

Space Reserved

by

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SPACE RESERVED

1 INT. - COMFORTABLE BEDROOM - DAWN

The bedroom of a young professional man, SCOTT LARIMER, cluttered but not sloppy. A business suit is on the floor leading to the bed. A motorcycle helmet, flat screen TV on the wall, a set of golf clubs, a poster of a Suzuki Hayabusa motorcycle, hardcover books by Philip K. Dick, Yeats.

A small clock says 7:30.

His phone rings on the bedstand and a hand under the covers gropes for it. Answers it:

*

SCOTT

Shit.

As he listens, his face emerges, hair tousled, a handsome face that needs a lot more sleep.

The girl beside him makes an irritated motion and pulls the covers over herself.

SCOTT

(into the phone)

Just stall 'em for a few. I'm on my way.

CUT TO:

2 INT. AD AGENCY OFFICE - DAY

Bright, young, and busy office. SCOTT, now dressed in a trendy suit, is the center of action, people all talking to him at once. Scott scrawls his signature across a paper held by a young woman, who dashes away. He grabs an open laptop from HEATHER, a foxy young intern, and surveys the image on it analytically, as he starts walking. Heather follows.

SCOTT

(to Heather)

Aggressive! Now that's what I like.

HEATHER

Really? They said maybe I should tone it down a little...

Scott stops and rolls his eyes.

SCOTT

Creative cowardice is a sure path to a short career. Remember that.

HEATHER
Uh.. Right.

SCOTT
What's the mantra?

HEATHER
(recites)
Don't back down.

SCOTT
Louder!

HEATHER
(shouts)
DON'T BACK DOWN.

Brendan is joined in chorus by Art Director, GREG YEAGER, an intelligent beta male.

HEATHER
You're pitching that gaming company
this morning? Big money.

SCOTT
Yup. We get this, we're in tall
cotton.

HEATHER
(awed)
I'm sure we will. Your work is
awesome!

GREG
(joke)
Not to make you nervous Scott, but
your job's on the line, you know.

SCOTT
(smiling sweetly)
I'll be sure to take you down with
me, Greg.

Heather laughs. All halt before a fancy double door.

SCOTT
(to Heather)
C'mon and watch the pitch.
You interns gotta get used to the
sight of blood.

Scott opens the door and strides commandingly into the
boardroom.

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INT. AD AGENCY - BOARDROOM - LATER - DAY

The meeting over, everyone is departing the room. The boss, BILL BEVINS, is glad-handing for all he is worth. As Scott gathers his stuff, his gaze lingers on pretty ANNE GUSTAFSON rising to leave, closing her laptop.

SCOTT
(from across the table)
How'd I do?

ANNE
(professional, a little
flirtatious)
Great work! Very impressive.

Scott walks over to her.

SCOTT
So we won the account, right?

ANNE
I... can't discuss that.

Scott grins.

SCOTT
I'm just giving you a hard time.
You'll have to get used to me.

Anne bites back a grin.

SCOTT
You could start tonight.

ANNE
I.. beg your pardon?

SCOTT
Dinner?

Anne stares, flustered but flattered.

ANNE
(lowers voice)
They... don't like us to
fraternize. You know...

She glances quickly at the people milling outside.

SCOTT
Great food, I promise. Pick you up
after work?

Anne has to decide fast. She thinks, then quickly scribbles on a business card and flips it at Scott, who pockets it just as Bevins looks in.

BILL
(jerks his thumb at Scott)
Is this guy bothering you?

Anne laughs no, picks up her notebook and exits. Bill shoots Scott a glance of vitriolic affection. Scott smiles blandly.

CUT TO:

Scott shuts off the car and turns and looks at her.

SCOTT
Wow. I can't believe it. Just this morning we didn't even know each other. And now...

ANNE
(shy, a little awkward)
... here we are.

SCOTT
Here we are.

He stares into her face and reaches across to kiss her, but she shyly draws away.

ANNE
I... um... thank you for a lovely evening. That restaurant was incredible. Just like you promised.

SCOTT
I never break my promises.

ANNE
Riiight.
(laughs)

SCOTT
... about food, I mean. Food is serious business.

ANNE
Absolutely!

They laugh.

SCOTT

No, I should say I've never broken our agency's 'ironclad rule' about not dating clients.

ANNE

Oh, that's a rule?

SCOTT

Observed mostly in the breach as they say. But seriously, the minute I saw you I knew you were worth the risk.

She laughs and gives him a playful little push. He laughs too and gets closer. She doesn't exactly respond but doesn't push him away either.

ANNE

(playing for time)

So... what got you into advertising anyway? We didn't talk about that. Did you always want to be a...

SCOTT

(sobers)

Huckster?

ANNE

(a little surprised)

Come on! I was *about* to say a the creative director at a major ad agency.

SCOTT

Well, I got lucky.

ANNE

Forget the false modesty. I've seen saw your work.

SCOTT

(grins)

Is that a backhanded compliment?

ANNE

Not even. You're that good and you know it.

SCOTT

Well... I showed an early talent for...

ANNE
For creativity?

SCOTT
No, for talking kids into stuff.

ANNE
(dimples)
Getting them in trouble, you mean.

SCOTT
Actually, I was the one who wound
up in trouble. Most of the time.

He takes her hand, kisses it, eyes locked on her.

SCOTT
I may be heading there now.

ANNE
(laughs)
You never know. Better watch out.

SCOTT
Not much good at that.

ANNE
Well, I guess I'll be going...

SCOTT
I never did ask you --- how did you
end up working for a game company
anyway?

ANNE
Well I hope I haven't 'ended up'
yet. But no fair ducking my
question: why advertising?

Scott sobers a little. He lights a cigarette, offers her one.

ANNE
No thanks, I have enough vices.

SCOTT
No such thing as 'enough vices.'

He thinks, blows the smoke out reflectively.

SCOTT
Actually...advertising isn't really
what people really aim for. It's
where they end up.

Once they've given up on their real dreams, I mean.

His mouth tightens.

ANNE

What was... is your 'real dream?'

SCOTT

(shrugs, embarrassed)
I wanted to write. The great American novel. Ta da!
(laughs, embarrassed)
Just like every other sellout. Flunky. Go ahead, laugh.

ANNE

I'm not laughing. So why don't you write your novel? You're certainly great with words.

Scott smiles, sadly but cynically.

SCOTT

(shrugs)
Oh, I tried. It went about 400 pages, slowed down, toppled over, and went belly up. I just don't have it, I guess.

ANNE

Sure you do. I'll be your muse.

SCOTT

(brightens)
You're hired!

ANNE

Of course you'll have to carry on with the agency for a while. Now that you've won our account.

Scott stares.

SCOTT

What?! We won the account? Really?

ANNE

(grinning, arch)
Didn't your boss tell you? We're dumping our agency and going with you guys.

Scott shakes his head, smiling.

SCOTT
That son of a ...

ANNE
Why don't you come up to my
'palatial estate' for a nightcap,
and I'll give you all the details.

Scott gives a little fist pump.

ANNE
Parking's over there.

She indicates a large underground garage. Scott drives the car down the ramp.

5 INT. PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

Dim, spooky lighting, creepy concrete walls.

ANNE
There's plenty of guest parking...

SCOTT
(looks around)
Jeez, the hairs on the back of my
neck are standing up.

ANNE
Don't worry, I'll protect you.

SCOTT
Will you?

He leans over and kisses her passionately. They resume driving. Anne cranes her neck, looking up and down the rows.

ANNE
Oh there!
(points)

What looks like an empty space, turns out to be a short car.

ANNE
I hate short cars.

They laugh.

ANNE
Someone must be having a party. Oh!
there's one.

Scott stops in front of an empty space at the end. A sign above says "SPACE RESERVED Unit 102."

SCOTT
Aw, it's reserved.

ANNE
Oh everyone uses that space. The people don't have a car or else it's an unoccupied unit. Still... if you're uncomfortable...

Scott grins and pulls the car in and shuts it off.

SCOTT
As a male, I'm hard-wired to take over this territory. Like a... bachelor lion.

He gets out and jogs around to open her door.

ANNE
(teasing)
You going to 'mark your territory' too?

SCOTT
Dare me?

She laughs. Scott puts his arm around her, and they kiss deeply. Finally, Anne breaks away, breathless.

ANNE
We should go.

As they hurry away, Anne glances back once. The garage is silent and foreboding.

6 INT. ANNE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

They enter. The apartment is neat, but bland. She puts down her purse.

ANNE
Let me get you something to drink. What would you like?

SCOTT
I'd like you to come over here.

She hesitates and approaches him a little shyly. He reaches out and looks into her eyes.

SCOTT
I have to confess... I am absolutely smitten.

He takes her in his arms.

SCOTT

I've been wanting to do this ever
since I saw you this morning.

Kissing, they fall onto the sofa. As things get more serious, Anne seems to pull back, as if having second thoughts. Scott looks into her eyes questioningly, but she kisses him again with renewed passion.

LATER

7

INT. ANNE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Moonlight shines in the window. In the semidark, Scott's eyes open. He looks at Anne, sleeping beautifully, and brushes a wisp of hair from her forehead. Anne stirs. Everything is peaceful. Scott looks at his lighted watch: 3:36.

He swings his legs over onto the floor and sits up. Anne opens her sleepy eyes.

SCOTT

Hi there.

ANNE

Hi.

She starts to put her arms around him.

SCOTT

I ought to get going.

ANNE

Awww... really?

SCOTT

I've got an early meeting tomorrow.
I mean today. In about three hours
in fact.

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ANNE

Poor baby.

Scott kisses her tenderly.

SCOTT

Go back to sleep.

Anne snuggles back into her pillow.

ANNE

Mmmm.... 'kay.

8 EXT. CONDO COMPLEX - NIGHT

The night is pin-drop silent as Scott crosses to the underground parking garage. His footsteps echo.

9 INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

Scott walks through the deserted, silent garage. He sees his car and clicks to open the doors. The car's lights flash. Suddenly, he stops and stares.

SCOTT

What th...

All four of his tires are flat. He checks them in disbelief. As he circles, he spots a smiley face note on the windshield. He grabs it and reads: "Sic semper assholes."

SCOTT

'Thus always to assholes.'

He shakes his head, looks around.

SCOTT

Oh fuck me.

With weary resignation, Scott opens his trunk and searches.

SCOTT

Son of a bitch!

He grabs at his head in frustration, kicks a tire furiously. He takes out his phone and tries to punch in a number. It shuts right off.

Scott glares at the number over the parking space: 102.

10 EXT. CONDO COMPLEX - NIGHT

Scott trots around the complex --- total suburbia, just condos and houses. No stores or bars.

