

# Wilshire Boulevard

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INT. DIVE CLUB - NIGHT

The greasy, chainsaw-psychobilly tattooed snarl of The Horrorpops' KISS KISS, KILL KILL bleeds over --

SLEAZY CLUB KIDS shaking it with abandon. Strobes FLASH mirror balls in a kaleidoscope of color. Lasers CRACKLE go-go dancers on pillars. Hot STUD. Hotter BABE. Hottest T-GIRL.

Welcome to CLIT CLUB. Home of the free. Land of the dazed.

CAMERA

finds two HOT CHICKS shaking it on the dancefloor.

The BRUNETTE (30's) *whirls* her hair like a headbanger on meth. Runway model bod in a neon red rubber minidress. Dances like she's in ecstasy. Or crazy. Maybe a little of both.

BRUNETTE (V.O.)

That's me on the left. The one dressed like a cherry popsicle. What can I say. It's a real turn-on. Life's too short, and you gotta grab all the cheap, pervy thrills you can get.

The REDHEAD (20's) writhes in synch with Brunette. Slides her hands down her partner's hips. Eyes flashing. Shiny, perfect, heart-shaped face beams with carnal desire.

She leans in. Kisses her. Hungry.

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

That's my girlfriend. Felina Bella Donna. Met her on my last case. Part-time dominatrix, full-time agent for Her Majesty's Secret Service. A lethal cocktail of brains, beauty and bullets. Shaken, not slurred.

Brunette pulls back. Wicked grin. Grabs Felina's hand, pulls her toward the bar. They sit. Grab their drinks.

BRUNETTE (CONT'D)

The name is Carrie. Carrie Love. I'm a private dick. A chick for hire. You got the crime, I'll do the time.

(beat)

For a price.

GUNSHOTS ring out. BANG. BANG. BANG.

Carrie WHIRLS around. WHIPS OUT her gunmetal-blue 357 MAGNUM.

CARRIE (V.O.)

Oh, almost forgot.

(beat)

I carry a gun.

The music stops. PANDEMONIUM. SCENESTERS race for the exit.

AT THE BACK BAR

A LARGE HISPANIC MAN has a GORGEOUS BLACK GIRL by the throat. SHOVES his gun in her crotch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LARGE HISPANIC MAN  
Fuckin' BITCH. You fuckin' TRICKED ME.

CARRIE

appears next to him. Levels her piece against his head.

CARRIE  
Put down the gun, Gazpacho. Nice and  
slow. Or I splatter your refried brains  
all over your Saturday night fever-dream.

The fat man looks at Carrie. Lip quivering. About to cry.

CARRIE (CONT'D)  
I said PUT -- THE GUN -- DOWN.

LARGE HISPANIC MAN  
But, but --

CARRIE  
But WHAT?

LARGE HISPANIC MAN  
She, she -- tricked me.

CARRIE  
Didn't you know? Half the cooze in this  
joint is for hire.

LARGE HISPANIC MAN  
I, I -- thought she had a -- a dick.

CARRIE  
(CLICKS the safety)  
Aha, tranny chaser. Hey. No big deal.  
Wait. Let me guess. But YOU'RE STRAIGHT?

The hulk deftly JAMS his piece into Carrie's side.

LARGE HISPANIC MAN  
Thas' right, CUNT. Whattaya gonna do  
about it?

His head EXPLODES like something out of Cronenberg.  
Carrie leaps back, covered in blood, brains. DROPS her gun.

CARRIE  
Fuck!

FELINA

stands across the now empty room. Lowers her 357 Magnum.

FELINA  
You okay, baby?

CARRIE  
Yeah. You?

FELINA  
(nods)  
When it's time to say goodbye -- say it  
with bullets.

EXT. SANTA MONICA FREEWAY - NIGHT

Carrie drives her monster 68 Olds, top down. Hair slicked back. Leather jacket covers the remnants of the evening's excitement. Felina lays back, feet up on the dashboard.

On the car stereo, the ghostly fuzz-reverb surf guitar of The Raveonettes' ALLY WALK WITH ME echoes ominously.

CARRIE  
(looks at Felina, pensive)  
I had fun tonight. Despite the bloodshed.

FELINA  
C'mon love, cheer up. I'll be back. For Christmas break. I've got spies to catch. Terrorists to seduce. Double agents to lick --

She leans over. Sucks Carrie on the neck. The car SWERVES.

CARRIE  
Whoah, easy on the vampire bite. We're almost there.

FELINA  
I want to suck your --  
(beat)  
Hey, I could give you head --

CARRIE  
(shakes her head)  
Slippery when wet, doll -- your tongue could cause a five-car pileup. Why don't you open the champagne? Keep your hands busy.

FELINA  
More booze!

She reaches into the back seat, pulls out a bottle of Moet. Starts shaking it maniacally.

CARRIE  
What are you doing? Your gonna --

FELINA  
I'm gonna christen the love boat!

Felina unties, pulls off the wire around the cork.

CARRIE  
Wait, don't! You'll --

But it's too late. Felina POPS the cork, and a geyser of champagne WHOOSHES out, SPRAYING both of them. Felina takes a big chug. Passes it to Carrie.

FELINA  
Relax. You're in rubber. No stains.

CARRIE  
(takes the bottle)  
Bitch. Now I'm soaked.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARRIE (CONT'D)  
 (laughs, takes a chug)  
 You are one crazy frill.

FELINA  
 And you love it.  
 (raises the bottle)  
 Drive on, MacDuff. Take me to your sand  
 castle.

EXT. VENICE BEACH - NIGHT

The women sit before a campfire. Huddled together under a blanket. Toasting marshmallows. The remnants of a picnic dinner lay strewn about. Bottle of wine chilling.

CARRIE  
 I have this awful feeling -- you're not  
 coming back.

FELINA  
 Don't be daft. I've never met anyone like  
 you.

CARRIE  
 That's what I'm afraid of --  
 (looks)  
 Careful, it's gonna burn.

FELINA  
 I LIKE it burned -- to a crisp. Black and  
 crunchy.

CARRIE  
 I'm a golden-brown kinda gal myself --  
 (beat)  
 Soft and --

FELINA  
 (looks)  
 Hey. You're crying. Baby --

CARRIE  
 I'm NOT crying. I'm --

MALE VOICE (O.S.)  
 Gonna give us your fucking wallets.

A NASTY SURF PUNK

stands across the campfire. Wielding a switchblade. A sickly,  
 FILTHY BEACH JUNKIE, next to him, waves a broken beer bottle.

NASTY SURF PUNK  
 Toss 'em over, NOW.

FILTHY BEACH JUNKIE  
 And your boom box, bitch. Gimmee, gimmee.

NASTY SURF PUNK  
 Maybe we should fuck 'em first.

The girls WHIP OUT their guns. The assholes FREEZE.

CARRIE  
 I've got stinky. You get ugly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FELINA  
Which is which?

CARRIE  
Flip a coin.  
(at them, smooth)  
Get your white trash crust-infected asses  
THE FUCK outta here.

FELINA  
Before we BLOW OFF your bloody DINGLE-  
BERRIES.

Shit. SURF PUNK Fuck. BEACH JUNKIE

They scuttle away. The girls smile. Lower their guns. Kiss.

CARRIE  
Let's blow this sand dune. The bungalow  
awaits.

FELINA  
Did that -- ruin the mood?

PUSH IN ON Carrie. Eyes burning with mischief.

CARRIE  
Actually, it kinda started one.

EXT. SANTA MONICA HILLS - AT THAT MOMENT

It's dark. Misty. With only the light of a half-moon.

A STRANGE-LOOKING MAN (40's), Ceasar 'do', bug-eyed, bowling-  
pin-shaped, walks a pair of GOLDEN RETRIEVERS on a leafy foot  
path. He giggles. Fingers buttons on his BLACKBERRY.

The blackberry RINGS some sappy, John Williams-like theme.

STRANGE-LOOKING  
Ooh. Overnights are in --

The dogs STOP. Tense. GROWL.

STRANGE-LOOKING (CONT'D)  
Summer, Autumn -- what's wrong?

Just then a FIGURE in black GRABS Strange-Looking from  
behind. YANKS the dog's leashes free. SHOOTS into the sky.

BANG. BANG. BANG.

The dogs RUN OFF. Strange is pulled into the dense foliage.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS - DAWN

Mulholland Drive. The peak of the land of dreams. A white  
super-stretch-limo FLIES by in a CRUNCH of gravel. A FLESHY  
STARLET pops out the moon roof. Drains a cocktail. YELLS.

FLESHY STARLET  
Firecrotch!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She FLINGS her martini glass in the air at --

A rambling, black ranch manse hidden in the foliage.  
It hits the front door, SMASH.

INT. BLACK RANCH MANSE - STUDIO - AT THAT MOMENT

The bubbly, Eurofemme decadence of Felix the Housecat's  
MADAME HOLLYWOOD over --

A cozy, dim, wood-panelled basement rec room. Posters of  
Bunuel. Goddard. Russ Meyer. Hershel Gordon Lewis.

A HULKING FIGURE (40's) leans over a computer monitor. Tiny,  
piggy eyes. Hooked nose. Kinky black hair in a mullet with  
bangs trying to cover a receding hairline.

Meet PHILLIE PFUGG. Right now rockin' the Avid. Cutting his  
masterpiece. He grins. HONKS a large glob of phlegm into his  
hand. Rubs it on his jeans. Smiles at his work, pleased.

PHILLIE  
This'll make SAW look like Pee-Wee's  
Playhouse.

He rubs his crotch, gingerly. Looks down. Winces.

PHILLIE (CONT'D)  
Say hello to my *big* 'fren --

IN THE KITCHEN

is CHINETTE PFUGG, Phillie's better half. Cute face, but on  
the body of a dude. Tiny steroid-breasts. And hey, is that a  
five-o'clock shadow? Right now she's chatting on her cell.

CHINETTE  
Torture porn? Are you fucking kidding me?  
Phillie's the next Scorcese. 'Head Shot'  
is gonna clean up at the box office.

EXT. MULHOLLAND DRIVE - AT THAT MOMENT

A hundred yards down the road, a large group of CYCLISTS form  
a human chain. Dressed like the Tour de France. Shouting  
excitedly to each other. Laughing. FLYING by --

IN PHILLIE'S STUDIO

he looks at his watch. Smiles. Goes to the window. Opens it.  
Leans out. Grabs the end of a shiny steel cable. FLICKS a  
switch on a small wooden box mounted on the outside wall.

THE CYCLISTS

get nearer. Nearer. Start to pass the house, as --

PHILLIE

YANKS on the wire, pulling it up across the road, up about  
three feet. He hooks it around a big spike, and --

THE CYCLISTS

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HIT THE WIRE! They JERK, JOLT in mid-air, skid, fall and SKITTER across the road, causing the row behind, and the next, and the next to WIPE OUT, falling like dominos.

PHILLIE

giggles. Unhooks the wire.

ACROSS THE STREET

a spinning wheel WHIRLS, pulls the cable back with a SNAP.

PHILLIE

grabs the box. Closes the window, and the blinds. Sits down with his prize. Opens the box. Takes out a small camcorder.

PHILLIE

Won't need any lube with THIS one.

EXT. WEST HOLLYWOOD - SANTA MONICA BOULEVARD - AT THAT MOMENT

A small strip mall. Dry cleaners. Burger joint. Check cashing. And, at the end, a small concrete bunker. Small sign in the window reads 'Heavenly Pictures. By Appointment Only.'

INT. HEAVENLY PICTURES - CONTINUOUS

A pink-faced MAN (40's) sits at a desk. Boyish blonde haircut, parted. Body, slug-like. Mouth a tight little smear.

Meet KEN RICE, bottom-feeder extraordinaire. Right now he's reading the Bible, mouth slowly forming the words. He hears something. Looks. Eyes LIGHT UP. He PUNCHES a remote.

HIS COMPUTER MONITOR

shows a CNN news feed. A smiling but grim anchor leans in.

ANCHOR

-- where Hollywood producer Harvey  
Flender disappeared while walking his  
dogs --

KEN

smiles. His phone RINGS. He picks up --

KEN

David, hi. Yes, I'm watching right now --

(listens)

I know. Tragic.

(listens)

Probably someone else whose calls he  
didn't return --

(giggles)

You are AWFUL.

(listens)

Of course. We should *meet*.

(listens)

How about Scandals? Say around 6?

PUSH IN ON Ken. Eyes dancing with a mischievous gleam.



EXT. VENICE WALKWAY - OZONE AVENUE - EARLY AFTERNOON

Adam Freeland's hip-shaking crime theme remix swing of Sarah Vaughan's FEVER over --

CAMERA gliding down a picture-book side-street behind the Venice boardwalk, a magical neighborhood byway for pedestrians, bicycles, skates. No cars allowed.

We continue down the bucolic boulevard through a tunnel of trees. Street lamps spill shards of light through the leaves.

We approach a six-foot-high wooden fence.  
CAMERA TILTS up, up, and reveals --

THE HOUSE. A hundred-year-old bungalow. One-and-a-half stories, with a single window in the peak of the roof.

Peering out the window is a three-foot tall blonde doll, like some kind of girlish guardian spectre. Playful. Spooky.

CAMERA PUSHES through the gate, passes a flagstone patio. Lush plant life. Big jacuzzi, blue water bubbling invitingly, steam rising into the night.

We go up three steps to an enclosed deck. Push open the lattice-work wooden door --

Revealing the antique wood and glass front door,  
swung open to reveal --

INT. BUNGALOW - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A riot of color, a pop art explosion. Imagination. Big-screen TV. Wall of sound stereo. A room-width altar. Candles abound, every size, every color. Walls painted a bright, deep red.

Barbies everywhere, in 'installations' doing strange things. A child-sized doll atop the giant TV, lava lamp up her skirt, grins maniacally, as if daring a visitor to turn on the tube.

In the corner of the room is a tiny, glassed-in work space, painted pink. A loft above it, bed-sized skylight open to the stars. Spilling moonlight across the vaulted ceiling.

CAMERA continues its journey through --

THE DINING ROOM

Walls and ceiling a deep tangerine. A long walnut table with six primitive place settings, dwarfed in the sea of wood. Crystal vase with a 'bouquet' of Barbies' in fresh water.

We pass by --

THE BAR

tricked out like a 60's Vegas tiki lounge. Fully stocked. A big lit Schlitz globe slowing turns, spinning out pin spots like a drunken mirror ball.

CAMERA PUSHES through a curtain of colored glass beads into --

THE KITCHEN

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A deep school bus yellow, dimly lit in amber from several Jesus clocks. And the ice dispenser on the fridge.

We snake through into --

THE BATHROOM

Like a ship's stateroom, at crazy knotty pine angles. Leopard shower curtain ringed around the oval footed tub.

Walls lined with a collection of framed 60's exotic dancer, pin-up photography. Racy pulp novel covers.

CAMERA glides through a curtain of gold beads into --

CARRIE'S BEDROOM

Walls and ceiling a deep, vibrant red. A queen-sized bed, seductive in black satin sheets and a lux leopard bed spread. Twin gilt sconces curled into flowers of light on the wall.

The music STOPS.

Carrie lies on the bed, mouth open. Alone. Thrashed covers and pillow and sheets. Mess of black, leopard and bare skin.

She turns onto her back. Reaches up to itch her nose. We see a CHROME HANDCUFF on her wrist. She COUGHS. The cuff WHACKS the side of her head. Carrie BOLTS UPRIGHT.

CARRIE  
OW, what the --?

She looks around. No one.

CARRIE (CONT'D)  
Felina?

WHIPS OFF the covers. Throws on her robe. Pads into --

THE BATHROOM

Empty.

CARRIE (CONT'D)  
Felina?!

She WHIRLS AROUND, dashes into --

THE KITCHEN

Empty. A small handwritten note on the bar. Carrie GRABS IT.

THE NOTE

reads 'You know how much I hate good-byes. Be strong. Stay sexy. I'll be home for Christmas. Love, F.'

Carrie stares at the piece of paper. In shock.

CARRIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
My heart was breaking. My love story never makes it to the third act. I don't even get the big Casablanca goodbye.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Carrie pulls up a bar stool. Sits. Surveys the libations.

CARRIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 I was a ship cut adrift in an ocean of  
 sorrow. My whole fucking life is a pulp  
 noir written by some drunken Philip  
 Marlowe wannabe on a one-way ticket to  
 loser-ville. Raymond Chandler knew the  
 deal. Phillip Marlowe drank like a fish.  
 Helped him think. Gave him strength.  
 Clarity.

She reaches over, grabs a bottle of Kessler's.

CARRIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 Forget those martini-swilling  
 lightweights Nick and Nora Charles. Kid  
 stuff. William Powell, my ass.

Carrie pours two fingers into a cut-glass tumbler.

CARRIE (CONT'D)  
 Philip Marlowe didn't drink for fun. He  
 drank to forget.  
 (takes a sip)  
 And then remember.

She downs it. Phone RINGS. Wipes her mouth. Pours another.

RING-RING.

CARRIE (CONT'D)  
 Leave me the fuck ALONE.

RING-RING.

She turns her head. Realizes. GRABS the receiver. Listens.

CARRIE (CONT'D)  
 Felina?

INTERCUT WITH:

A GLOSSY, DARK-HAIRED FEMME FATALE

in an armchair, turned 3/4 away from us. On the phone.

GLOSSY FEMME FATALE  
 Carrie?

CARRIE  
 You're not Felina --

GLOSSY FEMME FATALE  
 Who's Felina? Carrie, it's me -- Gay. Gay  
 Flender.

CARRIE  
 Isn't it a bit little early in the day  
 for -- stalking?

GAY  
 I'm not stalking you. I need your help.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARRIE  
What's the matter, the batteries in your vibrator went dead?

GAY  
I need a -- a private detective. You did that job for my husband's business partner --

CARRIE  
Ah, yes -- the missing gay son. That was a weird case. Kinky little bastard.

GAY  
He's not gay. He was just -- experimenting.

CARRIE  
Right. On a drag queen porn shoot in Tijuana. 'Shemale Trouble,' I believe?'

GAY  
It's my husband. He's -- missing.

Carrie pours a shot. Holds it up to the light. Downs it.

GAY (CONT'D)  
Hello? Are you still there?

Carrie closes her eyes. Thinks.

CARRIE  
When did you last see him?

GAY  
Last night. He, he -- went out to walk the dogs, and he -- never came back.

CARRIE  
(to herself)  
Guess there's a lot of that going around.

GAY  
What? So are you available? Can you help me? Can you find him for me?

CARRIE  
I'll have to check my calendar.

She pours another. Takes a sip.

GAY  
I'm at my wit's end. I didn't get any sleep last night --

Gay breaks down, starts sobbing.

CARRIE  
(winces, takes a hit)  
Alright, alright -- keep your knickers on. I'll do it. But it's just business.

GAY  
You will? Oh, yes -- thank you, thank you, I don't know what to --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CARRIE  
My fee is five hundred bucks a day. Plus expenses.

GAY  
Oh, don't worry about that. We're loaded. How soon can you come over?

Carrie pours another shot. Downs it. Shivers.

GAY (CONT'D)  
Carrie? You still there?

Pause.

CARRIE  
I'll be right over.

GAY  
I'm at 134 24th Street, one block north of Montana.  
(beat)  
Can I ask you something?

CARRIE  
Sure. Why not.

GAY  
Why does your card say --'Fast, Cheap and Out of Control?'

CARRIE  
Oh, that --  
(pours another)  
I believe in truth in advertising.

EXT. OCEAN AVENUE - CARRIE'S CAR - MOVING - AT THAT MOMENT

The silky, hep-cat swing of Milt Buckner's THE BEAST on the car stereo grooves over --

Carrie's white whale. Cruising north through a tunnel of palm trees. Passes lux beach joints. Ivy at the Shore --

CARRIE (V.O.)  
Ah. Smoggy, muggy Los Angeles. Like a sauna, blanketing this godforsaken berg like a warm, damp shroud. Just the thing for a hangover.

The car stops at a light. The sign reads MONTANA AVE. Carrie signals. Turns right. Starts heading east.

CARRIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
My mouth was dry. Heart, pounding. Head, throbbing. Muscles aching from my tryst with the Empress of the Damned.

CAMERA flies by a series of trendy boutiques.

CARRIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Maybe this would help take my mind off being left at the dog collar.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARRIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 An easy, simple missing husband -- who's probably sleeping off a bender in some sleazy motel room with a high-priced call girl.

The car turns left onto 26th Street. Passes by beautiful multi-million dollar homes. Luxury SUV's. Luxury nannies with luxury strollers pushing luxury heiresses and future CEO's.

CARRIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 This neighborhood always makes me feel like William Holden in 'Sunset Boulevard.'  
 (beat)  
 Hungry. Desperate. Doesn't belong.

Carrie's car pulls over to the curb. Stops. She inspects herself in the rear view. Sniffs an armpit.

CARRIE (CONT'D)  
 Not too bad. But I probably should have jumped in the shower.  
 (beat)  
 Nah. Never stopped Sam Spade --

EXT. VINE STREET - AT THAT MOMENT

A couple blocks south of Hollywood Boulevard, where the celebrity stars end. An old hotel, 'The Grand,' now not-so.

A small CROWD OF ONLOOKERS is cordoned off behind yellow police tape. A uniformed COP ON HORSEBACK pushes them back.

COP ON HORSEBACK  
 Behind the BARRICADE --

Another OFFICER, this one a beefy, plainclothes HOMICIDE DICK, leans against the hotel steps. Hung-over. He pukes.

BEEFY HUNG-OVER DICK  
 GAAA.

ANGLE ON --

The bug-eyed dog walker we saw earlier. Now a corpse lying on a star. Shot in the mouth. The eyes. Crotch. The name reads --

*Don Simpson.*

BEEFY

walks over. Takes a look. His PARTNER, a tall, lanky string-bean, searches through Bug-Eye's billfold.

BEEFY HUNG-OVER DICK (CONT'D)  
 Whattawe got?

STRING BEAN DICK  
 Name's Flender. Some movie producer.

EXT. WEST HOLLYWOOD - SCANDALS - DUSK

A restaurant on the second floor, above a gay video store.

INT. SCANDALS - CONTINUOUS

Connie Francis' SECOND HAND LOVE plays on a jukebox over --

Dark, very old school. BARTENDERS in shirt and tie. Cute, buff WAITERS strut about. The patrons are all men. Very old. Or very young. Ambiance heavy and quiet with lust and money.

Welcome to a 'chicken-hawk' bar.

Ken sits at the bar with DAVID NANCE (50's), gender-fuck clone from another planet. Stick thin. Fashion a'la '85. Spiky hair teased with blond tips. Eyes bright with makeup.

