

Blood Gets In Your Eyes

An original screenplay
by Carole Parker

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EXT. VENICE BEACH - HOTEL - DUSK

The boardwalk. Quiet on a late summer weeknight. A lone HOMELESS WOMAN sleeps in front of a chained-up storefront.

CAMERA passes various businesses, now closed for the night. Joints selling T-shirts. Pizza. Hats. Cheap tourist shit.

CAMERA stops on an old hotel. Peeling blue paint. Cracked steps lead up into a dingy foyer. Sign reads THE STARLIGHT. On the ground floor, a small bar. THE STARLIGHT LOUNGE.

INT. STARLIGHT HOTEL - NIGHT

CAMERA creeps down a long, dark, hallway. Faded, shitty prints of ships at sea on the walls. We stop at room 23.

INT. SHITTY HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Cool jazz on a boombox. Maybe Coltrane or Miles, over --

Dark. Cluttered. Cozy. Lit by a red bulb in a tiny lamp. A few candles. A WOMAN is making love with a MAN (20's) on the bed. Incense burning.

Meet ALONA TAL (30), heartbreakingly beautiful. Long, jet black hair to her waist. Hot-blooded. Soft caramel skin. Been ridden more a few miles. But still turns heads.

She's on top. In control. Her hair fans down across her chest. Riding him, rhythmically. Eyes closed. In pure bliss.

ALONA

Ride me, you fucking COWBOY --

INT. ANOTHER SHITTY HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Next door, we see a YOUNG WOMAN (21) sitting at a table against the wall. A painting has been taken down. Behind it, an air duct, her ear pressed against it. Listening.

ALONA (O.C.)

Giddyap, motherfucker -- FUCK ME.

Meet HOLLY LAND (22), waifish, comely. Silky auburn tresses fall to her shoulders. Looks tired, but still lovely. She pours vodka into a plastic cup. Takes a sip. Licks her lips.

Presses her ear against the vent again. Listens.

ALONA (O.C.) (CONT'D)

Ohmyfucking GOD!

She reaches down, starts touching herself.

EXT. BAY STREET SCHOOL - DUSK

A tony, private 'progressive' school for the kids of rich, left-leaning Santa Monica hipsters. The kind that shop at Whole Foods. Do yoga. You get the idea. Urth Cafe, anyone?

INT. BAY STREET SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS

The amber light of sunset streams through the venetian blinds into the classroom. Quiet. Empty. Except for --

A MAN (40's) sits at a desk at the head of the class. Meet GILL SHERRY, good-looking, in a frumpy kinda way. But still buff. The cool teacher. The kind the girls swoon over.

Right now he's grading papers. He checks his watch. Goes back to his work. His cell phone RINGS. He picks it up. Listens.

GILL
 Hi, honey --
 (listens)
 You better start without me. I've got a couple of student conferences --
 (listens)
 I'll grab something on the way home. You need anything?
 (listens)
 Love you, too. Bye.

He hangs up. Checks his watch. Sighs. Stares into space. He pulls out a small picture. We see it's Alona.

GILL (CONT'D)
 One more hour, my love, and my torture will end.
 (kisses the picture)
 Without you I am incomplete.

INT. ALONA'S SHITTY HOTEL ROOM - AT THAT MOMENT

Alona sits up in bed smoking a cigarette. A lazy, 'just got laid' smile on her face. She sips from a bottle of Corona.

ALONA
 You sure know how to satisfy a gal,
 Beggar.

BEGGAR LECK (30's), buff, former bodybuilder, with a mane of black hair, pulls on his pants. Still great-looking, but now a little puffy. Bright blue eyes now a bit bloodshot.

He lights up a joint. Takes a big hit.

BEGGAR
 Beggars can't be choosers, baby --
 (passes it to her)
 Gotta jam. Gonna go pick up some product down in Long Beach.

ALONA
 (takes it, inhales)
 Yeah, right. You just want to make your escape before the teacher gets here.

BEGGAR
 No shit. He's in love with you. Guy creeps me out. Gets all moony-eyed and shit.

CONTINUED:

ALONA

What's love got to do with it? He can only rent. YOU own me --

He's finished dressing. Goes to her. Gives her a sloppy kiss.

BEGGAR

And don't you forget it.

(beat)

I should be back by midnight. Don't do anything I wouldn't do.

ALONA

Like what, suck cock?

INT. HOLLY'S SHITTY HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Holly puts the picture back up on the wall. Opens up her laptop computer. Takes a sip of vodka. Starts typing.

ON THE SCREEN

We see the words 'Beggars can't be choosers, baby.'

HOLLY

Smiles faintly.

HOLLY

Art imitates life --

A KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK at the door.

HOLLY (CONT'D)

Come in, it's open.

Alona glides in the room, carrying her beer. Holly closes the computer. Looks up. Guilty.

ALONA

Hey, girlie.

HOLLY

(looks)

Alona. Hey. What's up?

ALONA

YOU are.

HOLLY

(flushes)

I, uh --

ALONA

You're so cute when you blush. You know that?

HOLLY

Alona --

Alona walks over to Holly. Puts her hand on her shoulder.

CONTINUED:

ALONA

The invitation still stands. You can come
join Beggar and me anytime, you know.
(smiles)
Two's company, three's a party.

HOLLY

I don't -- swing that way, Alona.

ALONA

Bullshit. I see the way you look at me.
(off her startled look)
It's okay. I like it. I like you --

She bends over. Kisses Holly softly on the lips.

ALONA (CONT'D)

Promise me you'll think about it?

HOLLY

(stares, wide-eyed)
I, uh --

ALONA

My sweet, little writer --
(goes to the door)
Just think about it. Gotta go. Time for
my next client --
(evil grin)
A teacher a day keeps the landlord away.

EXT. THE STARLIGHT HOTEL - NIGHT

Gill Sherry walks up to the front stoop. Stops. Looks at the
decay. The ambiance of despair and poverty.

GILL

I've got to get her out of this place.
Save her.

And he bounds up the steps.

INT. ALONA'S SHITTY HOTEL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The spooky, fuzzy, haunting reverb guitar sounds of The
Raveonettes ALLY, WALK WITH ME plays on the boombox over --

Alona, sits on the bed smoking a cigarette.
A KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK at the door.

ALONA

Come in, if you know what's good for you.

The door OPENS. In walks Gill.

ALONA (CONT'D)

Hey there, *hot for teacher*.

GILL

Ready for your homework?

He goes to the bed. Sits. She smiles. Pulls out a joint.

CONTINUED:

ALONA
Want some higher education?

GILL
(reaches up, strokes her hair)
I didn't think it was possible, but
you've gotten even more beautiful.

ALONA
Still the romantic --

GILL
(starts unbuttoning his shirt)
Have you thought any more about my offer?

ALONA
You mean *taking me away from all this*?

GILL
Yeah. I've got that great little cottage
upstate --

ALONA
Gill, I told you. I like it here. I like
living at the beach. I LIKE my life. It's
simple. Uncomplicated. No strings.

GILL
But what about -- Beggar?

ALONA
Beggar's just a friend.
(smiles)
Like you.

GILL
I'm not going to give up.

He stands. Walks over to the dresser. Takes out his wallet.
Pulls out some cash. Discretely tucks it under a book. Turns.

ALONA
Get that tight little ass over here.
We've got some serious fucking to do.

GILL
(comes to her)
And you say *I'm* a romantic --

INT. HOLLY'S SHITTY HOTEL ROOM - AT THAT MOMENT

Holly sits at her desk, typing on her laptop. She stops.
Takes a sip of vodka. Stares at the screen. Hears something.

She gets up. Takes the picture off the wall. Presses her ear
against the vent. Listening.

ALONA (O.C.)
God, YES. That's so FUCKING GOOD --

Holly grabs her drink. Drains it. Listens. Heart pounding.

EXT. LONG BEACH - HARBOR - NIGHT - AT THAT MOMENT

An old, battered red BMW convertible pulls up to a decrepit warehouse. Parks. Beggar gets out. Walks over to a doorway. KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCKS on it. A small window OPENS.

A nasty-looking EUROTRASH THUG (30'S) looks at him through the glass. Grins a decayed smile. The door OPENS.

EUROTRASH THUG

Mr. Leck. So nice of you to drop by.

BEGGAR

Vlad. Looking dapper as usual.

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Beggar and Vlad walk over to a makeshift table made out of a piece of plywood on two saw horses. A suitcase is on it. Open. Inside, a dozen plastic bags filled with white powder.

A GREASY THUG (20'S) grins at Beggar.

GREASY THUG

Look. Is Power-Seller.

BEGGAR

Nice to see you too, Sasha.

Sasha takes out a packet. TOSSES it to Beggar.

SASHA

I assume you want usual deal?

BEGGAR

You know my credit is good. I'll be able to move this in a week, tops.

VLAD

You do more thinking about coming to work for us full-time?

BEGGAR

I'll have to get back to you on that. Kinda like being my own boss.

VLAD

That may be. But as part of organization, you have protection. And are part of family.

BEGGAR

Not sure I'm into -- family values.

INT. HOLLY'S SHITTY HOTEL ROOM - AT THAT MOMENT

Holly sits at her desk. Staring at her laptop. She pours the last of the vodka bottle into her cup. Makes a face.

HOLLY

Shit.

CONTINUED:

A soft TAP-TAP-TAP at the door.

HOLLY (CONT'D)
Alona?

Alona glides into the room. Dazzling smile.

ALONA
How did you guess?

HOLLY
Uh -- lucky?

ALONA
You look so sad.

HOLLY
Writing's not -- going well. I'm blocked.

ALONA
(sees the empty bottle)
Well, now wonder. You gotta dead soldier.
Come on down to the bar with me and take
a break. Keep me company.
(pulls out cash)
It's on me. Gotta straight flush.

HOLLY
I dunno --

ALONA
C'mon, I won't bite. I promise.
(beat)
Unless you want me to.

INT. THE STARLIGHT LOUNGE - NIGHT - LATER

Alona and Holly sit on bar stools. The joint is deserted, except for a couple of DRUNKS sitting at the end watching a ball game on a shitty little TV above the bar.

They've had more than a few. Both quite drunk. Holly raises her glass, takes a swig of vodka.

HOLLY
My parents are REALLY pissed.

ALONA
But you can go back to school, can't you?

HOLLY
Not really. I got into some -- trouble.

ALONA
What kind of --

MALE VOICE (O.C.)
LADIES. Do you mind if I join you?

Reveal BOB BALL (40), smooth-talking, good-looking journalist. A bit scuzzy without a shave and a serious case of 'bed head.' But still with that aura of cool.

CONTINUED:

He sits on the stool next to Alona. Grins. Sips his beer.

BOB
Bob Ball, I'm a writer -- doing a piece
on dive bars, and thought I'd scope the
joint out.

ALONA
Joint? Read much Mickey Spillane?

BOB
Ooh. Feisty. Just the way I like 'em.
(grins)
You gals come here often?

ALONA
We live here.
(off his look)
In the hotel, upstairs.

BOB
Well, that's certainly convenient.

HOLLY
Is he -- hitting on us?

BOB
Occupations hazard, I'm afraid. I see a
couple of hot chicks, and I become a heat-
seeking missile.
(beat)
Pun intended.

ALONA
(stands, takes Holly's hand)
Come on, baby. Let's blow this popsicle
dick. Somebody turned up the testosterone
too high.

HOLLY
(to Bob)
You talk like -- you're in a movie.

BOB
(watches them leave)
Nothing ventured, nothing sprained.

INT. HOLLY'S SHITTY HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT - LATER

Holly lies in bed, sleeping like the dead. Mouth open.
There's a BANGING on the wall. Followed by SHOUTING.

ALONA (O.C.)
NO, STOP it! You're HURTING ME!

Her eyes FLY OPEN. She WHIPS off the covers. LEAPS out of
bed. Bare feet SLAP the wooden floor.

HOLLY
Alona !

CONTINUED:

Holly looks around frantically. GRABS a pair of scissors off her desk. RACES out of the room.

INT. ALONA'S SHITTY HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Alona lies on her bed, trussed up like a pig. Major bondage action. Wrists tied to the bed.

A LARGE MAN (30's) lies on top of her, pumping up and down. Fucking the shit out of her. Alona wriggles and squirms.

ALONA
You're -- HURTING ME.

Holly CHARGES in, holding the scissors like a knife.

HOLLY
NO! STOP THAT.

She PLUNGES the weapon into his back. He REARS BACK like a bull on steroids.

LARGE MAN
OWWW!

He turns around. Sees Holly. Turns red. Tries to reach around and grab the scissors.

LARGE MAN (CONT'D)
Fucking BITCH.

Holly GRABS a chair. SMASHES it over his head. CRACK. He FLIES off the bed, HITS the floor, face up. Plunging the scissors all the way in. Dead on arrival.

HOLLY
Holy SHIT.

She RACES over to the bed. Starts untying Alona.

HOLLY (CONT'D)
Are you okay?

ALONA
He was a trick, Holly.

HOLLY
(stops)
What?

ALONA
He wasn't raping me. He's a john.

HOLLY
Yeah, right. And I'm Lady Gaga --

A sharp KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK at the door.

MALE VOICE (O.C.)
HEY. Are you okay in there?

Alona and Holly look at each other. Shit.

CONTINUED:

ALONA
 (whispers)
 It's the guy that just moved in down the
 hall --
 (to the door)
 Be there in a sec!
 (whispers, to Holly)
 Cover him with the bedspread and hide.
 (off her look)
 DO IT --

Holly RUNS to the bed. Grabs the cover. THROWS it over the
 body. Dashes into the closet.

Alona RACES over to the door. Opens it a crack.

ALONA (CONT'D)
 Hi --

IN THE HALLWAY

Is a large, bald, friendly-looking GUY (20's) with a long
 goatee. Meet VERNE. The new neighbor.

VERNE
 Are you okay? I heard shouting and
 fighting --

IN THE ROOM

Alona smiles coyly.

ALONA
 Sorry about that. Had a fight with my
 boyfriend. I'm okay. He's gone --

Verne pokes his head in. Sees she's naked.

VERNE
 Oh.
 (stares)
 So you're okay --

ALONA
 Yeah. I'm fine.

VERNE
 You sure are.
 (beat)
 Boyfriend's a lucky sumbitch.

ALONA
 We have an -- open relationship. Why
 don't we -- party one of these nights?

VERNE
 (aroused)
 Shit, yeah.

ALONA
 Cool. See ya later. Gotta crash now. Bye.

CONTINUED: (2)

VERNE
 (as she closes the door)
 Later --

The door CLICKS shut. Holly comes out of the closet.

HOLLY
 Holy shit, that was close.

ALONA
 Tell me about it --
 (thinks)
 Shit. Now I'm gonna have to hang out with
 him.

HOLLY
 The b-bald guy with the gross goatee?

ALONA
 Yeah.

She goes over to the body. Stares at it.
 Holly sits on the bed. Head in her hands.

HOLLY
 I'm so sorry, Alona -- I fucked up.

ALONA
 It's okay. He was a jerk.

HOLLY
 (looks up)
 So who was he?

ALONA
 A rich, kinky asshole. Scum of the earth.

HOLLY
 A, a -- lawyer?

ALONA
 Worse. An agent.
 (thinks)
 I gotta call Beggar. He'll know what to
 do.

Alona gets her cell phone. Dials a number. Listens.

ALONA (CONT'D)
 Hey, baby -- it's me.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. BEGGAR'S BMW CONVERTIBLE - MOVING - NIGHT

Beggar drives with the top down.

BEGGAR
 (on the phone)
 What's wrong? You sound funny.

CONTINUED:

ALONA

Well, seeing as how there's a dead body
in my room -- you'd *sound funny*, too.

BEGGAR

What the FUCK?

ALONA

My trick, the agent. We were playing
'What's My Bondage,' Holly heard the
commotion and came in to rescue me --

Holly stares. Fighting back tears. Goes to the table. Gets
Alona's bottle of vodka. Opens it. Takes a long slug.

ALONA (CONT'D)

(watches her)

And stabbed him with a pair of scissors.

BEGGAR

Jesus fucking CHRIST.

ALONA

No big loss. The guy was a real asshole.
The world's a better place without him.

BEGGAR

But shit, Alona. There's a dead guy in
your ROOM.

ALONA

Hey -- life gives you a lemon, you make
lemonade.

(beat)

Where are you?

BEGGAR

I'm on the 405, getting near the 90. I'll
be there in fifteen minutes. Wrap him up
in the shower curtain and start cleaning
up the blood --

ALONA

Can't YOU do that?

BEGGAR

Time is of the essence, Alona. You want
blood seeping through the floor to the
room below?

ALONA

Shit. Okay, okay.

(beat)

Are you gonna call your friends?

BEGGAR

Yeah. They'll TAKE CARE of it.

ALONA

You -- mad at me?

CONTINUED: (2)

BEGGAR

No, not you. It's just -- they want me to work for them full-time, and if they help with this, I'm gonna owe them.

ALONA

Owe them what?

BEGGAR

Let's just say the new guy gets to do the dirty work.

(sighs)

Just get started, and I'll be there soon.

ALONA

Out, out damn spot.

BEGGAR

Huh?

ALONA

Never mind. Just hurry up and get your ass over here, my bloody valentine.

INT. ALONA'S SHITTY HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Alona looks at Holly. Drinking vodka from the bottle. Grimacing. Looking lost.

ALONA

Gimmee some of that. We've got our work cut out for us.

HOLLY

(hands her the bottle)

What -- do you mean?

ALONA

Beggar's on his way. He said we gotta mop up the blood, then wrap up the body. Do me a favor, and go down to the front desk and ask for some extra towels?

HOLLY

What should I say they're for?

