

Absolut Absolution

By

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FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

GERARD 30's, chiseled features, blue tee, blue jeans, muscles, stands in front of a dresser, stares into an open drawer, holds a switchblade.

He blows a kiss and slowly shuts the drawer, slips his switchblade into his pants pocket and pats it reassuringly.

GERARD

We've got more work to do piccolo  
bambino.

He exits.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

TARA 30's, exits an apartment, hair pulled back into a sleek pony tail, Dolce and Gabbana dress hangs sexily as she leans back on the door.

She pulls a powder compact from her Michael Kors clutch, flicks it open and checks her lipstick.

She notices a slight smudge, runs her finger around her mouth, smiles coldly, snaps the case shut, slips it into the clutch and sexily sashays away.

INT. ROOM - DAY

GERARD 30's, sits nervously in a chair, checks his watch.

2:00 a.m.

He fidgets uncomfortably, eyes dart around, do not settle on anything in particular. He fingers the crucifix around his neck.

We hear hushed whispers from a number of people.

A man speaks authoritatively.

MAN (O.S.)

Anyone counting days?

Gerard's head snaps left and right. He swallows hard. Slowly raises his right hand.

(CONTINUED)

GERARD

Me...Uh...Hi...I'm Gerard...

He is unsure whether to keep his hand raised. Drops it uncertainly.

Some of the people respond, monotone, in unison, barely interested.

PEOPLE (O.S.)

Hi...Gerard.

Gerard gains a little confidence.

GERARD

Today's my first day...I'm here to  
get clean...to get clean for  
Dominique...

He looks around, smiles, seeks support.

The people are already having further conversations. Some clap.

Gerard's smile fades, replaced by a look of mild despair. He raises his hand meekly in recognition of the muted applause, then retouches his cross.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Lighting is low, moody.

The clock above the bar indicates midnight.

Gerard, black tee, entertains JOE 60's, seated at the bar.

He expertly mixes a cocktail. Joe watches mesmerized.

Confident hands crush ice, dark sugar, squeeze limes effortlessly, all theatrically tossed into a pristine steel bowl, finished off with a bottle of Cachaca.

Gerard dramatically grabs a spotless white hand-towel. As he wipes his hands, Tara walks in.

Gerard slowly cleans his hands as the vision approaches.

Tara glides across the floor. Eminently poised, sophisticated, assured.

Hair perfectly coiffed, make up exact.

(CONTINUED)

The Gucci dress falls and clings, accentuates the curves of her hips and breasts.

Ferragamo shoes scream 'class', while the solitaire diamond Chopard earrings indicate reserve, restraint.

She sits at the bar, opens a Hermes clutch.

Gerard's eyes never leave Tara, until his hands are completely clean.

His attention returns to the cocktail. He raises the bowl majestically and the mix is poured into a silver shaker.

The top is lightly tapped into place and in one move the container is in the air.

Gerard's strong hands rhythmically, artistically, blend the individual ingredients of the brew.

In a flurry of movement, the cocktail is poured into Joe's waiting glass.

JOE

As always...a thing of absolute  
beauty...perfection...liquid art!

Gerard proudly eases the glass toward Joe.

JOE (CONT'D)

Join me?

Gerard shakes his head slowly.

GERARD

Not tonight thanks...enjoy.

We hear a single round of applause. Gerard, surprised looks around.

Tara sits at the bar, clutch open, a white gold Tiffany cigarette case also open, Capri Menthols lined up militarily.

Tara continues her slow clap and bows graciously.

TARA

Bravo...bravo, maestro!

Gerard shakes the man's hand.

GERARD

Excuse me...

He surreptitiously grabs a silver lighter from under the bar and saunters over to Tara.

He offers his hand.

GERARD

Grazie mille bella. Mi chiamo Gerard.

Tara giggles, shakes his hand daintily.

Gerard leans his head to one side, raises one eyebrow.

TARA

Oh, no...I'm not laughing at you...I'm busted...that's the extent of my Italian I'm afraid.

She slides a Capri from it's lair.