He raises a pink cocktail with an umbrella.

DAVID  
Here's to the demise of the biggest  
fucking thief in Hollywood.

Ken grins. Raises his glass.

KEN  
And -- to my pet project.

They sip. Eyes twinkling.

DAVID  
And just why doesn't your AGENT know  
about this 'pet' project? Hmmm?

KEN  
I've been keeping it to myself for a bit.  
Didn't want to go off half-cocked.

DAVID  
Who does?  
(winks)  
So spill it.

KEN  
Okay. Did you see on the news about that  
teacher that had an affair with one of  
the students?

DAVID  
I saw it on Perez Hilton. The boy is  
what, 13? Talk about prime rib.  
(sips his drink)  
Shame on that teacher, seducing a young  
boy like that. Old enough to be his  
mother.

KEN  
This is another one. The teacher, a man,  
had an affair with a student, a sixteen-  
year-old BOY --  
(dramatic pause)  
Who turns out to be his SON.

DAVID  
Kinky. But I can't sell that to a  
network.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KEN  
I have a plan.  
(sips his drink)  
The Lord works in mysterious ways, my  
boy.

Ken notices someone at the other end of the bar. His eyes  
light up. He leans over to the bartender.

KEN (CONT'D)  
You see that great, big bear of a man  
down there? Would you please send him  
another drink? On me --

ANGLE ON --

A large, hulking freak of a guy. A 300-pounder. Massive,  
misshapen head like something out of FREAKS. He finishes his  
drink. Starts CRUNCHING ice. Dim bulb flickering.

KEN (CONT'D)  
And be sure to tell him who its from.

INT. PHILLIE PFUGG'S JOINT - HOME STUDIO - AT THAT MOMENT

Phillie sits at his computer workstation. PUNCHES a button on  
his reel-to-reel. We hear --

MALE VOICE (V.O.)  
It's a simple job. Five thousand now,  
five thousand after it's done. Do we have  
a deal?

PHILLIE (V.O.)  
Deal.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)  
And remember, you have to get rid of the  
body. How is up to you.

He PUNCHES the tape off. Grins. Pleased with himself.

PHILLIE  
Got you by the balls, sucker.

Chinette walks into frame.

CHINETTE  
*Get rid of the body?* I heard someone say  
GET RID OF THE BODY.

PHILLIE  
Darling, let me explain --

CHINETTE  
Explain? You said you retired, and now I  
hear someone hiring you to do a JOB.

PHILLIE  
That's ADR for *Head Shot*, sugarplum.  
Looping. I'm timing the lines to make  
sure they fit.  
(beat)  
Bruce Campbell. Hell of an actor. I'm  
still pinching myself --

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

CHINETTE

Bruce Campbell? I LOVE Bruce Campbell. I saw him do *Evil Dead* in the Park.

PHILLIE

Well, *Head Shot* is gonna make *Evil Dead* look like *High School Musical*, love-muffin. And YOU'RE gonna be on the red carpet with ME, waiving to the all the fans.

CHINETTE

Oh, Phillie, you know just what to say to a girl --

(suggestive)

What do you say we go *upstairs*?

PHILLIE

I'm sorry, hun -- but it's not -- healed yet.

CHINETTE

I thought the infection was --

(alarmed)

Is it -- okay?

PHILLIE

Not to worry, my pet. It just needs -- a little more time. Pretty soon I'll be riding you like a well-oiled Harley.

PUSH IN ON Chinette's face. Dreamy.

CHINETTE

Kick-start my heart, baby --

EXT. FLENDER RESIDENCE - DAY

A super-sized faux Tudor monstrosity on a leafy cul de sac. Porsches, Beemers and Benzes dot the landscape. A HISPANIC HOUSEKEEPER waters a garden in the dappled sunlight.

INT. FLENDER LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Carrie sits in a big wing chair. Sipping a beer. Eyes roaming the large, lush room. Slowly nodding. She looks at --

GAY FLENDER (mid-30's), splayed out on the couch. The kind of blinding beauty that stops traffic. Azure eyed. Chestnut mane. Curvy. With shiny, toned gams. The stuff of dreams.

CARRIE (V.O.)

And there she was. A solid-gold siren from the right side of the tracks.

(beat)

The problem with a sex addiction is it spills over into your professional life.

Gay lights a cigarette with trembling hands.

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

Take Gay Flender. I had met her at her dead husband's office -- and within the hour we were playing 'frisk the perp' at the Motel Starlet on the wrong end of Pico.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Gay rummages in her Prada bag. Pull out a prescription bottle. Pops a pill. Takes a sip from her designer water.

CARRIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 Guess it was a combination of my carnal knowledge -- and the three martini lunch. Of course, I had to cut it off right away. I mean, I was working for her husband's partner. And I learned the hard way that mixing work and play is like looking for love at the Neverland Ranch.

Carrie sips her beer. Smiles grimly.

CARRIE (CONT'D)  
 Nice joint you have here.

GAY  
 Thank you. We just did a complete remodel. We used Brendan of --  
 (gasps)  
 Thanks for -- coming on -- such --

She breaks down. Softly sobbing.

CARRIE  
 I'm so sorry -- Gay.

Pause.

GAY  
 The fucking bastard had it coming.

CARRIE  
 Excuse me?

GAY  
 Don't get me wrong, I loved the jerk, but he was a fucking crook.

Carrie takes a pull from her bottle. Narrows her eyes.

CARRIE  
 How so?

GAY  
 He'd pad the budget on his movies and pocket the difference, never paid profit participation, and he --  
 (whispers)  
 stole people's projects.

CARRIE  
 So he was old-school Hollywood.  
 (off Gay's nod)  
 This is the point where I ask you if he had any enemies --

GAY  
 Enemies? The whole town hated him. But watch, now that he's dead, he'll be a martyr. Full-page ads in Variety, a Peter Bart column, the works.  
 (beat)  
 Isn't it a bit early in the day for a beer?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CARRIE  
I'm having a -- personal crisis of my own.

GAY  
What happened?

CARRIE  
Let's just say -- I'm unlucky in love.

GAY  
I'm so sorry --  
(stares, thinking)  
Are you sure you're up for this?

Carrie drains the beer. Eyes bore into Gay like kleig lights.

CARRIE  
(quiet, terse)  
I never let my personal life affect my work. In fact, when I'm upset and my nerves are frayed, my focus becomes razor-sharp.

GAY  
That's nice.

CARRIE  
(stands)  
So where should I start? I mean, if the whole town --

GAY  
(gets up)  
Start by checking out the freaks at his production company.

CARRIE  
The whole company?

GAY  
Don't worry. It's now only five people.

PUSH IN ON Carrie. Lighting up a smoke.

CARRIE  
Now that's what I call a mini-major --

EXT. CARRIE'S JOINT - BATHROOM - A LITTLE WHILE LATER

The spazzy, liquid surf guitar and sax of the Brian Setzer Orchestra's HOLLYWOOD NOCTURNE wails over --

Carrie in a short, silk robe. Hair up in a towel. Fresh-scrubbed. Wholesome. If you squint your eyes. She pads into --

THE KITCHEN

and goes to the fridge. Grabs an energy drink. CRACKS it open. Takes a sip. Looks out the window over the sink at --

THE HOUSE ACROSS THE ALLEY

an old, white-clapboard bungalow, like hers. But this one is in serious disrepair.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Gunshots suddenly POP! POP! POP!

CARRIE  
Sounds like the natives are restless.

She goes to the counter. Reaches into a wicker basket.  
Pulls out -- nothing.

CARRIE (CONT'D)  
My Magnum --  
(beat)  
Shit.

She opens a cupboard. Pulls out a GLOCK. Goes to the back door. Opens it. Steps out into the alley. Listens.

CARRIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Two people lived next door to me. Paul Martune and Kip Slobotnik. Both assholes. Maybe this was my lucky day. Maybe they were dead.

Carrie creeps up to the back door. Puts her ear to the door.

CARRIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
All was quiet. Too quiet. I could hear my heartbeat thump-thumping in my chest.

Footsteps. They stop. Carrie turns --

CARRIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
I felt a CRACK on my head.  
(she falls, hits the ground)  
And I fell down, deep down into a black hole, swimming, under water, the current pulling me down, down, down --  
(beat)  
Until I was gone.

EXT. CARRIE'S JOINT - REAR ALLEY - DUSK

Carrie lies on the flagstones. Towel askew.

FEMALE VOICE (O.C.)  
Carrie? Are you okay?!

A YOUNG WOMAN (20's) approaches, all legs, boobs and hair. Meet LANDON HALL, B-movie queen, Carrie's neighbor, former flame, and complete knockout in a bikini and Rollerblades.

She shuffles over to Carrie's body.

LANDON  
Carrie!

She tries to reach down. But the wheels SLIP on the smooth stone, and she FLIPS up, and lands on her ass with a CRACK.

LANDON (CONT'D)  
OW.  
(beat)  
Shit --

Carrie stirs. Opens her eyes. Looks at Landon.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARRIE  
Hey, doll-face.

LANDON  
Hey, you. Are you okay? What happened?

Carrie rubs the back of her head. Looks at her hand.

CARRIE  
I heard gunshots, came over to check it out --  
(beat)  
And that's the last I remember.

MALE VOICE (O.C.)  
Well, that's convenient. Given that there's a dead body in the living room.

Homicide detective BERNIE KEKO (40's) appears. Rugged good looks. Formerly buff, now a bit gone to seed. World-weary eyes stare at the women, the expanse of soft flesh.

CARRIE  
Bernie. What the fuck are you doing here?

BERNIE  
Well, let's see -- when I heard on the police scanner that gunshots were fired, *next door to your place*, I just HAD to check out what trouble my ex-wife was in.

CARRIE  
Hey. I was assaulted. I'm a citizen --

LANDON  
THAT'S your ex-husband?

CARRIE  
Unfortunately. Bernie, Landon, Landon, Bernie.

BERNIE  
Please to meet you. I saw that movie you did with Dana Plato, *Two Jills & A Jack*.

CARRIE  
Bernie --

BERNIE  
Hey. It isn't every day a guy gets to meet a real live movie star --

LANDON  
Aw --

CARRIE  
Bernie --

BERNIE  
(to Landon)  
So was your affair with my wife research for the role, or are you a card-carrying carpet-muncher, too?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

                  LANDON  
What?

                  CARRIE  
Ignore him.

Carrie pulls Landon up. They hug.

                  CARRIE (CONT'D)  
C'mon, babe. Let's get dressed. I think  
we've given him enough jerk-off material  
for now.

                  LANDON  
(fake-shocked)  
Carrie!

                  CARRIE  
(to Bernie)  
Eat your heart out, copper.

                  BERNIE  
You ladies get dressed. I wanna check out  
the crime scene. Then I'll have some  
questions for you.

PUSH IN ON Carrie's face. Royally pissed.

                  CARRIE  
Don't hurry on my account --

INT. SHITTY MOTEL ROOM - AT THAT MOMENT

One of those cheap flea-bag by-the-hour joints on Sunset deep  
in the scuzzy bowels of Hollywood. Weird, old disco plays on  
a large, ancient boombox. IT'S GOT TO BE LOVE, indeed.

A small fan pushes gusts of air over --

A tall, BEAUTIFUL GIRL (19) poses for us. Azure eyes. Legs  
for days. And weeks. She moves with the music. Coltish, a bit  
awkward. Which makes it sexier.

Behind the camcorder, Ken Rice adjusts the lens.

                  KEN  
Lovely. Just lovely. You have the face of  
an angel, Nikki.  
(dramatic)  
Okay -- PLACES, PLEASE. And -- ACTION.

A door opens. In walks the MONSTER we saw at Scandals. Meet  
RAT KODICK, West Hollywood's answer to Ratso Rizzo. Without  
the charm. A hulking, sweaty mass of useless flesh.

                  RAT  
(to the girl)  
Hey, baby. What's cookin'?

                  NIKKI  
(gives him the once-over)  
Apparently, you are.

He walks over to her. Places his hands on her ass.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RAT  
I'd love to put something in *your* oven.

NIKKI  
Mmmm. That's funny, cause I'm awfully hungry --

A cell phone RINGS.

Nikki races over to a knapsack on the kitchenette counter. Pulls out a cell phone. Listens.

NIKKI (CONT'D)  
Hello?  
(beat)  
Oh, hi --

KEN  
Stop! Cut! What are you DOING?

NIKKI  
(male voice)  
It's my father. Hold on to your wig.

'Nikki' listens. Lights up a smoke.

NIKKI (CONT'D)  
I can't talk, I'm in class right now.  
(beat)  
Music? I'm in music class --  
(beat)  
My grades? But I've got the rest of the year to --  
(beat)  
Dinner? Well, I dunno -- I have this exam I have to cram for --  
(beat)  
Alright, okay. See you then.

Nikki angrily CLICKS the phone shut. STOMPS her foot.

NIKKI (CONT'D)  
Stupid old FUCK.

She pulls out a coke snifter. HONKS a bump. Then another.

KEN  
Everything okay?

NIKKI  
(smiles sweetly)  
Never better.

INT. CARRIE'S JOINT - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The swinging, sultry bossa nova of Astrid Gilberto's So Nice (Summer Samba) on the mega-stereo over --

Carrie and Landon, spiffed up in tight jeans and wife-beaters. They're splayed out on the large, sectional couch sipping Coronas with lime wedges. Carrie sports a bag of ice.

CARRIE  
So tell me again why we broke up?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LONDON  
Uh, I met my boyfriend Zack?

CARRIE  
Oh, yeah -- that's it.

A loud KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK at the door.

CARRIE (CONT'D)  
Cue the fuzz.

In walks Bernie. Shaking his head. He checks out the girls.

BERNIE  
Ladies.  
(nods at the beer)  
Got another one of those?

CARRIE  
You're on duty.

BERNIE  
Okay, we've got one dead hippie next door. Clumsily hidden in a sofa bed.

CARRIE  
That would be Kip Slobotnik.

BERNIE  
Kip got capped three times in the face. At EXTREMELY close range. Actually, there's not much of a face left.

CARRIE  
Serves the greasy fucker right.

BERNIE  
Excuse me?

CARRIE  
He made my life a living nightmare. Up all night blasting bad music, getting in my face, hitting on my chicks --

BERNIE  
Looks like somebody might have a motive --

CARRIE  
Can it, Bernie. You think I killed Mr. Natural, then knocked myself out in the alley where I could be found?

Pause.

BERNIE  
Can you come and identify the body?

CARRIE  
With pleasure.

LONDON  
(gets up)  
Okay. That's my cue. Gotta date with Zack. See ya later.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

CARRIE  
And just where are you two lovebirds going?

LANDON  
We're gonna go see the new Vin Diesel flick, then go to 'Hot Dog On A Stick.'

Bernie's eyes light up.

CARRIE  
ZIP IT, buster. Not a word.

BERNIE  
But I was just gonna --

CARRIE  
No.

BERNIE  
Ask her if they had --

CARRIE  
BERNIE.

BERNIE  
Bearded clams on a bun.

Carrie shakes her head in disgust.

BERNIE (CONT'D)  
See? It wasn't a dick joke.

INT. ASSHOLE'S JOINT - MOMENTS LATER

Bernie stands in front of an old, worn sofa bed. Opened up, revealing a very dead KIP SLOBOTNIK. Half his head, gone.

We hear RETCHING in the next room.

BERNIE  
(to someone off-camera)  
Are you okay in there?

Carrie comes out. Wiping her face with a hand towel.

CARRIE  
Too early in the day for brain chunks.

BERNIE  
Or are you still with the Bushmill's for breakfast?

CARRIE  
Dangle, bub. Put a sock in it.  
(nods at the couch)  
Think it was the bloody toupee. The blast knocked it clear across the room.  
Disgusting.

BERNIE  
So that's definitely him.

CARRIE  
Yeah. I'd know that rug anywhere.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BERNIE  
So what about his roommate? Where is he?

CARRIE  
Martune travels alot on business, he's a cigar rep, always smoking those stinky fucks.

BERNIE  
Well, I'm gonna have one of my boys stake this place out until he comes home. I've got bigger fish to fuck.  
(boasting)  
You see on the news about that movie producer who was shot in the face and left on the Hollywood Walk of Fame?

CARRIE  
No. But his wife just hired me.

BERNIE  
What the fuck? That's MY case.

Carrie goes to the front door. Opens it. Turns.

CARRIE  
Looks like we're working together again, bucko. See you on the set.

EXT. CARRIE'S CAR - MOVING - DAY

On the car stereo, Divinyl's BULLET spits shards of broken glass over Carrie. Hot in leather. Cool in shades.

The car cruises the Main Street strip in Santa Monica.

CARRIE (V.O.)  
My father taught me how to be tough. How to make it on your own in the world. He taught me that life sucks, and that sometimes you have to shake off the shit that gets shoved in your face and move on. Like the day my mother packed her bags and left. He said it was just us now, us against the world.  
(beat)  
Until that morning he blew his brains out with his service revolver.

Carrie stops at a light. Lights up a smoke.

CARRIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
That's what Slobotnik looked like. Like half my father's head sprayed across his barcalounger.

The light changes. Carrie HITS the gas.

CARRIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Enough warm, fuzzy childhood memories. I've got to get ready for my close-up.

EXT. WILSHIRE BOULEVARD - BANK - AFTERNOON

The big-band swoon of The Brian Setzer Orchestra's bourbon-drenched TOWN WITHOUT PITY blares its seedy swing over --  
(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A FAT, HOMELESS WOMAN in a wheelchair festooned with a flag, pinwheel whirling in the breeze. Giant lobster-red legs scuttling crab-like movements down the sidewalk past --

A 70's-era red brick bank in the no-man's land just west of Bundy. The SIGN reads 'FI<sup>ST</sup> NATIONAL PHILIPPINES B<sub>nk</sub>.'

CAMERA glides up the path to the front entrance. Doors OPEN.

PIGGY SECURITY GUARD sits at the desk, a human hog. Shakes his jowls. Let's loose a HORRIFYING SNEEZE.

PIGGY SECURITY GUARD  
A-CHOOOOOOOO!

He HAWKS UP a big glob of phlegm. SPITS behind the desk. It hits the bottom of the wastebasket with a PING.

CAMERA moves left, revealing a GLASS DOOR. YAVO/FLENDER FILMS, LTD stenciled in plain black lettering.

Underneath, a small, hand-lettered sign in all caps reads 'JUAN, PLEASE COME SEE ME. I HAVE YOUR CHANGE.'

The right door OPENS. CAMERA glides in.

THE LOBBY

isn't much to look at. More like the front room. Cheesy TV-movie posters abound. We ZOOM IN on one.

A FADED TV-ACTRESS in a Santa hat brandishes a gun. DEATH TAKES A HOLIDAY.

CAMERA glides by --

In the corner, desk against the plate glass, a HARRIED WOMAN, (30's). Winsome, dark-haired. Sleepy-eyed. Cute in denim mini and red Ramones T-shirt. She murmurs into her headset.

HARRIED WOMAN  
Stretch limo, smoking, with DVD player,  
first priority hair and makeup?

CAMERA continues its journey, glides past --

AN OPEN DOORWAY

where we see a red-faced INTENSE GUY (30's). Persian good looks. Shaved head. Bloodshot eyes burning with self-important, bipolar rage. Meet MODI FARAHT, head of legal.

He POUNDS on his keyboard. BARKS into the phone.

MODI  
ONE MILLION? Go fuck yourself! We paid  
Marsha Day Wallace three-hundred-fifty,  
and she's an OSCAR WINNER.

CAMERA CONTINUES down a narrow hallway. On the walls, FRAMED ONE-SHEETS of Yavo/Flender's TV movie masterpieces --

MURDER ON THE BELTWAY: FOR THE LOVE OF A SNIPER  
BILLY! THE BILLY JOHN STORY  
GUYS AND DOLLS: THE NEXT CHAPTER

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CAMERA reaches the end, turns right, where we see --

A HORRIBLE, PIG-FACED WOMAN

sitting at a large work area. Papers everywhere. Furiously CLACK-CLACKING on her keyboard. A dead ringer for Anne Ramsey from THROW MOMMA FROM THE TRAIN. She speaks into her headset.

HORRIBLE PIG-FACED WOMAN

There's more beer in the garage, Larry.  
But I thought you were working today --

CAMERA MOVES past her, to another workstation. Behind a computer sits an ODD-LOOKING SAD-FACED MAN reading Variety.

ODD-LOOKING SAD-FACE

I brought that margarine in the squeeze-top bottle I was telling you about.

HORRIBLE PIG-FACED WOMAN (O.C.)

That's convenient --

A tiny, wild-eyed cigar-smoking FURIOUS MAN (60's) appears in his office doorway. Meet ROLAND YAVO, the senior partner, a bundle of manic energy. Bluster. Bravado.

And right now, last producer standing.

YAVO

BETTY! Where THE FUCK is my conference call?

Pig-Face turns her head. Looks.

BETTY

It got cancelled on account of --  
(beat)  
What happened.

YAVO

WHAT? I've GOT to close this FUCKING DEAL. We've had cops and media all over the place, and nothing's getting done!

BETTY

I'll see if I can get Izzy on the line.

YAVO

You do that.

He storms back into his office.  
The phone RINGS. Odd-Looking answers it.

ODD-LOOKING SAD-FACE

Yavo/Flender Films. This is Fleming.

SPLIT SCREEN WITH:

EXT. WILSHIRE BLVD. - CARRIE'S CAR - MOVING - AT THAT MOMENT

Carrie drives, talks on her cell. Wind WHIPPING her hair.

CARRIE

Hi. My name is Carrie Love, I'm a private eye. Gay Flender hired me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Fleming looks at Betty. Mouths 'it's a private detective.'

FLEMING  
Uh-huh --

CARRIE  
I'd like to swing by and talk to you. All of you, actually.

FLEMING  
Well, we've had a lot of visitors today. Right now isn't such a good time.

CARRIE  
What if I gave you a hundred clams?

FLEMING  
Really?

CARRIE  
Really.

FLEMING  
(low)  
Come around six-o'clock.

EXT. WILSHIRE BOULEVARD - BANK - DAY

Carrie wheels her monster Olds down Wilshire going East. Henry Mancini's THE BIG BLOWOUT rocks the sub-woofers.

CARRIE (V.O.)  
I had time to kill. But I was on that stretch of Wilshire just west of Bundy, a real no-man's land. The cheap seats, where the streets have no name. I had an itch that needed scratching, but I was lost in a canyon of fast food joints, shitty storefronts and low-end office towers. But no bars.  
(beat)  
WAIT a minute.

She suddenly WHEELS the car in a U-turn. Heads back west.

