

SEAHORSES

Written by

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FADE IN:

1 EXT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES - NIGHT 1

We see time-lapse shots of the rush of cars through DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES. The bars, the businesses, the restaurants are all lit up and alive with activity.

The neon flow and flux of cars stopping and starting through traffic lights.

A homeless man down for the count on the street.

Tribes of young adults buzzing around the night spots.

THE CREDITS ROLL

2 EXT. 6TH STREET - NIGHT 2

Everything speeds around in the glitter-scape as we see MARTIN walking towards the CAMERA.

CAMERA tracks him, as the background races around him, he is in slow motion.

Martin is a good-looking but neurotic man who is searching for something more in his life. He is yearning, confused, lonely.

He looks to his side. The CAMERA stays on him a few beats and then pans to who he is looking at:

There is a woman next to him, walking by his side. Her name is LAUREN. She looks over to Martin uncomfortably.

She's a beautiful woman in her late twenties who has issues that she needs to deal with. She is fragile, troubled, dangerous.

CAMERA PANS back to Martin. They are slowly moving through time as the world races by.

3 INT. MARTIN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 3

Seahorses swim. Tight shots of two domestic seahorses in captivity. They are inside a glowing aquarium.

DISSOLVE TO:

4

EXT. MARTIN'S APARTMENT - DOORWAY - NIGHT

4

The door swings open. Martin steps in.

She is reluctant, she stays in the doorway.

Lauren carries a GIANT PURSE that she lives out of.

MARTIN

You can come in if you want.

LAUREN

Okay.

She stands her place.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

I don't know.

MARTIN

Come in.

Lauren tilts her head to its side.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

It's cold out there, it's warm in here.

Lauren does not enter.

LAUREN

I really shouldn't go into stranger's homes.

MARTIN

I'm not a stranger.

LAUREN

I'm not that kind of girl.

MARTIN

What kind of girl are you?

LAUREN  
I'm sure you don't want me in  
there.

MARTIN  
Yes I do.

LAUREN  
Trust me, you don't. I think this  
is as far as I can go.

MARTIN  
Okay, whatever you want.

Martin nods his head, Lauren stands there awkwardly.

MARTIN (CONT'D)  
Stay in the hallway, go back to  
your car, go home. I'm going in.

Martin starts to move into the apartment. Lauren doesn't  
budge. He turns back towards her and looks for a response.

LAUREN  
You expecting something?

MARTIN  
What do you mean by that?

LAUREN  
You know what I mean.

MARTIN  
You're nice, I like you, just want  
to talk a little longer, chill out,  
no stress.

Several beats of uncomfortable silence.

She holds her ground.

LAUREN  
What's your real name?

MARTIN  
Real name? Why would I give you a  
fake name?

LAUREN  
Everyone has their secrets. What  
are you hiding?

MARTIN  
You know my name.

LAUREN  
Is this your place?

MARTIN  
Yeah. I have nothing to hide.

WOMAN  
Can I see a photo ID?

MARTIN  
What?

LAUREN  
You can never be too careful.

Martin pulls out his wallet and presents his DRIVER'S LICENSE.

MARTIN  
Here.

LAUREN  
I will officially enter your house  
as long as I can keep this license  
for the duration of my stay...

MARTIN  
Fine...

They finally exit the doorway and move into the apartment.

**SCENE 4A: INT. APARTMENT NIGHT**

As Lauren steps into the apartment and tucks the driver's licence into her bra.

Lauren scans the living room, modern style, leather furniture, typical bachelor pad.

LAUREN  
Now look at this. Look at all of  
this.

MARTIN  
Yeah.

Lauren starts to go through Martin's stuff. She opens drawers, flips through something that looks like a PRIVATE JOURNAL.

LAUREN  
Nice place.

MARTIN  
Thanks.

LAUREN  
I'm sure you bring a lot of young women through here.

MARTIN  
No, not at all. I don't have a lot of guests.

LAUREN  
I just want to tell you that I have a new found respect for my body. I see how men stare at me like I'm on display. Their filthy eyes locked onto the nasty bits. From this moment on, I'm not meat. Martin, can I call you Marty? Do you believe in Jesus?

MARTIN  
Can I have my ID back?

Lauren gets in Martin's face. She's mad at him.

LAUREN  
I gotta freshen up. Where is the powder room?

Martin leads her to the bathroom. THE CAMERA FOLLOWS THEM.

She briskly enters and shuts the door behind her.

Martin turns away, not sure what he has gotten himself into.

5 INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

5

THE CAMERA FOLLOWS MARTIN THROUGHOUT THE APARTMENT as he preps for Lauren.

He moves to the bedroom and urgently scoops up some dirty laundry off the floor and throws it in the closet.

Then he races to the bed, urgently making the bed and fluffing the pillows.

He looks over to his aquarium of seahorses. He rubs a smudge off the tank.

He looks into the mirror and re-tucks in his shirt. Then he pull outs out his shirt and to see the if the sloppy look will work. He tries to strike a cool pose. It doesn't work for him and he urgently re-tucks his shirt.

He breathes into his hand and smells his breath. It's foul. He makes a sour face and steps to another bathroom.

Martin chugs some MOUTHWASH straight out of the bottle.

He spits it out and notices his receding hairline. He tries to adjust his hair to disguise this flaw.

He stares good and long at himself in the mirror.

6 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

6

Lauren is also looking at herself in the mirror. She sets her purse down.

She stares at herself for way too long with a growing disapproval.

She reached over to her head. She tugs at her hair. She takes off her WIG.

She looks at the wig and pets it like it was alive. She sets it down gently.

She looks like a different person. Under her wig is her real hair: shocking blue.

She takes off her shirt, she is wearing a black bra.

She lights a CIGARETTE and starts to smoke.

She pops some VICODIN pills and washes it down with some whiskey from a FLASK.

She pulls out Martin's ID and stares at it.

She snubs out the Martin's photo on the ID with her Cigarette.

She pulls out a VINTAGE NECKLACE from her purse. She looks at it and tries it on. She puts it back in her purse.

She begins to cry. Tears stream down her face.

Her phone makes a VIBRATING RING. She pulls it out and looks at it. It shows unanswered voice mail messages.

ON THE PHONE: "24 NEW MESSAGES."

She grabs a towel and wipes her face. She continues to sob into the towel.

She takes more drugs, staggers back, dizzy and takes more drugs.

Stoned, exhausted, completely messed up, Lauren falls onto the bathroom floor.

7 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 7

Martin steps away from the mirror and moves towards Lauren's bathroom. Time goes by.

DISSOLVE TO:

8 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 8

Martin paces around and looks at the bathroom door. No action.

DISSOLVE TO:

9 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT 9

Lauren is laying on the bathroom floor, the camera glides above her.

10 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 10

Martin places his ear to the door. He continues to pace around.



- 11 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT 11
- Lauren opens her eyes.
- She rises up and moves to the sink.
- Close up of Lauren emptying her purse on the bathroom counter.
- She dumps some MAKEUP on the counter. She also pulls out some CONDOMS, a SEX TOY VIBRATOR and a dog-eared and post-it noted POCKET BIBLE.
- The final thing she takes out is a rhinestone lined JEWELRY BOX. She handles the box with a gentle reverence.
- She arranges the stuff on the counter.
- She runs the water.
- She starts to slap her own face, one side and then the other.
- She tries to pull herself together as she begins to apply makeup to her face.
- 12 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 12
- Martin awkwardly waits for Lauren.
- Martin backpedals away from the bathroom pacing around awkwardly.
- Several moments pass. He moves to the corner of the room.
- Martin pulls out his phone and calls a friend.
- 13 INT. JACKIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 13
- JACKIE is pounding on her laptop. She is a tough-looking pierced and tattooed lesbian. Bright, funny, crass and loyal, she's Martin's best friend. She answers the phone.
- CROSS CUT WITH MARTIN
- JACKIE  
What's up?
- MARTIN  
Weirdness...

JACKIE  
Having issues with your new friend?

MARTIN  
Yeah. She's in my bathroom right now.

JACKIE  
You got her in your apartment?  
That means going to score! Dust those cobwebs off your dick.

MARTIN  
Not a good idea.

JACKIE  
What?

MARTIN  
She's a freak.

JACKIE  
Is she cute?

MARTIN  
Yeah.

JACKIE  
How cute?

MARTIN  
Really, really cute. Beyond cute.  
Way beyond.

JACKIE  
Beyond?

Martin goes on his phone and sends Jackie her picture.

Jackie's mail chimes. She opens the picture on her computer.

JACKIE (CONT'D)  
Major piece of ass. She looks like the picture?

MARTIN  
Better.

JACKIE  
What she doing with you?

MARTIN

Shut up. She's nice, I think, maybe she's not. I have no idea how she is. She's here, she must be messed up.

JACKIE

You got a smoking hot chick in your apartment. What are you freaking out about? I'm in a lipstick lesbo chat room pretending to be a bored soccer mom. I need to get a life, you're on the road to getting one.

MARTIN

She's been in the bathroom forever.

JACKIE

Maybe she's taking a long ass crap.

MARTIN

You're gross.

JACKIE

Hey, we all do it...