ALONA

(takes a swig)

I dunno, make something up. Tell 'em we're having a slumber party.

HOLLY

What are we gonna wrap him up with?

ALONA

Shower curtain.

HOLLY

You mean -- like in *Goodfellas*?

ALONA

Nah. More like *Motel Hell*.

EXT. SANTA MONICA SIDE STREET - NIGHT

The moon glows like ghostly spectre through dark velvet clouds. Not a star in the sky.

A leafy avenue a few blocks from Main Street. Not the cheap seats, but close. But still only ten blocks from the ocean.

A late-model Volvo comes tooling down the street. Turns into -

EXT. SUBURBAN BUNGALOW - NIGHT

A small, neat bungalow with a manicured lawn. And yes, with a white picket fence. The kinda joint I'll be able to buy when I sell this screenplay.

The car pulls into the driveway. Stops. Gill gets out. Weaves up the sidewalk into the front door of the house.

INT. GILL'S BUNGALOW - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A small, neat room with the typical funky decor of a liberal teacher. Rows of books on shelves. African art.

Right now, in shadows. Gill walks into the room. Puts his briefcase down.

FEMALE VOICE (O.C.)
Student conferences run late?

The light SNAPS ON.

In the entranceway stands DONNA (40's), Gill's wife. Still attractive, but looks weary. Worried. Alabaster skin. No makeup. Could be a cougar, if she tried.

GILL
Hey, hon.
(yawns)
Yeah. Then I had a couple of beers with
Brub.

She walks up to him. Puts her arms around him. He tenses.

DONNA
A couple of beers? You reek of booze --

GILL
Yeah, well -- we had a couple of shots.
He needed to talk. Guy stuff, you know.
How was your day?

DONNA
The usual. Another exciting day in the
chem lab.

GILL
(faint smile)
She blinded me with science --

CONTINUED:

DONNA

There's Thai food in the fridge. I could nuke some for you --

GILL

(pulls away from her)
Thanks, but I'm beat. I'm gonna hit the sack. Gonna go jump in the shower. See you upstairs.

DONNA

(faint smile)
Be there in a sec.

He nods. Turns, and walks away into the rear of the house.

PUSH IN ON Donna's face. Watching him suspiciously.

INT. ALONA'S SHITTY HOTEL ROOM - AT THAT MOMENT

The dead agent's been turned over on his stomach. We can see the scissor handles sticking out of his back.

Alona mops up the blood with a towel. Holly sits on the bed, staring. Holding the bottle.

ALONA

God, this is disgusting. It's all I can do not to puke --

She tosses the towel into a plastic bucket. Now filled with bloody towels. She looks at Holly.

ALONA (CONT'D)

Can I get a hit of that?

Holly holds it up-side down. Empty.

HOLLY

All gone. Sorry --

ALONA

Shit.
(thinks)
I've got some weed. We'll smoke one when we're done. Let's wrap him up, okay?

HOLLY

Okay. Be right back --

She slides off the bed. Puts the bottle down. Pads into --

THE BATHROOM

Where she RIPS the shower curtain off its rings. She stops. Looks at her reflection in the mirror. Haunted. Scared.

HOLLY (CONT'D)

Mirror, mirror, on the wall --
(hiccup)
Who's the most fucked-up of all?

CONTINUED:

IN THE BEDROOM

Holly drags the curtain behind her. Walks over to Alona and the body. Places it down on the floor.

ALONA
Some fucked-up picnic, huh?

HOLLY
How can you make jokes at a time like this? Aren't you -- scared? I am --

ALONA
Watching daddy beat mommy as a little girl gives a gal a strange sense of humor.

HOLLY
Ohmigod, I'm sorry. That must have been -- horrible.

ALONA
It was long time ago, baby. C'mon, let's roll up Oscar. Get him ready for shipping.

HOLLY
That was -- his name?

Alona nods. Goes over to the body. Starts rolling him onto the shower curtain. Singing softly.

ALONA
My baloney has a first name, it's O-S-C-A-R --
R --
(looks at Holly)
Could you give me a hand? Fucker's heavy.
(beat)
Dead weight --

She BURSTS into insane laughter. Holly stares. Shakes her head. Gets on her knees next to her. They roll him onto the edge of the curtain. Alona grabs the edge.

ALONA (CONT'D)
Okay, now -- like a fruit roll-up, let's wrap 'em up.

They hold the curtain against his side, and start rolling him up like some kind of ungodly burrito. He goes over and over, making a sickening THUMP each time. They finish. Exhausted.

Holly goes to the bed. Sits. Puts her head in her hands.

HOLLY
I'm going to hell for this --

Alona sits next to her. Cradles her in her arms.

CONTINUED: (2)

ALONA
Honey, didn't you know?
(beat)
We're already there.

A KNOCK-KNOCK on the door. Alona walks over. Opens it. Beggar stumbles in.

BEGGAR
Honey, I'm *home* --

ALONA
Hey, babe.

BEGGAR
(looking at Holly)
How's Junior Miss holding up?

ALONA
She's okay.
(looks at Holly)
Right, hun?

HOLLY
I guess so.

BEGGAR
(looks at the body)
I called Vlad, left a voice mail. Hasn't called me back yet.

ALONA
Shit. What are we gonna do?

BEGGAR
We've got two choices -- either wait for him to call back, or take care of it ourselves.

ALONA
Take care of it OURSELVES?

BEGGAR
I say we get high, screw our brains out, and wait for him to call.
(smiles)
Be a lot more fun than disposing of a dead body, don't you think?
(looks at Holly)
Whattya say, girlie? A little stress-reliever?

HOLLY
Oh no, I can't --
(looks at the body, shivers)
Not with --

ALONA
Horny bastard. Not with a dead body in the room.
(beat)
Can't you see she's freaked out?

CONTINUED: (3)

BEGGAR
 (looks at the body)
 Guess you're right.

He goes to the table. Picks up the empty vodka bottle.

BEGGAR (CONT'D)
 We need more booze.

HOLLY
 (jumps up)
 I'll go. I need to get some air.

ALONA
 Good idea. I'll roll up a couple of
 joints for when you get back.

Beggar pulls out his wallet. Gives Holly some cash.

BEGGAR
 Here. Get a couple of liters of the good
 stuff, Absolut or Grey Goose. Plain. None
 of that flavored shit.

HOLLY
 (takes it)
 Okay. I'll be right back.

She goes to the door.

ALONA
 It'll be okay, babe. Hurry back. We'll
 figure it out.

Holly flashes a strange smile. Leaves. Beggar sits next to
 Alona on the bed. Strokes her hair.

BEGGAR
 How about a quickie while she's --

ALONA
 (WHACKS his hand away)
 Didn't you hear me? Not with a fucking
 dead body in the room.

BEGGAR
 Alright, alright.
 (pulls out phone)
 I'll try Vlad the Impaler again.

Alona opens a cigar box on the bedside table. Pulls out a bag
 of weed. Some rolling papers. Starts making a joint.

ALONA
 Fucking Russians. Unreliable.
 (licks the paper)
 And they call themselves 'criminals.'

EXT. VENICE BOARDWALK - STARLIGHT HOTEL - NIGHT

Holly walks out the front entrance. Stops. Looks at --

CONTINUED:

A STREET PERFORMER (30's), a small, compact black guy, wearing nothing but a black thong and sneakers, hair tied back in a bun. Ambling down the boulevard. Commuting home.

She stares. Shakes her head. Turns. Starts walking. Coming right toward her is a FILM BIZ ASSISTANT (25), geeky in a black suit and tie. Carrying a big envelope. He sees Holly.

FILM BIZ ASSISTANT
Excuse me, Miss -- ?

HOLLY
(stops)
Yeah?

FILM BIZ ASSISTANT
Is there a hotel near here?

HOLLY
(points behind her)
Yeah. The Starlight. Just a few doors down.

She weaves a little. Tries for a smile.

FILM BIZ ASSISTANT
(looks, sees it)
Thanks.

HOLLY
Sure.

Holly continues walking. He watches her.

FILM BIZ ASSISTANT
God, I love this neighborhood.

INT. THE STARLIGHT HOTEL - FRONT DESK - NIGHT

A tiny room. Beyond old and weathered. Peeling paint. A single desk lamp shines over --

THE CLERK (50's), a tall, skinny, strange-looking ex-hippie with a shock of long white hair. Bad false teeth. A hawk-like nose. Which right now has a finger in it, digging for gold.

Meet BUNKY MERTZ, glory days now long-gone. Natty in a tie-dyed Grafeful Dead T-shirt and parachute pants.

Film Biz walks up to the counter. Sees Bunky. Looks worried.

BUNKY
Evenin'. Can I help you?

FILM BIZ ASSISTANT
Hi. I'm looking for my boss. He's a guest at your --
(looks around distastefully)
Hotel.

BUNKY
What's his name?

CONTINUED:

FILM BIZ ASSISTANT
Oscar Goldman.

BUNKY
(opens the register)
When did he check in?

FILM BIZ ASSISTANT
Last night.

Bunky scans the names with a long, nicotine-stained finger.

BUNKY
Goldman, Goldman --
(finishes)
Nope. No Goldman.

FILM BIZ ASSISTANT
Did you did that kinda quickly. Do you
mind checking again?

BUNKY
Only one person checked in tonight.
(squints)
Greta Bruckheimer.
(grins)
German tourist.

FILM BIZ ASSISTANT
(to himself)
Shit. That's right --
(to Bunky)
Wait a minute. He was visiting a guest of
yours, not checking in. Maybe you saw
him. He's average height, dark hair,
wearing an expensive suit?

BUNKY
Sorry, just got here. I'm the night man.

FILM BIZ ASSISTANT
(sighs)
Okay. Thanks --
(pulls out his card, gives it)
If you see him, would you please call me?
It's REALLY urgent.

BUNKY
(nods)
Will do.
(smiles)
Have a good night, man.
(watches him leave, under his
breath)
Yuppie capitalist pig --

EXT. STARLIGHT HOTEL - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

Film Biz stands on the boardwalk talking on his BlackBerry.

CONTINUED:

FILM BIZ ASSISTANT

Hey, it's Feo. I'm flipping out here.
I've got the new Parker script for Oscar
to read tonight, and I can't find him.
Did he call Nigel, say where he was
going?

(listens)

Shit.

(listens)

Yeah, the new Parker script. You know
what's gonna happen if I DON'T get it to
him tonight?

(listens)

Balls for breakfast doesn't BEGIN to
cover it --

EXT. DAVEY JONES' LIQUOR LOCKER - NIGHT

An old, nasty liquor store on a cobblestoned side street.
A hand-lettered sign in the window reads NO CHECKS. A pair of
tiny, VICIOUS-LOOKING GANG-BANGERS (20's) loiter outside.

Holly eyes them. Hurries into the store. In a daze.

INT. DAVEY JONES' LIQUOR LOCKER - CONTINUOUS

Holly glides over to the counter. Looks at the row of vodka
bottles. The CLERK, a tall Rasta in shades (30's) with dreads
down to his waist ambles over. No woman, no cry indeed.

RASTA WEARING SHADES

What can I get you, mon?

HOLLY

Can I get --

(looks)

Two bottles of Absolut?

RASTA WEARING SHADES

(grins)

Absolutely.

(turns, grabs the bottles)

You havin' a party?

The gang-bangers BURST into the store. Holding small, piece-
of-shit gats. The taller one RUSHES the counter. PUSHES Holly
out of the way. She hits the floor, THWUMP.

TALLER, VICIOUS-LOOKING GANG-BANGER

(SHOVES the gun in Rasta's

face)

Open the register, homes -- NOW!

Rasta stares at him wide-eyed. Must be the sticky kush.

UNDER THE COUNTER

With one hand, he reaches for a sawed-off shotgun.

BEHIND THE COUNTER

With the other, he opens the drawer. Starts to grab the cash.

CONTINUED:

TALL RASTA
 Okay, mon -- easy now. I give you the
 money --

HOLLY

Lies on the floor. Staring at them. Freaking out.

TALLER, VICIOUS-LOOKING

Waves the gun, impatient.

TALLER, VICIOUS-LOOKING GANG-BANGER
 Hurry up, MOTHERFUCKER.

RASTA

FLIPS the gun up. SHOOTS Tall's head off. BANG.
 Blood, brains and bone SPLATTER the display behind him.
 His piece goes FLYING, skitters across the floor --

Landing right next to Holly. She GRABS it.

SHORT, UGLY GANG-BANGER

Races toward the counter. SCREAMING.
 Shoots Rasta in the head. BANG. BANG. BANG. BANG. BANG.

RASTA

Falls over, dead. THWUNK.

SHORT, UGLY

Races over to the counter. Scoops up the money into a plastic
 shopping bag. GRABS a bottle of something expensive.

HOLLY

Stands behind him. Holding her gun in both hands.

HOLLY
 (screeches)
 DON'T MOVE! Or I'll fucking SHOOT!

SHORT, UGLY GANG-BANGER
 (whirls around)
 Fuck you, BITCH.

Holly SHOOTS him in the shoulder. BANG. He DROPS the bag.

SHORT, UGLY GANG-BANGER (CONT'D)
 What THE FUCK?

HOLLY
 SHUT UP!

And she FIRES again. BANG. BANG. BANG. Gets him in the arm.
 The leg. He falls, GASPING. The bottle hits the floor. POP.
 Booze and blood start to form a sick-looking puddle.

CONTINUED: (2)

SHORT, UGLY GANG-BANGER
Fucking CUNT. You SHOT ME --

He lies there. Bleeding. Struggles to raise his gun.

SHORT, UGLY GANG-BANGER (CONT'D)
I'm gonna -- kill ---

She moves closer. Fires again. BANG. Gets him right between the eyes. Lights out. Holly SCREAMS.

HOLLY
FUUUCK!

MALE VOICE (O.C.)
Holy SHIT.

Holly turns. Looks. Sees a CROWD OF PEOPLE outside the door. She sticks the gun in her pants. GRABS the bottles of vodka -- And RACES into the back of the store.

CLOSE ON --

A video camera on the ceiling. Red light BLINKING.

IN THE BACK ALLEY

Holly runs toward the street. Stops. Sees a small cardboard box. Puts the vodka bottles in it. Hurries on her way.

ON THE BOARDWALK

Holly walks carefully, looking around. Sees a big CROWD gathering ahead. POLICE OFFICERS. A NEWS VAN pulls up.

HOLLY
Holy shit.

She gets to entrance of the hotel. Hurries up the stairs.

FEO

Sits on a nearby bench facing the hotel. Fingers working madly on his BlackBerry. He looks up. Sees her.

FEO
Same chick. Wouldn't mind hitting that.

INT. ALONA'S SHITTY HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Alona sits on the bed. Beggar paces the room. CLICKS his cell phone shut with disgust.

BEGGAR
Fucking Russian bastard --

A soft KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK at the door.

ALONA
Holly?

CONTINUED:

HOLLY (O.S.)

Yeah.

Beggar goes to the door. Opens it. Holly comes in carrying her box. Stares at them. Looking spooked.

ALONA

Holly? What's wrong?

Holly goes to the bed. Sits. Puts down the box. Stares.

HOLLY

There was -- a robbery.

Alona opens the box. Looks inside. Takes out the vodka bottles. Sees that they're blood-splattered.

ALONA

What the hell HAPPENED?

BEGGAR

What did you DO?

Holly takes out a bottle of vodka. Unscrews the cap. Takes a long drink. Sighs. Wipes her mouth.

HOLLY

I went to the liquor store -- a-and these
gang-bangers robbed it --
(another drink)
And they, and they --

She breaks down. Sobbing. Alona takes her in her arms. Comforts her. Strokes her hair.

ALONA

There, there. It's okay.

A siren WHOOP-WHOOPS outside. Beggar goes to the window. Opens it. Looks out.

BEGGAR

Holy fucking shit. It's like an episode
of COPS out there --

INT. GILL'S BUNGALOW - BATHROOM - AT THAT MOMENT

A cloud of steam swirls around the bathroom. Behind the rippled glass of the door, we see a MALE FIGURE.

IN THE SHOWER

Gill is soaping and scrubbing himself. His face stuck under the hot spray of water. Eyes closed.

GILL

(sings, ala My Sharona)
M-m-m-my Alona ---

Soapy hands reach down. Massaging his manhood. He smiles.

CONTINUED:

GILL (CONT'D)
*Never gonna give it up, never gonna stop,
 such a dirty mind --*

His body JERKS.

GILL (CONT'D)
Ooh, you make my motor run, motor run --

DONNA (O.C.)
 GILL! Get THE FUCK out of the shower
 RIGHT NOW!

Gill's eyes FLY OPEN. He stops jerking off. What the fuck?
 He turns off the water. Opens the shower door.

DONNA

Stands in the bathroom doorway. Eyes blazing.

GILL
 What's wrong? Jesus Christ, you scared
 the fucking shit out of me.

He grabs a towel. Wraps it around his waist.

DONNA
 I called Sheila, Brub's wife --

GILL
 What?

DONNA
 (hisses)
 You didn't have drinks with him. He's
 HOME SICK.

GILL
 Did I say Brub? I mean Bob --

She holds up a pair of his underwear.

DONNA
 And I found these in the hamper. They're
 ENCRUSTED with COME STAINS.

GILL
 Donna, I can EXPLAIN --

DONNA
 Bull-fucking SHIT. You've been fucking
 CHEATING ON ME AGAIN, and I want you OUT
 OF MY FUCKING HOUSE -- NOW!

GILL
 Wait, can't we talk about this?

DONNA
 (screams)
 What the FUCK is there to TALK ABOUT?
 You're screwing ANOTHER WOMAN, AGAIN.
 (hisses)

CONTINUED: (2)

DONNA (CONT'D)

If it's one of your fucking students, I swear I'm gonna call the cops myself.
(STOMPS her foot)
Get the FUCK out of my house, NOW.

