

SCARS

An Original Screenplay
by
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FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM - EVENING

CLOSE ON A TASER GUN. LONG SCARLET FINGER NAILS pull the TRIGGER. A blue arc JUMPS the posts. It works!

A cartridge is loaded into the taser. The gun is placed on the bed next to the open mouth of an empty duffel bag.

Several G-String panties are tossed into the bag, followed by a pair of black high-heeled fuck me pumps, a carton of baby wipes and a bottle of Vitamin C.

Two skin tight Micro-Mini skirts, one metallic, the other of lace are folded and placed in the bag.

Then a six pack of vodka coolers. A hand pulls one from the case.

FOLLOW THE bottle to REVEAL ANGELA (ANGIE) HAYES, mid 30's, Pitch black hair in a pixy cut and bright azure eyes that glow in the dark. A brilliant mind veiled by uncommon beauty.

This is the face of a fearless woman, deeply wounded but still standing. Her perfect body once a burden now a well toned weapon.

Angie opens the bottle and takes a deep swig.

She returns to packing; a make-up kit, curling iron, a long, wavy fire-red wig.

From another room a child's voice is heard.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)
Mommy, Suzie's here.

ANGIE
Alright Poppet. I'll be right there.

Angie finishes packing; a bottle of body splash, another of glitter. Several burned CD's and a Philosophy textbook, Ken Wilber's "*A Theory of Everything*".

She places the taser in the bag. As the flap is closed and zipped shut it reveals. . .

The angelic face of a CHILD DOLL. It peeks out of the side pocket. Black hair and blue eyes. The doll stares up at us, hands raised, reaching for an embrace.

SOFT CUT TO:

INT. STORAGE ROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE on the face of a MANNEQUIN; the child doll all grown up. Same black hair and blue eyes but now naked, chipped and cracked. Her lips locked in an expression of perpetual climax.

She is not alone. The room is barely lit but we can make out amongst the forgotten clutter of old boxes, bloated rubble and broken bric-a-brac, the missing heads and limbs of others.

In the midst of this explosion of junk an old wooden desk fights for space. On it, the room's single light source, a computer screen.

Sitting at the desk is ALEX 'SONNY' SMITH.

Age? Hard to tell; perhaps late 30's. Hair color, eyes, height? Don't know. Physically he is as forgettable as his name. Like Waldo without the sweater and glasses.

But there is an withered air about him; a cross between noxious and surrender. This is a man who is extremely shy, yet has no concept of boundaries. A RED SCARF is draped around his neck.

Sonny gets up from the desk. He turns, looks out the grime crusted window to the street below.

The Neon signs of Hollywood Blvd wink back. In the distance the Hollywood sign mocks him.

The window captures the reflection of the mannequin. Her expression now taunting.

Sonny takes out a bottle of Prel, gives his hands a good rubbing. He turns from the window. He picks up an old beat up note book from the desk. He scans the pages.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

A Fiat Panda pulls into the parking lot beneath the gaze of a street lamp.

In the B.G. a brick wall with a PINK NEON SIGN FLASHES the name, 'LUCKY LIPS'.

Angie steps out of the car. She is dressed in bulky sweats, a T Shirt, floppies and a baseball cap.

She opens the trunk. Throws the duffel bag over her shoulder. As she heads for the rear door of the club, the DOLL stares back at us.

EXT. SINNER'S DELIGHT - NIGHT

Sonny exits 'SINNERS DELIGHT'. This is one of those trashy lingerie and stripper wear joints that thrive on Hollywood Blvd.

In the display window surgically enhanced mannequins in lingerie, swimsuits and stripper outfits.

Sonny meanders his way down the famous Boulevard. He is soon swallowed up by the mishmash of tourists, vendors, homeless, nightclubbers, runaways, dealers, dreamers and the undecided.

INT. DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

Angie enters the dressing room. The walls are covered in graffiti and old 8 x 10's of dancers who have come and gone.

Make-Up Stations run along one wall, discolored by age and scarred by years of careless smokers.

Many of the bulbs around the mirrors are missing or burned out. The only other furniture is an ancient overstuffed couch and stacking chairs.

EBONY is perched on the arm of the couch and another girl, PHOENIX is curled up in it.

EBONY is in her late twenties. She radiates raw sexuality. Sloe eyes, cinnamon hair and skin as smooth and black as a cup of java. Ebony's smile and laughter are contagious but a glare from her will drop you at thirty paces.

PHOENIX; eighteen, or so she says. A willowy, winsome beauty with honey blonde hair and eyes of gentle blue. Demure and soft spoken Phoenix still retains her innocence. Her shy die-away smile can break your heart.

Angie sets her bag at one of the Stations and begins to unpack.

Sitting at the next station is RAVEN who maneuvers a pair of knitting needles at warp speed. Spanish, early twenties, petite in every way but attitude. Bedroom eyes, coquettish smile and a lethal body. Raven's voice is like broken glass, sharp and piercing.

RAVEN

Mi viejita. Still Shaking it?

ANGIE

I can still hold my own, *mi sexy poco vixen.*

Raven's knitting needles continue to dart about.

RAVEN

With that body you'll be dancing
into your fifties.

ANGIE

If that's true then shoot me now.

Raven Cackles. Angie unpacks. She sets the DOLL on the counter.

The other girls side glance each other. They have all seen the doll before. None say anything. They know.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BLVD - NIGHT

Sonny walks down the crowded street, fiercely alone amidst the throng.

INT. DRESSING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Angie removes her sweat pants to reveal a support bandage wrapped around her right knee. She removes the bandage. As she massages her leg...

ANGIE

(To no one in
particular)

What's it like out there?

Ebony from her perch on the couch.

EBONY

Slow and cheap. There are a couple
of guys from IBM.

RAVEN

And Pastor Dave.

EBONY

Yeah, he's out there somewhere.

ANGIE

He still got a crush on you?

EBONY

He wants to save me and get into my
pants at the same time.

PHOENIX

Preachers are really confused about
sex.

EBONY

If he keeps paying to save me, I'm
fine with that.

CLOSE ON Angie as she starts to pin up her hair. The mirror picks up Ebony in B.G.

PHOENIX

I don't think he's ever going to give up.

EBONY

Fine with me.

PHOENIX

I always get the drunks and wife beaters.

RAVEN

They can smell CoDA from across the street.

PHOENIX

I try not to be rude, but they keep pushing to date me.

ANGIE

That's your mistake. Fuck their feelings.

PHOENIX

I'm working on that.

ANGIE

I know honey, but you need to go to a couple of meetings.

EBONY

When I was working at the Rhino I had this guy from Alabama who just wouldn't take no for an answer.

ANGIE

Highball him. They'd rather back off than admit they can't afford you.

EXT. LUCKY LIPS - CONTINUOUS

Sonny arrives outside of 'Lucky Lips'. Back lit by the slurred neon of the club logo his image is nothing more than a black cutout.

EBONY (V.O.)

I tried that. \$2,000, but the stupid fuck said okay.

Sonny pays the cashier.

RAVEN (V.O.)
Christ, I'll do him.

Sonny enters the club.

DRESSING ROOM

CLOSE ON the mirror reflection of a LONG FLAMING RED WIG as Angie FLIPS it onto her head. She pulls it down, pokes her hair under. Ebony can still be seen in the reflection.

EBONY
So he gives me \$500 and his room
key. Says he'd give me the rest
when I show up.

Angie looks in the mirror as she combs out her wig. The mirrors are cheap and flawed. Her image tends to ripple around the edges.

INT. LUCKY LIPS - CONTINUOUS

Sonny surveys the club. A RED HUE infuses everything and everyone. On stage a dancer gyrates to the music.

It's a slow night. The gyno seats (those around the stage) are nearly full. Mostly with Frat kids.

EBONY (V.O.)
So its getting close to midnight and
I'm thinking of calling it a night
when this out-of-towner starts hitting
on me.

The rest of the club is nearly empty. A few business men at one booth, a young couple at another. Perhaps a dozen others. Several dancers mingle among the meager pickings.

EBONY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
He wanted to know how much I wanted
to blow him.

Sonny makes his way to one of the back tables.

RAVEN (O.S.)
Carajo! He needs a kick in the
cajones?

DRESSING ROOM

Angie applies mascara to her eyelashes. She hesitates. Looks hard at herself in the mirror. Mesmerized. Lost in thought.

EBONY (V.O.)
Better than that. I really fuck him
up.

INT. LUCKY LIPS - CONTINUOUS

Sonny at a table near the back. Isolated from the other patrons. He begins to write in his journal.

A Waitress comes up to him. He makes an order.

PHOENIX (V.O.)
So what did you do?

DRESSING ROOM

Angie snaps out of her trance.

She uses the back of her hand as a pallet with various dabs of make up; foundations, eye shadow, lipstick... She begins to apply her lipstick.

CLOSE ON Ebony. She can barely hold back her giggles. She loves this part.

EBONY
I took him for \$500 bucks, gave him
the other guys room key and told him
not to come by until after 2:00.

Everyone bursts out in laughter.

EBONY (CONT'D)
By that time I was long gone.

RAVEN
That's fucked up girl. He could've
tracked you down.

EBONY
I never went back. As far as I know
they're still dating.

Angie wiggles into her costume. Steps into her 6" heels. Takes the RED SCARF and ties it around her waist.

She stands before the mirror. The transition is complete. Angie has become LUNA.

She puts her phone in her clutch purse grabs her CD caddy and exits the rear of the club.

EXT. REAR ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Surrounded in Pink Neon, Angie takes out her cell phone and makes a call.

ANGIE

Hi! It's me. How is she?

(She chuckles at something said)

She does have a mind of her own.

Can you put her on?

(A beat then. . .)

Hey sweetie, did you have your bath?

Brush your teeth? Good girl. Say good night to Susan and scoot off to bed. I'll stay on the phone to tuck you in.

While waiting, Angie flips through her CD caddy, picking her music for the night.

ANGIE

Are you in bed? Is Dolly with you? Good. Now what do you want to hear tonight? Horsies? You mean 'All the Pretty Horses?' Alright but first, we have to pull your covers up real tight and tuck them under your chin. . . There. Now close your eyes. Are they closed? Okay.

Angie/Luna *begins to sing a lullaby.*

ANGIE/LUNA

*Hush-a-bye don't you cry,
Go to sleepy-, little baby.
When you wake you shall have
all the pretty little horses.
Blacks and Bays, Dapple grays,
Coach and six white horses.
Hush-a-bye don't you cry,
Go to sleep-y, little baby.*

Good night Poppet. Love you.

Angie/Luna kisses the phone and puts it in her clutch purse. She reenters the club.

INT. LUCKY LIPS - CONTINUOUS

Sonny closes his journal. Pulls out the Prel. Squeezes into his hands, rubs it in. He then sits back, sips slowly on his drink and waits.

DRESSING ROOM

The other girls have left. Angie reaches into her duffel bag and pulls out one of the coolers. She takes a long drink then puts it back.

One last glance in the mirror. She psyches herself up, then exits.

Our FOCUS is now on the Doll. Her arms still reach out. For what we're not sure.

INT. LUCKY LIPS - CONTINUOUS

The Silhouette of LUNA as she hands her CD's to a man cloaked in darkness. This is SILK WORM, the D.J. of the club.

His deep dulcet voice pierces the BLACKNESS.

SILK WORM (O.S.)

In case any of you gentleman didn't notice its a full moon tonight? . . .
. Second one this month. They call that a blue moon and a blue moon can make you a little crazy, a little freaky, a little loony...

SILK WORM lets out a deep roaring laugh. He loves word play.

THE MUSIC begins.

SILK WORM (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Well its always a little crazy, freaky and whole lot loony at Lucky Lips when this lady is in the house.

The SPOT LIGHT COMES UP and reveals the silhouette of LUNA. She is suspended in contra pose at the top of the UP STAGE dance pole.

SILK WORM (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Yeah, you know who I mean. Here she is gentleman. Look up... Look way up at our very own full moon... The vivacious. . ., Salacious. . ., Bodacious. . . Luuuunnnnaaaaa!

With acrobatic brilliance LUNA maneuvers her way around the pole slowly descending until she glides into the splits on the dance floor.

Luna rises slowly. As she dances her way downstage, she steps out of silhouette and into the light.

Her movements are suggestive, her smile playful and her eyes seductive. She stares at each man around the stage just long enough for him to feel that he is the "chosen one".

ANGLE ON Sonny. He watches her with piqued interest. He takes out a wad of bills. Peels off several twenties. He folds them length wise then places them like little tents on the table. A little OCD is apparent as he seeks to get them in perfect alignment.

Luna is now at the Down Stage pole; grinding and swinging her way up and down its entire length.

Then... the clothes begin to fall away...

In the end all she has on is the red sash which she now holds in her hands.

She drapes the sash around a patron (the rich looking one) and pulls him close: teasing him then letting him go.

The MUSIC ends.

SILK WORM (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Alright gentleman put your hands up
 where I can see them and let's hear
 it for the illuminating Luuunnaaaa!..

Luna gathers up her clothes and tip money from the stage.

SILK WORM (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 I've heard tell five minutes alone
 with this celestial beauty can change
 a man's life. Why not take a private
 dance with her in our vip room and
 find out for yourself?

Luna steps down off the dance floor. She passes Raven as she exits. They share a hand squeeze.

Raven steps up onto the stage

SILK WORM (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Next up gentleman, all the way from
 Barcelona, Spain is the dark haired,
 dark eyed angel of sin. Bad! Bad!
 Bad has never looked so good. Be
 prepared to fall under the spell of
 Diablo's favorite daughter, the
 enchantress Raaaavvvveennnnn!