Gerard magically produces his lighter and offers the flame.

TARA

Thanks.

She draws heavily, then exhales politely into the air above. Gerard slips the lighter into his pocket.

TARA (CONT'D)

I think I got Gerard, right?

She offers her hand this time.

TARA (CONT'D)

Tara.

GERARD

Tara...er...

Tara, dismissive.

TARA

Just Tara...

She points over to Joe.

TARA (CONT'D)

Can I get one of those?

Gerard shakes his head.

(CONTINUED)

GERARD

Sorry, Tara. That's Joe's  
drink...I'll create something for  
you...something unique...but on one  
condition...

Gerard slides an ashtray towards Tara. She taps ash into the  
receptacle, polished, practiced.

TARA

Which is?

GERARD

I can name it after you...

She nods slowly.

TARA

On one condition.

GERARD

Which is?

TARA

Not only unique...also, divine.

Gerard smiles.

GERARD

Like everything named Tara?

Tara taps the ashtray again.

TARA

Touche Gerrard. You learn  
quickly...I like that...saves time.

Gerard flashes his best smile and reaches behind for a  
number of liquors.

FADE OUT/FADE IN:

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Tara has had a few cocktails and is loosened up. Gerard  
pours another.

He moves the glass across to Tara who sweeps it up and takes  
a sip, lipstick still intact.

(CONTINUED)

TARA  
Aahhh!..nectar...You?

GERARD  
Not tonight...thanks.

She sips thoughtfully, looks seductively at Gerard.

TARA  
I think I have your measure Mr. G.

GERARD  
You think?

Tara smiles, reaches for his hand, strokes it gently.

TARA  
(Whispering)  
Strong, large, artistic hands. When  
you work it's very sexy.

She turns Gerrard's hand over and fingers his palm,  
exploring, discovering.

He slowly removes his hand and tenderly holds the shaker.

GERARD  
I guess when I create a drink,I  
feel it's like making love to a  
woman...I need to be gentle, caress  
each individual part of the whole  
body...

Gerard cups the shaker in his hands, holds it to his cheek,  
kisses it gently. Tara visibly squirms in her seat.

GERARD  
...then switch things up a  
little...

He swings the shaker up and slowly but with increasing pace,  
shakes it.

GERARD  
...in order to arrive at the  
precise moment for ecstasy...for  
both me and you...

He pops the lid and pours the rest of the cocktail into  
Tara's glass. She remains silent, restrains carnal desires.

(CONTINUED)

GERARD

...and you know what they say about  
men with strong, large hands?

Tara barely shakes her head. Gerard leans forward and  
whispers in her ear.

GERARD (CONT'D)

They like their rings tight.

Tara smiles and eases away.

TARA

Oh yes, I definitely have.

GERARD

Have..?

TARA

Your measure...I know exactly  
who...and what you are...

Gerard for the first time looks uncomfortable.

Tara assumes control.

TARA

Truth or dare?

Gerard resets his confidence meter.

GERARD

Sure...shoot.

She finishes her drink. Taps the glass for another.

Gerard starts his routine while she embarks on her  
questions.

TARA (CONT'D)

Straight or gay?

Gerard scoffs. Crushes ice, squeezes lemons and limes.

TARA (CONT'D)

Straight or gay?

GERARD

Straight...

TARA

Married or single?



Gerard grabs three bottles, pours them emphatically into a bowl.

GERARD  
Divorced...okay, single.

TARA  
Owner or employee?

Drips in Angus Duras Bitters, splashes soda, a little tabasco, pours the mix into the shaker and agitates it.

GERARD  
Employee.

TARA  
Maserati or Bentley?

GERARD  
Cab.

Tara raises her eyebrows.

GERARD  
Surprised?

Tara ignores him.

Gerard pours a glass.

TARA  
Pour two.

Gerard frowns, shrugs, grabs another glass and complies.

Tara pushes one glass towards Gerard, sits back in her seat.

TARA  
Drink with me?

Gerard freezes. Unexpected question. Collects his thoughts. Confidence meter desperately trying to reset.

GERARD  
So...Okay...What's the dare?

