

Space Reserved

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**SPACE RESERVED**

1 INT. DINGY BEDROOM - DAY

CLOSE ON an unconscious, attractive young man, SCOTT LARIMER. He winces, and his face contorts as if from a nightmare. Suddenly he gasps, and his eyes open wide, looking around in terror.

He is on a single mattress, under a thin, ratty blanket. His hair is wet; bloody rivulets of water run down his face into a flat stained pillow. His hands and feet are bound. He turns his head and sees blood on the pillow; we see a gash on the back of his head.

SCOTT  
(whispers)  
Oh God.

Scott strains to see around him, blinking and trying to focus. Suddenly he begins to gag. He turns his head and vomits onto the floor.

Instantly, the door opens, and attractive JASMINE COYNE, late twenties, peeks in.

JASMINE  
(cheery)  
Don't you just hate when that happens?

She enters, carrying a plastic bowl, cleaning supplies, first aid stuff. Her down-to-earth, brisk manner is incongruous with the circumstances.

JASMINE  
Fix you up in a jif, no worries.

She stops and studies the speechless Scott with some concern.

JASMINE  
Don't be embarrassed. I'm a nurse.

SCOTT  
What ...what happened?  
(shouts weakly)  
Help! Help!

Jasmine, wringing out a rag, pauses.

JASMINE  
(not unkindly)  
Save your breath, Scott.

The unit next door is empty.  
 Anyway, everyone here works. The  
 place is a ghost town on weekdays.

Grim, sick and weak, Scott watches her in disbelief.

JASMINE

Anyway, if you keep shouting,  
 you'll wake up Allison and you  
 don't want to do that. She's kind  
 of... excitable, I'm sure you  
 noticed.

QUICK SHOT OF ALLISON POINTING A GUN AT HIM.

SCOTT

H... how'd I get here? What is  
 this?

JASMINE

(Scrubbing)  
 So many questions.  
 (looks at Scott closer)  
 You really don't remember...

Scott shakes his head, bewildered.

JASMINE

Retrograde amnesia, probably from  
 the concussion. Sorry 'bout that. I  
 had no choice. Just take it easy,  
 okay? It'll all come back to you.

SCOTT

You... monster!

JASMINE

Monster?! YOU break into our home,  
 threaten us --- and we're monsters?

SCOTT

I didn't...

Jasmine stops scrubbing.

JASMINE

You know, Scott, none of us is  
 immune to random evil.

Scott looks at her uncomprehendingly.

JASMINE

I forget who said that. I learned  
 it in philosophy class.

Or maybe it was history. Okay, turn your head. I've gotta do this.

Jasmine opens a bottle of peroxide, moistens a piece of gauze and blots at Scott's wound. He winces and pulls away.

JASMINE

Go ahead, get an infection then.

Scott submits to her cleaning his wound.

JASMINE

This really needs a stitch or two... Look, I don't like being in this situation any more than you do. I've never hurt somebody like this before. I was afraid I killed you.

SCOTT

You did this to me?

Scott grimaces as Jasmine cleans his wound.

SCOTT

(sarcastic)

Fucking Nazi nurse.

JASMINE

Actually, I quit nursing to be a graphic designer. I even got a scholarship.

SCOTT

(skeptical)

To where?

JASMINE

Cal. Berkeley.

SCOTT

No way.

JASMINE

Where'd you go to school? Someplace preppy I'll bet. USC maybe? Or Princeton or something?

Scott just looks at her.

JASMINE

Brown? Dartmouth?

SCOTT  
 (grudgingly)  
 Berkeley.

JASMINE  
 Heyyy! When'd you graduate?

Scott just glares.

JASMINE  
 And then you went into *advertising*?  
 That's not very 'Berkeley.'

SCOTT  
 H...How do you know I'm in  
 advertising?

JASMINE  
 Boy, you really did black out.

Scott closes his eyes. Suddenly he has a flashback.

SCOTT drifts in and out of consciousness. In a dream state,  
 he hears people talking.

YOUNG WOMAN (O.S.)  
 We're pitching that gaming company  
 this morning. Big money, hey?

SCOTT (O.S.)  
 We grab this account, we're in tall  
 cotton.

YOUNG WOMAN (O.S.)  
 I'm sure we will. Your work is  
 awesome!

YOUNG MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
 (joke)  
 Hate to make you nervous Scott, but  
 your job's on the line, you know.

SCOTT (O.S.)  
 (laughs)  
 I'll be sure to take you down with  
 me, Greg.

Young Woman laughs. Sound of a door opening and closing.

SCOTT (O.S.)  
 Welcome. I'm Scott Larimer,  
 Creative Director here. Thank you  
 for giving us this opportunity to  
 knock your socks off.

Okay. Here's what it is. You've created the most exciting game of the century. No question. But that's only half the battle. Now you've got to go out and tell the world. So does this agency, do we ...have what it takes to do that? It's a tough question. And our answer? Is this:

SOUND OF APPLAUSE, a whistle.

END FLASHBACK:

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Scott awakens again and shakes his head to clear his vision. He sees a plastic glass of water on the bedstand but he can't reach it. With difficulty, he wriggles across the bed and swings his legs around so he is in a sitting position. He turns and inches along until he can reach the water with his head. He grabs it with his mouth and tilts his head backward so some of the water runs into his mouth before the glass falls to the floor. He coughs and gags. He lapses back onto the bed, exhausted. But he is stronger now. He looks around and thinks back again....

BEGIN DREAM FLASHBACK

SCOTT (O.S.)  
I don't believe we were  
introduced....

ANNE (O.S.)  
I'm Anne Gustafson. I'm the digital  
marketer on the team.

SCOTT (O.S.)  
How do you do. I should say, how  
did I do? Did you like the ads?

ANNE (O.S.)  
(professional,  
flirtatious)  
You guys do great work. Very  
impressive.

SCOTT (O.S.)  
So we won the account, right?

ANNE (O.S.)S  
(little laugh)  
I... can't discuss that.

SCOTT (O.S.)  
I know. I'm just giving you a hard  
time. You'll have to get used to  
me.

ANNE (O.S.)  
(laughs)  
Is that so?  
(beat)

SCOTT (O.S.)  
You could start tonight.

ANNE (O.S.)  
I... beg your pardon?

SCOTT (O.S.)  
Dinner, I mean.

ANNE (O.S.)  
(lowers voice)  
Uh... I don't know. They... don't  
like us to fraternize. It doesn't  
look good...

SCOTT (O.S.)  
Great food, I promise. Pick you up  
after work?

ANNE (O.S.)  
Call me. I'm not saying yes.

SCOTT  
I can live with the suspense. I'll  
call you at six.

An older man BREAKS IN to the conversation.

BILL (O.S.)  
Hey, is this guy harassing you?  
I'll can his ass.

SCOTT  
Hey. I'm woke. I swear. I'm the  
wakest guy in the agency.

BILL (O.S.)  
He's lying. I'm the wakest guy.

ANNE (O.S.)  
(laughs)  
Awww. You boyz are bad.

All laugh.

CUT TO:

2 INT. CAR - NIGHT

Scott and ANNE, a beautiful young woman, are sitting in the front seat. Scott shuts off the car and turns to look at her.

SCOTT  
I can't believe we just met this morning. And now...

ANNE  
(laughs)  
... here we are.

SCOTT  
Yeah. Here we are.

He leans in as if to kiss her, but she shyly draws away.

ANNE  
I... thank you for a lovely evening. The restaurant was great, just like you promised.

SCOTT  
(smooth)  
I never break a promise.

She laughs and gives him a playful little push. He gets closer. She doesn't exactly reject him.

ANNE  
(laughs)  
What got you into advertising anyway?

SCOTT  
Do we have to do this now?

ANNE  
What if I say yes?

SCOTT  
(a little bitter)  
Advertising isn't something you aim for. It's where you crash. Once you give up on your... real dream.



ANNE  
...which was...

Scott shrugs.

SCOTT  
(embarrassed)  
I wanted to write: "The Great American Novel." Ta da! Just like every other huckster. Go ahead, laugh.

ANNE  
(serious)  
Not laughing. So why don't you write a novel? You're obviously great with words.

SCOTT  
(shrugs)  
I tried. It went about 400 pages, toppled over and went belly up. I just don't have it, I guess.

ANNE  
Sure you do.  
(thinks)  
How about if I be your muse.

SCOTT  
(brightens)  
You're hired!

ANNE  
Of course you'll have to carry on working at the agency for a while. Now that you've WON OUR ACCOUNT.

Scott stares.

SCOTT  
Wait...We got the account?  
Really?!!

ANNE  
(grinning, arch)  
Didn't your boss tell you? We're dumping our old agency and going with you guys.

Scott shakes his head, smiling.

SCOTT  
That son of a ...

ANNE

Why don't you come up to my  
'palatial estate' for a nightcap,  
and I'll give you all the details.

Scott gives a little fist pump.

ANNE

Parking's over there.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Scott looks around, closes his eyes in pain.

JASMINE

(talking as she scrubs the  
floor)  
... and then we couldn't wake you  
up for the longest time. So we  
finally threw you in a tub full of  
cold water. That brought you  
around. Sort of.

SCOTT

I don't remember.

JASMINE

You don't want to. Trust me.

She surveys Scott and the floor with satisfaction.

JASMINE

See? Neat as a pin!

SCOTT

Where are my clothes? Where's my  
phone?

JASMINE

Oh you don't need that stuff just  
now. Hey, your phone is hella cool.  
Allison's been playing with it  
while you're... indisposed.

Scott gawks.

JASMINE

Oh, we moved your car too. No  
worries about staying in our space.  
Why did you park in our space  
anyway?

Scott closes his eyes, takes a deep breath.

SCOTT  
Biggest mistake of my life.

JASMINE  
You saw it was reserved, but you took it.

SCOTT  
I...

JASMINE  
...because you wanted to get your hot little date into bed before she cooled off...

SCOTT  
(interrupts)  
That's not your business.

JASMINE  
Ta ta, then.

Jasmine departs.

