

Children of God

By

Deron Turner

WGA-#(On file)  
Copyright 2007

indiefilms@hotmail.com  
210-710-2601

**"CHILDREN OF GOD"**

FADE IN: City subway train racing along an above ground track.

**SUPER: "Baltimore Maryland, 1992".**

1 EXT. BALTIMORE TRAIN PLATFORM. STATION # 1 DAY (1992). 1

The Camera discovers ELIJAH (29 years of age), standing on the platform -waiting on the noon thirty train, his arms, loaded with grocery bags, the station this afternoon over crowded with commuters-

He soon discovers and begins to examine one remarkable handsome catholic uniformed school boy- (Out of a larger group of Catholic high school students). This group of teenagers; lively, uncensored and clearly Unsupervised, grope one another, spit, litter, play grab-ass and curse each other like sailors on shore leave. Between them, there is a boom box at a level only teenager's could love. He watches the BOY, his smooth unblemished skin, tall and slender model good looks, long dark hair, this BOYS blue eyes- are piercing; their expression merciless -he pouts, maintaining an odd distance from his unruly peers, soon catching ELIJAH'S wanting eye.

Joining in, he playfully and actively fights to make eye contact and before long, it becomes their game- until their eye's meet, an awkward moment as they stare, the thoughts here- clearly adult in nature as they look each other over.

The SOUNDS now, of the train- over the boom box music; bearing down on the platform as the BOY suddenly steps towards the edge of the platform, arms outstretched like Jesus, playing a dangerous game indeed, a game of closed eyed- chicken- with this train, he slowly inches his body closer and closer to the platform's edge as the trains horn-screams out it's approach warning, his clothes flying wildly in the cross wind, everything jolting with the rumble of the train as it enters the station, and now the BOY, seen from below, framed on the edge of the platform- suddenly steps forward even closer- as the train once again sounds it's final warning ENTERING the station, ELIJAH, deeply disturbed with it all, closes his eyes tightly now, bracing himself for the messy impact.

The train screeches smoothly into the station without event, it's doors open and passengers embark and depart as normal as any other day, slowly ELIJAH opens his eyes, searching for the BOY, who has boarded the last car and momentarily disappeared among the mass of commuters and students, (but

is soon spotted), in a window pressing his lips against it, licking it before blowing ELIJAH a big wet kiss, it fogs over and quickly he scribbles the word, "FAGOT" across it before shooting him a bird, the doors close.

The KIDS aboard the train moon him, laughing, pointing and making crude jesters with their hands, yelling pedophile insults at him.

The Camera zooms in on his humiliation, but it continues through him, past him, and then beyond the train station's walls altogether- until it settles on the view of Baltimore Maryland itself.

The view of Baltimore- It is an unbelievable view, brutal and foreboding, a bleak concrete jungle of steel and glass towers that climb up to and then into the heavens, waterfront warehouses, yellowing storefronts and pornographic bookstores and finally- a stunning harbor that seems to race up to meet the eyes at once.

2

EXT. ELEVATED TRAIN PLATFORM # 2/STEPS. DAY.(1992).

2

Half an hour later.

The Camera pushes in on ELIJAH descending the steps, in the final leg of his daily ritual, the over head train departs, once on the street, he looks out to see his neighborhood, he has lived here for over a decade and has seen very little change on the surface of these streets; the faces are different, there are a few new stores, a few old stores are gone, the cars are a little sleeker, but everywhere he looks now, there are memories, some are overwhelming and as vivid and real as if they were happening all over again, for a MAN like ELIJAH, at this point in his life, it has become a daily struggle to make these commutes, an even bigger struggle to maintain a dry eye in his short, three block walk to home.

When he passes a simple monument or building, he can only remember a milestone or a turning point in his life, and lately it seems every corner here, yields a life changing or defining memory. In fact, these days- his minds eye- recalls times, memories, moments and people- mostly long gone, lately, it is during these times; that he remembers his life before the badness, it was a life lived right here- on these streets, in this neighborhood in a different time.

ELIJAH(V.O.)

(Slowly throughout the following scene)

We met each other in the fall of nineteen eighty two, getting drunk

(MORE)

ELIJAH(V.O.) (cont'd)  
 and stoned, every night from one day to the next. He taught me, how to embrace the earthquakes of fear and abuse. He taught me- how to lift my drink in the darkest of toast's, even though I still believe, he was always ashamed of his bad taste and the choices he had made in life. He taught me, how to move through the nights, like a skilled liar and a craftsmen and how to pretend to know everything about everyone, and everything that ever mattered to you, without, letting it- rub on to you. Together; I believe, our greatest discoveries had less to do with people, places or things, but rather- it was the art of life itself, the act of living life, and knowing that we were not stuck in it, alone.

ELIJAH'S walk home continues, he stops to look at an abandoned apartment building, crossing the street now to be a little closer to the memories it holds.

It's a dump by all rights, barely even standing against the wind and elements, showing considerable collapse, signs of fires past. But he walks towards the basements steps anyway, shooting a look down, the door; long since kicked off of its hinges, the step well, littered with -used needles, crack pipes, beer and liquor bottles, but he sees something else entirely, he can only see the past, and he is lost in it now-

**MONTAGE:** A candle is lit, a heroin balloon empties it's content's onto a spoon, the heroin boils in spoon, the candle smolders, smoke rises, the needle plunger sucks it up, an arm is tied off, the vein is punctured, the pupil reacts, a pleasure sigh is heard.

3

INT. BASEMENT CRASH PAD. DAY. (FLASH BACK 1982)

3

Moments later.

An OLDER MAN and LAWSON.

Angle on LAWSON (17-18 years old) as he pulls a sheet rock panel down, revealing a two foot by three foot window- flooding the darkened space with light, it fills the dank

basement with beams of dusty cold blue light, it creeps into the darkened corners, casting strange shadows and shapes onto even stranger unknown objects, leaving partial illumination on some area's, but continued darkness in others. The candle flickers from the breeze of the broken window.

The OLDER MAN- (WALTER), lies across a urine stained mattress on the filthy floor.

Close on LAWSON, standing at the foot of the mattress in front of a large cracked wall mirror, he watches himself closely, posing his body at times for WALTER, he's shirtless, his eyes blank, breath rising up to greet the cold dank air.

He stands at the mirror with a blade in his hand. Behind him, through the mirror; we see WALTER'S naked frame, spread out on the mattress, he is currently unfastening a leather belt from his arm.

WALTER

Do you want some of this?

LAWSON

No, no thanks. Look, could you pay me first Walter?

WALTER

Whatever shorty. Whatever. Don't know what you're missing. It really does enhance the whole experience.

WALTER pays him, tossing about fifty dollars onto the foot of the mattress, LAWSON grabs it up and pockets it.

LAWSON

I'm not doing the face. I'll do, the arms or the chest for you this time.

WALTER

Arms then. But do it slowly this time.

Angle on LAWSON'S full image, reflected in the mirror- he wears Levi's 501 blue jeans and little else, sweating profusely, cigarette dangling from his lips, his frame, tall and well defined, ribs discolored and bruised, hair- long and full.

Close on his eyes, they are focused on the image before him in the mirror.

His skin, clean and clear; a light peach fuzz on his upper lip and chin, he's an exceptionally good- looking young man. His features- boyishly masculine- his seductive smile; azure eyes- his eyes, tell the story of a domestic and urban battlefield, littered with human land mines and horror stories, too numerous to count, too unspeakable to list, unheard of things. And here, he stands defiant in this mirror, slowly, methodically cutting into his forearms with a sharp blade, the blood, dripping down his elbows and onto the floor, pooling into large puddles at his feet;

A ghastly vision.

Another angle, through the mirror on- WALTER, on the mattress, high as a kite watching him with a sick and twisted perversion- his eyes like fire, raining down and burning into LAWSON'S flesh with every stroke of the blade.

Close on LAWSON, in the candlelight and mirror, bleeding and cutting, his face like stone, eyes blank and removed.

Another angle, through the cracked and dirty mirror and it reveals, through all of this, WALTER; Masturbating now.

Just then, the SOUNDS of feet, running; a chase outside.

4 EXT. ABANDONED BASEMENT/ALLEY WAY. DAY. **(FLASH BACK 1982)**. 4

A young KID (ELIJAH) carrying a briefcase, running, being chased by an adult MAN.

A desperate chase, trashcans over turned, a violent chase.

5 INT. BASEMENT CRASH PAD. DAY. **(FLASH BACK 1982)**. 5

The basement door burst open at once to reveal- a scared young kid, running for dear life. (Young ELIJAH), his eye blackened, shirt torn, clutching a briefcase and out of breath, he stops in his tracks at the sight of the blood pooled onto the floor, he scans LAWSON and then WALTER, he's scared shit less again, the SOUNDS, behind him of an angry voice full of threats looming closer, the footsteps, growing louder as they quickly begin to take the stairs to the step well -two and three at a time, downward.

LAWSON turns to face him, they stare unsure for a brief moment, instinctively LAWSON takes his hand and quickly leads him away, through another part of the basement, through a hole in the wall and out of sight.

WALTER, jumps up from the mattress now calling out for LAWSON to finish what he paid him for, but the two quickly disappear into the darkness of the basement, through another broken wall, up a short flight of stairs and then to the outside, running away as quickly as they can.

6 EXT. STREET AND SIDEWALKS. MOVING. DAY. **(FLASH BACK 1982)**. 6

Moments later.

They slow only after a few blocks are between them and the basement.

LAWSON

What'd you do to that guy, rip him off?

ELIJAH (15-16 years old), he's a radiant young man with mixed European ancestry, princely boyish good looks, a glittering smile and an energy that could fill a room whole.

His features are fine and delicate, his lips and cheeks suggest, perhaps a bit of Cherokee, or a French- African American mixture, his eye's, brown and wide, hair a mess of long dark curls, his frame- shorter than LAWSON'S, is well toned.

ELIJAH

I don't want to really talk about it if that's alright with you. Let's just say, he should have paid me. What about you, what's your deal? I mean, why were you down there doing that to yourself man, don't that hurt?

Stopping briefly as LAWSON wraps his arm with a tee shirt, dresses for the elements.

LAWSON

Look, I'm not certifiable, I promise. Guy's WALTER, and he pays top dollar for that. He's into all kinds of weird stuff like that. Drinks blood, piss. It's true; he gets off on it, blood, spit, you name it. Around here, we call him the vampire WALTER. Guy pays fifty bucks for that alone, the blood thing, and, he never even touches you. He just watches and gets high, pretty decent trade off if you ask

(MORE)

LAWSON (cont'd)  
 me. So, what's your name, you must  
 be new around here. I'm LAWSON,  
 LAWSON ADAMERE, don't wear it out.

ELIJAH  
 ELI. ELIJAH, JEFFRIES, look, maybe  
 we should walk faster and talk  
 less, I mean, no offense to you,  
 but, I don't wanna' run into my  
 guy, who by the way, is trying to  
 kill me or your guy, VAMPIRE  
 WALTER. They're probably still  
 chasing us right now, crazy people  
 never give up.

LAWSON  
 It's cool, WALTER will be fine,  
 there's no shortage of takers for  
 his endless supply of fifty dollar  
 bills. He's harmless; guy's just, a  
 freak of nature, that's all.

ELIJAH  
 Just how much blood did you loose  
 LAWSON? Guy's a fucking pedophile,  
 a psycho freak.

LAWSON  
 A harmless, pedophile- psycho freak  
 then, but one with cash.

Angle on the 1979 FLEET WOOD, as it squeals it's tires from  
 half a block away- leaving a plume of thick white smoke, the  
 gears are struggled from drive to reverse as hard as the  
 wheel is turned, the MAN has spotted them, and in a moment,  
 he will work it out, turning around violently in the narrow  
 streets and then, as soon as he can, he will gun the giant  
 heap of a car - straight towards them, in a moment, it will  
 careen wildly for them, burning it's rubber tires along the  
 way.

ELIJAH  
 Shit! See, I told you, crazy people  
 never give up!

LAWSON  
 Fuck, what'd you do to this guy?  
 This way!

LAWSON, scans the terrain, grabs ELIJAH by the collar and  
 they take off running again, this time they run towards the  
 heap, and the Dinosaur is too big, too heavy and too old to

maneuver in time to stop them, he'll have to find a place to turn the giant around again, a most difficult task on this narrow side street- and quickly, they are no where in sight within seconds of the encounter.

Running through a Porno Arcade and a back alley- until they disappear from the drivers sight altogether, laughing all the way.

7 EXT. STREET/SIDEWALK. MOVING. DAY. (BACK TO PRESENT 1992) 7

**Abandoned apartment building.**

ELIJAH (29 years old), gathers himself, stiffens his spine before shooting a final look down the basement's filthy step well. He resumes his walk now, towards home.

He's exhausted, his grocery bags starting to split, weather turning nastier by the minute.

ELIJAH (V.O.)

Sometimes... I hear him speak. The words, ring so clearly. He speaks, of how different things were in those days, but mostly, he speaks to me, of journeys never traveled and dreams, unfulfilled. Sometimes I see him.

Angle on the streets- rain and ice covered, landing the view now, of ELIJAH, as he stops again, this time to watch a YOUNG MAN (17-18 years old), across the street, flirting with the cars on the corner as they pass, yelling obscenities when they refuse to stop for him, his technique needs work.

The YOUNG MAN stops, catching his eye, he smiles, acknowledging interest. But ELIJAH is embarrassed now, he tries to move on, but it's too late, the YOUNG MAN crosses the street TOWARDS him now, he approaches ELIJAH, at first, sexually, and then, after a brief moment- figuring this will go no where, as a panhandler, begging for pocket change,

ELIJAH'S hand, goes for his pocket; he produces a few large bills, considers this for a moment and then, impulsively gives the YOUNG MAN the entire wad.

The YOUNG MAN does a dance for him, before pointing towards a vacant, two story walk up across the street, he walks on ahead for the building, ELIJAH stands motionless, transfixed on the YOUNG MANS image, his youth, his swagger, his mannerisms.

Again, he motions eagerly for ELIJAH to follow him, indicating a sex act, but ELIJAH stares off into nothingness now, far off, in a far off place.

ELIJAH (CONT'D) (V.O.)  
 If I could just have one of those  
 days again, I'd save him this time,  
 I'd find a way.

**SUPER: "Ten years earlier"**

8

EXT. STREET/SIDEWALK. MOVING. DAY. (1982)

8

**FX: The streets, cars, store fronts, apartment buildings and Bystanders, are all, suddenly transformed back in time; Day to Night, 1992 to 1982, ELIJAH is seventeen years old now, young, healthy and handsome, and next to him - is a 19 year old LAWSON.**

The Camera angles close as they walk down the sidewalk, the sounds of voices and music everywhere, it comes from record stores, car radios and boom boxes.

These streets are alive.

LAWSON and ELIJAH, walking to LAWSON'S apartment. Their arms loaded with grocery bags, smokes dangling from their lips.

Busy intersections and street corner action everywhere.

ELIJAH (CONT'D) (V.O.)  
 We were so happy back then.  
 Everything was so different in  
 those days. We were, so alive.

Angle on a large run down apartment building, as LAWSON unlocks the common hallway door, they enter the high ceilings of the hallway, passing rows and rows of overstuffed unchecked mail boxes.

The voices and sounds from other apartment unit's becoming loud and alive with the immediate sounds now of music, conversations, babies crying, couples fighting.

LAWSON hands his bags to ELIJAH, inserts a key into the door of apartment (2202), turns the lock and it opens- into the one bedroom flat.

9

INT. LAWSON AND AMBER'S APARTMENT. NIGHT. (1982)

9

LAWSON AND ELIJAH ENTER the apartment with grocery bags.

LAWSON

AM, I'm home. Put some clothes on.  
AMBER? I'm with a friend. Put some  
clothes on.

(To ELIJAH)

What ever you do, don't stare at  
her.

ELIJAH

Who is she, girlfriend?

AMBER (22-23 years old), ENTERS the room, her arm in a  
sling, she sports a beautiful shiner, looking years older  
than her twenty two years, as if she's had a long hard road  
all of her life, she is pregnant and showing, she shuffles  
into the living room half out of it, she was asleep.

