

"AMERICAN PSYCHO"

1 INT. 'PASTELS' RESTAURANT - NIGHT

1

An insanely expensive restaurant on the Upper East Side. The decor is a mixture of chi-chi and rustic, with swagged silk curtains, hand written menus and pale pink tablecloths decorated with arrangements of moss, twigs and hideous exotic flowers. The clientele is young, wealthy and confident, dressed in the height of late-eighties style: pouffy Lacroix dresses, slinky Alaia, Armani power suits.

CLOSE on a WAITER reading out the specials.

WAITER

...with goat cheese profiteroles and  
I also have-an.arugula Caesar salad.  
For entrees tonight I have a  
swordfish meatloaf with onion  
marmalade, a rare-roasted partridge  
breast in raspberry coulis with a  
sorrel timbale...

Huge white porcelain plates descend on very pale pink linen table cloths. Each entree is a rectangle about four inches square and looks exactly alike.

CLOSE on various diners as we hear fragments of conversation.

"Is that Charley Sheen over there?" "Excuse me? I ordered cactus pear sorbet."

WAITER

...and grilled free range rabbit  
with herbed french fries. Our-pasta  
tonight is a squid ravioli in a  
lemon grass broth...

CLOSE on porcelain plates containing elaborate perpendicular desserts descending on another table.

PATRICK BATEMAN, TIMOTHY PRICE, CRAIG MCDERMOTT and DAVID VAN PATTEN are at a table set for four. They are all wearing expensively cut suits, suspenders, slicked back hair. Van Patten wears horn rimmed glasses. The-camera moves in on Bateman as his narration begins:

BATEMAN V/O

We're sitting in Pastels, this  
nouvelle Northern California place  
on the Upper East side.

The waiter sets down plates containing tiny, elaborately decorated starters. As he does so we hear Bateman's description of each of the men at the table.

BATEMAN V/O

You'll notice that my friends and I all look and behave in a remarkably similar fashion but there are subtle differences between us. McDermott is the biggest asshole. Van Patten is the yes man. Price is the most wired. I'm the best looking. We all have light tans. Right now I'm in a bad mood because this is not a good table, and Van Patten keeps asking dumb, obvious questions about how to dress...

VAN PATTEN

What are the rules for a sweater vest?

MCDERMOTT

What do you mean?

PRICE

Yes. Clarify.

MCDERMOTT

Well, is it strictly informal-

BATEMAN

Or can it be worn with a suit?

MCDERMOTT

(smiling)

Exactly.

BATEMAN

With discreet pinstripes you should wear a subdued blue or charcoal gray vest. A plaid suit would call for a bolder vest.

MCDERMOTT

But avoid matching the vest's pattern with your socks or tie. Wearing argyle socks with an argyle vest will look too studied.

VAN PATTEN

You think so?

PRICE

You'll look like you consciously  
worked for the look.

VAN PATTEN

Good point. Excuse me, gentlemen.

Van Patten leaves the table. As he does so a BUS BOY  
discretely removes their largely untouched plates.

BATEMAN

Van Patten looks puffy. Has he  
stopped working out?

PRICE

It looks that way, doesn't it?

MCDERMOTT

(staring, at retreating  
waiter)

Did he just take our plates away?

PRICE

He took them away because the  
portions are so small he probably  
thought we were finished. God I hate  
this place. This is a chick's  
restaurant. Why aren't we at Dorsia?

MCDERMOTT

Because Bateman won't give the  
maitre d'head.  
(he guffaws)

Bateman throws a swizzle stick at him.

McDermott scans the room, settling on a handsome young man  
with slicked back hair and horn-rimmed glasses.

MCDERMOTT

Is that Reed Robinson over there?

PRICE

Are you freebasing or what? That's  
not Robinson.

MCDERMOTT

Who is it then?

PRICE

That s Paul Owen.

BATEMAN

That's not Paul Owen. Paul Owen's on  
the other side of the room. Over

there.

He points to another handsome young man with slicked back hair and 'horn-rimmed glasses.

MCDERMOTT  
Who is he with?

PRICE  
(distracted by the  
waitress's" cleavage as  
she bends over to uncork a  
bottle of wine - the  
waitress glares at him.)  
Some weasel from Kicker Peabody.

Van Patten returns.

VAN PATTEN  
They don' t have a good bathroom to  
do coke in.

MCDERMOTT  
Are you sure that's Paul Owen over  
there?

PRICE  
Yes, McDufus, I am.

MCDERMOTT  
He's handling the Fisher account.

PRICE  
Lucky bastard.

MCDERMOTT  
Lucky Jew bastard.

BATEMAN  
Oh Jesus, McDermott, what does that  
have to do with anything?

MCDERMOTT  
Listen, I've seen the bastard  
sitting in his office on the phone  
with CEO's, spinning a fucking  
menorah. The bastard brought a  
Hanukkah bush into the office last  
December.

BATEMAN  
You spin a dreidel, McDermott, not a  
menorah. You spin a dreidel.

MCDERMOTT

Oh my god Bateman, do you want me to fry you up some fucking potato pancakes? Some latkes?

BATEMAN:

No. Just cool it with the anti-Semitic remarks.

MCDERMOTT

Oh I forgot. Bateman's dating someone from the ACLU.

Price leans over and pats Bateman on the back.

PRICE

The voice of reason. The boy next door. And speaking of reasonable...

He shows McDermott the bill for the meal.

MCDERMOTT

Only \$470.

VAN PATTEN

(without irony)

Not bad.

The others murmur agreement. Four platinum AMEX cards slap down on the table.

## 2 INT. LIMOUSINE - NIGHT

2

Bateman is pouring vintage champagne into flutes. Price is lighting up a cigar.

MCDERMOTT

Last week I picked up this Vassar chick -

VAN PATTEN

Oh god, I was there. I don't need to hear this story again.

MCDERMOTT

But I never told you what happened afterwards. So okay, I pick up this Vassar chick at Tunnel - hot number, big tits, great legs, this chick was a little hardbody - and so I buy her a couple of champagne kirs and she's in the city on spring break and she's practically blowing me in the

Chandelier Room and so I take her  
back to my place -

BATEMAN

Whoa, wait. May I ask where Pamela  
is during all this?

MCDERMOTT

Oh fuck you. I want a blow-job,  
Bate-man. I want a chick who's gonna  
let me -

VAN PATTEN

(putting his hands over  
his ears)

I don't want to hear this. He's  
going to say something disgusting.

MCDERMOTT

You prude. Listen, we're not gonna  
invest in a co-op together or jet  
down to Saint Bart's. I just want  
some chick whose face I can sit on  
for thirty, forty minutes.

Price throws a cigar at McDermott, who catches it.

MCDERMOTT

Anyway, so we're back at my  
place, and listen to this. She's had  
enough champagne by now to get a  
fucking rhino tipsy, and get this -

VAN PATTEN

She let you fuck her without a  
condom?

MCDERMOTT

This is a Vassar girl. She's not  
from Queens. She would only - are  
you ready?

(dramatic pause)

She would only give me a hand job,  
and get this...she kept her glove  
on.

The men sit in shocked, horrified silence.

IN UNISON

Never date a Vassar girl.

The limo pulls up to the sidewalk outside Tunnel. MCDERMOTT holds the door open for a passing homeless man, who looks confused.

MCDERMOTT

I suppose he doesn't want the car.  
Price, ask him if he takes American  
Express.

PRICE

(offering card)  
You take AmEx, dude?

The man stumbles away. The club DOORMAN, seeing the limousine, unhooks the velvet rope and welcomes them inside.

**4 INT. LADIES ROOM, TUNNEL - NIGHT**

**4**

Brilliant white light, a bemused ELDERLY FEMALE ATTENDANT in a black and white maid's uniform trying to give out paper towels. MUSIC thuds through an open doorway. Trashed looking girls stare into mirrors repairing their eye make-up or sit on the counter chatting to friends. There are almost as many men as women in the room. Couples stand in line, twitching as they wait to do coke. As soon as one bathroom door opens, a couple lurches out rubbing their noses while another couple rushes past them and slams the door.

PRICE

There's this theory out now that if  
you can catch the AIDS virus through  
having sex with someone who is  
infected then you can also catch  
anything - Alzheimer's, muscular  
dystrophy, hemophilia, leukemia,  
diabetes, dyslexia, for Christ's  
sake- you can get dyslexia from  
pussy -

BATEMAN:

I'm not sure, guy, but I don't think  
dyslexia is a virus.

PRICE

Oh, who knows? They don't know that.  
Prove it.

Price and Bateman finally get a stall and rush in. Price is sweating.

PRICE

I'm shaking. You open it.

Bateman opens a tiny packet of coke.

PRICE

Jeez. That's not a helluva a lot, is it?

BATEMAN

Maybe it's just the light.

PRICE

Is he fucking selling it by the milligram?

PRICE (COAT'D)

(he dips the corner of his Amex card in the packet and takes a snort)

Oh my god...

BATEMAN

What?

PRICE

It's a fucking milligram of Sweet 'n' Low!

Bateman dips his AMEX in the envelope and snorts.

BATEMAN

It's definitely weak but I have a feeling if we do enough of it we'll be okay.

PRICE

I want to get high off this, Bateman, not sprinkle it on my fucking All-Bran.

The GUY IN STALL next door yells at them in an effeminate voice:

GUY IN STALL

Could you keep it down, I'm trying to do drugs!

Price pounds his fist against the stall.

PRICE

(screaming)

SHUT UP!

BATEMAN

Calm down. Let's do it anyway.



PRICE  
 I guess you're right...  
     (raising his voice)  
 THAT IS, IF THE FAGGOT IN THE NEXT  
 STALL THINKS IT'S OKAY!

GUY IN STALL  
 Fuck you!

PRICE  
     (trying to climb up  
     against the aluminum  
     divider)  
 No, FUCK YOU!!  
     (He collapses panting  
     against the stall door.)  
 Sorry, dude. Steroids... Okay, lets  
 do it.

BATEMAN  
 That's the spirit.

They both dig their platinum Amex cards into, the envelope of white powder, shoveling it up their noses, then sticking their fingers' in to catch the residue and rubbing it into their gums.

**5 INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT**

**5**

Bateman saunters towards the bar as 'PUMP UP THE VOLUME' plays in the background.

BATEMAN  
     (to BAR GIRL)  
 Two Stoli on the rocks.

He hands her two drink tickets.

BARGIRL  
 It's after eleven. Those aren't good  
 any more. It's a cash bar. That'll  
 be twenty five dollars.

Bateman pulls out an expensive looking wallet and hands her a fifty.

She turns her back and searches the cash register for change.

BATEMAN  
 You are a fucking ugly bitch I want  
 to stab to death and then play  
 around with your blood.

The music muffles his voice. She turns round. He is smiling at her. She gives him his change impassively.

**6 INT. BATEMAN'S APARTMENT - MORNING**

**6**

Tableaux of BATEMAN'S apartment in the early morning light. A huge white living room with floor to ceiling windows looking out over Manhattan, decorated in expensive, minimalist high style: bleached oak floors, a huge white sofa, a large Baselitz' painting (hung upside down) and much expensive electronic equipment. The room is impeccably neat, and oddly impersonal - as if it had sprung straight from the pages of a design magazine.

BATEMAN V/O

My name is Patrick Bateman. I am twenty six years old. I live in the American Garden buildings on West 81st St., on the eleventh floor. Tom Cruise lives in the penthouse.

Bateman walks into his bathroom, urinates while trying to see his reflection in a poster for 'Les Miserables' above his toilet.

BATEMAN V/O

I believe in taking care of myself, in a balanced diet, in a rigorous exercise routine. In the morning, if my face is a little puffy, I'll put on an ice pack while doing my stomach crunches. I can do a thousand now.

Bateman ties a plastic ice pack around his face.

Bateman does his morning stretching exercises in the living room wearing the ice pack

CUT TO

A mirror lined bathroom. BATEMAN is luxuriating in the shower steam, scrubbing his body, admiring his muscles.

BATEMAN V/O

After I remove the ice-pack I use a deep pore cleanser lotion. In the shower I use a water activated gel cleanser, then a honey-almond body scrub, and on the face an exfoliating gel scrub.

Bateman stands in front of a massive marble sink applying a gel facial masque.

BATEMAN V/O:

Then I apply a herb mint facial masque which I leave on for ten minutes while I prepare the rest of my routine.

Bateman opens the door of a mirrored cabinet, which is stocked with immaculate rows of skin care products. He begins selecting bottles, jars and brushes, laying them in readiness on the marble counter.

BATEMAN V/O

I always use an after-shave lotion with little or no alcohol because alcohol dries your face out and makes you look older. Then moisturizer, then an anti aging eye balm, followed by a final moisturizing "protective" lotion...

Bateman stares into the mirror. The masque has dried, giving his face a strange distorted look as if it has been wrapped in plastic. He begins slowly peeling the gel masque off his face.

BATEMAN V/O

There is an idea of a Patrick Bateman, some kind of abstraction, but there is no real me, only an entity, something illusory, and though I can hide my cold gaze and you can shake my hand and feel flesh gripping yours and maybe you can even sense our lifestyles are probably comparable: I simply am not there.

**7 INT. BATEMAN BEDROOM - MORNING**

**7**

Another huge white room, equally minimal: a futon, rumpled white sheets, a bedside lamp with a halogen bulb, and a large expensive painting (Eric Fischl or David Salle) chosen by Bateman's interior decorator.

Dressed in silk boxer shorts, Bateman stands in front of a huge walk-in closet, filled with rows of expensive shirts, shoes and designer suits, organized according to color and tone.

BATEMAN V/O

It is hard for me to make sense on  
any given level. Myself is  
fabricated, an aberration. My  
personality is sketchy and unformed,  
my heartlessness goes deep and is  
persistent.

Fully dressed in Armani, Bateman stands in front of a full  
length mirror in the middle of his vast bedroom, adjusting  
his cuff links.

BATEMAN V/O  
My conscience, my pity, my hopes  
disappeared a long time ago, if they  
ever did exist.

He gives a last look at the mirror and likes what he sees. He  
gives his reflection a smile.

**8 INT. OFFICES OF PIERCE & PIERCE - DAY**

**8**

As Bateman walks down the corridor, he-passes another man who  
looks just like him.

MAN  
Morning, Hamilton. Nice tan.

Bateman walks past the desk of Jean, his secretary, pulling  
his Walkman from around his neck. Jean is attractive,  
wholesome, earnest. She smiles shyly. She loves him.

JEAN  
Late?

BATEMAN  
Aerobics class. Sorry. Any messages?

JEAN  
Ricky Hendricks has to cancel today.  
He didn't say what he was canceling  
or why.

BATEMAN  
I occasionally box with Ricky at the  
Harvard Club. Anyone else?

JEAN  
And... Spencer wants to meet you for  
a drink at Fluties Pier 17.

BATEMAN  
When?

JEAN  
After six.

BATEMAN  
Negative. Cancel it.

Jean follows him into his office.

JEAN  
Oh? And what should I say?

BATEMAN  
Just...say...no.

JEAN  
Just say no?

Jean stands at his desk, waiting for instructions.

BATEMAN  
Okay, Jean. I need reservations for  
three at Camols at twelve-thirty,  
and if not there, try Crayons. All  
right?

JEAN  
(playfully)  
Yes sir.

She turns to leave.

BATEMAN  
Oh wait. And I need reservations for  
two at Arcadia at eight tonight.

Jean turns around.

JEAN  
Oh, something...romantic?

BATEMAN  
No, silly. Forget it. I'll make  
them. Thanks.

JEAN  
I'll do it.

BATEMAN  
No. No. Be a doll and just get me a  
Perrier, okay?

JEAN  
You look nice today.

Jean exits. Bateman straightens some magazines in his office, lifts a painting off the wall and puts it back at a slightly different angle. He fiddles with some pencils in a beer stein. He puts on some MUSIC and flips through a Sports Illustrated. He buzzes Jean. She comes in a moment later with the Perrier and a file.

JEAN

Yes?

BATEMAN

Is that the Ransom file? Thanks.  
Don't wear that outfit again.

JEAN

Ummm... what? I didn't hear you.

BATEMAN

I said 'Do not wear that outfit again'. Wear a dress. A skirt or something.

Jean stands there, then looks down at herself.

JEAN

(smiling bravely)

You don't like this, I take it?

BATEMAN

Come on, you're prettier than that.

JEAN

(sarcastically)

Thanks, Patrick.

The phone rings and Jean turns to leave.

BATEMAN

I'm not here. And high heels. I like high heels.

As Jean leaves, Bateman clicks on the TV set in one corner of the room and starts watching Jeopardy!

