

# The Goodbye People

by  
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Based on  
the novel "The Goodbye People"  
& the stories "The Closed Set" and "The Slide Area"  
by  
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EXT. ROAD. TOPANGA CANYON, LOS ANGELES - 1970 - DAWN

A steep, winding road lined with trees, topped off by a rising sun.

DEAD SILENCE.

Not a soul in sight, no cars.

In the distance something is flashing like a lighthouse, except it's moving toward us with a distinctive FARAWAY WHINE.

Soon, the WHINE TURNS INTO SIRENS, speeding closer as:

A caravan of police cars, LAPD motorcycles and ambulances appears.

EXT. IVY DRIVE. TOPANGA CANYON - DAWN

The cars and motorcycles speed up the hill on an unmarked private road camouflaged by ivy toward:

A French countryside-style house nestled in a cul-de-sac against the hillside and surrounded by tall pine trees.

There's no sign of life beyond the rose-covered rail fences.

Blood drips from the gate marked 30030.

POLICEMEN rush in as SIRENS ARE TURNED OFF.

Bloody footstep marks lead to the house's front door, splattered with blood.

IT'S EERILY QUIET AGAIN.

FADE OUT:

Over black: THE SOUND OF A TYPEWRITER, RAPID, LIKE A MACHINE GUN.

FADE IN

EXT. TREVOR'S HOUSE - DAY

Zoom in on a small, elegant house with a well-tended, variegated garden.

INT. STUDY. TREVOR'S HOUSE - DAY

TREVOR LEWIS, *Lou* to his friends, is typing on his Olivetti. Trevor is British, late 30s, uncombed hair falling carelessly across his forehead. He's wearing blue jeans and a natty dark blazer.

Suddenly he stops typing, hearing: HIS GATE SLAM. SHAKE. LOCK. THEN REST.

He listens to: FOOTSTEPS CRUNCHING GRAVEL, THE SURF OF THE OCEAN BREAKING IN THE DISTANCE WITH AN EVEN THUD.

HIS DOOR BELL RINGS.

TREVOR  
(to himself)  
Mmm.

He gets up.

INT. FRONT DOOR. TREVOR'S HOUSE - DAY

Trevor opens the door to find DETECTIVES ANDERSON and OWENS, both in their 30s, both flashing badges.

DETECTIVE ANDERSON  
Trevor Lewis?

TREVOR  
Yes.

DETECTIVE ANDERSON  
Do you know a fella by the name of Gary?

Trevor hesitates.

TREVOR  
Gary Carson?

DETECTIVE ANDERSON  
So you do know him? By that name.

TREVOR  
Well, I used to, yes. We haven't--  
Is he--?

DETECTIVE ANDERSON  
He's in custody.

TREVOR  
Vietnam?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DETECTIVE ANDERSON  
Murder.

DETECTIVE OWENS  
Allegedly.

DETECTIVE ANDERSON  
Allegedly a murder. More like a  
massacre.

Trevor stares at him in shock.

DETECTIVE OWENS  
We found your name in his wallet.  
We have a few questions.

Trevor considers them.

TREVOR  
You better come in.

INT. LIVING ROOM. TREVOR'S HOUSE - DAY

The two detectives walk in and look around. The walls are lined with books. A few paintings. Low flung furniture, elegant and unassuming. A piano, long neglected, piles of papers on it. A white rotary telephone.

Anderson raises an eyebrow at the sight of a photograph of male genitals with cartoons drawn on.

DETECTIVE ANDERSON  
What do you do for a living, Mr.  
Lewis?

TREVOR  
I write.

DETECTIVE ANDERSON  
Pictures?

TREVOR  
Sometimes. Books mostly.

DETECTIVE OWENS  
But not for the tabloids?

TREVOR  
No. What would you like to know  
about Gary?

DETECTIVE ANDERSON  
Whatever you can tell us. How you  
met him. What's he like. Anything  
at all. He doesn't talk much. Says  
he doesn't trust words.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Anderson sits on the couch and kicks back.

Trevor stares at the two. He's still in shock.

DETECTIVE ANDERSON (CONT'D)  
You can't be a very good writer if  
you don't know where to start, Mr.  
Lewis.

Trevor smiles sadly.

TREVOR  
How about I make us all coffee  
first?

DETECTIVE ANDERSON  
There's a thought.

DETECTIVE OWENS  
'Preciate it.

Trevor walks toward the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN. TREVOR'S HOUSE - DAY

Trevor looks out the window at his garden while grinding  
coffee beans, his mind drifting.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PATIO. PRIVATE BEACH. MALIBU, CA - DUSK

THE OCEAN'S FROTH LICKS THE SAND. THEN RETREATS. REPEATS.

SUPER TITLE: TWO YEARS EARLIER

Trevor is silhouetted against the water and the dusk-streaked  
sky. The breeze plays with his hair like a hand caressing.

Drinking white wine, he flips through a National Geographic  
spread on Pygmies at a table topped by an umbrella and  
surrounded by chairs with cushions in bright Hawaiian flower  
pattern.

We see sharp, vibrant magazine pictures of the Amazon,  
starkly beautiful and exotic, practically leaping off the  
pages.

There's a vase with orange carnations throwing a faint shadow  
over the magazine.

Trevor sips absentmindedly. Somewhat impatiently checks his  
watch. He's been waiting for awhile.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TREVOR (V.O.)  
To tell you about Gary I need to  
start with my friend Susan.

DETECTIVE ANDERSON (V.O.)  
Susan. Susan who?

THE TINKLE OF LITTLE BELLS IS HEARD. MOVING. THE WIND  
THROWING THE SOUND IN ALL DIRECTIONS.

TREVOR (V.O.)  
Susan Ross.

Trevor looks up.

SUSAN ROSS appears on the patio. Bells are sewn into the  
white pants of her suit, accompanying her every graceful  
move. She's bare-footed. A white hat with an enormous brim  
hides her face. An unearthly presence, a former model, a  
young widow, coming or going, you never know.

SUSAN  
Hi, Lou.

TREVOR  
Welcome back, Susan.

Susan nods hello just as the wind shifts unexpectedly and she  
holds on to her hat, its brim lifting to reveal her exquisite  
face. Her expression is presently displeased.

She points to the carnations in the vase in horror.

TREVOR (CONT'D)  
They were here when I arrived.

She looks at him. Back at the flowers. Distressed.

SUSAN  
Would you do me a great big favor?  
I don't think she likes me. Would  
you take them to the kitchen and  
tell the housekeeper I don't want  
them, and I NEVER want cut flowers?  
They came with the house.

TREVOR  
The flowers?

SUSAN  
The help.

TREVOR  
Of course.

He lifts the vase. She checks her watch.

EXT. PATIO. PRIVATE BEACH - LATER

Trevor slides open the glass door and steps back out to the patio. Susan looks up from her chair.

SUSAN

Did she seem furious? Do you think  
it's the last straw?

TREVOR

Not at all.

SUSAN

Thank God.

She sinks back into her chair. Opens a cigarette box, picks up a cigarette.

Trevor takes out his lighter but she makes a dismissive gesture with her hand and lights it herself with matches.

A BUTLER in a tuxedo two sizes too small arrives with a frosted glass for Susan. Pours for her and refills Trevor's, then withdraws, nodding to no one in particular.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Now that the distractions are over,  
let me look at you.

She gives him a look over.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

You're well. Healthy. And I love  
your shirt. I got one just like it  
the other day. Same pattern,  
different cut.

TREVOR

I seem to remember a lot of cut  
flowers up at the old house, Susan.  
What happened?

SUSAN

I took LSD last week at my welcome  
home party. You should have come.

TREVOR

I wasn't invited.

SUSAN

Neither was I. Well, it was a  
surprise. Charlie's sister didn't  
call any of my friends. She invited  
all these hippies. Her son is the  
real thing, you know. You can tell  
because he doesn't wear beads.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SUSAN (CONT'D)  
We talked about pollution and  
health foods and cosmic energy, the  
orgone box and the end of the  
world.

She laughs.

SUSAN (CONT'D)  
Really groovy, man.

He laughs.

SUSAN (CONT'D)  
I'm not making fun of hippies. I  
respect almost everything they say.  
I dropped acid. I think they wanted  
me to freak out, being older than  
them. An older woman of thirty. Did  
you know I turned thirty two weeks  
after Charlie died? But it was  
really beautiful, the LSD, until I  
made contact with the pain of  
flowers if you cut them. That was  
intense! Like tearing your eyes  
out. Don't look at me like that. It  
was as real as you sitting right  
there.

She waves her hand toward the house.

SUSAN (CONT'D)  
By the way, isn't it rather hideous  
here? I'll have to find somewhere  
else.

TREVOR  
Somewhere else like where?

She makes a sweeping gesture toward the ocean.

SUSAN  
There's always Europe. Except, I've  
just got back from there.

TREVOR  
That way is East.

She laughs.

SUSAN  
Well, there's always the East too.  
(pause)  
But none of that matters. Not a  
straw, not a hill of beans. How are  
you really, Lou?

INSIDE THE HOUSE THE PHONE RINGS.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

TREVOR

The same. A little wiser. A little more broke.

Behind them the sun slips quite suddenly over the mountains as darkness descends like a blue fog.

SUSAN

You're a darling for coming all this way. I know you're keeping an eye on me for Charlie like you promised.

TREVOR

I did promise, and you know I take my promises very seriously. I think of you as my inheritance.

SUSAN

What a dear friend you are.

She gets up and presses a switch in the wall. A floodlight washes over them.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Hideous. Isn't it hideous?

She switches the light off and sits back down.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

I'd stay put like you if I didn't feel this terrible impatience.

EXT. RENTED MALIBU HOUSE - EVENING

Trevor walks the gravel path back toward the gate and his car beyond it.

SUSAN (O.S.)

Lou.

He turns back.

Susan is sitting in the doorway, clutching herself, half in shadow.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

I'm going to be late for this sickening dinner. I've always been a fast driver and I've always been late. Why is that?

TREVOR

I don't know. But when you drive fast you notice nothing, just a blur.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She gets up and stretches out her arms.

SUSAN

On the way to where she didn't want  
to be, she noticed nothing at all.  
Put that on my grave.

TREVOR

I will not.

She laughs and disappears inside, closing the door behind  
her.

INT. LIVING ROOM. FORBES HOLLYWOOD HILLS HOUSE - AFTERNOON

An L-shaped living room, its walls bare white except for a  
huge painting of JULIE FORBES, 1940s sultry movie star and  
perpetual ingenue, above the pseudo-antique fireplace.

Trevor and CLIFF HARRIS, 40, a white-maned movie director,  
sit on a long black sofa.

Facing them is an identical black sofa on which sits Julie  
Forbes herself, present day, her glamour every inch intact.  
She's in a deep, flaring crimson dress. Her secretary, MRS.  
LYNCH, is sitting tensely beside her with a tiny Pekinese  
puppy resting between them.

MRS. LYNCH

(to Cliff)

We hear your new picture is just  
wonderful.

CLIFF

It's just lousy.

(smiling wryly at Trevor)

But I wouldn't blame the writing.

MRS. LYNCH

That's not at all what they say at  
the studio. They love it. Have you  
seen Ms. Forbes' latest picture?

CLIFF

Yes.

(to Julie)

And you should be ashamed of  
yourself. Trite. Shoddy. I didn't  
find it interesting at all. And,  
frankly, I don't see why we should  
work together.

Mrs. Lynch gasps.

Julie fingers her gold choker.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JULIE FORBES

Mr. Harris is more than a director,  
Mrs. Lynch. He's an artist. Of  
course. He has tremendously high  
standards. I respect that.

Then, she gets up with a RUSTLE OF SILK and stands by the  
mantel-piece, looking down at her guests.

JULIE FORBES (CONT'D)

What kind of movies interest you,  
Cliff?

CLIFF

Oh, I don't know. Trevor?

TREVOR

Something with a bit of truth,  
maybe.

CLIFF

Yeah. Truth.

Julie picks a puppy hair from the sleeve of her dress.

JULIE FORBES

Frankly, I don't get all this  
fashionable talk about truth, but  
then I left school very young, I  
don't have much formal education.

CLIFF

It's not a question of education.  
If you have an idea of truth, it  
comes from the kind of human being  
you are.

JULIE FORBES

Well, I'm a doll, just a doll.  
That's all an actress is. I believe  
my movies have truth. The women I  
play exist, all over the country. I  
believe you should see--

A tall, pale boy of 11 in a gray suit walks in. TIMMY. Julie  
looks sharply at Mrs. Lynch. The tension rises in the room  
with every step he takes.

JULIE FORBES (CONT'D)

Timmy! I want you to meet some  
lovely new friends of mine. Cliff  
Harris, the director, and Trevor  
Lewis.

TIMMY

Hello, sirs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

They nod and smile at him.

JULIE FORBES  
Tell us what you've been doing  
today, Timmy. It's vacation time.  
Did you ride?  
(sharply)  
You can sit down, Timmy.

He sits stiffly on the edge of a chair. Clearly he'd rather not be here.

TIMMY  
Yes, I rode. I read a book. I  
painted. I swam.

JULIE FORBES  
Did you finish?

TIMMY  
The book? No. I finished my  
painting.

Trevor looks at Cliff, both feeling awful for the boy being grilled.

JULIE FORBES  
Can you turn somersaults in the  
water better now?

TIMMY  
I'm improving.

JULIE FORBES  
That's great, Timmy. I'm so proud  
of you. What's the book? Tell Mr.  
Lewis. He's a great writer.

TIMMY  
It's--

A SERVANT walks in.

SERVANT  
Pardon me. Telephone for Mr. Lewis.

Trevor gets up surprised.

JULIE FORBES  
No. We're in a meeting. Who is it?

SERVANT  
The studio. They've been searching  
for Mr. Lewis. They said it's an  
emergency.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

TREVOR  
(to Julie)  
I apologize.

TIMMY  
(to Trevor)  
It's The Scarlet Letter.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - EVENING

Susan. Ghostly pale. Asleep in a hospital bed, breathing deeply.

Trevor gently clears a lock of hair from her eyes. Sighs.

INT. CORRIDOR. HOSPITAL - EVENING

Trevor walks out of Susan's hospital room and his eyes lock with:

GARY CARSON. Dark, shoulder-length hair. A black leather headband and blue, blue eyes, he's an image of real beauty. Smiling. Clearly a drifter in the guise of an angel.

Gary lights a cigarette and approaches as if expecting to be adored, pointing at Susan's door.

GARY  
You know her?

TREVOR  
Yes. Her late husband was a great friend of mine.

GARY  
I saved her. Well, I didn't save her, but... Well I did. I brought her here. She's famous, right? She used to be an actress.

TREVOR  
A model.

GARY  
A model?

TREVOR  
Yes. What's your--?

GARY  
Name? My real one is Gary Carson. I'm not going to bullshit you. Your friend is so fucking beautiful. Why would she try to kill herself?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TREVOR  
I don't know. Human beings are  
complicated.

Gary smiles, trying to look wise beyond his years. He  
doesn't, he just looks beautiful.

GARY  
So.

TREVOR  
So?

GARY  
What's *your* name?

TREVOR  
Trevor. Trevor Lewis.

GARY  
Are you in the business too, Trevor  
Lewis?

TREVOR  
I suppose I am. I write.