He reaches #102, a unit remote from the rest. There is something creepy about it. He hesitates a moment, then walks up to the door. He notices the door is very slightly open. Scott stares. The crack widens.

SCOTT

(calls inside hopefully)
Hello?

He nudges the door wider with a finger and peeks through the crack. The room is dark.

SCOTT
 Look, I'm not mad, okay? I just
 wanna make a call.

Silence. Scott sticks his head into the dark condo. A phone
 sits on a table near the door.

SCOTT
 All I want is to get outta here.
 Get home.

Tentatively, Scott steps inside a little ways.

11 INT. CONDO - NIGHT

Scott realizes he is inside and freezes. He looks around and
 tiptoes over to the phone.

SCOTT
 (calls out)
 I'm just gonna call Triple A and
 leave, okay?

He starts to pick up the phone. Suddenly, a bright light goes
 on. Scott nearly jumps out of his skin.

SCOTT
 Jesus Christ!

He turns to flee, but he blunders into a figure illuminated
 by the lamp --- young ALLISON VANDERVEER, in bra and
 underpants.

ALLISON
 Oh my God. Oh no, oh no. Oh God,
 help me! What do you want?

A confused scuffle as Scott tries to get to the door.

SCOTT
 (backs up)
 I'm sorry! I...I....

Allison, in her panic, keeps blocking his way to the door.

ALLISON
 (choked whisper)
 Help! Help!

She pants in terror, her knees buckling.

SCOTT
 Your...your door was open.

ALLISON
Don't kill me. Please. Please!

SCOTT
I'm not a... I'm the guy whose
tires you...

Gasping, Allison tries to run past him and knocks over the lamp, which goes out. In the moonlight through the window, she stumbles to her knees, pleading.

ALLISON
I'll do whatever you want.

SCOTT
Look, I'm not here to hurt you!

Sobbing, Allison grabs Scott's hand and kisses it. Then she puts it on her breast. Scott snatches it away, horrified.

ALLISON
Please let me live. I want to live.
I have a family...

SCOTT
Look, calm down. I...I'm just the
guy who parked in your space.

Allison tries to master her hysteria.

ALLISON
What space? What are you talking
about?

SCOTT
The parking space. In the
structure. You let the air out of
my tires.

ALLISON
I *what!*?

SCOTT
Okay, I'm gone I just wanted to use
the phone. But forget it.

ALLISON
I didn't do anything to your car.

SCOTT
(backing toward the door)
I believe you.

Allison suddenly stands up, quite casual.

ALLISON
It was probably Jasmine.

SCOTT
Huh?

ALLISON
My roommate. She's crazy. Everybody
says I'm the nut case, but she
really is one.

Scott shakes his head in disbelief. He turns to leave, but Allison quickly blocks his path.

ALLISON
Not... so... fast.

Scott stops in shock. Allison continues blocking his way.

ALLISON
What were you doing in our space?

SCOTT
Look, I brought my date home, she
lives in... this complex. And I
just parked for a minute to walk
her in....and...

ALLISON
Liar!

Scott gapes.

ALLISON
You were in there for five fucking
hours.

Allison picks up the lamp from the floor and replaces it on the table and turns it on. She is young, quirky, wiry, defiant. She and Scott size each other up.

ALLISON
Hm. Cute.

She circles, studying him analytically.

ALLISON
...If you like that pretentious,
arrogant millennial type. What do
you think of me? Not bad, huh? A
bit of a tummy.

She "presents" herself, hands on hips, turns side to side, sexy. Scott stares, aghast.

ALLISON

(shrugs)
We might as well exchange names.
I'm Allison.

She extends her hand. Scott recoils.

SCOTT

I don't want to exchange anything
with you...

ALLISON

(pulling hand back)
Ouch! The sharp thorns of
rejection!

SCOTT

I just want to get the hell out of
here.

ALLISON

(sighs)
At some point all my men say that.
Well... no name, no exit.

She stands in front of the door.

SCOTT

What the hell is this anyway? I
don't know you and you don't know
me. Let's just end this.

ALLISON

I beg your pardon. You broke into
my home. So I am placing you under
citizen's arrest.

SCOTT

What?!

ALLISON

...which I have the right to do. I
am now going to call the police.

SCOTT

But I'm *leaving*!

ALLISON

Oh no you're NOT. You committed the
felony of breaking and entering. So
have a seat and don't give me any
more trouble.

Scott starts for the door.

SCOTT

I'm getting the hell out of here,
Allison. And I think it's illegal
to hold people against their will.

This time, Allison really gets in his way. Whichever way he
turns, she blocks him.

ALLISON

(struggling)
Oh no. You. don't!

She suddenly smacks his face so hard he staggers back.
Without taking her eyes off him, she opens a drawer and takes
out a handgun.

ALLISON

I hoped it wouldn't come to this.
Now, slowly empty your pockets.

Scott gapes in horror.

ALLISON

(shouts)
Empty your pockets!
(as he still hesitates)
Or I will shoot you. Which I have
the legal right to do, since you
broke into my home, and I fear for
my life.

Unsteadily, disbelievingly, Scott drops his wallet and keys.
Her eyes on Scott, Allison stoops and opens his wallet.

ALLISON

(reads, still pointing the
gun at him)
Scott Larimer. Date of birth June
20, 1992. A Gemini. Hey, Jasmine's
a Scorpio. Rising. You guys'll get
along great!

Scott shakes his head and closes his eyes.

SCOTT

Why don't you just go ahead and
call the police.

ALLISON

Oh that would be so dull. The old
'he said, she said.' Besides, that
phone doesn't work. We don't pay
our bills.

Scott shakes his head.

ALLISON

It happens. Not to people like you.
But to people like us.

SCOTT

Look, we can work this out. I'm
sorry. What do you want, money?

ALLISON

That would be a twist. You break
into my home and I rob you!

Allison struts around waving the gun.

ALLISON

You know what? I don't think you're
sorry at all. I think you're a
manipulative little prick who
thinks he's entitled to park
anywhere he damn pleases.

SCOTT

That's not true. It wasn't even my
idea to park there.

ALLISON

That's right. Blame someone else.
You wanted to get laid, so you
didn't stop to think that somebody
might have to park blocks away and
walk home in the dark.

SCOTT

Is that what happened?

ALLISON

(taunting)
May-be.

Allison struts around provocatively, waving the gun.

ALLISON

Is she a great fuck? Your little
friend? She sure looks like one.

SCOTT

That's none of your business.

ALLISON

Or maybe she wouldn't. Maybe you
were feeling frustrated and horny,
so you decided to rape her...

SCOTT
...and I let the air out of my own
tires so I'd have no way to escape.

ALLISON
(cocks her head)
Oops. You're right. Hm.

SCOTT
What the hell is your problem?

Allison sits down and rests the gun carelessly on her thigh.

ALLISON
(sighs)
Bad attitude. Been that way all my
life.

They stare at each other.

ALLISON
Men have not treated me well, if
you must know. I've been molested,
cheated on, robbed. Beaten.

Scott flinches and ducks as she waves she gun around to
emphasize her points.

SCOTT
I'm sorry, okay? You've had it
rough.

ALLISON
Shut up, you phony. You're hoping I
shoot myself and die, right?

She points the gun at her head.

ALLISON
Like this? All your problems
solved. BOOM!

Scott jumps and stares, horrified.

SCOTT
I....look, nobody has to die here.

ALLISON
Does death frighten you, Scott?

SCOTT
Of... of course!

ALLISON

Yeah, me too.

Allison lets the gun hang at her side. She switches affects as easily as taking off a coat. Now she is almost reasonable.

ALLISON

What do you do, Scott?

SCOTT

Ad...advertising. I'm in advertising.

ALLISON

Yeah, a slick little phony like you just would have a career that's all about scamming and deceit.

SCOTT

You don't know the first thing about me.

ALLISON

Oh, but I do. I know that you're an arrogant asshole who puts his needs ahead of others.

Scott closes his eyes in frustration.

ALLISON

Jasmine's a pretty good judge of character. Let her size you up.

(calls)

Jazzy? Wake up girl!

Jasmine's sleepy voice comes from another room.

JASMINE

Shut up, will you? I'm sleeping.

ALLISON

Not any more, you're not.

JASMINE COYNE appears at the door of the bedroom. She is a very attractive woman in her thirties. Her translucent nightgown reveals a lush body.

JASMINE

(sleepily)

What's going on out here?

ALLISON

This douchbag broke in just now.

SCOTT

I did not!

ALLISON

Did I invite you in?

SCOTT

No. So go wake up your neighbors
and they'll call the cops.

ALLISON

Oh let's not start that again.

Jasmine comes over and puts her hand on Allison's shoulder.
She speaks gently, but with deep concern.

JASMINE

Ali, What have you done?

ALLISON

(little girl lisp)
I took a hoth-tage.

JASMINE

(to Scott)
You need to leave. Right now.

SCOTT

(to Jasmine)
Thank you. I'm outta here.

Scott starts for the door.

ALLISON

(points the gun at Scott)
I wouldn't do that if I were you.

JASMINE

(yawns)
Allison, you're a sick puppy. Let
him go, and let's get some sleep.

ALLISON

(pouts)
Can't I keep him?

JASMINE

(to Scott)
I shouldn't have let the air out of
your tires. I've got a bit of a
temper. I thought you'd just call
Triple A from your cell.

SCOTT
Something's wrong with it.

JASMINE
... Or call from your date's place.

SCOTT
I didn't want to wake her up.

Allison rolls her eyes.

ALLISON
Considerate, isn't he?

JASMINE
Well, we've all learned our lesson.

Again, Scott starts to leave.

ALLISON
Don't I have a say? He's my
prisoner.

SCOTT
You can't hold a person at
gunpoint. That makes YOU the
criminal.

ALLISON
Oh, now he's a little district
attorney. Okay, what should be your
punishment?

SCOTT
Punishment?

JASMINE
Breaking and entering is a felony.

Scott closes his eyes wearily.

ALLISON
How about we put him on trial! For
all the crimes men like him have
committed on women.

SCOTT
How about I just walk the hell out
of here, you couple of nut cases.

He heads for the door. Allison flashes the gun. Scott lunges for it. They struggle. Allison breaks away, points the gun at Scott and pulls the trigger as he gasps and ducks in terror.

Jasmine gives a little scream. The gun clicks again and again. All three stop in amazement.

ALLISON

Shit!

Jasmine and Scott uncoil from their defensive crouches. Scott grabs the gun and menaces Allison, like he's going to hit her with it, but he stops himself.

He throws the gun down and again heads for the door, but by this time Jasmine is in his way. They grapple. She pins him down but he breaks away. Allison grabs his arms and he kicks out at her. By now it's a major struggle. The two of them are not quite strong enough to subdue him. He wrenches his arms out of Allison's grasp and she cries out in pain.

