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PARTY SEASON
A Screenplay-Based Inquiry into Filming and Judgment, with
Accompanying Essay

A thesis
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BARRETT JAMES SHEPHERD

The University of Waikato

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ABSTRACT

Party Season is about sex and speech and employs some of the conventions of the porn film. Apparently inconsequential ‘filler’ scenes and dialogue link the pay-off scenes of vividly depicted sex. Except that, in *Party Season*, this relationship is gradually reversed - the scenes of excessive behaviour becoming ‘filler’ scenes linking the pay-off moments, the latter often embedded in deliberately extended ‘unrealistic’ dialogue. A key component of this as a piece of inquiry-based practice is the exploration of this altering balance and of how action and dialogue can function to produce such a reversal of conventionality. The intention with the accompanying essay is to sustain a progressive interweaving of reflective commentary and analytical vignettes. There is also an intended symmetry here - an ‘excessive’ essay (long, without conventional subheadings, breaks, etc.) will sit alongside the ‘excessive’ screenplay as its twin of sorts, a different style of invention. The essay is to speech what the screenplay is to sex.

PREFACE

Illusions was not read until after *Party Season* was written.

‘You felt guilty and rushed away naked, to go and get clothes for us.’

(ALICE, *Eyes Wide Shut*.)

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In this contextualizing essay I will discuss my feature length screenplay, *Party Season* - principally in relation to similarities and differences between it and another feature screenplay, Yale Udoff's *Illusions* – directed in 1980 by British film-maker Nicolas Roeg as *Bad Timing: A Sensual Obsession*. *Illusions* is an unpublished screenplay - so this analysis and the articulation of *Party Season* with *Illusions* - is a work of original research - not into the screenwriter's craft per se but into the screenplay mode as a mode of inquiry. In the course of developing this analysis, I will also examine briefly three other screenplays - Stanley Kubrick and Frederic Raphael's *Eyes Wide Shut* (1999), Terry Gilliam and Tony Grisoni's *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas* (1998) and Mike Figgis' *Leaving Las Vegas* (1994) – in order to elicit similarities and disparities between selected excerpted passages and my own writing. I will, to a degree, present a comparative analysis of these other examples in relation to *Party Season*. This will not be a comprehensive analysis, however. Rather the intention will be to develop an analysis that 'scaffolds' the screenplay's own inquiry - its particular trajectory through a set of concerns focused on verisimilitude, excess and character. Interestingly, and perhaps significantly, these three additional screenplays are all based upon novels or novellas and - as they possess narrative and/or thematic similarities with *Party Season* - may assist to some extent regarding the specifically novelistic aspect of much - perhaps most - of my own screenplay.

So the question of the cinematic - as distinct say from the novelistic - as the register of the screenplay will be central throughout.

First off I will suggest a simple framework by which to examine the compliance with mainstream screenwriting convention (or otherwise) of *Party Season*: namely, the basic criteria established by J. Michael Straczynski in his book *The Complete Book of Scriptwriting*. The part of Straczynski's 'advice' I primarily wish to address occurs toward the end of Chapter Eight, 'The Art of the Screenplay'. The passage reads as follows:

'...these are the steps involved in the creation of a screenplay: You must come up with a story you feel very strongly about. It must have a self-contained beginning, middle and end. It should not be trendy, unless you can be absolutely sure that the trend will be going on when the film is finally released, and preferably long thereafter. It should have strongly defined characters at the centre of the story, but something must be *happening* as well. The action, on the other hand, should not get in the way of your characterizations. The characters should undergo some change over the course of the story, and the plot should be fully resolved by the script's conclusion; the audience should feel they know the characters. The action should take place in an orderly, logical fashion. You should be familiar with the techniques of dialogue, pacing and description, either from studying films or writing practice television scripts or both. The script should be as spare as you can make it, eliminating any unnecessary or "obligatory" action.'¹

There's an invitation here to tick off the check-boxes that Straczynski offers to the beginning screenwriter. So let's do that. I have without doubt come up with a story that I feel strongly about: I first formulated the initial idea for *Party Season* about five or six years ago, and have not lost interest in either its narrative or characters since then. I believe that it does possess a self-contained beginning, middle and end: I posit that its beginning finishes roughly around p.65, after Richard's first night in Cherubim City. Its middle begins with his first day proper in Cherubim City, includes Tony's party and finishes roughly around p.145 when Richard, Delores, Tony and Andrea spend the night up Mt. Aerie. Its end begins with Delores' porn shoot and visit to her mother and includes Richard and Delores' trip to Baja and Delores' birthday drug fest; it concludes with Richard and Delores' ill-fated trip to Cino City which commences about p.185.

I do not think my screenplay is what could be described as 'trendy': perhaps if I had written it immediately after *Boogie Nights* was released, and it dealt almost exclusively with the pornographic community, then 'trendy' would have been an apt description. However, as it stands, *Party Season* is, if anything, decidedly 'untrendy' – a lot of people probably do not wish to read a screenplay or see a film which includes drunken womanising, 'coked-up' conversations, promiscuous sexuality, foul-mouthed sex workers, rampant drug use, intoxicated orgies, xenophobic alcoholics and the like. I certainly did not write *Party Season* with the intention of it being trendy - nor, in fact, did I intend it to be comfortable either in concept or in execution. But I did not intend it to be gratuitously 'shocking' either.

Instead, this is on one level an inquiry into why several of my screenwriting teachers as an undergraduate considered me un-teachable. I needed an opportunity to push beyond the suspicion that I merely wanted to ‘shock’ - and that I wasn’t very good even at that. So, on one level, this inquiry - both contextualizing essay and screenplay - is into boundaries. Between naturalism and the patently contrived, between novelistic and cinematic, between restraint and excess, between the orderly and the unexpected, between the un-teachable and the teachers (including Straczynski, who is only highly regarded and successful journeyman screenwriter to have written a compendious how-to book).

I am confident that there are strongly defined characters at the centre of my story – Richard, Delores, Abbey, Tony – while also containing plenty of action which in turn does not get in the way of characterisation. A good scriptwriter, it might be argued, does not substitute action for characterisation, or characterisation for action, but rather utilises both as a means of eliciting the other, while simultaneously allowing both facets of the screenplay to be ‘successful’ in their own right, irrespective of the other.

It could also be argued that my characterisation is weakened by the fact that some characters speak in a manner sometimes oddly similar to other characters – for example, that Abbey and Delores sound too alike, or that Richard speaks like Joe during the initial bar scene, or that Richard speaks like Tony during the party scene at Tony’s house. On a simple level I could say that I am attempting to reflect the manner in which modes of language are used in various settings, i.e. how different social environments give rise to different forms of language use, which in turn give rise to

similarities between people's speech in such social settings. Perhaps. It could also potentially be argued that my use of characterisation is further weakened by characters' similarities of behaviour – for example, that there is no real difference between Abbey and Delores, that they are merely slight variations of a single character, a drug addicted, foul mouthed sex worker in fact. In response I could argue that I am attempting to reflect upon and depict modes of behaviour that are common within socially defined sub-groups – yet nevertheless there exist definite definable, delineable differences between these characters that transcend certain superficial similarities. Perhaps. Or perhaps Straczynski's checklist is exposing this screenplay as a mode of inquiry to a simple pressure to conform to norms, while it is actually functioning differently in these places (a difference that this essay may need to expose).

On with the checklist in the meantime. I do believe that the characters undergo change during the course of the story, particularly Richard. By the final page of the screenplay he has realised that there exists no possibility of him sustaining any sort of worthwhile relationship with Delores, while also realising what it is he must write his next play about. Delores' change is much more subtle, but it is referred to most overtly in the scene outside the caravan in the Baja desert on pp.166-7 when she asks, 'What the fuck are we doin' here Dick?'. Although it is Richard's change over the course of the story which is by far the greater of the two, Delores' character still progresses the requisite amount to provide interest, to allow the audience to feel like they 'know' her character. (N.B. In order to permit effective cross-referencing the screenplay portion of this thesis begins again at page 1.)