MUSIC: Something hot and Spanish, perhaps "Roxanne"

DRESSING ROOM

Luna sits at the make-up station rubbing her right knee. She takes another sip from the vodka cooler. Uses a baby wipe to towel away her body sweat.

Luna shimmies into her 'cruising' dress. Ties the red sash around her waist, sprays on body splash, takes another drink of her cooler, grabs her clutch purse and exits.

INT. LUCKY LIPS

Luna enters from backstage. She proceeds to work the room. Sashays from table to table smiling and flirting with the customers.

She notices SONNY and his camp of twenties at the back of the room.

Luna makes her way toward his table. Once there she points to her Red Sash and his Red Scarf.

LUNA

Look at that. We match.

SONNY

Yes, yes we do.

LUNA

So Mr. Lonely, what are you doing way back here?

SONNY

Less crowded. I need my space.

LUNA

Demophobia?

SONNY

What?

LUNA

Demophobia. Fear of crowds.

SONNY

That's not it.

LUNA

I see; just anti-social.

SONNY

I'm just not as showy as the boys in the gyno seats.

LUNA

It really isn't that busy tonight.

Luna slides into the chair next to him. She gestures at the little money tents on the table.

LUNA (CONT'D)

For me?

SONNY

Depends.

LUNA

On What?

SONNY

Demophobia? You must be pretty smart.

LUNA

I'm addicted to scrabble. . . And I am very smart.

SONNY

Smart, beautiful and you know how to work the pole.

Sonny flicks one of the bills toward Luna. She picks it up. Puts it in her purse.

LUNA

Thank you.

SONNY

You make it look easy.

LUNA

That's the idea. It's harder than it looks.

SONNY

Did you go to pole dance school? Is there such a thing?

LUNA

(laughs)

These days they're everywhere, but I'm self taught. Trained in a playground near my home.

SONNY

I'll bet you were a hit with all the little boys.

LUNA

They just thought I was some old lady goofing around.

SONNY

Well if there was a pole dance school you would have graduated Summa Cum Laude.

LUNA

At Pole Dance School I think they pronounce that 'Some Cum a Lot'. But thank you, that's very sweet of you.

SONNY

(Laughing)

Smart and witty too!

LUNA

And a cracker jack pole dancer.

Sonny raises a glass to toast.

SONNY

To a smart, witty sexy cracker jack pole dancer. A sane man couldn't ask for anything more.

Sonny takes a swig of his beer.

Something catches Luna's attention.

ANGLE ON: A man who has just entered the club. This is JOCKO, mid 20's, A Bad Boy with slipshod good looks and miles of attitude.

He makes his way to Phoenix who is sitting at a booth with the young couple.

SONNY (CONT'D)

So... Luna.

Luna continues to split her attention between Sonny and Jocko.

LUNA

Yes.

SONNY

Any other names?

LUNA

Hundreds. Bitch, Slut, Cum Dumpster, Whore, Cunt, Cock Tease. The one I really respond well to is Pussy. Usually money attached to that one. Don't know why but...

Luna's POV of Jocko. He gives Phoenix a big showy kiss. She offers him an uneasy smile reined in by dread.

SONNY

What's your real name?

LUNA
 (Half listening)
 What?

SONNY
 You're real name. What is it?

LUNA
 My real name? Okay, but you got to
 keep it a secret.

She leans in to whisper keeping her eyes on Jocko.

LUNA (CONT'D)
 My real name is Lindsay Lohan.

SONNY
 Funny.

LUNA
 My career took a dump and I ended up
 here.

SONNY
 Seriously, what's your real name?

LUNA
 Why do you want to know? Ease your
 mind, I'm pretty sure we're not
 related?

LUNA'S POV as Jocko leans into Phoenix and whispers something
 in her ear. She shakes her head.

LUNA (CONT'D)
 Luna will have to do for now hon.
 What's your name?

SONNY
 Alex, but everyone calls me Sonny.

Jocko whispers again in Phoenix's ear. A little more
 aggressive this time. Phoenix and Luna's eyes lock.

LUNA
 I'll be right back.

Phoenix surrenders. She reaches into her purse and pulls
 out some bills. She hands them to Jocko.

Luna grabs the money out of his hands.

JOCKO
 Hey bitch!

LUNA

Funny, I was just discussing that
with my friend over there.

She hands the money back to Phoenix.

LUNA (CONT'D)

I'm pretty sure bitch was on the
list.

JOCKO

You really don't want to fuck with
me.

LUNA

Don't have to tell me twice.

Luna gestures over her shoulder.

LUNA (CONT'D)

Tell him!

Jocko turns to find himself face to face with a solid acre
of muscle. This is BIRD, the club bouncer.

BIRD

You know the rules Jocko.

JOCKO

Hey, I'm just talking to my girl.

PHOENIX

I'm not your girl.

BIRD

How do you want to do this?

Jocko knows he doesn't have a chance. He gives Phoenix a
gritty smile and throws her a kiss

JOCKO

Later sweetheart

He turns to leave. Bird is right behind him.

Luna turns to Phoenix.

LUNA

You know the rules and you know why
there are rules.

PHOENIX

I told him.

LUNA

No husbands, no fathers, no brothers,
no boyfriends and especially no fucked
up punch happy pricks.

PHOENIX

He's not my boyfriend. He just doesn't
listen.

LUNA

Lock it up! Don't give him an inch!
Do it!

Luna returns to Sonny's table.

SONNY

What was that all about?

LUNA

Just a jerk who's not suppose to be
here.

SONNY

He was ready to take a swing at you.

LUNA

I can handle myself.

SONNY

Really? You think you could take
...

LUNA

... Krav Maga. Five years... So
Sonny, why don't you move up front
for my next set?

SONNY

Then I'd be just another face in the
crowd.

LUNA

Not at all sweet heart. . .
(a beat)
You know what I think?

SONNY

Tell me.

LUNA

I think sitting back here is not
about having your space.

SONNY

No? Why do you think it is?

LUNA

If you moved up front you would have to share me with all the other little boys and you don't like to share do you?

SONNY

Not with a bunch of grunting pigs.

LUNA

That's a bit harsh isn't it?

SONNY

You're the pearl amongst the swine, you tell me.

LUNA

Its a strip club. Even smart men turn stupid in a place like this.

SONNY

And the dumb ones don't have a chance. Why would I want to be a part of that? What keeps you sane?

LUNA

What do you mean?

SONNY

(a beat)

When you're on stage what keeps you sane? What are you thinking?

SONNY prepares to flick another twenty across the table.

SONNY (CONT'D)

The truth!

LUNA

The truth! That's a real turn on for you isn't it?

SONNY

It's a simple question. Why? Do you think it's too personal?

LUNA

You don't think so?

SONNY

Not really.

LUNA

You want to know what I'm thinking while I'm gyrating my naked pussy in front of a bunch of strangers. And that's not personal?

Sonny flicks the twenty across the table and prepares to flick the next one.

LUNA (CONT'D)

(Considers for a moment)

I think about what's going to give out first, my mood or my knees.

SONNY

What else?

LUNA

I look for my regulars. They're usually good for a few privates.

SONNY

And if you don't see any?

LUNA

Then I look for the money.

SOUND: The volume of the music suddenly drops. Luna gets up. Ghost like she moves about the patrons unnoticed.

She caresses the lapel of one of them.

LUNA (CONT'D)

Armani suits.

She grabs the leg of another patron and holds it up.

LUNA (CONT'D)

Testoni shoes.

As she returns to Sonny she pulls the sleeve up on another to reveal a Tag Heuer watch.

LUNA (CONT'D)

Wrist watches are the best tell.

SONNY

Big money equals big spender?

LUNA

Not always, but they are the easiest to spot.

She notices several young men sitting at another table. One of the men seems detached from the conversation.

LUNA (CONT'D)

The real money are the Dream Lovers

She approaches the table and bends down. She studies the face of the young man.

LUNA (CONT'D)

But they're harder to pick out in a crowd.

She leans in close, her face only inches from his.

LUNA (CONT'D)

You have to connect with them to know.

Luna backs off. She returns to Sonny's table.

SONNY

What's a 'Dream Lover'?

LUNA

They're the ones that confuse lust for love. They usually go home with their pockets empty.

Sonny flicks Luna another twenty.

SONNY

You mean love addicts?

LUNA

I guess. Some of them.

SONNY

What am I?

LUNA

I don't have a name for someone like you.

SONNY

Someone like me?

LUNA

Someone who looks for intimacy in a place where it doesn't exist.

SONNY

And you say that because I want to know more about you?

LUNA

No, it's because of 'what' you want to know about me.

SONNY

Do you ever feel guilty?

ANGLE ON Ebony. She sits in the corner booth with an older man. His clerical collar is the clue that this is PASTOR DAVE. Lean and intense, he holds a book tightly in his hand. Ebony gives him her full attention.

LUNA

About what?

SONNY

Bleeding them dry. Feeding their addiction.

LUNA

I used to, but not so much anymore. They may walk out of here busted, but they usually walk out with their dream still intact.

SONNY

Every guy in here thinks this will be their lucky night. But you and I both know they're all going home alone just like they did the last time and the time before that.

ANGLE ON Ebony. She takes Pastor Dave's hand and leads him to the VIP area. In his right hand he clutches a Bible.

LUNA

Hope springs eternal.

SONNY

You're like a slot machine that never pays off. They're all fuckin' morons!

LUNA

And you get to judge them because you're different?

SONNY

That's right!

LUNA

And how's that?

He leans in to make the point

SONNY

I don't expect to get fucked.

LUNA

And you think everyone else does?

Luna looks about the audience in fake distress.

LUNA (CONT'D)

God, that's an exhausting thought.

She stares hard at Sonny. Something clicks.

LUNA (CONT'D)

I've seen you in here before.

SONNY

Occasionally.

LUNA

Usually on Mondays or Tuesdays when it's slow.

SONNY

I prefer it when its quiet. It feels more intimate.

LUNA

More intimate?

SONNY

That's right.

Luna slides a little closer to Sonny

LUNA

Take a private with me. It doesn't get any more intimate than that.

SONNY

That depends on what you mean by intimate.

LUNA

What does it mean to you?

SONNY

Secrets shared.

LUNA

You're not likely to find that here.

SONNY

Perhaps, perhaps not... Do you ever get excited during a lap dance?

Sonny prepares to flick the last twenty across the table.

LUNA

(Laughs)

Sonny! Boy, you just keep on keepin' on don't you.

SONNY

Do you?

LUNA

Sometimes, but I would never act on it.

Sonny flicks the last twenty to Luna.

SONNY

So it's not just the money. You actually do get horny.

Luna picks up the bill and studies it.

LUNA

No, I do it for the money.

She puts the bill in her purse. Sonny pulls out his wad of bills and begins to peel off a few.

LUNA (CONT'D)

It's the money that makes me horny.

SONNY

There has to be more to it than just the money. When you're on stage you move like the ebb and flow of mulberry silk.

LUNA

I'm never more aware of my body than when I am on the dance floor. I can sculpt the air around me with my body and my sex. No limits, no restrictions.

SONNY

How young were you when you started.

LUNA

Stripping?

SONNY

Dancing.

LUNA

Since I could walk. Ballet and modern jazz mostly. My mother had big plans for me.

SONNY

Were you ever in a company?

LUNA

Several, but choreography kills the dancer in me. I need to feel and move to the music on my own terms. I guess I'm like you Sonny, I don't play well with others.

SONNY

I can understand that.

LUNA

I thought you might. I did a few rock videos and commercials, but that's about as much as I could stand. God that seems like a life time ago.

Sonny sees an opening, the beginning perhaps of secret shared.

SONNY

A life time?

Luna returns to the present. She smiles at Sonny then. . .

LUNA

Luna's life time. Back then she was simply ether in the universe.

SONNY

Where did Luna come from?

LUNA

She was there when I needed her. Luna is my goddess of circumstance.

SONNY

There is a story there, isn't there?

LUNA

I'm up next, but if you make a bunch more little money tents I'll be back to tell you all about Luna.

Luna gets up to leave.

SONNY

I want to buy you for the night!

LUNA

You want to buy me?

SONNY

Yes.

LUNA
I'm not for sale.

Luna exits BACK STAGE.

The LIGHTS of the FLOOR AREA FADE except for a DIM SPOT that remains on Sonny. In the entire club his table is all that we can really make out.

Sonny opens his notebook. He begins to write, his nose inches from the page. The pen digs deep into the paper.

Silkworm's VOICE rises out of the BLACKNESS.

SILKWORM
. . . Unlike that other magic kingdom
where little Tinker Bell teases and
tempts, but never gives it up. At
Lucky Lips your dreams really can
come true.
*(Laughs his crazy
laugh)*
And here to prove it is our own
celestial body, the Venus of our
galaxy, the stunning, alluring,
luminous and very real Luuuunnnnaaa!

The SPOT LIGHT COMES UP on Luna. As before, she begins as a silhouette behind the SCRIM, suspended high on the pole.

Luna gracefully descends the pole, then steps out of the shadows into the light. Slowly she dances her way DOWNSTAGE.

Sonny closes his Journal and watches her. He pulls on the ends of the RED SCARF still draped around his neck.

ON STAGE Luna's clothes begin to fall away.

Sonny speaks to her from across the room as if she were still sitting next to him.

SONNY
Do you look at them as hard as they
look at you?

Luna continues to dance and tease as she and Sonny converse.

LUNA
Depends on if they're tipping.

Luna squats down inches from the face of an OLDER MAN. She looks deeply into his eyes. For that brief moment he is the only man on the planet.

SONNY

And what do you see?

She offers the Older Man her hip. He obliges by placing a fin in her G String.

LUNA

Rent.