ALLISON

Asshole!

SCOTT

Goddamn it! Let me leave!

Jasmine tries to kick him in the groin, but misses. He grabs her and throws her down hard as Allison rushes at him. He grabs her and captures her head as she kicks back at him. Again, he dodges and grabs her by the neck with his arm against his chest. She starts to strangle. He starts to drag her struggling backwards toward the door.

Jasmine gets up and stands behind him and the door with her hand on the lamp. She picks up the lamp and clocks him with it good and hard. Scott goes down into a crumpled heap as the light goes out.

In the darkness, there is only the sound of Allison gasping and Jasmine panting.

ALLISON

(panting)

Woo. hoo.

JASMINE

That was some shit.

In the faint light from the window the girls weakly high-five, exhausted.

JASMINE

Now come on.

12 INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

Scott's car sits hauntingly abandoned. Allison approaches warily in a coat, looking around. She carries a small air compressor. She uses Scott's key to open the car door and plugs the compressor into the cigarette lighter, attaches it to a tire and starts blowing them up.

13 LATER

Allison starts up the car, and drives it away.

14 INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING GARAGE - DAWN

Allison drives into the parking structure in an old Saab sporting zany bumper stickers. Inside is a jumble of CDs, alternative comics, political and classic fiction books, and other possessions of a rootless but intelligent woman. She parks her car in the space and leaves.

15 INT. DINGY BEDROOM - DAY

Scott gasps and opens his eyes. He is on a single mattress on the floor, under a thin, ratty blanket. His hair is wet; bloody rivulets of water run down his face. His hands and feet are bound together and tied. He turns his head and sees blood on his pillow from an ugly, open gash.

SCOTT

Oh God no. Oh no.

As Scott strains to turn his head and eyes to see around him, everything gets blurry and he begins to gag. He lurches and vomits over the side of the mattress. Instantly, the door opens, and Jasmine peeks in.

JASMINE

Don't you just hate when that happens?

She is carrying a bucket and cleaning supplies. She has a down-to-earth efficiency, compared to Allison's quirkiness.

JASMINE

I'll take care of this in a jiffy.
Don't be embarrassed.

SCOTT

What ...what's happened?
(shouts weakly)
Help! Help!

Jasmine, cleaning busily, pauses.

JASMINE

Save your breath, Scott. The unit next door is empty. And everyone around here works anyway. This place is a ghost town after 8 a.m.

Grim, sick and weak, Scott watches her.

SCOTT

Thanks, I'll remember that.

JASMINE

If you keep shouting, you'll wake up Allison and you don't want to do that. She's kind of... excitable, I'm sure you noticed.

SCOTT

What kind of monsters are you? What is this about? Why me?

JASMINE

(Scrubbing)

Monsters?! You break into our home, grab the gun Allison was defending herself with, and beat us up. And we're monsters?

Jasmine stops scrubbing.

JASMINE

You know, none of us is immune to random evil. I learned that in my philosophy class.

SCOTT

'Zat so?

JASMINE

Turn your head. I've got to dress your wound.

Jasmine opens a bottle of peroxide, moistens a piece of gauze and blots at Scott's wound. He winces and pulls away.

JASMINE

Go ahead, get an infection then.

Sulkily, Scott submits to her cleaning his wound.

JASMINE

I don't like being in this situation any more than you do. At first I was afraid I'd killed you.

I've never hurt somebody like this before.

Scott grimaces.

SCOTT
(sarcastic)
So you're more into philosophy than you are into braining people with heavy objects? Could have fooled me.

JASMINE
I'm actually a designer. I even had a scholarship. To Berkeley.

Scott looks skeptical. She sits on the floor beside his bed.

JASMINE
Where'd you go to school? Someplace preppy from the look of you..USC or Princeton or something?

Scott says nothing.

JASMINE
Brown? Dartmouth?

SCOTT
Berkeley.

JASMINE
You too? When'd you graduate?

Scott just glares.

JASMINE
And you went into advertising? That's not very Berkeley. Of course you did say advertising is where people 'end up.'

SCOTT
How do you know I said that?

JASMINE
(smoothly)
Oh...you babbled lots of stuff while you were unconscious. We couldn't wake you up for the longest time. We were really starting to worry.

SCOTT
You couldn't w..wake

JASMINE
We finally put you in a tub full of cold water. That brought you around. Sort of.

SCOTT
(scared)
I don't remember that.

JASMINE
Typical of a concussion. It'll come back to you. On the other hand, you probably don't want to remember it.

She surveys Scott and the floor with satisfaction.

JASMINE
See? Neat as a pin!

SCOTT
Where are my clothes? My phone?

JASMINE
Oh you won't be needing that stuff just now. That phone is so cool. Allison played with it for hours while you were... indisposed.

Scott looks incredulous.

JASMINE
The charger was under your car seat all the time. Oh, we moved your car to a safe place too.

Scott closes his eyes, takes a deep breath.

16 INT. APARTMENT - MORNING

From Allison's bag, Scott's phone lights up. The voice mail comes on.

SCOTT'S VOICE MESSAGE
What do you know that I don't?
(beep)

GREG
Heyyyy Scott. The client's been here for half an hour. Where the hell are you? I texted you about a hundred times.

You need to make it in, or make it good. I can cover for a while longer but GET YOUR ASS IN HERE.

17 INT. CONDO - BATHROOM - DAY

Allison and Jasmine enter the bathroom and pull Scott out. Scott has a rag stuffed in his mouth and taped in place. The toilet flushes.

JASMINE

Think you can eat something? I'll take the rag out if you promise not to yell.

Scott nods, eyes desperate. Jasmine peers at him.

JASMINE

Scott, I really am sorry. I didn't mean to hit you so hard.

ALLISON

That was way hard.

JASMINE

Fine! Maybe I should have given him a little love tap, and he would have gotten right back up and broken both our necks.

Jasmine sighs. She takes the rag out of Scott's mouth. Scott licks his lips and breathes greedily.

ALLISON

(to Scott)
She's a little testy this morning.

JASMINE

Well you second-guess everything I do. C'mon. Give me a hand with him.

They drag the tied-up Scott into the living room.

18 INT. CONDO - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The women look at Scott lying on his side on the floor.

JASMINE

Wouldn't he be better off sitting up?

ALLISON

Yeah.

They prop Scott against an armchair. He wobbles.

SCOTT
Why are you doing this?

The women look at each other and shrug.

JASMINE
We're kind of ... at a loss.

SCOTT
What are you two, lovers?

JASMINE
Tsk tsk. Aren't we nosey?
(to Allison)
Seriously, what the hell do we do
now?

Allison walks around, looking at Scott.

ALLISON
I'm thinking. I'm thinking.

SCOTT
Crazy bitches.

ALLISON
Come on, Scott. Bad-mouthing us
won't get you anywhere. Why don't
you show us your charming side?

JASMINE
Yeah, why don't you at least *try*
making friends with us?

Pained, Scott closes his eyes.

JASMINE
Well if you can't treat us like
friends, at least treat us like....
clients.

ALLISON
Yeah! Pitch us.

JASMINE
We've got something you want,
right? Make us give it. Win us
over.

Listening to this, Scott rolls his eyes with disgust.

SCOTT

Look, what's it gonna take for you
to let me go?

JASMINE

(thinks)

You know, I used to be in the Army.

Scott raises his brows skeptically.

JASMINE

Yeah, I served my country. Two
tours. I get home and can't find a
job to save my life.

SCOTT

What does that have to do with me?

JASMINE

Just listen for once. We took this
course during basic called Escape
and Evasion. It taught us what to
do if we ever got taken prisoner.

Scott listens, skeptical.

JASMINE

What they taught us was, don't get
in your captor's face. Don't try to
prove your courage or defy them.
'Cause they're holding all the
cards.

SCOTT

(cynical)

I see.

JASMINE

If they kill or disable you, then
you can't take care of your
buddies. You're no good to anyone.

SCOTT

I've got no 'buddies' here.

JASMINE

Are you listening, Scott? You
actually have a lot of power right
now. Not just over what you do, but
over what Allison or I do.

Jasmine paces around.

ALLISON
Jazzy, you're so brilliant. I mean
your mind is like...

SCOTT
(interrupts)
What are you two planning, really?
Kill me? Over a fucking parking
space?

Jasmine gets close and looks into his eyes.

JASMINE
Use your brain Scott. Maybe we're
in over our heads too.

ALLISON
(to Scott)
I thought you can convince people
to do anything? Buy crap they don't
need? Eat food that makes them fat
and sick? Smoke? Drink? Speed
around in cars that look cool but
are trashing the planet? C'mon
Scott. Sell us on sparing your
worthless ass.

Jasmine sits down next to Scott. All three think. After a
while Allison sits down on the other side of Scott.

19 INT. ANNE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Anne sits on the bed and turns on her smartphone. She
suddenly stares at what is on the screen. She thinks for a
few moments with no expression.

She turns the phone off and puts it down. Suddenly, she
buries her face in her pillow and sobs.

20 INT. CONDO - BEDROOM - DAY

The women drag Scott in and tie him to the bed.

SCOTT
Look, my head is killing me. Can't
I at least have an aspirin?

She rummages in her purse and extends a pill.

ALLISON
Here. Take two.

SCOTT
What are those? Fucking Fentanyl

ALLISON

They're mondo is what they are. You won't care if your head hurts or not. You won't even know you have a head.

Jasmine giggles. Scott ducks away.

ALLISON

Take them goddammit. You won't die, okay? Here, I'll take one too.

She shakes out a pill and swallows it.

JASMINE

We can't worry about what you're up to.

She grabs his head and tries to force his mouth open.

JASMINE

Allison, chill.
(to Scott)
Take the damn pills or she'll go postal on you.

ALLISON

I'll crush them up and shoot them up your nose, how about that?

Scott takes the pills under great duress.

21

INT. CONDO - LIVING ROOM - LATER

In the living room, Allison sleeps on a sofa. Jasmine wakes up. She tenderly brushes away a lock of Allison's hair and sits beside her, putting chin in her hands.

JASMINE

This is getting worse by the minute.

ALLISON

(murmurs sleepily)
Don't say that.

JASMINE

We're in for it. Why did we...

ALLISON

(interrupts)
Get some more sleep. I checked on him a while ago. He's barely breathing.

Jasmine sits, thinking.

JASMINE

I thought this was going to be fun,
yanking his chain. Now things keep
getting more and more complicated.

ALLISON

Story of my life.

JASMINE

Not *your* life. This whole incident
is taking on a life of its own.

ALLISON

Meaning things are out of control.

