

THE VELOCITY OF ESCAPE

written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. ARGONNE NATIONAL LABORATORY - NIGHT

The aurora borealis rises from the horizon, swirls into a vortex and drops from the sky above --

Twenty buffalo grazing near several industrial buildings.

Red lights blink on the buildings and O.S. a WARNING BUZZER BLEEPs as the vortex swirls around the buildings.

The buffalo run away as the buildings drop into a portal, opening in the ground.

Suddenly, the portal collapses, leaving the buildings halfway in the ground as the vortex rises, swirling toward an "ARGONNE NATIONAL LABS" sign on a fence along a rural road.

INT./EXT. CAMPER VAN (MOVING) - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

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

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

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

They smile at YOUNG DANNY RAMONE (7) sitting in the backseat, smiling at them as he draws in pencil in a sketchbook.

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

SEAN

You all right, Danny-boy?

YOUNG DANNY

Yeah Dad, thanks.

FAITH

Danny-boy, honey, take this.

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

He sips some milk. She PLAYS the song and they all sing.

Young Danny undoes his seat-belt, leans to the right side window, sees the swirling vortex hop the fence, approaching the van.

YOUNG DANNY

Wow, that's so-oh radical.

He swirls his pencil point into a tight-spiral-vortex over two pages and slashes an anarchy "A" across it.

Suddenly, oncoming headlights flash into a crystal clear teardrop prism hanging from the rearview mirror.

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

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

FAITH

Oh God no, Danny-boy, your seat-belt!

Sean SLAMS the brakes. O.S. TIRES SCREECH.

An SUV SMASHES the van head-on, flips over the roof and the windshield CRACKS as flames ERUPT in the rear of the van.

The swirling vortex touches down, opens a portal in the ground just ahead of the van and sucks it toward the hole.

Young Danny flies, milk pint and sketchbook in his grasp, through Faith's hands as smoke and fire fills the vehicle:

YOUNG DANNY

Mom, Dad, I wanna be with you! I love--!

He BANGS his head into the spinning prism and milk splashes across the cracked windshield as it EXPLODES outward.

Danny flies behind broken glass and the spinning prism into the portal, down an elongating tunnel of multicolored lights.

SEAN AND FAITH (O.S.)

Danny-boy? Danny-boy?

A newspaper spins up the portal Danny just past through and stops, the "CHICAGO TRIBUNAL" headline: "ARGONNE NATIONAL LABS UNLEASHES PORTAL" until the paper IMPLODES.

EXT. "L" STATION - NIGHT

White paint splatters across the platform along a railing.

SUPER: 12 YEARS LATER

DANNY RAMONE (19) devilish smile, short Mohawk, bulky coat, splashes his boots in the paint and glances at his watch.

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

He peels the first stencil off and exposes --

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

A train ROARS by, blows the remaining stencils off and the train car lights flash across the posters, animating --

Shepherds and sheep in shopping carts tumbling across the posters and swirling down a toilet bowl on the last one.

DANNY

All aboard, non-stop to damnation!

EEYORE (55) frumpy, droopy-eyed policeman and ALICE (25) pony-tailed blonde policewoman, burst onto the platform.

Danny airbrushes a spiral vortex and slashes an anarchy "A" across it onto the mountain top, sees the cops closing on him and turns to the shepherds:

DANNY

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

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

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

STREET

Danny bounces on the curb from a bungee cord, lets it go and gives the finger to Eeyore, leaning over the railing above.

DANNY

Time to cut to the chase.

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

He shrugs out of his paint drenched coat and drops it.

He wears an oxygen tank strapped to his back, a regulator connects a hose to a feeder can and airbrush in his hand.

TWO COPS jump off the "L" stairs, Danny rolls the tank at them and windmills his arm as they race back up the steps.

DANNY

Kill ya with my rock-n-roll!

He removes one boot, hops on the other and sees several white boot-prints leading to Alice, closing on him.

ALICE

I got you, rabbit!

Danny whips the boot at her and sprints away.

DANNY

Come on, Alice!

She sidesteps the boot and lunges for him. Danny dodges her and ducks around a corner onto --

ANOTHER SIDEWALK

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

DANNY

See you round!

He ducks into the doorway of --

PORTAL RECORDS

Alice skids to a halt through swirling multicolored lights.

ALICE

I got you, rabbit!

His boot-prints end at a door with "Portal Records" hand painted in elongated letters around a spiral vortex with an anarchy "A" across it on the glass.

Alice turns the doorknob. No Danny. Record store's closed.

Suddenly, a breeze blows her hair back as multicolored lights swirl out of a closing portal centered in the spiral vortex.

ALICE

That's curious?

She peers into the portal and sees multicolored lights swirling down an elongating tunnel toward a --

INT. "L" SUBWAY CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Danny waves from behind an anarchy "A" across a spiral vortex spray-painted on the rear window of the train, ZOOMING down a tunnel as multicolored lights swirl around it.

INT. FOLEY HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

A room full of exquisite furniture and a bag of golf clubs.

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

Toilet paper dangles from his fly.

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

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

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

He slides the laptop on the nightstand and unknowingly knocks the red jump drive behind the nightstand as he exits.

EXT. CUL-DE-SAC - DAY - CONTINUOUS

A PAPER GIRL (10) pushes a shopping cart full of newspapers under a "DEAD END" and an "ELM STREET" sign on a lamppost as she enters the half circle street.

She passes Hummers in driveways, guarding sports cars and custom homes as she tosses papers on front porches.

She grabs a paper, steps by "1313" stenciled on the next house's driveway, crosses the lawn and the sprinklers go on.

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

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

WARREN

Shit! My fucking journal!

He races down a marble stairway and opens the front door.

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

EXT./INT. "L" SUBWAY CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

A train ROARS along a dark tunnel.

Two dozen weary, frightful looking PASSENGERS of all ages and fiscal backgrounds sit in the seats.

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

Danny lifts his shirt and wipes his face off as he limps on one boot down the aisle.

DANNY

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

JESUS' SON

How would you do that, Danny?

DANNY

I'm gonna find the person who drove the SUV that killed my Mom and Dad.

JESUS' SON

What will you do when you find this person?

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

The Passengers nod and whisper to each other:

PASSENGERS

He wants blood.

Jesus' Son turns to the Passengers:

JESUS' SON

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

PASSENGERS

He doesn't have the nerve.

DANNY

Watch and see!

He pulls a folded sheet of paper from his pocket, unfolds it and holds it up.

Everyone but Jesus' Son creeps over and reads it --

INSERT UNFOLDED PAPER

A scanned and printed newspaper article with a picture of his parents, Faith sitting on Sean's lap, both laughing.

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

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

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

END INSERT

Danny checks his watch, kicks the side doors open and leaps out, disappearing in a flash of swirling multicolored lights:

DANNY (O.S.)
You'll all see!

O.S. FIFTY SPINNING PLASTIC PINWHEELS WHOOSHING CLOSER.

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

The sun rises above a "HAVE A GAS/MINI-MART" sign over a gas station. A busy city street beyond.

Fifty shiny pinwheels strung around the station spin, projecting multicolored lights round the gas pumps.

Danny lands on one boot in an anarchy "A" across a spiral vortex spray-painted on the concrete at one end of an island of gas pumps and covers it with a garbage receptacle.

He salutes a TV screen on the pumps as a newscast starts --

INSERT TV SCREEN NEWSCAST

A video montage of: An anarchy "A" across a spiral vortex spray-painted on the top of the, Eifel Tower, Coliseum, Pyramids, Great Wall, Machu Picchu, Everest, Vatican, Mecca, Taj Mahal, Wailing Wall, White House, Mount Rushmore and Windsor Castle.

NEWSCASTER VOICE (FROM TV)
The mysterious graffiti continues.
All the graffiti in these videos
was painted last night, and was, as
always, accompanied by sightings of
swirling multicolored lights.

TV SCREEN NEWSCAST INSERT ENDS

Danny hops to a sliding cash-tray and BANGS on the mini-mart window under a bubble camera as the lights go on inside.

DANNY
Good morning, Gena.

GENA PETRO (34) cute, short, muscular, messy blonde hair, drops a clipboard in the tray and sends the drawer out.

GENA (OVER PA)
The readout on the pumps needs to be done, Danny, the power went out again. It went on, seconds ago.

DANNY
I drew another for you. You're my hero, Gena!

He SLAPS the blank-inside of a cereal box to the glass, it's a caricature of Gena as a harem girl, dancing with the gas pumps, hoses curled upright, like cobras, around her.

GENA
Thank you, Danny!

He takes the clipboard, sends the caricature in on the tray.

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

Gena sets a prescription bottle of square green pills on a shelf under the register and pulls two \$100 bills from the register.

A bubble camera on the ceiling above five aisles, coffee makers on a counter over cabinets between a wall of coolers on the back wall.

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

DANCER
Momma needs a new cellphone.

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

Gena listens to a cellphone, looking at several caricatures of her as rock stars, skateboarders, race car drivers, comic heroes, on blank sides of cereal boxes and adds the new one.

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

She squeezes her eyes shut and leaks tears.

GENA
 (into cellphone)
 I can't believe you're doing this.
 You know I'm deep in debt. I work a
 hundred hours a week already.

She chomps on a pencil and speaks through clenched teeth:

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

O.S. TELEPHONE LINE CLICKS, DIAL TONE HUMS.

She spits the pencil out and stuffs the phone in her pocket.

GENA
 Screw yourself!

She scowls with extreme prejudice out the window at Danny.

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

He reads the pumps and writes the numbers on the clipboard.

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

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

VEGAS PETRO (17) perky, smart and sexy, razor cut blonde, big
 cheap shades, old studded leather jacket, exits the car.

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

VEGAS
 Traded your boot for some paint?

DANNY
 I painted myself into a corner.

VEGAS

You rock, I roll, Danny!

DANNY

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

VEGAS

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

DANNY

It's a date.

VEGAS

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

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

DANNY

"Their American leather."

VEGAS

(laughingly)
"Laughter forever."

DANNY

"Now I hear laughter."

She dismounts and grabs the skateboard.

VEGAS

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

Danny pulls a locket shaped as an anarchy "A" from around her neck and opens it.

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

DANNY

Double suicides or conspiracies to remove our future leaders?

VEGAS

Self destruction is the purest act of anarchy.

DANNY

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

VEGAS

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

DANNY

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

VEGAS

Fuck-off and die.

DANNY

Kurt was a fag in drag!

VEGAS

The Circle Jerks are homos!

She gives him the finger and pushes the mini-mart door in.

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

Vegas enters and the doorbell, a swirling coil of steel with a bell at the center attached to the back of the door RINGS.

Gena steps out from behind the counter.

GENA

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

VEGAS

Danny's taking me on a date tonight.

GENA

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

VEGAS

It's a date, Mom. You said if Danny took me out on a date tonight, you'd let me bring him to meet Aunt Reno. Can you bring us after work?

GENA

Of course, baby girl.

Vegas kisses her and hops behind the counter.

VEGAS

Are we ever going home again?

Gena rushes down an aisle into a bathroom.

GENA (O.S.)
Be at home behind the register!

Vegas reaches behind the prescription bottle on the shelf under the register and grabs a ring of door-keys off a .38 revolver next to six loose .38 cartridges.

She pockets the keys and skateboards to the bathroom.

VEGAS
Can I have my own room please,
Mother dear?

GENA (O.S.)
What for, baby girl?

Vegas skateboards away, strums the guitar and sings:

VEGAS
"So I, Can sigh, Eternally."