Scott closes his eyes.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

5 INT. PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

Dim, spooky lighting, creepy concrete walls. Scot is driving.

INT. SCOTT'S CAR - NIGHT

Anne looks up and down the rows of cars.

ANNE  
(pointing)  
Oh there's one!

What looks like an empty space, turns out to be a little car.

SCOTT  
Shit!

ANNE  
Someone must be having a party. Oh!  
there!

Scott stops in front of an empty space at the end. A sign above says "SPACE RESERVED Unit 202."

SCOTT

Oh hell.

ANNE

It's okay. Everyone uses that space. Maybe it's an unoccupied unit. Or the people don't have a car. Still... if you're uncomfortable, just let me out. I'll see you again.

SCOTT

(grins)

No way.

Scott grins and pulls the car in and shuts it off.

SCOTT

Anyhow I'm hard-wired to occupy this territory. Like a... bachelor lion.

Anne laughs. He gets out and jogs around to open her door. Scott puts his arm around her, and they kiss deeply. Finally, Anne breaks away, breathless.

ANNE

We should go.

As they walk away, Anne glances back once. The garage is SILENT AND FOREBODING.

6 INT. ANNE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The apartment looks like a prefab furnished flat. Anne puts down her purse.

ANNE

Let me get you something to drink. What would you like?

SCOTT

I'd like you to come over here.

She hesitates and approaches him shyly. He looks into her eyes and takes her in his arms.

SCOTT

I've been wanting to do this ever since I saw you this morning.

Kissing, they fall onto the sofa. As things get more serious, Anne seems to pull back, as if having second thoughts.

Scott looks into her eyes questioningly, but she kisses him again with renewed passion.

LATER

7 INT. ANNE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Moonlight shines in the window. In the semidark, Scott's eyes open. He looks at Anne, sleeping, then his lighted watch: 3:36.

He swings his legs over onto the floor and sits up, dresses quietly, SNEAKS TO THE DOOR and leaves.

8 EXT. CONDO COMPLEX - NIGHT

The night is pin-drop silent as Scott crosses to the parking garage. His footsteps echo.

9 INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

Scott walks through the deserted garage. He sees his car and clicks to open the doors. The car's lights flash. Suddenly, he stops and stares.

SCOTT

What th...

All four of his tires are flat. He checks them in disbelief. As he circles, he spots a smiley face note on the windshield. He grabs it and reads: "Sic semper assholes."

He shakes his head, looks around.

SCOTT

Oh fuck me.

With weary resignation, Scott opens his trunk and searches.

SCOTT

Son of a bitch!

He grabs at his head in frustration, kicks a tire furiously. He takes out his phone and tries to punch in a number. It stays black.

Scott glares at the number over the parking space: 202. He begins walking.

3 EXT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Scott is outside the door of #202. He knocks.

No answer.

SCOTT

(speaks into the door)

Hey... I'm sorry I parked in your space. And I know you let the air out of my tires, okay? I deserved it. But my phone's not working and I don't have a pump. So I need to call Triple A. Or you can do it for me. If you'd be so kind. I'll wait out here.

Scott taps his foot. No answer. He knocks again, harder.

SCOTT

You know this is no way to get my car out of your space.

No answer. Scott raises his fist to really pound the door... and then he notices the door is very slightly ajar. He stares, pushes it lightly with his finger. The crack widens.

SCOTT

(calls inside hopefully)

Hello? Anybody home?

He nudges the door and peeks through the crack. The room is semidark.

SCOTT

Look, I'm not mad, okay? I just wanna get my car out of your space and get home.

Silence. Scott looks inside. A phone sits on a coffee table near the door. Tentatively, Scott steps inside a little ways.

4 INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Scott realizes he is inside and freezes. He looks around and tiptoes to the phone.

SCOTT

(calls out)

I'm just gonna call Triple A and leave, okay?

He starts to pick up the phone.

Suddenly, a bright light goes on. Scott nearly jumps out of his skin.

SCOTT

Jesus Christ!

He turns to flee, but he blunders into a figure illuminated by the lamp --- young ALLISON VANDERVEER, in a nightgown.

ALLISON  
Oh my God. Oh no, oh no. Oh God,  
help me! What do you want?

A confused scuffle as Scott tries to get to the door.

SCOTT  
(backs up)  
I'm sorry! I... I...

Allison, in her panic, keeps blocking his way out.

ALLISON  
(choked whisper)  
Help! Help! Who are you? How did  
you get in?

She pants in terror, her knees buckling.

SCOTT  
But your... your door was open.

ALLISON  
Don't kill me. Please. Please!

SCOTT  
I'm not a... I'm the guy whose  
tires you...

Gasping, Allison tries to run past him and knocks over the lamp, which goes out. In the semidark, she stumbles to her knees.

ALLISON  
I'll do whatever you want. Just  
don't kill me.

SCOTT  
Christ! I'm not here to hurt you!

Hysterical, Allison grabs Scott's hand and kisses it. Then she puts it on her breast. Scott snatches it away, horrified.

ALLISON  
Please let me live. I want to live.  
I have a family...

SCOTT  
Look, calm down. I... I'm just the  
guy who parked in your space.

Allison tries to master her hysteria.

ALLISON  
What are you talking about?

SCOTT  
The parking space. You let the air  
out of my tires.

ALLISON  
I *what!*?

SCOTT  
Okay, I made a mistake. Two  
mistakes. I took your space and  
then I walked in here. I just  
wanted to use your phone. I'm gone.

ALLISON  
I didn't do anything to your car.

SCOTT  
(backing toward the door)  
I believe you.

Allison suddenly stands up, quite casual.

ALLISON  
(laughs)  
It must have been Jazzy.

SCOTT  
Huh?

ALLISON  
My roommate. Jasmine. Everybody  
says I'm a nut case, but she really  
is one.

Scott shakes his head in disbelief. He turns to leave, but Allison quickly blocks his path.

ALLISON  
Not... so... fast.

Scott stops in shock. Allison continues blocking his way.

ALLISON  
What were you doing in our space?

SCOTT  
Look, I brought my date home, she  
lives in... this complex. She's a  
neighbor of yours.



And I just parked for a minute to walk her in... and...

ALLISON

Liar!

Scott gapes.

ALLISON

You were in there for four fucking hours. Or should I say four hours fucking.

Allison picks up the lamp from the floor and replaces it on the table and turns it on. She is young, quirky, wiry, defiant. She and Scott size each other up.

ALLISON

Hm. Cute.

She studies him analytically.

ALLISON

...If you like punchable and full of himself. That sort of 'Duke Lacrosse' charm.

She suddenly lifts her nightie.

ALLISON

What do you think of me? Not bad, huh? A bit of a tummy.

She "presents" herself, hands on hips, turns side to side, sexy. Scott stares, aghast.

ALLISON

(shrugs)

We might as well exchange names. I'm Allison.

She extends her hand. Scott recoils.

SCOTT

You're crazy. I don't want to exchange anything with you...

ALLISON

(pulling hand back)

Ouch! The sharp thorns of rejection!

SCOTT  
I just want to get the hell out of here.

ALLISON  
(sighs)  
At some point all my men say that. Well... no name, no exit.

She stands in front of the door.

SCOTT  
What the hell is this anyway? I don't know you and you don't know me. Let's just end this.

ALLISON  
I beg your pardon. You broke into my home. So I am placing you under citizen's arrest.

SCOTT  
What?!

ALLISON  
...which I have the right to do. I am now going to call the police.

SCOTT  
But I'm leaving!

ALLISON  
Oh no you're NOT. You committed a felony. So have a seat and don't give me any more shit.

Scott starts for the door.

SCOTT  
I'm getting the hell out of here, Allison. And it's illegal to hold people against their will.

This time, Allison really gets in his way. They grapple.

ALLISON  
(struggling)  
Oh no. You. don't!

She suddenly smacks his face so hard he staggers back. Without taking her eyes off him, she yanks open a drawer and takes out a pistol.

ALLISON  
I hoped it wouldn't come to this.  
Now, slowly empty your pockets.

Scott gapes in horror.

ALLISON  
(shouts)  
Empty your pockets!  
(as he still hesitates)  
Or I will shoot you. Which I have  
the legal right to do, since you  
broke into my home, and I fear for  
my life.

Unsteadily, disbelievingly, Scott drops his wallet and keys.  
Her eyes on Scott, Allison stoops and opens his wallet.

ALLISON  
(reads, still pointing the  
gun at him)  
Scott Larimer. Date of birth June  
20. A Gemini. Hey, Jasmine's a  
Scorpio. Rising. You guys'll get  
along great!

Scott shakes his head and closes his eyes.

SCOTT  
Just go ahead and call the police,  
okay?

ALLISON  
Oh that would be so dull. The old  
'he said, she said.' Besides, that  
phone doesn't even work. We didn't  
pay the bill.

Scott shakes his head.

ALLISON  
It happens. Not to people like you.  
But to people like us.

SCOTT  
Look, we can work this out. What do  
you want, money?

ALLISON  
That'd be a twist. You break in and  
I rob YOU.

Allison struts around waving the gun.

ALLISON

You know what? I don't think you're sorry at all. I think you're a manipulative little prick who thinks he's entitled to park anywhere he damn pleases.

SCOTT

That's not true. It wasn't even my idea to park there. It was my date's. She said your space was always empty.

ALLISON

That's right. Blame someone else. You wanted to get laid, so you didn't stop to think that somebody might have to park blocks away and walk home in the dark.

SCOTT

Is that what happened?

ALLISON

(taunting)  
May-be.

Allison struts around provocatively, waving the gun.

ALLISON

Is she a great fuck? Your friend? She sure looks like one.

SCOTT

That's none of your business.

ALLISON

Or maybe she wouldn't put out. Maybe you were feeling frustrated and horny, so you decided to find somebody to rape...

SCOTT

What the hell is your problem?

Allison sits down, scratches her leg with the gun.

ALLISON

Bad attitude. Been that way all my life.

They stare at each other.

ALLISON

Men have not treated me well, if you must know. I've been molested, cheated on, robbed. Beaten.