**9 INT. TAXI - EVENING**

**9**

EVELYN WILLIAMS, Patrick Bateman's fiancée, is making notes with a gold Cross pen and sipping a bottle of mineral water.

Evelyn is blonde, classically beautiful, expensively educated, and utterly pleased with herself. She usually addresses Patrick as if he were a small child.

EVELYN

I'd want a zydeco band, Patrick.  
That's what I'd want, a zydeco band.  
Or mariachi. Or reggae. Something  
ethnic to shock daddy. Oh, I can't  
decide... And lots of chocolate  
truffles. Godiva. And oysters on the  
half-shell.

CLOSE on Bateman, who is wearing a Walkman and staring out  
the window.

BATEMAN V/O

I'm trying to listen to the new  
George-Michael tape but Evelyn — my  
supposed fiancée— keeps buzzing in  
my ear.

Evelyn continues to make notes.

EVELYN

Marzipan. Pink tents. Hundreds,  
thousands of roses. Photographers.  
Annie Leibovitz. We'll get Annie  
Liebovitz. And we'll hire someone to  
videotape. Patrick, we should do it.

BATEMAN

(removing his Walkman)  
Do....what.

EVELYN

Get married. Have a wedding.

BATEMAN

Evelyn?

EVELYN

Yes, darling?

BATEMAN

Is your Evian spiked?

EVELYN

We should do it.

BATEMAN

No — I can't take the time off work.

EVELYN

Your father practically owns the  
company. You can do anything you  
like, silly.

BATEMAN

I don't want to talk about it.

EVELYN

Well you hate that job anyway. Why don't you just quit? You don't have to work.

BATEMAN

Because I...want...to... fit...in.

The taxi bumps to a halt.

**10 INT. ESPACE RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

**10**

A cavernous garage, harshly spot lit, decorated in self-conscious- brutalist chic. Iron girders, walls of waxed plaster featuring exposed rusted pipes, a huge Schnabel smashed plate painting on one wall. The tables and chairs are made of extremely uncomfortable bolted steel.

BATEMAN V/O

I'm on the verge of tears by the time we arrive at Espace since I'm positive we won't have a decent table, but we do, and relief washes over me in an awesome wave.

Tim Price and two downtown types, STASH and VANDEN are already seated. Vanden is about twenty, pretty and sullen, with green streaks in her black hair. Stash is pale, with, ragged black hair and bad skin.

They are all trying to read large stainless steel menus that look like minimalist art.

PRICE

The menu's in braille.

He gets up to greet them, giving Evelyn a suspiciously long kiss.

PRICE

I have to talk to you.

He drags her away, half giggling and protesting.

EVELYN

(over her shoulder)

Pat, this my cousin Vanden and her boyfriend Stash. He's an artist.

BATEMAN



(after smiling at his own  
reflection in the mirror  
and checking his hair)  
Hi. Pat Bateman.

Vanden takes his hand reluctantly, says nothing.

BATEMAN  
Let me guess - you live in the East  
Village?

Pause.

STASH  
Soho.

COURTNEY RAWLINSON and LUIS CARRUTHERS arrive at the table. Courtney is blonde, classically beautiful and from precisely the same social background as Evelyn, but she is considerably more fragile and neurotic. Luis is half-English, half-Argentinean, slightly overweight (a rarity in this crowd), puppyish and eager to please. He wears the same type of designer clothes as Price and Bateman, but with foppish tendencies: velvet jackets, bowties, boldly patterned vests.

They exchange air kisses\* As soon as Luis turns his back, Bateman sneaks a kiss on Courtney's neck.

COURTNEY  
(whispering)  
Stop it!

Stash and Vanden watch them in silence.

LATER:

Price is whispering in Evelyn's ear. Everyone else is quietly eating, except Bateman, who is drinking and watching Evelyn and Price.

BATEMAN V/O  
I am fairly sure that Timothy and Evelyn are having an affair. Timothy is the only interesting person I know. Courtney is almost perfect looking. She's usually operating on one or more psychiatric drugs. Tonight I believe it's Xanax. More disturbing than her drug use, though, is the fact that she's engaged to Luis Carruthers, the biggest dufus in the business.

Courtney rouses herself from her drug haze.

COURTNEY

Tell me, Stash...do you think Soho is becoming too...commercial?

CARRUTHERS

Yes, I read that.

PRICE

Oh, who gives a rat's ass?

VANDEN

Hey. That affects us.

PRICE

(wired on coke)

Oh ho ho. That affects us? What about the massacres in Sri Lanka, honey? Doesn't that affect us, too? I mean don't you know anything about Sri Lanka? About how the Sikhs are killing like tons of Israelis there? Doesn't that affect us?

BATEMAN

Oh come on, Price. There are a lot more important problems than Sri Lanka to worry about. Sure our foreign policy is important, but there are more pressing problems at hand.

PRICE

Like what?

BATEMAN

Well, we have to end apartheid for one. And slow down the nuclear arms race, stop terrorism and world hunger. But we can't ignore our social needs, either. We have to stop people from abusing the welfare system. We have to provide food and shelter for the homeless and oppose racial discrimination and promote civil rights while also promoting equal rights for women but change the abortion laws to protect the right to life yet still, somehow maintain women's freedom of choice.

The table stares at Bateman uncomfortably.

BATEMAN

We also have to control the influx of illegal immigrants. We have to encourage a return to traditional moral values and curb graphic sex and violence on TV, in movies, in pop music, everywhere. Most importantly we have to promote general social concern and less materialism in young people.

Price chokes on his drink. Everyone is silent and mystified.

CARRUTHERS  
Patrick, how thought provoking.

**11 INT. EVELYN'S BEDROOM - LATER THE SAME EVENING**

**11**

Bateman and Evelyn are lying on her bed watching television.

BATEMAN  
Why don't you just go for Price?

EVELYN  
Oh god Patrick. Why Price? Price?

BATEMAN  
He's rich.

EVELYN  
Everybody's rich.

BATEMAN  
He's good-looking.

EVELYN  
Everybody's good looking, Patrick.

BATEMAN  
He has a great body.

EVELYN  
Everybody has a great body now.

Bateman unbuttons his shirt and makes advances to get Evelyn to have sex with him. She ignores him, watching the Home Shopping Channel with the remote in her hand. Finally, he straddles her, penis close to her face. She tries to look around him at the TV, then takes notice.

EVELYN  
What do you want me to do with that, floss with it?

Bateman flops back down, beside her and stares at the television.

EVELYN  
Are you using minoxidil?

BATEMAN  
No. I'm not. Why should I?

EVELYN  
Your hairline looks like it's receding.

BATEMAN  
It's not.

**12 EXT. STREET - LATER THAT NIGHT**

**12**

It is 3 am. Bateman is standing at an ATM, listening to the comforting sound of fresh bills thudding out of the machine.

Bateman turns round and watches a solitary YOUNG WOMAN walk past him. He collects his money, placing it carefully in his wallet, and then walks toward her, whistling. He catches up to her as she pauses at a red light.

BATEMAN  
Hello.

The woman looks suspicious for a moment and then, seeing his smile, smiles back.

**13 INT. DRY CLEANERS - DAY**

**13**

Bateman, dressed in an Armani suit with an unlit cigar between his teeth is standing in a dry cleaners, arguing with the CHINESE WOMAN behind the counter.

BATEMAN  
Listen, wait. You're not...shhh  
wait... you're not giving me valid  
reasons.

The woman continues to speak to him in another language, grabbing at the sleeve of the jacket.

BATEMAN  
What are you trying to say to me?

Her HUSBAND has taken Bateman's horribly bloodstained sheets out of the bag and is staring at them.

BATEMAN

Bleach-ee? Are you trying to say  
bleach-ee? Bleach-ee. Oh my god.

She keeps pointing to the jacket and talking.

BATEMAN

(talking over her)

Two things. One. You can't bleach a  
Soprani. Out of the question. Two -

(louder)

two, I can only get these sheets in  
Santa Fe. These are very expensive  
sheets and I really need them clean.

She keeps talking and Bateman leans into her.

BATEMAN

If you don't shut your fucking mouth  
I will kill you, are you  
understanding me?

She talks faster.

BATEMAN

Now listen - I have a very important  
lunch meeting.

(checks Rolex)

at Hubert's in thirty minutes, and I  
need those ... no wait, twenty  
minutes. I have a lunch meeting at  
Hubert's in twenty minutes with  
Ronald Harrison and I need those  
sheets cleaned by this afternoon.

She keeps talking.

BATEMAN

Listen. I cannot understand you.

Bateman starts laughing, slaps his hand down on the counter.

BATEMAN

This is crazy. You're a fool. I  
can't cope with this.

Bateman is on the verge of tears.

BATEMAN

Stupid bitchee! Understand? Oh  
Christ!

Someone enters the store behind him. It's VICTORIA, late  
twenties, attractive but a little overweight, wearing a

tailored business suit with white sneakers and sports socks.

VICTORIA

Patrick?

She takes off her sunglasses.

VICTORIA

Hi, Patrick. I thought that was you.

BATEMAN

Hello

(mumbles a  
incomprehensible name)

Awkward pause.

BATEMAN

Well.

VICTORIA

Isn't it ridiculous? Coming all the way up here, but you know, they really are the best.

BATEMAN

Then why can't they get these stains out? I mean can you talk to these people or something? I'm not getting anywhere.

Victoria moves toward the sheet that the old man is holding up. She touches it and the woman behind that counter begins talking again.

VICTORIA

Oh my, I see. What are those? Oh my.

BATEMAN

Um, well... it's cranberry juice. Crahapple.

VICTORIA

(skeptically)

Really?

BATEMAN

Well, I mean, um, it's really ... Bosco. You know, like...like a Dove Bar. It's a Dove Bar... Hershey's Syrup?

VICTORIA

(as if sharing a secret  
joke)  
Oh yeah. Oh I get it. Fun with  
chocolate.

BATEMAN  
Listen, if you could talk to them  
(he yanks the sheet out of  
the man's hand)  
I would really appreciate it. I'm  
really late. I have a lunch  
appointment at Hubert's in fifteen  
minutes.

Bateman turns to leave.

VICTORIA  
Hubert's? Oh really? It moved  
uptown, right?

BATEMAN  
Yeah, well, oh boy, listen, I've got  
to go. Thank you, uh...Victoria?

VICTORIA  
Maybe we could have lunch one day  
next week? You know, I'm downtown  
near Wall Street quite often.

BATEMAN  
Oh, I don't know, Victoria. I'm at  
work all the time.

VICTORIA  
Well what about, oh, you know, maybe  
a Saturday?

BATEMAN  
(checking his watch)  
Next Saturday?

VICTORIA  
(shrugging)  
Yeah.

BATEMAN  
Oh, can't, I'm afraid. Matinee of  
Les Miserables. Listen, I've really  
got to go. I'll... Oh Christ... I'll  
call you.

VICTORIA  
Okay. Do.

Bateman glares at the woman behind the counter and rushes out the door. Victoria stares after him as we hear the sound of the bell on the door.

**14 INT. BATEMAN'S APARTMENT - DAY**

**14**

Bateman is sitting on the sofa watching a video, talking to Courtney on a portable phone. He's holding a video box in one hand, perusing the title: 'Inside Lydia's Ass'. Off screen we hear the sounds of the porn movie as he talks.

BATEMAN

Listen, what are you doing tonight?

COURTNEY

What? Oh, I'm... busy.

BATEMAN

Listen, you're dating Luis, he's in Arizona. You're fucking me, and we haven't made plans. What could you possibly be up to tonight?

COURTNEY

Stop it. I'm...

BATEMAN

On'a lot of Lithium?

COURTNEY

Waiting for Luis to call me. He said he'd call tonight. Oh don't be difficult, Patrick.

BATEMAN

You should come have dinner with me.

COURTNEY

But - when?

BATEMAN

Am I confused or were we talking about tonight?

COURTNEY

Ummm.... yeah. Luis is calling me tonight. I need to be home for that.

BATEMAN

Pumpkin?

COURTNEY

Yes?



BATEMAN  
Pumpkin you're dating an asshole.

COURTNEY  
Uh huh.

BATEMAN  
Pumpkin you're dating the biggest  
dickweed in New York.

COURTNEY  
I know. Stop it.

BATEMAN  
Pumpkin, you're-dating a tumbling,  
tumbling dickweed.

COURTNEY  
Patrick don't call me pumpkin  
anymore, okay? I have to go.

BATEMAN  
Courtney? dinner?

COURTNEY  
I can't.

BATEMAN  
I'm thinking Dorsia.

COURTNEY  
Dorsia's nice.

BATEMAN  
Nice?

COURTNEY  
You like it there, don't you?

BATEMAN  
The question is, do you like it  
Courtney? And will you blow off a  
fucking phone call from your sad  
excuse for a boyfriend to eat there  
tonight.

COURTNEY  
Okay. Yeah. What time?

BATEMAN  
Eight?

COURTNEY  
Pick me up?

BATEMAN

Sounds like I'll have to. Don't fall asleep, okay? Wear something fabulous. Dorsia, remember?

Bateman hangs up, opens up the Zagat's guide and dials the number for Dorsia with trembling fingers. It's busy and so he puts it on speaker phone, constant redial. He waits with his head in his hands, sweating with anxiety, until there is finally' an answer.

MAITRE D'

Dorsia. Please hold.

He is on hold for a long time, getting very tense.

MAITRE D'

Dorsia.

BATEMAN

(both of his eyes are closed)

Umm..yes.. I know it's a little late but is it possible to reserve a table for two at eight or eighty-three perhaps?

Long pause. The MAITRE D' starts giggling quietly and then more loudly until the laughter is almost hysterical and hangs up the phone.

# 15 INT. TAXI - NIGHT

15

Bateman and Courtney are in the back of a cab. Courtney is heavily medicated.

COURTNEY

... a facial at Elisabeth Arden, which was really relaxing, then to the Pottery Barn where I bought this silver muffin dish...

(she starts to pass out)

BATEMAN

Is that Donald Trump's car?

COURTNEY

(thickly)

Oh god, Patrick. Shut up.

BATEMAN

You know, Courtney, you should take some more lithium. Or have a Diet

Coke. Some caffeine might get you out of this slump.

COURTNEY

I just want to have a child.  
Just...two... perfect.. children...  
(her voice trails away as  
she descends back into a  
drug haze)

The cab draws up outside a restaurant. The awning reads 'Barcadia'.

INTERIOR/BARCADIA/EVENING

An insanely expensive nouvelle Italian restaurant, all polished natural brick, spotless white table cloths, minimalist flower arrangements, discreet lighting.

A WAITER has come to take their drink orders.

BATEMAN

J&B. Straight.

COURTNEY

Champagne on the rocks. Oh - could I have that - with a twist?

She starts to sink back in her chair and Bateman leans over and pulls her back up.

COURTNEY

Are we here?

BATEMAN

Yes.

COURTNEY

This is Dorsia?

BATEMAN

(examining a menu that  
says 'Barcadia' in large  
script) )

Yes dear.

Courtney almost falls asleep while looking at her menu, and starts to slide off of her chair. Bateman grabs her by both shoulders and props her up.

BATEMAN

Courtney, you're going to have the peanut butter soup with smoked duck and mashed squash. NY Magazine

called it a "playful but mysterious little dish." You'll love it. And then... the red snapper with violets and pine nuts. I think that'll follow nicely.

COURTNEY  
Mmmm... thanks, Patrick.

She falls asleep at the table.

**16 INT. COURTNEY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

**16**

Bateman and Courtney are in Courtney's bed. Bateman is on top of her, reaching for a condom in the ashtray. He tears it open with his teeth, puts it on.

COURTNEY  
(dazed on Lithium)  
I want you to fuck me.

Bateman gets on top of her, starts to fuck her.

COURTNEY  
Luis is a despicable twit.

BATEMAN  
Yes, Luis is a despicable twit. I hate him.

He keeps fucking her.

COURTNEY  
No, you idiot. I said 'Is it a receptacle tip?' Not is Luis a despicable twit. Is it a receptacle tip? Get off me.

BATEMAN  
Is it a what?

COURTNEY  
Pull out.

BATEMAN  
I'm ignoring you.

COURTNEY  
(screaming)  
Pull out goddamnit!

BATEMAN

(slowing down but not  
stopping)  
What do you want, Courtney?

She pushes him away from her.

BATEMAN  
It's a plain end. I think.

COURTNEY  
Turn the light on.

She tries to sit up.

BATEMAN  
Oh Jesus. I'm going home.

COURTNEY  
Patrick. Turn oh the light.

He turns on the light.

BATEMAN  
It's a plain end, see? So?

COURTNEY  
Take it off.

BATEMAN  
Why?

