

FADE IN:

EXT. MULHOLLAND DRIVE - SCENIC VIEW - NIGHT

A swanky, deliriously kinky go-go groove -- My Life With the Thrill Kill Kult's THE INTERNATIONAL SIN SET.

The glittering panorama of the San Fernando Valley twinkles below. A big, silvery moon shines o'er the tackiness.

CARRIE LOVE (V.O.)

New York, New York -- the city so nice,  
they named it twice. The city that never  
sleeps. But in Los Angeles, people are in  
bed by nine. And they only named it once.  
Enough said?

A beat-up old PICKUP TRUCK filled with MEXICAN GARDENERS  
comes TEARING BY in a *crunch* of gravel.

CARRIE LOVE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Actually, the full name is 'El Pueblo de  
La Neustra Senora, Reina de Los Angeles.  
'The City of our Lady, Queen of the  
Angels.' No wonder they shortened it.  
Ever take a close look at this never-  
bustling metropolis? Not exactly pure and  
chaste, huh.

A HUMVEE

comes into view. The absurd vehicle slows, parks.

IN THE CAR

an ARROGANT HIPSTER (25) and his GEN-Z GIRLFRIEND (21),  
a whisper-thin young hottie start making out.

CARRIE LOVE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Like the song says, it's a town without  
pity. But that doesn't stop the millions  
of boys and girls that come here with  
stars in their eyes. Almost none of them  
make it, of course -- but that doesn't  
stop them; those eager, fresh-scrubbed  
teeming masses from the hinterlands with  
visions of celebrity dancing in their  
empty heads.

The couple starts getting hot and heavy.  
Hands go to private places.

HOTTIE GIRLFRIEND

No, I told you -- NO!

ARROGANT HIPSTER

C'mon, Tifney -- I promise I'll respect  
you and shit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOTTIE GIRLFRIEND

You expect me to jerk your stick like  
some kinda sleazy cooz?

ARROGANT HIPSTER

Hey. I don't get a happy ending -- you  
don't get a happy ending.

Pause.

CARRIE LOVE (V.O.)

But our story starts far away from this  
airbrushed mecca of cigar-smoking goateed  
posers and collagen-impaired faux-fatales  
-- in a tiny little berg on the wrong  
side of the tracks.

(beat)

Except there's no tracks, and the one-  
mile stretch of trailer homes makes a  
good case for selective breeding.

A pistol CLICK-CLICKS. The girl SCREAMS --  
and gunshots POP-POP-POP.

CARRIE LOVE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Or maybe just a little ethnic cleansing.

INT. WHITE TRASH TRAILER - NIGHT

ROSCOE PLENTY, (40) a strange-looking nerd, watches a shitty  
little black and white TV, swills a bottle of cheap beer.

ROSCOE

(to someone off-screen)

C'mon honey, you're missing the big  
number.

ON TV

in glorious Technicolor, SEVEN BRIDES FOR SEVEN BROTHERS.  
A chorus line of grinning, super-masculine Hollywood cowboys.

SEVEN BROTHERS (ON TV)

*Bless your beooootiful hide --*

INT. FILTHY KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

DOT PLENTY (33), Roscoe's repulsive wife eats dog food out of  
the can. Sips her jelly-jar zinfandel. Belly-T reveals folds  
of pale cottage-cheese. 'Fat' would be a compliment.

DOT

(sucking her fingers)

Fucking musicals. Fucking faggot -- shit.

(to him, loud)

I'm gonna go check on Sparkle, make sure  
she's all clean!

IN THE LIVING ROOM

the drunk is riveted to the movie, drinks his longneck.

INT. TRAILER BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

A steaming shower runs. A FEMALE FORM behind the glass -- sings off-key some weird disco hit.

IN THE HALLWAY

the happy molester squeezes by, reaches the door. Smiles.

IN THE BATHROOM

the door opens. In creeps lover-mom.

DOT  
(throaty)  
Does little Sparkle-ette need help  
cleaning those -- hard-to-reach places?

EXT. TRAILER - CONTINUOUS

Steam drifts out the bathroom window. A knapsack FLIES OUT. Out pops SPARKLE PLENTY (16), teased-hair K-Mart adorable. Picture-pretty face. What you call a 'spinner.'

She JUMPS, lands on the ground. Then runs, giggling.

IN THE BATHROOM

Coquettish, Dot opens the shower door --

DOT  
Mmmmmm -- do I smell Soft Soap?

To reveal it's empty.

A TAPE RECORDER

sits on the toilet. The source of the singing.

A WINDOW SHADE

flaps against the open window.

IN THE LIVING ROOM

Roscoe sings along, having the time of his life. BURP.

IN THE BATHROOM

DOT  
Roscoe, Sparkle escaped! *Again!*

EXT. HILLSIDE - CONTINUOUS

Sparkle looks down on her nest from hell.  
Holds a remote trigger box in dainty hands.

SPARKLE  
(punches a button)  
Hasta la vista, incestual units --

THE TRAILER

EXPLODES in a massive fireball.

SPARKLE (O.S.)  
Cause this chick's going to Hollywood.

EXT. VENICE BEACH ALLEY - DAWN

Title Card reads ONE YEAR LATER.

An acid-jazzy crime theme bubbles under --

The barest light of dawn. A streetlight SNAPS off.  
In a filthy alley behind 'Hollywood Pizza,' a Boardwalk dive.  
A WOMAN sleeps -- a living pile of rags.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)  
The worst part about sleeping outside is  
that you never feel rested when you wake  
up. You just lie there because there's  
nowhere to go. And besides, it's fucking  
cold out.

We recognize her voice from the opening voiceover.

CAMERA PUSHES IN on her.  
Underneath, despite the filth, we see she's young. Pretty.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
So you just lie there and remember what  
it was like before this happened. You  
think about things like a hot shower. A  
hot breakfast. Reading the paper with a  
cup of coffee and a pack of smokes.

A HOMELESS MAN approaches on tip-toes, touches her blanket --  
And she LEAPS UP, FLASHES her badge, POINTS her gun at him.

WOMAN  
Hold it right there, motherfucker! You  
just messed with the wrong chick. Assume  
the position!

HOMELESS MAN  
Shit, lady -- I mean, officer, I wasn't  
doing nothing, I was just --

He looks down at the big wet stain spreading on his crotch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WOMAN

Jesus fucking Christ, look at yourself.  
Get outta here. Don't let me see you  
around here again.

The man hobbles away in a panic. The chick sits back down.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

(into the camera)

You didn't think I was homeless, did you?

(pulls out a bottle)

The name's Carrie, Carrie Love. I carry a  
badge.

(toasts, takes a sip)

Just getting into character.

INT. PRODUCTION OFFICE - NIGHT

Dean Martin's YOU'RE NOBODY UNTIL SOMEBODY LOVES YOU over --  
A small tri-level house converted into a groovy work space.

BRUCE BALL, six-feet of attitude in a tiny, squishy body, is  
testing talent. The auteur squints into the camera lens.

BRUCE

It's called getting into character.

(beat)

Okay. You are so fucking excited about  
drinking the delicious Genuine Cold Ice  
Draft Lager that you're about to come.  
This is the best fucking beer you've had  
in your short, meaningless life.

A pretty young MODEL (18) holds a can of beer, vaguely  
insulted. Topless, covers her nipples with her other arm.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Action.

MODEL

(sexy)

When I get really thirsty, I gotta have a  
cold one.

CAMERA POV

The bim drops her arm, rubs the can on her breasts.

MODEL

But when I get really hot, I reach for a--

ON BRUCE

BRUCE

No, stop! This isn't a porno. Why are you  
rubbing it on your boobs? Have you ever  
seen that in a beer commercial?

MODEL

But you said you wanted me to come.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRUCE

I said LIKE you were gonna come, it was a metaphor, a --

SULTRY FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

Bruce, I hate to interrupt, but that weird German guy just called.

BRUCE

(excited)

The shoot? Was it about the shoot?

In walks DINA DAERR, production VP. The kind of woman who spends more on her haircut than most people's car payment. Flashes a 100-watt smile. Arches a perfect, razor-thin brow.

DINA

Yeah, he said the call time has been moved up, you're supposed to be there --  
(looks at watch)  
Now.

BRUCE

Hot stuff, my first feature.

MODEL

You're going to go work on a movie?

BRUCE

Yeah. I'll see if there's a part for you. Let you know.

DINA

(to the model)

You might not want to be in this kinda flick.

MODEL

Why not? What's it called?

Burt glares at Dina. Eyes yell at her to shut up.

DINA

Harry Bottom and the Sorcerer's Pole.

INT. UNDERCOVER VEHICLE - MORNING

Carrie sits behind the wheel of an idling late-model sedan. Holds a container of coffee. Breathes in the steam. Shivers.

CARRIE (V.O.)

Can't wait to get home and take a long, hot shower. Wash off that 'eau de gutter.'

She pulls out a flask. Pours in something brown. Toasts.

CARRIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

But then, if I keep this up -- what's the difference?

EXT. VENICE BEACH ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

An OLD CHINESE WOMAN trundles by carrying a bag of laundry. Suddenly a young STREET KID runs up. GRABS her handbag -- And *dashes off* down the street.

OLD CHINESE WOMAN  
Hey! Muthafucka, yoo come back here!

And, big surprise -- she takes off after him.

CARRIE

sees the commotion --

CARRIE  
Goddammit!

JAMS the car into gear -- and TAKES OFF.  
The coffee FLIES in the air, drenching her shirt, her lap.

CARRIE (CONT'D)  
Fuck!  
(out the window)  
Hey, you! Stop! Police!

EXT. VENICE BEACH ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

The kid TEARS ASS down the alley at lightning speed. Carrie's car SCREECHES up right behind him, and -- just as it looks like she's going to run him over --

He feints left, then DASHES to the right -- into a narrow alley between buildings.

CARRIE

flies by. SCREECHES to a halt. JAMS into reverse. Fishtails. CRUNCHES the gravel. She HITS the gas, ROARS into the alley.

CARRIE  
They're gonna kill me at the auto pool --

IN THE ALLEY

The thief gets to the other end. Trips. OOF.

CARRIE'S CAR

BARRELS down the alley, the sides of the frame SHRIEKING, SCRAPING against the buildings, sparks FLYING --

THE KID

gets up. Sees Carrie's vehicle coming toward him. Takes off.

CARRIE'S CAR

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

reaches a door stoop at the end of the alley.  
Her right front fender CRUNCHES into it. Headlight POPS.  
The sedan's wheels SPIN madly in the soft earth.

She shuts off the engine. It SPUTTERS, CLANK.

CARRIE

This day is *not* getting off to a very  
good start.

Just then, BANGING on passenger-side window.

IRATE BUILDING OWNER

Hey! What the FUCK do you think you're  
doing?

CARRIE

(flashes her badge)  
Police business, you fat fuck. Get the  
fuck out of my face.

And, to add insult in injury -- the CHINESE WOMAN appears in  
front of the car. With the kid in a choke-hold. She SHOVES  
him onto the ground. GRABS her purse. Yells --

OLD CHINESE WOMAN

If you be doing yoo job, I no have to  
ruin ten-dolla shoes!

She stomps off.

IRATE BUILDING OWNER

(leans in the window)  
Jesus. You really a cop? You reek of  
booze.

CARRIE

At least I don't reek of BO, asshole. Now  
get the fuck outta here before I cite you  
for smelling like shit.

IRATE BUILDING OWNER

Jeez. No need to be nasty.

CARRIE

Listen, doll. Nasty's my middle name. And  
trouble is my business.

(beat)

You really wanna be a customer?

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS HOME - AT THE SAME TIME

A glossy monstrosity flying out over a cliff on stilts.

INT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS HOME - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bizarrely chipper German synth-pop percolates over --  
A porn shoot in full swing. GRIPS, CREW, 'TALENT.' A pair of  
pneumatic BLONDES do hot things with an ice sculpture.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

The director is KLAUS SPEER (50s), an Icabod Crane of a decayed Jeremy Irons on Prozac. He stares at Bruce Ball, working as the DP quizzically. Lights up a red Sherman's.

BRUCE  
(offers his camcorder)  
I said, wanna take a peek?

KLAUS  
Like I wanna see ze close up of Cherry's  
butt-hole.

CHERRY  
(stops the action, turns)  
I heard that.

INT. UPSTAIRS - MASTER BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

LAURA LANG (25), blonde, impossibly Brit-beautiful. Indigo eyes burn with mischief. Cruel lips sneer with promises.

Right now she's reading SKIN TWO, a glossy fetish magazine while her face is painted.

LAURA  
Cherry Sunday is a filthy cunt.  
(sees a picture)  
C'or, look at that. That'd be so fuckin'  
hot on me.

Makeup artist ZETTE DUQUESNE (28), a French, raven-haired martini poured into a leather goblet, looks, smiles grimly.

ZETTE  
How in ze hell you suppose to go pee-pee?

LAURA  
Darling. That's the whole point.

INT. FIRING RANGE - DAY

Carrie assumes the stance. Untouchable in leather and denim.

CARRIE (V.O.)  
Some women own a vibrator.

She SQUEEZES off a flurry of SHOTS --

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

CARRIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
And others prefer something stronger.

A silky SWAT TEAM BABE takes position in the next stall. Turns her head. WINKS at Carrie. Starts SHOOTING.

CARRIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Me. I prefer Classic Coke.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She aims. Breathes. And --

CARRIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
With a lot of rum. On the beach. In a  
tall glass of something brunette.

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - SQUAD ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Carrie's being grilled by homicide detective BERNIE KEKO  
(40s), Armenian, good-looking on a budget, an angry Russell  
Crowe-type. With a sense of humor.

CARRIE (V.O.)  
That's my soon-to-be ex-husband Bernie. A  
decent guy -- when he's not being a  
stubborn, jealous mass of insecure  
testosterone.

CLOSE ON --  
Bernie's face.

CARRIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Can't really blame him, though. Imagine  
how you would feel if you found out  
your woman was leaving you -- for another  
woman.

(beat)  
Bad example. Half of you probably just  
got aroused.

KEKO  
You're drinking on duty again, Legs. You  
smell like you went down on Jim Beam. And  
that's the third vehicle you've trashed  
this month. You've used up all your  
second chances, babe. Lipshitz is gonna  
can that tight little ass of yours.

CARRIE  
Hey, it's not gonna be believable if my  
breath smells like fucking Aquafresh.  
It's called undercover, hello? I can't  
sit there sucking on a wheat grass  
smoothie, for chrissakes. And as for the  
car, I was chasing a perp. Can I help it  
if Venice Beach is so treacherous? In  
case you didn't notice -- I got the  
collar!

Police chief LARRY LIPSHITZ (50s) strolls in. Weary. Seen it  
all. Small and round. In a perfect universe -- Danny DeVito.

LIPSHITZ  
You two. I could hear you all the way  
down the hall in the can.  
(beat)  
Only place I can get any peace around  
here.

(CONTINUED)

KEKO

She started it.

CARRIE

Don't look at me, chief -- I'm just kneeling at the altar of Sipowitz here.

LIPSHITZ

Bernie, you gotta grieving widow waiting for you upstairs.

(to Carrie)

And you, Miss Legs -- you're off the homeless thing.

CARRIE

What? You can't --

KEKO

(grins, starts toward the door)

I told you --

CARRIE

But I almost have that fucker.

LIPSHITZ

I'm putting you on the copycat movie killer thing.

KEKO

(stops, whirls around)

Hey, that's my case.

CARRIE

Yeah, that's his case.

LIPSHITZ

Correction, it's both your case's now. We've got three more bodies sprayed like chunks in sauce on a porn soundstage in the valley. The press is having a fucking field day -- and the commissioner is so far up my ass, my prostrate is deciding on a bridal registry. We need someone on the inside.

(off Carrie's look)

Pun intended.

CARRIE

On the inside where? A porn shoot?

LIPSHITZ

Yeah. Ilona found a guy on the 'net that shoots amateur videos -- and what look like fake snuff films. Remember Bruce Ball? The guy you were after last year on that S&M reality show thing? We think he might be the perp.

(beat)

And Duquesne says he just started principal photography.

(CONTINUED)

CARRIE

And, what -- you want me to spread my legs for truth, justice and the eight-o'clock news?

KEKO

Why do you think they call you a *peace* officer?

CARRIE

You expecting the lame 'undercover' joke?  
(to Larry)  
I'll go get waxed right away.

KEKO

Larry, we went over this. I'm going undercover. Do my Dirk Diggler thing.

LIPSHITZ

I don't think you can -- pull it off.

KEKO

Pull it off? Pull it off? Are you casting aspersions on my -- swordsmanship?

LIPSHITZ

It's an all-girl flick, Bernie.  
(beat)  
Light bondage.

CARRIE

*Cool.*

KEKO

(eyes light up)  
All girls?

CARRIE

What's the title?

LIPSHITZ

*Learning the Ropes.* Catchy, huh.

PUSH IN ON Carrie's face. Raring to go.

CARRIE

I certainly hope so.

EXT. THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER MOTEL - NIGHT

Beyond crappy. Behind a plexiglass box, the FAT ASIAN CLERK (30) regards a filthy Sparkle warily.

SPARKLE

Hey there, hot stuff. How much is it?

FAT ASIAN CLERK

For the night or for the hour?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SPARKLE

Don't make me laugh, ton o' wonton. I bet the Chamber of Commerce would love to hear how you greet a tired visitor to this wondrous city.

Spooked, he slides over the registration. She fills it out.

FAT ASIAN CLERK

It's thirty-nine dollars a night, in advance. No cooking, no guests, no pets. You can use the pool, but after eight we're not responsible. Read the sign.

She hands him the card and some cash.

FAT ASIAN CLERK (CONT'D)

Check out time is eleven. No exceptions.

SPARKLE

All I need is soap and water and fresh towels.

(takes key, turns to leave)

Thanks -- grasshopper.

FAT ASIAN CLERK

(reads the card)

Your name is -- *Sparkle Plenty*?