Scott flinches and ducks as she waves she gun around to emphasize her points.

SCOTT

I'm sorry. You've had it rough.

ALLISON

Shut up, you phony. You're hoping I shoot myself and die, right?

She points the gun at her head.

ALLISON

Like this? All your problems solved. BOOM!

Scott jumps and stares, horrified.

SCOTT

I... look, nobody has to die here.

ALLISON

Does death frighten you, Scott?

SCOTT

Of... of course!

ALLISON

Yeah, me too.

Allison lets the gun hang at her side. She switches affects as easily as taking off a coat. Now she is almost reasonable.

ALLISON

What do you do, Scott?

SCOTT

Ad... advertising. I'm in advertising.

ALLISON

Yeah, a slick little phony like you just would have a career that's all about scamming and deceit.

SCOTT

You don't know the first thing about me.

ALLISON

Oh, but I do. I know that you're an arrogant asshole who puts his needs ahead of others.

Scott closes his eyes in frustration.

ALLISON

Jasmine's a pretty good judge of character. Let her size you up.

(calls)

Jazzy? Wake up girl!

Jasmine's sleepy voice comes from another room.

JASMINE

Shut up. I'm sleeping.

ALLISON

Not any more, you're not. Get out here.

JASMINE COYNE appears at the door of the bedroom. She is a very attractive woman a little older than Allison. Her translucent pyjamas reveal a lush body.

JASMINE

(sleepily)

What's going on out here?

ALLISON

This douchebag broke in just now.

SCOTT

I did not!

ALLISON

Did I invite you in?

SCOTT

No. So go wake up your neighbors and they'll call the cops.

ALLISON

Oh let's not start that again.

Jasmine comes over and puts her hand on Allison's shoulder. She speaks gently, but with deep concern.

JASMINE

Ali, What have you done?

ALLISON  
 (little girl lisp)  
 I took a hoth-tage.

JASMINE  
 (to Scott)  
 You need to leave. Right now.

SCOTT  
 (to Jasmine)  
Thank you. I'm outta here.

Scott starts for the door.

ALLISON  
 (points the gun at Scott)  
 I wouldn't do that if I were you.

JASMINE  
 (yawns)  
 Allison, you're a sick puppy. Let him go, and let's get some sleep.

ALLISON  
 (pouts)  
 Can't I keep him?

JASMINE  
 (to Scott)  
 I shouldn't have let the air out of your tires. I've got a bit of a temper. I thought you'd just call Triple A from your cell.

SCOTT  
 Something's wrong with it.

JASMINE  
 ... Or call from your date's place.

SCOTT  
 I didn't want to wake her up.

JASMINE  
 Oh, 'cause you snuck out of there while she was asleep. I get it.

SCOTT  
 I did not.

Allison rolls her eyes.

ALLISON  
 Considerate, isn't he?

JASMINE

Well, we've all learned our lesson.

Again, Scott turns to leave.

ALLISON

Don't I have a say? He's my prisoner.

SCOTT

You can't hold a person at gunpoint. That makes YOU the criminal.

ALLISON

Oh, now he's a little district attorney. Okay, what should be your punishment?

SCOTT

Punishment? For what?

JASMINE

For breaking and entering.

Scott closes his eyes wearily.

ALLISON

How about we put him on trial! For all the crimes men like him have committed on women like us.

SCOTT

How about I just leave, you couple of lunatics.

He heads for the door. Allison flashes the gun. Scott lunges for it. They struggle. Allison breaks away, points the gun at Scott and pulls the trigger as he gasps and ducks in terror. Jasmine gives a little scream. The gun clicks again and again. All three stop in amazement.

ALLISON

Well shit!

JASMINE

I unloaded it.

ALLISON

Why?

JASMINE

Because you're crazy.



Scott uncoils from their defensive crouches. He heads for the door, but now Jasmine is in his way. They grapple. She pins him down but he breaks away. Allison grabs his arms and he kicks out at her. By now it's a major struggle. The two of them are not quite strong enough to subdue him. He wrenches his arms out of Allison's grasp, and she cries out in pain.

ALLISON

Asshole!

SCOTT

Goddamn it! Let me leave!

Jasmine tries to kick him in the groin, but misses. He grabs her and throws her down hard as Allison rushes at him. He captures her head as she kicks back at him. Again, he dodges and grabs her by the neck with his arm against his chest. She starts to strangle. He starts to drag her, struggling, backwards toward the door.

Jasmine gets up and stands behind him and the door with her hand on the lamp. She picks up the lamp and clocks him with the base. Scott goes down into a crumpled heap as the light goes out again.

In the semi-darkness, there is only the sound of Allison gasping and Jasmine panting.

ALLISON

(panting)

Woo fucking hoo.

JASMINE

That was some shit.

In the faint light from the window the girls weakly high-five, exhausted.

JASMINE

Come on. We've got to get him tied up before he wakes up and kills us.

ALLISON

(peering closely at  
unconscious Scott)

Speaking of killing...

JASMINE

Is he breathing?

ALLISON

(leans close to his nose)

Kind of.

JASMINE  
Then, he's alive. Come on.

ALLISON  
What if he's like... a vegetable?

JASMINE  
Then he got what he deserved. Isn't that what this whole thing is about?

ALLISON  
I guess.

JASMINE  
Grab his legs.

They drag Scott out of the living room.

JASMINE  
Maybe we should throw some cold water on him after we tie him up.

ALLISON  
You got it, boss.

5 TIME PASSING

QUICK SHOT of Scott tied up on the bed.

8 INT. APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - DAY

On the sofa, Scott's phone lights up. The voice mail comes on.

SCOTT'S VOICE MESSAGE  
Spill it.  
(beep)

GREG (O.S.)  
Heyyyy Scott. The client's been here for half an hour. Where the hell are you? I texted you about a hundred times. You need to make it in, or make it good. I can cover for a while longer but GET YOUR ASS IN HERE.

LATER

9 INT. APARTMENT BATHROOM - DAY

Allison and Jasmine enter the bathroom and pull Scott off the toilet and flush it. Scott has a rag stuffed in his mouth and taped in place.

JASMINE

Think you can eat something? I'll take the rag out if you promise not to yell. Or bite.

Scott nods, eyes desperate. Jasmine peers at him.

JASMINE

Scott, I really am sorry. I didn't mean to hit you so hard.

ALLISON

That was way hard.

JASMINE

Fine! Maybe I should have given him a little love tap, and he would have gotten up and broken both our necks.

Jasmine sighs. She takes the rag out of Scott's mouth. Scott licks his lips and breathes greedily.

ALLISON

(to Scott)

She's a little testy this morning. We all had a hard night.

JASMINE

Ally, you second-guess everything I do. C'mon. Give me a hand with him.

They drag the tied-up Scott into the living room.

10 INT. APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - DAY

The women look at Scott lying on his side on the floor.

JASMINE

He doesn't look very comfortable. Wouldn't he be better off sitting up?

ALLISON

Yeah.

They prop Scott against an armchair. He wobbles.

SCOTT  
Why are you doing this?

The women look at each other and shrug.

JASMINE  
We're kind of ... at a loss.

SCOTT  
What are you two, lovers?

JASMINE  
Tsk tsk. Aren't we nosey?  
(to Allison)  
Seriously, what the hell do we do  
now?

Allison walks around, looking at Scott.

ALLISON  
Await further orders.

SCOTT  
(muttering)  
Crazy bitches.

ALLISON  
Come on, Scott. Bad-mouthing us  
won't get you anywhere. Why don't  
you show us your charming side?

JASMINE  
Yeah, why don't you at least *try*  
making friends with us?

Pained, Scott closes his eyes.

JASMINE  
Well if you can't treat us like  
friends then treat us like....  
clients.

ALLISON  
Yeah! Pitch us.

JASMINE  
We've got something you want,  
right? Make us give it up. Win us  
over.

Listening to this, Scott rolls his eyes with disgust.

SCOTT

Look, what's it gonna take for you to let me go?

JASMINE

(thinks)

You know, I used to be in the Army.

Scott raises his brows skeptically.

JASMINE

Yeah, I served my country. Two tours. I get home and can't find a job to save my life.

SCOTT

What does that have to do with me?

JASMINE

Just listen for once. We took this course during basic called Escape and Evasion. It taught us what to do if we ever got taken prisoner.

Scott listens, skeptical.

JASMINE

What they taught us was, don't get in your captor's face. Don't try to prove your courage or defy them. 'Cause they're holding all the cards.

SCOTT

(cynical)

I see.

JASMINE

If they kill or disable you, then you can't take care of your buddies. You're no good to anyone.

SCOTT

I've got no 'buddies' here.

JASMINE

Are you listening, Scott? You actually have a lot of power right now. Not just over what you do, but over what Allison or I do.

Jasmine paces around.

ALLISON  
 Jazzy, you're so brilliant. I mean  
 your mind is like...

SCOTT  
 (interrupts)  
 What are you two planning, really?  
 Kill me? Over a fucking parking  
 space?

Jasmine gets close and looks into his eyes.

JASMINE  
 Use your brain Scott. Maybe we're  
 in over our heads too.

ALLISON  
 (to Scott)  
 I thought you advertising gurus can  
 persuade people to do anything? Buy  
 crap they don't need? Eat food that  
 makes them fat and sick? Smoke?  
 Drink? Speed around in cars that  
 look cool but are trashing the  
 planet? C'mon Scott. Sell us on  
 sparing your worthless ass.

Jasmine sits down next to Scott. All three think. After a  
 while Allison sits down on the other side of Scott.

11 INT. CONDO - BEDROOM - DAY

The women drag Scott in and tie him to the bed.

SCOTT  
 Look, my head is killing me. Can't  
 I at least have an aspirin?

She rummages in her purse and extends pills.

ALLISON  
 Here. Take two of these.

SCOTT  
 What are those? Fentanyl?

ALLISON  
 They're mondo is what they are. You  
 won't care if your head hurts or  
 not. You won't even know you have a  
 head.

Jasmine giggles. Scott ducks away.