GARY  
Really? You know, the funny thing  
about this story is I don't know  
how to swim...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BEACH - DAWN

Smoking dope, Gary follows a set of footprints in the sand,  
as if hallucinating, slightly obsessed.

The fog rolls in from the ocean, simmering over waves as they  
break high and mighty. The beach is now deserted.

Gary notices a black car parked up ahead off the highway.  
Sees the footprints turning toward the ocean.

At the shoreline, the footprints stop abruptly. Gary looks  
out toward the ocean.

On the wet sand lie a pair of golden sandals. Followed by a  
pair of Pucci pants. A white sweater. A white broad-brimmed  
hat.

Gary picks up the hat. Soaked and drooping. Puts it on his  
head. Laughing.

He picks up the sandals and tries them on for size. Too  
small. He keeps them on.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The water nibbles at his sandaled feet and he looks up into the distance, noticing:

SUSAN'S NAKED BODY FLOATING IN THE OCEAN, just beyond where the surf breaks.

He takes off the hat.

He looks around, there's no one on the beach, just him.

He gazes stone-eyed at the floating body.

Then a wave breaks and carries the naked body to the shore.

A SEA GULL SWOOPS LOW, SQUAWKING. Then fades off.

Susan's body turns over and rolls naked face down in the sand in front of Gary.

The sun breaks through the clouds as the fog lifts.

Gary stares at Susan's perfect bare ass gleaming in the light.

GARY

Wow.

INT. BLACK CAR. MOVING - DAY

The wide-brimmed hat rides on the passenger side.

Gary drives.

Susan's body, now fully dressed, lies in the back.

EXT. HOSPITAL - LATER

Susan's black car is parked at the entrance to the emergency room.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. CORRIDOR. HOSPITAL - DAY

Back with Gary and Trevor.

GARY

A reporter came by asking all kinds of questions, but I didn't give him my name, so don't tell anyone. I can trust you, right?

(laughing)

I'm a draft dodger.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He pauses for effect. Trevor nods sympathetically.

GARY (CONT'D)

I just got back from Japan, this captain I know smuggles me in and out. I'm staying with this chick in the hills, but I got bored. So I slept on the beach.

TREVOR

Lucky for Susan.

GARY

Yeah. Right. Say, do you have some money I could have? Just to get something to eat.

(pause)

I haven't eaten since yesterday.

TREVOR

Yes. Of course.

He reaches for his wallet.

INT. BEDROOM. TREVOR'S HOUSE - MORNING

Trevor wakes up alone in bed.

INT. BATHROOM. TREVOR'S HOUSE - MORNING

Morning piss. Deep sigh of relief from the night's pressure.

INT. FRONT ENTRANCE. TREVOR'S HOUSE - MORNING

Wearing his bathrobe, Trevor goes to the door and opens it, staring into the fog lying below his hillside house, rendering the trees into abstract ink spots. The world is at a standstill.

He takes a few steps into the fog, leans forward and grabs the morning edition of Variety off the lawn.

Suddenly, a hand touches his shoulder from behind. He jumps and turns: Gary.

GARY

How's our friend?

TREVOR

Recuperating. She'll be fine. What are you doing here?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

GARY  
I don't know. Good day to try  
something new. That's what my  
horoscope said.  
(pointing)  
Like my Volks?

Trevor looks at a red Volkswagen parked close by.

GARY (CONT'D)  
The color's turning very groovy,  
don't you think? Like a villa in  
Italy. Can I come in?

He walks into the house.

INT. TREVOR'S HOUSE - DAY

GARY (O.S.)  
I dig the fireplace.

Trevor closes the door.

TREVOR  
How did you find me?

GARY  
Phone book. Trevor Lewis. I figure  
anyone in there wants to be found.

Gary crosses to the picture window in the living room and  
looks around as if he's house hunting.

GARY (CONT'D)  
Do a lot of people tell you your  
home reminds them of the south of  
France?

TREVOR  
Sometimes.

GARY  
They're wrong. The colors are all  
different. And the light too. But I  
can see why you live here. It's the  
next best thing.

TREVOR  
Gary, how old are you?

GARY  
There it is. The first question!  
(grinning)  
I'm twenty-one. The age of consent.  
I've been all over Europe.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GARY (CONT'D)  
Everywhere, really. Do you have a  
cigarette?

Trevor gives him one. Gary waits. Trevor lights it for him.

Gary sits down on the couch facing the windows and gazes out.  
He sighs contentedly.

TREVOR  
Would you like something to drink?

Gary lies back into the couch.

GARY  
Now that's what I call friendly.

He stretches his legs out.

GARY (CONT'D)  
I've been off the hard stuff for  
awhile, but I think I'll have a  
Scotch now. No water. Just rocks.

TREVOR  
I was thinking more along the lines  
of coffee.

GARY  
Well, it is morning. But it's also  
Saturday.

TREVOR  
I believe it's Friday.

GARY  
Okay. You win. Scotch with water.  
No rocks.

Trevor laughs and crosses to the bar. Pours a glass of Scotch  
with water. Then hands Gary his drink.

GARY (CONT'D)  
To your health, Sir!

Gary sips.

GARY (CONT'D)  
Tell me what to do now.

TREVOR  
What do you mean?

GARY  
You're a writer. I'm a fugitive  
from the law. Tell me what I should  
do.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TREVOR

Are you worried about getting caught?

Gary shakes his head.

GARY

The longer I get away with it, the less likely the pigs will ever catch me. I'm pretty confident I can get by forever, somehow.

TREVOR

Then what's your problem?

GARY

There's no future in it. As long as I'm outside the law, I can't settle down and do anything.

TREVOR

What do you want to do?

Gary grins. Shrugs. No clue. He sips from his drink.

GARY

I just want to get in a situation that doesn't pressure me. Of course I *could* get myself off the hook like that...

Snaps his finger.

GARY (CONT'D)

....My father's a brigadier general, one Silver Star, hot stuff, knows all the in places - Korea. Vietnam. If I went back with my tail between my legs and agreed to join up after all, he could swing it.

TREVOR

I'm sure you don't want to do that.

GARY

Right. Anything that involves my father is something I don't want to do. Besides, *if* I did it, it would mean these last two years were completely wasted.

He looks suddenly thrown.

GARY (CONT'D)

Or maybe they're wasted anyway.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Trevor smiles.

TREVOR  
You're pretty good at convincing  
yourself the situation is  
impossible from every angle.

GARY  
I don't convince myself. Society  
convinces me, man, or tries to. It  
refuses to leave people alone.

His eyes, dark and deep, again come to rest on Trevor's.

GARY (CONT'D)  
So you have no suggestions at all?

TREVOR  
Canada.

GARY  
Thanks a lot.

TREVOR  
The war will end soon. I'm sure  
there'll be some kind of amnesty.

GARY  
That'll be the day.

TREVOR  
Do you want me to say there's no  
way out?

GARY  
Maybe. Anyway, I appreciate your  
lack of sympathy. It's a kick. I  
really mean that.

Gary watches Trevor above the rim of his glass.

GARY (CONT'D)  
You're still asking yourself what  
I'm doing here, right?

Gary downs his drink. Gets up. Walks to the door.

GARY (CONT'D)  
I just thought, if you're not busy  
later, I'd love to come back and  
have you buy me a proper dinner.

He looks at Trevor and smiles. Trevor smiles back. Flattered.  
Smitten. Aroused.

Gary opens the door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

GARY (CONT'D)  
Say, 6.30?

INT. OCEAN VIEW RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Gary and Trevor are in a booth by a picture window that looks out to the sea. A half finished meal on the table in front of them.

TREVOR  
I've got something to ask you.

GARY  
*Super!*  
(in a mock British accent)  
I want you to ask me things. I want to be asked.

TREVOR  
How did you find my house? It's not easy, even for people who live in the area.

Gary picks up the wine bottle on the table and reads the label, a California brand.

GARY  
I have a great sense of direction and I can always find my way. So long as I've got a map.

TREVOR  
(referring to the wine)  
You approve?

GARY  
Of course. I'd expect someone like you to know about wine, anyway.

He laughs.

GARY (CONT'D)  
By the way. I've never been to Europe. Could you tell?

Trevor shakes his head. Gary drains the glass of wine and pours out some more.

GARY (CONT'D)  
My insecurity must be showing. I'm really fantastically insecure.

TREVOR  
I can see that.

Gary's face turns suddenly hard as:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A COUPLE sits down at the booth next to them, the PRETTY GIRL staring at Gary with obvious approval, the MUSCULAR BOY not noticing.

TREVOR (CONT'D)  
So tell me, why are you so insecure?

Gary's eyes flicker.

GARY  
Did you see the look that chick just gave me? It answers your question. *And she's with her boyfriend!* I mean, a lot of people look at me that way, and of course I know why, and of course it's a groove to turn people on. But I hate the idea that my face is my fortune, you know. It's pretty insulting to the rest of me.

TREVOR  
Yes. It's hard to be beautiful.

Gary kicks Trevor hard under the table.

TREVOR (CONT'D)  
Ow!

Gary laughs.

GARY  
This girl I went to Mexico with to avoid, you know --Nam-- let me tell you something she said down there.

He leans across the table, his face almost touching Trevor's.

GARY (CONT'D)  
(RAISING HIS VOICE)  
"I'd like to walk down the street with you," she said, "holding your cock in my hand, just to let everyone know how beautiful it is." Well....

A FEW PEOPLE STARE. A GIGGLE IS HEARD BEHIND THEM. He leans back into his seat, frowning.

GARY (CONT'D)  
(LOWERING HIS VOICE)  
That's what broke us up really. I thought, Jesus, all she wants is to show off my cock in public. Big deal. Pretty insulting.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Gary looks at Trevor, expectantly.

GARY (CONT'D)  
Women do things like that. They get  
this image of you as a fantastic  
lover and you have to live up to  
it. What a bore.

Gary laughs.

GARY (CONT'D)  
I'm lying again. Kind of, anyway.  
What *really* broke us up was, I  
started smoking a lot of hash down  
there and I couldn't get it  
together enough to keep her happy.

Gary smiles, blinks, glances away, then looks back at Trevor unsmiling. His eyes beautiful and somehow not human, a curious deadness in their center.

The waiter arrives with the check and lays it on the table between the two of them.

Gary slides out of the booth, pocketing Trevor's cigarettes as he goes.

EXT. TREVOR'S HOUSE - NIGHT

They pull up in front of the house in Trevor's car and Trevor begins to get out, but Gary doesn't move. Instead he lies back in his seat and closes his eyes.

Trevor settles back in.

Outside, the night is clear and still. A full moon casts light upon Gary's face. It's extraordinarily calm, and white, and young.

THE TENSION OF *WHAT'S NEXT* IS BUILDING SILENTLY.

They listen to the sound of SURF BREAKING in the distance.

GARY  
Well.

He places his arm on the back of Trevor's seat and leaves it there.

Then he gives a restless sigh and opens the door. Gets out.

He walks over to his car and leans against it as Trevor gets out and watches him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TREVOR  
Would you like to come in for a  
drink?

GARY  
No, not really.

He pauses, motionless, watching Trevor closely.

GARY (CONT'D)  
But I'd like to come in if I'm  
invited to stay the night.

TREVOR  
You really don't want to go back to  
the girl you're staying with?

Gary shakes his head.

GARY  
I've had it with her sad scene.  
Even if you say no, I won't go  
back. I'll sleep on the beach.

TREVOR  
Then you'd better come in.

Gary leans in and kisses him.

GARY  
I'm glad I was right about you.

TREVOR  
In what way?

GARY  
That you're the kind of person I  
can ask a thing like that.

He opens the door of his car and pulls out a large suitcase.

TREVOR  
I see you came prepared.

Gary taps the case.

GARY  
Everything I have in the world.

He follows Trevor to the front door in silence.

GARY (CONT'D)  
Just for the night.

They go in, pulling the door closed behind them.



INT. BEDROOM. TREVOR'S HOUSE - NIGHT

It's the small hours of the night. Trevor and Gary lie naked in bed together, smoking.

Trevor laughs suddenly.

TREVOR  
I've got another question for you now. In your opinion, who seduced who, or whom?

GARY  
That's easy. I'm never seduced.

He turns his head away and blows a long smoke ring into the room.

He turns abruptly back towards Trevor.

GARY (CONT'D)  
Do you have any ice cream?

Trevor shakes his head.

GARY (CONT'D)  
I've got a real thing coming on for ice cream. Let's go out and get some.

He jumps out of bed and begins putting on his clothes.

Trevor doesn't move. He looks unenthusiastic.

GARY (CONT'D)  
Oh, come on! You were young once.

TREVOR  
Do you often do this?

GARY  
What?

TREVOR  
Have a desire for ice cream after sex.

Gary looks surprised.

GARY  
I don't know. I never thought about it.

He slips on his sweater.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GARY (CONT'D)  
I suppose maybe I do. Think it's  
too weird?

TREVOR  
No. But it's new.

GARY  
I once knew a girl who had to have  
french fries after fucking.

TREVOR  
That would really turn me off.

GARY  
No. Not if you knew her. But maybe.  
You're a romantic. People with  
houses and jobs and gardens are  
romantic.

He looks seriously at Trevor.

GARY (CONT'D)  
I always assumed I knew what I was  
doing, and was pretty aware of  
myself. Now you've brought up  
something about me I never realized  
before.

TREVOR  
What?

GARY  
I go for ice cream after sex. It's  
disturbing. It's sinister. Ice  
cream is my French fries.

Trevor laughs and reluctantly gets out of bed, grabbing his  
pants from the floor.

Gary watches Trevor dress. Waits until he's done.

GARY (CONT'D)  
Forget the ice cream.

EXT. TREVOR'S HOUSE - MORNING

The sun rises over the hills. Reds and oranges spot the glass  
windows of the house.

INT. BEDROOM. TREVOR'S HOUSE - MORNING

The blinds are still drawn, but the sunlight filters through  
them. A BIRD CHIRPS outside.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Trevor awakes with a start.

Gary is sitting on the edge of the bed, wearing Trevor's bathrobe.

GARY  
Quick, what are you thinking?

TREVOR  
It's too early for that kind of thing.

GARY  
Pull yourself together. Look at me. What are you feeling?

TREVOR  
Surprise. I guess. Wondering who the hell you are. Wanting more.

GARY  
What kind of surprise? Pleasant or unpleasant?

TREVOR  
Oh, pleasant.

GARY  
Does it occur to you that you're a different person this morning? That you've done something awful?

TREVOR  
Are you underage?

GARY  
No!

Trevor stares at him, waiting. Gary's mouth twitches faintly.

GARY (CONT'D)  
But you are a criminal. Do you understand? Harboring a wanted man, a coward who shits on his country's flag. How do you feel now?

TREVOR  
Like I need coffee.

Gary stands up.

Trevor notices Gary's suitcase on the floor, open and unpacked.

Gary picks up a suit on a hanger.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GARY

My only one, but at least it's Cardin. When you travel around with everything in one case, you don't have many changes to bring, so each one better be good. Besides my Cardin, I've got the sweater and pants I wore yesterday, and a Brioni jacket, and my Western stuff, and a spare pair of Levis. Plus one pair each of boots, Gucci shoes, sneakers. Plus a dress shirt and two other cool ones.

He holds up a brilliant flowered shirt, then a white Mexican blouse with ruffled sleeves.

GARY (CONT'D)

By the way, I've made coffee.

He makes room in Trevor's full closet to hang some of his jackets.