LAWSON (CONT'D)

I bought dinner, I got enough shit  
to make spaghetti with, for days.  
And all of this, was only seven  
bucks, can you believe it? Look at  
it all! Fucking smokes and drinks  
cost more. If I didn't know better,  
I'd swear our vices are costing us  
more than our necessities, what is  
this world coming to when a man  
can't get fucked up for cheap.

AMBER

So stop smoking already. Where have  
you been since last night? Did you  
get another nosebleed, or were you  
fighting again?

(She quickly inspects him)

Well, It's not your nose. Did you  
see WALTER again? I told you to  
stay the fuck away from that  
goddamn weirdo! What is it with you  
and that fucking freak! Is that  
what you're into now, is that what  
turns you on? Rough sex like that?

LAWSON

Really not the time sis, you wanna'  
eat or not? I bought a friend.

AMBER

(Glaring at him)

I don't want to eat that bad.

(To ELIJAH )

And you call yourself a friend, why aren't you bleeding too, friend?

LAWSON

AM'S a little mean ELI. We've decided to call it, concern. Sounds better than raging bitch too.

AMBER

Go fuck yourself LAWSON! So, what was it this time, what sick and twisted shit did you get yourself into this time with him? Not fit to be tied up like a dog.

LAWSON

Hey, your not my mother you know, and I'm not your fucking ward either!

AMBER

No, I'm not your MOTHER. There is a God after all. God, I hope my babies a girl. I just, can't take having a BOY, I just, really can't take it. No boy's.

ELIJAH

Hi, my names ELI.

He hand's the grocery bag to LAWSON, extending a hand to AMBER. Sizing him up in an instant, shooting him a look before ignoring him.

AMBER

(To LAWSON )

Are you suicidal, because hanging around that Walter guy, I just don't see the difference? And you fucking promised me, after that last time, when he had you cut yourself across your stomach, remember that?

LAWSON

What do you want to hear from me, fifty bucks, is fifty bucks, God knows, you're in no shape, or trust, I'd have brought him over

(MORE)

LAWSON (cont'd)  
 here, let him cut on you for a  
 while.

ELIJAH  
 Come on, let's not argue people. It  
 hurts ELIJAH actually, to hear  
 people he likes, fighting.  
 Sometimes. Eli gets very sad. Very  
 sad.

She shoots him a look.

AMBER  
 What ever your name is, fuck off!  
 (To LAWSON)  
 So, what is this, we're feeding the  
 whole neighborhood now too, and  
 don't even think that you're going  
 to sleep with him in here!

LAWSON  
 Back the fuck off, already; just  
 give it a break -I said, he's with  
 me! I didn't say, he was; **WITH ME**,  
 so, just, leave him alone.

AMBER  
 Every bodies **WITH YOU**, LAWSON,  
 that's the problem. Never met a  
 stranger, have you? And where were  
 you, half of the fucking night and  
 all day? I told you, three days  
 ago, we needed to go and see him.  
 It's his fucking birthday LAWSON.  
 His birthday!

LAWSON  
 Well, I got tied up. There was no  
 money left! You should have put him  
 out a long time ago and you know  
 it.

AMBER  
 Leave IAN out of it. Look, don't  
 start, you got your wish, he's gone  
 now. We got no problems any more,  
 do we? Every things just peachy  
 now, isn't it. We're all peachy.

Angle close on AMBER, she takes his arm and begins to clean  
 and bandage the wound. ELIJAH, rubber- necking, stands in  
 her light, peering at the wound, his fascination blocking  
 her view now.

AMBER (CONT'D)

Who the fuck is this LAWSON? Could ya' move?

LAWSON

This is my friend, ELIJAH. Say hello ELI.

ELIJAH

Pleased to meet you, I'm ELI.  
ELIJAH, actually. But, you can call me ELI. I'm sorry you had, to put your boyfriend out.

Shoots him a look.

LAWSON

Good luck with that one, your on your own.

ELIJAH

What? What'd I say? What?

AMBER

Fuck off ass hole, what do you know about it, what do you know about me, what do you know about anything? That's what I thought, so, just shut the fuck up.

ELIJAH

I'll do that.

LAWSON

She likes you.

A Beat.

AMBER

Are you a fag too, a cheap street hustler, like my brother?

LAWSON

I'm not a fag, how many times do I have to keep telling you that? I sell my body, but that doesn't make me gay, it doesn't make me cheap either. If that's all it took to be gay, you'd be the worlds biggest lesbian by now, wouldn't you?

Shoots them both a look.

ELIJAH

No. I'm not really Gay.

A Beat.

AMBER

Well, you look like you  
are. What's in the case, money?  
You knock somebody in the head?  
I'll be your girlfriend if it's  
money, if not, fuck off queer bait.

ELIJAH

Gee, thanks, for the offer, but,  
it's not money. It's just a bunch  
of Country and Western tapes and  
few toiletries. Some cologne. But,  
there is a RICK JAMES tape in here.  
Not my case though, I mean, it is  
now, but, it wasn't before today. I  
acquired it. Through my travels.  
You can have it if you want. You  
like Rick James? Super Freak?

(He sings a few bars of the  
song)

He's the man. Here, you can have  
it.

AMBER

Leave it over there, by the door,  
on the other side of it.

A Beat.

ELIJAH

By the door? Oh, by the door, I get  
it. Very funny. By the door.

A Beat.

She tends to LAWSON'S wounds now.

AMBER

Make him stop looking at me LAWSON,  
and hold your arm in the light so I  
can see it better, I have to clean  
it out.

She produces a bottle of Isopropyl Alcohol.

LAWSON

Charming isn't she? What are you  
about to do with that, we don't

(MORE)

LAWSON (cont'd)  
 need that, we don't need that at  
 all, we don't need it-

LAWSON braces himself for the sting of the alcohol swab, but she pours it on instead, using the whole bottle, his superficial wounds saturated, and he screams the lords name in vain.

LAWSON (CONT'D)  
 Hell did I ever do to you, fucking'  
 sadist! You fucking bitch.

AMBER  
 Did you even remember what today  
 was, did you even care?

LAWSON  
 Of course I care, where do you get  
 off anyway?

AMBER  
 Because it would have been nice to  
 have seen him today. I waited all  
 morning.

LAWSON  
 He's dead AMBER, he ain't coming  
 back. Dead is dead.

AMBER  
 I can't believe you just said that.

LAWSON  
 Well, I did, because it's true.  
 Every bodies dead, name one who  
 isn't? This whole family, is just a  
 series of ghost, even us. They just  
 forgot to put dirt on us.

AMBER  
 Well, I'm going. You speak for your  
 self, I'm going. It's what  
 separates us from the animals, we  
 remember our dead. Fuck you LAWSON!

Thinking about his words, he's a little sorry. He unpacks the grocery bags. Waving a box of little Debbie cakes in her face. She smiles after a while, feeling remembered.

AMBER  
 It's not going to work this time.

A Beat.

LAWSON  
We'll go after dinner.

He tosses ELIJAH a bottle of beer. Opens one himself.

FADE IN:

10 EXT. FORGOTTEN CEMETERY. NIGHT. (1982). 10

Later.

Best described, as "The cemetery on the mountain", this unkempt graveyard rises high into the sky, with its rows and rows of unchecked, simple, pauper markers- each plot identified mostly by numbers and letters.

Dead grass long ago over taken by the weeds, dying trees, tree stumps, litter, and an unauthorized city dump. There are several barrel fires burning at once, attended to by an ample crop of vagabonds and whole, down trodden families with children, these people call the place, "Camp", or simply, "Home".

Through all of this; in any direction, there are smoke stacks, dying government housing projects, train tracks and the city of Baltimore, which looms over it all, three hundred- sixty five degrees, as if it were a negligent crypt keeper.

Angle on, AMBER, LAWSON and ELIJAH -gathered around one of only about three true headstones, this one belongs to their younger brother -RANDY. It's a simple headstone, showing the dates: "June 6, 1967- December 10, 1980", today, it is adorned with flowers and keepsakes of different shapes and sizes, some are fuzzy teddy bears and some, unopened bottles of liquor. Another, half empty bottle passes through their eager hands, the mood turning slightly morose now, the tears flowing silently down AMBER and LAWSON'S face. ELIJAH, silent and attentive, sits watching everything. They find a moment to comfort each other. (AD-LIB).

11 EXT. DINER. STREET CORNER. DAY. (FLASH BACK 1980) 11

**"RANDY'S Demise."**

A miserable day, a rain and sleet mixture falls across the scape. Christmas decorations adorn the streets, shops and store windows. LAWSON (16 years old), and his LITTLE BROTHER RANDY (12-13 years old). Their hands wet and stiff with cold as they forge through the diner's dumpster looking for food. They make non-scripted small talk as the traffic speeds by without so much as a glance in their direction (AD-LIB).

LAWSON swigs from a bottle of whiskey before tossing it to RANDY. Angle close as he climbs out of the dumpster. Jokingly putting a leg out now, playfully suggesting sex for favors as the cars whiz by at break neck holiday speeds, RANDY, coming up for air with a handful of nearly new burgers, stops mid thought, his attention momentarily diverted as four MOUNTED PATROLMEN slowly gallop into the Diner's parking lot and dismount from their horses. They disappear inside the warm, well lit and fragrant grease spoon.

Closer on RANDY, drunk and starry eyed, he can't help but stare in awe of the beautiful horses. Their legs outstretched on the curb, backs lowered patiently awaiting their rider's eventual return.

Close on RANDY, drunk, fed up, miserably cold and it shows in his face. Right now he wants an escape from this days misery of wet and cold and hunger and a pony ride is the answer; he tosses the bottle into the wet streets, smashing it, climbing out of the dumpster, shedding his heavy clothes.

LAWSON suddenly aware of what is about to happen- makes an attempt to talk him out of it, but its no use, he tries to stop him physically, but again, its no use. He is the voice of reason against an insane idea, but it's no use.

Angle on RANDY moving through the cold wet streets with a certain grace and stealth into position, LAWSON, still trailing behind him -is the voice of reason, but he moves quicker now, with the skills usually seen by trained Army rangers on patrol in the jungle, ducking behind trash cans and parked cars a like as he sneaks up on the unsuspecting horses.

The Camera pushes in on the Police; in the diner's window, drinking their coffee. Angle on RANDY, as he quickly mounts the biggest horse in the group.

Moments later.

Another angle on the POLICEMEN, eating their breakfast, as RANDY maneuvers a horse into a controlled gallop past their window. Close on their faces, left in stunned shock.

Moments later.

Close on RANDY, in full speed gallop atop a police horse, the wind in his hair a smile on his face. He's a very good rider.

Seconds later.

LAWSON framed- standing on the sidewalk, stunned, as he watches the disappearing view of the horses ass, Close on RANDY, yelling for more speed as he goes down the street.

Moments later.

Zoom in on -the entire Baltimore City Government; as it emerges from behind LAWSON'S tiny frame on the side walk, in pursuit of RANDY, their whistles blowing.

Moments later.

Sirens wailing, tires screeching, the faces of about thirty cops, etched with a tension and outrage normally reserved for child molesters and baby killers.

Close on the horse hooves as they meet the pavement in full gallop, all sixteen of them and then on RANDY, racing through the streets as fast as he can atop this huge beast of a horse, a Clydesdale, he cuts through busy city streets, parking lots and otherwise peaceful parks, pedestrians, auto traffic and sidewalk-on -lookers left gawking in amazement.

LAWSON, framed in the back ground, on foot, running at full speed through back parking lots and alleyways -desperately trying to keep up with the action.

Another ANGLE on the chase, as police car's close in on both sides of the galloping horse's; behind RANDY, the mounted cops, in front- about six motorcycle cops coming straight for him, coming up the side streets there is a line of police cars, he has nowhere to run.

His horse spooked now, stops on a dime, throwing him - head first into a stop sign, his body hitting the ground with a disturbing thud.

Angle on LAWSON, turning the corner now, arriving just at the end of it, he has run all the way to the scene, exhausted and out of breath, he is left to gawk at the aftermath from a safe police enforced distance, treated like a spectator.

The scene is one of chaos, sirens blaring, radio's wailing, a cluster fuck of cops as far as the eye can see.

Close on RANDY'S body- down on the cold wet streets, he lies choking in his own blood sputum, quickly dying of massive head and internal injuries.

Closer on LAWSON, being violently held back now quickly grasping the seriousness of the situation.

Angle back on RANDY'S final moments of life, his body convulsing, lips moving as if to speak, eyes roaming the terrain, landing the view of LAWSON, in tears now, watching; a grisly scene to witness.

12 EXT. THE FORGOTTEN CEMETERY. NIGHT. (BACK TO PRESENT 1982)  
12

Later.

Close on LAWSON as he wipes a tear, takes a swig from the bottle. AMBER openly cries out to the night. There is a silence. A small fire burns at their feet, a boom box radio tuned low.

ELIJAH (V.O.)

However it is, the dead, like the born rich, are different than you and me. Unlike us, in life, they, in death, grow large and great upon the very death itself, forever remembered in spirit, by the living. In thinking about it later, when he told me the story that night, about his brother, and sitting there, watching him, with his twisted sister, I couldn't help myself, but I was instantly impressed with him, the way he stripped himself of everything that most of us hide behind, like a tree in winter.

AMBER

I'm so cold.

LAWSON produces his coat jacket, covering her shoulders- wondering off stumbling towards the darkness, to urinate against the head stone of some poor civil war veteran. Shouting out to the night, his urine burns with "the clap".

A Beat.

AMBER (CONT'D)

(To LAWSON)

You should watch were you put that thing, one of these days it's going to fall off!

(To ELIJAH)

He gets at least, one good piss burn a month, just ignore him. So, what's your story, ELI?

ELIJAH

It's not VD, thats for sure. There is no story. I just, got tired of being touched by my mom's husband, decided it was time to move on. Here I am. Actually, she threw me out. So here I am. New town, new people, same old shit.

AMBER

He's not at all what you think he is. You really shouldn't fall for him.

ELIJAH

That obvious? I don't know. He's kind to me, I guess. I don't know, maybe, I just I feel like, I owe him or something, for saving my ass, and he did, right out of the fire. I was about to get the shit beat out of me and he saved me, just like that. Instant connection.

LAWSON returning now, he warms himself at the fire, drunk, humming a bit of a tune.

LAWSON

(To ELIJAH)

You don't owe me shit, got it? No blow jobs, no hand jobs, and no snow jobs either, so, just, keep your dick in you pants, all right? How come everybody thinks I'm a fag? I'm not you know, a fag.

AMBER

Here we go.

ELIJAH

I didn't say that.

AMBER

Don't give him a soap box.

LAWSON

Fags always confuse the differences. They always want everyone to be just like them. The happy, happy ever after. Well I'm not a fag. And no man could ever love another man anyway, not in the truest sense of that word, love,

(MORE)

LAWSON (cont'd)  
 so, now you know. And don't ever  
 hit on me.

ELIJAH, a little stunned.

ELIJAH  
 I didn't mean it like that.

LAWSON  
 Sure you didn't. I got no problems  
 with you. You wannabe friends,  
 great, I can handle that, but,  
 that's all. Unless of course, you  
 want to spend at least forty  
 dollars for me, and then, we can  
 talk, but I'll tell you, we won't  
 be friends afterwards; Other than  
 that, knock it the fuck off. It's  
 creepy.

ELIJAH  
 I didn't mean it like that.

A Beat.

ELIJAH (CONT'D)  
 So much for one favor deserves  
 another, you know? Like in jail?  
 Knight in shining amour, all of  
 that bullshit, you know?

There is a long moment.

LAWSON  
 Well, it's not like that around  
 here, get over it.

ELIJAH  
 I'm over it.

LAWSON can't help himself, he pours gasoline on the fire.

LAWSON  
 Did I hear you say jail? What kind  
 of kiddy jail have you been in,  
 young ELI? What are you twelve  
 years old yesterday, are you an  
 outlaw?

ELIJAH  
 (Irritated)

(MORE)

ELIJAH (cont'd)

I'm eighteen! I've been to jail before too, twice. It was no picnic either.