At Sonny's Table a SECOND LUNA now sits across from him watching herself on stage. She is dressed the same as the ON STAGE Luna. She turns to face Sonny.

NOTE: From this point forward the Seated Luna is the speaker even when we are FOCUSED on the On Stage Luna.

SONNY

What else?

On Stage Luna's smile offers to each man their own special need. She shifts easily from seduction to intimacy to compassion; whatever will coax the money out of their hands.

Seated watches herself onstage.

LUNA

I excite them; they're aroused.
They appreciate me. Some even worship
me and I love that in a man.

The Frat Boys, make 'Stripper Darts' (*A coin wrapped in a dollar bill smeared with chap stick so that when it is thrown it sticks to the dancer.*)

LUNA (On Stage) (CONT'D)

Even those that resent me are in
awe.

SONNY

Why would they resent you?

The FRAT BOYS throw the darts at Luna, her crotch is the bulls eye. Luna simply smiles. After all it's her money now.

LUNA

They've surrendered to me and they
hate themselves for that.

Luna plays with her RED SASH. She drapes it on the shoulders of various men, teasing them and then pulling away.

LUNA (CONT'D)

Even those of power; judges,
politicians and preachers know who
holds the real power in this room
and they resent me for that.

SONNY

Seeking self esteem in a strip club
seems a bit ironic?

LUNA

No more ironic than seeking intimacy.

SONNY

How can you feel good about yourself
when you're face to face with those
that hate you and the power you have
over them?

A BALD HEADED GUY lures Luna toward him with a twenty. She approaches. At the last moment he pulls away the bill and reaches for her breast. Luna spins away from him.

She moves to the other end of the stage. The Bald Headed Guy snarls out the word...

BALD HEADED GUY

Cunt!

LUNA (Seated)

Are you saying that I should feel
dirty because a man looks at me or
treats me in a certain way? If I
allow him to define me then I allow
him to possess me. I think you
already know my feelings about that.

SONNY

You think I want to possess you?

LUNA

That's what it sounds like.

SONNY

Fucking is the ultimate possession.
That's not what I want from you.

LUNA

They want to fuck my pussy. You
want to fuck my heart. Tell me what
the difference is?

SONNY

That's not true and its not the same
thing.

LUNA

You want to possess parts of me that I don't share with others. You want my truths. You want my name in your mouth.

SONNY

Why is the truth so hard for you to share?

ANGLE ON: The Seated Luna. She is now wearing as little as the On Stage Luna.

LUNA

Because you haven't earned it. You're not a part of my life and you never will be.

SONNY

It's not what I want.

LUNA

It is exactly what you want. You're stalking my real world and I'll never share that with you.

On Stage Luna continues to move from one man to the next, always sharing with them in some way her RED SASH.

SONNY

How different is it really from this?
(Gestures around him.)
I'll bet that in the real world you still lead with your sexuality to get that backstage pass or get to the front of the line.

LUNA

No I use my brain and sometimes it tells me to use my looks. My looks are simply a tool.

SONNY

In your hands it's a weapon.

THE MUSIC ENDS

LUNA

If its a weapon then its double edged.

SONNY

What the fuck does that mean?

Luna gathers up her clothes and tip money from the stage.

LUNA

Why is it women are always blamed for how men react to us? Why is it me and not the cop, or the bouncer or the doorman? It was a man's obsession, not Helena that launched the thousand ships.

SONNY

Because this club is filled with men who want you and you will do whatever it takes to make them think they have a chance.

Luna walks to the edge of the stage. With hands on her hips she directly confronts SONNY for the first time.

LUNA

How many times do I have to tell you Sonny, this, all of this, is just make-believe. They can't have Luna because Luna doesn't exist. No one can possess her. Not them. Not you.

Sonny now sits alone.

SONNY

I'm not interested in Luna.

LUNA

So you keep saying. You want the real me. She's not here Sonny. You'll never find her here. This need of yours to possess is odious; like an open wound that runs long, mean and deep.

SONNY

We're all scarred in some way or another.

LUNA

Yes, yes we are.

Luna steps off the dance floor. She passes Raven in the wings. Raven gestures toward the Bald Headed Guy.

RAVEN

Hombre calvo intendo cop a feel, no?

LUNA

Let Birdie handle it.

Raven smiles her crazy little smile. Luna knows what that means.

RAVEN

Él debe aprender respeto.

LUNA

Oh crap.

Luna exits BACKSTAGE.

FADE TO BLACKNESS

INT. DRESSING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Luna sits at the make-up station. Her knee is bothering her again. She uses another baby wipe, sprays on body splash then slips back into her 'cruising' dress.

She opens another cooler and takes a deep sip. As she puts the drink down she catches a glimpse of the CHILD DOLL's reflection as it sits in front of the mirror. The image flawed by the ripples. Luna can't take her eyes off the distortion.

MEMORY FLASH

A CHILD around four years old sits in a bathtub. She looks up at someone OFF SCREEN. Upset, she furiously splashes the water creating ripples.

END MEMORY FLASH

CLOSE ON the CHILD DOLL, Luna in the B.G. She takes another swig from the cooler, then exits.

The CAMERA remains stuck to the image of the Doll.

INT. LUCKY LIPS - CONTINUOUS

LUNA arrives on the floor. She glances in Sonny's direction.

SONNY'S TABLE now set with a new encampment of twenties.

Luna ignores this. Instead she mingles and flirts with the other customers. She takes a seat on the knee of one.

Raven is on the dance floor. Every chance she gets she teases and provokes the Bald Headed Guy.

Luna shakes her head. She knows this will not end well.

The customer whispers in her ear. She slips off his lap, takes his hand and leads him toward the VIP Room.

VIP ROOM

It is really nothing more than a collection of small cubicles with a small bench in each. There are no curtains on the cubicles. The lighting pours red on everything.

Ebony is in one of the cubicles. She reads scripture from the Bible as she does a slow grind on the lap of Pastor Dave.

EBONY

...and lusted after her paramours there, whose members were like those of donkeys, and whose emission was like that of stallions.

Luna's Customer looks at her with amused curiosity.

LUNA

Pastor Dave. He's trying to save her.

Luna leads her customer into a cubicle. She pulls her dress over her head. Now nude she straddles the customer.

ON STAGE

Raven plays 'Catch me if you can' with the Bald Headed Customer. With a twenty in one hand he attempts to cop a feel with the other. Raven is too fast for him. She evades his grasp, then comes right back and teases him again.

He reaches for her breast. Raven grabs the twenty and spins out of reach. The Frat Boys cheer.

BALD HEADED GUY

Hey Cunt! Give it back!

Like a pouting little girl Raven returns to the Bald Headed Guy. She caresses his face and ever so gently coaxes him to stand.

He reaches out and takes hold of her breast.

As he continues to kneed her breast Raven turns to the Frat Boys.

RAVEN

He call me the 'C' word, no?

The Frat Boys nod.

RAVEN (CONT'D)

And you see he touch my titties, no?

They all nod again. Raven's crazy smile returns. In an INSTANT she nails the Bald Headed Guy in the face so hard that he drops to his seat.

The Frat Boys cheer.

It takes the Bald Headed Guy a moment to get his bearings. When he does, with an ego now engorged with rage he strikes out at Raven. She easily side steps him.

The Bald Headed guy starts to climb onto the stage, but Birdie is already on him. He grabs him by the belt and drags him off the stage.

As Birdie hauls him toward the front door he gives Raven an indignant stare that says, '*not again*'.

Raven simply shrugs, sticks the twenty in her G string and finishes her set.

She gathers up her clothes and the money from the stage and exits.

The STAGE LIGHTS FADE away. The MUSIC does the same.

SILENCE and DARKNESS, then. . .

SILK WORMS VOICE dilates through the BLACKNESS.

SILKWORM (O.S.)

. . . Well wasn't that exciting.
Some of us just have to learn the
hard way. Gentleman, there's no
touching the girls when they're on
stage. It gets Birdie mad and you
don't want to get Birdie mad.

Luna returns to the floor with her customer.

SILKWORM (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Our next dancer is very special and
new to Lucky Lips. She is our very
own blazing bird of paradise. Every
night she rises from the ashes and
she always gets a rise out of you.
The scorching hot Phoooooeeenixxxxxx.

MUSIC: A smoky, haunting, dreamlike quality. It sets a mood of illusion and distortion. (i.e.: David Lynch).

Phoenix brings her demure innocence to the stage. Her youth and outward shyness works well for her.

On the FLOOR, Luna moves about the room, cruising for customers.

She sways and flows to the music. Her red sash tied tightly around her waist.

The pickings are slim. She glances toward Sonny.

His table now swarms with money tents. Their eyes meet.

Luna slowly drifts in his direction.

Sonny sits quietly watching as she approaches.

Luna sits and gestures at the money tents.

LUNA

Going to war?

SONNY

Launching my own fleet. Nowhere near a thousand but it's the best I could do.

I wasn't sure you would come back.

LUNA

Neither was I...

(Beat)

No one gets to own me Sonny.

SONNY

That wasn't what I meant.

LUNA

Oh I think it was.

SONNY

I should have been more clear.

LUNA

Well just to be clear, no one has a claim on me.

SONNY

Why did you come back?

Luna helps herself to one of the twenties.

LUNA

Guess?

SONNY

It really is all about the money isn't it?

LUNA

Grow up Sonny. Of course it is.

Luna reconsiders for a moment, seized by an unexpected truth.
Her voice is barely a whisper. .

LUNA (CONT'D)
But. . .

SONNY
But what?

Luna waves him off. Sonny persists.

SONNY (CONT'D)
What?

LUNA
Damn it!

SONNY
Tell me?

LUNA
I'm not sure how I want to put this.

SONNY
There is something else!

LUNA
Alright, but I don't want you to go
all goofy on me,. . . There is
something about you that I find...

Luna searches for the right word.

LUNA (CONT'D)
... curious.

SONNY
Curious? Well that's a start.

LUNA
NO! It's not a start! Grrrrrrrr.
That's exactly why I didn't want to
say anything. You're going to turn
this into something more than it is;
turn it into 'our' thing.

SONNY
Well isn't it?

LUNA
You're really beginning to piss me
off

SONNY
Yeah, I get that. Tell me.

Luna considers for a moment, then a reflective response, like a secret shared. The first.

LUNA

You challenge me. . . You make me think.

SONNY

I make you think?

LUNA

In here I have a snappy come back for everything, but with you it doesn't seem to be enough. I mean it doesn't seem to be enough for me.

SONNY

That's it?

LUNA

Isn't that enough?

SONNY

No, It's *what* I make you think about, that interests me,

LUNA

With the others I always tell them pretty much what they want to here.

SONNY

But not me?

LUNA

No.

SONNY

With me you feel the need to be honest, to speak the truth?

LUNA

You're stepping into that '*our thing*' territory again. It's not. I owe it to myself to stand up to you. Usually I don't give a damn. I just roll with the punches to make a buck. You're different.

SONNY

So you admit that I'm different?

LUNA

GAWD! You're like a set of twins?
(MORE)

LUNA (CONT'D)

The smart one is talking and then
from out of nowhere the dumb one
pipes up.

SONNY

You just said. . .

LUNA

I just said it isn't about you.

SONNY

I see.

Sonny takes this in. As he does so, his attention is drawn
to...

PASTOR DAVE

He makes his way toward the exit. His Bible clutched tightly
against his heart. His gait as stoic as a gallows walk.

Sonny turns back to Luna.

SONNY (CONT'D)

I saw you go into the back room with
someone.

LUNA

Something came up.

SONNY

You were gone for quite a while

LUNA

It came up a number of times.

Sonny takes out his Prel.

SONNY

Do you want some?

LUNA

Way too late for me.

Sonny rubs the Prel into his hands.

INT. CLUB ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

A man enters the club. This is the RAIN MAN, mid 40's,
expensively dressed, dark complexion, long nails, black
slicked back hair under a black fedora. A goatee waxed to a
razor's edge. All that's missing is a cane... Oh, there it
is..

SONNY (O.S.)

How much do you make a night?

The Rain Man shakes hands with the Bartender. Obviously a regular. Tucked under his arm is a black lacquer box. He places it on the bar.

LUNA (O.S.)

I do alright.

The Rain Man hangs the cane on the edge of the bar. He orders a drink then scans the room.

SONNY (O.S.)

A thousand? Give or take?

RESUME ON: Sonny as he piles the money tents one on top of the other. Packing up?

LUNA

Give or take.

He takes out a large wad of bills. Folds the table money into it.

SONNY

I'll give you five hundred now and another five at the end of the evening if you spend the rest of the night here with me.

LUNA

Does smart Sonny know about this?

SONNY

This is 'smart, Sonny speaking. What do you say?

LUNA

And what do you expect for your money?

SONNY

Answers.

LUNA

To what?

SONNY

I don't know yet. How about it? Your knees will thank you in the morning.

LUNA

My name will still be Luna at the end of the night.

SONNY

Fair enough.

INT. CLUB ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

A woman enters the club. This is LUCINDA, early 30's, dressed head to toe in a red skin tight latex cat suit and high heeled lace up boots.

Her Bright green eyes and open smile peek out from behind long red hair that cascades across her face.

RESUME ON: Sonny and Luna. For the longest time neither speaks. The silence grows louder until finally. . .

LUNA

So this is working for you?

SONNY

What do you mean?

LUNA

Sitting here in the dark staring at a half naked stripper, that's what turns you on?

SONNY

And talking.

LUNA

Not much talking going on.

RESUME ON: Lucinda. The lights of the club catch the shine and shimmy of every quiver and twitch her body makes as she sashays toward the stage. She sees Luna.

LUCINDA

Hey Moonbeam. You still swaying with the kittens?

