to be with you!

Milk splatters across the cracked windshield.

EXT. "L" STATION - NIGHT

A trail of white paint spilling out of a pail SOMEONE'S carrying across an elevated train platform along a railing with the skyscrapers of downtown Chicago in the background.

SUPER: 12 YEARS LATER

Meet the Someone... DANNY RAMONE (19) devilish smile, short Mohawk, bulky coat, spills white paint from a pail into a

NUMBER TWELVE "12"

Across the deck... He stomps out the number, splattering it on his boots, already splattered with many colors of paint.

He sets the pail down and airbrushes stencils over seven whitewashed ad posters along the railing.

He peels the first stencil off and exposes:

Drones firing missiles in shopping carts with misspelled corporate logos at shepherds and sheep on a mountainside.

A train ROARS by, blowing the remaining stencils off, and as the train car's lights flash across the posters they come to life and become animated:

QUICK ANIMATION - WELCOME TO THE DEATH SPIRAL OF CONSUMERISM

Shepherds and sheep in shopping carts tumble across the posters and flush down a toilet on the last one.

DANNY (O.S.)
All aboard, non-stop to damnation!

BACK TO SCENE

EEYORE (55) frumpy, droopy-eyed policeman, and ALICE (39) a pugnacious pony-tailed policewoman burst onto the platform.

Danny sneers at the cops. Then at the shepherds:

DANNY
Can't tell the Christians from
Satan's congregation.

He pulls a twelve-inch metal hook from his jacket, hooks it over the rail, and jumps over.

Eeyore leans over the metal hook on the railing and kicks the pail of paint off the platform staring down at

THE STREET LEVEL

Where Danny bounces on the curb from a bungee cord, cuts it from around his wrist with a box cutter, and gives Eeyore the finger:

DANNY

Time to cut to the chase --

He sees the pail fall toward his head and leaps backward. The pail hits the sidewalk and splatters paint all over him.

He removes his coat.

A small oxygen tank with a regulator slung on his back leads from a hose to a paint can feeding an airbrush in his hand.

Two COPS jump off the access stairs to the "L".

He rolls the tank at the Cops. They race back up the steps.

DANNY

Kill ya with my rock-n-roll!

He removes one boot, hops on the other, and sees several white boot-prints leading to Alice as she closes on him:

ALICE

I got you, rabbit!

Danny whips the boot at her and sprints away:

DANNY

Come on, Alice!

She sidesteps the boot and lunges for him.

Danny dodges her and ducks around the street corner onto

ANOTHER SIDEWALK

He runs past an eclectic block of retail stores, leaving single-sided boot-prints behind. Alice is on his heels.

DANNY

See you around!

He ducks into

A STOREFRONT DOORWAY

Where Alice skids to a halt through a flash of multicolored lights.

ALICE
I got you, rabbit!

Danny's boot-prints end at a glass door with elongated letters reading: "Wormhole Records" around a black LP-sized record.

The record store is closed and dark.

Alice twists the knob hearing RESONATING CHIRPS.

A sudden breeze blows her hair back as she peers at a swirl of multicolored lights in the center of "Wormhole Records".

ALICE
That's curious...

She pokes her curled finger in a dimple in the glass and peers through multicolored lights swirling down a foggy elongating wormhole at an

INT. "L" SUBWAY CAR - CONTINUOUS - TRAVELING

Danny waves out the rear window of a train zooming away down a foggy tunnel.

INT. FOLEY HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

A room full of exquisite furniture.

WARREN FOLEY (35) scheming preppy horndog, shirt, tie, silk suit jacket, and briefs, rushes out of the bathroom.

Toilet paper dangles from his fly.

He tosses a bottle of lotion on the bed, unplugs a red jump drive from a laptop on a pillow, and slaps the lid down.

He tosses the red jump drive on a nightstand, plucks a flower out of a vase, and sticks it in his lapel.

He hops in his pants. The toilet paper waves from his fly.

He slides the laptop on the nightstand, knocking the red jump drive behind the nightstand as he exits.

EXT. CUL-DE-SAC - DAY

PAPER GIRL (10) rolling a suitcase full of newspapers under "DEAD END" and "ELM STREET" signs on a light post.

She tosses papers on porches along a half-circle street where Hummers guard sports cars in front of large custom homes.

She grabs a paper and steps by "1313" on a house's driveway.

As she crosses the lawn, the sprinklers go on, dousing her.

INT. FOLEY HOUSE - FOYER - SECOND FLOOR WINDOW - CONTINUOUS

Warren rips the toilet paper from his fly laughing through the window at the approaching Paper Girl soaked in a deluge of sprinklers.

WARREN

Shit! My fucking journal!

He hurries down a curved oak and glass staircase and rips the front door open.

The wet paper whacks him in the nuts and unfolds on the stoop. He groans at the headline: "THE VELOCITY OF ESCAPE".

EXT./INT. "L" SUBWAY CAR - NIGHT - TRAVELING

A train ROARING through a fog-shrouded tunnel.

Two dozen PASSENGERS of all ages sit in the seats.

JESUS' SON (35) beard, longhair, barefoot, "Jesus' Son Saves Too" stitched on his boxing robe, enters from another car.

Danny lifts his shirt, wipes the paint off his face, and limps on one boot along the aisle.

DANNY

Rise, and join me. Let's end this suffering of righteousness and act against those who put us here.

JESUS' SON

How would you do that, Danny?

DANNY

Find out who drove the SUV that killed my Mom and Dad. The twelve years I gave myself are up. Today!

JESUS' SON

What will you do if you find out?

He pulls a box cutter from his pocket and slides it across his throat.

Passengers nod and whisper to each other:

PASSENGERS

He wants blood.

Jesus' Son turns to the Passengers:

JESUS' SON

I know Danny's passionate. But his
soul is that of an artist. He's a
creator, not a destroyer.

PASSENGERS

He doesn't have the nerve.

DANNY

Then tell me who. Give me a name.
Then you'll see. You'll all see.

JESUS' SON

If that's what you want.

He points to the side door. It bursts open with HOWLING wind.

Passengers grab the seats and railings around them.

A yellowish page of a newspaper blows in the door, landing on
an empty seat in front of Danny.

He grabs the page and reads it.

ON THE YELLOWISH NEWSPAPER PAGE

A photo of Danny's parents laughing, Faith on Sean's lap.

"Batavia police said 21-year-old Reno Foley crossed the
median on Cass Avenue along Argonne National Labs and struck
a camper van head-on killing Sean and Faith Ramone."

"The police are investigating whether Reno Foley, who
survived with only minor head injuries was driving drunk."

"I smelled alcohol in the SUV and found Reno Foley's empty
prescription bottle of Lithium inside, said Officer Day."

BACK TO SCENE

Danny folds the paper, looks at his watch, and leaps out.
Swirling fog and darkness swallowing him.

PRE-LAP - Plastic pinwheels WHIRRING.

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

The morning sun rises just above a "HAVE A GAS/MINI-MART"
sign over an old school station. A busy city street beyond.

Striped pinwheels strung on light poles around the station,
WHIRRING in the wind.

Danny lands in front of three mechanical gas pumps on one boot. He hops to a sliding cash tray and BANGS on the window.

DANNY
Good morning, Gena.

INT. HAVE A GAS/MINI-MART - CONTINUOUS

GENA PETRO (34) a short and muscular frustrated romantic, with messy hair is behind the counter. She drops a clipboard in the tray and sends the drawer out the window to Danny.

She TAPS a prescription bottle of square green pills on the counter and pulls a hundred dollar bill out of the register.

Five aisles, the middle one leads to coffee makers on a counter with cabinets. Bathroom door along a wall of coolers.

DANCER (17) dreadlocks overflowing a hair wrap, scratches a string of instant lottery tickets to the floor.

DANCER
Mother needs a new cell phone.

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

Gena holds a cell phone to her ear, looking through a pile of elaborate ink sketches of urban landscapes on blank sides of cereal boxes:

GENA
Yes. But, Mr. Richard. I know I'm
four months behind on rent.

She squeezes her eyes shut leaking tears:

GENA
I can't believe you'd do this to
us. You know I'm deep in debt. I
work 80 hours a week already.

She chews on a pencil speaking through her clenched teeth:

GENA
The two of us can't live in my car.
Please let me and Vegas back in my
trailer. We can go for another
ride. Take real good care of
yourself.

Telephone line CLICKS, dial tone HUMMING.

She spits the pencil out stuffing the phone in her pocket.

GENA
Screw yourself!

She stares with extreme prejudice out the window at Danny.

EXT. HAVE A GAS/MINI-MART - CONTINUOUS

Danny reads the pumps, writing the numbers on the clipboard.

He steps behind a late-model rag-topped convertible parked along the building and pushes the bumper up and down.

The convertible rear door SQUEAKS open. A skateboard flies out, bouncing wheels down on the pavement.

VEGAS PETRO (17) a perky, smart-as-hell blonde wearing large cheap shades, and a studded leather jacket, exits the car.

She stomps on the skateboard, slings an acoustic guitar on a strap over her shoulder, and skateboards around Danny.

VEGAS
You traded your boot for some
paint, yeah?

DANNY
I painted myself into a corner.

VEGAS
You rock, I roll, Danny!

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

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

DANNY
It's a date.

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

Danny steps in front of her. She tail-skids into him. He grabs her by the lapels:

DANNY
Their American leather.

VEGAS
(laughingly)
Laughter forever.

DANNY
Now I hear laughter.

She dismounts and snatches the skateboard as she kicks it up.

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

Danny pulls a locket shaped like a circled A for anarchy from around her neck and opens it.

Darby Crash photo on one side and Kurt Cobain on the other.

DANNY
Double suicides or conspiracies?

VEGAS
Self-destruction is the purest act
of anarchy.

DANNY
Anarchy is chaos, disorder, law of
the jungle. To me that's survival.