ALLISON  
Take them goddammit. You won't die,  
okay? Here, I'll take one too.

She shakes out a pill and swallows it.

JASMINE  
We can't worry about what you're up  
to every minute. So take it.

Allison grabs Scott's head and tries to force his mouth open  
as he turns his head away.

JASMINE  
Allison, chill.  
(to Scott)  
Take the damn pills or she'll go  
postal on you.

ALLISON  
I'll crush them up and shoot them  
up your ass, how about that?

Scott takes the pills under great duress. They check his  
mouth.

12 INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Allison sleeps on a sofa. Jasmine tenderly brushes away a  
lock of Allison's hair and sits beside her, putting chin in  
her hands.

JASMINE  
This is getting worse by the  
minute.

ALLISON  
(murmurs sleepily)  
Don't say that.

JASMINE  
We're in for it. Why did we...

ALLISON  
(interrupts)  
Get some more sleep. I checked on  
him a while ago. He's out.

Jasmine sits, thinking.

JASMINE  
I thought this was going to be fun,  
yanking his chain. Now things keep  
getting more and more complicated.

ALLISON  
 (mumbles sleepily)  
 Story of my life.

JASMINE  
 Not *your* life. This whole incident  
 is taking on a life of its own.

ALLISON  
 Meaning things are out of control.

JASMINE  
 Meaning you're a psycho and I've  
 linked up with you.

Allison grins.

ALLISON  
 I never pretended to be anything  
 else.

JASMINE  
 (affectionate)  
 At least fix us something to eat.  
 It's your turn.

They rise and walk into the kitchen.

13 INT. APARTMENT KITCHEN - DAY

Jasmine opens the refrigerator and peruses it glumly.

JASMINE  
 Take his wallet and get us some  
 food.

ALLISON  
 Why don't you? You're good at  
 giving orders. What were you, an  
 officer or something?

JASMINE  
 Actually I was a second lieutenant.

ALLISON  
 Wow, that's really high, huh?

JASMINE  
 You're so ignorant sometimes. But  
 somebody's got to keep an eye on  
 him. It might as well be me.

ALLISON  
 You're always ordering me around.



JASMINE  
Shut UP! God, I'm famished.

ALLISON  
Well you've made our bed, and now I  
have to lie in it too.

Jasmine gets out a jar of peanut butter and eats a fingerful.

ALLISON  
Me! Me!

Jasmine scoops out another fingerful and feeds it to Allison.

ALLISON  
(chewing)  
I think this whole scene is kind of  
neat. Now our fates are joined with  
a stranger. It's so... Camus.

JASMINE  
What do you know about Camus?

ALLISON  
I've read Camus.

Allison waltzes around, posturing, licking her peanut butter.

ALLISON  
I mean yesterday, we were so bored  
and depressed, and now it's like...  
we have a *mission*.

JASMINE  
(eating peanut butter)  
I sort of fancy him. I've always  
liked bad boys.

ALLISON  
He's about as "bad" as a labrador  
retriever.

They laugh.

JASMINE  
No, he's bad, all right. In that  
frat kind of way. Like those Duke  
Lacrosse players. They acted all  
innocent and get everybody's  
sympathy, but you know deep down,  
they're rotten to the core.

ALLISON

(nods)

Let's just play with him a while longer. Then we'll tell him everything and turn him loose.

JASMINE

You forget, we aren't the only ones making decisions here. Besides, he'll go straight to the cops.

ALLISON

No he won't. He doesn't want trouble any more than we do. I mean, he DID break and enter. He's got some bad shit in his past, I can tell.

JASMINE

Oh I think so too.

ALLISON

We'll just say he broke in and we panicked... and...

They look at each other, thinking. Jasmine nods slowly.

JASMINE

It may not come to that.

ALLISON

What do you mean?

JASMINE

We may not have to say anything. To anybody.

14 INT. CONDO - BEDROOM - NIGHT

HOURS LATER

Scott finally opens his bleary eyes, looks around and sees he is alone, still bound hand and foot. His hands are behind his back, a gag is in his mouth. A stain tells him that he has wet the bed. He shakes his head. Beside the bed is a post-it note that says "sor-ry" with a little "sad" smiley face.

Scott gags but masters the nausea. Quietly, desperately, he twists and squirms testing his bonds.

He spots a makeup compact lying under the bureau. Pushing against the wall with his feet, he moves the mattress a few tortured inches. Woozy, he rests and his eyes close.

Moments later, he tries again and rolls off the mattress onto the floor.

15 INT. SECOND BEDROOM - NIGHT

Alison and Jasmine sleep amid the remains of a fast food meal. Scott's phone lights up, but they don't notice.

16 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Scott manages to nudge the compact into his bound hands. He opens it behind his back and tries to free the mirror. It's stuck fast. Finally he pushes his thumb against the mirror and it shatters, piercing his thumb. Scott stifles a cry. He wipes the blood on the sheet.

He feels the shards of the broken mirror and frees a big one. Then he begins to saw clumsily at the cloth bands, making slow progress.

Laboriously, he frees his hands and takes the gag out of his mouth.

He quickly frees his feet. But when he tries to stand they won't hold him and he falls back into the bed, making noise.

17 INT. GIRLS BEDROOM - NIGHT

Allison stirs at the sound of Scott nearly falling but her eyes close again.

He massages his feet, then tiptoes to the door, opens it, looks around and glides through.

The apartment is eerie and silent.

18 INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Scott passes through the living room, where books and furniture are piled against the front door. Any motion will set off an avalanche. He passes into the kitchen.

19 INT. CONDO - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Scott opens several drawers quietly, finding a knife. He tiptoes to the kitchen window and tries to open it.

The kitchen lights go on, blindingly bright.

ALLISON

Bad boy! Him get up in the middle  
of the night. Naughty NAUGHTY. Him  
wet the bed too.

As she moves toward him, Scott menaces her with the knife.

SCOTT  
Get out of my way, Allison. I don't  
want to hurt you.

She approaches anyway and he tentatively swipes at her.

ALLISON  
(shouts)  
Jasmine! Get your ass in here!

Jasmine arrives in the kitchen. They all face off.

JASMINE  
(to Allison)  
I thought you tied him up!

Jasmine sidles away from Allison, forcing Scott to keep his eye on the two at opposite ends of the kitchen.

ALLISON  
He's a slippery little jerk.

SCOTT  
I'm warning you, somebody's gonna  
get cut here. He feints at them and  
they dodge apart with little  
screams.

JASMINE  
Don't hurt us.

Scott moves toward the door.

SCOTT  
All I want is out. Clear that  
fucking crap away from the door.

While he is looking at the books, Jasmine pounces on him. A violent collision and struggle as Scott is knocked off balance.

She is strong and trained, while he is weakened from being drugged and tied up.

They both go down. The knife flashes and Jasmine screams.

JASMINE  
I'm cut!

Shocked, Scott breaks away, scrambles to his feet and runs to the front door. Jasmine grabs a kitchen towel and wraps it around her arm. The wound is not serious.

While Scott violently claws at the books and furniture and tugs at the doorknob, Allison sneaks up with a frying pan. She clocks Scott across the head with it. As he reels, she hits him again on the arm. He cries out and curls up. As Allison raises the pan again, Jasmine stops her.

JASMINE  
 Don't! You'll kill him.  
 (to Scott)  
 Scott? You all right?

He looks at them with uncomprehending eyes, blood running down his face.

JASMINE  
 (to Allison)  
 Now you really have made him a vegetable!

ALLISON  
 What was I supposed to do?

Scott is in the fetal position. Allison examines Jasmine's cut.

ALLISON  
 Not so bad. Your last boyfriend did a lot worse, remember?

They look over at Scott, who is now unconscious, bloody saliva runs from his mouth.

20 INT. CONDO - BATHROOM - DAY

Scott is trussed up hand to foot. His swollen arm is wrapped up with a sports bra. Jasmine washes his bloody head from a pan of water. When she doses him with a pill, he does not resist.

JASMINE  
 Good shit, huh? Better watch out, you'll get hooked.

She lathers up his face with a girly shaving gel and begins to shave him.

JASMINE  
 I thought we were sort of getting to be friends.

SCOTT  
 Hostage. Victim. Prisoner. Not friend.

JASMINE

Well it's not like I got off easy.

She shows Scott her bandaged arm.

JASMINE

Hurts like hell.

SCOTT

I was trying to save my life.

JASMINE

I know. I'd have done the same thing.

Allison enters and sits down.

SCOTT

(to Jasmine)

Where are you from anyway?

JASMINE

Santa Maria. All American town. And family. Dad sells cars. Mom sells real estate. They were high school sweethearts.

She makes a "puke" motion. Allison looks on sullenly.

SCOTT

(to Allison)

What about you?

ALLISON

I'm from another type of All-American family. Mom shoots smack. Or speed. Or anything she can get her hands on. Dad could have been any one of her tricks...

SCOTT

Must have been hard, growing up around that.

ALLISON

Blah blah blah. Don't try to charm me.

SCOTT

(to Jasmine)

How'd you hook up with this angel?

He indicates Allison with his head.

ALLISON

I was working at a beauty supply. I sold her some makeup to cover the black eye her boyfriend gave her.

JASMINE

I thought I loved him. I *did* love him.

SCOTT

Where is he now?

JASMINE

Hopefully dead. He kept writing me these vicious letters from prison, how he was going to chop me up when he got out. Haven't heard from him in a while.

Allison grabs Jasmine's wounded arm and shakes it in Scott's face. Jasmine winces.

JASMINE

Ow!

ALLISON

This is what men are good for. Sticking people.

Scott, sweating, bites his lips in pain.

SCOTT

Look out, I'm gonna hurl.

Gently, Jasmine turns his head and he gags and dry heaves. She wipes his face.

JASMINE

(to Allison)

We better feed him something.

Go get him one of those burgers. And a soda.

(to Scott)

Can I trust you?

Miserably, he nods. She loosens his bonds and lets him stretch out. She wets a washcloth and sponges off his face.

SCOTT

Thank you.

Jasmine studies him and brushes his hair away from his eyes.

