

MODERN LOVE AND URBAN TRAGEDY

written by

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EXT. L STATION - NIGHT

A trail of white paint drippings leads past a brown metal "DAMEN AVENUE" sign and white-washed billboards along the empty platform to an open can of white paint, leaking around a pair of boots.

DANNY RAMONE (20), rugged handsome, short Mohawk, bulky windbreaker, sets a wet roller over the paint can. "Chicago Transient Authority" written on duck tape down his sleeve.

He airbrushes two tribal men wrapped in robes and scarves on a large white billboard. The tribal men stand on a mountain labeled Afghanistan, looking up.

Above them is a jet with the Christian cross on its belly, dropping bombs covered in misspelled corporate logo decals.

DANNY
(to tribal men)
Hey guys, the Christians are
coming.

Danny pulls a twelve inch metal hook from inside his coat.

Eeyore (60), frumpy, droopy eyed policeman and ALICE (25), perky, stylish blond policewoman, burst onto the platform.

Danny hooks the top rail and jumps over. Eeyore and Alice hit the railing, staring down.

STREET LEVEL

Danny bounces on a car hood, hanging from a bungee cord looped around his wrist.

DANNY
Time to...

He leaps to the sidewalk and draws a homemade machete from his belt.

DANNY
... cut to the chase.

He chops the cord over the car hood and the bungee recoils.

He removes his coat, exposing an upside down oxygen cylinder strapped to his back. Regulator over his ass with a hose connecting to a small paint can under an air brush in his hand.

DANNY
I'm ready!

Four cops jump off the stairs under the platform and hit the ground running towards Danny.

Danny lays the apparatus down and sprints away, looking back. The four cops skid to a halt, fearing the oxygen cylinder.

DANNY
Works every time, I...

Danny looks down and hops on one foot, removing his boot.

DANNY
Almost every time.

He inspects the white painted sole of his boot, then eyes a trail of white boot prints leading to the cops.

Alice hurdles the cylinder, yelling to the others.

ALICE
Go around the block! I'll follow
the white rabbit tracks.

Danny tosses the boot and runs.

DANNY
Come on, Alice!

Alice gains on him.

ALICE
You're all mine.

Danny turns the corner and races down the --

SIDEWALK

He passes an eclectic collection of retail storefronts, leaving single-sided shoe prints behind.

Alice hot on his heels.

DANNY
See ya round!

He ducks into a --

DOORWAY

Alice rounds the corner and skids to a halt.

ALICE
I got you, rabbit!

The boot print ends at a glass door painted with elongated letters, spelling "Wormhole Records" around a black LP sized record disk. But no Danny.

Alice bends and stares curiously into the center of the "Wormhole Records" logo. She TAPS the glass with a curled finger.

ALICE
That's curious?

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

A cell phone BUZZES, vibrating its way across an exquisite night stand in a room full of matching furniture.

WARREN FOLEY (34), athletic build, slick-back hair, shirt and tie, rushes out of the bathroom.

Toilet paper dangles from the crotch of his boxer shorts as he tosses a bottle of lotion on the bed. He unplugs a jump drive from a laptop on the pillow and slaps the lid down.

He tosses the jump drive on the night stand and catches the falling cell phone from the night stand.

He snatches a flower out of a bouquet in a vase, bites the stem and smiles at his reflection in a mirror on the wall.

WARREN
Mirror, mirror, I'm the man!

He flips the cell phone open and his smile turns to a frown.

WARREN
Shhh-it!

He presses the phone to his shoulder with his cheek and grabs a pair of suit pants from the bed.

WARREN
(into cell phone)
Hey, how ya doing, baby. What's up?
Why so early?

He hops into the pants and buttons them. The toilet tissue hangs out his pants crotch. A woman's voice SQUAWKS inaudibly into his ear.

WARREN
(into cell phone)
Bullshit!

He grabs the laptop, slides it onto the night stand and rushes out.

The jump drive bounces behind the night stand.

EXT. CUL-DE-SAC - DAY

A NEWSPAPER GIRL (10), tomboy, baseball cap, adjusts the canvas bag strapped over her shoulder. She passes under a "DEAD END" sign on the light post and enters the half-circle street.

She tosses the newspapers onto driveways, where Hummers guard sleek sports cars in front of large custom homes.

She grabs the next paper. A SUV screeches to a halt, blocking her. The driver's door opens, an IRATE WOMAN (37), tennis attire, jumps out and snatches the paper away.

NEWSPAPER GIRL

Mom!

IRATE WOMAN

Just shut up and get the hell in the car!

The Irate Woman winds up her pitching arm with the newspaper as she crosses a front lawn, screaming into a cell phone.

IRATE WOMAN

(into phone)
You hearing me?!

She passes through water spewing sprinklers, newspaper ready.

IRATE WOMAN

(into cell phone)
Get out here now, Warren! Or I'll come inside with the blessed fucking news!

INT. FRONT FOYER - DAY

Warren rips the toilet paper from his crotch as he hurries down the curved oak and glass staircase, screaming into the cell phone.

WARREN

You did this to me on purpose! You conniving little--!

He jumps the last two steps and smashes the cell phone off the marble floor tiles as he lands.

He rips open the front door. The flying wet newspaper socks him in the crotch and unfolds on the stoop.

The headline reads, "MODERN LOVE AND URBAN TRAGEDY".

INT. HAVE A GAS MINI-MART - DAY

Five aisles of junk food, magazines and chips lead back to a wall of coolers, glass doors offering cold refreshments.

A YOUNG MOM (18), cute but disheveled, faces an automated instant game lottery machine, scratching a string of tickets touching the floor.

YOUNG MOM

Momma needs a new cell phone.

An empty ragged stroller sits in front of a crane game.

GENA PETRO (32), pretty, short muscular build, messy blonde hair, backs up to the window. Her eyes shut tight, leaking tears. Her ear presses a handset phone to her shoulder.

GENA

(into handset phone)

Yes. But Mr. Richard. I-I just can't believe you would-- You're such a--

She grabs a pen from a cup and knocks the cup with keys off the counter. She chomps on the pen, speaking through clenched teeth.

GENA

Please, Mr. Richard, don't do this to us?

She turns and stares out the glass, the morning sun rises between the gas pumps below a plastic sign proclaiming, "HAVE A GAS MINI-MART". A busy inner city intersection beyond.

GENA

(into phone)

Sir, if you could just let me have one more week.

CLICK! The line goes dead.

She spits out the pen and drop-kicks the phone.

GENA

Screw you!

She stares out the window at Danny reading the pumps.

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

Danny hobbles on one boot, writing the numbers onto a clipboard. Each of his hands have a "X" tattoo on the backside.

VEGAS PETRO (17), short blond haired beauty behind large white shades, skateboards around the pumps. An acoustic guitar slung over the back of her leather jacket.

VEGAS

Danny!

DANNY

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

VEGAS

- American leather - The poisonous members - Not alone-not together -

Danny steps in front of her. She tails skids into him. He grabs the leather lapels on her jacket.

DANNY

- Their American leather -

VEGAS

(laughingly)
- Laughter forever -

DANNY

- Now I hear laughter -

She dismounts and grabs up the skateboard.

VEGAS

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

Danny pulls a locket shaped as a "circled A" for anarchy from around her neck. He opens it, a Darby Crash photo on one side and Kurt Cobain on the other.

DANNY

Double suicides or just troubled blondes playing with guns?

VEGAS

Self destruction is the purest act
of anarchy.

DANNY

Anarchy is chaos, disorder, the law
of the jungle, and that to me is
survival.

VEGAS

That's interesting. I'll have to
think about it.

He hands her the clipboard.

DANNY

While you're thinking, how 'bout
getting to work, punk?

VEGAS

Shut up and die.

DANNY

Kurt was a fag in drag!

VEGAS

The Circle Jerks are homos!

She gives him the finger as she opens the door, smiling wide.

A loud bell CHIMES, announcing the opening door.

INT. HAVE A GAS MINI-MART - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Vegas enters and her smile turns into a snarl.

Gena steps out from behind the counter.

GENA

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

She rushes into the bathroom and slams the door behind her.

VEGAS

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

GENA (O.S.)

Make yourself at home behind the
register.

Vegas tosses the clipboard on the counter and skateboards to the bathroom door.

VEGAS
Can I have my own room please?

GENA (O.S.)
What for dear?

Vegas wheels away, strumming the guitar and singing.

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

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

She mimes shooting herself in the open mouth with her index finger and thumb pistol.

GENA (O.S.)
Thank you, dear.

Vegas skateboards down the aisle, playing guitar and singing rock-a-billy.

VEGAS
You ain't nothing but a hound dog.

The loud bell CHIMES, a long haired skinny TEEN BOY comes in.

GENA (O.S.)
Stop the rock-a-billy. Get back up
front, and put the gee-tar down.
Get off that skateboard, and no
more encores. Thank you, and do-as-
you're-told. We got customers,
baby.

Vegas returns down the aisle, singing as she passes the bathroom.

VEGAS
Gee-Tar-zan, and her monkey band.

She rolls behind the counter and dismounts the board. She stands the guitar in a corner, grabs a pack of cigarettes from the display and leaves the counter.

She pockets the pack and passes behind Young Mom, still scratching off instant tickets.

YOUNG MOM
Five 'ill get me fifty.

Vegas grabs a bag of nacho chips from the aisle display and tears open the bag.

She stops next to Young Mom, speaking as she crunches chips.

VEGAS
The machine ate your baby.

Young Mom looks at her empty stroller and rushes to the crane game window.

YOUNG MOM
Oh God, my baby! Will somebody
please help me?!

Gena rushes out of the bathroom.

GENA
I'll be damned.

Young Mom and Vegas stare inside the crane game.

VEGAS
It's like baby heaven.

A baby sleeps on pile of soft animals, sucking on a soft red apple toy. The mirrored glass frames the Young Mom's eyes rolling-back. She faints.

Gena catches Young Mom and eases her to the floor.

GENA
Baby, please stay here until I get
back.

Gena runs to the bathroom.

Vegas steps over Young Mom, speaking to Gena.

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

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

TEEN BOY
Can I play next?

VEGAS
You're demented.

Gena kneels and applies a wet cloth to Young Mom's forehead, staring up at Vegas.

GENA

Baby, get on that phone and call the fire department. Will ya please?

Vegas gives Teen Boy her taco chips and steps away.

The loud bell CHIMES. Danny stands in the open door, staring at Young Mom on the floor.

Vegas steps behind the counter. Danny walks up to the other side.

DANNY

What's with sleeping beauty?

VEGAS

A dwarf took her place under the glass.

Danny searches the top of the counter.

DANNY

This is interesting.

Vegas crouches, collecting the phone from the floor with one hand. She snatches a ring of door keys off the lip of the fallen cup, pockets the keys and rises.

DANNY

Am I missing something?

She punches 9-1-1 into the phone and holds the receiver to her chest.

VEGAS

Shush... I got Prince Charming on the hook.

Danny steps back and continues his search, widening his scope to the floor.

VEGAS

(into phone)

This is the "HAVE A GAS MINI-MART," on Milwaukee. I'd like an ambulance and fire rescue. No. A midget crawled up the crane game's ass.

Danny steps behind the counter.

DANNY
You're witty.

VEGAS
It gets me noticed.

She sets the phone in its cradle, smirks and turns away. Danny picks up the empty cup and crushes it.

DANNY
Have you seen my keys?

VEGAS
First your boot, and now your keys?