Party Season's plot is indeed resolved by the screenplay's end: Richard is returning to his home on Tempest Isle with the knowledge he has gained from his experiences; Delores will presumably return to Cherubim City and continue to pursue her previous modes of behaviour. I am uninterested, in this work, in clever endings or artistic self-consciousness about the imposition of closure. *Party Season* has a beginning, a middle and an end - in that order. I believe the action occurs in an orderly, logical fashion – while perhaps the precise geographical locations in which the action occurs could be transposed to no ill effect, the nature of the events and the way in which the principal characters react to these events could not. Over the course of the screenplay a progression occurs from the carefree, easygoing times on Tempest Isle, initially in Cherubim City and for the majority of the stay at Tony's house up the coast, to the more disturbing events upon Richard and Delores' return to Cherubim City and their stay in the Baja desert, to the final cataclysmic culmination of their hedonistic lifestyle in Cino City.

I have implemented 'effective' use of dialogue, pacing and description in *Party Season*. However, it is the last of these 'rules' – 'the script should be as spare as you can make it, eliminating any unnecessary or "obligatory" action' – that I am preoccupied with. My screenplay is without doubt long, but is it too long? Could I, for instance, have had Richard and Delores travel only to Tony's house up the coast and to Cino City, forgetting about the sequence in the Baja desert? Could I have removed the sequence at Tony's house up the coast? (These options will become clear on reading the screenplay itself.) In general, could I have been more parsimonious, exercising greater brevity in the writing of *Party Season*? The

screenplay relies more upon characterisation in the construction of its narrative than it does upon plot-oriented action: while the removal of certain scenes may not significantly disrupt the narrative as such, I believe that in most cases it would exact a much more detrimental effect upon the characterisation - and the character exploration - at work. I have layered the scenes in such a way that they gradually build up a composite image of the principal characters, while simultaneously depicting the change occurring within these characters and their behaviour. I will not go so far as to claim that the removal of a handful of scenes from my screenplay would make the entire edifice topple over, but the characters could become too sparse, too thin, too anemic. The wielding of too heavy a razor would no doubt await this screenplay were it ever offered seriously as *something that could be made*. But that's not what it is. *Party Season* is part of a thesis - written in screenplay mode.

Finally, in this preamble to the essay proper, I wish to address one further section of Straczynski's book, located toward the end of Chapter Ten, 'The Screenplay'. It reads:

'Once you've finished your first draft, there are several questions you must ask yourself.

Is it too long or too short?...Does the script say what you wanted it to say?...Is it dull? Too obscure? Too dry? Does enough *happen* in the story to hold the attention of your audience?

Ask yourself honestly if the script would do better as a television movie or a feature film.' 2.

205 pages *is* very long for a feature length screenplay (normally 120 pages for two hours of running time). I believe I could get it to be about 120 pages were it merely telling a story about chemical dependence, romantic and sexual obsession, infidelity, excess and the like. These things take up a lot of time in the screenplay that follows. As such - and if this were all that was going on - they could be easily trimmed.

And there certainly occur a number of lengthy dialogue scenes in which the characters talk for a prolonged period of time and do little else. While the dialogue contained within these scenes is, hopefully, interesting enough for the scenes not to be regarded as inherently dull, none the less this over-extension of dialogue could, once again, be 'fixed'. Why have I not fixed these things?

It is the last of the Straczynski questions – stated simply, 'would it be better in another medium?' – that I think is the heart of the matter. I will discuss this issue in greater depth later in this essay. This was a nagging question in my mind for the greater part of the initial writing process for *Party Season*. I conceived the story idea as being valid for expression in both cinematic and prose forms and wondered why I was doing it as a screenplay.

However, that begs the question of whether or not I would actually wish to delve any deeper into the characters' minds or inner lives or psychology than I have in the screenplay - and these are all rather conventional ways of identifying the 'inner' quality that the novel or short-story lay claim to. Screenwriting is not about

the ‘inner’ lives of characters in any direct sense. It is about *seeing and hearing* their lives.

So much for Straczynski’s checklist. I take it as representative of the entire shelf of screenwriting ‘how to’ books. The checklist might have been superficially different, had another guide been selected instead, but it would have brought us to essentially the same point - the point where this essay has to justify its co-existence with a determinedly *excessive* screenplay.

I need also to note, at this point, why what is offered here by way of contextualizing meta-commentary is one very long essay - and not a series of chapters. The intention with the essay form is to sustain a progressive interweaving of reflective commentary and analytical vignettes. There are no points along the way where a particular conclusion is reached, allowing a chapter break or anything of that sort. There is also an intended symmetry here - the ‘excessive’ essay (without conventional subheadings, breaks, etc.) will sit alongside the screenplay as its twin of sorts, a different style of invention.

So it is necessary for me first to pretend to a discussion of the aims and intentions of *Party Season*. From a narratological point of view, the story is relatively simple: it is told from a first-person perspective in a purely linear narrative progression – there is no use of flashbacks, asynchronous intercutting or similar devices. The story is set in a fictionalised universe based predominantly upon contemporary times: it contains a considerable number of references to American pop

culture combined with New Zealand speech inflections, mannerisms and behaviour. I believe *Party Season*'s narrative can quite readily be called picaresque, it being composed largely of a series of episodes occurring in separate geographical environments, linked by its synchronous narrative progression and, as such, by character-motivated causation. The characters often speak in a patois consisting of a considerable amount of slang and vernacular jargon, yet there also occur moderately lengthy dialogue set-pieces in which moral, political and aesthetic philosophy are discussed. The characters may be principally realist in conception, but that doesn't necessarily mean that they are 'slaves to verisimilitude' – they behave and speak at times in a manner which actual people most probably never do, or indeed ever could. This is an issue that I will periodically return to. While a basic cause-and-effect 'realism' dictates the characters' behaviour, actions and, consequently, the narrative as a whole, *Party Season* is simultaneously influenced by and subject to a *fantastic element* that pervades the story.

Party Season opens on Tempest Isle, home to a forty-two-year-old disgruntled and relatively unsuccessful playwright named Richard Costanos. He receives a telephone call from a twenty-two year old stripper and occasional pornographic actress named Delores Diaz, who acted in a revised version of *La Ronde* Richard wrote five years previously. She invites him to stay at her apartment in Cherubim City: Richard immediately accepts her invitation, and after purchasing an airline ticket he celebrates his imminent departure by drinking at his local bar, the Taverna el Tempest. While there Richard almost gets into a fistfight with the boyfriend of a woman whom he was attempting to pick up: violence – both physical and

psychological – is shown to be not only normal but the dominant mode of address in this male-oriented, machismo-driven environment.

When Richard arrives at Delores' apartment the following morning he is welcomed by Abbey, a twenty-one-year-old massage parlour worker who shares the apartment with Delores. She and Richard discuss their respective occupations, among other things, while having some drinks and cigarettes. Abbey subsequently produces some marijuana and cocaine which the two share. Abbey's behaviour toward Richard becomes increasingly flirtatious – she rubs his hair, trails her hand across his mouth, purses her lips and inquires about the size of his penis. The two have sex, before Richard must leave in order to pick Delores up from work. He arrives at the Lolita Lounge in time to see Delores perform a strip show. After the two talk to each other for a brief period Delores takes Richard backstage in order to meet some of her co-workers. While Delores gets dressed, a woman named Anjelica escorts Richard to a jacuzzi and performs oral sex. Upon returning to the apartment, Richard, Delores and Abbey ingest a considerable amount of alcohol, marijuana and cocaine and engage in sexual romps together.