LAWSON

I step on an Estrogen button? Boy's been to jail AMBER, watch out- He's just your type. Except he's more interested in me than you.

She applies her mascara- using a make up mirror and the fire's light.

AMBER

Why can't you find any normal friends? They're always eat up with the dumb ass', and delinquents. God, I hope my babies a girl. Please let it be a Girl.

She makes an attempt at her eye makeup, but it comes off as morbidly over done, the boys notice, but say nothing.

ELIJAH

I'm not eat up with the dumb ass!

LAWSON

Oh lighten up, she thinks everyone's eat up with the dumb ass. You want to get out of here? Catch a shooting star, make some rent money, earn your keep?

(A reference to her makeup)

It's turning into dawn of the dead around here.

AMBER

He's drunk ELI. Careful he doesn't pimp you out. Your drunk LAWSON, you should go home. Better still, why don't you get some sleep so you can wake up, maybe you can be first in line at the free clinic, again.

LAWSON

Not to worry about me, princess black heart, I'm in good hands. My friend ELI here, wants my body, you think he's going to let anything bad happen to me?

ELIJAH  
Please stop saying that.

LAWSON shoots him a look.

LAWSON  
Let's go see my MOTHER on our way  
out.

ELIJAH  
I almost hate to ask, but where is  
she at, hell?

LAWSON  
Probably. But for us, about thirty  
rows down that hill, silly man.

AMBER  
Well, that's my cue, I don't want a  
part of any of this any more. I got  
a date. Not what you think. It's  
IAN, wants to talk, he's sorry.  
How's my make up?

LAWSON  
Appropriate.

AMBER  
Don't wait up, freaks.

LAWSON  
Do I ever? She hates our dear  
MOTHER. Did you know she took her  
own life; Why do people do shit  
like that?

ELIJAH  
(Softly)  
I don't know why grown ups do  
anything anymore.

LAWSON  
Well me neither. Promise me  
something, if you ever figure it  
out before me, let me know?

ELIJAH  
I should tell you now, before it's  
too late. I have no intentions of  
ever figuring grown ups out. And I  
have no intention of ever becoming  
one either.

LAWSON

Cool. Let me know how that works  
out for you.

ELIJAH

You bet.

LAWSON pees on the smoldering fire, ELIJAH joins him, putting it out, AMBER shoots a look before walking off in the opposite direction. The BOYS gather their stuff and walk slowly down the hill, until they disappear from sight.

ELIJAH (V.O.)

His world was as simple and  
uncomplicated as he cared to make  
it. It was beautiful. He, was  
beautiful. He made me beautiful.

13 INT. PEGASUS NIGHT CLUB. NIGHT. (1982).

13

Later.

A spectacularly dingy -multi level bar. Mixed crowd of local rejects.

LAWSON and ELIJAH -ENTER, LAWSON pays the two dollar cover for both, making small talk with the door man -(a friend) He has to plead his case for young ELIJAH'S entry and before long, it works. (AD-LIB)

Once inside, they make their way to the bar at once, LAWSON, speaks the usual hello's and salutations as they make their way through the crowd and smoke. He introduces ELIJAH to an older GENTLEMAN (40-42).

No audible conversation just yet, just muffled bar talk coming from every direction. The trio soon make their way through the bar which makes up several levels and back rooms, eventually making their way to a downstairs lounge area.

Atop the bar itself- DICK DANCERS make their way in between cocktail glasses and ash trays, never missing a step to the beat. Seats are taken, the GENTLEMAN buys them a round and then-

THE GENTLEMAN

(To LAWSON)

So, who's your friend, he's young.

LAWSON  
That never stopped you before.

ELIJAH  
Hi, my names Eli.

LAWSON  
(Whispers to ELIJAH)  
Like I said, piece of cake. Forty  
bucks easy.

THE GENTLEMAN  
(To ELIJAH)  
Are you a dancer too?

LAWSON  
Eli's new to Baltimore. He's my  
cousin from Florida. He doesn't  
dance. He fucks. Maybe one night,  
we can be kissing cousins just for  
you. You like to see that? It'll  
cost you dearly.

THE GENTLEMAN  
And I'd gladly pay to see it. Well,  
nice to meet you ELI. You were the  
first person I saw, when you came  
in the door, upstairs. So nice to  
meet you too, my pleasure, I'm glad  
we could just sit here and talk  
like this, it's so good to just,  
get out and relax sometimes, unwind  
after a long day.

LAWSON pulls THE GENTLEMAN aside whispering in his ear. He  
spots someone he knows across the bar and waves a goodbye to  
them -quickly getting lost in the crowd.

A Beat.

THE GENTLEMAN (cont'd)  
Well, that leaves just you and me.  
And I would love to take you home  
with me, but, unfortunately I don't  
have any place where we can go. My  
place is out. My wife's home. She  
knows, but, I don't go there when  
she's in town. We have a marriage  
of convenience. Basically she  
doesn't fuck her twenty year old  
Latin lover at the house, and I  
don't fuck him at the house either.  
It works out pretty well.

ELIJAH

I know a place were we can go, but,  
we have to watch out for the cops.  
It's cool though. I wouldn't take  
you anyplace that wasn't cool. I go  
there a lot.

He thinks about this for a moment, scans the other faces in the bar, the drunken DICK DANCERS kicking drinks over, stepping in the ash trays- laughing, the couple at the end of the bar fighting over money, he eyes a cockroach, inches from their drinks. Takes a closer look at ELIJAH and then-

THE GENTLEMAN

What are we waiting for, this place  
stinks.

And with that- they get up and walk back through the club, past a drag show in full regalia, through the main bar and more DANCERS; finally making their way out of the club.

THE GENTLEMAN (cont'd)

Fucking place is just like a  
casino, can't find an exit and  
there's not a clock to be found.

They walk across the club's parking lot and into a dark park. Around them, hustlers cruise other patrons coming and going.

14 EXT. PARK/GAZEBO. NIGHT. (1982).

14

ELIJAH and the GENTLEMAN enter the park going over to a gazebo at once.

There is an awkward moment- and then he reaches a hand out to touch ELIJAH'S soft hairless face. The moonlight casting strange shapes, shadows and patterns with the rustling of the trees.

Just then however, a marked POLICE cruiser creeps through the scene at a snails pace; their spot light illuminating the darkest corners of the public park, as bodies', once hidden- scatter now, from all directions and from behind every tree. And now, ELIJAH and his companion take off in a panicked frenzy, in separate directions, the cops, never stopping, continue through, just having a little fun with the fags tonight.

**Super: "One year later"**

15 INT. TOWN CAR. MOVING. NIGHT. (1983). 15

Angle on LAWSON and a MAN (30 years old), zooming down the dark back roads of Maryland.

It's a long and winding tree lined road, a desolate strip of country landscape in the wee- hours of the morning. The MAN, handsome and well dressed, looks like a young professional or a traveling salesman.

Angle as they pull into the drive of a spacious farm house.

16 INT. FARM HOUSE. NIGHT. (1983). 16

Moments later.

LAWSON and The MAN, in the master bed room.

Close on the MAN, as he slowly reaches a hand out, pulling LAWSON down onto the bed. The moon, shining high and bright in the night sky blast through the open bay window casting strange and wonderful shapes and shadows throughout the rooms walls.

17 INT. PORNO ARCADE/ BOOK STORE. NIGHT. (1983). 17

Later.

Angle on a TEEN AGED BOY (19 years old), propped against the wall near the rest-room door, watching ELIJAH play an arcade game, he has high score on CENTIPEDE presently, and a crowd of young hustlers has gathered around him, cheering him on.

Around them, an assortment of horny older men loitering about the book store, but the kids mostly keep to their own age group here.

Angle on ELIJAH, and the TEEN AGED BOY framed behind him, before long, he loses his concentration- realizing the BOYS interest in him.

He loses the game next.

The BOY, disappears into the rest room, ELI follows after a moment, egged on by his peers.

**Restroom stall.**

Close on ELIJAH and the BOY, locked in the stall doing drugs, ELIJAH shines right now and has all of the makings of a real pro at this moment, his pants, hang loose around his

ankles, the two of them laughing as they smoke some type of strange drug from a glass pipe. Before long, the BOY goes to his knees- performing oral sex on ELIJAH and soon, he's screaming out in pleasure, but the kid gags, and begins spewing projectile vomit all over the floor- stall door and walls, a mess.

ELIJAH, quickly pulls his pants up and EXITS the stall- laughing his ass off, high as a kite. He stops at the sink to clean up, leaving- The BOY behind, in the stall, still puking his guts out.

Looking in the mirror, his image to both himself and us, is at once different, and he recoils from the sight, it scares him, as if he didn't recognize the person staring back at him, but he stares anyway, taking it all in and indeed he looks different somehow. Older, cynical. Jaded.

Close on his image as he shoots a look towards the stall, splashes his face with water, stiffens up and walks out anyway, the BOY, still puking in the stall.

18 INT. FARM HOUSE. NIGHT. (1983).

18

Later.

LAWSON sits on the foot of the bed, his companion in bed, out of breath.

MAN

That was fucking fantastic. Where have you been all of my life.

He springs up from the bed with renewed energy. Kissing LAWSON before heading off towards the shower.

MAN (cont'd)

Do you think that you could take a TAXI back? I have a really early day. Just add it to what I owe you. I hope I can see you again sometime, maybe next week, we'll start with something a little different, some food or something. Oh, your money is in that envelope, on the dresser, you can take another twenty out of my pants pocket if you'd like. Tell me, what do you think about that, would you like to see me again?

Excited at first.

LAWSON

As in a date, or professionally?  
Wait, do you mean a real date, an  
actual date, date? No,  
professionally? What are we saying?

MAN

Of course. Wait, what are you  
talking about? A Date? Date? Wait,  
what are you saying?

Not sure himself.

LAWSON

Nothing. Sure. No problem. I'm  
always available for my best  
customers.

He picks up the envelope now, terminally non  
confrontational. It's full of twenties; his feelings of  
worth a little bruised but he dresses anyway. Removes forty  
dollars from a pair of pants on the floor. The SOUND now, of  
the shower as it over takes the scene. Embarrassed, he  
buries his face in his hands.

19 INT. TAXI. MOVING. DAWN. (1983).

19

Later.

Close on the meter, it reads thirty-two dollars and  
counting, Angle on LAWSON in the back seat. The long ride  
home. The sun rises, filling the TAXI with brilliant rays.

And now, without warning his nose begins a slow trickle of  
deep red blood, soon it will become an uncontrollable river.

20 INT. LAWSON AND AMBER'S APARTMENT. MORNING. (1983).

20

Later.

LAWSON turns the lock ENTERING at once, his shirt blood  
stained as if a horrible fight had taken place. He has  
grocery bags, turns on a light, puts the bags down, opens  
the curtain filling the room with filtered rays. Looking  
down on the sofa, to see ELIJAH, asleep. He smiles a hidden  
grin, pleased to see him safe and sound.

He wakes now.

Angle on LAWSON, putting the food away, as ELIJAH takes a  
seat at the table sleepy eyed.

LAWSON opens a couple of beers for them.

A Beat.

LAWSON

Did you eat?

ELIJAH

No. Fucked up night. Got a hold of some bad drugs. Almost got hit by a car, not paying attention. My night, long story. The roaches are really down, it's like they're running scared or something. Did you spray?

LAWSON

No, I think the rats are eating them. Never any food in here. But that's alright, that sack of snakes I released in the kitchen yesterday, should pretty much take care of them. Maybe next week, we should get a cat too. For the snakes. Yeah, we should get a cat.

ELIJAH stops, looks down at the floor, considers briefly, but decides to move on anyway. "Snakes?"

ELIJAH

What the hell happened to you?  
WALTER? Did you get into a fight?  
You look like shit man.

LAWSON

I'm going to cook some eggs, I like eggs, I'll make you some too, you like eggs? I'll make plenty of eggs. Fuck it, lets just cook em' all. Where's Am?

ELIJAH

Never came in.

LAWSON

Figures.

ELIJAH

Are you sure you're alright, these nose bleeds?

LAWSON

I'm fine, don't act like AMBER.

Angle on ELIJAH, he looks at him, worried, the blood stained shirt, the disheveled hair, the snakes. Not sure what to do, think or say and so he just drinks and watches him cook.

Occasionally looking down for snakes.

**Super: "Two years later"**

21 EXT. BALTIMORE SIDEWALK. MOVING. NIGHT. (1985). 21

Angle close on LAWSON, walking along the street and then on a Lincoln Town Car as it slows to check him out, he stops briefly to make small talk with the driver, there is some mutual flirtation but no agreement on the price and the car rolls on ahead.

Closer on LAWSON, stopping briefly to ENTER a Porno book store, he scopes it out briefly, asks after ELIJAH, no one's seen him tonight and he decides to move on down the block. (AD-LIB).

Around him action everywhere; And then a small sports car slows to check him out; there is hesitation, brief conversation, some mutual flirtation an agreement on the price and then- (AD-LIB).

Moments later.

22 INT. SPORTS CAR. PARKED. NIGHT. CONTINUOUS. (1985). 22

Close on LAWSON and a YOUNG MAN, in the front seat of the sports car having sex; but the YOUNG MAN is too rough, too demanding and currently, a semi-violent date rape is taking shape here -until LAWSON breaks free, jumping out like a shot- leaving the YOUNG MAN half naked and pissed off behind yelling obscenities. Once outside, he sprints away from the area lucky to have only sustained minor punches.

LAWSON enters the frame again, walking the night; his head held high, playfully striking blatantly sexual poses as the cars pass, but for now they keep going instead. A car momentarily slows, checking him out, speeding off after only a brief moment. (AD-LIB).

LAWSON

So much for loving you too.  
(He shouts into the night)  
Does anybody want to fuck or what?

His slack jawed expression changes a bit now as a pickup truck full of drag queens slows to taunt him with sexual compliments; (AD-LIB)

He flashes a full compliment of white teeth, as flirtatious smiles greet him and then he produces that incredibly seductive grin of his, a drag queen tells him that she loves him, but she is reminded that they are late for a drag show and soon the truck will speed noisily away -the sounds of happy laughter left in the air as they disappear from sight and for the first time, we see a joy in him at this moment, a bit of purity that shines through as he continues his walk, undaunted by the cars that keep moving, until-

A gray Mercedes Benz pulls a block ahead of him and stops, turning his head lights off and then on again to get his attention.

LAWSON (CONT'D)

That's what I'm talking 'bout, wait  
for daddy you rich pedophile  
bastard, wait for daddy-

(Mock Asian accent)

"Me love you long time- hundred  
doll a', hundred doll a', you give  
hundred dollar!"

Angle on LAWSON as he trots up to the driver's window, it lowers to reveal an older distinguished gentleman, words are exchanged and he hops in, the car speeds off out of sight.

Later.

23 INT. MOTEL ROOM. NIGHT. CONTINUOUS. (1985).

23

The CAMERA pushes in- an immediate shock- the OLD MAN, in full, ass-less leather chaps and an ill-fitting black sex hood, complete with fake penis mouth gag, LAWSON, shirtless but in jeans, sits a distance away, spanking the MAN'S bare bottom with a cat of nine tails -as he calls out one perversion after another, occasionally checking his watch for the time. He rarely looks up or at the old guy directly, except to conceal his laughter. The MAN, blinded by the hood, unknowingly faces the motel wall instead of LAWSON.

LAWSON

We agreed on seventy five.

The OLD MAN stops, disappointedly, removes the hood, reaches for his slacks and pays him. He counts it, dresses and quickly exits the room.

An Hour Later

24 EXT. MOTEL. NIGHT. CONTINUOUS. (1985). 24

Angle on LAWSON, as he exits the room, catching a glimpse of AMBER, ENTERING another room, presently she's out of it, her eyes glassy, her movements weak and sluggish, she's high.

Her belly, showing even more. With her, a YOUNG MAN (IAN), opens a room door, LAWSON calls out to her, but she waves him off before entering the room, her companion, shoots a look, before their door slams shut now, on our view.  
(AD-LIB).

25 INT. CHEAP MOTEL ROOM. NIGHT. (1985). 25

Later.