GILL

But --

Donna GRABS a bottle of shampoo. THROWS it at him. It HITS him in the chest, THWAP.

DONNA

GET OUT! NOW!

GILL

Okay, ALRIGHT.
(eyes tearing up)
No need for you get *violent*.

INT. ALONA'S SHITTY HOTEL ROOM - AT THAT MOMENT

Alona and Holly sit on the bed, drinking vodka from plastic cups. Beggar looks out the window at the action outside. Takes hits of a joint. Passes it to Alona.

ALONA

(takes it)
Thanks --

HOLLY

It seemed to happen in slow motion --

ALONA

(takes a hit)
Fucking unreal.

HOLLY

It all happened so fast. There was no time to think.

BEGGAR

(turns, looks)
Our little girl's good with knives AND guns --

Beggar's phone RINGS. He pulls it out. Answers it.

BEGGAR (CONT'D)

About fucking time --
(listens)
Vlad, hey. Yeah, it's urgent. We've got a -- a situation here. We need your help.
(listens)
There was a -- an accident. Someone was killed. We need help getting rid of the body.
(listens)
Yeah. The Starlight Hotel, right on the boardwalk.
(listens)
What do you mean it's on the news? Nobody knows about it --

CONTINUED:

BEGGAR (CONT'D)
 (realizes)
 That's something else. Somebody jacked
 the corner liquor store --
 (listens)
 Well, yeah -- there's cops around. But
 they'll go away.
 (listens)
 In the morning? But --
 (listens)
 FIVE GRAND?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. SLEAZY APARTMENT - NIGHT

Vlad sits on an overstuffed sofa in his opium den of a joint.
 Smoking a cigarette. Talking on his phone.

VLAD
 Did you think we would provide *service*
 for FREE?

BEGGAR
 Well, since you put it that way --

VLAD
 And you do realize we will ask you to
 return the favor? That you will become
 part of family?

BEGGAR
 Yeah. Of course.

VLAD
 Good. We'll be there at five AM. Before
 sunrise.

BEGGAR
 Okay. Thanks.

VLAD
 No. *Thank you* --

He hangs up. Pours a shot of vodka. DOWNS it. Calls out.

VLAD (CONT'D)
 Anya, I have news.

ANYA (O.C.)
 Oh, yeah? What is news?

ANYA TURGENEV (20's) walks into the room. Hot. Cold. Curvy.
 Raven-haired. Blood red lips. Former stripper. Miles of milk
 white legs. Serpent tattoo near the hemline. Ouch.

VLAD
 Road trip.

ANYA
 Ooh. Goody. Where to?

CONTINUED:

VLAD
Venice Beach, baby.

ANYA
What is job?

VLAD
Disposal of -- human remains.

ANYA
Ahhhhh. You know how to make girl happy.

VLAD
Come to Poppa, my kinky one.

She does. Crawls into his lap. He strokes her hair.

ANYA
(sings softly)
*They asked me how I knew, my true love
was true --*

VLAD
(sings)
*I of course replied, when a true love
dies --*

ANYA
Blood gets in your eyes.

They stare at each other. Then ERUPT with laughter.

EXT. STARLIGHT HOTEL - PARK BENCH - AT THAT MOMENT

Feo sits on the bench. Watching the commotion at the crime scene. Starts flipping through websites on his BlackBerry.

FEO
(looks)
Maybe I can find something about it --
(stares)
Holy SHIT.

ON THE PHONE

We see the robbery at Davey Jones' Liquor Locker unfolding in grainy black and white. And there's our plucky little killer, Holly -- blowing gang-banger's brains out.

FEO

Stares at the screen.

FEO (CONT'D)
I just SAW her somewhere.

Gill walks up to the bench carrying a suitcase. Gestures toward the news vans, the cops, the onlookers.

GILL
What's going on over there?

CONTINUED:

FEO
Liquor store holdup.

GILL
Why all the media?

FEO
Three people were killed. Two robbers and
the clerk.
(looks at the screen)
What I can't figure is how the girl was
involved. These guys were serious gang-
bangers, and she looks like Tori Amos.

INT. ALONA'S SHITTY HOTEL ROOM - AT THAT MOMENT

Beggar shuts off his phone. Looks at Alona and Holly, sitting
on the bed together. Sipping vodka in their plastic cups.

BEGGAR
It's all set. Vlad'll be here at five AM.
Problem is, he wants five grand to take
care of it.

ALONA
FIVE THOUSAND? We don't have that kind of
scratch.

BEGGAR
How much do you have?

ALONA
I've got a couple hundred saved, but
that's for an emergency.

BEGGAR
What the fuck do you think THIS is?

ALONA
Alright, alright. Don't get your speedo
in a bind.

She gets up goes to the desk. Opens up a drawer. Takes out a
book. Opens it. We see it's hollowed-out. She pulls out a wad
of cash. Starts counting it.

BEGGAR
(to Holly)
What about you? How much do you have?

HOLLY
I don't know -- about fifty bucks? I
don't get paid at the book store until
day after tomorrow --

BEGGAR
Well, you better figure out how to get
more, because YOU got us into this mess.

Alona finishes counting. SLAPS the money in Beggar's hand.

CONTINUED:

ALONA

Three hundred and twenty-six bucks,
bucko. Don't spend it all in one place.

BEGGAR

Okay, so with Gidget's fifty bucks, we're
close to four hundred --

He takes out his wallet. Counts his money.

BEGGAR (CONT'D)

I've got hundred and ten --

(grins)

Wait a minute. I'm freaking out, I'm not
thinking. I just got a bag of blow to
sell. I'll make some calls --

(thinks)

Yeah. There's that yuppie lawyer asshole
in Santa Monica --

(looks at Holly)

And if Gidget here can dig up some more,
we might be okay.

HOLLY

How am I supposed to get more money?

ALONA

Lay off her, Beggar. She's just a kid.
I can turn a couple of tricks --

A soft KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK at the door.
They all look at each other, scared.

GILL (O.C.)

Alona? Are you in there? It's me, Gill.
Donna kicked me out --

ALONA

(whispers)

What the fuck?

(goes to the door)

Right now's not a good time, Gill. I'm
kinda busy.

BEGGAR

(whispers)

Gill? The teacher? The trick?

(off her nod)

Tell him to meet you in the bar, we'll
get outta here, and you can do him.

GILL (O.C.)

Alona?

ALONA

I have company, Gill. Beggar's here. Meet
me downstairs in the bar in a couple
minutes, okay?

GILL (O.C.)

Okay, okay -- thank you, my love. I'll
see you down in the bar.

CONTINUED: (2)

BEGGAR
 (looks at Holly)
 Okay, we're outta here.

HOLLY
 What about --
 (points at the body)
 Him?

BEGGAR
 Shit.
 (thinks)
 Under the bed.
 (to Alona)
 C'mon, help me.

ALONA
 Over my dead --
 (beat)
 Okay.

Beggar and Alona each take an end of Oscar's body.
 Start to slide it toward the bed.

ALONA (CONT'D)
 He's so -- stiff.

BEGGAR
 Why do you think they call it a fucking
 STIFF?

They start to push him under the bed, but his stomach's too
 big. Doesn't quite fit.

ALONA
Shit.

BEGGAR
 C'mon, PUSH.

Beggar and Alona put their hands on his side, and PUSH.
 It doesn't move.

BEGGAR (CONT'D)
 HARDER.

They PUSH again. Nothing.

HOLLY
 Let me try.

ALONA
 You fucking kidding me?

BEGGAR
 (stands back)
 Be my guest.

Holly takes a few steps back, races toward the body, and
 KICKS it with animal strength. It POPS under the bed, THWUNK.

CONTINUED: (3)

ALONA
Holy shit.

BEGGAR
How did you --

HOLLY
(faint smile)
Used to play soccer.

Alona pulls the bedspread down, hiding it.

ALONA
Okay, you guys split. Time for me to get
in character.

BEGGAR
Oh, yeah? What character?

PUSH IN ON Alona. Resigned to her fate.

ALONA
Used to be Lady Madonna --
(beat)
Now it's Lady Macbeth.

INT. HOLLY'S SHITTY HOTEL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Holly walks in the room carrying a bottle of vodka, goes to her desk. Sits. Pours two fingers. Downs it.

Punches PLAY on her boombox. The anguished, brittle, tortured sound of Portishead oozes out the speakers like a wound. She opens her laptop. Boots it up. Looks at the screen.

ON THE MONITOR

We see the screenplay she's working on. It reads:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Molly leans against the wall. Listening to the sound of love-making in the next room. She reaches down. Touches herself.

HOLLY

SLAPS the computer closed.

HOLLY
Fucking SHIT.

She pours another one. Downs it. Stands. A bit wobbly.

HOLLY (CONT'D)
Need to get -- more money.

Holly pours one more for courage. Slugs it down. Grabs her purse. Pulls the gun from the robbery out. Checks it.

HOLLY (CONT'D)
Time to cut to the chase.

INT. BEGGAR'S BMW CONVERTIBLE - NIGHT

Beggars sits in his car in the rear parking lot of the hotel. Dials a number on his cell. Listens.

BEGGAR

Lief, hey -- it's Beggar.

(beat)

I just got a kilo of primo booger sugar, and I thought of you --

(beat)

You having a party? Well, that's even better --

(beat)

You know I'm cool. I won't tell anyone --

(beat)

WHO?

(beat)

You're *shitting* me.

INT. THE STARLIGHT LOUNGE - NIGHT

Some strange 60's lounge classic plays like Yma Sumac on the jukebox. Alona and Gill sit at the bar with cocktails.

ALONA

So what are you gonna do now?

GILL

Well, I still have my job --

(beat)

And I still have you.

ALONA

Gill, I'm with Beggar. You know that. You're a friend.

GILL

I know to you I'm just a *client*, but I can tell you feel something when we make love. I can feel it.

ALONA

My dear, sweet Gill -- the incurable romantic.

GILL

I wish you'd let me take you away from all of this, Alona.

(gestures)

This place is a dive. A cesspool --

The BARTENDER looks up. Pissed off.

ALONA

Gill, I like my life just the way it is. No strings. Nothing to tie me down. If I get tired of it, I can just split.

(beat)

And I like sex too much.

CONTINUED:

GILL
 (finishes his drink)
 Speaking of sex, let's go upstairs. I
 need to quench my thirst from your
 heavenly fountain.

ALONA
Heavenly fountain?
 (drains her drink)
 Kitchen sink is more like it.

EXT. STARLIGHT HOTEL - NIGHT

Holly comes down the front steps. Weaving a little. She
 stops. Looks around. Sees a crowd of ONLOOKERS in front of
 the liquor store crime scene.

Feo, still sitting on the park bench, sees Holly.

FEO
 Hey, there.
 (smiles)
 We've got to stop meeting like this.

HOLLY
 (sees him)
 Oh. Hey.
 (points at the crowd)
 What's -- going on?

FEO
 Some chick knocked off the liquor store
 with a couple of gang-bangers, then shot
 one of 'em.
 (holds up I-phone)
 Wanna see the footage?

She stares. He saw it? But doesn't recognize her?

HOLLY
 (trying to be casual)
 Sure.

Holly sits down. He holds up the phone in front of her.

ON THE SCREEN

We see grainy, black and white footage of the robbery, with
 Holly seen from the rear. She SHOTS the gang-banger. He
 falls. She grabs the liquor, RUNS into the back.

HOLLY

Looks at Feo.

HOLLY (CONT'D)
 Huh. Looks kinda like me.

FEO
 Nah. She looks vicious. You're kinda
 cute.

CONTINUED:

HOLLY
 You really --
 (hiccups)
 Really think so?

FEO
 Yeah. If I didn't have a -- situation to
 take care of, I'd ask you if I could buy
 you a drink.

HOLLY
 (points)
 Hotel's got a bar, right there. Buy me a
 drink, we can talk about it?
 (weird smile)
 Maybe I can help.

FEO
 You're on.
 (beat)
 Don't worry, I don't kiss and tell.

HOLLY
 That's a shame. I do.

EXT. LONG BEACH DOCKS - WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

A shitty, old crumbling building at the far end of the docks.
 A cluster of expensive CARS and LIMOS are parked in front.

A BLACK HUMMER pulls into a space. Stops.

INT. HUMMER - CONTINUOUS

We see Vlad behind the wheel, rakish in black leather and
 studs. In the passenger seat is Anya, resplendent in vinyl,
 rubber and chrome against milky white flesh.

VLAD
 Welcome to hell, my little turtle-dove.

ANYA
 Is new dungeon. My heart is all a-
 flutter.

He pulls out a pair of black masks. Hands her one. They put
 them on. Look at each other. Smile.

ANYA (CONT'D)
 Holy whips and chains, Batman.
 (laughs)
 I'm wet already.

Vlad pulls out a bottle of pills. Flips it open with a
 thumbnail. Chugs a fistful. CRUNCHES them in his mouth.

Reaches under the seat. Pulls out a sawed-off shotgun. Anya
 opens the glove box. Takes out a gleaming, chrome 44 Magnum.
 They both CLICK the safeties.

VLAD
 Ready to fuck perverts?

CONTINUED:

ANYA
Can we perhaps -- sample merchandise
first?

VLAD
But of course. Anything for my dark
angel.

He takes her gloved hand. Kisses it.

VLAD (CONT'D)
You are a vision of unholy beauty. A
luscious flower in urban decay.

ANYA
Oh, Vlad. Moonlight becomes you.

VLAD
I would die without you.
(raise his gun)
Let's go rob kinky motherfuckers blind.

Anya puts her hand on his gun barrel. Strokes it.

ANYA
How you say -- *Vlad the Impaler?*

EXT. BEACHFRONT CONDO - NIGHT

The wind off the ocean WHIPS the palm trees in front of --

A gleaming, silver three-story single residence right on the
sand. Lights BLAZING. We can see through the windows that a
party is raging. Loud MUSIC blares.

EXT. BEACHFRONT CONDO - ROOF DECK - CONTINUOUS

Eerily lit by tiki torches. Nasty, throbbing techno.

A giant four-poster bed in the middle of the patio, facing
the ocean. A gaggle of HARD-CORE PARTIERS, a rough-looking
crowd, circle around it smoking, drinking. And watching --

A COUPLE

On the bed. Fucking their brain out. The GUY (30'S) is LIEF
SCOTT, flabby 'attorney to the stars,' giving it really hard
to an EMACIATED STARLET (17), who is SHRIEKING with abandon.

A giant MOUND OF COKE

Sits on a glass table nearby.

A SLUTTY CHICK

Scoops up a chunk on a long, purple fingernail. INHALES it.

SLUTTY CHICK
(rubs her nose)
Whoah, got a fucking ROCK.

RECAP

CONTINUED:

Appears in the doorway to the roof with a beer. He scans the crowd. Shakes his head in disbelief.

BEGGAR
I've died and gone to Kid Rock heaven.

He walks over to a pale, meth-skinny GLAM ROCKER checking his eye-makeup. Taps him on the shoulder.

BEGGAR (CONT'D)
Hey, Fall Out Boy -- you seen Lief?

Meth-Skinny turns and looks. Grins a sickly smile. Points.

METH-SKINNY
Right there, on the Sit N' Sleep.
(chuckles)
I mean, the *fuck and suck*.

Beggar looks at --

THE COUPLE

Rapidly approaching lift-off.

AN EMACIATED BIMBO

(20s), all legs, hair and Dolce and Gabana, sidles up to Beggar. Points her cigar at him. Nods at the bed, eyes gleaming, swirling on Ecstasy.

EMACIATED BIMBO
Hallo, Mickey Roarke. Vant to go next?

BEGGAR
(sips his beer)
No thanks, baby.
(looks her up and down)
Already took out the Eurotrash tonight.

INT. ALONA'S SHITTY HOTEL ROOM - AT THAT MOMENT

Alona and Gill lie in her bed, making love, Alona on top. They both reach an earth-shattering orgasm. Clench each other for dear life. Stop. Silence.

Alona reaches for her smokes. Lights one up. Blows a lazy smoke ring. Gill closes his eyes. Sighs.

GILL
You send me, my angel --
(opens them)
I think I hurt my back. What you got under the bed? A suitcase?

Alona picks up her cup of vodka. Takes a big hit.

ALONA
That's Oscar.

GILL
Oscar? I don't -- understand.

CONTINUED:

ALONA

Another -- client.
 (off his stare)
 Earlier tonight, things got a little
 rough -- Holly thought I was in danger --
 and she came in and --
 (beat)
 Stabbed him.

GILL

What the FUCK? There's a --
 (looks down)
 Dead body under the bed?

ALONA

Surprise.

GILL

We have to call the police.

ALONA

No. No cops.

GILL

But what are you going to --

ALONA

GILL. Be quiet, listen to me. Some people
 are on their way here to -- take care of
 it.
 (beat)
 Problem is, they're expensive. I need
 your help.

Pause.

GILL

H-how much?

ALONA

Five grand. We've got almost a third.
 Beggar and Holly are out getting more --
 don't ask -- and I thought maybe --
 (beat)
 You could go to a cash machine?

GILL

Jesus Christ, Alona -- a DEAD BODY?

ALONA

You say you love me? Now's the time to
 prove it. I need your help, Gill --

GILL

(head spinning)
 Okay, okay -- yeah, sure -- I, I, --
 (thinks)
 But I can only take out five-hundred at a
 time --

CONTINUED: (2)

ALONA

Yeah, but that plus the three-hundred you gave me makes a nice dent.

GILL

Can I stay here with you? Until -- they get here?

ALONA

I'm not sure when Beggar'll be back. You know how he is.

Gill gets up. Starts putting his jeans on. Scared. Angry.