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

She mimes shooting herself in the open mouth.

GENA (O.S.)
Thank you, baby girl!

Vegas wheels up the aisle, twangs the guitar and screams:

VEGAS
"Ya ain't nothing but a hound dog."

The doorbell RINGS as a long haired skinny TEEN BOY enters.

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

Vegas rolls past the bathroom, picks the guitar and sings:

VEGAS
"Gee-Tar-zan, And her monkey band."

Teen Boy enters the aisle. Vegas swerves around him and tail-skids behind the counter.

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

GENA

Is that it?

TEEN BOY

Ten hits. Liquid LSD. A psychedelic circus in a bottle. Way better than the drops I been selling ya.

GENA

Deal.

She hands him the two \$100 bills and takes the bottle.

TEEN BOY

Don't you wanna know the doses?

GENA

Go ahead.

TEEN BOY

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

GENA

Three?

He grabs her wrist.

TEEN BOY

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

GENA

You're colorful. Now go away.

He walks toward the counter.

Gena TAPS a "Warren" icon on her cellphone, texts "I'm gonna remove Reno from our equation Warren" and presses "send".

Vegas grabs a pack of cigarettes from a display behind the counter and slips it in her back pocket.

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

DANCER

Five 'ill get me fifty.

Vegas grabs a bag of nacho chips from the aisle, opens it and steps behind Dancer. Vegas crunches chips as she speaks:

VEGAS

The machine ate your baby, Dancer.

Dancer gawks at her empty stroller, rushes to the crane game window and twists her ears.

DANCER

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

Gena rushes out of the aisle.

GENA

I'll be damned.

Dancer and Vegas stare inside the crane game.

VEGAS

It's like baby heaven, Dancer.

THE BABY (1) sleeps on a pile of soft animals and nurses on a soft red apple toy.

Dancer's face reflects in the mirrored backside of the game as she tears up, rolls her eyes back and faints.

Vegas catches Dancer and lays her on the floor. She takes her jacket off and folds it under Dancer's head.

GENA

Vegas, stay here until I get back.

She runs toward the bathroom.

Vegas sneers at The Baby nursing on the apple. Teen Boy gawks over her shoulder.

TEEN BOY

Can I play next?

VEGAS

You're demented.

Gena tosses the cellphone to Vegas, kneels and applies a wet cloth to Dancer's forehead.

GENA

Baby girl, get the fire department.

Vegas gives Teen Boy her chips. O.S. DOORBELL RINGS.

Danny enters, peers at Dancer and Gena on the floor and cocks his head toward Vegas as he steps behind the counter:

DANNY

What's with sleeping beauty?

VEGAS

A dwarf took her place under glass.

Danny stoops behind the counter, reaches over the .38 under the register and grabs the prescription bottle off the shelf.

He sees Vegas drift toward him, punching 911 into the cellphone as he squeezes the bottle in his hand.

DANNY

Have you seen my keys?

She turns away from him and lifts the phone to her ear.

VEGAS

Shh, Prince Charming's on the hook.

Danny reads the newspaper article with his parents' picture: "I smelled alcohol in the SUV and found Reno Foley's empty prescription bottle of Lithium--"

He crumples the article and sneers at "RENO FOLEY 1313 ELM STREET" on the prescription bottle of square green pills.

VEGAS

(into phone)

We need a fire rescue. "HAVE A GAS MINI-MART" on Milwaukee. A midget crawled up a crane game's ass.

Gena notices Danny stooping behind the counter:

GENA

Vegas, grab your Aunt Reno's pills before I forget, she needs 'em now.

Vegas heads for the counter. Danny sets the prescription on the shelf and stands as Vegas steps behind him.

DANNY

You're witty.

VEGAS

It gets me noticed.

She sets the cellphone down and grabs the prescription.

DANNY

I can't find my keys!

VEGAS
First your boot and now your keys?

The doorbell RINGS as Danny opens the door.

VEGAS
Wake up, Danny.

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

DANNY
Another conspiracy!

She JANGLES the door-keys and watches him circle the pumps.

INT. FOLEY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Walls to ceiling, a page out of an interior design magazine with a beautiful crystal prism chandelier in the center.

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

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

RENO
You more like I feel.

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

KITCHEN

Reno flicks ashes in the sink as she stumbles past restaurant quality stainless steel appliances and handcrafted cabinets.

She turns on a boom box on the marble counter-top and BEATS on the fridge to a PUNK ROCK SONG as she slides to the floor.

She wipes tears from her eyes and scrubs a scuff mark off the floor with her wet bitten down nails.

She opens a glass patio door and blows smoke rings across a --

POOL SIDE

An automated cover caps the pool.

Warren presses 250 on a weight-bench by twenty round weights on a rubber mat, sets the bar on a spotter rack and hops up.

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

He sniffs the flower in his lapel, wrinkles his nose and sees Reno smoking in the doorway.

WARREN

I knew it!

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

RENO

Up yours.

He slips a pack of cigarettes from her pocket on his way by her, rips the boom box cord from a wall socket and kills it.

WARREN

And yours is mine.

RENO

It'll just get fatter.

WARREN

Lift weights. Learn to swim.

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

RENO

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

BEGIN FLASHBACK

INT./EXT. SUV (MOVING) - NIGHT

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

The SUV SLAMS the van head-on, flips over the van and rolls off the rural road into a shallow creek.

FLASHBACK ENDS

Reno waters Warren's Italian loafers with the sink sprayer.

WARREN

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

RENO

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

She closes her eyes and whispers to herself:

RENO

I live in the gravity of their
screams to this day.

He waves the flower from of his lapel under her nose.

WARREN

Bad dreams I understand, but you're
afraid of everything. You haven't
left this house in two years.

She SMACKS the flower from his hand.

RENO

Vegas, brings me anything I need.

WARREN

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

RENO

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

She leans over the counter and sobs. He pats her back.

WARREN

That, and you look like shit all
the time. Get some sleep. Lose--

She elbows him hard in the stomach.

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

WARREN

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

RENO

You remembered, that sounds funny,
coming from a guy that can't
remember his own phone number.

She swats the prescription bottle off the counter.

WARREN

You need to take these.

He holds the two pills out for her.

RENO

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

WARREN

Sure sweetie. Go on.

She grabs the pills and pops them in her mouth.

RENO

Did you fuck the newspaper girl's mom?

WARREN

I told you, I've changed.

RENO

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

WARREN

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

RENO

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

She curtsies and bows.

RENO

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

WARREN

Come on, Reno, this is getting way too complicated. I gotta go.

RENO

Coming and going. Not much change.

WARREN

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

RENO
Another alleged drug dealer, huh?

WARREN
He owns a thriving car dealership.

RENO
Kiss my ass, you fool.

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

WARREN
Better make that fifteen pounds.

RENO
I'm just your sagging workhorse.

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

He disappears down the hallway.

RENO
Why should your comfort get the best of me?

She spits the pills on top of the fridge.

FOYER

Reno catches up to Warren at the front door.

RENO
I do it all round here, for nothing, but your disregard.

WARREN
Take it easy for a day or two.

She squeezes her hands together.

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

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

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

He opens the front door.

WARREN

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

He exits and SLAMS the door.

EXT. FOLEY HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - DAY

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

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

Gena sleeps in sunglasses next to Vegas. The guitar on the backseat.

VEGAS

Someone rain 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.

He grabs the anarchy "A" locket and smiles at her tits.

VEGAS

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

She winks at him and slaps his hand away.

WARREN

Whose picture's in there?

VEGAS

Yours of course.

WARREN

What does the "A" stand for?

VEGAS

Antichrist.

WARREN
You're funny.

VEGAS
Hey slick, ya wanna trade cars?

WARREN
Can you handle a stick?

He gets in his car and eases behind the wheel.

VEGAS
You do have Alzheimer's.

WARREN
Then don't bother to remind me.

VEGAS
What happens in...

He presses his hand over her mouth.

WARREN
Vegas!

She TAPS on his headset earphone.

VEGAS
Who are you always talking to on that?

He shifts his eyes from Gena to Vegas.

WARREN
Satan demands one's heart and soul.

VEGAS
So you're my mother's advocate.

Gena exits the car and hands the guitar to Vegas.

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

WARREN
You're alive?

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

Gena lowers her sunglasses, stares at Vegas and applauds.

GENA

Open eyes are of endless
encouragement to dramatists.

Vegas bows, slings the guitar on her back and skateboards to the house.

Warren shakes his head at Gena.

WARREN

I wonder where she gets it.

GENA

Same place you do. Hands off Vegas.

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

WARREN

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

GENA

I can't wait for you to do
something about Reno. I'm going
take care of it myself, now.

WARREN

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

GENA

Out of our way.

WARREN

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

He starts the car and PEELS-OUT of the driveway.

INT. FOLEY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - STAIRCASE - DAY

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

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

O.S. LOUD OPERA MUSIC PLAYS IN BEDROOM.

She exits and runs into the second bedroom.

O.S. HEAVY DRAMATIC SYMPHONIC OVERTURE BLARES WITHIN.

She rushes out and into the third bedroom.

She leaps out of the room.

O.S. KETTLEDRUMS LEAD INTO CLASSICAL OPERA INSIDE.

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

O.S. THREE DIVAS SING CONFLICTING ARIAS as Reno storms down the steps.

KITCHEN

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

RENO
I'll start my diet, now.

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

Vegas enters and hands the cigarette pack to Reno.

VEGAS
Stash 'em, quick.

Reno pockets them. Gena enters and takes the beer from her.

GENA
You're not sleeping again, are you?

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

RENO
Why sleep when it's all a dream?

GENA
Did you take your pills today?

RENO
I'm on a diet.

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

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

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

Gena leads her by the hand into the --

LIVING ROOM

Reno lies on the couch.

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

RENO
And you're such a caring Sister.

GENA
Shh. Close your eyes now.

She pulls the dropper bottle of LSD from her pocket and drips two drops in each of Reno's eyes.

RENO
You're doubling the dose?

GENA
This needs to be take care of, now.

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

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

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

GENA
Finish your drink.

Reno GUZZLES the beer as she follows Gena into the --

KITCHEN

Gena takes the empty can from Reno.

RENO
You don't mind my drinking?

GENA
You being agreeable is all I ask.

She CRUNCHES the can in her hands.

Reno looks out the patio door.

RENO
I closed the pool cover to keep it
warm, it was freezing last night.

Vegas skids on her ass across the counter next to Reno and sets the new prescription bottle near the sink.

VEGAS

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

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

RENO

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

Gena kisses her cheek.

GENA

Thank you, dear.

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

RENO

I'm sorry to cause you to worry.

GENA

Maybe we should talk?

RENO

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

GENA

Promise me you'll take a nap today.

RENO

I promise.

She finger-draws a cross over her heart.

Gena runs her fingers through Reno's hair.

GENA

All right.

RENO

Now here, allow me.

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

GENA

Thanks.

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

RENO
Looking to drown your sorrows?

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

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

GENA
Well, never underestimate the
healing power of silence.

RENO
To each her own.

GENA
I know, you prefer deafening tones.

RENO
Noise is my asylum, a perforating
refuge.

GENA
Whatever you just said makes sense
somehow.

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

VEGAS
Good one, Reno.

GENA
You both are a...?

VEGAS
Two peas in an infinite pod.

She and Reno clasp hands, bow together and laugh.

GENA
Time for my silent treatment.