SPARKLE

You don't want to know what they named my brother.

(beat, weird smile)

G'night, flat-top.

EXT. POLICE PRECINCT - NIGHT

Carrie strides out the front door, Bernie right behind her.

CARRIE

Good night, flat-foot.

KEKO

I'm coming with you.

CARRIE

No you're not.

(reaches her car, opens the door)

If I'm gonna get in there, I gotta be alone.

(jumps in, slams it shut)

And I certainly don't wanna be seen on the set with my ex. Hampers the getting laid quotient.

She GUNS the engine. Bernie races around to the passenger side, tries the door. Locked.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KEKO

Open the door, you --

Carrie cracks the window.

CARRIE

You had your shot, Bernie, and it fucking kills you that I defected to the other side. And now it's interfering with your judgement at work. Go do something -- check the crime scene, get a burger, jerk off, I don't care. Now, if you'll excuse me, I've got to pick up my HIV test --

(beat)

Can't get on set without it.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS MANSION - DAY

Carrie stands at the front door. Regards the opulence. She looks smokin' in a halter, cutoffs and platform sandals.

CARRIE (V.O.)

My contact's name was Zette Duquesne. She was a nice girl, came from a rich French family, descended from royalty. Until she was busted with a shitload of coke driving naked on Mulholland Drive at five AM.

(beat)

Of course, I didn't know that the night I picked her up at Girl Bar. Didn't know she worked in the porn industry, either. No wonder she asked if I had handcuffs.

(beat)

Lucky for me I never told her I was a cop. Wasn't in the mood for nightstick games. Just wanted plain, French vanilla, thank you.

INT. MANSION - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Laura stands at her mark in a cheap Chanel knock-off that flies off her curves. Studies her lines.

CARRIE (V.O.)

It was one of those moments that only happen a couple of times in your life. If you're lucky. All of a sudden I was face to face with the most incredibly stunning creature I'd ever seen.

LAURA

(off the script, without feeling)

'Oh my god. It's so fucking huge. I don't think I can take it all.'

(closes her eyes, memorizing)

'Oh my god. It's so fucking huge -- '

Carrie watches. Stopped in her tracks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LAURA (CONT'D)

Fuck.

CARRIE

(stupid smile)

I don't think I can take it all.

LAURA

(opens eyes)

What?

CARRIE

The rest of the line.

LAURA

Oh. Right.

They both stare.

CARRIE

Sorry, I didn't mean to interrupt. I was just passing through --

Chemistry percolates. A clock CHIMES somewhere.

LAURA

You're -- visiting someone?

CARRIE

(trying to be casual, not successful)

Yeah, uh -- Zette, the make up girl?

LAURA

(intense smile)

So you're 'Legs.'

CARRIE

(blushing)

Uh, yeah. Actually, it's -- Carrie.

LAURA

I see why.

CARRIE

I'm sorry?

Klaus charges in.

KLAUS

Laura, there you are. We're ready to do the, uh -- strap-on thing.

LAURA

Oh, alright. If you insist.

(to Carrie)

And you, *Miss Legs*.

(a whisper)

I need to have a word with you -- later.

(CONTINUED)

CARRIE

Uh, yeah --sure thing.

(beat)

A -- word.

(beat)

Later.

INT. THE PLEASURE CHEST - EARLIER THAT DAY

Sparkle looks at a boxed strap-on harness. Makes a face.  
Continues down the aisle, until she sees --  
CHROME HANDCUFFS. 'Police issue.'

She smiles, reaches for them. A MALE VOICE behind her --

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Are those for work -- or play?

Sparkle turns, faces the intruder. It's BRUCE BALL. Smiling.

SPARKLE

They're for a movie.

BRUCE

A movie, huh? Isn't that funny. I'm in  
the movie business myself. Commercials,  
mostly -- for now.

SPARKLE

(deadly serious)

It's an industry town.

Pause.

BRUCE

Yeah. So, listen -- here's my card. I'm  
always casting something. You've got a  
nice look.

She stares. Ignores the card.

SPARKLE

What do I look like? Talent?

INT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS MANSION - KITCHEN - AT THE SAME TIME

Carrie and Zette get coffee, scope out the craft services.

CARRIE

-- And I said, 'what do I look like?  
Talent?'

ZETTE

Vat do you expect when you come to the  
porno dressed like Daisy Dykes?

CARRIE

I'm dressed like this cause it's a  
fucking hundred degrees out here in this  
cultural wasteland.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

Pause.

ZETTE  
(takes her hand)  
I had fun the other night. Glad you came.

CARRIE  
Me, too. Several times, actually.  
(awkward)  
Listen, there's something I gotta tell  
you.

A MALE VOICE is heard in the doorway.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)  
You mean she doesn't know you're a cop?

Zette and Carrie look. It's Bruce.

BRUCE  
A plainclothes homicide detective, I  
believe?

ZETTE  
You're a cop?

CARRIE  
I was going to tell you.  
(to Bruce)  
Bruce Ball? What a surprise. What are you  
doing here?

BRUCE  
I'm the director of the film.

CARRIE  
FILM? I thought this was a porno.

BRUCE  
We in the industry prefer the term *adult  
film*.

CARRIE  
*Adult film*? Oxymoron much?

INT. THE COFFEE BEAN CAFE - DAY

Sparkle stands behind the counter in uniform getting training  
from the MANAGER, a flaming queen.

SPARKLE  
(brightly)  
I'm the bastard, inbred offspring of  
trailer trash from a town so poor, Sunday  
dinner was the junkyard cat.  
(beat)  
Let me guess. I'd say you're from -- the  
east coast. Massachusetts, Connecticut.  
One of those Kennedy states.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MANAGER  
That's -- horrible. You're kidding me,  
right?

Her smile betrays nothing. A phone rings in the back.

MANAGER (CONT'D)  
I'm from Hyannisport, actually. But how  
did you --

Ring. Ring. Ring --

SPARKLE  
You better get that. It could be Stephen  
Cannell's office with a big order.

MANAGER  
(as he leaves)  
Yeah -- uh, just help out the customers.  
I'll be right back.

SPARKLE  
(low, to herself)  
Go ahead. Make my gran-day.

Carrie and Bernie walk in.

SPARKLE'S POV

They glow in a dreamy amber light, glide in slow-motion.

SPARKLE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Well, fuck me bloody and hang me on a  
cross -- they're *perfect*.

CARRIE AND BERNIE - REAL TIME

come up to the counter.

KEKO  
I think you set a record for having your  
cover blown, doll-face.

CARRIE  
Stuff it, Bernie, I'm not in the mood.  
Larry put me on this case, so just back  
off, boogalo.  
(beat)  
The little twerp owned the building where  
we found that dead, tortured yoga teacher  
in the basement dungeon. I tailed the  
fucker for a week, but he was clean.  
I coulda sworn he never saw me.  
(to Sparkle)  
I'll have a grande mochachino with a  
triple bullshot, please.

Sparkle nods, writes it down.

(CONTINUED)

KEKO  
(to Carrie)  
Drink much caffeine?

CARRIE  
Mind your own fucking business. Order.

SPARKLE  
(to Bernie)  
Yes, officer -- what can I get you?

KEKO  
Officer? How did you know I was --

SPARKLE  
That haircut? Those shoes? This is the  
Sunset Strip, mister. Where'd you buy  
that suit? Ross Dress for Less?  
(beat)  
Wait a minute, let me guess. Coffee.  
Black. Four sugars.  
(beat)  
Don't worry, this is a donut joke-free  
zone.

She smiles strangely, goes to the coffee machine.

KEKO  
Uh -- no, wait --  
(looks at menu above)  
I'll have a -- decaf iced latte, little  
lady.

Sparkle reacts like she's been stabbed.

CARRIE  
Ooh. Macho.

KEKO  
Shut up. It's hot out, I want something  
cool.  
(to Sparkle)  
And I'm buying. How much?

SPARKLE  
(mumbles to herself)  
I'm not your little lady.

KEKO  
I'm sorry?

SPARKLE  
I said -- that'll be seven-eighty.

INT. SPARKLE'S TRAILER - FLASHBACK - DAY

Title card reads SIX YEARS EARLIER.

Dot yells at Roscoe, waves a receipt in his face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOT  
Seven-eighty? For a pack of smokes?

ROSCOE  
We were celebratin', I won the Camelot  
super-buck scratch-off. Jimmy said  
Dunhills were the best. Said the Rock  
smokes 'em.

DOT  
The Rock! The Fucking Rock?! You and your  
dumb-ass loser friends! No wonder we're  
fuckin' broke!

She grabs a saucepan off the stove. Greasy food splatters.

ROSCOE  
Hey -- be careful with that.

DOT  
Let fuckin' Jimmy fix yer supper!

She flings the pan at him. He ducks, runs away -- as it hits  
the wall with a CLANG, food spraying everywhere.

ROSCOE (O.S.)  
Fucking crazy, psycho cunt!

Dot chases after him, into --

INT. TRAILER - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

But Roscoe's gone. The front door swings open in the breeze.  
Dot holds her head, the sudden movement causing a reaction.

DOT  
Whoa, head rush.  
(sits on the couch, calls out)  
Sparkle? You dressed yet? Mommy wants to  
see her little beauty queen.

Sparkle (10) appears as if by magic.  
Painted, tarted up. Very Jon-Benet. Holding a tiara.

SPARKLE  
(softly)  
I hate it when you guys fight.

DOT  
Never mind that. Put on the crown. I  
wanna see how it looks on my pretty  
little princess.

She does. Looks like she's about to cry.

DOT (CONT'D)  
(beaming)  
Now that's my little lady. Come over here  
and sit on Mommy's lap.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As if in a trance, the little girl does. Trembling.

DOT (CONT'D)

(strokes her hair)

That's my little lady. My pretty little girlie.

(hand on her thigh)

You ready for the pageant tomorrow? You been practicing yer baton twirlin'?

(off her terrified nod)

That's a good girl. Such a good girl.

(hand goes up her dress)

My little lady. My pretty little doll.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - LIPSHITZ'S OFFICE - DAY

Carrie and Bernie sit across from Larry at this desk. They examine a stack of photos.

CARRIE

That's a lot of catgut. It's as if the killer wanted her to look like a doll. What kind of sick fuck does this to a ten-year-old?

KEKO

A perverted, pyscho-sexual sick fuck, that's who. I studied this at the academy -- this kinda guy gets off on --

CARRIE

What makes you so sure it's a guy?

(shoves photo in his face)

It's obvious that this is the work of a female. Look at that stitching.

LIPSHITZ

(shouts)

Can it, you two -- people are dead! This is the most horrific crime wave in our city's history -- these 'reimaginings' of famous film fatalities are the shame of our modern age, a blight on our collective consciousness -- which we have to put to an end. We must find this madman.

(beat)

Or madwoman.

CARRIE

Nice speech, Lare -- you thinking of running for office?

LIPSHITZ

There was an audiocassette left at the scene. Listen up.

He reaches around, punches a button on his boom box.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SPARKLE (V.O.)

Ah-hem. Testing, testing. Is this on?

(giggles)

Okay.

(beat)

'Silence of the Lambs' grossed 130 million in 1991, and swept the Oscars. Pretty good for a suspense-horror flick about a cannibal, don'tcha think? Buh-bye, Ghandi. Not my underwear, Rain Main. See ya later, Gladiator.

(beat)

Since this puppies' been sequeled to death, this stunning tableau is from my original fan fiction. So I posit this query to you, my beloved audience -- what if my man Hannibal had a little sister? I call this installation 'Hannah Lecter. My so-called fuck.'

(beat)

For investor relations, a press kit, or other inquiries, please contact my manager, Bruce Ball at Miracle Pictures -- where if it's a good film, it's a miracle.

Larry punches it off. Looks at Carrie and Bernie.

CARRIE

I love it when I'm right.

KEKO

The woman's voice. I've heard it before.

CARRIE

Me, too. Recently.

They exchange looks.

KEKO

We've got Ilona analyzing the tape. The background noise indicates that it was recorded above a nightclub.

CARRIE

Well, that narrows it down.

(beat)

What if I told you Ball's not involved? That miss Movie Phone is acting alone?

KEKO

Now that's a stretch -- some *chick* killed two dozen people all by herself?

LIPSHITZ

Can it with the misogyny, Bernie. I need you two to go pick up Balls. It's all we've got to go on.

(CONTINUED)

CARRIE

Ball. His name is Ball.

LIPSHITZ

I knew that.

CARRIE

(to Bernie)

Come one, former flame, let's book. We got a testicle to pick up.

KEKO

(motions)

Ladies first.

She regards him coolly. Doesn't move.  
He shrugs, goes for the door. Carrie follows.

LIPSHITZ

You're just bringing him in for questioning. I don't want any more of your hijinks.

EXT. POLICE PRECINCT - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Carrie and Bernie each go to their cars, parked side-by-side.

KEKO

We'll take my car.

CARRIE

Sorry. Don't do the penis extension thing. SUV-intolerant.

KEKO

You're going to make this as difficult as possible, huh.

CARRIE

Hey -- hijinks ensue.

INT. BALL'S PRODUCTION OFFICE - BASEMENT - DAY

The PRETTY MODEL we saw earlier testing for the beer ad is now naked, gagged and tied to a chair. A scrap of plywood across her chest. Eyes screaming pure, animal terror.

Bruce frames the scene through a digital video camera.

BRUCE

The lamp. Move it just a little more.

DINA makes the adjustment.

DINA

This is gonna look so real.

(looks at the model)

I mean, check it out. She really thinks she's gonna die.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRUCE  
Shhh. Suspend your disbelief.  
(beat)  
Places, please.

Dina goes to the table. Faces the bim.

BRUCE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
And -- action.

CAMERA POV

The statuesque beauty slowly removes her lux jacket --  
Revealing an hourglass shape in a merry widow.

And a black leather shoulder holster.  
She reaches behind, slides out the Magnum -- and takes aim.

The Model jerks against the ropes, muffled gagging screams.

DINA  
(with relish)  
By the power invested in me, I now  
declare you to be a complete waste of  
human life. You did not cherish, honor or  
obey -- anything. You spent your days  
chasing fame, fortune and the almighty  
dollar.  
(beat)  
I now sentence you to the swift end of a  
pathetic life. Your final gift to  
humanity will be this short film -- a  
sacrifice to the dark angel we pray to.

BANG. BANG. BANG.

CLOSE ON --  
The model slumped over in the chair.  
Bullet holes in the wood.  
Blood seeping down her body.

DINA (O.S.)  
Oh my god! Holy shit! Holy fuck! I've  
shot her! You said we were using blanks!

BRUCE

stares in disbelief. Then, the barest hint of smile.

BRUCE  
We were -- I thought we were.  
(beat)  
At least now we know it looks realistic.

DINA  
Realistic? Realistic!? I just fucking  
killed someone!

A doorbell RINGS.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

BRUCE

Shit.

EXT. BALL'S PRODUCTION OFFICE - FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS

It's SPARKLE. Looking more than a little cute in overall shorties, platform clogs, hair in ponytails.

She presses the button again.

SPARKLE

I'll huff and I'll puff, and I'll blow  
your pants down.

She giggles.

IN THE BASEMENT

BRUCE

(goes to the door)

Calm down, calm down, calm down. Stay  
here with the -- girl. I'll get rid of  
whoever it is. Then we'll come up with a  
plan.

DINA

That's what you said on that shoot in  
Darfur.

IN THE FOYER

Sparkle confronts Bruce with her splendor.

SPARKLE

I'm sorry. I didn't mean to interrupt  
anything.

BRUCE

No, not at all. I'm glad you came by. We  
were just downstairs shooting someone.  
Something. Shooting something.

SPARKLE

Cool. You still wanna -- shoot me?

BRUCE

I do, I do -- but now's not a good time.  
This actress, is uh -- difficult, and --

Sparkle whips out handcuffs -- and SNAP, *click*. Gotcha.  
Pulls out a DERRINGER. Aims, cocks it.

SPARKLE

Tough toenails. Take me to your  
soundstage. I've got a score to settle  
with you, mini-man.

EXT./INT. CARRIE'S PORCHE - DAY

Title card reads MEANWHILE...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A surf-guitar cop theme percolates under the action.  
The '61 coupe whizzes around curves on Sunset Boulevard.

CARRIE  
(on cell phone)  
I've got a score to settle with him, the  
little fucker. I can't wait to --

SPLIT SCREEN WITH:

EXT./INT. BERNIE'S LINCOLN SUV - CONTINUOUS

KEKO  
(on cell phone)  
What? Rough him up a little? Punch out  
his lights? Do the tough girl, macho cop  
thing you do so well?

CARRIE  
I seem to remember a time you liked the  
tough girl, macho cop thing. Used to beg  
me for it.

KEKO  
That was the problem, Carrie -- having to  
beg.

CARRIE  
Well, you know what they say about  
passion, bucko.  
(beat)  
Sometimes you feel like nuts -- sometimes  
you don't.

CLOSE ON --  
Carrie's face.  
She smiles mysteriously, goes off somewhere.  
Remembering --

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS MANSION - DRIVEWAY - FLASHBACK - DAY

Carrie stands at her car. Opens the door. Slides in.

LAURA (O.S.)  
So you're going to leave without saying  
goodbye.

LAURA

stands in front of the house at the top of the steps.  
Mock-hurt. Insinuating. Hands on hips.

CARRIE

turns, looks. Gulp.

CARRIE  
(heart beating wildly)  
I was looking for you, but you were --  
you were --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Suddenly Laura's right beside her.

LAURA  
Working?

CARRIE  
Uh -- yeah.

Laura leans into the car window. Inches away.

LAURA  
I'm going to Club Fuck tonight. I'll be  
with a date, but it's a ruse.  
(beat)  
Doing anything tonight?

EXT. BALL'S PRODUCTION OFFICE - DRIVEWAY - DAY

Carrie and Bernie get out of their cars. SLAM the doors.

CARRIE  
And here we are. The House of Mirth.

KEKO  
It looks so -- suburban.

They walk to the door. Carrie RINGS the doorbell.