GARY (CONT'D)

You got a lot of nice things too.

TREVOR

Why thank you. Help yourself to anything you like.

Gary walks slowly back towards the bed and sits down again on the edge.

GARY

I guess you've got to write something important today, right? So I'm going down to the beach. I'll be back around four o'clock, but just in case...  
(hesitating briefly)  
In case something comes up, could I have a key?

Trevor considers him for a split second.

TREVOR

Take the spare key from the chest by the front door.

GARY

See you later, then.

He presses his hand on Trevor's shoulder.

GARY (CONT'D)

Don't forget, coffee's made.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

He starts to leave, then pauses in the doorway.

GARY (CONT'D)  
I really am quite glad I met you.

He motions to leave, then stops again.

GARY (CONT'D)  
By the way, on top of the other stuff in my case are all the love letters I've ever received. I was going over them this morning while you were still asleep. Read them if you like. I got nothing to hide.

He waves and is gone.

Trevor listens as the front door SLAMS, then Gary calls up from the patio below:

GARY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Have a good day now!

A moment later, the sound of a CAR STARTING and DRIVING AWAY.

Trevor eyes Gary's suitcase in the middle of the room, only partially unpacked.

Inside, there is a small portable tape recorder, some cassettes, paperbacks of *The Razor's Edge*, *Siddhartha*, *The Dharma Bums*. And stacks of letters bound up in string.

INT. CLIFF HARRIS' APARTMENT - DAY

Cliff is lying on the couch, nursing a vicious hang-over, awake, but with his eyes closed. On the wall behind him hangs a Paul Klee.

CLIFF  
It's the last one, Lou. It's got to be. One more bad picture and I'll die.

Trevor looks at him from a chair by shelves overburdened by books and papers.

TREVOR  
Did you call me over to protest?

CLIFF  
She can still do it, you know. Once a star always a star. She showed me her Oscar.

He sits up and lights a cigarette.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TREVOR  
What's the story?

CLIFF  
Lydia Thompson.

TREVOR  
Burlesque.

CLIFF  
Oh, so you know it. I didn't. Julie  
said she brought burlesque to  
America.

TREVOR  
And vice versa.

CLIFF  
Lydia Thompson and her British  
Blondes.

TREVOR  
But the important character will  
have to be Lydia, not her blondes.

CLIFF  
Naturally. Julie Forbes hasn't been  
a blonde in decades.

He gets up and stumbles toward the kitchen.

CLIFF (CONT'D)  
Of course I'd much rather have Faye  
Dunaway or one of the new hot  
things for this one.

TREVOR  
Or a bit of truth?

CLIFF  
Maybe I can give her that.

Cliff disappears into the kitchen.

TREVOR  
(toward kitchen)  
She doesn't want truth, Cliff. She  
wants to sing and dance. She wants  
to reinvent herself. Again. At  
least don't lie to yourself.

We hear CUPBOARDS OPENING AND CLOSING IN THE KITCHEN. A GLASS  
BREAKS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CLIFF (O.S.)  
(from kitchen)  
How many copies did your last book  
sell?

Trevor looks away, disgusted.

CLIFF (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
(from kitchen)  
What was that? How many?

TREVOR  
(annoyed)  
A few.

CLIFF (O.S.)  
(from kitchen)  
So, don't be so smugly idealistic.  
Okay? You need the money and I need  
you to rewrite her goddamned  
script. I'm going to make it real.  
Sexy. Against all reason.

TREVOR  
Why give yourself such odds?

Cliff comes back in with a glass of Scotch.

CLIFF  
My only other offer is a picture  
about a baseball player who becomes  
a priest. There's another writer on  
it. We'll take Julie Forbes. You  
have to pay your mortgage and I  
have to keep my ex-wife divorced.

He picks a script up off his desk and throws it to Trevor.  
Trevor looks at the title, reads:

TREVOR  
"Every Inch A Lady."

CLIFF  
It's not as bad as it sounds. You  
can rewrite it and make it--

A CAR HONKS OUTSIDE.

CLIFF (CONT'D)  
--great.

Cliff goes to the window.

From his point of view we see Gary getting out of Trevor's  
car and waving up to Cliff.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CLIFF (CONT'D)  
Your driver is here.

Trevor gets up.

CLIFF (CONT'D)  
I don't like him.

TREVOR  
You don't like his youth.

CLIFF  
No, it's not that. There's something wrong with him. His eyes are like reflectors. You're a sucker for that kind of stray dog, the underground freakshow, you wouldn't see it clear if it bit you in the ass.

The bedroom door opens suddenly and a pretty blond girl of 18 or so, with a sleepy smile, TINA, comes out. She's wearing an open striped pyjamas coat revealing her small, perfect breasts.

TINA  
Morning.

CLIFF  
It's past noon.

TINA  
(to Trevor)  
Oh, hi.

She makes a half-hearted attempt to close her top.

CLIFF  
This is Tina, Lou. She's a very talented girl. You ought to hear her sing.

THE CAR HONKS OUTSIDE AGAIN.

CLIFF (CONT'D)  
(to Trevor)  
We should all have dinner one night. I think Tina's going to like your new friend.

INT. TREVOR'S HOUSE - NIGHT

CLASSICAL MUSIC ON THE RADIO.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

Trevor is reading in bed: Time magazine with a picture of Chairman Mao on the cover, the caption reading "Chaos in China."

Gary turns in his sleep so his back is to Trevor.

Trevor watches Gary's back rise and fall in slumber.

EXT. KLAPPER ESTATE - DAY

A high-wire fence surrounds elms, ferns and bamboos, apple and citrus trees, making a jungle around the rambling house.

Trevor and Gary walk through the wild grounds of the Klapper estate.

Trevor rings the BELL. CHIMES FOLLOW. VERY LOUD.

The peephole in the door opens, framing an EYE.

Then the door opens and JOYCE, a maid, smiles at him.

TREVOR

It's been awhile, Joyce. How are you?

JOYCE

I'm blessed. I'm blessed. You, Mr. Lewis?

TREVOR

Very good. This is my friend, Gary.

JOYCE

Oh, he's famous around here. Come right in. Everyone's on the patio. Beautiful day.

EXT. PATIO. KLAPPER HOUSE - DAY

A long, brick terrace facing an inviting blue-green pool with flowers floating in it.

At the redwood table, JULIET KLAPPER, late 40s, is pouring white wine from a pitcher for her lover, LILIAN, and her lunch guests: Susan, very much alive, a bit pale, in her usual white hat, Gary and Trevor.

PAUL KLAPPER, Juliet's son, a young man paralyzed from the waist down, sits in his wheelchair, staring through a large standing telescope out toward a neighboring house.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JULIET

Paul, please. I'm not going to ask again.

Paul chuckles, turns around, away from the telescope, and wheels himself to the redwood table, where lunch has been served.

JULIET (CONT'D)

Did I tell you, while I was up in Mendocino looking in on our darling Susan at the hospital,...

Juliet passes a huge, teak salad bowl to Susan.

JULIET (CONT'D)

....practically across the street, a young girl was brutalized and murdered. Mid-Westerners originally. Mc-something.

LILIAN

She was the daughter of a department store owner.

JULIET

There were no clues, either to the criminal or his motives. Thirty-nine stab wounds the police counted. How you count that many gashes on one tiny body is beyond me.

The silence grows heavier. Gary watches, fascinated by Susan.

Trevor looks at Lilian. She frowns and helps herself to more salad.

Susan smiles at Trevor and considers a cigarette, her plate untouched.

Paul is staring at his mother, amused.

JULIET (CONT'D)

Have you ever noticed that when there doesn't seem to be a motive, the murder is always more violent? Thirty-nine stab wounds and--

PAUL

It's like any other movie on TV. I watch people get murdered ten times a day.

LILIAN

I really don't think this is the appropriate time to--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PAUL  
To what?

LILIAN  
Never mind.

PAUL  
No, say it!

She shakes her head and looks away.

JULIET  
Well, on TV they have motives.  
There are writers and directors and  
actors who think these things  
through. Isn't that right, Lou? No  
motive was found here! What has  
happened to people's motives? If  
I'm going to be raped and killed, I  
want to know why.

PAUL  
Oh, you'll know, mother.

Lilian giggles. Juliet notices one of Paul's legs is hanging  
limp off the wheelchair, swaying. She gets up and replaces it  
back in its place. Waits for a *thank you*. Doesn't get it.

Trevor smiles at Gary, then Susan, who returns an enigmatic  
smile. This is the Juliet and Paul show. And it continues:

LILIAN  
Paul aren't you hungry?

PAUL  
Starving.

LILIAN  
Then eat.

PAUL  
I don't like any of this shit. I  
want meat.

JULIET  
Oh, my angel!

She puts her hand on his forehead. His eyes close.

JULIET (CONT'D)  
(to Lilian)  
Let's get him inside, honey. We'll  
fix a sandwich. I'm sure our guests  
have lots to gossip about.

They wheel Paul away. Paul smiles at Gary.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

PAUL

To listen to these dykes talk  
you'd think they never experienced  
a damn thing in their lives. I call  
that style.

Lilian gives the wheel chair an abrupt push and they  
disappear into the house.

EXT. BEACH - LATER

Trevor and Susan stroll barefoot in the sand. Gary runs ahead  
of them like a child, picking shells and throwing them back  
into the sea.

SUSAN

I did mean to kill myself, if  
that's what you're wondering about.  
I was ready to end it all.

TREVOR

But why?

SUSAN

It all started when I found out I  
gained four pounds in one week.

TREVOR

You can't be serious.

SUSAN

(excited)

At last I've turned the tables! At  
last you're more serious than I am.

She grabs his hand and starts running, dragging him behind  
her, passing Gary, until they collapse in the sand, breathing  
hard and laughing.

GARY

You two should be lovers.

TREVOR

I'm afraid I wouldn't make much of  
a lover to Susan.

SUSAN

That's not true. We'd make  
wonderful lovers. The best kind.  
The kindest.

GARY

Did you really try to end it all  
over a few pounds?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SUSAN

I think so. At least it started with those four pounds. I know what you're thinking. But when your life is full of things and stuff and purchased items and yet you're basically unhappy, the trouble starts with the most ridiculous thoughts.

FLASH BACK TO:

INT. BATHROOM. SUSAN'S RENTED MALIBU HOUSE - MORNING

Susan, standing naked on a scale, her body lean and perfect. She's looking down horrified.

SUSAN (V.O.)

Four pounds in one week. It's not nothing. I was thinking maybe being fat is really who I should be. Maybe I'm essentially a fat person, my current body is just a fake and I'm a fraud!

She opens the cupboard and takes out a bottle full of tranquilizers. Takes one. Then another. Another. Washes them down.

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

I thought I'll grow old and heavy and sad. Disguise myself in long robes. Why are all fat people, especially women, so deeply sad? It must weigh them down, being fat.

INT. KITCHEN. RENTED HOUSE. MALIBU - DAY

Susan pays the housekeeper and the butler.

SUSAN

I hope this is enough. Two months pay. I've never--

EXT. RENTED MALIBU HOUSE - LATER

Susan hurries toward the garage.

INT. SUSAN'S CAR. MOVING - EVENING

Susan, her wide white hat on, drives the black car much too fast.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SUSAN (V.O.)  
It's so lonely being alone,  
waiting, weighing yourself,  
gaining, slipping. It's tiresome,  
being me, of no use to no one, my  
dead Charlie, my life. I wanted to  
just keep moving.

MONTAGE - FAST MOVING SHOTS

--The beautiful coast highway from Susan's car. Moving in a blur.

--Redwoods. Pouring by. Dangerously fast.

--Colors streaking the shaking sky and blending.

--Speeding high above the ocean as it crashes down on the rocks.

INT. SUSAN'S CAR - NIGHT

Parked above a beach, Susan sleeps cradling an empty bottle of brandy. The wind blows hard, rocking the car like a cradle.

INT. SUSAN'S CAR - NIGHT

Susan awakes, frightened. Shaking. THE SOUND OF ANIMALS IN THE DISTANCE. STRANGE AND DISTORTED. She starts crying.

SUSAN (V.O.)  
Did you know that when people get  
lost in rain forests or jungles, or  
difficult places like that, they  
always go in the wrong direction  
and get even more lost, because  
they panic? I read it somewhere in  
a magazine. They think they're  
finding their way back, but they've  
blown their cool. They're lost  
forever.

EXT. DESERTED BEACH - DAWN

Susan walks along the beach. Sheds her clothes. And walks naked, her back to us, into the water.

We watch her swim out as far as the eye can see. And then she's gone.

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - DAY

Susan lies on a gurney, hanging between life and death, water being pumped out of her stomach.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BEACH - AFTERNOON

We are back with Trevor, Gary and Susan.

SUSAN

I looked back and tried to remember being happy, and I could, but there was no connection to who I am, who I was.

She looks at the darkening water.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Fate must be on my side.

TREVOR

Because you're alive?

She nods.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

I wouldn't trust fate to be on anyone's side. Fate is on fate's side. Life doesn't care about fate. It just keeps going.

SUSAN

It's so mysterious. All kinds of marvelous people die, like my husband and Juliet's and Marilyn Monroe and James Dean, and John Kennedy. But for some reason when I decide to walk away from it all, some boy makes it his business to save my life.

GARY

(smiling at Trevor)

A boy.

She looks him up and down. He gives her a suggestive look. Trevor notices.

SUSAN

Now I have to find out why my life is worth saving.

She then gets up and they follow, walking toward the house.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SUSAN (CONT'D)  
I love the sun, you know, but I  
burn easily. Isn't that unfair?

She runs ahead of them.

GARY  
Next time I see a life in need of  
saving, I'm just minding my own  
business. I mean, who am I to play  
God?

Trevor laughs.

GARY (CONT'D)  
Do you think she really appreciates  
what I've done for her?

TREVOR  
Oh, shut up!

INT. STUDY. TREVOR'S HOUSE - DAY

Trevor at his typewriter, unable to concentrate, not working,  
just reading more of Gary's love letters.

He hears the FRONT DOOR SLAM and jumps up. Gary walks in, his  
clothes damp.

GARY  
It's raining.

TREVOR  
Is it? I didn't notice.

GARY  
What are you doing?

TREVOR  
"Every Inch a Lady."

Gary rolls his eyes.

GARY  
Drink?

And he goes to the living room. Trevor hesitates, then  
follows.

INT. LIVING ROOM. TREVOR'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Gary is pouring drinks for them.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

GARY  
You've really got everything here,  
don't you?

TREVOR  
You sound resentful.

GARY  
Maybe I am.

He takes a sip from his drink and hands Trevor his.

TREVOR  
I really have to work.

GARY  
Not while I'm here you don't.

TREVOR  
And how exactly am I going to make  
a living?

GARY  
By living, old man. By being alive.

Gary's look is irresistible. Trevor sighs. Sips from his  
drink.

TREVOR  
Luckily for you, everything I'm  
writing today is crap.

GARY  
Do you mind if I make a fire? I  
love a good fire when it's raining  
outside.

Gary starts to gather the wood, and build a small fire.

TREVOR  
The first time we met, you told me  
that what worried you about your  
situation was...

GARY  
(sharply)  
Nothing worries me. I never said  
anything like that. There's just  
one aspect of my life that's not  
completely satisfying.

TREVOR  
The temporary aspect.