GILL

Yeah, I get it. Beggars CAN be choosers --

INT. THE STARLIGHT LOUNGE - AT THAT MOMENT

The joint is deserted, except for Holly and Feo, with fresh cocktails. The BARTENDER cleans glasses, watches some old movie on the TV above the bar.

HOLLY

That's gotta be exciting, working for an agent.

FEO

It was at first, but living on four-hundred bucks a week gets old fast.

HOLLY

I'm writing a screenplay --

FEO

Everyone and their sister is --
(catches himself)
That's -- great. What's it about?

Feo's BlackBerry RINGS.

FEO (CONT'D)

Hold that thought.

(answers)

This is Feo --

(eyes wide)

Uh, not yet. He's -- in a meeting.

(listens)

I know it's late --

(beat)

I've got the script with me. I'm gonna give it to him as soon as he's done.

(beat)

I'll call you.

(CLICKS the phone shut)

Shit.

HOLLY

What's wrong?

CONTINUED:

FEO
 My boss is missing --
 (low)
 He was meeting a hooker at this hotel,
 but no one's seen him. It's like he --
 disappeared.

Holly flinches. Tries to act casual.

HOLLY
 W-what's he -- look like? Maybe I've --
 seen him.

FEO
 He's tall. Bald, with a big gut. Goatee.
 Decent-looking.
 (low)
 And really kinky. Into, you know -- rough
 stuff.

HOLLY
 (averts her eyes)
 I haven't seen him. Sorry --

FEO
 Yeah, well --
 (sips his drink)
 I've got this script Oscar's supposed to
 read tonight. Scarlet Stone wants to star
 in it.
 (beat)
 I am SO fucked.

HOLLY
 Oscar?

FEO
 That's his name -- Oscar. Oscar Goldman.

She gulps her drink. Freaking out.

HOLLY
 Nice -- name.

FEO
 What a weird night. Oscar disappears,
 then the robbery at the liquor store --
 (beat)
 And then I meet you.

He takes a sip of his drink. Stares at her. A lightbulb POPS.

FEO (CONT'D)
 Wait a minute. I *thought* you looked
 familiar --

UNDER THE BAR

Holly pulls the gun out of her purse.

HOLLY

CONTINUED: (2)

Smiles strangely.

HOLLY
Familiar? How?

FEO
The video of the liquor store on AMZ --

HOLLY

JAMS the gun in his crotch. HARD.

FEO

Winces in pain.

FEO (CONT'D)
OW. What the --

HOLLY
(sharp whisper)
It's a gun. And I'll use it if you don't shut the fuck up. Pay the bartender, and then we're going up to my room.

FEO
Please don't shoot. Can't we -- talk about this?

PUSH IN ON Holly's face. Blinking back frightened tears.

HOLLY
(low, throaty)
Do what I say, or I'll blow your fucking nuts off. I've already killed two people tonight, I'm really drunk, and I'm not in the fucking MOOD.

EXT. WINDWARD AVENUE - NIGHT - AT THAT MOMENT

A circular street two blocks from the boardwalk. A cream-colored Saab pulls in front of the bank across the street from the Venice post office.

INT. SAAB - CONTINUOUS

Gill is behind the wheel. He shuts off the engine. Gets out.

AT THE CASH MACHINE

Gill slips his card in. Punches his pin code. The machine CHING-CHING-CHINGS, and his cash slides out. He grabs it. Then feels something in his back.

GRAVELLY MALE VOICE (O.C.)
Hand over the cash, asshole -- or I'll fucking shoot.

GILL
Okay, okay -- please don't hurt me.

CONTINUED:

He holds up the money. A FIGURE IN BLACK (20's), hoodie pulled down, SNATCHES it from his hand.

FIGURE IN BLACK
Now gimme your keys. Nice ride you got there --

GILL
Please, not my car. I need that to --

Figure In Black CRACKS him in the head with his gun. Gill goes down, THUMP. Figure KICKS him in the stomach.

GILL (CONT'D)
OW!

FIGURE IN BLACK
Your KEYS, NOW --

Gill winces in pain. Digs his keys out of his pocket. Holds them up. Figure SNATCHES THEM. RUNS to the car.

FEMALE VOICE (O.C.)
Ohmigod, that guy just got MUGGED!

MALE VOICE (O.C.)
And they're stealing his CAR!

Figure JUMPS IN. Starts the engine. ROARS away in a SCREECH of rubber like a madman from hell.

A YOUNG COUPLE (17) RACE OVER to Gill. Trendy skateboard kids with multi-colored hair, piercings in baggies and sneakers.

SKATEBOARD CHICK
Hey, mister -- are you okay?

HIPSTER GUY
(pulls out his cell phone)
Don't worry, I'm calling the cops.

Skateboard Chick helps Gill stand up. He holds his stomach. Hipster punches 911. Listens.

GILL
My car -- he got my CAR --

HIPSTER GUY
Yeah, hi -- so listen, a dude was mugged, and they, like, stole his car --
(listens)
On the Windward circle. In front of the bank --
(listens, looks at Gill)
He looks okay to me --
(to Gill)
You okay?

PUSH IN ON Gill's face. More than upset.

CONTINUED: (2)

GILL

Oh, I'm just peachy. Top of the world,
ma.

INT. CLUB FETISH - NIGHT - AT THAT MOMENT

Nasty, filthy club music over --

A catacomb of perverted horrors run amok. A labyrinthine maze of cubicles, each contained unspeakable acts of depravity.

IN ONE STALL

A MAN (50's) lies in a bathtub, naked. A group of CLUB PATRONS stand in a circle and pee on him.

IN ANOTHER STALL

A WOMAN (20's) lies on a table. Bound and gagged. A GIANT DOM raise a cat 'o nine tails, CRACKS IT against her pale flesh.

IN THE DJ BOOTH

The DJ (30's), hair scooped into red devil horns, nods to the music, SNORTS a fat line of meth.

IN ANOTHER STALL

A MAN IN A DIAPER, on his hands and knees, licks the boots of a GORGEOUS DOMINATRIX (40's). She JERKS his leash. Laughing.

VLAD AND ANYA

Stroll through the Dionysian splendor like gods. Regal. Inspecting the display of twisted desires.

ANYA

It is, how they say in New York, 'bridge and tunnel.'

VLAD

Well, we ARE behind Orange Curtain.

They chuckle. Stop. Watch the GIANT DOM at work.

ANYA

(shaking her head)
No finesse. No -- style. Is like Gitmo.
No imagination.

VLAD

That may be -- but Little Miss Muffet will get welt on her tuffet, and she will go home to safe suburban hell with naughty memory --

They continue walking.

ANYA

I see your point. Is like MacDonald's of dungeons.

CONTINUED:

Vlad stops. Puts one hand on Anya's breast. The other on her throat. Pushes her up against the wall. Smiles, evil. Anya swoons with pleasure. Licks her lips. Eyes flashing.

VLAD
Enough of field trip. You ready to rock
n' rolla, my dark goddess?

ANYA
Take me to cash machine, bab-ya.

She pulls out her gun. Rubs it on his crotch.
He pulls out his. Sticks it in her mouth.

VLAD
Is what I love about you.
(beat)
What I call -- *stimulus package*.

EXT. BEACHFRONT CONDO - ROOF DECK - AT THAT MOMENT

Beggar sits on the bed with Lief, sipping cocktails.
Emaciated Starlet sits at the other end, rolling a joint with
a GIRLFRIEND (20's), a haughty Rodeo Drive type.

LIEF
I'll buy the whole fucking thing if it's
as good as you say it is.
(chortles)
Have a few clients that love to ride the
slopes.

BEGGAR
Anyone famous?

LIEF
Sorry, attorney-client privilege.
(beat)
What the fuck. Jackie Tempel? MAJOR coke
whore. How do you think she got that new
sitcom?

BEGGAR
No way.

LIEF
Way.
(beat)
So come on, let's sample the merchandise.

BEGGAR
Thought you'd never ask.

He pulls a glassine bag out of his jacket pocket.

LIEF
That's -- kinda small.

BEGGAR
It's locked up in the car. Think I'm
gonna walk around with a *kilo* in my
pocket?

CONTINUED:

LIEF
Of course, of course --

BEGGAR
I need a mirror, something to chop it up
on.
(holds up the bag)
Rock candy, kiddo.

LIEF
(to Emaciated)
Hey, Cherie -- gimme your mirror.

Cherie turns around, looks. Passes the joint to her friend.

CHERIE
What for? Need to powder your nose?

LIEF
Yeah, my makeup is shiny.

CHERIE
Oh, shit. ME, TOO --

She comes to their side of the bed, pulls a compact out of her bag. Hands it to Lief, grinning. Haughty slides over.

HAUGHTY RODEO DRIVE TYPE
Me three.
(giggles)
Got coke?

Beggar dumps out a large rock on the mirror. Starts chopping it up with a credit card. Expertly fashions four big, fat lines. Pulls a rolled up bill out of his pocket.

BEGGAR
Counselor, we await your verdict.

LIEF
Sustained.

He leans over, HONKS up a line. Shakes his head.

LIEF (CONT'D)
Court is IN SESSION.

Hands the bill back to Beggar. He does one, SNORT.

BEGGAR
Got it from some Ukrainians I know. Only
been stepped on once.
(hands it to Cherie)
Here you go, doll. Take a rocket to
Russia --

Cherie greedily GRABS the tube. Bends over. SNARFS up a line. Then the other, SNORT. She THROWS her head back and LAUGHS.

HAUGHTY RODEO DRIVE TYPE
Hey, what about ME?

CONTINUED: (2)

CHERIE

Oh, I'm sorry -- did you want some?

Suddenly her face turns GREEN. Her eyes roll back into her head. Blood POURS out her nose. She SPRAYS a green viscous FLUID all over the bed.

CHERIE (CONT'D)

GAAAAAAA -- !

Beggar, Lief and Haughty JUMP back.

LIEF

SHIT.

BEGGAR

What the FUCK?

Cherie goes into a SEIZURE. Her body JERKS on the bed like a rag doll in herky-jerky SPASMS.

HAUGHTY RODEO DRIVE TYPE

(looks down)

I got her spew on my DOLCE!

MALE VOICE (O.C.)

Holy shit, she's OD-ing! I'm gonna call 911!

FEMALE VOICE (O.C.)

I'm getting the fuck OUTTA HERE.

Cherie's body JERKS one last time. Then lays there. Dead. Blood starts flowing out of her mouth.

LIEF

Holy Jesus fucking Christ. I've been cluster-fucked.

HAUGHTY RODEO DRIVE TYPE

Ohmigod, she's DEAD. She's DEAD!

BEGGAR

Alright everybody, stay calm. We've gotta figure out what to do.

HAUGHTY RODEO DRIVE TYPE

What to do? WHAT TO DO? I'm gonna get THE FUCK OUT OF HERE.

A siren WAILS somewhere off in the distance. Beggar puts the baggie in his pocket. Gets off the bed.

LIEF

Wait a minute, where are you going?

BEGGAR

The fuck outta here. I've got outstanding warrants, AND a controlled substance.

LIEF

But . . . but --

CONTINUED: (3)

BEGGAR
Stay here if you want to, but I'm
SPLITTING.

Lief JUMPS off the bed. They look around. Everyone's gone.

LIEF
Okay, let's book. We'll say we were out
buying more booze or something.

BEGGAR
WE?

Lief starts for the corner of the roof.

LIEF
Yeah, you're my alibi.
(pulls out a gun)
Come on, there's a ladder over here.

BEGGAR
(follows after him)
This is like *Miami Vice*.

Lief gets to ladder. Looks back at Beggar.

LIEF
Then hurry up and move your ass, Sonny
Crocket --

INT. HOLLY'S SHITTY HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT - AT THAT MOMENT

Feo stumbles into the room, scared to death. Holly follows him in. Pointing the gun at him through her purse. She closes the door. Pulls it out. Waves it at him.

HOLLY
Sit, on the bed.

FEO
(sits)
Look, I'm sorry you -- got in trouble. If
you let me go, I promise I won't tell the
cops anything.

HOLLY
Yeah, right.

FEO
I promise.
(beat)
Please don't shoot me --

HOLLY
Shut up. I have to think.

FEO
I have an idea --

HOLLY
I said SHUT THE FUCK UP.

CONTINUED:

Feo gulps. Stares at her balefully. Holly goes to the kitchenette, keeping the gun on him. Pours a glass of vodka. Takes a big glug. Wipes her mouth. Looks at him.

HOLLY (CONT'D)

Stupid jerk and your stupid script.

(beat)

Why couldn't you just mind your own business?

(off his silence)

Hello? I asked you a QUESTION.

FEO

(low)

You told me to shut up.

HOLLY

Not NOW.

FEO

I have to get this script to him, it's a matter of life and death -- *Scarlet Stone* is reading it tonight, and --

(beat)

Wait a minute. Why don't I give you the script, you can give it to him, and I'll just -- go away. I won't say ANYTHING to the cops, I promise. Please, this is gonna cost me my job --

HOLLY

(takes another sip)

That's -- not possible.

FEO

Not possible? What do you mean?

HOLLY

(softly)

Oscar's dead.

FEO

What? You robbed the liquor store AND killed my boss?

Holly drains the glass. Pours another. Takes a sip. Weaves a little. Walks over to him. Shaking the gun back and forth.

HOLLY

I didn't ROB the fucking liquor store, I just had the bad luck to BE there when those chollo GREASEBALLS did.

FEO

But I saw you, on the tape, with the gun.

HOLLY

Shut the fuck up and LISTEN TO ME. It was self-defense. The Rasta shot the first gang-banger, and his gun flew away and landed on the floor next to me -- and then I shot the second one as he came in.

CONTINUED: (2)

HOLLY (CONT'D)
 (hiccups)
 It was self-defense.

Pause.

FEO
 And -- what happened to Oscar?

HOLLY
 (eyes tear up)
 I thought he was attacking Alona -- I was
 just trying to save her -- and I --
 (beat)
 Stabbed him in the back with a pair of
 scissors.

She breaks down. Starts crying.

FEO
 Hey, it's okay --

He gets up. Starts to come to her.

HOLLY
 DON'T MOVE.
 (aims the gun at him)
 Stay right the fuck WHERE YOU ARE.

A soft KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK at the door.

ALONA (O.C.)
 Holly? It's me, Alona. Who's in there
 with you? Are you okay?

Holly smiles strangely. Goes to the door. Opens it.

HOLLY
 Come on in and join the party.

Alona walks in, sees Feo. Stops.

ALONA
 Who's *he*?

HOLLY
 Oscar's assistant.

FEO
 (to Holly)
 Who's she?

HOLLY
 Oscar's date.

ALONA
 Holy shit.

HOLLY
 Tell me about it.

EXT. VENICE BEACH POLICE SUBSTATION - NIGHT

A circular brick building off the boardwalk. A kid's play park on one side. Basketball courts on the other.

INT. VENICE BEACH POLICE SUBSTATION - CONTINUOUS

A tiny, small, cluttered room filled with the usual suspects. A couple desks, filing cabinets, lockers.

A gorgeous, black female UNIFORMED COP (40's) shuffles through a book of mug shots. Meet DANETTE DAY, cougar in blue. Tough. World-weary. Has seen it all. Several times.

A YOUNG ROOKIE COP (20's) appears with two mugs of coffee. Meet KENNY SPEED. Tall and gangly. Moon-faced. Fresh out of the academy. Strong. Eager. And not terribly bright.

KENNY
(hands her one)
Here's your coffee, Danette.

DANETTE
Thanks, Kenny.

KENNY
Sure is a hot one tonight, huh?

DANETTE
Tell me about it. The natives are restless. When the Santa Annas are blowing, things get crazy. First that liquor store holdup. Something else is gonna happen. I can feel it in my bones.

KENNY
I say bring it on. I want some ACTION.

The phone RINGS. Danette answers it. Listens. Eyes FLASH.

DANETTE
Ten-seventy-eight. Drug overdose at a wild rooftop party. Fifty two-eighteen Speedway. We're on our way. Code three.

She BANGS down the phone. Gets up.

DANETTE (CONT'D)
You got your wish. Ready to rock and roll?

KENNY
Fuck, yeah. A DRUG OVERDOSE.
(beat)
Code three. That means -- lights and siren?

PUSH IN ON Danette's face. Nodding with amusement.

CONTINUED:

DANETTE

And if you're really good, we'll get ice cream afterwards.

EXT. VENICE BEACH POLICE SUBSTATION - NIGHT

Gill walks up to the door. Hesitates. Turns around.

GILL

What was I *thinking*?

He walks over to a bench. Sits down. Pulls out his cell phone. Punches a number. Listens.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. HOLLY'S SHITTY HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Alona stares at Holly. Then at Feo.

ALONA

What the fuck are we gonna do NOW?

Her phone RINGS. She pulls it out of her pocket. Answers it.

ALONA (CONT'D)

Hello?

GILL

Alona, it's me, Gill.

ALONA

Where are you? What's taking so long?

GILL

I got mugged, AND carjacked. They got my wallet AND my car.

ALONA

SHIT. Are you okay?

GILL

I'm fine. Sort of.

(beat)

Finally stopped shaking --

ALONA

So are you coming back to the hotel?

GILL

Not yet. I have an idea.

(looks around)

I'm gonna sneak into my house --

ALONA

And ROB it? What, are you fucking CRAZY?

GILL

It's still MY house, Alona.

(beat)

Haven't you heard of *community property*?

EXT. LIEF'S CONDO - NIGHT

A police cruiser is parked on Speedway in front of Lief's building. Danette and Kenny jump out of the car. Draw their guns. Make their way toward the side entrance.

KENNY
I thought it was a loud party. I don't hear anything.

DANETTE
Dead bodies kinda clears out the crowd.