VEGAS
Fight your demons to escape their
gravity. That's punk rock, Danny.

DANNY
I introduced you to punk rock six
weeks ago. Now you're an expert?

VEGAS
Fuck-off and die.

She gives him the finger as she opens the mini-mart door.

INT. HAVE A GAS/MINI-MART - CONTINUOUS

Vegas enters. The doorbell is a swirling coil of steel, a bell at the center on the back of the front door RINGS.

Gena steps out from behind the counter toward Vegas.

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

VEGAS

Danny's taking me on a date
tonight.

GENA

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

VEGAS

It's a date, Mom. We can go to Aunt
Reno's after. I want Danny to meet
her, please, Mother dear?

GENA

Of course, baby girl.

Vegas kisses her and steps behind the counter yelling at Gena
as she jogs down the aisle to the bathroom:

VEGAS

Are we ever going home again?

GENA

Be at home behind the register!

Vegas grabs a ring of door keys off a .357 pistol next to six
bullets on a shelf under the register pocketing them as she
skateboards down the aisle and tail-skids to the bathroom.

VEGAS

Can I have my own room please,
Mother dear?

GENA (O.S.)

What for, baby girl?

Vegas strums the guitar and sings:

VEGAS

So I/ Can sigh/ Eternally.

GENA (O.S.)

No suicidal grunge rocking through
the store, baby girl.

She mimes shooting herself in the mouth.

GENA (O.S.)

Thank you, baby girl!

Vegas wheels up and down the aisles twanging the guitar as
she screams:

VEGAS
Ya ain't nothing but a hound dog.

Doorbell RINGING.

GENA (O.S.)
 Stop the rock-a-billy and go back
 up front. Put that gee-tar down,
 get off that skateboard, and no
 more encores, please. Do-as-you're-
 told. We got customers, baby girl.

Vegas rolls past the bathroom, plucking the guitar and
 singing as she spins away up the aisle:

VEGAS
Gee-Tar-zan/ And her monkey band.

A long-haired skinny TEEN SPIRIT BOY enters the aisle.

Vegas swerves around him, tail-skids behind the counter,
 dismounts, and stands the guitar in the corner.

Teen Spirit Boy KNOCKS on the bathroom door. Gena opens it.
 He dangles a small brown dropper bottle in her face.

GENA
 Is that it?

TEEN SPIRIT BOY
 Ten hits. Liquid LSD. A psychedelic
 circus in a bottle. Way better than
 the shit I've been selling ya.

GENA
 Deal.

She hands him a hundred-dollar bill taking the bottle.

TEEN SPIRIT BOY
 Don't you wanna know the doses?

GENA
 Go ahead.

TEEN SPIRIT BOY
 One drop's a lion tamer. Two's an
 electric high-wire act.

GENA
 Three?

He grabs her wrist.

TEEN SPIRIT BOY

No freaking way. Three's a psycho
killer clown shot out of a cannon.

GENA

You're colorful. Now go away.

He walks back down the aisle toward the counter.

Gena taps a "Warren" icon on her cell phone, tapping a text.

A CHYRON of Gena's text: *I'm gonna remove Reno from our
equation Warren...*

Vegas grabs a pack of cigarettes from a display behind the
counter and pockets the pack as she steps behind Dancer.

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

DANCER

Five will get me fifty.

Vegas grabs a bag of nacho chips from the aisle, opens it,
and stops next to Dancer. She crunches chips as she speaks:

VEGAS

The machine ate your baby, Dancer.

Dancer gawks at her empty stroller. She rushes to the crane
game window and grips her ears.

DANCER

My baby! Someone, please help! My
mother's gonna kill me.

Gena rushes out of the aisle.

GENA

I'll be damned.

Dancer and Vegas stare inside the crane game.

VEGAS

It's like baby heaven, Dancer.

THE BABY (2) sleeps on a pile of soft animals nursing on a
soft red apple toy.

Dancer's face reflects in the mirrored backside of the game's
interior. She tears up as she rolls her eyes back fainting.

Vegas eases Dancer to the floor, takes her sweater off, and
folds it under Dancer's head.

GENA

Vegas, stay here until I get back.

She runs toward the bathroom.

Vegas sneers at The Baby is sucking on the apple. Teen Spirit Boy gawks over her shoulder.

VEGAS

I'll watch the blessed event.

TEEN SPIRIT BOY

Can I play next?

VEGAS

You're demented.

GENA

Baby girl, get the fire department.

She tosses the cell phone to Vegas and kneels applying a wet cloth to Dancer's forehead.

Vegas gives Teen Spirit Boy her chips. Doorbell RINGING.

Danny enters, sneering at Dancer on the floor as he steps behind the counter.

Danny looks over the counter at Vegas:

DANNY

What's with sleeping beauty?

VEGAS

A dwarf took her place under the glass.

He searches around the .357 under the counter and sees "RENO FOLEY" on the prescription bottle on the counter.

Vegas drifts toward Danny and punches 911 on the cell phone.

DANNY

Has anyone seen my keys?

She walks away from him lifting the phone to her ear:

VEGAS

Shh, Prince Charming's on the hook.

Danny reads the yellowish newspaper page with a photo of Faith sitting on Sean's lap, both laughing.

ON THE YELLOWISH NEWSPAPER PAGE

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

BACK TO DANNY

He crumples the page, and stuffs it in his pocket, sneering at "RENO FOLEY 1313 ELM STREET" on the prescription bottle of square green pills.

VEGAS (O.S.)
(into phone)
We need a fire rescue. "HAVE A GAS
MINI-MART" on Milwaukee. A midget
crawled up a crane game's ass.

Danny leans over the counter watching her approach:

DANNY
You're witty.

VEGAS
It gets me noticed.

She sets the cell phone down and pockets the prescription.

DANNY
Have you seen my keys?

VEGAS
First your boot and now your keys?

Danny opens the door. Doorbell RINGING.

VEGAS
Wake up, Danny. All the bells are
ringing. Fate is at your door.

He DINGS his middle finger off the doorbell and walks out.

DANNY
Another conspiracy!

She JANGLES his door keys as she watches him through the door as he searches around the pumps for his keys.

INT. FOLEY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

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

RENO FOLEY (33) haunted dark-circled eyes, sits on a couch, dragging the lit end of a cigarette up her arm, burning it.

She peers at a throw pillow with a Greek Comedy Mask printed on one side and flips it onto its Greek Tragedy Mask side:

RENO

You look more like I feel.

She blows smoke at the mask, kisses a thick "Complete Shakespeare" book on a coffee table, and steps into

THE KITCHEN

Reno turns on a boom box on the granite countertop, punk rock BLARING out of it.

She stumbles through an expansive room full of restaurant-quality stainless steel appliances and handcrafted cabinets.

She opens the patio door, leans outside, and blows smoke rings peering through them across a

EXT. FOLEY HOUSE - POOLSIDE - CONTINUOUS

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

Warren presses three hundred pounds on a weight bench with more round weights on a rubber mat, sets the bar on a spotter rack, and hops up.

He grabs his jacket off a diving board and puts it on.

He sniffs the flower in his lapel, wrinkling his nose as he spies Reno smoking in the patio doorway:

WARREN

I knew it!

INT. FOLEY HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Reno flicks the cigarette out the patio door, backs in, and pulls her sleeve down, covering her burnt arm. Warren enters.

RENO

Knew what?

WARREN

Pucker up.

He leans toward her and purses his lips.

RENO

Up yours.

She lifts her chin and turns away.

He snatches the cigarette pack from her robe on his way by her, rips the boom box cord from a wall socket, and kills it.

WARREN
And yours is mine.

RENO
I'll just get fatter.

WARREN
Lift weights. Learn to swim.

He flips a switch on the wall over the sink and feeds the cigarettes to the GRINDING jaws of the garbage disposal.

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

INT./EXT. SUV - NIGHT - TRAVELING - FLASHBACK

Reno nods off behind the wheel and slumps sideways on the front seat next to an uncapped, empty prescription bottle.

The SUV SLAMS the camper van head-on, climbing over it and rolling on its side off the rural road into a shallow creek.

BACK TO PRESENT DAY

Reno grabs the sink sprayer, watering Warren's Italian loafers.

WARREN
The creek you rolled into only had
enough water to get you wet, Reno.

RENO
I dreamed I was drowning. Still do.
And I still hear the screams of
those poor people in the van,
calling their son, Danny-boy.

She closes her eyes and whispers to herself:

RENO
Guilt. The price of enslavement. An
inescapable vortex. Captured by the
gravity of that day. Their voices.

He waves the flower from his lapel under her nose.

WARREN

Bad dreams I understand, but your life of self-imprisonment, you've judged and juried upon yourself.

She slaps the flower from his hand.

RENO

Vegas brings me anything I need.

WARREN

Losing a few pounds might lead you to a change in your attitude.

RENO

A few pounds? That's why you won't touch me anymore?

She leans over the counter, sobbing. He rubs her back.

WARREN

That, and ya look like shit all the time. Get some sleep and lose so --

She elbows in the stomach, doubling him over.

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

WARREN

I called Gena, she's having Vegas bring you a new prescription.

RENO

You remembered. That sounds funny, coming from a guy who can't even remember his phone number.

She slaps the prescription bottle out of his hand.

RENO

Of course, you never miss a chance to talk to my Sister Gena.

WARREN

Please. You need to take these.

He holds the two pills out for her.

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
We 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 a gentrified urban setting for the never-ending conga-line of middle-class, espresso-enema, soccer-moms, you fuck!

He checks his watch:

WARREN
This is getting too complicated.

RENO
Coming and going. Not much change.

WARREN
Got that big verdict today. There's an article in the Journal about me, but the newspaper got ruined.

RENO
Another alleged drug dealer, huh?

WARREN
He owns a thriving car dealership.

RENO
Kiss my ass, you fool.

She sticks her butt out. He eyes her ass, going around her.

WARREN
Better make that fifteen pounds.