KEKO (CONT'D)  
I wish we had a warrant.

CARRIE  
(rings again)  
Fuck the warrant. We're going in.

They look at the door. No response.

CARRIE (CONT'D)  
(pushes the door open)  
C'mon, maybe we can catch the little shit  
in the act.

INT. BALL'S PRODUCTION OFFICE - BASEMENT STAIRS - CONTINUOUS

Twin flashlights sweep across the darkness.  
Carrie and Bernie creep down the wooden steps.

CARRIE  
Little perverts' got quite a setup goin'  
on here.

KEKO  
Think this guy saw 'Silence of the  
Lambs?'

CARRIE  
Found it.

The lights SNAP ON.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KEKO

Holy fuck.

IN THE CORNER

is the dead MODEL, still in her chair. A bloody puppet.  
A clapboard on her lap reads 52 PICK-UP. DELETED SCENE.

CARRIE (O.S.)

I think I'm gonna be sick.

KEKO (O.S.)

Fuck, there's another one.

IN THE OPPOSITE CORNER

Dina dangles from a noose. Dressed like a cheerleader.  
Eyes closed forever. And the poor baby wet her pants.  
A clapboard on her waist reads HEATHERS. BLOOPER REEL.

CARRIE'S

lips quiver. Livid. About to explode.

CARRIE

Of all the twisted -- fucked up --  
depraved --

KEKO

The killer's one hell of a freak.

CARRIE

This goes way beyond that. She thinks  
she's creating -- art.

Carrie goes to the gently swinging body.

KEKO

Don't touch her. She's evidence.

But she does. And flinches.

CARRIE

And still warm.

KEKO

Check her pulse.

Dina's eyes SNAP open.

DINA

My pulse is fine. But my neck is fucking  
killing me.

DISSOLVE TO:

A MAN'S NECK

sprayed under a torrent of hot water.  
CAMERA pulls back to reveal --

INT. FARMER'S DAUGHTER MOTEL - BATHROOM - DAY

Some perverse Serge Gainsbourg 60's go-go groove over --

Bruce Ball gagged and handcuffed under a SCALDING HOT SHOWER.  
Twisting and turning in agony in a cloud of steam.

Sparkle talks into a microcassette in her glitter-nailed  
fist. In the other, a big, shiny BUTCHER KNIFE.

SPARKLE

PSYCHO was released by Universal Pictures  
in 1960. It made forty-million at the box  
office, a big hit back then, especially  
for a black and white picture. It made a  
star out of Tony Perkins -- and gave us  
the Bates Motel, where check-out time is  
for good.

A muffled SCREAM under the duct tape.

SPARKLE (CONT'D)

And that's our victim. A petty, immature  
little man with a big mouth. Someone who  
looks at women as objects -- not as  
people.

A loud KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK at the door.

ISRAELI MANAGER (O.S.)

Miss Plenty! Turn yo-ur museek down! I'm  
not goink to tell yoo again!

AT THE DOOR

she opens it a crack against the tiny chain.

SPARKLE

Oh gosh, I'm sorry Mr. Shlomo -- I guess  
I got that disco fever again. I'll keep  
it down, I promise.

ISRAELI MANAGER (O.S.)

Yoo better! Else yoo have to leave, yoo  
hear me? Yoo play that weird music, too  
loud, alla time, too loud!

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Dina sits alone at a table. She picks up a pack of smokes.  
Empty. SLAPS them down.

CARRIE (O.S.)

She's going nuts by now. It's been three  
hours.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KEKO (O.S.)  
Withholding nicotine. Don't remember  
learning that one at the Academy.

Dina stands. Walks over to mirror filling the opposite wall.  
Regards her reflection. Adjusts her hair.

DINA  
(to the mirror)  
I know you're back there. I want my  
lawyer. This is unconstitutional.

BEHIND THE MIRROR

in the darkness backlit by the interrogation lamps --

KEKO  
You hear that? Lipshitz is gonna pass a  
kidney stone. We can't just hold her and  
not question her.

CARRIE  
(looks at her watch)  
Yes we can. She's gonna spill her guts  
faster than a horny heiress on a Barbara  
Walters special.  
(beat, to the door)  
C'mon -- let's play stump the chick.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Carrie lights a smoke, takes a deep drag. Exhales. Smiles.

CARRIE  
You're full of crap. Someone killed Miss  
Runner-Up, wanted to kill you -- and we  
both know who it was. I've heard of  
loyalty to your boss -- but this is  
bordering on the domestic.

DINA  
Bruce didn't do it. This white trash  
Paris Hilton --

KEKO  
-- Just wandered in, killed your actress,  
and hung you up like a pinata while  
Zalman King made his getaway?

DINA  
Fuck you. I want to call my lawyer.

Carrie shakes out a smoke. Teases her with it.

CARRIE  
Shhhhh. Don't worry. I know you're  
innocent. I can smell it.  
(holds it up to her nose)  
Mmm. Even better after sex --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Something passes between them.  
Dina GRABS the Marlboro. Carrie lights it.

DINA  
You promise me immunity? Cut me a deal?

CARRIE  
Is Lindsay Lohan back on Rodeo Drive?

DINA  
Okay. Okay. Okay.  
(takes a drag, orgasmic)  
We were supposed to be shooting a fake  
snuff film, Bruce said we were using  
blanks, but what he didn't tell me was --

INT. FARMER'S DAUGHTER MOTEL - BATHROOM - AT THE SAME TIME

Bruce lies in the tub, trussed up like a pig on a spit.  
He moans. Sparkle leans over, blows him a kiss.

SPARKLE  
Playing with you is like eating a box of  
chocolates.  
(beat)  
Afterwards you gotta stick your fingers  
down your throat.  
(beat)  
Now don't move a muscle, Mr. Murder  
victim. I want you to stay right here  
while I go shopping. I'm gonna bring home  
a big surprise.

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - CORRIDOR - EXIT - NIGHT

Larry chases after Carrie and Bernie.

LIPSHITZ  
I hate surprises, Legs. Tell me what she  
said.

CARRIE  
(pushes the door open)  
We can't tell you yet, Lare -- don't want  
to let the cat out of her pants. But I  
promise, when I do -- you'll be the first  
to know.

KEKO  
(blocks the door)  
She's lying, Carrie. You're so full of  
shit it makes my head spin.  
(to Larry)  
We got bupkiss, chief.

CARRIE  
Bupkiss? Nice vocabulary. Get the fuck  
out of my way.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KEKO

Nice mouth. Officer.

(to Larry)

She promised Miss Range Rover immunity --  
and all she did was give up her boss.

CARRIE

I'll give you something if you don't get  
out of my way.

LIPSHITZ

Stop right where you are, you two. You've  
got some 'splaining to do.

CARRIE

The Ricky Ricardo routine isn't gonna  
work this time, chief. Just let me do my  
job. Don't I always get results?

Pause.

LIPSHITZ

I like you Carrie, I really like you. In  
spite of your attitude, your insults,  
your total disregard for procedure -- I  
like you.

(beat)

That's why this kills me. But I'm afraid  
I'm going to have to ask for your badge  
and your gun. You're suspended for a  
week.

CARRIE

What?

KEKO

Yes!

CARRIE

You're suspending me?

LIPSHITZ

Like a Catholic girl who's been caught  
with her hand in the cookie puss.

(beat)

Your badge and your gun, Carrie. Please.

She bitterly, painfully -- hands them over.

LIPSHITZ (CONT'D)

You wanna know what the straw was that  
bent the camel's dick?

CARRIE

To be honest with you, Lare -- I could  
really give a shit. There's a copycat  
serial killer working her way through the  
hot 100 movie murders -- and you're gonna  
take me out of the game?

(CONTINUED)



LIPSHITZ

Consider it a seventh-inning stretch.

(beat)

Daerr's lawyer hit the roof. You kept the ice princess in a holding cell for an hour -- and then an interrogation room for three. Without counsel. A phone call. Or a trip to the fucking head. When the shyster finally got to her, after her father called him -- she'd wet her pants.

KEKO

That's a shame. Those were nice pants.

CARRIE

I was trying a new strategy.

KEKO

Nicotine withdrawal's a bitch. And so are you.

LIPSHITZ

Do you know who the fuck her *father* is?

CARRIE

Some rich asshole?

LIPSHITZ

Think dinosaurs. Feel-good concentration camp comedies. Cuddly, sexless aliens.

PUSH IN on Carrie's face. Light bulb flickering.

DISSOLVE TO:

68 An E.T. T-SHIRT. Faded. Original owner.  
CAMERA pulls back to reveal --

68

INT. FARMER'S DAUGHTER MOTEL - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

The shirt is worn by a PRETTY MEXICAN MAID (18).  
She pushes a cart in front of Sparkle's door. KNOCK-KNOCKS.

IN THE BATHROOM

Bruce jerks against his restraints. BANG, BANGS on the pipe.

IN THE HALLWAY

The maid hears something, but --

ANGRY MALE BOSS (O.S.)

Effie! I toldya to clean up the bathroom in 12 -- the crime scene is gone, and you gotta get the brains right away, before they hard'n up.

PUSH IN ON the maid's face. She closes her eyes.

IN THE BATHROOM

CLOSE ON --

Bruce's eyes. Bugged out. In terror -- and tears.

CLOSE ON --

A pair of frightened eyes -- on a poster.

THE BLAIR WITCH PROJECT. CAMERA pulls back to reveal --

INT. VIDEO STORE - NIGHT

Sparkle cruises the aisles. Home at last.

A SIGN

reads CULT.

SPARKLE

picks out a video, examines it.

THE TAPE

reads in glorious Technicolor, THE TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE.

SPARKLE

makes a face. Nope.

SPARKLE

Fuck me gently with a chainsaw. Again.

ANOTHER VIDEO

reads THE HONEYMOON KILLERS.

SPARKLE

rolls her eyes. As if.

SPARKLE

Kitch me with a spoon.

DISSOLVE TO:

Movie art. Shimmering with light. PET SEMATARY.

Sparkle hugs it to her chest. Absolutely delighted.

SPARKLE

See Spot. See Spot run.

(beat)

See Spot's brains splattered in the street.

AT THE COUNTER

A snotty, HIPSTER CLERK looks at Sparkle's selections.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HIPSTER CLERK  
'Pet Sematary.' Funny movie. Props to  
Mary Lambert.

SPARKLE  
(weird smile)  
Watch it, bub. Comedy isn't pretty. It  
can kill ya.

HIPSTER CLERK  
(looks at the register)  
You're, uh -- credit card declined.

SPARKLE  
No way. Do it again. Machine's fucked up.

HIPSTER CLERK  
I've tried it twice, doll. You're maxed.  
Tough toenails.

Excuse me?

SPARKLE  
(too nice)  
Well then, you have a -- great day,  
there, Mister.

EXT. VIDEO STORE - NIGHT

Sparkle lies in wait in the rear alley behind a dumpster.

SPARKLE  
We guarantee. You'll go home happy.

The back door opens. Out walks Mr. Cool. Sparkle JUMPS him.  
JABS a STUN GUN to his neck.

SPARKLE (CONT'D)  
I wanna talk to you about your late  
return policy.

And the clerk hits the ground, THWUNK.

EXT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

From a distance we see Dina chatting with her GUCCI ATTORNEY.  
Definitely the 'big guns.'

CARRIE

charges outside, muttering to herself.

CARRIE  
Why don't you just whip them out, see  
who's got the bigger --

She sees Dina. Stops.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The brunette beauty and her lawyer shake hands. He leaves.  
Dina sees Carrie. Turns, briskly goes to her car.

CARRIE

turns around. Sprints off toward --

A SURVEILLANCE SUV

A tricked-out monstrosity with blackened windows. Carrie RAPS  
a drumbeat. Then again. The door opens with a PFFUT, and --

Out pops ILONA RAMIREZ, a curvy bullet of a woman stuffed  
into a leather catsuit. Armed to the gills. Packing, too.

ILONA

Hey there, spitfire. What'cha got on the  
grill?

CARRIE

I need to borrow your van.  
(pulls out wad of cash)  
Rent it, actually. I'm on hiatus.

ILONA

I told you, it's not a van, it's a  
fuckin' SUV, girlfren -- got eight  
cylinders, microwave DSL, heat-seaking  
stealth mikes. This is the law  
enforcement *shit*, lady dick.

CARRIE

Please accept my profuse apologies --  
(ton of subtext)  
Ilona.

ILONA

Put away the bankroll. I'm driving.

CARRIE

This could be dangerous, Lona.

ILONA

Yeah, right. That's what you said that  
night on the beach in San Juan.

CARRIE

Don't remind me. I'm still having lower  
back problems.

EXT. 'THE INTERNATIONAL' MOTEL - NIGHT

Ridiculous. Flags from around the world painted on a cinder  
block bunker. Behind a gas station in 'The Hood.' Hello.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

My Life With The Thrill Kill Kult's DIRTY LITTLE SECRETS.  
Sexy -- oozing promises of pleasure. Pain. Release.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The HIPSTER VIDEO CLERK is in a human-size dog costume, tied up with electrical tape on the couch. The head sits nearby. Sparkle fastens a ball gag in his mouth.

SPARKLE

Good boy, that's a good boy. Now we're gonna play a few tricks.

The clerk jerks up, stands. Fights against his restraints. Sparkle WHACKS him on the ass with a wooden paddle.

SPARKLE (CONT'D)

(whacks on each 'bad')

Bad, bad, bad, bad, bad -- boy! No treats for you!

(WHACK)

I told Mama not to get a stray from the pound.

She pulls out a huge, gleaming, hooked fish-gutting knife.

SPARKLE (CONT'D)

Now look what you're making me do.

The boy's eyes flash frightened tears.

SPARKLE (CONT'D)

I know, it makes me cry when we have to put doggie to sleep.

INT. POLICE STATION - LIPSHITZ' OFFICE - NIGHT

Bernie sits across from Larry's desk. A half-dozen HOMICIDE DETECTIVES stand around, chatting, drinking coffee.

Lipshitz looks like shit, eyes hollow sockets. He pulls out a brown bottle. Pours some into his coffee. Takes a sip.

LIPSHITZ

(to Bernie)

My wife was crying last night, couldn't get any sleep, we were up all night --

(beat)

We gotta get this -- succubus, Bernie.

KEKO

I'm there like white on rice, Lare.

LIPSHITZ

Thanks for the banality, Bernie. It's oddly comforting.

(looks around)

Alright, everybody listen up. We got another tape.

(beat)

Actually, it's a CD. The killer's gone digital.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WISEASS DETECTIVE

Let's hear it, I'm getting a chubby already.

LIPSHITZ

Shut the fuck up MacDonald, you prick. You think this is funny?

MACDONALD

No, sir -- I was just trying to lighten the mood. They say that humour during a time of crisis --

KEKO

Why don't you go to the morgue, MacDonald, get laid, and leave us to the detecting.

MACDONALD

Fuck you, Keko -- you're just pissed off cause your wife went bearded clam-digging.

(bad Brit accent)

Shall we shag-carpet-munch now, or should we shag-carpet munch later?

The detectives chuckle.

LIPSHITZ

SHUT UP.

Silence.

LIPSHITZ (CONT'D)

Now pay attention -- this one's a doozy.

He goes to a boombox, punches a button. The sexy coo of Donna Summer's LOVE TO LOVE YOU BABY oozes into the room.

LIPSHITZ (CONT'D)

Dammit.

COLACCHIO

Love the gay disco, chief. Somethin' you wanna tell us?

LIPSHITZ

Fuck you. It's my daughter's --

(changes CDs)

Okay. Now everybody shut the fuck up.

Lipshitz hits the 'play' button. The Ramones come on, the catchy pop-punk of PET SEMATARY.

JOEY RAMONE

(singing)

*I don't want to be buried, in a pet cemetery, I don't want to live my life again --*

(CONTINUED)

The music fades, and we hear --

SPARKLE (V.O.)

(sings along)

*And the night when the wolves cry out,  
listen careful, and you can hear me shout  
-- I don't I don't want to be buried, in  
a pet cemetery --*

(giggles)

Thanks for tuning in. It's time to par-  
tay, dog-gone it.

(laughs)

Damn, I crack myself up. Gotta watch  
that. A shredded corpse is no laughing  
matter, isn't that right, awficer?

(sings)

*Hey, officer Krupke, I feel pretty, oh so  
pretty --*

KEKO

Broad babbles more than Courtney Love  
on crank.

SPARKLE (V.O.)

Paramount Pictures released PET SEMATARY  
in 1988, a solid base hit. The ten  
million dollar budget was well spent,  
considering that it grossed twenty-five  
million domestically -- and that's not  
counting international and ancillary  
revenues.

(beat)

Steven King doesn't consider it to be a  
good adaptation of his novel, since the  
director went with a semi-comedic tone,  
which hurts the scare factor, I must say.

(beat)

But still, it's good, clean, sick fun. A  
personal fave. Two thumbs up my vag,  
thas' fah shure.

(beat)

Today's installation is an example of  
what happens when a petty little *dog turd*  
uses his power over people. Well, this is  
the end of the line, chopping down the  
family cherry tree, bub. Buster Hymen  
time.

(spooky)

Don't forget -- to spay and neuter your  
pet.

Then, the sickly sound of a knife making rapid puncture  
wounds -- THWIK-THWIK-THWIK-THWIK-THWIK-THWIK-THWIK.

A chill runs through the room. Keko leans forward, in shock.

LIPSHITZ

Here's where it *really* gets good --

(CONTINUED)

SPARKLE (V.O.)

Film is a collaborative art -- but since I'm an orphan, I need parenting, guidance. A firm, loving hand to -- to stop me before I --

(beat)

I've got my adoption papers. Can the 42nd Precinct's golden couple save me before the end of the third act?

KEKO

Holy shit.

LIPSHITZ

Whaddaya think, Daddy?

KEKO

I think -- I gotta go find Carrie.

LIPSHITZ

First go take a look at the body. And brace yourself. Crime scene tech still can't keep anything down.