MARTIN

What is the etiquette for making sure she is okay? Should I knock? Should I wait longer? Should I call out to here in a gentle voice? Perhaps more assertive. Maybe I should consult the internet.

Martin puts his ear to the door and then moves back away from the door.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

What's her deal?

JACKIE

She might have gastrointestinal issues, or it's that time of the month, who cares, lay down some towels. That bitch is hot. After she evacuates, menstruates, whatever, get to slamming this strange young woman. Just. Fuck. Her. Bye.

Jackie hangs up.

Martin looks at his phone perplexed. She hung up.

Martin is on his own now.

14 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

14

Martin looks to the bathroom door.

He moves to the bathroom door trying to muster as much confidence that he has.

He weakly knocks on the bathroom door.

MARTIN

Lauren?

He tries a little louder.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Lauren?

No response, just the sound of running water.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Lauren? Lauren? Hello?

He tries a little louder and then even more. This builds to an almost insane urgency.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Lauren? Lauren! ARE YOU OKAY?

14A INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

14A

Meanwhile, Lauren is reading bible passages urgently to herself, while smoking:

LAUREN

(Revelations 21, New  
Testament)

AND HE SAID UNTO ME, IT IS DONE. I  
AM ALPHA AND OMEGA, THE BEGINNING  
AND THE END. I WILL GIVE UNTO HIM  
THAT IS THIRST OF THE FOUNTAIN OF  
THE WATER OF LIFE FREELY.

(MORE)

LAUREN (CONT'D)  
 BUT THE FEARFUL, AND UNBELIEVING,  
 AND THE ABOMINABLE, AND MURDERERS,  
 AND WHOREMONGERS, AND SORCERERS,  
 AND IDOLATERS, AND ALL LIARS, SHALL  
 HAVE THEIR PART IN THE LAKE WHICH  
 BURNETH WITH FIRE AND BRIMSTONE:  
 WHICH IS THE SECOND DEATH.

Lauren is hesitant to answer.

Lauren is fixing her hair.

LAUREN (CONT'D)  
 Getting ready for you.

14 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 14

MARTIN  
 Do you need anything?

14A INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT 14A

LAUREN  
 Just some privacy. I'll be right  
 out.

14 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 14

MARTIN  
 Okay... Have you been smoking in  
 there?

15 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT 15

Lauren shrugs and rubs out her cigarette in the sink.

Lauren looks at her rhinestone jewelry box. Whatever is  
 inside, it is calling her.

CAMERA DOLLIES TOWARDS THE BOX.

As the CAMERA pushes in, the MUSIC swells.

ON LAUREN

She gently moves towards the box intently.

BACK ON THE BOX

There is very something important to Lauren inside.

BACK ON LAUREN

She moves to the box as if in a trance.

She touches it, does she dare open it?

Just then, her phone rings again. She looks down and answers it.

LAUREN

Arrete de m'appeler connard , je  
suis occupee. (Asshole! Stop  
calling me, I'm busy.)

A MALE VOICE named JAKE is heard from the other side.

15A INT. JAKE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

15A

JAKE

Occupe a faire quoi? (Busy doing  
what?)

15 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

15

Lauren hangs up the phone slams down the phone. It rings again. She picks it up again.

CROSS CUT FROM LAUREN BATHROOM TO JAKE'S HOUSE

JAKE, Lauren's brother is a business-minded family man who one would think has it all together. Appearances can be deceiving. During the conversation his son JOSHUA moves around in the background, starved for attention.

JAKE

Lauren, tu dois signer le papier.  
(Lauren, you need to sign the  
paper.)

She hangs up the phone slamming it down. It rings again.

LAUREN

Arrete.. (Stop it.)

JAKE

Tu ne peux pas continuer a te  
cacher.

(MORE)

JAKE (CONT'D)

Tu dois faire face a ton probleme.  
Il faut que tu agisses. (You can't  
just hide. You just have  
to face the heavy stuff.  
Arrangements have to be made.)

LAUREN

Agir? (Arrangements.)

JAKE

Appelle ca comme tu veux. On  
s'occupera de tout; t'as juste a  
prendre un stylo et signer. Cette  
situation ne peut pas s'eterniser.  
(Call it whatever you want. We'll  
take care of the details, you just  
have to pick up a pen and sign your  
name. We can't let this drag on and  
on.)

His eight year-old son Joshua tries to get Jake's attention.  
He is holding an airplane.

JOSHUA

Daddy, can you fix this?

JAKE

(To Joshua)

No, Josh. Not now, I'm busy right  
now.

(To Lauren)

Ce sera mieux pour nous et pour  
toi. On pourra tous passer a autre  
chose. (It will be better for us  
and it will be better for you. We  
can all move on.)

LAUREN

Je ne me sens pas prete. Je te  
rappelle. La je suis pas prete.  
(I'm not ready. I'll call you back  
when I'm ready. I'm not ready now.)

JAKE

Grandis et signe le putain de  
papier. Espece de connasse , sale  
egoiste. (grow up, sign the paper.  
Selfish bitch...)

LAUREN

M'appelle pas comme ca! (Don't call me that!)

JAKE

Il faut tourner la page. (We need to move on.)

Joshua, holding the plane, flies it at Jake's head. Jake knocks it out of his hand.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Goddamit, Josh. Go to your room!

Joshua runs into his room.

LAUREN

Je ne veux pas de sang sur mes mains.. (I don't want blood on my hands.)

JAKE

Qu'est ce qu'il t'arrive? Tu en as rien a foutre d'elle. (What's wrong with you? You don't give a shit about her.)

LAUREN

Je l'aime. (I love her.)

JAKE

Allez Lauren. TU FAIS SOUFFRIR TOUT LE MONDE! (Come on Lauren. YOU'RE MAKING EVERYONE SUFFER!)

LAUREN

Au contraire, Je ne fais rien. (I'm not doing anything.)

JAKE

Tu sais quoi ? T'es vraiment un etre ignoble, un monstre. T'as besoin de me controler. Pauvre petite fille qui utilises la seule chose qu'elle a pour me detruire. Tu vas le regretter! (You know what? You are an ugly, horrible human being. You need power over me.

(MORE)



JAKE (CONT'D)  
 The helpless little girl is using  
 the only thing she has to fuck me  
 up. You're going to regret your  
 behavior.)

Josuha has sneaked back in the room and is staring at his  
 dad.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
 I told you to go to your room!

Lauren stays on the line for several beats. She looks in the  
 mirror.

"Am I really a monster?" She thinks. She makes an angry  
 monster face.

She looks back at her rhinestone jewelry box.

Out of the corner of her eye she notices something.

LAUREN'S POV

Lauren looks at the very large and inviting Jacuzzi bathtub.

She scans it and the surrounding comforts.

She picks up a container of BATH SALTS and sniffs them.

She starts to run the water.

16 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

16

Martin hears the water running and he moves to the bathroom  
 door. He puts his ear to the door.

MARTIN  
 Hey, hey there?

16A INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

16A

Lauren sticks her foot in the running water. Steam rises.

LAUREN  
 Hi.

MARTIN (O.S.)  
 Coming out?

LAUREN  
Mind if I take a bath?

16 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 16

MARTIN  
A bath?

16A INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT 16A

Lauren sides her whole body into the tub.

LAUREN  
I need to relax.

16 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 16

MARTIN  
Uh...sure.

16A INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT 16A

LAUREN  
It's a nice tub.

16 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 16

MARTIN  
Thanks.

16A INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT 16A

LAUREN  
It's bigger than I'm used to. You  
have jets. Thanks.

Lauren gently glides towards the bathtub.

17 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 17

Martin is perplexed.

He calls his friend Jackie on the phone.

As their conversation continues are also cross cuts of Lauren in the bathroom, preparing for the bath, stripping down and then getting into the bathtub.

MARTIN

I need help. Major emergency.

17A INT. JACKIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

17A

Cross cut with Jackie's apartment.

JACKIE

Calm down, I'm sure whatever it is, you're overreacting.

17 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

17

Martin continues.

MARTIN

She's taking a bath.

JACKIE

Really. Are you going to join her?

MARTIN

No, she's doing it by herself.

JACKIE

Marty read the signs. She's totally into you. Get naked, there is room in that tub for two. Who can blame her? You are a super stud.

MARTIN

I am not a stud. Should I call 911?

JACKIE

911?

MARTIN

There's deranged woman in my bathtub.

JACKIE

Is that a bad thing? Crazy girls are great in bed, I'm speaking from experience. What is wrong with you?

MARTIN

That's a valid question. Why do all the crazies find me? Why can't I find someone normal?

JACKIE

Marty, you think too much. You just need to do. Actions speak louder than whatever your overstimulated brain and under-stimulated body could ever comprehend. This may sound cheesy, or unprogressive or not cool, but that girl wants you to power your way into the bathroom and take her Caveman Style. That's what a real man would do. Are you a real man? Stop being a gentleman. Stop being a pussy. Start being a cock! Stride through that door. Stride through that door LIKE A MAN! DO IT NOW!

Martin is pumped up by Jackie's pep talk. He moves to the bathroom door.

He puts the phone on the table.

He pulls off his shirt.

He drops his pants.

He takes some intense breaths to start the adrenaline flowing.