LUNA

Luce! Look at you all shiny and sapphic.

LUCINDA

We're going over to the Empire after. How's the milage tonight?

LUNA

Well Sonny here is paying me a thousand dollars to stare at him all night.

Lucinda turns to Sonny.

LUCINDA

I'll stare at you all night for five hundred.

SONNY

I'll keep that in mind.

For the briefest second Sonny notices something beneath the hair; a blemish, a flaw?

LUCINDA

I see Rain Man's here tonight.

RESUME ON: Rain Man. He remains at the bar, watching from a distance. Tapping his long nails on the black box.

RESUME ON: Luna.

LUNA

They come in all shapes and kinks.

LUCINDA

I better go. I see my girl is tapping her foot.

LUNA

Take care of your self.

LUCINDA

You too.

Lucinda glides through the room toward the far side of the stage. Standing there waiting for her is Raven.

SONNY (O.S.)

What's wrong with her?

The two girls share an intimate embrace then slide into a booth.

RESUME ON Luna.

LUNA

What do you mean?

SONNY

It looked like she was covering up a bruise or something.

LUNA

Didn't notice.

SONNY

Maybe not... How do you know her?

LUNA
She use to work here.

SONNY
Not anymore?

LUNA
Nope.

SONNY
Why did she quit?

LUNA
She had her reasons.

SONNY
Oh. I see.

Luna smirks (*no you don't*)

Silence again. Sonny just stares at her. Finally...

LUNA
I got to say Sonny, I'm getting bored.

SONNY
How's that?

LUNA
How's that! This! Sitting here
staring at each other.

SONNY
There's intimacy in shared silence.

LUNA
You find this intimate?

SONNY
Don't you?

LUNA
Only in a dull moronic sort of way.

More silence. Sonny stares, Luna fidgets. As the moments pass...

The CAMERA TOURS the Club

- 1.) Lucinda and Raven sit side by side deep in whispers.
- 2.) Phoenix on her cell phone. She looks upset.
- 3.) The DANCER on Stage gyrates against the pole. She coos and soothes money out of the patrons.

4.) Ebony rests her feet on the lap of a customer. This is WILLY. More about him later.

5.) A customer at the ATM. A dancer hangs on him like a needy child, her arms wrapped around his waist.

6.) The Rain Man takes a seat at the stage. His box sits on his lap. Birdie moves into position behind him.

7.) Willy massages Ebony's feet. He lifts one to his mouth and kisses it.

8.) Raven gives Lucinda a quick kiss then heads for the stage.

RESUME ON: Luna. Restlessness has turned to agitation. She begins to stroke Sonny's thigh.

LUNA (CONT'D)

We could go to the vip room. Then it would be just the two of us.

SONNY

I'm fine right here.

Luna continues to coax him.

LUNA

Are you sure?

Sonny removes Luna's hand from his thigh.

SONNY

I'm not looking for tits to suck and a cunt to fuck.

LUNA

Oh that's right! You're the stripper's messiah.

SONNY

I see the bruised body parts and want to know how and why.

LUNA

All you want is to know my secrets.

SONNY

That's right.

LUNA

My real name?

SONNY

Yes.

LUNA
 Things that I would never share with
 other men.

SONNY
 Yes.

LUNA
 And that would make you special?

SONNY
 I'm already special.

LUNA
 So you keep telling me.

SONNY
 I'm the only man in here that doesn't
 want to fuck you.

LUNA
(Sarcasm)
 Sonny, you say the nicest things...
 And I don't believe you.

SONNY
 It doesn't really matter if you
 believe me or not. It's true.

LUNA
 What goes on in here is all make-
 believe, nothing more.

ANGLE ON Willy, He continues to worship Ebony's feet.

SONNY (O.S.)
 No! It's deception.

LUNA (O.S.)
 If there's any deception it's them
 deceiving themselves.

RESUME ON Sonny.

SONNY
 That's true, but you're the pulse
 behind it... The myth... The succubus.

RESUME ON Willy. He caresses Ebony's foot, brushes it against
 his cheek.

SONNY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 They're the worm on the hook thinking
 it can swallow the fish.

LUNA (O.S.)
It's still all make-believe.

RESUME ON Sonny.

SONNY
To you it's make-believe. To them
it's a primal wet dream. And you
do everything you can to exploit it.

LUNA
I know the rules and so do they.

SONNY
And with every wink, smile and grind
you're saying that the rules don't
apply; maybe for all the other guys...
But not him.

LUNA
Perhaps.

SONNY
How often do they ask you out?

LUNA
You mean on a date?

SONNY
Yeah.

LUNA
It happens.

SONNY
I bet it happens a lot. How often do
you say yes?

LUNA
What's your point?

SONNY
What would it take to get you to
leave with me right now?

LUNA
Leave the club with you? Right now?

SONNY
That's right. What would it take?

LUNA
A handful of roofies and a very
serious bomb threat... Maybe.

SONNY

And the difference is I know it.
They don't.

Luna glances at Sonny's Journal.

LUNA

Is that where you keep your secrets?

She reaches for the book. Sonny pulls it away.

LUNA (CONT'D)

What? You don't want to share?

SONNY

Why do you work here?

LUNA

Do you mean here like 'this' club or
here like a 'stripper'?

SONNY

Both.

Luna considers for a moment. She stares off toward

THE STAGE

Raven thrusts and gyrate about the stage. She drops into a
deep knee bend inches from the face of the Rain Man.

CLOSE ON her piercing gaze as her eyes sink into his. The
Rain Man smiles.

SONNY

Watches Raven. He too is transfixed by her gaze. It begins
to morph into...

QUICK FLASH

CLOSE ON the face of another woman. Her eyes stare right
through us. Is it fear or arousal? Hard to tell. In an
instant the image is gone.

BACK TO SCENE

Sonny shakes himself out of the trance.

ON STAGE

Raven continues to swing her hips and thrust her body in the
direction of the Rain Man. He stands.

RESUME ON Luna. She smiles and turns back to Sonny.

LUNA
 You want to know why I work here?
 There's the reason.

SONNY
 Where? What?

LUNA
 Just watch.

RESUME ON The Rain Man. He opens the box. Takes out a handful of casino chips.

Raven giggles. She knows what happens next.

Birdie goes into high alert.

Rain Man throws the chips into the air.

LUNA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 We call him The Rain Man.

SLOW MO of \$5, \$10, even \$100 chips as they rain down on Raven.

LUNA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 He comes in about twice a year and
 makes it rain.

Another handful is thrown into the air. Then another.

SONNY (O.S.)
 Poker chips?

One of the Frat Boys attempt to pocket some of the chips. Birdie is on him in an instant. He returns the chips to the stage.

LUNA (O.S.)
 He owns the Summit Hotel and Casino
 in Commerce.

From her booth Lucinda lets out several piercing wolf whistles...

The Rain Man gives Birdie a hundred dollar chip. He places the empty box on the stage then leaves.

RESUME ON Luna.

LUNA (CONT'D)
 That's why I work here. Money, lots
 of money...

SONNY

And that's it?

LUNA

And I like the freedom...

SONNY

And the power?

LUNA

I'll admit it, I like the power...
The adoration,... And the girls.
Gotta love the girls.

SONNY

I didn't think strippers got along
that well.

LUNA

Why wouldn't we?

SONNY

You're all free agents competing for
the same buck.

LUNA

We're territorial. You don't go after
another girls regular. Other than
that we're all pretty tight.

SONNY

That's hard to believe.

LUNA

Strippers connect in ways no one
else understands. Like soldiers who
fought together on the front line.

SONNY

What about when they're not working?

LUNA

No different. They tend to stick
together if they're single and don't
have kids.

SONNY

What about you?

LUNA

(Smiles)
Nice try.

SONNY

What?

LUNA

What you're asking is am I in a relationship or do I have a kid.

SONNY

Are you? Do you?

LUNA

(Smiles)

Like a dog with a bone.

ANGLE ON WILLY AND EBONY

Ebony stands, bends over. She gives Willy a kiss on the cheek then turns and heads back stage.

SUDDENLY Willy jerks forward, then reverse. He turns abruptly to reveal that he is in a motorized wheel chair.

He heads for the exit. Just a stump of a man. His legs are missing all the way up to his hips.

But it is the expression on his face that is the most curious. A beatific smile and a look of absolute wholeness.

From the Backstage Ebony watches him leave.

SONNY (O.S.)

It can't be just the job that connects all of you.

RESUME ON SONNY

SONNY (CONT'D)

I think there is something else. Something shared.

LUNA

You're up to something Sonny. What is it?

SONNY

I think there's something else that keeps you from turning on each other; something you have in common.

LUNA

I already told you; were a sisterhood; soldiers in thongs.

SONNY

General opinion is a history of sexual abuse.

LUNA

(Being Evasive)

If that were true there would be a hell of a lot more strippers.

SONNY

I think there's more to it; a certain itch that needs to be scratched; perhaps a chance to get even.

LUNA

Get even? I'm not going to lower myself to their level just to get even? What's the advantage in that?

SONNY

(Gestures to the crowd)

So you do despise them?

LUNA

I only despise the ones who try to figure me out.

SONNY

You detest them as much as I do.

LUNA

You think so?

SONNY

I know so! They're sitting there drooling at your feet and starrng into your pussy for some meaning to their miserable lives. How can you not be disgusted by that?

LUNA

It's a strip club dummy! God! When men stare at me its with desire and adoration and I like that... It's the guys that gaze into my eyes while I'm dancing that I don't trust.

SONNY

Really?

LUNA

They're pretending to be nobler than the others. If they were really above it all they wouldn't even be here.

SONNY

So they're pretty much damned if they do and damned if they don't!

LUNA

Pretty much.

SONNY

What about the mean ones; the wise ass that calls you a bitch or a cock tease or grabs at you.

LUNA

Or pinches. Some even bite.

SONNY

That's not adoration.

LUNA

No, but it is *desire*.

SONNY

Yeah, in a twisted fucked up sort of way.

LUNA

Sometimes it is pretty twisted. A guy once told me that I had an ugly pussy. His way of starting a conversation.

SONNY

And that doesn't that make you feel cheap. . . Dirty?

LUNA

That's exactly how he wants me to feel. How he chooses to act is about his short comings, not mine. I don't lose power or value or my dignity because I excite men.

SONNY

Because you excite them you have power over them. That's what brings out the meanness.

LUNA

He's just as much a victim to sexism as any of us.

SONNY

You are kidding right?

LUNA

Men have been told since their first hard-on that where ever their penis points, those are the wicked girls.

SONNY

And every night they're pointing at you.

LUNA

That's right. I excite them and they've been told over and over again that it's sinful.

SONNY

It can be.

LUNA

Where did that come from?

SONNY

Because it can cause them to lose control and when that happens...

LUNA

It's the perfect storm. They hate the power their natural urge has over them and they detest those who draw it out of them. How can it not turn ugly?

SONNY

And it does, That's what I'm saying.

LUNA

It can. In the extreme it can turn to resentment, jealousy, a need to dominate, even blood lust.

SONNY

Doesn't that scare you? Especially if you have a kid.

LUNA

You asked about Lucinda's face. You're right it is scarred. Her ex-boyfriend vitriolaged her.

SONNY

He did what?

SONNY'S POV OF LUCINDA AND RAVEN

Raven and Lucinda are sorting the chips and placing them in the box. One chip falls to the floor. Lucinda tosses her hair out of her face. Bends down to pick it up. Her scarred face now totally revealed.

LUNA (O.S.)

She broke up with him and he didn't
take it very well.

Lucinda's head is turned and aligned with the table as if in
repose. Then it happens. Her emerald eyes lock onto Sonny.

LUNA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Decided that if he couldn't have her
no one could.

Sonny stares trance like at Lucinda, but what he sees is...

QUICK FLASH

The same emerald eyes, but a different face. A face more
vacant than piercing.

BACK TO SCENE

LUNA (CONT'D)

So he threw acid on her.

SONNY

What?

LUNA

Mostly on her genitals, but some
landed on her cheek.

SONNY

That's fucked up.

LUNA

Where there's lust, rage is just
around the corner. Passion's last
gasp.

SONNY

Rage and passion are not that far
apart.

LUNA

It's why a young girl is stoned to
death because a man raped her. The
burka isn't about protecting the
chastity of a woman. Its about
protecting men from themselves.

SONNY

Not all of those stones are thrown
by men.

LUNA

And not all misogynists are men. It is our greatest weakness; this tendency of women to turn on each other

SONNY

And that doesn't happen in here.

LUNA

Not very often.

SONNY

In here the dancers hold all the power?

LUNA

If they didn't it could get ugly?

SONNY

Like Lucinda?

LUNA

There have been others. A friend of mine was murdered last year.

SONNY

Boyfriend?

LUNA

No... Another girl was killed in Ventura last fall.

SONNY

Doesn't that scare you? Give you second thoughts about what you do?

LUNA

Of course it does.

SONNY

Did you know her?

LUNA

Our kids had play dates every Sunday.

SONNY

Does your kid know what happened?

LUNA

I couldn't just ignore it. She's too smart for that.

SONNY

How old?

LUNA

Six.

SONNY

Does she know what you do?

LUNA

She knows that I love her and that I'll never lie to her. When the time comes I'll tell her.

SONNY

What's her name?

LUNA

You don't need to know that?

SONNY

What's the harm?

LUNA

The harm isn't in you knowing. Its in you asking.

SONNY

You're very protective.

LUNA

You have no idea.

SONNY

Its a good thing. You can never be too careful when it comes to kids.

LUNA

You don't have kids do you?

SONNY

Never been married. Is she as pretty as you?

LUNA

Why do you say that?