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

EXT. FOLEY HOUSE - POOL SIDE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Gena strips down to her panties, tosses her bra and steps
past a bubbling hot tub.

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

RENO (O.S.)
 That's not Poe.

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

VEGAS (O.S.)
 It's Macbeth. We were reading it together, yesterday?

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

The automated pool cover opens. Gena grabs a 25 pound weight and sets it on the diving board.

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

Gena duct-tapes one end of the tubing to the diving board.

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

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

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

RENO (O.S.)
 Shakespeare and Cobain?

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

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

Gena hugs the weight and SPLASHES into the water.

INT. WHITE SPORTS CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Warren, head-set on, speeds through expressway traffic, SLAMS through the five speed gears and squeezes between the cars.

WARREN
 Get the hell out of my way.

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

WARREN

Hey, thanks for the directions.

He glances right and sees a "Cicero exit 1/4 mile" sign.

WARREN

Shit! Next exit!

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

He misses the exit and skids sideways across a grass median between the expressway and the ramp.

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

O.S. JUDGE BANGS GAVEL.

INT. COOK COUNTY CRIMINAL COURTROOM - DAY

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

VLAD (30) Croatian accent, muscular, silk suit, growls at Warren, behind the defense table, closing an attache case.

VLAD

Nothing to worry about, huh?

TWO LARGE BAILIFFS cuff Vlad and escort him away.

WARREN

Vlad, come on. We can appeal.

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

VLAD

I sick my dogs on ya! Weekly beatings! Incentive to get me out!

The Bailiffs drag him backward.

Warren carries the attache case up the aisle into the --

CORRIDOR

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

WARREN

Move, little man.

MARKO

What the fuck was that, dog?

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

WARREN

Marko, your brother Vlad should've listened.

MARKO

That's bullshit, you know it, dog!

WARREN

Our business is closed for today.

MARKO

Whassup wit' that two million cash of Vlad's and mine you got?

Warren drags him through a door into a --

MEN'S ROOM

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

MARKO

Fuck!

WARREN

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

He sets the attache case down and pees in another urinal.

Marko stands and shakes his head.

MARKO

I'll see ya on the other side.

WARREN

Maybe I banged your head too hard.

MARKO

Fuck ya talkin' 'bout?

Warren opens the attache case and removes a sheet of paper.

WARREN

I thought you were a lot smarter.

MARKO

Go on, tell me how smart.

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

WARREN

Vlad doesn't know what I know.

MARKO

Fuck ya saying, dog?

WARREN

Wipe your dog-ass with this.

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

MARKO

Where...? Yo, fuck you! That arrest report's a fake!

He twists the paper towels and throws them down.

WARREN

Why don't we cut the crap, Marko?

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

MARKO

I want our fucking money, dog!

Warren washes his hands in a sink.

WARREN

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

MARKO

No fucking way.

Warren grabs a paper towel and dries his hands.

WARREN

Exactly that way, dog.

MARKO

Yo, fuck you!

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

WARREN

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

MARKO

Don't do that.

WARREN

How about I show him nothing and
give you the two million cash?

MARKO

Yo, what do you want from me?

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

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

WARREN

Kill my crazy wife tonight.

MARKO

Why don't ya just divorce her?

WARREN

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

MARKO

Sounds like you.

He exits the stall, heads to the door and smiles.

WARREN

Do me a favor, call off the dogs?

MARKO

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

He struts out and gives Warren the finger over his shoulder.

INT. DANNY'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Danny enters. A tub of bubble-bath SPLASHES over the sides.

DANNY

My keys in there?

Vegas rises from under the sudsy water.

VEGAS

Would you like to pat me down?

DANNY

No.

He shoves her underwater and leaves. She comes up and stares
through tearful eyes at the door as it shuts.

VEGAS

You're odd! You know that?!

DANNY (O.S.)

How the hell did ya find my place?

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

VEGAS

Took me a week of jumping on and off buses, trains and switching "L" cars, just to follow you back here yesterday. Then I got your keys this morning.

DANNY (O.S.)

You must be a bloodhound, yay?

VEGAS

Are you a terrorist or something?

HALLWAY

The walls and ceiling painted with comic book illustrations.

Danny smiles, rests his forehead on the bathroom door, slides the box-cutter across his neck and whispers:

DANNY

I want blood.

He yells through the door:

DANNY

How'd ya get by my landlady, Grace?

VEGAS (O.S.)

She caught me on the front stairs.

DANNY

I knew you couldn't get by her.

BATHROOM

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

VEGAS

Grace thinks you've become a hermit." That I'd be good for you.

DANNY (O.S.)

You're like a, what, 16 years-old?

VEGAS

I been seventeen for five months.

DANNY (O.S.)

Come back in seven months.

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

VEGAS

I can't survive seven months.

DANNY (O.S.)

Why? What's wrong with you?

VEGAS

I'm a suicidal wreck.

He opens the door. It pushes her back. She SPLASHES in the tub and dangles her legs over the side as he storms in.

DANNY

You're a beautiful young girl.

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

VEGAS

Then you do care for me?

She flings water at him as he collects a cup of razors from the side of the tub.

DANNY

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

VEGAS

She's sweet.

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

DANNY

I think your problem is immaturity.

She stands, smiles and jiggles her tits in his face.

VEGAS

Baby loves attention.

DANNY

Pay attention to this.

He stomps out and SLAMS the door.

INT./EXT. WHITE SPORTS CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

Warren drives, cellphone headset on, snorts cocaine off one hand as the other jerks the wheel left to right.

The car snakes through expressway traffic.

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

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

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

GENA (OVER PHONE)
He's a good worker.

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

GENA (OVER PHONE)
Vegas mentioned something about
this record store they talk about
in Wicker Park. Portal something?

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

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

GENA (OVER PHONE)
How was I going to predict she'd
runaway with him?

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

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

BEGIN DAYDREAM

EXT. HAVE A GAS/MINI-MART - NIGHT

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

Warren aims the .45 from across the station at them.

WARREN

Muzzle velocity equals rate of
escape.

He FIRES and the tanker ERUPTS in a fireball, engulfing Marko, Gena, Vegas and Reno.

DAYDREAM ENDS

He sticks the .45 between the seats and rips the headset off.

WARREN

A guaranteed fix to everything.

He steers one-handed and bites a cap off a brown gram-size bottle of cocaine.

WARREN

Bottoms up.

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

He slaloms the car in, out and around traffic.

WARREN

Scared stupid flock-a sheep, drive.

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

WARREN

The world's lost without duct-tape.

He stares in the rearview mirror at a black rust-bucket jeep behind him, matching his every move.

WARREN

Come on, Speedy. Stay with me,
little black sheep.

He turns to see the pickup pass him and swerve in front of him. The top-sheet of drywall flips backward from its bed.

The drywall EXPLODES across his roof. Chalk powder cakes the windshield and the side windows.

He swerves into the emergency lane and SCREECHES to a halt.

He squirts the washer fluid and the wipers smear white muck across the windshield. He works the washer lever. No fluid.

WARREN

Goddamn quit on me!

He opens his window, puts his head out and stares behind him.

SPEEDY (35) big man, Fu Manchu mustache, Mexican accent, tattooed arms, SLAMS the jeep door and stomps toward Warren.

WARREN

You want some action? You get it.

He reaches between the seats as Speedy leans in the window.

SPEEDY

Hey, buddy! I'm gonna teach you!

Warren COCKS the .45 under Speedy's chin as the wipers SQUEAK through the muck on the windshield.

WARREN

You're stuck between a bullet and sixty mile-an-hour traffic, Speedy.

SPEEDY

Please, sir!

Warren snorts coke out of the bottle in his nose.

WARREN

Did Vlad send you?

SPEEDY

Don't know any Vlad, sir.

WARREN

Then why in hell are you after me?

SPEEDY

I'm just a victim of road rage.

WARREN

I'll give you something to rage about.

He twists the muzzle sideways and TAPS a line of coke from the bottle along the barrel of the .45.

SPEEDY

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

WARREN

Go on, be all ya can be, Speedy.

Speedy snorts the coke.

WARREN

Meep-meep!

He speeds away and fishtails through swerving traffic.

Speedy drops to his knees on the roadside.

Warren sickens the .45 between the seat and laughs his ass off.

INT. HAVE A GAS/MINI-MART - NIGHT

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

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

A LITTLE OLD LADY holds thirty lotto receipts on the other side of the counter, facing several GRUMBLING CUSTOMERS.

GRUMBLING CUSTOMER 1

This is where all our taxes go.

GRUMBLING CUSTOMER 2

Going-going-gone.

GRUMBLING CUSTOMER 1

Bet that's her sports car outside.

LITTLE OLD LADY

I should be ashamed, but I ain't.

She stomps toward them and gives them the finger.

The Grumbling Customers back into bags of chips on a shelf.

LITTLE OLD LADY

Money changes everything, pussies!

Two PRETEENS run by the Grumbling Customers and SPLASH multicolored SLUSHEES on them.

PRETEENS

Respect your elders!

The Grumbling Customers chase the Preteens out the door and the Little Old Lady follows them out:

LITTLE OLD LADY
God bless the little ones.

Gena twists the handful of drop-box envelopes in her hands.

GENA
Where are those two?

She rips the envelopes in half and stares out the window.

The Little Old Lady enters a bygone muscle car and PEELS-OUT.

INT. DANNY'S HALLWAY - NIGHT

Vegas exits the bathroom nude, steps between books and albums stacked on either side and reads a comic book word balloon coming from a caricature of Einstein in a translucent multicolored bubble on one side wall --

"Mingling lines of magnetic force from the Sun and Earth crisscross, creating openings, X-points into boom-tubes--"

She steps away, dragging her finger along two dozen side-by-side cartoon frames hand-painted across the wall.

INSERT CARTOON FRAMES

Danny runs through an elongating translucent multicolored bubble, an airbrush in each hand, spray-painting twenty cops blue as they chase him across gray ghetto neighborhoods.

He leaves behind a varying array of multicolored graffiti art covering the ghetto neighborhoods in each progression.

VEGAS (O.S.)
An urban legend in your own mind!

Danny leaps off the last cartoon on the wall and disappears as the bubble bursts.

INSERT ENDS

Vegas steps through plastic strips over the doorway into a --

STUDIO

O.S. PUNK ROCK BLASTS.

The blue light blinks behind the blinds on the bay windows.

Vegas walks along curved walls, broken brush strokes sculpt rough textures of thick plied oil paint creating a mural of punk rock mosh-pitters in blurry motion around the room.

VEGAS

Nice effect.

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

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

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

He sculpts a portal of thick black paint with his nails, at the center of a multicolored spiral vortex with an anarchy "A" across it, over the whole ceiling.

Vegas SCRATCHES the needle across the album on the turntable.

Danny sits up off his back and sees Vegas, his face, hands and hair spotted in paint.

VEGAS

You're not using your brush?

DANNY

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

He dangles his hand and wiggles his paint-caked fingers.

Vegas throws his keys at him. He ducks and catches the keys.

VEGAS

I won't bother to steal them again!

Danny removes his smock and throws it to her.

DANNY

Put that on and wheel me to my right, will you please?

She smiles and puts the smock on.

VEGAS

How'd you make this room a circle?

DANNY

Plywood in the corners, etched into the plaster and warped using water.

VEGAS

What are you painting?

DANNY

I paint a portal everywhere I spend
a lot of time. Emergency exits.
'Cause, ya never know.

VEGAS

We are so much alike.

She pulls the collar up around her neck. He smiles at her.