MARTIN

I can't believe I'm doing this!

He urgently grabs the bathroom handle.

He turns the door handle. It is locked. He deflates.

He picks up the phone and talks to Jackie.

MARTIN (CONT'D)  
 (weakly)  
 She locked the door.

JACKIE  
 Oh fuck.

MARTIN  
 What do I do now?

JACKIE  
 Break the door down?

18 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT 18

Lauren is inside the bathtub.

She holds her breath under the water for a long time.

Is she trying to drown herself?

She puts her hands on her neck and squeezes tightly, aiding in the suffocation.

She holds herself under for over a minute and starts to turn blue.

OVER HEAD SHOT

Lauren starts to fidget and convulse as she tries to drain the life out of herself.

CLOSE UP ON LAUREN

She forces her way to the surface, gasping for air.

She breathes desperately for air.

19 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT 19

Lauren throws in some bubble bath and turns on the Jacuzzi jets.

The bubbles rise higher and higher.

20 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 20

Martin is dressed again. He is slumped over, a pile of nerves.

Martin and Jackie continue their conversation.

MARTIN

Look, I know who I am, I can't be some kind of macho monster. It's not in my fabric.

20A INT. JACKIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

20A

Cross cut with Martin.

JACKIE

Martin, I've had a front row seat to every relationship you've had in the past 10 years. You fall head over heels in love then you bend and force yourself into a box. You got to change something in your life if you want to be happy.

MARTIN

Be happy? Is that the objective?

JACKIE

Yeah. Beats being miserable.

MARTIN

I've been miserable so long, right now I'm just aspiring to be sad. I don't think nailing a troubled girl would help the cause.

JACKIE

Life presents a challenge. How will you face the challenge?

Jackie hangs up the phone.

Martin waits for a response. He looks at the phone seeing that Jackie has hung up.

He is again on his own.

21 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

21

Lauren continues taking her bath. Her phone rings. She puts it on speaker phone and continues.

On the phone...

LAUREN

Hi.

21A INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

21A

Martin talks with earbuds in his ears.

CROSS CUT BETWEEN THE TWO.

MARTIN

Hi Lauren, how are you?

LAUREN

You want the short superficial answer or the complex more truthful response.

MARTIN

Your choice.

LAUREN

I'm fine.

There is a long, awkward pause. Martin continues.

MARTIN

So what are you doing in my apartment?

LAUREN

Taking a bath.

MARTIN

Yes, is this something do often?

LAUREN

No.

MARTIN

Why are you doing it in my house?

LAUREN

I wanted to.

MARTIN

Why don't you finish up, dry off, come out. I'll make you some of my famous hot chocolate.

LAUREN

What do you do for a living?

MARTIN

I owned my own business...

LAUREN

Owned?

MARTIN

A restaurant. Not anymore.

LAUREN

What happened?

MARTIN

I'm not one to make excuses. The economy changed, my clientele got fickle, I wasn't cool enough, my partner ripped me off, I don't think I'm a good business man. Bad with accounting. A thousand things, what you gonna do? The last vestige of my former life as a moderately successful restaurateur is this condo and I don't know how much longer I can keep it, so if you are looking for financial support, I'm not the one.

LAUREN

I'm no grubstaker.

MARTIN

Just trying to comprehend this situation. Boy meets girl. Boy likes girl. Girl locks herself in the bathroom and won't come out. Not your traditional love story. You seem like a decent person, you got all your limbs and your teeth and I find you very attractive. You are seriously freaking me out.

LAUREN

You are a generous soul. You're not seeing me in a good light right now and I'm sorry. I'm a reasonable person.

(MORE)



LAUREN (CONT'D)  
 I'm properly employed and pay my  
 taxes. I function very well, thank  
 you.

Lauren's phone beeps.

LAUREN (CONT'D)  
 Just a sec.

Lauren answers the other call.

LAUREN (CONT'D)  
 LISTEN ASSHOLE, IF YOU CALL ME  
 AGAIN, I WILL BURN DOWN YOUR HOUSE!  
 I MEAN IT FUCKER!

She pounds at her cell phone hanging it up.

21A INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 21A

Marty reacts to Lauren's shouting. He has his ear to the door.

21 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT 21

Lauren turns on a dime. She switches back to Marty's call as if he couldn't hear her shouting.

LAUREN  
 Sorry, Marty. Where were we?

MARTIN  
 Who was that?

LAUREN  
 No one.

MARTIN  
 No one, that was someone.

LAUREN  
 Just some guy.

MARTIN  
 Some guy?

The phone beeps again. Lauren switches over the phone.

LAUREN

Just a sec.

She switches back to the other line.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

WHAT THE FUCK DO YOU WANT, FUCKER?

21B INT. DIRTY TATTOO PARLOR - NIGHT

21B

CLOSE UP on a tattoo needle stinging into bare flesh. Lauren's ex, TRAVIS is in the chair getting work done. He's on the phone talking to Lauren. He's a tough thug in his early twenties.

TRAVIS

Where are you?

21 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

21

LAUREN

WHERE AM I? IT IS NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS...I'm with another guy. A good guy. A nice guy. I'm at his place right now.

21B INT. DIRTY TATTOO PARLOR - NIGHT

21B

TRAVIS

Why are you tripping? Do you want to hurt me like that? I'm getting some work done, right now, for you!

The TATTOO ARTIST tries to settle Travis down.

TATTOO GUY

Hey man, stop shaking. Hang up the phone, you're messing it up.

TRAVIS

Where are you?

21 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT 21

LAUREN  
Why do you keep asking? You know  
where I am...

21B INT. DIRTY TATTOO PARLOR - NIGHT 21B

TRAVIS  
That guy better not touch you.  
I'm going to get him.

21 INT. BATHROOM 21

LAUREN  
You're going to get him?

21A INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 21A

Martin reacts to this information.

21 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT 21

LAUREN  
IS THAT A THREAT? He's not scared  
of you.

21B INT. DIRTY TATTOO PARLOR - NIGHT 21B

TRAVIS  
Put him on the phone, let me talk  
to him.

21 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT 21

LAUREN  
He doesn't want to talk to you.

21B INT. DIRTY TATTOO PARLOR - NIGHT 21B

TRAVIS  
Put the asshole on the phone right  
now!

21 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT 21

LAUREN  
He's laughing at you. He thinks  
you're a joke.

21B INT. DIRTY TATTOO PARLOR - NIGHT 21B

TRAVIS  
I'm coming over.

22 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT 22

LAUREN  
You're coming over? I DARE YOU!  
FUCK OFF!

Lauren hangs up the phone and switches it back to Marty.

LAUREN (CONT'D)  
Sorry, Marty.

22A INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 22A

Martin continues.

MARTIN  
Who was that?

LAUREN  
Just some guy who is stalking me.

MARTIN  
He's coming over?

LAUREN  
No, he's all talk.

MARTIN  
That didn't sound like just talk.  
That sounded like a serious  
conflict. Are you in danger? Am I  
in danger?

LAUREN  
I went a little too far with this  
young man. Not like you. He was  
much younger than me.

(MORE)

LAUREN (CONT'D)

Not like you. Very physical relationship, sex two or three times a day. Very muscular, very attractive, sexy, not like you. His body was like a Greek sculpture.

MARTIN

Not like me. It sounds like you miss him.

LAUREN

No. I have an uncanny way of attracting people who are sick, obsessive, disturbed.

MARTIN

Some people date their reflection.

LAUREN

Are you saying that I am sick, obsessive and disturbed?

MARTIN

I haven't seen any obsessive traits yet. But you got two out of three in the bag!

LAUREN

Is that how you treat guests?

MARTIN

This is how I treat intruders.

LAUREN

Don't be a jerk.

MARTIN

When your guy says he's coming over, how does he know where I live?

LAUREN

He has a phone app that tracks where I am. Don't worry, I think he's too chicken to show up.

MARTIN  
 You think? You think! I don't  
 need this, I don't need this. It's  
 time for you to leave.

LAUREN  
 I'll leave when I'm ready!

Martin pounds on the bathroom door.

MARTIN  
 Get out of my bathroom, now. Get  
 out of my apartment, GET OUT OF MY  
 LIFE!

LAUREN  
 Don't tell me what to do!

MARTIN  
 Why are you wasting your time with  
 me anyway? I don't compare to your  
 Greek statue.

LAUREN  
 You're completely different.

Martin continues with a build to aggression:

MARTIN  
 I'm different. I'm not young. I'm  
 not hot, I'm not sexy. I'm sure I  
 wouldn't do you three times a day,  
 you'd get me three times a week if  
 you are lucky. I'm not good  
 looking enough, I'm not cool  
 enough! I suck! I get it!

Martin hangs up the phone.

22 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

22

LAUREN  
 Jesus Christ. Marty?

Lauren sets down the phone and starts to drain the water.

Lauren gets up and pulls out a MINI BLOW DRYER from her  
 purse.

23 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 23

Martin is beside himself. He stalks around the living room like a madman.

24 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT 24

He moves to the kitchen. He pulls out a very threatening SHARP CHEF'S KNIFE.

He rises it with a homicidal glare. Has he gone off the deep end?

Martin beautifully cuts a slice of fish.