RENO
I'm just your sagging workhorse.

WARREN
You do take good care of this house. I like it here.

He disappears down the hallway.

RENO
Why should your comfort get the best of me?

She spits the pills on top of the fridge and rushes out into

THE LIVING ROOM

Reno chases Warren to the front door.

RENO
Your wish is my command. I do it all around here, for nothing, but your graceful disregard.

WARREN
Take it easy for a day or two.

She squeezes her hands together.

RENO
Oh gee, that's more than a little kind of you, sir.

WARREN
Reno, why don't you take a yoga class and enlighten up?

RENO
As soon as you take your two hundred pounds off my ass.

He opens the front door, grinning at her as he steps out:

WARREN
I remember when innocence was the only thing your ass was guilty of.

He SLAMS the door closed in her face.

EXT. FOLEY HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - DAY

Warren slips a wireless headset on and jumps back against a vintage white sports car.

Vegas pulls the convertible alongside him and smirks at his wet pants.

Gena sleeps behind sunglasses next to Vegas.

VEGAS

Did someone rain on your parade today, Warren?

WARREN

Always sunny in Vegas.

VEGAS

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

WARREN

I still have my pants.

He grabs the anarchy locket and smiles at her tits.

VEGAS

I ain't the 'droid you're looking for. I'm the pain in your ass.

She winks at him and slaps his hand away.

WARREN

Whose pictures are in there?

VEGAS

Yours of course.

WARREN

What does the "A" stand for?

VEGAS

Antichrist.

WARREN

You're funny.

VEGAS

Hey slick, ya wanna trade cars?

WARREN

Can you handle a stick?

He gets in his car and eases behind the wheel.

VEGAS
You do have Alzheimer's.

WARREN
Then don't bother to remind me.

VEGAS
What happens in...

He presses his hand over her mouth, stopping her response.
She taps on his headset.

VEGAS
Who are you always talking to on
that headset?

He shifts his eyes from Gena to Vegas.

WARREN
Satan demands one's heart and soul.

VEGAS
So you're my mother's advocate.

Gena 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 sunglasses, stares at Vegas, and applauds.

GENA
Open eyes are of endless
encouragement to dramatists.

Vegas bows and skateboards toward the house. Warren shakes
his head at Gena as she goes.

WARREN
I wonder where she gets it.

GENA
Same place you do. Hands off Vegas.

She tries to kiss him. He waves his cell phone in her face.

WARREN

Why did you text me about Reno?
Text records can be subpoenaed.

GENA

I can't wait for you anymore. I'm
gonna take care of *her myself!*

He kisses her cheek and starts the car.

WARREN

Absolutely not! I'm doing something
about her today. She'll be out of
the way, very soon.

GENA

Out of our way.

WARREN

It's not enough if only one of us
is smart. We both have to be.

He drives away.

INT. FOLEY HOUSE - REAR STAIRCASE - DAY

Off-set steps connect the basement, first floor, and second.

Reno hurries up the stairs to the second floor, crosses the
landing, and enters the first of three bedrooms.

Loud operatic music PLAYING escapes the bedroom.

She exits and runs into the second bedroom.

Dramatic symphonic overture BLARING from the second bedroom.

She rushes out and into the third bedroom.

She leaps out of the room.

BOOMING kettledrums lead into an opera in the third bedroom.

She dances a sequence of ballet steps, and slowly mixes
pirouettes with karate kicks and spins.

Three divas SING conflicting arias as Reno storms down the
steps into

THE KITCHEN

Reno takes the pills from atop the fridge, flips the garbage
disposal on, and SMACKS the pills down the drain.

RENO
I'll start my diet, now.

She grabs a can of beer out of the fridge and opens it.

Vegas enters and hands the cigarette pack to Reno.

VEGAS
Stash 'em, quick.

Reno pockets them. Gena enters, snatching the beer from Reno.

GENA
You're not sleeping again, are you?

She feels the top of the fridge where Reno had her pills.

RENO
Why sleep when it's all a dream?

GENA
Did you take your pills today?

RENO
I'm on a diet.

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

GENA
Your bloodshot eyes always make you
look so haggard. I'll fix that.

RENO
I used up the last bottle of eye
drops you gave me yesterday.

Gena leads her by the hand to the couch. Reno lies down.

Gena flips the pillow on the Comedy Mask side, sits next to Reno, and sets the beer on the floor.

RENO
And you're such a caring Sister.

GENA
Shh. Close your eyes now.

She slips the dropper bottle of LSD from her pocket and drips two drops in each of her eyes. Reno squirms.

RENO
How am I doing?

GENA

Stay still a few more seconds.

She puts her hands over Reno's eyes, kisses her cheek, and secretly empties the LSD bottle in Reno's beer.

GENA

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

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

GENA

Finish your drink.

Reno guzzles the beer.

RENO

You don't mind my drinking?

GENA

You being agreeable is all I ask.

She takes the empty can and CRUNCHES it in her hands.

Reno looks out the patio door.

RENO

I closed the pool, it was freezing last night.

Vegas skids on her ass across the counter next to Reno.

VEGAS

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

Gena throws the can. Vegas catches it with her chest and mimes the words "Sorry Mother" to Gena.

RENO

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

Gena kisses her cheek.

GENA

Thank you, dear.

Reno drapes her arms over Gena's shoulders and kisses her nose. They furrow their brows and smile warmly at each other.

RENO

I'm sorry to cause you to worry.

GENA
Maybe we should talk?

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

GENA
Promise me you'll take a nap today.

RENO
I promise.

She draws a cross over her heart with her finger.

Gena runs her fingers through Reno's hair.

GENA
All right.

RENO
Now here, allow me.

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

GENA
Thanks.

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

RENO
Looking to drown your sorrows?

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

RENO
Hell, I'm afraid of the hot tub.
Besides, I'd hate the silence.

GENA
Well, never underestimate the
healing power of silence.

RENO
To each her own.

GENA
I know you prefer deafening tones.

RENO

Noise is my asylum, a perforating
refuge.

GENA

Whatever you just said makes sense
somehow.

Vegas jumps off the counter and pats Reno's back.

VEGAS

Good one, Reno.

GENA

You both are a...

VEGAS

Two peas in an infinite pod.

She and Reno clasp hands and bow together, laughing.

GENA

Time for my silent treatment.

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

EXT. FOLEY HOUSE - POOLSIDE - CONTINUOUS

Gena strips down to her panties, tossing her bra dramatically
away as she steps past a bubbling hot tub.

VEGAS (O.S.)

"Silence entombs death."

RENO (O.S.)

That's not Poe.

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

VEGAS (O.S.)

It's Macbeth. We were reading it
together, yesterday?

RENO (O.S.)

Where is my mind?

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

VEGAS (O.S.)

There is joy in escape.

Gena duct tapes one end of the tubing to a pool ladder.

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

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

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

RENO (O.S.)
Shakespeare and Cobain?

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

RENO (O.S.)
Bloody hell? I might just take you
up on that.

Gena hugs the weight and SPLASHES into the water.

INT. WHITE SPORTS CAR - DAY - TRAVELING

Warren, headset on, speeds through traffic, slams the five-speed gears, and squeezes between the cars.

WARREN
Get the hell out of my way.

He weaves the car through a convoy of trucks toward the left passing lane. Truckers BLOW horns and flash him the finger.

WARREN
Hey, thanks for the directions.

He glances right and sees a "Cook County Criminal Courts exit 1/4 mile" sign.

WARREN
Shit! Next exit!

He hits the gas, yanks the wheel right, and cuts a semi off.

He misses the exit, skidding sideways across a grass median between the highway and the ramp.

He crashes the shotgun side door into a plastic water bunker.

PRE-LAP - Judge BANGING a gavel.

INT. COOK COUNTY CRIMINAL COURTROOM - DAY

MIDDLE-AGED JUDGE on the bench sets the gavel down. Dark wood paneling rises to faded murals of Civil War battlefields.

VLAD (30) Croatian accent, muscles bulging under his silk suit, growling at Warren behind the defense table.

Warren shuffles some papers into his briefcase.

VLAD

Nothing to worry about, huh?

TWO LARGE BAILIFFS cuff Vlad and escort him away.

WARREN

Vlad, come on. We can appeal.

Vlad drags Bailiffs over the table and head-butts Warren:

VLAD

How 'bout I sick my dogs on ya!

Bailiffs drag him backward. As Warren carries his briefcase away and up the aisle into

THE CORRIDOR

Where MARKO (22) a smaller Vlad look-alike, warm-up suit, Croatian accent, and soul patch, steps in front of Warren.

WARREN

Marko, my little man. Move!

MARKO

What the fuck was that, dog?

Warren steps around him and walks away. Marko chases him.

WARREN

Your brother Vlad wouldn't listen.

MARKO

That's bullshit, you know it, dog!

WARREN

Our business is closed for today.

MARKO

What's up with that two million cash of Vlad's and mine you got?

Warren drags him through a door into

THE MEN'S ROOM

Warren continues shoving Marko backward, sits him in a urinal, and BANGS his head off the flush valve.

MARKO

Fuck!

WARREN

Not so tough on this side of a metal detector, huh, my little man?

He sets his briefcase down, peeing in another urinal.

Marko stands and shakes his head.

MARKO

I'll see you on the other side.

WARREN

Maybe I banged your head too hard.

MARKO

Fuck ya talkin' 'bout?

Warren opens the briefcase and removes a sheet of paper.

WARREN

I thought you were a lot smarter.

MARKO

Go on, tell me how smart.

He grabs some paper towels and dries the seat of his pants.

WARREN

Vlad doesn't know what I know.

MARKO

Fuck ya saying, dog?

WARREN

Wipe your dog's ass with these.

He points to "MARKO MARTA" on an "Arrest Report" in his hand.

MARKO

Where? Fuck you! That arrest report is a fake! I ain't been busted.

He twists the paper towels and throws them down.