DANNY

Looks so much better on you.

She beams back at him. He lies on the scaffold and paints.

VEGAS

Finally, a compliment, thank you.

DANNY

Well, if Grace likes you.

VEGAS

Doesn't she mind you painting on
the walls and ceiling?

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, uncovering an anarchy "A" across a
spiral vortex spray-painted on the floor.

VEGAS

What does Grace think of your
mural?

DANNY

She can't see it.

She stops pushing.

VEGAS

You won't let her in here?

DANNY

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

VEGAS

You got a blind landlady guarding
your place?

DANNY

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

He climbs down and leads her around the mural.

VEGAS

This is serious. You ever show
anyone your work?

DANNY

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

VEGAS

These are awesome.

She stops him.

VEGAS

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

DANNY

You're disappointed.

VEGAS

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

DANNY

Me who?

She walks away along the wall:

VEGAS

Am I all wrong?

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

DANNY

You couldn't disappoint me.

She runs over and kisses his cheek. He stifles a smile.

She walks along the wall and points at the mural.

VEGAS

Mosh-pits seem like total disorder.

He catches up to her.

DANNY

The world turns, and so the worms.

She hops around and throws punches. He ducks and circles her.

VEGAS

I always wanted to slam-dance.
What's it like?

DANNY

It's a total unequivocal escape.

He opens her smock and smiles at her breasts.

DANNY

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

She shoves him back and hugs the smock closed.

VEGAS

I'm all about getting gone.

DANNY

What's the farthest you've got?

VEGAS

I was fifteen. Stole some of Gena's
money. Spent the weekend in Grant
Park at Lollapalooza. Slept on the
"L", circling the loop both nights.

DANNY

We should go back to the mini-mart.

VEGAS

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

He stares deep into her eyes.

DANNY

I can see it.

He opens the blinds and spins the crystal clear teardrop
prism hanging by a string on a curtain rod.

A spinning blue light under a streetlight on a lamppost
shines through the bay windows as the prism spins
multicolored lights around the room.

DANNY

Time for us to escape the mundane.
Our portal is opening.

VEGAS
What's a portal?

DANNY
"Mingling lines of magnetic force
from the Sun and Earth crisscross,
join, creating openings, electron
diffusion regions; for portals."

VEGAS
"A cut worthy of the best portals
of fiction, only these portals into
boom-tubes, are real."

He grabs her hand, leads her to the top of the scaffold.

DANNY
You read my wall. Now jump on my
back. We'll take a ride. I'll show
ya a place between heaven and hell.

The ceiling droops as the portal expands.

Vegas climbs on his back. He jumps into the portal and they
fly down an elongating tunnel of swirling multicolored lights
toward another portal growing around the back of a --

INT. "L" SUBWAY CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The rear door opens in a flurry of multicolored lights. Danny
carries Vegas in the door, sets his watch and the door SLAMS.

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

VEGAS
Wow! Where the hell are we?

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

DANNY
Not hell. Sort a limbo. A jumping
off place. If you're not a wuss!

VEGAS
What holds them back?

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

VEGAS

What's going to happen to them?

DANNY

They're all going down the drain.

PASSENGERS

(sotto)

He'll kill her--

He stomps up and down the aisle, growling in their faces, until Vegas grabs him from behind.

VEGAS

Can't you see they're scared?

DANNY

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

VEGAS

What brought you here?

DANNY

We better go. They're infectious.

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

VEGAS

Did you ever think about suicide?

DANNY

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

VEGAS

So that's what brought you here.

DANNY

Ya know the meaning psychoanalysis?

VEGAS

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

He kisses her cheek. She smiles.

DANNY

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

VEGAS

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

DANNY

That can be hell. Like being around
these assholes!

Jesus' Son enters from the next car, approaches Danny and Vegas, comforting the Passengers as he passes them.

JESUS' SON

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

DANNY

Vegas, meet, Jesus' Son.

VEGAS

Isn't cannibalism exclusively a
human trait?

JESUS' SON

Chimpanzees do it.

DANNY

Monkey see.

JESUS' SON

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

VEGAS

Humans understand irony, no other
animal does that.

JESUS' SON

Understanding is a God given
Christian value.

DANNY

Eat vegetarians, they taste better.

VEGAS

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

JESUS' SON

The mortal coil can be carried or
abandoned.

DANNY

They're a bunch of cowards.

JESUS' SON

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

Vegas points to his bare-feet.

VEGAS

No chance of doing that with you.

JESUS' SON

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

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

VEGAS

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

JESUS' SON

My Father died for everyone's sins.

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

DANNY

Spare us the greatest story.

JESUS' SON

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

Danny furrows his brow and stumbles back off his bare-feet as
his watch alarm BLEEPs.

DANNY

It's time for a change.

Vegas jumps on his back. He kicks the side doors open, jumps
out and they disappear in a flash of swirling multicolored
lights.

INT. DANNY'S STUDIO - NIGHT

Blue light blinks behind the shut blinds on the bay windows.

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

VEGAS

You're still bitter.

DANNY
Losing everyone can be inspiring.

VEGAS
You miss them?

He looks around the room.

DANNY
My Dad trained me to paint. My Mom
taught me music. Art is my soul.

VEGAS
How did you deal with it?

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

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

He pumps his fist at the guy.

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

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

DANNY
You seem okay together.

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

DANNY
She's your mother, still.

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

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

VEGAS
Not Reno. She's punk rock.

Danny grabs her shoulders and peers in her eyes.

DANNY
I've got to meet your Aunt Reno.

Vegas nods.

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

She climbs the scaffold ladder and points at the ceiling.

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

DANNY
Don't fall on your sword.

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

VEGAS
Snappy dialogue. I expect more from
you.

DANNY
What about your Uncle Warren?

VEGAS
He's just a preppy horndog lawyer.

DANNY
Snappy dialogue.

She scoffs and flops on her back.

VEGAS
How did your parents die?

DANNY
I knew that was coming.

VEGAS
There's only so much I can sniff.

DANNY
Follow me.

Vegas chases him through the plastic strips on the doorway
into the --

HALLWAY

He lifts a deck of cardboard cards off the pile of albums.

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

INSERT LAST FRAME

The "L" Passengers stand on a foggy dark subway station, holding lit candles.

Danny slits a faceless woman's throat with his box-cutter blade and shoves her in front of an onrushing train.

LAST FRAME INSERT ENDS

Danny carries the cards to Vegas, minus the last frame.

DANNY

I sketch 'em on the backs of cereal boxes, same as my caricatures.

VEGAS

Like a cartoon?

DANNY

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

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

BEGIN SKETCH ANIMATION FLASHBACK**INT./EXT. CAMPER VAN (MOVING) - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Sean massages his Faith's neck and steers as she plays the guitar next to him and kisses his arm.

They smile at Young Danny in the backseat and he smiles back as he draws in the sketchbook.

She stops playing, grabs the milk pint in the cup holder and hands it to Young Danny.

He sips the milk. Nods to her. She plays the guitar.

Young Danny undoes his seat-belt, leans toward the window and sees the swirling vortex hop the fence, approaching the van.

He draws the tight-spiral-vortex over two pages in the sketchbook and slashes the anarchy "A" across it.

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

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

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

Sean SLAMS the brakes. O.S. TIRES SCREECH.

An SUV SMASHES the van head-on, flips over the roof and the windshield CRACKS as flames ERUPT in the rear of the van.

The swirling vortex touches down, opening a portal in the ground just ahead of the van, sucking it toward the hole.

Young Danny flies, milk pint and sketchbook in his grasp, through Faith's hands as smoke and fire fills the van.

He bangs his head into the spinning prism and milk splashes across the cracked windshield as it EXPLODES outward.

He flies behind shards of glass and spinning prism into the portal and down an elongating tunnel of swirling multicolored lights toward another expanding portal into --

INT. YOUNG DANNY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

A flash of multicolored lights fills the room as the prism and broken glass SMASH halfway through a wall.

Young Danny FLOPS in a bed, nose to the spiral vortex and anarchy "A" across the pages as the book dimples a pillow.

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

SKETCH ANIMATION FLASHBACK ENDS

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

VEGAS

Ever find out who drove that SUV?

DANNY

Some suicidal Lithium Barbie doll.

VEGAS

Did anybody believe in you?

He flings the cards around the room.

DANNY

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

VEGAS

What was her reasoning?

DANNY

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

VEGAS

I believe in you.

DANNY

I've never had...

He sits by the stereo, stares down and rocks back and forth.

DANNY

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

Vegas stoops in front of him.

VEGAS

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

DANNY

Trust! You're psychoanalyzing me
again.

VEGAS

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

They look in each other's eyes.

VEGAS

I'm sorry.

DANNY

No. Don't be. You're doing me good.
I mean. What you're saying. Go on.

VEGAS

We the worms that turn, live in the
chaos of the world. But in all its
ugliness, there is light, love, and
so much action.

DANNY

You sure you're only seventeen?

VEGAS

I'm full of the promises of Cobain
Shakespeare, Dickens, Freud, Crash.

DANNY

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

He presses her hand over his heart.

DANNY

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

She lays her arms over his shoulders and stares in his eyes.

VEGAS

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

She draws Danny's lips to her's, shuts her eyes and waits.

DANNY

You want to be a part of my world?

He drags her by the hand through the plastic strips.

EXT. DANNY'S BUNGALOW - FRONT PORCH - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Danny pulls Vegas out the front door onto a roofed porch.

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

A few cats sleep at her feet. A pipe wrench against the wall.

GRACE

I knew she was the one. Vegas, now
who better to bring this hermit
into the light? All we need is the
"Pied Piper" to bring the kids.

DANNY

That's my cue.

He hugs and kisses Grace. She fights him off and giggles:

GRACE

Stop that, stop that now! Oh...

She finger-combs his Mohawk straight up.

GRACE

Why anyone with such nice hair
would do this. No wonder ya hide.

DANNY

You don't love me?

She looks over his head at Vegas.

GRACE

Heaven protects this man. Way he
survived that accident.

She kisses his cheek.

GRACE

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

Danny removes his shoes, grabs the wrench and faces Vegas.

DANNY

Will you join me?

VEGAS

Lead on, mister piper?

She kicks her shoes off and takes his hand.

They dance down the steps and across the grass onto a --

SIDE STREET

Danny TAPS the wrench on a fire hydrant.

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

HONEYCOMB (12) mulatto girl, blonde pigtails, twisted ball cap, big eyes, cuts through the kids between Danny and Vegas.

HONEYCOMB

Uh-uh, Danny, I know you didn't.

DANNY

Didn't what, Honeycomb?

She puts her hands on her hips and turns to Vegas.

HONEYCOMB

Think you could do this with some
other girl. Who's she?

Vegas offers to shake her hand. Honeycomb pinches Vegas' anarchy "A" locket and looks it over.

VEGAS

I'm Vegas. Honeycomb? That's sweet.

HONEYCOMB

I ain't! Ya best not have his
picture in here!

Danny twists the anarchy "A" locket out of Honeycomb's grasp.

DANNY

I know it's not your nature, but
please be nice, for me?

He pulls her cap over her eyes.

DANNY

Got that, little sister.

She pecks a kiss on his cheek.

HONEYCOMB

All right, Danny.

She squeezes Vegas' hand and leans toward her.

HONEYCOMB

Ya better be good for him, girl!

She lays her hands on Danny's and helps him turn the wrench,
opening the hydrant valve.

The hydrant gushes water on the Kids as they jump and yell.