COURTNEY  
Because you have to leave half an  
inch at the tip-  
(She covers herself with  
her comforter.)  
to catch the force of the ejaculate!

BATEMAN  
I'm getting out of here. Where's  
your lithium?

Courtney throws a pillow over her head and starts crying.

COURTNEY  
(screaming)  
Do you think you're turning me on by  
having unsafe sex?

Bateman pulls the pillow off her and slaps her face.

BATEMAN  
Oh Christ, this really isn't worth  
it. And see, Courtney, it's there

for what? Huh? Tell us.  
     (he slaps her again  
     lightly)  
 Why is it pulled down half an inch?  
 So it can catch the force of the  
 ejaculate!

COURTNEY  
     (choking, crying)  
 Well, it's not a turn-on for me. I  
 have a promotion coming to me. I  
 don't want to get AIDS.

Bateman grabs her head and makes her look at the condom.

BATEMAN  
 See? Happy? You dumb bitch? Are you  
 happy you dumb bitch?

COURTNEY  
 Oh god just get it over with.

He fucks her quickly until he has a mediocre orgasm and falls  
 down next to her. They lie side by side with their bodies not  
 touching, eyes open, staring at the ceiling.

**17 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM, PIERCE & PIERCE - DAY**

**17**

Bateman and Luis Carruthers are seated at a long table in the  
 conference room at Pierce & Pierce, which looks out onto a  
 spectacular view of Manhattan.

CARRUTHERS  
 Patrick, thanks so much for looking  
 after Courtney. Dorsia, how  
 impressive! How on earth did you get  
 a reservation there?

BATEMAN  
 Lucky, I guess.

CARRUTHERS  
 That's a wonderful jacket. Let me  
 guess, Valentino Couture?

BATEMAN  
 Uh huh.

CARRUTHERS  
     (reaching out to touch it)  
 It looks so soft.

BATEMAN

(catching Luis' hand)  
 Your compliment was sufficient,  
 Luis.

Carruthers is distracted by a question from the colleague on his left.

PAUL OWEN enters, carrying the Wall St. Journal under his arm. He is handsome, supremely confident and self-satisfied; he seems himself as a leader among men.

OWEN  
 (to Bateman)  
 Hello Halberstam. Nice tie. How the hell are you?

BATEMAN  
 I've been great. And you?

Their conversation FADES DOWN as we hear Bateman's thoughts.

BATMAN V/O  
 Owen has mistaken me for this dickhead Marcus Halberstam. It seems logical because Marcus also works at P&P and in fact does the same exact thing I do and he also has a penchant for Valentino suits and Oliver Peoples glasses. Marcus and I even, go to the same barber, although I have a slightly better haircut.

During this voice-over the CAMERA WANDERS over to MARCUS HALBERSTAM, who is conferring with a colleague in the opposite corner of the room. He bears a superficial resemblance to Bateman.

OWEN  
 How's the Ransom account going, Marcus?

BATEMAN  
 (nervous)  
 It's - it's..all right.

OWEN  
 Really? That's interesting,  
 (he stares at Bateman,  
 smiling)  
 Not great?

BATEMAN  
 Oh well, you know.

OWEN

And how's Cecilia? She's a great girl.

BATEMAN

Oh yes. I'm very lucky.

McDermott and Price enter.

MCDERMOTT

Hey Owen! Congratulations on the Fisher account.

OWEN

Thank you, Baxter.

PRICE

Listen, Paul. Squash?

OWEN

Call me.  
(hands him a business card)

PRICE

How about Friday?

OWEN

No can do. Got a res at 8:30 at Dorsia. Great sea urchin ceviche.

There is a stunned silence as he walks away and sits in a corner of the room, ostentatiously studying papers.

CLOSE on Bateman's face, cold with hatred.

PRICE

(whispering)  
Jesus. Dorsia? On a Friday night?  
How'd he swing that?

MCDERMOTT

(whispering)  
I think he's lying.

Bateman takes, out his wallet and pulls out a card.

PRICE

(suddenly enthused)  
What's that, a gram?

BATEMAN

New card. What do you think?



Mcdermott lifts it up and examines the lettering carefully.

MCDERMOTT

Whoa. Very nice. Take a look.

He hands it to Van Patten.

BATEMAN

Picked them up from the printer's  
yesterday.

VAN PATTEN

Good coloring.

BATEMAN

That's bone. And the lettering is  
something called Silian Rail.

MCDERMOTT

(envious)

Silian Rail?

VAN PATTEN

It is very cool, Bateman. But that's  
nothing.

He pulls a card out of his wallet and slaps it on the table.

VAN PATTEN

Look at this.

They all lean forward to inspect it.

PRICE

That's really nice.

Bateman clenches his fists beneath the table, trying to  
control his anxiety.

VAN PATTEN

Eggshell with Romalian type.

(turning to Bateman)

What do you think?

BATEMAN

(barely able to breathe,  
his voice a croak)

Nice.

PRICE

(holding the card up to  
the light)

Jesus. This is really super. How'd a  
nitwit like you get so tasteful?

Bateman stares at his own card and then enviously at McDermott's.

BATEMAN V/O  
I can't believe that Price prefers  
McDermott's card to mine.

PRICE  
But wait. You ain't seen nothin'  
yet.

He holds up his own card.

PRICE  
Raised lettering, pale nimbus  
white...

BATEMAN  
(choking with anxiety)  
Impressive. Very nice. Let's see  
Paul Owen's card.

Price pulls a card from an inside coat pocket and holds it up for their inspection: "PAUL OWEN, PIERCE & PIERCE, MERGERS AND ACQUISITIONS". Bateman swallows, speechless. The SOUND IN THE ROOM DIES DOWN and all we hear is a faint heartbeat as Bateman stares at the magnificent card.

BATEMAN V/O  
Look at that subtle off-white  
coloring. The tasteful thickness of  
it. Oh my god, it even has a  
watermark...

His hand shaking, Bateman lifts up the card and stares at it until fills the screen.

He lets it fall. The sound returns to normal.

LUIS  
Is something wrong? Patrick...you're  
sweating.

**18 EXT. STREET - EVENING**

**18**

The financial district. The streets are eerily deserted.

Bateman stands at an ATM, enjoying the reassuring sound of \$500 in fresh bills thudding from the machine. As he turns to leaves he notices someone across the street. A HOMELESS MAN is lying in a doorway on top of an open grate, surrounded by bags of garbage and a shopping cart. A cardboard sign is attached to the front of the cart: I AM HOMELESS AND HUNGRY

PLEASE HELP ME. A small, thin dog lies next to him. He is black, dressed in a stained, torn lime green polyester pants suit with jeans worn over the pants.

BATEMAN  
(offering his hand)  
Hello. Pat Bateman.

The Homeless Man stares at Bateman, struggling to sit up.

BATEMAN  
You want some money? Some... food?

The Homeless Man nods and starts to cry. Bateman reaches into his pocket and pulls out a \$10 bill, then changes his mind and holds out a \$5 instead.

BATEMAN  
Is this what you need?

The Homeless Man nods, looks away, wipes his nose.

HOMELESS MAN  
I'm so hungry.

BATEMAN  
It's cold out, too, isn't it?

HOMELESS MAN  
I'm so hungry.

BATEMAN  
(holding the bill just out  
of the man's reach)  
Why don't you get a job? If you're  
so hungry, why don't you get a job?

HOMELESS MAN  
(shivering and sobbing)  
I lost my job...

BATEMAN  
Why? Were you drinking? Is that why  
you lost it?' Insider trading? Just  
joking. No, really - were you  
drinking on the job?

HOMELESS MAN  
I was fired. I was laid off.

BATEMAN  
Gee, uh, that's too bad.

HOMELESS MAN

I'm so hungry.

The dog starts to whimper.

BATEMAN

Why don't you get another one? Why don't you get another job?

HOMELESS MAN

I'm not...

BATEMAN

You're not what? Qualified for anything else?

HOMELESS MAN

I'm hungry.

BATEMAN

I know that, I know that. Jeez, you're like a broken record. I'm trying to help you.

HOMELESS MAN

I'm hungry.

BATEMAN

Listen, do you think it's fair to take money from people who do have jobs? From people who do work?

HOMELESS MAN

What am I gonna do?

BATEMAN

Listen, what's your name?

HOMELESS MAN

Al.

BATEMAN

Speak up. Come on.

HOMELESS MAN

Al.

BATEMAN

Get a goddamn job, Al. You've got a negative attitude. That's what's stopping you. You've got to get your act together. I'll help you.

HOMELESS MAN

You're so kind, mister. You're kind.  
You're a kind man. I can tell.

BATEMAN  
(petting the dog)  
Shhhh... it's okay.

HOMELESS MAN  
(grabbing BATEMAN'S wrist)  
Please... I don't know what to do.  
I'm so cold.

BATEMAN'  
(stroking his face,  
whispering)  
Do you know how bad you smell? The  
stench, my god.

HOMELESS MAN  
I can't... I can't find a shelter.

BATEMAN  
You reek. You reek of...shit. Do you  
know that?  
(shouting)  
Goddammit, Al - look at-me and stop  
crying like some kind of faggot.  
Al... I'm sorry.

Bateman carefully puts the money back in his wallet.

BATEMAN  
Its just that... I don't know. I  
don't have anything in common with  
you.

He opens his brief case and pulls out a long thin knife with  
a serrated edge. He pushes up the sleeve of his jacket to  
protect it.

BATEMAN  
Do you know what a fucking loser you  
are?

Homeless Man's POV as Bateman lunges at him with the knife.

EXTREME WIDE SHOT of the street. Bateman's shadowed figure is  
hunched over the Homeless Man, stabbing him in the stomach.

The dog barks wildly and Bateman stomps on it until it is  
silent.

LOW ANGLE shot of Bateman as he throws a quarter on the  
ground.

BATEMAN

There's a quarter. Go buy some gum.

Bateman walks calmly into the empty caverns of Wall Street.

Cars drift past, their headlights momentarily illuminating the body left twitching on the ground.

**19 INT. BEAUTY SALON - DAY**

**19**

CLOSE ON Bateman's face and torso. His eyes are closed as a woman's hands rub cream into his face.

FACIALIST

What beautiful skin you have, Mr.  
Bateman. So fine, so smooth...

His eyes open to look up at the FACIALIST and then he closes them again.

BATEMAN V/O

I have all the characteristics of a  
human being - flesh, blood, skin,  
hair - but not a single clear,  
identifiable emotion except for  
greed and disgust. Something  
horrible is happening inside me and  
I don't know why.

CUT TO

Bateman sitting in a chair, looking down at the MANICURIST who is giving him a pedicure. She is cutting his nails with tiny sharp scissors. He stares at them longingly.

BATEMAN V/O

My nightly bloodlust has overflowed  
into my days. I feel lethal, on the  
verge of frenzy.

CUT TO

Bateman lying irradiated by ultra violet light on a tanning bed, wearing goggles.

BATEMAN V/O

I think my mask of sanity is about  
to slip.

**20 INT. YALE CLUB - DAY**

**20**

McDermott, Van Patten and Bateman are having drinks. Price walks by with a gorgeous GIRL and gives them the finger.

BATEMAN

What an asshole.

MCDERMOTT

Why is Laurie Kennedy dating Price?  
He's a fucking drug addict. No self control.

VAN PATTEN

But Laurie Kennedy is a total hardbody. What do you think, Bateman?

BATEMAN

I know her. I knew her.

MCDERMOTT

Why do you say it like that? Why does he say it like that?

VAN PATTEN

Because he dated her.

BATEMAN

How did you guess?

VAN PATTEN

Girls dig Bateman. He's GQ. You're total GQ Bateman.

BATEMAN

Thanks guy, but...she's got a lousy personality.

MCDERMOTT

So what? It's all looks. Laurie Kennedy is a babe. Don't even pretend you were interested for any other reason.

VAN PATTEN

If they have a good personality then something is very wrong.

MCDERMOTT

If they have a good personality and they are not great looking — who fucking cares?

BATEMAN

Well, lets just say hypothetically,  
okay? What if they have a good  
personality?

(he smiles, giving up)  
I know, I know -

ALL IN UNISON  
There are no girls with good  
personalities!  
(they laugh and high five  
each other)

VAN PATTEN  
A good personality consists of a  
chick with a little hardbody who  
will satisfy all sexual demands  
without being too slutty about  
things and who will essentially keep  
her dumb fucking mouth shut.

MCDERMOTT  
Listen, the only girls with good  
personalities who are smart or maybe  
funny or halfway intelligent or even  
talented - though God knows what the  
fuck that means-are ugly chicks.

VAN PATTEN  
Absolutely.

MCDERMOTT  
And this is because they have to  
make up for how fucking unattractive  
they are.

Pause.

BATEMAN  
Do you know what Ed Gein said about  
women?

VAN PATTEN  
Ed Gein? Maitre d' at Canal Bar?

BATEMAN  
No, serial killer, Wisconsin in the  
fifties. He was an interesting guy.

MCDERMOTT  
So what did Ed say?

BATEMAN  
He said, "When I see a pretty girl  
walking down the street I think two



things. One part of me wants to take her out and talk to her and be real nice and sweet and treat her right."

Pauses, finishes his drink.

MCDERMOTT

What does the other part of him think?

BATEMAN

What her head would look like on a stick.

McDermott and Van Patten look at each other and then back at Bateman. Bateman starts to laugh, and the other two uneasily join in.

Luis Carruthers walks up to the table.

LUIS

(shyly)

Hi guys. I wanna get your opinion on something.

McDermott rolls his eyes at the rest of the table.

MCDERMOTT

If it's about the bowtie you're wearing, you know how we feel about it.

Luis laughs good naturedly.

LUIS

Yes, I do. No, it's my business card - I decided to get a new one too.

He pulls out something incredibly tasteful. Everyone compliments Luis except Bateman. The SOUND DROPS and all we hear is the BEATING OF HIS HEART as he stares at the card enviously. Luis plucks it from his hand and walks away, pleased with himself.

VAN PATTEN

Listen, what about dinner?

BATEMAN

(suddenly angry)

Is that all you ever have to contribute, Van Patten? 'What about fucking dinner'?

MCDERMOTT

Ah, cheer up, Bateman.  
     (slaps him on the back,  
     massages his neck)  
 What's the matter? No shiatsu this  
 morning?

BATEMAN  
     (watching Luis go into the  
     men's room)  
 Keep touching me like that and  
 you'll draw back a stump.

MCDERMOTT  
 Whoa, hold on there little buddy.

BATEMAN  
 Excuse me.

He gets up from the table. As Bateman walks away, Van Patten  
 grabs a waiter.

VAN PATTEN  
 Is this tap water? I don't drink tap  
 water. Bring me an Evian or  
 something, okay?

**21 INT. MEN'S ROOM - DAY**

**21**

Bateman pulls on his gloves as he enters the men's room.  
 Carruthers is standing in a stall with his back to Bateman.

The sound of his urinating is heard until Bateman approaches,  
 then abruptly stops. Slowly Bateman brings his hands up over  
 the collar of Carruthers' cashmere jacket, circling his neck  
 until both thumbs and index fingers meet. All we can hear is  
 the sound of Bateman's heavy breathing. Slowly he starts to  
 squeeze. Almost in slow motion, Carruthers turns around.

Carruthers looks down at Bateman's wrists as if lost in  
 thought. Then he lowers his head and kisses Bateman's wrist.

He looks back at Bateman with a shy, love struck expression,  
 then reaches up and tenderly touches the side of his face.

CARRUTHERS  
 God Patrick. Why here ?

He strokes BATEMAN'S hair.

CARRUTHERS  
 I've seen you looking at me. I've  
 noticed your hot body.

Carruthers tries to kiss him on the lips but Bateman backs, away. He drops his hands from Carruthers' neck. Carruthers immediately takes them and places them back. Bateman drops them again.

CARRUTHERS

Don't be shy.

Bateman takes a deep breath, closes his eyes and tries to lift his hands again, but abandons the attempt.

CARRUTHERS

You don't know how long I've wanted it. Ever since that Christmas party at Arizona 206. You know the one, you were wearing that red striped paisley Armani tie.

Bateman looks down and sees 'that Carruthers' pants are still unzipped. He moves past him out of the stall and stands by the sink and pretends to wash his hand until he realizes he still has his gloves on. Carruthers comes up behind him.

CARRUTHERS

I want you. I want you .. too.

Bateman storms out of the men's room, bumping into a waiter and several customers and cursing. Noticing the MAITRE D' and another waiter conferring and looking at him strangely Bateman straightens up and smiles and waves cheerfully at them. Carruthers walks up behind him.

BATEMAN

(hissing)

What...is...it?

CARRUTHERS

Where are you going?