WARREN

Why don't we cut the crap, Marko?

Marko seizes the "ARREST REPORT" and stuffs it in his pocket.

MARKO

I want our fucking money, dog!

Warren washes his hands in a sink.

WARREN

You exchanged Vlad's ass for your
ass. He was going down no matter
what. That's on you, dog!

MARKO

No fucking way.

Warren grabs a paper towel and dries his hands.

WARREN

Exactly that way, dog.

MARKO

Yo, fuck you!

He throws a punch. Warren catches his fist in the towel,
twists his arm behind his back, 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 show him nothing and
give you the two million?

MARKO

Yo, what do you want from me?

Warren looks out of the stall at an empty room and reenters.

He passes a photo through the infrared valve sensor to Marko.
Marko stares at the snapshot of Reno. As the toilet FLUSHES.

WARREN

Kill my crazy wife tonight.

MARKO

Why don't you just divorce her?

WARREN

Count the ways, half my money, my
house, my lifestyle. My blow!

MARKO
Sounds like you.

He exits the stall, smiling back at Marko:

WARREN
Do me a favor, call off Vlad's
dogs.

Marko brushes Warren back, smirking as he struts past him out the door, giving the finger over his shoulder:

MARKO
After I got the cash. Till then,
drive fast, my motherfuckerin' dog!

INT. DANNY'S BUNGALOW - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Danny enters, seeing a sudsy tub of bubble bath SPLASHING over the sides.

DANNY
Are my keys in there?

Vegas rises from under the sudsy water.

VEGAS
Would you like to pat me down?

DANNY
No.

He shoves her underwater and leaves. She comes up, staring tearfully at the closing door.

VEGAS
You're odd! You know that?!

DANNY (O.S.)
How the hell did you find my place?

She climbs out of the tub and leans against the door:

VEGAS
Took me a week. Jumping on and off
buses. Trains. Switching "L" cars.
To follow ya. Then I got your keys.

DANNY (O.S.)
You must be a bloodhound, yay?

VEGAS
Are you a terrorist or something?

THE HALLWAY

The walls and ceiling are painted with comic book illustrations.

Danny smirks, resting his forehead on the bathroom door as he slides a box cutter across his neck, whispering to himself:

DANNY
I want blood.

He yells through the door:

DANNY
How did you get past my landlady,
Grace?

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

DANNY
I knew you couldn't get by her.

THE BATHROOM

Vegas shakes the water from her hair and finger combs it.

VEGAS
Grace is worried about you. She
says, "You've become a hermit." She
thinks I'd be good for you.

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

VEGAS
I've been seventeen for five
months.

DANNY (O.S.)
Come back in seven months.

She lays her forehead on the door and shuts her eyes:

VEGAS
I can't survive seven months.

DANNY (O.S.)
Why? What's wrong with you?

VEGAS
I'm suicidal.

He opens the door, brushing her backward. She SPLASHES in the tub and dangles her legs over the side. As he storms in.

DANNY
You're a beautiful young girl.

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

VEGAS
Then you do care for me?

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

DANNY
Grace wouldn't live to be ninety if something happened to you in here.

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, smiles, and jiggles her tits in his face.

VEGAS
Baby loves attention.

DANNY
Pay attention to this.

He stomps out, SLAMMING the door shut.

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

Warren drives with the headset on, snorting cocaine off one hand, his other hand jerking the wheel from left to right.

The car snakes through highway rush hour traffic.

He tailgates a pickup, a stack of drywall in its bed.

WARREN
(into headset)
Danny Ramone! What were you thinking, hiring him, Gena?

He fishtails onto the shoulder, passes the pickup, and swings in front of it.

RENO (V.O.)
He's a good worker.

WARREN
(into headset)
Give me something that I can use to
locate Vegas and Danny.

RENO (V.O.)
Vegas mentioned something about
this record store in Wicker Park.
Wormhole something?

He gives the finger to the pickup through the rear window.

WARREN
(into headset)
Don't do anything, anymore. You're
going to fuck this up.

RENO (V.O.)
How was I going to predict she'd
run away with him?

WARREN
(into headset)
Go to my house after work tonight
and hop in the pool. They won't get
away. I'll bring them to you.

He opens the glove box and removes a chrome .45 automatic,
high beams from behind flashing off the gun into his eyes.

HALLUCINATION - HAVE A GAS/MINI-MART

Marko aims a 9mm at Reno, Vegas, and Gena as he wraps them in
gift wrap in front of a gasoline tanker truck.

Warren backpedals aiming the .45 at Marko, Reno, Vegas, and
Gena:

WARREN
Muzzle velocity equals the rate of
escape.

He FIRES the .45, BLASTING the tanker. It explodes, flames
engulfing Marko, Gena, Vegas, and Reno.

BACK TO PRESENT DAY

Warren sets the .45 on the seat and rips the headset off.

WARREN
A guaranteed fix to everything.

He steers one-handed, biting a cap off a brown gram-size bottle of cocaine.

WARREN
Bottoms up.

He plugs the bottle into his nose and snorts coke from it.

He twists the wheel, slaloming the car in, out, and around traffic.

WARREN
Scared stupid flock of sheep,
drive!

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

WARREN
The world's lost without duct tape.

He looks in the rearview mirror at a black rust-bucket jeep with a torn canvas roof behind him matching his every move.

WARREN
Stay with me mister Wile E. Coyote.

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

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

He swerves right, fishtails to a halt in the emergency lane.

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

WARREN
Goddamn, quit on me!

WILE E. COYOTE, 35, a big, tattooed man, angrily exits the jeep, stomping toward Warren. Hammer in his hand.

WARREN
Yo. You looking for me, dog?

He reaches between the front seats, searching for the .45:

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

Wile E. Coyote sticks his head in Warren's window, cocking the hammer in his hand:

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

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

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

WARREN
 Listen here, Wile E. You're stuck
 between a bullet and eighty-five
 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?

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 SQUEAL as he takes the bottle from his nose,
 TAPPING a line of coke out on 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!

As Warren fishtails away, his fender swats Wile E. Coyote backward. He trips over his hammer, exploding between the flashing headlights of an oncoming trailer truck.

INT. HAVE A GAS/MINI-MART - NIGHT

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

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

An OLDER LADY holds thirty lotto receipts on the other side of the counter, facing 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.

OLDER LADY
I should be ashamed, but I ain't.

She stomps toward them, giving them the finger.

Grumbling Customers back into bags of chips on a shelf.

OLDER LADY
Money changes everything, pussies!

Two PRETEENS run by Grumbling Customers SPLASHING their SLUSHEES on them as they follow the Older Lady out the door.

PRETEENS
Respect your elders!

Grumbling Customers chase Preteens out the door.

OLDER 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 and stares out the window.

Older Lady enters a bygone muscle car and PEELS OUT.

INT. DANNY'S BUNGALOW - HALLWAY - NIGHT

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

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

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 now covering the ghetto neighborhoods in each progressive frame.

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 lifts plastic strips hung on the doorway and enters

THE STUDIO

Where punk rock is BLASTING.

The blue light blinks behind the closed window blinds.

Vegas walks along curved walls, broken brush strokes sculpt rough textures of thick plied oil paint, creating a mural of punk rock mosh pitters in 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, bass, and amplifiers under a sheet of paint-splattered plastic.

Danny lies on the top board of a scaffold and an album plays on a turntable next to speakers on the bottom board.

He sculpts a disk of thick black paint with his nails in the center of a multi-layered swirling vortex of white, red, gray, and blue spanning the ceiling.

Vegas SCRATCHES the needle across the album on the turntable.

Danny sits up from his back on the top of the scaffold, face, hands, and hair splattered with paint.

VEGAS

You're not using your brush?

DANNY

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

He dangles his hand, wiggling 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 and warped using water.

VEGAS

What are you painting?

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 on the scaffold and paints.

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 attention to her before
you ran upstairs, you might have
noticed... Grace is blind.

VEGAS
You 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.

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. How 'bout me?

DANNY

Me who?

She walks away along the wall, calling back to him:

VEGAS

Am I all wrong?

She shuts her eyes and silently mouths: please-please-please.

DANNY

You couldn't disappoint me.

She runs over and kisses his cheek.

He smiles, rubbing the cheek 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.

She hops around and throws 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 and smiles at her breasts.

DANNY

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

She shoves him back and hugs the smock closed.

VEGAS

I'm all about getting going.

DANNY

What's the farthest you've got?

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

You should go back to the mini-mart.

VEGAS

I'm done going in circles. I must attain escape velocity.

He stares deep into her eyes:

DANNY

I can see it.

He steps over to the windows and opens the blinds.

The blue light flashes atop a police surveillance camera on a light post outside, shining in the curved glass windows.

The room spins with the blue light to RESONATING CHIRPS.

Vegas grabs the scaffold.

VEGAS

The room's going around?

DANNY

Time for us to escape the mundane.

VEGAS

What's that chirping sound?

DANNY

Superstrings resonate waves of gravity distorting the fabric of space.

He grabs her hand leading her to the top of the scaffold.

DANNY

Jump on my back! We'll take a ride.

The ceiling droops. The multi-layered white, red, gray, and blue vortex spins and the black disk in the center expands.

Vegas climbs piggy-back on him. He jumps into the blackness.

They fly through a foggy tunnel of swirling multicolored lights toward a silver dot growing around the back of an

INT. "L" SUBWAY CAR - CONTINUOUS - TRAVELING

The rear door opens in a flurry of wind and fog. Danny carries Vegas in and sets his watch. The door slams.

The Passengers grasp the railings and peer out the windows into the darkness. Their fearful faces reflect in the glass.

VEGAS

Wow! Where the hell are we?

She looks out the rear window into the next car full of PASSENGERS and another in front of that one.

DANNY

Not hell. Sort of limbo. A junction. A jumping-off place. If you're not a clinging wuss!

VEGAS

What holds them back?