He starts to make a very complex very beautiful sushi roll.

Martin starts to urgently pull INGREDIENTS out of the refrigerator.

His work is therapeutic.

He calls Jackie, putting her on speaker phone as he continues to make the sushi.

When he finishes the roll, he gobbles it down as the conversation continues.

24A INT. JACKIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 24A

JACKIE

Hey.

24 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT 24

CROSS CUT WITH JACKIE.

MARTIN

She's toying with me, playing me against some other guy. I'm just a tool. I'm just a fat pimple-faced nerd again.

JACKIE

Things aren't going well.

24 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT 24

MARTIN

No.

24A INT. JACKIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 24A

JACKIE

Tell her to beat it, she doesn't  
deserve you.

24 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT 24

MARTIN

I did, she won't leave.

24A INT. JACKIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 24A

JACKIE

Eventually she'll leave. Stop  
paying rent, the landlord will  
evict her.

MARTIN

Good advice.

JACKIE

You're not a fat pimple-faced nerd.  
You're a cool guy whose slightly  
overwound. You've got a shit load  
going for you. You've got talent.  
You're a catch.

MARTIN

I appreciate the encouragement.

JACKIE

I wouldn't say it if it wasn't  
true.

Martin's phone rings on the other line.

MARTIN

That's her on the other line.

JACKIE

Are you going to take it?



MARTIN  
I gotta get her out of my house.

JACKIE  
I'll kick her ass if you want me to.

24 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT 24

MARTIN  
Call you later.

Martin switches over the phone to the other call. As he moves to the kitchen.

25 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT 25

Lauren is out of the bathtub, drying herself off. She puts on her underwear. Martin is on speaker phone.

LAUREN  
I'm sorry I brought up the other guy. He's just a loser. I'll be leaving soon.

25A INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT 25A

Cross cut with the two.

MARTIN  
You have a habit of dating losers?

LAUREN  
Maybe. He's out of the question. He kicked his spit.

MARTIN  
Kicked his what?

LAUREN  
Spit.

MARTIN  
Is that some kind of slang I don't know?

Lauren applies her makeup as she continues.

LAUREN

We were walking down Ventura and Laurel Canyon near the coffee place. Travis has this habit of spitting down at the ground and looking like a tough guy.

(Makes spitting sound)

"Pua." He gives this random guy a dirty look and then spits. "Pua." I don't know if he intended to do this, or misjudged his distance of his spit, and he had to contort his body spastically and kick his spit away from himself so it wouldn't get saliva all over his shirt. Random guy chuckles. Travis punches random guy in the nose. Random guy starts to cry and run away. Travis looks at me and says "what are you looking at?" I give people too much credit. Asshole kicked his own spit. He's a spit kicker. You wouldn't do that kind of thing would you Marty?

MARTIN

I guess not.

While they are on the phone they both start to mirror each other drifting towards the door. Lauren moves to the inside door, Martin moves to the outside door.

LAUREN

I'm sorry I hurt your feelings. I've been dealing with a lot of extremes right now.

MARTIN

What kind of extremes?

LAUREN

You know, I have gotten to a place where I examine everything I do and why I do it and I don't like what I see.

MARTIN

We all go through rough spots.

LAUREN  
Rough spots. Give me five more  
minutes and I'll be out of your  
hair.

MARTIN  
I guess you've been messing with  
me. You mess with guys a lot?

LAUREN  
Sometimes. I don't know.

MARTIN  
I have one question. Do you see  
anything positive in me, or do I  
just exist for your amusement?

Lauren thinks about it, long thoughtful pause.

LAUREN  
I like your voice.

MARTIN  
Really?

LAUREN  
That's what made me want to meet  
you. There is a lot behind that  
voice. You seem to have substance.

MARTIN  
Substance.

LAUREN  
Intelligence. A sexy brain.

MARTIN  
A sexy brain?

LAUREN  
Sure why not. And you're funny.

MARTIN  
Funny intentionally or funny  
unintentionally?

LAUREN  
You're funny.

MARTIN

Thanks, even if you are lying,  
you're making me feel a little  
better. See you out here.

Lauren hangs up the phone.

LAUREN

Yeah.

Lauren pulls away from the door and looks down at her jewelry  
box. Is this the big moment for her?

26

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

26

Lauren draws closer to the box. She She slowly opens it.

There is a GUN inside.

She opens the chamber and holds up a bullet. She kisses the  
bullet and loads it in the chamber.

She caresses the gun with a sensuality.

She puts the gun in her mouth. She caresses the trigger.

This is the big moment she thinks.

She shuts her eyes.

She starts to squeeze the trigger.

She is about to discharge the gun again when suddenly...

There is a knock on the bathroom door.

MARTIN

Lauren! Hey Lauren!

LAUREN

Marty, I'm busy.

MARTIN (O.S.)

I have something for you.

LAUREN

I'm busy.

MARTIN (O.S.)

You have to open up!

He continues to knock at the door.

LAUREN  
I'm not decent.

MARTIN (O.S.)  
Get decent. Just open the door a crack.

LAUREN  
What?

26A INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

26A

Martin continues with Lauren on the other side. Cross cut with the two.

MARTIN  
Just open the door a few inches. I won't pounce. I promise.

LAUREN  
No.

MARTIN  
Come on, Lauren. . .

LAUREN  
Stay out there!

MARTIN  
This door is getting in the way of something real special. You have no idea what you're missing.

Martin waits a beat and then continues.

MARTIN (CONT'D)  
Look, when a guy spends too much time alone in his apartment he starts dealing with spells of paranoia, anxiety, self-doubt. You know, I take four different kinds of medication. I'm sure you don't have to worry about that kind of stuff. Young beautiful girl. I'm going to set the plate down on the floor, it is something I made for you.

Lauren puts the gun back in the box, unlocks the door and opens the door a crack.

Martin slides the amazingly beautiful plated SUSHI ROLL on the ground through the door crack.

Lauren POV

She looks at it.

ON LAUREN

LAUREN  
It's beautiful.

Martin continues.

MARTIN  
I made it for you.

LAUREN  
It's too beautiful to eat.

MARTIN  
Nonsense, it was made to eat. I  
can always make another one.

Lauren takes the sushi roll and jams it in her mouth.

LAUREN  
This is good.

MARTIN  
Thanks. The one thing I'm good at.  
I figured I'd show you what you're  
missing out on.

LAUREN  
You should have a restaurant or  
something.

MARTIN  
I did. I failed.

LAUREN  
You should open another one. Can  
you make more of these?

MARTIN  
You want another one?

LAUREN  
Spicy tuna?

MARTIN  
Will you come out of there?

LAUREN  
Maybe.

27 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT 27

Martin makes a complex sushi roll: a fancy spicy tuna roll.

Intercut with:

28 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT 28

Lauren pulls out a new outfit from her purse, it is a sexy nightclub style outfit, but we do not see it on her until the reveal. It tight closeups, she puts on her clothes and puts on some makeup.

29 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 29

Camera follows Martin as he brings his new sushi creation to the bathroom door.

He knocks on the door.

MARTIN  
You ready?

29A INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT 29A

LAUREN  
I don't know.

29 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 29

MARTIN  
You have to come out for this one.

Lauren opens the door a crack, she slams the door shut.

LAUREN  
It's too bright out there.

MARTIN  
Too bright?

LAUREN  
My hair is a mess. Turn out the  
lights and I'll come out.

Martin turns out most of the lights.

MARTIN  
Okay?

Lauren opens the door a crack, she slams it shut again.

LAUREN  
All of them!

Martin turns out all of the lights. The only light is the  
streams of moonlight passing through the windows.

MARTIN  
Okay. We're good.

LAUREN  
Okay.

MARTIN  
You ready?

LAUREN  
Yeah.

Lauren shuts off her light and enters the darkness.

Martin approaches her. She moves to him.

There are silent several moments as they meet face to face.

LAUREN (CONT'D)  
Marty, can I ask you a question?

MARTIN  
Yeah?

LAUREN  
Have you ever killed anyone before?



MARTIN  
What? No. What kind of question  
is that?

LAUREN  
Just wondering.

MARTIN  
Wondering.

Lauren's phone BEEPS, it needs a charge.

LAUREN  
My phone, my fucking phone is  
dying. I hate my fucking phone.  
Do you have a charger?

MARTIN  
In the bedroom.

LAUREN  
Can I use it for a while?

MARTIN  
I guess so.

Lauren looks down at the sushi prepared for her.

LAUREN  
Is that it?

MARTIN  
Yeah.

LAUREN  
It looks better than the first one.

MARTIN  
Thanks.

She grabs the plate of sushi and steps away. She moves to  
the bedroom.

30 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

30

Martin steps away for a second and comes back with a cup of  
GREEN TEA.

He hands it to Lauren.

MARTIN

Green tea.

She picks it up and takes a swig without missing a step.

Lauren's attention is drawn to a fish AQUARIUM in the corner of the room.

The dark room glows an otherworldly light due to the aquarium.

ON THE AQUARIUM: TWO SEAHORSES.

Lauren gazes at the aquarium where the two mated seahorses swim. Martin joins her.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

My friend suggested I get a pet after my break up. I decided on seahorses. They are extremely demanding, they refuse to eat most of the time and they die every 12 to 14 months or so. Like having a cancer patient for a pet.