JASMINE

Meaning you're a psycho and I've
joined up with you.

Allison grins.

ALLISON

I never pretended to be anything
else.

JASMINE

(affectionate)

At least fix us something to eat.
It's your turn.

They rise and walk into the kitchen.

22

INT. CONDO - KITCHEN - DAY

Jasmine opens the refrigerator and peruses it glumly.

JASMINE

Take his wallet and get us some
food.

ALLISON

Why don't you? You're good at
giving orders. What were you, an
officer or something?

JASMINE

No. But somebody's got to keep an
eye on him.

ALLISON

You're always ordering me around.

JASMINE
Shut UP! God, I'm famished.

ALLISON
Well you've made our bed, and now I
have to lie in it too.

Jasmine gets out a jar of peanut butter and eats a fingerful.

ALLISON
Me! Me!

Jasmine scoops out another fingerful and feeds it to Allison.

ALLISON
(chewing)
I think this whole scene is kind of
neat. Now our fates are joined with
a stranger. It's so... Camus.

JASMINE
What do you know about Camus?

ALLISON
I've read Camus.

Allison waltzes around, posturing, licking her peanut butter.

ALLISON
I mean yesterday, we were so bored
and depressed, and now it's like...
we have a *mission*.

JASMINE
(eating peanut butter)
I sort of fancy him. I've always
liked bad boys.

ALLISON
He's about as "bad" as a labrador
retriever.

They laugh.

JASMINE
No, he's bad, all right. In that
frat kind of way. Like those Duke
Lacrosse players. They act all
innocent and get everybody's
sympathy, but you know deep down,
they're bad to the core.

ALLISON

(nods)

Let's just play with him a while longer. Then we'll tell him everything and turn him loose.

JASMINE

You forget, we aren't the only ones making decisions here. Besides, he'll go straight to the cops.

ALLISON

No he won't. He doesn't want trouble any more than we do. I mean, he DID break and enter. He's got some bad shit in his past, I can tell.

JASMINE

Oh I think so too. He's hiding something.

ALLISON

We'll just say he broke in and we panicked... and...

They look at each other, thinking. Jasmine nods slowly.

JASMINE

It may not come to that.

ALLISON

What do you mean?

JASMINE

We may not have to say anything. To anybody.

23

INT. CONDO - BEDROOM - NIGHT

HOURS LATER

Scott finally opens his bleary eyes, looks around and sees he is alone, still bound hand and foot. His hands are behind his back, a gag is in his mouth. A stain tells him that he has wet the bed. He shakes his head. Beside the bed is a post-it note that says "sor-ry" with a little "sad" smiley face like the one on his flat-tired car.

Scott gags but masters the nausea. Quietly, desperately, he twists and squirms testing his bonds.

He spots a makeup compact lying under the bureau. Pushing against the wall with his feet, he moves the mattress a few tortured inches. Woozy, he rests and his eyes close. Moments later, he tries again and rolls off the mattress onto the floor.

INT. SECOND BEDROOM - NIGHT

Alison and Jasmine sleep amid the remains of a fast food meal. Allison is holding Scott's phone in her hand. It lights up, but she doesn't notice.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Scott manages to nudge the compact into his bound hands. He opens it behind his back and tries to free the mirror. It's stuck fast. Finally he pushes his thumb against the mirror and it shatters, piercing his thumb. Scott stifles a cry. He wipes the blood on the sheet.

He feels the shards of the broken mirror and frees a big one. Then he begins to saw clumsily at the cloth hands, making slow progress.

Laboriously, he frees his hands and takes the gag out of his mouth.

He quickly frees his feet. But when he tries to stand they won't hold him and he falls back into the bed, making noise.

INT. GIRLS BEDROOM - NIGHT

Allison stirs at the sound of Scott nearly falling but her eyes close again.

He massages his feet, then tiptoes to the door, opens it, looks around and glides through.

The apartment is eerie and silent.

24 INT. CONDO - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Scott passes through the living room, where books and furniture are piled against the door. Any motion will set off an avalanche. He passes into the kitchen.

25 INT. CONDO - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Scott opens several drawers quietly, finding a knife. He tiptoes to the kitchen window and tries to open it.

The kitchen lights go on, blindingly bright.

ALLISON

Bad boy! Him get up in the middle
of the night. Naughty naughty. Him
wet the bed too.

As she moves toward him, Scott menaces her with the knife.

SCOTT

Get out of my way, Allison. I don't
want to hurt you.

She approaches anyway and he tentatively, amateurishly swipes
at her.

ALLISON

(shouts)
Jasmine! Get your ass in here!

Jasmine arrives in the kitchen. They all face off.

JASMINE

(to Allison)
I thought you tied him up!

Jasmine sidles away from Allison, forcing Scott to keep his
eye on the two at opposite ends of the kitchen.

ALLISON

He's a slippery little jerk.

SCOTT

I'm warning you, somebody's gonna
get cut here. He feints at them and
they dodge apart with little
screams.

JASMINE

Don't hurt us.

Scott moves toward the door.

SCOTT

All I want is out. Clear that
fucking crap away from the door.

While he is looking at the books, Jasmine pounces on him. A
violent collision and struggle as Scott is knocked off
balance.

She is strong and trained, while he is weakened from being
drugged and tied up.

They both go down. The knife flashes and Jasmine screams.

JASMINE

I'm cut!

Shocked, Scott breaks away, scrambles to his feet and runs to the Jasmine grabs a kitchen towel and wraps it around her arm. The wound is not serious.

While Scott violently claws at the books and furniture and tugs at the doorknob, Allison sneaks up with a frying pan. She clocks Scott across the head with it. As he reels, she hits him again on the arm. He cries out and curls up. As Allison raises the pan again, Jasmine stops her.

JASMINE

Don't! You'll kill him.

(to Scott)

Scott? You all right?

He looks at them with uncomprehending eyes, blood running down his face.

JASMINE

(to Allison)

What if you made him a vegetable!

ALLISON

What was I supposed to do?

Scott is in the fetal position. Allison examines Jasmine's cut.

ALLISON

Not so bad. Your last boyfriend did a lot worse, remember?

They look over at Scott, who is now unconscious, bloody saliva runs from his mouth.

26

INT. CONDO - BATHROOM - DAY

Scott is trussed up hand to foot. His swollen arm is wrapped up with a sports bra. Jasmine washes his bloody head from a pan of water. When she doses him with a pill, he does not resist.

JASMINE

Good shit, huh? Better watch out, you'll get hooked.

She lathers up his face with a girly shaving gel and begins to shave him.

JASMINE

I thought we were sort of getting
to be friends.

SCOTT

Hostage. Victim. Prisoner. Not
friend.

JASMINE

Well it's not like I got off easy.

She shows Scott her bandaged arm.

JASMINE

Hurts like hell.

SCOTT

I was trying to save my life.

JASMINE

I know. I'd have done the same
thing.

Allison enters and sits down.

SCOTT

(to Jasmine)

Where are you from anyway?

JASMINE

Santa Maria. All American town. And
family. Dad sells cars. Mom sells
real estate. They were high school
sweethearts.

She makes a "puke" motion. Allison looks on sullenly.

SCOTT

(to Allison)

What about you?

ALLISON

I'm from another type of All-
American family. Mom shoots smack.
Or speed. Or anything she can get
her hands on. Dad could have been
any one of her tricks...

SCOTT

Wow, must have been hard, growing
up around that.

ALLISON

Blah blah blah. Don't try to charm me.

SCOTT

(to Jasmine)

How'd you hook up with this angel?

He indicates Allison with his head.

ALLISON

I was working at a beauty supply. I sold her some makeup to cover the black eye her boyfriend gave her.

JASMINE

I thought I loved him. I *did* love him.

SCOTT

Where is he now?

JASMINE

Hopefully dead. He kept writing me these vicious letters from prison, how he was going to chop me up in little pieces when he got out. Haven't heard from him in a while.

Allison grabs Jasmine's wounded arm and shakes it in Scott's face. Jasmine winces.

JASMINE

Ow!

ALLISON

This is what men are good for. Sticking you.

Scott, sweating, bites his lips in pain.

SCOTT

Look out, I'm gonna hurl.

Gently, Jasmine turns his head and he gags and dry heaves. She wipes his face.

JASMINE

(to Allison)

We better feed him something.

Go get him one of those burgers. And a soda.

(to Scott)
Can I trust you?

Miserably, he nods. She loosens his bonds and lets him stretch out. She wets a washcloth and sponges off his face.

SCOTT
Thank you.

Jasmine studies him and brushes his hair away from his eyes.

JASMINE
Think you can get up?

She pulls him to his feet and he leans on her as they walk to the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

She sits Scott down on a sofa and pulls his legs up so he's half lying down.

JASMINE
That better?

He nods.

SCOTT
(to Jasmine)
Why won't you let me go?

She doesn't answer. Allison swaggers in with a burger on a plate and a big gulp soda.

ALLISON
See, I even nuked it for him.

Scott eats with little appetite. He drinks the soda. Jasmine studies him.

JASMINE
(to Scott)
Where do your parents live?

SCOTT
L.A.

ALLISON
(snotty)
And what does your rich daddy do?

SCOTT
He's not rich. He sells heating and air conditioning systems.

ALLISON

Ugh.

JASMINE

(to Allison)

Stifle!

(to Scott)

You have brothers or sisters?

SCOTT

One older sister, married to a jerk.

ALLISON

Why is he a jerk? Does he beat her?

SCOTT

No, he's just a lazy sonofabitch who can't hold a job.

ALLISON

Yes, the world is so cluttered with useless people.

SCOTT

You said it, I didn't.

JASMINE

So you went to school, you got good grades, played football, joined a frat.

SCOTT

Are those crimes?

JASMINE

How'd you get into advertising?

Scott is much friendlier when addressing Jasmine.

SCOTT

I was always wisecracking... getting other kids into trouble...

ALLISON

That sounds very canned, Scott. What sort of 'trouble'?

SCOTT

(uncomfortable)

Oh, like hiding the teacher's grade book, kid stuff.

Allison shakes her head in contempt.

ALLISON
Come on, Scott. You can do better
than that. What kind of trouble?

SCOTT
Like once we

JASMINE
Yeah....?

But Scott has remembered something disturbing.

SCOTT
Fuck this.

JASMINE
Go on.

SCOTT
(agitated)
Shut up, I don't have to sit here
and be interrogated.

ALLISON
Fine. I'm going back to bed. Those
vikes made me tired.

Jasmine pauses and looks at Scott.

ALLISON
(to Jasmine)
Oh, it's *that* way? You horny little
twat. Well fuck him if you want to.

JASMINE
I don't.

ALLISON
You always do.