Close on ELIJAH, dancing on top of a night stand in his underwear for a group of OLD MEN, some in wheelchairs, he wears Cowboy boots, jockstrap, cowboy hat and glitter. The OLD MEN, giddy and excited- clap their hands to the music's beat, a huge smile on their faces. The place resembles some sort of a gay geriatric birth day party; with ELIJAH, being the nights entertainment for these dirty old men, his jock full of Tens and Five-dollar bills.

26 EXT. K- BAR. NIGHT. (1985). 26

Much Later.

Angle on LAWSON, descending the steps to K-BAR; it's a dingy little bar, patronized mostly by hustlers, hookers and a motley crew of under aged night lurkers of all races and genders and the older men who seek such company.

We will see this bar over a long period of time without it ever changing much- beyond an occasional theme change every now and then, i.e. disco, country western and new wave Etc.

In addition to the inevitable yearly- deterioration and a few additional layers of smoke stains on the low ceilings and lighting fixtures, the crowd and the bar itself will remain consistently the same.

As we ENTER the BAR tonight; The first thing that immediately grabs us, will be the sheer amount of people outside loitering in front of the joint, the second thing- will be the young age of the patrons -which levels off somewhere in the late teens to early twenties, plus the ample supply of over weight middle-aged men, who seem to bask in the pleasures of the young rentable company.

And lastly, that this is a small dive bar buried deep in the underbelly of city code compliance's worst nightmare.

Close on LAWSON, as he makes his way to the bar at once, there is a nice crowd tonight, but still, he is greeted quickly, his drink in front of him before he even orders it.

He takes a seat at the bar scanning the crowd. The bartender (Owner) MIKE; saunters over to him, always happy to see him, LAWSON and MIKE have wonderful history together and seem to be quite a team; when he's in the bar, for MIKE, it becomes us and them, everyone else being them, he and LAWSON- us.

LAWSON

(To Bartender)

Hey MIKE, where is everyone tonight?

MIKE

Reaganomics kid, at home broke or out trying to make some the wrong way, what, you starting early or still going? Try this, I just invented it. Let me know if it's worth two bucks to these queens?

He pushes a drink across the bar, LAWSON takes a swig. Makes a face before gulping it all down at once.

LAWSON

I'm starting a little early. I did a couple of dates already. Feel like I need ten more showers after that last one though.

MIKE

That bad huh? What do I always tell you, normal sex is still a novelty to most of these fucking people. Hear the news, TONY TEE went to jail last night, yeah, right out front of the place, tenth time hustling and he's terrified. I don't know, says it's a mandatory six months in Jes sup this time. Fucking' kid.

LAWSON

Maybe he'll gain a few pounds in county. Foods good, the sex sucks.

MIKE

I don't know, I told his little drunk ass to sit down in that chair, and just wait for me until I closed up, stupid ass, just had to go out and get higher. Now I got him calling me every hour on the hour- practically begging me to drop everything and run down there, like I got some fucking bail money' and the thing is, he knows my rents due on Friday's. I'm not made of money, then there's the bar rent, utilities. He forgets, every bill I got; I got two.

LAWSON

You still seeing him, thought it was over after he stole your car that night? The second time, not the first time.

MIKE

Didn't wreck it. I don't know why, I really don't, but, I forgave him. Dumbest son of a bitch I ever got with, if you can believe it, he's even dumber than CHARLES was, and that son' bitch was gifted. His mother called him, touched. Right here at my bar, that's what she called him. I sure can pick em'. How come were so fucked up?

LAWSON

Hey, I was born this way, I just, grew bigger. But, CHARLES was definitely not the sharpest knife in the drawer. But you were in love. I thought his sister was kind of hot at one time, for a while, gave me head in your storeroom; then she wanted ten bucks for it, already swallowed and everything, she's asking for ten bucks. Whole families touched MIKE, what's not to love about that?

MIKE

Love my ass, hell, he was hung like a horse LAWSON, I'm not completely stupid everyday ya' know. Shit, TONY TEE'S not hung like a horse

(MORE)

MIKE (cont'd)  
that's for sure, and dammit, my  
rents due.

He holds a photo of TONY TEE up now; Italian kid, skinny,  
Yankee handsome -looks like a dumb boxer.

LAWSON  
Stunning, maybe you should nick  
name him, "The Face"; you seen ELI  
tonight?

He shoot him a look.

MIKE  
Now, there's one I don't figure,  
'hell do you see in that rotten  
asked kid anyway? Comes in here the  
other night, drunk off his ass  
already and hiding a little bottle  
of BACARDI in his jacket pocket,  
now, I know where he picked that  
little trick up from, but at least  
you're slick about it, he comes in,  
and he's pouring people drinks and  
shit, and he's pocketing money for  
it! And I got a full house and you  
know, I only let the little bastard  
in because of you- and then, on top  
of it all, I look up and that  
crooked dicked little shits pissing  
my trash can, one right next to the  
dance floor! Middle of the fuck in'  
bar and he's pissing in the trash  
can, now I'm telling you LAWSON,  
he's under aged anyway, and I don't  
even have to let him in the place  
and the only reason I do, is  
because he came in with you first  
and you vouched for him that day,  
remember that? Now it's been almost  
four years and he's- gotten no  
better. Shit for manners, spits on  
the floor, all kinds of crazy shit  
and I'm telling you right now, if  
he can't respect me and my other  
customers- I mean, who the fuck do  
you think, has to clean that shit  
up at the end of the night, go' to  
take out the garbage and it's heavy  
as hell, shit leaking out all over  
your pants and all over your shoes,  
and it's piss!

LAWSON

MIKE! What's with the riot act? I was just asking if you'd seen him is all, that's all, I'll talk to the kid all right, relax, you want a drink or something? Don't drink that shit you were making MIKE, its bad, tastes like ass, pour us a Rum and Coke. You too, you need one.

He puts ten-dollars on the bar, but MIKE slides it back to him, pours two Rum and Cokes; one for LAWSON, and one for himself. The ten spot slides back and fourth across the bar, he gives up, his money's no good here.

LAWSON (CONT'D)

Thanks MIKE. So, you seen him tonight or what?

MIKE

What? Jeez...Come on, I'll never get him out of here now, say it isn't so, you fucking the kid now, 'cause, you could do a helluva' lot better if you asked me?

LAWSON

What's it to you? Look, he just didn't come home last night is all. That's all; leave it at that.

MIKE

Yeah alright, sure, don't get testy, didn't know you were still putting him up is all. I mean, he's private dancing now, making all kinds of cash, just thought maybe he had his own place now. I never see you guys together hardly any more, how was I suppose to know? No sweat off of my nose. He only comes in late nights LAWSON, usually, bout' an hour before closing.

(Pours another round.)

So, how's that working out for you two anyway, he using the toilet at your place or does he just pick a corner and mark his territory?

LAWSON

Very funny MIKE. Reminds me of my kid brother, just a little. He's harmless MIKE, you got him all wrong most of the time.

MIKE

I don't think his intentions for you have ever been brotherly. But fuck it, its none of my business.

LAWSON

It's nothing MIKE, never going to happen. Had my eye out all night, no sign of him, kids hard headed MIKE, ya' know, he knows I hate to worry. Fuck could he be?

MIKE

He's all right; he's always alright. He'll be around later, you'll see, here, here's a couple of bucks, put something on the jukebox for me will ya', it's too quiet in here for a Thursday night. How's your sister like her new life away from you two brain trusts? Ask me, the only thing that's different- is now she has diapers to change too. That IAN'S no good for her. Used to see that girl, SHELLY. Did a number on her for two years.

LAWSON goes over to the jukebox, punching in numbers long since known by heart.

**1980's pop/rock music, which fills the air and surrounds the soul in a blanket of soothing nostalgia.**

LAWSON

She's doing the white picket fence now, the one point two kids, the angry misunderstood and very battered housewife thing, but, she'll be back. She loves me.

MIKE

So, you wanna' dance later tonight; I'm short two bodies all of a sudden; ya' know TONY TEE'S out for the count, and that kid RUSTY, the red hair, broke his leg skate boarding over by the park, I don't know, skate boarding or getting his dick sucked by some rough trade, it was one of those, I can't remember which one exactly, I could barely hear him on the phone, he was

(MORE)

MIKE (cont'd)  
 crying so damn much, sounded like a little school girl. Who cares anyway, he ain't coming in that much I do know. And I don't want ELI because he disappears in-between sets and you can't find him any where. Tell the kid to take a five minute break and he hears "leave the fucking building for the night". Every Thursday and Friday night, same old shit, I should just quit having dancer's altogether. Start making you lame ass people watch those, lousy fuck in' drag shows, now those girls got it together, and always on time too, they want to make money is why. Goddamn kids around here, just want someone to hand it to them. And the next one of you little fuckers I catch charging the old timer's, just to sit with em', I'm gonna' personally bust you out. I'm not saying you do it LAWSON, but you know who they are. That code of silence bullshit, you do know, there is no real honor amongst hustlers, don't you? Remember that.

LAWSON  
 Everyday MIKE. Every fucking day of my life.

LAWSON turns back for the bar, but without warning, his nose begins a slow trickle of bright red blood. Soon it will become a river as he looses his grip on the bar top, his skin pale as a ghost, the blood everywhere. The room begins to spin and he plummets towards the floor. MIKE looks up.

MIKE  
 Shit!

27 INT. K-BAR. RESTROOM. STALL. NIGHT. CONTINUOUS. (1985). 27

Moments later.

Close on LAWSON, in the stall, he sits on the toilet's tank, his head back, toilet paper stuffed up his nostrils. His shirt a bloody mess of crimson, his fingers covered in thick red globs which cling like snot, a mess.

Outside the stall, MIKE paces before nervously checking on him.

MIKE

You sure you're all right kid? You have to take better care of yourself, I'm always telling you kids to take better care of yourselves, but do you ever listen?

LAWSON

I'm alright MIKE, I'm fine, it's just a little nose bleed that's all. It happens sometimes, when I forget to eat, I just need to eat. Its no big deal alright?

MIKE

Yeah, alright. Don't mention it kid. Look, why don't you just call it a night, eat something, I'll send someone out to find your sister, maybe you can crash with her, it'll be just like the old days. I just hate seeing you like this. Or maybe you should just, go see a doctor or something.

LAWSON

What, and miss all of that dancing loot, are you crazy? I'll be fine MIKE. I told you already, I just need to eat. Sides', I saw a doctor late last night, and he said, that I was fine, in fact, his exact words were, that "my ass; is just-absolutely perfect". Seriously, I'm fine MIKE. Just, let me dance tonight, I need the cash.

MIKE

Yeah, alright LAWSON, listen, I have to get back out there, just take your time all right, you still got a couple of hours, it's no rush alright? I'm going to send JOEY out, down to LOU'S, pick up a few sandwiches. They'll be at the bar when you come out. I'll have a shirt for you too. By the way, I know that doctor that you left here with last night, he still using that doctor crap on you kids? Guy's a fucking chef over at MORTON'S.

A Beat.

LAWSON

Makes sense to me, he tossed a mean  
salad MIKE. You just don't know.

MIKE shoots a look towards the stall door, he can't help but flash a wicked grin before EXITING the RESTROOM.

Later.

LAWSON EXIT'S the stall, going over to the sink to cleanup, stopping, Angle close as he stares into the mirror for a long moment, his face pale beyond belief, his pupils dilated, a hot terror in his eyes. He looks sickly.

28 INT. LAWSON'S CHILDHOOD HOME. NIGHT. (FLASH BACK 1978) 28

**Bathroom.**

Angle on LAWSON (15 years old), and AMBER (19 years old), as they stand in the threshold between bathroom and hallway, their eyes fixed permanently on the image before them. The image burned onto their corneas for life.

Close now, on the body of a female.

Framed now, LAWSON and AMBER stare at their MOTHER'S naked body in the bathtub, the blood red water, a razor blade surrounded by a line of burned down candles left on the tubs side rail, a half empty bottle of vodka floating in the bloody water, beside her.

She is dead of a suicide.

Soon, RANDY (10 years old), will join them in the doorway, pushing his way in-between them. They stand there, the trio, in silence, nothing to be said.

Moments later.

Close on LAWSON; as he goes towards the body, frightened but brave. AMBER and RANDY, Framed behind him, in shock and disbelief, as he reaches in and pulls the stopper on the tub -draining the bloody water, the SOUNDS of the fast draining water over taking the scene as he struggles the body out of the tub, wrapping her in a bath towel, holding her lovingly, rocking her corpse back and forth.

AMBER storms out of the apartment in a huff and a flash, slamming the front door with a thud. RANDY stands silently watching. A shock to all of a young man's senses at once.

LAWSON

Bring me one of her nightgowns.  
They can't find her like this.  
Hurry up.

Close on RANDY, as he runs out at full speed, gathering these things as if her wellness depended on this mission being carried out with exactness and due speed. He goes about the mission with a seriousness and determination unlike any other in his whole life. Returning as fast as any one could, only to finally realize, that despite his best effort, it won't bring her back. He grapples with that fact and before long, LAWSON does too.

29 INT. K-BAR. RESTROOM. CONTINUOUS (BACK TO PRESENT 1985) 29

Moments later.

Angle on LAWSON, coming out of that very disturbing, vivid memory, standing at the sink, staring blankly at his image in the mirror, taking it in at once, suddenly, we see the true fear in his face and eyes, he looks as though he is conducting a high stakes fight for his very survival right here, right now in this very mirror, the thought, leaves him a scared and vulnerable child, he scares himself now, running out of the restroom in a flash of panic.

An hour later.

A strobe light animates the crowd at K- BAR, It's a strange mixture of high-energy eighties club kids, hustlers, hookers, drag queens and older johns. The drinks flow freely and we see everything one would expect to see in this type of establishment, open drug usage, drag queens being drag queens, couples arguing over money, people locked in wet kisses, loud music, lots of bar chatter, a group of hustler's on the pool tables in the back and a few well placed dick dancer's on tiny boxed stages.

Close on LAWSON, (DICK DANCING), he dances on a small stage in the center of the room in his "Fruit of the looms", while a YOUNG MAN sits center stage, focused on his every move and clearly over tipping him, he openly flirts, directing his movements with the YOUNG MAN in mind. He works the man for more bills, which he gets, and an after hour's date, which he also gets. (AD-LIB)

Close on LAWSON and the MAN from K- BAR- driving along the dark back roads of Maryland.

ELIJAH (V.O.)

(Throughout the following very violent scene.)

Joseph Conrad once wrote these words, I repeat them, because their meaning is the only thing that describes what is, what would be, the rest of our lives after that night... He said "There are many shades in danger of adventures and gales, and it is only now and then that there appears; on the face of facts a sinister violence of intentions- that incredible something which forces itself upon the mind and heart of a man, that this complication of accidents or these elemental furies are coming at him with a purpose of malice, with a strength beyond control, with an unbridled cruelty that means to tear out of him his very hope and fears, the pain of his fatigue and the longing for rest; which means to smash, to destroy, to annihilate all he has seen, known, loved, enjoyed, or hated; all that is priceless and necessary- the sunshine, the memories, the future; which means to sweep the whole precious world utterly away from his sight by the simple and very appalling act, of taking his life".

Moments later.

Angle on the MAN from K-BAR, as he EXITS the car, and opens LAWSON'S door, around them only thick woods, they embrace tenderly moments before heading down a trail into the woods.

The moonlight high in the sky, the atmosphere romantic and giddy, a bottle of wine between them. They embrace again, casting strange shapes and shadows with the moon's light, but there will be a struggle at close range instead.

Close on the wine bottle as it breaks over LAWSON'S head; he falls to the ground stunned, there is a further assault and

finally his jeans are struggled off and he is raped with sheer force strength and brutality, after this, his body will be pummeled repeatedly with a large stick or tree limb and he will be left for dead.

A grisly and profane display of violence and sexual aggression and then- just as fast it begun- it will end.

Close on the MAN, as he climbs back up the hill yelling apologies and mumbling anti- homosexual threats and slurs- dashing through the trail and back to his car, the engine turns and he drives off at once, never looking back.

The Camera discovers and pushes in on LAWSON, on the ground, his cries overwhelming and guttural in their desperation as he struggles, gasping for the much needed air that doesn't want to find his lungs.