It will be self-evident from this description that *Party Season* employs some of the conventions of the porn film. Apparently inconsequential 'filler' scenes and dialogue link the pay-off scenes of vividly depicted sex. Except that, in *Party Season*, this relationship is gradually reversed - the scenes of excessive behaviour becoming 'filler' scenes linking the pay-off moments, the latter often embedded in oddly and deliberately extended dialogue. The first key component of this as a piece of inquiry-based practice is the exploration of this altering balance and of how action and

dialogue can function to produce such a reversal of conventionality. Small details are important in this.

Thus, by this point in *Party Season* (p.65) some definite similarities have arisen between it and *Illusions*. One similarity is the characters' fondness for smoking. In *Illusions* both Alex and Milena frequently smoke; in *Party Season*, Richard, Delores and Abbey (and, later, Tony and Andrea) do the same. Izod, in *The Films of Nicolas Roeg*, offers the following analysis of the importance of smoking in *Bad Timing*:

'The act of smoking is placed in an image chain which connects it to air/ breathing/ spirit... Thus the damage he (Alex) inflicts upon himself by smoking (metaphorically the libido choking him, poisonously drawn inwards) is linked to his attempt to suffocate Milena (and her conspiracy in this her own destruction, since she has taken him for her *animus*) as he first destroys her spirit, and finally wills her death.' 3

While in *Party Season* the prominence of smoking is not in any way linked to such Jungian processes, I can concur broadly with Izod to posit three primary reasons for the characters' fondness for smoking – nervousness, oral fixation and sociability. An example of smoking for the purpose of alleviating nervousness is displayed by Richard on p.40 when he smokes a cigarette while Abbey rubs his hair, and finally speaks only, 'out of a slight uncomfortableness at the silence, as well as a wish to be an entertaining guest to this extremely friendly stranger.' 4

Smoking as a sign of oral fixation in *Party Season* predominantly occurs in relation to imminent sexual behaviour. It attracts the reader's (viewer's) attention specifically to the mouth of a character, and thus to its possible and potential other functions within the scheme of the narrative (sex and speech). Therefore, on p.62, 'When ABBEY stumbles off into the kitchen DOLORES removes the cigarette from RICHARD'S mouth, takes a drag, kisses RICHARD and pops the cigarette back into his mouth.' s, followed by her making a pun regarding blow (cocaine) and blowing (oral sex).

Finally, smoking as a sign of sociability is probably the most common reason – other than the obvious reason of satisfying an addiction – for its appearance in *Party Season*. Richard and Joe smoke together while drinking in the Taverna el Tempest; Abbey offers Richard a cigarette shortly after he first arrives at the apartment; Richard, Delores and Abbey smoke together at the apartment during the evening's bout of drug taking. This final example is indicative of the primary function smoking has within the narrative: tobacco is just one of the many substances which the screenplay's protagonists indulge in on a frequent basis, just one of many substances the protagonists use as a means of escape from their respective existences, from having to face their situations.

On p.65 of *Illusions* (referring to the original unpublished typescript) Milena says the following to Alex: 'My hands, my shoulders, my hips, my stomach, my thighs...they told me – we love him.' 6. This is comparable to two separate voice-overs spoken by Richard in *Party Season*: first on p.4, 'I fell in love with her at once. Her hair, her eyes, her legs: her lips, hips, tits and arse. She was perfect. An absolute

goddess...and I was about to meet her again. It was time to celebrate...' 7, and secondly on p.29 a voice-over which parodies the opening paragraph of the novel *Lolita*, 'Delores, light of my life, fire of my loins...my sin, my soul. De... lor...es. Your face...your body... your breasts...your p***y. I have experienced them before, and soon I shall experience them again. Soon, you will be mine once more. De... lor...es.' 8. What I believe is significant about these examples is that, while they all ostensibly express a love – or at the very least a strong desire – for another person, they all confuse simple lust or longing for actual love. While this response is of course understandable – it is indicative of a desire in humans to love and be loved, in spite of the circumstances – it nevertheless highlights the confusion experienced by the characters. The primary source of confusion arises from the fact that the characters are mistaking base physical desire for genuine love, revealed through the use of bodily appendages in the dialogue as opposed to language which would more accurately express love.

Character as collection of body parts is an option explored by both screenplays, albeit in very different manners. Both *Illusions* and *Party Season* are fundamentally concerned with a character's quest for love in and through the body parts, albeit a quest which is ill-fated from the very beginning. Alex recites to Milena William Blake's lines,

'What is it men in women do require?

The lineaments of gratified desire.

What is it women do in men require?

The lineaments of gratified desire.’ 9

According to Blake, and by implication Alex, it is not actual gratified desire that is necessary, but only the lineaments of it, ie. not the substance, but only the appearance of substance. However, for both Alex in *Illusions* and Richard in *Party Season* ‘the lineaments of gratified desire’ is not enough: they must possess this other person, so to speak. Both Alex and Richard would do well to hark Alex’s words to Milena early on in *Illusions*, ‘If we don’t meet there’s always the possibility it could have been perfect.’ 10.

This conveniently leads us to a discussion of the thematic significance of hedonism and excess in both *Illusions* and *Party Season*, for these occupy an important position within the narrative structures of both screenplays. In addition, I am willing to make the argument that their importance derives from roughly equivalent sources: the characters engage in hedonistic and excessive acts in order to quell their desires, desires which are not being satisfied by love. If Milena loved Alex then she would not experience the need to blot out her existence with alcohol and amphetamine, just as, if Alex loved Milena, he would not commit ‘ravishment’ against her before calling the ambulance. If both characters loved each other, then they would not need to travel to Morocco: simply being together in Vienna would be enough. It’s not the importance of ‘love’ that’s being stated here - and certainly not in any sentimental sense - but the huge impact of its perceived lack.

Likewise Richard and Delores. Similarly to *Illusions*, drugs and travel are both signs of hedonistic excess which the characters use to attempt to escape their

present situations - excess as sign of lack, if that's not too paradoxical. First of all Richard travels from his home on Tempest Isle to Cherubim City in a quest to acquire love: then he and Delores travel to Tony's house up the coast, then to the caravan in the desert, and finally to Cino City where Richard *must imagine that they are somewhere else*, on a Greek island or back on Tempest Isle. They both resort to drugs and itinerancy as a means of forgetting what it is they lack: the ability to simply be together, to coexist in mutuality. In other words, they substitute temporary excess, knowing full well that they cannot attain what they really want while in the presence of the other person. (Does this apply also to the un-teachable screenwriting student and the teacher one wonders?)

The day after he arrives in Cherubim City, Richard wanders leisurely around the suburb of Sepulcher, familiarising himself with his surroundings. Upon returning to the apartment that evening he has sex with Delores while waiting for Abbey to return from work: when she does so they travel to a drug dealer's house where they purchase methamphetamine and LSD and take some of the former. While traveling to pick up Bella and Clarissa, two friends of Delores', Richard and Abbey engage in a somewhat heated discussion regarding taxation for the purpose of providing benefits – Richard adopts a conservative position, Abbey a liberal one. After picking up Delores' friends they continue to Tony's house: Tony is Delores' boss, the so-called 'Mr. Porn' who owns most strip clubs and distributes most pornography in Cherubim City.

Upon meeting, Tony and Richard have a discussion about the theatre; the following morning over breakfast they have a further discussion regarding the

morality of distributing pornography. That afternoon, while Delores is shopping and Abbey is sunbathing, they ingest a variety of drugs together before seeing a production of *Death of a Salesman* that evening. After spending a few days recuperating from the hedonistic excess of Tony's party Richard accompanies Delores and Abbey to some dance clubs before he and Delores travel up the coast to Tony's beach house. While there Tony invites Delores to star in a pornographic film, which she rather reluctantly agrees to; on their final day there Richard, Delores, Tony and his wife Andrea hike up Mt. Aerie, the highest peak in the surrounding area, where they ingest drugs and Delores discusses her first (voluntary) sexual experience followed by Richard discussing his former marriage to a woman named Kristy.