SONNY

Genetics.

LUNA

You also said I was smart.

SONNY

You are...

LUNA

End of discussion.

SONNY

I'll bet that's not because of how smart she is.

LUNA

Leave it alone Sonny.

SONNY

Alright, I'm done.

Sonny is far from done.

A WAITRESS comes to their table.

WAITRESS

Sorry, didn't see you back here.
Can I get you anything?

SONNY

Coors in the bottle.

LUNA

Diet coke with ice.

The waitress leaves.

A long silence as Sonny searches for a new way back in.
Finally...

SONNY

Beautiful people do have it easier.

LUNA

Sonny!

SONNY

They've done studies on it.

LUNA

Give it up, Sonny.

SONNY

It gets you noticed.

LUNA

Noticed by whom?

SONNY

By everyone.

LUNA

Exactly! Beauty in a child can be a curse. They're far too trusting to understand the consequences.

SONNY

It's still more an asset than a curse.

LUNA

What it isn't is an accomplishment.
I don't want her to rely on it.

SONNY

So now we're talking about you.

LUNA

I know what its like.

Luna turns to watch the dancer on the stage.

DANCE STAGE

A large GLITTER BALL spins above the stage. It casts fragments of light about the room.

SONNY

Everyone is attracted to pretty things, even you. You're a smart woman Luna, but in here no one is much interested in your brain.

LUNA

I know that, but it's not just here; not just them.

Silence. . . Sonny waiting; Luna considering. Her eyes focus on the...

hundreds of little mirrors that make up the GLITTER GLOBE. Like the compound eye of a fly, hundreds of tiny identical images appear.

At first they are too small, too insignificant to make out.

LUNA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

My Mom used to dress me up like a little doll.

THE CAMERA CREEPS CLOSER AND CLOSER on the Glitter Globe. The multiple images begin to take shape.

SONNY (O.S.)

Do you know why?

TIGHT on a single mirrored reflection. It is the FACE of a YOUNG GIRL.

CROSS FADE TO

FLASHBACK - INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

CLOSE ON ANGIE, around 4 or 5. Eyes closed.

NOTE: The dialogue in the scene is heard but it is underneath the on-going Voice Over between Luna and Sonny.

CLOSE ON MOTHER'S HANDS as they separate Angela's hair. They bind it in an elastic band with a little butterfly on it.

LUNA (V.O.)

Whenever we had guests or were going to town, she would spend hours getting me ready.

Mother gently pulls the hair of the tiny ponytail in shape. It resembles a fountain or palm tree on the top of Angela's head.

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

Hair in curls, a little rouge on the cheeks, a hint of lipstick and always the prettiest dresses.

CLOSE ON the back of a MOTHER'S HAND. It serves as a pallet with various dabs of make up; foundations, eye shadow, lipstick...

SONNY (V.O.)

You didn't like it?

MOTHER (O.S.)

Angela, sit still,

The finger of a WOMAN sweeps a streak of blue eye shadow over Angie's eyelids. It carefully shapes and spreads it over the lids. Angie's eye's snap open.

LUNA (V.O.)

Actually I did. For that hour I felt loved.

From the back of her hand Mother rubs lipstick on to her little finger. She applies the lipstick to Angie's lips.

TIGHT ON Angie's lips as they turn a deep ruby red. The touch of the mother's finger is mesmerizing.

LUNA (CONT'D)

Her touch was cold but it was still a touch. The rest of the time she pretty much ignored me.

MOTHER (O.S.)

We're almost done. You want to look pretty when we go to Weyburn don't you?

Angela nods her head.

Mother pulls a kleenex from her sleeve and has Angie blot her lips.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

All done. Go show daddy how pretty you look.

Angela runs out of the kitchen.

END FLASHBACK

BACK TO THE CLUB

Sonny sits back

SONNY

How did your dad feel about it?

LUNA

He thought it was silly, but he put up with it.

FLASHBACK - INT. LIVING ROOM

6 year old Angie dances in her underwear on the living room carpet. Her dance moves are sassy and suggestive; unsuitable for a child her age.

She is very much aware of her audience. Her FATHER sits in his chair, newspaper on his lap.

Early 30's, Strong carved features. Cautious eyes. A lean lanky build that conceals the physical power of the man. His smile is faint and must be earned.

LUNA (V.O.)

He was a good man, he used to call me his special girl

Angie finishes her performance. She crawls into her father's lap.

ANGIE

Did I do my best ever Daddy?

FATHER

It was very good Angel.

ANGIE

I brung my A game daddy. Didn't I?

He tousles her head, bends over kisses her on the forehead

FATHER

That you did. You're my special girl. But you know what kiddo?

ANGIE

I can do another one. Let me show you.

FATHER

Not now. It's time for you to get dressed. It's almost supper time.

LUNA (V.O.)

I could never keep his attention for very long.

Angie climbs down from her father's lap and leaves.

A hint of concern onto her father's otherwise taciturn face.

END FLASHBACK

BACK TO SCENE

They now have their drinks. Sonny takes a swig. Luna twirls the ice cubes with a straw.

SONNY

What was he like?

LUNA

Strong, silent, protective. He loved me but as I got older he started pulling away.

FLASHBACK - EXT - FARM - DAY

Angie, exits the barn with her GIRLFRIEND. Both girls are around 12 or 13. They laugh and giggle about secrets shared. Dressed in t-shirts, daisy dukes and cowboy boots, they are just beginning to explore flirtatiousness.

Angie looks up to see...

Her Father as he repairs a tractor. He looks up and their eyes lock.

LUNA (V.O.)

It felt like he was afraid of me.

Angie smiles at him. He offers her a weak smile and a nod.

LUNA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
He no longer held me or called me
his special girl.

SONNY (V.O.)
Maybe he was afraid of himself.

He takes a rag, wipes his hands then heads toward the house.

LUNA (V.O.)
What do you mean?

END FLASHBACK

BACK TO SCENE

SONNY
Keeping his distance was his way of
protecting you.

LUNA
From who? Himself?

Sonny doesn't answer. It is obvious to both what he means

SONNY
Sexual energy and even attraction is
not unusual between fathers and
daughters just as long as the line
isn't crossed.

LUNA
He never did. By the time I turned
13 he rarely touched me at all.

SONNY
It sounds like he was a good man.

LUNA
And I was too old to be Mom's little
doll anymore so I went elsewhere and
everywhere to be noticed. It started
with modeling then acting. I tried
singing, but that was a bust. Finally
I settled on dancing.

SONNY
To be noticed or to be loved?

LUNA
Both. I had learned at an early age
that there's always someone out there
(MORE)

LUNA (CONT'D)
 who will tell a pretty girl how
 special she is.

SONNY
 And you ended up here.

LUNA
 A slippery slope.

SONNY
 You're too smart to take that slide
 without having been pushed. Something
 else happened?

Luna plays with the ice cubes. She takes one out and begins to suck on it. There is something child like about the gesture.

LUNA
 If a little girl isn't careful her
 beauty can be used against her and
 she may not even know it...

She plops the ice cube back into the glass

LUNA (CONT'D)
 Someone I trusted turned out not to
 be who I thought they were.

SONNY
 How old were you?

LUNA takes a sip from her drink. She holds the glass up and stares trance like at...

CLOSE ON the ice cubes floating in the drink.

MATCH CUT:

FLASHBACK

CLOSE ON a glass of yellow liquid as a pair of dentures are dropped into it.

LUNA (V.O.)
 Seven.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

The only light comes from a plugged in night light. A wrinkled gnarled hand places the glass on a window sill above the sink. Next to it is another glass with a set of dentures.

SONNY (V.O.)

What happened?

POV as the UNKNOWN PERSON goes over to the bathtub that is filling with water. Tests the temperature. Turns off the faucets.

LUNA (V.O.)

Everything.

TRACKING POV as the Unknown Person leaves the bathroom. Through the darkness he moves toward a door.

SONNY (V.O.)

Who was he?

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

POV as the Unknown Person quietly pushes open the door. There lying in bed is young Angie. She is wrapped up tightly in her bedding... like a cocoon.

LUNA (V.O.)

Every night when I got into bed I would roll up in a ball.

CLOSE ON Angie. Her eyes are squeezed shut. She holds her teddy bear in a death grip. In the distance the shadow of a figure approaches.

SONNY (V.O.)

Not your father?

Huge hulking King Kong hands pick away at the bedding slowly unwrapping her.

LUNA (V.O.)

And every night the monster would crawl out from under the bed and peel me open with his monster hands.

With one hand Angie is scooped out of the bed. Like Fay Wary she lays in the palm of the Beast. She is carried away into the darkness.

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

He would pick me up and take me for a night time bath.

Angie sits in a bathtub. She furiously splashes at the water. A DARK VISAGE moves toward her. It BLOCKS her from view throwing the screen into...

BLACKNESS.

END FLASHBACK

BACK TO SCENE

CLOSE, so very CLOSE ON Luna!

LUNA (CONT'D)

He would stick his monster finger
inside me and his 'monster thing' in
my mouth and tell me how "special" I
was.

SONNY

Who did this to you?

SONNY can sense that LUNA's intimate secret; the one she shares with no one is so close. He starts to wrap his scarf around his fist and pulls it tight; tension building within him. Is it rage or arousal?

LUNA

It hurt and I could hardly breathe,
but I was his "special" girl. He
even gave me a teddy bear.

SONNY

Luna, who was it?

Luna holds her drink up close. Studies it. The ice cube bobs up and down.

LUNA

I remember the smell. He and grandma
would put their teeth into a glass
of listerine at night.

SONNY

Your grandfather!

LUNA

That smell makes me nauseous even
today... And I hate teddy bears.

SONNY

There it is!

LUNA

My daughter has never had a teddy
bear. That's kind of sad isn't it?

LUNA is silent. She sits motionless turning the glass around and around.

LUNA (CONT'D)

So Sonny... Did you get your money's worth? Secrets shared? Now you know what no one else knows about me. Not even my daughter.

SONNY

Was it true?

Luna continues to play with her drink. Slowly a shred of a smile forms on her lips.

LUNA

What do you think?

SONNY

I think it was.

LUNA

That's because you want it to be true.

SONNY

You didn't make that up.

Luna looks at Sonny. There is hardness in her eyes that was never there before.

LUNA

Pay up Sonny and lets move on.

SONNY

If it's true then you can share your name with me.

LUNA

That's never going to happen sugar!

Sonny considers for a moment. He studies Luna, looking for the truth in her eyes. Nothing.

SONNY

I still think it was true.

LUNA

Sonny, how many times do you need to be told. Everything in here, everything as far as the red hue and beyond is an illusion. It's all make believe. Even Luna doesn't exist.

SONNY

So why should I pay you?

LUNA

Because my story was far better than the truth and you loved it. It excited you.

She stares at his crotch.

LUNA (CONT'D)

It aroused you didn't it. You got what you wanted.

Sonny is embarrassed. She has called him out. He needs time to recover.

SONNY

You want another drink?

Luna puts down her drink and moves in on Sonny.

LUNA

No. Do you want to fuck?

Her aggression is sweeping. In a heartbeat she's back. The vanquisher; the ruler of the room.

SONNY

What!?

She reaches for his crotch.

LUNA

Maybe a blow job?

Sonny covers himself.

SONNY

No... That isn't why...

LUNA

I'll bet no one would notice a hand job back here in the dark...

SONNY

That's not what i....

LUNA

Oh that's right. You don't want to fuck me. Let's test that theory shall we.

LUNA slides onto SONNY's lap.

SONNY

What are you doing?

SOUND: The volume of the music that has been playing in the B.G. increases.

LUNA straddles SONNY. Her movements are salacious and suggestive as she grinds her hips into his crotch.

SONNY (CONT'D)

Don't do this.

She slides and gyrates up and down SONNY's body. Throughout the dance she whispers sweet nothings in his ear...sort of.

LUNA

You know what I think? I think that you're really no different than any of the others.

SONNY

Tell me your name and I'll go.

LUNA

My name is LUNA.

SONNY

Your real name? Tell me and I'll go

LUNA

How about I don't tell you and you come?

SONNY

Don't! Stop it. I don't want this.

LUNA

I don't care!

LUNA's movements have now become nothing more than simulated sex as she thrusts her hips into SONNY's crotch. He is beginning to lose control.

SONNY

Who are you?

LUNA

I'm the bad girl inside every good girl.

SONNY

Tell me a truth. Any truth!

LUNA

The truth is my name is Luna and I'm the bitch branded in your skull for the rest of your life.

SONNY is beginning to lose control.

SONNY
You've got to stop! Stop it! This
is dirty!

SONNY tries to get up but LUNA pins him to the chair.

SONNY (CONT'D)
Oh jesus, stop. Please stop. This
is dirty, dirty, dirty, dirty boy...
Dirty boy....

With that she picks up her thrusting pace until....

SONNY (CONT'D)
Oh jesus, jesus....

SONNY comes! LUNA slows down her thrusts and continues to
whisper in SONNY'S ear.

LUNA
Never forget sweetheart. In here, I
hold the power.

SONNY is whimpering as he chants...

SONNY
Dirty boy...Dirty boy...Dirty
boy...Dirty boy.....

LUNA gets off SONNY'S lap. She stands before him, defiant.

LUNA
Pay up!

SONNY
You fucking bitch! You made me do
this. It's not my fault. It's you!
You did this! All I wanted was to
know you and you turned it into
something dirty. I'm not dirty.
You're dirty! You unclean cunt!

SONNY covers his crotch and rushes out of the club. LUNA
watches somewhat stunned. This wasn't quite the reaction
she expected.

LUNA
HMMMM!

LUNA notices SONNY'S journal on the table. Curiosity wins
over. She opens it and begins to read.