She taps a CD player on the counter and PUNK ROCK plays.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

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

RENO FOLEY (29), raven haired beauty in a robe, sits up on the couch, smoking a bent cigarette. She stares at a throw pillow with a "Greek Comedy Mask" printed on it. She flips the pillow to the other side, showing a "Greek Tragedy Mask".

RENO
You look like I feel.

She blows cigarette smoke at the mask, rises and steps through empty junk food wrappers on her way into the --

KITCHEN

Reno slaps the play button of a boom box on the granite counter top. PUNK ROCK blares as she stumbles through an expansive room full of expensive stainless steel appliances and handcrafted cabinets.

She slides open a patio door and leans out, lighting up a cigarette. She blows smoke rings towards the --

POOLSIDE

Warren lays on a weight bench next to a green automated cover capping the pool. He bench presses a bar with two fifty, sets the bar on the rack and jumps up.

He grabs a suit coat from the diving board and puts it on. He fixes the flower in the lapel, craning his neck towards Reno.

WARREN

I knew it!

Reno flicks the cigarette and backs inside. Warren enters. She greets him with a smirk.

RENO

Knew what?

WARREN

Pucker up.

Warren leans in, puckering his lips.

RENO

Up yours.

She lifts her chin and turns away.

He pickpockets the cigarette pack from her robe on his way by and rips the power cord out of the wall socket, silencing the boom box.

WARREN

And yours is mine.

RENO

I'll just get fatter.

WARREN

You'll exercise. I got five and ten pounders out there too.

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

RENO

After you.

She grabs the sink sprayer and waters his shoes.

WARREN

Come-on, Reno.

He jumps his ass on the counter, pulls the flower from his lapel and offers it to her.

WARREN

A few pounds wouldn't hurt.

She slaps the flower out of his hand. The flower skids onto the counter.

RENO
I'll show you.

She sucks on the sprayer nozzle, pushes her belly out and twists her ear. Her pursed lips spit a stream of water.

Warren pulls out a coin and flips it in the air.

WARREN
Make a wish.

She snatches the coin in mid-flight.

RENO
Let's make it proper.

She steps out the patio door and half spins. She tosses the coin over her shoulder and into the pool.

WARREN
This is serious.

RENO
Want to make it come true?

She runs into his arms and lays her head on his chest.

WARREN
Your wish is my command, oh queen.

She elbows him hard in the gut.

RENO
Then bow!

He backs off, arm clenching his stomach as he reaches into a cabinet. He pulls out a prescription bottle and pours two pills into his palm.

WARREN
Goddamn, Reno. You're out of your medicine again. How many times do I have to remind you?

RENO
That sounds funny, coming from a guy that can't remember his own cell phone number.

He pockets the bottle.

WARREN
I'll get the refill on my way home.

RENO
You'll forget.

WARREN
Take these. You need to think more
clearly.

He holds out two green triangular pills in his palm.

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

WARREN
Sure sweetie. Now go on.

She grabs the pills and pops them in her mouth.

RENO
Did you fuck the newspaper girl's
mom?

WARREN
I told you, how many times? I've
changed.

She gets in his face.

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

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

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

She curtsies and bows.

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

WARREN
This is getting way too complicated
for my time frame...

He checks his watch.

WARREN
I gotta get going.

RENO
Coming and going... not much of a
change.

WARREN
Listen, I got that big verdict
today.

RENO
Another one of your alleged
murdering drug dealers?

WARREN
He owns the biggest car dealership
in the city.

RENO
Kiss my ass, you fool.

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

WARREN
We better go on and make that
fifteen pounds.

RENO
I'm just your sagging work horse
house cleaner.

WARREN
What do you want from me dear,
money?

He disappears down the hallway.

RENO
I don't want a fucking thing from
you!

She spits the pills in her hand, slaps them on top of the
fridge and chases him.

LIVING ROOM

Reno catches Warren at the door.

RENO
I do it all around here, for
nothing, but your disregard!

WARREN

Relax and take at easy for a today
or two.

RENO

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

WARREN

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

RENO

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

He opens the front door.

WARREN

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

He slams the door.

RENO

I float as a butterfly.

She ballet dances her way back down the hallway into the --

KITCHEN

Reno snatches the pills off the fridge, flips on the garbage
disposal and slaps them down the drain.

RENO

I'll start my diet, now.

She grabs the flower and dips the pedals into the drain, her
fingertips dangerously close to the grinding jaws.

RENO

Wish I may...

She pulls out a chewed up flower.

RENO

... that I might...

She kisses the tattered flower.

RENO

... wish myself away!

She drops the flower into the disposal and switches the boom box on.

She pounds on the refrigerator door to a fast PUNK ROCK beat as she slides to the floor.

RENO
Ah, finally, the bottom of the
wishing well... buried... in...

She wipes the tears from her cheek and eyeballs a scuff mark on the marble floor tile.

RENO
Warren... I do love... but
tragedy... foretell my thoughts?

She uses her tears to erase the scuff mark from the tile.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - DAY

Warren backs against a white sports car. Vegas pulls a large late model convertible along side and stares down at his wet pants leg, smiling.

VEGAS
Somebody raining on your parade,
Warren?

WARREN
Always sunny in Vegas.

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

WARREN
I still got my pants.

Gena slouches in the passenger seat, sleeping behind sunglasses.

He opens his car door. Vegas hops behind him. He turns and flips her anarchy locked on her chest, eyeing her breasts.

VEGAS
See anything you want?

WARREN
Who's picture's in there.

She slaps his hand away.

VEGAS
Yours of course.

WARREN
What does the "A" stand for?

VEGAS
Antichrist.

WARREN
You're funny.

VEGAS
Hey there slick, ya wanna trade cars?

WARREN
Can you handle a stick?

She smacks his ass before he enters the car.

VEGAS
You do have Alzheimer's.

WARREN
Don't bother to remind me.

Warren raises his finger to her lips. She whispers.

VEGAS
What happens in--

He presses his hand over her mouth.

WARREN
Vegas!

Gena exits the car.

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

WARREN
You're alive?

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

Gena lowers her dark glasses and stares at Vegas, applauding.

GENA

Open eyes are of endless
encouragement to dramatists.

WARREN

I wonder where she gets it?

Gena leans in his ear and whispers.

GENA

Same place you do.

She grabs Vegas and drags her towards the house.

GENA

How's my Sister today?

WARREN

I had to force her to take her
pills.

INT. REAR STAIRCASE - DAY

The off-set steps connect the second floor with the basement.
Reno hurries up the stairs, crosses the landing and
disappears in the first of three bedroom doors.

Loud OPERA MUSIC plays as she exits and runs through the
second doorway.

A heavy handed dramatic SYMPHONIC OVERTURE plays within, she
rushes out and into the third bedroom.

She leaps out of the room and another CLASSICAL OPERA starts
inside with beating drums.

She dances a sequence of ballet steps and slowly her moves
mix with karate kicks and spins.

A cacophony of different OPERATIC ARIAS begins, the divas
voices in conflict.

Reno storms down the steps.

KITCHEN

Reno opens the fridge, snatches a beer out and slams the
door.

RENO

Cold comfort.

She backs into the counter, pops the top and guzzles the brew down.

Vegas skids across the counter and slaps a cigarette pack in Reno's hand.

VEGAS
Have a smoke.

Gena enters, takes the beer from Reno and pours only the foam that's left into the sink.

GENA
You're not sleeping again, are you?

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

RENO
Why sleep when it's all a dream?

Gena steps in front of her and fixes Reno's hair, finger combing it. Reno shakes her head as she backs away, messing her hair.

GENA
You look a mess.

RENO
You are rightfully my caring
Sister, and adieu...

She rushes to the patio door and stares out.

RENO
... love you! I closed the pool, it
was freezing last night.

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

Gena throws the beer can. Vegas catches the can to her chest and silently mouths the word sorry to her mother.

RENO
I'll open the cover once you're out
there, Sis'.

Gena steps behind Reno and kisses the back of her neck.

GENA
Thank you, dear, but--

Reno turns, pecks a kiss on her nose and drapes her arms over Gena's shoulders. Their faces reflect concern for each other.

RENO

I'm sorry... I've... caused you to worry. Don't, please?

GENA

Maybe we should talk?

RENO

No really... I'm fine. I just had a bit of a tiff with Warren, and I guess I drank that beer too fast.

GENA

Only if you promise me not to drink anymore today?

RENO

I promise.

She crosses her heart with her finger. Gena runs her fingers through Reno's hair. Their faces reflect loving smiles.

GENA

All right.

RENO

Now here, allow me.

Reno hops sideways, stoops at the lower cabinets and throws them open. She tosses a coil of clear plastic tubing to Gena and then a roll of duct tape.

GENA

Thanks.

Reno jumps up, beats Gena to the door and opens it for her.

RENO

Looking to drown your sorrows, Sis'?

GENA

I need an hour of weightlessness.

Vegas steps to the other side of the door.

VEGAS

Milady, your bath awaits.

GENA
 Never underestimate the healing
 power of silence.

RENO
 To each her own.

GENA
 I know... you prefer a deafening
 tone.

RENO
 Noise is asylum, a perforating
 refuge, built from within.

Gena slips off her sandals and hands them to Reno.

GENA
 Whatever you just said makes sense
 somehow.

VEGAS
 Good one, Reno-Bard.

She high-fives Reno.

GENA
 You both are a...?

VEGAS
 Two peas in an infinite pod.

Vegas and Reno clasp hands. They bow together, laughing.

GENA
 Time for my silent treatment.

Gena exits, shaking her head. Reno closes the glass patio door behind her. Vegas and Reno watch Gena through the window.

EXT. POOLSIDE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Gena strips down to her panties and bra.

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

RENO (O.S.)
 "Milady?" That's not Poe?

VEGAS (O.S.)
No! "Macbeth." We were reading it
together, yesterday?

RENO (O.S.)
Where is my mind?

Gena steps by the bubbling hot tub and skirts the pool. The green automated pool cover peels from over the deep end.

Gena stops at the free weight bench press and slides a circular ten pounder from a weight stand.

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

Gena sets the weight on the diving board. She duct tapes one end of the tubing onto the pool ladder.

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

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

VEGAS (O.S.)
Me thinks - she wants some water -
to put out the blow torch -

Gena grabs a pair of goggles from the board.

RENO (O.S.)
Shakespeare and Cobain?

Gena unwinds the tubing, snaps on the goggles and bites the end of the tube.

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

Gena steps off the pool ledge and disappears inside a splash.

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

INT. WHITE SPORTS CAR - DAY

Warren speeds through traffic, slamming gears while squeezing between cars.

WARREN
Get the hell out of my Goddamn way.

He reaches a convoy of trucks and weaves his way through them. The truckers BLOW their horns and give him the finger in response.

WARREN

Hey, thanks for the directions.

He hits the passing lane and glimpses a sign reading, "Cicero exit 1/4 mile".

WARREN

Shit! Next exit!

He stomps the accelerator, half-circles right and cuts-off an air braking eighteen wheeler.

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

WARREN

Whoa!

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

A gavel BANGS O.S.

INT. COOK COUNTY CRIMINAL COURTROOM - DAY

A middle-aged judge on bench sets his gavel down. The dark wood paneling has seen a history of all-star criminals: Leopold and Loeb, Richard Speck, John Wayne Gacey, and Al Capone, batting cleanup. The stenographer closes shop. Two smiling prosecutors shake hands.

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

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

VLAD

(Croatian accent)

Nothing to worry about, huh?

WARREN

Vlad, come on... we can appeal.

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

VLAD

(Croatian accent)

I will peel... your skin!

Warren carries the attache case out into the --

CORRIDOR

MARKO MARTA (22), smaller Vlad look-alike, warm-up suit, Croatia accent, soul patch, steps in front of Warren.