PUSH IN on Bernie's face. Not excited.

EXT. OCEAN AVENUE - NIGHT

The haunting, sexy, Euro-cool sounds of Hooverphonic over --

Dina's 100k convertible cruises past the Santa Monica pier. The sleek German vehicle slows, makes a turn into --

EXT. DINA'S BEACH HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

A big, Cape Cod-style place on a primo lot on the beach. The Benz pulls in. Parks. Dina gets out. Goes inside.

ON THE STREET

Ilona's black ghost pulls up to the curb.

INT. DINA'S BEACH HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The ruffled beauty throws off her purse, pick up a remote, punches on MUSIC -- some 60's swinging cocktail croon.

Happily swerves down a hallway.

IN THE KITCHEN

She POPS the cork off a bottle of wine.

IN THE VAN

They listen on headsets.

ILONA

Someone's getting a buzz.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

CARRIE

The question is -- is she alone?

IN THE KITCHEN

She dials a number on her cell. Sips her merlot.

DINA

Klaus?

SPLIT SCREEN WITH:

INT. KLAUS SPEER'S STUDIO - EDIT BAY - AT THE SAME TIME

Klaus barks into his headset, eyes flashing.

KLAUS

You're late. Do you have any idea how bad you've been?

DINA

(bows head)

I'm sorry -- sir.

KLAUS

(SLAPS the counter)

Did you bring home the dailies?

DINA

I'm afraid I -- I --

(beat)

Left them at the studio. I, uh -- forgot.  
We had an -- an emergency.

KLAUS

You forgot? You left them at the studio?

(ominous)

What kind of *emergency*?

Pause.

DINA

I -- shot someone. Killed them. It was a mistake -- they weren't supposed to be real bullets.

KLAUS

You nasty -- filthy -- dirty little girl. How could you do that. After all I've done for you. I can't begin to express my disappointment. My complete dismay.

(beat)

Such a bad, bad girl. Do you know what we do to dirty little bad girls?

INSIDE THE VAN

Silence. Dina breathes heavily.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DINA (O.S.)  
You -- you --

CARRIE  
(aroused)  
What?

Ilona stares at her.

CARRIE (CONT'D)  
What. Don't look at me like that.  
(beat)  
You're taping this, right?

IN KLAUS' STUDIO

He smiles into the wireless clipped to his leather jacket.

KLAUS  
We start principal photography.

ACROSS THE ROOM

Laura sits in a director's chair. Sips from a glass of wine.

LAURA  
And let the bodies fall where they may.

INT. MORGUE - DAY

Brightly lit, antiseptic. Deep-freeze cold.

Bernie stands by the door, listening on his cell phone. Two Medical Examiner PARAMEDICS, KENNY, white, and KENDRICK, black, wheel in a BODY BAG on a gurney.

KENNY  
You get your skins? She give you a lil' somethin-somethin?

The cultured, British national stops the cart.

KENDRICK  
(quiet, nasty)  
You redneck git -- I'm from London, stop with the bloody Ebonics.

Bernie talks into his cell.

KEKO  
Carrie, if you're there, pick up. I know you're mad, and I don't blame you, but something's happened. We need you to --  
(beat)  
Fuck.  
(sees the body)  
Is that the motel room -- ?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KENNY

Freak show? Uh -- yeah. Goddamn thought I'd seen everything. Fucking Alpo time, dude.

KENDRICK

I must say I was impressed with the attention to detail. The victim is not only wearing a choke chain and a collar, but according to his tags -- it would appear he's had all his vaccinations.

KENNY

Rows and rows of the shit. We're talking major hypodermic action, fuckin' AIDS five-hundred.

KEKO

(walks over)

Open up the cinch-sack.

The big Jamaican-Brit zips open the grey plastic, revealing -- the HIPSTER CLERK. Wearing the dog costume.

KEKO (CONT'D)

Kinky. Disembowel freaky Fido.

Kendrick zips down the furry body, revealing -- The clerk's chest. Stippled with rows of vicious puncture wounds like bloody dominoes.

KEKO (CONT'D)

Whoever did this skipped their anger management class.

(looks closer)

It looks like a -- pattern.

KENNY

Like someone played a buncha 'pick-6's' on his six-pack.

KENDRICK

(to Kenny)

I told you -- it's a message.

(to Bernie)

It's the killer's autograph.

Bernie stares at the human pincushion. Gets an idea.

KEKO

(to Kenny)

Take off your shirt.

KENNY

What?

KEKO

(whips out a gun)

I said take off your shirt, you fucking rube.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KEKO (CONT'D)

In case you haven't noticed it, we've got a human chia pet here leaking out the evidence.

He clicks the safety. The good ol' boy strips off his top. Bernie grabs the pale blue cotton, places it on the body.

CLOSE ON --

Rows of red wounds. Stippled in patterns. The crimson dots bleed. Start to connect. Form words.

*I'd like to thank the Academy, my Mom, God, my agent --*

EXT. CLUB FUCK - NIGHT

A smallish grey building deep in the bowels of Hollywood. A pulsing, industrial grind bleeds outside from within.

INT. CLUB FUCK - CONTINUOUS

Carrie sits at the bar, drowning everything. Sorrows. Joy. Hopes. Dreams. Self-esteem.

She pours a tall shot from a bottle of Jagermeister. Toasts the throng. Downs it.

CARRIE (V.O.)

Figures I'd get stood up. I knew it was too good to be true. Fucking porn star --  
(pours another shot)

I once had a shrink who said I lived in my own little world. That I've lived most of my life -- alone.

(downs it)

Well, maybe that's because everyone I've ever fucking known -- except my mom and my dog -- ended up letting me down. Makes a girl a little finicky about who she hangs out with. And the way I look at it, I'm pretty good fucking company.

(pours another)

But the thing is -- there's just one problem. It's not working anymore.

(raises glass)

It seems that whenever I try to do things my way -- it blows up in my fucking face.

And she slams it. Grimaces. Closes her eyes.

EXT. CLUB FUCK - LATER

It's over. Party kids spill onto the sidewalk. Carrie weaves out the door. Fumbles in her purse, pulls out a smoke.

LAURA

There you are.

(CONTINUED)

CARRIE

Oh, *hi*.

(beat)

I never -- found you in there.

LAURA

(teasing)

That's a shame. I had my top off for an hour -- before I got busted.

CARRIE

Uh -- security?

LAURA

No. My date. He finally found me.

CARRIE

(looks around)

Where's he now?

LAURA

(evil)

I finally lost him.

CARRIE

Oh.

(beat)

So --

LAURA

So?

CARRIE

So -- can I get -- your phone number?

LAURA

(writes on Carrie's hand)

Don't wash it off, now.

(doesn't let go)

You'll regret it.

CARRIE

Thanks.

LAURA

(squeezes)

Call me.

CARRIE

I will.

(beat)

So -- I guess, um --

Long pause. There's no one else in the world.

LAURA

So -- aren't you gonna kiss me?

(CONTINUED)

CARRIE

(melts)

Uh -- yeah.

They kiss. Soft. Tender.

APPLAUSE.

They break apart.

A CROWD OF ONLOOKERS

cheer. Carrie looks down. Embarrassed.

LAURA

You better go home, Miss Legs, and get  
some rest.

(beat)

I got plans for you.

PUSH IN on Carrie's face. Suddenly sober.

CARRIE

(whispers)

P-p-plans -- for me?

INT. FARMER'S DAUGHTER MOTEL - BATHROOM - AT THE SAME TIME

At the crime scene, BERNIE inspects Bruce's steaming body,  
char-broiled to a crisp -- like a big, bright red lobster.

Joining him is Detective JESUS VALENTINE, a fireplug of  
restless anger stuffed into the cheapest suit in the world.

KEKO

(wrinkles nose)

Pee-yoo. Haven't seen a scalding in  
awhile. Talk about well done.

VALENTINE

Smells like my mama's cooking.

KEKO

The other white meat?

VALENTINE

No, rice and beans, man. Got so fucking  
sick of rice and fucking beans -- was  
dyin' from that shit. Saturday night was  
the one night we'd have something  
different. I can still smell it -- the  
sausage.

KEKO

That's what I said, 'the other white  
meat.'

Jesus stares at Bernie, uncomprehending.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KEKO (CONT'D)

Pork, Jesus. Pork.

VALENTINE

You think just because I'm a fucking Mexican we had fucking pork? Well, fuck you, we were different, man, we had -- Pizza. Dominos, Shakey's, Little Caesar's, even Wolfgang Fuckin' Puck. We ran the gamut on that shit.

(beat)

Weird. He smells like fucking pizza.

KEKO

Hey, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to -- you know.

VALENTINE

(looks at the body)

Must be Italian or shit. Got that European 'bathe once a week' kinda thing goin' on.

(beat)

It's fuckin' uncivilized, man. No wonder the killer did it in the fucking shower.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

From behind, we see Laura's beautiful tush. She turns toward us, grabs a razor -- and steps into the shower.

IN THE SHOWER

The razor slides across a shiny, perfect thigh.

LAURA

(sings)

*On the night you murdered love --*

A TELEVISION NEWS BROADCAST

A stiff, HANDSOME ANCHOR and a gorgeous LATINA ANCHORWOMAN, shellacked hair, grim frozen smile, lean into THE CAMERA --

HANDSOME ANCHOR

We take you now to a press conference in front of police headquarters, where --

LATINA ANCHORWOMAN

Brock Bradley is on the scene --

(dramatic pause)

Brock -- we've been told Larry Lipshitz, chief detective, LA homicide -- is going to make a statement.

SPLIT SCREEN WITH:

EXT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - FRONT STEPS - NIGHT

A gaggle of PRESS, ONLOOKERS and COPS surround a podium crammed with mikes. Larry Lipshitz takes a swig of Maalox.

BROCK BRADLEY

a vacant John Tesh on steroids grips his mike, cocks his head, gazes into THE CAMERA.

BROCK

That's right, Lina. They're about to start any minute now --

YELLING MAN (O.S.)

Fuck you, stop pushing! Unfair to the Guild! Writers have rights!

HANDSOME ANCHOR

Holy homicide, Brock -- what the heck's goin' on down there?

BROCK

Well, there's a couple of protest groups out here, Biff -- one of them's a group from the Writer's Guild -- they're saying it's unfair to blame them, and refer to the killings as 'cinema copycat crimes' --

LINA

And what's the other group, Brock?

BROCK

I'm glad you asked, Lina -- protesting against Hollywood marketing violence to children -- the Christian Unified Nation of Teachers.

The beauty spells out the letters to herself. Gasps.

BROCK (CONT'D)

There's Lipshitz.

BIFF

And not a moment too soon.

EXT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - FRONT STEPS - CONTINUOUS

Larry tugs at his tie, loosens it. Looks at the crowd.

LIPSHITZ

Thank you all for coming. I know these are scary times we're living in, dark days in the city of angels.

He takes out a scrap of paper, puts on his glasses.

SARCASTIC REPORTER

*City of angels?* Who do you think you are, Raymond Chandler?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

LIPSHITZ

Nice to see you too, Mim. What's the matter, didn't get any last night?

(to the crowd)

I'm going to read a statement. There'll be no questions.

INT. KLAUS SPEER'S ESTATE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Klaus lies sprawled on his king-sized canopied bed. Swirls, sips cognac from an oversized snifter. Watches the telly.

KLAUS

(to someone offscreen)

The fucking police have nothing. Nothing. Just this, this -- statement. It's incredible, I tell you. The killer's some kind of twisted genius.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

Takes one to know one.

KLAUS

Flattery'll get you -- anything you want.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

(sexy)

You'll come in and help me douche, then?

KLAUS

Come back to bed, my little vixen -- I like your natural, animal -- scent.

He chuckles, eyes light up with mischief.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

You Germans --

Laura walks in, naughty smile -- and naughtier lingerie.

LAURA

Are such kinky, naughty little devils.

INT. DINA'S BEACH HOUSE - BEDROOM - AT THE SAME TIME

Watching the news coverage is --  
Dina, snuggled in bed with Carrie.

LIPSHITZ (O.S.)

This devil, this animal -- and bring him -- or her -- to justice once and for all. And make the (BLEEP)ing streets safe once again for our law-abiding citizens.

(beat)

Pardon my metaphor. Sorry.

DINA

Your boss is an angry man.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARRIE

You'd be angry too if you were my boss.  
(grabs cigarette, lights up)  
Be right back. Gotta pee.

She climbs out of bed. Pads over to the bathroom.

DINA

You're gonna miss all the fun.

IN THE BATHROOM

Carrie sits. Pees.

CARRIE (V.O.)

Didn't see that one coming, did you?  
You thought I was the hero? Well, I'm  
sorry to puncture your balloon. Tip your  
fucking applecart -- but life doesn't  
always have a happy ending. Now if you'll  
excuse me -- I've got a thoroughbred  
waiting for me in her bed. And I'd like  
to give her a little sugar.

(beat)

Cause when the going gets tough -- the  
tough get laid.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD - DAY

Sparkle cruises down the nasty boulevard, platforms  
clattering -- smiling beneath red heart shades.

SPARKLE (V.O.)

I love cheeseburgers, pizza, video games,  
movies, comic books -- and catching a  
buzz whenever I can. I'm your typical  
American teen.

(beat)

Except for one thing. I'm gonna be the  
biggest serial killer there ever was.

(beat)

People are gonna remember me. You betcha.

INT. PLENTY HOME - LIVING ROOM - FLASHBACK - DAY

Dot shows her daughter a baton twirl.

SPARKLE (V.O.)

See, the thing was about my mom -- she  
like, didn't want a daughter. She wanted  
a star.

(beat)

And the money -- don't forget the money.  
She thought I was, like, her ticket out  
the trailer ranch.

(beat)

How fucked up is that? 'Trailer Ranch.'  
Like it's a fucking ranch. Raunch is more  
like it. In hell.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SPARKLE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

(beat)

What. Ever.

Dot hands it to Sparkle, who gives it a whirl. She's great.

CLOSE ON --

Sparkle's face. Bright. Eager. Scared shitless.

SPARKLE (V.O.)

I mean, lookit me. Is that pathetic or what?

INT. CARRIE LOVE'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

A Mr. Coffee DRIPS. Carrie walks in, makes a cup.

She goes to the mini stereo, searches through the CD's. Makes her choice. Puts it on. Presses 'play.'

The Supreme Beings of Leisure's sexy, Euro-croon THE LAST GIRL ON EARTH fills the room. Carrie slinks away, in time to the music, sipping her java.

INT. CARRIE'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Carrie, hot in black, checks out her reflection.

CARRIE (V.O.)

I can't remember when I'd been so excited about a date. I even got out the real perfume.

She squirts a cloud of scent. Walks into it. COUGHS.

IN THE LIVING ROOM

Carrie changes CD's -- ABC'S irresistible THE LOOK OF LOVE.

Big smile. She lights a joint. Inhales. Closes her eyes. Goes off somewhere to the music, dancing, swirling --

The doorbell RINGS. Carrie tenses. Walks to the door, opens it to reveal --

A tall tumbler of intoxication. Laura in a tight, sheer ankle-length number with buttons all the way up the front.

With five, maybe six buttoned. And nothing else.

LAURA

(listens)

Oh my god. That's my favorite song.

Their eyes lock.

CARRIE

(heart beating fast)

It's -- my favorite song, too.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Laura TOSSES her handbag. GRABS Carrie.

LAURA  
How in the hell did I find you?

And they kiss. Swimming in passion. Fall to the floor.  
Laura on top, insinuating her splendor into Carrie's grass.

CARRIE  
The -- yellow pages?

The phone BR-RINGS.

LAURA  
(devouring her, throaty)  
Let the machine get it.

CARRIE  
(under water)  
It's -- broken.

BR-RING. BR-RING.

LAURA  
*Godammit.*

She WHIPS off a shoe. FLINGS it at the intruder. CRASH.

LAURA (CONT'D)  
(starts biting her neck)  
Now -- where was I?

CARRIE  
You were -- uh --

Laura gently cups Carrie's breasts.

LAURA  
That's right. I was claiming what's mine.

EXT. OCEAN AVENUE - LATE AFTERNOON

Carrie's vintage Porsche convertible flies up the road along  
the Santa Monica beach. Passes a crusty DIVE BAR.

LAURA (O.S.)  
Chez Jay, I love that place! Stop the car  
-- stop the car!

INT. CHEZ JAY - LATE AFTERNOON

How can it be so dark inside during the day?  
And where on earth did they find that jazz for the jukebox?  
Our chicks sit on bar stools. Grinning at the BARTENDER.

CARRIE  
Can I get a Margarita, please? Rocks,  
salt?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Laura slips her hand up Carrie's skirt.

LAURA  
(to the bartender)  
Make it a Cadillac Margarita. Two of  
them.

CARRIE  
(getting hot)  
What's a Cadillac Margarita?

Laura's hand shifts -- smile broadens.

LAURA  
It's got a shot of Gran Marnier in it.

CARRIE  
You want me to -- get drunk?

A MALE VOICE interrupts.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)  
Sounds like fun to me.

ON THE NEXT BAR STOOL

sits a puffed-up, leering SUIT enjoying his liquid lunch.  
He leans toward Laura, insinuating himself.

DICK  
Hi, I'm Dick. You ladies together I take  
it?

CARRIE  
Yes, we are.

LAURA  
No boys allowed. Sorry.

CARRIE  
(Ab Fab accent)  
No sex, please -- we're British.

This CRACKS the girls up. The bon vivant tries again.

DICK  
So, you ladies are, uh --

LAURA  
Yes, love. This is my date.  
(takes Carrie's hand in hers)  
Isn't she gorgeous?

DICK  
Yes she is. And so are you.  
(beat)  
Do you ever let anybody -- join in?

Laura sips her cocktail. Eyes burning with mischief.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LAURA

Let me ask you something. How would you feel if you were on a date with your girlfriend -- and some gay guy came up to you and asked if he could *join in*? You wouldn't like it, would you? You'd think it was fucking rude, wouldn't you?