LUNA (CONT'D)

Oh my god!

An expression of whacked out terror crosses her face. Frantically she flips through the pages. Whatever she is reading it appears to get worse.

LUNA (CONT'D)

You sick sick bastard. Oh jesus!.

LUNA stands and stares at the exit in disbelief.

LUNA (CONT'D)

What the fuck are you?

FADE TO BLACKNESS

EXT. LUCKY LIPS PARKING LOT -- NIGHT

BLACKNESS

Out of the Blackness a pink neon sign ignites with the words, "Luck Lips". Just beneath the name and flashing on and off is the catch phrase 'Live Nude Girls'.

The sign is secured to a brick wall at the rear of the strip club.

A couple of night lights cast a murky glow over several cars in the near empty parking lot. Beads of rain drops reflect off the cars, proof of a recent rain fall.

Angie exits the club. The pink neon creates a pallidness to her features. She is dressed in her sweats. The duffel bag is slung over her shoulder. The red sash draped around her neck.

She is talking on her cell phone.

ANGIE

No . . . I left early... No, I'm fine. Right now?... I'm in the parking lot...

Angie searches her duffel bag.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

... I'm hunting for my my keys.

She finds them. She also pulls out Sonny's Journal.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

Oh... I have one stop to make, but I should be back by 2:00...

She heads toward her car. From the duffel bag the Child Doll stares back at us.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

No,... I just have to drop something off.

Out of the darkness Sonny appears. Angie is unaware of his presence.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

So how was she? She did?

(ANGIE laughs)

The little monkey...

Angie sets the bag on the hood of her car. She riffs through her key ring for the car key.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

Yeah,... Totally. No, you did the right thing. I'll look in on her when I get home.

Sonny takes his red scarf from around his neck. Smells it. He then disappears back into the Blackness.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

Ohhh, can you sit again on Friday?
Oh,... Damnit I forgot about that?
What about your sister? I see. No,
no I'll figure something out. All
right then...

Angie's cell phone rings.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

I've got a call on the other line.
I'll See you in a few minutes. Bye.

Angie connects the second call.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

Hello.

A voice from the other end speaks.

VOICE

Angela?

ANGIE

Who is this?

VOICE

I think you have something of mine.

Sonny step out of the shadows, his cell phone to his ear.

Angie still doesn't see him.

ANGIE

I don't know what your talking....

She stops in mid sentence. A sense of dread washes over her. Slowly, she turns to discover Sonny standing several feet away.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

You!?

Though they are only a few feet apart, they continue to use their cell phones.

SONNY

Surprised to see me again?

ANGIE

Not really.

Angie slowly reaches into a side pocket of her duffel bag.

SONNY

You really did cross the line in there.

Angie pulls something from her duffel bag. It's the Taser. She slips it into the pocket of her hoodie.

ANGIE

Usually I get a tip for that.

SONNY

It was wrong!!!

ANGIE

Yeah right. You owe me five hundred dollars.

SONNY

Give me back my journal and I'll give you the money.

Angie closes her phone and puts it in her pocket. Sonny does the same.

SONNY (CONT'D)

You're not surprised I know your phone number?

ANGIE

(Sarcasm)

Yeah... What's up with that?

SONNY

You read it.

ANGIE

I read enough.

SONNY

More secrets shared!

ANGIE

You are one very sick puppy.

SONNY

We all have our itches. Yours is too be adored,... to be 'special'. Mine is to share a unique level of intimacy with others.

ANGIE

That's what you call it?

She holds up the journal.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

I call it fucked up.

SONNY

Shouldn't you be a little more afraid of me?

ANGIE

I'm pretty much booked up with rage right now.

SONNY

But you know what I've done.

ANGIE

I can take care of myself Sonny.

SONNY

I believe you.

ANGIE

I'm going to get into my car now.

Angie unlocks the car door. She reaches for her duffel bag on the car hood.

Sonny, like a chastised child hangs his head.

SONNY

I'm sorry.

ANGIE

What?

SONNY

You know. For making a mess in there.
It was a bad thing I did.

ANGIE

It happens.

SONNY

Does it happen often?

ANGIE

It happens.

SONNY

I see. Do you want to pray?

ANGIE

Do I what?

SONNY

Pray. That's what we would do when
it happened.

ANGIE

I need to go.

SONNY

My journal?

ANGIE

You can pick it up from the night
sergeant in Silverlake.

SONNY

I really need my journal back.

ANGIE

You can follow me if you want. You
seem to be pretty good at that.

Sonny moves toward her. He is turning ugly. He roars...

SONNY

GIVE ME BACK MY FUCKIN' JOURNAL!

Angie pulls out the Taser. Sonny withdraws.

SONNY (CONT'D)

There is very personal stuff in it.

ANGIE

Personal!? Yeah your right SONNY.
My name, my address, my phone numbers,
that I've never been married, my
daughters name and her birthday.

SONNY

But I didn't know about your
grandfather. That was very special.
It was riveting. It was true wasn't
it?

ANGIE

Go to hell!

SONNY

My journal! It's not finished yet.
There are still pages to fill.

Angie opens the Journal and prepares to rip out several pages.

ANGIE

You mean these pages.

SONNY

Don't!

ANGIE

Were these going to be 'my' pages?

SONNY

Please don't.

ANGIE

ANSWER ME! WERE THEY?!

SONNY

Yes.

Angie rips out one of the blank pages. Sonny cringes.

SONNY (CONT'D)

STOP IT!

ANGIE

Sonny, we're going to play a game.
This time you're going tell me all
your secrets. If you refuse to answer
or I think you're lieing...

She tears out another page from the journal. Sonny makes a
move toward her.

SONNY

You fucking bitch! Stop it!

Angie threatens him with the Taser. Sonny steps back. Angie crumples up the page, stuffs it into her pocket.

ANGIE

Fucking bitch? That's not very nice.

Angie rips out another page.

SONNY

Ahhh Jesus!

Angie pockets the page.

SONNY (CONT'D)

Okay!

ANGIE

Okay what?

SONNY

Ask me what you want to know.

ANGIE

How long have you been stalking me?

SONNY

I haven't!

ANGIE

Oh Sonny, you're off to such a bad start.

She rips out another page.

SONNY

It's the truth!

Angie waves the Journal at him.

ANGIE

Then how do you know all this?

SONNY

Fantasy Fashions.

ANGIE

Yeah. What about it?

SONNY

That's where you buy your costumes.

ANGIE

God damnit. How do you know all this?

SONNY

I do their books. You pay by cheque
or credit card.

ANGIE

So?

SONNY

You use your driver's license and
Social Security Card as ID. They
copy the numbers onto your cheque.

ANGIE

You're kidding me.

SONNY

Once I have that it's not very
difficult to put the rest together.

Angie stares at him in stunned disbelief.

As if it were an excuse...

SONNY (CONT'D)

Accounting can be very boring at
times.

ANGIE

I'm speechless... Okay, but how did
you know about my daughter and that
I was never married?

SONNY

That too!

ANGIE

Shit! I don't believe this.

Angie leans against the hood of the car taking a moment to
consider her next move.

SONNY

It's really very easy once you know
where to go. Kind of fun actually.

ANGIE

SHUT UP! Just Shut up!

Thoughts are rushing through her mind at hyper speed... ..
violation... vulnerabilitiy... powerlessness. She recomposes
then...

ANGIE (CONT'D)

Okay, why me?

SONNY

Everyone asks me that? I don't know.
It could have been someone else and
they would be asking me the same
thing... Why me? It just is.

Angie fiddles with the tiny hand of her Child Doll which
stares up at her.

ANGIE

When you kept asking for my name you
were just testing me.

SONNY

Intimacy isn't in me knowing a secret.
It's in you telling it to me. It's
an advantage when I know the truth.

Angie gently tucks her doll a little deeper into the pocket.

SONNY (CONT'D)

Does the doll have a name?

ANGIE

You just don't stop do you?

SONNY

Force of habit. She does have a
name though, doesn't she?

Angie laughs incredulously.

ANGIE

God I wish I had gun!

SONNY

The grandfather story was all true
wasn't it?

ANGIE

You'll never know for sure.

SONNY

Baby dolls are used in therapy aren't
they?

ANGIE

I wouldn't know.

SONNY

It's a way to nurture your inner
child.

ANGIE

I don't know what the fuck you're talking about.

SONNY

... the little girl that's still inside you... the little girl that was abused as a child.

ANGIE

I think its time for me to go.

Angie stuffs the Journal into the duffel bag.

SONNY

Do you bathe her Angie? Do you give her safe night time baths?

ANGIE

Fuck you! I'm leaving.

Angie grabs her bag, opens the car door.

SONNY

That's it? That's all you want to know about me?

ANGIE

Goodbye SONNY.

SONNY

Ask me anything. I promise I'll tell you the truth.

Angie is about to step into the car door, but she stops. A glimmer of a theory begins to take form... a suspicion... A question that must be asked.

ANGIE

How old were you?

SONNY

What?

ANGIE

You didn't get this fucked up all by yourself.

Sonny appears unwilling to answer. He absently fingers the beads of rain on the hood of the car.

SONNY

You're not the only one tainted by fate, Angie.

ANGIE

A man or a woman?

SONNY

It doesn't really matter

ANGIE

Call me curious.

SONNY

It's not the same thing.

ANGIE

Let me decide that.

SONNY

You don't really want to know. You just want an excuse to mock me.

ANGIE

But isn't intimacy in the telling? It goes both ways Sonny. The telling.

Sonny continues to doodle. He glances at the rain drops on the windshield. An image takes form behind the windshield.

MEMORY FLASH

CLOSE ON a woman. Her troubled eyes stare out at a rain drenched window. This is MRS. DARCY. Mid 30's, attractive in a quiet fade away sort of way.

BACK TO SCENE

ANGIE (CONT'D)

Alright then. Let's do it your way.

She makes a move toward the car.

SONNY

(whispers)

Mrs. Darcy.

ANGIE

What was that?

SONNY

Her name was Mrs. Darcy. I used to mow her lawn.

FLASHBACK - EXT. BACK YARD -- DAY

PULL BACK from the window and Mrs. Darcy. SONNY, Age 11 is pushing a hand lawn mower through wet grass.

SONNY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 I use to play hockey with her son.
 That summer he and his dad were killed
 in a car accident.

ANGIE (V.O.)
 How old were you?

SONNY (V.O.)
 Eleven I think... Not sure. After
 the accident Mrs. Darcy never left
 her house.

Mowing wet grass with a hand lawn mower is no easy task.
 Sweat and rain mingle to drench him.

SONNY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 The neighborhood mothers were
 concerned... My Mom asked that I mow
 her lawn. That's how it began.

END FLASHBACK

BACK TO SCENE

Angie rests on her bag on the car hood. She prepares to
 listen.

ANGIE
 The abuse?

SONNY
 No.... the relationship.

Sonny stares into the windshield. It is his gateway to the
 memories.

SONNY (CONT'D)
 I never saw her for the first month
 or so...

FLASHBACK - EXT. BACKYARD -- DAY

Mrs. Darcy disappears from the window.

SONNY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Then one day it started to rain.

The back door opens. Mrs Darcy gestures to Sonny to come
 inside.

SONNY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 She invited me in. It was the first
 time I had seen her since the
 accident.

Sonny steps inside. The door closes.

SONNY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 She looked worn down... Brittle...
 Depressed.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Mrs. Darcy hangs Sonny's jacket on the coat rack behind the door. Next to it hangs a man's coat and hat.

NOTE: *The Dialogue in these scenes are heard beneath the Voice Over.*

MRS. DARCY (CONT'D)
 Would you like some cocoa?

Sonny nods. He sits at the kitchen table.

MRS. DARCY (CONT'D)
 Sweetie, could you sit over here.

Sonny switches chairs. Mrs. Darcy seems pleased. She prepares to make the cocoa...

MRS. DARCY (CONT'D)
 I know it's silly, but this was Lyle's
 chair.

SONNY (V.O.)
 She wanted me in Lyle's chair. I
 couldn't explain it but I kind of
 understood it.

Sonny looks about the kitchen. On the fridge door is a school photo of Lyle, another of the whole family at the lake. Mr. Darcy sports a moustache.

A Fridge Calendar with appointments from long ago; Rotary Meeting, Lyle: Hockey Practice, Dinner with the Andersons, etc.

SONNY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 To her time had stopped.

SONNY'S POV of the adjacent living room. A sweater is draped over the back of Mr. Darcy's lazy boy. His pipe and tobacco jar on the end table.

Mrs. Darcy places a cup of cocoa and a plate of cookies on the table. She sits across from Sonny. Watches him drink his cocoa.

SONNY (CONT'D)
 She really didn't talk much at first.

She reaches over and guides Sonny's wet hair in place. A little sweep in the front similar to Lyle's photo.

She offers Sonny the plate of cookies. Sonny takes one.

Something is still missing. Mrs. Darcy gets up. On the shelf next to the phone there is a pile of magazines. Among them, a folded newspaper and several comic books.

She returns to the table with a comic book. It is folded back as if half read.

MRS. DARCY

Do you read comic books?

Sonny nods. Mrs Darcy sits and watches as he reads.

SONNY (V.O.)

The comic book was still turned to the last page Lyle read.

ANGIE (V.O.)

As if they were coming back.

SONNY (V.O.)

Yeah, or had never left.

MONTAGE - THE STORY OF SONNY AND MRS. DARCY

BACK YARD - The Sun beats down on Sonny covered in sweat as he mows the lawn.

SONNY (V.O.)

After that whenever I mowed her lawn...

KITCHEN - Sonny at the kitchen table with a sandwich and a glass of lemonade.