EXT. BAR - DAY

Carrie pulls up to a small, old-school dive. Sign reads: THE OFFICE. OPEN 6 AM. GET YOUR DAY STARTED RIGHT.

INT. THE OFFICE - DAY

Tequila-soaked Tex-Mex on the juke. The Iguana's OYE ISABEL.

Very dark. A bit dank. And dead. Two OLD REGULARS sit at end of the long bar glued to some Mexican soap opera on the TV.

Carrie takes a stool at the other end, near the door. Beside a big, red leather booth.

A large PONYTAILED BIKER-LOOKING BARTENDER ambles over.

CARRIE  
Draft and a double shot of Kessler's.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PONYTAILED BIKER BARTENDER  
 Comin' right up.  
 (goes to get it)  
 I remember you. You're the one that talks  
 like Bogart. You sang that song about  
 fucking on karaoke night.

He slides over a cold one and a large shot glass.  
 She DOWNS it. Take a long pull from the bottle.

CARRIE  
 'I Might Like You Better If We Slept  
 Together.'  
 (beat)  
 Axel, right?

AXEL  
 Uh-huh. And I've got a girlfriend.

CARRIE  
 Those are the lyrics from the song.  
 'Never Say Never.' Romeo Void. 1982.

AXEL  
 I knew that.

The front door OPENS. In walks Roland Yavo, and --

A SKINNY CREOLE MAN (40's), stick-thin, dapper in that  
 decayed New Orleans underworld kinda way. Pencil moustache  
 frames a smug whisper of a smile. Meet HUB FLOWER.

They take seats in the booth right behind Carrie.  
 Yavo squints in the darkness. Checks out the joint.

Axel shuffles over to the table.

AXEL (CONT'D)  
 What'll it be, gents?

Hub raises his hand. A pinky ring glistens.

HUB  
 Mint Julep, my good man.

AXEL  
 Sorry. How about a Long Island Ice Tea?

Hub nods. Smiles.

YAVO  
 You got single-malt scotch?

AXEL  
 We got Johnny Walker. Red.

YAVO  
 (grumbles)  
 That'll do.

Axel leaves. Yavo glowers. Carrie strains to listen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

YAVO (CONT'D)  
 (harsh whisper)  
 It's one thing to add a million, two  
 maybe -- but you've got the budget at  
*eighteen*. On a *four-million dollar*  
*picture*.

HUB  
 My boys are running for reelection. And I  
 have to make sure the tax incentive --

Axel returns with their drinks. Hub pulls out a big bankroll.

HUB (CONT'D)  
 I've got it.  
 (hands Axel a twenty)  
 Keep the change.

YAVO  
 Listen, Flower -- the FBI has been up my  
 ass so far we've been picking out CHINA  
 PATTERNS. And since that stupid fuck  
*Flender* got himself killed, the place has  
 been crawling with cops --

HUB  
 Relax, Roland. It's just a grand jury. No  
 charges have been pressed. We just need  
 you to testify --

YAVO  
 (drains his drink)  
 TESTIFY? Like HELL. You're destroying my  
 REPUTATION. I've produced over A HUNDRED  
 movies. I'm a GOD in this town!

HUB  
 I know, Roland. You and Harvey, over a  
 hundred credits --  
 (strange, big smile)  
 Such a shame about Harvey --

ROLAND  
 Don't you DARE fucking THREATEN me!

He FLINGS the glass across the room -- CRASH.

AXEL (O.C.)  
 Hey! What THE FUCK do you think YOU'RE  
 DOING?!

Axel appears. Livid. Beet-red.

YAVO  
 Keep your shirt on. I'll pay for it.  
 We're discussing something private. Get  
 the fuck out of my face.

AXEL  
 WHAT did you say?

YAVO  
 I said, GET -- THE FUCK -- OUT -- of MY  
 FACE!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

AXEL  
No, YOU get out -- NOW.

YAVO  
You gonna try and make me?

He stands. All five-foot-four inches.

AXEL  
Oh. So you're a tough guy.

Yavo pulls out a long-barrelled COLT-45 REVOLVER.

YAVO  
Do you know who I AM? Fucking trailer  
park piece of SHIT?

The barrel of a large, gleaming GLOCK rests against Yavo's temple. The safety CLICKS.

CARRIE

comes into frame. Holding the weapon with both hands.

CARRIE  
Dust it, Yavo. Drop the heater.

YAVO  
(drops his gun)  
Fucking cunt. What are YOU doing here?

CARRIE  
(picks it up, empties the  
bullets, hands it back)  
One of life's little mysteries, short-  
stuff. Call it karma. Kismet. Candid  
Camera. I really don't give a fuck.  
(to Axel)  
He's all yours, sport.

Axel GRABS Yavo by the arms. Drags him toward the door --

YAVO  
Get your fucking hands OFF ME.

And THROWS him into the street. Flower does a take.  
Bows slightly, and high-tails it out of there.

AXEL  
Nice piece. You a cop or something?

CARRIE  
Something like that.

EXT. FLENDER ESTATE - FRONT LAWN - AT THAT MOMENT

Sprinklers WHOOSH water across the immaculate grounds.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Gay looks at her watch. Anxious. Goes to the fridge. Gets a  
bottle of wine. Pours a glass. Takes a sip. Thinking.

Rummages through her purse on the counter. Pulls out a vial.  
Shakes out a pill. GULPS it down. More wine.

(CONTINUED)





CONTINUED: (2)

GAY  
How about -- naughty Girl Scout selling  
cookies?

PUSH IN ON Modi. His crude, arrogant leer.

MODI  
I'll take two boxes of the thin mints.

INT. PFUGG RESIDENCE - BASEMENT - AT THAT MOMENT

A gorgeous, faded B-MOVIE QUEEN sits tied to a chair. A scrap of plywood strapped across her chest. Mouth tightly gagged. She struggles against her restraints. KICKS the floor.

We recognize her as the star of DEATH TAKES A HOLIDAY.  
Phillie frames the scene through a digital video camera.

CHINETTE  
(whispers)  
This is gonna look so real.  
(looks at B-Movie)  
I mean, check it out. That's Heather  
Dick. From 'La Cienega Place.' One of my  
shows. And she thinks she's gonna die.

PHILLIE  
(to Heather)  
See what happens when you start chasing  
the YouTube demographic?  
(to Chinette)  
Okay. Time to suspend your disbelief.  
Places, please.

Chinette finds her mark. Facing Miss Dick.

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

CAMERA POV

The muscle-woman slowly removes her hoodie --  
Revealing an hourglass shape in a merry widow.  
And a black leather shoulder holster.

She reaches behind, slides out a PISTOL -- and takes aim.  
B-Movie JERKS against the ropes, muffled gagging screams.

BANG. BANG. BANG.

CLOSE ON --

Heather Dick. Slumped over in the chair.  
Bullet holes in the wood.  
Blood seeping down her body.

CHINETTE (O.S.)  
Oh my GOD, holy SHIT, I've SHOT her!  
(turns)  
You said we were using BLANKS.

PHILLIE

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PHILLIE  
 We were -- at least, I thought we were.  
 (beat)  
 Well, at least we know it looks --  
 realistic.

CHINETTE  
 Realistic? *Realistic*? REALISTIC? I just  
 fucking KILLED someone!

PUSH IN ON Phillie. Cluck-clucking.

PHILLIE  
 Darling. Haven't you heard the phrase  
*sacrificing for your art*?

INT. SHITTY MOTEL ROOM - AT THAT MOMENT

The shoot is over. Ken packs up his camera equipment.  
 Rat sits on the couch reading a comic book.

IN THE BATHROOM

Nikki freshens her makeup. Does her lips. Opens her compact.  
 Shakes out some fairy dust. SNORTS a line. Then ANOTHER.  
 Shakes her head, clearing out the cobwebs.

Puts her hand on the knob, and --

IN THE NEXT ROOM

the phone RINGS. Ken places the shoot videotape on the back  
 of the couch, near Rat. Picks up his cell.

NIKKI

stays put. Listens.

KEN

answers the call.

KEN  
 Heavenly Pictures, this is Ken.  
 (beat)  
 Well, hello, David.  
 (beat)  
 Just shooting some test footage of a  
 promising new starlet I discovered.  
 (beat)  
 You know the drag review at the Cock  
 Ring? Guess who's now in the show --  
 (beat)  
 Yavo's son. Yavo's SON is a TRANNY. You  
 know Klaus, the bartender? He told me --  
 apparently she was bragging about her old  
 man in the movie biz --  
 (beat)  
 Last night. I bought her a drink after  
 the show and chatted her up. I didn't  
 tell her I knew who her father was. Told  
 her I liked her look, and would she like  
 to stop by the location for a test shoot.  
 (beat)  
 You have a *filthy* mind.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NIKKI'S

eyes go wide. Shit. This freak knows my FATHER? She sees Ken over by the window, his back to us. Rat on the couch. Riveted to Action Comix. Mouth slowly reading the words.

She gets down on her knees. Crawls over behind the couch. GRABS the videotape, just as --

KEN

hangs up. Turns. Looks at Rat. Smiles warmly.

KEN (CONT'D)  
That was my agent. Nice guy.  
(brilliant idea)  
Hey. How about getting a bite to eat? My  
treat. We could go to Applebee's.  
(notices the tape is gone)  
Hey. Where's the --

He looks behind the couch. Sees Nikki.

KEN (CONT'D)  
Hey, what the heck do you think you're  
doing?

Nikki looks up. Wan smile.

NIKKI  
I lost a -- an earring.

KEN  
No you didn't, you have my videotape.  
Hand it over, NOW.

Nikki stands. Holds the tape behind her back.

NIKKI  
I never would have acted in this if I  
knew you knew my FATHER.

KEN  
Life's tough, and so am I. Hand it over,  
*fella.*

NIKKI  
(winces)  
I'm not a FELLA.  
(panics)  
If my father found out about this, he'd --

KEN  
Rat? I need your help.

Rat sighs. Puts down the comic. Damn. Right at the good part. He stands. Turns. Reaches over. Grabs Nikki by the throat with a big, meaty paw. The dog starts YIPPING.

RAT  
Hand it over. If you like breathing.

Nikki gives Ken the tape.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KEN  
See now? That wasn't so hard.  
(to Rat)  
Now, would you please escort *the lady*  
out? Her services are no longer required.

Rat GRABS Nikki by the wrist, pulls her toward the door.  
The dog starts GROWLING.

NIKKI  
I've got money, how much do you want?

KEN  
See you at the movies.

Rat opens the door --

NIKKI  
Please, if my father sees that --

And SHOVES Nikki out. SLAMS it shut, BANG.

KEN  
Well, that was most unpleasant.

RAT  
How daya think I feel? I had to fuck her.

INT. YAVO/FLENDER FILMS - FRONT OFFICE - AT THAT MOMENT

The harried-looking woman we saw earlier furiously CLACK-  
CLACKS on her keyboard. Meet JENNY LANE (32), stressed-out  
business affairs worker bee. Manning the hive.

CAMERA gets closer. We see she's actually quite fetching. The  
kind that grows on you. Imagine if she could get some rest.

The phone RINGS. She PUNCHES a button.

JENNY  
(into her headset)  
Yavo/Flender Films --  
(listens)  
And you are -- ?  
(listens)  
One moment, please.

Jenny STABS another button.

CARRIE

walks into the room. Rakish in that slightly tipsy way.  
Jenny looks. Does a double-take.

JENNY (CONT'D)  
(into the phone)  
Lief Weinrib on three.  
(to Carrie)  
Hi.

CARRIE  
Carrie Love, PI. Mrs. Flender hired me.  
(beat)  
Nice to see you again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She hands Jenny her business card.

JENNY  
Oh. Wow.

CARRIE  
I'd like to snoop around a bit, ask a few questions.

JENNY  
(reads the card)  
Fast, cheap and out of control?

CARRIE  
Marketing gimmick. Criminals love it.

JENNY  
I'm sorry, but Roland's not here right now.

CARRIE  
I know. I just bumped into him in a bar down the street waving a gun. Had to disarm him --

JENNY  
Roland? Down the street? With a, a g-gun?

CARRIE (V.O.)  
We met once before when I crashed their Christmas party. We had a couple dozen shots, hit it off, and did some heavy petting by the copier. The rest of the night is kind of a blur. But nice.

Jenny worried look melts. She smiles shyly.

CARRIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
I could tell she'd never been with another woman. And that she wanted to. Call it a sixth sense. Intuition. Gaydar, if you will --  
(beat)  
She looked like she'd been beaten down by the job. Life. But there was still a spark.  
(beat)  
Flickering right at me.

Carrie leans on the desk. Puts her hand on her hip. Raising her jacket. Revealing her Glock in a shoulder holster.

JENNY  
(eyes wide, sees the gun)  
Who do you want to -- talk to first?

CARRIE (V.O.)  
Showing the rod does it every time.

AN INSTANT MESSAGE

on her computer monitor starts FLASHING -- WHO IS THAT?!

JENNY'S

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

fingers FLY across the keyboard.

THE MESSAGE BOX

reads *I'M ON A CONFERENCE CALL!*

A nearby door SLAMS SHUT with a BANG.

JENNY  
I could go first.

Carrie's eyes work their strange magic. Jenny fidgets.

CARRIE  
I think you and I should go talk  
somewhere else. Away from here. I have a  
feeling you're the only one that'll give  
me the straight scoop.

JENNY  
Okay --

PUSH IN ON Jenny. Faking nonchalance. Badly.

CARRIE (V.O.)  
Complete bullshit, of course.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Odd-Looking Sad-Face sits at the end of the conference table  
across from Carrie. Gripping Variety for dear life.

Meet FLEMING BOOR (49), Harvey Flender's assistant. Paunchy.  
Bug eyes blinking. Sparse hair trying for a Caesar.  
Approaching the final chapter of a life of quiet desperation.

CARRIE  
Tragic death. I'm sorry.  
(writes some notes)  
How long did you work for him?

FLEMING  
Twelve years. We've made 79 movies  
together. Nine minis. And two series.  
(mutters, to himself)  
And *still* no producer credit --

CARRIE  
Impressive. His wife told me that he had  
a lot of enemies. Do you know anyone who  
might have wanted to do him harm?

FLEMING  
Look in the Hollywood Creative Directory.  
Start with the letter 'A.'

CARRIE  
(smiles)  
His wife told me that Harvey was rather --  
*frugal.*

FLEMING  
You can say *THAT* again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARRIE  
So you know about his --

FLEMING  
Of COURSE. He was a THIEF, a CROOK.  
(raises a finger)  
And now I am poised to take his place.

PUSH IN ON Fleming. Quivering with quiet rage.

INT. YAVO/FLENDER FILMS - CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

Carrie walks past a closed office door.  
A hand-made sign reads LEGAL IS CLOSED.

Jenny appears. Has her coat on. Holds her bag.

JENNY  
I'm sorry, but Betty left. She gets here  
at 7:30. Leaves at six sharp, has to race  
home to her unemployed, drunken husband.

CARRIE  
(nods at the closed door)  
What about Legal?

JENNY  
That's my boss, Modi. He won't talk to  
you. He doesn't talk to visitors.

CARRIE  
I see. I like a challenge. I'll ambush  
him another time.

JENNY  
So where do you want to go?

PUSH IN ON Carrie. The cat about to get the canary.

CARRIE  
How do you feel about shellfish?

EXT. CHEZ RAY'S - NIGHT

The crisp, surf-guitar jangle of The Venturers' cover of  
CALIFORNIA DREAMIN' over --

A crusty, old dive. Across the street from the beach. Near  
the Santa Monica pier. Small martini glass in pink neon.

INT. CHEZ RAY'S - NIGHT

Almost pitch-black, except for the zillions of tiny Christmas  
lights. And the juke box. Movie posters signed by patrons.

The joint is packed. Hipsters who know better. Beaten-down  
regulars who don't. Excited voices fight the music.

And in a dark, corner booth -- Carrie and Jenny.  
Each with a giant, shell-shaped bowl of oysters.

Carrie dunks a piece of bread in steaming hot shrimp broth.  
Pops it in her mouth. Grabs her beer. Takes a long pull.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

JENNY

I love this place. I've passed it a million times and never knew what it was. I wasn't even sure if it was open.

Carrie pours salt on her wrist. Licks it.  
DOWNS a shot of tequila. Bites a lemon wedge. Smiles.

CARRIE

Chez Ray's is Santa Monica's best-kept secret. If someone in the press writes about it in one of trendy rags, they're eighty-sixed.

Just then RAY (80's) the owner, ambles over. Toothpick thin. Natty in a pink Hawaiian shirt. Ancient skin ruined by the sun. But bright, blue eyes still twinkling with mischief.

RAY

(to Carrie)  
Who's the new dame, doll? Did the Brit take a powder?

CARRIE

(flushes)  
Ray. This is Jenny Lane. I'm on a job.

JENNY

Hi.

RAY

(to Jenny, winks)  
Better watch out for this one. She can reel 'em in. Don't even need bait.

He shuffles away. An awkward silence.

CARRIE

So tell me about Yavo/Flender Films. I want all the dirt. I don't care how tawdry.

JENNY

Well, they're all freaks. We're underpaid, understaffed, and very successful. Flender was a cheap, lying bastard, and he got what was coming to him --  
(sips her cocktail)  
Yavo is nasty, crude, and suffers from a Napoleon complex --

CARRIE

Did Yavo and Flender get along?

JENNY

They only got along because of how much money they made. Yavo used to be one of the biggest producers in town -- he's made over a hundred TV movies -- but he made other investments over the years, which make much more money, so nowadays he lets -- let -- Flender call the shots. All he has to do is sit back and watch the dough roll in. Bastard's only in the office two days a week.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JENNY (CONT'D)

Rest of the time he's at his compound down in Laguna. I can't think of a motive for Yavo doing it. No upside. Flender was doing all the work.

CARRIE

Can you tell me about his enemies?

JENNY

That could take all night.

CARRIE

Whattaya say we kick it back at my place? I have a full bar.

PUSH IN ON Jenny. Her Cheshire cat smile.

JENNY

I thought you'd never ask --

EXT. THE LOBSTER - NIGHT

An outre joint right at the Santa Monica Pier. Riot of color as the sun sets over lapping waves.

Titles read 'MEANWHILE, RIGHT DOWN THE STREET.'

INT. THE LOBSTER - CONTINUOUS

The place is packed. Yavo and Rice sit a table for four in front of a huge window. The view is breathtaking.

The meeting, not.

YAVO

I only agreed to meet with you because you said the project involved my son.

KEN

And I thank you for seeing me on such short notice. I know your friend Mickey Sennet. He said this story would be right up your alley.

YAVO

Mickey Sennet is a used-car salesman. He just brings us the property, half the time he's STOLEN it. We never let that cocksucker do any real 'producing.'

(suspicious)

So why didn't Mickey bring it to me?

KEN

Well, right now he's on location in Nova Scotia.

YAVO

Working on WHAT?

KEN

A Vanna White biopic for the Family Channel.

YAVO

Who's playing Vanna?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KEN  
That girl from American Idol. She was  
first runner-up in season eight.  
(SNAPS his fingers)  
What's her name? Great set of pipes --

YAVO  
I don't watch that shit.  
(sips his cocktail)  
Tell me about your project. And how my  
son is involved.

Ken reaches down, takes an envelope from his briefcase.  
Pulls out a treatment. Hands it to Yavo with a flourish.

KEN  
'Sins of the Father' is a working title.  
It's the true story of a teacher who has  
a homosexual affair with one of his  
students, who turns out to be his long-  
lost son. It's edgy, but touching. A sure  
ratings-grabber.

YAVO  
(leafing through the text)  
This is one of the WORST ideas I've ever  
been PITCHED.  
(THROWS it at Ken)  
GAY doesn't play at the NETWORKS. Not  
unless they DIE.

A couple at the next table look.

KEN  
But --

YAVO  
And INCEST? Between a FATHER AND SON?  
What, are you fucking CRAZY?

More people look. Hushed whispers.

KEN  
I'm already in talks with Bruce  
Boxlietner to play the father.

YAVO  
Bruce BOXLIETNER? That washed-up HAS-  
BEEN?  
(over his shoulder)  
CHECK, PLEASE.

Ken reaches down. Pulls out a sheaf of eight-by-ten glossies.  
FLIPS them onto the table.

KEN  
(low, urgent)  
I just shot a tranny porn with your son  
Nikki, in DRAG, Roland. So if you want me  
to keep it a secret, you agree to make  
Sins of the Father.

Yavo THROWS his drink in Ken's face. Stands.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

YAVO  
 You fucking BLACKMAILING piece of SHIT. I  
 could GIVE a FUCK if you release a PORNO  
 with my FAGGOT SON.

A SMOOTH, EURO MAITRE' D approaches.

SMOOTH, EURO MAITRE' D  
 I'm sorry, sir -- but I'm afraid I'm  
 going to have to ask you to leave. You're  
 creating quite a scene --

YAVO  
 A SCENE? You want to see a SCENE?

He GRABS the edge of the table with his fists. LIFTS it, and  
 TOPPLES IT onto Rice. China, glasses, silverware go FLYING  
 onto Ken, who HITS the floor, screaming like a girl.

YAVO (CONT'D)  
 And YOU can pay the CHECK.

EXT. OZONE AVENUE - NIGHT - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Carrie and Jenny walk down the leafy avenue. Foliage glowing  
 from a dim street lamp. Weaving a little from cocktail time.

CARRIE  
 So why do you work there?

JENNY  
 I'm a writer. It gives me access to  
 producers. Agents. You know --

CARRIE  
 So you write TV movies?

JENNY  
 God, no. I write really dark crime  
 thrillers. With a lot of blood.

CARRIE  
 Hey. My kind of girl.

Jenny blushes. Turns away.

CARRIE (CONT'D)  
 Maybe you can tell me. When I saw Yavo at  
 The Office, he was with this really  
 creepy-looking skinny guy. Cajun, I  
 think.

JENNY  
 That's Hub Flower. He owns the biggest  
 production company in New Orleans. We've  
 made a few movies with him.  
 (wicked grin)  
 And now the FBI is investigating him --

CARRIE  
 That must have been what they were  
 arguing about --

A SIREN SCREAMS into the night. Jenny JUMPS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARRIE (CONT'D)  
 (looks)  
 That's coming from right down the street.

They walk toward the noise. See clouds of BLACK SMOKE.  
 People start SHOUTING.

FEMALE VOICE (O.C.)  
 Carrie, FIRE! Get out, GET OUT!

CARRIE  
 What? I'm right --  
 (realizes)  
 My HOUSE!

She starts TEARING down the street. Jenny follows.