DANNY

They're trapped. Imprisoned by the darkness of past transgressions.

VEGAS

What's going to happen to them?

He storms up and down the aisle. She follows him.

DANNY

You're all going down the drain.

VEGAS

Can't you see they're scared?

DANNY

Don't be naive. These people perpetuate most of the evil in the world. They thirst for escape but cannot. They're driven to murder, madness, and all other abuses.

VEGAS

What brought you here?

DANNY

We better go. They're infectious.

He peers at himself in the glass. Vegas hugs him from behind.

VEGAS

Did you ever think about suicide?

DANNY

All the time. I hate myself for surviving. Life is my punishment.

VEGAS

So that's what brought you here.

DANNY

Ya know the meaning of psychoanalysis?

VEGAS

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

He kisses her cheek. She smiles.

DANNY

So much for "independent". Where did you get all that head shrinking?

VEGAS

Ya want to understand a crazy family? Read a lot about psychology. Oh, and I have a photographic memory.

DANNY

That can be hell. Like being around these assholes!

Jesus' Son enters from the next car.

JESUS' SON

Humility, Danny. That's what makes us human beings.

He approaches Danny, comforting the Passengers as he passes.

DANNY

Vegas, meet, Jesus' Son.

VEGAS
Isn't cannibalism exclusively a
human trait?

JESUS' SON
Chimpanzees do it.

DANNY
Monkey see.

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

VEGAS
Humans understand irony, no other
animal does that.

JESUS' SON
Understanding is a God-given
Christian value.

VEGAS
Eat vegetarians, they taste better.

DANNY
Why can't you save these tortured
souls from their torments?

JESUS' SON
The mortal coil can be carried or
abandoned.

DANNY
They're a bunch of cowards.

JESUS' SON
A man should walk a mile in his
fellow man's shoes.

Vegas points to his bare feet.

VEGAS
No chance of doing that with you.

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

He curls his tongue over his top lip, flips his bottom lip
over, and mocks mosh pit dancing.

VEGAS

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

JESUS' SON

My FATHER died for everyone's sins.

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

DANNY

Spare us the greatest story.

JESUS' SON

Forgiveness will free you from your
past, so you can love again, Danny-
boy.

Danny furrows his brows and stumbles back off Jesus' feet.

Watch Alarm BLEEPS.

DANNY

It's time for change.

She jumps on his back. He kicks the side door open carrying
her as he leaps into the darkness and fog.

INT. DANNY'S BUNGALOW - STUDIO - NIGHT

The blue light blinks behind the closed window blinds.

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

VEGAS

You're still bitter.

DANNY

Losing everyone can be inspiring.

VEGAS

Do you miss them?

He looks around the room:

DANNY

My Dad trained me to paint. My Mom
taught me music. They're my eyes,
my ears, and all my soul.

VEGAS

How did you deal with it?

He walks to the wall and faces the biggest guy in the mural.

DANNY

I'd search out the largest, hardest
dude in the mosh pit and punch him.

He pumps his fist at the guy.

DANNY

He'd beat me to a pulp. Pain's my
great diversion. How about you?

VEGAS

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

DANNY

You seem okay together.

VEGAS

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

DANNY

She's your mother, still.

VEGAS

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

DANNY

Women talk and put everything in
order. Men are anarchy.

VEGAS

You don't know Reno. She's punk
rock.

Danny grabs her shoulders and peers into her eyes:

DANNY

I've got to meet your Aunt Reno.

Vegas nods.

VEGAS

Reno taught me everything. We live
for our literature. You'll love
her.

She climbs the scaffold ladder and points at the ceiling.

VEGAS

The cosmos is our stage. Our guise.
Our shield. Our sword.

DANNY

Don't fall on your sword.

She runs down and sits on the bottom by the stereo with him.

VEGAS

Snappy. I expect more from you.

DANNY

What about your Uncle Warren?

VEGAS

He's just a preppy horndog lawyer.

DANNY

Snappy.

She scoffs as she flops on her back.

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 chases him through the plastic strips hung on the doorway into

THE HALLWAY

Where he lifts a deck of cardboard cards on the pile of albums.

He taps the deck edge on the last frame, still on the albums.

ON THE LAST FRAME

People line a foggy subway station, holding lit candles.

Danny slits a faceless woman's throat with his box cutter 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 sketch 'em on the backs of cereal
boxes like my urban landscapes.

VEGAS

Like a cartoon?

DANNY

It's a flip book. Daumenkino.
That's German for "thumb cinema."

He rubber-bands one side of the deck and flips through them.

FLASHBACK SEQUENCE - ON THE ANIMATED FLIP BOOK PAGES

EXT. CAMPER VAN - NIGHT - TRAVELING

An aurora borealis dances across a starry sky. Industrial
warning buzzer SHRIEKING.

The van rides on a rural road along a security fence with an
"ARGONNE NATIONAL LAB" sign on it.

A swirling ball of lightning rises around factory buildings
in the background.

INT. CAMPER VAN - CONTINUOUS - TRAVELING

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

Sean steers with paint-smudged hands. Faith plays guitar next
to him.

Young Danny sits in the back, a hardbound sketchbook on his
lap.

They sing the 60s protest song and laugh. Young Danny coughs.

SEAN

You all right, Danny-boy?

YOUNG DANNY

Yeah, Dad, thanks.

FAITH

Danny-boy, honey, here, take this.

She stops playing, grabs a pint of milk from a cup holder,
and hands it to Young Danny.

He sips the milk, nodding to her. She continues playing the song. They sing in joyful unison.

YOUNG DANNY
Mom, Dad, you see this?

He swirls his pencil point into the tight vortex, encompassing both pages of the sketchbook.

Faith and Sean look out her window at the swirling ball of lightning.

Suddenly, oncoming headlights flash into a glass prism hanging from the rearview mirror.

Sean jerks the wheel right. The prism spins, emitting beams of multicolored lights swirling around the van.

Faith drops the guitar, grasps her pregnant belly, and grabs for Young Danny, but her seatbelt keeps her short of him.

Sean SLAMS the brakes. Tires SCREECHING.

An SUV SMASHES head-on into the van. The windshield CRACKS.

The swirling ball of lightning outside surrounds the van.

Young Danny flies headfirst, milk pint and sketchbook in his grasp, through Faith's hands, spilling milk ahead of him.

The sounds of RESONATING CHIRPS grow louder.

SEAN AND FAITH
Danny-boy? Danny-boy?

YOUNG DANNY
Mom, Dad, I wanna be with you!

Multicolored lights circle him as he dives down the foggy elongating wormhole toward the dot of light expanding into

INT. YOUNG DANNY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

He crashes on his belly in a bed, his face against the vortex on the sketch page with the book dimpled in a pillow.

He holds the milk pint over the pillow. The Faith and Sean photo from the newspaper on the carton under "MISSING YOU".

END FLASHBACK SEQUENCE - ON THE ANIMATED FLIP BOOK PAGES

INT. DANNY'S BUNGALOW - HALLWAY - PRESENT DAY

Vegas pulls the cards from in front of Danny's face.

VEGAS

Ever find out who drove that SUV?

DANNY

Some suicidal Lithium Barbie doll.

VEGAS

Did anybody believe in you?

He rips the rubber band and flings the cards around the room.

DANNY

My lady psychiatrist said I made
that whole van scene up.

VEGAS

What was her reasoning?

DANNY

It's my way of forgiving them for
leaving me at home alone. But it's
me I can't forgive. For living.

VEGAS

I believe in you.

DANNY

I've never had...

He sits next to the stereo and stares down rocking.

DANNY

I don't know. Been so long. Too
long. I don't know. Grace is right
to worry. I can't even cry anymore.

Vegas stoops in front of him.

VEGAS

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

DANNY

Trust! You're psychoanalyzing me
again.

VEGAS

No wonder your landlady's blind?
Who better to share your darkness
with?

They look into each other's caring eyes.

VEGAS

I'm sorry.

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, love, and
so much action.

DANNY

Are you sure you're only seventeen?

VEGAS

On the shoulders of Cobain
Shakespeare, Dickens, Freud, and
Crash.

DANNY

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

He presses her hand over his heart.

DANNY

My heart says to love and trust
you. But all these words, you
believe in, are only promises. In a
future world that may never come.

She lays her arms over his shoulders, staring into his eyes.

VEGAS

Promise me the world and all the
love in it. I will live forever in
that moment. The future is never
more than a promise.

She draws Danny's lips to her lips, her eyes shut waiting.

DANNY

Do you want to be a part of my
world?

He drags her by the hand through the plastic strips.

EXT. DANNY'S BUNGALOW - FRONT PORCH - CONTINUOUS

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

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

A few 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?

Grace looks over his head at Vegas:

GRACE

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

(kisses his cheek)

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

Danny removes his shoes, garbs the wrench, 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

THE SIDE STREET

Where Danny TAPS the wrench on a fire hydrant.

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

HONEYCOMB (12) mulatto girl with blonde pigtails, and a twisted cap, cuts through the kids 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' 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' hand and leans toward her:

HONEYCOMB
Ya better be good for him, girl!

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

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

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

Honeycomb bumps into Vegas on her way around her.

HONEYCOMB

Excuse me, girl!

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

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

Warren squints at the chalk-streaked windshield and 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

Sleep well Vlad, your money's safe.

He drives past the side street and sees the water gush from the open hydrant.

WARREN

I need a wash.

He spins into a U-turn around traffic and heads down

EXT. THE SIDE STREET - CONTINUOUS

Where 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 chalked windshield.

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

Honeycomb straddles the hydrant, lowers her arms from the spigot, and ends the downpour.

Warren pulls next to the hydrant, opens the shotgun side window, and waves at Honeycomb.

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

Warren looks out the shotgun window at Honeycomb behind the hydrant:

WARREN

Come on, do me!

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

HONEYCOMB
Come on! Move yo-ass, mister!