As with the initial synopsis of early events in *Party Season*, there occur here further similarities with *Illusions*. One similarity is the use of scene descriptions to convey a sense of motion, of travel and rapidity. On p.2 of *Illusions* occur the following descriptions of the ambulance which is taking Milena to hospital following her drug overdose: 'It burns rubber, leaps away into the night, siren blaring', and, 'The ambulance hurtling at top speed down the almost deserted streets of Vienna, siren wailing' ¹¹. These can be compared with scene descriptions from *Party Season*, such as, on p.57, 'The car speeds off along a moderately busy urban street' ¹², and on p.118, 'TONY'S black Porsche 911 speeds through relatively busy city streets, winding in and out of traffic and overtaking vehicles with a brazen lack of concern for any other road users that may cross its path. Inside the car Rachmaninov plays at an eardrum-perforating volume as TONY, in black suit and dark glasses, cigarette in mouth, plays piano upon the steering wheel whilst driving; ANDREA in the

passenger's seat snorts some cocaine, then removes the residue from around her nostrils with the aid of her makeup mirror; DELORES smokes some methamphetamine in a glass pipe and RICHARD smokes a cigarette while listening to the music, smiling. The car pulls up to the curb' 13. The primary difference in the intended functions of such scene descriptions between *Illusions* and *Party Season* is that, in the former, it is the repercussion resulting from the lifestyle which Milena and Alex have created for themselves - in the latter, it is the creation itself of the lifestyle from which Richard must eventually flee through a further use of travel, an aeroplane. In other words, the ambulance, its siren wailing, must speed through the Vienna streets because Milena has enacted the only means by which she feels she can escape from her current situation; in *Party Season*, the characters travel rapidly as a means of reaching their destinations where they can engage in behaviour which will eventually culminate in their destruction. One form of travel is the result of excess – the other is the pursuit of excess.

Alex, of course, is a teacher. On p.33 of *Illusions* Alex, while lecturing to his students in Vienna, states, 'The guilt-ridden voyeur is usually a political conservative...' 14 – this dialogue strikes me as curious enough to warrant analysis. Although speculative, I would be inclined to propose that Alex is politically liberal: for example, his refusal to label anyone as being 'mad' seems to be something only a liberal psychologist would insist upon. If this is true, then is this line of dialogue anything more than a cheap shot at the Right (meaning 'a political conservative is merely a guilt-ridden voyeur')? It seems unlikely that Alex would be referring to political conservatives within an economic context – the linkage between low

taxation and social spending and limited state interference in economic affairs with guilt-ridden voyeurism seems tenuous at best – so therefore we must presume that he is referring to conservatives in a moral sense. If this is the case, then presumably he means that, for example, someone who strongly opposes premarital sex, abortion, legalised prostitution and the like does so out of guilt derived from their attempting to suppress the aspect of themselves which is fascinated, perhaps even tempted, by these phenomena. Aligning someone's political leanings with their psychology seems to be a rather futile task of course – but even if this is accepted as a valid means of ascertaining the reasons for one's politics, a person possessing leftist leanings is just as susceptible to being a so-called 'guilt-ridden voyeur'. The sole difference then would be that this guilt is manifested in a converse manner: instead of opposing sexual freedom they would wholeheartedly support it; instead of opposing abortion they would support it, and so on.

I ponder this at length because, in *Party Season*, Richard is an avowed conservative, albeit more in an economic sense than in a moralistic one. He strongly opposes taxation as a means of supplying society's dispossessed with benefits, yet is willing to engage in sexually promiscuous behaviour, nor is he angered by the fact that Delores has had two abortions (the same, incidentally, as Milena in *Illusions*). However, this does not mean he is devoid of morals: he opposes Tony's viewpoint that it is morally sound to provide people with morally repugnant material provided that one does not actually produce it oneself. In addition, he is horrified when he discovers Delores performing oral sex on a drug dealer, yet he has engaged in sex with women other than Delores on numerous occasions throughout *Party Season*.

This is of course hypocritical of him, although it is this incident – essentially *Party Season*'s climax, both literally and figuratively if the suggestion's not too risible – that acts as the catalyst for Richard to see the error of his ways and reject the idea of a life which includes Delores, promiscuous sex, rampant drug use, etc., and that provokes him to return to Tempest Isle.

Further similarities and differences between the characters of Alex in *Illusions* and Richard in *Party Season* are evident. Izod in *The Films of Nicolas Roeg* writes:

‘Alex, though a lecturer in psychoanalysis, lacks all insight into the mind – whether that of Milena or his own. Given his profession he has an awesome ignorance of the nature of the unconscious. He has so heavily repressed his own drives that they have intensified and become powerful destructive urges. His sexual drive (which as a Freudian he can cheerfully acknowledge) becomes the cover for a murderous hatred concealed even from himself; for that hatred directs itself not only at Milena, but also, by turning *libido* back on itself, at himself.’¹⁵

In effect, Alex is a sick doctor, a mad psychiatrist, the stereotypical shrink who is crazier than his patients. At one point in the film Milena reclines upon the couch in the Freud museum in Vienna and asks for Alex's prognosis regarding their relationship: Milena may be mad enough to intentionally overdose on drugs, yet Alex is arguably even more mentally unhinged because he is willing to rape a woman unconscious because of a drug overdose.

The crux of the matter in relation to Richard's character in *Party Season* is this - is he in fact acting against his own character – does his behaviour correspond with that which could be called 'unwriterly'? (So writing as well as teaching are at work here in several ways.) If we take the primary assets of a writer to be the ability to observe, to reflect and to depict, does Richard act against these virtues? I believe Richard certainly follows the first of these tenets, in that *Party Season* is largely concerned with Richard observing social circles and their participants who, before the 'beginning' of the screenplay, were essentially unknown to him. (Richard knew Delores previously, but had only had contact with her from the opening rehearsal of *La Ronde* to the opening night, and had not met with her since then). The validity of this claim is muddled somewhat by the fact that, for much of the screenplay, Richard is under the influence of alcohol and drugs; however, this does not mean that he is not observing, only that what he is observing is altered within the range of his perception. This leads to the middle attribute of the trio: does Richard reflect upon what he observes? My answer is yes, but not nearly as rigorously or as realistically as he 'should'. Had he exercised more care in his scrutiny of the events and people whom he was observing, he may have realised much earlier the folly of attempting to pursue a relationship with Delores. Finally, does Richard depict what he observes and reflects upon? The answer to this is a resounding no: for much of *Party Season* Richard experiences writer's block - this is only genuinely cured once he rejects Delores and looks at her photograph on his laptop while traveling back to Tempest Isle, thus realising what it is he must write his next play about. In the end, I believe Richard is more 'true' to a writer than Alex is to a shrink, yet in saying that Richard

does not enact the necessary attributes of a writer as rigorously or as scrupulously as he should, and as a result he pays the necessary price for not doing so.