GARY  
That's the word.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

A melancholy look comes over him. He lights the kindling.

GARY (CONT'D)  
That's the word for everything.

TREVOR  
I'm glad you're here.

GARY  
Me too.

Gary stares at the fire, as a log takes flame.

EXT./INT. ROAD/TREVOR'S CAR - NIGHT

Trevor's car climbs up the hill toward an over-lit large house BLASTING PSYCHEDELIC MUSIC. PARTY GUESTS spill onto balconies, dancing or making out.

An ARMED COP stops the car at the gate. He holds a guest list on a clipboard.

Trevor rolls down his window. Susan leans in from the passenger side. Gary is making himself small in the back seat.

COP  
Name?

SUSAN  
Trevor Lewis.

The cop checks the list, then slides the gate open and they drive in.

GARY  
Why the hell would they have pigs  
at a party?

TREVOR  
He's not a real cop, Gary. That  
gun's fake. It's just for show. For  
tonight.

GARY  
Oh.

Susan giggles.

GARY (CONT'D)  
Sometimes I feel you two are living  
in a rented universe.

EXT. TAUBE HOUSE - NIGHT

Gary, Susan and Trevor get out of the car on a driveway lined with cars on each side.

Gary stops to check his hair in the side-view mirror as Trevor and Susan go on ahead.

A few other PARTYGOERS are walking in front of them, heading toward the brightly-lit house.

Gary catches up to Trevor and Susan.

GARY  
You're not taking me along because  
you feel you have to, are you?

TREVOR  
Just shut up and look pretty, will  
you?

Susan smiles. Gary grabs Trevor and messes up his hair.

TREVOR (CONT'D)  
Hey! I spent some time combing  
that.

Gary runs ahead, laughing.

GARY  
(shouting back)  
I know, I could tell.

INT. TAUBE HOUSE - NIGHT

THE ROLLING STONES' PAINT IT BLACK IS PLAYING ON THE  
PHONOGRAPH.

WAITERS with trays of drinks move about the candle-lit living  
room through a heavy mist of cigarette smoke.

A FEW COUPLES dance, though not really with each other.

A drunk unshaven man, BILL, TALKING IN A LOUD, OBNOXIOUS  
VOICE, holds court with all the beauty wealthy Hollywood has  
to offer: YOUNG PEOPLE sipping drinks in Levis jeans and long  
hair, earnest looks, expensive shirts, silk dresses, beads,  
perfect skin.

BILL  
It doesn't get more real than  
Biafra. Worse than what I've  
covered in Vietnam. I went into  
this one village. The slaughter!  
Hundreds of severed heads, arms...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Gary, Trevor and Susan walk in. She takes one look at Bill and turns around in horror.

SUSAN  
Dear God, it's Bill. I wonder who  
let him in?

Bill spots her across the room and his eyes light up. He breaks off and walks over.

Gary takes off toward the bar, Trevor looking after him.

BILL  
Susan?

He kisses her on the cheek. She turns her face.

BILL (CONT'D)  
Well, well, well.

SUSAN  
How are you, Bill?

BILL  
I just got back from Biafra for the  
LA Times. I feel I have no right to  
live.

He grabs a Scotch from a passing tray.

Trevor notices Gary talking with Tina by the bar.

BILL (CONT'D)  
I hear you've been feeling the same  
way. Didn't you just do the old  
Joan Crawford routine and walk into  
the ocean in evening dress?

Trevor laughs.

SUSAN  
I took off my clothes first, Bill.  
You should check your sources.

Silence. She just stares. He smiles.

BILL  
(to Trevor)  
Are you her father?

She takes Trevor's arm and walks him away.

Bill grabs Susan's arm.

BILL (CONT'D)  
I'm not done talking with you,  
Susan.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

A big, blandly handsome boy with a radiant tan, TAUBE, steps forward. He shoves Bill away from Susan.

TAUBE

Get out!

SUSAN

Please. You don't have to make a scene.

TAUBE

It's my party and I don't want him here.

The whole room is staring. Gary and Tina inch closer to watch.

BILL

I was just making a point to the lady. You were saying, Susan? About your life?

SUSAN

(glaring at Bill)

You may be right. There are certainly times when I felt I don't matter.

BILL

If you went to Biafra you'd know you'd never matter again.

(to Trevor)

Right, pa?

TREVOR

Oh, come off it, will you? You think the only reality in the world is where people are dying? You can't put someone down just because they're not being tortured or raped or starved.

Bill laughs theatrically.

BILL

Hollywood, California, ladies and gentlemen! Everything they say about this place is true. Can't any of you face anything outside yourself?

More people are staring now. GIRLS, loafing against a nearby wall, wearing caftans and ponchos. BLOND BOYS in see-through shirts open to the naval.

Only the dancers at the other end of the room take no notice.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

TAUBE  
(to Bill)  
Get out!

BILL  
I'm going, rich boy. Why aren't you  
dying in a rice paddy?

Taube and a few other MILLIONAIRES' SONS hustle Bill out.

BILL (CONT'D)  
You're all such brave assholes,  
aren't you?

Everyone watches Susan. She takes out a cigarette. SOMEONE  
snaps a lighter open, but she waves him off and lights it  
herself.

SUSAN  
(to Trevor)  
It's really a shame about Bill and  
his drinking.

INT. TAUBE HOUSE - NIGHT

The party is in full gear: MORE SLICK WOMEN IN SLINKY  
DRESSES, WEALTHY YOUNG MEN IN TIGHT JEANS AND SHIRTS  
CAREFULLY UNBUTTONED.

Gary is huddled in a corner with a FRENCH ACTRESS who is  
admiring his necklace.

GARY  
I reported for the draft, like they  
told me to. I played it as far out  
as I could, but they classified me  
A-one and ordered me to report back  
in a few days.

EXT. SWIMMING POOL. TAUBE HOUSE - NIGHT

Gary is by the pool with his feet in, deep in conversation  
with an AGENT who's obviously lusty for him.

GARY  
All I thought was, shit, I don't  
want to fight in any war. On the  
other hand, I'm not a pacifist. If  
you're a pacifist, you have to join  
the club. Like belonging to a  
church or a political party,  
something dumb like that. You're  
not yourself any more.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GARY (CONT'D)

The cause of going to war is so lousy and rotten, it shouldn't even be a cause. So I wasn't going to lose my identity by joining the cause of *not* going to war.

AGENT

You are so...

He can't find the word.

INT. BEDROOM. TAUBE ESTATE - NIGHT

Gary is lying back on a bed, fully clothed, with a TEENAGE BOY. They're sharing a joint.

GARY

So I just didn't report back. A girl took me to Mexico with her. We stayed there a couple of months, then drove back across the border one night. No problem. Since then I've kept moving around. There's this friend who gets me in and out of Japan. And a man who keeps me safe here in LA. He's a writer.

The teenage boy moves his head so he can place it on Gary's stomach.

GARY (CONT'D)

The last thing they forgive you for is standing up for your rights. They'd rather you *bleed* on the flag.

INT. BATHROOM. TAUBE ESTATE - LATER

Trevor walks in to find Bill sitting on the bathroom floor, groaning, his head in his hands.

TREVOR

I thought they kicked you out.

Bill looks up at him.

BILL

I threw up on the host.

TREVOR

I need to pee.

BILL

Okay. Piss away. I'm done throwing up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He gets up from the floor.

BILL (CONT'D)  
How long have you known Susie?

TREVOR  
Susan? Five years or so. Her husband was one of my closest friends.

BILL  
I know her longer. We almost got married once.

Trevor takes a piss. Bill talks to his back.

BILL (CONT'D)  
She ditched me for that rich, old bastard.

TREVOR  
Well. Better that than Biafra.

Bill laughs. Trevor zips up.

BILL  
Was I really a swine out there?

TREVOR  
You seem to enjoy it.

Trevor flushes the toilet.

BILL  
Yes. What a ding-a-ling.

TREVOR  
You?

BILL  
Susie. It made no sense. The horniest woman I ever knew. Used to fuck like her life depended on it. And she settles for an old man who can't cut the mustard. You know, she's gonna fuck your boyfriend tonight. I can see how she looks at him. Better brace yourself.

Trevor washes his hands.

TREVOR  
Go home, Bill.

BILL  
What, with you, faggot? You paying?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

TREVOR  
Charming.

INT. LIVING ROOM. TAUBE ESTATE - LATER

RAVI SHANKAR ON THE STEREO. Sitar Virtuoso paradise. Sitting on the floor in the corner, Taube, now wearing a bright red shirt, puffs on a joint and passes it on to Susan.

SUSAN  
Loneliness doesn't consist of not having friends. It's being unable to express your deepest feelings and most private thoughts.

She passes the joint to Gary without taking a drag or looking at him. His lust for her is obvious.

GARY  
Oh. Yeah. Far out.

Gary takes a drag and passes the joint to Tina, who seems upset, ignored by Gary.

TINA  
Thanks.

Trevor joins the circle of people seated with Susan and Taube, who struggles hard to hide his erection as he gazes transfixed at Susan's mouth moving. Every man in the room wants her.

SUSAN  
Loneliness is having ideas that other people don't understand, and seeing things they never see. That's why the loneliest people are artists and clairvoyants and madmen.

BILL (O.S.)  
So you're a clairvoyant now, Susie?  
Is that how it is?

Everyone looks up at Bill standing beneath a flickering chandelier.

TAUBE  
Hey, what the fuck?

BILL  
I asked the lady a question, rich boy.

SUSAN  
If I'm anything, I'm mad.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Gary laughs, leans in and kisses her on the mouth. She smiles.

Taube looks on jealously.

SUSAN (CONT'D)  
Of course it would be wonderful if  
there was a way of being unique  
without feeling lonely.

Susan's eyes meet Trevor's. He shrugs. She shrugs back. Leans back and rests her head on Gary's shoulder.

Gary smiles victoriously at Taube, who gets up and wanders off toward the bar.

Across the room, Bill gives a loud belch and makes to leave.

BILL  
Fuck you all. And I hope that you  
rot in hell. Overdose on your  
stinking lives.

He stops at the door and looks on in surprise, seeing:

Julie Forbes walking in, in a dress of brilliant, emerald taffeta, followed by Mrs. Lynch and Timmy.

BILL (CONT'D)  
Oh, this is perfect. Perfect. I'm  
going back to Earth now.

People freeze around the room at the sight of a glittering famous movie star.

Cliff rushes to her out of nowhere. Kisses her.

CLIFF  
Well, Julie, you wanted to see  
youth. This is it.

She looks around the room at the faces staring back at her. Trevor comes over.

TREVOR  
Hello Ms. Forbes. Mrs. Lynch. Hi  
Timmy.

Timmy smiles faintly at him.

JULIE FORBES  
What an interesting crowd.  
(pointing)  
Is that Susan Ross, the model,  
there on the floor?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TREVOR

Yes.

She looks at Trevor sharply, then smiles.

JULIE FORBES

I always have an image in my mind  
of writers slaving away at their  
typewriters in the dead of night.

TREVOR

We do get out occasionally, you  
know.

CLIFF

(nervously)

Trevor is doing wonders with our  
script. Should be done with some  
pages very soon. Right, Lou?

TREVOR

Mmm. Of course.

INT. LIVING ROOM. TAUBE HOUSE - LATER

Gary dances tightly with Susan.

SUSAN

Did you know they have the same  
word in Tibet for "beautiful" and  
"happy?"

Gary shakes his head.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

But only in Tibet!

GARY

Maybe that's where I should go.

Trevor stands across the crowded room, watching Gary and  
Susan dance. On the sofa, next to him, are Cliff, Julie and  
Mrs. Lynch, along with a star-struck Tina.

JULIE FORBES

That beautiful boy dancing with  
Susan Ross. Can he act?

CLIFF

He's Trevor's...roommate.

JULIE FORBES

Is he an actor, Mr. Lewis?

TREVOR

Gary. No.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLIFF  
(pointing to Tina)  
Tina here is actually quite the  
actress. She can sing and dance  
too.

Julie gives Tina an enigmatic smile. Tina blushes.

JULIE FORBES  
I want to talk with him. In  
private. What did you say his name  
was?

INT. SCREENING ROOM. TAUBE HOUSE - LATER

Gary walks in to find Julie Forbes sitting alone in the  
center of the front row of the private screening room.

She pats the seat next to her.

JULIE FORBES  
Sit. I won't bite.

He chuckles and sits next to her.

JULIE FORBES (CONT'D)  
Do you know who I am?

GARY  
Umm. Yeah.

JULIE FORBES  
You sound nervous.

She puts her hand on his lap and looks at the blank screen.

GARY  
Are we going to watch something?

JULIE FORBES  
I own five houses, Gary. But that  
screen, that's my only home. That's  
the only place in which people get  
to know me. It's where I truly  
live.

She gets up, grabs his chin and turns his face toward hers.

JULIE FORBES (CONT'D)  
I'm not just a doll. I'm a producer  
and a manager and an actress and  
I pride myself on my power of  
perception. I felt a tremor walking  
into that room. It was coming from  
you. I felt a connection stronger  
than I ever felt.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JULIE FORBES (CONT'D)  
I thought, "who is this boy?" He's  
going to be a star.

Gary smiles.

GARY  
I--

She puts her hand on his mouth.

JULIE FORBES  
Don't say it. I want you to come  
home with me tonight. Tomorrow I  
will arrange for a screen test and  
we'll run the picture the next day.  
I'm never wrong about these things.

Gary gets up.

GARY  
Look, I'm sorry, but I'm-- I just.  
I don't think I'm interested.

JULIE FORBES  
You're making the biggest mistake  
of your life.

GARY  
I got to be honest with you right  
now. I'm a pretty good fibber, so  
maybe I could act. And actors are  
cool. But I've never seen any of  
your movies. And you're kind of  
freaking me out. I could be your  
grandson.

She slaps him so hard, he almost falls back.

JULIE FORBES  
Get out!

INT. LIVING ROOM. TAUBE HOUSE - LATER

Gary walks toward Trevor and Cliff, rubbing his red cheek.

CLIFF  
What happened?

GARY  
Nothing.  
(to Trevor)  
I can really hold up with all these  
people you know, they really find  
me interesting.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLIFF

Jesus.

Cliff hurries toward the door of the screening room. Gary stares at Trevor, clearly upset.

GARY

I don't want to go back home with you tonight, Lou.

TREVOR

Gary, don't--

GARY

Be groovy and don't make a scene.

TREVOR

Where will you go?

Gary looks around the room until his eyes rest on Susan talking with Taube.

GARY

I'll find a place.

INT. BALCONY. TAUBE HOUSE - NIGHT

The party continues inside. Trevor, smoking on the balcony overlooking city lights, is talking with Timmy, holding an empty glass in his hand.

TIMMY

...In about an hour she'll notice I'm not home and send the driver back.

TREVOR

Does she often forget you behind?

TIMMY

(laughing)

Only when she's upset. Last week she invited your friend Cliff over to the pool. Did you know that? I watched them all afternoon from the guesthouse. She was always, always, touching him, you know, and then she tried to play games in the water.

Trevor nods sadly.

TIMMY (CONT'D)

I'm going to get another Vodka Soda before someone notices I'm only eleven.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TREVOR  
They couldn't care less.

TIMMY  
But mother would.

He walks back into the house. BLOOD SWEAT AND TEARS' "JUST ONE SMILE" BEGINS BLASTING INSIDE.