WARREN
Move, little man.

MARKO
What the fuck was that bullshit,
dog?

Warren steps around him and walks. Marko chases him.

WARREN
Marko, your brother should have
listened.

MARKO
You call yourself a lawyer.

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

MARKO
Whassup wit'...
(lowers voice)
that two million?

Warren slows, stares back at him a second and continues faster.

WARREN
I've got business to attend to.

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

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

WARREN
Call my office and schedule an
appointment.

Marko cuts him off at the Men's room door.

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

WARREN

Okay. We'll have that appointment now.

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

MEN'S ROOM

The door bursts open, Warren shoves him across the tiles and sits his ass in a porcelain urinal. He bangs Marko's head into the lever, flushing.

MARKO

Fuck!

WARREN

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

He sets his briefcase down and pees in another urinal. Marko rises, shaking the cobwebs from his head.

MARKO

I will be seeing ya on the other side.

WARREN

Maybe I banged your head a little too hard.

MARKO

Fuck ya talkin' 'bout?

Warren opens his briefcase and removes a sheet of paper.

WARREN

I thought you were a lot fucking smarter, my man.

MARKO

Why don't ya motherfucking tell me how smart.

He pats his wet ass with paper towels.

WARREN

Your brother doesn't know what I know.

MARKO

Fuck you sayin'?

WARREN
You saved your ass by turning
tricks for the cops.

MARKO
Bullshit, dog!

WARREN
Wipe your dog-ass with these.

He holds up a an arrest report with Marko's name on it.

MARKO
Where did ya? Fuck you! These are
fake!

He twists the paper towels and throws them down.

WARREN
Why don't we cut all the crap, okay
Marko?

Marko snatches the papers and stuffs them into his pocket.

MARKO
I want that motherfucking money,
dog!

Warren steps over to the sink and washes his hands.

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

MARKO
No fucking way.

Warren tears a paper towel from a dispenser and dries his
hands.

WARREN
Fucking way, dog-ass.

MARKO
Hey, fuck you!

He throws a punch. Warren catches the fist, twists his arm
behind his back and shoves him face first into a stall.

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

MARKO

Don't do that.

WARREN

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

MARKO

What do you want from me?

Warren leans out of the stall, surveys the empty room and reenters.

WARREN

Kill my crazy wife.

He pulls a photo out of his breast pocket and shows Marko a picture of Reno.

INT. DANNY'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

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

DANNY

My keys in there?

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

VEGAS

I love your air.

DANNY

Lately I been losing a lot of
things. Now I find myself an
answer.

VEGAS

Would you like to pat me down?

She starts to rise.

DANNY

Don't even.

He shoves her in the suds. She comes up staring daggers through tears, watching the door close.

VEGAS

You're odd! You know that?

DANNY (O.S.)

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

She steps out of the tub, leaning against the door.

VEGAS

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

DANNY (O.S.)

You must be a bloodhound yay?

VEGAS

How about you, are you a terrorist or something?

DANNY (O.S.)

Okay, ya stole my keys. I get that. Ya followed me, well, that's my carelessness. But how'd ya get past Grace, and why didn't she tell me?

VEGAS

She caught me coming up the front stairs.

DANNY (O.S.)

I knew ya couldn't of gotten past her.

She shakes the water from her hair and runs her fingers through it.

VEGAS

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

DANNY (O.S.)

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

VEGAS

I've been seventeen for like five months now.

DANNY (O.S.)
Come back in like seven months. Oh,
and please, when ya get here, wait
outside.

She lays her forehead on the door and closes her eyes.

VEGAS
I can't survive another seven
months.

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

VEGAS
I'm suicidal.

The door bursts open, throwing her back. Her ass splashes
into the tub. He storms in.

DANNY
You okay?

She reaches her hands out to him, blowing suds from her nose,
with her legs dangling over the side.

VEGAS
I'm lonely.

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

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

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

VEGAS
Then you do care for me?

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

She flings water at him.

VEGAS
She's sweet.

He turns to leave, then spins back and gets in her face.

DANNY
Personally, I think your problem is
immaturity.

She stands with her arms out, tits in his face, wearing only a crooked smile.

VEGAS
Baby loves attention.

DANNY
Focus on this.

He leaves, slamming the door.

INT./EXT. WHITE SPORTS CAR - NIGHT

Warren drives, wearing a cell phone headset. He snorts a line of coke off his steering arm, snaking the car through expressway traffic.

He tailgates a pickup with a stack of drywall, its brake lights color his angry face in red.

WARREN
(into headset)
Who is this character, and how am I
suppose to promise to find him
without any address?

He down shifts and fishtails left, accelerating onto the shoulder, passing the pickup.

RENO (O.S.)
The name he gave me was, Danny
Ramone.

WARREN
Reno, is there anything you tell
me, something about him that I can
use to locate him?

RENO (O.S.)
Vegas mentioned something about
this record store they talk about
in Wicker Park.

He down shifts and squeezes between cars, giving the finger to the pickup driver.

WARREN
(into headset)
Hey, give me a chance to find her.
We certainly don't need the police.

RENO(O.S.)

(filtered)

I swear I... I'm telling you, I can't take this anymore. I'm coming apart at the seams. I can't be alone any longer. We need--

WARREN

(into headset)

Listen! I'll bring her home with me tonight. Go to my place and hop in the pool. Just relax until I get her there.

He rips his headset off and tosses it on the seat.

WARREN

I guarantee you, I'll fix everything tonight.

He steers with one hand, twisting the cap from a tiny bottle of coke with his teeth.

WARREN

Bottoms up.

He upends the bottle in his nose and throws his head back, snorting.

His head lowers with the bottle in his nose, chewing the cap. He twists the wheel, slaloming the car in and around traffic.

WARREN

You stupid bunch of scared sheep, drive!

He looks into his jiggling right side mirror, duct taped in place, but loose.

WARREN

Don't you dare let me down. The world is lost without duct tape.

He eyes his rear-view mirror, a black rust-bucket jeep with a torn canvas roof matches his every move.

WARREN

Come on, Speedy Gonzales, stay with me, little black sheep.

He turns forward, the speeding pickup swings in front of him and looses a sheet of dry wall.

WARREN

Whoa!

He swerves right and hits the emergency lane as the dry wall explodes onto the roof.

WARREN

Shit!

He slams the brakes, chalk powder caking the windshield and side window. The washer spray squirts twice and quits. The wipers create a white muck as they SQUEAL across the glass.

He flicks the wiper control and powers the window down.

WARREN

Stupid fluid! Goddamn quit on me!

He pokes his head out and stares back.

SPEEDY GONZALES (35), big man, Fu Manchu mustache, Mexican accent, tattooed arms, slams his jeep door and approaches Warren, breathing fire.

WARREN

You want some action? You're gonna get it!

Warren dives across the seat and punches the glove box open.

Speedy leans inside.

SPEEDY

Hey there, buddy! I am going to have to teach you some--!

Warren sticks an automatic pistol between his eyes, breathing like a bull in full charge. Speedy holds his breath. The wipers continue SQUEAKING as they smear the glass white.

WARREN

Listen here, Speedy Gonzales. You're stuck between a bullet and 65 mile-an-hour traffic.

SPEEDY

Please, sir!

Warren snorts right out of his coke bottle.

WARREN

Marko send you?

SPEEDY
I don't know Marko, sir.

WARREN
Then why in hell are you after me
then?

He twists the muzzle sideways into Speedy's forehead.

SPEEDY
You cut me off, sir. I am just a
victim of road rage, looking to
some kick yuppie ass.

WARREN
Well now, in that case... I really
enjoyed our little race. And I'm
gonna give you something that 'ill
kick your ass into gear.

He taps a line of coke out on the slide of the gun.

SPEEDY
Sir, please, sir. I took the cure.
Six months clean. I cannot go back.

Warren lowers the muzzle under his chin and CLICKS the hammer
back. Wipers SQUEALING.

WARREN
Go on, snort it! You'll be all ya
can be, Speedy.

Speedy snorts the coke.

WARREN
Meep-meep!

Warren speeds away, fishtailing into swerving traffic.

Speedy drops to his knees.

Warren tosses the handgun onto the passenger seat, laughing
his ass off.

WARREN
Yes buddy, a name like Speedy is a
terrible thing to waste.

INT. HAVE A GAS MINI-MART - NIGHT

Gena stands behind the counter, phone to her ear. She reads the numbers from a pile of entry cards, punching them into the lotto machine.

An OLD LADY stands with her back against the other side of the counter, facing a long line GRUMBLING LOTTO CUSTOMERS.

GRUMBLING LOTTO CUSTOMER 1
This is where all our social
security taxes go.

GRUMBLING LOTTO CUSTOMER 2
Going-going-gone.

GRUMBLING LOTTO CUSTOMER 1
You betting the nursing home on
those numbers, granny?

GRUMBLING LOTTO CUSTOMER 2
She's probably got that Caddilac
outside.

OLD LADY
I should be ashamed of myself, but
I ain't.

She takes a quick threatening step towards them stomping her foot as she gives them the finger.

Grumbling Lotto Customers step back, crushing the potato chip bags against the shelves.

OLD LADY
Pussy's!

Preteens run up the aisle, splashing their blue Slushees on Grumbling Lotto Customers as they pass, screaming.

PRETEEN 1 & 2
(simultaneously)
Respect your elders!

The Grumbling Lotto Customers chase the Preteens outside.

The Old Lady collects her daily game receipts.

OLD LADY
This is my lucky day. God bless the
little ones.

She exits, laughing.

Reno stares through the window. The Old Lady climbs into her convertible luxury sports car and peels out of the station.

RENO

Where in the world are those two?

INT. DANNY'S HALLWAY - NIGHT

Vegas swings the bathroom door open, kicks it against the wall and steps between stacks of books and albums. The walls and ceiling painted with comic book style illustrations of Danny's street life.

VEGAS

He's his own comic book hero.

She runs her finger along a larger series of side-by-side frames, depicting Danny's comic book character.

VEGAS

A legend in his own mind's eye.

Danny ages with each frame as a growing crowd of adults chase him down a different block of apartment buildings in each progression.

Danny leaps off the fourth frame and disappears.

VEGAS

Ready or not, here I come.

She parts strips of plastic hanging over the door frame. PUNK ROCK blasts as she enters a --

STUDIO

A blue flashing light over a police surveillance camera on the light pole outside shines in from the bay windows.

Vegas follows the blue light on its orbit around the circular wall. Broken brush strokes sculpt the rough textures of thick plied oil paint, creating a mural of punk rock mosh-pitters in frenzied blurry motion around the room.

VEGAS

Nice effect.

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

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

Danny lays on top of a scaffold with a turntable and speakers mounted on the wood framed bottom.

He paints the black hole in the center of a swirling vortex of multi-layers of white, red, gray and blue, spanning the complete ceiling.

Vegas scratches the needle across the record and throws his keys to the floor.

Danny sits up, his face and hair dotted with paint.

VEGAS

You can have these. I won't bother to steal them again.

Danny removes his paint splashed smock.

VEGAS

Oh, and I seem to of lost my anarchy locket, if you see it--

He throws the smock in her face.

DANNY

I'll keep an eye open for it. Now put that on and wheel me to my right, please.

Her anger turns into delight as she puts on the smock.

VEGAS

What is it?

DANNY

I conjure black holes. They're my escape routes. Emergency exits.

VEGAS

We are so much alike.

She pulls the collar up around her neck.

DANNY

Well, I have to admit, it looks much better on you.

He smiles at her for the first time. She beams back.