LAUREN

The're beautiful.

MARTIN

That's Sid and that's Nancy.

LAUREN

Cute.

MARTIN

Actually that is Nancy the Third. There has been some casualties in this tank.

LAUREN

We all have an expiration date.

MARTIN

Nancy is a tomboy, bold and adventurous, she's all over those rocks, shows no fear. Sid, is shy and demure, always sorta hiding but showing his little face, like a geisha. Since I was a child I've always been fascinated with them.

(MORE)

MARTIN (CONT'D)

The ancient Greeks and Romans considered them symbol of strength and power. Ridiculously designed creature. They are a fish that can hardly swim. No tail fin, a tiny joke of a dorsal fin to propel itself and two embarrassingly small pectoral fins to steer. I mean, if you are underwater your entire life, shouldn't you at least be proficient at swimming?

Close up on the seahorses.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

In the wild they cling onto plants and seaweed and are pushed around where ever the tide takes them. Seahorses are monogamous. They don't spread their seed willy-nilly like their promiscuous neighbors of the sea. Once they mate they keep their mates until death.

Lauren's phone beeps, it needs to be charged.

Martin gestures to the wall charger on a night stand. Lauren plugs in her phone.

LAUREN

We spend half our life in bed. We fuck, we sleep, we die.

MARTIN

You mean that in a general sense, you're not talking about right now, huh?

Lauren smiles she drifts towards the bed. Several beats and then she starts to devour the sushi.

LAUREN

Takes me back. My mom use to make breakfast in bed. This is very comfy.

MARTIN

Thanks.

LAUREN

I like this, you want some?

Martin sits next to her and grabs a piece of sushi.

Lauren notices a framed picture on the night stand near the bed.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

Who's this?

MARTIN

Mary.

LAUREN

Girlfriend?

MARTIN

Ex.

LAUREN

Why do you still have her picture?

Martin holds the picture in his hand.

MARTIN

I created a monster. Maybe she was a monster all along. The girl who liked to party became a raging alcoholic. She charged up my credit cards, wrecked my car and slept with my friends. I kept letting her back in. I didn't want to be alone, I wanted it to work. It got twisted.

LAUREN

So, you have her picture here to remember the good times.

MARTIN

I just haven't had the time to throw it away.

Lauren grabs the framed picture away Martin.

LAUREN

You shouldn't throw it away it's a nice frame.

Lauren starts to pound the framed photo on the night stand.

MARTIN

What are you doing?

LAUREN

I have a problem with all relationships. They never meet up to my expectations and then I burn every bridge.

MARTIN

Hey, give that back to me.

Martin tries to get back the picture, Lauren plays keep away.

LAUREN

No.

MARTIN

Come on.

LAUREN

This is a stupid girl, with a stupid smile, a stupid face and a stupid want-a-be actress head shot.

Martin tries to take back the picture.

MARTIN

Hey, I'm serious! Don't mess with my stuff. Hand it over!

Lauren has loosened the back of the frame and pulls the picture from the frame.

LAUREN

It's time to burn your bridge.

Lauren gets out a lighter from her purse and sets the photo on fire. Lauren's face illuminates with demonic glow.

MARTIN

You're going to burn the place down! Over here.

31 INT. MARTY'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

31

Martin guides Lauren to the bathroom, she throws the photo in the toilet.

MARTIN  
You're crazy.

LAUREN  
I'm fine.

MARTIN  
Yeah.

LAUREN  
Don't you wish all breakups were  
that easy? Flush them down.

CUT TO:

32 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

32

TIGHT SHOT ON A PIECE OF SUSHI.

ON LAUREN

Lauren downs another piece of sushi.

LAUREN  
I could get used to this.

MARTIN  
What's the deal with your hair?  
Did you dye it in there?

LAUREN  
No, I was wearing this.

Lauren gestures to the wig in her purse.

MARTIN  
Oh my god, what is it?

Martin pulls it out of her purse.

LAUREN  
Careful with that, it means a lot  
to me.

MARTIN  
That means a lot to you.

LAUREN  
Yeah, it's also a disguise.

MARTIN  
Why?

LAUREN  
So I don't freak out the people I  
work with.

MARTIN  
Nobody freaks anyone out today, I  
have a friend who just tattooed his  
whole face, he's a real estate  
agent. What do you do?

LAUREN  
What do I do?

MARTIN  
What is your job like? How does it  
define you?

LAUREN  
I refused to be defined by my job.  
My job sucks.

MARTIN  
What do you do?

LAUREN  
I handle the affairs of a fading TV  
star, he was famous for having long  
hair and being shirtless. He got a  
haircut and not too many people  
want to see him shirtless anymore,  
me included.

MARTIN  
Why does it suck?

LAUREN  
I use to work for one of the top PR  
firms in the country. I traveled  
all over the world. I force fed the  
masses wrinkle cream, teeth  
whitening systems, support hose. I  
spun glorious lies on the internet.  
I gave people something to believe  
in. Then everything changed, mom  
got sick I had to stay in town.

(MORE)

LAUREN (CONT'D)

What I do now is beyond a compromise. I work for an arrogant prick. He doesn't stray far from the profile of most show biz types, but most of them have talent. He doesn't have a lick. He's just a flaccid puppet without a hand to guide it. Speaking of talent, how does a guy like you make this?

MARTIN

My first job was at this neighborhood sushi joint. I was sixteen. I started bussing tables. Then they let me do prep work. To me, it was the coolest place on earth. I developed taste, style. I admired the sushi master, his confidence, power...

Lauren's phone rings. She spins around and checks who's calling.

LAUREN

My asshole brother.

She lets it ring and Lauren and Marty look at each other awkwardly. The call goes to voicemail.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

Where were we?

MARTIN

Yeah...I really admired the su--

The phone rings again. Lauren looks at the phone with a shake of her head. It goes to voice mail.

LAUREN

He's not going to give up. What were you saying?

The phone rings again and it goes over to voicemail again.

MARTIN

I was saying that I had an admiration for--

The phone rings again.



MARTIN (CONT'D)

Are you going to get it or shut it off or do something, please?

LAUREN

Yeah, sorry.

33 INT. BEADROOM - NIGHT

33

She answers the phone. CROSS CUT WITH JAKE'S HOUSE. As Lauren continues with the conversation, she gets off the bed and moves to the corner of the room to attain the illusion of privacy, even though Martin can hear everything.

LAUREN

Qu'est ce que tu veux? (What do you want?)

33A INT. JAKE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

33A

JAKE

Je suis desole de m'etre comporte comme ca. (I'm sorry, I acted the way I did.)

LAUREN

Pas la peine de t'excuser quand tu le penses pas. (You don't have to apologize when I know you don't mean it.)

JAKE

Allez Lauren. (Come on, Lauren.)

LAUREN

Arretes de tourner autour du pot et dis moi ce que tu veux vraiment? (Why don't you dispense with the pleasantries and tell me what the fuck you want?)

JAKE

Je m'enerve facilement, je l'admets. On partage ce sale caractere. Mais t'es pas une connasse.

(MORE)

JAKE (CONT'D)

T'es ma soeur et on doit resoudre ca ensemble comme une famille. (I have some anger issues, I'll admit it, we share the same nasty streak. You're not a bitch. You're my sister and we have to work things out like a family.)

LAUREN

Qu'est ce que tu veux? (What do you want?) What do you want from me? What's your angle? How do you want to exploit me today?

JAKE

Je suis pas la pour te faire du mal. On peut s'arranger et je peux t'aider a tant sortir tu as besoin d'aide. (I'm am not out to get you. We can work things out, I can get you the help you need.)

LAUREN

Ooh tu t'inquietes vraiment pour moi.. T'es tellement mignon, C'est tellement toi de le faire par telephone. (Ahhh, you really care about me. You are so wonderful. Just like you to present me with an intervention over the phone.) Fuck you, I'm too far gone.

JAKE

Si tu peux pas prendre soin de toi meme comment comptes tu t'occuper de maman? (If you can't take care of yourself, how can you take care of Mom?)

LAUREN

I know how you want to take her.

JAKE

T'es alle la voir depuis que tu l'as lache a l'hopital? (Have you seen her since you her off there?)

LAUREN  
Elle va aller mieux. (She's gonna get better.)

JAKE  
Non, elle ira pas mieux. (She's not gonna get better.)

LAUREN  
T' en sais rien , t'es pas dieux!  
(You don't know that, you're God.)

JAKE  
C'est plus maman, elle a perdu son ame. Lauren, si tu veux pas signer les papiers, tu peux me donner la procuration et je prendrais la decision. Lauren, tu vas pas bien. (She's not Mom anymore, she's just a shell. Lauren, you don't have to sign the papers. You can sign over the Power of Attorney to me and I'll make the decision. Lauren, you are not well.)

LAUREN  
Dis le. (Say it) Say I'm sick, say, I'm fucked up. Say I'm over the edge. Say I'm a sex addict, say I'm acting out. Say whatever you want. But one thing is certain, Jake, you are a greedy, angry, nasty bully, all you do is take.

Lauren hangs up the phone. She shuts the phone off. She looks over at Martin who has heard the whole thing.