Vegas back pockets the anarchy "A" locket, chain hanging out.

Honeycomb bumps into Vegas on her way around her.

HONEYCOMB

Excuse me, girl!

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

INT./EXT. WHITE SPORTS CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

Warren squints at the chalk streaked windshield and swerves through several cars on a busy boulevard.

He opens the chalk covered side window and smiles at the Criminal Courts Building and Cook County Jail on his way by.

WARREN

Sleep well Vlad, your money's safe.

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

WARREN

I need a wash.

He wipes a U-turn and heads down the --

INT./EXT. SIDE STREET - WHITE SPORTS CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

Warren stops short of the hydrant, seeing the murky shapes of people in the water through the chalked windshield.

Danny, Vegas and the Kids scurry out of the spraying water and hop onto the curb.

Honeycomb straddles the hydrant, lowers her hands from in front of the spigot and ends the downpour.

Warren pulls even with the hydrant, opens the shotgun side window and waves at Honeycomb. She crosses her arms.

Vegas pushes Danny to the bungalow and looks behind her at the back of Warren's head as he sticks it out the window.

WARREN

Come on, little girl, do me!

Honeycomb centers Vegas' anarchy "A" locket on her chest and shrugs her shoulders at Warren.

HONEYCOMB

Ain't no little girl, mister! You
move yo-ass!

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

The Kids jeer from the curb for Honeycomb to spray the car.

She spins the anarchy "A" locket around on her back and sprays Warren's car.

INT. FOLEY HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

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

She sets Warren's personal items in specific places on the furniture and leans over the nightstand.

RENO

Oh no, this will not do.

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

INT. WHITE SPORTS CAR (IDLING) - NIGHT

The hydrant water RUMBLES on the roof.

Warren pinches coke off his nose and massages it in his gums.

The downpour washes the chalk from the windows and the blue light flashes through the streaks in the glass.

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

Honeycomb BANGS on Warren's closed window:

HONEYCOMB

Y'all gotta move! Okay?

Warren hides the gun behind his back and opens the window.

WARREN

Where are cops?

HONEYCOMB

Ain't no pole-lease, mister.

Warren leans out his window, peers at the surveillance camera on the lamppost as the blue light flashes over his smile.

WARREN

No cops?

Honeycomb kicks the door.

HONEYCOMB

Move ya-ass, mister!

WARREN

Yeah.

Honeycomb struts away, Vegas' anarchy "A" necklace bounces on her back as Warren stares at the blue light flashing on the second floor bay windows in front of the bungalow.

WARREN

Nice windows.

A guitar neck parts the blinds on the bay windows and Vegas peers down the strings at Warren's car.

Warren waves over the roof at Honeycomb and the Kids on the curb as they jeer at him, waving him out of the way.

INT. DANNY'S STUDIO - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Vegas steps away from the blinds, tuning the guitar.

Danny rips the paint-splattered plastic off the instruments.

DANNY

Show me what ya got, kid.

VEGAS

I got plenty.

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

DANNY

You'll have to keep up with me.

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

Vegas WAILS on the guitar and joins in at the speed of sound.

INT. FOLEY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Reno sits on the couch, pokes her nose into the screen of the laptop, on the coffee table, distorting the visual content.

O.S. A MAN AND WOMAN MOAN DURING SEX ON THE LAPTOP SPEAKERS.

She SMACKS the lid down, rips the red jump drive out and SMASHES the laptop into the fireplace.

MASTER BEDROOM

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

RENO

You are a degenerate bastard.

She slaps the personal items off the furniture, rips the mirror off the wall and SMASHES it on the floor.

She turns to a window and glares at the full moon.

EXT. FOLEY HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

A sledgehammer THUMPS in the moonlit grass along a fence.

Marko lands next to the hammer and a spotlight hits him.

He squints at the spotlight over the master bedroom window and sees Reno stare at him from behind the glass.

He grabs the hammer and sneers at the vacant bedroom window as he runs by the pool, toward the open patio door to the --

INT. FOLEY HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Reno closes the patio door and fumbles locking the latch.

The door jerks out of her hand and opens.

Marko jumps in, knocks her down and pokes a 9mm to her cheek.

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

The fridge dented all over. 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 walls. Furniture ripped. A TV and sound system busted on the floor.

RENO

The party's over.

MARKO
You a vandal?

RENO
You're not very bright?

MARKO
I'm just talking out loud, bitch.

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 COCKS the 9mm.

MARKO
Yo, where's the safe, bitch?

RENO
You mean dead bitch.

He flings her down and smirks in her face.

MARKO
You are one sick beautiful bitch.

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

MARKO
You gotta dying room?

RENO
I was contemplating a nice warm
bloodbath.

She jumps up. He grabs her robe and jams the gun to her head.

MARKO
How's 'bout, my motherfucking gun,
my motherfucking plan, yo?

RENO
I'm done with any man's plans.

She kicks him and runs. He grabs her by the collar.

MARKO
Whoa there, girl!

RENO
I'm done with workhorse crap too.

She spins away from him. He rips her robe off and as she trips naked toward the stairs, he tosses the robe.

MARKO
Now I get it.

He chases her onto the --

STAIRCASE

They splash up the steps as a stream of water runs down them. He jumps on her back and tackles her on the watery landing. They slide across the wet floor and splash halfway in the --

BATHROOM

He scoffs at a disaster area. Hot water shoots from a broken bathtub faucet onto the floor and fills the room with steam. The sink busted in half. A dildo stuck in the drain BUZZES. She spins to face him, grabs the gun and puts it to her head.

MARKO
You ain't playin'.

RENO
Finish me.

MARKO
Yo, bitch, I didn't say I's gonna kill ya?

RENO
You work for Warren?

MARKO
Warren! I ought-a kill that fuck.

RENO
Now we're talking! You in?

MARKO
For killing Warren? Hell yeah!

She tears his shirt open, hugs and kisses him hard.

He shoves her away. She frowns. He drops his pants.

She leaps into his arms, cinches her legs around his waist and they go at each other with sexual tenacity:

RENO

"Ay, there's the rub!"

EXT. TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

Danny and Vegas stand on a spray-painted anarchy "A" across a spiral vortex, inside a metal shelter along railroad tracks in a bygone industrial area under a bridge.

DANNY

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

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

VEGAS

Told you I'm good with a cue-stick.

DANNY

He go crazy on you after that?

VEGAS

Hell no. Warren's my bitch, now.

She grabs her crotch, waddles around and howls as they laugh.

DANNY

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

VEGAS

What's the mystery? Where we going?

DANNY

I thought I'd show you a night out.

VEGAS

We're not gonna just circle jerk around downtown.

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

DANNY

Let's elevate your game.

VEGAS

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

DANNY

Trust me. Your about to witness a new definition of loopy.

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

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

Danny and Vegas climb aboard the --

INT. TRAIN VESTIBULE (IDLING) - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Danny and Vegas ascend the stairs and smirk at each other.

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

DANNY AND VEGAS

(simultaneously)

All aboard "that crazy train!"

Signalman hops on the train.

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

COACH

Danny sits at the aisle. Vegas next to him. The remaining seats empty.

DANNY

Looks like Disney's one anamatron president short.

VEGAS

Ever see The Twilight Zone where a guy rides a train to another time?

Abe steps behind their seats. Signalman faces them.

ABE

You two look gosh darn familiar.

She curtsies for them, sits and shakes her head.

VEGAS

I do not remember either of you.

SIGNALMAN

You and your friends. Your friends.

DANNY

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

ABE

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

DANNY

Why don't I pay our fares so you all can go about entertaining yourselves.

He reaches for his wallet and stops as Abe shakes his head:

ABE

Ain't no way we gonna make no deal.

SIGNALMAN

Your pa know you date heathens?

He sneers at Vegas. Danny shoves him on his ass. Signalman hops up. Abe seizes him.

Vegas points out the window. The train passes a station and SEVERAL PEOPLE wave at the train.

VEGAS

Notice anything?

Abe and Signalman smile devilishly at each other.

ABE

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

SIGNALMAN

I seen it coming. Seen it.

ABE

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

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

DANNY
I said, I'll pay.

ABE
You gonna listen. Put that away.

Vegas kisses him and folds the money in his palm.

VEGAS
Go on, we're interested.

ABE
Seems those Mohican punks made that
ruckus to distract us.

SIGNALMAN
I seen it coming and I knew.

ABE
Come to pass they had a confederate
paint the rebel flag on both sides
of my train. Made us two old fools.

Signalman points to Danny:

SIGNALMAN
I seen this one get on that night.
And he's nice to me. Then he
disappeared. He's a real trickster.

Vegas sneers at Danny then glances at both side windows.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

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

FLASHBACK ENDS

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

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

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

VEGAS
You were the confederate?

DANNY
Who could resist fucking with them?

They exit the passenger car, laughing as they enter the --

TRAIN ENTRANCE VESTIBULE

They stop on the top step above the door.

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

ABE

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

Abe squeezes between them and steps down to the door.

ABE

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

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

ABE

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

He turns the key, the door opens and the wind HOWLS in.

Signalman shoves Danny down the stairs and grabs Vegas.

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

ABE

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

DANNY

I got a notion.

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

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

Signalman wrestles Vegas to the last step and hurls her out.

DANNY

I got ya!

He seizes Vegas' arm. She dangles out the door and kicks her
feet just above the ground.

Signalman JIGGLES the bent as he turns it in the keyhole.

SIGNALMAN

I'll get them for ya, Abe!

Danny kicks Signalman behind the knees and buckles them.

Signalman tumbles backward off the train.

Danny pulls Vegas aboard. She helps him in. They collapse on the steps.

VEGAS

Wow, that was a freak.

DANNY

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

VEGAS

No magic portals, or other tricks, this time? Just jump?

DANNY

Tricks take planning. Can't always plan a moment of truth. Just gotta jump. Let anarchy rule your fate.

VEGAS

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

DANNY

Velocity is essential to escape.

He hugs her, jumps out and takes her with him.

EXT. RAILROAD EMBANKMENT - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

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

He helps her up and brushes her off.

VEGAS

You miss me?

DANNY

No.

VEGAS

I can fix that.

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

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

Water pours in through the door, pooling around a computer, fax machine, furniture and copier busted on the floor.

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

RENO
Hit me again!

Marko, nude, swings the sledgehammer at an antique metal safe in a corner and BASHES the door, barely scratching it.

EXT. ARAGON BALLROOM - NIGHT

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

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

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

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

RECON
Move, frigging ladies.

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

DANNY
Crazy Recon. Always the cut-up.

Recon blocks their path.

RECON
Halt, Danny-boy!

DANNY
Buzz off!

He gets in front of Vegas, bear-hugs Danny and snarls at her:

RECON
Hey, sweetheart.

DANNY
Bear fag.

Recon sets him down and grins at Vegas.

RECON

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

VEGAS

Repressed sexual urges can often emerge in violent acts.

Recon looks at Vegas, then at his boots and back at her.

RECON

I should get new boots, huh?

Everyone laughs. Recon points to Vegas and SNAPS his fingers.

RECON

The gas station girl?

DANNY

I'm painting the town.

RECON

Graffiti, tonight?

DANNY

She's my inspiration.

RECON

Come on, let's get inside.

He herds them under each arm to an alley along the building.

RECON

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

INT. ARAGON BALLROOM - BACKSTAGE OFFICE - NIGHT

Walls oil painted in renaissance style. Hordes of punks on the White House lawn, fists in the air, cover three walls.