JASMINE

Think you can get up?

She pulls him to his feet and he leans on her as they walk to the living room.

21 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

She sits Scott down on a sofa and pulls his legs up so he's half lying down.

JASMINE

That better?

He nods.

SCOTT

(to Jasmine)

Why won't you let me go?

She doesn't answer. Allison swaggers in with a burger on a plate and a big gulp soda.

ALLISON

See, I even nuked it for him.

Scott eats with little appetite. He drinks the soda thirstily. Jasmine studies him.

JASMINE

(to Scott)

Where do your parents live?

SCOTT

L.A.

ALLISON

(snotty)

And what does your rich daddy do?

SCOTT

He's not rich. He sells heating and air conditioning systems. Typical middle class cog.

ALLISON

Ugh.

JASMINE

(to Allison)

Stifle!

(to Scott)

You have brothers or sisters?



SCOTT  
One older sister, married to a  
jerk.

ALLISON  
Why is he a jerk? Does he beat her?

SCOTT  
No, he's just a lazy sonofabitch  
who can't hold a job.

ALLISON  
Yeah, the world is so cluttered  
with useless people.

SCOTT  
You said it, I didn't.

JASMINE  
So you went to school, you got good  
grades, played football, joined a  
frat.

SCOTT  
Are those crimes?

JASMINE  
How'd you get into advertising?

Scott is much friendlier when addressing Jasmine.

SCOTT  
I was always wisecracking...  
getting other kids into trouble...

ALLISON  
That sounds very canned, Scott.  
What sort of 'trouble'?

SCOTT  
(uncomfortable)  
Oh, like hiding the teacher's grade  
book, kid stuff.

Allison shakes her head in contempt.

ALLISON  
Come on. You can do better than  
that. What kind of trouble?

SCOTT  
Like once we .....

JASMINE

Yeah....?

But Scott has remembered something disturbing.

SCOTT

Fuck this.

JASMINE

Go on.

SCOTT

(agitated)

Shut up, I don't have to sit here  
and be interrogated.

ALLISON

Fine. I'm going back to bed. Those  
pills make me tired.

Jasmine pauses and looks at Scott.

ALLISON

(to Jasmine)

Oh, it's *that* way? You horny little  
twat! Well go ahead and fuck him if  
you want to.

JASMINE

I don't.

ALLISON

Not much. You always end up fucking  
the guy. You don't have control  
over your...

Their voices fade as the women leave.

22 INT. CONDO - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Scott lies alone, mouth taped, hands bound. His tormented  
eyes gradually close.

CUT TO:

SCOTT'S DREAM

Dreamlike childish voices UP.

YOUNG GIRL'S VOICE

(screams)

No, no stop it! *Stop* it!

Boys' jeering laughter.

BOY'S VOICE

(laughs)

Hold her! She's getting away!

CHILD'S VOICE

What are you doing?

(screams)

Oh no oh no. Help! Mommy! Mommy  
help me!

BOY'S VOICE

(mocking)

'Mommy, mommy help me.'

More laughter; the crying slowly fades to silence.

DREAM ENDS

JASMINE (O.S.)

Wake up! Scott, wake the hell up.

Scott's eyes are spinning in his head, he drools foam, shudders and twists his head from side to side, gagging.

Jasmine rips the tape from his mouth, and Scott gasps and vomits. Jasmine turns his head so he doesn't choke, tries to sit him up.

JASMINE

Just breathe. You're okay.

SCOTT

Wha... what...

JASMINE

You had some kind of a seizure.

Scott pants, gradually orients himself.

SCOTT

I was... dreaming... this weird  
dream.

JASMINE

You're okay.

Jasmine wipes Scott's face as he shudders.

JASMINE

(really alarmed)

Hang on.

Scott sits, disoriented. Allison and Jasmine talk OS

JASMINE (O.S.)  
 He really needs to see a doctor.  
 That was a grand mal seizure.

ALLISON (O.S.)  
 But he's okay now. He's fine.

JASMINE (O.S.)  
 You don't get it. He could die.

ALLISON (O.S.)  
 That's just your catastrophic  
 thinking again. Your shrink says  
 you always default to the worst  
 case scenario.

JASMINE (O.S.)  
 Yeah but sometimes the worst case  
 scenario really happens.

ALLISON (O.S.)  
 No, it's your maternal side coming  
 out. Why don't you ever get  
 maternal with me?

JASMINE (O.S.)  
 I do. All the time.

LATER

23 INT. CONDO - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Scott sips a glass of whisky as Jasmine watches.

JASMINE  
 What the hell happened? I mean in  
 your dream? What triggered you?

SCOTT  
 That thing I said. About getting  
 other kids in trouble.

Jasmine looks puzzled.

SCOTT  
 It's my stock answer for how I got  
 into advertising. But I really did.  
 Get kids in trouble.

Scott drinks more whisky.

SCOTT  
 When I was eleven, this new girl  
 started school. Her name was Terri.

She was really really beautiful.  
 Like some kind of mutation, I mean  
 she was from Venus or something. No  
 other girl even came close to her.  
 So she was like a queen to us.  
 Naturally, all us guys had crushes  
 on her...

JASMINE

(cynical)

Naturally.

SCOTT

My buddies and I, we used to talk  
 about her, like what we wanted to  
 do...with her. I don't mean sex,  
 just ways we could be with her.  
 Like one of us would say, oh, I'd  
 like to take her on a picnic, and  
 another guy would say how they'd go  
 to the movies. Or the beach. We'd  
 actually argue about what she would  
 like to do best.

Scott smiles a little, recalling. Jasmine listens keenly.

SCOTT

Anyhow, one day we saw her by  
 herself out on the playground. The  
 other girls used to give her a hard  
 time. Out of jealousy. They hated  
 her.

JASMINE

Girls can be really mean.

Scott drinks again.

SCOTT

All we wanted was to talk to her  
 close up, without the teacher  
 watching. So we called her over. We  
 said we'd found an injured bird or  
 something. We were in this space  
 between two buildings where nobody  
 ever went. Nobody could see us...

Jasmine leans forward.

SCOTT

She came running over, and when she saw there wasn't any bird, she gave us a look, like, you bunch of idiots. And she turned to leave, but somebody blocked her way.

JASMINE

Was it you?

SCOTT

I... I don't think so. But we started like pushing her from guy to guy, just playing, like. Passing her around. And at first she was laughing and flirting, sort of. But when we wouldn't let her go, she started getting mad.

JASMINE

Did she scream?

SCOTT

Not at first. But then she tried to call out and somebody put their hand over her mouth because we didn't want to get in trouble. And then, I dunno, her blouse tore... and somebody said, 'you better take off your shirt 'cause it's torn, and somehow.... we...we couldn't stop ourselves. We held her down and... and we tore off all her clothes. Everything.

Scott drinks again.

SCOTT

She was like a goddess, naked like that, I remember thinking. She was so pure and ... and beautiful. But she was crying and.. So embarrassed. And we were too.

JASMINES

So did you rape her?

SCOTT

Some of the guys tried to, but we didn't exactly know how. Somebody held her down and we kind of pretended to hump her. We took turns. With our clothes on.

(beat)

But maybe this one guy.. he was bigger than the rest of us. I think he really did it. She was so fucking scared. The tears were rolling down her cheeks onto the hand covering her mouth. I remember that.

Scott looks at his own hand and closes his eyes in pain.

JASMINE

Was it your hand?

SCOTT

I don't know. I swear I don't. We didn't mean to hurt her. We *loved* her.

JASMINE

Then what happened? Did you let her go?

SCOTT

No, we couldn't. We didn't know what to do. This whole... fucked up thing started... like she'd try to run away, and we'd let her get a little ways... Till she thought she was going to make it... And then somebody would run out and grab her back. And it would start all over again.

JASMINE

Like a cat playing with a mouse.

SCOTT

Then, one of the guys,... he said we should...I can't say this part.

JASMINE

You've got to.

SCOTT

I don't know who, but he said we should strangle her, so we don't get in trouble. 'Cause she's gonna tell for sure. But if we killed her they would think some grown-up pervert had done it.

Scott looks away in anguish.

JASMINE  
So did you? Kill her?

Scott sighs, shakes his head.

JASMINE  
You sure?

SCOTT  
We all got pretty tired. We kind of  
came to our senses. So we gave her  
back her clothes and let her go.  
But we told her that if she ever  
tattled to the teacher, or her  
parents, then we really would kill  
her. Or we'd kill her little sister  
or something. So she promised not  
to tell.

After she left, we all swore a  
blood oath, like we cut ourselves  
with a rock and swore never to tell  
what we did. And then everybody  
went home.

JASMINE  
And did she tell?

Scott shakes his head.

SCOTT  
Not that I know of. I couldn't  
believe it. Nobody ever got in  
trouble.

JASMINE  
Maybe somebody did.

SCOTT  
Who?

JASMINE  
Her.

They both sit, pondering.

SCOTT  
Terri and her family moved away  
that summer. I don't know where  
they went. I worried for years that  
it would all come out and we'd go  
to prison.



Then finally in high school, I found out that the statute of limitations had run, so we couldn't be prosecuted even if she did tell.

JASMINE  
(dryly)  
Hurray for you.

SCOTT  
I heard rumors... that she'd gone on drugs.

JASMINE  
Lots of people do.

Scott surveys himself.

SCOTT  
I guess my karma's come around.

Jasmine says nothing. Scott lowers his head and sobs.

JASMINE  
(gently)  
You didn't kill her, Scott.

SCOTT  
But I thought about it. It would have been a perfect solution.

JASMINE  
They would have found you all out. The DNA. You'd have all ratted on each other.

SCOTT  
Right.

JASMINE  
But you didn't do it.

Scott sobs. Jasmine puts her arms around him.

SCOTT  
We didn't ... mean her any harm. I don't know how that happened. We were monsters.

JASMINE  
That's just it. Allison and I.. we didn't mean any harm either. To you. It was supposed to be a joke at first.

And now it's out of control.  
 (beat)  
 We've talked about killing you.

SCOTT  
 You have?