BATEMAN

(stumbling away from him)

I've gotta...I've gotta...return some video tapes.

CARRUTHERS

Patrick?

BATEMAN

What?

CARRUTHERS

(silently mouthing the words)

I'll call you.

Bateman storms out of the restaurant.

**22 INT. BATEMAN'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON**

**22**

A perfectly lit kitchen still life - a bottle of Evian, a white porcelain plate on which sits a sliced kiwi, some perfect green grapes, a few berries.

OFF CAMERA, the SOUND OF SCREAMS AND A CHAINSAW can be heard from the living room.

CUT TO:

The living room. Bateman is manically doing abdominal crunches as the television plays a video of "Texas Chainsaw Massacre."

There is a pile of horror videos on his coffee table, next to a copy of GQ.

LATER:

Bateman is sitting in his arm chair, phone book in handy jerking off. He is squealing into the phone and breathing.

BATEMAN

You like that, slut?

The person on the other end clearly hangs up.

CLOSE on his fingers dialing the phone.

BATEMAN

You want to know what I'm wearing?  
Sixty dollar boxer shorts by Ralph  
Lauren, a hundred and fifty dollar  
white cotton T-shirt by Commes des  
Garçons.

(he snorts like a pig)

My Rolex cost-

Another hang up. He dials again.

BATEMAN

(whispering)

I'm a corporate raider. I  
orchestrate hostile takeovers.  
What'do you think of that?  
(makes disgusting sucking  
noises and grunts)  
Huh, bitch?

GIRL (O/S)

Dad, is that you?

Bateman hangs up, frustrated.

**23 EXT. STREET/INT. LIMOUSINE - NIGHT**

**23**

Bateman cruises around in the limo. It pulls up alongside CHRISTIE, a pretty blonde hooker in shorts and leather jacket. Bateman opens his window to speak to her.

BATEMAN

I haven't seen you around here.

CHRISTIE

You just haven't been looking.

BATEMAN

Would you like to see my apartment?

Bateman flips on the light inside the limo. He's wearing a tuxedo.

CHRISTIE

(looking away to some dark  
comer)

I'm not supposed to.

Bateman is holding out a hundred dollar bill, which Christie now notices, then takes.

BATEMAN

Do you want to come to my apartment  
or not?

CHRISTIE

I'm not supposed to.  
(She pockets the bill.)  
But I can make an exception.

BATEMAN

Do you take American Express?

Christie is still looking out behind her.

BATEMAN

Do you take American Express?

Christie looks at him like he's crazy.

BATEMAN

I'm joking. Come on, get in.

As they drive uptown, Bateman dials the cell phone. He reads; off a credit card number.

BATEMAN

I'd like a girl, early twenties,  
blonde, who does couples. Couples.  
55 West Eighty First, The American  
Gardens Building. Apartment 7C. And  
I really can't stress blonde enough.  
Blonde.

He hangs up.

BATEMAN

I'm Paul. My name is Paul Owen, have  
you got that? You are Christie. You  
are to respond only to Christie. Is  
that clear?

**24 INT. BATEMAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

**24**

Christie is in the bathtub, Bateman is pouring in white milky bath oil.

BATEMAN

That's a very fine Chardonnay you're  
drinking.

Long pause, in which Christie is luxuriating in the tub and Bateman is casually touching her breast.

BATEMAN

I want you to clean your vagina.

Christie reaches for a washcloth.

BATEMAN

No. From behind. Get on your knees.

Christie shrugs.

BATEMAN

I want to watch. You have a very  
nice body.

The doorman rings. Bateman answers.

BATEMAN

Thank you. Send her up. Christie,  
get out and dry off, choose a robe -  
not the Bijan, and come and meet me  
and our guest in the living room for  
drinks.

Bateman answers the door.

BATEMAN

You've arrived! How lovely. Let me take your coat. I'm Paul. How good of you to come.

The ESCORT GIRL looks somewhat bewildered. Bateman takes her coat and inspects her body and face.

BATEMAN

Not quite blonde, are you? More dirty blonde. I'm going to call you Sabrina. I'm Paul Owen.

Bateman escorts her into the living room and brings her a glass of wine. Christie enters, sitting next to Sabrina on the couch, and Bateman sits across from them. There is a long silence.

BATEMAN

So, don't you want to know what I do?

The two girls look at each other with uncomfortable smiles.

Christie shrugs.

CHRISTIE

No.

SABRINA

(smiling)

No, not really.

Bateman is visibly irritated, recrosses his legs.

BATEMAN

Well, I work on Wall Street. At Pierce & Pierce.

(Long pause.)

BATEMAN

Have you heard of it?

Another long pause. They shake their heads. Christie stands up and goes over to the CD collection.

CHRISTIE

You have a really nice place here — Paul. How much did you pay for it?

BATEMAN

Actually, that's none of your business, Christie, but I can assure you it certainly wasn't cheap.

Bateman leaves to refill his wine glass and Sabrina takes a pack of cigarettes out of her purse. Bateman returns, carrying a tray of chocolates.

BATEMAN  
No, no smoking. Not in here.

He walks over to Christie.

BATEMAN  
Varda truffle?

Christie stares at the plate and shakes her head. Sabrina takes one.

BATEMAN  
I don't want you to get drunk, but that's a very fine Chardonnay you're not drinking.

Bateman goes over to his CDs and scans his vast collection.

He takes one out and examines it.

BATEMAN  
Do you like Phil Collins? I've been a big Genesis fan ever since the release of their 1980 album, Duke. Before that I really didn't understand any of their work. It was too artsy, too intellectual. It was on Duke where Phil Collins' presence became more apparent.

He puts aside the CD and takes out another one.

BATEMAN  
I think 'Invisible Touch' is the group's undisputed masterpiece.

He puts on the song and gestures them to follow him into the bedroom.

BATEMAN  
It's an epic meditation on intangibility, at the same time it deepens and enriches the meaning of the preceding three albums. Christie, take off the robe.



Bateman puts out a lace teddy. He motions to Christie to put it on.

BATEMAN

Listen to the brilliant ensemble playing of Banks, Collins and Rutherford. You can practically hear every nuance of every instrument. Sabrina, remove your dress.

Bateman starts to undress.

BATEMAN

In terms of lyrical craftsmanship and sheer song writing, this album hits a new peak of professionalism. Sabrina, why don't you dance a little?

Sabrina dances awkwardly. Christie sits on the bed.

BATEMAN

Take the lyrics to 'Land of Confusion'. In this song, Phil Collins addresses the problem of abusive political authority.

Bateman knots a silk scarf around Christie's neck —rather menacingly — then helps her into some suede gloves.

BATEMAN

'In Too Deep' is the most moving pop song of the 1980s about monogamy and commitment. The song is extremely uplifting. Their lyrics are as positive and affirmative as anything I've heard in rock.

He turns on the video camera.

BATEMAN

Christie, get down on your knees so Sabrina can see your asshole.

Bateman looks through the viewfinder.

BATEMAN

Phil Collins' solo efforts seem to be more commercial and therefore more satisfying in a narrower way, especially songs like 'In the Air Tonight' and 'Against All Odds'. Sabrina, don't just stare at it. Eat it.

He walks over to the sound system in his bedroom and slides in the CD.

BATEMAN

But I also think that Phil Collins works better within the confines of the group than as a solo artist - and I stress the word artist. This is 'Sussudio', a great, great song, a personal favorite.

Sex montage cut to 'Sussudio'. We see this in wide shot, or through the lens of the video camera.

CUT TO

Bateman asleep in his bed with Christie and Sabrina on either side of him. Sabrina accidentally touches his wrist.

Bateman's eyes open.

BATEMAN

Don't touch the Rolex.

Bateman gets up from his bed and goes over to his armoire.

He opens the drawer in which are a nail gun, a coat hanger, a rusty butter knife, and a half-smoked cigar. He turns around to see Christie and Sabrina both starting to get up and get dressed. He takes the coat hanger.

BATEMAN

We're not through yet....

CUT TO

Bateman ushering them out the door impatiently. They are both sobbing, badly bruised and bleeding. Bateman has a deep scratch on his hand and one on his shoulder. In the background, Phil Collins 'In the Air Tonight' is playing.

**25 INT. EVELYN'S CHRISTMAS PARTY - EVENING**

**25**

Tall blue spruces covered with white twinkling lights stand on either side of a roaring fireplace. A bartender in a tuxedo pours champagne and eggnog. A long table covered with a red tablecloth is jammed with goose, duck, rack of lamb, exotic vegetable tarts, truffles etc...a vast array of foods.

The room is filled with candles in sterling silver Tiffany's candle holders. FILIPINO WAITERS dressed in green and red elf suits serve appetizers on trays.

Bateman walks into the party, grabs a glass of champagne and gulps it down.

HAMILTON saunters up to him, drunk.

HAMILTON  
Hey, McCloy, what do you say?

BATEMAN  
Hey, Hamilton, have a holly jolly  
Christmas.

Across the room Courtney is greeting Paul Owen with a kiss.

Bateman glares at them.

BATEMAN  
Is Owen still handling the Fisher  
account?

EVELYN  
Mistletoe alert! Merry Xmas,  
Patrick! Merry Xmas, Harry!

Evelyn rushes up. to them with mistletoe in her hand, raising it above their heads. She is wearing a sable jacket and green velvet pants by Ralph Lauren, and has a small Vietnamese potbellied pig in her arms. The pig is wearing a Santa hat.

She tries to make Bateman kiss the pig.

Bateman has a glass in one hand and a dish of Waldorf salad in the other, and is unable to defend himself from Evelyn.

BATEMAN  
Merry... Christmas.

EVELYN  
You're late, honey.

BATEMAN  
I'm not late.

EVELYN  
(singsong)  
Oh yes you are.

BATEMAN  
(still staring across the  
room at Courtney and Paul  
Owen)  
I've been here the entire time. You  
just didn't see me.

EVELYN

Where did you get that awful scratch?

BATEMAN

I... - uh.. got my hand caught in the VCR.

EVELYN

(shoving the pig in his face)

Say hello to Snowball. Snowball says "Merry Christmas, Patrick".

BATEMAN

What...is...it?

EVELYN

(talking to the pig)

It's a little baby piggy wiggy, isn't it? It's a Vietnamese potbellied pig. They make darling pets. Don't you? Don't you?'

Bateman is horrified.

EVELYN

Oh, stop scowling. You're such a Grinch.

(turning to Hamilton)

Did you know he's the Grinch?

HAMILTON

Well, we all know McCloy's the Grinch. How ya doin', Mr. Grinch?

Evelyn puts the pig down and it runs away.

EVELYN

And what does Mr. Grinch want for Christmas? And don't tell me breast implants again.

A passing stranger comes up behind Bateman and puts paper antlers on his head, without him noticing.

Bateman walks away, and is bumped into by HUMPHREY RHINEBECK.

RHINEBECK

Hey, Bateman! When wearing a tuxedo, how do you keep the front of your shirt from riding up?

BATEMAN

You simply have a tab with a buttonhole sewn into the front of your shirt, which can then be attached by a button to your trousers. And Hamilton? Take those fucking antlers off your head - you look like a retard. Excuse me.

Bateman walks toward Paul Owen. Rhinebeck feels the top of his head.

RHINEBECK

Oh my god.

BATEMAN

Owen!

He grabs a martini off a passing tray.

OWEN

Marcus! Merry Christmas! How've you been? Workaholic, I suppose.

BATEMAN

Haven't seen you in a while.

OWEN

Well, just got back from the Knickerbocker Club.

(calling out to Hamilton  
across the room)

Hey, Hamilton - We're going to Nell's. Limo's out front.

Evelyn comes up behind them.

BATEMAN

We should have dinner.

OWEN

Maybe you could bring...

BATEMAN

Cecelia?

OWEN

Yes, Cecelia.

BATEMAN

Oh, Cecelia would... adore it.

OWEN

Well, let's do it, Marcus.

EVELYN  
 (confused)  
 Patrick? Why is he calling you  
 Marcus -

BATEMAN  
 Mistletoe alert!

He grabs Evelyn and kisses her on the mouth, stifling her words. Owen and his friends wander off. Evelyn melts.

EVELYN  
 Oh Patrick, you're so sweet.

**26 INT. TEXARKANA RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

**26**

An insanely expensive nouvelle Tex-Mex restaurant, with an ironic Southwestern decor: Santa Fe colors, Navajo blankets, naive cowboy art, rawhide banquettes.

Bateman bursts in the door, late, and approaches the MAITRE D'.

BATEMAN  
 Marcus Halberstam. For two at eight?

MAITRE D'  
 Your friend has already been seated.  
 Follow me. Mr. Halberstam.

Paul Owen is seated at a table underneath an enormous pair of ram's horns. He is arguing with the WAITER.

OWEN  
 No, I want to know. I came here for the cilantro crawfish gumbo, which is after all the only excuse one could have for being in this restaurant, which is by the way, almost complete empty. Am I to believe that all ten people in this restaurant have eaten your entire supply of cilantro crawfish gumbo?

WAITER  
 I'm very sorry, sir. There was a fire in the kitchen earlier today, and-

BATEMAN  
 J&B, straight. And a Dixie beer.

WAITER

Would you like to hear-

OWEN  
Double Absolut martini.

WAITER  
Yes sir. Would you like to hear the specials?

BATEMAN  
Not if you want to keep your spleen.

The waiter leaves.

OWEN  
This is a real beehive of, uh, activity, Halberstam. This place is hot, very hot.

BATEMAN  
Listen the mud soup and the charcoal arugula are outrageous here.

OWEN  
Yeah', well, you're late.

BATEMAN V/O  
Hey, I'm a child of divorce. Give me a break.  
(studying the menu; he's in a surprisingly good mood)  
Hmmm, I see they've omitted the pork loin with lime jello.

OWEN  
We should've gone to Dorsia. I could've gotten us a table.

BATEMAN  
Nobody goes there anymore.

There is a long disgruntled silence.

BATEMAN  
Is that Ivana Trump over there?  
(laughs)  
Jeez, Patrick, I mean Marcus, what are you thinking? Why would Ivana be at Texarkana?

Another pause.

BATEMAN

So, wasn't Rothschild originally handling the Fisher account? How did you' get it?

OWEN

I could tell you that, Halberstam, but then I'd have to kill you.

He guffaws. Bateman laughs politely.

LATER:

Paul Owen is very drunk. Bateman cold sober.

BATEMAN

I like to dissect girls. Did you know I'm utterly insane?

Owen continues laughing and motions to the waiter for another drink.

OWEN

Great tan, Marcus. Really impressive. Where do you tan?

BATEMAN

Salon.

OWEN

I've got a tanning bed at home. You should look into it.

Bateman nods, agitated.

OWEN

And Cecelia, how is she? Where is she tonight?

BATEMAN

Cecelia is, well... you know Cecelia. I think she's having dinner with... Evelyn Williams.

OWEN

Evelyn. Great ass. Goes out with that loser Patrick Bateman. What a dork.

BATEMAN

Another martini, Paul?

Owen nods drunkenly.

LATER:



The end of the meal. Owen is squeezing a lime onto the table, missing his beer, incredibly drunk. The check is laid down.

BATEMAN  
 (talking to Owen like a  
 child)  
 Paul, give me your Amex card. Good  
 boy

Bateman slaps the card down, looks at the check.

BATEMAN  
 Two hundred and fifty. Very  
 reasonable. Let's leave a big tip,-  
 shall we? My place for a night cap?

OWEN  
 No, man. I'm gonna bail.

BATEMAN  
 Come on, you dumb son of a bitch.  
 (helping him into his  
 jacket)  
 I've got a preview of the Barney's  
 catalogue and a bottle of Absolut  
 waiting for us.

**27 INT. BATEMAN'S APT - NIGHT**

**27**

The living room floor has been meticulously covered with newspaper.

Owen is slumped drunkenly in a white Eames chair, a glass in his hand. Bateman is looking through his CDs.

BATEMAN  
 You like Huey Lewis and the News?

OWEN  
 They're okay.

BATEMAN  
 Their early work was a little too  
 New Wave for my taste. But when  
 Sports came out in 1983, I think  
 they really came into their own,  
 commercially and artistically.

Bateman walks to his bathroom, taking a large ax out of the shower. He takes two Valium.

BATEMAN

(said partially from the  
bathroom)  
The whole album has a clear, crisp  
sound and a new sheen of consummate  
professionalism that gives the songs  
a big boost.

Bateman comes back out and leans the ax against the wall. He  
walks to the foyer and puts on a raincoat, watching Owen from  
behind all the time.

BATEMAN  
He's been compared to Elvis Costello  
but I think Huey has a more bitter,  
cynical sense of humor.