On p.35 of *Illusions* occurs the scene description, 'Alex notices in Milena's open bag a copy of Pinter's "The Homecoming" in a German language edition' ¹⁶ – in *Bad Timing* this is altered to the same playwright's "No Man's Land". I believe Roeg made an error of a sort in changing the title of the book from *The Homecoming* to *No Man's Land*, as *The Homecoming* (1965) seems far more applicable to both *Illusions* and *Bad Timing* than does *No Man's Land* (1975). Mark Batty, in *About Pinter: The Playwright*, has this to say about *The Homecoming*:

'...Pinter is not simply sketching female duality (or, indeed, multiple facets) but is in fact exposing the apparatus of the appropriating quality of the male gaze, and drawing women who remain elusively dominant by reflecting and subverting what is projected upon them by men, or whose sexual identities are so robust as to escape male classification.' ¹⁷

Without debating the feminist-inspired sentiments expressed in this passage, we should be able to accept that it does express something important in regard to *The Homecoming*, and indeed, in regard to both *Illusions* and *Party Season*. Certainly Milena in *Illusions* could be labeled 'elusively dominant' – she maintains an overpowering grip upon Alex's physical and psychological desires – as well as possessing a sexual identity which could convincingly be described as 'robust', whether or not it 'escape(s) male classification'. Likewise Dolores in *Party Season*: it

is only at the very end of the screenplay that Richard's obsessive fixation regarding Delores wanes, yet even then it is highly ambiguous (his decision to devote his next play to her would appear to indicate that his obsession with this woman has not significantly dissipated). Similarly Delores possesses an undoubtedly robust sexual identity, although I do not regard it as being beyond the capabilities of male classification, even if Richard is initially fooled into thinking that she is in reality something which she is not. By way of example, on p.4 of *Party Season* Richard says of Delores, 'She was perfect. An absolute goddess...' 18, yet by p.203 he has revised his opinion to, 'Once a whore, always a whore.' 19. While the character of Ruth in Pinter's *The Homecoming* may indeed 'escape male classification', neither Milena in *Illusions* or Delores in *Party Season* do: in the end, they may potentially be perceived as being little more than mentally unbalanced sluts who have had the image of goddesses projected upon them by their male pursuers.

I have said I believe it was a mistake for Roeg, as director of *Bad Timing*, to replace *The Homecoming* with *No Man's Land*. However, according to John Izod, there is a convincing reason for this alteration:

'The couple (Milena and her husband Stefan) part in no man's land, between the border posts on the bridge over the Danube that links Bratislava with Vienna, a circumstance which becomes a correlative for Milena's state of mind (she also reads a German edition of Harold Pinter's *No Man's Land*). Alex later irritably challenges her with the impossibility of her emotional position when trying to coerce her to divorce Stefan, arguing that she is neither married nor unmarried, and cannot remain

half way between. But the borderline state appears to be exactly what she wants for the present, caught between two men, and between East and West.’ 20

Mark Batty describes *No Man’s Land* in a manner which could arguably create a link between it and *Illusions* when he writes, ‘The play charts the human failure to connect, and the betrayals and compromises that are inherent in human bonds.’ 21. However, in spite of the evidence to the contrary, we might still regard Roeg’s decision as ill-conceived because, while in *The Homecoming* a woman is the focus for male drives and desires, *No Man’s Land* is concerned with an entirely male environment, and as such bares little resemblance to either *Illusions* or *Party Season*.

I mention this at length because, in *Party Season*, two of Pinter’s plays are discussed, one of which is *No Man’s Land*. On p.91 Richard and Tony exchange the following dialogue:

RICHARD

Speaking of postmodern, I saw a wonderful production of Pinter’s *No Man’s Land* not long ago.

TONY

I despise Pinter and his pretentious, posturing, pointed pauses...unabashedly ultra-subjectivist clanking claptrap in the guise of an absurdist left-wing treatise propounding some cockeyed,

wayward stab at eliminating any possibility of absolute truth. The only play of his I ever enjoyed was *The Birthday Party*. I think that Mamet utilises a similar yet much more effective and entertaining style than Pinter - considerably more efficiently. 22

In *Party Season* a substantial number of plays are mentioned, largely because of Richard's occupation as a playwright. Many films, television programmes, songs and so forth are also referred to – some of which possess either directly denotative or allusively connotative relevance in regard to the narrative of *Party Season*, others of which appear merely for the sake of background aesthetic appeal. There exists a danger in forcing too much importance upon a text mentioned in another text – the danger of over-reading, of attempting to extract significant meaning where little or no significant meaning exists – but I think that, where applicable, references to other texts within texts may be analysed as a means of garnering additional meaning about the primary text itself.

Upon returning to Cherubim City Richard watches Delores perform in a pornographic film before they visit Delores' mother Esmeralda – a xenophobic alcoholic who spends her time drinking in her cellar and who attempts to come on to Richard when Delores departs to purchase a bottle of vodka for her. Shortly thereafter Delores and

Richard decide to travel down to the Baja desert where they stay in a caravan: on the way there they stop off at a drug dealer's den where they purchase cocaine, marijuana and tequila. Upon returning to Cherubim City a fortnight later they find that Abbey has purchased a large quantity of drugs in order to celebrate Delores' birthday: a lengthy drug binge ensues, essentially concluding for Richard when he collapses while inhaling hashish. Delores and Richard commence further traveling, this time to Cino City, where Richard increasingly experiences a sense of suspicion in response to Delores' inexplicable absences from the motel apartment in which they are staying. Richard has a dream in which he is confronted in a sexual manner by a number of the woman whom he has met while visiting Delores: the dream culminates in him seeing his former wife Kristy who admonishes him for not attempting to make their relationship work. Upon awakening from this dream Richard discovers that Delores is nowhere to be found: searching through her handbag, he discovers a piece of paper with an address on it. He travels to the apartment where he finds Delores performing fallatio upon a drug dealer; later, back at the motel, an argument ensues between him and Delores, culminating in him leaving for a flight back to his home on Tempest Isle. The screenplay ends with him realising what it is he must write his next play about while looking at a photograph of Delores.

An interesting correlation between the two screenplays which I believe is worth mentioning at this point is how information integral to their narratives is garnered by their protagonists from essentially a single piece of paper (and, indeed, of the importance of a single photograph of the female lead character). On p.56 of *Illusions* occurs the following scene description:

‘ALEX moves to a small desk, sits, switches on a reading lamp, opens the first file: A photo of a big smiling man (resembling BILLY CARTER) in an American Air Force Uniform. ALEX puts it down; opens the second: the Vognic file: photo of STEFAN (whom ALEX has never met). And near it – ALEX is startled:

INSERT – PHOTO OF MILENA

ALEX’S P.O.V. which moves to the side of photo: “Flaherty, Milena, married Vognic in April, 1974.”

RESUME – ALEX

Reacting to this information.’ 23

Likewise, in *Party Season*, Richard discovers the whereabouts of Delores by searching through the contents of her handbag and happening upon a piece of paper with ‘Apartment 17, 127 Perlitzer Place, Nth Cino City’ written on it, while the final shot described in *Party Season* is Richard’s P.O.V. of a photograph of Delores on his laptop screen. Spying, voyeurism – romantic espionage – possesses a prominent thematic position within *Illusion*’s narrative; in *Party Season* it has a presence, albeit a much smaller one which does not raise its green-eyed head until near the end of the

screenplay. The point at which this is most overtly depicted in *Party Season* occurs on p.195:

‘EXT. MOTEL SWIMMING POOL – AFTERNOON

While DELORES - in a white bikini and black sunglasses -floats idly in the swimming pool on an inflatable silver Lilo, RICHARD – pretending to read Molière’s ‘The Misanthrope’ – silently watches her: unmoving, clinical, obsessed. She paddles with a single hand to the side of the pool, adeptly maneuvers herself onto *terra firma*, drapes a stars and stripes beach towel around her neck and gives RICHARD a quick wave and smile before she walks off. RICHARD’S gaze remains transfixed on her as she adjusts her bikini bottom ...’ 24

There also occurs a similarity of sorts in regard to the final scenes of *Illusions* and *Party Season*, however with crucial differences. The final scene description of *Illusions* reads:

‘ALEX catches sight of MILENA with another GIRL and TWO YOUNG MEN – joking and laughing – who have exited the Plaza.

...ALEX’s face starts to flare to life –

ALEX

Mil ---

She obviously sees him but just as a stranger. She passes no more than a foot away – on her part there is not a moment of recognition.

...he turns and stands watching her move on down the street.

...and when he turns back to CAMERA his face is set: a dead mask hiding a dead man.’ 25

The final scene description of *Party Season* is as follows:

‘RICHARD

(voice over)

It seemed obvious to me now that I had to forge a different life for myself, a life devoid of Delores. What the hell was I thinking, attempting to shack up with a bi-bitch half my age who possessed a drug habit the size of Missouri and nothing even approaching sexual morals? My own immorality had got the better of me, but I was determined now to overcome it, to avenge my defeated ethics. I knew, at last, what I had to write about: I finally

knew what it was my next play would be
concerned with. My writer's block had
indubitably been stamped into the dust. My play
would be about...