JASMINE  
 Well, Allison did.

SCOTT  
 Please don't. I won't tell.

Jasmine look at Scott's swollen hands.

JASMINE  
 If I untie you, will you try to  
 run?

SCOTT  
 You want me to lie or tell the  
 truth?

She unties him anyway. Scott cries. Jasmine's comforting  
 caress turns into lovemaking.

24 INT. CONDO - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Scott and Jasmine are still talking. Allison is asleep.

SCOTT  
 My old man picked on me nonstop. I  
 was never good enough.

JASMINE  
 Do you hate him?

Scott nods, shrugs.

SCOTT  
 Sometimes I hated mom too, for not  
 having the guts to make him stop.  
 And my sister... she was his  
 favorite. She never took my side. I  
 don't know how she could just stand  
 by and watch me get shredded.

Jasmine puts her hand on his shoulder.

JASMINE  
 My old boyfriend, the one who used  
 to beat me, he had a cancer  
 scare... This mole he had turned  
 black, and they did a biopsy.

He was so scared, and I held his hand while we sweated it out. Wrote him little notes of encouragement, how I'd always be there for him, And all that time I was hoping he'd die. That would have solved everything.

Jasmine shakes her head.

SCOTT  
So.. was it cancer?

JASMINE  
No. It turned out to be benign. So we celebrated, I even bought him a gift. I felt like such a phony. I thought, dammit, I was almost free. Story of my life. *Almost* free.

Scott looks up at the sky through the window.

SCOTT  
I'm scared I'm going to die here.

Jasmine puts her arms around him.

SCOTT  
I just want to feel the air on my face.

JASMINE  
Promise not to run?

Scott nods. Jasmine gets Scott up. He is very wobbly. She moves the furniture blocking the door. They slip outside.

25 EXT. CONDO COMPLEX - NIGHT

Scott stumbles; Jasmine supports him. They walk through a garden area. Scott picks a handful of flowers and breathes them in hungrily.

SCOTT  
Let's take off. You and me.

JASMINE  
Really?

Slowly, they begin to walk away. Scott sways, and Jasmine catches him. After about five paces, Jasmine stops.

JASMINE  
I can't do it. Allison helped me  
when I needed her. I owe her.

SCOTT  
I've gotta go.

JASMINE  
Scott, don't!

He starts to walk away, but Jasmine heads him off. He dodges and stumbles through some tall plants, but he is weak and drugged. He crawls behind a bush and waits, listening. Moments later, Allison walks past with Jasmine.

ALLISON  
Nice going. You lost him.

JASMINE  
(calls)  
Scott? You can't be out here alone.

Scott begins low-crawling away. He almost gets to the street when they notice a ripple among the plants and pounce.

SCOTT  
(weak)  
Help! Help.

Allison sticks a wad of cloth in his mouth. They drag him quickly to the door and back inside.

26 INT. CONDO - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Scott is tied to the bed, his mouth taped, eyes closed.

A young girl's cries reverberate and pierce his unconscious mind. Suddenly he opens his eyes in horror. He sees a blurred image of a young girl trying to run. But her arms are pinned to her sides. She screams.

SCOTT  
Stop! Stop!

A BOY'S VOICE  
Everybody's gotta die sometime.  
It's her time, that's all.

SCOTT  
No! No!

He thrashes, trying to block the sounds.

27 INT. ANNE'S APARTMENT - DAY

A cop talks to Anne in her living room.

ANNE  
....we just... went to dinner and  
then he walked me in.

COP  
What time did he leave?

ANNE  
(embarrassed)  
Pretty late. After two, I think.  
We... had a drink, started talking.

COP  
Where was he headed when he left?

ANNE  
Home. To get ready for a client  
meeting the next morning.

The cop writes.

COP  
Well he never showed up at work.

Anne's jaw drops.

ANNE  
Oh my God!

COP  
Did you make another date with him?

Anne shakes her head.

ANNE  
I never heard from him. I figured  
he just didn't want to see me any  
more. Or maybe he was just busy.  
I... hoped it was that.

She looks away.

COP  
Nobody's seen him at his apartment.  
He hasn't picked up his mail.

Anne's face crumples with worry.

COP  
We're looking at a possibility that  
he was carjacked. It was late...

Anne puts her head in her hands.

COP  
Where was he parked?

ANNE  
(motions)  
In our underground garage. Everyone  
parks there.

COP  
You can show me later. Did Scott  
seem worried about anything?  
Depressed?

ANNE  
Not a bit.

COP  
Happy with his job?

Anne looks uncomfortable.

ANNE  
Well, he was happy his agency won  
our account. But he said something  
at dinner... he wanted to be a  
novelist. He said advertising  
wasn't where people started out. It  
was where they... ended up.

COP  
Did he seem like he was capable  
of... hurting himself?

ANNE  
I don't think so. But I didn't... I  
mean I *don't* really know him.

28 EXT. APARTMENT - DAY

The cop knocks at Jasmine and Allison's door. Jasmine opens  
the door a little, steps outside.

COP  
Excuse me, Ma'am. Do you live here,  
in this complex?

Jasmine suppresses shock at the sight of the cop.

JASMINE

Yes. I do. Is there a problem?

COP

A young man has gone missing and this complex is the last location he was known to be in. He had a date with one of your neighbors.

JASMINE

Oh no. Do they have any leads?

COP

Not as of now. Have you noticed anybody hanging around here who made you feel uncomfortable?

Jasmine "thinks" and shakes her head,

JASMINE

No. Not really.

COP

Do you recall hearing any shouts last week? Scuffles? Something you maybe thought was just party noise?

JASMINE

("thinks")

No. It's pretty quiet around here. Safe. At least I... thought so.

The cop produces a photo of Scott.

COP

Have you seen this man?

Jasmine squints at the picture.

JASMINE

Nooo... He's nice looking though.

She smiles a little.

COP

(to Jasmine)

What happened to your arm?

JASMINE

Oh, uh..my friend's dog took a little nip.

COP  
That's a pretty big bandage for a  
'little nip'.

JASMINE  
It looks worse than it is.

COP  
What kind of dog was it?

JASMINE  
A... black lab.

COP  
Labs are usually pretty docile.

JASMINE  
Well he might have had some  
Rottweiler in him.

COP  
You should get a doctor to check it  
out.

JASMINE  
Officer, don't you have a crime to  
investigate?

COP  
You think it's a crime?

Jasmine is a bit rattled.

JASMINE  
How would I know? Maybe the guy  
just took off for some reason.  
Excuse me, but I have work to do.

COP  
What do you do for a living?

JASMINE  
I'm an executive assistant. I...  
have a day off today.

COP  
Who do you work for?

Anne suddenly appears.

ANNE  
(shouts)  
Officer, I just remembered  
something! About Scott!



The cop returns to Anne's side.

ANNE

He said he has a sister living in Turlock. He doesn't get along with her husband. But he was planning to visit her. Work things out.

COP

Did he tell you her married name?

ANNE

No he didn't. Can you find out?

COP

(nods)

Of course. We're still in the early phase of our investigation. But thanks for the tip.

Jasmine waves to Anne.

JASMINE

(calls out)

I've seen you around.

ANNE

Me too. Nice to finally meet you.

(looks at cop)

I mean, I wish it was under better circumstances.

JASMINE

(to the cop)

Hope you find the guy.

The cop walks away with Anne.

29 INT. CONDO - DAY

Jasmine enters, agitated. Allison is playing solitaire.

JASMINE

This is bad. A cop is snooping around big time.

30 INT. CONDO - BEDROOM - DAY

Scott, tied to the bed, listens keenly at the mention of cops. He has deteriorated; his beard is growing, eyes bleary.

31 INT. CONDO - DAY

Allison keeps playing solitaire.

JASMINE  
What are we gonna do?

ALLISON  
Relax.

JASMINE  
That cop was mondo suspicious.

ALLISON  
You're just paranoid.

JASMINE  
No 'just.' I'm freaked.

SCOTT (O.S.)  
Let me go now. I'll tell them at  
the office that I went on a coke  
bender or something. I won't even  
mention this whole thing happened.

A knock on the door.

JASMINE  
(little scream)  
Oh Jesus, it's the cops!

As Jasmine trembles in terror, Allison gets up casually and  
opens the door. It's ANNE, carrying a bag of groceries.

ALLISON  
Yay!! We eat!

ANNE  
(joking to Jasmine)  
Hey, was that a close call or what?

Jasmine rolls her eyes.

ANNE  
(mocking)  
A black lab bit your arm? That's so  
lame. Couldn't you think up  
something more plausible?  
(laughs)

Jasmine grabs the bag of food and Allison takes Anne's hand  
and lets her peek into the bedroom.

Anne jumps when she sees Scott. Then she studies him  
analytically. Allison comes up behind her.

ALLISON  
 (joking --- prim and  
 proper)  
 I hear you two have met.

32 INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Anne walks up and puts her face very close to Scott's. Scott is too stunned to react.

ANNE  
 (to Jasmine and Allison)  
 What have you guys done to him? Is  
 this a joke?

SCOTT  
 Does it look like a joke? Anne,  
 baby, please call the police.  
 They're holding me hostage. Over  
 that fucking parking space.

ALLISON  
 Don't believe him. This jerk broke  
 into our apartment and tried to  
 rape me. We took him prisoner.

SCOTT  
 I did not! Anne, that's  
 bullshit. Please, call the cops.

ANNE  
 How did you end up in this  
 situation? You left my place and...

ALLISON  
 He carries the seeds of his own  
 destruction.

Allison and Jasmine look at each other.

ALLISON  
 Seeds of Destruction. That's a  
 great name for a band!

JASMINE  
 (calls out)  
 Earth calling Allison. Can we get  
 something to eat?

JASMINE  
 (to Scott)  
 This whole thing is your fault you  
 know.

SCOTT

Anne! Just call 911! Please?

JASMINE

Why should she? You not only got yourself into this, you've gotten us into it now. You broke into our home.

SCOTT

Look, I'm a jerk. That's beyond debate. But how is this... going to make your life better?