VEGAS

Finally, a compliment, thank you.

DANNY

Well, if Grace likes you.

VEGAS

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

DANNY

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

Vegas pushes the scaffold with a spring in her step.

VEGAS

What does she think about your
colors?

DANNY

She can't see them.

She stops pushing.

VEGAS

Are you saying you don't let her in
here?

DANNY

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

VEGAS

You have a blind landlady as a
guard?

DANNY

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

He climbs down and leads Vegas around the room, surveying the
murals.

VEGAS

This is serious. You ever show
anyone your work?

DANNY

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

VEGAS

These are awesome.

She stops him in their tracks.

VEGAS

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

She shakes her head at him.

DANNY

You're disappointed.

She smiles adoringly at him.

VEGAS

I left my disappointment in the bathroom. How 'bout me?

DANNY

Me who?

She turns and walks away along the wall, calling back.

VEGAS

Am I all wrong?

She clamps her hands to her chest, silently mouthing the words: please-please-please, hoping he shares her feeling.

DANNY

You couldn't disappoint me.

She runs to him, pecks a kiss on his cheek and scurries back where she was. He smiles wide, rubbing the cheek she kissed.

She points at the mural.

VEGAS

Mosh-pits seem like total confusion.

He catches up to her.

DANNY

The world turns, and so will the worms.

She hops around throwing punches. He circles her.

VEGAS

I was a total punk all my teen years. I read everything about the Brits and the Americans. I always wanted to do slam-dance. What's it like?

He grabs her by the shoulders.

DANNY
Actually, it's a... total
unequivocal escape. Like...

He opens her smock and smiles playfully at her breasts.

DANNY
... ya shed your illls and ya come
out recycled.

She shoves him back and hugs the smock closed.

VEGAS
It can't be that easy.

He stares into her eyes.

DANNY
Yes... I see.

He takes her hand and leads her to the scaffold ladder.

VEGAS
What are we going to do?

DANNY
Flush what illls ya.

He points to the black hole in the ceiling.

VEGAS
I have so much.

She folds her arms over her chest.

DANNY
Black holes are the vacuum cleaners
of the cosmos.

O.S. The sound of a vacuum cleaner SUCKING coins.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Reno lifts the vacuum cleaner by the handles and shakes herself with it, RATTLING four coins to the floor.

RENO
I slave all day for loose change.

She sets the vacuum down, collects the coins and pinches them between her thumbs and index fingers. She jumps on the couch.

RENO
But I dance tonight.

She stomps her feet into the cushions, CLICKING the coins like finger cymbals.

RENO
Queen of the wandering gypsies.

She jumps down and runs around, fluttering her arms like a butterfly.

RENO
As a butterfly I must...

She stops, stuffs the coins in her pockets and screams.

RENO
I must... butterflies...?
Pollinate!

She rushes around the room, collecting knickknacks and setting them on the couch. She stands straight up and furrows her brows.

RENO
What now?

She sits back on the coffee table, knocking an aerosol can of furniture polish over behind her.

RENO
Damn it.

She snatches the can and smacks herself in the head with it.

RENO
Concentrate...

She stands and spins with her eyes closed. She halts, her eyes open over a widening smile.

RENO
... yes!

She rips a rag from her back pocket and races about the room, spraying the polish and wiping the furniture.

RENO
I'll show Warren, just what a loyal forgiving wife I can be.

INT. STUDIO - DAY

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

VEGAS
You're still bitter.

DANNY
Losing everyone, can be quite
inspiring.

VEGAS
You miss them?

He looks around the room.

DANNY
My mother taught me to paint and my
father music. They're all around
me. Time is all we didn't have.

VEGAS
Did you ever think about suicide?

DANNY
And finish off the whole family.

VEGAS
Not much of a psychoanalyst, am I?

DANNY
You even know the meaning
psychoanalysis'?

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

He pecks a kiss on her cheek. She smiles wide.

DANNY
So much for the independent. Where
'd you get all that head shrinking?

VEGAS
I did a project on Freud last
semester. Oh, and I have a
photographic memory.

DANNY
That can be hell.

She shrugs her shoulders.

VEGAS
How did it happen?

DANNY
I knew that was coming.

VEGAS
Only so much even I can sniff.

DANNY
Follow me.

They stand and she follows him through the plastic strips into the --

HALLWAY

He lifts a deck of a cardboard cards from a pile of albums and taps the edges against the wall, aligning them.

DANNY
I sketched these frames on the backs of cereal boxes.

VEGAS
Like a cartoon?

He rubber-bands the left side of the stack.

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

The top sketch is a drawing of the interior of a car, a man drives and a woman sits passenger, both in bucket-seats. A seven-year-old boy sits in the center of the backseat. His pencil point on the tail end of a swirling line, creating a vortex on the sketchbook page.

DANNY
I used to draw a continuing line from the center outward, imagining I was traveling into the unknown.

VEGAS
Zebras never change their stripes.

DANNY
Snappy!

VEGAS
It can be a curse.

DANNY

The curse is taming the shrewd.

He flips through the cards:

BEGIN ANIMATION FLASHBACK:

The man steers and the woman turns to the boy. The boy holds his pencil to the paper, the swirling line grows, the vortex encompassing the whole page.

The reinforced bumper of a SUV slams the front end, crumpling the hood. The windshield fragments and the collapsing dashboard swallows the front seat.

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

The interior bursts into flames, the boy flies through the windshield frame, his face buried in the sketchbook page.

The boy spins face-first down the vortex, shrinking into a black dot.

He lands on his belly, his face buried in the pencil drawing on his sketchbook page pressed flat against a bed pillow.

END ANIMATION FLASHBACK AND BACK TO SCENE:

Vegas pulls the cards down from in front of Danny's teary face. He twists away, steps and stops.

VEGAS

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

DANNY

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

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

DANNY

Action, you see, is the only truth.

VEGAS

Words bear knowledge.

DANNY

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

VEGAS

What was her reasoning?

DANNY

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

VEGAS

I believe in you.

DANNY

I'm sorry. I'm not good at saying things. I've never had... I don't know. It's been so long... Too long. I don't know... Grace is right to worry.

Vegas offers him her hand.

VEGAS

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

DANNY

Trust...? You're still psychoanalyzing.

VEGAS

I've read a-lot of promises and I'd like to put them to use. Will you deny me action?

DANNY

Action, please.

VEGAS

Is it any wonder your landlady is blind. Who better to share the darkness of the black hole with.

Her eyes goes red and well up with tears.

VEGAS

I'm sorry.

He grabs her shoulders and stares into her eyes.

DANNY

No, no, don't be. You're doing me good. I mean... What you're saying.

VEGAS

We the worms that turn, live in the chaos of the world. But in all its ugly-ness, there is light, love, and so much action. You are missing all this.

DANNY

You sure you're only seventeen?

VEGAS

I am full of the promises of Shakespeare, Dickens, Freud, Cobain and Crash.

DANNY

You're infectious. I felt it the first time I saw you. The world shuddered at my feet. Words began flooding my heart... but they all seem so much like promises.

VEGAS

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

DANNY

You want to be a part of my world?

He hands her a guitar pick and walks away. She jumps up and follows.

VEGAS

If you'll have me.

He rips the plastic from the instruments, flips the amplifier on. She picks up the guitar and jacks the guitar into to the amps.

DANNY

You'll have to keep up with me.

He sits behind the drums, twirls the drumsticks into the air and catches them, pounding a fast punk beat.

She joins in at the speed of sound.

INT. WHITE SPORTS CAR - NIGHT

Warren races up an expressway exit ramp and turns onto a busy boulevard.

He powers down the chalk covered window. He passes the Criminal Courts Building and the Cook County Jail.

WARREN

Sleep tight Vlad, your money's safe
with me.

He fingers the dent in the door and rolls up the window.

WARREN

I need a wash.

He makes a U-turn and heads down a side-street.

He rolls to a halt in the middle of the block facing a water hydrant, showering a group of African American kids, dancing under the spray.

He enters the waterfall's edge and the kids backpedal onto the curb.

A TEENAGE GIRL straddling the hydrant lowers his arms from in front of the spigot, ending the downpour.

Warren powers down the passenger side window and waves for the Teenage Girl to spray his car.

WARREN

Come on, do me!

The Teenage Girl spins the chain holding Vegas's anarchy locket and centers it on her chest, shrugging her shoulders at Warren.

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

The kids on the curb goad the Teenage Girl into action. She spins the locket around to her backside and lowers her arms in front of the spigot, spraying the water.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Reno dances out of a steamy bathroom, tying her robe.

She bounces around, adjusting Warren's personal items into specific places on the furniture tops.

RENO

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

She bows to the furniture, jumps her ass on the bed and leans towards the side of the night stand.

RENO

Oh no, this will not do.

She bounces to her feet and drops on her knees by the side of the night stand. She lightly touches a white crusty splatter of Warren's ejaculation on the wood.

RENO

This is certainly out of place,
Warren. The instructions say,
"wet..."

She licks her fingers and wipes it off.

RENO

... and rub here."

She closes her eyes, slides her wet fingers inside her robe and massages between her legs.

RENO

Now, that's the damn spot.

She leans around the backside of the night stand and reaches behind.

RENO

Something more for my attention?

She rises, staring at the jump drive in her palm.

RENO

Why and what are you hiding?

She rises on her toes like a ballerina.

RENO

Well, let's see what this is all
about.

She pirouettes and leaps out the door.

INT. WHITE SPORTS CAR - NIGHT

A downpour RUMBLES onto the roof. Warren rubs coke into his gums. The cascading water cleans the chalk from the windows and blue light strobes through the streaking wet glass.

WARREN

Unfucking believable. My luck.

He turns back, his head moving around as he tries to see through the river of water running down the rear window.

WARREN

Where the--? Shit, I forgot the...
Goddamn!

He grabs the handgun from under the arm rest and tries his best to stretch to the glove box, without noticeably leaning.

The Teenage Girl yells through the driver side glass.

TEENAGE GIRL

Hey dude, ya gotta move! Okay?

He powers the window down.

WARREN

The cops?

TEENAGE GIRL

Ain't no police.

Warren sticks his head out the window and stares up at the surveillance camera on the light pole. Blue light flashes across his smiling face.

WARREN

No cops?

Teenage Girl raises her arms in agitation.

TEENAGE GIRL

Dude, move!

WARREN

Yeah.

She turns and Vegas's anarchy necklace bounces on her back as she hops away.

He stares up at a round brick house, the curved second floor windows, reflecting the blue flashing light.

WARREN

Nice windows.

Vegas steps in front of the bay window, looking down at Warren's car as she plays the guitar. Her jaw drops and her eyes bug-out.

Warren pulls away, waving over the roof at the kids, not noticing Vegas.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Reno sits with her face inches from the laptop screen. The speakers MOAN with the sounds of a couple having hot sex.

RENO
Pandora's box.

Reno slaps the laptop lid down and rips the jump drive from the USB port.

She raises the laptop over her head and smashes the computer into the fireplace, screaming.

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

She crouches, pounding her open fists into her head. She grabs a handful of hair from each side of her head and pulls her face to her knees, laughing hysterically.

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

She leaps to her feet and storms into the --

KITCHEN

Reno grabs a butcher knife from a knife stand.

RENO
I'm thinking very clearly now.

She flips on the garbage disposal and stares into the churning wheels, stabbing the wall over and over again.

RENO
I'll tear this house down around
them.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Reno storms in with the knife in her hand, eyes darting about the room.

She dives onto the bed and buries the blade in a pillow. She reaches over the headboard shelf and snatches a digital hand held camera from between books.