EXT. CARRIE'S JOINT - FRONT PATIO - MOMENTS LATER

The house is ENGULFED IN FLAMES. A crowd of NEIGHBORS stands nearby. Watching. A LITTLE GIRL starts crying.

CARRIE  
 Oh my FUCKING GOD! Somebody DO SOMETHING!  
 Where is the fucking FIRE DEPARTMENT?

Another SIREN WAILS a few doors down. HONK-HONKS. SHOUTING.  
 Oh, shit. The *walkway street*. The fire truck is *too big*.

Carrie sees the truck. Starts YELLING.

CARRIE (CONT'D)  
 Come on, over here! Hurry UP, GODDAMN IT!  
 It's MY HOUSE, MY HOUSE, MY HOUSE!

A pair of FIREFIGHTERS race toward her with a long hose.

TALL FIREFIGHTER  
 Everybody out of the way! Stand back!

BLACK FIREFIGHTER  
 Move it people, make room!

But the house is a goner. Rich, red FLAMES engulf the roof,  
 the walls. Searing, shimmering waves of heat.

Carrie GRABS Jenny. Almost collapses. Crying, SHRIEKING.

CARRIE  
 NOOOOOOOOOOOO -- !

JENNY  
 (grabs her back)  
 It's okay, it's okay, it's gonna be okay.

A MALE VOICE behind them snickers.

MALE VOICE (O.C.)  
 Anybody got any marshmallows?

Carrie WHIPS her head around. Sees --

PAUL MARTUNE

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

(28) natty in Billabong. Not. A bit flabby. Cruel goatee wrapped around a stogie. Grey eyes crinkle.

MARTUNE  
Hey, Carrie. Guess you got to hell a little early, huh?

CARRIE  
You fucking ASSHOLE.

She GRABS Martune. THROWS him to the ground. PUNCHING, KICKING, SPITTING. He tries to fight back, but years of flabby TV-watching on the couch do him in.

BLACK FIREFIGHTER  
Stop it, you're going to KILL HIM.

CARRIE  
That's the fucking IDEA!

PUSH IN ON Carrie. As she beats his face to a pulp.

INT. MUNICIPAL BUILDING - CELL BLOCK - NIGHT

A row of cells. Lit by diffused light. The standard institutional decay. Angry voices. Mad voices. Drunk voices echo hollowly against the brick and linoleum.

INT. JAIL CELL - CONTINUOUS

Carrie sits on the lower bed. Filthy, torn clothes. Blood on her hands. Head between her knees. Beyond in shock.

CARRIE (V.O.)  
I was spinning out of control. The raging fire burned in my eyes, over and over. Closing them only made it worse. I saw Martune's ugly face. Taunting me. Then I saw red, and --  
(beat)  
Here I am.

She slowly, in agony, gets up. Goes to the sink. Turns on the faucet. SPLASHES cold water in her face. Looks in the mirror.

CARRIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Been awhile since I was booked and fingerprinted. Nothing like a full body cavity search to brighten your day.  
(beat)  
I hope I didn't kill him. That's the last thing I need. I still owe my lawyer five K for the last DUI he fixed --

MALE VOICE (O.C.)  
How you doin'?

BERNIE

stands at the bars. Spooked.

CARRIE  
Look who the cat --  
(starts to lose it)  
Bernie, I, I -- blacked out --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BERNIE  
(quiet)  
I'm sorry you lost your house, Carrie.

CARRIE  
Martune, is he --

BERNIE  
He's alive, yes. He's at UCLA Medical Center. Ran a check on him. Turns out he has a couple of priors. Mail fraud. Embezzlement. Got off each time. His father is some big-shot attorney downtown.

CARRIE  
No -- arson?

BERNIE  
You don't think he'd be stupid enough to -

CARRIE  
I don't know what to think anymore.

BERNIE  
(over his shoulder)  
GUARD.

CARRIE  
You're -- letting me go?

An angry-looking BLACK GUARD comes to the cell door. Sticks his key in. Unlocks it with a CLANG. Opens it.

BERNIE  
Your friends posted bail. Don't get me wrong, I'd love to keep you in here. Keep you outta trouble.

Carrie shuffles out. Stops. Weak grin.

CARRIE  
Hey. Trouble is my business.

EXT. MUNICIPAL BUILDING - PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Landon and Jenny sit in Carrie's Olds. Landon, behind the wheel. Jenny, in the back seat. Shivering in short sleeves.

Japan's brittle, decayed cover of The Velvet Underground's ALL TOMORROW'S PARTIES softly plays on the car stereo.

Carrie comes up to the passenger side. Dazed. Lost.

CARRIE  
(softly)  
Landon.

LANDON  
Carrie. Are you okay?

CARRIE  
I'll live.  
(sees Jenny)  
You came, too?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JENNY  
 (blushes)  
 I -- don't have a ride.  
 (shy)  
 And I wanted to see if you were okay.

CARRIE  
 Thanks, guys --

She walks around the car. Gets in beside Landon. Stares.

LANDON  
 Let's go get you cleaned up.

CARRIE  
 (fighting tears)  
 That would be -- nice.

LANDON  
 (looks at her watch)  
 We've got just enough time before I have  
 to leave for the airport.

CARRIE  
 You're -- leaving, too?

LANDON  
 Didn't I tell you? I got a part in the  
 new Scorcese flick.  
 (big smile)  
 'Sleazy B-movie actress No. 2.'

PUSH IN ON Carrie. Weak smile.

CARRIE  
 Glad to see you weren't -- typecast.

EXT. OCEAN AVENUE - AT THAT MOMENT

The purple, swinging acid jazz of Groove Nation's GET THIS  
 percolates and bubbles over --

A riot of red, orange and yellow smears the sky above  
 crashing waves. Wind WHIPS through the fifty-foot palms.

A sleek, black Lexus coupe ROARS down the coastal boulevard.

INT. YAVO'S LEXUS - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Yavo DOWNSHIFTS at a yellow light at the Malibu Canyon pass.  
 Stops at the red. Shouts into his hands-free cell.

YAVO  
 I got a call from your DIRECTOR.

SPLIT SCREEN WITH:

INT./EXT. NIKKI'S JAGUAR - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Nikki's stuck in traffic on the 405. Puffs fiercely on an  
 ultra-long, thin cigarette. Cell phone clamped to her ear.

NIKKI  
 My d-director?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

YAVO

Yeah -- the sleazebag that shot the tranny porno you STARRED in.

NIKKI

Listen, I can explain -- it's a student film, it's --

YAVO

Shut the FUCK up and LISTEN. The creep set up a MEETING with me using YOU as bait, and now he's trying to BLACKMAIL me!

NIKKI

But, but --

YAVO

No BUTS -- except maybe YOURS. This freakshow of yours has crossed over into my BUSINESS.

THE LIGHT

changes to green. Yavo STEPS ON IT.

YAVO (CONT'D)

I've HAD IT with you. You're outta my house, outta my will, and I'm NOT paying for college. You're ON YOUR OWN, Nancy-boy.

NIKKI

No, please -- let me EXPLAIN.

YAVO

I told you to SHUT THE FUCK UP. You are DEAD to me.

He GROWLS. GRABS the cell off his ear. FLINGS IT into the dashboard -- CRACK.

EXT. CARRIE'S CAR - MOVING - A LITTLE WHILE LATER

The ghostly blue twang of Chris Isaak's TALK TO ME.

Carrie drives with the top down. She's cleaned up, wears Landon's biker chick threads. Looks haunted. Beaten. Drained. She take a swig from a pint bottle of brown. Eyes burning.

Jenny sits on the passenger side. Watching Carrie intently.

JENNY

I'll keep an eye out for cops.

CARRIE

Good idea -- driving on a suspended license --

JENNY

Really? Maybe I should --  
(beat)  
Have a hit of that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Carrie passes the bottle to her. Smiles grimly. Jenny takes a long pull. Hands it back.

CARRIE  
(takes a sip)  
So where does Yavo shack up when he's in town?

JENNY  
You want to see him now? It's kinda late.

CARRIE  
(hands her the bottle)  
I want to ask him a few questions. Alone.

JENNY  
(takes it, sips)  
He's at the Hotel California, on the beach. It's nice. Quaint. I stayed there once.  
(hands the bottle back)  
You know -- it's right near Chez Ray. Across the street, down about a block.

Carrie HITS the brakes. The tires SCREECH. She TURNS THE WHEEL. The whale ROCKS, SKIDS -- And FISHTAILS into a U-turn.

JENNY (CONT'D)  
Wow.

CARRIE  
Learned that move from Mannix.

JENNY  
So where are we going?

CARRIE  
The Hotel California. To drill Yavo.

JENNY  
And I'm -- coming along?

PUSH IN ON Carrie. Drains the bottle. Tosses it --

CARRIE  
I don't feel like being alone.

INT. SANTA MONICA POLICE STATION - CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

A small, cramped, stuffy office. Plaques, citations, photos of cops line the walls. A small fan pushes around the stale air. A tiny transistor radio plays Coltrane.

Captain LARRY LIPSHITZ (50's) sits behind his desk, unlit cigar in his mouth. A bit flabby, but still solid. Right now his eyes are burning. He POUNDS the desk with a fist. Spits --

LIPSHITZ  
You went on a FUCKING CALL with no BACK-UP. I should fucking SUSPEND you.

Bernie Keko sits across from Lipshitz in a ratty chair.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BERNIE

Look, Elroy disappeared. That's not my fault. He went off on another bender --

LIPSHITZ

Then you CALL for fucking BACK-UP. What THE FUCK were you thinking?

BERNIE

The address was -- next door to Carrie's place.

LIPSHITZ

What, you still carrying a torch for that nutty broad?

BERNIE

No, I was -- alright, I panicked, okay? When I heard the address, I took the call. I was right nearby.

Lipshitz stares at Bernie. Scowls.

LIPSHITZ

If you weren't the best homicide detective we have --  
 (flicks on the intercom)  
 Send her in, McBain.  
 (to Bernie)  
 Gotta little surprise for you.

In walks AYA MEIR (30), Israeli plainclothes detective deluxe in sharkskin. Six-feet of gleaming, curvy muscle. Long, thick black hair. Dark eyes glint like cold steel.

Helen of Tel Aviv.

LIPSHITZ (CONT'D)

Bernie, I'd like you to meet your new partner, Aya Meir.

BERNIE

(chuckles)  
 Any relation to Golda?

AYA

(curt)  
 My grandmother. Pleased to meet you, detective Keko.

She puts out a hand to shake. Bernie refuses. Folds his arms.

BERNIE

(to Lipshitz)  
 I'm not working with another broad.

LIPSHITZ

Yes, you are. And that's an ORDER.

Bernie gives Aya the once-over.

BERNIE

Alright.  
 (beat)  
 Godammit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PUSH IN ON Aya's face. Slightest flicker of a smile.

AYA  
Gee. Thanks for making a gal feel  
welcome.

EXT. HOTEL CALIFORNIA - NIGHT

The double-shot heartbreak swing of Bryan Setzer's  
SINCE I DON'T HAVE YOU over --

The parking lot. Splashy, flashy cars abound. Carrie  
maneuvers the whale into a space. The fly in the ointment.

INT. CARRIE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Carrie finishes an In-N'-Out burger. Jenny munches on fries.

CARRIE  
Just wait here. I'll be right back.

JENNY  
Okay. Be careful --

Carrie gets out. Leans into the window.

CARRIE  
Thanks for hanging out with me. It's  
weird. It feels like I've known you a  
long time.

JENNY  
Is that -- good?

CARRIE  
You tell me.

INT. HOTEL CALIFORNIA - FRONT DESK

Carrie stands at the counter. No one. She sees a bronze bell.  
BANG-BANG-BANGS it -- BRING, BRING, BRING.

FEMALE VOICE (O.C.)  
Hold on, I'm coming, I'm coming!

A FAT, GROTESQUE WOMAN

emerges from the back room. Repulsive. Layers of fat ooze out  
from under her belly top. Her three chins. Greasy grey hair  
in bangs, clipped up on the sides for that 'teenage look.'

Her stained T-shirt reads *Livin' La Vida Loca*.

CARRIE  
(pulls out a badge)  
Homicide, fourth Precinct. I'm looking  
for a Roland Yavo. He's staying here. Or  
so I'm told.

GROTESQUE CLERK  
Haven't had the law around in a while.  
(eyes flickering)  
What he do?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARRIE

Nothing. I just want to talk to him.

She pulls out a ten spot. Slides it over.

GROTESQUE CLERK

(pockets it)

He's in 24. Second floor.

EXT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

Carrie creeps down the outdoor walkway that runs the length of the place. Reaches 24. Stops. Puts her ear to the door.

Faint TV sounds trickle out. Some old movie soundtrack. Carrie KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCKS on the door.

CARRIE

Roland. Roland Yavo. It's Carrie Love --

She listens. Silence.

She pulls a pick from her pocket. Works it in the lock. A soft CLICK. The door SWINGS OPEN. She moves in.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A front room of a nice suite. Cozy. Touristy-tacky. Nautical artwork. A plasma-screen TV flashes over a fake fireplace.

Empty.

Carrie moves to the bathroom. In the doorway, we see pair of bare feet on the floor. In a large puddle of BLOOD.

CARRIE

(softly)

This is not good.

She goes in. Yavo lies on the tiles. Shot in the temple. His Colt lies next to his right hand.

CARRIE (CONT'D)

Clumsily staged suicide. Amateur-hour. Strictly non-pro.

Carrie grabs a hand towel. Wipes down the doorknob. All the surfaces she touched. Closes the door.

OUTSIDE IN THE CORRIDOR

she looks around. No one. Wipes that knob, too. Hurries off.

EXT. HOTEL CALIFORNIA - PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Carrie slides into the Olds. GUNS the engine. HITS the gas.

JENNY

What's wrong? You look spooked.

CARRIE

Yavo's dead. Single gunshot, right in the kisser.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JENNY  
What?

CARRIE  
Shot with his own gun. Old Raymond  
Chandler device. Nice. When it works.

JENNY  
Did you -- call the police?

CARRIE  
Not yet. I've finally been dealt a good  
hand. And I'd like to play it out.

EXT. MUNICIPAL BUILDING - PARKING LOT - AT THAT MOMENT

Aya sits behind the wheel of a nondescript unmarked sedan.  
Bernie comes up to her window.

BERNIE  
Slide over. I'm driving.

AYA  
No. I'm driving.

BERNIE  
I ALWAYS drive.

AYA  
Hurry up, get in. We have a grieving  
widow to interview, and we don't have  
time for your misogyny.

Bernie does a slow burn. Walks around the car. Gets in. Aya  
puts the car in gear, and TEARS off.

INT./EXT. UNMARKED CAR - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

AYA  
In Israel, everyone serves in the Army.  
I've killed a man with my bare hands.

BERNIE  
Palestinian soldier?

AYA  
No, my godfather. He tried to rape me.

BERNIE  
Shit. Wow.  
(beat)  
I'm sorry.

AYA  
Don't be. He was a slave trafficker. He  
would have kicked the can sooner or  
later.

BERNIE  
It's kicked the bucket. Kick the can is a  
kid's game.

Bernie checks her out. This might not be so bad after all.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BERNIE (CONT'D)  
So, I guess you -- played basketball?

AYA  
No. But I bet you play a mean game of  
miniature golf --

\*\*\*

INT. JENNY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Jenny and Carrie walk down a dimly lit corridor.

JENNY  
I've been trying to get the landlord to  
fix the light.

They get to her door.

CARRIE  
One quick drink for the road. I gotta  
find a place to crash tonight.

Jenny puts her key in, rattles the lock. Flustered.

JENNY  
The lock -- sticks.

INT. JENNY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Cute. Cozy. Homey, like a senior-year dorm room. Plants.  
Stuffed bookcases. An Italian LA FEMME NIKITA poster.

CARRIE  
La Femme Nikita, great flick.

JENNY  
I LOVE Luc Besson.

CARRIE  
Have you seen *Leon*? I mean, thirteen-year  
old Natalie Portman? Hello.

JENNY  
You mean *The Professional*?

CARRIE  
That's the Hollywood title. The original  
title was *Leon*. And in the original  
script, they make love.  
(meaningfully)  
Raising the stakes --

Pause.

JENNY  
So -- what do you want? I've got beer,  
wine, scotch --

CARRIE  
Scotch. Make it a triple.  
(off Jenny's look)  
My version of one drink --

INT. UNMARKED CAR - AT THAT MOMENT

Aya and Bernie sit in the car, parked in front of a designer coffee joint. Sipping java.

AYA  
Isn't it a little late to be visiting the widow?

BERNIE  
Element of surprise. In case there's any monkey business, catches 'em off guard.

The police radio SQUEALS.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)  
All units in the vicinity of Ocean Avenue and Colorado. We've got a 10-54 at the Hotel California, 1670 Ocean Avenue. See the night clerk.

BERNIE  
Shit. That's right nearby --  
(grabs the transmitter)  
This is unit three-twelve. We've got it. On our way.  
(to Aya)  
Come on, let's go.

Aya starts the car. Pulls out of the parking lot.

INT./EXT. UNMARKED CAR - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

BERNIE  
Take Wilshire all the way to the ocean.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)  
Bernie, it's me, Roger.

BERNIE  
(into the transmitter)  
Hey, Roger. Who's the stiff? Some tourist?

ROGER (V.O.)  
You know that movie producer that got snuffed this morning?

BERNIE  
Yeah?

ROGER (V.O.)  
It's his partner.

BERNIE  
Great. Now it's a double feature.

INT. JENNY'S APARTMENT - A LITTLE WHILE LATER

Chet Baker's THE THRILL IS GONE plays softly on the stereo. Carrie and Jenny sit on the couch. More than a little looped.

CARRIE  
There's a couple of decent places at the beach. The Venice Motor Hotel, maybe.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

CARRIE (CONT'D)  
Reasonably cheap, not too sleazy, and  
right near --  
(hiccups)  
The Boardwalk.  
(drains her glass, stands)  
I'm gonna go freshen my --

A fire engine SIREN SCREAMS. Carrie DROPS her glass. It hits the hardwood floor. CRASH. She races to the window.

CARRIE (CONT'D)  
NOOOOOOO!

JENNY  
It's okay, it's okay! It's just a --

Carrie watches the fire truck go by. Socked in the gut. She WHIRLS AROUND. Clenches her fists. The shock balloon POPS.

CARRIE  
NO, It's NOT OKAY. It's NOT -- OKAY. I  
lost EVERYTHING. My music, my books, my  
movies, my clothes, my -- SHOES. Ohmigod,  
my SHOES! My fucking SHOES.  
(gasps)  
I lost EVERYTHING, Jenny! I lost  
EVERYTHING I had in THE WORLD.  
(beat)  
And now I --  
(beat)  
I have --  
(quietly)  
Nothing.

And she LOSES IT. Wrenching, heart-ripping SOBS of pain. Spilling, gushing out like blood from a violent wound.

Jenny races over to Carrie. Hugs her. Strokes her hair. Carrie cries. And cries. And cries --

INT. HOTEL CALIFORNIA - FRONT DESK - AT THAT MOMENT

Bernie stands with Aya at the desk. Bernie flips his badge at Grotesque Clerk. Grotesque checks it out. Scratches herself.

BERNIE  
Detective Keko, homicide. This is my  
partner, Aya Meir.

AYA  
(nods)  
When did you find the body?

GROTESQUE CLERK  
About fifteen minutes ago. The guy in the  
room below called to complain about blood  
leaking through the ceiling. Poor guy's  
on his honeymoon. At first he thought he  
broke his wife's cherry. But when she  
told him she really wasn't a virgin,  
well, hello --

BERNIE  
Did Yavo have any visitors, anybody  
suspicious-looking?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GROTESQUE CLERK

Another detective, a woman. Checked out the dead guy's room, then left in a hurry. Drove a big, old, white car, Cadillac, I think. Didn't say her name --

BERNIE

Tall, thin, long hair, big boobs, smart mouth?

GROTESQUE CLERK

Yeah, that's her.

AYA

You know this person?

BERNIE

Yeah. And now she's in a shit-load of trouble.

(to the clerk)

What's the room number?

GROTESQUE CLERK

24. You can't miss it. Place is crawling with pig -- uh, cops.

INT. JENNY'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Now that it's light out, we can see through the wall of windows the Marina Peninsula's Grand Canal. It's quite a sight. Worth every penny of the outrageous rent.

Nestled in a large, airy studio is a kitchenette. Dinette. Work stationette. Entertainment centerette. Very cute.

Carrie leans against the kitchenette counter. Rakish in Jenny's white terry cloth robe. Holding a mug of coffee.

CARRIE

Not as hung over as I thought I'd be.

(beat)

Did we -- you know, do anything, uh -- ?

JENNY

comes into frame. With her coffee.

JENNY

No. You passed out. I slept on the couch.

CARRIE

Good. Don't want to compromise -- the case.

Pause.

JENNY

We did -- kiss.

CARRIE

We did?

(off Jenny's nod)

Did you like it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JENNY  
 (quiet)  
 I did.

Carrie puts down her mug. Puts her hands on Jenny's hips.

CARRIE  
 Rule one. Don't mix business with  
 pleasure.

JENNY  
 (strokes Carrie's hair)  
 Uh-huh.

CARRIE  
 Rule two. Don't get involved on the  
 rebound.

JENNY  
 (puts arms on Carrie's  
 shoulders)  
 Definitely not.

CARRIE  
 Rule three --  
 (beat)  
 What the fuck.

And she GRABS Jenny for dear life. Jenny grabs right back.  
 They writhe against the kitchenette counter. Swooning.

Carrie's hand WHACKS her mug, it hits the floor, CRASH.  
 Jenny's foot CRACKS against the garbage pail, BANG.

They kiss each other hungrily. FALL to the floor, THUD.  
 Roll around on the carpet. Hands everywhere at once.

Carrie's head disappears under Jenny's skirt.

JENNY  
 Oh, my-god --

CLOSE ON

Jenny's face. In complete ecstasy. It's never been this good.  
 Years of bad sex and faking orgasms melt away. Something from  
 deep inside starts rising to the surface.

JENNY (CONT'D)  
 Ahhh --  
 (rising)  
 Ahhh --  
 (gathering steam)  
 AHHH --  
 (louder)  
 AHHH --

And a high-pitched animal YELP ERUPTS from her mouth. A wall-  
 shaking, window shattering PRIMAL SCREAM of complete, utter  
 abandon. She WAILS and WAILS like a she-banshee.

And just as quickly, it stops. Carrie's head reappears.

JENNY (CONT'D)  
 That was -- incredible.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CARRIE  
Your first orgasm?

JENNY  
(shy)  
Promise you won't tell anyone?