Allison shrugs. The women leave.

27 INT. CONDO - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Scott lies alone, mouth taped, hands bound. His tormented
eyes gradually close.

CUT TO:

SCOTT'S DREAM

28

EXT. BLEAK DESERTED SCHOOLYARD - NIGHT

Old newspapers and dead leaves blow against a chain link fence. CLOSE ON a child's old and dirty broken toy.

Dreamlike voices UP.

YOUNG GIRL'S VOICE

(screams)

No, no stop it! Stop it!

Boys' jeering laughter.

BOY'S VOICE

(laughs)

Hold her! She's getting away!

CHILD'S VOICE

What are you doing?

(screams)

Oh no oh no. Help! Mommy! Mommy help me!

BOY'S VOICE

(mocking)

'Mommy, mommy help me.'

More laughter; the crying slowly fades to silence.

DREAM ENDS

JASMINE (O.S.)

Wake up! Scott, wake the hell up.

Scott's eyes re spinning in his head, he drools foam, shudders and twists his head from side to side, gagging.

Jasmine rips the tape from his mouth, and Scott gasps and vomits. Jasmine turns his head so he doesn't choke, tries to sit him up.

JASMINE

Just breathe. You're okay.

SCOTT

Wha... what...

JASMINE

You had some kind of a seizure. It Must have been the concussion.

Scott pants, gradually orients himself.

SCOTT
I was... dreaming... this weird
dream.

JASMINE
You're okay.

Jasmine wipes Scott's face as he shudders.

JASMINE
(really alarmed)
Hang on.

LATER

29 INT. CONDO - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Shaking, Scott sips a glass of whisky as Jasmine watches.

JASMINE
What the hell happened?

SCOTT
That thing I said. About getting
other kids in trouble.

Jasmine looks puzzled.

SCOTT
It's my stock answer for how I got
into advertising. But I really did.
Get kids in trouble.

Scott drinks more whisky.

SCOTT
When I was eleven, this new girl
started school. Her name was Terri.
She was really beautiful. No girl
even came close to her. She was
like a queen. Naturally, all us
guys had crushes on her...

JASMINE
Naturally.

SCOTT
My buddies and I, we used to talk
about her, like what we wanted to
do...with her. I don't mean sex,
just ways we could be with her.

One of us would say, oh, I'd like to take her on a picnic, and another guy would say how they'd go to a fancy restaurant. Or the beach. We'd actually argue about what she would like to do best.

Scott smiles a little, recalling. Jasmine listens keenly.

SCOTT

Anyhow, one day we saw her by herself out on the playground. The other girls used to snub her, out of jealousy. They hated her.

JASMINE

Girls can be really mean.

Scott drinks again.

SCOTT

All we wanted was to talk to her close up, without the teacher watching. So we called her over. We said we'd found an injured bird or something. We were in this space between two buildings where nobody ever went. Nobody could see us...

Jasmine leans forward.

SCOTT

She came running over, and when she saw there wasn't any bird, she gave us a look, like, you bunch of idiots. And she turned to leave, but somebody blocked her way.

JASMINE

Was it you?

SCOTT

I... I don't think so. But we started like pushing her from guy to guy, just playing, like. Passing her around. And at first she was laughing and flirting, sort of. But when we wouldn't let her go, she started getting mad.

JASMINE

Did she scream?

SCOTT

Not at first. But then she tried to call out and somebody put their hand over her mouth because we didn't want to get in trouble. And then, I dunno, her blouse tore... and somebody said, 'you better take off your shirt 'cause it's torn, and somehow.... we...we couldn't stop ourselves. We held her and... we tore off all her clothes. Everything.

Scott drinks again.

SCOTT

She was like a goddess, naked like that, I remember thinking.

JASMINE

So did you rape her?

SCOTT

We tried to, but we didn't exactly know how to do it. Somebody held her down and we kind of pretended to hump her. With our clothes on. But maybe this one guy.. he was bigger than the rest of us. I think maybe he really did it. She was so fucking scared. The tears were rolling down her cheeks onto the hand that was over her mouth. I remember that.

Scott looks at his own hand and closes his eyes in pain.

JASMINE

Was it your hand?

SCOTT

I can't remember. I swear I can't. We didn't mean to hurt her. We loved her.

JASMINE

Then what happened? Did you let her go?

SCOTT

No, we couldn't. We didn't know what to do. This whole... fucked up thing started...

like she'd try to run away, and we'd let her get a little ways... Till she thought she was going to make it... And then somebody would run out and grab her back. And it would start all over again.

JASMINE

Like a cat playing with a mouse.

SCOTT

Then, one of the guys,... he said we should...I can't say this part.

JASMINE

You've got to.

SCOTT

I don't know who, but he said we should kill her, strangle her, so we don't get in trouble. 'Cause she's gonna tell for sure. But if we killed her they would think some grown-up pervert had done it.

Scott looks away in anguish.

JASMINE

So did you? Kill her?

Scott sighs, shakes his head.

SCOTT

No. After a while we all got pretty tired. So we gave her back her clothes and let her go. But we told her that if she ever told the teacher, or her parents, then we really would kill her. Or we'd kill her little sister or something. So she promised not to tell.

After she left, we all swore a blood oath, like we cut ourselves and swore never to tell what we did. And then everybody went home.

JASMINE

And did she tell?

Scott shakes his head.

SCOTT

Not that I know of. I couldn't believe it. Nobody ever got in trouble.

JASMINE

Wow.

They both sit, pondering.

SCOTT

Terri and her family moved away that summer. I don't know where they went. I worried for years that it would all come out and we'd go to prison. Then finally in high school, I found out that the statute of limitations had run, so we couldn't be prosecuted even if she did tell.

JASMINE

(dryly)
Hurray for you.

SCOTT

I heard rumors... that she'd gone on drugs.

JASMINE

Lots of people do.

Scott surveys himself.

SCOTT

I guess my karma's come around.

Jasmine says nothing. Scott lowers his head and sobs.

JASMINE

(gently)
You didn't kill her, Scott.

SCOTT

But I thought about it. It would have been a perfect solution.

JASMINE

But you still didn't do it.

Scott sobs. Jasmine puts her arms around him.

SCOTT

We didn't ... mean her any harm. I don't know how that happened.

JASMINE

That's just it. Allison and I.. we didn't mean any harm either. To you. It was supposed to be a joke at first. And now it's out of control.

(beat)

We've talked about killing you.

SCOTT

You have?

JASMINE

Well, Allison did.

SCOTT

Please don't. I won't tell.

Jasmine look at Scott's swollen hands.

JASMINE

If I untie you, will you try to run?

SCOTT

You want me to lie or tell the truth?

She unties him anyway. Scott cries. Jasmine's comforting caress turns into lovemaking.

30

INT. CONDO - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Scott and Jasmine are still talking. Allison is asleep.

SCOTT

My old man picked on me nonstop. I was never good enough.

JASMINE

Do you hate him?

Scott nods, shrugs.

SCOTT

Sometimes I hated mom too, for not having the guts to make him stop. And my sister... she was his favorite. She never took my side.

I don't know how she could just stand by and watch me get shredded.

Jasmine puts her hand on his shoulder.

JASMINE

My old boyfriend, the one who used to beat me, he had a cancer scare... This mole he had turned black, and they did a biopsy. He was so scared, and I held his hand while we sweated it out. Wrote him little notes of encouragement, how I'd always be there for him, And all that time I was hoping he'd die.

Jasmine shakes her head.

SCOTT

So.. was it cancer?

JASMINE

No. It turned out to be benign. So we celebrated, I even bought him a gift. I felt like such a phony. I thought, dammit, I was almost free. Story of my life. *Almost free.*

Scott looks up at the sky through the window.

SCOTT

I'm scared I'm going to die here.

Jasmine puts her arms around him.

SCOTT

I just want to feel the air on my face.

JASMINE

Promise not to run?

Scott nods. Jasmine gets Scott up. He is very wobbly. She moves the furniture blocking the door. They slip outside.

31

EXT. CONDO COMPLEX - NIGHT

Scott stumbles; Jasmine supports him. They walk through a garden area. Scott picks a handful of flowers and breathes them in hungrily.

SCOTT

Let's take off. You and me.

JASMINE

Really?

Slowly, they begin to walk away. Scott sways, and Jasmine catches him. After about five paces, Jasmine stops.

JASMINE

I can't do it. Allison helped me when I needed her. I owe her.

SCOTT

I've gotta go.

JASMINE

Scott, don't!

He starts to walk away, but Jasmine heads him off. He dodges and stumbles through some tall plants, but he is weak and drugged. He crawls behind a bush and waits, listening. Moments later, Allison walks past with Jasmine.

ALLISON

Nice going. You lost him.

JASMINE

(calls)

Scott? You can't be out here alone.

Scott begins low-crawling away. He almost gets to the street when they notice a ripple among the plants and pounce.

SCOTT

(weak)

Help! Help.

Allison sticks a wad of cloth in his mouth. They drag him quickly to the door and back inside.

32

INT. CONDO - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Scott is tied to the bed, his mouth taped, eyes closed.

A young girl's cries reverberate and pierce his unconscious mind. Suddenly he opens his eyes in horror. He sees a blurred image of a young girl trying to run. But her arms are pinned to her sides. She screams.

SCOTT

Stop! Stop!

A BOY'S VOICE

Everybody's gotta die sometime.
It's her time, that's all.

SCOTT

No! No!

He thrashes, trying to block the sounds.

33

INT. ANNE'S APARTMENT - DAY

A cop talks to Anne in her living room.

ANNE

....we just... went to dinner and then he walked me in.

COP

What time did he leave?

ANNE

(embarrassed)

Pretty late. After two, I think. We... had a drink, started talking.

COP

Where was he headed when he left?

ANNE

Home. To get ready for a client meeting the next morning.

The cop writes.

COP

He never showed up at work.

Anne's jaw drops.

ANNE

Oh my God!

COP

Did you make another date with him?

Anne shakes her head.

ANNE

I never heard from him. I figured he just didn't want to see me any more. Or maybe he was just busy. I... hoped it was that.

She looks away.

COP

Nobody's seen him at his apartment. He hasn't picked up his mail.

Anne's face crumples with worry.

COP

We're looking at a possibility that he was carjacked. It was late...

Anne puts her head in her hands.

COP

Where was he parked?

ANNE

(motions)

In our underground garage. Everyone parks there.

COP

Show me.

34

INT. PARKING GARAGE - DAY

Anne motions vaguely to an area near Reserved Space 102.

ANNE

Around there, I think.

COP

(to Anne)

You know your neighbors pretty well?

ANNE

Hardly at all. We're mostly commuters. Everybody's gone early.