RENO

You are such a perverted degenerate
bastard.

She jumps up and tosses the camera on the mattress. She storms about the room, slapping the personal items off the furniture tops.

She picks up the jewel box and smiles into the mirror on the wall.

RENO

Mirror mirror, off the fucking
wall.

She throws the jewel box through the mirror.

RENO

My luck could only change for the
better.

She stops in the window and stares out at the full moon.

EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

A sledgehammer crashes in the moonlit grass. Marko jumps over the fence and lands. A bright floodlight shines on him.

He stares up at halogen security lamps mounted above the master bedroom window. Reno stands behind the glass, then leaps out of the frame.

He stands and stares at the vacant window. The patio door closes, breaking his trance. He runs for the door.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Reno slides the patio door closed and fumbles for the lock latch.

RENO

You stupid!

The door jerks out of her hand, opening. Marko pounces on her, shoving her back against the counter. He dimples her cheek with the 9mm muzzle.

MARKO

Welcome to your nightmare.

RENO

What took you so long?

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

Smashed appliances strewn about the counter-top. Gouged cabinet doors hang from broken hinges. Water overflows the sink.

The refrigerator is beaten beyond recognition, a 3 iron buried in the door.

MARKO

Nice work.

He drags her into the --

LIVING ROOM

Marko shoves Reno into the midst of more devastation. The room is trashed, torn paintings askew on the wall, furniture ripped, the TV and sound system busted on the floor.

RENO

The party's over.

MARKO

You a vandal?

RENO

You're not very bright?

MARKO

Hey bitch, I'm just talking out loud.

RENO

You mean thinking.

MARKO

Whassup with that?

RENO

You mean, you're thinking out loud.

MARKO

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

He CLICKS the 9mm hammer back.

MARKO

Where's the safe, bitch?

RENO

You mean dead bitch.

He throws her down, smirking.

MARKO

Motherfucker. You are one sick beautiful bitch.

RENO

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

MARKO

You got a dying room?

RENO

I was contemplating a nice bloodbath.

She jumps up and takes a step. He gets in her face with the muzzle to her head.

MARKO

How's 'bout, my motherfucking gun, my motherfucking plan.

RENO

I'm done with any man's plans.

She shoves him and takes off across the floor. He grabs her robe sleeve, pulling her back.

MARKO

Whoa there girl!

RENO

I'm done with the workhorse crap too.

She spins, losing the robe. She runs naked for the stairs. He tosses the robe and trails her.

MARKO

Now I get it.

REAR STAIRCASE

They're feet splash up the sopping wet carpet on the stairs.

He leaps and tackles her on the landing. They slip and slide on the water soaked rug, splashing halfway into the --

BATHROOM

He stares at the disaster area, water shoots out of the broken bathtub faucet onto the floor. The sink is cracked in half, a dildo stuck in the drain.

She spins under him until they're face-to-face. She grabs his hand and puts the gun back to her own head.

MARKO
You ain't playin'.

RENO
Finish me.

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

RENO
You work for Warren?

MARKO
Warren! Shit, I ought-a kill that fuck.

RENO
Now we're talking!

She tears his shirt open and wraps her arms around him, kissing him passionately.

He shoves her away. She frowns until he drops his pants and boxers. She leaps, arms around his neck, legs circling his waist. They go back at each other with animal sexual tenacity.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

Danny and Vegas stand inside a corrugated metal shelter along the tracks in a bygone industrial area, below an overpass.

DANNY
You came in and did what? You're lying.

She goes through the motions of a person with a cue stick breaking a rack of billiard balls on a pool table.

VEGAS
I told you that I was good with a stick.

DANNY
He go crazy on you after that, or what?

VEGAS
Oh hell no. He's my bitch, now.

They bust out laughing.

DANNY

Gena's little school girl ain't in school anymore.

VEGAS

So what's the mystery? Where we going?

She gets in his face, pretending to be serious.

DANNY

I thought I'd show you the night out, my style.

VEGAS

We're not gonna just circle jerk around downtown.

He hugs her and lifts her off her feet.

DANNY

I was thinking of elevating your game.

VEGAS

I already rode the L through the loop.

DANNY

Tonight we're shooting for escape velocity.

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

A MIXED SIGNALMAN (40), greasy hair, mustache, smudged horn-rimmed glasses, jumps out with a flashlight. He brushes Danny back, eyeballing him as he passes.

TRAIN ENTRANCE VESTIBULE

Danny and Vegas climb the steps, staring at each other with playfully curious looks.

ABE (50), looks like Abraham Lincoln, conductor cap, coat and vest, pocket watch and chain, standing above at the passenger car doorway.

DANNY AND VEGAS

(simultaneously)

All aboard that crazy train!

Danny and Vegas pass Abe, saluting. Abe stares daggers at their backs.

Signalman shouts into a two-way radio and hops aboard.

SIGNALMAN

Let's roll, Charlie, let's roll.

He clips his radio into his shoulder strap and looks at Abe.

ABE

I think we got ourselves a fuss.

The doors shut and the train jerks forward.

SIGNALMAN

A fuss you think? You thinking a fuss?

ABE

These two just gave me that same salute?

Signalman and Abe nod in agreement.

COACH CAR

Danny sits on the aisle. Vegas in the window seat. The rest of the seating unoccupied.

DANNY

Looks like Mickey's one anamatron president short.

VEGAS

You ever see the twilight zone where the guy rides a train to another time?

DANNY

Not sure, but I remember a song, "hell-bound train".

VEGAS

Well they're about to descend upon us.

Abe steps behind their seats. Signalman faces them.

ABE

You two look gosh darn familiar.

SIGNALMAN

Sure, I remember little missy here.
I sure remember. You remember me?

She stands, curtsies and sits, shaking her head.

VEGAS

I do not, sir.

SIGNALMAN

You do. You ride at night, you do.

VEGAS

You're wrong.

Signalman smiles waving his finger at her.

SIGNALMAN

You and your friends. Your friends
and you.

DANNY

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

ABE

Don't condescend me, boy. I think
they're your friends too. They all
wear the same hair. Like the
Mohicans.

Signalman whoops and hollers, beating his lips with his
palms, pow-wow dancing.

DANNY

Why don't I just pay the fare and
you all can go about entertaining
yourselves.

He leans forward to get his wallet. Abe reaches over his seat
and sits Danny back.

ABE

I'll tell you, boy. We ain't never
gonna make no deal. No way no how.
Honest Injun.

Signalman stoops to Vegas' eye level.

SIGNALMAN

Does your mom know you date
heathens? Does your mom?

Danny shoves him on his ass in the aisle.

Signalman bounces up. Abe holds him in check. Danny stands defiant, protecting Vegas.

ABE

Hey now, simmer down. We're about to smoke 'em peace pipe.

SIGNALMAN

You're lucky. You are lucky.

Vegas points out the window, the train passes a station with people waving for them to stop.

VEGAS

You passed a station.

Abe and Signalman smile devilishly at each other.

ABE

I've got myself a story to tell, and damn if I ain't telling it in private.

Vegas grabs Danny's sleeve and pulls him into his seat.

DANNY

We'll listen.

SIGNALMAN

I got my part to tell too. I got my part too.

He pounds his thumb into his chest. Abe pats his back.

ABE

Surely you do. Just jump in when you need to.

He leans in Signalman's face with a questioning glance.

ABE

Long as you act accordingly. That okay?

SIGNALMAN

I'm in. I'm in.

He shoves his hands into his pockets and nods in agreement.

ABE

We had ourselves a bit of a problem a while back. Punks, hair like you, boy. Punks, didn't wanna pay. No way, no how.

SIGNALMAN

I seen it coming and I knew, right.
Yeah and I knew. I seen it coming
all right.

ABE

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

Danny pulls a fold of dollar bills and offers them.

DANNY

I'll pay.

ABE

Now you's promised to listen. So
put it away and wait for me to
finish, boy.

DANNY

Hey...

Danny's face shows anger but Vegas folds the money back into
his palm.

VEGAS

Go on, we're interested.

SIGNALMAN

You wanna say something?
Something... something you wanna
say?

Vegas lays her cheek on Danny's shoulder and looks into his
eyes, cajoling him with a smile.

Danny smiles and nods at Abe.

DANNY

Go ahead.

ABE

Well, I think you two wanna get off
soon as possible. So why don't we
get to the doors so we can get ya's
out soon as they open up.

SIGNALMAN

You all go on and lead. Lead you
all, go on.

Danny takes Vegas by the hand and leads her down the aisle.

TRAIN ENTRANCE VESTIBULE

They stop on the highest step above the double doors. Abe and Signalman crowd them towards the edge of the steps.

ABE

I been meaning to ask ya's if ya know where I can find them there punk friends a-yours. I ain't seen 'em in a while.

Abe passes between them and steps down to the door.

ABE

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

He sticks a key in a keyhole.

ABE

I's wondering, maybe they strayed on over the tracks and got themselves hit.

He turns the key and the doors open.

ABE

I mean a train's wheels grind ya up pretty darn good. Wouldn't leave not much to bury. That'd be easy anyhow. Specially out here. Nothing but closed steel mills and such.

Signalman shoves Danny down the steps and grabs Vegas.

Abe catches Danny and gets in his face.

ABE

Someone come back here and find what's left of 'em. No one knows. Ain't no fuss to that. But it causes one to wonder. Well I's just wishing you's could clear up my notions for me.

DANNY

I gotta a notion.

Danny head butts Abe and shoves him out into the darkness.

Signalman wrestles Vegas to the edge of the step.

Danny bear hugs Signalman from behind and Vegas knees him.

DANNY
Get the radio!

Vegas rips the radio from Signalman's shoulder strap. Danny spins him around and heaves him off the train.

VEGAS
Wow, that was a freak.

DANNY
Honest Injun.

VEGAS
What next?

DANNY
I'm sure we're far enough from them now to jump without having to fuss with them again, tonight any ways.

VEGAS
I don't know if I can jump, now or ever, we're moving really fast.

DANNY
Escape velocity!

He wraps his arm around her and jumps out for the both of them.

EXT. RAILROAD EMBANKMENT - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

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

Danny rises and races over to Vegas. He helps her up and brushes her off. She crosses her arms, rubbing her elbows.

VEGAS
You miss me?

DANNY
No.

VEGAS
I can fix that.

She wraps her arms around him and forces him to his knees. They entangle in a passionate embrace, kissing.

INT. WARREN'S HOME OFFICE - NIGHT

A computer, fax, furniture, shelves and copier lay in ruin, sprinkled with wood splinters below gaping holes in the paneling.

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

RENO
Hit me again!

A trail of heavy gouge marks on the wood floor lead to a safe on its back in the center of the room. Marko stands nude, raises the sledgehammer over his shoulder and bashes the door. Barely scratching the surface.

EXT. ARAGON BALLROOM - NIGHT

A group of young punks gather behind crowd control ropes outside the doors. The marquee above announces the musical line up of bands, "Sexy Violents, Uproar, Tumult".

Danny and Vegas run across the street and hit the sidewalk.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Danny boy...!

RECON (25), big loud New Yorker, Jar-head haircut, leather pants and snakeskin boots, razor-blade earrings, cuts through the crowd.

RECON
Move, frigging ladies.

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

DANNY
Crazy Recon. Always the cut-up.

Recon blocks their path.

RECON
Halt Boy!

DANNY
Buzz off!

Danny backs away from Vegas. She watches Recon, unsure of his intentions. Recon winks at Vegas as he passes.

RECON
Hey, sweetheart.

He lifts Danny into a long snarling bear-hug.

DANNY

Bear fag.

Recon sets him down and smiles at Vegas.