The poor guy's wheels start spinning. But he's no match. Carrie observes, sips her drink. In awe.

DICK

Uh, yes -- of course, but --

LAURA

This is the same thing, darling. We're not into men.

(beat)

Just like you.

This sinks in. He struggles for a response.

LAURA (CONT'D)

Now. I'd like you to apologize to my date. It's her birthday, and we've had to deal with this falderol, instead of --

(leans over, kisses Carrie)

Enjoying our evening together.

DICK

(turned on, embarrassed)

Hey, look -- I'm really sorry, I didn't mean to --

LAURA

Apology accepted. We're going to leave now. My darling Carrie here only lives a few blocks away. So, I want you to imagine us going back to her place -- and what I'm going to do to her.

(beat)

Silly me. You were going to do that anyway, weren't you?

EXT. CHEZ JAY - PARKING LOT - DUSK

Carrie and Laura walk to the car holding hands.

CARRIE

That was awesome. You fucking killed him.

Laura stops. GRABS her.

LAURA

I'd kill anyone that gets in our way.

(beat)

I hope you're packing, officer.

EXT. CLUB FUCK - NIGHT

The filth-sleaze go-go of the Thrill Kill Kult's DIRTY LITTLE SECRETS over --

A faceless warehouse on the cheap end of Santa Monica Blvd. Laura pulls Carrie behind the velvet rope.

ON THE WOMEN

Laura, an SS erotic piece of art. Carrie, just getting her feet wet in something too short, too tight.

LAURA

Ready to get totally depraved?

CARRIE

Yes, please.

INT. CLUB FUCK - FRONT BAR

A carnival of perversion. The fall of Rome. Fellini, on tap. The magic couple sip cocktails. Hands all over each other.

CARRIE

It's the nipple clamp version of the Star Wars alien bar.

(beat)

I love it.

LAURA

(takes her hand)

Then c'mon, love -- let's tighten the screws.

ON THE DANCE FLOOR

The throbbing groove of The Thrill Kill Kult's BLUE BUDDHA.

In a hailstorm of strobes, an earthquake of music, Carrie and Laura shake it, grind -- delirious. Intoxicated.

CARRIE

(sings along)

*Ultra flesh, is what we want --*

IN MONTAGE:

ON A BANQUETTE AT THE REAR BAR/LOUNGE

they hold hands. Laura leans over, whispers something. Carrie ERUPTS with laughter.

IN THE 'PLAY ROOM'

The girls watch the demonstration. A TRIBAL MASTER deftly flogs a young ANDROGYNOUS BOY on his panty-clad privates --

AT THE FRONT BAR

Carrie and Laura order drinks. Stare at each other.

ON THE DANCE FLOOR

The kinky sounds of the Thrill Kill Kult's SEX ON WHEELZ.  
The women twist and shake. Bump and grind. Slither and slide.

IN MONTAGE

An 'almost there, but not quite' VALLEY COUPLE stare.  
Two tweeky ecstasy GAY CLUB BOYS leer.  
A SCARY GOTH GUY and GIRL slide up next to them.

FROM ABOVE

The lovers do their mating dance.

IN THE BOOTH

the DJ YELLS something at the LIGHT BOY.

ON THE DANCE FLOOR

a spotlight HITS the girls. They don't notice, entranced.

Laura takes Carrie's neck in her hands. KISSES her mouth.  
They stop dancing. Kiss. Devour. Melt. Merge.

And, as CAMERA starts a slow circular pan around them --

Laura GRABS Carrie's hair. Pulls her head back.  
Bends into her neck. Starts sucking. Biting. Feasting.

Strobe lights EXPLODE, spinning shards of pulsing passion.

INT. PLAYROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The scary, depraved goth-ooze of Daniel Ash's COMING DOWN  
bubbles under the dark dankness. Last call. Final fix.

Carrie and Laura stand stage right. A DOMINATRIX unshackles  
an underage-looking nymph in a Girl Scout uniform.

Laura unclips a leash. Hooks it to Carrie's collar.

CARRIE

gulps. Part fear. Part wet.

LAURA

gives a little yank. Pulls her up onto the stage.  
Guides her over to a large wooden cross, like a big 'X'.

CARRIE'S EYES

flicker. Liquid. Innocent.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

At least for now --

Laura places Carrie's left wrist on the cross.  
Into a shackle. SNAPS it shut. Then does the other.

The blonde reaches up to the zipper at Carrie's throat.  
Slowly *unzips* it -- all the way down.  
The glistening black vinyl *flies* open --

Revealing lingerie. Bare, trembling skin.  
Goosebumping. Glistening.

Laura reaches down. Places Carrie's left ankle on the cross.  
SNAPS the shackle shut. Then the right ankle.

She stops. Takes a black leather-gloved hand, strokes  
Carrie's calf. Our heroine shudders.

Then slowly, achingly -- goes up, up Carrie's leg.  
Reaches her soft, milky thigh. Stops.

CARRIE

quivers. Bites her lip. Closes her eyes.  
A tear of pleasure trickles down.

Yes.

Laura's hand continues on it's journey.  
Reaches Carrie's panties.

Stops.

Carrie's hips buckle. She can't take it.

*Please.*

LAURA

stands up abruptly. Boots CLOMP, CLOMP over to a rack of  
instruments. Paddle. Whip. Riding crop. Cat-o'-nine tails.

She grabs the cat-flogger. Takes a breath.  
The women lock eyes. Laura smiles.

Slowly raises it. CRACKS it in the air.  
Carrie reacts. Hands grip the restraints.

Laura walks over. Kisses her. Whispers sweet naughties.  
Returns to her position --

And starts making love to her trembling slave-girl.  
Gently swirls the dozen soft deerskin straps like a flag --

And softly *whacks* Carrie's tummy. A tickle. A tease.  
Carrie jerks with pleasure.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And again, *crack* -- on her shoulder.  
*Crack*, on Carrie's thigh.  
She moans softly. Surprised.

*Uhhh.*

INT. CARRIE'S APARTMENT - LATER THAT MORNING

The fragile, subterranean croon of David Bowie's cover of  
GOD ONLY KNOWS over --

In the bedroom, softly lit with a lone candle.  
Carrie's handcuffed to the bedposts.  
In the same outfit. But the dress is gone.

Laura kneels before her on the foamy comforter.  
Flogging Carrie gently. Delicately.

And on each swirling *whissssk* of the soft straps --  
Carrie *jerks* with new pleasure.

Without the visual, it sounds just like lovemaking.  
Because it is.

Laura's flogging quickens. Softer. Closer. Deeper.  
Carrie writhes. Moans. Starts to reach climax --

Pause.

And she HOWLS AT THE MOON. A carnal, animal bray.  
SHRIEKS like a banshee virgin finally finding release.  
Starts crying, sobbing from so much.

Laura THROWS the flogger to the floor.  
Reaches up. Unfastens Carrie's wrists.  
Throws her arms around her.

Holds her there.

PUSH IN on their faces.  
Simple. Pure. Perfect.

INT. CARRIE'S KITCHEN - BAR - DAWN

The lovers sit on bar stools. Carrie feeds Laura a White  
Castle cheeseburger with her fingers.

CARRIE  
I think I hurt my back.

LAURA  
I think I hurt my tongue.

Pause.

CARRIE  
It feels like, I don't know anything  
anymore. If I can orgasm -- without you  
even touching me --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LAURA  
But I was.

CARRIE  
Yeah.

They stare at each other. Goofy. Lean in. Kiss.

LAURA  
Mmm. That was good.

CARRIE  
And you liked the burger?

LAURA  
You taste better.  
(beat)  
Would you nuke a couple more? Please?

CARRIE  
For you, my love -- I'd nuke heaven and earth.

She goes to microwave, pops a few in.

CARRIE (CONT'D)  
So what's the name of the video?

LAURA  
*Electro-Glide in Lube*. It was supposed to be *Blade-Fucker*, but Klaus got scared that Warner Brothers might give him a problem.

CARRIE  
Aren't you scared? I've seen that gear. Looks kinda dangerous to me. All that voltage in your --

The microwave DINGS.

CARRIE (CONT'D)  
You know.

LAURA  
Don't worry, love, I'll be fine. Klaus said I'd have the controls.  
(beat)  
Set phasers to 'stun.' So to speak.

Carrie comes in with an offering for her goddess.

CARRIE  
I know. I'm sorry -- I -- that was stupid.

Pause.

(CONTINUED)

LAURA  
(very quiet)  
Thanks.  
(looks at the plate, then her)  
You're so good to me.

CARRIE  
You're so good to *me*.

Laura's eyes are bright, liquid. She looks small, fragile in her big, white terrycloth robe. Makeup long gone.

LAURA  
Sometimes I -- don't think I deserve  
someone like you.

CARRIE  
Hey, enough of that. Listen. You deserve  
it. I deserve it. We're just people. Both  
of us.

Pause.

LAURA  
Then -- why doesn't it feel like it?

INT. THE CIRCLE BAR - MORNING

The Supremes' STONE LOVE plays softly on the juke.  
Bright. Cheerful. Full of soul.

Unlike the bar. Dark. Quiet. Inhabited by drunks at 9AM.

Carrie pours herself into plush bar stool. Orders her  
favorite poison. Hears the music. Takes off a combat boot --  
And FLINGS IT at the music -- THWAP.

The record stops -- THWIK.

PABLO, the bartender, Vin Diesel on sleep deprivation --  
CRACKS his knuckles.

CARRIE  
Sorry about that.  
(beat)  
Love songs make me wanna kill someone.  
Put it on my tab.  
(beat)  
Better set up another.

BARTENDER  
(pours)  
Trouble with the ladies again?

CARRIE  
Lady. A woman -- girl, really.  
(beat)  
Ladies. Sounds so --  
(takes a big slug)  
Demure. Pristine.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BARTENDER

Well, that's the idea, isn't it? I mean,  
who doesn't want a lady?

Long pause.

CARRIE

My girlfriend, Pablo. My fucking  
girlfriend.

AT THE FRONT

Bernie ambles in, spies his prey, grins. Shakes his head.

KEKO

(sings)

*The days of wine and lesbos --*

CAMERA follows him to the bar, laughing.

CARRIE

Get the fuck out of my bar, detective.

KEKO

Oh, your bar? This is your bar? I bet  
Donnie Dapello would find that  
interesting. Did you finally pay off the  
vig -- or did the old man finally die and  
leave you his estate?

CARRIE

This isn't some stupid movie, Bernie --  
where the former lovers have to work  
together, fight for awhile, confront each  
other, change -- patch up their  
differences -- and end up back together,  
happily ever after. This is my life. And  
I want you out of it.

KEKO

Ooh. That's real hard-boiled lady dick  
lingo, little girl. You think I came here  
to do a little Hepburn-Tracy dance with  
you? Well, think again, miss carpet  
muncher. I'm here because Lipshitz wants  
to see you.

Carrie grabs the bottle. Pours a shot. Pounds it.

CARRIE

What. He's gonna ask me to turn in my  
swiss army knife and my decoder ring?

KEKO

You know Double D-Girl -- the airbrushed  
filly you've been two-timing Miss gang-  
bang with?

She stops cold. Gives him a look that maims -- then kills.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARRIE

What the fuck is it to you.

KEKO

She was found this morning in her  
apartment. In about a hundred pieces.  
Spread like chunky peanut butter.

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - LIPSHITZ' OFFICE - DAY

Larry sits behind his desk. Sips his designer coffee.

LIPSHITZ

Damn, that's good. Who knew Ethiopia had  
such --

A sharp KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK on the door.

LIPSHITZ (CONT'D)

Come in.

It opens. Bernie strides in. Stops. Looks behind him.

KEKO

Carrie. C'mon.

Carrie shuffles in. Dishevelled. Stinking of last night.

CARRIE

(low)

Hey, Chief.

LIPSHITZ

Jesus, look who the cat fucked in. Nice  
outfit. Where's your shopping cart?

She goes to a chair. Pours herself into it.

CARRIE

Didn't know the rules applied when I'm  
suspended.

KEKO

I found her in a bar, Chief --

LIPSHITZ

Can it, and sit your ass down. This is  
serious business. I've got no time for  
your 'Divorce American Style' crap.

(to Carrie)

You're here Carrie because we believe you  
were the last person to see Ms. Daerr  
alive.

CARRIE

How could that be? She was here at the  
station, and tons of people were --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LIPSHITZ

Ramirez has a surveillance tape from the morning she was killed.

(beat)

You really get around, don'tcha.

Busted.

CARRIE

(turning red)

Look, I can explain --

LIPSHITZ

And I don't wanna hear it. I could give a holy fuck. I just want you to listen to this tape -- and tell me if Daerr said anything or did anything that could shed some light on this madness.

He points to a boombox on his desk. Punches 'play.'

SPARKLE (V.O.)

Hey there, film freaks! Welcome to Murder Fone! If you know the name of the grisly dead body you want to see, press ONE. If you know the name of the movie that's being depicted, press TWO. And if you know the name of the brilliant auteur, press THREE.

They exchange glances. Lipshitz rolls his eyes.

SPARKLE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Time's up! BUZZZZZZ.

(beat)

Pathetic. You rubes probably watch reality TV. The cultural scourge of this once-great nation.

(beat)

I'm talking Brian DePalma, people! Brian Fucking De-Palma. The. Man. Gimme five. Gimme some skin. Gimme some skin *flick*.

(beat)

DRESSED TO KILL was unleashed on the world by Paramount Pictures back in '82. Although most critics initially dismissed it as a blatant, cheesy Hitchcock rip-off, it more than holds up today as an erotic, beautifully shot *mis en scene* -- a pre-postmodern noir of elegant pacing. It briefly let Angie Dickinson shine again in a 'brave performance' --

(beat)

And it was a fucking brilliant plot device to have what seemed to be a major character sliced and diced like that thirty minutes in --

(beat)

Poor, bloody, sexy baby in creamy beige lying in the elevator, shredded to ribbons --

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SPARKLE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

(beat)

So, I said to myself, 'self? How can I top *that*?

(giggles)

Guess the meat grinder takes it to the next level, huh.

(beat)

Don't worry. I thought of making devilled sandwiches out of her -- but even *I* have some limits. Crazy, genius serial killer, oui -- depraved cannibal, *no*.

(beat)

Oh, and Carrie -- you and Bernie better get your shit together. 'Cause the end of the third act is gonna get very messy.

Silence.

CARRIE

I feel sick.

(beat)

And oddly hungry all of a sudden.

LIPSHITZ

Did Daerr mention anybody she was mad at? Or who was mad at her? Her ex, maybe? I mean, seeing as how she was a muff-diver, you might have some insight into the matter.

Carrie shoots him a look.

LIPSHITZ (CONT'D)

Nothing? Well, look -- here's the deal. She's made it personal, has some fucked up thing for you and Bernie. But unfortunately for me, you're off the team for now.

CARRIE

I'd come back to work if you asked me nicely.

LIPSHITZ

I want you to go home and think, think hard. And get your shit together. Don't spiral down into a black void of sex, alcohol and despair.

(friendly)

'Cause if you do, I'll kill ya.

Carrie stands. Nods. Goes to the door. Called on her shit.

CARRIE

I will.

(beat)

Nice to see you, Chief --

And she's gone. Larry gets up.

(CONTINUED)



KEKO

I think you got to her, Lare.

LIPSHITZ

Let's just hope she doesn't get to herself.

(points at the door)

I want you and Valentine to keep checking out those clubs. It's our only lead.

KEKO

(as he leaves)

Don't worry. We'll get the bitch.

LIPSHITZ

So what does she want with Love and Keko?  
Must've had a *fucked up* childhood --

EXT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

An ugly, guttural-twisting techno groove --  
Curve's violent, feminine WISH YOU DEAD.

Pain. Hollywood's glittering club-of-the-moment.  
Celeb-filled. Self-conscious. Fabulous.  
A cluster of TRENDIES lay in wait behind the velvet rope.

INT. PAIN - BAR - CONTINUOUS

Sparkle sits on a bar stool, sips a chilled Twisted Nipple.

SPARKLE (V.O.)

Okay, here's the thing. I'm gonna spell it out for ya. No subtext here, just the straight poop. Ready on the poop deck!

A DOLCE AND GABANNA SUIT slides onto the next stool.

DOLCE AND GABANNA SUIT

Hi, there.

SPARKLE

What's the hub-bub, bub?

The MBA stares, confused -- then recovers.

DOLCE AND GABANNA SUIT

40's noir. Love it. You must be a writer.

SPARKLE

As if. What-ever. Gag me. Your bad. We must *not* do lunch. Have your people tell my people to shove it up your ass. Buh-bye. Bigger, better offer.

(sips drink, off his look)

'Tex' Avery, 1950's. Cartoons, big fella. Big fucking Bugs Bunny -- whassup, doc. Silly rabbit, tricks are for chicks.

Pause.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOLCE AND GABANNA SUIT

Uh -- right.

(pulls out prescription bottle,  
hands it to her)

Here. Take a couple of these. They'll  
level you out.

He leaves, muttering to himself.

SPARKLE

(sings)

*Your love is giving me bad medicine --*

She sips her cocktail. Lights a Dunhill. Laughs to herself.

SPARKLE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Kay. Gonna smash all your precious little  
myths. Yes, my dad was a closet case that  
drowned himself in Iron City beer and  
Broadway musicals -- and yes, my dear,  
sweet mama finger-fucked her precious  
little beauty pageant prisoner.

(beat)

But that's not why I'm doing this -- no  
way, Jose. This chick's not into it for  
some kind of emotionally scarred payback  
kinda thing. This ain't no party, this  
ain't no disco, this ain't no fooling  
around. It's just -- fun. It's a high.  
Better than coming.

(beat)

C'mon, admit it. You've got someone in  
your life you'd like to do bodily harm  
to, maybe even kill. Your neighbor,  
someone at work. Maybe, if you're really  
blessed, an ex-lover? Or, if you've been  
chosen, found your calling -- a relative.