COP

Did Scott seem worried about anything? Depressed?

ANNE

Not a bit.

COP

Happy with his job?

Anne looks uncomfortable.

ANNE

Well, he was happy his agency won our account. But he said something at dinner... he wanted to be a novelist. He said advertising wasn't where people started out. It was where they... ended up.

COP
 Did he seem like he was capable
 of... hurting himself?

ANNE
 I don't think so. But I didn't... I
 mean I *don't* really know him.

35 INT. COURTYARD OF CONDO COMPLEX - DAY

The cop and Anne emerge from the garage.

COP
 Which space did you say he was in?

ANNE
 I... can't remember. It was in
 guest parking somewhere.

As they walk around, they encounter Jasmine.

COP
 Excuse me, Ma'am. Do you live here,
 in this complex?

Jasmine suppresses a start of shock at the sight of the cop.

JASMINE
 Yes. I do. Is there a problem?

COP
 You two know each other?
 (indicates Anne)

JASMINE
 (to Anne)
 Uh, I don't think we've met.

ANNE
 I'm Anne. I'm in 56.

JASMINE
 (smiles)
 Oh hi. I've seen you around.

ANNE
 My.. date from last week has gone
 missing.

JASMINE
 Oh no. Do they have any leads?

Anne shakes her head.

COP
 (to Jasmine)
 Have you noticed anybody hanging
 around here who made you feel
 uncomfortable?

Jasmine "thinks" and shakes her head,

JASMINE
 No. Not really.

COP
 Do you recall hearing any shouts
 last week? Scuffles? Something you
 maybe thought was just party noise?

JASMINE
 ("thinks")
 No. It's pretty quiet around here.
 Safe. At least I... thought so.

The cop produces a photo of Scott.

COP
 Have you ever seen this man?

Jasmine squints at the picture.

JASMINE
 Nooo... He's nice looking though.

She smiles a little at Anne, who smiles back sadly.

ANNE
 We're pretty worried.

COP
 (to Jasmine)
 What happened to your arm?

JASMINE
 Oh, uh..my friend's dog took a
 little nip.

COP
 That's a pretty big bandage for a
 'little nip'.

JASMINE
 It looks worse than it is.

COP #1
 What kind of dog was it?

JASMINE
A... black lab.

COP #1
Labs are usually pretty docile.

JASMINE
Well he might have some Rottweiler
in him.

ANNE
I had a Lhasa Apso and he took a
'nip' one time. My whole arm was
bruised up to the elbow.

COP
(to Jasmine)
You should get a doctor to check it
out.

JASMINE
(annoyed)
Officer, don't you have a crime to
investigate?

COP
(looks keenly at Jasmine)
You think it's a crime, eh?

Jasmine is a bit rattled.

JASMINE
How would I know? Maybe the guy
just took off for some reason.
Excuse me, but I have work to do.

She tries to walk away, but the cop keeps pace.

COP
What do you do for a living?

JASMINE
I'm an executive assistant. I...
have a day off today.

COP
Who do you work for?

ANNE
(shouts)
Officer, I just remembered
something! About Scott!

The cop returns to Anne's side.

ANNE

He said he has a sister living in Turlock. He doesn't get along with her husband. But he was planning to visit her. Work things out.

COP

Did he tell you her married name?

ANNE

No he didn't. Can you find out?

COP

(nods)

Of course. We're still in the early phase of our investigation. But thanks for the tip.

Jasmine is a short distance away. She waves to Anne.

JASMINE

(calls out)

Nice to have finally met you.

Jasmine walks away.

36 INT. CONDO - DAY

Jasmine enters, agitated. Allison is playing solitaire.

JASMINE

This is bad. A cop is snooping around outside. Big time.

37 INT. CONDO - BEDROOM - DAY

Scott, tied to the bed, listens keenly at the mention of cops. He has deteriorated; his beard is growing, eyes bleary.

38 INT. CONDO - DAY

Allison keeps playing solitaire.

JASMINE

What are we gonna do?

ALLISON

Relax.

JASMINE

That cop was suspicious.

ALLISON

You're just paranoid.

JASMINE

There's no 'just.' I'm freaked.

SCOTT (O.S.)

Let me go now. I'll just tell them at the office that I went on a coke bender or something. I won't even mention this whole thing happened.

A knock on the door.

JASMINE

(little scream)

Oh Jesus, it's the cops!

As Jasmine trembles in terror, Allison gets up casually and opens the door. It's Anne, carrying a bag of groceries.

ALLISON

Yay!! We eat!

ANNE

(joking to Jasmine)

Hey, was that a close call or what?

Jasmine rolls her eyes.

ANNE

(mocking)

A black lab bit your arm? That's so weak.

(laughs)

Jasmine grabs the bag of food and Allison takes Anne's hand and lets her peek into the bedroom.

Anne jumps when she sees Scott. Then she studies him analytically. Allison comes up behind her.

ALLISON

(joking ---prim and proper)

I hear you two have met.

39

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Anne walks up and puts her face very close to Scott's. Scott is too stunned to react.

ANNE

(to Jasmine and Allison)

What have you guys done to him? Is this a joke?

SCOTT

Does it look like a joke? Anne, baby, please call the police. They're holding me hostage. Over that fucking parking space.

ALLISON

Don't believe him. This jerk broke into our apartment and tried to rape me. We took him prisoner.

SCOTT

I did not! Anne, that's bullshit. Please, call the cops.

ANNE

How did you end up in this situation? You left my place and...

ALLISON

He carries the seeds of his own destruction.

Allison and Jasmine look at each other.

ALLISON

Seeds of Destruction. That would be a great name for a band!

JASMINE

(calls out)
Earth calling Allison. Can we get something to eat?

JASMINE

(to Scott)
This whole thing is your fault you know.

SCOTT

Anne! Call 911! Please?

*

JASMINE

Why should she?
You not only got yourself into this, you've gotten us into it now. You broke into our home.

SCOTT

Look, I'm a jerk. That's beyond debate. But how is this... going to make your life better?

ALLISON
 We're probably keeping you from
 ruining somebody else's life. So
 we're doing a public service.

Jasmine and Allison high-five. Scott closes his eyes wearily.

ALLISON
 See this?

Allison shows Scott an armful of scars.

ALLISON
 I took it out on myself. What
 people did to me.

Scott stares at her arm.

SCOTT
 You're some kind of nuts.

Allison turns on him in fury.

ALLISON
 You don't see my pain, all you see
 is 'nuts'.

Anne enters with potato chips and a bowl of nuts.

ANNE
 Try these nuts.
 (laughs)

ALLISON
 Oh boy, cashews. I just love
 cashews.

ANNE
 See, I remembered!

ALLISON
 You're so thoughtful.

Scott watches this wonderingly. It's dawning on him that they're in cahoots. Allison starts stuffing herself. Jasmine tries to feed Scott a potato chip, but he turns his head away.

SCOTT
 (to Anne)
 Why are you... I don't understand.
 What the fuck is going on here?

*

Scott stares in exasperation.

SCOTT
This is insanity.

ANNE
I know exactly what you are, Scott.

SCOTT
What are you talking about?

JASMINE
Scott, she's the one who put you here. With a little help from her friends, of course.

SCOTT
Is is some kind of prank? Holding me hostage? Beating and terrorizing me? For nothing?

ANNE
Yeah, it's a prank. Like raping an 11-year-old girl is a prank.

Scott gawks at her in utter disbelief.

SCOTT
What the hell are you talking about? I've never raped anybody in my life.

ANNE
Well that's technically true. Your little wee wee wouldn't do the job. Unlike your friend Kevin, who had more than enough to tear me up so I almost bled to death.

SCOTT
B... but that girl... her name was Terri.

ANNE
Yes, that was her name all right. But Terri died out there on that playground, along with her childhood, her innocence. Her trust. Oh, and her sanity. See, I'm fucking nuts, Scott. Have been for years.

SCOTT
Oh God, Anne, Terri... You don't know how I've thought about that.

I've... I've suffered over what
we...

Anne shrieks with bitter laughter.

ANNE

You suffered. Poor wittle Scott.

SCOTT

But we .. loved you. We...we..
never would have hurt you.

ANNE

Of course not. Just threatened to
kill me and my sister too. I still
can't believe a bunch of little
boys knew so many gruesome ways to
murder somebody.

Scott reaches out to her pleadingly, and she draws back.

ANNE

Don't touch me, you insect. You
don't know how hard it was to let
you have me in bed. Every second, I
wanted to puke. I wanted to scratch
your self-satisfied, pumped up
face.

SCOTT

I don't blame you.

ANNE

(dripping with sarcasm)
Oh thank you. Such a relief.

SCOTT

How do you three know each other?

ANNE

Let's see... Allison and I met in
the nuthatch. On one of my frequent
sojourns.

*

Jasmine and I met in rehab. That
was *loads* more fun. They couldn't
put you in restraints or shock you.

JASMINE

Good old Brightside: "Where
serenity awaits the heart and
mind."

Jasmine and Anne laugh and high-five. Scott shakes his head.

SCOTT
I'm responsible for that? Why me?

ANNE
Why Scott, don't you remember? You
were the ringleader.
(mocking)
'always getting other people in
trouble,' how did that go?

*
*

Scott shakes his head.

SCOTT
I couldn't have been. I don't
remember it like that.

*

ANNE
Of course you don't Well, try a
little harder.

ANNE
(sits beside Scott)
Scott, have you ever hurt somebody
without meaning to?

JASMINE
You bet he has!

Scott glares at her.

SCOTT
We *all* have.

JASMINE
(eating)
Okay then, what's the worst thing
anybody's ever done to you?

SCOTT
What is this? Some stupid game?
This is the worst thing anybody's
ever done to me.

JASMINE
This? Darling, this is so *nothing!*

Allison nods. Anne nods, looking remote.

SCOTT
Being held hostage by murderous
crazies? I don't think that's
'nothing.'

ALLISON

What a wuss you are. Here have some more booze if you don't want to eat.

She fills Scott's glass. He drains it.

JASMINE

Please eat something, Scott.

Scott begins to eat.

JASMINE

(watching him)

Ah, the animal spirits prevail. *

SCOTT

Okay, what's the worst thing that ever happened to you?

ALLISON

Getting raped by my grandfather every night for six years. Starting when I was four.

JASMINE

Why were you living with your grandparents?

ALLISON

Because my father murdered my mother when I was three.

SCOTT

Did you witness it? *

Allison shakes her head.

ALLISON

Nope. See? There's always something to be grateful for.

SCOTT

(getting drunk) *

Well that explains why you're so warped, anyway.

ALLISON

Fuck you!

Allison smacks him. Before Jasmine can intervene, Scott head-butts Allison. She reels away, bleeding from her nose. Jasmine runs to Allison.