31 INT. K-BAR. NIGHT. CONTINUOUS. (1985).

31

Much later.

Angle on MIKE behind the bar, angrily watching ELIJAH closely, at a back table, a crowd gathered around him, they focus on his every word, he occasionally refills a house glass from a bottle of bourbon he has hidden in his coat pocket. MIKE, frowning every time he looks up, catching him, but he says nothing.

Angle on ELIJAH'S table. About six people gathered around listening.

The Camera pushes in at once-

ELIJAH

So anyway, I got him all tied up now and he's tied up good, I got him in the great Dane position and I'm fucking the hell out of him now, I mean, a good deep dicking is taking place here, 'ya know what I'm talking about? And don't forget now, I'm on all this coke, I mean, we both are, so I'm thinking, whoa, this fucker's gonna' get his money's worth tonight, I mean, I should have charged double, another hour and this is on it's way to becoming an all night fuck right? So, here we are, screaming at the top of our lungs, I mean, he's screaming like a God damned monkey

(MORE)

ELIJAH (cont'd)  
 crack whore and all of a sudden',  
 in- walks his fuck in' wife, only  
 the bitch is in this cops uniform!  
 So, naturally, I'm thinking, the  
 hell you say Paco, this shits  
 gonna' cost you extra, but before I  
 can get the fucking words out, she  
 starts freaking the fuck out on us,  
 I mean, acting like a real fucking  
 nut! So, now he's freaking out,  
 she's freaking out, and by this  
 time, I just wanna' get paid, get  
 dressed, and go, now remember, I  
 got him all tied up, and all of a  
 sudden, he starts acting like a  
 goddamn trapped Gibbon trying to  
 break free!

32 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD/WOODS. CONTINUOUS. NIGHT. (1985) 32

The Camera discovers LAWSON, alone, he's in a  
 desperate struggle to crawl, injured, out of the thick dark  
 woods -on his hands and knees. Gasping for air, he finds the  
 long and winding tree lined road and attempts to wave down a  
 passing car, but he's too low in the road, the car doesn't  
 see him until to late; and now, he is a deer in head lights.

SMASH CUT:

33 INT. K-BAR. CONTINUOUS. NIGHT. (1985) 33

Back at the bar.

ELIJAH continues at the table, the crowd focused intensely  
 on his every word.

ELIJAH (CONT'D)  
 So then it hits me- I'm on the slow  
 plan when I'm really high- but it  
 hits me, this bitch is a real  
 fucking cop, and she ain't planning  
 to join in, in fact, she wasn't  
 expecting to come home and find her  
 old man taking one for the home  
 team, ya' know what I mean? And  
 then it really hit me, oh shit,  
 this bitch is still behind me, and  
 I know, this can't be good,  
 especially, with my record for  
 breaking up happy homes, and with  
 (MORE)

ELIJAH (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
the cops in general, you know what I'm saying? So anyway, right at about this moment, he breaks loose, and I just, jumped the fuck up and I'm searching for my jeans now- and I remember, fuck, we got a trail of clothes and shit all over this house, I mean, from the front door to the bedroom, we got clothes everywhere! The next thing I know, they're fighting, I mean, they're fighting like two men would fight, it was fucking surreal, it's a fist fight, two feet to my left and I mean they're beating the shit out of each other! But hey, I got my jeans in one hand now, underwear and boots in the other, I see my tee shirt, my watch and my hat and It's on my way out the door, so, I'm collecting my shit as I go down the hall, I mean, I'm not sticking around for this shit, fuck the money, fuck the drugs on the coffee table, fuck this whole scene is what I'm thinking, I mean, sometimes it's just time to clear out and you know, let a couple have a moment to themselves, know what I mean?

He pours another drink for himself and then he pours a few for the other kids in the circle, spins a Baltimore Police Badge on the table top for everyone to see. They slide him money across the table. (Payment for the drinks).

ELIJAH (CONT'D)  
I figured no one would believe me, that's why I snagged this little souvenir. Took it right off of her jacket. It was on my way to the door.

Angle on AMBER, as she ENTERS, going over to MIKE quickly. She looks troubled, her face marked with fear. ELIJAH framed in the back, watches her closely now, trying to finish his story, masking his clear concern for cool confidence, his thoughts racing, she never comes in here anymore, somethings up.

ELIJAH (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
 (Distracted by her presence.)  
 So anyway, I'm at the door, but  
 now, I'm trapped inside the fucking  
 place, they got those double dead  
 bolt locks on the doors. I swear, I  
 couldn't get out of the place.  
 Trapped like a caged animal, shits  
 breaking all around the place up  
 stairs. I had to climb out through  
 the damn doggy door! God damn  
 snoopy dog followed me half the way  
 to the train station, I'm telling  
 you, he didn't even want to stick  
 around for that scene any more.

Angle on ELIJAH, he locks eyes with AMBER NOW, she stands  
 waiting at the bar for him to come over, MIKE shoots him a  
 look and immediately, he knows something is very wrong. He  
 gets up from the table and approaches her slowly at first.  
 Before she even speaks, he knows, this world as he knew it-  
 has just somehow, come to an abrupt end.

ELIJAH  
 (To his guest; half way to the  
 bar)  
 Excuse me. Talk amongst yourselves.

Close on ELIJAH, he walks over to her. On her face, a river  
 of free flowing tears now.

34 INT. BALTIMORE SHOCK TRAUMA HOSPITAL. DAY. (1985). 34

**Emergency waiting room.**

Close on AMBER; seated next to her HUSBAND (IAN), who  
 comforts a CHILD. ELIJAH stares off into space at the  
 window, he is dazed and confused.

MIKE ENTERS presently, with the face of a worried parent; he  
 joins the waiting game. Around them, the usual hospital  
 staff and a few cops loitering about.

AMBER  
 (To MIKE.)  
 He was beaten, practically to  
 death. When he was finally able to  
 make it back up the hill, he  
 reached the road. But the sun  
 hadn't come up yet, maybe they  
 wouldn't have seen him anyway. He  
 was run over by a car. The guy that  
 (MORE)

AMBER (cont'd)  
 hit him, called for help. He's the only one that bothered to stop. He's going to be in a chair for the rest of his life. There's some internal stuff too, but mostly, his spinal cord is swelling real badly right now. That's what they're worried about the most. He can't walk.

MIKE  
 But why was he so far out at that hour, Prince George's County? I tell them, never to leave the city with these guys. Never! Checks and balances! Checks and balances! Jesus.

AMBER  
 He's in his second surgery right now. The first time in, they took his spleen and seven feet of Intestines out. Installed a breathing tube into his throat. There was hypothermia. He stayed out there all night. All night! His blood counts are all wrong too, what does that mean? They say, it could be some kind of infection. White cells, platelets? Just, every things all wrong. Either way, its not good. He'll never be the same again. If he lives through the night, he'll never be right again.

MIKE  
 (To a Cop)  
 My word, in what kind of world could this happen to a kid? He's just a little kid for Christ sakes! Just a kid.

They survey the room, shooting ELIJAH a look.

AMBER  
 (Looking at ELIJAH)  
 Talk to him. He hasn't said a word. Just silent. Truth is, I think he's all used up. I wished, I could just be done, like that. Used up.

A Beat.

MIKE

I'll talk to him. They were two  
peas in a pod you know? The Bopsy  
twins I called em'.

AMBER

They were so close you know.  
Usually, you'd have to tell him to  
shut up by now. Funny he's so quiet  
now, when you need the voices.

MIKE

He'll talk, just give him time.

ELIJAH

It's funny somehow, him in there,  
me out here, with y'all. Can't help  
thinking, somehow, that I'm the  
eight hundred pound big black hairy  
gorilla in the room all of a  
sudden.

A Beat.

AMBER

(To Mike)

They brought, homicide detectives  
here, to talk to us. Homicide. And  
they won't tell us anything.  
Except, he was attacked, crawled up  
a hill, made it to a road and he  
was run over by a car. Oh yeah, and  
they have no trouble saying that he  
was raped! Raped! They asked me, if  
he hung out by the piers. The  
piers! How can he live with this?  
How could any one, after that?

ELIJAH

(He loses it.)

I don't want to hear this shit, I  
have to go.

He bolts out of the room, careening into passers by before  
disappearing from sight.

MIKE

I'll talk to him. We were so damn  
busy last night, I never saw who he  
left with, you know I try to keep  
my eye out for them, all of them,  
but, anyway. I got a reward out,  
down at the bar, it's not much,

(MORE)

MIKE (cont'd)

five hundred bucks, maybe I'll offer a free bar tab for a week; something like that. One of the kids, they'll think of this ass hole. Put a name to a face. He's going to come through this AMBER. And he's going to live a much smarter and healthier life, you watch. His nine lives are about up, after this one, he's gonna' be a completely different person. A new man. Listen, about ELI, don't mind him, he's hurting, I'll talk to him, but, I think, that kid has always loved him, and I mean - even more than LAWSON wanted to admit. I don't think he really understood that. It's hitting him hard. It's going to. It's hitting us all.

AMBER

I always thought it was really sweet, what they have. Having someone around like that, who just, loves you, for you. He didn't get anything out of it you know, all this time?

A Beat.

MIKE

Sure he did. He got a best friend out of it. Someone to look up to.

AMBER

I think, I'm as worried for the one now, as I am for the other. When our MOTHER died, I was so much older than LAWSON, but it was him, he handled everything. I ran off, stayed gone, for almost a whole year and a half. Thought I'd come back and, I don't know what I thought I'd find, but what I did find, was LAWSON, taking care of everything. Just like she used to do, he's always been the strong one. Rock solid. He planned his first funeral, a whole funeral by himself at 15, raised a boy, and never left or looked back. Never regretted it either. And at 17, he

(MORE)

AMBER (cont'd)

did it again. He went door to door, to every church and agency and person he knew. And he raised the money. And he buried our little brother. And he was all alone. To him, it was just a little bump in the road. Felt like a mountain in the road to me. I left. He stayed for it all. I'm so embarrassed for that now, I let him down, so many times. I just want to crawl into a hole. My brother's near death and even now, I just wanna' run away. Pretend it's not happening. But I can't, can I?

(She looks over at IAN and the Baby, stiffens up)

And now, I got a child, this little child, and she needs me every day, and I got a husband and I got that boy in there, that helpless boy, and I'm just. I don't know. I've been here, in this same place, so many times in my head, it almost feels like a relief to me, I know I shouldn't be saying that, but I can't help it. With him, I always thought, at least with him, that, that would be it. Like there was nothing else, after him, that this world could do to me. But I know that's not true either now. I know that now. The curse. My Mother used to call it, the curse. It's the curse. It's on this family. And I just passed it on to a new life. What is wrong with me?

Close on AMBER, as she begins to break down in a series of stages, first grief and then denial, followed quickly by anger. They stand, MIKE struggling to find the words to help. Her husband, no help, rocks his infant daughter in the B.G. She looks around the room, lost, blank, helpless.

MIKE

I don't believe in curses. This is just the world we live in, it's the world we have to endure -no matter what. You do the best you can. We all do. And come what may, that kid, is the most well put together kid I ever met in my life. And he's

(MORE)

MIKE (cont'd)  
 going to wake up in there, and he's going to be looking for you, and he'll be looking for ELI too. He'll be looking for us all and he'll need to see us strong and prepared, so if you're not, I want you to get there, be prepared. I mean that, no matter what. Get prepared. Because, we're all he's got. AMBER, it's all just a part of the process. All of this, everything. The cycle of life, the act of living life. Don't you beat yourself up over any of this. Regret for the past, is a waste of spirit. I think, you should be with your husband right now, don't you see, it's not what we have, it's who we have that makes life worth living, and fighting for.

He clears his throat shooting IAN a sharp look, getting his attention at once; This is the look a father gives a wayward son, after he's lost the only moral he's got.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
 IAN, get your ass over here and be with your wife. She needs you. I have to go and find ELI, drag his sorry ass back here. You shouldn't be alone and I'll see to it that you're not. I'll be back soon.

He shoots IAN a look.

IAN comes over now, the baby in his arms, he comforts them both; Taking MIKE'S cue, he finds away. MIKE satisfied, EXITS.

35 EXT. BALTIMORE SHOCK TRAUMA/SIDEWALK. MOVING. DAY. (1985).  
 35

Later.

Angle on ELIJAH, walking down the street near the Hospital. MIKE pulls along side of him in a 1979 Ford Thunderbird.

MIKE  
 Get in, we need to talk.

A Beat.

Close on ELIJAH, he stops, faces MIKE, sizing him up, one fighter to another, decides to get in anyway.

The door slams shut and the car pulls off out of sight.

36 INT. BALTIMORE SHOCK TRAUMA HOSPITAL. MORNING. (1985). 36

**LAWSON'S hospital room.**

Weeks later.

ELIJAH stands looking out the window until a nurse wheels LAWSON in to the room.

Outside the window, the snow falls, melting as it hits the ground, leaving everything in the parking lot a muddy, baby shit colored mess -a drift on a sea of fading white patches.

Around the room itself, are weeks worth of plants and flowers in every stage of growth, decay and death, stuffed animals, balloons inflated and deflated, toiletries, etc.

Angle close on the tubes and monitors which adorn his wheel chair, and then, closer on LAWSON, his body very bruised and bandaged but in the healing process.

Head in a brace, Non re-breather mask at the ready , tubes and machinery everywhere.

ELIJAH

So, how was the therapy this morning?

LAWSON

Is this small talk? It sucked.

ELIJAH

You just missed your sister, said she'll be back later, tonight or in the morning, maybe she said next week, I don't know. I think the kid's sick or something, scarlet fever, yellow fever, gout, the coup, the shits, something. They took her away in a rush of nervous panic, upstairs someplace.

LAWSON

Holy shit, is that you that I smell? What'd you do, break a bottle ARAMIS? You smell like Sex and Ass.

ELIJAH

Did you know that they told me that I couldn't smoke in here any more, can you believe that shit? I told them, that you smoke in here all the time, and then, they asked me to pee in a cup. Second time that bitch asked me to pee in a cup  
LAWSON; I think, she thinks, I'm stealing your drugs. Hump backed bitch, always pointing at me with that, bony Ass little finger of hers.

He demonstrates her finger pointing before throwing an empty urine cup down on the food tray. The humor masking honest tears.

LAWSON

I don't smoke in here. I haven't had a cigarette in weeks. And you probably shouldn't either; I am hooked into the main oxygen supply line of this entire hospital. I don't think it'll just be my room that goes up either.

ELIJAH

That'll light a fire under their asses.

LAWSON

Take him lord, he's ready. Did I see you last night, or was it yesterday morning? You see, I'm having a problem remembering. I can't remember anything lately, every thing is just blank, every thing's blank and my mouths so dry, I can't stand this- shit. Worst than jail. The jail of my mind and body. Prison. Plus, and this may come as a shock to you, but, they keep plotting every night, to take another two or three feet out of my damned intestines. Whole fucking sections and feet of intestines at a time. And these plots, only start taking shape late nights, I buzz for Medication, they start plotting. You see, there's no one around to defend me at night. Stay the night, you'll see. They treat me like shit.

The Camera frames ELIJAH, as he struggles to get oxygen from the port over an empty bed, his mouth on metal. LAWSON watches him, dumb- founded.

ELIJAH

They only do what they have to do. Quit giving them such a hard time and, they might stop plotting to steal your shit pipes. What is wrong with this thing?

(Turning knobs on the oxygen port)

Is your oxygen working, cause I'm getting nothing here? Did you know that your brain shifted, when you got run over? They don't know if it was from the car, or that guy, hitting you. I figure, that's why you sound so different. Well, that and that tube in your throat. We'll work on that though, when you come home.

LAWSON

Jesus, I'm so tired. And thirsty. I'm thirsty and POOPED. And I'm in the room with a complete idiot. Did you know, I have to take fucking AZT now, for the rest of whats left of my sad and pathetic life?

ELIJAH

Does it give you a good buzz?

LAWSON

Do you even know what the hell AZT is?

ELIJAH

I know what that is. I'm not stupid. It means, you're going to get better and go home soon.

LAWSON

God. You are such a fucking idiot.

A Beat.