RICHARD'S gaze fixes upon the photograph taken of DELORES at the beach which
occupies the screen of his laptop.' 26

Both of these passages are incontrovertibly ambiguous: the former in large
measure due to the sentence, 'She obviously sees him but just as a stranger'. Merely
because she had suffered a drug overdose would not mean that the memory of Alex
would be removed entirely from Milena's recollection – therefore we must interpret
this sentence as meaning that Milena chooses to ignore Alex, acting as if she had
never seen him before. As a result, Milena at this point must indeed experience, '...a
moment of recognition', but adeptly hides this fact from Alex.

The ambiguity that exists in the latter passage arises through the fact that,
while Richard notes, 'It seemed obvious to me now that I had to forge a different life
for myself, a life devoid of Delores', his realisation of what he must devote his next
play to, what he must now write about, is Delores. This could indeed be a means of
'avenging his defeated ethics' - the claim he himself makes here - yet it could also be
an indication of his inability to rid himself of his fixation ('defeating his avenged
ethics').

While both of these endings are undeniably - and one assumes deliberately - ambiguous, I believe the latter - my own - is by far the more positive of the two. Alex's face is, '...a dead mask hiding a dead man', an incredibly pessimistic conclusion. However, by the end of *Party Season*, Richard may or may not have discovered a means of 'avenging', but regardless he has nevertheless become aware of the fact that this is a necessary course of action to pursue; furthermore, his writer's block has apparently disappeared. To all intents and purposes, Alex is just as ignorant and indeed immoral as he was at the beginning of *Illusions*; while Richard claims at least to have learnt the value of, 'a proper life, with love and respect and trust. A life of truth' 27. (Richard will write part of this essay, see below, and will offer us a further opportunity in doing so, to judge what he means by claims like this.) This difference is in part attributable to the overall failure of *Illusions*: the characters talk and talk and talk, but nothing they might have learnt arises in their behaviour. While this of course is part of the very point of the screenplay, it is nevertheless rather disappointing to see two characters (one of whom is a research psychoanalyst *and teacher*, and as such should be expected to possess at least a modicum of intellectual insight) learn so little from their experiences. At the end of *Illusions* the reader has less respect for Alex than at the beginning, because he is now revealed to be a rapist; in *Party Season*, Richard may be a drug-addled dipsomaniac with loose sexual morals, but at least he has become aware of something. He will tell us what before the end of this essay.

With Richard's arrival in this essay duly anticipated, this is an opportune point at which to step back and expand on the range of references which I have been

using to discuss *Party Season* (namely the comparison with *Illusions*), and to introduce other screenplays for the purposes of clarification. One of the screenplays that I have selected for this purpose is Stanley Kubrick and Frederic Raphael's *Eyes Wide Shut* (1999). I have selected this on the basis that it shares certain narrative and thematic preoccupations with *Party Season*, particularly concerning a psychosexual quest which. If the protagonist can successfully survive it and remain essentially unscathed, the screenplay offers some hope that he will ultimately be a better person as a result of the knowledge that he has acquired regarding himself, his partner and the world at large. Both Richard in *Party Season* and Bill in *Eyes Wide Shut* experience such a quest, in which a desire to discover the dark recesses of social and personal behaviour – and indeed about the dark recesses of their own psyches – is pitted against their willingness and ability to actually bear witness to such 'horrible' truths.

Of even greater degree of relevance in regard to *Party Season* however, are some of the specific narrative devices which are utilised in *Eyes Wide Shut* as means of inquiry. One device which is *used extensively in the screenplay yet does not appear in the film* is third-person voice-overs illustrating the thoughts of the protagonist Bill. Here is one such example:

'BILL

V.O.

He had gone home, feeling a little tired but
surprisingly cheerful, with a strange sense of

security, which somehow seemed deceptive. He was in an excited and cheerful mood and he felt unusually fresh and clear in spite of spending the last two nights without sleep. At the same time, he felt that all this order, this normality, all the security of his existence, was nothing but deception and delusion. And, he thought, there she sits with an angelic look, like a good wife and mother - the whore of her dreams who made love to a hundred men the preceding night and laughed when he was crucified, and to his surprise he didn't hate her.' 28

Party Season too makes extensive use of voice-overs, although of the first-person as opposed to the third-person variety. In spite of this difference, the general tone of the voice-overs in *Eyes Wide Shut* and *Party Season* is quite similar: they both often waver between depicting the banalities and routine of the protagonist's lives and delving - sometimes with a hint of melodrama - into the murky depths of the protagonist's thoughts regarding the extraordinary acts which they witness. Whether such voices can be trusted is of course the key question.

Another point at which the two screenplays converge, and also diverge, is in their depiction and description of a single dream: in *Eyes Wide Shut* the dream is

experienced, and described, by Alice, Bill's wife; in *Party Season* the dream is experienced by Richard. What follows is Alice's dream as described by her:

'ALICE

I think it started in my parents' house. They weren't there. I was alone. That surprised me because our wedding was the next day and I didn't have a wedding dress. Then you and I were floating above an ancient city. It was a kind of crazy mix of ancient architectural styles. Oriental, Egyptian, Greek and Roman architecture. And it was completely deserted. The streets were empty – no people, no animals. And I remember thinking, so this is our honeymoon. Then it was night and the sky was so full of stars, and so blue and wide it seemed like it was painted. You said it was the ceiling of our bridal chamber and you took me in your arms and made love to me and said you would love me forever.

BILL

I hope you loved me, too.

BILL says this with an invisible, malicious smile.

ALICE

Even more than you did me. We made love and it was wonderful, though there was a sadness to it, and a presentiment of sorrow. Suddenly it was morning and we were somewhere in the strange city. We were still completely alone. But something terrible had happened – our clothes were gone. I was terrified as I had never been before, and felt such a burning shame that it almost consumed me. At the same time I was furious with you because I thought it was your fault. And this sensation of terror, shame and fury was more intense than any emotion I had ever felt before. You felt guilty and rushed away naked, to go and get clothes for us. As soon as you were gone I felt wonderful. I neither felt sorry for you, or worried about you. It was heavenly to be alone. I was lying in a lush garden, stretched out naked in the sunlight, and I was far more beautiful than I ever was in reality. And while I lay there, a young man walked out of the woods. He was the

young Naval officer I told you about from the hotel. He looked different but I knew it was him. He stopped in front of me and looked at me searchingly. I laughed seductively and wantonly, as I have never laughed in my life, and he held out his arms to me and sank down beside me.

ALICE falls silent. BILLS throat is parched. In the darkness of the room he can see she has concealed her face in her hands.

BILL

A strange dream, but that's not the end, is it?

ALICE doesn't reply.

BILL

Was that the end?

ALICE

No.

BILL

Then why don't you tell me the rest of it?

ALICE

It's not easy. Some things are not easy to say.

BILL

It was only a dream.

ALICE sighs and continues, hesitantly.

ALICE

He looked at me...and slowly took me in his arms...and we began making love. I seemed to live through countless days and nights - there was neither time nor space. And the more we made love the more our hunger for each other increased. And just as that earlier feeling of terror and shame went beyond anything I had ever felt, so nothing can be compared with the freedom and happiness and the...desire that I now felt. Then I realized there were other couples around us - hundreds of them, and they too were making love. Then I was making love to the other men, and as soon as my longing was satisfied with one, I wanted another.