34 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

34

Martin is petrified of her.

LAUREN  
My mom is dying. My brother wants to finish her off...

MARTIN  
I'm sorry, I'm so sorry. I'm...  
Sorry. I don't know what else to say but I'm...

LAUREN

Sorry.

MARTIN

Sorry.

LAUREN

What should I do?

MARTIN

You should do what you think is right.

LAUREN

She started her own jewelry business from nothing. She was such a free spirited artist with this sharp mind for business. How can someone so bright, so powerful, independent, engaged become so weak and helpless? She has this glassy blank thousand mile stare, she can't control the drool that runs down her lips.

Inexplicably, Lauren starts to silently vamp it up.

She moves up to Martin and towards the bed.

Martin gets off the bed and stands up.

Lauren pushes Martin back on the bed.

She takes off her shirt exposing her black bra.

She starts to move towards him.

MARTIN

What are you doing?

LAUREN

It's hot in here.

MARTIN

I can turn on the air.

LAUREN

I'm fine now.

She gets on the bed and lies by Martin's side.

There is a awkward silence.

Lauren plays with her bra strap.

Lauren starts to crawl towards Martin. He slowly moves away from her.

She starts to pin him against the bed backing. She is ready to deliver, he is reluctant to partake.

She caresses his arm. He gently pulls it away.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

What's wrong?

MARTIN

What's wrong? What's right?

LAUREN

You're funny.

She moves over and loosens a button on the top of Martin's shirt.

She starts to move in for the kill. Martin is shocked and tries to get into it but his brain gets in the way.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

Why don't you take off your pants?

MARTIN

My pants?

LAUREN

Take them off.

MARTIN

No. I don't think...

LAUREN

You're right, let's start with the shirt.

She pulls off his shirt.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

Now the pants.

MARTIN

Lauren. I...don't...

LAUREN  
Take them off.

MARTY  
I hardly know you.

LAUREN  
That's what makes it hot, dummy.

MARTIN  
Don't you think we should take it slow? I mean you expressed your concerns about it from the start. You're not a piece of meat? Right? What has changed since then?

LAUREN  
I changed my mind. I am a piece of meat. I want you to devour me.

MARTIN  
No.

LAUREN  
Okay, you be the meat, I'll devour you.

Lauren yanks on Martin's pants and starts to pull them off.

MARTIN  
No. No. No...

LAUREN  
Are you rejecting me?

MARTIN  
No.

LAUREN  
No one rejects me.

MARTY  
No, I'm not rejecting you. Just your advances.

Lauren continues to try to seduce Martin. He tries to halt it.

MARTIN

Considering how this evening has gone, this is not a reasonable course.

LAUREN

I love my mom so much, and she gave so much to me, she suffered for me. It kills me every time I think about her. I don't know what's going on in her mind or if she has a mind at all. I haven't seen her in over six months. I can't bare it. I'd rather gouge out my eyes. No matter what, it's not going to end pretty for any of us. If we don't die young, we'd be fortunate to have a future of cancer, heart disease, sickness, stroke. Why don't we get some relief? How about a little release? We're still relatively young, I assume all of our body parts are still in working order, why don't we use them? Just for tonight.

Lauren continues to try to seduce Martin, she cuddles up to him.

MARTIN

Brian Wilkenson. He was my best friend in elementary school. We were inseparable. I remember we use to act out our favorite comic books, running wild on the playground. Then my family relocated and I was pulled out of that school. Four years later, we came back to the valley. Time for high school, and I was going to be in the same class as my old friend Brian. Things had changed. He was one of the popular kids, tall, good looking. Naturally, I was shut out. I remember the semester I was in geometry with him, he didn't say two words to me. He didn't even look at me.

(MORE)

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Amazing how best friends forever can be epically estranged. Late at night, Brian and his girlfriend were parked up at Mulholland Drive, They were making out. They got car-jacked. They were dragged out of Brian's Beamer and shot in the head execution style. Their bodies were thrown down the side of the mountain. Coyotes had snacked on Brian's face. The whole school was in mourning because of this senseless tragedy. The cheerleaders cried for weeks. I was so happy but I didn't show it. Schadenfreude. Why would the horrible death of the kid who was my best buddy bring me so much joy?

LAUREN

Am I not attractive enough for you?

MARTIN

You are.

LAUREN

Am I not sexy enough?

MARTIN

You are.

LAUREN

Then what is your problem? Isn't this what every red-blooded heterosexual man wants. No strings attracted sex.

MARTIN

There are strings.

LAUREN

No strings.

MARTIN

There are strings.

LAUREN

Trust me, there are no strings.



MARTIN

Even if you don't have strings,  
which I don't believe, I have my  
own strings that I have to worry  
about.

LAUREN

Your own strings.

MARTIN

I've got tangles of strings and  
they are attached.

There is a beat of silence.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Have you every fallen in love with  
someone?

LAUREN

Yeah.

MARTIN

How many times?

LAUREN

Once.

MARTIN

I've fallen in love seven times.  
You know how many women I've slept  
with?

LAUREN

I don't know, a eighty-five, a  
hundred, a thousand?

MARTIN

Seven.

Lauren fades back.

Martin puts his shirt back on and starts to compose himself.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

I'm an addictive compulsive,  
codependent self-enabling crutch of  
a human being. I thought I could  
do it. Channel my inner caveman.

(MORE)

MARTIN (CONT'D)  
But I can't, if I sleep with you,  
I'll only fall in love with you.

Lauren starts to laugh.

LAUREN  
Ha, ha, ha...

Her laugh becomes more and more hysterical.

MARTIN  
What?

She continues to laugh.

MARTIN (CONT'D)  
What's so funny?

LAUREN  
A match made in hell.

MARTIN  
How many people have you slept  
with?

LAUREN  
I've had a lot of sex.

MARTIN  
How many people?

LAUREN  
Stopped counting. It's a blur of  
faces, shapes and sizes.

MARTIN  
Why do you do it to yourself?

LAUREN  
Aww? Are you worried about my  
chastity? Do we live in Victorian  
England? I have the right to chug  
as much cock as I wish. The real  
question is why do you do what you  
do to yourself? I never thought  
I'd meet someone with lower self  
esteem than me.

MARTIN  
What about STDs, AIDS, herpes,  
genital warts.

LAUREN

Hey, I used protection most of the time.

MARTIN

It's just not the right thing to do.

LAUREN

So moralistic, are you a Christian? Do you go to church?

MARTIN

No.

LAUREN

I do, every Sunday.

MARTIN

So you sleep around, and on Sunday, Jesus forgives you. Do you really believe in that?

LAUREN

I want to. I want to believe that my mom will go to better place. I wanna believe.

Lauren is troubled.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

When I was a 13 years old, I was so stupid. I always wanted to impress my brother Jake. He was four years older than me, I thought he was the coolest. He was in a rock band. He took drugs. Sociopathic charisma. Could charm the socks off of you and then rob you blind. He was an outlaw while I was always the good girl. I got good grades. Did what I was told. Jake was a drop out. He was wild. Long scraggly hair like a lion's mane. I was a little girl with perfectly neat hair, tan and plaid school uniform. Secretly, I wanted to be like him, hell, I wanted to be him. He didn't give a fuck.

(MORE)

## LAUREN (CONT'D)

He didn't want anything to do with me, mostly I was the target of his teenage aggression. The little stuff didn't phase me, he would do petty things like call me names, steal my lunch money, once he punched me straight in the face, chipped my front tooth. One day, his band was playing "a show" and he asked me to come along. I couldn't believe he was bringing me into his life like this. I never properly saw his band. I would hear them practice in the garage, I would go outside to sneak a peak of them playing: "Get the fuck out of here." But now it was different, here I was an invited guest, a witness to his triumph. That night, I got in his trashed van and he drove to a really bad part of the valley, some of the streets weren't paved. The further and further we drove away from home, I started getting a bad feeling in the pit of my stomach. I remember he was nervous and sweating, sweating so much, unnatural. He pulled up at this tiny, trashed house. There were junked cars lining the driveway, a malnourished pit bull chained to a fence. There wasn't going to be a rock show. I was going to be the show. The door swings open. He introduced me to this guy in sweatpants, bare chested, sad flabby body. Omar was Jake's dealer, and apparently Jake owed him some considerable cash. Omar was all smiles, he was an older guy who liked young girls and I remember there was a crappy Vin Diesel action movie blasting from his TV. My brother up and left. I heard his van's engine fire up and rattle down the driveway. Omar guided to me to the couch.

(MORE)

LAUREN (CONT'D)

He he poured me a huge glass of vodka, it tasted like medicine, everything started to move in slow motion. I wanted to cry, but I didn't. His hands were all over me. He reached in between my legs, the skin on his hands were rough, like sandpaper. He started smoking from this glass pipe, I'm sure it was crack. He had this huge torch lighter, it arced this big plume of blue and white flame. Then he offered me the pipe. "Come on, trip on this." Come on, girl." I was thinking "Is he going to turn me into a crack whore? Is this dirty old fucker going to rape me now?" He was getting more aggressive with me, shoving the pipe in my face and pushing the lighter at me. I put the pipe to my lips, it was still sticky and wet from his saliva. I pretended not to know how to flick the lighter on. He slid even closer to me on the couch and put his arm around me. He poked at me through his sweat pants. I snapped. No. No. No. You can't do this to me. I took this large tumbler of vodka and threw it on his lap. I yanked the lighter from his hands, shot the flame at his crotch. I set him on fire.