A punk band plays on the White House steps, the building covered in multicolored graffiti, in a mural behind a desk.

Five punks raise a flagpole with an anarchy "A" flag on it, atop the White House roof. Ala the Marines on Iwo Jima.

Recon grabs an Army jacket off a wall hook, slips it on and sits on the desk next to two spray-paint cans.

Danny ushers Vegas in. She gazes at the walls and ceiling.

VEGAS

Danny?

The ceiling painted as an aerial view of several punk mosh-pitters circling the Presidential Seal on an oval rug in the oval office.

RECON

Yep. Danny-boy's a bona fide revolutionary.

DANNY

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

They turn to the door.

DANNY

Catch you on the rebound, Recon.

Recon jumps up, knocks the spray-paint cans on the desk over and cuts Vegas and Danny off.

RECON

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

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

RECON

Couple times, he left me with my snakeskin's up my own my own ass. What did ya call it, Danny-boy?

DANNY

Ouroboros.

RECON

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

Danny leads Vegas around Recon.

DANNY

No way.

RECON

Hey! Ya didn't let me ask.

DANNY

I'm not doing a set.

Recon spins Danny around to face him.

RECON

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

Vegas gets between them and squints sideways at Danny.

VEGAS

You don't have to.

She sneers and shakes her head at Recon.

VEGAS

He doesn't want to. So fuck off!

RECON

Don't want nothing myself. I speak
for the kids out there now. They
need inspiration. Anger, angst.

DANNY

Kurt's dead.

RECON

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

DANNY

No.

Recon SMACKS his hand on the desk.

RECON

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

DANNY

This is getting old, Recon.

Danny and Vegas step toward the door.

RECON

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

VEGAS

You pay him for painting this room?

Recon heads them off before the door.

RECON

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

VEGAS

You took advantage of him.

RECON

I took Danny-boy off the streets. I recognized his potential. I had to frigging force him out of his suicidal gloom and doom shell.

DANNY

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

RECON

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

He pulls a western colt pistol from his coat and COCKS it.

VEGAS

Wow!

RECON

Ya-who, wow.

Danny cuts in front of Vegas and faces the barrel.

DANNY

It's all right.

RECON

Ya frigging wanna a war, Danny-boy?

DANNY

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

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

RECON

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

He aims the pistol through his pocket at Vegas.

DANNY
Don't you hurt her!

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

Danny opens the door and loud PUNK ROCK BLARES in from the --

BALLROOM

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

"Sexy Violents" across the bass drum skin.

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

Recon stands backstage, pokes the gun in his pocket at Vegas.

A multicolored laser light show slices through the foggy air, shrouding a balcony around the ballroom in colorful fog.

A mirrored disco ball in the ceiling, twirls shimmering beams of multicolored lights in orbit around the room.

Two hundred DRUNK AND DISORDERLY PUNKS crowd the stage.

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

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

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

He dives into the audience. The stage lights go out and the Drunk and Disorderly Punks carry the Skinny Man away.

A spotlight hits Danny as he hops to the microphone, chokes a Les Paul guitar neck and RIFFS cords:

DANNY (ON MICROPHONE)
Destroy the temples!

The band rips into rebellious PUNK ROCK. The crowd of Punks pogo dance, nod and bow to the tempo.

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

Two dozen PUNK ELITES hang from the balcony and cheer.

Danny BASHES the Les Paul off the stage and spins toward Recon.

Recon backpedals away from Vegas as Danny swings the busted guitar into Recon's gut and shoves him on his ass.

Twenty CRAZED Punks storm onto the stage. The band PLAYS on.

The Tall Blondes raise their arms and spin their barbwire Hula-Hoops into a glow stick blur.

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

Recon stands and yells at Vegas:

RECON

Danny-boy 'ill kill her when--

O.S. AUDIO FEEDBACK SHRIEKS as the Crazed Punks attack Recon.

Danny drags Vegas to the stage edge and flings the microphone stand into the fist pumping sea of Punks on the dance floor.

VEGAS

I don't know!

DANNY

Now's the time!

They leap into the sea of Punks. Hands and arms carry them toward the mosh-pit.

Recon chases them through the Punks and leads seven BOUNCERS.

VEGAS

Thanks for elevating my game.

Vegas and Danny hit the floor and race toward the mosh-pit. Recon and the Bouncers gain on them.

DANNY

Now you tell me what it feels like.

They run on the edge of the mosh-pit and Danny spray-paints a spiral vortex on the floor as they cut through the MOSH-PITTERS.

VEGAS

Gonna introduce me to ouroboros?

The orbiting lights and fog intensify around the mosh-pit.

They enter the center and disappear in a flash of multicolored lights.

Recon and the Bouncers split in opposite directions around the mosh-pit and slug their way to the center.

The Bouncers show Recon two Punks in their grasp, standing on a spray-painted anarchy "A" in a spiral vortex.

RECON

Got my snakeskin's screwed up my own ass, again. Frigging Ouroboros!

INT. FOLEY HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

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

EXT./INT. PORTAL RECORDS - NIGHT

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

A portal closes on an elongated tunnel of swirling multicolored lights in the center of the anarchy "A" across the spiral vortex on the door as the glass solidifies.

Danny leads Vegas to the counter.

DANNY

Define a marvel?

VEGAS

An event outside normal causation.

He steps behind the counter and flicks a light switch on.

DANNY

I'm the event outside normal causation.

VEGAS

The accident. Where do I fit in?

DANNY

There's nothing normal about you.

VEGAS

Thank you.

Black neon lights bordering the ceiling blink on and highlight infamous punk rockers painted on the walls.

DANNY

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

She hugs and kisses him.

DANNY

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

VEGAS

Those other dudes took it so seriously. Make it Sid. He never gave a fuck.

DANNY

You got a thing for Sid?

VEGAS

Nasty boys, always.

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

DANNY

Rebels always leave their mark.

EXT. PORTAL RECORDS - ROOF - NIGHT

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

They stare under the "L" tracks, draped in canvas drop-cloths covering the length of the alley, lit from inside.

DANNY

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

VEGAS

Can you do this all in one night?

DANNY

I got the whole thing in my head.

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

VEGAS

What's my part?

DANNY

Bring the ropes from the other bag.

She removes the two rope bundles and meets him at a short wall bordering the alley. He carabiners each rope to a hook.

DANNY

I paint down the wall on the bosun chair. You toss me the colors.

He hooks the top of the wall and drops the ropes over.

DANNY

I paint. You move the hooks.

He pulls an oxygen tank from a backpack with a regulator, hose, feeder can and an airbrush and straps it to his back.

VEGAS

Someone might see me up here.

He shakes the feeder can, opens the valve and it HISSES.

DANNY

Pull up your hood, close your eyes tight, and don't move a muscle.

She grips the airbrush, puts her hood on and shuts her eyes.

VEGAS

Dude, what are you going to do?

DANNY

Remember the Nobody's CD I gave ya?

VEGAS

Jay J. Bad-ass.

He airbrushes her eyes and face black. Then they sing:

DANNY

"I'm a nasty boy, Hope you appreciate it".

VEGAS

"Yeah, Yeah, Dude's gonna shoot".

O.S. DOORBELL RINGS.

INT. HAVE A GAS/MINI-MART - NIGHT

Gena sits on the counter, sleeps with her forehead against the window in the dark and mumbles:

GENA

Is that you, Vegas?

She shudders awake and stares through the glass at the deserted Florescent-lit station and the street beyond.

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

She skids into the coffee counter, squats and sorts through bags of take-out cups and lids in the lower cabinets.

GENA

I know you're in there somewhere.

She grabs a regular coffee packet and a decaf out and stands.

A tattooed arm reaches around her from behind, grabs a pot of stale coffee off a burner and hooks the handle on his pocket.

GENA

That's old. We're closing.

She turns to Speedy. He wears a Mexican wrestler mask and waves a sawn-off pump shotgun at her.

SPEEDY

Babe, babe, babe, I got you.

He snatches the packets out of her hands, bites the regular coffee packet and dangles the decaf under her nose.

SPEEDY

Open your mouth wide, babe.

He jabs the shotgun under her chin. She opens her mouth. He stuffs the decaf between her teeth.

SPEEDY

That's a gag order. Funny right.
Oh, I'm smart all right. So don't
you fuck up or I'll kill ya fast.

He tears the regular coffee packet in his teeth.

SPEEDY

I'm firing 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 empties the regular in his mouth, gulps the pot of stale coffee and washes the grounds down.

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.

GENA

Let's make this look desperate?

She grabs his hand and SHATTERS the coffee pot upside her own
head. She wobbles and bleeds from her head.

He grabs her shirt and stabs the shotgun in her stomach.

SPEEDY

You're crazy, babe. Let's head for
my dinero. As Speedy Gonzales says:
"Ha! Andale! Andale! Yipa-yipa!"

She stumbles and stops. Blood runs down her face and ear.

He takes a "BANG energy drink" from the self, pokes the
shotgun to her ass and steers her behind the counter.

SPEEDY

Nice shitter, babe. Mi Madre, this
coffee sticks to a man's craw.

He pumps the shotgun and CLICK-CLACKS a round in the chamber.

SPEEDY

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

He aims the shotgun in her face and gulps the "energy drink".

She wipes blood running down her cheek off and shifts her
eyes to the .38 on the shelf under the register.

SPEEDY

You know, I can't remember why I
ever wanted to stop getting high.

She opens the register onto a drawer full of cash.

He shoves her back with the shotgun, empties the money from
the drawer and throws the cash on the counter.

SPEEDY

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

He grabs a donut from a rack on the counter and stuffs it in
his mouth.

SPEEDY

Thanks a-lotto for missing your
cash drops. Your plan to rob
yourself is gonna fuel my escape.

He waves the shotgun in her face and unzips his fly.

SPEEDY

How about I see your shitter, babe?

She rolls her eyes back, teeters and faints to the floor.

SPEEDY

What the Jesus on crank?

He leans over the counter to see her. She FIRES the .38 from
the floor and BLASTS him between the eyes.

He falls backward, BLASTS the shotgun and BLOWS a hole in the
ceiling tiles.

He CRASHES into a "BANG energy drink" display and slouches
over a pile of cans under a "MORE BANG FOR YOUR BUCK" sign.

She jumps up, FIRES the .38 and POPS two holes in his chest.

She shoves the doughnut rack over and spits the coffee bag
onto the counter.

GENA

You don't know me. No one knows.

She packs the money in a donut bag, reaches under the counter
and pulls the six cartridges out.

She drops the spent shells from the gun into the bag and
loads three of the cartridges.

GENA

He wasn't alone, detective. He came
in at noon. He stopped me from
making my drops from then on. He
knew where the CCTV recorder was.

She waistbands the .38 and pockets the last three cartridges.

She steps on Speedy's chest, lifts a ceiling tile, takes a disc from a DVR system in the ceiling and kneels next to him.

GENA

His accomplice had my daughter,
Vegas. He said they'd kill her when
and if I didn't go along.

She raises the shotgun, her hands around his, CLICKS-CLACKS a round in the chamber and BLASTS the DVR system full of holes.

GENA

Danny. Danny has Vegas. To think I
treated him like a son. They waited
for the billion dollar lotto.

She drops the shotgun, stares at her reflection in the disc and squeezes her eye shut, forcing tears down her cheeks.

GENA

They were definitely going to kill
me. Danny kept Vegas away from here
on purpose, so I'd be alone.

She smiles at her own reflection in the disc, bends it and contorts her reflection on its mirrored surface.