I can't say how many I was with. And yet I didn't for one moment forget you. And all this time, you were buying the most beautiful clothes and jewellery you could find for me. Then you were being followed by a crowd of people who were shouting threats. Then you were seized by soldiers, and there were also priests among them. Somebody - a gigantic person, tied your hands. You were still naked. I knew you were going to be crucified but I felt no sympathy for you. I still blamed you for everything that had happened. I felt that I was far removed from you but I knew you could see me naked in the arms of countless men in this sea of nakedness which foamed around me. The soldiers began to whip you and blood flowed down you in streams. I saw it without feeling any surprise or pity. Then you smiled at me as if to show you had fulfilled my wish and bought me everything I wanted. But I thought your actions were ridiculous and I wanted to make fun of you - to laugh in your face. They began to nail you to the cross and I hoped that you would be able to hear my laughter. And so I

laughed as shrill and loud as I could... That must
have been the laugh that you heard when I woke
up.’ 29

The similarity between the sole dreams in *Eyes Wide Shut* and *Party Season* is that they both depict a highly-charged sexual fantasy which becomes increasingly more alarming as the dream, or in the case of *Eyes Wide Shut* the description of the dream, progresses; the primary difference is that, while in *Eyes Wide Shut* Alice describes her dream but there are no specific scene descriptions portraying the action of the dream itself - only Alice’s telling of it and Bill’s reaction to Alice’s account - in *Party Season* Richard’s dream is depicted in its entirety.

I am devoting here no small amount of attention to the matter of the description and depiction of dreams, for any screenwriter who chooses to include a dream sequence in a script invariably walks a tightrope of sorts. Cinema scholar George Bluestone adeptly addresses the fundamental issue at stake when he writes:

‘...film, having only arrangements of space to work with, cannot render thought, for the moment thought is externalized it is no longer thought. The film, by arranging external signs for our visual perception, or by presenting us with dialogue, can lead us to *infer* thought. But it cannot show us thought directly. It can show us characters thinking, feeling, and speaking, but it cannot show us their thoughts and feelings. A film is not thought; it is perceived. That is why pictorial representations of dreams or memory on the screen are almost always disappointing.’ 30

Presumably, that is why Kubrick and Raphael do not provide scene descriptions detailing the events of the dream, but instead rely on the actor's ability to describe the contents of the dream in an engaging manner. It is for this same reason that I include only a single dream sequence in *Party Season*. It is also for this reason that I do not attempt to depict Richard's personal, subjective responses or reactions to the various drugs which he ingests throughout *Party Season*, instead relying upon dialogic descriptions of his psychological and physical state - presented largely in voice-overs - to convey the necessary information.

However, a screenplay which does attempt to depict the personal and subjective responses and reactions to drug-induced states on the part of its protagonist is Terry Gilliam and Tony Grisoni's *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas* (1998). As with *Eyes Wide Shut*, *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas* is based upon a prose work: the former, Arthur Schnitzler's *Traumnovelle* (1926), the latter, Hunter S. Thompson's novella of the same name (1971).

Right from the very beginning of the screenplay this particular facet of its narrativity is evident. On p.2 we find the following passage:

'DUKE (V/O)

Suddenly there was a terrible roar all around us
and the sky was full of what looked like huge
bats, all swooping and screeching and diving
around the car...

Close on DUKE -- shadows flutter across his face. The reflections of bats swirl within his eyes. We push in close to one eye ball -- SCREECHING SWIRLING BAT-LIKE SHAPES!

AAAAAAAAARRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRGGGGGGGGGGHHHHHH!!!!!!

DUKE (V/O)

... and a voice was screaming: Holy Jesus! What are these goddamn animals?

CUT TO WIDE SHOT OF CAR -

DUKE, eyes rigid, flails at the air. No bats anywhere. GONZO casually looks over...

GONZO

What are you yelling about?

DUCK SCREECHES to the side of the road. The sudden wrench makes GONZO nick his face with his razor.

DUKE

Never mind. It's your turn to drive.

DUKE (V/O)

No point mentioning these bats. I thought. The
poor bastard will see them soon enough.' 31

Clearly in this passage the actual visual hallucinations experienced by the screenplay's protagonist Raoul Duke while under the influence of LSD are intended to be pictorially given as a means of entering into the psyche - the personal subjective consciousness - of the protagonist. In *Party Season* this is not done: the protagonist Richard Costanos explains the effects of the various drugs which he ingests, and he is shown experiencing these effects, but at no point do we enter into his mind directly, as such, by seeing what he sees – or at least what he thinks he sees. This harks back to Bluestone's position which I used in relation to *Eyes Wide Shut*: while *Party Season* does not attempt to show thoughts and feelings in a direct manner – in effect adopting a distanced attitude to its characters, allowing their speech and actions to provide information (trustworthy or not) about them – *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas*, on the other hand, attempts to, 'show us (Duke's) thoughts and feelings'. This is something of a double-edged sword: if done successfully (which I suggest it often is in *Fear and Loathing*) it can allow the reader, and by implication the eventual viewer of the completed film, the possibility of vicariously experiencing that which a character experiences in a direct, unadulterated manner. However, as Bluestone

points out, film cannot render thought, it can only lead us to *infer* it, so consequently any depiction of a dream, hallucination, thought or suchlike on the screen will necessarily only ever be a groping attempt to enter into or create the subjectivity of a character, and as a result must oftentimes fall short of the desired mark of effectively transporting the reader or viewer into the protagonist's psyche.

However, immediately following the previous section of the screenplay of *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas* there occurs a passage that offers a very revealing similarity with an aspect of *Party Season*:

'DUKE hops out of the car, keeping an eye out for bats, frantically opens the trunk to reveal what looks like A MOBILE POLICE NARCOTICS LAB. DUKE desperately rifles through the impressive stash.

DUKE (V/O)

We had two bags of grass, seventy-five pellets of mescaline, five sheets of high powered blotter acid, a salt shaker half full of cocaine, a whole galaxy of multi-colored uppers, downers, screamers, laughers... Also a quart of tequila, a quart of rum, a case of beer, a pint of raw ether and two dozen amyls.

DUKE, eyes darting madly as he hears what sounds like the SHRIEKS OF BATS returning, grabs an assortment along with another six-pack of beer - slams the trunk shut and dives back into the car.

DUKE (V/O)

Not that we needed all that for the trip, but once you get locked into a serious drug collection, the tendency is to push it as far as you can.' 32

Note, in this regard, the following passage from *Party Season*.

'ABBEY procures a wooden box, much like an intricate fishing tackle box, places it upon her bed and opens it up.

...check out this shit.

DELORES

(in absolute amazement)

Holy Jesus fuckin' Christ.

ABBEY

(a gigantic grin spread across her face)

Happy birthday girlfriend...this is our biggest haul
yet, by far.

DELORES

Fuck yes sis'.

Inside the box is arrayed an assortment of drugs of varying colours, sizes, shapes and
forms, arranged in equally variegated packages.

RICHARD

Fuckin' hell...

(voice over)

...a veritable Pandora's Box, consisting of all
manner of pills, powders and plants, kept within a
similarly sizable assortment of baggies, bottles,
canisters, containers, vials, vacuum-sealed and
Ziplock bags. A brain aneurysm, heart attack and
liver failure combined, all contained within a
single, moderately-sized wooden box...

ABBEY

(ecstatically)

Ready for Sesame Street, substance style?

DELORES

(enthusiastically)

Fuck yeah baby.

RICHARD

(slightly confused)

What the hell?

ABBEY

It's what we do every year on one of our
birthdays...we get hold of as much shit as we can,
then go through it alphabetically; see how far
through the drug alphabet we can get, y'know?

RICHARD

(still slightly confused)

I don't quite follow.

DELORES

We arrange all this shit in alphabetical order, then
see how much of it we can consume before we
pass out.

RICHARD

Jesus Christ...won't you die?

ABBEY

(amused)

Well, we're still alive so far.

DELORES

It's the ultimate binge baby...where the fuck did
you get all this shit Ab? Baden's?

ABBEY

Most of it...I got a bit of other shit from some
people at my work and cunts like that. Baden let
me tick heaps of it...thankfully.