(beat)

Yeah, that's a good one. Blow em up.  
Imagine how great it feels to totally  
obliterate the demented creators of your  
misery and pain. It's like having a big  
bowl of instant karma, served with  
mother's milk -- and Daddy's banana.

EXT./INT. UNDERCOVER VEHICLE - MOVING - NIGHT

Bernie drives. Jesus Valentine rides shotgun. Eats a banana.  
Slowly. With relish.

KEKO

(looks at Jesus)

You're enjoying that way too much.

VALENTINE

(mouth full)

Huh?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KEKO

It's like you're going down on that  
fucking thing.

VALENTINE

Fuck you, fuckin' homophobe. I like to --  
savor it.

KEKO

SAVOR it?

VALENTINE

Just because you have a shitty  
vocabulary, don't get testy with me.  
(sees something)  
Hey, that's it.

INT. SOUNDSTAGE - DAY

A real soundstage. A surprisingly good set. This is a porno  
with a budget. Production value. A CREW.

Laura is on a chrome gurney, very Barbarella in plastic and  
vinyl. Bored look covering her dread. Her creeping panic.

KLAUS

Take number 4 and 5 up a bit more,  
please.

BURLY GRIP

Brighter? More brighter?

KLAUS

No. Make it darker. So we can't fucking  
see her.  
(mutters to himself)  
Non-union *idiot*.

LAURA

What are you, taking a fucking light  
reading?

KLAUS

Hold your horsies, my little turtle-dove.  
(to a tech)  
Let's try the music. Check the levels.

TECH (O.S.)

Scary gothic Nazi tunes coming right up.

The soaring, over-the-top stormtrooper-in-love sound of  
Ultravox's LOVE'S GREAT ADVENTURE blasts at full-volume.

KLAUS

Ja. Too sexy for my fucken T-shirt.  
(to a PA)  
The dry ice! Start the dry ice!

A dense fog sweeps into frame. Circles his waist.  
Klaus hands Laura a CONTROL BOX, demonstrates the knobs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KLAUS (CONT'D)

This one controls the amps -- this one  
for the watts -- this, for the frequency  
modulation --

LAURA

And the Energizer Pussy just keeps on  
getting electrocuted.

KLAUS

You snicker now, my bitter Fraulein, but  
you have never scaled the heights that  
the Pandora Box will take you. Never felt  
such pleasure, such ecstasy, such bliss.

Laura slowly turns a knob, gets a JOLT in her privates.

LAURA

Ow, FUCK! Bollocks!

(beat)

Fuckin' bliss is gonna blow my bloody  
fusebox.

KLAUS

Yes! She's angry! That hurts! But it  
feels so good! Ach de lieber -- mein  
chubby!

(throws up his arms)

Speed! Roll video! Magic time!

INT. TRASHY, FUCKED UP HOTEL ROOM - AT THE SAME TIME

Dollshead's slinky, feminine, Middle-Eastern syncopated cover  
of YOU PUT A SPELL ON ME.

The kind of room where you don't need a black light to see  
the stains. Sparkle sits on the bed, very pin-up.

In nothing but a teddie and a big smile.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

(about the music)

I like this, who is it? It was in that  
film -- what was it, uh --

SPARKLE

DollsHead. The film was 'Random Acts of  
Architecture,' a dark little indie coming  
of age flick about a teenage girl who has  
her first orgasm. She kills the guy who  
gave it to her -- and then goes on a  
cross-country road trip where she has a  
bunch of episodic adventures on a journey  
of self-discovery.

ANGLE ON:

The MAN she's talking to, a FILM INDUSTRY HACK (50's), scary  
in black Gucci boxers, cigar.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FILM INDUSTRY HACK

That's right. I read about that.

(slides onto the bed)

Ever smoke before sex?

SPARKLE

You make me laugh. Long and hard. Fucking chat room 'LOL' time, slick. Can I add you to my buddy list? Wanna cyber-fuck? Can I instant massage you? Give it to you up the avatar? Wanna SOCIAL NETWORK?

She starts laughing maniacally. Cracks herself up.

FILM INDUSTRY HACK

Oh. My. God. I totally forgot. I got this -- thing tonight. How could I forget.

God, am I an asshole.

She WHIPS out a big, chrome HANDGUN from behind her back. JAMS it in his mouth. Whispers, a'la Dirty Harry.

SPARKLE

You got that right, buster. Now shut the fuck up and get on your knees. It's time for you to play 'spin the dickhead' and beg for your fictional life. Ride the 45 caliber pony. Time to give a Chuck Heston blow job, go down on the NRA -- and swallow.

CLOSE ON --

Her face. Having a ball.

We hear the sickly *thwunk* of a silencer, and -- blood *splatters* her perfect bone structure.

SPARKLE

Cut, print -- that's a TAKE.

She smiles.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - BATHROOM - DUSK

Sparkle stands naked over the body in the bath tub. She's covered in blood. Cutting up the body.

CAMERA stays on her as she leans over, saws off pieces.

SPARKLE (V.O.)

AMERICAN PSYCHO was widely misunderstood by the critics. But then, who could blame them? The book it was based on was a misogynistic piece of yuppie masturbatory crap.

She raises up an arm. Salutes it. Tosses it in a garbage bag. Returns to her work.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SPARKLE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The film is actually a black comedy -- a satire of the go-go Reagan eighties in Manhattan. It almost derailed when Leo DiCaprio came on board, causing the low-budget indie to bloat overnight into a fifty-million-dollar mega-production. Thank god for Leo's handlers, because he ended up getting cold feet.

She raises up a leg. Makes a face. Chucks it in the bag. Grabs the saw. Continues.

SPARKLE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

As fun as it is, this flick didn't completely satisfy this critic. I mean, there's no point to Jason Bateman's killing, is there? He's just a psycho -- there's no story, no plot, per se. It's completely random. It's hilarious, sure, but it's the cinematic equivalent of a Happy Meal -- goes down fast, but devoid of any creative nutrition.

Sparkle saws harder. This one's tough.

SPARKLE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

This installation -- this piece -- this reinterpretation is the stuff of real meaning. Of truth. A commentary on the banalities of the modern mating ritual. It is my intention to deconstruct and then reinvent the American family. Show the world that you *don't* have to be a victim. That you can create your own family, control your own destiny --

The killer cutie finishes. Smiles.  
Raises up the Industry Hack's head --

SPARKLE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

And make your own fucking movie.

And kisses him on the mouth.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The slinky, femme, crime theme trip-hop groove of DollsHead's TOUCH THE MOON over --

IN MONTAGE:

Sparkle glides in from the bathroom.  
In a sexy red nightie. Pink fuzzy slippers.  
And a lot of blood.

She goes to the bed. Places the gut-smeared fishing hook-knife on the nightstand. It gleams in a flash of light.

CLOSE ON --

The table. Crimson hands open a drawer.  
Take out a foot-long 'back massager' VIBRATOR.  
That's right, folks -- say hello to the 'Space Needle.'

SPARKLE

lies down on the bed. Gets ready for lift off.

CLOSE ON --

Her dainty, pretty feet. With bloody, blue frosted nails.  
They arch, stretch like a cat.  
A soft sigh. A little kittie-yawn.

The CAMERA SLOWLY PANS UP tanned, slender legs, as --  
the BUZZING starts. Causing thighs to slightly twitch, part.

SPARKLE'S

face. Eyes closed. Dreamy. A hint of a smile.  
A finger itches her nose, leaving a smear of blood.

IN MONTAGE:

Sparkle GRABS Bruce Ball by the cuffs --  
SLAMS him into a wall with a SHRIEK.

BRUCE

twists and turns in agony in the scalding shower.

THE VIBRATOR

roto-rooters in gentle circles on her private place.

SPARKLE

writhes in wave after wave of pleasure.

THE HIPSTER VIDEO CLERK

lies on the floor of the crap hotel room.  
Muffled SCREAMS as Sparkle STABS the fuzzy body.

SPARKLE

moans, arches her back.

DINA

gagged, tied and bound in an abandoned restaurant kitchen.  
Terrified eyes pleading and screaming --  
As her hand is guided into a meat grinder.

THE VIBRATOR

is kicked up a notch. BZZZZZZZZZZ.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SPARKLE

moans louder. Eyes clenched shut.

THE FILM INDUSTRY HACK'S

mouth opens. The gun barrel slides in.  
BANG. Blood SPLATTERS the wall behind him.

SPARKLE

climaxes, spasms --  
SHRIEKS, an animal baying at the moon.

SPARKLE

Mommm-YYYYYYYYYYY!

INT. BEVERLY HILLS GUN CLUB - FIRING RANGE - NIGHT

Some swanky, techno-Euro crime theme.  
Rows of stalls with targets, too brightly lit. Empty.

Except for Carrie.  
Messy drunk in a slip of a cocktail dress, heels, shades --  
And a gleaming 357 Magnum out of a Guy Ritchie wet dream.

She lowers her sunglasses. Scratches an itch in her eye.  
We see she's been crying.

CARRIE (V.O.)

It's easier to see after you've had a few  
cocktails.

She slides them back up. Takes aim. And --

BANG. BANG. BANG. BANG. BANG. BANG. BANG. BANG.

THE TARGET

A 'Smiley face' smack dab on the figure's head.

ANGRY HISPANIC OWNER (O.S.)

Hey, you! Breakfast at Tiffany's! You  
better put dat thing down before I call  
da cops!

CARRIE

stops, turns --

CARRIE

I *am* a fucking cop!

And swings her weapon toward him.  
He raises a sawed-off shotgun. Click-*click*.

ANGRY HISPANIC OWNER

That'll be the last move you ever  
make, lady.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

Carrie lowers her weapon. Whips off her shades.

ANGRY HISPANIC OWNER (CONT'D)

Oh, hi Carrie -- I didn't recognize you.  
You clean up good.

CARRIE

Thanks, Enrique. I'll be done a few  
minutes. 'Kay?

ENRIQUE

(big smile)  
You got it, Legs.

He bows, leaves. She takes out more bullets, reloads.

CARRIE (V.O.)

My life has become a trashy cult film. I  
have more death, betrayal, seedy glamour  
and sexual situations in my life than any  
ten women in this town.

(beat)

And this is Los Angeles.

(beat)

The only place on earth where you fall in  
love -- and your partner thinks she's  
taking a meeting. But you still fall, and  
you fall so hard, it makes you lose all  
sense of judgment, morals, self-esteem --  
and any desire to play the game of life  
by the rules.

She slowly SPINS AROUND -- aims up, up, and --

ANGLE ON --

A row of ceiling lights.  
Bullets hit them, one by one.  
POP, POP, POP, POP, POP, POP.

EXT. BAR - NIGHT

The Gas Lite, a crappy Santa Monica dive. The sound of a  
sloppy bar band spills out from within.

A ponytailed BIKER BOUNCER stands out front, smokes.  
Two pretty COLLEGE GIRLS approach him, huddle in the cold.

BIKER BOUNCER

(toothy grin)  
ID, please.

PRETTY COLLEGE GIRL

(takes out license)  
Hi. Is there a band tonight?

BIKER BOUNCER

Yeah, The Chollos. Blues band.

The door FLIES OPEN, and out stumbles Carrie. Obliterated.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARRIE  
(to the bouncer)  
G'night, Eddie.

Eddie tips his cap, checks out her legs.  
Carrie swerves, looks at the fresh-faced young flesh.

CARRIE (CONT'D)  
Whoa. Hi. Let me guess -- UCLA?

PRETTY COLLEGE GIRL  
(not shy)  
Loyola Marymount.

PRETTY COLLEGE GIRL 2  
We're good girls.

CARRIE  
(devouring with her eyes)  
That's a shame.

PRETTY COLLEGE GIRL  
C'mon, Debbie -- I'm cold.

They giggle, rush inside. Carrie stops, stares at the door.

EDDIE  
You okay?

CARRIE  
Yeah. Just thinking about the combination  
of drugs it'd take to get those two in  
the sack.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Carrie sits behind the wheel of her monster '68 Olds. Fumbles  
for a cigarette. Her cell bleats. She fishes it out, listens.

CARRIE  
Laura? Slow down, slow down -- what's the  
matter?  
(listens, horrified)  
Hold tight, I'll be right there.  
(listens)  
It's okay, it's okay, it's gonna be okay.  
I'll be right there, just hold on.

Click. The line goes dead.

CARRIE (CONT'D)  
Goddamn fucking Frankenstein.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

A small bunker in the shadows of the wrong side of the 101.  
Carrie pulls in, parks amidst a handful of shitty cars.  
And a big, black BMW SUV.

INT. CARRIE'S CAR - NIGHT

She downs the last of her grande with triple espresso.  
Shudders. Gets out of the car. Throws the cup at the SUV.

INT. WAREHOUSE - SOUNDSTAGE GREEN ROOM - NIGHT

Laura is curled up in a ball on a couch in a dark corner  
wrapped like a wraith in a white sheet. Pale. Small. Damaged.

Carrie rushes in, goes to her.

CARRIE

Baby, there you are -- are you okay? Are  
you okay?

She wraps her arms around the wounded bird.

LAURA

I don't feel so good, Care. That --  
bloody machine.

CARRIE

I'm so sorry, baby, I'm so sorry. C'mon,  
I'm taking you home.

With surprising strength, Carrie picks her up, cradles her.

LAURA

You carry me -- across the threshold?

CARRIE

I'll carry you to the end of the earth.

EXT. CARRIE'S APARTMENT - BACK PATIO - NIGHT

Carrie and Laura soak in Carrie's hot tub. Steam rises off  
the water, their shoulders. Behind them, a perfect full moon  
lights the sky, the ocean, their faces.

LAURA

This is so good. Every bone in my body is  
bleedin' thrashed.

CARRIE

(goes to her, holds her)  
You're okay now, no more evil German  
directors flipping the switch on my baby.

They kiss.

LAURA

Mmm. At least not until tomorrow.

CARRIE

It must be the full moon. I thought I  
just heard you say you're going back  
there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LAURA

I have to -- or else I won't get paid,  
love.

CARRIE

You gotta be kidding. Don't worry about  
the money --

(beat)

Move in with me for a while.

LAURA

Move in with you? Shack up?

CARRIE

Just for a little while. We can try it  
out. And you can maybe -- go back to  
being a stylist. You always say how much  
you loved it back in London.

Pause.

LAURA

That was up until my lover, my business  
partner fucking O-D'd on me and fuckin'  
killed himself! How fucking dodgy. Of all  
the -- I thought you were -- I mean,  
you've slept with half the girls I work  
with -- and you now live up to the bloody  
cliche? You're just like all the other  
civilians!

Laura gets out of the tub. Naked in the moonlight.  
Steam rises off her perfect body.

CARRIE

Wait -- DON'T GO!

LAURA

Thanks for the tub. I feel really good  
all of a sudden. Like a weight's been  
taken off my shoulders.

She darts over to the door, goes in. Carrie sits. In shock.

CARRIE

Holy shit.

Carrie jumps out, grabs a towel, races to the door -- to  
discover it's been locked.

CARRIE (CONT'D)

The bitch. She wouldn't.

EXT. HOUSE - CARRIE'S APARTMENT - FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Carrie jiggles the doorknob. POUNDS on the door.

CARRIE

Laura! Let me in!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Whoa. Let me guess. Lesbian drama?

Carrie wheels around to face --  
A uniformed PRIVATE SECURITY GUARD.

SECURITY GUARD

Know the feeling. Wife left me couple  
years ago -- for her gyno.

(beat)

Nice towel.

EXT. CIRCUS OF BOOKS - NIGHT

Bonnie Tyler's deliciously over-wrought pop epic  
IF I WAS A WOMAN (AND YOU WERE A MAN) over --

A little red store on Santa Monica Boulevard with apartments  
above. A TRANNY HOOKER walks by, stumbles in her platforms.

CAMERA PANS UP, focuses on a window, ZOOMS INTO --

INT. SPARKLE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Bonnie's being played on a pink Barbie stereo in a tiny room  
in a child-like explosion of clutter.

Movie posters and photos cover the walls.  
AMERICAN PSYCHO. HEATHERS. CARRIE. RE-ANIMATOR. LOVE STORY.

Head shots of Karen Black. Crispin Glover.  
DeNiro in TAXI DRIVER. Bugs Bunny.

Sparkle sits at her Sears workstation.  
Works a pink I-Mac, clack-clacks on the keyboard.

SPARKLE

Download this, hot stuff. Gig me on a  
gaga-byte.

CLOSE ON --

The bulletin board behind the computer.  
Covered in news clippings.

FEMME DETECTIVE FOULS OUT, with a glam shot of Carrie.  
GOLDEN COP COUPLE HITS THE SKIDS, with a photo of Bernie and  
Carrie getting a medal from the Mayor.

HOLLYWOOD HACK BOILED LIKE TURNIP.  
VIDEO CLERK HUMAN PIN-CUSHION ON VINE.

TRUST FUND FILLY FILLETED.  
TEN-PERCENTER POPPED IN TREACHEROUS TRYST.

The song ends.

SPARKLE

goes to the stereo. Puts on a new CD. The sunshiny, super-pop of A-Ha's THE SUN ALWAYS SHINES ON TV starts --

And, in her own little private disco, she dances to the music with complete abandon, lost in the sugary synthesizers.

SPARKLE

(sings along)

*Hold me -- believe in me -- touch me --  
the sun always shines on T.V. --*

Sparkle strikes a pose -- somewhere between Travolta in 'Saturday Night Fever' and the Olsen twins on ecstasy.

SPARKLE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

It was destiny. Fate. The Gods pulled up my skirt and gave it to me good. I had a vision. A mission. A poison pen pal from hell. I realized that Carrie Love and Bernie Keko were the parents I could never have.

(beat)

I knew it the minute they walked in the store -- and into my heart. All of a sudden it became like, so clear what I needed to do. I had to bring them together again.

(beat)

So I could tear them apart.

INT. CIRCUS OF BOOKS - SPARKLE'S APARTMENT - DUSK

The catchy hair-metal of the Scorpion's cover of the Who's I CAN'T EXPLAIN.