ALLISON

We're probably keeping you from ruining somebody else's life. So we're doing a public service.

Jasmine and Allison high-five. Scott closes his eyes wearily.

ALLISON

See this?

Allison shows Scott an armful of scars.

ALLISON

I took it out on myself. What people did to me.

Scott stares at her arm.

SCOTT

You're some kind of nuts.

Allison turns on him in fury.

ALLISON

You don't see my pain, all you see is 'nuts'.

Anne enters with potato chips and a bowl of nuts.

ANNE

Try these nuts.  
(laughs)

ALLISON

Cashews! I love cashews.

ANNE

See, I remembered!

ALLISON  
You're so thoughtful.

Scott watches this wonderingly. It's dawning on him that they're in cahoots. Allison starts stuffing herself. Jasmine tries to feed Scott a potato chip, but he turns his head away.

SCOTT  
(to Anne)  
What the fuck is going on here?

Scott stares in exasperation.

SCOTT  
This is insanity.

ANNE  
Scott? Listen to me. I know exactly who and what you really are.

SCOTT  
What are you talking about?

JASMINE  
(to Scott)  
She's the one who put you here.  
With a little help from her  
friends, of course.  
(looks at Allison)

SCOTT  
Is is some kind of prank? Holding  
me hostage? Beating and terrorizing  
me? For nothing?

ANNE  
Yeah, it's a prank. Like raping an  
11-year-old girl is a prank.

Scott gawks at her in utter disbelief.

SCOTT  
What the hell are you talking  
about? I've never raped anybody in  
my life.

ANNE  
Well that's technically true. Your  
little wee wee wouldn't do the job.  
Unlike your buddy Kevin, who had  
more than enough to tear me up so I  
almost bled to death.

SCOTT

B... but that girl... her name was Terri.

ANNE

Yes, that was her name. Terri. Feels funny even to speak it. See, Terri died out there on that playground, along with her childhood, her innocence. Her trust. Oh, and her sanity. See, I'm bug-fuck nutz, Scott. Have been for years.

SCOTT

Oh God, Anne... Terri

ANNE

Don't call me that name. She's dead. Terri is a zombie name.

SCOTT

... You don't know how much I've thought about that. I've... never forgiven myself over what we did to you.

Anne shrieks with bitter laughter.

ANNE

Did you *suffer*? Poor little Scott.

SCOTT

We .. loved you. We... never would have hurt you.

ANNE

But you found a way, didn't you? And then you threatened to kill my sister too. I still can't believe a bunch of little boys knew so many gruesome ways to murder somebody.

Scott reaches out to her pleadingly, and she draws back.

ANNE

Don't touch me, you insect. You don't know how hard it was to let you have me in bed. Every second, I wanted to puke. I wanted to scratch your self-satisfied, pumped up face.

SCOTT  
I don't blame you.

ANNE  
(dripping with sarcasm)  
Oh thank you. Such a relief. Do you  
*understand?*

SCOTT  
How do you three know each other?

ANNE  
Let's see... I met Allison when we  
were both on 72-hour hold.

ALLISON  
(laughs)  
You were *flyin.'*

ANNE  
Jasmine and I met in rehab. That  
was *loads* more fun. They couldn't  
put you in restraints or shock you.

JASMINE  
Good old Brightside: "Where  
serenity awaits the heart and  
mind."

The women laugh and high-five. Scott shakes his head.

SCOTT  
This is all my fault?

ANNE  
(dripping with sarcasm)  
Why Scott, don't you know, you are  
the.. How shall I put it... the  
inspiration. The.. *creative*  
*director* of this whole 'event.'  
This presentation.  
(they all laugh)  
'always getting other people in  
trouble,' how did that go?

Scott shakes his head.

SCOTT  
I was not the ringleader. I don't  
remember it like that at all.

ANNE  
Of course you don't Well, try a  
little harder.

ANNE  
 (sits beside Scott)  
 Scott, have you ever hurt somebody  
 without meaning to?

JASMINE  
 You bet he has!

Scott glares at her.

SCOTT  
 We *all* have.

JASMINE  
 (eating)  
 Okay then, what's the worst thing  
 anybody's ever done to you?

SCOTT  
 What do you mean? This is the worst  
 thing anybody's ever done to me.

JASMINE  
*This?* Darling, this is so...  
 minimal. So nothing.

Allison nods. Anne nods, looking remote.

SCOTT  
 Being held hostage and beaten by  
 murderous crazies? I don't think  
 that's 'nothing.'

ALLISON  
 And they call us women pussies.  
 Here have some liquid courage.

She fills Scott's glass. He drains it.

JASMINE  
 Eat something, Scott. You look like  
 hell. We really didn't intend for  
 you to die.

ALLISON  
 Speak for yourself.

Scott looks at her.

ALLISON  
 I keed, I keed.

Slowly, Scott begins to eat.



JASMINE  
 (watching him)  
 Ah, the animal spirits return.

SCOTT  
 (to Allison)  
 Okay then, what's the worst thing  
 that's ever happened to you?

ALLISON  
 (matter of fact)  
 Getting raped by my grandfather  
 every night for six years. Starting  
 when I was four.

SCOTT  
 Why were you living with your  
 grandparents?

ALLISON  
 Because my father murdered my  
 mother when I was three.

SCOTT  
 Did you see it? Were you there?

Allison shakes her head.

ALLISON  
 Nope. See? There's always something  
 to be grateful for.

SCOTT  
 (drunk, reckless)  
 Well that explains why you're so  
 warped, anyway.

ALLISON  
 Fuck you!

Allison leaps across and smacks him. Before Jasmine can  
 intervene, Scott smacks her back. She reels away, bleeding  
 from her nose. Jasmine runs to Allison.

JASMINE  
 (to Scott)  
 You bastard! You've hurt her.

ANNE  
 Now we see the real Scott.

SCOTT  
 (defiant but scared)  
 I... I didn't mean... I'm drunk.

JASMINE

Is that what they all say, or what?

Allison wipes the blood away. She is not badly hurt.

JASMINE

Poor baby, let me get you some ice.

She runs out.

SCOTT

(tormented, horrified)

Oh God, I've never hit a woman in  
my life.

Scott begins to cry. Allison is crying now. Jasmine brings  
ice in a bag and holds it to Allison's nose.

ANNE

Hey, who needs another drink?

ALL OF THEM

I do!

They laugh at the chorus, even Scott.

ANNE

Well have fun, kiddies. I have to  
get to work.

(to Scott)

Yes, my whole resume was a pack of  
lies but I really did get that job.

SCOTT

(drunk)

I won't say anything. I mean, if I  
survive this. I won't tell  
anybody...

ANNE

(sarcastic professional)

Thank you, 'colleague.'

Helpless, Scott watches her leave.

Jasmine brings the bottle and opens her hand

JASMINE

Look what else little Annie Fannie  
left us.

Jasmine shows them a couple of joints, which they light up.

JASMINE

This is righteous dope. Annie gets the best.

BEGIN MONTAGE

They all get high and drunk. Music up. The women dance. Scott keeps the beat with his head. At one point Jasmine comes over and kisses Scott very sensually.

END MONTAGE

33

INT. CONDO - DAY

Allison, Scott and Jasmine are loaded.

ALLISON

(taking)

...see, My dad was having this affair, and the woman dumped him, and he blamed my mom.

JASMINE

So he killed her?

ALLISON

And mom hadn't done anything. Dad's girlfriend just got tired of him. He couldn't stand the truth, so he took it out on mom. That's what my grandma told me.

SCOTT

So you went to live with your grandparents. And we know what happened there. You never told anybody? About your grandfather molesting you?

ALLISON

My grandma wouldn't believe me. She said she already lost her daughter, my mom. She couldn't lose her husband too.

SCOTT

What happened to them?

ALLISON

(takes, laughs)

Karma stepped in. Check it out. It was the night of my sixth-grade graduation party. I was all dressed up.

And the old man didn't want me to go to the dance. He said the boys would be all over me.

(laughs)

See, I was *his* property. So he said I had to wash this whole pile of greasy dishes. Even though grandma said she'd do them. But he made me anyway. And then, when I was done with them, he said the water hadn't been hot enough, and he threw them all back into the sink and made me wash them all over again in super-hot water.

SCOTT

What a prick.

ALLISON

My hair got ruined, and my hands were all scalded. My new dress was soaked. And he was gloating. 'That'll teach you some respect.'

Scott shakes his head.

ALLISON

But wait --- here comes the good part. All of a sudden he gets this funny look on his face. He clutches at his chest and starts staggering around.

(she mimes him)

SCOTT

Heart attack?

ALLISON

Big time. At first I thought he was just pretending, 'cause the dishes were so clean or something. But then I saw that his lips were.. turning blue.

A slow, wondering smile spreads over Allison's face.

ALLISON

Like, he fell down...

(comically mimics)

... and then he looked up at me but he couldn't talk. And I knew right then that he was gonna die. And I had my life back. I didn't tell my grandma. I just watched him die.

JASMINE  
 (drunkenly claps)  
 Yaaay!

Scott, drunk, claps too.

ALLISON  
 Of course I couldn't go to the party that night...but I didn't care. I was just afraid they'd put him on some machine and bring him back to life. After his funeral, I kept having this dream of him opening up his coffin and he wasn't really dead and coming after me with a big...

She shudders, far away in a very dark place.

SCOTT  
 So things got better after that?

ALLISON  
 When I turned thirteen I ran away while my grandma was out. I stole everything I could. Then I smashed all her china. I cut up all her clothes. 'Cause she knew what he grandpa was doing. All that time.

JASMINE  
 (nodding)  
 You did good.

Silence. Everybody drinks/tokes.

JASMINE  
 My turn.  
 (looks at Scott)  
 You know, I almost went into advertising.

SCOTT  
 What'd you do instead?

JASMINE  
 You name it... as long as it was underpaid and miserable.

Scott looks sad for her.

JASMINE  
 Well, not everybody 'makes it,'  
 Scott.

ALLISON  
 (to Scott)  
 And don't pity her.

JASMINE  
 He's not, Allison.