Trevor's eyes are on Gary and Susan getting into a taxi below.

INT. POOL HOUSE. TAUBE ESTATE - NIGHT

Trevor is getting drunk quick as he can. He's sitting with Cliff and THREE OTHER OLDER MEN, playing poker lethargically, listening to Cliff wax poetics while Tina massages his back.

CLIFF  
*...trees. Look, the ocean! The sky!  
The clouds! The air! They're still  
here, why aren't you, Cliff? It  
began to sound like a poem I wrote  
when I was ten, lonely and Thomas  
Wolfey, not good but with a sort of  
private reality I could never get  
back to.*

Trevor downs his drink, looking fed up with Cliff, who notices.

CLIFF (CONT'D)  
What?

TREVOR  
Nothing.

CLIFF  
Anyway, I turned back. Stopped at a bar, had a few drinks, then called up some friends and they came over for cards.

TREVOR  
And how much did you lose?

CLIFF  
Not much.

TREVOR  
How much?

CLIFF  
You know how much.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TREVOR  
Tell everyone.

CLIFF  
Seven thousand dollars.

WHISTLES OF ASTONISHMENT ALL AROUND.

CLIFF (CONT'D)  
And it made me feel great.

TREVOR  
You're an asshole, Cliff, you know that?

CLIFF  
You're drunk, Lou. Give it a rest.

TREVOR  
You lose your money and then you have to make bad pictures in order to get paid, so you can waste it quickly, at which point you're forced to make a new bad film so you can get money to lose.

CLIFF  
Relax, Lou. You don't want to say anything you'll regret.

TREVOR  
A little bit of truth, Cliff. A little bit of truth.

CLIFF  
Truth? You should be goddamn kissing the ground I walk on. Where's my script? What are you even doing here--?

Taube saunters in, flanked by TWO THIN WOMEN. Spots Trevor.

TAUBE  
(to Trevor)  
Hey. Your friend Gary called. Said you better come home.

Trevor gets up enthusiastically as if on command.

CLIFF  
Go ahead, Lou, go ruin everything for us with that idiot child of yours.

TREVOR  
Shut up, Cliff.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

CLIFF

I can't stall her forever. I'm the only one keeping you employed in this town. Don't shit where you eat. That boy's been nothing but a distraction. Think you got a future with him? Don't be a sap. Get that fuckin' "Every Inch A Lady" in shape before we're both every inch fucked. Or do you want me to get someone else?

INT. LIVING ROOM. TREVOR'S HOUSE - NIGHT

THE BEACH BOYS SKIPPING ON THE STEREO. Trevor rushes in to find:

Gary on the floor, soaking wet, hair matted, water running off his naked body, a blank, unfocused vagueness in his eyes.

GARY

Please help me.

Trevor rushes over to him and takes hold.

TREVOR

What happened?

GARY

I almost drowned in the tub.

TREVOR

What?

GARY

I wanted to.

TREVOR

Why?

GARY

She's a witch. She's evil.

(pause)

I took LSD.

Trevor touches his forehead.

TREVOR

You need to get warm.

INT. BATHROOM. TREVOR'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Trevor turns on the hot water in the shower. He tries to lift Gary off the floor, but he's wet and slippery.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TREVOR

Come on!

GARY

No. No water. I feel so down,  
everything feels really down,  
really low, you know what I mean...

TREVOR

Give me your arm, come on...

GARY

....I just want out, Trevor. I want  
out.

TREVOR

That's what I'm trying to do.

GARY

No, really out. Everything feels so  
low. I want to die. She did  
something to me. It's unspeakable.

TREVOR

Stop that. You're just in a state.  
Stay in.

Trevor lifts Gary and pushes him into the shower.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

There, come on. That'll make you  
feel better.

Gary falls back and into the tub.

INT. BEDROOM. TREVOR'S HOUSE - LATER

Trevor tucks Gary into bed.

GARY

I don't want to die. Please help  
me.

TREVOR

That's what I'm trying to do. Now  
just lie here, you don't have to do  
anything, and I will be back in two  
minutes.

GARY

Two minutes? Please, please don't  
leave me here.

TREVOR

I'm going to try to get something  
to help you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GARY  
No, please. Lou--

Trevor looks at him.

GARY (CONT'D)  
Don't leave me here alone.

TREVOR  
Gary. Listen to me. I can't help you if you don't listen to me and do what I tell you. I will be in the kitchen. I just need you to stay here, and try to close your eyes.

GARY  
That doesn't help.

TREVOR  
I know that doesn't help. But you still have to do it.

Gary closes his eyes. He is quiet for a moment.

GARY  
You promise you're going to come back?

TREVOR  
I promise.

INT. KITCHEN. TREVOR'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Trevor pours a box of granulated sugar into a saucepan of heated milk.

INT. BEDROOM. TREVOR'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Gary is sitting up just enough to drink the cup of warm milk. He stops mid-way.

GARY  
I think I might get sick if I drink this whole thing.

TREVOR  
Finish it up.

He downs the rest of it and then looks at Trevor like an obedient child.

GARY  
Can I lay back down now?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TREVOR  
Yes, lay back down.

He gets back under the cover and puts his head on the pillow.

GARY  
Thank you, Mother.

He closes his eyes and pulls the sheets over his head.

GARY (CONT'D)  
Stay away from that Susan. I saved  
her life and she tried to kill me.

INT. KITCHEN. TREVOR'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Trevor cleans up the kitchen drying the pot he used earlier  
and putting things away.

INT. BEDROOM. TREVOR'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The room is quiet and dark. The door opens and Trevor peers  
in. Gary's asleep in the bed.

INT. TREVOR'S HOUSE - LATER

A fire burns in the fireplace.

Trevor is on the couch, underneath a blanket, reading and  
smoking.

The RAIN IS HITTING AGAINST THE ROOF OUTSIDE.

He puts his book down then takes off his glasses. He puts out  
his cigarette and stands.

He hears STEPS and turns to find Gary, wearing Trevor's  
bathrobe.

Gary smiles, yawns, and then stretches.

GARY  
That was a pretty crazy thing to  
do, but I was in a crazy mood. Okay  
if I put another log on the fire?

He does so, then settles himself on the floor in front of the  
fire, propping his head up on cushions.

GARY (CONT'D)  
Have a cigarette?

Trevor brings him one and lights it for him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GARY (CONT'D)

When I was fifteen, I tried all the hard stuff. I shot coke and speed and both of them brought me down. Really down. So I felt lucky to have gotten through all that pretty early, and until today I never used anything stronger than hash.

TREVOR

Did Susan give you the LSD?

GARY

No. Someone on the beach. A few days ago. A little hippie kid who has this cute baby by some guy and lives in a house I know in the hills. I dropped by the other morning, and she said she had these capsules.

Pause.

TREVOR

You're lying, Gary.

GARY

Okay. I took them from Susan. Do you have another cigarette? This one tastes funny.

Trevor gives him another, and reaches for his matches.

GARY (CONT'D)

Don't light it for me. I want to light it from the fire. I love this fire.

He rips a page out of a Hollywood Reporter on the coffee table, rolls it into a taper, crouches over the fire and lights the cigarette, his hands shaking slightly.

Trevor sits on the couch, watching him closely.

Gary stays close to the fire, crouching, holding his unsteady hands towards the flames.

GARY (CONT'D)

It was all to do with death. At first it was life, and okay, but then it was all death.

A crack of THUNDER can be heard in the distance. It startles Trevor, but Gary doesn't notice.

He turns to look at Trevor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GARY (CONT'D)  
Come lie here beside me.

Trevor gets up from the couch and lies down near the fire beside Gary.

ALL IS QUIET FOR A MOMENT.

GARY (CONT'D)  
Trevor. I'm not the only one who is  
the way I am, am I?

TREVOR  
No. You're not the only one.

A log breaks and spurts flames.

TREVOR (CONT'D)  
What did Susan do that made you so  
angry?

GARY  
Honestly, I don't remember. She was  
nice. Just not for me. I missed  
you.

Gary sits up.

GARY (CONT'D)  
I really want to get to know you  
better. The best way is to read one  
of your books, and that's what I'm  
going to do tomorrow. Then we will  
have dinner and I'll tell you what  
I learned about you.

A PEACEFUL SILENCE DESCENDS. JUST THE SOUND OF THE FIRE.

TREVOR  
Let's go back to bed. I have to  
work all day tomorrow.

GARY  
No. I want to stay here for awhile.  
You go. I'll be up soon.

INT. BEDROOM. TREVOR'S HOUSE - LATER

Trevor awakes in his bed alone.

He listens for noise in the house. IN THE DISTANCE THE WAVES  
BREAK AGAINST THE SHORE.

He turns and notices: an open chest of drawers, the contents  
disrupted and disheveled.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He goes to the closet and opens it. The racks are half empty, some of his clothes missing along with Gary's, and there is an empty space on the top shelf that once held Gary's suitcase.

INT. TREVOR'S HOUSE - DAY

Trevor stands at the bottom of the stairs. He sees the front door, half open.

He walks over and shuts it.

INT. STUDY. TREVOR'S HOUSE - DAY

Trevor is at his desk, forcing himself to work, his fingers typing faster and faster, as if his life depends on it, or at least his livelihood.

The PHONE RINGS. Trevor picks it up.

SALLY O. (ON PHONE)  
Oh! Could I speak to Gary please?

TREVOR (TO PHONE)  
He's not here.

SALLY O. (ON PHONE)  
Do you know when he'll be back?

TREVOR (TO PHONE)  
I don't.

SALLY O. (ON PHONE)  
Oh!  
(pause)  
You mean he's left? Gone away? For good?

TREVOR (TO PHONE)  
It looks like it. He didn't tell me he was leaving, but he's gone. Who are you?

INT. TREVOR'S HOUSE - LATER

Trevor opens the door to find SALLY O.

She's in her early thirties, lithe, young, very sexual, long hair trailing down her back, the face of an aging flower child.

In her arms she cradles her BABY, about a year old, and very thin.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SALLY O.  
He's sleeping now, but I'm afraid  
he may be sick. He threw up  
earlier.

TREVOR  
You should take him to a doctor.

She enters and walks towards the windows.

SALLY O.  
Maybe. If he doesn't get better  
soon. I don't know. Doctors do more  
harm than good.

She turns towards Trevor.

SALLY O. (CONT'D)  
Do you have a cigarette?

Trevor gives her one and lights it.

SALLY O. (CONT'D)  
I'm not exactly sure why I came.  
All I want is to find Gary, and you  
don't know where he is.

She glances at Trevor, hopeful.

SALLY O. (CONT'D)  
Why did he go away?

TREVOR  
I don't know. But he does that kind  
of thing, doesn't he? He moves on.

She nods.

SALLY O.  
Yes, he moves on. But I always told  
him, if anything went wrong, he  
should come to me.

She gives Trevor an almost defiant look.

SALLY O. (CONT'D)  
Do you love him?

TREVOR  
Why?

SALLY O.  
I love him more than anybody. He  
knows that!

She sits down on the couch, baby still in her arms.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

SALLY O. (CONT'D)  
I thought it was all going to work  
out. But then he split with my  
stash. Took me ages to find a  
number for you.

She takes her cigarette out.

SALLY O. (CONT'D)  
Oh. It's out.

Trevor relights it for her.

SALLY O. (CONT'D)  
What can I do?

TREVOR  
I don't know. Maybe he'll call you.

SALLY O.  
Oh! Maybe he will!  
(pause)  
Listen, I've no right to ask this,  
but you didn't have a fight or  
anything? You didn't turn him out?

Trevor shakes his head.

SALLY O. (CONT'D)  
(with bewilderment)  
Then?

The baby wakes up, blinks at Sally, and then gives a sudden  
enraged cry.

SALLY O. (CONT'D)  
He really must be sick.

THE PHONE RINGS. She looks at him, hopeful again.

SALLY O. (CONT'D)  
That's him.

TREVOR  
Excuse me.

SALLY O.  
You'll let me talk, right?

TREVOR  
If. Of course.

Trevor answers the phone.

TREVOR (TO TELEPHONE) (CONT'D)  
Hello.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CLIFF (ON TELEPHONE)  
Where's the fucking script? She's  
calling every hour on the hour. I'm  
going nuts.

Trevor shakes his head at Sally, it's not Gary.

TREVOR (TO TELEPHONE)  
It's done. Almost done.

CLIFF (ON TELEPHONE)  
Which is it? Done or almost done?

TREVOR (TO TELEPHONE)  
Almost.

CLIFF (ON TELEPHONE)  
Get it here by this afternoon. We  
can't wait any longer. She wants a  
few days to read it and give notes.  
We'll tell her it's rough. She's a  
pro, right, she'll get it. Let's  
just give her something.

TREVOR (TO TELEPHONE)  
Okay.

Sally O. closes the door behind her.

Trevor hangs up. He walks heavily toward the study where he  
sits, staring at the half-written page in the typewriter.  
Reads. Thinks it over.

Suddenly, he gets up, grabs his jacket and hurries out.

EXT. NORTH OF MALIBU - AFTERNOON

A sign: PRIVATE ROAD.

Car tires moving on the road, leading to an isolated house on  
the edge of a cliff overlooking a presently angry ocean.

EXT. RENTED MANSION. NORTH OF MALIBU - AFTERNOON

Trevor at the door.

TREVOR  
I need to see Mrs. Ross. Tell her  
it's Lou. She's not expecting me.  
It's important.

OLD MAID  
Okay. Do you mind waiting on the  
deck?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TREVOR  
Not at all.

EXT. SUN DECK. RENTED MANSION - AFTERNOON

Trevor walks onto a sun deck enclosed by glass. Almost immediately, Susan arrives in a smock-like dress with a skirt ending at the knees. No make-up.

SUSAN  
What a nice surprise.

She kisses Trevor on both cheeks.

TREVOR  
What happened?

SUSAN  
Oh, I lost three pounds. It really shows.

TREVOR  
With you and Gary, the other night.  
What happened?

SUSAN  
Didn't he tell you?

He shakes his head.

SUSAN (CONT'D)  
I'd rather he--

TREVOR  
Just tell me, Susan.

SUSAN  
Okay. But I was just about to go out. We could talk there. I have a driver now. I need to get out of this prison.

EXT. SUSAN'S CHAUFFERED CAR. MOVING - AFTERNOON

The car gets off the freeway at TOPANGA CANYON and begins to climb into the hills.

EXT. TOPANGA VILLAGE - AFTERNOON

Near the top of the hill, the car makes a sharp turn on a dirt road and climbs.

INT. SUSAN'S CHAUFFERED CAR. MOVING - AT THE SAME TIME

Susan and Trevor in the back seat, tilted toward the sky like passengers in a jet taking off.

SUSAN  
I don't think I'll ever have sex  
again.

They straighten as the car reaches a small plateau.

TREVOR  
Don't say that.

She laughs.

Up ahead, through the front window, two derelict cabins.

TREVOR (CONT'D)  
Who's up here?

SUSAN  
No one. And nothing. Isn't it  
great?

EXT. TOPANGA CANYON HILL - DUSK

A few hawks wheel overhead, as if in slow motion.

Susan and Trevor walk together along a shelf of land that drops steeply away on two sides. Behind them the road twists back to the Pacific. The world is getting darker.