SONNY (V.O.)

... she would invited me in for a sandwich.

BACK YARD - Mrs. Darcy puts out the trash. She watches Sonny as he rakes the freshly cut grass. She offers a tentative wave.

SONNY (V.O.)

I could tell that she liked having me around.

KITCHEN - Sonny enters through the backdoor. Goes straight to the cookie jar. Takes a carton of milk from the fridge.

SONNY (V.O.)
 I started hanging out there even
 when I wasn't mowing the lawn. It
 was like a second home.

The fridge door closes to REVEAL that the Calendar has been
 wiped clean.

SONNY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 She didn't seem as sad anymore.

LIVING ROOM - Sonny with Mr. Darcy's pipe in his mouth.
 Role playing. He picks up the sweater. Is about to put it
 on when something else catches his attention.

SONNY'S POV The bathroom door is open a crack.

The mirrored reflection of a nude Mrs. Darcy as she towels
 herself off.

Sonny can't take his eyes off her.

Mrs. Darcy steps away from the mirror and disappears behind
 the door.

KITCHEN - Mrs. Darcy gives Sonny five dollars

SONNY (V.O.)
 She began to send me off with a kiss
 on the cheek and five dollars.

She kisses Sonny on the cheek. It is an innocent kiss. To
 Sonny, it is much more.

BATHROOM - Mrs. Darcy stares at herself in the cabinet mirror;
 the crow lines, circles under her eyes, the strands of hair
 hanging every which way.

She holds her hair up in a pony tail. She does look younger.

She opens the medicine cabinet. Searches for a scrunchy.
 Several prescription VIALS occupy the bottom shelf.

BACK YARD - Sonny bursts into the Darcy back yard on his
 bike. Jumps off on the fly, rushes to the back door.

KITCHEN - Sonny inside the house. He calls out.

SONNY
 Mrs. D!, Mrs. D!

No answer. Sonny is all alone. He grabs a cookie from the
 cookie jar, wanders into the living room.

LIVING ROOM - Sonny stands in front of the lazy boy. With the cookie stuck in his mouth, he puts Mr. Darcy's sweater on. It's much too big.

He sits in the chair. Sonny continues to munch away at the cookie. It's now half gone.

Sonny picks up the pipe. The cookie has all but disappeared.

He uses a pipe tool to scrape away at the pipe bowl. He pretends to know what he's doing.

When the cookie is finally gone Sonny sticks the pipe into his mouth. He leans back and drags on the empty bowl.

He glances at the tobacco jar. He reaches for it when...

SOUND of the backdoor opening.

Mrs. Darcy places groceries on the kitchen table. She sees Sonny. They stare at each other for a long breath. She approaches him. After another long stare...

MRS. DARCY

Don't move.

She disappears into the kitchen. A moment later she returns with a magic marker in her hand. She bends down and begins to draw a moustache on Sonny, just like the photo of Mr. Darcy.

MRS. DARCY (CONT'D)

(teasing)

I've always had a soft spot for a man with a moustache.

When she finishes Sonny runs off to the bathroom to check it out.

BATHROOM - Sonny looks at himself in the mirror. He puts the pipe in his mouth. He is mesmerized. Mrs. D stands in the doorway smiling.

MRS. DARCY (CONT'D)

(Teasing)

You should think about growing one.

KITCHEN - Sonny glances at the photo of Mr. Darcy on the fridge door. In his mind, it's a match.

Mrs. Darcy gives him a good bye kiss. This time though Sonny attempts to kiss her back. Mrs. Darcy is amused and a little surprised.

MRS. DARCY (CONT'D)

That's very sweet Alex, but I think
I'm a little too old for you.

She musses up his hair and sends him on his way.

She watches Sonny ride off on his bike. A hint of concern
behind her smile.

LIVING ROOM - Mrs. Darcy and Sonny sit on the carpet. They
are working on a puzzle set on the coffee table. Sonny sips
on a coke, Mrs. Darcy has her glass of wine.

She reaches across the table to insert a piece. As she does,
Sonny sees her breasts. He grows excited.

He leans his pubic bone against the edge of the coffee table.

As he works the puzzle he begins to rub against the edge of
the table.

MRS. DARCY (CONT'D)

What are you doing Alex?

Sonny is horrified.

SONNY

Nothing.

She puts down her glass and gives Sonny her full attention.

MRS. DARCY

Alex, it's okay. Really. It's
natural for little boys to get
excited.

SONNY

Really?

MRS. DARCY

Yes, really. It's not a sin as long
as you don't act on it. As long as
you don't spurt and make a mess.

SONNY (V.O.)

I rushed home afterwards and did my
sinning in the bathroom.

END MONTAGE

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Sonny has been drawing on the hood of the car with the rain
beads.

Angie leans on her duffel bag.

ANGIE

That's it? She got you excited?
That's not sexual abuse.

SONNY

I never called it abuse. You did.

Angie waves the Journal at him.

ANGIE

Whatever you call it, it doesn't
explain this.

(Agitated)

It's late, I'm tired and I need to
drop this off.

SONNY ROARS!

SONNY

GODDAMNIT YOU WANTED TO KNOW MY
SECRET. YOU'RE GOING TO HEAR ME OUT!

FLASHBACK - INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Sonny enters. On the table is a wine glass and an empty
bottle. A cookie tray rests on the counter. All the cookies
are burnt to a crisp.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sonny enters the living room. He sees another empty glass
tipped over on the coffee table. Mr. Darcy's sweater is
missing. A slurred voice calls out from the bedroom.

MRS. DARCY

Alex? Is that you?

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sonny peeks into the bedroom.

Mrs. Darcy is lying on the bed wrapped in her husband's
sweater. She is tipsy, her eyes red and moist.

MRS. DARCY

Come here Alex.

Alex approaches the bed and kneels down in front of her.
Mrs. Darcy reaches out in a feeble attempt to muss up his
hair.

MRS. DARCY (CONT'D)

You're a good little boy. Yes you are. So was Lyle... He was a good little boy. My husband took him to heaven. I don't know why he did that. Why do you think he did that Alex?

SONNY

I don't know Mrs. D. Are you all...

MRS. DARCY

I think it was selfish of him. He should have left him with me.

Mrs. Darcy reaches out and hugs Sonny close to her.

MRS. DARCY (CONT'D)

Maybe that's why you're here. He sent me an angel so I wouldn't feel so lonely. But what about him Alex? No one for him...

Her eyes scan the room looking for something... Something that she knows isn't there. She calls out.

MRS. DARCY (CONT'D)

Kevin? Kevin? Do you know what today is? Very special day.

SONNY (V.O.)

She was in so much pain. I felt so helpless. There was nothing I could do. I crawled onto the bed and held her tight best I could.

Sonny crawls into the bed and holds on to her.

MRS. DARCY

I, Kevin Michael Darcy take you Shannon Elizabeth Yates to be... to have and hold me from this day...

Mrs. Darcy reaches behind her and takes hold of Sonny's hand.

MRS. DARCY (CONT'D)

Better or worse... Richer, poorer, sickness and health, to love... cherish...

Mrs. Darcy begins to break down.

MRS. DARCY (CONT'D)

... From this day... until death... Twelve years ago today.

The heaving of her shoulders is the only movement in the room.

DISSOLVE TO:

BEDROOM

ECU of troubled blue eyes. They are moist and red. They stare at...

SONNY. He stares back.

SONNY (V.O.)

When I looked into her eyes I felt a closeness that I had never known before.

He kisses her. She hasn't the strength to resist. She closes her eyes and allows herself to respond.

A hand strokes her waist.

A leg captures hers.

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

It was a level of intimacy I had never experienced before in my life.

Another kiss.

Her hair is stroked.

A hand pulls her close.

ANGIE (V.O.)

Intimacy. Your biggest turn on.

There is a rhythmic movement.

The SOUNDS of arousal.

SONNY (V.O.)

Yes... But I fucked it up.

Mrs. Darcy opens her eyes just as Sonny comes against her.

MRS. DARCY

Oh my God! No! What have you done?

SONNY (V.O.)

I exploded in my pants.

Mrs. Darcy jumps from the bed. She looks at the stain on her skirt.

Sonny is both confused and terrified.

MOS of Mrs. Darcy as she berates Sonny for what just happened. The only words that rise above the silent rant are...

MRS. DARCY
Dirty little boy!

SONNY (V.O.)
She said what I did was dirty... and that I was a dirty boy for getting that excited.

Again the only words that rise above the silent rant are..

MRS. DARCY
Dirty, dirty little boy!

Mrs. Darcy kneels down beside the bed. She has Sonny kneel down beside her. They pray.

SONNY (V.O.)
She made me kneel with her beside the bed and pray for forgiveness.

ANGIE
How long did it last?

SONNY
That was it. I went back the next day to apologize.

EXT. BACK YARD - MORNING

Sonny pulls up on his bike. In his hand he carries a crocus. He enters the house.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The kitchen is a mess. The tray of burnt cookies remains on the counter, the wine bottle on the table.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sonny enters the bedroom. Mrs. Darcy is again in bed. She makes no notice of Sonny.

SONNY (V.O.)
I found her still in bed.

He crawls into the bed. Places the crocus on the pillow beside her. She offers a weak smile.

SONNY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 I laid down next to her. Put the
 flower on the pillow.

They lay beside each other staring silently into each other's eyes.

SONNY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 For a long time we just looked at
 each other.

CLOSE ON the eyes of Mrs. Darcy. They hold twin images of Sonny.

SONNY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 It made me feel so connected to her...
 my image in her eyes.

Sonny curls up tightly with her as he continues to stare at his reflections in her eyes. His eyes grow heavy. He eventually gives into sleep.

DISSOLVE TO

BEDROOM - LATER

Sonny wakes. He looks at Mrs. Darcy. CLOSE ON her eyes. They stare back at him, but his reflections have vanished.

Sonny slips out of the bed. He kisses Mrs. Darcy on the cheek. He leaves not noticing...

ANGLE ON:

The bedside table. Two empty medication vials.

END FLASHBACK

EXT. BACK TO THE CLUB - NIGHT

SONNY places his red scarf around his neck and holding both ends in his hands he crosses his arms as if wrapping himself in a blanket.

SONNY
 She died in my arms and I never even
 knew it.

ANGIE
 That's awful. So wrong, so tragic.

SONNY
 I don't think a day goes by when I
 don't see my twin reflections in her
 (MORE)

SONNY (CONT'D)
eyes. That was the most intimate
moment of my life.

ANGIE
And that is where your obsession
began.

SONNY
My secret shared.

ANGIE
Sonny, I'm sorry for what happened
to you, and I'm sorry for what I did
to you in the club, but it still
doesn't excuse you for what is in
this journal.

SONNY
I'm not looking for an excuse. I'm
just trying to explain... I find
relationships... complicated. I'm
not very good at them.

ANGIE
At relationships?

SONNY
At coming together. Connecting with
someone. Like you for instance.

ANGIE
What are you saying?

SONNY says nothing, but ANGIE interprets his silence.

ANGIE (CONT'D)
Christ! Are you kidding me?

SONNY
I think that...

ANGIE
You want to date me?

SONNY begins to stroke the scarf.

SONNY
I just want to get to know you better.

ANGIE
Not a chance in hell!

SONNY
Why?

ANGIE

Why? SONNY, you don't.... don't.
.. agggghhh.

SONNY

I know I'm not your type.

ANGIE is so frustrated she is beyond words. She nods emphatically.

SONNY (CONT'D)

But your type hasn't worked out for you so far has it.

ANGIE

How would you know?... Ohhh right!

She pulls from her pocket one of the journal. She waves it at him then rips out another page. Sonny barely reacts.

SONNY

You have a broken pecker picker.

ANGIE

A what?

SONNY

Broken pecker picker. You pick the wrong men.

ANGIE

A broken pecker picker? I see. You're so far out there... You're like the 13th fuckin' planet. My life is not the total fuck up you seem to think it is.

SONNY

Of course it is. You're just not willing to admit it.

ANGIE

You're really not very good with boundaries are you?

SONNY

They get in the way of the truth.... especially the darker truths. The ones that really matter.

ANGIE

Those stay with a person. They're not meant to be shared.

SONNY

But we did. If they remain in the shadows they cripple us.

ANGIE

(Sarcasm)

But if I share them with you, a total stranger, my "secrets of shame" will somehow disappear.

SONNY

Not disappear, but they begin to fade.

ANGIE

I prefer they stay where they are.

SONNY

I can help you.

ANGIE

This isn't about you helping me. Its about me feeding your addiction... your need to know the secrets of others. You have to earn that kind of intimacy Sonny. It's not just there for the taking.

SONNY

But hasn't it already begun.

ANGIE

What?

SONNY

I shared with you... and how many have you told about your midnight baths?

ANGIE

It was just a story Sonny, nothing more.

SONNY

It was the truth and we both know it.

ANGIE has no answer. She simply stares at him.

SONNY (CONT'D)

Well?

ANGIE

I'm not sure why I did that.

SONNY

Because with me you had nothing to lose. You wanted to talk about it. We all do. We all need to. The truth shall set you free. Your secrets would be safe with me.

ANGIE

I have a therapist for that.

SONNY

Therapist? Christ, he doesn't care about you. He'll listen to you... categorize you, dissect you, prescribe for you... but what he will not do is feel your pain. I would. Angie I would feel your pain. I would love you.

ANGIE

Don't you dare say that! You have no right to say those words to me.

SONNY

Of course not. How could anyone love you...

ANGIE

Stop it!

SONNY

... the pretty little girl that makes grown men think bad thoughts.

ANGIE

Stay out of my past SONNY. I never invited you in.