Owen is absentmindedly leafing through the Barney's  
catalogue.

OWEN  
Hey Halberstam?

BATEMAN  
Yes, Owen?

OWEN  
Why are their copies of the Style  
section all over the place? Do you  
have a dog? A chow or something?

BATEMAN  
No, Owen.

OWEN  
(confused)  
Is that a raincoat?

BATEMAN  
Yes it is.

Bateman moves to the CD player. He takes a CD out of its case  
and slides it in the machine.

BATEMAN  
In 1987 Huey released this, Four,  
their most accomplished album. I  
think their undisputed masterpiece  
is 'Hip To Be Square', a song so  
catchy that most people probably  
don't listen to the lyrics. But they  
should because it's not just about  
the pleasures of conformity and the  
importance of trends. It's also a

personal statement about the band  
itself.

Bateman puts on 'Hip to Be Square'.

Bateman crosses the room and picks up the ax.

We follow Bateman from behind as he walks up to Owen, the ax  
raised over his head.

BATEMAN

Hey Paul?

As Owen turns around, from Owen's POV we see Bateman swing  
the ax towards his face.

Blood sprays onto the white raincoat.

From behind Owen, we see Bateman as he yanks the ax out.

Owen drops to the floor. His body falls out of the frame. We  
stay on his legs twitching mechanically.

Blood pulses onto the newspaper covered floor.

BATEMAN

(raising the ax and  
screaming)

Try getting a reservation at Dorsia  
now you fucking stupid bastard!

LOW ANGLE ON BATEMAN as he beats Owen with the back of the  
ax. OFF SCREEN, the sound of the ax hitting Owen.

BATEMAN

(panting)

Fucking bastard...

Bateman takes his raincoat off, still panting. He folds the  
coat carefully in half, bloody side in, and drapes it neatly  
over the back of a chair.

He sits back on the white sofa and surveys the scene. He  
checks his Rolex and lights a cigar.

OFF-SCREEN Paul Owen's last faint sighs are heard.

**28 INT. LOBBY - NIGHT**

**28**

Bateman drags a large, blood-soaked sleeping bag through the  
lobby, past the bored DOORMAN, who looks up from the Post for  
a moment.

**29 EXT. STREET - NIGHT****29**

Bateman is trying to hail a cab. Owen's body is at his feet.

Luis Carruthers and a JAPANESE GIRL walk up to him.

CARRUTHERS

Patrick? Is that you?

BATEMAN

No Luis. It's not me. You're mistaken.

CARRUTHERS

This is Gwendolyn Ichiban. This is my very good friend Patrick Bateman. Where are you going? We're going to Neil's. Gwendolyn's father's buying it.

(looking down at the body)

Where did you get your overnight bag?

BATEMAN

Commes des Garcon.

A cab stops. Bateman opens the door and manages to get Owen's body into the backseat. Bateman gets in the cab.

LUIS

Call me please, Patrick.

BATEMAN

Satan lives, Luis.

**30 INT. BATEMAN'S HELL'S KITCHEN APT - NIGHT****30**

A bare room, lit by one light bulb. The walls are blank except for a Les Miserables poster. There is one ratty chair.

Bateman pours lime over Paul Owen's body, which is lying in a bathtub. He plays Huey Lewis, smokes a cigar, watches the body dissolve.

**31 INT. PAUL OWEN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT****31**

Bateman is letting himself into the apartment. It is very similar to Bateman's, but even more minimalist. The walls are white pigmented concrete with a large minimalist painting on the wall. One wall is covered in a trendy large scale scientific drawing above a long black leather couch.

BATEMAN

Where to send the bastard? Dallas?  
Paris?

He throws some clothes into a suitcase, randomly grabbing toiletries and shoving them in.

BATEMAN

Singapore? London. I'll send the  
asshole to London.

He puts some MUSIC on to help muffle his voice, then leans over the answering machine. He does a passable imitation of Owen's speech.

BATEMAN

Hi, this is Paul. I've been called  
away to London for a few days.  
Meredith, I'll call you when I get  
back. Hasta La Vista, Baby.

**32 INT. BATEMAN'S OFFICE - MORNING**

**32**

Bateman is sitting at his desk, with the latest copy of.

Sports Illustrated in front of him and his Walkman playing Kenny G. We hear the music until Jean enters and he takes, the Walkman off.

BATEMAN

(faintly irritable)  
What is it?

JEAN

Patrick?

BATEMAN

(condescendingly)  
Ye-es Je-an?

JEAN

Patrick, a Mr. Donald Kimball is  
here to see you.

BATEMAN

Who?

JEAN

Detective Donald Kimball?.

Silence. Bateman stares out the window, then down at the drawing of a headless woman he's been doodling on the back cover of Sports Illustrated.

BATEMAN  
Tell him I'm at lunch.

JEAN  
(whispering)  
Patrick, I think he knows you're  
here. It's only ten-thirty.

Silence.

BATEMAN  
Send him in, I guess.

As she exits, he picks up the cordless phone and pretends to talk to someone at the other end.

BATEMAN  
Now John, you've got to wear clothes  
in proportion to your physique.  
There are definite do's and don'ts,  
good buddy, of wearing a bold-  
striped shirt. A bold striped shirt  
calls for solid colored or  
discreetly patterned suits and  
ties...

The door to the office opens and he waves in DETECTIVE DONALD KIMBALL. Kimball is surprisingly young — about Bateman's age — and good looking, dressed in a crumpled linen Armani suit of the type Bateman and his friends might wear.

Kimball sits down and crosses his legs with a self-assurance that makes Bateman so nervous he forgets to carry on with his fake conversation. Kimball looks up at him curiously, noticing the silence.

BATEMAN  
(realizing that KIMBALL is  
staring at him)  
Right. And yes...always tip the  
stylist fifteen percent.

Bateman shrugs at the detective, rolling his eyes in exasperation. Kimball nods understandingly.

BATEMAN  
Listen John, I've got to go. T.  
Boone Pickens just walked in...  
(he laughs inanely)  
Just joking...  
(pause)  
No don't tip the owner of the salon.  
Okay John, right, got it.

(he hangs up the phone and  
pushes the antenna in)  
Sorry about that.

KIMBALL  
No, I'm sorry. I should've made an  
appointment.  
(gesturing toward the  
phone)  
Was that anything important?

BATEMAN  
Oh that? Just mulling over business  
problems. Examining  
opportunities...Exchanging  
rumors...Spreading gossip.

They laugh politely.

KIMBALL  
(holding out his hand)  
Hi. I'm Donald Kimball.

BATEMAN  
(shaking it firmly)  
Hi. Pat Bateman. Nice to meet you.

KIMBALL  
I'm sorry to barge in on you like  
this, but I was supposed to talk to  
Luis Carruthers and he wasn't in  
and...well, you're here, so... I  
know how busy you guys can get.

Kimball stares at the three open copies of Sports Illustrated  
and the Sony Walkman lying on Bateman's desk. Bateman sees  
the look and sweeps the magazines into the top drawer along  
with the Walkman, which is still running.

BATEMAN  
(forcing himself to sound  
friendly and relaxed)  
So, what's the topic of discussion?

KIMBALL  
I've been hired by Meredith Powell  
to investigate the disappearance of  
Paul Owen.

BATEMAN  
You're not with the FBI or anything,  
are I you?

KIMBALL

Nothing like that. I'm just a private investigator.

BATEMAN  
Ah, I. see...Yes. Paul's disappearance....Yes.

KIMBALL  
So it's nothing that official. I just have some basic questions. About Paul Owen. About yourself -

BATEMAN  
Coffee?

KIMBALL  
No, I'm okay.

BATEMAN  
Perrier? San Pellegrino?

KIMBALL  
No, I'm okay.

Kimball takes out a small black notepad and the same gold Cross pen that Bateman and his friends all use. Bateman buzzes Jean.

JEAN (O/C)  
Patrick?

BATEMAN  
Can you bring Mr....

KIMBALL  
Kimball.

BATEMAN  
Mr.Kimball a bottle of San Pelle-

KIMBALL  
Oh no, I'm okay.

BATEMAN  
It's no problem.

Bateman watches intently as Kimball writes something down in his notebook, then crosses something out.

Jean enters and places the bottle of San Pellegrino and a Steuben etched glass on the table, shooting a concerned glance at Bateman. He glares at her. Kimball smiles and nods at Jean as she leaves.



BATEMAN

Well, what's the topic of discussion?

KIMBALL

The disappearance of Paul Owen.

BATEMAN

Oh right. Well, I haven't heard anything about the disappearance or anything—

(trying to laugh)

Not on Page Six at least.

KIMBALL

I think his family want this kept quiet.

BATEMAN

Understandable.

(staring at the untouched bottle of San Pellegrino)

Lime?

KIMBALL

No, really. I'm okay.

BATEMAN

You sure? I can always get you a lime.

A pause.

KIMBALL

Just some preliminary questions that I need for my own files, okay?

BATEMAN

Shoot.

KIMBALL

How old are you?

BATEMAN

Twenty seven. I'll be twenty eight in October.

KIMBALL

(scribbling in his notebook)

Where did you go to school?

BATEMAN

Harvard. The Harvard Business School.

KIMBALL  
Your address?

BATEMAN  
Fifty-five West Eighty-First Street.  
The American Gardens Building.

KIMBALL  
(looking up, impressed)  
Nice. Very nice.

BATEMAN  
(flattered)  
Thanks.

A pause as Kimball studies' his notebook. Bateman closes his eyes shut, as if in pain.

KIMBALL  
Pardon me, but are you okay?

BATEMAN  
Why do you ask?

KIMBALL.  
You seem...nervous.

Bateman reaches into his desk drawer and brings out a bottle of aspirin.

BATEMAN  
Nuprin?

KIMBALL  
Uh...no, thanks.

Kimball takes out a pack of Marlborough and lays it on the desk.

BATEMAN  
Bad habit.

KIMBALL  
I know. I'm sorry.

A pause, as Bateman stares at the cigarettes.

KIMBALL  
Would you rather I not smoke?

BATEMAN

No, I guess it's okay.

KIMBALL  
You sure?

BATEMAN  
No problem.  
(buzzing Jean)

JEAN (O/C)  
Yes, Patrick?

BATEMAN  
Bring us an ashtray for Mr. Kimball,  
please.

She whisks in with a crystal ashtray as they sit in silence.

KIMBALL  
What can you tell me about Paul  
Owen?

BATEMAN  
Well...

He coughs, shakes two Nuprin into his hand and swallows them

KIMBALL  
How well did you know him?

BATEMAN  
I'm... at a loss. He was part of  
that whole...Yale thing, you know.

KIMBALL  
Yale thing?

A pause.

BATEMAN  
Yeah...Yale thing.

KIMBALL  
What do you mean ... Yale thing?

A pause.

BATEMAN  
Well, I think for one that he was  
probably a closet homosexual. Who  
did a lot of cocaine... That Yale  
thing.

A silence during which the sound of the air conditioner becomes deafening.

KIMBALL

So...there's nothing you can tell me about Paul Owen?

BATEMAN

He led what I suppose was an orderly life. He ... ate a balanced diet.

KIMBALL

What kind of man was he? Besides ...  
(he hesitates, tries to smile)  
the information you've just given.

BATEMAN

I hope I'm not being cross-examined here.

KIMBALL

Do you feel that way?

BATEMAN

No. Not really.

KIMBALL

(as he writes, without looking up)  
Where did Paul hang out?

BATEMAN

Hang...out?

KIMBALL

Yeah. You know ... hang out.

BATEMAN

Let me think. The Newport. Harry's. Fluties. Indochine. Nell's. Cornell Club. The New York Yacht Club. The regular places.

KIMBALL

He had a yacht?

BATEMAN

No, he just hung out there.

KIMBALL

And where did he go to school?

A slight pause.

BATEMAN  
Don't you know this?

KIMBALL  
I just wanted to know if you know.

BATEMAN  
Before Yale? If I remember  
correctly, Saint Paul's....Listen, I  
just .... I just want to help.

KIMBALL  
I understand.

He makes another note.

KIMBALL  
Anything else you can tell me about  
Owen?

BATEMAN  
We were both seven in 1969.

KIMBALL  
(smiles)  
So was I.

BATEMAN  
Do you have any witnesses or f  
ingerprints?

KIMBALL  
Well, there's a message on his  
answering machine saying he went to  
London.

BATEMAN  
Well, maybe he did, huh?

KIMBALL  
His girlfriend doesn't think so.

BATEMAN  
But ... has anyone seen him in  
London?

KIMBALL  
Actually, yes.

BATEMAN  
Hmm.

KIMBALL

Well, I've had a hard time getting an actual verification. A Stephen Hughes says he saw him at a restaurant there, but I checked it out and what happened is, he mistook a Hubert Ainsworth for Paul, so...

BATEMAN

Oh.

KIMBALL

Was he involved at all, do you think, in occultism or Satan worship?

BATEMAN

What?

KIMBALL

I know it sounds like a lame question, but in New Jersey last month -- I don't know if you've heard about this, but a young stockbroker was recently arrested and charged with murdering a young Chicano girl and performing voodoo rituals with various body parts--

BATEMAN

Yikes! No. Paul wasn't into that. He followed a balanced diet and--

KIMBALL

Yeah, I know, and was into that whole Yale thing.

A pause - the longest so far.

BATEMAN

Have you consulted a psychic?

KIMBALL

No.

BATEMAN

Had his apartment been burglarized?

KIMBALL

No, it actually hadn't. Toiletries were missing. A suit was gone. So was some luggage. That's it.

BATEMAN

I mean no-one's dealing with the homicide squad yet or anything, right?

KIMBALL  
No, not yet. As I said, we're not sure. But... basically no one has seen or heard anything.

BATEMAN  
That's so typical, isn't it?

KIMBALL  
It's just strange.  
(he stares out the window,  
lost in thought.)  
One day someone's walking around,  
going to work, alive, and then...

BATEMAN  
Nothing.

KIMBALL  
People just... disappear.

BATEMAN  
The earth just opens up and swallows people.  
(he checks his Rolex.)

KIMBALL  
Eerie. Really eerie.

Silence.

BATEMAN  
(standing up)  
You'll have to excuse me. I have a lunch meeting with Cliff Huxtable at Four Seasons in twenty minutes.

KIMBALL  
Isn't the Four Seasons a little far uptown? I mean aren't you going to be late?

BATEMAN  
Uh, no. There's one... down here.

KIMBALL  
Oh really? I didn't know that.

Bateman leads him to the door.

BATEMAN  
Yes. It's very good.

Kimball turns to face him.

KIMBALL  
Listen, if anything occurs, to you,  
any information at all...

BATEMAN  
Absolutely, I'm 100% with you.

KIMBALL  
Great, and thanks for your uh, time,  
Mr. Bateman.

Bateman closes the door firmly on Kimball. He closes his eyes  
and leans against the door, sweating.

**33 INT. COURTNEY'S APT - NIGHT**

**33**

Bateman is lying on top of Courtney in her bed, after sex.

Still panting he rolls off her, onto his back. He feels  
something lumpy underneath him and pulls out a stuffed toy, a  
black cat with blue jewel eyes. There is silence.

COURTNEY  
Will you call me before  
Thanksgiving?

BATEMAN  
Maybe.

Courtney sighs and reaches for a bottle of pills on her  
nightstand, swallowing several. Bateman gets up and begins to  
dress, admiring himself in the mirror. Courtney watches the  
TV at low volume.

COURTNEY  
What are you doing tonight?

BATEMAN  
Dinner at the River Cafe. Au Bar  
afterwards, maybe.

COURTNEY  
That's nice.

BATEMAN  
You and ...Luis?

COURTNEY



(lighting a cigarette)  
 We were supposed to have dinner at  
 Tad and Maura's, but - you know how  
 Luis is...

BATEMAN,  
 I never knew you Smoked.

COURTNEY  
 (smiling sadly)  
 You never noticed.

Bateman is making final adjustments to his tie.

COURTNEY'  
 Listen...Patrick. Can we talk?

BATEMAN  
 You look marvelous.. There's nothing  
 to say. You're going to marry Luis.  
 Next week, no less.

COURTNEY  
 (sarcastically)  
 Isn't that special?  
 (a pause)  
 Patrick?

BATEMAN  
 Yes, Courtney?

COURTNEY  
 If I don't see you before  
 Thanksgiving, have a nice one, okay?

BATEMAN  
 (flatly)  
 You too.

Courtney picks up the black cat and starts petting its head.  
 Bateman heads down the hallway to the front door.

COURTNEY  
 Patrick?

BATEMAN  
 Yes?

COURTNEY  
 Nothing.

We follow Bateman as he moves in a kind of trance past aisles arid aisles of videos, under the lurid glare of the store's flourescent lights.