CARRIE  
My lips are sealed.  
(beat)  
So to speak.

EXT. LAUREL CANYON BLVD. - AT THAT MOMENT

A green, lumbering, old-school HUMMER makes the trek up the hill. Followed by Beemers. Porsches. An Escalade limo.

INT. HUMMER - CONTINUOUS

Dean Martin rocks the subwoofers. YOU BELONG TO ME, indeed.

Phillie's behind the wheel. Cleaning his teeth with a toothpick. Chinette rides shotgun. Holds a doggie bag. Looks out the window. Pensive.

CHINETTE  
I really like that place. It's a Sizzler,  
but it's in Beverly Hills, so it's nicer.

PHILLIE  
I figured since you were upset, we'd do  
something nice. Splurge a little.

CHINETTE  
You're the sweetest guy, Phillie.

PHILLIE  
You know, once the movie is done, we're  
gonna be fucking rolling in it. And I've  
already mapped out the story for the  
sequel --

He slows, turns, goes down their driveway.

PHILLIE (CONT'D)  
Just one scene to go, and we've got  
lightning in a bottle.

The car pulls into the garage.

INT. PFUGG RESIDENCE - BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Phillie stops at the top of the stairs. Over his shoulder --

PHILLIE  
Why don't you crack open a box of wine,  
I'll bring up the dailies.

CHINETTE (O.C.)  
'Kay, honey --

He smiles. Starts down the steps, then sees --

The joint is COMPLETELY TRASHED. Camera SMASHED. Videotape in RIBBONS, like toilet paper in a tree. A complete DISASTER.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PHILLIE  
NOOOOOO!

He races down. Surveys the damage. Freaks out. Sees a note taped to the cracked plasma-screen. He GRABS it. Reads --  
*Greetings from the Tour De Fuck.*

INT. HOTEL CALIFORNIA - ROOM 24 - AT THAT MOMENT

A swarm of CRIME SCENE TECHNICIANS swarm around the room. Taking pictures. Dusting for prints. Gathering evidence.

Bernie inspects Yavo's body lying on a gurney.

BERNIE  
No way this was self-inflicted. Not a suicide.

AYA  
(points at chalk outline)  
Look at the way he fell. Body position is relaxed. There was no struggle. He knew the shooter.

An ANGRY CORONER'S OFFICE TECH starts to zip up the body bag.

ANGRY CORONER TECH  
Enough show and tell. We gotta get him downtown. The DA is on fire about this one.

BERNIE  
What kind of prints you get, Muller?

MULLER  
(looks up from his work)  
Oh, only a couple hundred. Love these hotel room jobs. *Major* overtime.

BERNIE  
Let me know if you find any belonging to Carrie Love.

AYA  
Carrie Love? Wasn't she that homicide dick that was thrown off the force --

BERNIE  
ZIP it, she was my PARTNER.

AYA  
At work or at home?

BERNIE  
Uh -- both.

AYA  
Well, that sure as hell explains a lot.

BERNIE  
And what *the fuck* is THAT supposed to mean?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AYA  
You not only shit where you eat, you roll  
around in it.

Bernie GRABS her shoulders. SHAKES her.

BERNIE  
Shut UP!

AYA  
(SLAPS his hands away)  
Get your HANDS OFF ME.

Aya GRABS him. SPINS him around. CRACKS him in a CHOKE-HOLD.

AYA (CONT'D)  
If you ever lay your hands on me again,  
It's the end of your family name, GOT IT?

She GRABS his crotch. SQUEEZES, HARD --

BERNIE  
OW!

And releases him with a flourish.

BERNIE (CONT'D)  
Bitch.

AYA  
Asshole.

She STORMS OUT. Door SLAMS. The room breaks into APPLAUSE.

MULLER  
Nice one, Keko.  
(to the room)  
Gentlemen, place your bets. Methinks  
they'll be screwing in --

ANGRY CORONER TECH  
I give it two weeks.

EAGER EVIDENCE DETECTIVE  
One week. If that.

PUSH IN ON Muller. Holding up a bill.

MULLER  
Twenty bucks says tonight.

INT. YAVO/FLENDER FILMS - FLENDER'S OFFICE - MORNING

Fleming sits behind Harvey's big desk. Feet up. On the phone.  
Listening. Twirling the cord with his finger.

FLEMING  
I understand, Jackie. But we have one  
show in prep, one in principal, and two  
in post. Somebody has to steer the ship,  
and since I've been first mate for over  
ten years --

FEMALE VOICE (O.C.)  
Love the nautical references.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GAY FLENDER

stands in the doorway. Hands on hips. Livid.

GAY  
Now get THE FUCK out of my husband's  
office.

FLEMING  
(into the phone)  
Gotta go.  
(SLAMS it down)  
Gay. How are you?

GAY  
I'll be fine when you GET THE FUCK out of  
here.

FLEMING  
(stands)  
I'm sorry, I thought I should --

GAY  
You thought? You THOUGHT? That's the  
problem right there. You tried to THINK.  
Now go back to your work station and  
answer the fucking phones.

FLENDER  
(as he leaves, dejected)  
Okay, Mrs. -- uh, Gay.

GAY  
And get me a Perrier while you're at it.  
Lime. In a cup. With a fuckload of ice.  
And then get Variety on the phone. I've  
gotta statement to make.

Modi walks in. Looks jittery. Spooked.

MODI  
Gay. What are you doing here? In --  
Harvey's office?

GAY  
It's my office now.  
(low)  
Yavo was killed last night, shot in the  
head.

MODI  
Yavo's -- dead?

GAY  
(nods)  
Someone has to -- steer the ship.

MODI  
Where? When? We should account for where  
we were.

GAY  
(sharp whisper)  
Shhh. Not here.

A voice BLEATS on the desktop intercom.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JENNY (O.C.)  
Gay? There are a couple of -- detectives  
here to see you.

GAY  
(to herself)  
Shit.  
(into the intercom)  
Bring them on back, Jenny -- thanks.

Gay and Modi exchange looks.

INT. HARVEY FLENDER'S OFFICE - AT THAT MOMENT

Bernie and Aya stand in the doorway. Gay swivels in the large, leather desk chair. Sips Perrier. Modi perches on the couch. Bright, scary-beaming face. Sips his coffee.

GAY  
I've already been through this twice with  
a couple different officers. Is this  
really necessary?

BERNIE  
Just a few routine questions, ma'am.

GAY  
Detective, my husband was MURDERED, and I  
think you should be out there trying to  
find his KILLER -- instead of badgering  
me with the same questions over and over  
again.

Bernie nods slowly. Fishes out his card. Hands it to Gay.

BERNIE  
Call me if you remember anything else.

Aya pulls out *her* card. Slides it onto the desk.

AYA  
Call me if you need someone to talk to. I  
have a psychology degree. I've done a lot  
of grief counseling.

BERNIE  
And don't leave town.

GAY  
Leave town? I have a funeral to plan. A  
eulogy to write, a -- a --

She breaks down. Starts crying.

INT. JENNY'S APARTMENT - AT THAT MOMENT

Jenny stands at the front door. Shrugs into her jacket.  
Smiles wanly at Carrie, looking out the windows, back to us.

JENNY  
Just make yourself at home. I'm sorry,  
but I have to go to work. Modi, my boss --  
can be --

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

CARRIE  
An asshole. So you said.

JENNY  
Everything's gonna be okay. You can stay  
as long as you like. Help yourself to  
what's in the fridge. When I get back,  
I'll fix us a nice dinner.

CARRIE  
(turns)  
Thanks. You're really --

JENNY  
It's okay.

Jenny walks over to Carrie. Leans up. Kisses her. They hug.

CARRIE  
I can feel storm clouds gathering. You  
better be careful.

JENNY  
Careful? Careful of what?

CARRIE  
They say what doesn't kill you makes you  
stronger.

JENNY  
Kill who? Me?

PUSH IN ON Carrie. Falling apart.

CARRIE  
No. Me.

INT. SANTA MONICA POLICE HEADQUARTERS - MOMENTS LATER

Bernie and Aya sit at their desks. Facing each other. Aya is  
eating a vegetarian wrap. Sips from a bottle of water.  
Bernie, a cheeseburger and fries. And a super-sized coke.

AYA  
(looks at his food)  
They say you are what you eat --

BERNIE  
Then what are you, a vegetable? That's  
funny, you can move.

AYA  
THIS is healthy --  
(points)  
THAT is dead animal flesh, served with  
sugar and salt and grease.

Bernie takes a big bite. Smiles wolfishly.

BERNIE  
I know. And it's so fucking GOOD.  
GRRRRRR.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MALE VOICE (O.C.)  
I'm glad to see you two are playing nicely.

In walks Lipshitz. Scratching his belly.

LIPSHITZ  
What's the scoop? Did you talk to Flender's widow?

BERNIE  
Yeah. Cold fish, that one. Said she'd already given her statement.

LIPSHITZ  
Do you think the murders are connected?

BERNIE  
I'm not sure. Maybe.

AYA  
Definitely not.

Bernie and Lipshitz exchange glances.

LIPSHITZ  
(to Bernie)  
You have anything new?

BERNIE  
Thought you'd never ask. We've placed Carrie Love at the scene of Yavo's murder at the time of death.

LIPSHITZ  
But do you really think --

BERNIE  
I don't know what to think. Maybe, if she was on a tear --

AYA  
You're being ridiculous. There's no way Carrie Love killed Yavo. It doesn't make any sense.

BERNIE  
Murder NEVER makes sense, doll.  
(to Lipshitz)  
There's some connection though -- she's hired by one guy's wife to find him, and then is seen where the other guy gets it. Too big of a coincidence.

AYA  
She's a DETECTIVE. She was following LEADS.

RASPY MALE VOICE (O.C.)  
With a rather exotic form of ammunition, it would appear.

Muller appears. Holding a ballistics report. He reads --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MULLER  
Flender was shot with 45-caliber dum-dum  
hollow points --

He smiles. Preening. In the spotlight.

LIPSHITZ  
Come on, Muller -- out with it.

MULLER  
Fired from a gun registered to --

Muller looks up from the report. Smiles grimly.

LIPSHITZ  
MULLER.

MULLER  
Ms. -- Carrie Love.

BERNIE  
Shit.

LIPSHITZ  
Fuck.

AYA  
No.

They exchange glances. Realizing the implications.

LIPSHITZ  
Guess you're gonna have to bring her in.

BERNIE  
Let me call her first. I know how to  
handle her.

AYA  
Oh, yeah. That's obvious.  
(beat)  
Get divorced much?

INT. THE OFFICE - MORNING

Paul Anka's shaken-not-stirred cover of BLACKHOLE SUN coos on  
the jukebox. Behind the bar, Axel cleans a glass.

Carrie sits on a stool with a beer and a shot. Looks like  
death warmed over. Brittle. Lost. Haunted.

AXEL  
So I guess you're a regular now.

CARRIE  
More like an irregular.

AXEL  
So you have the day off from the  
detective thing?

CARRIE  
Hey. Like the sign says, 'get the day  
started right.'

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AXEL  
 I might look like an asshole shit-kicker,  
 but I'm a good listener. At least my  
 girlfriend says so --  
 (beat)  
 Wanna tell me about it?

Carrie drinks the amber liquid. SLAMS the shot glass down.

CARRIE  
 Keep 'em coming.

AXEL  
 (pours)  
 I didn't mean to pry. You just look like  
 you could use a friend.

She DOWNS it. CRACKS the glass on the bar. Axel pours.

CARRIE  
 (sips her beer)  
 Well, let's see. First, my girlfriend  
 left the country without saying goodbye,  
 then a one-night stand hired me to find  
 out who killed her husband, so I just HAD  
 to fuck her receptionist -- and then, OH  
 YEAH, my fucking HOUSE BURNED DOWN, and I  
 LOST EVERYTHING, so I BEAT THE SHIT outta  
 the guy who did it, and ALMOST KILLED  
 him.  
 (DOWNS the shot)  
 Ahhhhh. Get the day started right.  
 (burps)  
 Oh, yeah -- jail was nice, too.

AXEL  
 That's some fucked-up shit. I'm sorry.  
 (beat)  
 Fuck.

She points at the shot glass. Smiles, evil.

AXEL (CONT'D)  
 Maybe you should slow it down a bit. You  
 have any breakfast yet?  
 (off her silence)  
 How 'bout I fix you a cheeseburger? Get  
 somethin' in yer belly.

CARRIE  
 (a whisper)  
 That would be -- really nice of you.

Axel nods. Shuffles into the back.  
 Carrie crumples. About to lose it.  
 Her cell RINGS. She fishes it out. Listens.

CARRIE (CONT'D)  
 Hello?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT./EXT - UNMARKED CAR - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Aya drives. Bernie speaks on the car phone. White-faced.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BERNIE  
Carrie?

CARRIE  
Bernie. How's tricks? Oh, that's right,  
tricks are for chicks.

BERNIE  
Not so good, Carrie.  
(beat)  
The ballistics report shows your gun  
killed Flender.

CARRIE  
You mean the Magnum?  
(mumbles, to herself)  
So it didn't just disappear. I knew  
someone fucking took it.

BERNIE  
The revolving door on your bedroom won't  
work as an alibi, Carrie.  
(ominous)  
We have a big problem.

CARRIE  
We always had a problem, Bernie. Except  
the sex was so fucking good --

BERNIE  
We can do this one of two ways. You can  
turn yourself in, now -- and I'll get the  
best fucking deal I can for you, I  
promise.

CARRIE  
And the second way?

BERNIE  
You don't want that. It's not pretty.

CARRIE  
As Steve Martin said, Comedy isn't  
pretty. And you're forgetting the third  
way.

BERNIE  
Carrie --

CARRIE  
It's called --  
(realizes)  
Eat shit and DIE, motherfucker.

She CLICKS the phone shut.  
Bernie hangs up. Dials another number.

BERNIE  
You get the location?  
(beat)  
Shit.

AYA  
I told you. You should have let me talk  
to her. Now we don't know where she is.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BERNIE  
Shut THE FUCK up. That's my EX-WIFE,  
who's now a fugitive from the law.

AYA  
You still have feelings for her.

PUSH IN ON Bernie. In denial.

BERNIE  
Shut the fuck up and drive.

IN THE BAR

Carrie wolfs down the greasy burger. Axel watches, proud.

AXEL  
The secret is what I put in the meat.  
Some pepper, ground onion -- and Tabasco  
sauce.

CARRIE  
If I wasn't on the lam, I'd fuck your  
brains out.

AXEL  
On -- the lam?

CARRIE  
I've been fingered. Someone framed me for  
murder. So now I have to go underground.  
(realizes)  
Shit. What do I do with my car --

AXEL  
That's a tough break.  
(thinks)  
Hey. I live right down the block. And I  
have an empty garage. I keep my hog in  
the living room where it's warm.

CARRIE  
You'd -- do that for me?

AXEL  
Did five years in Ossining. Gang fight  
with another cycle club. Ruled  
justifiable homicide, but I had a kilo of  
smack in the saddle bag. Left the club  
after I got sprung. Too old for that shit  
anymore.

He pours two shots. They lift them in a toast.

CARRIE  
Once an outlaw, always an outlaw.

AXEL  
Something like that.

They DOWN them.

EXT. LAGUNA BEACH - COAST - NIGHT

A row of LUX MANSIONS at the top of the cliffs overlooking the ocean. The exclusive, expensive seats.

EXT./INT. - NIKKI'S JAGUAR - MOVING - AT THAT MOMENT

The swingin', Farfisa-loungey sounds of Nicola Conte's BOSSA PER DUE rock the car stereo, while --

Nikki's wheels ROAR down the coastal drive.

                  NIKKI  
                  (on her cell)  
                  Just put it on my tab.  
                  (beat)  
                  You think you're the only dealer in  
                  Laguna?  
                  (beat)  
                  Think of all the business I've brought  
                  you --  
                  (beat)  
                  Trade? I wouldn't stoop to --  
                  (beat)  
                  That much?  
                  (beat)  
                  The Boom-Boom Room. At midnight.

She hangs up with disgust.

                  NIKKI (CONT'D)  
                  The things a gal has to do for  
                  recreational drugs --

INT. YAVO ESTATE - KITCHEN - AT THAT MOMENT

Anne Margaret's LET ME ENTERTAIN YOU over --

A huge, gleaming expanse of restaurant-quality culinary perfection. All chrome, tile and glass.

GLORIA YAVO (40's) is perched on a stool. Gimlet-eyed. Once a beauty, now watered down. Unlike her cocktail. Clothing, hair, makeup, perfect. If only someone was home.

She CLACK-CLACKS on a laptop computer. Puffs on a cigarette.

                  GLORIA  
                  It's mine, Goddammit.

ON THE SCREEN

we see an Ebay auction. Letters read YOU'VE BEEN OUTBID.

GLORIA

furiously PUNCHES in a number.

                  GLORIA (CONT'D)  
                  Five hundred DOLLARS. You happy now?

NIKKI

walks in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NIKKI  
Hello, *Mother*.

GLORIA  
(looks up)  
Nicholas. WHY are you DRESSED like that?  
You look RIDICULOUS.

NIKKI  
I told you, my name is NIKKI. And I'm  
*beautiful*.

GLORIA  
(eyes on the monitor)  
Not in my house, you aren't.

NIKKI  
I'm going upstairs and get some of my  
things. I'm moving out.

GLORIA  
Bullshit. Your father just called. You've  
been kicked out. I'm not supposed to let  
you in.

Nikki goes to the counter, rummages through Gloria's purse.

NIKKI  
Don't worry, I'm not going to stay.

GLORIA  
You better hurry. He's on his way home --  
and if he finds you here, dressed like  
*that* --

NIKKI  
(finds cash, counts it)  
What? He'll HIT me?

GLORIA  
(looks up)  
What THE FUCK do you think you're doing?  
Put THAT BACK.

NIKKI  
Shut the fuck up, you old hag. Have  
another drink. On me.  
(squints)  
That's quite a shiner. I'd put a little  
more concealer on that. Wouldn't want the  
neighbors to find out.

GLORIA  
Wait a minute, that's MY dress. Take it  
off, RIGHT NOW -- you, you -- FREAK.

Nikki goes to the doorway into the living room.

NIKKI  
Like it would still fit you.

Gloria HURLS her glass at Nikki. It hits the wall -- CRASH.

GLORIA  
Fucking FAGGOT!

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

NIKKI  
 (smiles)  
 Now look what you did. That was a  
 perfectly good cocktail.

Gloria LEAPS off her stool. RACES over to Nikki. Starts  
 BEATING her with her fists. Nikki GRABS her wrists.

NIKKI (CONT'D)  
 Back off. Before I do something I regret.

GLORIA  
 I HAVE no son. You are DEAD to me.

Nikki PUSHES her. Gloria LURCHES back. TRIPS on the rug.  
 HITS the floor with a CRACK.

GLORIA (CONT'D)  
 You can't DO that! I'm YOUR MOTHER.

Nikki goes to the staircase. Stops. Turns.

NIKKI  
 Watch me.

INT./EXT. CARRIE'S RENTAL CAR - MOVING - AT THAT MOMENT

Sara Vaughn's swingin' cover of PETER GUNN over --

Carrie drives a vintage Dodge Dart Swinger. Nondescript in  
 shades and baseball cap that advertises some cheap booze.  
 She takes a long pull from a pint bottle.

CARRIE (V.O.)  
 It was the first time I played Grand  
 Theft Auto. The trick is to swipe an old  
 beater that no one will report stolen.  
 Thank god I've got enough scratch to hide  
 out for a while. At least until I can  
 clean up this mess.  
 (beat)  
 I *could* drain my savings account, go down  
 to Mexico like a grifter in some Ross  
 MacDonald story. Get a shitty motel room  
 by the beach, write that tragic, drunken  
 confessional that's been oozing outta my  
 pores.

She thinks. Takes a slug. Picks up her cell. Dials. Listens --

CARRIE (CONT'D)  
 Jenny?

SPLIT SCREEN WITH:

INT. YAVO/FLENDER FILMS - RECEPTION - AT THAT MOMENT

Jenny sits at her workstation. Sips coffee. Shuffles the  
 stacks of paperwork. Murmurs into her headset.

JENNY  
 Carrie, hi. How are you?

CARRIE  
 I've been better.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JENNY  
W-what's wrong?

CARRIE  
The cops want me. I was framed for  
Flender's murder. They matched the  
bullets to my gun, which someone STOLE.  
I'm in deep shit.

JENNY  
(small voice)  
You're -- kidding.

ANGRY MALE VOICE (O.C.)  
JENNY. Where's the Crabb deal? I can't  
find the FUCKING CRABB DEAL!

JENNY  
Modi, hold on I'm on the phone --  
(to Carrie)  
Just sit tight. When I get home I'll fix  
us some dinner, and we can plan our  
strategy.

CARRIE  
We? OUR strategy?

JENNY  
Well, yeah -- I just thought -- since --

CARRIE  
Listen, baby -- I'd love your help, but  
do you realize how dangerous this is? I  
can't get you mixed up in this, this is  
serious shit, and I --

Carrie gasps. Sucks in air.

JENNY  
Shhhh, it's okay, it's okay. Where are  
you now?

MODI (O.C.)  
JENNY!

CARRIE  
It's best if you don't know. I'll call  
you later when I get settled. Just don't  
tell anyone anything, you don't know  
*anything* --

JENNY  
Okay, I understand, I gotta go, I'm --  
(whispers)  
Getting yelled at.

She punches a button. Heart beating a mile a minute.

MODI

appears. Fists clenched. Face beet red.

MODI  
(hisses)  
Get me that fucking file, stupid BITCH.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PUSH IN ON Jenny. Frightened to death.

JENNY  
S-sure thing, r-right away --

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - LIPSHITZ'S OFFICE - AT THAT MOMENT

Larry leans forward in his chair. Stares at Bernie and Aya. Standing before him. In trouble. Baleful.

LIPSHITZ  
It was a simple task. Just KEEP HER ON THE FUCKING PHONE -- long enough to GET A TRACE.

BERNIE  
She was a cop, Larry. She knows the drill. Despite being inebriated.  
(beat)  
She was a good cop once, you know --

AYA  
Captain, may I have a word?

LIPSHITZ  
You can have ten, twenty, a hundred. But not here, not now. We've got work to do, and I don't have time for your touchy-feely psych-101 mumbo-jumbo.

AYA  
But sir --

LIPSHITZ  
Zip it, or you'll be back on the kibutz so fast your dreidel will spin like a top.  
(beat)  
Wait a minute --  
(inhales)  
You two are going to prowl the beach joints. That's her thing, right, Bernie?