RECON

You know, anyone else says that to me, I screw my frigging snakeskins up their ass sideways.

VEGAS

Repressed sexual urges can often emerge in violent acts.

Recon growls at her. Danny laughs.

DANNY

Ha! Recon, meet my girl, Vegas.

Vegas jumps on Danny, kissing him through her wide grin. Recon stares at Vegas, then at his boots, then back at her.

RECON

I should get new kicks.

Everyone laughs their asses off.

DANNY

I'm back on the attack.

RECON

Tonight?

DANNY

Brought my inspiration with me.

He hugs and kisses Vegas.

RECON

If you wait after the show...

DANNY

Vegas, can handle it. I got enough cover.

RECON

Come on you two, let's get you inside.

He collects them under each arm and herds them into the alley, speaking to Danny.

RECON

Where exactly is that studio you
hide in?

INT. ARAGON BALLROOM OFFICE BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

The walls are oil painted in a renaissance style. Three walls show hordes of rebellious punks in Mohawks, fists in the air.

Painting behind the desk, a punk band plays on the steps of the White House. A group of punks raise a flagpole with the Anarchist flag on the roof. Like the famous picture of Marines raising the American flag over Iwo Jima.

Recon grabs a leather coat from a wall hook, slips it on and sits on the desktop.

Danny ushers Vegas in. She surveys the walls and raises her gaze to the ceiling.

VEGAS

Danny?

The ceiling is painted as an aerial view of punk mosh-pitters circling the seal of the President of the United States on the oval rug, in the oval office.

RECON

Danny boy, he's a bona fide
revolutionary.

Danny steps behind Vegas and puts his chin on her shoulder.

DANNY

I love my country, but change is
good. Let's go.

He puts his arm around her. They turn towards the door.

DANNY

Catch you on the rebound, Recon.

Recon jumps up and waves his arms in their faces.

RECON

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

He leans towards Vegas.

RECON

Couple times, he left me with my snakeskins up my own my own ass. What did you call it, Danny boy?

DANNY

Ouroboros.

Recon slaps him in the chest and puts his arm around him.

RECON

Yeah that's it. This time, before you go, I got a favor to ask you, Danny boy.

Danny steps out of his grasp.

DANNY

No way.

RECON

Hey! Ya didn't let me ask.

DANNY

I'm not doing a set.

Recon goes around and faces him.

RECON

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

Vegas gets between them, facing Danny.

VEGAS

You don't have to.

She turns to Recon with her war face.

Vegas

I don't want him to. And he doesn't want to. So fuck off!

Recon sits on the desk and lightens his tone.

RECON

Hey, I don't want nothing for myself here. I'm speaking for the kids out there now. They need inspiration. Anger, angst.

DANNY

Kurt's dead.

RECON

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

DANNY

No.

Recon smacks his hand on his desk.

RECON

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

DANNY

This is getting old, Recon.

He puts his arm around Vegas and they turn to leave. Recon jumps up and heads them off before the door.

RECON

Hey... I gotta lookout for the frigging future. You got this new pretty girl here, you should do the same.

VEGAS

You ever pay him for any of these paintings?

RECON

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

VEGAS

You took advantage of him.

RECON

I took Danny boy off the streets. I recognized his potential. I had to frigging force him out of his introverted uncertainty.

DANNY

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

RECON

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

He pulls a western style colt 45 pistol from his coat and CLICKS the hammer back.

VEGAS

Wow!

RECON

Ya-who, wow.

Danny cuts in front of Vegas and holds her behind him as he faces the gun.

DANNY

It's all right.

RECON

You frigging wanna a war, Danny boy?

DANNY

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

Recon backs off, eases the hammer down and jams the pistol in his pocket.

RECON

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

He aims the gun through his pocket at Vegas.

DANNY

Don't you hurt her!

RECON

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

Danny opens the door and loud PUNK ROCK rattles their eardrums.

BALLROOM

An all girl punk band in torn shirts and very short plaid skirts, tune up their instruments on stage. "Sexy Violents" written across their bass drum skin.

Recon stands to the right, gun hand in his pocket, Vegas at his side.

Clouds of multi-colored fog fills the air. A ghost of a balcony in the distance. A mirrored disco ball spins from the ceiling. Beams of white light orbit the room.

Drunk and disorderly punks surround the stage, beating their fists to the floor.

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

The drummer beats, the bass and guitar join in rhythm.

SKINNY MAN
(filtered)
Welcome to the dark side a Chicago!

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

The crowd quiets, strobe lights hit Danny. He hops to the microphone, choking the Les Paul guitar neck, riffing cords.

DANNY
(filtered)
Destroy the temples!

The band rips into a rock frenzy.

The crowd goes berserk, arms pumping, heads nodding, bowing in submission to the tempo.

A mosh-pit at the rear of the room spins with ferocity. Couples hang from the safety of the balcony, cheering.

Recon smiles. Danny smashes the Les Paul and spins. Recon backpedals. Danny flings the broken guitar into Recon's gut and shoves him. Recon flies head over heels.

The crowd storms the stage. Danny clears the way with the microphone stand, leading Vegas to the front of the stage.

Recon rises and an onslaught of punk invaders attacks him.

Danny tosses the microphone stand and grabs Vegas.

DANNY
Now's the time!

They leap into the audience, waving hands and arms carrying them towards the balcony.

Recon chases them, leading an entourage of bouncers through the crowd.

Vegas and Danny hit the floor racing towards the mosh-pitters.

Recon chases them with the entourage of bouncers.

VEGAS

I don't know.

DANNY

You tell me what it's like.

They run along the outer spiral edge of mosh-pitters. The orbiting light intensifies as they disappear around the rim.

Recon and his entourage split their pursuit into two opposing directions.

Recon threads his faction through the frenzied rockers, bumping and bruising their way into the center. They meet the other half of the entourage, each showing him a punk in tow.

RECON

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

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Marko and Reno lie in a 69 position on a pool table in the flickering darkness, candles burning in the pockets.

EXT./INT. WORMHOLE RECORDS - NIGHT

Danny and Vegas enter the unlit record store.

The door closes and a whirlpool of lights reflects in the glass, spiraling in the center of the 'Wormhole Records' logo.

Danny leads Vegas to the counter.

DANNY

Define a marvel?

VEGAS

An event outside of normal
causation.

He leaves her and steps behind the counter.

DANNY

I am the event outside of normal causation.

VEGAS

The accident. Where do I fit in?

DANNY

There's nothing normal about you.

VEGAS

Thank you.

Black neon lights bordering the ceiling blink on, highlighting infamous punk rockers painted on the walls.

Danny leads Vegas through the record store.

DANNY

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

She kisses him full on.

DANNY

I've decided on Kurt as the lamb, with Darby, and... I'm still not sure...?

VEGAS

Sid, oh please. Those dudes took it so seriously. Make it Sid. He never gave a fuck.

DANNY

You got a thing for Sid?

VEGAS

Nasty boys, always.

Danny leads her to a closet, turns a key in the lock and opens the door. He reaches in and pulls out two backpacks. He hands one to Vegas.

DANNY

Rebels always leave their mark.

EXT. ROOF - NIGHT

Danny pulls Vegas up through the trapdoor. They step to the back side and drop their backpacks.

They stare at the L tracks, draped with canvas drop-cloths, lit from the inside, running the length of the alley.

DANNY

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

VEGAS

Can you do this all in one night?

DANNY

I got the whole thing in my head.

Danny pulls two metal hooks with eyelets out of the backpack and a Bosun chair.

VEGAS

What's my part?

DANNY

Bring the ropes. I'll show you.

She removes two bundles of ropes and follows him to the short brick wall bordering the alley. He carabiners each rope to a hook.

DANNY

I'll paint my way down on the bosun chair. You feed me the paint cans. I'll call the colors, written on the can.

He hooks the wall and drops the ropes down the wall.

DANNY

I finish a section and we'll move the hooks.

He straps on the oxygen cylinder with the regulators over his back.

VEGAS

Someone might see me up here.

He uncoils the pressure hose, screws on a paint can and grips the airbrush.

DANNY

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

She throws her hood on and closes her eyes.

VEGAS

Dude, what are you going to do?

DANNY

You know the band, "Nobody's?"

VEGAS

Of course.

He aims the airbrush between her eyes.

DANNY

(sings)
- I'm a nasty boy - hope you
appreciate it -

VEGAS

(sings)
- Yeah - yeah - dude's gonna shoot -

He airbrushes her eyes and face black.

O. S. The loud bell CHIMES!

INT. HAVE A GAS MINI-MART - NIGHT

Gena sits on the counter, leaning her head against the
window, sleeping.

GENA

Vegas!?

Her body shudders and her eyes open wide. She stares through
the glass at the deserted station and the street beyond.

She jumps from the counter and takes off down the aisle.

She skids into the coffee counter, throws opens the lower
cabinets and squats. She searches inside.

GENA

I know you're in there somewhere.
Where you hiding?

She rises with a wrapper of regular and decaf coffee in her
teeth, a filter in each hand.

A tattooed arm reaches into her sight from behind and grabs the stale coffee pot from the burner.

GENA

(grits her teeth)

That's old. We're closing and I'm not going to be--

She turns on Speedy, wearing a Mexican wrestler's mask. He sticks a sawn-off shotgun under her chin and sets the coffee pot down.

SPEEDY

Babe, babe, babe, I got you.

He snatches the coffee bags out of her mouth, bites the regular coffee bag and dangles the decafe under her nose.

SPEEDY

Open your mouth wide, babe!

He taps the muzzle of the shotgun under her chin. She opens her mouth. He raises the barrel to her forehead and stuffs the bag of decafe between her teeth.

SPEEDY

That's a gag order. Funny right. Good old boy English. Oh, I am smart all right. So don't you fuck up or I will kill you real fast.

He tears his regular bag of coffee with his teeth.

SPEEDY

I am firing on more cylinders than a stock car on the Daytona straight away. But I won't last the 500 miles without a cocaine pit stop.

He pours the regular coffee into his mouth and washes the whole bag of grind down with the stale coffee pot.

SPEEDY

That is going to have to hold me. All I need now is some ready cash for my nitro funny car self. Babe!

The exterior lights go out. He checks his watch.

SPEEDY

Time to turn them horses for the finish line, babe. Champagne and cocaine, babe.

He tosses the pot and waves the sawn-off shotgun barrel in her face. The pot SHATTERS.

SPEEDY

Go on, babe, let's head for my
dinero. Like Speedy Gonzales say,
"Ha! Andale! Andale! Yipa-yipa!"

She walks towards the register. He grabs a can of energy drink from the aisle and prods her ass with the muzzle as he follows.

SPEEDY

Nice shitter, babe. Me Madre, this
coffee sticks to a man's crawl.

He shoves her behind the counter and pumps the shotgun.

SPEEDY

Open that cash drawer, babe, if you
want to stay in this wonderful
world of going around.

He sets the energy drink on the counter and raises the shotgun to her face. He opens the can and guzzles it.

She eyeballs a 357 revolver under the register. He burps.

SPEEDY

You know, babe, I cannot remember
why I ever wanted to stop getting
high.

She keys the register and the cash drawer pops out.

He leans over the drawer and forces her back with the gun muzzle. He empties the cash from the drawer, covering the counter with the cash.

SPEEDY

There must be five grand here,
babe. Oh yes, I'm going to get me
some of that high end cocaine.

He fingers the cash and peers over the counter, waving the shotgun at Gena.

SPEEDY

This is what you get when you do
not make your drops, babe. Thanks a-
lotto.

He stuffs the money into his cargo pants pockets.