Tara reaches forward, takes her glass, settles back.

TARA  
You have to kiss me.

Gerard relieved, leans on the bar, drops his head and laughs. He doesn't see Tara take a huge slug of the cocktail.

As he looks back up, Tara is in his face. She grabs his tie roughly and pulls him forward with force.

Their lips meet and momentarily Gerard is a willing partner, then liquid seeps from the corner of his mouth. He struggles but, Tara has a very strong hold on the tie.

She clings on until he swallows, then retires calmly, takes a tissue from her clutch and dabs her lips.

GERARD

(emotional)

Shit lady...you are a fucking piece  
of work...

Tara leans forward again, slides the second glass closer to Gerard.

TARA

Actually, I like to think of myself  
as a piece of fucking art...to be  
admired by many and handled by only  
a few...a very select few...

She reaches across and again strokes his hand.

Gerard looks at the drink, then at Tara, who runs her tongue around her lips.

TARA

I told you Mr. G. I have your  
measure. I know exactly who and  
what you are...now tell me you  
didn't like that?

Gerard looks scornfully at Tara.

GERARD

Fuck it!...and fuck you!

Tara sips and smiles, in total control. Gerard angrily turns away and rejoins Joe.

GERARD (CONT'D)

How's it goin' man?

Joe doesn't look up.

JOE

Woman's fuckin' crazy son. I know  
that type...she'll let you slice  
the salmon...and then she'll slice  
yer throat!

(CONTINUED)

Gerard briefly shows Joe a switchblade.

GERARD

Always got this...for the crazies.

Joe shakes his head, slides his glass towards Gerard.

JOE

Tellin' ya son...wouldn't be  
enough...that's fuckin' wrong that  
bitch...one for the road?

Gerard shoots a glance to his right. Tara's seat is empty.  
He is visibly relieved.

GERARD

Sure...on me.

JOE

Thanks son...I might be old but I  
got yer back...

GERARD

That's why I'm buying buddy.

They fist bump.

FADE OUT/FADE IN:

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Gerard finishes up. The lights are all off bar one. He  
pauses as he thinks he hears a sound.

He turns, peers into the darkness, shrugs his shoulders then  
freezes as a blood red nail is dragged spitefully down his  
back.

TARA

(whispering)

I'm back...no one else here...no  
pretense...no lies...

She places two glasses and a bottle of vodka on the bar.

TARA (CONT'D)

(whispering)

...Now...you're mine...

Gerard drops his head, spins around, picks Tara up. She  
locks her legs around him. They kiss hard, passionately.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Gerard stands in the middle of the street, vodka bottle in hand. He swings his arms wildly, frequently swigs from the bottle.

Tara, on the sidewalk, screams with laughter as Gerard raises the bottle and shouts into the night.

GERARD

Oh God of The Yellow Taxi Cab.  
Please bestow your blessings upon  
us and provide one of your shiny  
chariots for us to make a strategic  
withdrawal home...as we're both  
somewhat fucked up!

He raises his bottle to the heavens. Tara laughs hard as headlights hit Gerard. He shields his eyes and recognizes the shape of a yellow cab.

GERARD (CONT'D)

Shit! Hey...Tara...you fuckin'  
believin' this?..Yours or mine?

TARA

Yours baby.

He flags the cab down. Falls onto the hood. Claws his way to the drivers door. He bangs on the window

GERARD (CONT'D)

I got money man. You get a hundred  
bucks...it's only ten blocks  
down...

The driver hesitates, then sees Tara. Drops the window a crack.

CAB DRIVER

Money first.

Gerard fishes in his pants. Pulls out a wad of bills and throws them through the window. The driver quickly counts the money, then releases the central lock.

With a whoop Gerard clambers in, Tara follows.

INT. CAB - NIGHT.

Gerard takes hits from the bottle. Tara snatches it from him and chugs. Gerard peers at the driver. He hammers on the divide.

GERARD  
You got music man?

No response. He hammers harder.

GERARD  
Hey you fucking retard...I asked  
you a question...