They get to the front door. See it's ajar.

DANETTE (CONT'D)
Follow me slowly, keep me covered and --

KENNY
Be quiet. I know, I know.

DANETTE
And do me a favor. Don't shit your pants again, okay?

EXT. BEACHFRONT CONDO - OCEAN SIDE - AT THAT MOMENT

Lief stands in the shrubbery. Watches Beggar hit the ground.

LIEF
Over here.

BEGGAR
(sees him, comes over)
My car is parked on Speedway.

LIEF
So we'll walk.

BEGGAR
You don't get it. There's a fucking KILO OF BLOW in my trunk.

LIEF
Oh, shit. That's right.
(beat)
So what are you gonna do?

BEGGAR
I'm gonna very quietly go to my car and get the fuck out of here. The sirens stopped, so the cops must be inside. I gotta do it now before they find -- her.
(beat)
You with me?

LIEF
Are you fucking kidding me? I'll walk down to the pier and wait for you.

BEGGAR
Spoken like a true attorney.

CONTINUED:

IN THE HOUSE

Danette and Kenny slowly move through the living room, guns drawn. Kenny looks at the lux digs in awe.

KENNY
Nice crib.

DANETTE
Shhhh.
(looks around)
C'mon. Upstairs.

IN FRONT OF THE HOUSE

Beggar tip-toes up to his BMW convertible. Looks around. Opens the door. Carefully gets in. Quietly closes it.

ON THE ROOF

Danette and Kenny see Emaciated Starlet's dead body on the blood-soaked bed. Empty bottles and glasses everywhere.

KENNY
Holy SHIT.

DANETTE
'Party Out of Bounds.'

KENNY
Huh?

DANETTE
Skip it.
(pulls out her cell)
Dispatch, this is unit one-adam-thirteen
-- we've gotta code twelve, up on the
roof. Send lab techs and the coroner, do
you copy?
(listens)
Roger that.

A car engine STARTS UP down below. They RACE over to the edge of the roof. Look down.

BEGGAR'S CAR

Starts to drive away.

ON THE ROOF

Danette shakes her head. Speaks into her cell.

DANETTE (CONT'D)
I need you to put out an APB on a red,
late-model BMW convertible, heading north
on Speedway.
(listens)
Sorry. Didn't get the license.
(listens)
Roger that.

(MORE)

CONTINUED: (2)

DANETTE (CONT'D)
 (hangs up, to Kenny)
 C'mon, let's go check out Paris Hilton.

They walk over to the bed. Look at the body.

KENNY
 She looks kinda peaceful.
 (beat)
 I mean, you know -- despite all the
 blood.

DANETTE
 (shakes her head)
 Another young girl who's potential was
 snuffed out too early.

KENNY
 Yeah.
 (wistful)
 Must have been SOME party.

INT. HOLLY'S SHITTY HOTEL ROOM

Alona looks at Holly. Pointing her gun at Feo on the bed.

ALONA
 That was Gill. He got carjacked. AND
 mugged. We are SO fucked.

FEO
 Who's Gill?

HOLLY
 None of your fucking business.

ALONA
 I need a drink.

She walks over to the kitchenette. Pours herself a plastic
 cup of vodka. Takes a big hit. Looks at Holly.

ALONA (CONT'D)
 You want one?

HOLLY
 Yeah. Thanks.

FEO
 I could use a --
 (beat)
 Never mind.

Alona pours one for Holly. Brings it to her.

ALONA
 Here's blood in your eye --

They both drink. Stare at Feo.

ALONA (CONT'D)
 What should we do with him?

CONTINUED:

HOLLY
I've got an idea.
(to Feo)
How much money do you have in the bank?

FEO
Uh, a couple hundred bucks --

HOLLY
(to Alona)
I take him to a cash machine. Drain his
account. Then bring him back.

ALONA
But that would be -- armed robbery.

HOLLY
And your point is?

EXT. GILL'S BUNGALOW - REAR - NIGHT

Moonlight shines over the back yard. Gill climbs over the
fence. Walks carefully down the side of the lot, looking
around. Gets to the back door. Pulls out his keys.

He opens the door slowly. Goes in.

INT. GILL'S BUNGALOW - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Lights out. Gill looks around. Deciding what to do. He sees
Donna's purse on the counter. Walks over. Picks it up.

FEMALE VOICE (O.C.)
Don't fucking MOVE.

DONNA

Stands in the doorway. A ghostly spectre in her robe.
Pointing a HANDGUN. She reaches over, SNAPS on the lights.

GILL
Don't shoot, DON'T SHOOT.

DONNA
Gill? What the fuck are YOU doing here?
(sees her purse)
What the FUCK? Were you going to ROB me?

GILL
It's not what it looks like, Donna --

DONNA
Do you mean to tell me you actually snuck
back in the house to STEAL from my purse?

GILL
Donna, please -- let me explain --

Pause.

CONTINUED:

DONNA
I'm waiting.
(beat)
And it better be good.

GILL
I have this friend that's -- in trouble.
I went to the bank to get some money for
her, and I got mugged. Then carjacked.

Donna starts walking toward him, waving the gun.

DONNA
A FRIEND? Is this the FRIEND you were
FUCKING?

GILL
Please put the gun down, Donna. It might
go off.

DONNA
Go OFF? *GO OFF?* I'M the one that's gonna
GO OFF. You didn't answer my QUESTION. Is
your FRIEND the one you're FUCKING?

Pause.

GILL
Yes.

DONNA
GODDAMMIT!

She CHARGES him, raises the gun to hit him. Gill GRABS her
wrist. They struggle. He WRENCHES her arm down, down --

The gun FIRES. Shoots Gill in the foot. BANG. He SCREAMS.

GILL
You fucking BITCH. You SHOT ME.

He PUNCHES her in the head. HARD. She FLIES backwards. The
gun skitters to the floor. Gill picks it up.

GILL (CONT'D)
You fucking SHOT me.

Donna opens a drawer. Pulls out a BUTCHER KNIFE.

DONNA
Now I'm going to cut off your fucking
HEAD.

GILL
(aiming the gun at her)
Stay back, Donna. I don't want to shoot
you.

DONNA
You're spineless. Weak. You don't have
the fucking GUTS to shoot me.

CONTINUED: (2)

She raises the knife. A manic gleam in her eye.
Gill SHOTS her in the stomach. BANG. BANG. BANG.
She hits the linoleum, THUD. A pool of blood starts forming.

GILL
Holy shit.
(gasps)
Till death do us part.

Somewhere in the distance a siren starts WAILING. Gill panics. He pulls her wallet out of her purse, SHOVES it in his pocket -- and RUNS out the door.

INT. CLUB FETISH - NIGHT

Vlad and Anya huddle in front of a door in the bowels of the club. Pull out their guns.

VLAD
Time to pop cherry.

ANYA
Ready, willing and disabled.

They kiss. Smile. Vlad RAISES his gun. KICKS the door.
They storm into --

INT. CLUB FETISH - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

A swanky room Larry Flynt would love. Art-directed sleaze.

A LARGE, UGLY SLAVE (30's) stands next to a gorgeous, black-haired LEATHER-CLAD DOM (40'S) sitting at her desk.

On the desk is a large stack of MONEY, which she is counting. A MOUND OF COKE is also in view. An open safe sits nearby.

Vlad and Anya BURST into the room, weapons drawn.
They CHARGE up to the desk.

VLAD
Do not MOVE. This is ROBBERY.

ANYA
Put hands up or we SHOOT.

DOMINATRIX CLUB OWNER
You've got to be fucking kidding me.
You'll never get out of here alive.
(to the slave)
Sick 'em, Bruno.

Bruno raises an UZI SUB-MACHINE GUN. Looks behind Vlad and Anya. Grins a sickly smile.

BRUNO
Fredo. Glad you could join us.

Anya turns and looks. Bruno SPRAYS her with bullets.
She FLIES in the air like a rag doll. Hits the wall, THWUMP.
Enraged, Vlad FIRES at Bruno, BANG. He goes down, THUD.

CONTINUED:

VLAD
You killed MY LITTLE FLOWER.

Dominatrix raises a gleaming 357 Magnum.

DOMINATRIX CLUB OWNER
And you killed my fucking SLAVE.

She SHOOTs Vlad, BANG, BANG, BANG, BANG, BANG. He hits the floor, THWUNK. She looks at the bodies. Shakes her head.

DOMINATRIX CLUB OWNER (CONT'D)
Asshole. Do you know how HARD IT IS to
find a good submissive?

EXT. VENICE PIER - NIGHT

Moonlight shines over the black water of the ocean. The dull roar of waves crashing against the shore.

Beggar's red convertible is parked in a far corner of the parking lot. Now almost empty.

INT. BEGGAR'S CONVERTIBLE - CONTINUOUS

Beggar turns up the heat. Lights a smoke. Looks at Lief.

BEGGAR
What a fucking night.

LIEF
Tell me about it.
(beat)
So where are we going to go?

BEGGAR
We?

LIEF
I thought maybe I could -- stay at --
(off his stare)
Okay, okay. I get it. You'll sell me
drugs, but you won't help me out.

BEGGAR
I'm not going home, Lief -- I --
(beat)
Have my own crisis to deal with.

LIEF
Your own crisis. Like it could possibly
be as urgent as a dead body in your
house.

BEGGAR
Actually, it is.
(sighs)
You remember my girlfriend? She was with
a client tonight, this asshole who likes
rough stuff.

(MORE)

CONTINUED:

BEGGAR (CONT'D)

Well, her NEIGHBOR, this drunken wannabe screenwriter thought it was real, and ran in and stabbed the bastard.

(another drag)

Fucking closet case.

LIEF

Holy shit. What happened? Did the cops come?

BEGGAR

No. There's always loud shit going on in that joint. We've got the body -- hidden, and we need five-K to pay some people I know to get rid of it.

(beat)

That's why I really need to sell you the blow. Can we still do it?

LIEF

Shit. I dunno. Yeah. No. Fuck. I gotta think --

(beat)

If I go back there, I'm in deep shit -- but if I run --

Beggar's cell phone RINGS. He answers it.

BEGGAR

Hey.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. ALONA'S SHITTY HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Holly sits on the window sill with a cup of vodka, looking out at the ocean. Alona sits on the bed. Talks on her cell.

ALONA

Where are you? What's going on? Did you do the deal?

BEGGAR

No. I was just about to, but some fucking bimbo OD'd and fucking DIED.

ALONA

Holy SHIT. So THEN what happened?

BEGGAR

What do you fucking THINK happened? We got the fuck out of there.

ALONA

The guy, too?

BEGGAR

Yeah, Lief. You met him at that party at his joint. The condo on the beach?

ALONA

Oh, yeah. The asshole lawyer.

CONTINUED:

BEGGAR

(looks at him)
 He's with me right now. Still deciding what he's gonna do. He's not exactly in the mood to buy any snow, if you get my drift. What's up on your end?

ALONA

SHIT is up my end. I tricked with Gill, and then sent him to go get more cash, but the jerk got mugged.
 (bitter laugh)
 And right now he's breaking into HIS OWN house.

BEGGAR

Fuck.

ALONA

Wait. It gets better.
 (sips her drink)
 Oscar's ASSISTANT has been poking around looking for him, hooked up with Holly, and figured out the deal, so SHE pulled her gun on him and took him back to her room.

BEGGAR

What the fucking FUCK?

ALONA

Chill, it's okay. She's taken him to a cash machine. We need the money, right?
 (sips her drink)
 We just have to figure out what to do with him when they get back.

BEGGAR

Fuck.

ALONA

I know.
 (thinks)
 Hey, wait a minute. The lawyer is filthy rich, right?

BEGGAR

Yeah --

ALONA

Bring 'em back to the hotel. I'LL get money out of him.

BEGGAR

(looks at Lief)
 Yeah. That's -- not a bad idea.

ALONA

Then get your ass over here. I'm tired of hanging out with Oscar.

BEGGAR

--

CONTINUED: (2)

He clicks the phone shut. Looks at Lief. A sickly grin.

LIEF
Who was that?

BEGGAR
Alona. I'm supposed to bring you over to her place.

LIEF
What for?

BEGGAR
Play your cards right, and it might be a different kind of *blow*.

EXT. WINDWARD CIRCLE - NIGHT - AT THAT MOMENT

The Bank we've seen before. Across the street from the post office. Totally deserted at this hour on a week night.

Feo appears, walking briskly. Followed by Holly. Holding the gun in her coat pocket, pointed at his back.

FEO
Do you mind if I ask why you --

HOLLY
YES. Keep moving.

They get to the bank. Feo pulls out his wallet. Takes out his ATM card. Slides it in the machine. Punches in his pin code. Then makes his transaction.

FEO
Then we're going back to the hotel?

HOLLY
Yeah.

FEO
(looks at the screen)
Not enough FUNDS? That's not POSSIBLE.

He punches another button. Looks again.

FEO (CONT'D)
Eighty-four bucks? That can't be --
(thinks)
Oh, shit -- that's right.
(looks at her)
I just paid my phone bill.

HOLLY
I don't believe you.

FEO
Look at the fucking screen. It's right there. My balance is eighty-four-fucking bucks.

CONTINUED:

HOLLY
(peers at the screen)
Then take out eighty.

Feo punches another button. Then another. Cash slides out. He grabs it. Hands it to her. His card comes out. He takes it. Put it back in his wallet. Turns around.

FEO
Happy now?

HOLLY
Let's go. March.

FEO
Yes, ma'am.

They start walking west toward the hotel.

FEO (CONT'D)
So can I ask you something?

HOLLY
No. Shut up and walk.

FEO
Okay, chill, chill.

They pass an alley on their right. Feo looks to his left.

FEO (CONT'D)
Holy SHIT.

HOLLY
(turns her head)
What?

Feo TAKES OFF down the alley at a SPRINT.

HOLLY (CONT'D)
COME BACK HERE!

She RUNS after him.

IN THE ALLEY

Feo RUNS, looks behind his shoulder. Sees Holly in pursuit.

HOLLY (CONT'D)
Fucking ASSHOLE. Come BACK HERE!

Feo gets to the corner, turns left, and SMASHES into a row of trash cans. He HITS the ground, BANG. Holly catches up to him, gun in hand. Quivering with rage.

HOLLY (CONT'D)
God-fucking-DAMMIT. Get UP.

Feo GRABS a trash can with super-human strength. THROWS it at her, BANG. She FALLS, HITS the ground. He TAKES OFF.

Holly TUMBLES UP, RUNNING after him.

CONTINUED: (2)

DOWN THE STREET

At the intersection, Feo RUNS across the street, Holly in hot pursuit. He sees a BICYCLE resting against the front stoop of a expensive-looking modern building. He GRABS it. JUMPS on.

HOLLY (CONT'D)

NO!

Feo starts pedalling away.

HOLLY

Raises the gun and FIRES. BANG. BANG. BANG.

FEO

Gets HIT in the back. He FALLS OFF the bike, CRACK. Face in the pavement. A pool of blood starts forming.

HOLLY

Runs up to him. Sees he's dead.

HOLLY (CONT'D)

Shit. Not *another one*.

She looks around. All is quiet. Nobody around. She gets on the bike and pedals away.

ANGLE ON --

A SECURITY CAMERA on the wall of the building above the front door. Red light BLINKING.

INT. ALONA'S SHITTY HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Groovy space-dub from Thievery Corporation softly thump-thumps on the boom box. Alona sits on the window sill. Lights a joint. Takes a big hit. Holds it in. Exhales.

ALONA

(looks at the bed)

How you doing under there, Oscar? Feeling a bit -- stiff?

(listens)

The strong, silent type, huh?

A light RAP-RAP-RAP on the door.

BEGGAR (O.C.)

Alona, it's me.

ALONA

Come on in, it's not locked.

The door OPENS. In walks Beggar and Lief. Beggar closes it. Locks the door behind him. Smiles sadly at Alona.

BEGGAR

Hey, babe.

CONTINUED:

ALONA

Hey.
 (looks at Lief)
 Hey, there. Uh --

LIEF

Lief.

ALONA

That's right, River's brother.

LIEF

Funny. I've NEVER heard that before.
 (to Beggar)
 So where's the -- you know.

BEGGAR

Under the bed.

ALONA

Thank god you're here. I've been going
 fucking stir crazy. Can you call your
 friend, see if he can come sooner?

BEGGAR

Yeah. Good idea.
 (pulls out his phone)
 Can I get a hit of that?

Alona nods. Hands him the joint. He takes a big hit.
 Passes it to Lief. Punches in a number. Listens.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. WAREHOUSE/FETISH CLUB - NIGHT

A few PATROL CARS are parked in front, cherry lights
 FLASHING. A CORONER'S OFFICE TECH wheels a body on a gurney
 toward a waiting ambulance.

A SURLY HOMICIDE DETECTIVE (40's) watches. Lights up a smoke.
 A phone RINGS in the body bag. Coroner Tech stops. Looks.

SURLY HOMICIDE DICK

Let me answer it. It could be a lead.

RING-RING.

CORONER TECH

Sure thing, Dell.

Coroner Tech unzips the bag. We see it's Vlad's. Dead and
 bloody. Dell fishes around in his pockets, pulls out the
 phone. Puts it to his ear. Listens.

DELL

Who is this?

BEGGAR

Vlad? You're not Vlad.

CONTINUED:

DELL
No, I'm not. Vlad's dead. Who is THIS?

BEGGAR
Vlad's DEAD? Who is THIS?

DELL
Homicide detective Dell Magid. I'd like
to ask you a few questions --

INT. ALONA'S SHITTY HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Beggar SNAPS his phone shut. Looks at Alona, wild-eyed.

BEGGAR
Holy SHIT.

ALONA
Vlad's DEAD? What happened?