LAWSON (CONT'D)

I am so thirsty. Thirsty and pooped! Pooped and thirsty.

He laughs at his own play on words. ELIJAH shoots him a look before producing a silver flask, taking a sip.

ELIJAH

You want some bourbon? Let me pour you one right up, you know how I love to be needed by the sick and weak minded.

LAWSON

I don't want any bourbon LAWSON. I'm tired all the time as it is. I rest, but I'm still tired. I'm scared ELI. I just keep thinking about it, my life's over. And I still don't remember any of it, why is that? The attack, I can't remember most of it. And then the dreams come, they take over. I feel like, someone's going to hit me in the head with a pipe, a great big pipe. They'll do it from behind, with all of their strength and I'll never see it coming, because I can't remember who did this to me the first time. So, he'll come back, and kill me in one blow this time. In the dream, I see it all, my life, as it leaves my body. The people gathered around. But they can't hear me yelling, "Here I am, Help me". And I always wake up before I can see the face. Why is that?

ELIJAH

I don't know. But that's never going to happen. It's just a dream, a bad dream. Never going to happen again, not again. I promise. I'm never going to let anyone hurt you again.

LAWSON

You don't understand. Last night, I had the dream again. It was so real, it was real, it literally scared the shit out of me. I messed myself. I did. I just, couldn't stop it, it happened so fast. It happens a lot lately, shitty LAWSON, that's what they'll call me.

A Beat.

ELIJAH

Well, thank you for sharing all of that with me, I think. You know, a lesser man, might have just, turned to Jesus, with a thing like that; but not you, nope, not you. Thanks for sharing LAWSON.

Close on LAWSON as he shoots him a nervous smile, embarrassed- the cat out of the bag. ELIJAH holds up a handful of medical supplies now.

ELIJAH (CONT'D)

Hey, do you think you'll need these? I'm sure there's plenty more where they came from, right?

(He pockets them.)

Scoot over. You just let me know if you need to go to the little boy's room, the calvary is here. I'm not going anywhere tonight, its just you and me.

He turns the light off, turns on the TV and joins LAWSON in the tiny bed.

Close on them now, watching the Hospital Television together, in the tiny bed.

ELIJAH (V.O.)

I always thought- that someday, somehow, if I ever got to peer deep down into his soul, into his very humanity, that I would see in him, a vision of glory. I always believed that in him, I would see a lion heart- beating at Mach speed, enlarged with courage and passion and bravery, ball juice running through his very veins, instead of just mere blood.

(He looks down to see LAWSON asleep now)

What I finally did see that day, wasn't the image of the brave lion at all. Instead, it was much more human and real, and it proved to be frail and delicate, it was almost too human, and I came to realize at that moment that no matter what, he had to be protected from them, from himself even. And so, from that day on, it became the thing that

(MORE)

ELIJAH (V.O.) (cont'd)  
 defined our friendship, as if it  
 were the very definition of who we  
 were to become to each other. Our  
 self worth- depended on it; it was  
 all of our strengths and all our  
 greatest weaknesses. And in that  
 way, I think, his greatest nobility  
 came out the daily struggles; me,  
 cutting him off from the people and  
 things that I thought at the time,  
 would only hurt him, And him;  
 cutting himself off from the  
 outside world as he once knew it.  
 To anyone watching, it would have  
 been crushing to witness, day after  
 day, night after night. But it  
 wasn't crushing to witness at the  
 time, in fact, truth is, neither he  
 nor I would have had it any other  
 way. And so, with time, it became a  
 thing to be taken for granted and  
 never spoken of aloud, and we  
 formed a pact, a bond and a secret  
 -known only between the two of us.  
 I became his rock and he became, my  
 best and worst nightmare.

37

EXT. BALTIMORE SHOCK TRAUMA HOSPITAL. DAY. (1985).

37

**The hospital carport.**

Several weeks later.

The Camera Angles on LAWSON, sitting in a  
 wheelchair -smoking a cigarette.

"LAWSON'S well planed escape"

Angle Close as he nervously scans the terrain in all  
 directions looking for knowing hospital staff and the all  
 too familiar security guards.

Close on ELIJAH, at the wheel of MIKE'S ford, cutting  
 through the hospitals parking lot racing towards LAWSON, he  
 stops the giant heap just inches from LAWSON'S wheel chair;  
 having spared no curb along the way to get here.

ELIJAH, bolts from the car like a robber, quickly loading  
 LAWSON'S make-shift luggage into the back seat, and then he  
 struggles LAWSON in, followed by the wheel chair, forcing it  
 all into the back seat -quick, cramped and untidy, on  
 lookers left gawking at it all in disbelief-

"Did he just kidnap that handicapped person?"

Close on ELIJAH, as he jumps behind the wheel, slams shut the door and away they speed off, burning rubber as they leave the area like criminals.

The cars radio blaring a classic rock song as they are launched down the road at a high rate of speed, the huge engine roaring, all of it's pistons working.

Close on LAWSON and ELIJAH, in the car, going home.

**Super: "One year later"**

38

INT. K-BAR. DAY. (1986).

38

The jukebox cranks out one sad, slow, sappy tune after another.

As the Camera discovers LAWSON in a wheel chair at the bar, drinking.

He looks completely different here, older, spectacled, heavy army coat falling off of his shoulders, skullcap pulled low over his brow, he's frail and unusually sluggish.

MIKE polishes glasses to a spit shine. The usual crowd gathered around this afternoon.

MIKE

(He puts money on the bar.)  
God, will somebody please change  
the fucking music?

A customer swipes the money and heads for the jukebox, but LAWSON stops him mid stride.

LAWSON

No, don't. I like this song. It's a  
great song. I think it should be  
song of the year. I love it.

MIKE shoots him a look, the customer shrugs his shoulders putting the money back down on the bar, and LAWSON, lost in the music begins to sing along as best as he can. Close on LAWSON enjoying the music, swaying to the beat.

Suddenly without warning, he drops his drink, his lit cigarette falls from his mouth landing on the bar top, his eyes roll back, his hand begins to twitch and then violently shake, his nose begins to bleed as he tries to talk to MIKE, almost as if to make a joke of it, but he can't speak.

He tries to turn his chair around as if to leave, sparing himself the embarrassment that is sure to follow, but he can't move now.

The view now, of LAWSON, as he watches the faces of the people around him, all twisted with shock and horror, his final image before the seizure takes complete control, rolling his eyes back into his skull- will be the faces of the people- whom he scared shit-less at this bar.

Angle on a taxicab moving through the streets quickly.

Close on ELIJAH, in the back seat of the taxi with the face of a worried parent.

Back at the bar.

Close on LAWSON, in the complete throws of a violent seizure at this moment, it is frightening to witness- and has him spread prostrate on the bar room's floor; The empty wheel chair, his head, knocking against the heavy metal legs of it until MIKE, thinks to move it out of the way. Everyone in witness- panicked with no thoughts on how or what to do for him.

Angle outside the bar.

The Taxicab screeches to a halt coming to rest on the curb. ELIJAH EXITS the car, rushing down the stairs into the bar.

39 EXT. K- BAR. DAY. (1986).

39

Moments later.

Close on ELIJAH and MIKE as they carry a limp LAWSON and his chair, out of the bar to the car. They put him inside. He seems pretty much in and out of it presently, but the seizures have subsided for now. ELIJAH thanks MIKE- as he loads the chair in the trunk, enters the taxi, and it speeds away.

40 INT. TAXI. MOVING. DUSK. (1986).

40

**Back seat.**

LAWSON'S head, resting across ELIJAH'S lap, he's awake now, staring up at him; the quiet road home. ELIJAH strokes his hair softly, relieved.

ELIJAH

It's alright, you're fine. You're  
going home, it's going to be  
alright now.

LAWSON'S embarrassed with it all, but he can't help but find  
some comfort in it now, he sits up anyway, attempting to  
gather himself.

41

EXT. LAWSON AND ELIJAH'S APARTMENT. DUSK. (1986).

41

The Taxi pulls in front of the apartment building. ELIJAH  
hops out first, sets the chair up and opens LAWSON'S door,  
reaching for him-

LAWSON

I got it, I'm fine. I'm alright!  
I'm not your ward you know?

He climbs out and into the chair, unsteady at first and  
then; just drunk.

ELIJAH

Come on, it's cold; let's go  
inside, I'll run you a hot bath,  
that always makes you feel better;  
I got you some new pajamas, you'll  
love em', they're flannel. Come on.

But LAWSON stops and surveys the neighborhood landscape  
instead. Choosing now, to put on the brakes in front of the  
apartment.

There is a long moment of quiet as ELIJAH stands watching  
him, not knowing how to grapple with this strange mood.

LAWSON

I did it didn't I; I had a fit in  
that bar? Fuck! Shit! Fuck! Shit!  
Fuck! I can never go back in there.  
That's that, I'm running out of  
bars ELI.

ELIJAH contemplates this for a second, before taking a seat  
on the cold grass beside him.

ELIJAH

It's not a fit; it's a seizure  
LAWSON. Its just a seizure.

LAWSON

A seizure by your definition; a fit if you're standing by watching it, or having it. Oh for fuck's sake, it's a fit, why does everything have to always be a contradiction with you every time?

The waiting Taxi honks its horn.

LAWSON (CONT'D)

Go, I'm alright, I'm two feet from the door- what's the worst that could happen, don't answer that, just go already, I'm fine. Go; Go, have your crazy fun. Do you really think that the Gap won't fire your ass? You'd better go!

ELIJAH unsure- but he stands up anyway. The taxi blows the horn again. He tells him to wait another minute. (AD-LIB).

LAWSON (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Hey, thanks, by the way. For coming to get me.

ELIJAH, leans down giving him a peck on the top of his head before disappearing back into the taxi, it speeds off and out of sight.

Close on LAWSON looking up at the clear night sky.

**SUPER: "Two years later".**

42

INT. LAWSON AND ELIJAH'S APARTMENT. NIGHT. (1988)

42

**Living room.**

The SOUND at first, of the television. (A popular 1988 TV show).

Close on LAWSON'S empty wheel chair, and then on LAWSON himself, sprawled across the sofa, the coffee table littered with pill and booze bottles, most of them empty, stacks of dirty dishes.

His appearance- dramatically different. He is unshaved, and his general appearance remains unkempt and sloppy, his eyes appear heavy with drink, drugs and medication, he sways back and forth at times as if in a trance, he looks a decade older than his twenty something years.

ELIJAH ENTERS the room now, fresh out of the shower and still in his bath towel, immediately his face bears the mark of disgust and genuine concern but he takes a seat beside him anyway, lighting a cigarette.

ELIJAH

Don't get up, I'm just checking to make sure your still breathing.

Close on LAWSON, playing with a hand full of colorful pills, sorting, counting, stashing, hoarding, popping. During all of this, ELIJAH watches and listens as if the person speaking were a mad man at this moment. Disgusted.

LAWSON

I have a system, If I take just enough of these red one's, and just enough of these blue one's and only two of these white one's, I find, that I can function pretty well, but, if I'm going to be drinking, and let's face it, when am I not? Then, I have to take six of these black one's to counter the white one's, of course, then I have to take a yellow one too, and a half of one of these blue one's with the black band around it. Normally, the yellow one's would make me sleepy- but I find, that taking them with the black one's, seem to have an opposite effect on me. It's funny though, I'm not sure what these purple one's do yet, they don't give you a buzz, that's for sure. What do you think?

ELIJAH

I think it's sad to tell you the truth, this, thing, that you've become. Look at you.

LAWSON

Of course you do, you think I'm pathetic- but the truth is, I'm just trying to control the fit's so I can go out and get a date, maybe a job at the Gap, be more like you.

ELIJAH

What for- look at you, the hell would you do with a date; you'd scare them away before it ever got

(MORE)

ELIJAH (cont'd)  
 around to price or where to go, let  
 alone, what to do and who does  
 what. Have you looked at yourself  
 in a mirror lately, why don't you  
 shower and shave tonight while I'm  
 at work? Let's make that your job  
 for now.

LAWSON  
 We can't all be as vibrant and  
 lovely as you my dear, can we?

Close on LAWSON as he pops a pill, chasing it with a warm  
 beer.

ELIJAH watches, disgusted, he pops another, ELIJAH, in a  
 moment of rage, takes the pill bottle from him, and then -on  
 second thought, he takes them all up from the table,  
 collecting them in his arms untidy and precariously.

ELIJAH  
 Don't kill yourself in front of me,  
 alright?

LAWSON  
 Kill myself; kill myself, who the  
 fuck wants to die, not me. I just  
 want a date; some fun, a good time,  
 do you even know how long it's been  
 since I got laid, do you even care?  
 I'll give you a clue, I could walk  
 back then too, I remember a time,  
 when people adored me. Couldn't get  
 enough of me. All sorts of people.  
 I remember a time, when even you  
 liked me.

ELIJAH  
 Oh please- spare me, I don't do  
 charity anymore. I don't do  
 sympathy anymore either.

The words, coming as a surprisingly powerful punch in the  
 gut for LAWSON and he lashes out at once.

LAWSON  
 I don't suppose you do, that's  
 alright, you were never my type  
 anyway; it's true you know; it's  
 not totally your fault though- so  
 cheer up, I just hate pretty  
 people. It's a fact; I like ugly  
 (MORE)

LAWSON (cont'd)  
woman and the manliest of men,  
people with scars and flaws on  
their bodies and their souls just  
like me. Not short, pretty boys who  
reek of eighty dollar cologne and  
swish every time they walk into a  
room -because they've been fucked  
too many times by the 'Brotha's and  
everybody else in the hood with ten  
inches or more! You really should  
work on that, pretty, swishy boy or  
people might start to talk about  
you. Oops, too late!

Close on LAWSON, he shuffles himself into the chair, going  
over to the TV turning the volume down, he goes over to a  
boom box radio, fidgets with the knobs tuning in music.

Stopping mid-way to size ELIJAH up, ELIJAH; still standing  
with an armful of pill bottles, glares at him with an  
intensity and tension not seen yet.

ELIJAH

You were pretty; you were pretty  
just two years ago. And I always  
had, this huge crush on you, now  
look at you, are you really so  
shallow and dependent and sick on  
the inside and out, that you feel  
this unstoppable need to bite the  
hand that feeds you, every fucking  
day? Is the attention that you're  
not getting from sleazy old men and  
lazy pathetic fag hags, really that  
important to you, do you really  
need that, just to feel halfway  
decent about yourself- is that what  
you need -to stop, heaping it all  
on me everyday? Well, how sad you  
really are, it's no wonder you look  
like you've already lost, like  
you're just waiting on the funeral,  
oh, that scares the shit out of you  
too doesn't it? Not the funeral,  
you can't wait for that part, only  
you won't get to see it, that  
pisses you off- but it's the empty  
seats at the church that bunch your  
shorts and choke your air supply  
the most, well, not to worry, you  
just go right on ahead and die  
LAWSON. You have my word, I'll  
come.

He drops the pill bottles into LAWSON'S lap at once, untidy.

ELIJAH (CONT'D)

I'll even bring a date, that's at least two people right there- and hey, maybe your sister will come too, and maybe she'll bring her new husband and the kid, oh wait; he doesn't like you does he? Well, that's alright, surely she'll bring the kid, and, maybe, just maybe, the old man will get out of prison just for the occasion and maybe, he'll bring a date too, wow! Four people, are you counting with me? Keep up, that's four people; wow, four people. You really did leave your mark on this great big world didn't you, and what a mark it is, bloody tee shirts and dozens of bar stools that you've fallen off of. You really just let yourself go, didn't you, well done seizure boy, well done! You really are just a washed up, pathetic closet fag aren't you? A common, AIDS infected, bitter, street hustler, still begging for the attention of old men and strangers who despise you and your condition! Men who hate you're frail and sickly body, and what's worse, to me, you're as sick on the inside, as you are on the outside, and just as ugly too. So, well done! Well done! Well done!

ELIJAH applauds him.

Close on LAWSON'S face, he's hurt and scared and then, in an instant, angry.

He hurls a half full beer bottle; it flies across the room towards ELIJAH'S head, but he ducks and it misses, smashing the TV instead- A bull's eye, and it explodes in a plume of thick smoke and sparks.