He turns to Tara, roughly snatches the bottle from her grasp. Takes a huge slug.

GERARD  
See, this is the problem with this  
country today...illegals...no  
fuckin' respect.

He starts kicking the divider, then smashes the bottle against it, showering himself with booze and glass.

Tara shouts.

TARA  
Enough!

Gerard stops dead. Tara calms.

TARA (CONT'D)  
Now look Mr. G. we're nearly home.  
Let's not spoil the mood huh?

She reaches down and rubs the inside of his thigh provocatively.

Gerard smiles. Leans back.

GERARD  
You're right baby...sometimes I  
lose it...

Tara places a finger on his lips.

TARA  
I've already told you Mr.G. I know  
just who and what you are...trust  
me...trust me...now I think you owe  
our driver an apology.

(CONTINUED)

Gerard nods, leans forward and taps on the glass.

GERARD

I apologize man...had a little too  
much...

The driver holds up a hand in recognition.

INT. ROOM - NIGHT.

Gerard's apartment is frugal. Soft music plays.

Gerard sits on a slightly worn couch fully dressed, eyes  
closed, barely awake.

Tara straddles him in lacy bra and panties, a large glass of  
vodka in hand. She kisses his face.

She grinds on him.

TARA

C'mon now Mr. G. This isn't a solo  
performance...

She tilts his head back. His mouth opens involuntarily. She  
pours some vodka between his lips.

Gerard chokes. He opens his eyes.

GERARD

No more...don't need any more.

Tara sips from the glass.

GERARD (CONT'D)

You don't know me when I really  
drink...I don't even know myself...

Tara takes another sip.

TARA

You don't understand do you...  
that's exactly where I want to  
go...

She places the glass next to his mouth. He clamps his lips  
tight shut. She tries to force them open, fails and sits  
back.

TARA (CONT'D)

Okay... this is pathetic...I admit  
I've made a mistake...y'know, if

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TARA (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
I'd wanted a pussy I'd have gotten  
me a girl!

Gerard explodes. In one move he throws Tara off. She squeals. He stands upright, sways violently, grabs the vodka bottle and guzzles.

Tara tries to rise from the floor, Gerard pushes her back down. He now straddles her and pours the vodka into her face.

GERARD (CONT'D)  
You wanna see what I'm really like  
when I drink bitch?

Tara chokes. Gerard stops pouring and chugs the rest of the vodka. Throws the bottle across the room.

He pulls the switchblade from his pants pocket. Flicks it open and presses it against Tara's face as he squeezes her cheeks roughly.

GERARD (CONT'D)  
Does baby want Papa to make her  
bleed?..

She nods.

He gets very close.

GERARD (CONT'D)  
I'll make you bleed cunt...

He swipes with the blade. Tara cries out but Gerard has only cut her bra strap. He stands, grabs her by the hair and drags her to the bedroom as she screams and struggles.

He kicks the door shut.

GERARD (CONT'D O.S.)  
You want me to fuck you?..I'll fuck  
you alright, I'll fuck you right  
up, motherfucker!

Sounds of a struggle follow.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Gerard lies spreadeagled on the bed. Still dressed in his tee but with no pants. His arms and hands are speckled with blood.

He twists and turns restlessly.

He lays on his back, exhales loudly and wakens. His eyes take time to focus on the ceiling.

An arm reaches casually to the other side of he bed, in search of something. The sheet is also speckled with blood.

When his hand hits empty, he rolls on his side to take a look. He sees the blood and freaks, backs up into the headboard.

He grips his knees to his chest.

GERARD

Come on son...what the fuck  
happened?..Remember for God's  
sake...not here...not here...

He relaxes his grip. Jumps from the bed, pulls open the top drawer of his dresser, his eyes scour, search. Nothing.

GERARD (CONT'D)

Thank Christ!

He steadies himself and exits the bedroom.

INT. ROOM - DAY

Gerard enters the dimly lit living area. He retraces his steps, plays out the aggression of the previous night.

He holds his head, memory clearly failing and falls into the couch's welcome comfort. His hand falls from his head onto his neck.