BERNIE  
Yeah. She used to say she got a nosebleed if she went east of Lincoln. There's a few hotels and flea-bag joints we can check out. Not to mention the gin joints on the boardwalk.

LIPSHITZ  
Then hop to it. And find her, fast, because this is quickly becoming a major embarrassment to the department.

DISSOLVE TO:

A SMALL TELEVISION SET

in a tiny motel room. Seen from the next room.

COCKY, SMILING ANCHOR (V.O.)  
-- linking the murder weapon to a Ms. Carrie Love, 36, former Santa Monica homicide detective, now a private investigator --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARRIE'S FACE

fills the screen. Damn, she looks angry. But cute.

COCKY, SMILING ANCHOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
If you see this woman, call your local precinct immediately. And stay away. This is one dangerous lady.

CARRIE (V.O.)  
Lady, my ass.

INT. SHITTY MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Carrie stands in front of the bathroom mirror. A towel around her shoulders. Her hair is now bleached-blond white.

CARRIE  
Brigitte Nielson, eat your heart out.

She grabs a pair of hair clippers. Holds it to her head.

CARRIE (CONT'D)  
Time to get all Britney Spears on their asses.

And starts CHOPPING OFF her long, beautiful hair.

CARRIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Maybe I sleep around. But that doesn't make me a bad person. Sue me. I was drawn that way. I didn't fucking KILL anyone. Okay, maybe I like a cocktail now and then, but I'm not a fucking MURDERER. And okay, so I like to bend the rules a little. But that's no reason to FRAME me.  
(beat)  
So fuck all of you. You don't want me around, FINE. I'll buy myself a one-way ticket to Splitsville. Do the disappearing tango on your asses. I'll go to Frisco, do a Dashiell Hammett. Find a Continental Opp-ortunity.

She's done. Hair in blocky, spiky chunks. She slides on shades. Sneers at her reflection.

CARRIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
But first, time for the eulogy.

EXT./INT. LA BREA AVENUE - PHILLIE'S HUMMER - AT THAT MOMENT

Phillie drives. Peers over at Chinette, staring out the side window. Pensive. Dabs her eyes with a tissue.

CHINETTE  
Big surprise? I'm not sure I'm in the mood for a -- big surprise.

PHILLIE  
Nonsense. Nothing is too good for my little whippoorwill.  
(sees something)  
We just have to make one quick stop.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE MOTEL STARLET

comes into view. A real dive. Irony be thy name.

THE HUMMER

pulls into the parking lot. Stops.

PHILLIE

turns to Chinette.

PHILLIE (CONT'D)  
Now wait right here. I'll be back in two  
shakes of a lamb's tail --

CHINETTE  
Okay.

He kisses her. Gets out. POPS open the rear door. Grabs a long, rolled carpet wrapped with duct tape. Bloodstained. Hefts it onto his shoulder. Looks up at the sign.

PHILLIE  
The Motel Starlet. You can't make this  
shit up.

Phillie looks around. Coast is clear. He carries the body around the back of the building. TOSSES it in a dumpster.

PHILLIE (CONT'D)  
And that's a wrap --

EXT. VACANT LOT - RUINS - MOMENTS LATER

Carrie stands in the driveway behind what once was her home. We can't see her eyes behind the shades. But we know they're bleeding, black with pain.

She gingerly walks through the rubble.

CARRIE (V.O.)  
I don't know what compelled me to visit  
my own, private ground zero. I was  
inexplicably drawn to what would rip me  
apart. Like a gambler to the table, a  
junkie to the needle --  
(beat)  
This was my first real home on my own.  
After I split with Bernie, I combed the  
beach until I found that hundred-year-old  
bungalow on one of the prettiest walkway  
streets. Then I painstakingly decorated  
it from top to bottom. Filled it with  
what gave me pleasure. I discovered a  
creativity I didn't know I had. It was my  
palace, a den of color, joy --

Carrie bends over. Picks up a burned, ruined Barbie.

CARRIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
People asked me how the Barbie thing got  
started.  
(she tosses it, keeps walking)  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

When I first moved here from New York, I knew exactly two people in town. And they both lived forty-five minutes away. I soon learned that everyone lived forty-five minutes away.

(beat)

So I was in the supermarket my first night here buying a few necessities, feeling a little alone, and they had these Barbies on sale there at the register. What you call an 'impulse purchase.' I thought, ten bucks each, what the fuck, so I got two. The checkout clerk said, 'that's sweet, you have kids?' When I shook my head no, she looked at me like I was some kind of pervert -- and I knew I had found my calling. That night I set them up in my kitchen and on my bar, and never looked back.

(beat)

Of course it wasn't until a year later when my porn star girlfriend tied one up, stuck a ball gag in her mouth, and named her 'Bondage Barbie.'

(beat)

That was when things REALLY started getting interesting --

EXT. ADULT MOTEL - AT THAT MOMENT

A sleazy, greasy stuccoed motor court. Sign reads THE MATADOR. ADULT MOTEL. Phillie's Hummer parked by the ice machine. A METH COUPLE walk into the grimy office.

INT. ADULT MOTEL ROOM - AT THAT MOMENT

On a tiny boom box, the glam-trash of My Life With the Thrill Kill Kult's DIRTY LITTLE SECRETS over --

Phillie, head-to-toe in black vinyl. Zorro mask. A long, red satin cape. He pours a glass of pink champagne for --

Chinette, decked out in some outre white silk bodybuilding outfit. Lacy bridal veil. Teetering on six-inch platforms. As close to girlish as this bruiser can get.

She raises her glass to his. They CLINK.

CHINETTE

(takes a sip)

This is like our honeymoon.

PHILLIE

(sips his)

Nothing is too good for my little flower.

He THROWS his glass into the fake fireplace -- CRASH.

PHILLIE (CONT'D)

Are you ready to be ravaged by The Dark Lord?

(grabs her)

To be taken to new heights of sexual pleasure? Surrender yourself to unspeakable sins of the flesh?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHINETTE  
 Phillie -- I mean -- Dark Lord --  
 (mock-scared)  
 What are you going to -- do to me?

He goes to the 'magic fingers.' Puts in some change.  
 The bed starts VIBRATING. He goes to her. Takes her hand.

PHILLIE  
 Madame, come with me to the garden of  
 unearthly delights.

Phillie lays her down. Chinette smiles, coquettish.

CHINETTE  
 Promise me you'll be -- rough?

FROM BEHIND

Phillie removes his boxers. Raises the cape, like wings.

CHINETTE (CONT'D)  
 (whispers)  
 It looks kind of -- lumpy.

PHILLIE  
 Even with the condom on?

CHINETTE  
 (reaches up, gently touches it)  
 Does that feel okay?

He lowers the cape --

PHILLIE  
 God, yes.

Lays down on top of her --

PHILLIE (CONT'D)  
 Mommy --

And starts thrusting. Slowly. Carefully.

CHINETTE  
 (moaning)  
 Who's your -- Mommy now?

PHILLIE  
 Ow!

He stops. Rolls off her. Dejected. Tears in his eyes.

PHILLIE (CONT'D)  
 It HURTS.

Chinette takes him in her arms. Soothes, comforts him.

CHINETTE  
 There, there -- it'll be okay.

PHILLIE  
 No, it WON'T. That fucking doctor FUCKED  
 IT UP.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHINETTE

Well, then go back and make him fix it.

PHILLIE

But that takes money -- and I need what we have to fix the studio, so I can finish cutting Head Shot.

CHINETTE

Then you'll just have find the money.

PUSH IN ON Phillie's face. A light bulb pops.

PHILLIE

Wait a minute. I just got an idea --

EXT. VENICE BEACH - SHORELINE - ROCKS - AFTERNOON

Carrie sits on the rocks watching the waves. The surfers doing their thing. She drinks from a new bottle. Winces. Pulls out her cell phone. Dials. Listens --

CARRIE

Gay?

(listens)

Yeah, it's me. Your pigeon. Your frame. Tell me why you did it. I want some answers, NOW.

SPLIT SCREEN WITH:

INT. YAVO/FLENDER FILMS - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Gay paces the floor. Smoking a cigarette. A Cheshire cat.

GAY

Answers? To what? I hired YOU to get ME some answers --

CARRIE

Don't play dumb with me, you vacant, airbrushed strumpet. I've been framed for your husband's murder, and I've got a funny feeling you had something to do with it.

The door opens. Modi slides in. Sees Gay's on the phone. Gay raises a finger, 'shushes' him. Presses 'speakerphone.' Softly places the receiver in its cradle.

GAY

You mean to tell me you think I hired you to find my husband's killer, and then I FRAMED you? That doesn't make sense.

CARRIE

Yeah. Kinda like one of your late husband's fucking piece-of-shit movies. A bad rip-off of THE POSTMAN ALWAYS RINGS TWICE. Oh, wait -- that's quality source material. This reeks of Jackie Collins. Maybe Danielle Steele.

A loud BURP. Modi shoots Gay a look. Gay shakes her head.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

GAY

Kinda early in the morning for cocktails, detective. And I don't like your attitude. Consider yourself fired. Go find yourself a gutter to roll around in.

CARRIE

Not so fast, bitch. We're going to 'take a meeting.'

GAY

I'm sorry, but my schedule's pretty full. Booked solid the rest of the month.

CARRIE

Not at your office, dummy. You think I'm gonna walk into a trap? Somewhere neutral. I'll let you know where. And when. And watch your back. One way or another, I'm gonna getcha-getcha-getcha.

She hangs up. CLICK. Drains the bottle. Wipes her mouth. FLINGS it into the sea. Slowly, carefully stands up.

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

But first, let's pay a little visit to the hospital. Visiting hours are almost over, and I need to go pay my disrespects.

INT. SANTA MONICA HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - AT THAT MOMENT

A bustling hallway right out of ER. DOCTORS, NURSES, TECHS weave in and out like ants marching up the hill.

A DOOR opens to a room marked NURSE'S LOUNGE. A tall, thin NURSE strides briskly into the throng. Starched white hat atop chunky blonde locks. She stops. Turns. Looks.

It's CARRIE. Looks at the door numbers. Searching. Aha.

A DOOR

reads '134.' A female hand pushes it open, and we go into --

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dark with the lights out. Drapes pulled. Quiet, except for the machines chirping. Lights blinking.

A hulking FIGURE lies on the bed. Tubes and wires inserted. Large wooden FRAME is affixed to its head with a series of bolts, like scaffolding. Like it's under construction.

It's MARTUNE. Being rebuilt. Like beachfront property.

Carrie tip-toes up to the bed. Turns on the light. Martune doesn't react. Sleeping the dreams of morphine bliss.

CARRIE

Wakey, wakey, RISE AND SHINE. It's time for your SPONGE BATH.

Martune's eyelids flicker.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARRIE (CONT'D)  
And then maybe take a little BLOOD.

His eyes slowly open. Try to focus.

CARRIE (CONT'D)  
Take your RECTAL TEMPERATURE. With a  
FUCKING KNIFE.

Martune tries to speak, but he's drugged to the gills.  
His voice comes out sideways, like a ventriloquist.

MARTUNE  
Cahrrie -- Lohv --

CARRIE  
That's right, buster -- it's me. Here to  
wake you from the dead. Cause we're gonna  
have a little party. Play ourselves a  
little game -- 'confession junction.'

She pulls a small dictating recorder from her pocket.

CARRIE (CONT'D)  
(into it)  
Testing, testing -- one, two, three. Is  
this thing on? Golly gee, officer, I was  
only going ninety.

Carrie pulls out her GLOCK. Aims it Martune's head.

CARRIE (CONT'D)  
Don't worry. This is just for insurance.  
I'd rather just turn off your life  
support. More dramatic. And less messy.

MARTUNE  
Yoo -- funkin' -- bih.

She places the dictaphone on the pillow beside his head.

CARRIE  
All I want is your confession, and then  
I'll leave you alone.  
(beat)  
Maybe.

With great effort, gaining strength, Martune grimaces.

MARTUNE  
You stole -- ma girfren.'

CARRIE  
Well, that's the problem with a menage et  
trois, big guy. It's rarely an even three-  
way. Two of them really get into each  
other, and leave out the third. Nine out  
of ten times, it's the two women, leaving  
Mr. 'I Just Wanna Watch' out in the cold.  
And in your case, poor little baby was  
sick of your smug shit and jumped on the  
first life preserver she could find.  
(beat)  
Me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Carrie pulls out his IV tube. Martune winces in pain.  
Reaches for the call box on the bedside table.

MARTUNE  
I'm gonna -- call -- security.

Carrie GRABS the box. Places it out of his reach.

CARRIE  
Enough. Pipe down. Sit still.

She raises the gun. Places it against Martune's temple.

CARRIE (CONT'D)  
You're gonna spill it. NOW.  
(CLICKS on the recorder)  
Talk to me, Jesus. Tell me about the  
fire.

MARTUNE  
Shit, no -- don't shoot, don't shoot.

CARRIE  
All of a sudden you can talk?

MARTUNE  
(looks at the missing IV tube)  
Morphine -- I need -- morphine.

CARRIE  
Give me your statement. NOW. Then you can  
take a trip to paradise city. Where the  
grass is green and the girls are pretty.

Carrie CLICKS the hammer.

MARTUNE  
Okay, okay. DON'T SHOOT.  
(exhales)  
I started it, okay? I burned down your  
house because you stole my girlfriend. I  
LOVED that girl, and you -- took her AWAY  
from me.

CARRIE  
Aw, isn't that touching.

She PISTOL-WHIPS him, CRACK.

CARRIE (CONT'D)  
So you torch my DREAM HOME.  
(seething)  
Last question, asshole. You killed  
Slobotnik, didn't you?

Martune blink-blinks. Frightened.

CARRIE (CONT'D)  
(raises the gun)  
You want more of this? ANSWER ME.

MARTUNE  
Okay, alright. I shot -- Kip.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CARRIE  
Why?

MARTUNE  
He -- made a pass at me. Said he was --  
in love with me. I -- snapped.

Carrie smiles. SNAPS off the recorder. Stands.

CARRIE  
Well, I guess that wraps it up.

MARTUNE  
Please, morphine -- I'm in pain.

Carrie looks around. Sees a small washcloth on the bed post. She balls it up. SHOVES it in his mouth. Leans over. Re-inserts the IV tube into Martune's arm.

His eyes cry out with immediate relief.

CARRIE  
See? I'm not a totally bad person.  
(beat)  
I may not be a health care professional,  
but I play one on TV.

One of the monitors starts BEEP-BEEP-BEEPING. Oscilloscope patterns dance madly on the screen.

CARRIE (CONT'D)  
Shit.

She presses the call button. Then hurries out of the room.

IN THE CORRIDOR

Carrie looks at her clipboard. Starts moving. Blends into the crowd. A MALE VOICE rises above the din on the PA.

URGENT MALE VOICE (O.C.)  
CODE BLUE, CODE BLUE, room 134, cardiac  
arrest! Move it, move it, STAT.

PUSH IN ON a VIDEO CAMERA on the wall. Red light on.

INT./EXT. UNMARKED CAR - MOVING

The car cruises Speedway. A narrow street just behind the Venice Boardwalk. It passes BUMS, young HIPSTERS. SURFERS.

Bernie's behind the wheel. Aya sips a designer coffee.

BERNIE  
-- and the bartender looks at the guy and  
says, 'Hey. I was talking to the duck.'

Bernie ROARS with laughter. Aya does a slow burn.

BERNIE (CONT'D)  
C'mon, that's funny.

AYA  
You fucking sneak. I was driving.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BERNIE  
 Payback for stopping at Star-FUCKS. How  
 can you drink that shit? It looks like a  
 milk shake, not a COFFEE.

Bernie's cell phone RINGS. He pulls it out. Listens.

BERNIE (CONT'D)  
 Keko here --  
 (beat)  
 Holy shit.

AYA  
 What?

BERNIE  
 (to Aya)  
 Martune's dead --  
 (listens)  
 We'll be right there, chief --  
 (hangs up, to Aya)  
 Step on it, baby. We've got another body.

AYA  
 (does a 'take')  
 You called me -- baby.

PUSH IN ON Bernie's face. In pain. Confused.

BERNIE  
 Don't get used to it.

INT. VENICE MOTOR COURT HOTEL - ELEVATOR - AT THAT MOMENT  
 Carrie rides down. Pulls out her Glock. Checks the chamber.

EXT. VENICE MOTOR COURT HOTEL - AT THAT MOMENT

Bernie and Aya's car pulls into the front entrance. Parks.

IN THE LOBBY

the elevator doors open. Carrie walks out. Then hears --

BERNIE (O.C.)  
 -- homicide detective Keko, and this is  
 detective Meir. We'd like to see the  
 register.

Carrie freezes in her tracks --

CARRIE  
*Shit.*

Turns, and walks toward the garage exit. Goes through a door.

AT THE FRONT DESK

Bernie and Aya look through the book.

BERNIE  
 Than Dong Ng, Werner and Hilda Schmidt,  
 Lucia Greco -- fucking United Nations.

The officious PIMPLY YOUNG CLERK (22) nods stiffly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PIMPLY YOUNG CLERK

Well, Venice Beach IS a major vacation destination.

AYA

Do you have a photocopier?

PIMPLY YOUNG CLERK

Sorry. There's a Kinko's about a mile away, on Lincoln.

BERNIE

Fuck that --

(to Aya)

You stay here, write down all the names going back the last twenty-four hours. I'm gonna go scope out the parking garage.

AYA

Gee, thanks, officer. You go prowl why I stay here and do the secretarial work? I think NOT.

(shoves the book at him)

YOU write down the names while I go check out the garage --

(off his stare)

If she happens to be down there, she WON'T recognize ME, GET it?

The clerk watches. Amused.

BERNIE

That's -- a good idea.

(to the clerk)

What the fuck are you looking at?

EXT. VENICE BOARDWALK - THE HORSE HEAD - AT THAT MOMENT

Classic dive bar. A couple of OLD DRUNKS smoke butts in front. Shivering in the brisk air of the beach at dusk.

An OLD HOMELESS HIPPIE (60) in a top hat shuffles by. Holding up his pants at the crotch. Weaves slightly.

Carrie walks toward the bar. Stops. Peers inside.

CARRIE (V.O.)

Some shamus I turned out to be. On the lam, holed up like grifter out of a Jim Thompson fever dream. A *Hell of a Woman*, my ass. I wasn't on the case, the case was on me. I wasn't following leads, they were following me. Suspects? I was the fucking suspect. And now I was on a tear, a bender, a non-stop trip to hell. Cause when the going gets tough, the tough --

(beat)

Go to happy hour.

INT. THE HORSE HEAD - CONTINUOUS

Unbelievably dank and dark. Broken ceiling fan. Scary-looking BARTENDER watches a ball game on a shitty little black-and-white. Two DRUNK LOCALS sit nearby nursing their beers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The jukebox spills out the scuzzy guitar shards of Urge Overkill's SISTER HAVANA. An off-duty CURVY STRIPPER drinks and twists, oblivious. Celebrating some private party.

Carrie slides onto a bar stool. Eyes Curvy's moves.

CARRIE  
(to herself)  
I'm in a Roger Corman movie --

The BARTENDER leans over. Glares. Barely whispers.

SCARY BARTENDER  
What'll it be?

CARRIE  
Heinekin, double shot of bourbon.  
Kessler's, if you got it --

SCARY BARTENDER  
(nods, grim)  
Kessler's. Smooth as silk.

He turns to get her order.

HISPANIC MALE VOICE (O.C.)  
How ya doin,' mommy? Haven't seen you in  
here before --

Carrie looks left. Then down, at --

A GUY IN A WHEELCHAIR

near her stool. The wannabe lothario grins, wolfish.  
Takes a slurp of beer. Looks up. Beady eyes leering.

CARRIE  
Sorry, Mack. I don't do the 'Coming Home'  
thing. But slide me your digits, and I'll  
give 'em to Jane Fonda.

Scary returns with the drinks. Sees Wheelie-Boy.

SCARY BARTENDER  
Leave the babe alone, Rodriguez, okay?

Carrie SLAPS down a ten-spot. Slides off her stool.

CARRIE  
Watch my change, will ya?  
(to Rodriguez)  
What do you call someone who's HIV-  
positive in a wheelchair? Roll-AIDS.

She turns, walks toward Curvy. Scary ROARS with laughter.  
Downs her shot. Sips her beer. Moves to the music.

Curvy senses Carrie's presence. Turns. Stares.  
Likes what she sees. Starts dancing for her.

CARRIE (CONT'D)  
Where's a pole when you need one?

CURVY  
Can I get a hit offa that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Carrie hands her the beer. Curvy takes a long, luxurious swallow. Holds the bottle against her forehead.

CURVY (CONT'D)  
Thanks. I needed that.

CARRIE  
Makes two of us.

Curvy smiles. The deal is closed. Carrie's cell phone RINGS.

CARRIE (CONT'D)  
Hold that thought.  
(answers it, listens)  
Jenny.

SPLIT SCREEN WITH:

INT./EXT. JENNY'S APARTMENT - BALCONY - CONTINUOUS

Jenny leans on the railing with a stiff cocktail. Looks at the canal. She turns toward us. We see she has a black eye.

JENNY  
(into the phone)  
How are you? You -- okay?

CARRIE  
Yeah. Hold on a sec.  
(covers the phone, to Curvy)  
Be back in a sec. Business call. Why  
don't you go warm up a bar stool for me?

Curvy smiles. Trots off to the bar. Carrie sits at a table.

CARRIE (CONT'D)  
I'm back.

JENNY  
(jittery)  
That's just -- just great.

CARRIE  
What's going on? You sound -- strange.

JENNY  
Modi and I got into a big fight and he  
fired me, I went to his place after work  
to try and get my job back, we argued  
some more, he hit me, and I pushed him,  
and he, he --  
(beat)  
Fell. He hit his head. He's, unconscious.

CARRIE  
No way.

JENNY  
C-can you come over?

CARRIE  
(looks off camera at Curvy)  
Shit.  
(sighs)  
Be right there.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

CARRIE (CONT'D)  
 (clicks the phone shut)  
 Damn. Stripper-interruptus.

INT. YAVO/FLENDER FILMS - CONFERENCE ROOM - AT THAT MOMENT

Gay sits at the head of the giant table. POSTERS of her husband's movies dot the walls. Disaster flicks. Cheesy biopics. Heartwarming holiday stories. Chick flicks, lite.

Across from her sits Ken Rice and David Nance. Smiles all around. Gay sips from a bottle of water. Nods, listening.

KEN  
 -- a spiritual awakening, so he goes to  
 confession and renounces his sins.  
 (beat)  
 And then, over the closing credits, we  
 see him go up the front steps of his  
 house -- and *ring the bell*.  
 (dramatic flourish)  
 And we fade to black.