MARTIN

You set him on fire.

LAUREN

He shot up and rolled around the carpet, he pulled off his sweat pants and ran out of the house buck-ass naked. The carpet caught on fire. It was so strange, all these explosions, Vin Diesel gliding on a zip line, all hell broke loose inside the house, the couch and the rug and the walls just lit up.

(MORE)

LAUREN (CONT'D)

I just watched everything burn for a while. I looked down at my leg. It was all blistered and burned. I limped out of the house and watched the entire place go up. Omar was nowhere to be found when the fire trucks came.

Martin doesn't know how to react to the story. He shakes his head.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

Now the burn is inside me. It moved from the outside to the inside. It's inside my entire body. I think if there is a higher power, why would it let us suffer? When I walk by a ledge of a cliff with a sharp drop, some people feel fear, I see an opportunity.

Martin draws closer to Lauren, he goes in for a kiss.

Lauren pulls away.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

MARTIN

I was trying to kiss you.

Lauren does not respond. There is silence.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Can I kiss you?

LAUREN

Why would you want to do that?

MARTIN

I want to see how your lips feel. Kiss me.

LAUREN

No. You want to do me a favor, kill me. Everyone would be better off.

MARTIN

Kiss me.

LAUREN  
Kill me.

MARTIN  
Kiss me.

LAUREN  
KILL ME!

MARTIN  
Kiss me.

LAUREN  
I don't kiss.

MARTIN  
You don't kiss? You have no  
problem with genital contact, but  
you have a problem with kissing?

LAUREN  
You're funny.

MARTIN  
Just one kiss won't do any harm.

LAUREN  
I'm sick, Marty. Super sick.

MARTIN  
I am too.

Martin moves in for a kiss, Lauren is about to reciprocate  
but she has second thoughts.

LAUREN  
But what if I fuck you up? What if  
I fuck you up to the core? You  
have no comprehensions of the  
depths I might take you down.

MARTIN  
I'd rather feel bad than nothing at  
all.

They embrace. They kiss. Martin slowly guides Lauren to the  
bed.

They start to undress each other.

They land on the bed and go at it.

Lauren flips Martin over and takes the aggressive position.

They kiss and kiss and kiss and kiss.

The aquarium reflects the two as they make love. Rack focus to the seahorses.

CUT TO:

35

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

35

Martin and Lauren cuddle from a the post love making session.

MARTIN

When it's time for seahorses to mate they engage in this elaborate courtship ritual. They hold tails, change colors, It's complex dance that can last hours. But then, it gets weird. The female impregnates the male with her eggs. The male fertilizes the eggs in its birthing pouch and he becomes pregnant. Four to six weeks later, the male seahorse experiences the miracle and pain of birth.

LAUREN

Huh?

MARTIN

That's right.

35A NEW SCENE 35A NEW SCENE

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Martin takes Lauren's hand and guides her off the bed. He covers her up with a blanket. They exit the bed.

35B NEW SCENE 35B NEW SCENE

INT. STAIRWAY - NIGHT

Martin leads Lauren up a stairway and through a doorway.

35C NEW SCENE 35C NEW SCENE



EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Martin and Lauren arrive at their destination, the top of the roof of the downtown building. THE CAMERA PANS the nightscape. ALL OF DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES IS ON DISPLAY.

They look at the buildings in awe. Possibilities.

They kiss.

DISSOLVE TO:

36 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT 36

Martin wakes up next to Lauren. Lauren still sleeps. Martin looks at her like she is a god.

He slips down from the bed and grabs his phone and calls Jackie.

MARTIN  
Jackie, you awake?

36A INT. JACKIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 36A

JACKIE  
I am now.

36 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT 36

Continue to cross cut from two locations.

MARTIN  
We did it. It was beautiful.

JACKIE  
Okay.

MARTIN  
She's the one.

JACKIE  
My worse fears have been realized.

MARTIN  
She's the one, Jackie, she's the one.

JACKIE

It's 2:30 in the freaking morning.  
I have to get up for work in four  
hours. Just remember, I'll be  
there when it all goes wrong. Till  
then, soak it up.

MARTIN

Yeah.

Martin hangs up the phone. He draws closer to Lauren and  
cuddles her.

CUT TO:

37 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT 37

Close up of Lauren's phone, it rings.

Lauren quickly answers it.

LAUREN

Allo. (Hello.)

37A INT. JAKE'S HOUSE - NIGHT 37A

Jake is sitting at the kitchen table. He he has been  
drinking. ON THE PHONE WITH LAUREN.

JAKE

Lauren. J'ai besoin d'aide. S'il te  
plait aides moi. Moi et ma famille.  
(Lauren. I need help. Please help  
me. Me and my family.)

37 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT 37

LAUREN

Qu'est ce qu'il se passe? (What is  
it?)

37A CROSS CUT WITH JAKE'S HOUSE AND BEDROOM.

37A

JAKE

On doit arreter de se dechirer. On n'a plus le temps, il nous reste 45 jours. (We can't fight anymore. We are running out of time. We have 45 days.)

LAUREN

Pour quoi? (For what?)

JAKE

Les nouvelles taxes arrivent, on va perdre 300 000 dollars c'est au moins les deux tiers du prix de la propriete. (The new inheritance tax laws kick in. We stand to lose over \$300,000. That is almost two thirds of the estate.)

Lauren is stupefied.

JAKE (CONT'D)

On doit arreter le traitement, la debrancher. Elle va mourir dans tous les cas. (We have to stop the medication, pull the feeding tube. She's going to die anyway?)

LAUREN

Meme si on partage la meme ADN on n'est pas pareils. Je n'ai plus peur de toi. Tu ne seras jamais comme moi. Tu as tort et je me batterais. Je me batterais contre toi jusqu'a la mort. (We may share the same DNA but you are not like me. I'm not scared of you anymore. You'll never be like me. You're wrong and I will fight you. I'll fight you to the death.)

Lauren hangs up the phone and shuts it off.

SUDDENLY, there is some violent slamming heard from the outside of the condo.

Lauren's male friend Travis. Screams for her.

TRAVIS (O.S.)  
Babe! Hey babe!

38 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

38

Travis is drunk, messed up, and agitated. He staggers down the hallway. He pounds on the door.

TRAVIS  
Hey babe! Honey!

38A INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

38A

Martin wakes up.

MARTIN  
Who is that?

LAUREN  
A jackass.

TRAVIS  
(from the distance)  
Babe!

MARTIN  
Oh no.

LAUREN  
Oh fuck. I'm sorry.

TRAVIS (O.S.)  
Where are you sugar! Babe! Babe!  
Babe!

MARTIN  
Maybe he'll just go away.

Lauren gives him a look.

MARTIN (CONT'D)  
Should I call the police?

LAUREN  
I'll talk to him...

38 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT 38

TRAVIS  
Hey Babe!

38A INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT 38A

Lauren rolls over the bed and moves to the door.

39 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT 39

Lauren peaks her head outside the door.

LAUREN  
Hey Travis, go home.

TRAVIS  
I can't go nowhere, I need you  
babe! Let me in!

LAUREN  
Travis, you're embarrassing me. If  
you don't leave they're going to  
call the cops. You don't want  
that.

39A EXT. HALLWAY - NIGHT 39A

TRAVIS  
I need you, honey! I need you now!  
I'm coming in.

39 LAUREN  
You're not coming in. 39

39A TRAVIS  
I'm coming in! 39A

LAUREN  
Travis, calm down.

Lauren looks back inside the condo for a second. She looks  
back. Travis has disappeared in the darkness.

Lauren scans the hallway for Travis.

LAUREN (CONT'D)  
Travis? Travis, don't do anything  
stupid.

Lauren rushes back in the bedroom.

40

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

40

LAUREN

I think going to bust in.

MARTIN

Bust in?

LAUREN

You have to protect yourself.

MARTIN

What?

LAUREN

He's going to hurt you.

Lauren pulls out her jeweled box and hands it to Martin.

MARTIN

What's this?

LAUREN

What do you think it is?

MARTIN

Oh no...no!

Martin sets the box down.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

What are you doing with a...

LAUREN

Take it.

Lauren pulls the gun out of the box and presses it in Martin's hand.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

You may need it, in case things get out of hand.

MARTIN

Things are not going to get out of hand.

LAUREN

You never know.

MARTIN  
We're reasonable adults here.

Just then the sound of a smashing door can be heard.

LAUREN  
He's not reasonable, he's not an  
adult.

Martin looks at Lauren.

MARTIN  
I don't know how to use a gun.  
I'm not going to shoot anyone.

LAUREN  
It's not for shooting. It's for  
threatening.

Martin jams the gun in his boxer shorts.

Just then Travis bolts into room.

LAUREN (CONT'D)  
Look, you're way out of line!

TRAVIS  
I wasn't suppose to take this off  
yet, but I have to show this to  
you. It took seven hours.