BATEMAN V/O

I'm wandering around Video Visions  
drinking a Diet Pepsi and listening  
to the new Christopher Cross tape on  
my Sony Walkman.

He stops by 'Comedy' and picks up a Woody Allen movie, then moves on to 'Horror'.

BATEMAN V/O

Suddenly I'm seized by a minor  
anxiety attack. There are too many  
fucking movies to choose from.

He surreptitiously pops several pills into his mouth.

CUT 'TO

Bateman waiting at the counter, impatient because he's not first in line. He is holding three films, one of which is Body Double. When he approaches the counter, the CASHIER rolls her eyes and gives a knowing glance to one of her co workers. There is a silence as she rings up the tapes.

BATEMAN

I like the part where the woman gets  
drilled by the ... power driller in  
the movie ...the best.

(he starts shaking and  
getting very out of  
breath.)

And the blood starts pouring from  
the ceiling.

CASHIER

Sign here. Uh... you've rented this  
movie... this'll be 37 times.

BATEMAN signs and snatches the tape off the counter and walks away.

### 35 INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

35

A big 80's nightclub with a mixed crowd: hip hop kids, visitors from Jersey, downtown art people, yuppies.

Bateman makes his way through the crowd to the bar, and tries to attract the bartender's attention. He is wearing a suit and his tie is loosened. Kimball approaches him.

KIMBALL  
Mr. Bateman?

Bateman gasps and recovers.

BATEMAN  
Detective Kendall...uh Campbell?

KIMBALL  
Kimball.  
(extending his hand)  
Call me Don.

BATEMAN  
Don.

KIMBALL  
So... you hang out here a lot?

BATEMAN  
Uh, yes... I mean... whenever  
necessary. You know.

Pause.

BATEMAN  
How's the investigation going? Taken  
anyone in for "formal questioning"?  
(he makes quotation marks  
in the air and laughs a  
not-so-relaxed laugh)

KIMBALL  
Oh no. Informal conversations,  
mostly. What's that, Stoli?

BATEMAN  
Yeah. No Finlandia, as usual.  
Fucking dump.

KIMBALL  
(looking at his glass.)  
Too true. You know, Bateman — people  
tend to reveal so much more about  
themselves when they're in a relaxed  
setting, don't you think?

Bateman is nodding nervously, idiotically.

KIMBALL  
Some people just can't help  
themselves. Another Stoli?

Bateman shakes his head.

KIMBALL

I mean they want to get caught.

BATEMAN

Dan, great to see you again. Like I said, you need anything at all, I'm your man. I don't envy your job. I mean Owen was a... complex man.

Bateman wanders away.

He looks back uneasily at Kimball who is watching him from the bar. A GUY WITH DREADLOCKS walks by.

BATEMAN

(holding up his hand to  
high five)

Rasta Man!

The man stares at him.

BATEMAN

I mean - Mon. We be jammin' ...

The man walks by, shaking his head.

Bateman wanders into the next room, which is filled, with, a more familiar crowd: young men in designer suits, girls in black designer dresses. Across the room he spots McDermott, and Price sitting with three models, all wearing black mini dresses. Price and McDermott are having a whispered argument.

PRICE

I have to talk to these girls?  
They're models..

MCDERMOTT

Someone has to get the Bolivian  
marching powder. You went last time.  
Stay here.

McDermott waves gaily to the girls and disappears.

Bateman looks at the models. DAISY and CARON are staring into space, smoking. LIBBY is trying to work out how to unfold her napkin. Price signals to Bateman for help.

PRICE

(clapping his hands  
together)

Lets have a conversation. So... it  
was hot out today, no?

Silence.

LIBBY

Where did Craig go?

PRICE

Well Gorbachev is downstairs.  
McDermott is' going to sign a peace  
treaty with him between the United  
States and Russia. McDermott's the  
one behind Glasnost, you know.

LIBBY

Well... yeah. But he told me he was  
in mergers and acquisitions.

PRICE

You're not confused, are you?

LIBBY

No, not really.

CARON

Gorbachev's not downstairs.

DAISY

(smiling)

Are you lying?

PRICE

Yes, Caron's right. Gorbachev's not  
downstairs. He's at Tunnel.

BATEMAN

(to Daisy)

Ask me a question.

DAISY

So, what do you do?

BATEMAN

What do you think I do?

DAISY

A model? An Actor?

BATEMAN

No. Flattering, but no.

DAISY

Well...

BATEMAN

I'm into, well, murders and  
executions mostly.

DAISY.  
 (unfazed)  
 Do you like it?

BATEMAN  
 Well... it depends, why?

DAISY  
 Well most guys I know who work in  
 mergers and acquisitions don't  
 really like it.

Silence.

BATEMAN  
 So, where do you work out?

MUCH LATER IN THE EVENING:

The club is half-empty now. Price is leaning over a balcony,  
 messed up on drugs. Bateman comes up behind him in a menacing  
 way that suggests he might push him over the railing. Price  
 turns around, wild-eyed, just as Bateman is reaching for him.

PRICE  
 (shouting)  
 I'm leaving. I'm getting out.

BATEMAN  
 Leaving what?

PRICE  
 This.

Bateman is confused, he thinks Price is referring to his  
 drink.

BATEMAN  
 Don't, I'll drink it.

PRICE  
 (screaming)  
 Listen to me, Patrick. I'm leaving.

BATEMAN  
 Where to? Are you going to go get a  
 gram?

PRICE  
 I'm leaving! I...am...leaving!

BATEMAN  
 Don't tell me... merchant banking?

PRICE

No you dumb son of a bitch. I'm serious. I'm disappearing.

BATEMAN

(laughing)

Where to? Morgan Stanley? Rehab?  
What?

Price looks away.

McDermott and Daisy walk up to them.

MCDERMOTT

Hey - don't worry, be happy.

Price lifts his arms up as if greeting the crowd and is shouting something that can't be heard, then:

PRICE

Goodbye! Fuckheads!

He climbs over the railing.

DAISY

What is he doing?

BATEMAN

Price! Come back!

Price leaps from the balcony. He disappears for a moment then resurfaces and runs off into the crowd.

**36 EXT. CLUB - NIGHT**

**36**

Bateman and Daisy are waiting for a cab.

DAISY

My ex-boyfriend, Fiddler, who was in there, he plays in this band that just opened for U2 - he couldn't understand what I was doing with a yuppie.

BATEMAN

Oh really?

DAISY

He said...

(she laughs)

He said you gave him bad vibes.

BATEMAN

That's... that's too bad.

DAISY  
You think I'm dumb, don't you?

BATEMAN  
What?

DAISY  
You think I'm dumb. You think all models are dumb.

BATEMAN  
(insincerely)  
No. I really don't.

DAISY  
That's OK. I don't mind. There's something sweet about you.

She takes his hand as they get into a cab

**37 INT. DAISY'S HALLWAY - LATER THAT NIGHT**

**37**

BATEMAN leaves Daisy's apartment carrying a suitcase. He pauses in the hallway and tucks some long blonde hair back inside the case.

**38 INT. BATEMAN'S OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON**

**38**

BATEMAN leaves Daisy's apartment carrying a suitcase. He pauses in the hallway and tucks some long blonde hair back inside the case.

Jean knocks gently on the half-open door and walks in with a folder in her hand. Bateman ignores her.

JEAN  
Doin' the crossword?

Bateman nods without looking up.

JEAN  
Need help?

Bateman doesn't respond. We see that every space on the puzzle has been filled in with the words MEAT or BONE. Jean drops the folder on his desk and then walks out.

BATEMAN  
Jean?



JEAN  
(re-enters office)  
Yes, Patrick?

BATEMAN  
Would you like to accompany me to  
dinner.

He erases one of the M's on the crossword puzzle.

BATEMAN  
That is... if you're not doing  
anything.

JEAN  
Oh no. I have no plans.

BATEMAN  
(lowering his Wayfarers)  
Well, isn't this a coincidence.

A pause.

BATEMAN  
Listen, where should we go?

He leans back and pulls a Zagat's from the desk drawer.

JEAN  
Anywhere you want?

BATEMAN  
Let's not think about what I want.  
How about anywhere you want.

JEAN  
Oh Patrick, I can't make this  
decision.

BATEMAN  
No, come on. Anywhere you want.

JEAN  
Oh, I can't,  
(sighs)  
I don't know.

BATEMAN  
Come on. Where do you want to go?  
Anywhere you want. Just say it. I  
can get us in anywhere.

A long pause.

JEAN

What about... Dorsia?

Bateman stops looking through the Zagat guide and smiles at her.

BATEMAN

Soooo... Dorsia is where Jean wants to go....

JEAN

Oh, I don't know. No, we'll go anywhere you want.

BATEMAN

Dorsia is... fine.

He dials the number.

DORSIA MAITRE D'

Dorsia, yes?

BATEMAN

Yes, can you take two tonight, oh, let's say, at nine o'clock?

He checks his Rolex and winks at Jean.

MAITRE D'

We are totally booked.

BATEMAN

Oh really? That's great.

MAITRE D'

I said we are totally booked.

BATEMAN

Two at nine? Perfect.

MAITRE D'

There are no tables available tonight. The waiting list is also totally booked.

BATEMAN

See you then.

He hangs up the phone. He walks over to the coat rack. He glances over at Jean who is still standing in front of the desk, confused.

BATEMAN

Yes? You're dressed...okay.

JEAN  
You didn't give them a name.

BATEMAN  
They know me.

Pause.

BATEMAN  
Why don't you meet me at my house at  
7:00 for drinks, OK?

She turns to leave.

BATEMAN  
And Jean? You'll want to change  
before we go out.

**39 INT. BATEMAN'S APARTMENT - EARLY EVENING**

**39**

Jean stands by the floor to ceiling, windows, looking out.

JEAN  
Patrick it's so...elegant. What a  
wonderful view.

Bateman opens up the freezer where Daisy's head is clearly  
visible.

BATEMAN  
Jean? Sorbet?

JEAN  
Thanks, Patrick. I'd love some.

Bateman walks in with a bottle of wine and a corkscrew in his  
hand and hands her the sorbet.

Jean is eating the sorbet.

JEAN  
Want a bite?

BATEMAN  
I'm on a diet. But thank you.

JEAN  
You. don't need to lose any weight.  
You're kidding, right? You look  
great. Very fit.

BATEMAN

(weighing corkscrew,  
examining the point for  
sharpness)  
You can always be thinner. Look...  
better.

JEAN  
Well, maybe we shouldn't go out to  
dinner. I don't want to ruin your  
,willpower.

BATEMAN  
No. It's all right. I'm not very  
good at controlling it anyway.

Silence, as Bateman walks around his apartment, opens up his  
knife drawer, looking at the knives.

BATEMAN  
So listen, what do you really want  
to do with your life?

Pause.

BATEMAN  
And don't tell me you enjoy working  
with children, okay?

JEAN  
Well, I'd like to travel. And maybe  
go back to school, but I really  
don't know... I'm at a point in my  
life where there seems to be a lot  
of possibilities, but I'm so... I  
don't know... unsure.

Bateman is touching' a knife in the drawer, feeling the edge  
of the blade.

BATEMAN  
Do you have a boyfriend?

JEAN  
No, not really.

BATEMAN  
Interesting.

JEAN  
(shyly)  
Are you seeing anyone? I mean,  
seriously?

BATEMAN

Maybe. I don't know. Not really.

Bateman opens up a cupboard where there are a lot of very neatly ordered weapons - an ax, a rifle, a chain saw, duct tape, twine and a nail gun.

BATEMAN

Jean, do you feel... fulfilled? I mean, in your life?

JEAN

Well, I guess I do. For a long time I was too focused on my work, I think, but now I've really begun to think about changing myself, you know, developing, and...growing.

BATEMAN

Growing. I'm glad you said that.

Bateman picks up the duct tape.

BATEMAN

Did you know that Ted Bundy's first dog, a collie, was named Lassie? Had you heard this?

JEAN

Who's Ted Bundy?

BATEMAN

Forget it.

JEAN

What's that?

BATEMAN

Oh. Uh, tape. Duct tape. I...need it for...taping something.

Bateman goes back to the cupboard for the nail gun.

JEAN

Patrick, have you ever wanted to make someone happy?

Jean puts her spoon down on the table.

BATEMAN

(looking up from loading nails into the gun)  
What... No! Put it in the carton.

JEAN

Sorry.

(she puts the spoon in the carton)

BATEMAN

Jean? What?

JEAN

Make someone happy - have you ever wanted to?

From behind we follow Bateman as he walks across the room and stands behind the couch.

BATEMAN

I'm looking for... I guess you could say I just want to have a meaningful relationship with someone special.

JEAN

Hmmmm...

He points the nail gun at the back of Jean's head.

The phone rings. Startled, Bateman hides the nail gun behind his back. The answering machine picks up. As Bateman listens he discreetly places the nail gun behind the couch. He sits down opposite Jean, enjoying her discomfort as She listens to the message.

EVELYN

Patrick. I know you're there. Pick up the phone you bad boy. What are you up to tonight? It's me. Don't try to hide. I hope you're not out with some little number you picked up because you're my Mr. Bateman. My boy next door. Anyway you never called me and you said you would and I'll leave a message for Jean about this too to remind you but we're

EVELYN

having dinner with Melania and Taylor - you know Melania, she went to Sweet Briar, and Taylor, he went to Cornell - and we're meeting at the Cornell Club, so I'll call you tomorrow morning probably - bye honey - ooops! you hate that. By Mr.Big Time CEO Patrick. Bye. Bye.

Silence. Jean is obviously embarrassed and upset.

JEAN

Was that ... Evelyn?

Silence.

JEAN

Are you still seeing her?

Silence

JEAN

I'm sorry, I have no right to ask that.

Silence.

JEAN

Do you want me to go?

A long pause.

BATEMAN

Yes. I don't think I can ... control myself.

JEAN

I know I should go. I know I have a tendency to get involved with unavailable men, and... I mean, do you want me to go?

Another long pause.

BATEMAN

If you stay, I think something bad will happen. I think I might hurt you.

(almost hopefully)

You don't want to get hurt, do you?

JEAN

No. No, I guess not. I don't want to get bruised. You're right, I should go.

She gets up to leave.

JEAN

And don't forget you have a breakfast meeting with Frederick Bennet and Charles Rust at '21.

BATEMAN

Thanks. It slipped my mind completely.

He sinks back on the sofa and shuts his eyes.

**40 INT. BATEMAN'S OFFICE - DAY**

**40**

Bateman enters P&P, walks up the corridor and pauses outside the door to his office. He sees Kimball in conversation with Jean, and Jean looking through her date book. He watches for a moment, frozen with anxiety. He then bursts in, shutting the door behind him.

BATEMAN

Kimball - I've been wanting to talk with you! Come into my office. Jean, great jacket. Matsuda?

Jean looks flustered.

Kimball follows Bateman into his office.

KIMBALL

I actually came to see Timothy Price, but he's taken a leave, of absence.

BATEMAN

Yeah, gone into rehab. Shame, (hopefully)  
Is he a suspect?

KIMBALL

Not really.

A pause.

KIMBALL

Do you remember where you were on the night of Paul's disappearance?  
(he checks his notebook)  
Which was on the twentieth of December?

BATEMAN

God... I guess... I was probably returning videotapes.

He opens his desk drawer and pretends to search through his diary.

BATEMAN



I had a date with a girl named  
Veronica.

KIMBALL  
Wait. That's not what I've got.

BATEMAN  
What?

KIMBALL  
That's not the information I've  
received.

BATEMAN  
Well...I...Wait...What information  
have you received?

KIMBALL  
Lets see...  
(he flips through his  
notebook)  
That you were with-

BATEMAN  
Well, I could be wrong.

KIMBALL  
Well ....When was the last time you  
were with Paul Owen?

BATEMAN  
(clearly nervous and under  
pressure)  
We had .... gone to a new musical  
called ... 'Oh Africa, Brave  
Africa'. It was ... a laugh riot...  
and that's about it. I think we had  
dinner at Orso's. No Petaluma. No,  
Orso's. The .... last time I  
physically saw him was .... at an  
automated teller. I can't remember  
which ...just one that was near,  
urn, Nell's.

Kimball is clearly giving up on Bateman for now. He opens his  
briefcase, to put away his notebook.

KIMBALL  
Well, thank you, Mr. Bateman.

BATEMAN  
Patrick, please. I hope I've been  
informative. Long day - a bit  
scattered.

KIMBALL

Listen, I'm a little spent for now  
but how about lunch in a week or so  
when I've sorted out all this  
information?

BATEMAN

Great, yes, I'd like that.