LAWSON numb and unconcerned, wheels himself to the coat closet, collects his hat, coat and scarf, the tears welling up in his bloodshot eyes as ELIJAH watches, searching for something to say.

ELIJAH knows he crossed a line.

A Beat.

ELIJAH  
Where do you think you're going?  
Where are you going?

There is an edge of alarm in his voice now.

ELIJAH (CONT'D)  
Come on, where are you going?

The TV, sparks up again, catching fire as LAWSON continues to struggle on his coat, ELIJAH hurriedly unplugs it and pours, what's left of a beer into its smoking shell.

ELIJAH (CONT'D)  
Where are you going LAWSON? Look at you, you're in no shape to go out into the night air!

But he doesn't turn around; instead, he pushes on for the front door, opens it and disappears into the cold night.

ELIJAH, worried, vulnerable and sorry, hurries out after him- but he's still in his bath towel.

ELIJAH (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry, where are you going?  
LAWSON! Come back here, don't leave. I said I was sorry. I'm sorry alright! I'm sorry! I didn't mean it, I didn't mean any of it!  
LAWSON! LAWSON!

43 INT. LAWSON AND ELIJAH'S APARTMENT. NIGHT. (1988).

43

Later.

Angle on LAWSON sitting by the phone, the living room curtains open wide to the white of night (Snow), he keeps a vigil by the window. His face stressed, worried, troubled.

Bottle of Whiskey almost drained, the ashtray overflowing, beer bottles litter the area.

44

EXT. BALTIMORE STREETS. MOVING. NIGHT. (1988).

44

Much later.

The CAMERA discovers LAWSON, moving along the sidewalks, he barely maneuvers the ice covered sidewalks in his chair -his face troubled and sweat covered; he finds the old strip; everything new again, a completely different world.

He's trying to hustle, but the cars keep going instead.

Around him, younger- healthier hustlers jump in and out of the cars, as he watches, his thoughts race near panic, the fear and sad truth's bearing down upon him all at once and the view begins to spin for him, he loses his balance on an ice covered hill, landing on his ass in a patch of snow.

He remains down momentarily, gathering himself, taking it all in;

until- a car slows to check him out, the driver lowers the passenger's window, momentarily considers him- but quickly speeds off after seeing him in the true light, the car speeds up the block, a few feet away, repeats the process with another boy; this time, words are exchanged and the boy, hops in, soon the car will speed off and out of sight.

Close on LAWSON, in tears, grabbing a fence- his feelings bruised, but he holds to his piece of the fence for dear life, collecting his over turned chair, regaining a bit of composure, in the distance, another car; a station wagon, it slows, stops, the window lowers- The driver, in leg braces hops out and helps him back into the chair.

He's a thirty-something year old gentleman with a rather unruly shock of red hair, he's spectacled and harmless looking. He flashes a horny smile.

LAWSON quickly glances the RED HEAD, glances the station wagon.

A Moment.

Relieved, LAWSON returns the smile with perfect precision and once again, we are in witness of that incredibly seductive grin of his.

Later.

45 INT. PARKED STATION WAGON. NIGHT. (1988).

45

Steam on the windows and music on the radio, The Camera comes at once, Close, on LAWSON and the RED HEAD in the front seat;

"The Art of Mutual Hand Jobs"

There is an intensity between them, as if they hadn't had human sexual contact in twenty years and before long, a climax becomes imminent, a yelp is heard and then waves of satisfaction reverberate through the huge station wagon, some small talk follows, another look of horny desperation washes across their faces and they repeat the process again.

Later.

The SOUND of the engine; turning over.

**Outside LAWSON'S apartment.**

The station wagon parked on LAWSON'S street.

Angle on LAWSON and the RED HEAD in an awkward silence, there is hesitation; but he leans in for a tender- good night kiss anyway, handing LAWSON a business card, LAWSON uncomfortable with the moment, complies by taking the card instead of the kiss, climbing out of the clunk. The MAN positioning the chair for him.

He makes the short distance across the street, home; a smile on his face as he ENTERS the apartment. He's almost giddy by now.

46 INT. LAWSON AND ELIJAH'S APARTMENT. NIGHT. (1988).

46

**Living room.**

LAWSON rolls into the frame just as ELIJAH, EXITS the bedroom.

Angle on the coffee table, on it; take out dinner, a case of beer and a brand new television still in the box. The burned out TV gone now, just a charred wall left in its wake.

The place, tidied up now, the trash and dirty dishes removed.

LAWSON opens a beer, exhausted.

LAWSON

You'll never guess what I did tonight.

Pissed off and unable to hide it.

ELIJAH

I can't believe you just left me like that; I should leave you the same way and let you see how it feels; maybe I will, maybe I'll just leave and be done with it for good, do you have any idea how worried I've been, do you even care, half the fucking night? Your poor sister's worried sick; I don't even think she believed me, I think, she thinks, I've done something with you and disposed of the corpse, I can't fucking believe you just did this to me. And where did you go?!

A Beat.

LAWSON

I had a date. Well, I sort of had a date, but I came. And so did he, I might add. It was mutual. I mean; we did each other. Me and him, he and I. We both came. Technically, I had two dates', cause, I came twice. Twice! I forgot how good sex could be.

ELIJAH

Very good LAWSON, and next week, we'll work on your name, do you have any idea how worried I've been, just, sitting here, not knowing if you were dead or alive? I couldn't even go to work because of you; I couldn't care less if you had a fucking date, you Cunt!

LAWSON turns off at once, his face registering hurt and then at once, anger and fear.

A Beat.

LAWSON

Well it was a big deal to me, you ass hole.

He rolls off into the kitchen.

**Kitchen.**

Close on LAWSON, he opens another beer, his face distant, blank and removed.

ELIJAH ENTERS the KITCHEN behind him, watching LAWSON closely, the tears streaming down his cheeks.

They survey each other for a while, one fighter to another.

A Beat.

LAWSON (CONT'D)

I am trying so hard, to just  
function here, and what may not  
seem like shit to you; is a whole  
lot of shit to me.

ELIJAH, remorseful, kneels down with him, slowly stretching out a hand to wipe away his tears.

LAWSON (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Don't.

ELIJAH

I'm sorry. I'm so sorry I said  
those things to you. I had no  
right, and I didn't mean it either.  
Any of it, I don't feel that way  
you know. You gotta' know that. I  
really don't.

There is a long moment.

ELIJAH joins him at eye level, on the cold kitchen floor.

ELIJAH (cont'd)

You never knew this, but, I was  
only fourteen years old when I met  
you. I lied, because, I thought you  
wouldn't have let me hang out. If  
you knew the truth. I'm practically  
who I am today, because of you. I  
don't feel that way about you. What  
I said. Shit, don't you know,  
you're the glorious LAWSON  
ADAMERE'? Don't wear it out. You  
were, you're still, my fucking  
hero.

LAWSON

I know how old you were. I only took pity on you, because you were such a sad and pathetic loser. Following me around like a lost puppy. You had no shame. Never did.

ELIJAH

Ouch!

A long moment.

LAWSON

And when you leave me, and you will. I'm going to be all alone. I am going to be, so, very alone. And there's no glory in that. I'm a has been ELI, in a world, of right now, and I'm scared. I'm so scared and I don't know what to do any more. I know, that I've taken advantage of you, a lot, but, please, please don't leave me like this. I can beg you, if you'll just, not leave me. Is that what you want, you want me to beg for your friendship? Your company. Your love? There, I'm doing it. Truth is, I'm the fucking pathetic one, always was. Call it what you want, I just don't want to be alone. Please, just don't leave me all alone?

And for the first time, ELIJAH can see and feel his pain, -his fear, and It terrifies him at once, and he knows, no matter what, he could never hurt this man again.

ELIJAH

Leave you? Leave you? Where the hell am I going? I'm not going anywhere, sunshine, I'm never going anywhere. And neither are you. I promise. You're stuck with me. Sucks to be you.

Close on ELIJAH AND LAWSON as he runs a hand through LAWSON'S disheveled hair, pulling him in closer, holding onto him tightly now, as if he might fly away if he let go, finally able to breathe again, relieved.

A Beat.

ELIJAH (cont'd)

I am so, fucking happy to see you; you have no idea, how happy I am to see you. I am so happy to fucking see you. Jesus! You had me so fucking worried. I was so scared. I'm so happy to see you.

A Beat.

ELIJAH (CONT'D)

Don't you ever do that to me again? I mean it. You can never do that again! Do you understand me? You can never, ever, do that again!

(He grabs him tightly, holding him.)

Are you alright, are you hurt, where did you go, what did you do? I never knew that thing could move so fast.

LAWSON

You don't do charity, remember?

A Beat.

ELIJAH

You're not really charity, I have a little crush, very little, can't seem to shake it, really, it's much more like a, bad habit than a crush really.

Coming to life again.

ELIJAH (CONT'D)

You called me a fucking swish though, is that what you really think of me, do you think I'm a swish, do I really swish?

LAWSON

If I say yes, you'll send me away to die with strangers. Don't send me to a Hospice, please. That would really kill me ya' know? She wants to send me to one. AMBER, because she didn't want me, to be near her baby. Did you know that?

ELIJAH

Yes, I knew that. But she's not going to send you any place. We worked it all out. That's why you're here, at home, with me. This is your home LAWSON, and this, is where you'll stay. I promise.

LAWSON turns to ELIJAH, wiping the hair from his face and eyes kissing him high on his forehead. These words come slowly and with considerable thought and effort. They are spoken with a certain strain and at times seem labored.

LAWSON

I'm sorry, I'm sorry that I hurt you, and I'm sorry that I scared you too. I really am. But you have to know, you see, I just had to get out- one more time. One last time. Had to see, if, I still had it, ELI. Had to see for myself. Feels like, one day, I went to sleep, and life, just, passed me by, don't you see, I missed it, life? And I never did anything. I just wasted it all. So, I just had to go out, one more time, and see if I still had it.

ELIJAH stands now, considers this for a moment, he waits patiently to hear the answer.

They size each other up once more.

LAWSON (CONT'D)

Thank you, for everything. I'm just, so tired now. I'm so tired, I'm exhausted ELI,. I just need to rest now. I feel so old. Old, like a mummy. Can you help me, I want to rest on the couch? I'm so tired.

ELIJAH

Well, I wonder why that is; I'm surprised you didn't expire when you busted your first nut, let alone the second one. And do you, stud, you never did say; do you, still have it? Come on, don't get cute now, your a man about town again, let's have it.

LAWSON considers for a moment.

A Beat.

He accepts this.

ELIJAH (cont'd)

Come on, I got you a brand new 13 inch TV, so now, you can get back to the art, of living again. What do, you do, with your day's while I'm at work anyway? I'll bet, you know, the entire TV line up, better than anyone else on the planet, don't you?

LAWSON flashes that perfect smile of his, and they EXIT the kitchen, towards and then out to the-

**Living room.**

The Camera pushes in on LAWSON again, but this time, his eye's fill with tears, he turns towards ELIJAH, momentarily unable to move on, shaking and in a cold sweat.

A moment.

LAWSON

I just had a memory, I remember, when I was about eleven years old, I don't know why I do, but I do, I remember it all.

A Beat.

ELIJAH

What, what happened, what is it?

LAWSON

It was so bad, why did I remember that and not something else? Why, why did I have to remember that? ELI? I think, I think that somebody hurt me when I was really little. I think they used to hurt us all.

47 INT. LAWSON'S CHILD HOOD HOME. NIGHT. (A FLASH BACK 1976) 47

The decorations on the wall read; **"Rock'in' New Years Eve 1976"**

The tiny apartment bustles with adult revelers.

The SOUNDS; of disco music blaring. Close on a makeshift dance floor in the middle of the-

**LIVING ROOM.**

The Camera discovers, bodies in motion- dancing and having a good time.

We see a young LAWSON (10-11), and RANDY (7-8) leaning against the wall watching the adult revelers.

Angle on AMBER (15-16) as she exits a darkened closet- she is followed by a MAN (30's) as he zips his pants up, once out, she runs away in tears, the man disappears into the crowd.

The Camera Angles on A YOUNG MAN (25-26), he's drunk, standing in front of LAWSON and RANDY, reaching out a hand towards RANDY, but LAWSON, stands his ground, whispers for young RANDY to run away, he does, and the young MAN grabs LAWSON'S neck instead, dragging and forcing him violently into-

**the darkened closet.**

As the scene unfolds, it will become a very disturbing scene indeed.

Angle on the party goes and the party in motion itself.

Another Angle on The MOTHER, drunk and high, flirting with men, Close on AMBER, crying her eyes out in the bathroom and finally, RANDY, framed -shaking like a leaf under a table.

**Back in the darkened closet.**

Lit by the tiny crack under the door, we are close now on LAWSON'S trembling mouth, his eyes, a hot terror seizes him as the young MAN pinions him to the floor before forcing himself on top of him, he struggles in the dark with the zippers and belt buckles, his large hand covering LAWSON'S face and mouth, LAWSON will grunt a yelp at penetration as his knee instinctively draws up, striking the young MAN a bull's-eye in the unprotected groin.

A second yelp is heard now and now the MAN begins to pummel LAWSON'S face and upper body- until he's silent and motionless (Punishment for the knee).

The MAN, zips up now, fastens his belt and exits the darkened closet on all fours, holding his stomach from the excruciating pain and terrible discomfort. (The pain that only men can know).

The Camera discovers LAWSON again, on the cold closet floor, the light from the door, left ajar, shone on his face -revealing his fresh black and blue marks, but mostly, it highlights the face of a child already used to these

feeling's of confusion and terrible fears, the light- shone on his image, casting strange shapes and shadows, revealing eye's older than their true age, eyes that are blank and far removed; Familiar eyes.

He struggles a hand out, as if asking for help from the Camera itself, but slams shut the closet door instead, on our view.

Black.

48 INT. LAWSON AND ELIJAH'S APARTMENT. (BACK TO PRESENT- 1988)  
48

**LAWSON'S living room.**

Close on LAWSON and ELIJAH, in the center of the room, transfixed with the image, unable to speak.

ELIJAH comforts him, his tears rolling down like a thunderous stream and they wait unable to move on.

ELIJAH (V.O.)

There are many miseries, to which, life teaches, can never be relieved or prevented for another, not even by good intentions, nor love of God, or even hope for lack of human suffrage, no matter how deserving the wretched soul. For children of God, it is that horrible, and never-ending oscillation, that thing, that springs from hope, or is it fear? The reality is, our misery, is our own, and any insights or discoveries that we may have, or find, to ease those miseries, however small they maybe, for mortal men, they will, forever remain, acquired knowledge. Knowledge, acquired, from a lifetime of misery.

**Super: "One year later"**

49 INT. K-BAR. DAY. (1989)

49

The CAMERA PUSHES IN, at first on the BAR itself and then on MIKE in a ten gallon hat behind the bar, the place appears to have changed themes again and is currently of a Gay Country and Western motif.

Cheaply done; it resembles something from a bad Halloween party.

The Camera discovers ELIJAH, at the bar, having a drink. He and MIKE, holding court, their conversation mostly to do with LAWSON. (AD-LIB).

Angle on ELIJAH as the Camera examines him closely, he wears a short mustache and goatee with handsome wire rimmed glasses and a relaxed cotton blend suit (He looks like a gap catalog model).

On this day, he looks like a distinguished gentleman and MIKE can't help but remark on it, he looks as if all of the sleepless nights and all of the years, had burned all of the bad parts out of him. He looks comfortably settled into this life, as care taker and friend.

Angle on the bar itself now, it bustles with a good afternoon crowd today, country music pouring out of the jukebox and filling the room, somehow, today, the sunshine manages to find it's way into the very darkest corners of this dank basement bar, and it glows with a fresh bright light not yet seen in this film, a light, rarely seen so far underground anywhere. Its refreshing.

The Camera pushes in, slowly now, on LAWSON, he sits alone in his wheel chair, at a table in the back, concentrating now, as he struggles to lift a shot of brown liquor to his waiting lips, but his hands, unsteady- shake violently out of control spilling most, if not all of the shot, onto the dark wood of the tables top, the rest of it, finding its way to his lap.