He tenderly touches four deep scratch marks.

From a dark corner, Tara speaks.

TARA

Concerned?

Gerard jumps. He peers around and a plume of cigarette smoke gives Tara's hiding place away. She rises and steps out of the shadows.

(CONTINUED)



She stands, dominatrix personified. The clinging Gucci dress accentuating every last fiber of her body. Make up, simple but dramatic with blood red lips and her hair pulled back into a sleek pony tail. Clutch bag under her arm.

TARA (CONT'D)  
Thought you'd hurt me?...maybe worse?

Gerard whines.

GERARD  
I told you what I could do...

Tara cuts him off.

TARA  
No!...You prick! You told yourself what you could do...simple macho bullshit!

She moves close to him, legs astride, blows smoke in his face. Throws the cigarette on the floor.

TARA (CONT'D)  
Do you seriously consider yourself a match for me?

She bends forward, in his face.

TARA (CONT'D)  
Sorry Mr. G. I'm too evolved in this shit...way, way ahead of you.

She slaps Gerard's face hard. He barely responds.

TARA (CONT'D)  
That's for just thinking that way.

She stares into his wide eyes.

TARA (CONT'D)  
Am I scaring you Mr. G?

Gerard slightly shakes his head "no".

TARA (CONT'D)  
Y'know, I think the jury might still be out on that one...

She produces his open switchblade and presses it hard onto his face as she squeezes his cheeks.

TARA (CONT'D)  
How about this?..How about now?..

She nicks his skin. Gerard recoils in pain.

TARA (CONT'D)  
...and right now?

Tara stabs him in the thigh. Gerard cries out and attempts to grab the knife. Tara is too quick and has the blade against Gerard's throat, drawing a slight trickle of blood.

She moves her head forward, quickly. Gerard jumps, fearful.

TARA (CONT'D)  
Y'see...too evolved in this shit...

Tara laughs. Pulls back and spins away.

TARA (CONT'D)  
Mmmm...not quite sure what I should do with you...you've been a very naughty boy...but there is something kind of endearing about your sorry ass...

She shrugs. Swiftly she pulls a Capri from her clutch, lights it, inhales deeply, momentarily lost in thought.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Tara exits Gerard's apartment, the Gucci dress hangs sexily as she leans back on the door.

She pulls a powder compact from her clutch, flicks it open and checks her lipstick.

She notices a slight smudge, runs her finger around her mouth, smiles coldly and snaps the case shut.

As she slips it into the clutch she spies the switchblade, laughs out loud and sexily sashays away.

We hear the very faint sound of a door opening.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Gerard stands in front of the dresser. He slowly opens the drawer. We see a number of objects laid meticulously upon a white towel.

(CONTINUED)

A line of lipsticks, jewelry, combs, diaries...mementoes, trophies.

GERARD (O.S.)  
Good day ladies.

He lays a white gold Tiffany cigarette case on the right of the line.

GERARD (CONT'D)  
This is Tara...Tara you are next to  
Dominique, then Candy and the rest  
of the ladies will introduce  
themselves...

He reaches up and collects his switchblade from the top of the dresser. He addresses the 'ladies' once more.

GERARD (CONT'D)  
I'll see you all tonight...need to  
get clean now...but it won't be  
long 'til we have a new family  
member...been busy already...

He blows a kiss and slowly shuts the drawer. He slips his switchblade into his pants pocket and pats it reassuringly.

GERARD (CONT'D)  
We've got more work to do piccolo  
bambino.

He exits.

INT. ROOM - DAY

Gerard white tee, blue jeans, scab on his cheek, four scratch marks on his neck, sits nervously in a chair, gingerly touches his wound, checks his watch.

2:00 a.m.

He fidgets uncomfortably, eyes dart around, do not settle on anything in particular. He fingers his crucifix.

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He looks around, smiles, seeks support.

The people are already having further conversations. Some clap.

Gerard's smile fades, replaced by a look of mild despair. He raises his hand meekly in recognition of the muted applause, then retouches his cross.

FADE OUT:

THE END.