JASMINE
 (to Scott)
 You bastard! You've hurt her.

ANNE
 At last! He shows his violent side.

SCOTT
 (defiant but scared)
 So get her to a doctor.

Allison wipes the blood away. She is not badly hurt.

JASMINE
 Poor baby, let me get you some ice.

She runs out.

ANNE
 (to Scott)
 Why did you do that?

She approaches Scott.

SCOTT
 (tormented)
 Oh God, I've never hit a woman in
 my life.

*

Scott begins to cry. Allison is crying now. Jasmine brings ice in a bag and holds it to Allison's nose.

ANNE
 Hey, who needs another drink?

*

ALL OF THEM
 I do!

They laugh at the chorus, even Scott, **weakly raises his hand...**

*

*

ANNE
 Well have fun, kiddies. I have to
 get to work.

Scott looks helplessly at her as she leaves. He is totally confused.

BEGIN MONTAGE

Jasmine brings a bottle and pours some into coffee mugs. They all drink.

JASMINE

Look what else Annie left us.

Jasmine shows them a couple of joints. They hold a joint to Scott's mouth.

LATER

Jasmine brings in chocolate ice cream. She feeds some to Scott. They take turns feeding Scott.

They all get high and drunk. Music, dancing. *

END MONTAGE

CUT TO:

41 INT. CONDO - DAY

Allison, Scott and Jasmine are loaded.

ALLISON

(taking on a joint)

...see, My dad was having this affair, and the woman dumped him, and he blamed my mom for that. *

JASMINE

So he killed her?

ALLISON

It wasn't even mom's fault. His girlfriend just got tired of him, and he couldn't stand the rejection. That's what my grandma told me.

SCOTT

So you went to live with your grandparents. And we know what happened there. You never told anybody? About your grandfather molesting you?

ALLISON

I tried. My grandma wouldn't believe me. She said she already lost her daughter, my mom. She couldn't lose her husband too. She fucking *said* that. *

SCOTT

Go on. What happened to them? *

ALLISON

(tokes, laughs)

Fate stepped in. It was the night of my sixth-grade graduation party. I was all dressed up. And the old man said I had to wash this whole pile of greasy dishes. Even though grandma said she'd do them. And then when I was done with them, he said the water hadn't been hot enough, and he threw them all back into the sink and made me wash them all over again in super-hot water.

*
*

SCOTT

What a prick. He didn't want any boys around you.

ALLISON

(crying)

My hair got ruined, and my hands were all scalded. My new dress was soaked.

*

Scott shakes his head. Jasmine has heard all this and looks bored.

ALLISON

But here comes the good part. All of a sudden he clutches his chest and starts staggering around.

(she mimes his heart attack)

*
*

SCOTT

Heart attack?

ALLISON

Big time. At first I thought he was pretending, 'cause the dishes were so clean or something. But then I saw that his lips were turning blue.

A slow, wondering smile spreads over Allison's face.

ALLISON

Like, he crumpled up...

(comically mimics)

... and then he looked at me but he couldn't talk. And I knew right then that he was gonna die. And I had my life back.

JASMINE
 (drunkenly claps)
 Yaaay!

Scott, drunk, claps too.

ALLISON
 Of course I couldn't go to the party that night...but I didn't care. I was just afraid they'd put him on some machine and bring him back to life. After his funeral, I kept having this dream of him opening up his coffin and he wasn't really dead and coming after me with a big...

She shudders, far away in a very dark place.

SCOTT
 So you lived happily ever after.

ALLISON
 When I turned thirteen I ran away while my grandma was out. I stole everything I could. Then I smashed all her china. I cut up all her clothes. 'Cause she knew what he grandpa was doing. All that time.

JASMINE
 (nodding)
 You did good.

Silence. Everybody drinks/tokes.

JASMINE
 My turn.
 (looks at Scott)
 You know, I almost went into advertising.

SCOTT
 What'd you do instead?

JASMINE
 You name it... as long as it was underpaid and miserable.

Scott looks sad for her.

JASMINE
 Not everybody 'makes it,' Scott.

ALLISON
 (to Scott)
 And don't pity her. That's
 condescending.

JASMINE
 He's not, Allison.

SCOTT
 I'm not 'pitying her.' I'm
 empathizing.

Allison rolls her eyes.

JASMINE
 (to Allison)
 Ally, Scott really isn't that bad a
 guy.
 (to Scott)
 Scott, right now I feel so much
 love for you. I... I just want to
 make love to you.

SCOTT
 (stoned)
 What's stopping you?

ALLISON
 Awww, first there was all this
 hate here, and now there's love.
 That's what good dope does for
 people.

Jasmine looks at Scott, pondering.

JASMINE
 (to Allison)
 Why don't you come along?

ALLISON
 I'd do you. Him, I'll pass on.

SCOTT
 (taking)
 I can understand that.

*

They start dragging Scott toward the bedroom.

SCOTT
 (but intrigued)
 This is screwy.

He shrugs, lets himself be dragged.

42 INT. BEDROOM - DAY

They put Scott up on the bed and Jasmine starts kissing him. Allison puts on sexy music and starts taking off her clothes, dancing snakily (for Jasmine.) She kisses Jasmine as Scott watches. Jasmine is more interested in Scott. Allison keeps trying to distract her.

LATER

All are passed out in various poses. Scott's bonds are off, but he is unconscious. *

43 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Scott is still out. The women wake up hungover and laboriously tie Scott up again. They slink out, covering themselves, leaving Scott asleep. *

LATER

Jasmine enters with a tray of food. Scott surveys his bonds.

SCOTT

Shit.

JASMINE

Oversleeping sucks.

Scott tries the bonds again.

JASMINE

Don't. Or I'll have to tighten them.

Scott looks away.

JASMINE

Come on, Scott. You have to eat. You should have a pretty good appetite after all that...
(grins)

Scott says nothing. Jasmine sets the tray down.

JASMINE

Damn it, can't you have a little sympathy for *me* in this?

She sits down. *

Everything in my life has always been out of control.

I didn't know Allison was going to get us into this. We'd talked about it, sure, but she really started it.

SCOTT

Let me go. I told you I'll cover for you. For all of you. We can end this now.

*
*

Allison enters. Her face is now black and blue from Scott's head-butt. Scott and Jasmine stare.

ALLISON

I think he broke my nose. I really do.

She suddenly takes out the gun.

ALLISON

(to Jasmine)

I found the bullets. They were in my purse the whole time.

SCOTT

You gonna shoot me?

ALLISON

Always aim to please.

She points the gun at Scott.

JASMINE

Allison, put that away.

She points the gun at him again.

ALLISON

He fucked up my nose. My one good feature.

JASMINE

Your nose will be fine.

ALLISON

Oh, I'd love to blow your head off! At least I know how to hate. You really should try it some time, Scott. If you knew how to hate, you wouldn't be trussed up here like a little piglet.

SCOTT

You think I don't hate you?

ALLISON
You despise me.

SCOTT
Right.

ALLISON
Well despise is not hate. Despise
is with your MIND. Hate is with
your gut.

She clutches her stomach.

SCOTT
(to Jasmine)
Remember when you were telling me
about your Escape and Evasion
course in the Army?

JASMINE
Yeah?

SCOTT
What did they tell you to do if
rescue doesn't come and you can't
escape?

Jasmine looks at him.

JASMINE
You live. For your country. And
your buddies.

SCOTT
Well that doesn't help me much.

JASMINE
What do you have to live for?

Scott thinks.

SCOTT
Fucking nothing.

JASMINE
There's always advertising. And
pussy.

Scott closes his eyes.

44 INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Scott is tied to the bed, his mouth taped. Suddenly he hears
Anne.

ANNE (O.S.)

...I never told you to beat him to a pulp. I said hold him till I got here.

JASMINE

Well that's easier said than done. I thought this was supposed to be over in like a day or two. Now it's been a week and the cops are involved.

SCOTT

(shouts)
Anne?

The door to the bedroom opens and Anne walks through dressed in a stunning business suit. She stares at him eyes narrowed, sizing him up.

ANNE

God, you look a mess.
(to Jasmine)
Don't you ever comb his hair?

JASMINE

It's so hard to hire good help these days.

ANNE

(to Scott)
So now you balled my friends too? *

Allison enters.

ALLISON

I never touched him.

ANNE

(to Scott)
That just proves how "smitten" you were by me. Big liar. *

SCOTT

So are you three planning to kill me? Is that what this is about?

ANNE

(sighs) *
That's the big ask, all right.

SCOTT

I deserve to know. *

ALLISON

Oh don't tell us what you deserve.

*

ANNE

(to Allison)

Ally, I am so grateful for what you guys did. You and Jasmine really went above and beyond.

SCOTT

(mocking)

So fucking corporate. 'The big ask.' 'Above and beyond.'

ANNE

Right, you're wayyy too 'street' to be corporate, aren't you? A real rebel in your Hugo Boss suit.

JASMINE

C'mon you guys, let's get wasted again. That's lot more fun.

ALLISON

No shit. Where would I be if I couldn't get wasted? Dope makes life worth living.

*
*
*

45

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Scott lies staring into space. He listens to the three women singing drunkenly in harmony in the living room.

WOMEN (O.S.)

(sing)

White choral bells,
upon a slender stalk.
Lilies of the valley
deck my garden walk.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Anne signals them to stop, and the singing fades.

ANNE

Jasmine, you came in too soon.

JASMINE

I came in at 'Lilies of the Valley.'

ALLISON

(to Jasmine)

You did not, Miss Tin Ear.

JASMINE
Okay start again.

WOMEN
(they sing)
Oh don't you wish
that you could hear them ring.
That will happen only
when the fairieeeeeess sing.

JASMINE
(giggling)
Allison you can't carry a tune in a
bucket.

SCOTT (O.S.)
Hey, can somebody get me into the
shower?

ANNE
(drunk)
Jasmine, you do it. You're screwing
up the song for the rest of us.

JASMINE
'Cause I'm the only one with a
voice. Fine. I'll do it.

Jasmine rises and goes into the bedroom. The others begin to
sing again.

47 INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Jasmine walks up to Scott and leans over him. They kiss.

JASMINE
(whispers)
Hey this is kind of kinky, you all
bound up. I can do this.

SCOTT
Don't let me stop you.

They make out for a while.

SCOTT
Uh... I still have to pee, though.

JASMINE
You can pee in a cup. You guys are
lucky.

SCOTT
That's harsh.

JASMINE
All right, all right.

She begins to unbind his arms.

JASMINE
(drunk)
Scott, we can't do this... now that
Anne's here. It's, it's like
betraying her.