SUSAN  
My father took me to the rodeo  
once. Before it began we had a  
ceremony. Imagine. Just an  
ordinary, rotten, cruel little  
rodeo, those men trying to bully  
those animals, and the dust getting  
in your mouth and eyes, and we had  
to pray and say how much we loved  
our country. In Nebraska, they'd  
stand around watching a bull mount  
a cow, they'd laugh and make jokes  
and then cheer it on, then expect  
little girls like me to be white as  
snow.

She sits at the ledge of rock and gazes at the darkening mountains.

SUSAN (CONT'D)  
I never saw a man, not even my  
father, take off his shirt in front  
of me!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SUSAN (CONT'D)  
I know he did take it off, though,  
in front of my mother, because  
that's when they locked the door.  
Just like the bull and the cow. I  
heard them. But did anybody cheer  
*them* on?

She looks at Trevor, surprised by the words coming out of her mouth.

SUSAN (CONT'D)  
Dear God, what am I talking about?

She notices Trevor's getting emotional.

SUSAN (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry. I don't know why it's so  
hard for me to talk about him.

TREVOR  
He left, Susan. Gary took his  
things and left me.

SUSAN  
Oh, Lou. I'm so sorry.

DISSOLVE BACK  
TO:

EXT. TAUBE HOUSE - NIGHT

We are back at Taube's party. BLOOD, SWEAT AND TEARS' "JUST ONE SMILE" PLAYING OVER:

The taxi pulling away from the Taube house.

INT. TAXI. MOVING - NIGHT

The DRIVER's eyes in the rear view mirror, watching:

Susan and Gary in the back seat. Making out. She's wearing her sunglasses, even though it's the dead of night.

GARY  
You're not dangerous, are you?  
You're not going to do  
anything...bizarre?

She shakes her head and smiles. They kiss some more. Then she breaks from him unexpectedly and lights a cigarette.

Gary looks out the window, through the darkened glass.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GARY (CONT'D)  
I'm a little nauseous.

The car moves on along the Pacific Coast Highway, the ocean beside it.

INT. RENTED MANSION. NORTH OF MALIBU - EVENING

Gary and Susan are in Susan's perfectly appointed, perfectly still, absurdly marbled living room.

A RADIO PLAYS in a distant kitchen - THE NEWS.

Susan crosses to the bar, still wearing the dark glasses.

SUSAN  
Would you like a drink?

GARY  
Now that's what I call friendly.

Gary stretches out on the couch.

SUSAN  
What can I get you?

GARY  
You got anything like a Lillet or an Amer Picon.

SUSAN  
No! I'm not even sure I know what an Amer Picon is, to be honest.

GARY  
Okay, then I'll have to settle for a Scotch. Just rocks. No water.

She starts to make the drinks.

GARY (CONT'D)  
And please take off those dark glasses.

She stops and looks at him. Then, with only the smallest sense of drama, she pulls her shades off. Turns away, back to fixing drinks.

GARY (CONT'D)  
You're really beautiful. Much more beautiful than me.

She pretends not to hear and takes the bottle of Scotch from the liquor cabinet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Gary appears beside her and gently stops her.

GARY (CONT'D)  
No, really.

He takes her hands in his.

GARY (CONT'D)  
You're one of the most beautiful  
women I've ever seen. Or men.

She laughs a strange, almost desperate little laugh.

SUSAN  
Do you like being free?

GARY  
Me? I'm not free. I'm a wanted man.

He pulls her close to him and they begin to kiss. Two beautiful beings locked in an embrace. It's almost like a movie.

Then she unzips him, and it's suddenly another kind of movie.

She strokes him, then gets down on her knees to blow him. He just stands there. She's taking full control.

She stands. Grabs his cock and leads him, holding it, to the bedroom.

INT. SUSAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The curtains are drawn. The walls are quilted. Books and magazines everywhere. The bedroom of a woman who sleeps very little at night.

Susan and Gary lie naked in the center of a huge bed, satin sheets tossed to the end. She is on her side beside him, very gently stroking his stomach.

Gary is breathing hard, like a man who just ran a sprint.

SUSAN  
Don't worry so much about it. It happens.

Gary is silent.

SUSAN (CONT'D)  
Really. That will only make it worse. Stop thinking!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GARY  
Maybe I smoked too much grass at  
the party.

She laughs.

SUSAN  
Maybe!

GARY  
This never happens to me. I'm a  
great lover.

SUSAN  
I have no doubt.

She turns away, and grabs her clothes from the floor.

SUSAN (CONT'D)  
Come on. Get dressed. We can have  
that drink now.

GARY  
I'd rather stay.

SUSAN  
Okay. But in the guest room maybe.

Gary turns towards her, angry.

GARY  
Just call me a taxi.

SUSAN  
Okay.

GARY  
I didn't mean what I said, you  
know.

She turns towards him, snapping the buttons of her bra.

SUSAN  
That you smoke too much weed?

GARY  
That you're the most beautiful  
woman I've ever seen.

Susan turns away and rises. She leaves the room.

He starts going through her drawers, searching with no  
purpose, angry. Until he finds a bag with capsules and rolled  
pot cigarettes. He smiles happy.



EXT. SUSAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A taxi is waiting outside, the ENGINE CLINKS LOUDER THAN IT SHOULD.

Gary steps out of the house and turns to look at her. He's beyond embarrassed.

SUSAN  
It wasn't your fault, really. Don't be mad. It's not the first time this sort of thing happened. Men have that problem with me. I don't know what it is.

GARY  
Oh, yeah?

SUSAN  
It's something about me, really.

GARY  
That's what I figured.

She laughs. Then she stops.

SUSAN  
It's exactly as I told you.  
Beautiful is not happy.

She kisses him. He turns away, trying to duck the kiss.

GARY  
*Only in Tibet.*

She pulls away and shuts the large oak door behind her.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GARDEN RESTAURANT - DAY

Trevor is sipping coffee, reading his script when Sally O. enters the restaurant. He waves to her like an old friend.

She approaches, holding her baby and looking in worse shape than before. She sits down.

SALLY O.  
Why doesn't he get in touch?  
Doesn't he *know*?

TREVOR  
I've been calling around. Nothing. I looked everywhere. They haven't seen him on the beach.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They just stare at each other. Nothing more to say. Until:

TREVOR (CONT'D)  
How are you? Your baby seems a  
little better.

SALLY O.  
Oh, he's still crying most of the  
time. I don't know. I've been too  
busy to get us to the doctor, to  
tell you the truth.

She looks at Trevor with a newfound seriousness.

SALLY O. (CONT'D)  
It's like you said on the phone,  
I've got to decide what to do. It's  
time I found out what I'm really  
about. You know? Stop thinking  
about Gary, stop looking for him?  
And go up further and live deep in  
the mountains?

TREVOR  
Camping?

SALLY O.  
Oh no, I met this really beautiful  
man and he invited me to come. They  
live like a family up there.

She sighs.

SALLY O. (CONT'D)  
He found this old ranch house that  
nobody wants. Used to be a  
soundstage for cowboy movies. It  
sounds so beautiful.

TREVOR  
Uh, huh.

SALLY O.  
Oh, not like that. He's not  
handsome like Gary or anything.  
There's just *something* about him.  
You believe in him, that's what  
he's got. He's beautiful *inside*.  
There are people like that. You  
know? Just the way they *look*, and  
the *sound* of their voices.

Trevor watches as she continues to ramble, getting more  
eager, more animated as she goes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SALLY O. (CONT'D)

What Godson says, that's his name, Newt Godson, is that there's no use living in the world any more, it only breaks your heart. But up there, in the mountains, they keep to themselves and rely on each other. They sing and cook and turn on and watch the sun rise and go down. They tame wild animals even, can you imagine?

TREVOR

And how do they support this paradise? Do they live on what they grow?

Sally O. giggles a little.

SALLY O.

Well, partially, but Godson says it's okay to steal as long as you only take things you honestly need and don't hurt anybody. He says he'll teach me how. It's like the Indians. They believe in sharing. If a person truly needs something basic, like food, or a few bucks, or a car, or a radio, then he has a *right*. Don't you agree?

The baby starts to cry.

SALLY O. (CONT'D)

Isn't it a crime to let people suffer and starve and not get where they've got to go?

A WAITER approaches.

WAITER

(to Sally)

Anything for you, Miss?

INT. OFFICE. LIVING ROOM. FORBES HOLLYWOOD HILLS HOUSE -  
AFTERNOON

Julie Forbes sits behind her enormous mahogany desk, her back straight, her gaze sharp.

JULIE FORBES

When I produce my films, I have to make very hard decisions as a human being.

She lights a cigarette and blows smoke toward the ceiling.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Trevor is sitting across from her, just staring. Cliff is mixing a drink at the bar. Mrs. Lynch hovers in the back.

JULIE FORBES (CONT'D)

I have a little-girl-head, you see, which is my love-head, and I have a little-boy-head, which is my money-head. I have to take off my little-girl-head now. I have to put it in a safe deposit box to protect "Every Inch a Lady." My little-boy-head is very tough.

CLIFF

Both your heads are tough.

She smiles.

JULIE FORBES

First, I found your little friend, Tina, unsuitable for the role of Pauline. Second, all location shooting on the film is cancelled.

CLIFF

Why?

JULIE FORBES

The public won't be coming to see Cliff Harris's location work, they'll be coming to see me. Third, I found Mr. Lewis' rewrite weak and unstructured. There is no love in it. And why is it set at the end of her life? This movie is about youth.

CLIFF

You can't just-- I won't work this way, Julie.

JULIE FORBES

Maybe you won't have to. I saw your last picture finally. It hasn't turned out well at all. I think it's a dog. The direction is competent, but Mr. Lewis's writing is a scandal. I can't risk my picture.

CLIFF

So, what are you saying?

She says nothing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MRS. LYNCH

Ms. Forbes is giving you a choice.  
You can stay on to direct the film.  
But you must fire Mr. Lewis.

Cliff looks at Trevor. Then back at Julie.

JULIE FORBES

It's for the good of the picture.

MRS. LYNCH

It's business.

JULIE FORBES

The script is an embarrassment.

Cliff gives Trevor an I-told-you-so look. Trevor shrugs apologetically.

JULIE FORBES (CONT'D)

You must decide now, Mr. Harris.

CLIFF

(to Julie)

Fuck you, Ms. Forbes! And all your  
little boy and girl heads!

EXT. COURTYARD. FORBES HOLLYWOOD HILLS HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Cliff and Trevor walk toward their cars, both deflated.  
Saying nothing.

Timmy runs up to them.

TIMMY

Do you want me to talk with her,  
Trevor? I can make her change her  
mind. I know things about her. She  
gives me everything I want.

TREVOR

That's okay, Timmy. Thanks.

TIMMY

Did she tell you about my running  
away yet?

TREVOR

No, Timmy.

CLIFF

She always says you're a wonderful  
kid.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TIMMY

Yeah. She says that a lot. But she better be careful.

TREVOR

What do you mean?

TIMMY

She just better be careful. That's all.

He stretches his hand out to Trevor.

TIMMY (CONT'D)

I'll miss you.

TREVOR

Thanks, Timmy.  
(looking at Cliff)  
We'll miss you too.

INT. HOLLYWOOD BAR - LATER

Cliff and Trevor nursing drinks at the bar.

CLIFF

You lost this one, Lou. You lost it big. Gary really did you in.

TREVOR

You know it wasn't the writing.

CLIFF

The writing was fine. Just fine. Not great. You could write this shit in your sleep. He should have gone home with her and fucked her. That's where we lost the picture. Your...roommate.

TREVOR

I'm sorry.

CLIFF

What are you going to do now?

TREVOR

Try to sell my new novel. I can't get fired from that. And you?

CLIFF

Europe. There's actual cinema going on over there. Let's meet back at my place and grab a bite.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLIFF (CONT'D)  
It's Tina's birthday and I don't  
want to be alone with her when she  
finds out I didn't get her the  
part.

TREVOR  
I can't tonight. I'm sorry.

Cliff gets off the stool.

CLIFF  
Get in touch with me when you're  
over this guy.

Trevor nods.

CLIFF (CONT'D)  
Or if you need money to live.

Trevor nods.

CLIFF (CONT'D)  
Goodbye, you fool.

TREVOR  
Thanks, Cliff.

Cliff walks away. Then stops. Comes back.

CLIFF  
What does your horoscope say?

TREVOR  
Evenings good for romance.

CLIFF  
That's bullshit. Evenings good for  
getting drunk and nothing else.

INT. LIVING ROOM. RENTED MANSION. NORTH OF MALIBU - AFTERNOON

A bottle of white wine in an ice bucket on the coffee table.  
Two frosted wine glasses ready for pouring.

On the couch, a book: SENSE RELAXATION.

Trevor leafs through the book, looking at photos of naked men  
and women showering, touching themselves, touching each  
other.

SUSAN (O.S.)  
What are you reading?

Susan has entered, unnoticed, wearing a very light, thin  
pants suit, her skin paler than ever.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TREVOR

How to peel an orange with your eyes.

SUSAN

That's my favorite. I do it every day. You hold the orange in your hands, smell it, then make contact with the whole thing. When you can really feel it, you open your eyes and look at it, and start peeling it very gently, watching it come apart.

She cups her hands, holding an imaginary orange, looking as if she's about to pray, the brilliant ocean a backdrop to her still figure.

Then she drops her hands. Starts pouring the wine. He notices her hands are shaking.

They smile at each other. She hands him the wine glass somewhat nervously.

TREVOR

Are you alright, Susan?

SUSAN

Thank you for coming. I needed you.

She sits next to him. Pushes her glass forward. They clink glasses.

TREVOR

Cheers.

She smiles. They both sip.

SUSAN

Isn't it fantastic wine?

TREVOR

It's extraordinary.

They sip some more.

SUSAN

So, what's been happening?

He studies her. Something's changed. They're both very tense.

TREVOR

You tell me.

SUSAN

He's back, Lou. He's in the hills again.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

SUSAN (CONT'D)  
I think he's living behind Randy  
Coen's house. He called the other  
day. He wants something from me.  
Maybe money. I'll have to move. Let  
me explain. I just--

An ELECTRONIC BUZZER SOUNDS OFF.

SUSAN (CONT'D)  
Dear God. Already? I thought...

She holds Trevor's shoulder.

SUSAN (CONT'D)  
Please stay for a few minutes.  
Please. It won't look right  
otherwise. I'm sorry. Now you'll  
understand. You know...who he is.

A MAN IN A DARK SUIT appears on the patio and stands  
motionless like the bodyguard that he is.

ANOTHER BODYGUARD enters behind the glass of the sun deck and  
stands motionless, facing the ocean.

A beat later, a tall, lean man, ALMONT, walks in, and is  
instantly surprised and displeased to see Trevor. He's  
wearing a turtleneck sweater, jeans and boots. He has a scar  
on his forehead and everything about him reeks of money,  
power and mystery.

Almont shoots Susan an accusing look.

SUSAN (CONT'D)  
David Almont, this is Trevor Lewis.  
Trevor's an old, trusted friend,  
David. Just visiting.

Almont touches his scar restlessly. Trevor stares at him,  
trying to figure out why he's here.

ALMONT  
(to Trevor)  
What do you do?

TREVOR  
I'm a writer.

Almont stares at him enormously alarmed.

SUSAN  
Not a journalist.

TREVOR  
I write novels.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ALMONT  
(relieved)  
Oh, that kind of thing.

SUSAN  
Trevor and my late husband were  
very close.