SPEEDY

How about you pull your pants down
to your ankles, so I can see that
shitter now, babe?

He reaches for her pants zipper. Her eyes rollback and she
wobbles.

SPEEDY

What the Jesus on crank?

She faints. He rears back, laughing.

SPEEDY

You know babe, you are one hell of
a good time.

He leans over the counter. She fires the 357 from the floor,
blasting him between the eyes. He falls backwards, shotgun
BLASTING the ceiling.

He crashes on his ass in a display case of "Bang" soda,
slouching under a blood splattered sign: "MORE BANG FOR THE
BUCK".

She spits the coffee bag onto the counter.

GENA

You don't know me.

The sounds of BLARING police sirens grabs her attention
towards the window. Squad cars surround the gas pumps, lights
flashing.

She turns to a rack of doughnuts on the counter and knocks
the rack onto the floor.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

The white sports car SQUEALS to a halt alongside a two-story
brick building, facing L tracks over the alley.

Warren opens the door and holds the coke bottle up to the
dome light. He exits the car and slams the door.

WARREN

I'm getting dangerously low on
incentive.

He hops the curb, weaving his way through late night
revellers and after hour bar people of assorted urban
backgrounds.

He rounds the corner onto --

MILWAUKEE ROAD

Warren runs into a group of homeless nomad street performers sitting against a storefront, asses on the sidewalk.

WARREN

Geez!

The male guitar and tambourine player stop and stare up at him. Two women sing a sixties folk song.

DANCER (19), cute girl, peasant dress, resale shop Victorian era bustier, holds out an old top hat for donations.

WARREN

What the hell.

The group breaks into a song extolling the virtues of love.

Warren tries to step around them. Dancer cuts him off.

DANCER

Kind sir, can you please help the destitute?

She rattles the loose change in the top hat under Warren's smirking face.

WARREN

What makes you think I'm helpful?

DANCER

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

WARREN

What's the going rate for love these days?

DANCER

Whatever you can find in your heart to give.

She smiles. He pulls a twenty from his pants and dangles it in her face.

WARREN

A twenty is lovely, is it not?

DANCER

I love you, my brother.

WARREN

Sister, I'd rather have a blow job.

She plucks the twenty out of his hand.

DANCER

Don't bring me down.

She dances around showing off the twenty. The other band members raise their voices to the max.

An L train rumbles over the alley, drowning out the song.

WARREN

All aboard the love train!

DOWN THE BLOCK

Warren holds a piece of paper with, "1223" written under, "Danny Ramone" while he walks along store fronts and bars.

He stops in front of the "Wormhole Records" logo on the door and backs up.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Marko slaps Reno's naked ass on the counter without his penis missing a stroke as he pounds away at her pelvis. She stare up, chin quivering.

RENO

Oh God, yes!

MARKO

That's... right! I'm... gonna...

She reaches back and snatches the faucet nozzle, disturbing his rhythm.

RENO

Cool it. Don't... not yet. We're not...

He hugs her closer, shortens and quickens his pace. She sprays water over his head. He dances, foot to foot.

MARKO

Yo, whassup, that's some icy shit, yo!

RENO

Stay with us.

Marko grabs her hand and forces the stream of water across the room.

MARKO

I'm wit' ya. Now come on, don't quit on me. I got my own business.

He changes the angle of his assault. She yanks the sprayer out of his control and rips the hose from the faucet mount.

RENO

I am your master.

Water shoots up from the broken hose feed and pours down on them. She wraps her legs around his waist and grinds his hips with hers.

MARKO

Oh yea!

RENO

Now... you're mine.

She whips Marko's ass with the hose. He rises on his tiptoes, gaining tenacity.

RENO

I own you. Say it!

MARKO

I am yours!

They exhale guttural grunts, climaxing together.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Warren backpedals against the drop-cloth under the L tracks.

An L train RUMBLES overhead, the down draft flutters the drop-cloth.

BEGIN FANTASY:

EXT. HAVE A GAS MINI-MART - NIGHT

Reno, Vegas, Marko and Gena are wrapped in gift wrap with bows on their heads, standing before a gasoline tank truck, waving and smiling.

Warren polishes off another coke bottle, tosses the empty and raises the handgun towards them.

WARREN
 (sings loud)
 "I wanna be around, to pick up the
 pieces..."

He FIRES and the tank explodes. The burst of flames engulfs them all, rising in a fiery mushroom cloud.

END FANTASY AND BACK TO SCENE:

Warren SNAPS his paint smudged fingers, staring at his fingerprints in a border of black paint on the back wall of the record shop.

He raises his gaze onto a mural on the bricks, a man resembling Kurt Cobain is being crucified. Semblances of Darby Crash and Sid Vicious on the crosses to his left and right. A large "Circle 1" logo across their chests.

Patti Smith stands weeping in front of a crowd of crazed punk rockers at their feet, raised fists holding lit lighters.

Twin Wendy O. Williams look-a-likes with fanned Mohawks stand guard to either side with spears. Upside down American flag pasties cover their nipples.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Water cascades down the staircase and pools around the pool table legs.

Marko sleeps naked on the green felt. Burning candles in the pockets. Reno sits naked next to him. The 9mm between her thighs, legs over the side. She stares at the BUZZING cell phone in front of a line of bullets on the table.

RENO
 You hear me?!

She picks up the first bullet in line.

RENO
 "He loves me."

She spits into the hollow point and loads the clip.

RENO
 "He loves me not."

She grabs another hollow point and spits into it.

EXT. TRAILER PARK - NIGHT

Danny holds a moth eaten screen door on an old raised trailer. Vegas slams a padlock against the door.

A sign on the door reads, "Wanna get in? PAY ME! Richard".

VEGAS

He's such an asshole.

DANNY

Richard is a Dick.

TRAILER PARK JESUS (35), Arabic accent, beard, lanky longhair, his bare feet step behind them. "Jesus" written in stitching on his hooded boxing robe.

TRAILER PARK JESUS

Humility Vegas, that's what makes us human beings.

Vegas gets in his face.

VEGAS

Isn't cannibalism exclusively a human trait?

TRAILER PARK JESUS

Chimpanzees do it.

DANNY

Monkey see.

He tears the sign off the door.

TRAILER PARK JESUS

I as opposed to you were made in God's image.

VEGAS

Humans understand irony, no other animal does that.

Danny tosses the crumpled up sign, winking. She catches the paper ball and winks back.

TRAILER PARK JESUS

Understanding is a God given Christian value.

VEGAS

I'd eat vegetarians, they taste better.

Danny let's the screen CLAP shut.

DANNY
That's ironic.

TRAILER PARK JESUS
Jesus said a man should have to
walk a mile in his fellow man's
shoes.

Vegas points to his bare-feet.

VEGAS
Not much chance of doing that with
you.

TRAILER PARK JESUS
I suppose I should chop up my hair
like a savage in order to
understand the both of you.

He pulls the hair away from the sides of his head and curls
his tongue behind his bottom lip, making a monkey face.

DANNY
You've never eaten an apple, have
you?

VEGAS
He's probably wearing a fig leaf
under there.

TRAILER PARK JESUS
Jesus was born--

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

DANNY
Spare us the greatest story ever
told.

EXT. POOLSIDE - NIGHT

Gena closes the gate and heads for the pool.

GENA
I had to do it, but... I'm not
sorry. I-I've got to lighten this
considerable load. Weightless
silence is my guiltless womb.

She stops at the edge of the water.

GENA

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

She sits on the diving board and strips.

GENA

I miss you... Where are you, baby?

She slaps on the goggles, bites the tubing and hugs a
circular ten pound weight to her chest.

She leaps, splashes into the water and sinks to the bottom.

EXT. CUL-DE-SAC - NIGHT

Gena's large late model convertible parked in the driveway.

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

VEGAS

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

Danny stands and faces her.

DANNY

Keep your cue where I can see it.

VEGAS

No, your ass is mine.

She rises in his face and kisses him.

DANNY

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

VEGAS

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

DANNY

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

VEGAS

I left my guitar in there, I'll
play to her weakness. Reno, loves
all that old fogey, roll some dope,
hippie folk.

DANNY

How can we ever overcome, the loss
of brain cells once they're gone.

VEGAS

Love, love, love!

INT. POOL UNDERWATER - NIGHT

Gena sits on the bottom, eyes closed, hands massaging her
temples, tubing in her mouth. The ten pound weight on her
lap.

The digital hand held camera in a snap and seal baggy with
duck tape over the top, sinks into her lap.

She lifts the baggy and watches the viewfinder screen.

BEGIN VIEWFINDER SCREEN RECORDING:

Master bedroom, the digital hand held camera is on the
headboard recording Warren on top of Gena in the bed, royally
screwing her.

WARREN

Gena, Gena!

GENA

Oh... God... Warren... yes...
Warren yes!

The pace quickens and the bed bounces the camera frame as
Warren rises, blocking Gena and everything else from view.

WARREN

Ah! No!

GENA

What?!

Gena sits up frozen in shock. Warren jumps out of bed and
circles the room, trailing a cue stick up his ass.

Vegas stands in front of the footboard, waving at the camera.

VEGAS

Breathe Mom!

END VIEWFINDER SCREEN RECORDING AND BACK TO SCENE:

The tubing rips out of Gena's mouth and a HUMMING sound resonates through the water.

She stares up at the automated pool cover closing.

She drops the baggy, tosses the weight and swims up, peering through the water, trying to see the culprit.

POOLSIDE

Reno tosses the tubing and collects a ten pound weight from the weight rack.

She jumps onto the diving board and scurries to the end.

RENO

This is your comeuppance.

She lifts a weight, gauges Gena's rise and throws the weight.

POOL UNDERWATER

Gena's eyes bulge and she screams bubbles.

The weight penetrates the surface splash. She twists but the weight catches her right shoulder and neck.

She floats sideways, shaking her head until another weight pummels her skull. She sinks, trailing a cloud of blood.

The cover closes, and the HUMMING ceases, entombing her in darkness.

A pair of dancing feet dent the cover, moving across the tarp and sliding to a halt.

INT./EXT. WHITE SPORTS CAR - DAY

Warren drives under the L tracks, listening to a voice mail on his headset. His eyes squinting, blinded by the morning sun glaring off the windshield.

RENO (O.S.)

(filtered)

I thought I was use to this
happening! But that lying bitch...!

He rips off the headset, flips the visor down and slams the brakes. He skids to a halt inches from the tailgate of a truck with its flashers blinking.

WARREN

Whoa!

He taps a coke bottle on the steering wheel, wipes a circular dot of the white powder off and rubs his gums with it.

WARREN

Time to go home!

He pops the bottle in his mouth and sticks his head out the window.

A bus WHOOSHES by, racing in the opposite direction, nearly taking his head off.

He jerks his head back in and bangs his skull on the window frame.

WARREN

Goddamn you, Reno!

He jerks the wheel and cuts in to the parking lane, passing between metal pylons.

WARREN

Come on you zombies...

He speeds past a line of cars and stops at a red light, chewing on a coke bottle, mumbling.

WARREN

... stay out of my way.

He races the engine in neutral. The light turns green. He pops the clutch and floors it.

WARREN

Following's the best you will ever do.

The pylons WHOOSH by. He overtakes another line of slow cars.

He pulls neck-and-neck with the leader of the pack, a black jacked up bygone muscle car.

WARREN

Oh yeah. The last of the V-8 heavyweights.

The black jacked up bygone muscle car takes the lead.

WARREN

Enough of this nostalgia crap.

He shifts into fifth and puts the pedal to the metal, nosing ahead. The muscle car brakes.