He pulls 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. FOLEY HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Reno dances out of a steamy bathroom and ties her robe.

She sets Warren's possessions in specific places on the furniture and leans over the nightstand:

RENO
Oh no, this will not do.

She reaches behind the nightstand, stands, and stares at the red jump drive in her hand.

INT. WHITE SPORTS CAR - NIGHT

The hydrant water RUMBLES onto the roof.

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

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

He grabs the .45 from under the armrest and stretches his arm toward the glove box without noticeably leaning.

Honeycomb BANGS on Warren's closed window:

HONEYCOMB
Y'all gotta move! Okay?

Warren opens the window:

WARREN
The cops?

HONEYCOMB
Ain't no pole-lease, mister.

Warren leans out his window peering at the surveillance camera on the light pole, blue light flashing over his smile.

Honeycomb kicks the door.

HONEYCOMB
Move ya-ass, mister!

WARREN
Yeah.

She struts away, Vegas' necklace bouncing on her back.

Warren stares at the blue light flashing on the second-floor curved glass windows in 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.

He waves over the roof at Honeycomb and the Kids on the curb, jeering as they wave him out of the way.

INT. DANNY'S BUNGALOW - STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

Vegas steps away from the blinds.

Danny rips the paint-splattered plastic off the instruments.

DANNY
Show me what you got, kid.

VEGAS
I got plenty.

She flips the amplifier on and jacks the guitar into it.

DANNY
You'll have to keep up with me.

He sits at the drums, twirls the drumsticks over his head, and pounds a fast PUNK ROCK BEAT.

Vegas WAILS on the guitar, joining in at the speed of sound.

INT. FOLEY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Reno sits on the couch, poking her nose against the laptop screen on the coffee table, distorting the visual content.

Warren and Gena MOAN during sex on the screen and the speakers.

She slaps the lid shut, rips the red jump drive out, and SMASHES the laptop in the fireplace.

MASTER BEDROOM

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

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.

EXT. FOLEY HOUSE - BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

A sledgehammer THUMPS onto 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. FOLEY HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Where Reno closes the patio door and fumbles locking the latch.

The door jerks out of her hand and opens.

Marko jumps in and knocks her down, poking a 9mm to her nose.

MARKO

Welcome to your nightmare.

RENO

What took you so long?

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

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

The fridge is destroyed. A 3 iron is buried in the door.

MARKO

Nice work.

He drags her into

THE LIVING ROOM

Where Marko shoves Reno into the midst of more devastation.

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

RENO
The party's over.

MARKO
Are you a vandal?

RENO
You're not very bright?

MARKO
I'm just talking out loud, bitch.

RENO
You mean thinking.

MARKO
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 flings 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 here?

RENO
I was contemplating a nice
bloodbath.

She jumps up. He grabs her robe jamming 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

Where they splash up the sopping-wet steps.

He jumps on her back and tackles her on the landing.

They slide across the wet floor and splash halfway into

THE BATHROOM

Where he scoffs at a disaster area. Hot water shoots from a broken bathtub faucet onto the floor, filling the room with steam.

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

She spins to face him, grabs the gun, and puts it to her head.

MARKO

You ain't playin'.

RENO

Finish me.

MARKO

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

Now we're talking! You in?

MARKO

For killing Warren? Hell yeah!

She tears his shirt open and 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. TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

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

DANNY

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

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

VEGAS

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

VEGAS

What's the mystery? Where are we going?

DANNY

I thought I'd show you a night out.

VEGAS

We're not gonna just circle jerk around downtown.

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

DANNY

Let's elevate your game.

VEGAS

Already rode the "L" through the loop enough times to be loopy.

DANNY

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

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

SIGNALMAN (40) greasy hair, mustache, and smudged horn-rimmed glasses, jumps out, waving a flashlight.

Danny and Vegas climb aboard

INT. THE TRAIN VESTIBULE - CONTINUOUS

Where Danny and Vegas climb the stairs smirking at each other.

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

DANNY AND VEGAS

(simultaneously)

All aboard "that crazy train!"

Signalman hops on.

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

THE COACH CAR

Danny sits on the aisle. Vegas sits next to him, the remaining seats empty.

DANNY

Looks like Mickey D's one
animatronic president short.

VEGAS

Have you ever seen the Twilight
Zone episode where a guy rides a
train to another time?

Abe steps behind their seats. Signalman faces them.

ABE

You two look gosh darn familiar.

She curtsies for them, sits, and shakes her head.

VEGAS

I do not remember either of you.

SIGNALMAN

You and your friends. Your friends.

DANNY

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

ABE

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

DANNY

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

He reaches for his wallet. Abe shakes his head.

ABE

Ain't no way we are going to make
no deal.

SIGNALMAN

Your pa know you date heathens?

He sneers at Vegas. Danny shoves him on his ass in the aisle.

Signalman hops up. Abe seizes him.

Vegas points out the window, seeing the train pass a station
with SEVERAL PEOPLE waving.

VEGAS

Notice anything?

Abe and Signalman smile devilishly at each other.

ABE

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

SIGNALMAN

I seen it coming. Seen it.

ABE

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

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

DANNY

I'll pay.

ABE

Are you gonna listen? Put that
away.

Vegas kisses him and folds the money into his palm.

VEGAS

Go on, we're interested.

ABE

Seems those Mohican punks made that
ruckus to distract us.

SIGNALMAN

I seen it coming and I knew.

ABE

Come to pass they had a confederate
hang from the roof and spray-paint
the rebel flag on both sides of my
train. Made us two old fools.

Vegas sneers at Danny then glances at both side windows.

FLASHBACK

Danny sits in bosun chairs on ropes outside the windows on
both sides, spray-painting the glass, red, white, and blue.

BACK TO PRESENT DAY

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

ABE

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

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

VEGAS

You were the confederate.

DANNY

Who could resist fucking with these
guys?

They leave the passenger car, laughing as they enter

THE TRAIN ENTRANCE VESTIBULE

Where they stop on the top step above the door.

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

ABE

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

Abe squeezes between them and steps down to the door.

ABE

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

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

ABE

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

He turns the key, opening the door. Wind HOWLING in.

Signalman shoves Danny down the stairs and grabs Vegas.

Abe seizes Danny by the neck on the last step and leans him
out the door.

ABE

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

DANNY

I got a notion.

He grasps the ring of keys, head-butts Abe, and flings him sideways out the door.

Danny hangs out the door by his grip on the ring of keys, kicking his heels on the last step as the skeleton key bends in the keyhole.

Signalman wrestles Vegas onto the last step, hurling her out.

DANNY

I got you!

He seizes Vegas' arm as she dangles out the door, kicking her feet just above the ground.

Signalman turns the bent skeleton key in the keyhole:

SIGNALMAN

I'll get them for you, Abe!

Danny kicks Signalman behind the knees and buckles them.

Signalman tumbles backward off the train.

Danny swings Vegas inside. She yanks him inside. He lands on the steps on top of her.

VEGAS

Wow, that was a freak.

DANNY

If we jump and walk away from the tracks, so we won't have no fuss.

VEGAS

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

DANNY

Velocity is essential to escape.

He hugs her and jumps, carrying her out.

EXT. RAILROAD EMBANKMENT - CONTINUOUS

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

He helps her up and brushes her off.

VEGAS

Did you miss me?

DANNY

No.

VEGAS
I can fix that.

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

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

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

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

RENO
Hit me again!

A trail of deep gouges in the wood floor leads to an antique metal floor safe in the center of the room.

Marko, nude, SMACKS the sledgehammer into the safe door, barely scratching the surface.

EXT. ARAGON BALLROOM - NIGHT

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

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

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

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

RECON
Move, frigging ladies.

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

DANNY
Crazy Recon. Always the cut-up.

Recon blocks their path:

RECON
Halt, Danny-boy!

DANNY
Buzz off!

Danny steps in front of Vegas. Recon bear-hugs him snarling:

RECON
Hey, sweetheart.

DANNY
Quit the bullshit, fucker.

Recon sets Danny down smiling at Vegas:

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

VEGAS
Repressed sexual urges can often emerge in violent acts.

Recon looks at Vegas, 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 along the building.

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

INT. ARAGON BALLROOM - BACKSTAGE OFFICE - NIGHT

An oil painting in Renaissance style depicting hordes of rebellious punks with Mohawks and fists in the air on three of the walls.

A mural of a punk band playing on the White House steps behind a desk.

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

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 into the office. She smiles as she gazes at the walls and ceiling:

VEGAS

Danny?

On the ceiling is an aerial view painting 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 gets around them:

RECON

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

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

RECON

A couple of times, he left me with my snakeskins up my own ass. What did ya call it, Danny-boy?

DANNY

Ouroboros.

RECON

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

Danny leads Vegas around Recon:

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 and squints 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

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

DANNY

Kurt's dead.

RECON

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

DANNY

No.

Recon SMACKS his hand on the desk.

RECON

Fuck that! You owe me, and you 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 pistol from his coat and COCKS it.

VEGAS

Wow!

RECON

Ya-who, wow.

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

DANNY

It's all right.

RECON

Ya frigging wanna a war, Danny-boy?

DANNY

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

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

RECON

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

He aims the pistol through his pocket at Vegas.

DANNY

Don't you hurt her!

RECON

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

Danny opens the door, loud PUNK ROCK roars in from

THE BALLROOM

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

"Sexy Violents" is written across the bass drum skin.

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

Recon stands backstage poking the gun in his pocket at Vegas:

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

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

Two hundred DRUNK AND DISORDERLY PUNKS crowd the stage.

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

The drummer BEATS. The bass and guitar STRUM in rhythm.

SKINNY MAN (ON PA)

Welcome to the dark side of
Chicago!

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

Drunk and Disorderly Punks SHRIEKING.

A spotlight hits Danny. He hops to the microphone choking a Les Paul guitar neck RIFFING cords:

DANNY (ON PA)
Destroy the temples!