Her guard is down. The second Scott's arms are loosened, he
grabs her and braces his arm around her neck.

SCOTT
Scream and I'll break your neck.

Her eyes widen. He quickly immobilizes her and stuffs a sock
in her mouth. She struggles, and he can't quite overpower her
as they go back and forth. She almost breaks free, and Scott
begins to choke her. She goes unconscious. He unties his legs
and stands and shakes his legs to get the feeling back.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Allison takes a toke.

ALLISON
(shouts into bedroom)
Hey, it's awful quiet in there.
What are you two up to?

SCOTT (O.S.)
(teasingly)
Why don't you come join us?

Silence. Allison and Anne shake their heads.

ANNE
(coldly)
It would ruin my appetite.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Scott is trying the window quietly as Jasmine lies
unconscious.

SCOTT
(calls out)
You created the monster.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Allison puts down the joint.

ALLISON
 Annie, let's eat. Come on, I'm
 tired of singing.
 (shouts into bedroom)
 Jazzy, come and eat.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Scott continues to work on the screen. As Jasmine stirs he puts the pillow over her head and begins to smother her.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Allison is getting impatient. Anne stares grimly at the wall.

ALLISON
 (shouts in)
 Hey you guys, can you give it a
 break long enough to...

Moments pass.

ANNE
 He's such a whore. So is she.

ALLISON
 I can't believe you're jealous of
 him. I thought I was the crazy one.

*
 *

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Jasmine is kicking feebly as Scott continues to strangle her. His face is livid; he's going to kill her.

Suddenly Allison opens the bedroom door. Scott jumps for the open window. It's a little too small for him. Desperately, he tries to open the stuck window wider.

ALLISON
 Oh my God.
 (shouts to Anne)
 He just killed Jasmine! He's
 getting away!

Allison runs at Scott, who aims a kick at her. She dodges and grabs him. They fight. Anne runs into the bedroom and attacks Scott, but he hesitates to hit her as they struggle.

ALLISON
 You bastard!

Scott gets the window open wider. He begins to struggle through despite Allison holding him back.

ANNE

Where the fuck is the gun? *

Jasmine coughs and struggles to her feet.

JASMINE

I'm done. This is the last time a man wraps his hands around my throat.

She starts staggering out of the bedroom. *

48 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Anne searches frantically for the gun. Jasmine is sitting and rubbing her throat.

JASMINE

Try Allie's purse.

Anne grabs Allison's purse and takes out the gun.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Scott suddenly clocks Allison and she falls unconscious.

He quickly wriggles the rest of the way out as Anne walks grimly and determinedly into the bedroom, carrying the gun.

49 EXT. APARTMENT DECK - DAY

Scott looks frantically up and down the deck. There is no exit except down into the bushes.

Anne appears at the window. She sticks her head out and fires at Scott but misses. Scott plunges off the deck.

He lands in the shrubbery unhurt and tries to claw his way out. The branches hold him back and he rips and tears at them. In his weakened state, he can't get free.

SCOTT

(shouts)

Help! They're trying to kill me!
Anybody! Help!

A gunshot rings out. Scott is still unhurt. He struggles clear of the bushes.

Anne easily slithers out the window. She stands on the deck looking down at Scott and aims carefully and shoots. *

The bullet strikes Scott in the shoulder. *

Two more bullets miss, and another bullet hits his leg. Bleeding, he falls, rises, and struggles forward.

SCOTT
Help... Help!!!

Bleeding, Scott's POV travels around the landscape. He sees a frightened woman with her phone to her mouth.

Another shot.

BLACK SCREEN

50

EXT. APARTMENT - DAY

Tears running down her cheeks, Anne stands talking to the police. An officer picks up the gun at her feet and releases a couple of bullets onto the ground.

ALLISON
(bleeding)
That man tried to kill us!

OFFICER
We have him in custody, ma'am.
You're safe. And there's an
ambulance on the way.

Jasmine puts an arm around Anne.

POLICE OFFICER
All of you live here?

ANNE
I live in another unit. He just
beat up my friend Allison and tried
to strangle Jasmine.
(to Jasmine)
Tell him.

JASMINE
I thought we were all going to die!

POLICE OFFICER
(to Anne)
How do you know this man?

ANNE
My employer is a client of the ad
agency he works for. I went on a
date with him.

COP
What was he doing here?

ANNE

Ask him.

JASMINE

(to the cops)

He broke in. To this apartment. He wouldn't let us call the police.

WHITE SCREEN

SCOTT (O.S.)

(feeble voice)

Where am I?

DR. SCHERLING (O.S.)

You're at County Medical Center. I'm Dr. Scherling. Scott, do you know what year this is?

SCOTT

(with great difficulty)

Not my year, that's for sure. Where...where are they?

DOCTOR SCHERLING

Who is 'they', Scott?

LATER

51 INT. SCOTT'S HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Scott is sleeping. Greg Yaeger sits at his bedside. A POLICE OFFICER enters the room. He and Greg nod to each other.

POLICE OFFICER

(to Greg))

How's he doing?

Greg shrugs.

GREG

He's been through a lot.

POLICE OFFICER

We just have a few questions to ask, now that he's out of danger.

GREG

Can it wait?

POLICE OFFICER

Not a good idea. There's a bunch of conflicting stories here.

*

Greg reaches out and nudges Scott, who jolts awake and looks around.

GREG

Hey buddy.

*

POLICE OFFICER

Scott, we need to hear your version of what happened.

Scott painfully pulls himself up on his elbows.

*

SCOTT

My *version*, which is the truth, is that those women took me hostage. They held me for days. They beat me, and drugged me over something they say I did in grammar school. I don't know them from Adam.

The cop looks doubtful.

SCOTT

What's going on?

POLICE OFFICER

They say just the opposite.

SCOTT

The opposite?

POLICE OFFICER

Allison --- who you gave a pretty serious concussion --- and Jasmine -- who you apparently tried to strangle --- both claim that you broke into their apartment in the middle of the night. Did you?

SCOTT

Y...yes but.. I just needed to use the phone.

POLICE OFFICER

Oh, that's understandable... you need a phone? Just break into somebody's place.

Scott shakes his head.

SCOTT

It wasn't like that.

POLICE OFFICER

They say you held them hostage for days. You beat them, threatened them with murder, raped them repeatedly.

Scott closes his eyes wearily and shakes his head.

SCOTT

They're all lying.

The officer looks at him skeptically.

POLICE OFFICER

Are you aware that entering a stranger's home uninvited is against the law?

SCOTT

I knocked first. I yelled in.

POLICE OFFICER

Did either woman open the door or invite you in?

Scott unwillingly shakes his head.

POLICE OFFICER

So you were met at the door by....

SCOTT

Allison.

POLICE OFFICER

When did she become aware that you had entered?

SCOTT

She knew all the time I was there. You don't understand. They set it all up so that I would go there.

POLICE OFFICER

Nobody forced you to go there.

Scott puts his head in his hands.

POLICE OFFICER

What did Allison say to you when she discovered you in their apartment?

Scott says nothing.

POLICE OFFICER

Did she say, 'please don't kill me'?

SCOTT

She's nutty as a bag of pistachios.

OFFICER

That doesn't give you the right to beat or rape her.

SCOTT

I never did.

OFFICER

Who broke her nose? And who choked the other girl?

SCOTT

I was trying to escape.

POLICE OFFICER

(watching Scott keenly)

Something squirrely about you. I mean the women are definitely looney tunes that's a matter of record. But you really get my radar going. You know what I mean?

Scott shakes his head.

POLICE OFFICER

You got any bodies buried anywhere, Scott?

GREG

Oh come on, Officer. Lay off him.

POLICE OFFICER

Look, Scott, you can get ahead of this right now, or you can be a damn fool.

SCOTT

What do you mean?

POLICE OFFICER

I'm saying that Jasmine's story is the only one that matches yours. *Almost.*

SCOTT

Then she's telling the truth!

POLICE OFFICER

That remains to be seen. But claiming that you were the sole victim here is just not gonna fly. I've talked it over with the DA and the best he can offer is a mutual dismissal of all charges. Save the state a lot of money. You all just walk away. And stay out of each other's apartments.

Scott gawks in disbelief.

SCOTT

They held me hostage; she shot me!

POLICE OFFICER

...but if you wanna press on with this 'he said-she said,' the DA's gonna file felony all over you. And frankly, I think he should.

Scott is dumbstruck.

POLICE OFFICER

You've got a chance here to walk away a free man. Which is a hell of a lot more than you deserve. Or you can start down a long road with the courts that can't possibly end in a good place.

WEEKS LATER

52

INT. AD AGENCY - SCOTT'S OFFICE - DAY

Scott sits at his desk trying to work, but stops to gaze out the window. Heather and Greg Yaeger peek in. She clears her throat, and Scott looks up with a forced smile.

SCOTT

Hey, my favorite Mouseketeer! How's it goin'?

HEATHER

I'm doing a client presentation tomorrow? Did you hear?

SCOTT

Hear? I set it up.
(high-fives Heather)

GREG YAEGER

We're going after Lexus.

SCOTT
Really. Who's leading that?

Bill Bevins looks in.

BILL
You are, unless you've gone "new age" on me. In which case I'll give it to Greg, who seems to be angling for creative director these days.

Greg does a "Groucho Marx" --- wiggling his eyebrows and twitching an imaginary cigar. Scott grins but it's forced.

SCOTT
(to all)
You guys gonna let me get some work done or what?

53 EXT. CONDO COMPLEX - NIGHT

Scott pulls his car into the parking lot of a nondescript, creepy complex. When he sees a sign among the carports marked "Space Reserved for Tenant Only." He heads his car in, jerks to a stop, and gets out.

54 EXT. CONDO - NIGHT

Scott stands in front of a door. He looks around furtively. Then he gives it a tiny push. It yields just a crack. He looks around again and sneaks through.

INT. CONDO - NIGHT

In the darkened condo, Scott looks around as if he is watching for something.

Suddenly Jasmine emerges in her underwear.

JASMINE
(frightened)
Omigod! Wh... what are you doing here?

SCOTT
Whatever the fuck I want.

He moves forward and grabs her as she struggles and tries to escape. He puts a hand over her mouth and overpowers and restrains her, forcing her down onto the carpet. They confront each other face to face. He motions for her to take off her clothes.

JASMINE

(drops the frightened
affect)

I thought you'd never get here!
What kept you?

SCOTT

Stuck in a meeting. We're going
after the Lexus account.

JASMINE

Well now we've *really* got something
to celebrate!

SCOTT

(grins)

Yup, got a long night ahead.

JASMINE

(meaningful but ambiguous)

Oh, do. you. ever.

She kisses him and begins to peel off his suit jacket.

CREDITS ROLL