Almont nods, goes to the sun deck glass and stares at the ocean.

Susan follows Almont and stands quietly behind him.

He turns around suddenly, gives her a faint, tired smile and Trevor a sharp stare.

Then he marches over to the ice bucket and picks up the bottle of wine.

SUSAN (CONT'D)  
Let me get you a glass.

He shakes his head. Examines the label.

ALMONT  
Is this from the case I sent you?

She nods, yes.

ALMONT (CONT'D)  
Goddamnit! I told them 'fifty-five.  
The 'fifty-seven is undrinkable.

He slams the bottle back in the bucket. Susan exchanges looks with Trevor, feeling tricked for having enjoyed the wine so much.

SUSAN  
It's not that bad.

Almont points to the book on the couch.

ALMONT  
What's that about?

SUSAN  
Sense Relaxation. I told you. It  
brings you back to your senses.

He picks the book up, holds it at arm's length - clearly, he's far-sighted- and frowns.

ALMONT  
Yes. Do one for me.

Susan glances at Trevor and closes her eyes. She stands rigid then begins to relax. A smile spreads on her lips.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Almont watches her spellbound.

Trevor takes a half step, stops. He doesn't know whether to stay or leave.

Susan's head drops a little. She's hardly breathing. She looks ghostly white.

Then she springs back to life. Opens her eyes.

ALMONT (CONT'D)  
What did you hear?

SUSAN  
Kettle boiling in the kitchen.  
Plane somewhere above the ocean.

She picks up a cigarette. Almont takes it away from her.

SUSAN (CONT'D)  
My wind chimes on the roof just  
once. The surf, of course. Somebody  
breathing. I think it was you. You  
breathe so quickly, David. And one  
of your men has a stomach rumble.  
The one on the deck.

TREVOR  
Must be hungry.

Almont shoots him a look, as if reminded Trevor's still here.

TREVOR (CONT'D)  
I should probably go.

SUSAN  
Do you really have to? There's  
plenty of food in the house. We  
could all--

She catches Almont's eye. Takes Trevor's arm and walks him to the door.

SUSAN (CONT'D)  
Please call me soon, Lou. I mean  
it.  
(whispering)  
Tell Gary not to call ever again.  
Please.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. OUTPOST DRIVE HOUSE - DUSK

Trevor stands across the street from an unfinished, pseudo-oriental looking house, built halfway under a cliff.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The house looks like it might have been abandoned. Blinds screen all the windows, builder's junk everywhere, garbage cans spilled over with litter.

Trevor notices an abandoned car standing by itself near the cliff drop, the rear wheels missing. Below it, the city glitters, like a lighted desert.

Trevor heads down an alley beside the house that leads to a temporary wooden shack with one small window.

A motorbike is parked at the entrance.

As he approaches the door, Tina suddenly runs up behind him from the alley wearing a leather suit, her long hair streaming below her crash helmet.

TINA

Hi Lou. Have you heard from Cliff in Italy? He's dead to me. And so are you. Bye Lou.

She giggles as she gets on the bike and zooms away, past the litter, abandoned car, and around a sharp corner overhung by eucalyptus trees.

Trevor sees Gary standing at the door of the shack wearing only a pair of torn, bleached Levis. His hair shoulder-length, his tan gone, his face thinner, almost gaunt.

Trevor walks toward him.

GARY

So Susan ratted me out.

TREVOR

I wouldn't say that.

They stand face to face.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

I just wanted to see you.

Gary finally smiles and puts his arms around Trevor.

GARY

Welcome to my pad. Of course, after yours it's not so hot. But I tell myself this is only a phase.

INT. GARY'S SHACK - EVENING

The shack is tunnel shaped with a mattress on the floor, and an electric burner and saucepan beside it. There's a makeshift open clothes closet against one wall on which Gary's Cardin suit and Brioni jacket hang.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GARY

There's nowhere to sit, so I'll put  
on some clothes and let's go.

He rummages through his open suitcase on the floor and pulls  
out a stained shirt. They both recognize it as Trevor's. In  
fact it's the shirt Trevor wore the first time we saw him  
with Susan.

GARY (CONT'D)

You told me to take whatever I  
want.

Trevor smiles. Gary slips the shirt on.

GARY (CONT'D)

Take me to some place where the  
food's really good but they don't  
mind what you wear. I'll walk in  
with you and they'll take me for a  
hustler.

He notices Trevor staring at him, and his mouth gives a  
faint, sudden twitch.

GARY (CONT'D)

So you think I'm losing my looks?

TREVOR

You're thin.

GARY

Not enough bread. It's only a  
phase.

He laughs.

GARY (CONT'D)

I'm not dead at twenty-two.

He sticks his bare feet into Japanese sandals.

TREVOR

How was Japan?

GARY

Not the same at all. I used to like  
it, particularly how subservient  
all the girls are, but even that  
was getting me down, it made me  
feel awkward.

TREVOR

Why aren't you living in the main  
house?

Gary's mouth goes thin and hard, almost mean.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GARY

That's typical of a lot of them who take me in. You were the exception. If something better comes up, I'll just split. If I do, I hope his house burns down. Screw him, anyway.

INT. GRIFFIN'S STEAKHOUSE - NIGHT

Trevor and Gary are in a booth with a steak dinner between them. Gary seems to be drinking more than eating.

GARY

Still got your house, then? Of course you have. You've got your house and your work and your garden and your life. Your friends. Everything the way you want it. Lucky you. How did "Every Lady an Inch" turn out?

TREVOR

It didn't. I was fired.

GARY

Because of me?

TREVOR

I would never say that.

He looks at Trevor with more than an edge of bitterness.

GARY

I'm not surprised. I didn't like to tell you this at the time, but you've got everything a bit too planned out. You don't want to become rigid. Better watch it.

TREVOR

What signs of rigidity did you find?

Gary grins, a smile tense with hostility.

GARY

You want me to criticize you? You'd like that?

TREVOR

No, of course not. Who does? But tell me anyway.

Gary takes a cigarette from Trevor's pack on the table, then waits for Trevor to light it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He takes a drag and then inhales very slowly.

GARY

Just your general attitude. But you can't help it. You're a writer. A word freak. And word freaks are idea freaks. Systems, concepts, you know? Rigid things! They get between you and...

He breaks off.

TREVOR

What?

He grins again.

GARY

There you go. Wanting words, wanting to make it rigid. I don't care about words anymore. That's why I left those letters with you. I hope you burned them in that beautiful fire place of yours.

TREVOR

No. I've kept them.

GARY

I don't care.

He pats Trevor's hand consolingly.

GARY (CONT'D)

It's really quite simple. A blank page is full of possibility. It's alive. But, write a screenplay, or a book, a letter, and it's just another story, another collection of lies. It's dead. That's why we take drugs. You get there without words.

TREVOR

Where?

GARY

There! There.

Pause.

TREVOR

What are you on?

GARY

Nothing really. I would, but I can't afford anything.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TREVOR  
Didn't you tell me you tried them  
all when you were fifteen, and they  
brought you down?

GARY  
I guess I thought they did. Or did  
I?

Another grin.

GARY (CONT'D)  
It gets confusing. I'm such a liar.

EXT. OUTPOST DRIVE HOUSE - NIGHT

Trevor's car pulls to a stop in front of the Oriental house.

TREVOR  
Well, Gary...

Gary puts his hand on Trevor's arm.

GARY  
Please come in with me.

Trevor doesn't say anything.

GARY (CONT'D)  
Stay.

INT. GARY'S SHACK - NIGHT

Gary plugs in the electric ring for heat.

He and Trevor sit together on the mattress, leaning against  
the wall.

GARY  
Know why you made me angry? Why I  
started bitching?

TREVOR  
Does it have anything to do with  
Susan?

GARY  
Susan? Who's Susan?

TREVOR  
Very funny.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

GARY

I don't even think of her that often anymore. No. I'm angry at you because of the way you're staring at me, as if I'd lost my looks.

TREVOR

I just thought you were...

GARY

Thin?

He laughs, this time in an easy way, wryly cheerful.

GARY (CONT'D)

Okay, suppose we're not here, we're at your house, and I turn up the way I did the first time. Would you take me in?

A split second pause.

GARY (CONT'D)

What a lousy question.

He puts his hand over Trevor's mouth.

GARY (CONT'D)

Don't answer it.

He takes his hand away.

TREVOR

Suppose the draft never existed, Vietnam was a dream, you never had that problem. How different would your life have been?

GARY

I don't know.

He stares at Trevor, no trace of tears now. His eyes are cold, without light, two stones set in a face.

GARY (CONT'D)

I think maybe I could have loved somebody.

He laughs, then mimes the playing of an absurdly romantic violin.

GARY (CONT'D)

But I *have* the draft. Vietnam is real. And my life *can't* be different.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TREVOR  
I wonder. You're not like most  
people who dodge the draft.

GARY  
(sharply)  
I'm not like most people, period.

TREVOR  
Alright, I only meant you don't  
quote Camus. You don't have any  
kind of a cause. Isn't it time you  
found one?

Gary's face stiffens.

GARY  
You've got a cause for me?

TREVOR  
How about yourself? Suppose you  
make up your mind that there's  
nothing more important? That you  
shouldn't despise yourself? That  
you stop putting yourself down?  
That you want to survive? And you  
don't want to suffer? Then see  
if...

Gary shrugs.

GARY  
Verbal intercourse! Oral  
communication! Don't you ever get  
enough of it? You're just talking  
while I'm...

TREVOR  
What?

GARY  
Somewhere you can't reach.

An uncomfortable pause. Trevor is devastated.

Gary stares at his feet.

GARY (CONT'D)  
I could use fifty bucks, though.

Trevor reaches into his pocket, pulling out his wallet.

GARY (CONT'D)  
I'm going to move in with Sally O.  
I've had enough of the likes of  
you. You love my looks and that's  
it. You don't even like me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

TREVOR  
You're wrong. But you can't see it.

Trevor counts out all the money he has, and hands the bills to Gary.

TREVOR (CONT'D)  
Here's forty-five.

Gary takes the money, barely nodding. He presses PLAY on his tape recorder - A SYNTHESIZED BACH FUGUE BEGINS PLAYING.

Trevor rises.

TREVOR (CONT'D)  
I have to go.

Gary stays seated on the mattress.

GARY  
Yes, you all have to go.

He stares out the window at nothing.

TREVOR  
Gary....

GARY  
Go!

Trevor turns to leave, but freezes as Gary SCREAMS! It's primal and lonely and desperate.

Trevor turns around. Gary is crying, hitting his fist against the mattress.

TREVOR  
(moving closer)  
Gary...

Gary raises one hand suddenly. It's a wave of goodbye that commands Trevor to leave.

GARY  
Get the fuck out of here!

Trevor hesitates. Then backs out, leaving Gary to fall apart.

EXT. OUTPOST DRIVE HOUSE - NIGHT

Trevor hurries up the alley. The derelict car in front of him like an apparition, haunting the lights of the city.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GARY'S SCREAMS MIXED WITH THE SYNTHESIZED BACH FROM THE TAPE RECORDER INSIDE THE SHACK accompany Trevor as he gets into his car shaken.

EXT. PATIO. KLAPPER HOUSE - DAY

Trevor, Juliet and Paul having drinks on the patio. Trevor READS OUT LOUD FROM A NEWSPAPER.

TREVOR

"Reclusive billionaire David Almont married former model Susan Ross Tuesday, the 23rd at a private ceremony in Almont's hotel Bel Air bungalow." That's only days after I saw her.

JULIET

She never even mentioned him to me.

TREVOR

(reading)

"The former playboy and race car driver whisked the widow of Hollywood studio mogul Charlie Ross away on a private island honeymoon somewhere in the Pacific."

JULIET

I suppose they met when she was in the Caribbean and she pretended she kept to herself.

PAUL

Looks like your female Siddhartha reached the end of her journey.

TREVOR

I suppose.

PAUL

Gary came by the other day.

Trevor looks at him surprised.

JULIET

Joyce found him on the lawn, looking quite creepy. He was pacing.

PAUL

I invited him in. He read Chekhov to me. So mother gave him some money.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JULIET  
Not much. A little. And--

PAUL  
He stole my telescope. And the tripod.

JULIET  
Have you seen him lately?

TREVOR  
Once. He doesn't want to see me again. But knowing him, he'll call one day.

JULIET  
And knowing you, you'll run to see him.

Trevor smiles.

PAUL  
I worry for him.

JULIET  
I worry for us.

TREVOR  
By the way, where's Lillian?

Juliet is taken aback.

PAUL  
We don't talk about mother's lovers in this house anymore.

INT. TREVOR'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Trevor is lying in bed, reading Gary's love letters. THE PHONE RINGS and he picks up.

SUSAN (ON TELEPHONE)  
It's raining so I thought of you.

TREVOR (TO TELEPHONE)  
Thanks, Susan.

SUSAN (ON TELEPHONE)  
I was watching a movie on TV, and in the movie it was raining, and it was quite awhile before I noticed the real rain.

The SOUND OF SOMEONE SPEAKING SPANISH IS HEARD.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TREVOR (TO TELEPHONE)  
Are you also alone?

INT. SUSAN'S BEDROOM. TOPANGA CANYON HOUSE - AT THE SAME TIME

A record spins on the phonograph, its label reading: Spanish For Beginners.

Susan is lying on her huge bed, talking with Trevor on the phone. THE SPANISH LESSON CONTINUES IN THE BACKGROUND.

SUSAN (TO TELEPHONE)  
The servants and the guard are all in their own part of the house. My bedrooms's completely separate.

TREVOR (ON TELEPHONE)  
Not even Almont?

SUSAN (TO TELEPHONE)  
Oh, I haven't seen him since three days after our wedding.

TREVOR (ON TELEPHONE)  
Don't you miss each other?

SUSAN (TO TELEPHONE)  
By the way, there's this automatic device that records all phone conversations here.

TREVOR (ON TELEPHONE)  
Oh. I see.

SUSAN (TO TELEPHONE)  
Missing each other? We're so incredibly alike, David and I. We're really perfect... We've joined forces. That's enough for us. I don't expect to see him much.

(whispering)  
I get threat letters now. We both do. It's part of being very rich, I suppose.

(louder)  
I'm going to study German and Russian soon. The peaks are so clear. Of experience. I spend my days aware and alert. It's perfect up here. In control of my mind and my senses. Disciplined.

TREVOR (ON TELEPHONE)  
Susan--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SUSAN (TO TELEPHONE)  
 And I've come to realize that the  
 mind can achieve anything so long  
 as reality doesn't get in its way.  
 That was Gary's problem, reality.  
 (pause)  
 Hold on.

She puts the receiver down. Wipes a tear. Then lights a  
 cigarette.

INT. TREVOR'S HOUSE - AT THE SAME TIME

Trevor is sitting on the floor, back to the wall, staring at  
 the ceiling with the phone pressed to his ear.

SUSAN (ON TELEPHONE)  
 Still there?

TREVOR (TO TELEPHONE)  
 Yes. Are you, Susan?

SUSAN (ON TELEPHONE)  
 (laughing)  
 Always and always. Oh boy, am I  
 here!  
 (pause)  
 Is it raining hard at the beach?

Trevor looks out the window.

INT. SUSAN'S BEDROOM. TOPANGA CANYON HOUSE - AT THE SAME TIME

TREVOR (ON TELEPHONE)  
 Yes. Everything looks blurred,  
 shiny and weeping.