GAY  
 I like it. I like it ALOT.

DAVID  
 You do? I mean -- great, that's great.

KEN  
 (to David)  
 What did I tell you? I knew she'd get it.

GAY  
 It's bold. Daring. Edgy.  
 (off their smiles)  
 But we gotta change the young guy to a  
 girl. And she can't be his daughter.

KEN  
 Excuse me?

DAVID  
 (Soto voce)  
 I *told* you --

GAY  
 The gay incest thing? No network is gonna  
 buy it, Ken. Hel-lo-o. Get a grip on  
 yourself. We make safe, bland pabulum for  
 basic cable. What do you think this is,  
 HBO?

DAVID  
 Certainly not.

KEN  
 This is my passion project. Dedicated to  
 the memory of my POPPA.  
 (strangely)  
 He was VERY SPECIAL to me --  
 (POUNDS the table)  
 And I'm NOT changing a THING.

GAY  
 (stands)  
 Then I suggest you go peddle your passion  
 somewhere where they give a fuck.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A soft KNOCK-KNOCK on the door.

GAY (CONT'D)  
Who the fuck IS IT?

Fleming sticks his head in. Tentative.

FLEMING  
Hub Flower is on three. Says it's urgent.

GAY  
(stands)  
Poor baby's probably having a hard time  
finding a crack whore at the Four  
Seasons.

EXT. THE HORSE HEAD - NIGHT

Carrie walks out the front door. Lights a smoke.

CARRIE (V.O.)  
I was cock-blocked by a skirt. First time  
for everything. It was just as well -- I  
mean, I was just going through the  
motions. Sex with a stripper is like  
having desert for dinner. Tastes great,  
less filling -- but you're hungry again a  
couple hours later. And besides, I have a  
damsel in distress to attend to.  
(beat)  
And right now, she's about all I have  
left.

BERNIE (O.C.)  
It's right down here. A real dive, one of  
her favorite places --

CARRIE  
(hears him)  
*Shit.*

She pulls down her hat. Walks quickly in the opposite  
direction. DUCKS into a TATTOO PARLOR.

BERNIE AND AYA

appear in front of the bar.

AYA  
Disgusting. I can smell it from out here.

BERNIE  
(fondly)  
I know --

INT. TATTOO PARLOR - AT THAT MOMENT

Carrie walks up to the counter. Behind it, a HUGE, TATTOOED  
BRUTE looks her up and down. Wipes his mouth. Leers.

TATTOOED BRUTE  
Hey, mamma -- how bout a little ink?

Carrie pulls out her GUN. Waves it in his face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARRIE  
I'm lookin' for the back entrance, DOG.

TATTOOED BRUTE  
You sure? I gotta fresh needle --

She marches past him toward a curtained-off doorway.

INT. THE HORSE HEAD - AT THAT MOMENT

Bernie and Aya approach the bar. Case the joint. Take seats.  
Scary bartender ambles over. Clocks them immediately.

SCARY BARTENDER  
What can I do for you, officers?

BERNIE  
(pulls out a photograph)  
Have you seen this woman?

SCARY BARTENDER  
(looks at it)  
Can't say I have.

AYA  
You sure?

SCARY BARTENDER  
I'd sure as hell remember HER.

Bernie frowns. Puts the picture down. Checks his watch.

BERNIE  
Hey. It's six. I'm starving.

AYA  
It's that late already?

BERNIE  
(to Scary)  
You still have those -- horse burgers?

AYA  
HORSE burgers?

SCARY BARTENDER  
(wistful)  
We usedta. Gotta new owner. Now just have  
beef.

BERNIE  
I'll take a bacon cheeseburger, bloody-  
rare, with the works.  
(to Aya)  
You -- hungry?

AYA  
Starving.  
(to Scary)  
Can I get a veggie burger?

SCARY BARTENDER  
Sorry. No veggie.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AYA  
I'll just have some fries, thanks.

Scary nods. Goes off to fix the grub.

CURVY (O.C.)  
Hey. I saw this girl. She was just in here.

CURVY stands next to Bernie. Picks up the photo. Squints.

CURVY (CONT'D)  
Her hair is different, got this dykey Jodie Foster thing, but that's her.

BERNIE  
Holy shit. How long ago was she here?

CURVY  
She just left.

AYA  
Which way did she go?

CURVY  
Hell if I know --

                    BERNIE                                    AYA  
*Shit.*  *Fuck.*

They LEAP off their stools. RACE for the door.

SCARY

appears from the back with the food.

SCARY BARTENDER  
Hey. Where ya goin'?

EXT. JENNY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - CANAL - NIGHT

The moon glimmers on the inky black waterway like thick brush strokes. Five of WHITE GEESE float by, single file.

Jenny and Carrie sit on an old sofa under a tree. Watching.

JENNY  
The guy in that five-million dollar home on the other side bought them for his wife.  
(beat)  
Only the kids pay any attention to them.

CARRIE  
Did you feel his pulse?

JENNY  
No, I freaked out. I just split. Then I called you.

CARRIE  
He's probably okay. We could go to my place, check the police scanner --  
(realizes)  
Shit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Carrie closes her eyes. Quietly shaking.

JENNY  
(takes Carrie's hand)  
Stay here tonight.

CARRIE  
I can't drag you into this.

JENNY  
I'm ALREADY into this.

CARRIE  
(opens her eyes)  
I guess you are.

JENNY  
(sits up)  
Come on, let's go in. I'm getting cold.

CARRIE  
(pulls her back down)  
Can you just -- hold me a sec?

They embrace. Three soft GUNSHOTS *RIP* through the sofa just above Jenny's head -- THWIP. THWIP. THWIP.

JENNY  
(jerks up)  
What was that?

CARRIE  
(pulls her down)  
Someone's shooting a B-B gun at us. Stay down. Don't move --

Carrie GRABS the top of the couch. Then Jenny. Does a roll. Pulls the sofa down over them. They crouch low. Listen.

More shots THWIP, THWIP, THWIP into the cushions.

CARRIE (CONT'D)  
How very Columbine.

JENNY  
Who are they shooting at? You or me?

CARRIE  
I don't know. But we have to get the fuck out of here. My car is across the street. Which car is yours?

JENNY  
The gold BMW, two spaces down.

CARRIE  
You have a beemer --

JENNY  
Don't get excited. It's a '72. That bucket of bolts cost me more in repairs than what I paid for it.

CARRIE  
But it's -- working, right?

EXT. CANAL - AT THAT MOMENT

Across the canal, a FIGURE IN BLACK crouches down. Rifle poking through the wooden fence along the footpath.

THE COUCH

is lifted, tilted, tipped up on end.

THE GUNMAN

squeezes off a series of SHOTS -- THWIP. THWIP. THWIP. THWIP.

EXT. JENNY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Jenny's vintage gold BMW PEELS RUBBER, and flies away.

INT. JENNY'S BEEMER - MOVING - NIGHT

Carrie drives like a demon.

CARRIE (V.O.)  
 Enough crying in my cocktail. Fucking around playing footsie. I still had my work. Still had this case. And it was time to get my shit together and do what I do best -- crack this sucker wide open.

She FIRES UP a smoke, and --

JENNY  
 Careful, there's a --

PUNCHES the gas.

JENNY (CONT'D)  
 Stop sign.  
 (grips the door)  
 Where are we going?

CARRIE  
 To Gay Flender's joint.

JENNY  
 But didn't you say you suspect her of --

CARRIE  
 I did. I do.

JENNY  
 And that she set you up? Won't she be --

CARRIE  
 Not if she's distracted.

The girls exchange looks. Carrie, excited. Jenny, scared.

JENNY  
 Oh, no you're not. I'm not gonna --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARRIE

Yes, you are. All you have to do is talk to her about how Modi hit you, and that you're thinking of suing, but if you could get your job back --

PUSH IN ON Jenny. Eyes darting. Pensive.

JENNY

I could -- do that.

INT. FLENDER LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The cool jazz of Henry Mancini's SORTA BLUE swings on the hi-fi. A roaring fire CRACKLES.

Hub Flower stands at the fireplace looking at the Flender family portrait. Glazed, privileged smiles all around.

HUB

It's just a grand jury investigation, Gay. No charges have been pressed. We just need your testimony.

AT THE BAR

Gay fixes cocktails. CLINKS ice into two glasses. Opens an expensive-looking bottle of brown. Pours.

GAY

Testimony? Like hell. Harvey didn't spill anything to me. I know jack shit.

HUB

But, Gay -- we really need your help. I don't know what I'd do if you didn't testify on our behalf --

(at the picture)

You sure have a lovely family.

(beat)

Such a shame about Harvey.

Gay reaches under the bar, pulls out a prescription bottle.

THE LABEL

reads 'Percodan. Two every four hours for pain.'

GAY

shakes out a few pills. Opens them in her palm. Dumps the powder into a glass. STIRS it. Picks up the drinks. Walks over to Hub. Hands him the drug-laced cocktail.

GAY

I must be hearing things. Did you just threaten harm to my children?

HUB

(smiles, sips)

Of course not, Gay. What would give you that idea? I was just looking at your family portrait.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GAY  
 (sips)  
 I guess it wouldn't hurt -- to testify.

Hub grins. His faces blossoms. Eyes crinkling.  
 He takes a long sip of scotch. Smacks his lips.

HUB  
 Now you're talking smart, Gay. I must say  
 you -- had me worried there for a moment.

He weaves a bit. Shakes his head. Vision blurry.

GAY  
 What's the matter, Hub? You look a little  
 green. Want to sit down?

HUB  
 (takes a step toward the couch)  
 I think -- that's a --

Hub stops. Muscles deflate. His body leans forward, and --  
 BANG, he HITS the floor. Glass SHATTERS on the tiles.

HUB (CONT'D)  
 (mumbles)  
 Good idea.

And he's out.

GAY  
 Serves you right, Cajun piece of shit.  
 (feels his pulse)  
 What the fuck? I've been CLUSTER-FUCKED.  
 I just wanted to KNOCK YOU OUT, not KILL  
 you. Asshole.

She goes to the bar. Gets the pills. Throws one down.  
 Chases it with the rest of her cocktail. Thinks.  
 A deadly smile creeps over her face.

GAY (CONT'D)  
*Coyote season --*

She gets up. Walks over to Hub. Grabs him by the ankles.  
 Starts dragging him toward the kitchen.

GAY (CONT'D)  
 (sings)  
*Oh, what a little moonlight will do --*

EXT. LAGUNA BEACH - BOOM BOOM ROOM - AT THAT MOMENT

A nondescript building near the beach. A handful of cars  
 litter the parking lot. Pink neon sign winks invitingly.

INT. BOOM BOOM ROOM - DANCE FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Dark. Dead. Old-school lighting. Faceless Euro-club music.  
 A remnant of a lost era. Joint pretty dead, except for --

A trio of TWEAKER BOYS doing that 'been up for three days'  
 shuffle. Passing around an ampule of amyl nitrate.

AT THE BAR

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

sits Nikki. Waiting. Sipping a cocktail.

A LARGE LEATHER FREAK (20's) approaches. Menacing in biker cap, boots, mirrored shades, gun. Until he opens his mouth.

LEATHER FREAK  
Nikki. Lookin' hot, mama.

NIKKI  
Gunnar. You're looking -- leather, as usual.

GUNNAR  
Let's party.

INT. BOOM BOOM ROOM - BACK OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Dark and cozy. The music THUMP-THUMPS from outside.

Gunnar sits on the couch. CHOPS tiny lines on a large, cock-shaped mirror. Nikki sits next to him. Watching intently.

GUNNAR  
Now just do a little bit, cause it's uncut. Got it?

NIKKI  
Yeah, sure. Where'd you get it?

GUNNAR  
(hands her a rolled bill)  
That's for me to know, and you to blow out --  
(beat)  
Har-har-har-har-har!

Nikki SNARFS up a line. Rubs her nose.

NIKKI  
Wow. It --

GUNNAR  
Burns. Yeah.

He leans down, SNORTS one. Shakes his head. They look at each other. Eyes bright, glassy. Gunnar's hand goes to his zipper.

GUNNAR (CONT'D)  
Speaking of uncut --

Nikki notices. Smiles. Holds up a red-nailed finger.

NIKKI  
One more.

GUNNAR  
(gravely)  
Okay. A little one.

But she's greedy -- and HONKS up one line, then another, and another. She starts vibrating.

GUNNAR (CONT'D)  
Hey, now -- that's enough --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NIKKI  
(eyes blazing)  
Holy fucking shit is that good shit.

She gets down on her knees. Mouth frothing. GRABS his crotch.

NIKKI (CONT'D)  
Get your motor running.

GUNNAR  
(closes his eyes)  
HEAD out on the highway.

Nikki unzips Gunnar with one hand. With the other, she wets a finger. Runs it through the coke. Rubs it on her gums.

NIKKI  
(throaty)  
Looking for adventure --

She leans down, starts giving him the best head of his life.

GUNNAR  
And whatever COMES our way --

But Nikki's reached critical mass. Too much of the pharmaceutical booger sugar courses through her veins.

Something SNAPS. She BITES DOWN on Gunnar's cock. HARD. Like a WILD ANIMAL. Gunnar SHRIEKS with pain.

GUNNAR (CONT'D)  
GAAAAA!

Nikki LEAPS UP. Wipes her mouth. GRABS the bag of coke. Her bag. His piece. RUNS to the door. STOPS.

NIKKI  
That was fun, thanks, gotta go, BYE.

And TEARS ASS outta there --

EXT. BOOM BOOM ROOM - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Nikki RUNS out the back entrance. JUMPS in her Jag. HITS the gas, and SCREECHES away in a cloud of dust.

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - LIPSHITZ'S OFFICE - AT THAT MOMENT

Bernie and Aya sit across from Lipshitz, chewing an unlit cigar. Feet up on the desk. Takes a sip of coffee.

BERNIE  
We arrived at The Horse Head minutes before she was there --

AYA  
And now she's disappeared --

BERNIE  
She's disguised herself, cut her hair, we have a witness who --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LIPSHITZ  
 Okay, enough -- I get it. I didn't call  
 you in to chew you out, I need to show  
 you something.

He picks up a videocassette. Hefts it like it's valuable.

LIPSHITZ (CONT'D)  
 Martune died an hour ago at Cedar's. His  
 doctor suspects foul play --  
 (slides the tape into the VCR)  
 We had security pull the tape that was  
 running when he died.  
 (punches 'play')  
 Watch closely.

ON THE MONITOR

in fuzzy black and white. We see CARRIE in her Nurse Betty  
 disguise. She pushes open room 134. Goes in.

BERNIE

watches intently.

BERNIE  
 That Martune's room?

LIPSHITZ  
 Yeah. Here, I'll rewind it, play it in  
 slow-mo.

He punches the remote. Hits another button.

ON THE MONITOR

we see Carrie again. In the corridor.  
 Moving slowly toward the door. Pushing it open.

BERNIE  
 Can you blow that up?

AYA  
 It's her.

LIPSHITZ  
 I've got the boys in the lab doing just  
 that.

AYA  
 It's HER.

BERNIE  
 Oh, yeah? And just how do you know?

AYA  
 How many nurses pack heat?  
 (to Lipshitz)  
 Freeze it. There.

He does.

AYA (CONT'D)  
 (points)  
 See the bulge in the back of her uniform?  
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

AYA (CONT'D)  
Something tells me that's not a  
stethoscope --

BERNIE  
(squinting)  
Goddammit, the broad's right. She's  
carrying.

AYA  
Broad? Who you calling a broad?

BERNIE  
I wasn't talking to you, I was talking to  
him.

LIPSHITZ  
Enough, get outta here. We've got an APB  
out on her, and we need every man and  
broad we can get. But first, go visit Gay  
Flender, find out if she's had any  
contact with Love.

BERNIE  
(gets up)  
You got it, chief.  
(to Aya)  
Let's go, doll-face.

Aya SLAPS Bernie in the face.

AYA  
I'm not a fucking BROAD. Or a DOLL. Got  
it?

Bernie stares. SLAPS her on the cheek, HARD.

BERNIE  
GOT it.

AYA  
PIG.

She SLAPS him again. Storms out. SLAMS the door.

LIPSHITZ  
Jeez. Touchy.

BERNIE  
You know broads --

INT. JENNY'S BEEMER - MOVING - AT THAT MOMENT

The rockabilly-hepcat swing of Brian Setzer Orchestra's DRIVE  
LIKE LIGHTNING (CRASH LIKE THUNDER) rocks the car stereo.

Carrie cruises Montana Avenue, grips the steering wheel for  
dear life. Cracking around the edges.

CARRIE (V.O.)  
I didn't have a plan. I was flying blind,  
on a date with destiny. A moth about to  
fuck with the flame. Hell-bent on  
revenge, self-destruction -- or a  
combination of the two.

Pause.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JENNY  
How do you do it?

CARRIE  
Do what?

JENNY  
Maintain your -- calm. You seem so calm.

CARRIE  
Survival instinct. I've lived on the edge  
so long I wouldn't know what normal was  
if it bit me in the shot glass.  
(beat)  
And I read alot of Raymond Chandler.

JENNY  
Do you think there's a -- a future for  
us, once this is over?

CARRIE  
Wrong question.

JENNY  
What's the right question?

PUSH IN ON Carrie. Lighting a smoke. Thinking.

CARRIE  
Is there a future -- for me.

\*\*\*

INT. SHITTY MOTEL ROOM - AT THAT MOMENT

The shitty motel room from Nikki's shoot. We see a FOOD  
TROUGH, like used for farm animals. Next to it, a baby's  
PLAYPEN. Above it, a MOBILE swings in the breeze.

In the playpen sits RAT, dressed like a baby. In a diaper.  
Little doily cap. Holding a rattle. Beyond humiliated.

KEN  
Okay. We're almost ready. Just let me  
just take a light reading --

RAT  
This is stupid. I feel ridiculous.

KEN  
(looks at light meter)  
Nonsense. You look great. You'd make any  
Poppa proud.

RAT  
I'm not sure I wanna do this.

KEN  
Silly boy. Do you realize HOW MUCH *Tales  
From The Crib* PAYS?

RAT  
*Tales From The Crib?*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KEN  
It's a specialty book. Retail for fifty bucks. And they pay TOP DOLLAR for quality material. I'm billing them five-k for fifty shots -- and I'm giving YOU ten percent.

RAT  
Ten percent? So that would be --

KEN  
Five hundred smackeros, my boy. Think of how many comic books you could buy with THAT.

RAT  
What's the deal with the lasagna? Is that why you told me not to eat any breakfast?

KEN  
Well you see, to some people, the sight of a great, big bear or a man chowing down ravenously is quite sensual. There's a whole market for that, too. So I had a brainstorm -- combine them, and voila -- infantilism and binge eating. We play our cards right, and I can sell some shots to *Glutton For Punishment*.

RAT  
I AM starving --

KEN  
That's my boy. Now stick that pacifier in, and let's get this shindig STARTED.

Rat puts the pacifier in. Smiles weakly.

KEN (CONT'D)  
And, ACTION --

Rat WAVES the rattle.

KEN (CONT'D)  
Okay. You're SAD. Where's Poppa? I'm HUNGRY.

The hulking infant pouts. Eyes tear up.

KEN (CONT'D)  
(takes a shot, CLICK, WHIRR)  
My god. He's a natural. Okay -- now you've got GAS. You're in PAIN.

Rat screws his face up. Eyes BULGE. Face turns red. He FARTS.

KEN (CONT'D)  
(CLICK, WHIRR)  
Holy smokes! He can break wind ON CUE. Nice! Okay -- now you're HAPPY. Poppa's home! And he's going to change your DIAPER and powder your PEE-PEE!

He grins wildly. SHAKES the rattle. Grabs his diaper.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KEN (CONT'D)  
 (CLICK, WHIRR)  
 Very good, VERY good -- okay. Now baby's  
 all clean -- and it's time for DINNER!  
 (beat)  
 Let 'er rip!

Rat TOSSES the rattle. SPITS OUT the pacifier. Leans over the  
 trough. SHOVES his face in the food. STUFFS HIS FACE with  
 lasagna. SNORTING like a pig. Food goes FLYING.

KEN (CONT'D)  
 EXCELLENT. More, more! You're STARVING.

Ken puts a hand on his crotch. Slowly rubs it.

KEN (CONT'D)  
 Yes, YES. You haven't eaten for DAYS. You  
 are INSATIABLE. EAT, my son!  
 (low, to himself)  
 Poppa's gonna take care of his *little*  
*boy*.

FEMALE VOICE (O.C.)  
 What the FUCK is going on here?

NIKKI

stands in the doorway. Pistol aimed at Ken.  
 Vibrating with uncut venom.

NIKKI  
 You fucking pervert.

KEN  
 (deer in headlights)  
 N-Nikki -- what brings you here?

Rat stares. Food all over his face.

NIKKI  
 You were rubbing one out to a man dressed  
 like a BABY?

KEN  
 Of course not. This is a shoot for the  
 specialty market. *Adventures in Babyland*.  
 Catchy, huh?  
 (beat)  
 Put the gun down, Nikki. Don't do  
 something stupid.

NIKKI  
 Stupid? *Stupid?* STUPID? How about  
 threatening my FATHER with your STUPID  
 PORN FILM. You have NO IDEA what I've  
 just been through --

A bright red rivulet of blood starts running out of her nose.

RAT  
 Ha. Look at her nose. Stupid cunt.

NIKKI  
 Shut up!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

She wipes her hand on her nose. Sees the blood. SHRIEKS.

                  NIKKI (CONT'D)  
I'm BLEEDING.

Rat LUNGES at Nikki. But she's too fast.  
She PLUGS three shots -- BANG, BANG, BANG.  
Rat hits the floor with a THUD.

                  KEN  
Please. Anything you want. Just don't  
kill me. Please.  
                  (crosses himself)  
Dear Lord Jesus --

                  NIKKI  
Jesus? Jesus doesn't give a shit about  
you. Or me, either.  
                  (points the gun)  
You ruined my life, and now I'm going to  
ruin yours.

                  KEN  
Money. How about money? You want money?  
Everybody wants money. I've got ten grand  
in my account. It's yours, all of it.

                  NIKKI  
I could get my surgery --

                  KEN  
YES. You CAN. How about it? We can go to  
the bank tomorrow morning.

Nikki places the gun against Ken's head.

                  NIKKI  
Gimmee your ATM card. Now.

                  KEN  
Please don't SHOOT!

Ken pulls out his wallet. Hands it over. A SIREN screams.

                  NIKKI  
                  (CLICKS the safety)  
Gimmee your PIN NUMBER.