SONNY

How could anyone love me, a dirty little boy who can't control his urges. How could anyone love US?

Angie prepares to leave.

SONNY (CONT'D)

These scars will never heal.

ANGIE

I've learned to live with it. I suggest you do the same.

SONNY

They will mold you into their own grotesque image of who you are. Christ, you're working in a fuckin' strip club!

ANGIE

Fuck you, Sonny!

SONNY

You're doing exactly what the pretty little girl was groomed for.

ANGIE

Go to hell.

SONNY

Tell me Angie, did you ever get over the smell of listerine?

ANGIE

I'm going to leave now.

Angie moves toward the car door.

SONNY

Ever buy your daughter a plush toy? Have you ever given in to an intimate committed relationship?

ANGIE

Why don't you tell me? You seem to know everything there is to know about me.

SONNY

I know you don't trust men. You can't and I understand that.

ANGIE

Of course you do!

SONNY

I know that you must have the power in a relationship.

ANGIE

Fuck you Sonny!

SONNY

You can't commit to anyone or allow them to know the real you. Your hand is always on the door knob.

ANGIE

I'm going now

SONNY

Exactly, just like you always do.

ANGIE

I am very picky about who I allow into my bed and into my life.

SONNY

Because of your daughter?

ANGIE

They don't get into my bed unless I trust them to be part of her life.

SONNY

Really? Then where's the father?

ANGIE

That's none of your business?

SONNY

Your love life is just one never ending lap dance.

ANGIE

Then the dirty little boy best stay away from me.

SONNY

You run from intimacy. I crave it. You find power in your sexuality. I only find weakness in mine. You seek adoration. I seek forgiveness. You're the realist. I'm the hopeless, damaged romantic.

ANGIE

Romantics offer their throats in a relationship. I will never do that.

SONNY

I know... But I do.

ANGIE

Your problem, not mine.

SONNY

We're both flawed creatures. You as much as me. We can offer each other's missing parts.

ANGIE
But I don't like you Sonny.

SONNY
I know.

ANGIE
You disgust me.

SONNY
I never said it would be easy, but perhaps... Just maybe... we're so wrong for each other that it might be worth pursuing.

ANGIE
Are you really that insane or just that relentless!

SONNY
It would be a strategic alliance of the emotionally maimed.

ANGIE
And you call yourself a romantic?

SONNY
I said I was a damaged romantic.

ANGIE
Wouldn't that make you a cynic?

SONNY
I've had my share of disappointments. But there is no question that I would give all my love, affection, loyalty and devotion to my soul mate.

ANGIE
So would a Golden Retriever.

SONNY
You make fun of me, taunt me and yet here you stand as alone as I am.

Angie takes out the journal and begins to thumb through it.

SONNY (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

ANGIE
Just checking out your past soul mates.

SONNY

They were all too fleeting for that...
What do I need to do to get my journal
back?

ANGIE

Sit up and bark might work.

SONNY

Very funny.

ANGIE

So how did this creepy albeit unique
approach resonate with...

Angie looks up one of the names in the journal

ANGIE (CONT'D)

Cynthia?....

SONNY

Give it back to me...

ANGIE

I'm guessing it didn't work any better
with..... Jennifer.

Sonny pulls money from his pocket.

SONNY

Here is the five hundred dollars....
for the book.

ANGIE

Don't think so.... What ever happened
to sweet little Barbie with the long
blonde hair....

Sonny takes a step toward Angie. She threatens to rip out
the page. He stops.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

Was Diane impressed with your approach
and why is there an x through her
page?

SONNY

That is none of your business.

ANGIE

And here's another x for Alexandria...

ANGIE stops in mid sentence. She looks up at SONNY. There
is no hiding the fear in her eyes and the dread in her voice.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

Diane? Her address....
The x means...

SONNY

I think you know.

ANGIE

Oh my God!

Angie's's knees grow weak. She leans against the hood of the car. Carefully, almost reverently she slides the journal back into her duffel bag.

SONNY

More secrets shared.

Angie pulls out her taser.

ANGIE

Stay away from me.

Keeping her eyes on Sonny, Angie backs toward the car door. As she is about to get in...

SONNY

I think you're front right tire needs
air. You do have a spare right?

With her eyes laser locked on Sonny, Angie slips back out of the car, her taser drawn.

SONNY (CONT'D)

The left one also looks a little
low. I don't suppose you got two
spares.

She can see that her tire is flat. She hangs her head. What now.

ANGIE

How many of these girls were dancers?

SONNY

All of them.

Angie is barely able to hold back her tears.

ANGIE

Why do you do this?

SONNY

I collect intimacies the same way
others collect fine art.

(MORE)

SONNY (CONT'D)

When Mrs. D died in my arms I discovered the most intimate act of all.

Sonny begins to play with his red silk scarf.

SONNY (CONT'D)

What is it about the soft cool caress of a silk scarf...

Sonny rubs his scarf against his cheek.

SONNY (CONT'D)

... that when I place it around their neck I swear that for just an instant they submit to it and their eyes soften slightly...

Sonny uses the scarf to reenact the scene.

SONNY (CONT'D)

I tighten the grip... just enough for the eyes to question. Slightly tighter and there is realization. She struggles... digging her nails into the back of my hands. They bleed. I assume the pain. Blood must be shed. I owe her at least that. I pull the scarf tighter around her neck and the eyes plead with me... They ask why?

Angie is now sobbing. She reaches for the baby doll and caresses it in her arms.

Sonny is consumed in the telling of his story. Through the kaleidoscope of his mind he relives each moment in vivid detail.

SONNY (CONT'D)

The kicking stops. The nails withdraw from my wounds. She no longer struggles. She knows she can't win. She looks into my eyes and pleads for compassion. She appears so small and so childlike as she gently attempts to coax my hands with hers... to let her go.

Sonny's tears begin to flow. Are they tears of pain or ecstasy? At this point it is hard to tell.

SONNY (CONT'D)

I swear that at that moment my heart is filled with love for her. I try to let her know, telling her that it will all be over soon. Just let go. Ohhh my beautiful angel just let go. Some begin to pray. Not out loud of course, but I can see it in their eyes. Sometimes I pray with them, so that they don't feel so alone.

At this point it is obvious that this is not a reenactment as much as it is a confession. The prayer that SONNY is about the recite is more for him than for any of the women.

SONNY (CONT'D)

Bless me father for I have sinned. It has been years since my last confession and these are my sins.

Sonny is now weeping openly.

SONNY (CONT'D)

It is a good thing to believe in something when the end is near. Eventually she accepts... offering her self to me. Not just her body, but her very existence. She is offering it to me. And in her eyes. I can see my own likeness, looking down on her. And in those very last moments of life my image fades away as if drawn inward. I enter her through her soul. There is nothing more intimate than to know your image is what she takes with her. I lay her down on the ground and hold her in my arms. I am overcome with joy and sadness. We were so close but it was so fleeting. I gently close her eyes... and let her go.

This has been Sonny's mea culpa.

SONNY (CONT'D)

And for these and all the other sins which I can not now remember, I ask... I ask... not for forgiveness.. I ask for understanding.

Like a suspect who has been broken in an interrogation, Sonny now basks in the release his confession has conceded him.

ANGIE

You poor pathetic insane little boy.

Angie pulls out her cell phone.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

Look at what this woman has done to you.

SONNY

She loved me!

Angie shakes the journal at him.

ANGIE

Love doesn't spawn a monster... She abandoned you. She closed her eyes and shut you out before you could ever ask her...

Angie calls 911.

SONNY

Ask her what?

ANGIE

Answers!

SONNY

She loved me. That's all I need to know.

Angie's cell phone drops the call.

ANGIE

Shit.

SONNY

Dropped call?

ANGIE

Please shut up.

SONNY

You might think about switching service providers.

ANGIE

Is this some kind of a joke to you?

SONNY

No... I'm just saying... I use Synergy.

ANGIE

You cloak these murders in some sick concept of intimacy.

(MORE)

ANGIE (CONT'D)

It has nothing to do with intimacy. It's all about reclaiming your manhood... your sexuality. And who has more sexual power than a dancer?... You need to take that away from them. Just like it was taken away from you.

SONNY

I choose dances because they are the most in need.

Angie calls 911 again.

ANGIE

Each of these women died in your arms just like Mrs. Darcy, but this time you were aware of it. Mrs Darcy never shared the truth of that last moment with you. In the end she simply closed her eyes, shut you out and left you forever.

SONNY

She was hurting?

The 911 operator comes on the line.

OPERATOR

911. What is your emergency?

ANGIE

I am standing alone in an empty parking lot with a psychotic killer.

OPERATOR

Are you in immediate danger?

Angie addresses Sonny.

ANGIE

She wants to know if I am in immediate danger.

SONNY

You have the taser.

ANGIE

(to the Operator)
He's keeping his distance. I have a taser.

OPERATOR

Mame. What is your location?

ANGIE

1330 Fletcher Ave. In the parking
lot behind the Lucky Lips.

OPERATOR

Officers are en route. I'll stay on
the phone with you until they arrive.

ANGIE

Thank you.
(To SONNY)
She is going to stay on the line
until the officers arrive.

SONNY

That's nice of her. Maybe this would
be a good time to report your
grandfather.

ANGIE

I can only handle one predator at a
time.

SONNY

And you accuse me of denial.

ANGIE

Unlike you I don't let it dictate my
life.

SONNY

That's denial and you know it.

ANGIE

Let's just agree to disagree

SONNY

What about your daughter? If she's
as smart as you are she knows a lot
more than you think.

ANGIE

She's a healthy happy little girl.

SONNY

She's dealing with the consequences
of your abuse whether you admit it
or not.

ANGIE

You're wrong. I won't let that
happen.

SONNY

You see your grand father in every man you meet. So men come and go. Even the good ones. Even the ones who really love you.

ANGIE

My love life is no ones business but my own.

SONNY

That's not true. As they come and go in your life, they come and go in her life. Even her father left her.

Angie recognizes the truth in what Sonny is telling her.

SONNY (CONT'D)

Children are like sponges, soaking up information and impressions. It's part of who they are. So, who is your daughter when it comes to men?

ANGIE

It's too soon...

SONNY

No. It's already too late. For her sake and yours you need to speak up.

ANGIE

I can't do that.

SONNY

You need to end your shame with the truth.

ANGIE

I can't.

SONNY

Why not?

ANGIE

It just can't. Leave it alone.

SONNY

It wasn't your fault.

ANGIE

You don't that!

Angie finally confronts the truth behind her denial. She blurts it out...

ANGIE (CONT'D)

I liked it! It felt good! I like it and I hated it and I didn't do anything about it.

Like someone who has held their breath forever Angie explodes into tears. Her sobs so deep they convulse through her entire body

She is unable to keep the taser steady. Still, Sonny makes no move. He appears engrossed, perhaps aroused.

SONNY

And there it is.

ANGIE

I hate myself for that. For liking it.

SONNY

You didn't understand. You were forced into it. You had no choice.

ANGIE

I could have told someone.

SONNY

You really think so?

Police sirens can now be heard in the distance.

SONNY (CONT'D)

Let's just see.

Sonny adopts a different persona. He attempts to take on the role of Angie's Grandfather.

SONNY (CONT'D)

Shhh baby girl. It's alright. Grandpa's here. Tell me what's wrong?

Angie shakes her head violently as if in response to the question. She'll have no part of it.

ANGIE

Stop it.

SONNY

You know Grandpa loves you don't you?

Angie shakes her head.

LUNA

I don't want to do this.

SONNY

Grandpa loves you very much. It hurts me that you don't know that.

This time Angie is non-committal. She reaches out for her doll.

SONNY (CONT'D)

Does Angie love her grandpa?

Angie offers him no response. She plays with her doll.

SONNY (CONT'D)

Tell Grandpa you love him.

Angie still denies him a response. But her face begins to soften. The child slowly emerges.

SONNY (CONT'D)

I love you too baby girl. So why are you crying?

ANGIE

I don't know.

SONNY

Tell me what's wrong Angie.

Angie's response seems more childlike.

ANGIE

I don't want to.

SONNY

Do you know that you're the prettiest little girl in the world?

Angie shakes her head in the negative.

SONNY (CONT'D)

And the smartest too.

A little smile emerges from the child.

ANGIE

All my teachers thought so.

SONNY

Of course they did. You're also a very special little girl.

ANGIE

Mommy didn't think so.

SONNY

I know sweetie and that makes Grandpa very sad because I know how good you are.

Sonny is aware that the sirens are now much louder.

SONNY (CONT'D)

I'm going to have to go soon so come and give me a big hug.

Sonny approaches. Angie doesn't. She does move away from behind the car. She carries her baby doll in her arms.

SONNY (CONT'D)

Can I give your doll a hug too?

ANGIE

No!

She holds the baby doll tighter.

SONNY

Why won't you let Grandpa hug your doll.

ANGIE

Because you'll hurt her.

SONNY

I won't hurt her.

ANGIE

Yes you will. JUST LIKE YOU HURT ME!

At that moment Angie has finally confronted her grandfather in the image of Sonny.

The sirens grow louder.

SONNY

And now you need to tell him what you just told me.

Angie is lost in the moment. When she returns she seems to be someone else.

ANGIE

And you need to tell her that you're no longer her little man...

Sonny inhales deeply. He then approaches Angie.

SONNY

I'm not your little man.

He drapes his scarf over her neck. Angie does not resist.

ANGIE

... and that you never were a dirty
little boy.

Angie raises her taser. Sonny offers his throat.

The sirens are now very loud.

SONNY

I was never a dirty little boy.

ANGIE

And I was never a bad little girl.

BLACKOUT. The sirens continue to scream.

SUDDENLY they stop.

BLACK OUT.