SCOTT  
 I'm not 'pitying her.' I'm  
 empathizing.

Allison rolls her eyes.

JASMINE  
 (to Allison)  
 Ally, Scott really isn't that bad  
 of a guy.  
 (to Scott)  
 Scott, right now I feel so much  
 love I... I just want to make love  
 to you.

SCOTT  
 (stoned)  
 What's stopping you?

ALLISON  
 Wow, first there was all this hate  
 here, and now there's love. That's  
 what good dope does to people.

Jasmine looks at Scott, pondering.

JASMINE  
 (to Allison)  
 Why don't you come along?

ALLISON  
 I'd do you. Him, I'll pass on.

SCOTT  
 (taking)  
 I can understand that.

They start dragging Scott toward the bedroom.

SCOTT  
 (but intrigued)  
 This is screwy.

He shrugs, lets himself be dragged.

34 INT. BEDROOM - DAY

They put Scott up on the bed and Jasmine starts kissing him. Allison puts on sexy music and starts taking off her clothes, dancing snakily (for Jasmine.) She kisses Jasmine as Scott watches. Jasmine is more interested in Scott. Allison keeps trying to distract her.

LATER

All are passed out in various poses. Scott's bonds are off, but he is unconscious.

35 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Scott is still out. The women wake up hungover and laboriously tie Scott up again. They slink out, covering themselves, leaving Scott asleep.

LATER

Jasmine enters with a tray of food. Scott surveys his bonds.

SCOTT

Shit.

JASMINE

Doesn't it suck to oversleep?

Scott tries the bonds again.

JASMINE

Don't. Or I'll have to tighten them.

Scott looks away.

JASMINE

Come on, Scott. You have to eat. You should have a pretty good appetite after...  
(grins)

Scott says nothing. Jasmine sets the tray down.

JASMINE

Damn it, have a little sympathy for me in this.

She sits down.

Everything in my life has always been out of control.

I didn't know Annie and Allison were really going to go through with this. This revenge.

SCOTT

Let me go. I told you I'll cover for you. For all of you. We can end this now and walk away.

Allison enters. Her face is bruised from Scott's slap.

ALLISON

I think you broke my nose. I really do.

She suddenly takes out the gun.

ALLISON

(to Jasmine)

I found the bullets. They were in my purse the whole time.

SCOTT

You gonna shoot me?

ALLISON

Always aim to please.

She points the gun at Scott.

JASMINE

Allison, put it away.

ALLISON

He fucked up my nose. My best feature.

JASMINE

Your nose is fine. The swelling will go down.

ALLISON

At least I know how to hate. You really should try it some time, Scott. If you knew how to hate, you wouldn't be trussed up here like a little piglet.

SCOTT

You think I don't hate you?



ALLISON

You despise me. Despise is not  
hate. Despise is with your MIND.  
Hate is with your gut.

She clutches her stomach.

SCOTT

(to Jasmine)

Remember when you were telling me  
about your Escape and Evasion  
course in the Army?

JASMINE

Yeah?

SCOTT

What did they tell you to do if  
rescue doesn't come and you can't  
escape?

Jasmine looks at him.

JASMINE

You live. For your country. And  
your buddies.

SCOTT

Well that doesn't help me much.

JASMINE

What do you have to live for?

Scott thinks.

SCOTT

Fucking nothing.

JASMINE

There's always advertising. And  
pussy.

Scott closes his eyes.

36 INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Scott is tied to the bed, his mouth taped. Suddenly he hears  
Anne.

ANNE (O.S.)

...I never told you to beat him to  
a pulp. I said hold him till I got  
here.

JASMINE

Well that's easier said than done.  
I thought this was supposed to be  
over in like a day or two. Now it's  
been a week and the cops are  
involved.

SCOTT

(shouts)  
Anne?

The door to the bedroom opens and Anne walks through dressed  
in a stunning business suit. She stares at Scott eyes  
narrowed, sizing him up.

ANNE

God, you're a mess.  
(to Jasmine)  
Don't you ever comb his hair?

JASMINE

It's so hard to find good help  
these days.

ANNE

(to Scott)  
So now you balled my friends too?

Allison enters.

ALLISON

I never touched him.

ANNE

(to Scott)  
That just proves how "smitten" you  
were by me. Liar.

SCOTT

So are you three planning to kill  
me? Is that what this is about?

ANNE

(sighs)  
That's the big ask, all right.

SCOTT

I deserve to know.

ALLISON

Oh don't tell us what you deserve.  
We know what you deserve.

ANNE  
 (to Allison)  
 Ally, I am so grateful for what you  
 guys did. You and Jasmine really  
 went above and beyond.

SCOTT  
 (mocking)  
 So fucking corporate. 'You went  
 above and beyond on my ask.'

ANNE  
 Yeah Scott, you're wayyy too  
 'street' to be corporate. A rebel  
 in a Hugo Boss suit.

JASMINE  
 C'mon you guys, let's get wasted  
 again. That's lot more fun.

ALLISON  
 What would life be if you couldn't  
 get wasted? Dope makes life worth  
 living.

All fist-pump.

37 INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Scott lies staring into space. He listens to the three women  
 singing drunkenly in harmony in the living room.

WOMEN (O.S.)  
 (sing)  
 White choral bells,  
 upon a slender stalk.  
 Lilies of the valley  
 deck my garden walk.

38 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Anne signals them to stop, and the singing fades.

ANNE  
*Jasmine*, you came in too soon  
 again.

JASMINE  
 I came in at 'Lilies of the  
 Valley.'

ALLISON  
 (to Jasmine)  
 Well that's not the right place.

JASMINE

So what is the right place then,  
Ms. Auto Tune.

ANNE

Okay let's start again.

WOMEN

(they sing)  
Oh don't you wish  
that you could hear them ring.  
That will happen only  
when the fairieeeeeess sing.

JASMINE

(giggling)  
Allison you can't carry a tune in a  
bucket.

SCOTT (O.S.)

Hey, can somebody get me into the  
shower?

ANNE

(drunk)  
Jasmine, you do it. You're screwing  
up the song for the rest of us  
anyway.

JASMINE

Bullshit. I'm the only one with a  
voice. Fine. I'll do it.

Jasmine rises and goes into the bedroom. The others begin to  
sing again.

39 INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Jasmine walks up to Scott and leans over him. They kiss.

JASMINE

(whispers)  
Hey this is kind of kinky, you all  
tied up. I can get into this.

SCOTT

Don't let me stop you. Uh... I  
still have to pee, though.

JASmine begins to unbind his arms.

JASMINE

(drunk)  
Scott, we can't do this...

now that Anne's here. It's... like  
betraying her.

Her guard is down. The second Scott's hands are loosened, he  
grabs her around the neck with his arm.

SCOTT  
Scream and I'll break your fucking  
neck.

Jasmine's eyes widen. He quickly stuffs a sock in her mouth.  
She struggles, and he can't quite overpower her.

Jasmine gropes and reaches under the mattress, takes out a  
SYRINGE. She punches it into Scott's neck. He goes  
unconscious instantly.

40 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Allison takes a toke.

ALLISON  
(shouts into bedroom)  
Hey, it's awful quiet in there.  
What are you two up to?

JASMINE (O.S.)  
(teasingly)  
Why don't you come take a look?  
You're welcome to join us.

Allison and Anne shake their heads.

ANNE  
(coldly)  
Seriously, I'd gag and not in a  
good way.

Allison puts down the joint.

ALLISON  
Annie, let's eat. Come on, I'm  
tired of singing.  
(shouts into bedroom)  
Jazzy, come and eat.

Allison is getting impatient. Anne stares grimly at the wall.

ALLISON  
(shouts in)  
Hey you guys, can you give it a  
break long enough to...

Moments pass.

ANNE  
He's such a whore.

ALLISON  
I can't believe you're jealous. I  
thought I was the crazy one.

Allison gets up and walks to the bedroom.

45 INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Allison opens the bedroom door. She sees Scott unconscious.  
Jasmine is twirling the syringe between her fingers.

ALLISON  
(shouts to Anne)  
Annie get in here!

JASMINE  
Thank God for Propofol.

ALLISON  
(to unconscious Scott)  
You bastard!  
(to Jasmine)  
Did he try to kill you?

JASMINE  
He came close.

ANNE  
I'm ready to end this now.

Jasmine coughs and struggles to her feet.

JASMINE  
This is the last time a man grabs  
me by the throat. And lives.

She staggers out of the bedroom.

WHITE SCREEN

SCOTT (O.S.)  
(feeble voice)  
Where am I?

INT. SCOTT'S CAR - DAY

Scott is sitting in the front seat of his car. He is shaved,  
cleaned up and dressed in his clean clothes. His phone and  
car keys are on the seat next to him. He picks up the phone,  
scans through it. Looks around him again. He realizes he is  
free.

He starts the car. Then he turns it off and bursts into deep sobs.

TIME PASSING

51 EXT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Scott, dressed in a different suit, stands in front of a door in a different apartment complex. He looks around furtively and knocks.

No answer.

He knocks again and finally gives the door a little push. It yields, just a crack. He pushes it open and sneaks through.

52 INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

In the darkened apartment, Scott strolls around, peeking into rooms.

Suddenly Jasmine emerges in a nightie.

JASMINE  
(frightened)  
Omgod! Wh... what are you doing here?

SCOTT  
Whatever the fuck I want, baby doll.

He moves forward and grabs her as she struggles and tries to escape. He puts a hand over her mouth and overpowers and restrains her, forcing her down onto the carpet. They confront each other face to face.

JASMINE  
(drops the frightened affect)  
About time. What kept you?

SCOTT  
Stuck in a meeting.

They kiss passionately.

SCOTT  
(grins)  
We've got a long night ahead.

JASMINE  
Do. We. Ever.

She begins to peel off his jacket and unbutton his shirt.

He doesn't see Allison and Anne ENTER THE ROOM, looking grim.

As they approach, Scott looks up and sees them. A look of SHOCK and realization on his face. He knows he's in trouble.

RUN CREDITS