GENA

I'm tired of being kept alone. I'm
going to put an end to all this.

She CRACKS the disc and splits her face down the middle.

EXT. ANOTHER SIDEWALK - NIGHT

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

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

Three, Dancer, peasant skirt, jumps up and gets in Warren's face, ushering him past the others.

WARREN

What the hell?

DANCER

Trade you a song for cash, mister.

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

Vegas flings the tambourine behind her to Dancer.

DANCER

Kind sir, can you please help a few
of us destitute runaways?

She RATTLES the tambourine under Warren's chin. He smirks.

WARREN

What makes you think I'm helpful?

DANCER

You remember love, don't you?

WARREN

What's the going rate for love
these days?

DANCER

Whatever you can find in your heart
to give.

She smiles at him. He dangles a \$20 bill in her face.

WARREN

Cash is lovely, is it not?

DANCER

I love you, my brother.

WARREN

Sister, I'd rather have a blow job.

She grabs the \$20 and dances suggestively.

DANCER

Don't bring me down.

WARREN

All aboard the love train!

An "L" train RUMBLES over the alley and

Warren scurries away.

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

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

DOWN THE BLOCK

Warren reads at a note in his hand with "Portal Records 1999
N. Milwaukee" and walks past eclectic storefronts.

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

ALLEY

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

An "L" train ROARS overhead, trailing multicolored lights as Vegas and Danny BEAT on a window and smile at Warren below.

The drop cloth FLAPS under the ROARING "L" train and SLAPS Warren in the back.

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

He raises his gaze to Kurt Cobain, being crucified, with syringes as nails, in Danny's mural on the back wall.

Darby Crash and Sid Vicious syringed onto crosses to Kurt's left and right.

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

Wendy O. William twins, fanned Mohawks, spears, stand guard to either side.

Upsidedown American flag pasties on their nipples.

The Ramones and Sex Pistols play in the cloudy sky.

EXT. FOLEY HOUSE - POOL SIDE - NIGHT

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

GENA

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

She kneels on the pool ledge. Blood drips off her cheek into the water.

GENA

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

She splashes her face, grabs a 25 pound weight off the rubber mat and carries it to the diving board.

She glares at a 25 pound weight already on the end of the board with the goggles. The tubing duct-taped to the board.

GENA

I must be punchy.

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

She folds the .38 in her clothes and sets them on the ledge under the board.

She slaps the goggles on, bites the end of the tubing and hugs one 25 pound weight from the board to her chest.

She SPLASHES into the water and sinks to the bottom.

EXT. CUL-DE-SAC - NIGHT

Gena's convertible 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 slides away from her.

DANNY

Keep your cue-stick where I can see it.

VEGAS

No, your ass is mine.

She grabs him and kisses him.

DANNY

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

VEGAS

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

DANNY

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

VEGAS

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

Vegas and Danny strum imaginary guitars and sing:

DANNY

"How can we ever overcome, Our lost
brain cells once they're gone".

VEGAS

"Love, Love, Love".

Danny scoffs, grits his teeth and mumbles:

DANNY

My parents and me had the best of
times singing Harry Chapin songs.

INT. FOLEY HOUSE - POOL UNDERWATER - NIGHT

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

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

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

BEGIN VIEWFINDER SCREEN RECORDING

INT. FOLEY HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

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

WARREN (ON SCREEN)

Gena, Gena!

GENA (ON SCREEN)

Oh my God, Warren, yes!

Warren leans toward the lens, the green light blinks in his
eyes as his face blocks Gena and everything else in the room.

WARREN (ON SCREEN)

Ah-owe, fuck no!

Gena shoves him off of her and the bed.

GENA (ON SCREEN)

What?!

She sits up frozen in shock and watches Warren run around the room, trailing a cue-stick, a foot up his ass.

Vegas stands in front of the footboard and yells:

VEGAS (ON SCREEN)

Breathe, Mom.

VIEWFINDER SCREEN RECORDING ENDS

The tubing rips from Gena's mouth as she sits on the bottom of the pool.

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

SURFACE

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

GENA

What are you doing, Sis?

RENO

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

She sways over the board edge, feet on the 25 pound weight.

RENO

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

GENA

What are you talking about?

She grabs the board, pulls herself up by one hand and strokes Reno's leg with her other.

GENA

You haven't slept. You woke from a dream. You imagined a nightmare. I love you. Warren loves you.

Reno kicks her hand away and backs off the weight.

Gena drops to the ledge of the pool and draws the .38 from her folded clothes under the board.

GENA

Come to the edge of the board, Sis.
I need to see you, now.

She treads water and aims the gun at Reno from under the board.

GENA

I want you to look me in the eyes
and tell me you believe I'd do such
a thing.

Reno steps on the weight on the board and peers over the end.

Gena raises the .38 in Reno's face. She trips backward over the weight.

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

She FIRES the .38 and BLOWS a hole in the keyless entry pad.

The automated pool cover motor HUMS as it starts closing.

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

RENO

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

Gena reaches out. Reno seizes her gun-hand wrist, rises off her knees and pulls Gena from the water.

GENA

You're finally gonna be dead!

She aims the gun at Reno. Reno grabs the gun in both hands.

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

GENA

Let... go!

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

RENO

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

She trembles as she pulls Gena up over the edge of the board. Gena grabs Reno's hair and pulls her head down.

GENA

Time to drown you. My sorrow.

She rips Reno's hair out, drops and BANGS her chin on the board.

She spits blood, SPLASHES in the water and sinks.

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

The .38 still bites her bloody left hand.

RENO

I didn't want this. Gena...

Bloody bubbles rise to the surface under the board and stop.

POOL UNDERWATER

Gena lies dead on the bottom. Her lifeless eyes staring up.

Reno sits on the ledge, wedges her feet against the pool cover edge, trying to stop it. It moves her back and shuts.

Reno kicks the keyless pad and sobs.

INT./EXT. WHITE SPORTS CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

Warren drives under the "L" track and listens to voice mail on his headset:

GENA (OVER HEADSET)

I'm gonna kill Reno myself! It'll
all be Danny's fault! You'll see--!

He rips the headset off, SLAMS the brakes, SQUEALING to halt inches from a semi tailgate with its flashers blinking.

WARREN

Everything goes better with coke.

He TAPS the empty coke bottle on the wheel, wipes a dot of cocaine powder off the wheel and rubs it into his gums.

WARREN

Time to go home.

He sticks the bottle in his mouth, leans his head out the side window and swings around the semi.

A bus WHOOSHES a half-inch from his head and cuts him off.

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

WARREN
Goddamn you, Reno!

He cuts sideways between metal pylons into the parking lane.

WARREN
Come on you zombies.

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

WARREN
Stay out of my way.

He REVS the engine. The light turns green. He LAYS-RUBBER.

WARREN
Following's the best you'll ever
do.

Pylons WHOOSH by. He overtakes another line of slow cars.

WARREN
Oh yeah. The last of the V-8 bygone
muscle cars.

He speeds alongside the Little Old Lady in the muscle car.

WARREN
Enough of this nostalgia crap.

He SLAMS into fifth, noses ahead of the Little Old Lady.

He watches her give him the finger as he passes her. He jerks his head around, sees a red light ahead and floors it.

WARREN
Screw it!

He speeds into a clear intersection.

Suddenly, a squad car enters the intersection from the right.

WARREN
Shh-it!

He fishtails around the squad and SMACKS its front fender.

The squad spins around and faces the way it came.

Warren wrestles the car out of a tailspin and continues.

INT. SQUAD CAR (IDLING) - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Alice grips the wheel in the middle of the intersection.

Eeyore sits shotgun and squeezes his eyes shut.

ALICE

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

She twists every knob on the dash.

EEYORE

I was too busy watching my whole
pension flash before my eyes.

Alice BEATS on the horn, without a sound.

ALICE

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

EEYORE

We should quit. But I'll bet my
pension you won't.

Alice spins the wheel as she pumps the gas and brakes.

ALICE

Give that man a pension.

She BRAKE-TORQUES the car into a 180 and races after Warren.

EXT. FOLEY HOUSE - POOL SIDE - NIGHT

Vegas leads Danny through a backyard gate toward the pool.

Reno looks down and walks around on the pool cover.

VEGAS

What are ya doing?

RENO

Well I'm... over my phobia. I'm
walking on water. Bet you didn't
think I could do it. But I can.

Danny furrows his brow at Vegas. She shoots one right back.

VEGAS

Is there something the matter?

Reno puts her bloody hand over the .38 tucked in the back of her waistband.

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

VEGAS
My Mom around?

RENO
She's lying down, inside.

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

RENO
Didn't say anything about it to me.

VEGAS
That's not like Mom.

RENO
You're right, she was way more bubbly than I'm used to seeing her.

She scoffs, shakes her head and pulls her ear.

VEGAS
What in hell's the matter with you?

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

She pinches her lips shut.

Vegas drags Danny toward the house.

DANNY
She's really off her meds?

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

DANNY
(sotto)
A psycho killer clown shot out of a cannon. Bad trips all around.

Reno follows them and keeps her bloody hand behind her.

RENO
Who's your guy?

VEGAS
Reno, this is Danny Ramone. Danny,
this looks like, my Aunt Reno?

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

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

RENO
Come with us, boy.

He follows them through the patio door into the --

INT. FOLEY HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Reno releases Vegas and backs against the patio door.

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

Vegas and Danny walk around and survey the devastation.

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

VEGAS
I don't know what to do.

DANNY
She's kooky.

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

Danny kisses her head.

DANNY
From crazy train, to train wreck.

INT./EXT. WHITE SPORTS CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

Warren barrels down the expressway feeder ramp, joins the
traffic and glances into the rearview mirror.

WARREN

Did I lose 'em?

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

EEYORE (O.S.)

Take it easy. Stay behind him.

ALICE (O.S.)

This one's not getting away.

Warren zigzags through traffic.

The squad car on his ass.

WARREN

See ya!

He crosses three lanes of traffic and beats a semi onto an --

EXIT RAMP

The semi fishtails behind him and BLOWS the air-horn.

The squad car climbs a strip of grass between a cement wall and the semi.

ALICE (O.S.)

Hold onto that pension.

EEYORE (O.S.)

Deja vu... all over again.

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

Warren runs a red light and SCREECHES sideways onto a --

FRONTAGE ROAD

He wheels around a curve past custom homes.

WARREN

Round and round and round we go.

The squad car fishtails onto the road and closes on Warren.

He spins the wheel right and turns onto a --

BROAD AVENUE

Garbage receptacles along the curbs on both sides.

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

WARREN

TV's on you. See you around.

The squad car SQUEALS around the turn and both officers stare out the shotgun side windows at Warren as --

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

Both cops turn forward as they SMASH into the receptacles, sending the TVs CRASHING on the skidding car.

Warren down shifts and SQUEALS around the corner onto the --

FRONTAGE ROAD

He cuts the next corner and swerves onto another street:

WARREN

Sayonara, suckers!

INT. FOLEY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

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

DANNY

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

He RATTLES the near empty can as he sprays sputtering runny paint into a spiral vortex on the floor and slashes an spotty anarchy "A" across it.

VEGAS

I can't believe Reno would do this.

DANNY

You said she's a punk. Might be she's an insane fucking bitch.

Vegas grabs the spray-paint can and tosses it down the hall.

VEGAS

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

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

She sloshes up the basement steps and waves the .38 at Vegas and Danny.

RENO
I don't have anything against either of you, but don't ask for trust. Nothing funny there.