Travis rips off his shirt. On his midsection is a large  
tattoo bandage.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)  
This is how much you mean to me!

He rips off the bandage to reveal a super fresh half bleeding  
tattoo that covers most of his chest. It is a portrait of  
Lauren and a scull and crossbones and the very large words  
"TILL" in script.

Lauren gestures to the script written "till."

Camera pans the tattooed images and then stops at the strange  
looking "till."

LAUREN  
Tit?

MARTIN

Tilt.

TRAVIS

It says till.

LAUREN

It looks like tit to me.

MARTIN

No, tilt.

LAUREN

Tilt doesn't make sense.

MARTIN

And tit does?

TRAVIS

It's till. TILL!

Travis starts to get aggravated.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

This is a picture of a skull and crossbones, it represents death. This is a picture of you, babe, it represents you. And this the word "Till." TILL. You are my woman till death! This proves my complete dedication to you.

LAUREN

Oh my God. What a wonderful thing, Travis. I guess that does sorta look like me. I've never seen anything like that. Meet my friend Martin. We were just chatting. Can you leave, please?

Travis looks at Martin.

TRAVIS

It doesn't look like you guys were just chatting...

Travis starts to size up Martin. Lauren has to do something.

LAUREN

I have something to show you, I almost forgot.



Travis draws closer to Martin. He gets more and more threatening.

Lauren grabs her purse and flops it on the bed. She digs through it searching for something.

TRAVIS  
NOW WHO THE FUCK DO YOU THINK YOU  
ARE?

MARTIN  
Lauren just introduced us, I'm  
Martin.

TRAVIS  
I don't give a fuck who you are!  
Who the fuck do you think you are?

MARTIN  
Who I am, who I think I am? I'm  
confused.

Lauren continues to urgently pull stuff out of her purse.

TRAVIS  
What are you doing messing with my  
woman? She belongs to me.

MARTIN  
She can't belong to you, she's not  
property.

TRAVIS  
Shut the fuck up! You are a  
fucking little bitch. I am going  
to fucking smash you like the  
bitch you are!

Travis slams the palm of his hand against the seahorse aquarium. Water sloshes on the ground.

MARTIN  
Hey, not the tank! Stop it.

Travis notices that Martin deeply cares about the animals in this tank, he zooms in on this weakness.

TRAVIS  
You think I give a shit about this?

MARTIN  
Stop that. Stop it now!

Travis starts to pull on the tank, trying to topple it. He starts to smile maliciously.

LAUREN  
Travis, don't!

Martin loses it, shoving Travis away to protect his seahorses.

He tackles Travis, knocking him to the ground.

Martin's hand reaches for the gun.

Martin tries to pull out the gun. He pushes the gun the wrong way and it falls into his boxer shorts and it is jammed inside

TRAVIS  
You touching yourself?

MARTIN  
No...

Travis grabs Martin by the neck.

TRAVIS  
You don't know what I'd do for that girl. Would you do this? Would you do this? Rachel is my life!

Martin looks over to Lauren.

Lauren finds what she was looking for.

LAUREN  
Travis, stop it! Right now! Leave him alone and I'll leave with you.

Travis looks up and separates with Martin.

TRAVIS  
Okay babe.

Travis rises and brushes himself off.

Lauren steps to him, is she really going to leave with the bad guy?

LAUREN  
This is for you.

She presents him with a pregnancy test.

LAUREN (CONT'D)  
I peed on it tonight.

TRAVIS  
What?

LAUREN  
You're going to be a daddy.

TRAVIS  
What?

LAUREN  
Two lines means I'm pregnant.

TRAVIS  
What?

LAUREN  
Life's going to change for us.

TRAVIS  
I don't think so.

LAUREN  
What?

TRAVIS  
Hey man, I am so happy for you. Having a baby. You need that kind of shit in your life. Maybe, it will make you calm the fuck down. Having a baby, Jesus Christ. You know when this thing between us started I had lifestyle requirements, my boys, the parties, tight gangster beats, Freaky Digits Times 7. I have to create. Having a baby, fuck, fuck, fuck, me. It probably isn't mine anyway. You sleep around babe. It ain't mine, must be his.

Travis can't leave fast enough. Lauren and Martin watch him scuttle out the door.

MARTIN  
Thank God he's shallow.

LAUREN  
Glad that did the trick.

MARTIN

That tattoo is quite a mess.

LAUREN

He'll be fine, he'll cover it up  
with a gargoyle head or something.  
Are your fish okay?

MARTIN

Fine. Are you really pregnant?

LAUREN

Would you raise it as your own?  
The illegitimate child of a girl  
you just met?

MARTIN

Yes.

LAUREN

I'm not pregnant, I fixed it with a  
sharpie.

Martin frowns.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

Don't be sad. Maybe we can make a  
real one.

Martin reaches for the gun in his shorts.

MARTIN

Got to get this thing out of here.  
It's jammed on my undies. Who's  
Rachel?

A GUNSHOT RINGS OUT

Martin has been shot, he immediately hits the ground.

FADE TO BLACK

FADE IN

41 INT. HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT

41

Martin's POV. Blurry FADE IN TO FOCUS:

A beautiful woman gazes at him with a corona of light around  
him. Is he in heaven? An angel of mercy?

Martin's head tilts to its side. We see a heavily bandaged foot.

A look down, his hand is being held. Out of focus again.

It is Lauren. She leans toward him when he wakes up.

ON MARTIN. He is awake but out of it.

LAUREN  
Hey there. How are you?

MARTIN  
Uh-huh...

LAUREN  
You need some Vicodin, the nurse left it for you.

Lauren holds up a cup of PILLS.

MARTIN  
Where am I?

LAUREN  
You shot yourself.

MARTIN  
Oh...

LAUREN  
You're quite fortunate. You could've hit some vital organs.

MARTIN  
The gun...was in my shorts.

LAUREN  
The doctor said you'll get out in a day or two.

MARTIN  
I have to...

LAUREN  
What?

MARTIN  
I have to...

LAUREN  
What?

MARTIN  
I have to feed my...seahorses.

LAUREN  
I'll can do it.

MARTIN  
You have to hand feed them.

LAUREN  
Okay.

MARTIN  
With the eyedropper...

LAUREN  
Eyedropper. Copy that.

MARTIN  
With live baby brine shrimp.

LAUREN  
Got it.

MARTIN  
Slowly hand feed them one by one,  
takes an hour. Make...sure...  
they...eat...

Martin passed out of consciousness.

Lauren leans over and gives Martin a kiss.

LAUREN  
I'll feed your horses.

She touches his face and backs away from the bed.

She takes the cup of Vicodin and downs it with one swallow.

42 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

42

Jackie Strides through the door, she is wearing her WORK CLOTHES.

JACKIE  
Marty, oh my God. . .

Jackie notices Lauren, she shoots her a dirty look.

LAUREN  
He's out of it, they gave him a lot  
of meds.

JACKIE  
What the fuck happened?

LAUREN  
It was an accident, gun discharged  
on his foot. He's going to be fine.  
Who are you?

JACKIE  
Hey. . . Hey, there Marty?

Martin responds with just an out-of-it grunt.

JACKIE (CONT'D)  
Hey there? Marty?

LAUREN  
I'm Lauren.

JACKIE  
I know who you are. You're the  
wack job he met on craigslist.

LAUREN  
It's not as bad as it seems.

JACKIE  
(to self)  
This is my fault.

LAUREN  
What do you mean by that?

JACKIE  
What do you think I mean? He  
brought home the biggest fuck-up in  
Los Angeles.

LAUREN  
You don't know me.

JACKIE  
I know your kind.

LAUREN  
And what the fuck is that?

JACKIE  
You're a common bitch.

LAUREN  
Don't call me that.

Martin is sitting up.

MARTIN  
Guys, will you stop it?

Jackie and Lauren turn to Martin who is rather alert now.

They look back each other with aggression.

MARTIN (CONT'D)  
Come on, I mean it.

They look back at Martin.

MARTIN (CONT'D)  
I need some sleep, my head hurts, I  
feel like garbage. My foot is  
throbbing. Don't fight, be  
friends.

They look at each other again a little softer this time.

Could they be friends or would that be impossible?

CUT TO:

43 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - LAUREN'S MOTHER - NIGHT

43

In the super dark room, a life support machine pumps life into the body of LAUREN'S MOTHER.

Lauren looks at her mom strapped to the bed so she can't hurt herself. Lauren looks at her mom and then looks at the machine. Lauren kisses her mom on the cheek.

LAUREN  
Hi Mom, how are you?

There is no response. Her mom is awake but unresponsive.

No response. Several beats of silence.

Lauren opens up her purse. She places objects on the table much like she did in the bathroom the opening scene.



LAUREN (CONT'D)  
So I met someone. He's not what  
I'm used to but I like him.

Lauren looks over to her Mom.

LAUREN (CONT'D)  
Can you hear me Mom?

She takes out her wig, the makeup, her bible, her jeweled box  
and carefully places them down on the table.

She applies makeup on her mother. She pulls out her  
brother's contract and a pen. She signs the contract.

She pulls off a gold necklace and puts it around her mother's  
neck.

She kisses her mother.

She exits the room.

CUT TO BLACK