The band rips into rebellious PUNK ROCK. The crowd of Punks pogo dance, nodding and bowing with the tempo.

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

Two dozen PUNK ELITES hang from the balcony and cheer.

Recon smiles. Danny smashes the Les Paul guitar off the stage and spins toward Recon. Recon backpedals.

Danny swings the busted guitar into Recon's gut and shoves his head over heels onto 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 barbwire Hula-Hoops.

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

As Recon stands, the storming Punks attack him.

Danny drags Vegas to the stage edge 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, hands, and arms, carrying them to the mosh pit.

Recon chases them through the Punks and leads seven BOUNCERS.

VEGAS
Thanks for elevating my game.

Vegas and Danny hit 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. Danny spray-paints the floor as they cut through the Mosh Pitters.

VEGAS

Gonna introduce me to Ouroboros?

The orbiting lights and fog intensify around the mosh pit.

They enter the center, flashing multicolored lights engulfing them.

Recon and the Bouncers run around the mosh pit in opposite directions, slugging their way to the center.

The Bouncers show Recon a boy and girl Mosh Pitter in their grasps on the black spray-painted circle at the center.

RECON

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

INT. FOLEY HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

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

EXT./INT. WORMHOLE RECORDS - NIGHT

Danny opens the door, follows Vegas into the unlit store, and locks the door.

A foggy elongated wormhole of multicolored lights collapses solidifying a dimple in the glass door logo.

Danny 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

Do you have a thing for Sid?

VEGAS

Nasty boys, always.

Danny unlocks a closet, pulls two stuffed backpacks from inside, and hands Vegas one:

DANNY

Rebels always leave their mark.

EXT. WORMHOLE RECORDS - ROOF - NIGHT

Danny pulls Vegas up through a trapdoor. They step to the backside of the building and drop the backpacks.

They stare under the "L" tracks draped in canvas drop cloths along the alley lit from inside.

DANNY

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

VEGAS

Can you do this all in one night?

DANNY

I got the whole thing in my head.

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

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, feeder can, and an airbrush and straps it to his back.

VEGAS
Someone might see me up here.

He shakes the feeder 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 eyes and her face black. They sing:

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

VEGAS
Yeah/ Yeah/ Dude's gonna shoot.

PRE-LAP - Doorbell RINGS.

INT. HAVE A GAS/MINI-MART - NIGHT

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

GENA

Is that you, baby girl?

She awakes with a shudder, staring through the glass at the deserted station outside and the street beyond it.

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

She takes a bag of coffee from the cabinet and turns, bumping into Recon as she turns and drops the pot.

He squats, catches the pot, and his Colt revolver falls out of his jacket. He scoops it up and pockets it.

RECON

I'm not here to rob you.

She leads him to the counter. He carries the coffee pot.

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 give me his address. I'll go.

GENA

Fuck you!

She goes behind the counter. He leans over the counter laughing 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 head. Blood drips down her face as she raises 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 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 cartridges into 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 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 lotto.

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
kept Vegas away from here on
purpose, so I'd be alone.

She smiles at her reflection in the disc as she bends it,
contorting 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. CITY SIDEWALK - NIGHT

Warren weaves through several BAR HOPPERS and hurries past
three street performers sitting against a storefront.

One, Danny, knit hat, PLAYS guitar. Two, Vegas in a long
overcoat, moth-eaten top hat over her eyes, BANGS a
tambourine.

Third, Dancer, peasant skirt, resale shop Victorian era
bustier, jumps up, runs around Warren, and cuts him off.

WARREN

What the hell?

DANCER

Trade you a song for cash, mister.

Vegas and Danny look away and SING a '60s love song.

Vegas flings 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'm helpful?

DANCER

Come on, you remember love, don't
you, brother?

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 waves a twenty dollar 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 twenty as she dances suggestively.

DANCER
Don't bring me down.

WARREN
All aboard the love train, love
train!

An "L" train RUMBLES over the alley and drowns them out.

Warren scurries away.

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

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

DOWN THE BLOCK

Warren reads a note in his hand with "Wormhole Records 1999
N. Milwaukee" as he walks past eclectic storefronts.

He RATTLES the locked door of "Wormhole Records" and goes
down a gangway to

THE ALLEY

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

An "L" train RUMBLES overhead. Vegas and Danny pound on the
side windows and smile at Warren below.

The "L" train's rush of air flutters the drop cloth on
Warren's back.

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

He raises his gaze to Danny's mural on the bricks. Kurt Cobain is being crucified on a cross.

Darby Crash and Sid Vicious nailed to a cross to the left and right with a "Circle-A" branded across their chests.

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

Two Wendy O. Williams' with fanned Mohawks and spears stand guard to either side.

Upside down American flag pasties on their nipples.

The Ramones play in a thundercloud-filled sky.

EXT. FOLEY HOUSE - POOLSIDE - NIGHT

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

GENA

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

She kneels on the pool ledge, blood dripping off her 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 twenty-pound weight off the rubber mat, and carries it to the diving board.

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

GENA

I must be punchy.

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

She folds the .357 in her clothes and sets them under the board.

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

She SPLASHES into the water and sinks to the bottom.

EXT. CUL-DE-SAC - NIGHT

Gena's convertible is in the driveway.

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

VEGAS

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

Danny slides away from her.

DANNY

Keep your cue stick where I can see
it.

VEGAS

No, your ass is mine.

She grabs him and kisses him.

DANNY

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

VEGAS

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

DANNY

I don't know anything about
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 there, I'll
play to Reno's weakness. 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 scoffs, grits his teeth, and mumbles:

DANNY
My parents and I had the best of
times singing Harry Chapin songs...
Bad trip. Same ending.

INT. FOLEY HOUSE - POOL UNDERWATER - NIGHT

Gena, weight on her lap, sits on the bottom, breathes through the tubing, and massages her temples.

The video camera in a baggy, duct-taped over the top, viewfinder screen open, sinks into her lap.

She lifts the baggy and sees the viewfinder screen light up.

ON THE VIEWFINDER SCREEN RECORDING

INT. FOLEY HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

The video camera bounces on the headboard, auto focuses, and records Warren on top of Gena in the bed, screwing her.

WARREN
Gena, Gena!

GENA
Oh my God, Warren, yes!

Warren leans toward the lens, the green light blinks in his eyes, and 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 in shock, watching Warren run around the room with a cue stick stuck 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 at the bottom of the pool.

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

THE POOL SURFACE

Gena treads water and watches Reno stand on the end of the diving board, holding the end of the tubing.

GENA

What are you doing, Sis?

RENO

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

She sways over the board edge, her feet on the twenty-pound weight.

RENO

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

GENA

What are you talking about?

She grabs the board, pulls herself up with one hand, and 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 weight.

Gena reaches under the board and pulls the .357 from her folded clothes by the ladder.

GENA

Look at me, Reno.

She treads water and aims 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 already on the board and peers over the end.

Gena raises the .357 in Reno's face. Reno trips backward over the weight.

The weight flips off the board and SMACKS Gena in the head.

She FIRES the .357 and BLOWS a hole in the keyless entry pad.

The automated pool cover closes.

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

RENO

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

Gena reaches out. Reno seizes 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 with both hands.

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

GENA

Let... go!

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

RENO

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

Reno trembles as she pulls Gena 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.

Gena spits blood, SPLASHES into the water, and sinks.

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

The .357 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.

HUM RESONATING. The automated cover closes over the pool.

Reno sits on the ledge, props her feet on the tarp edge, and tries to stop it. It moves her back and shuts. HUMMING ENDS.

Reno kicks the keyless pad and sobs.

EXT. FOLEY HOUSE - POOLSIDE - NIGHT

Vegas leads Danny into the yard.

Reno looks down and walks around on the pool cover.

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 .357 tucked in the back of her waistband.

RENO

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

VEGAS

Is my Mom around?

RENO

She's lying down, inside.

VEGAS

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

RENO

Didn't say anything about it to me.

VEGAS

That's not like Mom.

RENO

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

She scoffs, shakes her head, and pulls her ear.

VEGAS

What in hell's the matter with you?

RENO

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

She pinches her lips shut.

Vegas drags Danny toward the house.

DANNY

She's really off her meds.

VEGAS

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

DANNY

(sotto)

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

Reno follows them and keeps her bloody hand behind her.

RENO

Who's your guy?

VEGAS

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

RENO

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

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

RENO

Come with us, boy.

He follows them through the patio door into

INT. FOLEY HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Where Reno releases Vegas and backs into the patio door.

RENO

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

Vegas and Danny walk around and survey the devastation.

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

VEGAS

I don't know what to do.

DANNY

She's kooky.

VEGAS

I'm a kook, she's unhinged.

Danny kisses her head:

DANNY

From crazy train, to train wreck.

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

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

WARREN

Did I lose 'em?

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

EEYORE (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 on his ass.

WARREN

Get off my ass!

He crosses three lanes of traffic and beats a semi onto

AN EXIT RAMP

The semi-fishtails behind him, BLOWING the air horn.

The squad car climbs a grassy knoll between a cement wall and the semi.

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

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

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

Warren runs a red light, swerves, and skids sideways onto

A FRONTAGE ROAD

Where he veers around a curve past custom homes.

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

Where garbage receptacles are along the curbs on both sides.

Warren downshifts and fishtails around two receptacles on the curb overfilled with picture-tube televisions.

WARREN
TV's on you. See you around.

The squad car SCREECHES around the turn. Both officers stare out the shotgun side window and watch Warren.

He LAYS-RUBBER around a half-circle driveway and reenters the street behind the squad, speeding back the way they came.

Both cops turn forward to see their squad car plow into the receptacles on the curb and televisions CRASH the windshield.

Warren shifts gears and SQUEALS around the corner onto

THE FRONTAGE ROAD

Where he cuts the next corner, swerving onto another street.

WARREN
Sayonara, suckers!