BEGGAR
I don't know. It was a fucking COP.

LIEF
Who's Vlad?

BEGGAR
He was supposed to come here and help us
with our --
(looks at the bed)
Problem.

ALONA
So what the fuck are we going to do NOW?

BEGGAR
Guess we're gonna have to take care of it
ourselves.

A soft KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK on the door.

HOLLY (O.C.)
Alona, it's me, Holly.

Beggar goes to the door. Opens it. Holly comes in. Looks
scared. Lost. More than a little freaked out.

ALONA
Holly --

She races over to Alona. Grabs her in a hug. Shaking.

ALONA (CONT'D)
Baby, what's wrong?
(realizes)
Wait a minute, where's Feo?

HOLLY
He's DEAD.

BEGGAR
What THE FUCK?

CONTINUED:

ALONA
What happened?

HOLLY
(pulls away, wipes her eyes)
He ran away, and I-I chased after him,
but he got on a bike, and-and, he was
getting away, and I, I --
(beat)
Shot him.

BEGGAR
Jesus fucking Christ on a stick.

HOLLY
It's okay. Nobody saw us.

ALONA
You sure?

HOLLY
Yeah.

BEGGAR
Did you at least get his money?

HOLLY
Yeah. Eighty bucks.

BEGGAR
Well, that's just great. We can go on
that trip we've been planning.
(beat)
You're a psycho, you know that? What's
the body count now? THREE PEOPLE?

ALONA
Leave her alone. Yelling at her isn't
going to help.

LIEF
And I thought I had problems --

A sharp RAP-RAP-RAP on the door.

GILL
Alona, it's me, Gill. Let me in. I've
been -- hurt.

BEGGAR
This is unbelievable. What the fuck is
this, Grand Central Station?

He goes to the door. Unlocks it. Gill stumbles in. A filthy
rag is tied around his foot. Oozing blood.

GILL
Alona --

ALONA
What happened to your foot?

CONTINUED: (2)

Gill goes to the bed. Sits. Looks at the wound.

GILL
It's -- oh my god.
(looks up)
Donna caught me with her purse. Pulled a
gun on me. We struggled for it. She got
me in the foot. We fought, and --
(beat)
I shot her.

ALONA
Is she -- dead?

GILL
Very.

BEGGAR
You killed someone TOO?

LIEF
You guys should start a club. At least MY
dead body was accidental.

BEGGAR
Shut up. I need to think --

Holly goes to the kitchenette. Pours herself a cup of vodka.
Looks at Alona. She nods.

ALONA
Thanks.

GILL
Pour me one, too?

Holly nods. Looks at Beggar.

BEGGAR
Yeah.

LIEF
Me three.

She pours the drinks. Brings them over. Everyone takes one.
They sip. Look at each other nervously.

ALONA
We're gonna have to do it ourselves.

BEGGAR
She's right.
(beat)
Goddammit.

LIEF
Do what?

HOLLY
Dispose of the body.

CONTINUED: (3)

GILL

Uh, count me out. I'm just going to go back to my room and --

ALONA

Fuck that. You're not going ANYWHERE. We're all in this together, GOT IT?

Pause.

GILL

Got it.

Everyone stares at each other. Miserable. Freaked out. Alona drains her cup. Walks over to the kitchenette. Pours another. Turns. Looks at the room. Eyes blazing.

ALONA

Okay. We're gonna need something to cut Oscar up with. A hack saw, butcher's knife --

(sips her drink)

Anybody got any ideas?

EXT. MARKET STREET - LUXURY CONDO BUILDING - NIGHT

The scene is swarming with POLICE CRUISERS, COPS, CRIME SCENE TECHS. A small crowd of ONLOOKERS stand behind yellow tape. A NEWS CREW VAN pulls up to the curb.

Danette and Kenny walk over to an ANGRY HOMICIDE DETECTIVE (40's), burly, gone to seed. Meet BERNIE KEKO. Sipping a cup of designer coffee. Unlit cigar stuck in his mouth.

BERNIE

Officer Day. We meet again.

DANETTE

Stuff it, Keko. I heard there's a security tape. I want to see it.

BERNIE

Sorry, doll. It's my case now.

DANETTE

Listen, *doll*. I know this nabe like the back of my hand. You NEED my help on this one.

Pause.

BERNIE

Just fucking with you. Come on inside. Building manager's office. You can even bring John Boy.

DANETTE

You just love to see me squirm, don't you?

BERNIE

Like old times, huh?

CONTINUED:

KENNY
Who's John boy?

INT. ALONA'S SHITTY HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Beggar sits on the couch. Chops up lines of coke on the coffee table. Gill and Lief sit on either side of him.

BEGGAR
You're crazy. We're NOT cutting up the body. I say we sneak him out into the back alley and drive off somewhere and get rid of it.
(beat)
But not in my car. The cops might've seen it leaving Lief's condo.

ALONA
But you're the only one of us that HAS a car.

Holly sits on the bed, next to Alona. Sips her drink.

HOLLY
We could take him out to the ocean. Let the tide take him away.

ALONA
He's too big, Holly. How are we gonna drag him all the way to the shore without being seen?
(nasty smile)
Unless he's in little bite-sized chunks.

Beggar LAUGHS. SNORTS up a line. Hands the rolled up bill to Gill. He shakes his head 'no.' Lief GRABS it.

LIEF
Thanks. Gotta clear my head.
(SNORTS a line, shakes his head)
Damn, that's good shit. Stairway to fucking HEAVEN.
(SNORTS another, sings)
There's a lady whose sure all that glitters is gold --

Gill looks at Lief. The manic, happy gleam in his eyes.

GILL
Can I get a -- bustle in my hedgerow?

INT. EXPENSIVE CONDO - SECURITY OFFICE - AT THAT MOMENT

Danette, Kenny and Bernie huddle around a monitor in the tiny security office in the lobby.

The SECURITY GUARD (20's), a skinny young Hispanic kid, stands behind them. Leans over. Presses a button.

CONTINUED:

SKINNY YOUNG SECURITY GUARD
Check it out. I'll be right back, gotta
go take a piss.

He walks away.

ON THE MONITOR

We see the scene unfold earlier between Feo and Holly in
black and white. Feo RACES over the bike. HOPS ON it.
Then gets SHOT in the back. BANG. He FALLS OVER.

Holly RACES into the frame. JUMPS on the bike, and pedals
away like a bat out of hell.

IN THE OFFICE

Danette and Kenny exchange glances.

DANETTE
That's the girl from the liquor store
holdup.

KENNY
It sure as shit is.

BERNIE
I saw that story on the news.

DANETTE
She must live around here.

KENNY
So what are we gonna do, start knocking
on doors at three in the morning?

Danette sighs. Shakes her head.

BERNIE
Busiest night I can remember. Just came
from a homicide off Main Street. High
school science teacher, shot dead in her
kitchen. And the husband's missing.

DANETTE
Maybe it's connected --

BERNIE
Nah. I don't think so.

DANETTE
We have maybe five murders a year on
Venice beach, and there've been three
tonight. That we know about.

BERNIE
You have coffee at the substation?

DANETTE
Is there a brother in the White House?

CONTINUED: (2)

BERNIE

Whaddaya say we go grab a cup and do some brainstorming.

DANETTE

Okay.

(beat)

But it's OVER, Bernie. I'm not fucking you.

KENNY

(does a 'take')

You mean you two --

DANETTE

Zip it, officer. That case is CLOSED.

INT. ALONA'S SHITTY HOTEL ROOM - AT THAT MOMENT

The boozy, sax-drenched death-swoon of Morphine plays on the boombox. Eerie. Spooky. Sexy.

Beggar and Gill sit on the couch. Lief sit on the window sill, looking out at the beach. Now pensive. He holds the bottle of vodka. Takes a swig. Wipes his mouth.

Holly and Alona sit on the floor in front of the coffee table. Alona HONKS up a line. Then Holly.

HOLLY

It BURNS.

BEGGAR

Now look who's a big girl.

ALONA

(to Beggar)

I've got an idea --

(manic grin)

That old hippie down at the desk knows EVERYBODY in the nabe. I'll go down there and tell him you and I were playing handcuff games, and that we lost the key.

(sweetly)

Please, Mr. Natural, do you know where I can get a hack saw this late at night?

BEGGAR

(nods)

But what are we gonna put the -- pieces in?

ALONA

Trash bags.

(big smile)

Don't get mad. Get GLAD.

HOLLY

(giggles)

Now we're talking trash.

Lief turns around. Glares at them.

CONTINUED:

LIEF

You people are fucking CRAZY.
 (hops off the sill)
 I'm going to the cops. Turning myself in.
 I'm an officer of the court.
 (stares at Holly)
 And I didn't KILL anyone.
 (to the group)
 And you're all joking around about
 cutting up a fucking DEAD BODY. Fucking
 SICK.

ALONA

What the fuck?
 (to Beggar)
 You said he was an asshole --

LIEF

WHAT?

ALONA

You're not going anywhere, *officer of the
 court*. You know too much.

LIEF

Oh YEAH?

ALONA

Yeah.

LIEF

Watch me.

He starts for the door. Beggar gets up, RACES over.
 Gets in front of him. Puts his hand on Lief's chest.

BEGGAR

I'm sorry, Lief. I'm not letting you go.

LIEF

Out of my way, you fucking *drug dealer*.

BEGGAR

Oh, so now you're the high and mighty
lawyer who buys COKE from the *fucking
 drug dealer*?

LIEF

That may be, but at least I'm not fucking
 a WHORE.

(beat)

Now get the FUCK out of my way.

ALONA

WHAT did you call me?

Alona LEAPS off the bed. CHARGES at Lief. GRABS him around
 the neck. Tries to CHOKE him. SCREAMS.

ALONA (CONT'D)

Fucking ASSHOLE.

CONTINUED: (2)

Lief GRABS her hands, FLINGS THEM away.
SPINS AROUND, and PUNCHES her in the stomach. HARD.
She FLIES BACK, hits the floor with a CRACK.

ALONA (CONT'D)

OW!

LIEF

You fucking ASSHOLE.

Beggar CHARGES at Lief, GRABS him around the chest, pushes him to the floor, BANG. They GRAPPLE, writhe on the carpet. Lief GRABS Beggar around the throat. Starts CHOKING him.

BEGGAR

GAAAAA --

ALONA

(tries to get up)
STOP IT.

Holly LEAPS off the bed. GRABS a letter opener off the table, and PLUNGES it into Lief's neck. PUNCTURING an artery.

A GEYSER OF BLOOD SPRAYS. Lief lets go of Beggar. GRABS his neck. Stares in disbelief.

LIEF

You fucking -- *stabbed me.*

He hits the floor, THWUNK. His hand falls away. Blood SPURTS. Slows, keeps pumping. A dark stain grows on the carpet.

GILL

Holy fucking *shit.*

ALONA

HOLLY.

BEGGAR

Jesus Christ.

Pause.

HOLLY

He was -- gonna kill you.

BEGGAR

I know, but --

ALONA

Goddamit, Holly.

Holly stares. A strange smile flickers across her face.

HOLLY

Case dismissed.

INT. THE STARLIGHT HOTEL - FRONT DESK - AT THAT MOMENT

The Grateful Dead wheezes its gnarled tales of drugged-out hippie glory on a shitty boombox. A tiny, shitty black and white TV is on the counter with the sound turned down.

Bunky sits behind the counter reading one of those free weekly rags. Slowly mouthing the words.

BUNKY

Fucking Republican asshole shit-for-brains --

Something on the screen catches his eye.

BUNKY (CONT'D)

Hey, that guy checked in tonight.

He reaches over, turns up the volume.

ON THE SCREEN

We see a still of GILL. Some 'official school photo.' He looks happy, relaxed. Glazed smile oozing preppy charm.

ANNOUNCER (O.C.)

-- wanted for questioning in connection with the shooting death of his wife. If you see this man, contact your local precinct immediately.

BUNKY

Holy shit.

He turns the sound back down. Scratches his chin. Picks up the phone. Dials a number.

BUNKY (CONT'D)

Hello? This is Bunky Mertz over at the Starlight Hotel? That guy you're looking for that killed his wife? He's staying here.

INT. VENICE BEACH POLICE SUBSTATION - AT THAT MOMENT

Danette and Bernie sit at a table near the coffee maker. Sipping java from styrofoam cups. Kenny sits across the room, talking on the phone excitedly.

BERNIE

This is really good coffee. Did you --

DANETTE

I'm still not fucking you, Bernie.

KENNY

Okay, thanks.

(hangs up)

Guys, that was the night manager of the Hotel Starlight. The guy who shot his wife checked in a little while ago.

CONTINUED:

BERNIE
You mean Gill Sherry?

KENNY
Yeah, guy said he saw his picture on the news.

DANETTE
Allegedly killed his wife. In this country, a suspect is innocent until proven guilty.

BERNIE
Yeah, right -- so why the fuck did he check into a fleabag hotel?

Danette stares at him. Simmering. He glares at her.

KENNY
Uh, guys -- don't you think we should go over there?

DANETTE
You go on ahead, question the night manager. We'll be right there.

KENNY
Okay --

He salutes, and DASHES out the door. Danette sips her coffee. Gives Bernie the fish-eye.

DANETTE
After my shift, we'll go back to my place.

BERNIE
Holy shit. Really?

DANETTE
C'mon, let's go. Before I change my mind.

They get up. Start for the door.

BERNIE
Admit it, the chemistry is still there.

DANETTE
(stops, looks at him)
Calm down, Casanova. I haven't gotten laid in three months.

BERNIE
So what am I, a 'friend with benefits?'

DANETTE
More like, 'cop with nightstick.'

BERNIE
So -- you're just gonna use me.

CONTINUED: (2)

DANETTE

That's about the size of it.

BERNIE

(shrugs)

Works for me.

INT. ALONA'S SHITTY HOTEL ROOM - AT THAT MOMENT

Beggar and Alona roll Lief's body up in the large, imitation Persian rug. Holly sits on the bed, in a daze, looks out the window, drinking vodka out of the bottle.

A pile of BLOODY TOWELS sits by the wall.

We hear the sound of VOMITING in the bathroom. The toilet FLUSHES. Gill comes into the room, white as a ghost.

GILL

I'm leaving. Going to Mexico. Come with me, Alona. Please. We can start a new life together.

BEGGAR

Shut the fuck up, asshole. Leave my woman alone.

ALONA

(to Beggar)

YOUR woman? I'm NOBODY'S woman.

BEGGAR

What the fuck?

GILL

That's RIGHT, she's NOBODY'S woman. She's a free spirit, a bird, free to fly.

(to Alona)

Come fly with me, my love.

ALONA

Cut the crap, Gill. We've got a situation here.

BEGGAR

(to Gill)

Yeah, and you're not going ANYWHERE.

GILL

Oh YEAH? Try and STOP ME.

Gill goes to the door. GRABS the doorknob.

BEGGAR

You open that door and I'll punch your fucking clock.

Holly sees something out the window. Eyes BUG OUT.

CONTINUED:

HOLLY

GUYS. There's a couple of COPS outside.
(watches)
And they're COMING IN THE HOTEL.

INT. HOTEL STARLIGHT - FRONT DESK - AT THAT MOMENT

Kenny stands chatting with Bunky. Scribbling something in his note pad. Danette and Bernie walk in.

BUNKY

Evenin', officers. I was just givin' my statement to your compatriot here.

KENNY

(to Danette)
He's on the second floor, in room 25.
Checked in a little before midnight.

DANETTE

Has he left his room?

BUNKY

He went out about twelve-thirty, that's when I first saw him. I'm the night man, midnight to eight. He was with another guest, young girl named Holly. Holly Land.

BERNIE

How long was he gone?

BUNKY

'Bout an hour, I guess.

DANETTE

(to Bernie)
That's when he got mugged and carjacked, then came to the station.
(to Bunky)
Did he go out again?

BUNKY

Yeah, he did -- right away. Then came back forty-five minutes later. Looked spooked. An' he was limpin.' Now I know why.

BERNIE

He's up there now?

BUNKY

Far as I know.

DANETTE

What's the story with Holly?

BUNKY

Nice kid. Don't know that much about her, only been here a couple of weeks. Said she was a writer.

(MORE)

CONTINUED:

BUNKY (CONT'D)

Hangs out sometimes with Alona, one of our permanent residents.

BERNIE

What's her story?

BUNKY

Alona's okay -- for a *lady of the evening*.

DANETTE

She's a hooker?

BUNKY

World's oldest profession. She's good people.

BERNIE

What room is Holly in?

BUNKY

Room 24, right next to Gill's.

(beat)

Excuse me. Gotta go the head.

He turns, goes into the next room.

DANETTE

Okay, thanks.

(to Bernie)

C'mon, let's go up.

(to Kenny)

Do me a favor and keep watch outside?

KENNY

Yes, ma'am. To protect and serve --

(smiles)

You.

Kenny salutes. Trots off.

DANETTE

Ah, to be a rookie again. So full of energy, hope, promise.

BERNIE

Well there's that -- and he wants to fuck your brains out.

DANETTE

Guess there's a lot of that going around, huh.

INT. ALONA'S SHITTY HOTEL ROOM - AT THAT MOMENT

Beggar looks at Alona. Then Holly. Gills sits on the floor with his head in his hands.

BEGGAR

Okay, think, think -- what do we do?

CONTINUED:

ALONA

Stash Lief under the bed with Oscar.
Then, after the cops leave, I'll go down
to the desk and talk to Jerry Garcia
about a hacksaw.

Holly sits on the bed. Looks spooked. Haunted.

HOLLY

What about the fire escape? We could
always go up on the roof.

GILL

And what do we do once we're up there? My
god, are you stupid.

HOLLY

Shut up, asshole.