                  KEN  
J-john 12:11!

                  NIKKI  
Praise the LORD --

She FIRES, BANG. Ken's head EXPLODES, splattering the wall.

                  NIKKI (CONT'D)  
And pass the AMMUNITION.

EXT. FLENDER RESIDENCE - AT THAT MOMENT

All is quiet on 24th street. Jenny stands on the front porch.  
RINGS the bell. The door opens.

IN THE BACK YARD

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

Carrie walks up to the kitchen window. Looks in.

CARRIE (V.O.)  
 Dead bodies were piling up like  
 mattresses on a Mexican pickup truck.  
 I was sucked into a vortex of murder --  
 and all roads led to me. We heard on the  
 radio on the way over that Martune had  
 died. Every cop in the city would be  
 looking for me. I had to think of  
 something, and I had to think fast.

She walks around to the side of the house. Sees a big picture  
 window looking into the living room. She eases herself over.

CARRIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 Problem was, my nerves were frayed like a  
 two-bit hooker's split ends -- and I was  
 shooting blanks.

THROUGH THE WINDOW

we see a tearful Jenny speaking to Gay. Gay motions for Jenny  
 to sit. She does, on the couch, near a roaring fire.

INT. FLENDER LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Gay sits next to Jenny, comforts her.

JENNY  
 I didn't mean to hurt him, and I didn't  
 mean to break that sculpture. I feel  
 terrible about the whole thing.  
 (beat)  
 He said -- horrible things to me, and I --  
 lost my temper.

GAY  
 And he said you were fired?

JENNY  
 Yeah, but he's done it before. I'm not  
 sure if it's -- real.

MALE VOICE (O.C.)  
 Oh, it's real.

MODI walks in. Bruised and battered. Holding an ice pack.

MODI  
 You broke a priceless MING DYNASTY URN.  
 It was a gift from my FATHER.

JENNY  
 You hit me FIRST. And called me a CUNT.

GAY  
 Let's all calm down now. I'm sure we can  
 figure out a solution to this --  
 predicament.  
 (to Modi)  
 You realize the girl can press charges,  
 Modi. That wasn't very smart.

The doorbell RINGS. Modi looks toward the foyer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MODI  
Now what?

Gay sips her drink. Gets up.

GAY  
Stay put, I'll get it.

AT THE FRONT DOOR

Carrie stands with her hands in her pockets. Waiting.  
The door OPENS. Gay sees Carrie.

GAY (CONT'D)  
Detective Love. What a lovely surprise.  
Here for your pound of flesh?

Carrie pulls out her GLOCK. CLICKS the safety.

CARRIE  
More like a ton.

INT. UNMARKED CAR - NIGHT

Bernie and Aya sit in their cruiser. Both a little spooked.

BERNIE  
I'm sorry I -- hit you.

AYA  
I'm sorry I hit YOU.

BERNIE  
It's just macho bluster. *Broad* is an  
affectionate term. I LIKE women --

AYA  
I get defensive. My father raised me  
alone, with four brothers.

BERNIE  
Wow. That must have been rough.

AYA  
Yeah.

Pause.

BERNIE  
I guess we should roll.

AYA  
Yeah.

They stare at each other. He leans over. Kisses her. Wow.  
Pulls back. Aya's eyes glitter with emotion.

BERNIE  
Holy shit.

AYA  
Tell me about it.

INT. FLENDER LIVING ROOM - AT THAT MOMENT

Carrie holds her gun on Modi and Gay, seated on the couch. Jenny stands by the fireplace, watching.

CARRIE  
(to Modi)  
You're the one who shot at us.

MODI  
I don't know what you're talking about.

CARRIE  
Your shoes are muddy -- and it's a hell  
of a coincidence that you got here just  
after we did.  
(hands the gun to Jenny)  
Cover him.  
(to Modi)  
Put 'em up, asshole.

Modi glares. Raises his hands. Turns, and RUSHES Jenny. She CRACKS him on the head with the gun. Modi REELS back.

MODI  
OW! Fucking BITCH!

JENNY  
Fuck you, ASSHOLE -- STAY BACK.

MODI  
(feels head, sees blood)  
I'm gonna fucking kill you --

CARRIE  
Careful what you say, Mr. Boss-man. I've  
got this all on tape.

Carrie pulls the dictaphone out of her jacket pocket. Places it on the coffee table in front of Gay.

CARRIE (CONT'D)  
Okay. Start from the beginning. Why did  
you try to frame me for your husband's  
murder?

GAY  
There was no frame -- you see, we --  
(sighs)  
It's kind of complicated.

CARRIE  
(aims gun against her head)  
Maybe this will simplify things.

FEMALE VOICE (O.C.)  
Well, isn't this a fun little group.

Nikki stands in the doorway. Blood on her face. Her dress.

GAY  
Nichol -- Nikki. What are you doing here?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

                  NIKKI  
My father's dead, my mother won't speak  
to me, and -- you were always so --  
supportive --

She trails off. Eyes wide. Reaches in her bag. Pulls out a snifter. HONKS a hit. Then another.

                  CARRIE  
You're Yavo's son --

                  NIKKI  
I'm his DAUGHTER.

                  MODI  
Nice wig.

                  CARRIE  
          (to Modi)  
Shut up and bleed.  
          (to Nikki)  
Sorry, babe -- but you got us at a bad  
time.  
          (stares, narrows her eyes)  
Wait a minute. Something's not right.

                  NIKKI  
No SHIT. Someone KILLED my father. He was  
SHOT in the HEAD.

Carrie eyes Nikki. Slowly nods her head.

                  CARRIE  
Well, whaddaya know. YOU killed him.

                  NIKKI  
That's RIDICULOUS. Why would I -- kill my  
own FATHER?

                  CARRIE  
I don't know. The blood on your dress?  
The fact that you're acting way too  
nonchalant? Not to mention the fact that  
the details about his death weren't  
released to the media?

Nikki pulls out a REVOLVER. Walks toward Carrie.

                  NIKKI  
Stupid bitch. Now look what you've done.

                  CARRIE  
Don't do anything stupid. I've got this  
all on tape --

Jenny GRABS Nikki from behind. PINS her arms.

                  NIKKI  
Hey!

Carrie dashes over, wrestles the gun out of Nikki's hand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CARRIE  
 (to Jenny)  
 Nice work, doll. Didn't know you had it  
 in you --

PUSH IN ON Jenny. Eyes burning.

JENNY  
 Me neither --

EXT. SANTA MONICA - CUL DE SAC - NIGHT

Bernie's undercover cruiser is parked at the end of the  
 street behind a garbage dumpster. The car is ROCKING.

INT. UNMARKED CAR - CONTINUOUS

Bernie and Aya are making love in the back seat. It's animal.  
 He SHRIEKS with pleasure, COMING. Aya WAILS like a banshee.  
 Like howling dogs, they climax together.

Silence.

BERNIE  
 Wish I had a cigarette.

AYA  
 I've got some. Hold on.

Aya pushes herself up. Her blouse is open. A splendid view.  
 She leans over the seat, grabs her purse. Pulls out a pack.

BERNIE  
 (takes one from her)  
 I shouldn't.

AYA  
 (lights his, then hers)  
 Neither should I.  
 (exhales)  
 So what exactly did Carrie do? Why was  
 she suspended?

BERNIE  
 She cracked up her car, smashed into a  
 seven-eleven, blood alcohol level twice  
 the legal limit -- and her DATE for the  
 evening was the CHIEF'S sixteen-year-old  
 DAUGHTER.

AYA  
 Wow. That explains alot.  
 (dreamy)  
 So -- what do we do now?

BERNIE  
 We get the fuck over to Gay Flender's  
 joint. If Lipshitz finds out --

AYA  
 No. I mean about us.

BERNIE  
 Us?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AYA  
(hurt)  
Yeah. US.

Bernie leans in. Softly kisses her.

BERNIE  
Tell you what. Let's crack this case,  
then go away somewhere. Maybe -- Cabo?

AYA  
I'd love that.

BERNIE  
(drinks her in)  
You're not such a tough nut after all.

PUSH IN ON Aya. Eyes dancing with mischief.

AYA  
Tell anyone and I'll fucking kill you.

INT. FLENDER RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - AT THAT MOMENT

Gay and Modi sit on the couch. Nikki, in a chair beside them, Jenny tying her wrist, Nikki's gun in her waistband.

Carrie stands at the bar, holds a gun on them. She DOWNS a shot of something brown. Wipes her mouth. Pours another.

CARRIE  
Make sure you tie it good and tight.  
She's got double chromosome strength.

MODI  
Made for a man, strong enough for a --

CARRIE  
CAN it.

Jenny starts tying the other wrist, as --

NIKKI  
Wait a minute. My asthma, I need to take  
my medicine.

CARRIE  
Hurry it the fuck up, then.

Nikki reaches into her bag with her free hand. Pulls out the coke snifter. HONKS a large hit in one nostril. Then the other. She smiles maniacally. Eyes bright, blink-blinking.

NIKKI  
Thanks. I needed that.

JENNY  
(SNATCHES it way)  
That's not medicine, that's COKE.

A geyser of brownish-green viscous fluid ERUPTS from her mouth. Bubbles down her chin. Eyes go glassy. She goes into CONVULSIONS. FALLS over in the chair.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

CARRIE  
 (quietly)  
 You killed Harvey Flender. And framed me.

JENNY  
 You're crazy.

CARRIE  
 (to herself)  
 It was right there, staring me in the  
 face the whole time.  
 (beat)  
 What was your motive? Better benefits  
 package? Not enough vacation time?

JENNY  
 I don't know what you're talking about.

MODI  
 Harvey stole her script, said he'd pay  
 her off.  
 (to Jenny)  
 And I bet the cheap fuck never did, did  
 he. Must really be frustrating, now that  
 DEATH TAKES A HOLIDAY is up for three  
 Emmys.

JENNY  
 How did you know about that?

MODI  
 Small office, babe. Legal not only knows  
 where the skeletons are buried, we  
 negotiate who uses the shovel.  
 (to Carrie)  
 She's been obsessed with you since the  
 Christmas party last year.

JENNY  
*Modi!*

CARRIE  
 But we just -- made out.

JENNY  
 You said you were going to CALL ME.

MALE VOICE (O.C.)  
 Looks like a party.

PHILLIE PFUGG

stands in the doorway. Sporting a sawed-off shotgun.  
 An evil grin. He walks toward Carrie and Gay.

PHILLIE  
 If I had known I would have brought  
 something.

GAY  
 Who the fuck are YOU?

CARRIE  
 (to Phillie)  
 This is a private matter, Frankenstein.  
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (3)

CARRIE (CONT'D)

So I suggest you let your boot heels go a-wanderin,' if you know what's good for you.

MODI

(whispers)  
That's -- the hit man.

(to Phillie)

What are you doing here? We no longer require your services.

PHILLIE

Funny thing about that. I only got my up front payment. I'm here to collect the balance.

GAY

But we called it off.

MODI

I left a message on your voice mail.

PHILLIE

Message? What MESSAGE?

Phillie aims the shotgun. PUMPS it, CLICK-CLICK -- BANG. The family portrait above the fireplace SHATTERS.

MALE VOICE (O.C.)

Santa Monica Police! Everybody stay right where you are! DON'T MOVE!

BERNIE

stands in the doorway with two REVOLVERS. Aya to the side, SIG SAUER in a two-handed grip.

JENNY

pumps GUN SHOTS at them. Bernie and Aya ROLL to the side. She RACES to the patio doors.

CARRIE

JENNY!

But she's gone.

PHILLIE runs to the door. SLAMS it shut.

PHILLIE

Think, think --

CARRIE

CRACKS Phillie on the head with her piece.

PHILLIE (CONT'D)

Ow!

She GRABS his gun. KNEES him in the groin. A soft POP.

PHILLIE (CONT'D)

GAAAAA --

A large red, bloodstain forms in his crotch. He keels over. Carrie TEARS ASS toward the patio. RACES outside --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

As Bernie KICKS down the front door. He and Aya look at Phillie. Then Gay. Then Modi.

GAY  
Detectives, I'm so glad you're here.  
Jenny Lane, she --

MODI  
Fucking bitch ASSAULTED me.

BERNIE  
Shut UP, BOTH of you.  
(to Aya)  
Cuff 'em.

MODI  
(as Aya cuffs him)  
OW. Listen to me. Jenny Lane killed  
Harvey. She raced out the back door --

GAY  
And Carrie Love, she's out there, too.

EXT. FLENDER ESTATE - BACK YARD - AT THAT MOMENT

Jenny runs through the back yard. Into a giant row of hedges. Stopped by a fence hidden in the foliage. She ducks behind a tree. Pulls out her gun.

CARRIE (O.C.)  
JENNY. Come on out. If you let me take  
you in, you'll be safe.

JENNY  
I HATE you!

Jenny starts SHOOTING blindly toward the house.

CARRIE

races over to a gazebo. Ducks down behind the lattice-work enclosure. Pulls out her piece. Checks the magazine.

As she does this, Jenny DASHES into the pool house.

CARRIE  
JENNY. Put the gun down. You're only  
gonna make it worse!

BERNIE (O.C.)  
DROP IT, Carrie. You're under ARREST.

CARRIE  
(whips her head around)  
BERNIE. I'm glad you're here. Jenny Lane,  
crazy frill, killed Flender, she's the  
one who set me up.

BERNIE

stands behind a tree near the gazebo. Gun on Carrie.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BERNIE  
We'll discuss all that later. Right now,  
I'm taking you in. Martune died, and we  
have you on videotape at the hospital --

AYA

crawls on the grass near the rear of the gazebo.

CARRIE  
(pulls out dictaphone)  
You can question me later. We've got the  
killer cornered, and I've got it all on  
tape.

She TOSSES the recorder. Bernie CATCHES it.

AYA

reaches the gazebo steps. Starts to crawl up them, when --

A SHOT

rings out. CRACKS her in the shoulder. She FLIES backward.

AYA  
OW!

CARRIE

*whips* her head around. Sees Aya. Does a role, and CLATTERS  
down the opposite stairs. LEAPS up. DASHES away.

BERNIE

raises his gun. Takes aim.

BERNIE  
CARRIE, STOP. Don't make me shoot!  
(sees Aya)  
Aya --

He races over.

AYA  
I'm okay. It went right through.

Bernie RIPS off a sleeve. Ties it around the wound. KNOTS it.

BERNIE  
Stay here. Keep me covered. I'm going  
after her.

AYA  
Didn't you hear? The other girl is the  
one we want.

BERNIE  
Then we'll bring 'em both in.

AYA  
Shut up and listen to me --

GUNSHOTS ring out. Pieces of wood go FLYING. They DUCK down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CARRIE (O.C.)  
She's in the POOL HOUSE. C'mon, over here. We can surround her.

CARRIE

stands behind the cabana. Sticking her head out.

CARRIE (CONT'D)  
I didn't KILL anyone, Bernie! I'm not a FUCKING KILLER.

INT. POOL HOUSE - AT THAT MOMENT

Jenny is panting. She wipes her forehead. Opens the gun.

CLOSE ON

the chamber. One bullet left.

CARRIE

raps on the rear window. Hidden behind a curtain.

CARRIE  
Jenny. Let me in. Let's talk about this.

JENNY  
I have nothing to say to you! Go away!  
You're just like a guy!

CARRIE  
I'll take that as a compliment.

BERNIE AND AYA

appear. Bernie aims his service revolver at Carrie.

BERNIE  
You're under arrest. Don't move a muscle.

Carrie pulls out her Glock. Points it at Bernie.

CARRIE  
I didn't kill anyone, Bernie.

BERNIE  
Put down the piece, Carrie. I don't want to shoot you.

CARRIE  
That makes two of us.  
(looks at Aya)  
Is this your new partner?

AYA  
Aya Meir. Nice to meet you. Uh, given the circumstances --

CARRIE  
Hey. You two just had sex --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BERNIE

Shut the fuck up and drop it. You're under arrest.

CARRIE

You've got it all on tape, Bernie. On the dictaphone. Martune killed Slobotnik in a fit of homophobic rage, Nikki Yavo killed Roland Yavo because he couldn't deal with her sex change, and Jenny Lane bumped off Roland Flender because he stole her script, and then framed me out of some twisted obsession. The alternative sexuality triple crown, if you will.

AYA

Where's Raymond Chandler when you need him?

CARRIE

Exactly.

(to Bernie)

This one's a keeper --

BERNIE

(pulls out dictaphone)

And all of that is on this tape?

CARRIE

Yeah. And after we bring her in, I'll go to the station, answer all your questions and drink that shitty coffee.

AYA

Put it down, Bernie. Let's be civilized.

BERNIE

(lowers his gun)

Alright, godammit.

CARRIE

(lowers hers)

You two cover the front. I'm going in the back window, and I'll bring her out.

AYA

Can I ask you a question?

CARRIE

Shoot.

AYA

Have you always had such a powerful sense of -- smell?

PUSH IN ON Carrie. Eyes twinkling.

CARRIE

For certain things --

IN THE POOL HOUSE

Jenny looks at herself in the mirror. Raises the gun. SPINS the chamber. Places it against her temple.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CARRIE (O.C.) (CONT'D)  
Careful with that. It might go off if  
you're not careful.

CARRIE

stands in the window. Now open. Curtain gone.

JENNY  
(whips the gun around)  
Stay AWAY from me!

CARRIE  
I'm afraid that's not possible, hot  
stuff.

Carrie starts to climb in.

JENNY  
Stay BACK! I'll fucking SHOOT YOU!

CARRIE  
You won't shoot me.

JENNY  
Yes I WILL! Don't come any CLOSER!

Carrie drops to the floor. Lands with a soft thud.

CARRIE  
You won't shoot me.

JENNY  
Oh, yeah? Why not?

CARRIE  
You know why.

Carrie walks up to Jenny. Gently takes the gun away.

CARRIE (CONT'D)  
Because we're the same. We have this hole  
in our heart that we try to fill with  
love, with sex, with anyone who will have  
us. But the funny thing is, it stops  
working after a while. The sad part is  
finally realizing the only one who can  
fill the hole -- is you. But by then it's  
too late.

Jenny stares. Eyes flicker madly. Cheeks flushed.

CARRIE (CONT'D)  
What I don't get is why you -- I mean,  
just because I didn't CALL you?

JENNY  
I overheard on the phone Modi and Gay  
plan to have Harvey killed. They hired a  
hit man. But then they changed their  
mind. Called it off. I thought I was  
going lose MY mind, so I killed Harvey  
myself. But then Gay hired YOU, which was  
PERFECT. So I decided to FRAME you.  
(eyes well up)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JENNY (CONT'D)  
 But then -- you and I --  
 (beat)  
 You and I --

Jenny starts POUNDING Carrie on the chest with her fists.

JENNY (CONT'D)  
 It got all FUCKED UP.

CARRIE  
 (GRABS her hands)  
 But we just MADE OUT. What the fuck?

Pause.

JENNY  
 You mean you don't remember?

CARRIE  
 Remember *what*?

JENNY  
 We went back to your place -- after the  
 Christmas party.

CARRIE  
 We did?

INT. CARRIE'S JOINT - BEDROOM - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

The red room is lit by a single candle. The liquid, sultry  
 trip-hop of Morcheeba's *UNDRESS ME NOW* bubbles over --

Carrie and Jenny in bed. Carrie's doing something to Jenny  
 with her hand, under the covers. Kissing her neck.

JENNY  
 Yes -- yes -- ohmigod --

Carrie closes her eyes. Stops moving.

JENNY (CONT'D)  
 Don't stop. Why did you stop? I'm about  
 to --

Jenny sits up. SHAKES Carrie. But she's out like the dead.  
 Tie many martoonis.

JENNY (CONT'D)  
 You PASSED OUT? You fucking PASSED OUT?

IN THE POOL HOUSE

Jenny's eyes fill with tears.

JENNY (CONT'D)  
 You -- said you loved me.

CARRIE  
 (to herself)  
 Fuck, fuck, *fuck*.  
 (to Jenny)  
 I was in a blackout, Jenny. I --  
 (sighs)  
 I'm sorry. What we had was -- really  
 nice. Really nice.  
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARRIE (CONT'D)  
 (a whisper)  
 It's not your fault. It's -- mine.

Jenny crumples. COLLAPSES into Carrie's arms.

JENNY  
 What's going to happen to me?

NEAR THE POOL

Bernie and Aya take position near the diving board.

BERNIE  
 What the fuck is going on in there?

AYA  
 I hear crying.

Pause.

BERNIE  
 Can you really -- smell it?

IN THE CABANA

Carrie and Jenny hug for dear life.

CARRIE  
 Let me take you in. It will go easier.  
 Trust me. I promise no one will hurt you.

JENNY  
 (a whisper)  
 Promise?

Carrie takes her hand. They go to the door. Carrie opens it.

CARRIE  
 We're COMING OUT. The prisoner is  
 UNARMED. Don't SHOOT.

BY THE POOL

Carrie and Jenny walk out of the cabana.

BERNIE  
 Santa Monica Police! Stay where you are!  
 You're both under arrest!

AYA  
 Bernie --

Carrie and Jenny exchange glances. And, faster than you can blink, Jenny DIVES into the pool. Then Carrie --

Bernie starts SHOOTING blindly into the water.

AYA (CONT'D)  
 BERNIE! NO!

Aya TACKLES him to the ground. They WRESTLE for his gun. She SWERVES on top. PINS his arms.

AYA (CONT'D)  
 What the fuck do you think you're DOING?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

She LEAPS off him. Gets up. Turns to the pool.

TWO BODIES

lie in the water. Face down. Red smears against the blue.

BERNIE AND AYA

come to the edge. Look down.

AYA (CONT'D)  
Stupid ASSHOLE. You killed them!

One of the bodies LURCHES up. GULPS in air. It's CARRIE.  
She paddles over to Bernie and Aya. Climbs out. Soaked.

The three of them look at Jenny. Bobbing in the water.  
Lipshitz walks over. Joins them. Shaking his head.

CARRIE (V.O.)  
That's the thing about Hollywood. In the  
city of angels, nothing is what it  
appears to be. It's all smoke and  
mirrors. Special Effects. Body doubles.  
With a big twist ending.

A COYOTE appears in the yard. Chewing on something.

CARRIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Here in LA, everyone wears a bright, sun-  
shiny smile -- while they hold a knife  
behind their back. And if you have  
something they want, you're best friends  
forever -- until they get it, and then  
it's buh-bye, see you later -- gotta  
bigger, better offer.

CLOSE ON --

The coyote's mouth. In it, a human hand. With a pinky ring.

CARRIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Just another day on Wilshire.  
(beat)  
The boulevard of broken hearts.