INT. FOLEY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Vegas and Danny walk around and gawk at gouged walls, decimated furniture, and broken appliances tossed around.

DANNY

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

He spray-paints a spiral across the floor and a big runny circle 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 hall.

VEGAS

I think you're just like those sad people on the "L", clinging to the past. You ridicule them while you spray-paint yourself in circles?

RENO (O.S.)

Oh, Dan, dear...

She sloshes up the basement steps and waves the .357 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 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 .357.

RENO

You're not playing along... Dan.

Vegas snaps into a rage. Danny holds her back.

VEGAS
Where is my Mom?!

RENO
Silence entombs death.

VEGAS
What?!

She fights to free herself. 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
.357 and I got cunt-hair triggers.
I don't want to shoot either of
you. I'm saving myself for Warren.

Reno accidentally FIRES .357, hops back, and shakes her head.

Danny spins Vegas to the wall, blood dripping from the back
of his tattered earlobe.

VEGAS
Danny?!

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

RENO
Rock and bloody roll, Vegas.

She FIRES the .357, POPS a hole in the center of the ceiling,
and water drips out of the bullet hole.

Vegas steps away from Danny toward Reno.

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

RENO
What why?

VEGAS

Why my Mother screwed your husband.

RENO

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

Vegas moves closer to her and speaks softly:

VEGAS

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

RENO

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

VEGAS

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

Reno grits her teeth and speaks:

RENO

I proved my love for him.

VEGAS

How, by taking another bottle of pills?

RENO

He asked me to marry him.

VEGAS

After my mother begged him to stay with you.

She lowers her eyes and smiles to herself:

RENO

We were in love.

VEGAS

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

RENO

Shut up!

VEGAS

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

RENO
Who says this?

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

Reno paces in a corner.

RENO
She was the crazy one tonight.

VEGAS
Sure, now you're the degenerate.

RENO
This gun gives me strength.

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

Vegas holds Danny and they whisper to each other:

DANNY
Is that all true?

VEGAS
No, my Mother was a degenerate.

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

Warren stands with his back toward the basement stairs.

WARREN
What the damn hell's...?

Marko creeps up the steps behind him.

Reno turns the .357 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 .357 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 mumbles:

WARREN

Finish your job.

RENO

Bring my hopeful husband over here.

Marko shoves Warren at Reno. She aims the .357 at Warren:

RENO

Pull down your pants, Warren!

Warren hesitantly undoes his zipper.

WARREN

What are you doing?

RENO

Take them off, now bitch!

He takes his pants off and leaves his briefs on.

WARREN

Okay, okay.

RENO

On your knees.

He kneels:

WARREN

Please, what do you want from me?

RENO

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

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 you 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
Yo, fucking dead!

GUNSHOT. A bullet POPS Marko in the head. He drops dead.

Reno swings the smoking .357 barrel onto Vegas and Danny.

RENO
What's with these men?

He spins Vegas behind him and hugs her.

Warren dives over 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 the .357 and BLOWS a hole between his ass cheeks.

RENO
I am the hero of my tragedy!

She runs into

THE KITCHEN

Where Reno opens the patio door and runs out toward the

EXT. FOLEY HOUSE - POOLSIDE - CONTINUOUS

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

INT. FOLEY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Warren stuffs the "Greek Comedy/Tragedy Mask" pillow in his bloody briefs and 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:

DANNY

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

She grabs his arm and stares into his eyes:

VEGAS

Reno was the suicidal Lithium Barbie doll in the SUV that killed your parents in that crash.

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

Warren FIRES the .45 and BLASTS Danny in the shoulder.

EXT. FOLEY HOUSE - POOLSIDE - CONTINUOUS

Reno hops on the board and FIRES the .357 at the pool RIPPING two bullet holes in the cover.

She sucks on the .357 barrel and pulls the trigger. CLICK, CLICK, CLICK on empty chambers.

RENO

I must end this bloodbath with my
own.

She shuts her eyes, dives off the board, and TEARS through
the bullet holes in the cover.

INT. FOLEY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - SECONDS EARLIER

Two GUNSHOTS ECHOING.

Warren waves the .45 laughing as he watches Vegas wrestle
with Danny but he holds her behind him.

WARREN

Those should finish Reno's act.

Danny pins Vegas into a corner of the wall.

WARREN

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

He taps the coke bottle into his palm, but none comes out. He
sees a clump of coke 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 and drinks it.

Danny drags Vegas in front of him toward the kitchen.

WARREN

I can use you both, dead.

He FIRES the .45 and BLASTS Danny in the calve. He falls and
shoves Reno into the kitchen as he goes down.

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

Vegas SMACKS the .45 from Warren's hand with the 3 iron. The
.45 SPLASHES in the water dripping under the ceiling hole.

Vegas CRACKS the 3 iron upside Warren's jaw. He spins and
stumbles toward the .45. Danny trips him.

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

Vegas swings the 3 iron, and as the bullet PINGS off it, it
twirls out of her hands.

She falls back. Danny grabs her and sits with her in his lap.

Warren kneels in the center of the spray-painted spiral and wets his fingers in the water dripping from the ceiling.

He aims the .45 at Vegas and Danny, COCKS it, and sniffs the water from his fingers:

WARREN

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 and drops 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 and climbs the floor toward the kitchen.

The floor collapses, and the safe with it.

Danny grips the kitchen doorway swinging Vegas into the room, and she helps him climb in.

The room spins as fog and multicolored lights swirl with it.

RESONATING CHIRPS.

The safe disappears in a flash of multicolored lights as it falls through the collapsing floor into

THE BASEMENT

Where Warren's dead body THUMPS on top of the pool table.

EXT. FOLEY HOUSE - POOLSIDE - DAY

Danny jumps on the diving board.

Vegas punches numbers in the keyless entry pad.

DANNY

What's going on?! Open the cover!

VEGAS

The remote's fucked-up!

Danny pulls his box cutter out.

DANNY

Here! Don't go on the cover it might tear.

He tosses the box cutter to Vegas.

DANNY
Slit the edge.

She cuts the liner along the ledge.

Danny dives through the hole in the cover.

UNDERWATER

Danny swims to Reno and Gena together on the bottom, leaving a trail of blood from his wounds.

Vegas cuts the liner and waves her arms under the water.

Reno hugs Gena with one arm, her other hand's fingers float, combed with Gena's hair back. Their lifeless eyes locked.

Danny tries to pry them apart, Reno's fingers tangled in Gena's hair.

He lets his last breath out and untangles her fingers from Gena's hair.

He half hugs Reno and swims to the cut along the ledge on

THE POOLSIDE

Where Vegas pulls Reno out of the water onto the deck. Danny climbs from the pool, coughs out water, and gulps air.

DANNY
She didn't wanna live without Gena.

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

VEGAS
I don't know CPR!

DANNY
That's how I saved Grace. Tilt her head back. Feel for a pulse.

He dives over Reno. Vegas leans Reno's head back, checks her pulse, and shakes her head:

VEGAS
No! No pulse.

Danny pumps Reno's chest and sets his ear to her chest:

DANNY
Check it again.

Vegas feels her carotid artery:

VEGAS
Oh God, no!

He pounds on Reno's chest and blows air into her lungs:

DANNY
Come on!

VEGAS
Nothing!

He THUMPS his fists on Reno's breast and pumps her chest:

DANNY
What will she respond to? A song?
Poetry? What does she read?

Vegas cries and shakes her head:

VEGAS
She loves Greek Tragedy.

He thumps his fists into Reno's chest:

DANNY
Tell me something you learned: Do
tragic heroes have to die?

He lowers his mouth over hers and inflates her lungs.

VEGAS
Aristotle said, "Heroes need not
die." She must undergo a change of
fortune. A revelation!

DANNY
Pulse?

She feels for Reno's pulse:

VEGAS
No!

DANNY
What does he mean, revelation?!

Vegas kisses Reno's head:

VEGAS
A recognition of human fate and
destiny.

(MORE)

VEGAS (CONT'D)

"A change from ignorance to awareness of a bond of love or hate."

Danny pumps her chest and yells:

DANNY

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

Danny shuts his eyes, kisses her forehead, and weeps.

Reno coughs and spits water. Vegas hugs and kisses Danny.

INT./EXT. DANNY'S BUNGALOW - BATHROOM - DAY

Danny stands shoulder and leg bandaged at an open window.

Vegas pours peroxide on a cotton ball and swabs stitches in his ear as they stare through the screen at

THE SIDE STREET

Where Honeycomb straddles the hydrant and clasps her hands under the spigot streaming the water into the air.

Reno and Jesus' Son hold hands with the dozen Kids and lead them in and out of the waterfall.

DANNY

I'll sell all of my equipment, my art and anything else.

VEGAS

You don't have to.

DANNY

I want to take care of you both. The doctor said Reno's doing fine on her new meds but I wanna do more.

RESONATING CHIRPS, METAL CRASHING, WOOD CRACKING.

They sprint into

THE HALLWAY

They run toward multicolored lights flashing across the studio side of the plastic strips hung from the doorway, leaking fog.

DANNY
Stay behind me.

VEGAS
Sure.

He leads hers into

THE STUDIO

Where the beat-up safe sits upright on the crushed turntable
over the smashed wood board under the twisted scaffold.

Vegas and Danny survey the damage.

DANNY
That never happened before.

VEGAS
My patron saint just happens to be
an eight-hundred-pound safe.

She spins the dial on the safe left, right, and left again.

DANNY
Do you know the combination?

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

She twists the handle. The safe shifts toward her.

Danny jerks her backward into his lap.

The safe opens. Several bundles of wrinkly bills 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?

PRE-LAP - BLARING punk rock. A singer SHRIEKING lyrics.

INT. ARAGON BALLROOM - NIGHT

Danny and Vegas dance slowly in each others' arms at the
center of punk rock Mosh Pitters swirling in the orbiting
multicolored lights of the mirrored ball.

FADE OUT.

THE END