KIMBALL

And if you could try and pin down  
where you were the night of Owen's  
disappearance, it would make my job  
a lot easier.

BATEMAN

Absolutely. I'm with you on that  
one.

Kimball is rifling through his brief case. He pulls out a new  
shrink-wrapped CD and holds it up.

KIMBALL

Huey Lewis and the News. Great  
stuff. Heard it? I just bought it on  
my way here.

Bateman stares at the CD - stunned, terrified.

BATEMAN

Never. I mean... I don't really  
like... singers.

KIMBALL

Not a big music fan, eh?

BATEMAN

No, I like music. Just - they're -  
Huey's too... black sounding. For  
me.

KIMBALL

Well, to each his own. So - lunch,  
Thursday? I'll call your secretary  
about reservations.

BATEMAN

I'll be there.

**41 EXT. MEAT PACKING DISTRICT/INT/ LIMOUSINE - NIGHT**

**41**

The same street corner where Bateman found Christie before.  
The limo is kept idling as he talks to her through a half

opened window.

CHRISTIE

I'm not so sure about this. I had to go to Emergency after last time...

BATEMAN

Oh this won't be anything like last time, I promise.

CHRISTY

I don't think so.

He hands her five hundred dollars.

BATEMAN

Just come in the limo and talk to me for a minute. The driver's here, you'll be safe.

Christie gets in hesitantly.

BATEMAN

Nothing like last time, promise.

CHRISTIE

Alright.

He pours her a shot of vodka and makes her drink it.

BATEMAN

(chatting as if they were  
at a cocktail party)  
So, you're looking great, how have you been?

CHRISTIE

(a little confused)  
Well, I actually might need a little surgery after last time.

BATEMAN

(mock shock)  
Really?

CHRISTIE

My friend told me I should maybe even get a lawyer.

BATEMAN

Oh, lawyers are so complicated - don't do that. Here.

He writes her a check for \$1,000 to cash and hands it to her.

She snatches the check out of his hand and gets quickly out of the limo, walking hurriedly down the street.

BATEMAN

Bitch.

He follows alongside her slowly in the limo, waving a huge wad of cash at her. She hesitates; he uses the money to lure her into the car. As she reluctantly gets into the limo, she reaches for the money.

He snatches it away.

BATEMAN

Uh uh uh. Half now, half later.

She takes the money and puts it inside her shirt.

BATEMAN

Okay, your name is Christie. We're meeting a friend of mine, Elizabeth. She'll be joining us in my new apartment shortly. You'll like her. She's a very nice girl. Don't say anything about yourself. Is that clear, Christie?

Christie nods.

**42 INT. PAUL OWEN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

**42**

The living room: ELIZABETH has kicked off her shoes and flopped down on the couch underneath the Baselitz. Elizabeth is an attractive, dark-haired society girl who models occasionally. Christie is sitting on the couch opposite her, pretending to examine a CD.

ELIZABETH

You look really familiar? Did you go to Dalton?

Christie.shakes her head.

The kitchen: Bateman is grinding up tabs of Ecstasy and putting them in a bottle of wine.

In the living room Elizabeth is still staring at Christie as if she comes from Mars.

ELIZABETH

I think I met you at Au Bar, didn't I? With Spicey?

Christie looks blank.

ELIZABETH

Well, maybe not with Spicey but it was definitely at Au Bar.

Christie still blank.

ELIZABETH

You know, Au Bar?

Christie shakes her head.

ELIZABETH

Anyway, Au Bar sucks now, it's terrible. I went to a birthday party there for Malcolm Forbes. Oh my God, please.

Bateman enters carrying the bottle of wine and two glasses.

Christie, who seems frightened, sips her wine and stares at the floor. There is an awkward silence.

CHRISTIE

This is nicer than your other apartment.

BATEMAN

(offended that she prefers Owen's apartment)  
It's not that nice.

Silence.

CHRISTIE

Where did you two meet?

ELIZABETH

Oh God! I met him at, oh God, the Kentucky Derby in '86 - no, '87, and...

(turning to Patrick)

You were hanging out with that bimbo Allison Poole.

(sarcastically)

Hot number.

BATEMAN

What do you mean, she was a hot number.

ELIZABETH

If you had an American Express card  
she'd give you a blow job.

(to Christie)

Listen, this girl worked in a  
tanning salon, need I say more?....  
What do you do?

A long silence. Christie reddens and stares at the floor.

BATEMAN

She's my... cousin.

ELIZABETH

(skeptically)

Uh huh?

BATEMAN

She's from ... France.

A pause. Elizabeth looks at Bateman dubiously.

ELIZABETH

Where's your phone? I've got to call  
Harley.

Bateman hands her a cordless phone. She dials, and stares at  
Christie while she waits for someone to answer.

ELIZABETH

Where do you summer? Southampton?

Christie looks at Bateman and then back at Elizabeth.

CHRISTIE

No.

ELIZABETH

(listening to the  
receiver)

Oh god, it's his machine.

BATEMAN

Elizabeth, it's three in the  
morning.

ELIZABETH

He's a goddamn drug dealer! These  
are his peak hours.

BATEMAN

Don't tell him you're here.

ELIZABETH

Why would I?

Bateman has poured her another glass of wine. She downs the whole glass, making a face.

ELIZABETH  
This tastes weird.  
(She examines the label  
and shrugs.)  
Harley? It's me. I need your  
services. Translate that anyway  
you'd like. I'm at -

BATEMAN  
(whispering)  
You're at Paul Owen's.

ELIZABETH  
Who?

BATEMAN  
(whispering)  
Paul Owen.

ELIZABETH  
I want the number, idiot.  
(She waves him away and  
continues into the  
receiver)  
Anyway, I'm at Paul Norman's and  
I'll try you later and if I don't  
see you at Canal Bar tomorrow night  
I'm going to sick my hairdresser on  
you.

She hangs up.

ELIZABETH  
Did you know that guy who  
disappeared? Didn't he work-at  
Pierce & Pierce too? Was he a friend  
of yours?

BATEMAN  
No.

ELIZABETH  
Do you have any coke? Or Halcyon?  
I'd take a Halcyon.

Bateman sits next to Elizabeth on the couch and pours her another glass of the drugged wine.

BATEMAN  
Listen, I would just like to see...  
the two of you... get it on. What's

wrong with that? It's totally  
disease-free.

ELIZABETH  
(laughing)  
Patrick, you're a lunatic.

BATEMAN  
Come on. Don't you find Christie  
attractive?

ELIZABETH  
Let's not get lewd.  
(flirty)  
I'm in no mood to have a lewd  
conversation.

BATEMAN  
Come on. I think it would be a turn-  
on.

ELIZABETH  
(to Christie)  
Does he do this all the time?

Christie shrugs.

BATEMAN  
Christie, you're not drinking your  
wine.

Christie looks at her wine and gingerly takes a sip.

BATEMAN  
(to Elizabeth)  
Are you telling me you've never  
gotten it on with a girl?

ELIZABETH  
No!-- I'm not a lesbian. Why do you  
think I'd be into that?

BATEMAN  
Well, you went to Sarah Lawrence for  
one thing.

ELIZABETH  
Those are Sarah Lawrence guys,  
Patrick. You're making me feel  
weird.

LATER:



Elizabeth is. now writhing around on the couch and making out with Christie.

Bateman holds up a Whitney Houston CD, showing them the picture of Whitney on the cover.

BATEMAN

Did you know that Whitney Houston's debut LP called simply Whitney Houston had four number one singles on it? Did you know that, Christie? Whitney's voice leaps across so many boundaries and is so versatile - though she's mainly a jazz singer - that it's hard to take in the album on a first listening.

ELIZABETH

You actually listen to Whitney Houston? You actually have a Whitney Houston CD? More than one?

She giggles, rolling off the sofa onto the floor.

BATEMAN

(ignoring her)

It's hard to choose a favorite track among so many great ones, but 'The Greatest Love of All' is one of the best, most powerful songs ever written about self-preservation and dignity. It's universal message crosses all boundaries, and instills one with the hope that it's not too late to better ourselves, to act kinder. Since, Elizabeth, it's impossible in the world we live in to empathize with others, we can always empathize with ourselves.

As he speaks, he opens the case and carefully places the CD in the player, admiring its pristine silver surface, and watches it slide into the machine.

BATEMAN

It's an important message, crucial, really, and it's beautifully stated on the album.

43 INT. BEDROOM - LATER

43

AN OUT OF FOCUS HOME VIDEO SHOT OF Elizabeth, Christie and Bateman in the throes of sex, in the master bedroom.

CUT BACK TO WIDE SHOT of the bedroom, partially blocked by the video camera in the foreground. Their bodies are an incoherent tangle of arms and legs. The only sounds are moans, heavy breathing and the slapping of flesh against flesh.

CLOSE ON Christie's head and shoulders. Her eyes, are shut as she grimly concentrates on giving a good professional performance, turning her head every so often to check the progress of her partners.

OFF SCREEN WE HEAR Elizabeth panting in genuine pleasure, moaning loudly. Her voice gets louder and louder and then shifts to actual pain.

Bateman rises up off the bed, suddenly appearing behind Christie. There is blood on his face.

Christie turns her head and sees him. She screams and leaps off the bed, running out of the room. She slams the mirrored door behind her, and as it swings shut for a split second we see Elizabeth writhing in pain on the bed.

We follow Christie out of the room, panicking, screaming.

Christie runs down a darkened hallway, frantically opening doors, looking for an escape.

She hears the SOUND OF A CHAINSAW coming from the bedroom.

She opens a closet. The closet lights up as she opens the door and sees two dead women hanging inside. She screams, then claps a hand over her mouth. She stops and listens. THE DISTANT SOUND OF THE CHAINSAW.

She backs away slowly, into another dark room, lit only by the light from a television set. Through the darkness she sees a head on the top of the TV and starts to whimper

She runs towards the nearest door. Finding herself in the main hallway, she begins to jog toward the front door, then runs.

Bateman appears from nowhere, holding the chainsaw, spattered with blood.

Christie screams and changes direction. Bateman leaps at her, bellowing.

They run through the bedroom and into the bathroom. Christie trips over Elizabeth's body, which is half in the bathtub.

Both are slipping on the floor, which is slick with blood.

Christie falls, tries to get up. Bateman grabs her leg. He tries to bite it.

She kicks him in the face and gets up, running toward the front door.

He runs after her.

BATEMAN

Not the face, you bitch. Not the  
fucking face you piece of bitch  
trash.

Christie, screaming, makes it out the front door.

Bateman runs after her.

She runs down the hall screaming and banging on doors.

She moves to the elevator, pounding hysterically on the buttons. She sees the stairwell and runs for it.

Bateman sees this and runs after her, revving the chainsaw.

She runs down the stairs, Bateman two flights behind her. He stops, leans over the railing to look at her, then aims the chainsaw at her and drops it.

Christie SCREAMS OFF SCREEN, then is suddenly silent.

From Bateman's POV. We see Christie's body sprawled face down at the bottom of the stairwell. The chainsaw sticks out of her back like a sword.

#### 44 INT. CRAYONS - EARLY EVENING

44

An insanely expensive restaurant with a childhood motif: paper tablecloths and jars of crayons for drawing, lots of primary colors, and a goldfish bowl on each table.

Bateman is at a table with Evelyn. They are both drawing on the tablecloth. Bateman is drawing Christie with the chainsaw in her back.

EVELYN

I want a firm commitment.

BATEMAN

(speaking very carefully,  
measuring each word)  
I think, Evelyn, that...we've lost  
touch.

Evelyn waves to a couple across the room.

EVELYN  
(distracted)  
Why? What's wrong?

BATEMAN  
My need to engage in homicidal  
behaviour on a massive scale cannot  
be, urn, corrected...but I have no  
other way to fulfill my ... needs.

The woman across the room holds up her hand, displaying a new  
bracelet.

Evelyn smiles and nods approvingly.

BATEMAN  
We need to talk.

EVELYN  
Talk about what, Patrick? What is  
there to talk about?

BATEMAN  
It's over, Evelyn. It's all over.

EVELYN  
(motioning to the waiter  
for water)  
Touchy, touchy.

BATEMAN  
I'm fucking serious. It's fucking  
over. Us. This is no joke. I don't  
think we should see each other any  
more.

EVELYN  
But your friends are my friends. My  
friends are your friends. I don't  
think it would work.  
(reaching over to dab his  
face with a napkin)  
You have a little something on your  
upper lip.

BATEMAN  
(brushing her hand away)  
Listen I know that your friends are  
my friends and vice versa. I've  
thought about that.  
(pause)  
You can have them.

EVELYN  
You're really serious, aren't you?

BATEMAN  
Yes, I am.

EVELYN  
Do you have something against me,  
Patrick?

BATEMAN  
Evelyn, I'm sorry. You're just  
not... terribly important to me.

EVELYN  
Well, who is, Patrick? Who do you  
think is? What do you-want?

BATEMAN  
I want it to be over.

EVELYN  
But what about our past?

BATEMAN  
We never really shared one.

EVELYN  
You're inhuman.

BATEMAN  
I'm ...in touch with humanity.

EVELYN  
No, no, no.

BATEMAN  
I know my behaviour is ... erratic  
sometimes.

She reaches desperately across the table, takes his hand and  
pulls it to her.

Bateman pulls his hand away.

EVELYN  
What do you want me to do, what is  
it you want?

The occupants of nearby tables begin to stare. Bateman is  
becoming increasingly agitated.

BATEMAN

(looking uncomfortably  
around the room)  
If you really want to do something  
for me you can stop making this  
scene right now.

EVELYN  
You're so lousy. You are not...

BATEMAN  
Not what?

EVELYN  
You are not all there. You don't add  
up.

BATEMAN  
(indignantly)  
I do too. I do too add up.

EVELYN  
(sobbing)  
Oh God, I can't believe this.

BATEMAN  
I'm leaving now. I've assessed the  
situation and I'm going.

EVELYN  
Where are you going?

BATEMAN  
I'm just leaving.

EVELYN  
But where?

BATEMAN  
I have to return some video tapes.

He rushes out of the room.

**45 EXT. TRIBECA STREET - EVENING**

**45**

BATEMAN wanders into misty Tribeca streets, sees a stray cat.

BATEMAN  
Here kitty, kitty.

The small mangy cat rubs against him, he picks it up and  
walks toward an ATM holding the cat. He puts his card in the  
machine. The screen reads: FEED ME A STRAY CAT.

Bateman begins to attempt to shove the kitten into the deposit slot with some difficulty. The kitten squeals. He takes a gun from out of his pocket and points it at the kitten. He doesn't notice the woman waiting behind him.

WOMAN

Oh my god! Stop that! What are you doing?

Bateman wheels around and shoots her. She falls screaming to the floor.

Responding to the gunshot, A POLICE CAR SIREN WAILS in the distance. Bateman breaks-into a run. The police car screeches after him.

COP CAR (O/S)

HALT. STOP. PUT DOWN YOUR WEAPON.

Bateman ducks down an alley.

**46 EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT**

**46**

A COP rushes towards him, seemingly from out of nowhere, and tackles him, trying to get the gun away from him.

Bateman manages to shoot the cop in the face while both of them have their hands on the gun, then shoots him again. He reloads the gun. The sound of more COP CARS arriving.

He runs out of the alley.

**47 EXT. STREET - NIGHT**

**47**

As he reaches the street he finds A PHALANX OF POLICE CARS approaching.

COP CAR

Halt. Put down your weapon.

The COPS leap out and fire a warning shot in the air. Bateman shoots at them. The police return fire.

Bateman ducks down behind a parked car and continues shooting wildly.

A bullet hits the gas tank of one of the police cars. It catches fire and explodes; The flames light up the scene, illuminating the bodies of policemen both living and dead.

NEW ANGLE: Bateman flees from the scene. The camera follows him as he runs along a row of Porsches, trying to open each

One, setting off a cacophony of CAR ALARMS.

THE SOUND OF POLICE SIRENS draws near.

NEW ANGLE: He runs, panting, until he ends up in front of a tall, brilliantly lit office building. As he approaches, the lights in the building are going off floor by floor.

**48 INT. OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT**

**48**

He rushes into the lobby, running for the elevator.

NIGHT WATCHMAN  
Burning the midnight oil, Mr. Smith?  
You forgot to sign in.

Bateman wheels around and shoots him. He runs toward the revolving doors. As he swings round in the doors he notices a JANITOR who has witnessed the shooting. He revolves back into the lobby and shoots the janitor.

NEW ANGLE: He runs out of the building and across the street to Pierce and Pierce.

**49 INT. PIERCE & PIERCE LOBBY - NIGHT**

**49**

BATEMAN nods at the Pierce & Pierce NIGHT WATCHMAN and signs in.