ALONA

Keep your voices down. They might be
coming upstairs.

Beggar goes to the door. Looks through the peephole.

BEGGAR

(whispers)
Shit, they're here.

IN THE CORRIDOR

Danette and Bernie stand in front of Gill's door.
Danette KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCKS.

DANETTE

(loud)
Gill Shelly, this is the police. Open the
door. We need to talk to you.

They listen. No answer.

BERNIE

POLICE. OPEN THE DOOR, NOW.

Pause.

DANETTE

Kick it open?

BERNIE

Probably cause?

DANETTE

Got that fucking right.

Bernie steps back. Then KICKS the door. The old, shitty wood
CRACKS in half. They CHARGE IN.

INT. ALONA'S SHITTY HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Beggar stands at the door. Watching through the keyhole.

CONTINUED:

BEGGAR
 (loud whisper)
 Jesus fucking Christ. They just kicked
 down the door next to Holly's room.

Alona and Holly are down on their hands and knees, pushing Lief's body under the bed. Gill looks at Beggar. Freaking.

GILL
 Shit. That's MY room. I gotta hide.

ALONA
 Go out on the fire escape. But be
 careful. Make sure no one can see you.

GILL
 Yeah, okay, good idea --

Gill walks over to the side window overlooking the side alley. Opens it. Slowly starts to climb out.

INT. GILL'S SHITTY HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bernie and Danette search the room. Under the bed. In the bathroom. Nothing.

DANETTE
 Goddammit.

BERNIE
 Well, at least we know where he's
 staying.

DANETTE
 Maybe he's in Holly's room.

INT. ALONA'S SHITTY HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Beggar looks through the keyhole.

BEGGAR
 Shit. Now they're knocking on Holly's
 door. They must know something.

HOLLY
 Ohmigod, this is like a bad dream.

Alona goes to the bed. Comforts Holly.

ALONA
 Shhhh, it's gonna be okay.

IN THE CORRIDOR

Bernie KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCKS on Holly's door.

BERNIE
 Ms. Land, this is the police, OPEN THE
 DOOR.

Silence.

CONTINUED:

DANETTE
 HOLLY LAND, THIS IS THE POLICE. OPEN THIS
 DOOR, RIGHT NOW.

BERNIE
 (steps back)
 Once more with feeling.

DANETTE
 Wait a sec.

She puts her hand on the knob. Opens the door.

DANETTE (CONT'D)
 C'mon.

INT. ALONA'S SHITTY HOTEL ROOM - AT THAT MOMENT

Beggar watches through the keyhole.

BEGGAR
 They went in. Shit.
 (looks at Holly)
 You don't have anything incriminating in
 there, do you?

HOLLY
 Just my laptop -- and a bottle of vodka.

ALONA
 They must know something. First Gill's
 room, then Holly's. We gotta hide.

BEGGAR
 Where? We're trapped in this room.

HOLLY
 We could get in bed -- and pretend to be
 asleep.

ALONA
 Wait, no -- I've got a better idea. What
 if I meet them head-on? Divert suspicion.

BEGGAR
 But it's four in the morning. Where would
 you say you're going?

ALONA
 I heard the commotion, and I wanted to
 know what was going on. I mean, it would
 be weird if I WASN'T curious, right?

BEGGAR
 Yeah, yeah. Great. Go for it.

PUSH IN ON Alona's face. Gathering her courage.

ALONA
 Here goes nothing --

EXT. HOTEL STARLIGHT - FIRE ESCAPE - NIGHT

A crappy, old set of crumbling steel steps. Gill reaches the landing. Starts up the ladder toward the roof.

EXT. HOTEL STARLIGHT - ROOF - NIGHT

An old, filthy, tar-papered roof. The view of the ocean across the beach is breathtaking. The moon shines brightly.

Gill gets to the top. Climbs up onto the roof. Looks around.

GILL
 Top of the world, Ma.
 (stretches out his arms)
 I'm KING of the world.
 (looks down)
 I'm going to die.

He walks around, looking at the neighboring buildings. Stops on the ledge of the building to the north. Looks down at the alley. Then back at the building. Thinking.

GILL (CONT'D)
 I could jump across to that building --
 and then get the fuck out of Dodge.
 (beat)
 Yeah.

Gill takes a step back. Turns around and walks to the opposite side. Exhales. Gathering up his courage. He closes his eyes. Exhales again.

His eyes FLY OPEN, and he RUNS across the roof, gets to the ledge -- and LEAPS INTO THE AIR --

And lands against the opposite wall with a SLAP. Hands grab for a hold on the edge of the roof, but he can't find something *to hold onto* -- and starts to slip --

GILL (CONT'D)
 SHIT --

And then FALLS.

CLOSE ON --

A wrought iron fence post. Gill's body impaled on it. Face-up. Right through his torso.

INT. STARLIGHT HOTEL - CORRIDOR - AT THAT MOMENT

Danette stands by the window. Leans out, looks into the alley down below. Horrified.

DANETTE
Bernie.

BERNIE
 (stops, turns)
 What.

CONTINUED:

DANETTE
 (turns, looks at him)
 Somebody just fell off the roof.

BERNIE
 (comes over)
 What the fuck? Really?

DANETTE
 (points)
 Look.

BERNIE
 (looks)
 Holy shit. Poor guy. Human shish-ka-bob.
 Talk about heartburn.

DANETTE
 Don't you recognize him?

BERNIE
Fuck. It's the perp who shot his wife.
 (waves)
 Till death do us part, kiddo.

DANETTE
Bernie.

BERNIE
 What.

DANETTE
 You shouldn't make jokes about the dead.

BERNIE
 Why not? Haven't you heard of *gallows humor*? It relieves tension. A cop's stock and trade.

She looks at him. Does a 'take.' Looks down.

DANETTE
 Now that's what I call a 'spike.'

They exchange glances. BURST into laughter. Start walking down the hallway. Danette pulls her radio off her belt. And, as they start down the stairs --

BERNIE
 (into the radio)
 Hello, dispatch. We've got a possible ten-fifty six, do you copy?

DOWN THE CORRIDOR

Alona's door opens. She walks out. Sees the cops at the end of the hall. Watches them go down the stairs. Heaves a sigh of relief. Waits a beat. Then starts walking.

ALONA
 What's a 'ten-fifty six?'

CONTINUED:

IN THE ALLEY

Danette and Bernie examine Gill's body impaled on the fence. Kenny is further on down the alley. Throwing up.

BERNIE
Poor kid. His first stiff.

DANETTE
It's his first week. Talk about baptism by fire.

Kenny wipes his mouth on his sleeve. Walks over.

BERNIE
You okay, kid?

KENNY
Yeah.

BERNIE
Don't feel bad. I've been on the force twenty years and I'm still not used to it.

KENNY
Seeing a dead body?

BERNIE
No. Seeing a cop puke.
(off his look)
Just busting your chops, sport. C'mon, let's go set up the crime scene tape.

INT. THE STARLIGHT HOTEL - FRONT DESK - AT THAT MOMENT

Alona glides up to the counter. Bunky smiles toothily.

ALONA
What's up, Bunky?

BUNKY
Cops, that's what up. You see on the news about that teacher who killed his wife? Well, he checked in here tonight, so I gave 'em a call -- 'an when they got here, they found him dead in the alley. Impaled on a fence post. Guess he knew they were comin' for 'em and took a dive.

This SOCKS Alona in the gut. She hides her shock.

ALONA
Holy shit.
(weird smile)
I guess that -- makes it easier for them, huh.

BUNKY
It's karma, man. What goes around, comes around.

(MORE)

CONTINUED:

BUNKY (CONT'D)

(beat)
You're up late. Whatcha need?

ALONA

Well, it's kind of embarrassing --
(beat)
My boyfriend and I were playing with my --
handcuffs, and I -- lost the key.

BUNKY

(big grin)
And now you wanna saw 'em off.

ALONA

(nods)
Yeah. You have anything I can use?

Bunky gets up. Walks over to a beaten-up, old bureau on the side wall. Opens a drawer. Rummages around in it.

BUNKY

Old Bunky got everything in his bag o'
tricks. Hold on a sec.
(pulls out an enema bag)
You into water sports?

Alona rolls her eyes. Bunky chuckles. Puts it back. Roots around in the drawer. Pulls out a giant HACKSAW.

BUNKY (CONT'D)

Here we go. Industrial-sized.
(hands it to her)
Got it from a butcher, believe it or not.

ALONA

Wow. Thanks.

BUNKY

Bet you could cut up a dead body real
easy with that sucker.

ALONA

(pales)
Wh-what?

BUNKY

Just joshin' with ya. You have a good
night, now.

ALONA

(flirty)
I will, *thanks*.
(beat)
Hey, could you do me a favor?

BUNKY

Name it.

Alona sticks her chest out. Dark nipples straining against the pale, gauzy fabric. Bunky gets an eyeful.

CONTINUED: (2)

ALONA

Beggar's going out of town for a couple weeks, and this is our last night together for awhile. If anybody comes looking for me, would you tell them I'm not around? It would mean a lot to me.

BUNKY

(in a daze)
Sure thing --

ALONA

Thanks, baby.

She blows him a kiss, turns and dashes up the stairs.

BUNKY

(sighs)
Haven't seen a rack like that since The Dead at the Fillmore West in seventy-two.

EXT. STARLIGHT HOTEL - SIDE ALLEY - NIGHT

CRIME SCENE TECHS swarm over the scene. Gill's body is carried away on a gurney. Kenny stands on the boardwalk, off in the distance. Keeping onlookers away.

Danette and Bernie stand next to the fence post, dark with dried blood. Inspecting the scene.

DANETTE

A stakeout? More like a hook-up --

BERNIE

No, listen. I think you're right, the murders are connected, and the killer is in the hotel -- it might even be that young girl, Holly. So we get a room and stake it out.

DANETTE

Kill two birds with one stone.

BERNIE

So to speak.

Danette reaches over. Gently touches the tip of the spike.

DANETTE

Freud would have a field day with this, don'tcha think?

INT. ALONA'S SHITTY HOTEL ROOM - AT THAT MOMENT

Alona comes in the room. Quietly shuts the door. Looks at Beggar and Holly sitting on the couch, sharing a joint. Holds up the hack saw.

ALONA

Ta-daaa --

CONTINUED:

BEGGAR

Look at the size of THAT. Good job, babe.

ALONA

Thanks, but I've got some bad news. Gill fell off the roof, or he jumped, I don't know -- but he's dead in the alley, and now the joint's swarming with cops.

BEGGAR

Fuck.

HOLLY

Holy shit.

ALONA

Tell me about it.

(beat)

So we gotta take care of Oscar and Lief, fast. I say we take turns. Who wants to go first?

They both stare at her.

HOLLY

How about Beggar? He's a GUY.

BEGGAR

How about Holly? She's the KILLER.

HOLLY

Shut up.

ALONA

(sighs)

Okay, okay -- I'll go first.

(beat)

Gimme a hit of that joint. I'm gonna have to be REALLY fucking buzzed to start cutting up a dead body.

BEGGAR

Wait a minute. I just remembered something. I've got uncut ecstasy in the car. THAT can make the job go MUCH better.

HOLLY

Uncut? But I thought it came in a pill.

BEGGAR

The pills are bullshit, there's all kinds of other shit in them. Back in the day, you bought E by the gram, pure powder, baby. Snort it, lick it, pour some in your cocktail --

(wistful)

Those were the days. Couldn't believe I could still find it.

ALONA

How much do you have?

CONTINUED: (2)

BEGGAR

Ten grams.

ALONA

So go down and get it.

BEGGAR

Your vice is my command.

He gets up. Goes to the door.

ALONA

Be careful. There's cops all over the place.

BEGGAR

Don't worry. I'm just your average tourist insomniac, going out to the car for a pack of smokes.

PUSH IN ON Alona's face. Amused.

ALONA

If you're an *average tourist*, then I'm Taylor Swift.

INT. HOTEL STARLIGHT - FRONT DESK - AT THAT MOMENT

Bunky looks at Bernie and Danette, standing at the counter.

BUNKY

Sorry, we're all full up.

(brightens)

Wait, I forgot -- you can take the jumper's room. It's empty now.

BERNIE

We'll take it.

BUNKY

So you're doin' a stakeout?

DANETTE

Yeah.

BUNKY

Hot dog. Is there something I can do to help?

BERNIE

Yeah. Call us if you see anyone suspicious.

(hands him his card)

My cell phone number.

DANETTE

Or if you see that girl, Holly.

BUNKY

You got it. Good luck.

They nod. Start up the stairs. Bunky watches them go.

CONTINUED:

BUNKY (CONT'D)
 Sugar magnolia, blossoms bloomin' --
 a real stakeout, right here at the
 Starlight.
 (beat)
 Why do I have this funny feeling them two
 are gonna bone?

EXT. HOTEL STARLIGHT - REAR ALLEY - NIGHT

The back door to the hotel opens. Out walks Beggar. He looks around. Walks over to his car. Sticks his keys in the trunk.

MALE VOICE (O.C.)
 Excuse me, sir.

Beggar turns, looks, sees --

KENNY

Standing at the end of the alley.

BEGGAR
 Officer.

KENNY
 (walks over)
 Can I ask you a question?

BEGGAR
 Sure thing. What's up?

Kenny pulls out a picture. Shows it to him.

KENNY
 Have you seen this woman tonight?

ANGLE ON --

The PHOTO. A grainy still capture from the liquor store robbery. HOLLY. Holding a gun. Face a rictus of death.

BEGGAR

Feigns nonchalance. Studies the picture. Shakes his head.

BEGGAR
 No, sorry. Looks kinda dangerous. What
 did she do?

KENNY
 You don't watch the news? She held up a
 liquor store, then shot some dude on a
 bike. Killed three people tonight. Maybe
 more.

Beggar tries for a smile. Doesn't quite make it.

BEGGAR
 Guess I'd better be careful, huh?

Kenny studies him carefully.

CONTINUED:

KENNY

You a guest at the hotel?

BEGGAR

Yeah.

KENNY

It's kinda late, isn't it? What were you getting out of the trunk?

BEGGAR

Ran out of smokes. Just grabbing another pack.

KENNY

People don't keep cigarettes in the trunk. They'd be on the seat, in the glove compartment. But not in the trunk.

Beggar's heart starts racing. This is NOT going well.

BEGGAR

You want me to show you?

KENNY

Please.

He turns the lock. Opens the trunk. It's empty, except for the spare tire. A couple of tools. Emergency gas can.

BEGGAR

That's funny. I could have sworn --

KENNY

I'm going to have to ask you to step away from the vehicle, sir.

BEGGAR

But I --

KENNY

Step AWAY from the vehicle, NOW.

Beggar stares. Wheels spinning. All the coke, booze and pot working their strange magic.

BEGGAR

Okay, officer. I'm sorry --

He feints to the side, then GRABS Kenny around the waist. SLAMS him against the car. His head CRACKS against the edge of the trunk with a sickening THUNK.

BANG, he goes down, face first in the gravel.

BEGGAR (CONT'D)

(whispers)

Holy SHIT.

Beggar gets down. Feels his pulse. Nothing.

CONTINUED: (2)

BEGGAR (CONT'D)
I've just been *fucked*.

He reaches into a side compartment in the trunk. Pulls out a small white envelope. Stuffs it in his pocket. Picks up Kenny's body. Puts it in the trunk. Quietly closes it.

CLICK. He looks around. No one. Whew.

BEGGAR (CONT'D)
I can't believe -- I just did that.

He looks down. Sees blood on the ground. Starts kicking gravel over it with his foot.

BEGGAR (CONT'D)
My momma warned me not to date hookers.

INT. DANETTE AND BERNIE'S HOTEL ROOM - AT THAT MOMENT

Danette walks into the room. Then Bernie. He shuts the door. Walks up to her. They stare at each other.

BERNIE
Shitty room.

DANETTE
It'll do.

BERNIE
Been too long, Net.

DANETTE
(throaty)
Way too long.

She GRABS him. They go at it, hot and heavy, fall onto the bed. Start RIPPING each other's clothes off.

BERNIE
Time for your strip search.

DANETTE
Better not be shooting blanks.

BERNIE
Why do you think they call me a PEACE officer?

DANETTE
Shut up and fuck me.

BERNIE
Now you're talking.
(whips out handcuffs)
Assume the position, and spread 'em.

INT. ALONA'S SHITTY HOTEL ROOM - AT THAT MOMENT

Alona and Holly sit on the couch, sharing a joint. Holly looks lost, scared. Like she's about to cry.

CONTINUED:

HOLLY
I think there's something -- wrong with
me, Alona.

ALONA
Don't be silly.

She puts her hand on Holly's bare knee. Rubs it gently.
Holly looks, shy. Likes it. Cheeks turn red.

HOLLY
I did a -- bad thing, Alona. A really bad
thing.

ALONA
That was an honest mistake, honey. You
thought I was in danger --

HOLLY
No, not that. Back at school --

Alona leans closer. As if to kiss her.

ALONA
Shhhhh --

The door OPENS. In walks Beggar. Freaked out.

ALONA (CONT'D)
(looks)
What's wrong, baby?

BEGGAR
We're fucked. I'M fucked.

ALONA
What *happened*?

BEGGAR
This cop came up to me while I was
opening the trunk -- and he got
suspicious of what I was doing, and I --
I --
(beat)
Killed him.

ALONA
WHAT?

HOLLY
(strange smile)
Did you like it?

BEGGAR
What? NO, of COURSE not. I didn't *mean* to
kill him. I was -- trying to stop him
from finding the E --

ALONA
But you got it okay?

CONTINUED: (2)

BEGGAR
 (pulls out the envelope)
 Yeah, yeah, I got it.

ALONA
 Thank god.
 (realizes)
 What did you do with the body?