SUSAN (TO TELEPHONE)  
 How beautiful. I hope it goes on  
 and on.

TREVOR (ON TELEPHONE)  
 I don't.

SUSAN (TO TELEPHONE)  
 That's the difference between us  
 right there, Trevor. In a word.

She takes a pill from a bottle and downs it. Sucks on her  
 cigarette.

SUSAN (TO TELEPHONE) (CONT'D)  
 Can you believe I once tried to end  
 my life! Can you imagine?  
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SUSAN (TO TELEPHONE) (CONT'D)  
There was a time I was actually  
crazy enough to try a thing like  
suicide.

TREVOR (ON TELEPHONE)  
I'm not sure I've done a good job,  
you know?

SUSAN (TO TELEPHONE)  
What do you mean?

TREVOR (ON TELEPHONE)  
My promise to Charlie.  
(pause)  
But you do sound very happy.

SUSAN (TO TELEPHONE)  
I am. I feel alive. I *never* get any  
of that old impatience anymore. I  
have loads of patience now. It's  
wonderful.

She yawns.

SUSAN (TO TELEPHONE) (CONT'D)  
And I know I'll never see any of my  
friends again, but I'm where I  
always wanted to be. I'm truly  
free. Of everyone. And everything.  
Up here, so safe, in the rain.  
Truly alone. My only problem still  
is--  
(long pause)  
I have to watch my weight.

CUT TO:

SUPER TITLE: SIX MONTHS LATER

MONTAGE. MOUNTAIN DRIVE - DAY

--Trevor drives along the rim of the mountains.

--Through wilderness.

--Past sandstone cliffs.

--Through valleys.

--A barn.

--An isolated frame house.

--Fences that stop in the middle of nowhere.

--Sheep in the meadows...



EXT. RANCH ENTRANCE - DAY

Trevor's car arrives at a gravel road marked by a weathered sign, "KEEP OUT," but no gate or barrier.

There's an old ranch house on one side. Two rundown barns nearby.

A hundred yards from the house, an open gate lies on its side, between two broken fences.

Immediately in front of it grows a tract of grass, brilliantly green, where THREE PEOPLE wearing long robes are sitting together, meditating.

CHIP, a handsome, thin man, his ribs protruding, appears waving his hands for Trevor to stop. His black hair is worn Indian style and he wears only a pair of faded sailcloth trousers that reach to his calves.

Trevor stops. The thin man walks up to the window.

Trevor notices there are mild stains and eruptions on his face and chest, a skin condition, a sexually transmitted disease more likely.

CHIP

Didn't you see the keep out sign, man?

TREVOR

Yes. But I've come to see Gary. He invited me to come today.

The thin man relaxes his stony face.

CHIP

Oh, it's you. I'll ride with you up to the house. Okay?

He gets in the car beside Trevor.

Trevor puts the car in drive, and starts it up the road.

TREVOR

What's your name?

CHIP

Chip. Don't ask me anything else.

He gazes out the window in silence.

EXT. RANCH HOUSE - DAY

Trevor parks his car in the long grass off the road, gets out and walks toward the ranch house, its long veranda covered with potted wild flowers. Blankets cover all the windows.

TWO NAKED YOUNG WOMEN ride by on horses, BABIES strapped to their backs.

Three BEAUTIFUL GIRLS IN LONG ROBES stand in front of the house. They have long disheveled hair, faces pale and drawn. One has the same faint stains on her skin as the thin man.

A CUTE CHILD runs up to her, naked except for a necklace made of desert stones.

Trevor walks towards them, the thin man beside him.

CHIP  
Gary's friend.

They nod and smile blankly.

CHIP (CONT'D)  
(to Trevor)  
In there.

He points towards the house, and then walks off towards one of the barns.

EXT. RANCH HOUSE - DAY

INSIDE, A GUITAR CAN BE HEARD PLAYING AND SOMEONE IS SINGING.

On the veranda, Trevor opens a heavy wood door to the house.

INT. RANCH HOUSE - DAY

The room is dark, all its windows covered.

Trevor stands in the doorway, unnoticed.

He can make out A FEW PEOPLE sitting on the floor, MOSTLY PRETTY GIRLS, and a BEARDED MAN with long hair standing to the side, a knife in his hand.

A few mats are scattered around and a travel poster that says INDIA, with a photograph of a golden Buddha, is tacked to one wall.

THE SONG PLAYS ON A TAPE MACHINE.

Trevor notices Sally O. sitting with Gary on the floor, listening, baby sleeping in her lap.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Gary still looks thin but healthy. What he does have is a new wild quality about him, like what you might find in hermits or beggars.

Light streaks through a hole in the roof and NEWT GODSON stands beneath it. He has a short, wiry body with thin legs, tousled brown hair and a Mexican moustache. He's wearing a pair of black shorts and an embroidered goatskin coat lined with fur.

By the intensity on his face, it is clear he's listening to himself singing:

GODSON (ON TAPE)  
(singing)  
*I'm just the ocean breaking on your  
shore...*

Godson turns and sees Trevor. He bristles for a moment, then relaxes and smiles.

THE TAPE FINISHES TO MURMURS OF APPROVAL FROM THE FLOOR.

Gary notices Trevor and jumps up.

He approaches, then hugs Trevor. Sally stays back.

GARY  
I want you to meet HIM.

Gary takes Trevor by the hand over to Godson. Trevor immediately notices the blotches on Godson's face.

SALLY O.  
Godson, this is Trevor.

GODSON  
So did you like the song?

His eyes wait with a kind of veiled ferocity.

TREVOR  
I did.

GODSON  
Know anyone I could take it to?

TREVOR  
I'm afraid I'm not in the pop music  
world, I'm sorry.

Godson claps Trevor unexpectedly on the shoulder.

GODSON  
One up to you, brother. Don't be *in*  
any world. Keep out of all those  
worlds.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GODSON (CONT'D)

Anyone who stays in the world is weak and passive. Don't be a dupe.

The girls around GODSON smile approvingly.

Gary lights a joint, the girls move in closer to form a circle as GODSON RAMBLES ON IN A SOFT, ALMOST INSINUATING VOICE:

GODSON (CONT'D)

The only world to live in is the world of love. If you're strong, the others can't hurt you. We're all strong here. Love is the strongest. Yes. *They* think its weak. No. Strong is gentle, weak is violent. It's the naked ape pulls the trigger. Twenty-seven years in the world, all those worlds, I'm twenty-nine now, and I made no trouble, saying sir to the boss people.

The joint passes among the girls. Trevor's eyes widen as he takes Godson and his mad rant in.

GODSON (CONT'D)

I respected the law, and I'd have paid my taxes if I ever earned enough money to tax. But they still went after me. Know why? They were scared of my strength. Every time I came back to them with love, and they hated it. They hate love. They don't understand the world is one big intercourse. You can't win out there. Too many pigs rushing down the slope.

He takes the joint, swallows, continues talking directly to Trevor, with approval, while holding the smoke in his stomach.

GODSON (CONT'D)

You understand me.

Trevor nods.

GODSON (CONT'D)

You like The Rolling Stones?

TREVOR

Very much so.

GODSON

I got your vibrations across the room. Just don't let them hurt you.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

GODSON (CONT'D)

You got the love. Are you strong enough? Can you hold out? Don't forget, all ways lead there. Man and woman, man and man, woman and woman, everything all at once, they all lead there. Love is sacred. Like death. You can live forever if you're willing to love, willing to die. You're sacred. You gave Gary the kind of love he never had before. He told me it was so perfect he had to leave. Far out.

Trevor looks at Gary, surprised. Gary nods calmly.

GODSON (CONT'D)

Sometimes you don't know how much you love. But the other knows and it stays forever. Yes. That's why real love can't die. They try to kill it, but they can't stop it no more than the sun coming up. No.

He sighs.

GODSON (CONT'D)

Maybe you're thinking it's not difficult to love Gary, because he's a beautiful man, you naturally want someone beautiful.

A glitter of pride appears in Gary's eyes.

GODSON (CONT'D)

But you love him in spite of him being beautiful. That takes--

Godson seems suddenly to lose track.

GODSON (CONT'D)

I'll play you more of my songs if you like. Any time.

He raises his hand in a gesture of vague benediction, and wanders off.

The girls stare wistfully as Gary leads Trevor outside.

EXT. RANCH HOUSE - DUSK

Trevor and Gary walk out of the ranch house. It's getting darker, the sun setting gloriously.

A FEW MEN AND WOMEN in their long robes are still here, like statues on the grass. Smoking and touching each other.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They gaze at Gary. He smiles to himself, then takes Trevor's arm.

They walk toward the fallen gate and broken fences.

In the distance, the mountains crouch silently in the glassy, fainting lights. The sky is getting smaller with darkness descending.

GARY

Well, he raps a bit much but  
there's no one like him. He's a  
light. He's a spark.

TREVOR

A spark for what?

Gary leans on the fence, gazing at the mountains.

GARY

Love. Revolution. We sing. We  
dance. We fuck all the time. We do  
acid, belladonna, mescaline, hash,  
anything. He sparks us to be free.

He takes a deep breath, as if readying himself to say something difficult.

GARY (CONT'D)

Isn't everyone here really  
beautiful? Love is...mad.

He pats Trevor's hand consolingly. Then notices Sally O. and Godson watching them from outside the ranch house.

Trevor stares at him silently for a long moment. Everything Gary's saying is a stab to his heart, all hope of having Gary fading.

TREVOR

Come home with me. We'll make that  
fire you like so much.

Gary starts laughing and walks off.

GARY

I am home.

Trevor follows.

EXT. RANCH - CONTINUOUS

They walk together as lights from a few houses lower down in the valley and on other hills are turning on for the night.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GARY

You've got to understand this great thing Godson's done. You live in a situation where the pressure's off. Before, I was always afraid, that's what I was. Even with you. But I gave my fears to Godson. I'm not afraid of anything anymore. I feel safe because I know I'm doing the only possible thing. When I got here and listened to Godson, this beautiful feeling started. Free! He explained how *there's no future*. The future is fear and who needs it.

He points down to the lights.

GARY (CONT'D)

Only the anxious pigs out there. Those are the people who'll die without love.

The dusk turns Gary into an outline, like a shadow.

TREVOR

If it's about love and freedom, why be a priest with followers?

GARY

He's not like that. He's just a really good singer.

TREVOR

Could you leave without betraying him?

GARY

Why would I want to leave? I'm free. This is the only place there is. For the first time in my life I feel young.

Gary laughs. Walks ahead of Trevor.

TREVOR

Well, okay, so why doesn't he do something about the clap? Half the people here are infected.

Gary looks surprised.

GARY

Sally and I don't have it. She's pregnant, by the way.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

He grins, then turns almost prim, like someone talking about the neighbors.

GARY (CONT'D)  
Could you tell how they all want  
to make it with me? Even Godson,  
and I thought he was completely  
straight when I got here.

TREVOR  
What about the police or the  
military ever catching up with you?  
You think about that any more?

Gary shakes his head.

GARY  
That's the future, and it doesn't  
exist.

The stars are starting to come out. Night is falling fast.  
Gary takes Trevor's arm again.

GARY (CONT'D)  
Come over here, I want to show you  
something.

Further up, near a broken fence, stands the telescope Gary  
stole from Paul.

GARY (CONT'D)  
Godson only asks one thing when you  
come up here to live with him.  
Steal something for him. Like a  
kind of offering. I wasn't going to  
come back with any ordinary piece  
of junk like a radio or a guitar or  
shoes. This spoke to me. Think it's  
too weird?

Trevor looks at Paul's telescope.

TREVOR  
I don't know what I think anymore.

Gary smiles at Trevor with the expression of an innocent  
adventurer. It's not unlike the smile the first night Trevor  
met him, only stranger.

Gary puts his eye to the lens and tilts the telescope up at  
the sky.

GARY  
Fantastic! The only other worlds I  
want to go to. Now see what you can  
see.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (3)

He stands aside for Trevor, with a low, ironic bow.

Trevor puts his eye to the telescope.

THROUGH THE TELESCOPE, HE SEES:

The stars coming nearer.

Then he points the telescope down, moving it slowly from right to left, starting with the farthest distance after the sky, that has to be the ocean.

He follows the land as it sweeps upward, then dense patches of nowhere stabbed by lights, sometimes concentration, sometimes single.

Closer is another set of hills. Near the top of them begins a darkness that goes on and on.

GARY (CONT'D)

Let me show you something.

Gary looks in and moves the telescope for Trevor. He fixes it and lets Trevor look in at:

One light. Burning like a signal. An abstracted image in the distance, through half-drawn curtains:

SUSAN ROSS.

She's reading in bed, eating ice-cream straight out of the container. Alone in the world. No longer watching her weight. Isolated. Happy.

Trevor stands from the telescope. Overwhelmed. Speechless. Sees Sally O. keeping her distance, spying on them with the baby in her arms.

Gary smiles at him.

GARY (CONT'D)

Be happy for me.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM. TREVOR'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Detectives Anderson and Owens are sitting with Trevor.

TREVOR

That was the last time I saw him.

They sigh deeply as they get up heavily and make toward the door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DETECTIVE ANDERSON  
Thank you. We'll be in touch.

DETECTIVE OWENS  
For the coffee too.

TREVOR  
Can you please tell me now--

DETECTIVE OWENS  
There's not much we can tell.

TREVOR  
Anything.

DETECTIVE OWENS  
They murdered the guard first. Shot  
him and stabbed him almost twenty  
times.

(pause)  
Then they came in after the  
servants. Three of them. A male and  
two females. In their beds.

He pauses again, looking uncomfortable suddenly. Strangely  
regretful.

DETECTIVE OWENS (CONT'D)  
Took them a while to find Susan  
Almont's room. But when they did--

Trevor flinches. Tears fill his eyes.

DETECTIVE OWENS (CONT'D)  
They showed no...mercy.

DETECTIVE ANDERSON  
Can't tell you that it makes any  
sense.

DETECTIVE OWENS  
They stole what they could. On her  
wall they wrote something in a  
foreign language of one kind or  
another. Maybe the word you  
mentioned. The Tibetan. Some  
markings.

Trevor is frozen, unable to move from shock. Tears escape his  
eyes.

DETECTIVE ANDERSON  
Sorry...

DETECTIVE OWENS  
Maybe I'll get one of your books.  
From the library.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Trevor nods. They leave. He just stands there, unable to move.

The loudest sound in the room is the wood crackling and burning in the fireplace.

Trevor turns towards the fire.

He watches the flames, in contrast to the stillness that cloaks the rest of the room.

He wipes away his tears.

TREVOR  
(to himself)  
Mmm...

He makes his way to the typewriter, and sits down in his old chair.

We move in on the typewriter keys as they start hammering the page.

Letter by letter his first line forms:

"EXT. ROAD. TOPANGA CANYON, LOS ANGELES - 1970 - DAWN"

EXT. TREVOR'S HOUSE - DAWN

Zoom out of Trevor's small, elegant house, the garden as well-tended as ever, variegated, in bloom.

The sun is just rising, turning the black night into a soft and brilliant shade of blue.

There is a peaceful quiet, birds chirping, morning sounds mixed in with THE SOUND OF A TYPEWRITER, LIKE A MACHINE GUN, RAPID FIRE. The writer in his element: at work at home. The movie we've just watched being written --

The End...