He breathes a sigh of relief as the elevator doors close behind him.

**50 INT. BATEMAN'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

**50**

Bateman stands looking out through the floor length windows at a panoramic night view of the city and the river.

Below him he sees a SWAT TEAM swarming over the roof of the adjacent building, ambulances standing by, flares everywhere, distant sirens.

Suddenly, THE SOUND OF A HELICOPTER draws near. Frightened, he drops to the floor behind his desk.

Helicopter search lights scan the building, illuminating Bateman's office for a few moments with a blaze of light.

He is crouched in one corner, half-sobbing, talking into the phone, as the search light keeps circling.

BATEMAN



Harold, it's Bateman. Patrick Bateman. You're my lawyer so I think you should know - I've killed a lot of people. Some escort girls, in an apartment uptown, some homeless people, maybe five or ten, an NYU girl I met in Central Park. I left her in a parking lot, near Dunkin' Donuts. I killed Bethany, my old girlfriend, with a nail gun, and a man, some old faggot with a dog. Last week I killed another girl with a chainsaw - I had to, she almost got away. There was someone else there, maybe a model, I can't remember but she's dead too. And Paul Owen. I killed Paul Owen with an ax, in the face. His body is dissolving in a bathtub in Hell's Kitchen. I don't want to leave anything out here... I guess I've killed 20 people, maybe 40 - I have tapes of a lot of it. Some of the girls have seen the tapes, I even... well I ate some of their brains and I tried to cook a little. Tonight I just, well I had to kill a lot of people and I'm not sure I'm going to get away with it this time - I mean I guess I'm a pretty sick guy. So - if you get back tomorrow, I may show up at Harry's Bar so, you know, keep your eyes open.

Bateman hangs up the phone. The helicopter search light circles back, briefly illuminating the room. The camera rises up over Bateman huddled in the corner, staring blankly at the sky.

**51 INT. SMITH AND WOLLENSKY RESTAURANT - DAY**

**51**

Kimball and Bateman are sitting at a corner table.

KIMBALL  
(very surprised)  
No hash browns?

BATEMAN  
Not in the mood, I guess.

KIMBALL  
But... everyone orders the hash browns here. I mean-- it's-- have

you been here before?

BATEMAN  
(deliberately nonchalant)  
Yes, of course. The hash browns are  
delicious.. I'm just... not...  
ordering them.

KIMBALL  
(looking at him like he's  
nuts)  
Suit yourself, I guess.

Pause.

KIMBALL  
So, the night he disappeared? Any  
new thoughts on what you did?

BATEMAN  
I'm not really sure. I had a  
shower...and some sorbet?

KIMBALL  
I think maybe you've got your dates  
mixed up.

BATEMAN  
But how? Where do you place Paul  
that night?

KIMBALL  
According to his date book, and this  
was verified by his secretary, he  
had dinner with ... Marcus  
Halberstam.

BATEMAN  
And?

KIMBALL  
I've questioned him.

BATEMAN  
Marcus?

KIMBALL  
Yes. And he denies it. Though at  
first he couldn't be sure.

BATEMAN  
But Marcus denied it?

KIMBALL

Yes.

BATEMAN  
Well, .does Marcus have an alibi?

KIMBALL  
Yes.

A pause.

BATEMAN  
He does? You're sure?

KIMBALL  
(smiling)  
I checked it out. It's clean.

BATEMAN  
Oh.

KIMBALL  
Now where were you?  
(he laughs)

BATEMAN  
(laughing with him)  
Where was Marcus?

KIMBALL  
He wasn't with Paul Owen.

BATEMAN  
So who was he with?

KIMBALL  
He was at Atlantis with Craig  
McDermott, Frederick Dibble, Harry  
Newman, George Butner and -  
(he pauses, then looks up)  
- you.

A moment of stunned silence.

BATEMAN  
Oh, right. Of course.... We had  
wanted Paul Owen to come. But he  
said he had plans... I guess I had  
dinner with Victoria... the  
following night.

KIMBALL  
Personally I think the guy went a  
little nutso. Split town for a  
while. Maybe he did go to London.

Sightseeing. Drinking. Whatever.  
 Anyway, I'm pretty sure he'll turn  
 up sooner or later.

(a pause)

I mean to think that one of his  
 friends killed him, for no reason  
 whatsoever would be too ridiculous.  
 Isn't that right, Patrick?

McDermott stops by the table.

MCDERMOTT

Kimball! How's the investigation?  
 Talking to Bateman? Don't believe a  
 word he says.

(laughs uproariously,  
 slapping him on the back)

Bateman, what's wrong with you?

Bateman looks at him in silence, panicking.

MCDERMOTT

You can't eat at Smith and Wollensky  
 without ordering the hash browns.  
 Jesus Bateman, you're a raving  
 maniac. Been at Pierce & Pierce too  
 long.

(he wanders off  
 muttering:)

No fucking hash browns...

**52 INT. PAUL OWEN'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY**

**52**

Bateman walks into the lobby of Paul Owen's building. He has  
 a surgical mask in one hand.

DOORMAN

What can I do for you, sir?

BATEMAN

Of course. Mrs. Wolfe is up there-  
 right now.

BATEMAN

Mrs.... Wolfe?

DOORMAN

The real estate agent? You do have  
 an appointment, don't you?

Bateman steps out of the elevator and walks cautiously down  
 the hallway.

Owen's door is open. The apartment is freshly painted, and has been immaculately redecorated in English country house style: overstuffed sofas, lots of chintz. There are flowers everywhere, and a YOUNG YUPPIE COUPLE stands admiring the place talking to the realtor, MRS. WOLFE.

Bateman wanders down the hallway, looking for familiar signs.

He stops at the closet where we last saw two dead girls hanging. He opens the door and the light switches on, but it is empty.

Mrs. Wolfe approaches, smiling.

MRS. WOLFE  
Are you my two o'clock?

BATEMAN  
No.

Mrs. Wolfe eyes him strangely, then looks down at the surgical mask clutched in his hand. Her expression changes.

MRS. WOLFE  
Can I help you?

BATEMAN  
I'm looking for... Paul Owen's...  
place.

She stares at him impassively.

BATEMAN  
Doesn't he live here?

MRS. WOLFE  
No, He doesn't.

BATEMAN  
Are you sure?

MRS. WOLFE  
You saw the ad in the Times?

BATEMAN  
No. Yes. I mean yes, I did. In the  
Times. But... doesn't Paul Owen  
still, live here?

MRS. WOLFE  
There was no ad in the Times.

Bateman is shaking as they continue to stare at each other.

MRS. WOLFE  
I think you should go now.

BATEMAN  
But I think... I want to know what  
happened here.

MRS. WOLFE  
Don't make any trouble. Please. I  
suggest you go.

Bateman backs away slowly.

MRS. WOLFE  
Don't come back.

BATEMAN  
I won't... don't worry.

Mrs. Wolfe glares at him as he walks down the hall, rattled,  
and gets into the elevator.

**53 EXT. DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY**

**53**

Bateman enters the revolving door of an office building,  
panicking and breathing heavily. He is sweating, his hair is  
wild, and he looks deranged. He goes around the revolving  
door twice and comes out onto the street again, where he  
bumps smack into a GUY just like him.

GUY  
Hey, Kinsley.

Bateman looks up at him wild-eyed.

GUY  
See you at Fluties, okay?

The guy walks away, utterly unfazed. Bateman wanders down the  
street, banging his briefcase against walls, garbage cans,  
etc.

**54 EXT. MIDTOWN PHONE BOOTH - DAY**

**54**

Bateman searches his pockets for pills. He finds three  
different pills and swallows them. He's sweating, and takes  
his jacket off to wipe his face, dialing a number.

JEAN (O.C.)  
Patrick Bateman's office.

BATEMAN

Jean?' Hello? Jean?

JEAN (O.C.)  
Patrick? Is that you?

BATEMAN  
Hello? Jean, I need help I

JEAN (O.C.)  
Where are you?

BATEMAN  
Jean - I'm not -

JEAN (O.C.)  
Craig McDermott called. He wants to  
meet you and David Van Patten and  
Tim Price at Harry's for drinks.

BATEMAN  
Oh god, what did you say, you dumb  
bitch?

JEAN (O.C.)  
Patrick? I can't hear you.

BATEMAN  
What am I doing?

JEAN (O.C.)  
Where are you? Patrick, what's  
wrong?

BATEMAN  
I don't think I'm gonna make it,  
Jean.

Pause.

BATEMAN  
...to the office this afternoon.

JEAN (O.C.)  
Why?

BATEMAN  
(screaming)  
Just...say...no!

JEAN (O.C.)  
What-is it, Patrick? Are you  
alright?

BATEMAN

Stop sounding so fucking sad! Jesus!

He hangs up. He throws the Walkman which is around his neck into a nearby trash can, and wipes his face with his jacket.

CUT TO

**55 INT. BATEMAN'S OFFICE - SAME DAY**

**55**

Jean sits at Bateman's desk. She is examining a video tape labelled 'Christie and Elizabeth'. She walks over to the television console in the corner of the room and inserts the tape. We hear Elizabeth's voice:

ELIZABETH (O/S)  
Those are Sarah Lawrence guys  
Patrick. You're making me feel  
weird...

**56 INT. HARRY'S BAR - EVENING**

**56**

Bateman comes into the bar, a little, cleaned up from the previous scene (he's smoothed his hair), but still panicking and disheveled. He spots his friends in a corner, sits down, still breathing heavily.

Price is on his cellphone, trying to get reservations.

MCDERMOTT  
Bateman, you're looking a little  
wild eyed - rough day at the office?

They all laugh.

MCDERMOTT  
Hey look - Price is back. And he's  
drinking Perrier. He's a changed  
man. Except...he still can't get a  
reservation to save his life.

Bateman sits down silently.

MCDERMOTT  
Why don't you try 150 Wooster? Just  
fucking call them.

BATEMAN  
(on automatic)  
I'm not going anywhere unless we  
have a reservation.

VAN PATTEN



Le Cirque, Flamingo East, Oyster  
Bar, come on, faggots - just get a  
res.

PRICE  
Keep your shirt on. Maybe lose the  
suspenders.

Bateman spots HAROLD CARNES at the bar, tenses.

BATEMAN  
(he downs his drink)  
Excuse me, gentleman. Right back.

He approaches Carnes cautiously.

CARNES  
Face it - the Japanese will own most  
of this country by the end of the  
90s.

Bateman approaches, trying to act casual

BATEMAN  
Shut up, Carnes, they will not.

Carnes is surprised, turns around, looks vaguely confused.

BATEMAN  
So Harold, did you get my message?

Carnes lights a cigarette, stalling. Then laughs.

CARNES  
Jesus, Davis. Yes. That was  
hilarious. That was you, wasn't it?

BATEMAN  
(waving smoke out of his  
face)  
Yes, naturally.

CARNES  
Bateman killing Owen and the escort  
girls? Oh that's fabulous. That's  
rich.

Pause.

CARNES  
It was a pretty long message, wasn't  
it?

BATEMAN

What exactly do you mean?

CARNES  
The message you left.

Carnes is distracted, waving at people.

CARNES  
By the way, Davis, how is Cynthia?  
You're still seeing her, right?

BATEMAN  
But wait, Harold, what do you mean?

Carnes isn't really listening.

CARNES  
Excuse me. Nothing. Good to see you.  
Is that Edward Towers?

He turns to go.

BATEMAN  
Carnes? Wait.

CARNES  
(sighing)  
Davis. I'm not one to bad mouth  
anyone, your joke was amusing. But  
come on, man, you had one fatal  
flaw: Bateman's such a dork, such a  
boring, spineless lightweight, that  
I couldn't fully appreciate it. I  
wasn't fooled for a second. Now, if  
you'd said Price, or  
McDermott...Otherwise, it was  
amusing. Now, let's have lunch or  
dinner or something. Hilarious,  
Davis. A killer.

BATEMAN  
What are you talking about? Bateman  
is what?

CARNES  
Oh Christ. He can barely pick up an  
escort girl, let alone ... what was  
it you said he did to her?

Carnes looks around the club, raises his glass to a passing  
couple. He laughs politely.

CARNES

Now, if you'll excuse me, I really-must...

BATEMAN

(desperate, shouting)

Wait. Stop. You don't seem to understand. You're not really comprehending any of this. I killed him. I did it, Carnes. I'm Patrick Bateman. I chopped Owen's fucking head off. I tortured dozens of girls. The whole message I left on your machine was true.

CARNES

Excuse me. I really must be going.

BATEMAN

No! Listen, don't you know who I am? I'm not Davis, I'm Patrick Bateman! I talk to you on the phone all the time! Don't you recognize me? You're my lawyer.

Carnes stares at him in confusion and annoyance.

BATEMAN

Now Carnes, listen to me. Listen very, very carefully. I killed Paul Owen and I liked it. I can't make myself any clearer.

CARNES

But that's simply not possible. And I don't find this funny anymore.

BATEMAN

It never was supposed to be! Why isn't it possible?

CARNES

(eyeing Bateman worriedly)

It's just not.

BATEMAN

Why not, you stupid bastard?

Carnes stares at him.

CARNES

Because I had dinner with Paul Owen twice in London... just ten days ago.

BATEMAN

No, you... didn't?

CARNES

Now, if you'll excuse me.

Bateman returns back to his friends' table, in a daze.

They are all looking at the television, where Ronald Reagan is giving a speech about Iran Contra. They are halfheartedly arguing about whether or not he's lying.

PRICE

How can he lie like that? How can he pull that shit?

VAN PATTEN

What shit? Now where do we have reservations at? I mean I'm not really hungry, but I would like to have reservations somewhere.

PRICE

(to Bateman)

I don't believe it. He looks so .... normal. He seems so...out of it. So...undangerous.

MCDERMOTT

He is totally harmless, you geek. Was totally harmless. Just like you are totally harmless. But he did do all that shit and you have failed to get us into 150, so you know, what can I say?

'PRICE

I just don't see how someone, anyone, can appear that way and yet be involved in such total shit. How can you be so fucking, I don't know, cool about it?

VAN PATTEN

Some guys are just born cool, I guess.

Bateman laughs at this. Price shoots him a look.

PRICE

And Bateman, what are you so fucking zany about?

BATEMAN

I'm just a happy camper. Rockin' and  
a rollin'.

VAN PATTEN

(to Price)

Rehab's done wonders for you, pal.  
Working for UNICEF now?

MCDERMOTT

Do you want another Perrier,  
Timothy? Some seltzer water?

PRICE

Oh brother. Look - he presents  
himself as a harmless old codger.  
But inside...

Pause.

PRICE

But inside...

THE SOUNDS OF THE BAR FADE AWAY and we hear Bateman's  
thoughts:

BATEMAN V/O

But inside doesn't matter...

THE SOUNDS OF THE BAR RETURN.

MCDERMOTT

(bored)

Inside? Yes, inside? Believe it or  
not, Price, we're actually listening  
to you.

PRICE

Bateman? Come on, what do you think?

Bateman looks up and smiles at Price. Then shrugs.

BATEMAN

Whatever.

The conversation breaks up, as Van Patten takes out his  
phone.

VAN PATTEN

Whose moronic idea was it to drink  
dry beers? I need a scotch.

The sounds of the bar fade down. The following voice over  
runs over images of Bateman and his friends ordering drinks,  
talking on portable phones, talking, laughing - combined with

images of other, very similar young men at other tables drinking, talking on portable phones, talking, laughing.

BATEMAN V/O

There are no more barriers to cross.  
All I have in common with the  
uncontrollable and the insane, the  
vicious and the evil, all the mayhem  
I have caused and my utter  
indifference toward it, I have now  
surpassed...

**57 INT. BATEMAN'S OFFICE - DAY**

**57**

Jean is alone in Bateman's office, watching the video.

From the screen comes the SOUND of a chainsaw, and a woman screaming. Jean has her head in her hands and looks lost and terrified. She is crying.

BATEMAN V/O

My pain is constant and sharp and I  
do not hope for a better world for  
anyone. In fact I want my pain to be  
inflicted on others. I want no one  
to escape.

**58 INT. HARRY'S BAR - EARLY EVENING**

**58**

As the film ends the camera moves CLOSE on Bateman. He is leaning back in his leather armchair, drinking a double scotch, his eyes blank.

BATEMAN V/O

But even after admitting this, there  
is no catharsis. I gain no deeper  
knowledge about myself, no new  
knowledge can be extracted from my  
telling. There has been no reason  
for me to tell you any of this.  
This confession has meant nothing...

The camera moves up to a sign on the wall behind him: 'THIS IS NOT AN EXIT'.

CREDITS ROLL