BEGGAR
 He's -- in the trunk.

ALONA
 Holy shit.

BEGGAR
 Yeah. Tell me about it.
 (beat)
 A fucking COP.
 (to Holly)
 And what the fuck is up with you? *Did I like it?*

Holly stares at Beggar. Blank look on her face.

ALONA
 Beggar, chill. Holly's in shock. It's been a rough night for all of us. We'll deal with Bad Lieutenant later. First we have to dispose of our friends under the bed. It's going to be light in a couple of hours, and we gotta jam before they start stinking the place up -- got it?

BEGGAR
 Yeah.

ALONA
 So let's do our drugs and get to work.

Beggar pulls out the envelope. Opens it. Dumps a small mound on the mirror. Starts chopping it up.

HOLLY
 (eyes grow wide)
 I've never done ecstasy --

BEGGAR
 A virgin?
 (beat)
 We'll have to see about THAT.

HOLLY
 Promise me you'll be -- rough?

INT. DANETTE AND BERNIE'S SHITTY HOTEL ROOM - AT THAT MOMENT

Danette lies on the bed, smoking. Bernie sits near the window, looking out at the ocean. Sips from a flask.

BERNIE
 Damn, woman.

CONTINUED:

DANETTE
I know.

BERNIE
Damn.

DANETTE
I know.
(beat)
Damn.

BERNIE
Maybe we could give it another --

DANETTE
No. We've done that. Twice.

BERNIE
Yeah.

Pause.

DANETTE
So what's going on out there?

BERNIE
(looks out the window)
Body's been taken away. Techs are almost done.
(beat)
I thought you said the kid was gonna be out in front.

DANETTE
(sits up)
He's supposed to be.

BERNIE
He's not now.

DANETTE
Maybe he went to go take a leak.

BERNIE
Call him. With all the shit that's been going down tonight, you never know.

DANETTE
(reaches for her phone)
Thanks for scaring me.

EXT. STARLIGHT HOTEL - REAR ALLEY - NIGHT

Beggar's car. Parked by the rear wall. From the trunk, we hear Kenny's cell phone RINGING.

INT. ALONA'S SHITTY HOTEL ROOM - AT THAT MOMENT

The woozy, sax-drenched cocktail swoon of Morphine's WHISPER bleeds its drunken promises of sex, sin and salvation over --

CONTINUED:

Alona. Drinking a bottle of water on the bed. Holly does an interpretive dance. Rushing on the E. High as a dozen kites.

ALONA

(sings)
*Don't worry, I'm not looking at you --
 gorgeous, and dressed in blue.*

HOLLY

(dreamy)
 This is Fucking AMAZING. I feel -- so
 GOOD.

ALONA

See what you've been missing, baby? Why
 do you think they call it *the love drug*.

HOLLY

I want some more vodka.

ALONA

No, no -- just water. Booze ruins the
 purity of the high.

BEGGAR

Comes into the room. Blood-splattered. Holding a HUMAN HAND.

BEGGAR

Guys.

They turn and look.

BEGGAR (CONT'D)

Can I lend you a hand?

He ERUPTS into peels of MAD LAUGHTER.

ALONA

Whoah.

HOLLY

(stares, cocks her head)
 It's -- vibrating.

BEGGAR

I need a break. I've filleted Oscar from
 the waist up, and if I have to saw
 through one more bone, I'm gonna puke.
 Somebody's gotta take over.

ALONA

(nods at Holly)
 She's cresting. I'll go next.

She walks over. Reaches for the hand. He SLAPS it in hers.

BEGGAR

Wanna SHAKE on it?

CONTINUED: (2)

ALONA
(squeezes)
Pleased to meet you.

BEGGAR
Read my palm?

ALONA
(holds the hand up to his face)
Uh, the life line looks kinda SHORT.

BEGGAR
Cold hands, warm heart.

They both ERUPT WITH LAUGHTER. Alona leaves the room, waving the hand 'goodbye.' Holly drifts over to Beggar.

HOLLY
Let's lie down together.

BEGGAR
(smiles)
Look who's all uninhibited *now*.

HOLLY
Me. Me. Me.

Beggar leans in. Kisses her on the mouth. Deeply. They move toward the bed, FALL onto it. Hands all over each other.

BEGGAR
C'mon, baby -- kiss me deadly.

INT. DANETTE AND BERNIE'S SHITTY HOTEL ROOM - AT THAT MOMENT

Danette CLICKS the phone shut. Looks at Bernie.

DANETTE
Voice mail again.
(beat)
I have a bad feeling about this. Let's go outside and snoop around.

BERNIE
Maybe he went home and crashed.

DANETTE
Never happen. The kid LOVES being a cop, believes in the sacred oath of protecting citizens.

BERNIE
I have a dim memory of that.

She shrugs into her slacks. Puts on her jacket.

DANETTE
Just when I thought maybe we could go for round two --

CONTINUED:

BERNIE
(getting dressed)
So the ice *is* thawing a bit --

DANETTE
Well, it IS ninety-five degrees. Gives a gal ideas.

BERNIE
Well, why do you think they call it *in heat*?

INT. ALONA'S SHITTY HOTEL ROOM - AT THAT MOMENT

The lush, bluesy wail of Morphine's CANDY oozes it's decadent moan on the stereo over --

Beggar. Lying on top of Holly. Delirious from the ecstasy, he's caressing her slowly, kissing her neck, her shoulders, then down to her breasts. Holly suddenly tenses up.

HOLLY
No, please -- don't. Not my --

BEGGAR
Ah, c'mon, honey. You know you want it. Go with the flow.

HOLLY
No, please -- get off me --

BEGGAR
I know it feels good -- I hear you moaning.

HOLLY
No -- not my -- my breast -- NO.

But he puts her nipple in his mouth and starts SUCKING. A hand reaches down to her crotch. Starts exploring.

HOLLY (CONT'D)
I said NO!

Holly reaches over, GRABS the table lamp. The shade FLIES off. She CRACKS it over Beggar's head, KNOCKING him sideways.

BEGGAR
OW!

She JAMS the lamp into his eye, lightbulb first. A sickening CRUNCH. He FLIES backwards against the bed. His head CRACKS against the wall, THUNK.

Holly stands, takes aim, and KICKS the lamp all the way through his head, THWUCK. The cord SPARKS. Fizzles.

HOLLY
Lights out, ASSHOLE.

Holly looks at him, wide-eyed. A strange smile on her face, rocking back and forth on the bed. Whispers --

CONTINUED:

HOLLY (CONT'D)
I said -- *no*.

Alona walks in the room, blood on her hands. Sees Beggar.
Mouth drops open. RUSHES OVER to the bed.

ALONA
Holly? What, what -- what HAPPENED?

HOLLY
I said no, and he -- wouldn't stop.

ALONA
Ohmigod, Holly -- *you shouldn't have DONE that.*
(beat)
Now we've got three bodies.

HOLLY
(quietly)
Are you mad at me? Please don't be mad at me.
(off her stare)
He started -- putting his fingers inside me.

Alona sighs. Looks at Beggar's body. Shivers.

ALONA
Bastard didn't know who he was messing with.

HOLLY
(scary quiet)
When a woman says no, it means NO.

PUSH IN ON Alona's face. Scared to death.

ALONA
Remind me not to piss you off.

EXT. THE STARLIGHT HOTEL - VENICE BOARDWALK - NIGHT

Danette stands in front of the hotel. Looks up at the windows. Bernie appears at the end of the side alley.

BERNIE
Went around the entire perimeter. No sign.

DANETTE
So that rules out a dead cell phone battery.

BERNIE
I've got an idea, but I don't think you're gonna like it.

DANETTE
Spill it.

CONTINUED:

BERNIE
I've got a hunch all our answers are in
the hotel. We should search door-to-door.

DANETTE
We don't have a warrant.

BERNIE
Probably cause.

DANETTE
An officer has disappeared.

BERNIE
At a building he was watching. That we
were staking out.

DANETTE
Let's do it.

INT. ALONA'S SHITTY HOTEL ROOM - AT THAT MOMENT

Beggar's body lies on the floor, rolled up in the bedspread.
Alona holds his head. Holly, his feet. There's a large bulge
where the lamp still is.

ALONA
Okay, ready?

HOLLY
(nods)
You sure he'll fit?

ALONA
He'll have to. We're running out of room.

HOLLY
Three bodies, no waiting.

ALONA
(rolls her eyes)
On three. One -- two -- THREE.

They lift him up. Carry him over to the closet. Alona leading
the way. She motions to Holly.

ALONA (CONT'D)
Okay, gently put down your end, and help
me over here.

Holly puts him down. Goes to Alona.

ALONA (CONT'D)
Help me lift him up straight.

She does. Grabs ahold of the lamp under the comforter.

HOLLY
Look. He's got a handle.

Alona stares. Starts to smile. Stops --

CONTINUED:

ALONA
That's sick.

Then giggles. Holly smiles.

HOLLY
Weebles wobble but they don't fall over.

ALONA
C'mon, let's just do this.

They maneuver Beggar into the closet. Close the door.

ALONA (CONT'D)
That's one way to get rid of a boyfriend.
(beat)
I'm scared, Holly.

HOLLY
Me, too.
(beat)
Could you -- hold me a sec?

Alona nods. Fights back tears. Puts her arms around Holly. Holly closes her eyes. Nestles her head against Alona's neck.

ALONA
What are we gonna do?

Soft voice are heard outside in the corridor. Then the sound of KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCKING next door.

DANETTE (O.C.)
This is the police. Please open the door.
We need to ask you some questions.

ALONA
Holy SHIT.

She races to the door. Looks through the peephole. Freaks out. Turns and looks at Holly.

ALONA (CONT'D)
(loud whisper)
There's two cops out there. What are we gonna do?

HOLLY
(points at the window)
The roof.

Alona nods. Grabs her purse. They move over to the window. Holly starts climbing out on the fire escape.

INT. HOTEL STARLIGHT - SECOND FLOOR CORRIDOR - AT THAT MOMENT

Danette and Bernie stand in front of Verne's open doorway. Verne stares at them, very deer-in-the-headlights in his Family Guy boxer shorts. Which he's just wet.

CONTINUED:

DANETTE

(hands him a photo)
Have you seen this woman? She's a guest
at the hotel.

VERNE

(takes it, looks)
I think so. Maybe. It's hard to tell --
(hands it back)
Sorry.

DANETTE

(hands him her card)
She's wanted in connection with several
murders. If you see her, stay away, she's
very dangerous. Call me right away. Okay?

VERNE

Okay, thanks. I will. Sure. Good night.
(beat)
Uh, good morning.

He smiles weakly. Shuts the door.

BERNIE

You see that? Poor guy pissed his
skivvies.

DANETTE

Probably thought we were gonna bust him
for possession. Smelled like Cheech and
Chong in there. Lucky for him we've got
bigger fish to fuck.
(beat)
Uh, fry --

EXT. HOTEL STARLIGHT - ROOF - AT THAT MOMENT

Alona and Holly sit on the front ledge of the building.
Look out at the ocean. Pensive.

HOLLY

I say we split, get out of Dodge. You
snagged Beggar's car keys. Let's vamoose.

ALONA

But there's a dead cop in the trunk.

HOLLY

Details. We'll dump him somewhere, head
down to Mexico.
(beat)
My head is vibrating. You have another
joint?

ALONA

Yeah.

She digs into her purse. Pulls one out. Fires it up. Hands it
Holly. She takes a bit hit. Holds it in. EXHALES. Passes it
back. Looks over the ledge. Strange smile flickering.

CONTINUED:

HOLLY
We could do a Thelma and Louise.

ALONA
That's not funny.

Holly takes another hit. Stares at Alona intently.

HOLLY
Would you -- make love to me?

ALONA
Now?

HOLLY
Please?
(whispers)
I've got a feeling this isn't going to
end well.

She breaks down. Starts crying. Alona takes her in her arms.
Soothes, comforts her.

ALONA
Shhhh, it's gonna be okay.

Alona kisses her softly. Holly responds. She likes it. They
start devouring each other. Licked by flames of passion.

INT. STARLIGHT HOTEL - CORRIDOR

Bernie and Danette stand in front of Alona's door.

DANETTE
This is the hooker's room, right?

Bernie checks his notepad.

BERNIE
Alona Tal. Twenty-three. This is it.

Danette nods. KNOCKS-KNOCKS-KNOCKS.

DANETTE
Ms. Tal? This is the police. Please open
the door. We want to ask you some
questions.

(beat)
ALONA TAL, this is the POLICE. Open the
door, NOW.

(listens, to Bernie)
Maybe she's not there.

BERNIE
Guy at the desk said she hasn't left.

Danette pulls out her gun. Nods at Bernie.
Bernie nods. Unholsters his piece. Raises it --
And BANG, KICKS the door down.

They BURST into the room.

EXT. STARLIGHT HOTEL - ROOF - AT THAT MOMENT

Alona and Holly lie naked on the tar-papered roof. Making love in the moonlight. Alona has her hand between Holly's legs. Holly bucking slowly like a simmering bronco.

HOLLY
Uhhh --

ALONA
(kissing her neck)
I knew it would be amazing with you.

HOLLY
(gasps)
I've never -- felt like this before.

INT. ALONA'S SHITTY HOTEL ROOM - AT THAT MOMENT

The closet door is open. Beggar's wrapped-up body has fallen onto the floor. Danette goes to the bed. Looks under it. Finds Oscar's body. Her jaw DROPS.

DANETTE
SHIT.
(to someone off-camera)
There's another one under the BED.

BERNIE (O.C.)
Jesus fucking CHRIST.

He shuffles into the room. White as a ghost.

BERNIE (CONT'D)
Two more in the bathroom. One of them half-cut into pieces and bagged.

DANETTE
Is one of them the hooker?

BERNIE
No. Both guys.

DANETTE
So Alona and Holly must be friends.

BERNIE
Roger that.

Danette pulls out her radio. CLICKS it on.

DANETTE
Hello, dispatch? This is officer Day, Venice Beach substation. We've got a ten-fifty-five at the Starlight Hotel on the boardwalk. Send all available units.
(listens)
Four bodies. Send as many evidence techs as you've got.
(listens)
You don't want to know. It's a real horror show. Over.

CONTINUED:

She holsters her radio.

BERNIE
So where you think they went?

A woman's voice CRIES OUT in ecstasy. A ROAR of blood-curdling animal passion.

HOLLY (O.C.)
OH-MY-FUCKING-GOD-YESSS!

BERNIE
They're up on the fucking roof.

HOLLY
And they're *fucking* up on the roof.

Danette dashes over to the window. Starts climbing out on the fire escape. Bernie follows.

EXT. STARLIGHT HOTEL - ROOF - AT THAT MOMENT

Alona holds Holly in her arms, as wave after wave of pleasure washes over her like ripples in the ocean. Finally finding release. Trembling, climaxing over and over, again and again.

HOLLY
I almost can't TAKE IT -- It's SO GOOD.

DANETTE (O.C.)
DON'T MOVE. THIS IS THE POLICE.

DANETTE AND BERNIE

Stand near the ladder, on the roof. Weapons drawn.

ALONA AND HOLLY

Stare at them. Freaked. Alona grabs her top. Covers up.

ALONA
Don't shoot, DON'T SHOOT.

DANETTE
I want both of you to get up very slowly and put your clothes on.

Alona stands. Carefully steps into her skirt. Holly gets up. Turns her head. Stares off into space.

DANETTE (CONT'D)
Ms. Land, please put your clothes on.

ALONA
Holly, get dressed. It's over.

HOLLY
(to the cops)
She's not the killer. I am.
(to Alona)
I'm bad, Alona. I tried to tell you.

CONTINUED:

She turns. Steps up onto the ledge. Sways in the hot wind.

ALONA

HOLLY.

DANETTE

Ms. Land, please step away from the ledge.

HOLLY

(to Alona)

I killed a guy at school who date-raped me --

(beat)

And I liked it.

(beat)

And that -- scared me.

(beat)

Also kinda fucked up my sex life.

(beat)

Until now, with you --

(looks at the cops)

Of course, now that's over.

She looks down. Shivers. Alona steps onto the ledge.

BERNIE

Both of you, get down off there.
Nothing's worth dying for.

ALONA

(takes Holly's hand)

Holly, please. Don't go. Stay with me.

HOLLY

Where? In PRISON?

Alona closes her eyes. Shudders. Danette holsters her gun. Starts slowly creeping toward them. Bernie watches.

HOLLY (CONT'D)

Come with me. We'll be like Thelma and Louise. Go out in a blaze of glory.

ALONA

(opens her eyes)

That would be nice --

(off Holly's smile)

But I wanna LIVE.

And she YANKS Holly back onto to the roof. The movement causes Alona to PLOW into Danette, knocking them both over.

DANETTE

HEY!

Bernie draws his piece. Holly JUMPS off the ledge, GRABS his gun. SHOOTS him in the head, BANG. He falls over, THWUMP.

Danette WHIPS OUT her Glock, but Holly's too fast, and SHOOTS her, BANG. She hits the ground, THWUMP. Shot in the heart.

CONTINUED: (2)

Alona gets up slowly. Exhales.

ALONA
Holy shit.
(wide-eyed)
Nice -- shooting.

An evil pout flickers across Holly's lips.

HOLLY
You tried to trick me. We were gonna be
SOULMATES, and you RUINED IT.

She raises her gun. Takes aim.

ALONA
No, wait -- Holly, PLEASE. Don't shoot.

HOLLY
Check-out time.

She SHOOTS Alona. BANG. BANG. BANG.
Her body HITS the rooftop with a dull THUD. Lights out.

PUSH IN ON Holly's face. A tear streams down her cheek.

HOLLY (CONT'D)
Told you I was bad.