He stares with bulging eyes at a red light ahead.

WARREN

Screw it!

He enters a clear intersection.

Suddenly, a squad car comes speeding from the right:

WARREN

Shh-it!

Warren clips the front end of the squad car, loses control and fishtails the rear quarter panel into a pylon.

The squad car spins, facing the opposite direction.

Warren races away, leaving the squad car shrinking behind.

WARREN

Round and round.

Alice grips the wheel, Eeyore sits shotgun, breathing deep.

ALICE (O.S.)

You get any of the numbers on that plate, Eeyore?

She twists ever knob on the dashboard.

EEYORE (O.S.)

No..! I was busy... watching my whole pension... flash before my eyes. Please, don't call me, Eeyore!

Alice pounds the wheel.

ALICE (O.S.)

We lost all the electrical. No radio and no lights.

EEYORE (O.S.)

We should quit. But I suppose you won't.

The squad car brake-torques into a 180 and speeds after Warren.

ALICE

No way I'm not losing anymore white rabbits.

EXT. POOLSIDE - NIGHT

Vegas leads Danny into the yard.

Reno smiles at them and turns her attention to her feet as she walks around on the cover.

VEGAS

What are ya doing?

RENO

Well I'm... walking on water. Bet you didn't know I could do it. But I can.

Danny gives Vegas a curious look. Vegas shoots one right back.

VEGAS

Is there something the matter?

Reno rubs her hands together.

RENO

Oh, I... say something was. But the matter's closed.

VEGAS

My Mom around?

She interlaces her fingers and wiggles her thumbs.

RENO

Milady's lying down, inside.

VEGAS

What's the matter. Is she mad at me?

RENO

She didn't say a word to me.

VEGAS

That's not like Mom.

RENO

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

She slaps her hand over her mouth, giggling.

VEGAS

What the hell is the matter with you?

RENO

We're just happy you're-- I mean, oh...

She shakes her head, tapping her fingers to her temples, whispering to herself.

RENO

What is it?

Vegas takes Danny's hand and drags him towards the pool.

VEGAS

She's off her meds.

DANNY

Really off.

Reno jumps off the cover, runs and cuts them off.

RENO

Who's your guy?

VEGAS

Reno, this is Danny. Danny, this looks my aunt Reno.

RENO

Come on, handsome Dan...

She quick shakes his hand and grabs Vegas away from him. She leads Vegas towards the house, looking back at him.

RENO

... follow us!

DANNY

Sure.

Reno stops at the patio door and releases Vegas.

RENO

I'm sorry... I took you away from your man, I'm certainly not that type.

Reno scampers through the door.

Vegas grabs Danny and lays her cheek on his chest.

VEGAS
I-I don't know what to do.

DANNY
She's kooky.

VEGAS
I'm a kook, she's unhinged.

DANNY
Just because you jump from the
crazy train doesn't mean you won't
land in the looney bin.

INT./EXT. WHITE SPORTS CAR - NIGHT

Warren races down the expressway feeder ramp and enters rush hour traffic. He glances into the rearview mirror.

WARREN
Did I lose 'em?

The squad car barrels down the ramp.

EEYORE (O.S.)
State police are waiting, three
miles up.

ALICE (O.S.)
They better have their engines
revving.

Warren zigzags in and out of lanes, weaving his way left.

The squad car on his ass.

WARREN
Get off my ass!

The white sports car crosses three lanes right and cuts off an eighteen wheeler, squeezing onto an --

EXIT RAMP

The semi fishtails up, air-horn BLOWING. The squad climbs the strip of grass between a concrete wall and the semi.

ALICE (O.S.)
Hold on to your pension.

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

The squad car veers across the semi's front end in sight of the white sports car, rising above.

Warren blows the red light, tires SQUEALING onto a --

FRONTAGE ROAD

He wheels around the curving pavement, passing custom homes.

WARREN
Round and round and round we go,
were I come out, you won't know.

The squad car fishtails onto the asphalt, closing on Warren.

Warren spins the wheel right and turns onto an --

AVENUE

Garbage receptacles lined up along both side of the curb for pick up.

Warren downshifts and swerves around two overfilled receptacle stacked with analog television sets.

WARREN
TV's on you.

The squad car wheels around the turn. Both officers stare out the passenger side window.

Warren barrels over a house's half-circle driveway, doubling back. He reenters the street behind them, speeding in the opposite direction.

The squad car hits the receptacles and televisions crash through the windshield.

Warren SQUEALS around the corner and onto the --

FRONTAGE ROAD

He speeds to the corner and swerves onto the next street.

WARREN
Sayonara!

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Vegas and Danny splash through the waterlogged carpet. They gawk at the gouged walls, decimated furniture and appliances, strewn about.

DANNY
House cleaning made quick and easy
with a grenade.

VEGAS
Where'd she go?

RENO (O.S.)
Oh, Dan dear...

Reno slobes up the basement steps, waving the 9mm at Vegas and Danny.

RENO
I don't have anything against you
Dan, if you play along, you might
just survive this.

VEGAS
You are crazy.

RENO
I'm just multitasking my
metamorphosis.

Danny pulls Vegas backwards towards the kitchen.

DANNY
We'll get out of your way.

Reno CLICKS the hammer back on the pistol.

RENO
You're not playing along... Dan!
Let me tell you, that's suicidal.

Vegas snaps into a rage. Danny holds her back.

VEGAS
Where is my Mom?!

RENO
Silence entombs death.

VEGAS
What?!

She fights to free herself from his grip. He wrestles her back.

VEGAS
Let me go!

DANNY
No Vegas!

Reno dances in front of them, staring down the 9mm barrel at them.

RENO
Dan's right. You're making me nervous. I shouldn't be jumping around. This 9mm and I got cunt hair triggers.

The gun BLASTS.

Danny spins Vegas to the wall, blood drips from the back of his tattered earlobe. Vegas stares up at a splattering of Danny's flesh encircling a bullet hole in the wallpaper.

VEGAS
Danny?!

RENO
Rock and bloody roll, Vegas! Come out and play! And leave Dan behind, or I'll shoot you both where you are.

She FIRES into the center of the ceiling. Vegas steps away from Danny along the wall and approaches Reno.

VEGAS
Shoot me or Danny and you'll never know why.

RENO
What why?

VEGAS
Why my mother screwed your husband.

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

Vegas moves closer to her and speaks softly.

VEGAS

It was after your first attempt at suicide with drugs.

RENO

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

VEGAS

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

Reno speaks through gritting teeth.

RENO

I proved my love for him.

VEGAS

How... by taking another bottle of pills?

RENO

He asked me to marry him.

VEGAS

After my mother begged him to stay with you.

She lowers her eyes and smiles to herself.

RENO

We were in love.

VEGAS

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

Reno stares daggers at her.

RENO

Shut up!

VEGAS

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

RENO

Who says this?

VEGAS

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

RENO

But I won.

VEGAS

Sure, you're the degenerate now.

RENO

This gun gives me strength.

VEGAS

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

Reno starts pacing along the wall.

Vegas returns to Danny and they whisper to each other.

DANNY

Is that all true?

VEGAS

They all seem true to me.

Gena's clothes fly onto the floor and everyone turns.

Warren stands with his back to the basement stairs.

WARREN

What the damn hell's...?

Marko creeps up the steps behind him.

Reno turns the 9mm to Warren.

RENO

Here's my man, now!

Reno steps towards Warren.

WARREN

Put that pistol down, Reno!

He reaches behind his back for the automatic pistol in his waistband. Marko rips the gun from his pants first and stabs the barrel in his back.

MARKO

We on the other side now.

Reno waves the 9mm at Vegas and Danny.

RENO
The "crazy bitch" will end this
now.

Marko whispers to Warren.

MARKO
Yo... I want that combination.

RENO
Bring my hopeful husband over here.

Marko shoves Warren over to Reno. She waves her gun at Warren.

RENO
Pull down your pants. Go on!

Warren undoes his zipper, hesitating.

WARREN
What are you doing?

RENO
Pull them down and take 'em off.

He takes the pants off.

WARREN
Okay, okay!

RENO
On your knees!

Warren drops to his knees.

WARREN
Please, what do you want from me?

RENO
Your balls, I'm going to shoot off
your balls.

MARKO
Damn!

WARREN
Please, please, I sorry...

RENO
Marko, watch Vegas, and Dan, the
man.

Marko aims the automatic at Danny and pulls on Vegas's hair.

MARKO

Nice--

Reno fires twice, BLASTING Marko against the wall. He slides down, dead. Danny hugs Vegas, shielding her. Reno leans towards Vegas.

RENO

What's with these men?

Warren reaches for the 9mm. Reno rips the gun away him. He sprawls to the floor, weeping. She presses the gun to his ass.

RENO

They got balls... That's the problem.

Danny takes a step towards her. She turns the muzzle on him and backpedals.

RENO

No, Dan the man... I am the hero of my own tragedy.

She FIRES and FIRES again into Warren's loins, turns and runs into the kitchen.

EXT. POOL SIDE - DAY

Reno steps to the edge, aims straight down FIRING, bullets ripping the cover.

RENO

I must end this bloodbath with my own.

She sticks the muzzle in her mouth, steps off the board and FIRES. The back of head explodes as she falls, tearing through the ripped cover and sinking into death.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Warren stands, the "Greek Comedy/Tragedy Mask" throw pillow stuffed down his blood soaked underpants, holding Vegas and Danny at gunpoint with his automatic pistol.

VEGAS

How are you going to get away this?

WARREN

Kill you two, wipe the gun, put it
back into Marko's hands and...

He groans as he backs around the water dripping from the
ceiling.

WARREN

... become a victim again.

He wets his fingers and pinches his nose with them, sniffing
the water from his fingers.

WARREN

I still got some coke left in--

The ceiling opens and the beat-up safe crashes down in a
deluge of water, crushing Warren into the floor.

INT. DANNY'S BATHROOM - DAY

Danny sits on the toilet seat lid and Vegas swabs his
stitched-up ear with peroxide.

DANNY

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

VEGAS

You don't have to.

DANNY

I want to take care of you.

They kiss passionately.

O.S. A sonic BOOM! Then the sound of CRASHING metal and wood.

They run out into --

DANNY'S HALLWAY

The plastic strips hanging from the door frame flutter and a
blinding white light flashes in the other room.

DANNY

Stay behind me.

VEGAS

Sure.

Danny leads Vegas into the --

STUDIO

The beat-up safe sits upright on the crushed turntable over the broken wood framed bottom under the twisted scaffold.

Vegas and Danny survey the damage.

DANNY

That never happened before.

VEGAS

My patron saint just happens to be a two hundred pound safe.

She crouches, spinning the combination dial on the safe, left, right, and left again.

DANNY

You know the combo?

VEGAS

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

She twist the handle. The safe shifts towards her. Danny jerks her backwards. They fall on their asses.

The safe opens and stacks of cash pour onto the floor.

DANNY

Photographic memory!

VEGAS

Hell can have its uses.

He hugs her from behind and kisses her neck.

DANNY

I want you to remember something if I ever get out of line with you.

VEGAS

What?

DANNY

I don't need a safe to fall on my head.

She twists around and climbs over him.

VEGAS

What are we going to do now?

DANNY
How about that slam-dance?

O.S. The sounds of a bass drum BEAT leads into loud fast electric PUNK ROCK, the singer SCREAMING acrimonious lyrics like an banshee.

INT. ARAGON BALLROOM - NIGHT

The mirrored ball concentrates its orbiting light on Danny and Vegas slow dancing in each others arms at the center of a swirling mass of punk mosh-pitters.

FADE OUT.