VEGAS
You are crazy.

RENO
I'm a bipolar butterfly with chain-saw wings.

Danny pulls Vegas backward toward the kitchen.

DANNY
We'll get out of your way.

Reno COCKS the .38.

RENO
You're not playing along... Dan.

Vegas snaps into a rage. Danny holds her back.

VEGAS
Where is my Mom?!

RENO
Silence entombs death.

VEGAS
What?!

She fights to free herself as he wrestles her into a corner.

VEGAS
Let me go!

DANNY
No, Vegas!

Reno stares down the gun barrel and dances in front of them.

RENO
Dan's right. I jump around. Me and my pistol got cunt-hair triggers. I don't want to shoot either of you. I'm saving myself for Warren.

The .38 accidentally FIRES. She hops back and shakes her head.

Danny spins Vegas to the wall. Blood drips from the back of his tattered gunshot earlobe.

VEGAS

Danny?!

She stares up at a splatter of Danny's flesh and blood around a bullet hole in the wall.

Reno spins the revolver cylinder.

RENO

Rock and bloody roll, Vegas.

She FIRES the .38, POPS a hole in the ceiling and water drips out.

Vegas steps away from Danny toward Reno.

VEGAS

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

RENO

What why?

VEGAS

Why my Mother screwed your husband.

RENO

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

Vegas moves closer to her and speaks softly:

VEGAS

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

RENO

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

VEGAS

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

Reno grits her teeth as she speaks:

RENO

I proved my love for him.

VEGAS
How, by taking another bottle of
pills?

RENO
He asked me to marry him.

VEGAS
After my mother begged him to stay
with you.

She looks down and smiles to herself.

RENO
We were in love.

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

RENO
Shut up!

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

RENO
Who says this?

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

Reno backs into a corner.

RENO
She was the crazy one tonight.

VEGAS
Sure, now you're the degenerate.

RENO
This gun gives me strength.

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

Vegas holds Danny and they whisper to each other:

DANNY
Is that all true?

VEGAS
No, my Mother was a degenerate.

Gena's clothes fly onto the floor. Everyone turns.
Warren stands, back toward the basement stairs.

WARREN
What the damn hell's...?

Marko creeps up the steps behind him.
Reno turns the .38 on Warren.

RENO
Here's my man, now!

WARREN
Put that pistol down, Reno!

He goes for the .45 in his waistband behind him.
Marko stabs his 9mm in Warren's back and rips the .45 from Warren's pants.

MARKO
We on the other side, now.

Reno waves the .38 at Warren.

RENO
"The crazy bitch" will end this.

Marko slips the .45 under his belt buckle and whispers to Warren:

MARKO
Yo, I want that safe's combination.

Warren twists his head toward him and mumbles:

WARREN
Finish your job.

RENO
Bring my hopeful husband over here.

Marko shoves Warren at Reno. She aims the .38 at Warren.

RENO
Pull down your pants, Warren!

Warren hesitantly undoes his zipper.

WARREN
What are you doing?

RENO
Take them off, bitch!

He takes his pants off and leaves his briefs on.

WARREN
Okay, okay.

RENO
On your knees.

He kneels.

WARREN
Please, what do you want from me?

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

MARKO
Damn!

WARREN
Please, please, I sorry...

Reno shakes her head.

RENO
Vegas, you better turn around. You don't want to see this.

Marko aims the 9mm at Danny.

MARKO
Don't mind wasting your ass, dog.

He grabs Vegas, jams the gun to her neck and looks at Reno:

MARKO
Shame to cap this fine bitch. Trade you her for Warren.

Danny seizes the 9mm. Marko kicks him in the nuts, SLAMS him to the wall and COCKS the gun to his head.

MARKO
Yo fucking dead!

O.S. GUNSHOT. The bullet POPS Marko in the head. He drops dead, facedown.

Reno swings the smoking .38 barrel onto Vegas and Danny.

RENO

What's with these men?

He spins Vegas behind him and hugs her.

Warren dives over Marko, reaches under him for the .45 in his belt buckle.

RENO

They got balls. That's the problem.

Warren drags the .45 out from under Marko.

Reno FIRES the .38 and BLOWS a hole between Warren's butt cheeks.

RENO

I am the hero of my own tragedy!

She runs into the --

KITCHEN

Reno opens the patio door and runs out to the --

EXT. FOLEY HOUSE - POOL SIDE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

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

INT. FOLEY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Warren stuffs the pillow, Greek Comedy side out, in his bloody briefs and aims the .45 at Danny, shielding Vegas.

VEGAS

How are you gonna get away with it?

WARREN

Kill you two, wipe the gun off, put it into Danny-boy's hands.

VEGAS

Why would he... Danny-boy?

WARREN

There's something you were never told about your beloved Aunt Reno.

Danny turns to Vegas.

DANNY

I been festering in anger years.
Look what I did to this house.

She grabs his arm and stares into his eyes.

VEGAS

Reno's the suicidal Lithium Barbie
doll that killed your parents in
that crash. "Danny-boy 'ill kill
her when..." He gets the chance.

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

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

EXT. FOLEY HOUSE - POOL SIDE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Reno hops on the board, FIRES the .38 at the pool and RIPS
two holes in the cover.

She sucks on the .38 barrel and pulls the trigger. CLICK,
CLICK, CLICK on empty chambers.

RENO

I must end this bloodbath with my
own.

She shut her eyes, jumps off the board and TEARS through the
bullet holes in the cover.

INT. FOLEY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

O.S. TWO GUNSHOTS ECHO.

Warren waves the .45, grimaces through a grunt as he watches
Vegas wrestle Danny, but he holds her behind him.

WARREN

Those should finish Reno's act.

Danny pins Vegas in the corner of the wall.

WARREN

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

He SMACKS the coke bottle in his palm, gets none out and sees
a clump of white powder on the bottom of the bottle.

WARREN

I was going to use Marko...

He catches the water dripping from the bullet hole in the ceiling in his coke bottle, shakes and drinks it.

Danny drags Vegas in front of him toward the kitchen.

WARREN

I can use you both, dead.

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

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

Vegas SMACKS the .45 from Warren's hand with the 3 iron. The gun SPLASHES into the water on the floor.

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

Warren flops on the .45, rolls over and FIRES it at Danny.

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

She stumbles back. Danny catches her. She sits in his lap.

Warren wets his fingers in the water dripping from the ceiling.

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

WARREN

Meep-meep!

The safe CRASHES down with half the ceiling in a deluge of water and crushes him to the floor.

The crystal chandelier spins by its SPARKING wires, dripping water from the surviving side of the ceiling and as the bulbs flash, it swirls multicolored lights around the room.

The floor CRACKS toward the corners and droops in the center.

Danny and Vegas fall to the floor and slide toward the safe.

The floor CRACKLES around the safe as it chews through it.

Danny grabs Vegas, climbs the floor toward the kitchen and grips the doorway.

The floor crumbles and the safe falls through it.

Danny swings Vegas into the kitchen and she helps him in.

The safe disappears in a flash of multicolored lights and Warren's dead body THUMPS on top of the pool table.

EXT. FOLEY HOUSE - POOL SIDE - DAY

Danny pulls out the box-cutter and jumps on the diving board.

Vegas punches numbers in the keyless entry pad.

DANNY

What's going on?! Open the cover!

VEGAS

The remote's fucked-up!

Danny leaps off the board to the edge of the pool, cuts the liner along the ledge and jumps through the hole.

UNDERWATER

Danny bloodies the water as he swims toward Reno and Gena together on the bottom.

Vegas waves her arms in the water, through the hole cut in the liner.

Reno hugs Gena with one hand, her other fingers all the way back through Gena's hair as they stare in each other's eyes in death's grip.

Danny twists Reno's head and extends the box-cutter blade all the way out as the last bubble POPS from her mouth.

He cuts Gena's hair, tangled in Reno's grasp.

He half hugs Reno and swims to the hole cut in the liner as the box-cutter sinks to the bottom.

POOL SIDE

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

DANNY

She didn't wanna live without Gena.

Vegas kneels next to Reno, looks away from Reno's lifeless eyes and stares at her trembling hands.

VEGAS
I don't know CPR!

Danny kneels on Reno's other side and pumps his hands over her chest.

DANNY
That's how I saved Grace. Feel for a pulse.

He leans his ear over Reno's mouth, tilts her chin up with his hand on her forehead and breathes into her mouth.

VEGAS
No! No pulse.

He pumps her chest again, listens for her breathing and blows air in her mouth.

DANNY
Check it again.

Vegas feels her carotid artery.

VEGAS
Oh God, no!

He stares in her eyes as he rolls her on her side and pumps her chest as pool water drains out of her mouth.

DANNY
Help me Reno! It's me Danny-boy.
Look at me. I won't go away. Oh
God, please, don't die on me!

VEGAS
Nothing!

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

Vegas cries and shakes her head.

VEGAS
She loves Greek Tragedy.

He picks up the pace, pumping her chest, staring in her eyes, as water from her mouth comes out foaming.

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

He roll her upright and breathes into mouth. He spits out foam as he rolls her sideways.

She drools foamy water as he pumps her chest.

VEGAS

Aristotle said, "heroes need not die." She must undergo a change in fortune. A revelation!

DANNY

Pulse?

She feels for Reno's pulse.

VEGAS

No!

DANNY

What does he mean, revelation?!

Vegas kisses Reno's head and pumps her chest as she drools.

VEGAS

A recognition about human fate, and destiny. "A change from ignorance to awareness of a bond of love or hate."

Danny breathes air in her mouth and spits out foam as he pumps her chest, yelling:

DANNY

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

Danny stares in her eyes, kisses her forehead and weeps.

Reno coughs up vomit and gasps for air as Vegas hugs Danny.

INT./EXT. DANNY'S BATHROOM - DAY

Danny, shoulder and leg bandaged, stands at an open window.

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

SIDE STREET

Honeycomb straddles the hydrant, locks her hands under the spigot and shoots water high into the air.

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

DANNY

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

VEGAS

You don't have to.

DANNY

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

O.S. METAL CRASHES, WOOD CRACKS.

They sprint into the --

HALLWAY

They run toward multicolored lights flashing across the studio side of the plastic strips on the doorway.

DANNY

Stay behind me.

She nods as he leads hers into the --

STUDIO

The beat-up safe sits upright on the crushed turntable over the smashed 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 an eight hundred pound safe.

She spins the 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 twists the handle. The safe shifts toward her.

Danny jerks her backwards into his lap.

The safe opens and stacks of wrinkled cash pour out.

DANNY

You have a 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 an eight hundred pound
safe to fall on me.

She turns around, shoves him down and climbs on top of him.

VEGAS

What are we going to do now?

DANNY

How about that slam-dance?

O.S. PUNK ROCK BLARES, SINGER SHRIEKS LYRICS.

INT. ARAGON BALLROOM - NIGHT

The mirrored ball spins multicolored lights through the foggy laser light show around the room as the PUNK ROCK continues.

Danny and Vegas slow dance on the spray-painted spiral vortex and anarchy "A" in the center as colliding MOSH-PITTERS swirl around them.

Suddenly, Danny and Vegas fall into an expanding portal and slow dance along an elongating tunnel of swirling multicolored lights in the starry sky over the top of the --

Eifel Tower, Coliseum, Pyramids, Great Wall, Machu Picchu, Everest, Vatican, Mecca, Taj Mahal, Wailing Wall, White House, Mount Rushmore and Windsor Castle.

FADE OUT.

THE END