Close, on the table top, and three full shots lined up, waiting for him.

FRAMED, in the back now, MIKE and ELIJAH watch him, closely, deeply saddened to witness what has become of him, and it is, sad to witness, his grace and looks, gone, his near complete lack of complex motor function is bewildering to all in witness. But his stubborn determination to drink in this bar, is a revitalizing kick to the heart, of good men everywhere, and everyone in the bar watches him on seats edge, silently rooting for him to have that drink. He tries again, unaware of his, current popularity, this time, leaving the shot glass on the table top itself, he lowers his head, bringing his mouth to the glass, he opens his mouth and takes the glass between his teeth, lifts his head back at once, and the drink, slides down his gullet.

Success. He lowers the now empty glass back down on the table top, using the same method.

The Camera studies him now, in close and full detail; he looks much older than his age; less in control of his mental faculties, wide sunken eyes behind thick glasses, a heavy army coat and scarf falling off his tiny shoulders, visible signs of tremendous alcohol abuse, chronic medical problems, addictions; when he tries to speak now, it is with the greatest difficulty, his words slurred, his movements weak and sluggish, a portable oxygen bottle by his side, nasal cannula attached to his nose. He tries to drink again, forgetting, and lifting the shot with his shaky hands, it spills, and he mumbles now-cursing himself over every spilled drop.

He tries again, same process and suddenly, beside him appears ELIJAH; with a fresh shot in his hand. He takes the half empty shot away from his unsteady hand and tables it, holding out a new shot for LAWSON to drink, and he does so, from ELIJAH'S strong and steady hand, he downs it without wasting a drop.

Smiles a wide and sincere thank you. ELIJAH gathers his coat and hat.

A Beat.

LAWSON

I don't care what they say about  
you ELI, you're all right with me.

ELIJAH putting his coat on.

ELIJAH

(To MIKE.)

This new glorified country and  
western thing, is just a little too  
much MIKE. Everybody knows, there  
are no more cowboys in Baltimore.  
They're all dead and buried.

(To LAWSON)

You ready to go sunshine?

ELIJAH reaches a hand out, pushing LAWSON'S chair. LAWSON gathers his strength, stops, glances the crowd in the bar and manages a smile and a friendly goodbye, and in stereo, the bars patrons, one and all, return it warmly, and with that, MIKE and ELIJAH help LAWSON to exit the bar, towards the light of day.

**Outside the bar.**

ELIJAH (cont'd)

Thanks MIKE.

MIKE

Don't mention it kid. Take care of  
him, will you?

ELIJAH

You better believe it.

And with that MIKE starts down the stairs and back into the warm bar.

50

EXT. K- BAR. DAY. (1989).

50

The CAMERA ANGLES on a group of young hustlers loitering outside the bar, LAWSON stops, shooting ELIJAH a wicked grin, staring out now, at the city terrain.

The Camera discovers LAWSON'S face, as he stares out to see a desolate strip of concrete jungle just before dusk.

The rainy- gray blue sky bleeding into the harsh Baltimore city streets and disappearing into an endless stretch of apartments, storefronts, bars, arcades and warehouses.

Close, as they turn now to look out at the fresh young faces of the hustlers as they go about their business, unaware of anything. He can't help but smile now, smile or cry and he looks at ELIJAH, humming a bit of the tune "King of pain",

ELI shoots him a look.

**Another ANGLE, and LAWSON'S physical appearance suddenly returns to that of 1982.**

**FX: And once again, (He is a vibrant teenager, 18-19 years old), his eye's defiant, clear and bright; quickly swelling with the memories of a time long gone, but not forgotten by either of them.**

LAWSON (V.O.)

Youth, can never afford you, the bigger pictures in life; the truth is, I'm not sure if it should. Some things are just, better left, unknown or unsaid. Life, is just better lived, in the not knowing. The wondering. The shock and awe. The discoveries, pain, first loves, last loves, all of it.

ELIJAH watches LAWSON, strong, good looking, youthful; But his appearance remains the same (ELIJAH'S), and he understands this- and the moment, is not ruined or wasted, because of it, and we are privileged to be in witness of it all.

Their differences, like night and day as they stand together. Old and Young. Close on LAWSON, looking out at the hustlers on the corner. LAWSON Looks at them, and then at ELIJAH, but he stops him mid thought.

ELIJAH

Don't even think about it. Are you crazy? It's not enough you've got one foot in the grave already? You try keeping up with them for a night. See where that gets you.

LAWSON

Did I ever tell you, about the time I stood on that very corner over there, where they are right now? Half of the day. Sub freezing temperatures. Well, that night, I decided to walk. I must have walked, this block that night, up and down for seven hours straight, with no place to go in the world. I mean, no place. I was all alone, RANDY was gone two weeks by then, my sister was somewhere, I don't know, in the fucking wind, for all I knew, at that time, she was dead too some where, hadn't seen her for over two years. But I walked this block that night and half of hustler town. Thirteen degrees outside. Fucking crazy. I couldn't get picked up by anyone on this night, I mean no one, I couldn't even get picked up by the fucking cops, hell, I never even saw cop car one, on this night. Felt like, felt like all of Baltimore was deserted. Felt like a fucking conspiracy. I felt, like I was the only homeless person in the world. Sixteen years old, and freezing my ass off, but I'm walking, and walk I did. I walked and I walked, and I walked some more, because I knew, that it was either that, or freeze to death, and I do mean, freeze to

(MORE)

LAWSON (cont'd)

death, if I'd have stopped, fell asleep someplace, an alley or door way, abandoned building, any place, no doubt about it, I'd have frozen to death that night. And that, taught me a very valuable lesson about myself. About people in general. I learned, that in order to survive, people, I, would do anything, sleep with anyone, if I had too, because up until that night, I was still as pure as the driven snow. I'd fucked around, been molested, been around the block, plenty of times, but I'd never done it, for money, more importantly, I'd never done it, because I had to, never done it for a warm place to sleep, money to eat with. Never done it, to simply survive a cold night. I'll tell you something, that feeling, whoring yourself, because you absolutely have to, it's the worst, most earth shattering thing a man can do. It's worst than rape. It's the rape, of soul, the rape, of yourself. And when someone finally did come around, it was the most disgusting, fat man, you ever could imagine, and we went back to his place, sun was almost coming up, but I'm tired, and I'm cold, and I'm hungry, hadn't eaten anything in two days, and for only ten dollars, I went with him. I hated it, but I went with him, first time I'd ever done anything like that, and it was the most vile and disgusting thing I'd ever done, ever. He made it that way, he wanted, to break me, he wanted me to work for it. But when it was over, what he didn't know, was that despite him. I'd survived it, and I didn't break. And I never did feel more alive, in my whole life, than on that day. I was just a kid, and he made me do things, that, to this day, I wouldn't do, with anyone. But I couldn't be more thankful, than to him, and that afternoon, when I

(MORE)

LAWSON (cont'd)  
 left his apartment, I'd learned,  
 things about myself, about the  
 world, my place in the world, my  
 place in this life in general,  
 things that I couldn't have  
 learned, in twenty years on my own.  
 And despite that, still, for years,  
 I forgot it all. I blocked it all  
 away. I forgot it all, and it cost  
 me dearly. Hell, it almost killed  
 me, many times over. Shit, it did  
 kill me ELI. It killed me. It has  
 killed me. It is what killed me.

A long moment.

The Camera pushes in on ELIJAH, watching him closely,  
 needing to know the answer, "What did he forget, what did he  
 learn?".

ELIJAH  
 What was it? What did you forget,  
 what was it? You have to tell me.

LAWSON  
 You really want to know?

ELIJAH  
 (A Pause, near tears)  
 Yeah, I really want to know. I need  
 to know.

Considers whether to tell him or not.

LAWSON  
 I learned, that no matter what, or  
 when, no matter who even, that on  
 these streets, I am the sheep, and  
 they are the wolves. And I found  
 out, early on, that it could never  
 be the other way around, not in  
 this life. Not for me, not ever. I  
 am a sheep, and you, them, they,  
 are the wolves.

A Beat.

Close on the two of them now, reflecting on the words.

The sky, quickly darkens now, purple- orange- blue, the  
 traffic picks up and the boys gather on the corners in mass.  
 They shoot the bullshit with each other.

LAWSON watches them.

Angle now, on a black Mercedes across the street, it slows to check out the group of hustlers on the corner, the driver's window lowers, words are exchanged and the beauty of the group hops into the front seat, the car speeds off leaving the rest of the hustlers to wonder what might be wrong with them. LAWSON and ELIJAH witness this action -

LAWSON laughs.

Angle now, on a taxi as it swings around wildly in the street, turning around, it pulls up towards the curb, ELIJAH helps LAWSON into the car, climbs in behind him. The view now, as the car speeds out of sight.

ELIJAH (V.O.)

How many days and hours I've sat  
waiting for him to stroll by me,  
how many more times I've fallen  
asleep and dreamed that I heard his  
key in the door, or heard his  
laughter in a bar and turned to  
glimpse the face, I don't know,  
maybe hundreds.

**Super: "A year and a half later"**

51 INT. LAWSON AND ELIJAH'S APARTMENT. DAY. (1991). 51

"An uncontrollable cough".

**Bedroom.**

LAWSON on his death bed, he is pale beyond belief.

The sunlight floods the room whole and his eyes glitter with an intense fever, his lips and gums stark white, mouth dry, body trembling, beside him, holding tight to his hand- ELIJAH comforts him.

LAWSON stares into his face, occasionally mumbling the words, "I'm sorry you have to be here for this", but ELIJAH doesn't need this; he knows.

LAWSON murmurs inaudibly near the end, "Help me, Please, end this, end this for me please", and before long, ELI leans in with a pillow, struggling with the thoughts and the monumental task of taking his pain and breath away.

The end is near, they both know now, and ELIJAH, leans in with the pillow, hesitates, but soon follows through, and before long the coughing simply stops, the body relaxes. He returns the pillow beside the body, distraught, relaxed.

The room grows incredibly silent; LAWSON'S eye's, blank, stare off into space.

He is dead.

ELIJAH, will slowly close the eyes before gently brushing his hair.

There is a long moment; before he stops, noticing now, his warm breath on the air. In a moment, he will shiver with cold.

Close now, on a shirt, hung on the back of a chair in the bed room, it rustles as if caught in a breeze. ELIJAH starts for the shirt, stopping, the room is cold, too cold and he follows the breeze to the living room, there, he finds the front door, wide open. He closes it, spooked, locking it.

He will fall back against the closed door now, and release his tears.

Later.

NIGHT.

He goes to the phone, dials AMBER. Split screen.

Close on ELIJAH AND AMBER, as he tells her the news of LAWSON'S death. She breaks down, comforted by her husband. She drops the phone, dazed and confused, lost and grieving.

ELIJAH (V.O.)

I stayed by his side through it all, holding on to his frail hand. I guess, I'd squeezed too tightly, because my own went numb, but I wanted him to know, I needed him to know, that I had not, abandoned him. And I will tell you, that he waited the hour of his death, with the greatest composure and peace of mind and spirit. And when that hour came, it was as if, all of the heaviest penalties imposed on his mere existence, entered through the front door, and he looked them head on and he smiled that wicked grin of his, and he walked out the front

(MORE)

ELIJAH (V.O.) (cont'd)  
 door behind them, one last time.  
 And that, was the end of that; I  
 never caught which way they went,  
 and now, we communicate, like the  
 burrows of foxes, in silence and  
 darkness, underground.

52 EXT. SIDE WALK. ACROSS FROM TRAIN STATION # 2. DAY. (1992).  
 52

**SUPER: "Present day 1992"**

**Vacant two story walk up.**

Suddenly now, we are back at the start of this film (1992), ELIJAH, near the train station on the side walk -"staring off into a far off place", his grocery bags, seconds from splitting.

The Camera discovers the "YOUNG MAN", across the street, motioning for him once again sexually, pointing towards the "abandoned walk up", the SOUNDS of busy traffic jolting him/us back to what is, his reality now.

ELIJAH (CONT'D) (V.O.)  
 He's everywhere now, everywhere but  
 right here. Have you ever missed  
 someone so much that it tore your  
 very heart and soul apart? Turned  
 your entire world upside down, have  
 you ever missed someone so much,  
 you couldn't even remember, what  
 normal was anymore?

The SOUNDS now, at once, car horns, city traffic- ELIJAH FRAMED now, in the middle of a busy intersection, car's attempting to avoid hitting him by going around him, drivers yelling obscenities.

Close on ELIJAH, focused only on the YOUNG MAN on the sidewalk.

Angle on the YOUNG MAN, he looks worried for him, standing in the middle of the street, the cars whizzing by, barely avoiding him at breakneck speeds.

ELIJAH (CONT'D) (V.O.) (cont'd)  
 Yes, sometimes, I still see him,  
 more than I care to admit. He  
 speaks to me, of journeys never  
 traveled and dreams, unfulfilled,  
 (MORE)

ELIJAH (CONT'D) (V.O.) (cont'd)  
 the words, they ring so clearly  
 now.

The Camera frames the YOUNG MAN (LAWSON) from across the street, as he turns to leave, he waves "Goodbye" to ELIJAH. Walking away.

ELIJAH reaches out for him in a desperate attempt to hold on to the past, but it's no use, the YOUNG MAN (LAWSON), runs away, spooked by his behavior; he bolts after him;

"The chase", through the streets, back alley ways, city parks, surface streets and busy intersections.

Angle on ELIJAH, always behind him, as the CAMERA tracks to keep up with them; however- it will soon over take him and the YOUNG MAN (LAWSON), soaring ahead and finally- over the edge, until it runs out of city, hovering, finally- over the dazzling sun speckled sea.

This is the view of Angels.

53

EXT. BUSY INTERSECTION. MOVING. DAY. (1992).

53

Close on the cars as they race through the intersection, barely missing ELIJAH, their horns blaring, drivers yelling.

CLOSER now, on a speeding TAXI on a collision course with ELIJAH.

The view now, of the TAXI speeding toward him, he is a deer in headlights- his chase of the YOUNG MAN (LAWSON) has led him here, in the middle of this busy intersection on a destiny of fate.

Close now, a sudden impact.

Flesh and bone against metal, plastic and glass.

A horrific SOUND.

Close now, on his body- thrown into the air, and then, the impact with the street below. A ghastly sight to witness, the car, a mangled wreck, it's fluids left draining out onto the cold streets, windshield shattered, hood twisted.

Angle on ELIJAH'S body; down on the streets- quiet and still, a pool of blood quickly forming underneath him. Limbs snapped.

The SOUNDS soon, ELIJAH'S HEART BEAT, emergency vehicles in route, people talking, the car's driver crying, an emotional wreck.

ELIJAH (V.O.)

On that side of the bridge, you understand nothing, but as you step lightly across it, to the other side, you are upheld by timelessness. On your side, you are directed straight into the belly of the demon, but here, here, you are directed straight into the heart of God. You see, here, we are all children of God-

A crowd has gathered in mass now, they gawk and talk among themselves, as the clouds part and the sun rains across the scene, the YOUNG MAN, watching from a distance looks on in horror; his image returned to normal (LAWSON'S gone).

LAWSON (V.O.)

Here, children of God are special in the most extraordinary ways, here, children of God, are forever reunited with the one's they loved, and everyone is complete again-

ELIJAH (V.O.)

-Here, there are no more roads to travel, and no time to travel through. All you have to do, is let go, and let God-

LAWSON (V.O.)

-All you have to do, is let go. Just let go silly. Let go.

The Camera pushes in on ELIJAH down in the street, his body crumpled like a rag doll, blood oozing from the mouth, nose and ears, eyes wide open.

He looks up to the heavens, as small seizures shake and control his otherwise limp body.

ELIJAH

I will let go. I will let go. I will, let go. Oh God... I will let go. Please, help me, let go.

LAWSON (V.O.)

Just do it. Go on, let go, its easy.

ELIJAH  
Alright. Here goes.

Close on ELIJAH, as he closes his eyes now, his HEART BEAT  
STOPS, the bleeding stops mid stream. There is a calm now.

The audio track ends.

He's dead.

White Out.

FADE OUT:

**The End.**