A riot of stickers. Mean People Suck. Get off the Phone and Drive. Free Dana Plato. Bitch on Board. Wax Bush.

INT. SPARKLE'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - DUSK

As the MUSIC continues, we see --

A vision in dayglow fuschia battle fatigues. Giant pink ten-inch moon-boot platforms. Centerfold makeup, fake lashes. Some kinda Spice Girl on acid from 'Taxi Driver' hell.

She pours a shot of Jaegermeister, raises it.

SPARKLE

You're very good.

(downs it)

Come on, ma! I'm trying to do my thing down here. I got a big show to get ready for.

(beat)

Alright, I'll turn it down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She BURSTS into hysterical laughter. Opens the medicine cabinet, takes out a bottle. Shakes out a handful of pills. GULP. Pours another glass.

SPARKLE (CONT'D)

What's so fuckin' funny? Huh? What's so fuckin' funny about me? What -- do I make you laugh, huh? Do I a-muse yoo? What am I, some sorta clown? Make you fuckin' laugh? What. What's so fuckin' funny about -- me.

The psychette GIGGLES. Then remembers something. Takes a red Bozo nose out of her pocket. Pops it on.

SPARKLE (CONT'D)

(at her reflection)

But Mommy, I don't want to go the circus, the clowns are scary. They make me cry.

She GRABS a set of hair clippers, FLICKS it on -- BUZZZZZZ.

SPARKLE (CONT'D)

Well, then -- take me to the big top.

And starts shaving the side of head, long, beautiful blonde hair cascading in waves, floating like feathers --

SPARKLE

scrapes off foam with a pink razor, revealing --  
A big, beautiful blonde mohawk.

IN THE MIRROR

SPARKLE

You talkin' to me? You -- talkin to me ?

(beat)

Me? You talkin' to -- me?

(raises gun, sticks it in her mouth)

'Cauhz tha no-uhn elth heah.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD - PAWN SHOP - DUSK

The Thrill Kill Kult's nasty, naughty BADLIFE.

CARRIE (V.O.)

You know Hollywood is actually a pretty shitty part of town.

A crappy, bile-green 1970 Dodge Dart Swinger pulls up, parks.

CARRIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

It's nothing but pawn shops, guitar shacks, tourist shit, strip joints, star maps, sleazy bars, street trash and hustlers of indeterminate gender.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Sparkle gets out. Locks the car. Looks around.  
No one notices, no one looks. She blends.

CARRIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
A far cry from the 'land of celluloid  
dreams.'

We follow the young woman marching down the sidewalk.  
No one looks at her twice.

CARRIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Not only is it a mecca for the sea of  
humanity yearning to be famous -- it's  
also a vicious black hole of hell,  
sucking in a staggering array of  
psychotic, self esteem-challenged social  
misfits, driven by rage, sin -- and a  
pathetic desire to be famous.  
(beat)  
Almost none of them make it, of course.  
So the town is strewn with the litter of  
faded dreams, broken hearts,  
and a hell of alotta whores.

Sparkle reaches a store. An old, original facade.  
THE BARGAIN CLOWN MART. She smiles devilishly.

SPARKLE  
Well, alrighty then. Let's check out  
what's under the big top.

EXT. SANTA MONICA BOULEVARD - CIRCUS OF BOOKS - CONTINUOUS

Bernie's SUV slows, slides into a parking space in front of a  
row of storefronts. The detectives get out. Walk to a  
doorway. Faint club music THUMP-THUMPS from within.

VALENTINE  
It's the right address.

KEKO  
This is a book store.

VALENTINE  
Yeah, but check out the tweaker tunes.  
Fits the profile.

Jesus flings his banana peel onto the sidewalk.

KEKO  
Hey. Someone could slip and fall on that.

VALENTINE  
Just like in the cartoons, man.

KEKO  
(rings the buzzer)  
We've checked every fucking club in Boy's  
Town.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

KEKO (CONT'D)  
I'm starting to feel guilty by ass-  
sociation. Whattaya say if this isn't it,  
we go snag a burger?

VALENTINE  
How about -- pizza?

KEKO  
(rings again)  
The pork thing?

VALENTINE  
(shrugs)  
Hey. We're the pigs.

The door OPENS. A small, skinny MAN appears. Boyish in jeans  
and striped sleeveless-T. Perfect, cropped beard.

SKINNY MAN  
I'm sorry. We're closed on Mondays.

KEKO  
(flashes his badge)  
Detectives Keko and Valentine. Can we  
have a moment of your time?

SKINNY MAN  
(eyes flashing)  
Honey, you can have more than *that*.

EXT. BARGAIN CLOWN MART - DUSK

The trippy, pretty drone of Morrissey's  
SHOPLIFTERS OF THE WORLD, UNITE.

A warehouse full of cheap, giant-sized foodstuffs.  
'Topsy the Clown' proclaims TRIPLE COUPON'S SUNDAY.

INT. BARGAIN CLOWN MART - CONTINUOUS

The too-brightly lit bottom rung of retail crap is fairly  
bustling with low-rent, food stamp SHOPPERS.

A raggedy, eye-liner smeared EMO KID grabs a container of  
FROSTY-WHIP, and SHOOONK-SHOOONK, SNORTS it up his nose --  
Crumple to the floor, rushing -- white cream on his face.

IN ANOTHER AISLE

a FAT WOMAN picks up a gallon-sized jar of Cheese Wizzard.  
Looks around. Screws it open. Dips a finger, tastes. Mmm.

Suddenly -- POP -- and a bullet CRACKS into the side, sending  
it to the floor with a CRASH.

FAT WOMAN  
What the fuck?

AT THE OTHER END OF THE AISLE

is SPARKLE. Brandishing a pair of pink Uzis.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SPARKLE

Hey, there -- hefty hideaway, c'mon and  
join the party. You like animal balloons?  
-- cause I'm gonna tie you up in knots.

THE FAT WOMAN

freezes in her tracks.

SPARKLE

Yo, chubbo. Got some angry clowns wanna  
have a word with you.

INT. CIRCUS OF BOOKS - SECOND FLOOR CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Skinny leads Keko and Valentine down a hallway.

SKINNY MAN

She *is* a bit odd -- but she always pays  
her rent on time. Sometimes early. Real  
cute. Looks like Britney. Has a lot of  
visitors. If only I could get that kinda  
action --

They get to her door. Skinny fishes out his master key.

SKINNY MAN (CONT'D)

(tries to open the door)  
Fucking cunt must've changed the lock.

KEKO

(looks at Valentine)  
I've got an idea --

VALENTINE

One, two --

And they KICK DOWN the door -- BANG.

SKINNY MAN

Hey!

KEKO

(hands him his card)  
City will pay for it --

INT. SPARKLE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Keko, Valentine and Skinny regard the decor.

SKINNY MAN

Ooo. I LOVE what she's done to the place.  
Gotta real queer eye --

KEKO

(to Skinny)  
Would you mind leaving us alone for a  
bit? Might turn out to be a crime scene.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SKINNY MAN  
(goes to the door)  
I'll go make some coffee.

And he leaves.

VALENTINE  
I think he likes you.

KEKO  
Fuck you.  
(looks around)  
It looks like that guy's place who was  
caught jerking off in a movie theater.

They start searching the joint.

VALENTINE  
Pee-Wee Herman. Pee-Wee's Playhouse.  
Loved that show. Did you know that Cowboy  
Curtis was played by a very young  
Lawrence Fishburn?  
(does impression)  
I know you are, but what am I? ARRRRGHH!  
(beat)  
Most people don't realize that Paul  
Reubens is a gifted comic actor who  
created a vast array of hilarious  
characters, but was unfortunately  
typecast as Pee-Wee.

KEKO  
And you're going to be typecast as an  
asshole who won't shut the fuck --  
(beat)  
Hey, check it out.

He points at Sparkle's pink I-Mac. On the screen:

TO DO:

Clean weapons.  
Shower and change.  
Fill the tank.

Take Clown Mart Hostage.  
(Arrive at 'magic hour' for best coverage.)

Reunite Carrie and Bernie.  
Kill them.

KEKO AND VALENTINE

stare at the monitor.

KEKO (CONT'D)  
What the fuck is the 'Clown Mart?'

VALENTINE  
Discount store on Sunset.

(CONTINUED)

KEKO

Then let's go shopping. Time for the blue  
light special --

INT. BARGAIN CLOWN MART - CHECK OUT REGISTER - MOMENTS LATER

Sparkle stands on the counter top.  
With enough firepower to clog Joel Silver's arteries.

SPARKLE

Mr. and Mrs. America, and all ships at c-  
word -- citizens, lend me your fucking  
ears! You're gonna give me what I want,  
or I'm gonna starting killing you! One at  
a time. Slowly. Painfully.

(beat)

We're gonna have a lotta fun.

SCARED CASHIER

Please don't kill me. Please. Take  
anything. What do you want? Money? Take  
the money, we don't fucking care, it's  
not our money, take the fuckin' money!

SPARKLE

I don't want your fucking money!

STORE MANAGER

Then what do you want? Just tell us!

SPARKLE

I want you to --

(Pacino as SCARFACE)

Say hello to my 'lil fren.

She points twin pink Uzis at the hostages.  
They start CRYING, SCREAMING.

SPARKLE'S

eyes flutter. Scrunch close. Major chemistry kicking in.

SPARKLE (CONT'D)

I love the -- smell of napalm --

SCARED WOMAN

Grab her, quick! She's on something!  
She --

Sparkle's eyes FLASH open. The madwoman LOSES IT.

SPARKLE

No! That's a Bozo no-no!

RAT-A-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT! RAT-A-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT!  
Bodies HIT the ground with a WHUMP, THWAP, WUMP, WUMP, WUMP.

RAT-A-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT! RAT-A-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT!  
Glass SPRAYS, BREAKS, SMASHES, TINKLES -- CRASHES.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Silence. She smiles a nasty pout.

THE CARNAGE

is complete, total devastation. Bodies. Blood. Debris.

Except for a PRETTY YOUNG WOMAN (18), propped up against a wall. She leans forward, bleeding, confused. In shock.

CLOSE ON --

A gold necklace on her throat.  
Tiny gold-lettered spray of diamonds reads 'Madrid.'

The women stare at each other, searching for --

SPARKLE

Hey. Aren't you --

MADRID

My father's gonna have your head on a  
pinstripe platter. Do you realize who the  
FUCK --

SPARKLE

Of course, bitch, you're *Madrid Marriot*,  
I love you! You fuckin' rule! I love your  
show! You still coming out with that fab  
line of super-cool tote bags?

MADRID

They're not fucking TOTES. They're  
rebuilt vintage English saddle bags.  
(beat)  
Please don't kill me. I'm throwing a  
benefit tonight.

Sparkle lowers her guns.

SPARKLE

Are you kidding? You're my hostage,  
cutie. You're gonna be my Patty Hearst.  
We're gonna make herstory.  
(beat)  
What's the charity?

MADRID

(startled)  
Uh -- COMP.

SPARKLE

What, free tickets? Hotel rooms? Vegas  
slicksters on a binge?

MADRID

It's for -- Children of Murdered Parents.

PUSH IN ON Sparkle. Delighted.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SPARKLE

Then whadya say we make a charitable  
contribution, hot stuff.

EXT./INT. SUNSET BOULEVARD - BERNIE'S SUV - DUSK

The buzzsaw pussy-splatter of Fur's cover of Blondie's  
X OFFENDER over --

Bernie and Valentine speed down the Strip like a bullet.  
They SCREECH to a stop at a light.

VALENTINE

(sees something out the window)  
Shit, that kid's gonna throw a rock at --

CRASH. Valentine's window SPRAYS into a million pieces.  
A vicious-looking gang-banger *jams* an AK-47 at Valentine.

GANG-BANGER

Yo, bitch!

Valentine deftly pulls a Smith & Wesson from his boot.

VALENTINE

Nice gat, what you pay for that?

GANG-BANGER

Shut da fuck up, this is a fuckin' car-  
jackin,' muthafucka!

Valentine GRABS the gun barrel in a blur of fury,  
BANGS it against the window jam --  
SHOVES his piece in the kid's throat.

VALENTINE

Problem with that rifle shit is the  
length of the weapon, makes it hard to --  
(BANGS the kid's head)  
Maneuver.

His body CLUMPS to the ground, WHUMP.

KEKO

That little FUCK smashed my WINDOW.

VALENTINE

Gee. You could say something like, 'good  
job, Valentine. Nice reflexes.'

BERNIE=

Shut up! Let me think!  
(beat)

You stay here with the perp, wait for  
another unit, I'm gonna find another  
vehicle.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VALENTINE

You get to go, and I have to stay here  
and fucking wait? No way, I'm always the  
one who --

BERNIE

Valentine, you stupid fuck! I HAVE to go  
there, she ASKED me to, remember?

VALENTINE

(surly)

Better hurry up then, could be some Dog  
Day Afternoon shit goin' on.

Bernie opens the door, jumps out.

BERNIE

You actually make me miss the muff-diver.

Valentine puts two fingers in his mouth, wiggles his tongue.

BERNIE

stands at the curb. Looks at the sprawl of cars creeping  
slowly in a crunch of prime-time traffic. Sees something.

BERNIE

Always wanted to drive one of those --

A MONSTER TRUCK

towers over the other vehicles. White trash pride.  
Bernie runs up to the passenger door. YANKS it open.

BERNIE (CONT'D)

(flashes his badge)

Outta the car! Police business!

He GRABS the DRIVER, a frat-boy looking hulk, THROWS him out.

FRAT BOY

Hey! You can't do that!

Bernie SLAMS the door. Looks down at the kid.

BERNIE

I just did, jar-head! Go drink some beer  
and beat up your girlfriend.

He JAMS the truck into gear. ROARS onto the sidewalk.

INT. CARRIE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - AT THE SAME TIME

Our not-so-plucky heroine is sprawled on the couch, a lump of  
self-pity. On the coffee table, a bottle of scotch. Empty  
beer bottles. A shot glass --

And Carrie's big, chrome Glock.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

From the TV, we hear LAURA'S VOICE cry out with fake passion.

LAURA (O.S.)  
Yes -- gawd, yes. Fuck me!

Carrie grabs the shooter, FLINGS it at the screen -- CRACK.  
POP. The glass SHATTERS. Smoke curls.

CARRIE  
(very drunk)  
Fucking -- cunt.

Carrie slowly reaches over. Picks up the gun.

CARRIE (CONT'D)  
Girl's best friend --

She grabs the bottle. Takes a slug.

CARRIE (CONT'D)  
Pills would be -- much less messy.

Carrie brings the barrel to her crotch.

CARRIE (CONT'D)  
Wonder if anybody's ever blown out their  
crotch.

Picks up the videotape box. The title reads HARD CANDY.  
Laura's face grins lewdly.

CARRIE (CONT'D)  
Oh, yeah -- that's right.

She FLINGS the box across the room. Takes another slug.

CARRIE (CONT'D)  
Candy is dandy -- but liquor is quicker --  
(puts the gun to her throat)  
But a bullet in the gullet is handy.

The safety *clicks*.

CARRIE (CONT'D)  
Dead poet's society --

She closes her eyes.

CARRIE (CONT'D)  
Forgive me father, for I have fucked.

The phone RINGS.

CARRIE (CONT'D)  
Fuck you! Go away! Leave me alone!

(CONTINUED)



It BRRR-RINGS again. She stands. Marches over to the bar.  
Ma Bell's intruder BRRR-RINGS. She GRABS it.

SPLIT SCREEN WITH:

INT. MONSTER TRUCK - AT THE SAME TIME

Bernie YELLS into his cell phone.

KEKO

Carrie, it's Bernie -- don't throw it!

CARRIE

What? You -- what the fuck do you --

KEKO

The phone! Don't throw it! That's what  
you do, so don't fucking throw it. Listen  
to me, we've found the killer!

A horn HONKS somewhere in her fog.

CARRIE

You found the killer?

(beat)

Where?

KEKO

In Hollywood. She's taken the Bargain  
Clown Mart hostage. I'm on the way there  
now --

Carrie struggles to focus.

CARRIE

You found the -- movie killer? How many,  
how many hostages?

KEKO

One.

CARRIE

One?

KEKO

One.

CARRIE

Well, that's kinda lame.

KEKO

Tell that to the fifty dead customers.

CARRIE

So why you calling me? I no longer wear  
the baby blues. I'm just a civilian, I  
haven't had a bear claw in a week.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KEKO

That might be true. But our fatal fatale  
wants you and I to star in her final  
flick.

(beat)

Or else she's gonna kill her last  
hostage --

EXT. BARGAIN CLOWN MART PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

A news van idles.

KEKO (O.S.)

Live on the 'Action News.'

CARRIE

Stares at the phone. Sighs.

CARRIE

So I guess this is what they call a 'wake  
up call.

INT./EXT. CARRIE'S OLDS - PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY - DUSK

A postcard sunset. Riot of red, orange and yellow splashed  
across the sky, the water.

Carrie races up the coast in a tunnel of palm trees.  
She lights a smoke, slides in a CD.  
Concrete Blonde's brutal-biker snarl of GOD IS A BULLET.

CARRIE (V.O.)

This is the part where I have my showdown  
with the beast.

(CRANKS it up)

Let me tell you a story. I have a  
girlfriend who works at a movie studio.  
And this mini-major had a big hit movie.  
Made 150 million bucks. It was one of  
those 'dumb' comedies. Even had the word  
'dumb' in the title. So, when it comes  
time to make the sequel, the suits --

She turns onto Sunset Boulevard.

CARRIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Well, actually, they don't wear suits  
anymore. Every day is 'casual Friday' in  
show biz nowadays -- so let's call them,  
'business casuals.'

The Porsche races by the Beverly Hills Hotel.

CARRIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

So these *business casuals* come up with  
this brilliant, creative idea. *Let's not  
use the original writer.*

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARRIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Since we'd kill to be able to come up  
with an idea, something, anything, a germ  
of something that might possibly resemble  
an original thought in an alternate  
universe -- we'll have some input. Some  
ego-driven bastardization of the creative  
process.

Carrie flies by the Cinerama Dome.

CARRIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
So now I feel like the fucking writer who  
got fired from the very thing she  
created. I got pink-slipped out of my  
life. My girlfriend's gone, fucked that  
up. I lost my job, really fucked myself  
in the ass with that one -- and I only  
got it back because I'm being summoned to  
the climactic scene by the villain --

The car turns left, heads North up La Brea.

CARRIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Who in this case is the evil spawn of Jon-  
Benet Ramsey risen from the dead, hell-  
bent on shooting her own B-movie meltdown  
in some kind of post-apocalyptic  
Hollywood Babylon.  
(beat)  
Don't drop your popcorn, kids -- cause  
the hero's about to lose it.

She stops at a light. Looks at herself in the rear view.

IN THE MIRROR

Carrie's eyes burn. They blink, flicker madly.  
Her hand WHAP-WHAP-WHAP-WHAP-WHAPS the dashboard.

CARRIE  
(screams)  
No! Fuck you! Fuck all of you! I will NOT  
be a passive protagonist!

Carrie JAMS on the horn -- HONK, HONK, HONK, HONNNKKK.  
She TAKES OFF into the traffic --

EXT. CORNER OF HOLLYWOOD AND VINE - CONTINUOUS

Carrie's silver coupe SCREECHES, fishtails right,  
then jerks into a tiny parking lot.

CAMERA pulls back to reveal --

EXT. BARGAIN CLOWN MART - NIGHT

The bluesy, slinky crawl of Concrete Blonde's WOMAN TO WOMAN.

Three-dozen squad cars, news vans choke the parking lot.  
Carrie stands behind yellow police tape with a bullhorn.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARRIE

(Loud, over the speaker)  
Alright, you Waco-wacko, Una-Bimbo,  
Branch Dividian wannabe. I'm here, I'm  
queer -- and I'm gonna fuck up your  
technicolor, tinsletown world.

IN THE STORE

Sparkle snaps on a 'Mr. Karaoke' with a squeal of feedback.

SPARKLE

So glad you could make it to the show,  
Detective Love. Or should I say, ex-  
detective Love. Now you listen to me,  
Missy -- save your threats for someone  
who gives a fuck, cause there's a new  
sheriff in town. And she's gonna preempt  
your regular programming.

SPLIT SCREEN WITH:

THE PARKING LOT

CARRIE

Go ahead, kill the trust fund thigh-  
mistress -- like I could give a holy  
fuck!

INT. TELEVISION NEWS BROADCAST - AT THE SAME TIME

BROCK BRADLEY and LINA DELGADO sit at the 'Action News' desk.

BROCK

-- When just moments ago, Homicide Chief  
Larry Lipshitz reinstated Detective  
Carrie Love. I know we're not supposed  
give our opinion, Lina -- but I gotta  
say, I think there's gonna be a lot of  
controversy over this.

LINA

Give me a break, Brock. She's just  
reclaiming what's hers. Like the  
whispering wind off the desert of the  
heart, Carrie Love is a postmodern  
heroine for a vacant world. Ride the  
white horse, girlfriend. Ride the white  
horse.

*What?*

BROCK

Well, look who's the poet.  
(touches earpiece, relieved)  
We've just been given a late-breaking  
bulletin. Skip?

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. BARGAIN CLOWN MART - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Roving reporter SKIP WHITMAN, the red headed, almost-albino man on the scene, squints into the CAMERA.

SKIP

That's right, Brock. This is Skip Whitman, man on the scene here on a crisp, clear, starry night here at the Bargain Clown Mart, deep in the heart beautiful downtown Hollywood.

BROCK

Very descriptive, Skip. So what the heck's going on?

SKIP

Well, Brock, in a stunning reversal of fortune, infamous former-Homicide Detective Carrie Love has been yanked back onto the force -- and is right now inside the Bargain Clown Mart having a showdown with the alleged killer, who we've just learned is a very attractive teenage girl. The stunning former 'Little Miss Inland Empire' only made one demand -

LINA

(touches her earpiece)

Holds that thought, Skip -- I've just been given another bulletin. We've just learned that Carrie Love is wearing a to-die-for Gucci chocolate brown leather mini.

Brock turns, looks at her strangely.

\*\*\*

INT. BARGAIN CLOWN MART - AT THE SAME TIME

Carrie walks through the front door, hands in the air.

CARRIE

I'm not carrying. Let the girl go. We can make a deal.

SPARKLE

There she is -- lookin' good, Missy. But where's the hunka-hunka burnin' cop-muffin?

CARRIE

He's on his way. So let's just calm down.

Sparkle walks over, pats her down. Gets to Carrie's hemline.

CARRIE (CONT'D)

That's a restricted area. I don't do the casual thing these days.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The killer's hand disappears up inside.

CARRIE (CONT'D)

No wonder you're killing all your suitors  
-- you're one of the ten percent.

Sparkle whips her hand out. CLICK-CLICKS-CLICKS her weapon.

SPARKLE

'Let's Make A Deal,' huh? Wanna play 'The  
Family Fuck?' 'Who wants to be a dead  
fuck?' How 'bout 'The Wheel of  
Misfortune?' Huh? Wanna take a spin?

The vixen swings her Uzis in the direction of Madrid.

SPARKLE (CONT'D)

Don't shoot, or the nigger gets it.

Pause.

CARRIE

BLAZING SADDLES.

SPARKLE

I'm rilly, rilly impressed.

(beat)

'Don't worry, everything's gonna be okay.  
I'm your biggest fan.'

CARRIE

MISERY. Cathy Bates makes James Cahn pee  
his Hilfigers.

SPARKLE

Ohimgod. Fuck me with a blowtorch. Pull  
my anal beads. You're really good. You  
might just have to live.

(beat)

'Envy. My sin was envy.'

CARRIE

Take a powder, kid. SEVEN. Kevin Spacey,  
the scene where he's got little Gwynie  
Paltrow's head in a box. Kid stuff.  
That's the best you can do?

SPARKLE

(pissed off)

'Go ahead, ask yourself, punk -- do you  
feel lucky?'

CARRIE

You're kidding me, right? I thought you'd  
be gettin' obscure on me. That's my boy,  
Clint, DIRTY HARRY. Reason I joined the  
force, little girl.

Sparkle SNAPS.

(CONTINUED)

SPARKLE

Don't call me LITTLE GIRL. I'm NOT a little girl.

CARRIE

Ooh. Looks like I hit a nerve.

SPARKLE

Shut up! You're ruining it! This is my movie! This is my shining moment in the sun -- my climax -- my audience award-winning --

Carrie WHIPS a sliver of a gun out from under her skirt.

CARRIE

Cut the crap, little girl. I'm on to you. You're nothing but a two-bit, dime store floozy with a couple of semiautomatic weapons. You don't fucking scare me. I've been looking death in the face longer than you've needed tampons. So go ahead, shoot -- c'mon, hit me with your best shot.

A pin drops.

SPARKLE

No. Not yet. Get a news crew in here. Now. Or else silver spoon in her snatch gets it where Daddy does it to her.

MADRID

Hey!

SPARKLE

Shut up!

She EXPLODES in a fusillade of bullets --  
RAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT! RAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT!

SPARKLE (CONT'D)

You heard me, now! Unless the action fucking news is in here in ONE MINUTE -- the heiress gets her rack frapped in a 45 caliber blender.

CARRIE'S

eyes flicker. A brainstorm.

CARRIE

Then let me go get one.

SPARKLE

Okay -- march, copper. Bring me the media.

(beat)

But if you try any funny stuff, it's curtains, see?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SPARKLE (CONT'D)

You try and double-cross me, and it's  
boom, boom, boom, out go the lights --  
everybody have fun tonight, everybody  
Wang Chung tonight.

Carrie turns to go. Stops. Looks back.

CARRIE

You really gotta get out more often.

EXT. BARGAIN CLOWN MART - PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

A gridlock of COPS, several NEWS CREWS --  
And a crowd of GAWKING SPECTATORS.  
Larry PUSHES toward Carrie -- GRABS her.

LIPSHITZ

Are you okay? What's going on? How many  
people are dead? What's she like? Does  
she have any demands? Are you okay? Can I  
get you --

CARRIE

Larry! Slow down. Slow down. Slow down.  
(beat)

I'm okay. But there's dozens of dead  
smart shoppers in there -- and one barely  
breathing bimbo. And I don't give a fuck  
what she's like -- this pageant princess  
from hell is right now in the middle of a  
midnight-movie breakdown -- and she's  
demanding that we get the fucking media  
in there immediately -- so unless you  
have a better idea -- then I suggest we  
grab some prime time meat and do a little  
dance with little Missy devil dog.

LIPSHITZ

(gestures around him)

Go get 'em tiger. Pick a channel.

She looks around at the REPORTERS, lights, cameras, CREWS.

A MULTI-ETHNIC CREW, 'TELEVISIO.'

HISPANIC REPORTER

Mira, mira! Televiso! Televiso!

LIVE AT FIVE -- with a GLOSSY NEWS GUY, grim -- but excited.

GLOSSY NEWS GUY

Live at Five, Miss Love! Live at Five!

CNN. The big boys. With a STUNNING NEWS BABE.

STUNNING NEWS BABE

Carrie. Been a long time.

CARRIE

gulps.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

CARRIE

Veronica. You got your dream job.

(beat)

You look great.

VERONICA

You never called.

CARRIE

Please, I'll grovel at your feet later.  
Lick your shoes. Anything you want, I  
swear. But right now we gotta meet the  
press.

INT. BARGAIN CLOWN MART - MOMENTS LATER

Veronica and the CREW creep up to Sparkle on tip-toes.

SPARKLE

Jesus Christ, this is the 'Action News?'  
Lighten up, this is the big scoop, the  
exclusive -- it's the fucking sweeps!  
Play it right, and your career goes into  
overdrive. Fuckin' quote's gonna go  
through the roof.

VERONICA

(shoves mike toward Sparkle)

Veronica Sawyer, Miss Plenty, CNN. I must  
say this the most unusual interview I've  
ever done. You'll have to pardon me if  
I'm a little bit scared shitless.

SPARKLE

(crazy smile)

Pleased to meet ya, Ronnie. And please,  
call me Sparkle. It's truly an honor.  
Love that action, love that news.

VERONICA

Do you realize we're making broadcast  
history, Miss -- Sparkle? Right now at  
this very moment, over a hundred million  
people around the world are watching us.

SPARKLE

Then take me to your global village,  
anchor babe. Lets get that demographic.

(to the cameraman)

Bring it in closer, I want to hear them  
gasp -- wanna hear them say, but gosh,  
she's so pretty.

CARRIE

shoves her gun in Veronica's face. GRABS her mike.

CARRIE

Before you get your precious footage -- I  
need to borrow your transmission.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VERONICA

Bitch.

(into the camera)

As you can see, Detective Love has just commandeered my crew.

SPARKLE

Hey, you can't shoot her! I'm gonna shoot her!

INT. ACTION NEWSROOM - AT THAT MOMENT

The ANCHORS and CREW watch on monitors with uncontained glee.

LINA

Get her! Kick her fucking ass!

BROCK

Shoot the bitch! Shoot the bitch!

INT. BARGAIN CLOWN MART - CONTINUOUS

Carrie gets closer, looks into the camera.

CARRIE

Laura -- I hope you're watching this. I just wanna say I'm sorry. I really fucked up. What you do for a living is your choice, it's none of my business, and I had no right to judge you. I just got scared -- that machine almost killed you. Almost fried what I pray to.

(beat)

At least what you do is honest. I mean, I fuck people too, but they don't have an orgasm. They just get a slimy sandwich and a scary new roommate. Please forgive me. Come back, baby. My sheets are dry.

KEKO (O.S.)

Well, what have we got here? One of the dolls get out of her box?

Sparkle WHIPS an Uzi toward the voice, turns to look.

SPARKLE

Ohmigod, it's Mr. decaf frappaccino. So glad you could join the party. Ready for a little 'death do us part' action?

BERNIE

holds twin 357 Magnums. They glisten in the light.

KEKO

In your dreams, little girlie. There's two of us now, so you better put away those toys before Mommy catches you.

ANGLE ON --

Carrie's gun at the camera. Bernie's pair on Sparkle.  
Sparkle's Uzis on Madrid and Bernie.

Sparkle FLIPS a gun from Bernie to the CAMERAMAN.

SPARKLE  
(to Carrie)  
Squeeze play -- your choice, hon. Billy  
Betacam, or baby Botox.

Pause.

CARRIE  
(to the cameraman)  
Shut off the camera. It'll make her stop.

CAMERAMAN  
What? No way.

CARRIE  
Shut off the camera, it'll make her stop.  
She won't shoot, it's gotta be on the  
air.

CAMERAMAN  
No way. She's got a fuckin' gun at my  
head.

SPARKLE  
That's right, detective -- I've got him  
in my hair-trigger. And It's gettin'  
itchy.

CARRIE  
(to the cameraman)  
And I've got her number. She won't kill  
anyone else unless it's being broadcast --

BANG! BANG! BANG!

A surprised look on Madrid's face.  
Three red stains slowly expand on her gauzy belly-top.

THE CAMERAMAN

turns to the wounded beauty, focuses. Excited. Scared.

CARRIE

PUNCHES him. GRABS the camera. Shuts it off.

INT. NEWSROOM - CONTINUOUS

The monitors go black.

BROCK  
Goddammit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LINA

Fuck me.

INT. BARGAIN CLOWN MART - CONTINUOUS

Sparkle stops. Looks. Confused. Something shuts down.

SPARKLE

No, no. Turn it back on. Turn it back on.

(very quiet)

Mommy, please -- let me do it again,  
please. I'm sorry I dropped it. I know I  
can do better.

(listens to something)

I don't get another chance?

She gently places a gun at her throat.

The other at her temple.

Closes her eyes.

CARRIE (O.S.)

No! Don't do it --

SPARKLE

(a whisper)

I'm sorry.

(beat)

I'll take my ball and phone home now.

(a whisper)

Bye, bye, Daddy. Take care of Mommy --

INT. BARGAIN CLOWN MART - ARIAL POV - CONTINUOUS

SPARKLE

Squeezes the trigger. RAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT!  
Her head EXPLODES in a SPRAY of RED MIST.

EXT. BARGAIN CLOWN MART - NIGHT

Emotionally spent, splattered, Carrie makes her way through  
the crowd of NEWS CREWS, COPS, GAWKING BYSTANDERS.

CARRIE (V.O.)

Another thing about Los Angeles -- this  
sprawling mass of self-satisfaction is  
all about air time. The 'big story.'  
Ratings.

She passes a REPORTER, a blonde, grinning jock type.

CARRIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Fucking vultures --

JOCK REPORTER

Yes! I believe that's her!

(approaches Carrie)

Detective! Miss Love! Roger Ditz, KTLA  
Evening News! How do you feel?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Carrie PUSHES him away. Keeps walking.

CARRIE

That's on a 'need to know' basis, Roger.

Veronica approaches.

VERONICA

Don't bother begging for my favors,  
Carrie.

CARRIE

We all use each other, babe.

Lipshitz appears.

LIPSHITZ

Carrie, let me give you a lift home. You  
can file your report tomorrow. You've  
been through --

CARRIE

I've been through a bloody blender, Lare.  
Please, leave me alone -- no offense --  
but I've got find someone.

LIPSHITZ

I'll call you tomorrow morning.

CARRIE

I'll call you. I'm sleeping in.

She reaches the gauntlet of GAWKING ONLOOKERS.  
Pushing, wildly grinning, jockeying for position.

RABID ONLOOKER

Yo, that's her!

CRAZED ONLOOKER

Carrie, baby! Legs!

Carrie ignores them, pushes through the crowd.

CARRIE (V.O.)

It's all about the glitz, the glamour --  
the box office. Which explains the rage  
behind the big, bright smiles. Why  
someone jams on the horn if you hesitate  
the tiniest bit at a stoplight. Why  
people will spend five bucks for a coffee  
and a buck-fifty for a cookie. A fuckin'  
cookie.

(beat)

And which explains all the shitty movies  
they keep cranking out.

LAURA

Stands at the corner. Holy shit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARRIE (V.O.)  
Except this one, of course.

The brutal, brittle Brit femme-throb of Catatonia's DAZED,  
BEAUTIFUL & BRUISED rises up.

Carrie walks over to this flaming creature in pink latex.

CARRIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
And there she was, a vision in rubber. It  
was as if the heavens opened up and  
delivered me evil. Brought back to me the  
missing piece I thought was gone forever.  
The thing that made me whole.

Carrie says something to Laura.  
Laura tenses. Looks like she's going to bolt.

Carrie pulls out a pack of smokes. Shakes out two.  
Lights them. Offers one to Laura --

She *snatches* it. Takes a long, deep drag.  
Blows smoke in Carrie's face.

CARRIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Cause when your self-esteem is running on  
empty -- you need another warm body to  
fill your tank.

Carrie begs, pleads. Like her life depended on it.  
But then, at this point -- maybe it does.

CARRIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Nobody's perfect. I'm not -- and God  
knows, neither was she.

Laura's eyes burn into her. Considering.  
Carrie gets down on one knee --  
Giving Laura the view up her skirt.

CARRIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
But we had something most people never  
have. Something they only dream about.  
(beat)  
And should probably stay the hell away  
from.

Laura pulls a leash out of her purse.  
SNAPS it on Carrie's leather choker.

CARRIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Some people say such passion is worth the  
price. For me, it was a no-brainer.  
(beat)  
Call me Lassie.

Laura steps back. Gives the chain a YANK.  
Carrie stands. Goes to her.

And they kiss --

(CONTINUED)

CARRIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

That's it. Time for me to ankle this joint. And it's about time for you to get back to your happy little lives.

(beat)

Me? I'll be right here, playing craps with my heart -- and spinning the roulette wheel of love.