DELORES

Should we start arranging it?

ABBEY

Yeah honey.’ 33

Both passages are intended to convey a sense that the lead characters are not only drug users but drug enthusiasts; the substances described are not jumbled together in a haphazard array but instead carefully arranged and accounted for. Having long been a fan - not only of the film, but also of the novella - of *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas*, I would by no means discount the fact that the quoted passage from *Party Season* owes a debt to *Fear and Loathing*, although a subconsciously derived one. However, a much more significant – as well as consciously derived - debt I owe to *Fear and Loathing* is its status as what might be termed a ‘Las Vegas Road Trip Screenplay’. The generic formulae for such screenplay’s plots often involves protagonist/s traveling to Sin City in search of thrills and adventure, while simultaneously fleeing either the drudgery or danger present wherever it was they fled from (usually Los Angeles, but occasionally New York or another part of the country). The antagonist/s may often arise in a form representative of one or more of the vices on offer in Las Vegas, while the city presents myriad colourful opportunities for Lady Luck – or more often than not Mistress Misfortune – to make her presence felt in the narrative.

By way of example: in *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas* Raoul Duke, accompanied by his attorney, travel from Los Angeles to Las Vegas - and back, and back again - ostensibly to attend firstly the ‘Mint 400’ motorcycle race, followed by

the National District Attorney's Convention. In actuality it is an excuse to enact a chemically saturated, '...classic affirmation of everything right and true and decent in the national character; a gross physical salute to the fantastic *possibilities* of life in this country – but only for those with true grit.' 34. What follows is a compendium of drug-induced mishaps and misdemeanors, close-shaves involving law enforcement officers and other figures possessing either real or imagined authority, and various other forms of antisocial, bizarre, destructive, hazardous and hedonistic behaviour. What trace of love interest as exists in the narrative is provided by the character of Lucy – 'a girl of indeterminate age' who paints obsessively numerous portraits of Barbara Streisand, whom she has never actually met - who is force-fed LSD and made to perform perverted sexual activities (or at least Duke, in his drug-induced psychotic state, believes as much) by the attorney. Other possible examples of so-called 'Las Vegas Road Trip Screenplays' include Jon Favreau's *Swingers*, potentially Martin Scorsese and Nicholas Pileggi's *Casino* - obviously primarily a Mafia gangster/crime narrative, it does however tell the story of two New York wannabees who travel to the desert, one in search of money and power, the other fame and notoriety, both in search of women – and *Leaving Las Vegas*.

I do not wish to spend any longer discussing the similarity - or indeed lack of - *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas* bears to *Party Season*, mainly due to a wish not to overemphasise the chemical predilection the lead characters possess in both screenplays: after all, plenty of other screenplays contain similarly drug-disposed protagonists, so this is insufficient reason to posit further similarities. Instead, it will be more worthwhile to move on to the final screenplay that I will mention in relation

to *Party Season*, Mike Figgis' *Leaving Las Vegas* (1994). Like both *Eyes Wide Shut* and *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas*, *Leaving Las Vegas* is also based upon a prose work, John O'Brien's novel of the same name. Like both *Fear and Loathing* and *Party Season*, it tells the story of two characters who have left Los Angeles for Las Vegas: specifically a redundant alcoholic movie executive named Ben who attempts to – and succeeds at – 'drinking himself to death', and a prostitute named Sera who has fled from an abusive, psychotic pimp named Yuri.

There are without doubt similarities between the characters of Ben in *Leaving Las Vegas* and Richard in *Party Season* – and indeed with Raoul Duke in *Fear and Loathing* – the most prominent of these being an extreme fondness for alcohol. For example, there is a clear connection between this passage in *Leaving Las Vegas* -

'INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Ben shaving with the glass in his hand. He does the area around his mouth first so that he can drink while he does the rest.' 35

- and this passage in *Party Season* –

'RICHARD, standing in his kitchen, pours himself a shot of Absolut vodka, downs it, pours himself another shot and downs that one as well...Cigar in mouth, he walks into his bathroom, turns on the hot tap, puts in the plug and removes a razor, shaving

cream and Cologne from a mirrored medicine cabinet. Cigar still in mouth, occasional puffs of smoke emitted from his nostrils, RICHARD shaves while humming 'Girl from Ipanema'.' 36

Another correlation between scenes is the following instance of a bar fight in *Leaving Las Vegas*:

'BIKER GIRL

I am very bored with my date. Would you like to buy me a drink?

Ben looks around and sees the Biker staring at the two of them.

BEN

(loudly)

Do you mind if I buy her a drink?

BIKER

Fuck her. I don't care what the fuck you do with her.

BEN

Maybe I could buy you both a drink?

BIKER

Fuck you. Don't fuck with me, motherfucker.

Fuck off. Go to it, she's waiting for her drink.

The Biker walks over to the slot machine and begins dropping in quarters, never taking his eyes off Ben and the Girl.

BIKER GIRL

See what an asshole he is. (Big smile) I'll have a
rum and Coke.

BEN

Barman? A rum and Coke, please.

The Girl leans with her back to the bar, closer to Ben, who is facing the bar on a stool. She brings her face closer to his.

BIKER GIRL

Can I stay with you for a while?

BEN

You mean move in with me? Isn't this a bit sudden?

BIKER GIRL

Oh, I don't have a lot of stuff.

BEN

(smiling)

I don't think my wife would dig it too much.

She moves to his ear to whisper.

BIKER GIRL

Maybe we could just go find a room and fuck all day. You wouldn't have to tell your wife about that, would you? I could suck you like this.

And she begins sucking on his lobe. Behind them, at the slot machine the Biker is still watching. His face fills with a drunken rage.

BEN

See, the thing is... fucking you would be
wonderful, but I am deeply in love with Sera...

The Biker throws down his beer can and walks towards the bar.

BEN

...and it's almost impossible for me to imagine
being with someone else...

The Biker arrives at the bar and grabs Ben.

BIKER

Now listen, asshole, I'm not gonna just sit around
and watch her suck on your ear.

The Biker is about to hit Ben, then holds back. He leans in and puts his face next to
Ben's.

BIKER

Now, I know that she came over to you, like she
does, so I'm gonna pretend that you're innocent
and give you one chance to walk out of this
place... right now.

BIKER GIRL

(to biker)

Get lost, jerk.

The Biker slaps her and then grabs Ben by the collar.

BIKER

What do you say?

Ben shakes his arm free from the Biker's grip. He thinks about it for a couple of beats and then decides.

BEN

I'm sorry... but she and I have decided to spend a
few hours together in a mo -

The Biker headbutts Ben in the face, sending him crashing off his stool to the floor. His head cracks against the tiled floor. The Biker walks over to him, picks him up by his shirt front and punches him in the nose. Blood sprays on to his face. The Biker walks out of the bar. The Girl follows him quickly. The Bartender takes a wet towel and walks over to where Ben is struggling to get up, holding his face.' 37

That scene may be compared with the major bar room scene in *Party*

Season:

‘RICHARD

Hello, I couldn't help noticing you from over there. Would you care to join my friend and I for a drink at the bar?

WOMAN

Well, I'm with my boyfriend at the moment.

RICHARD

That's a shame...what's your name, by the way?

WOMAN

Alisha.

RICHARD

Alisha, that's an extremely attractive name indeed.

At this point the WOMAN'S BOYFRIEND becomes aware of RICHARD'S attentions.

BOYFRIEND

Who the fuck you think you are motherfucker?

RICHARD

Well, my name's Richard, Dick to my friends,
and I was simply asking your girlfriend if she
would care to join my friend and I for a drink at
the bar...you're invited too of course.

BOYFRIEND

You goddamn right you're a dick, tryin' tah hit on
my woman...she's mine motherfucker, get your
drunk white arse away from her.

RICHARD

Whoa whoa whoa cowboy, don't you talk to me
like that. In case you weren't aware slavery's
finished, you don't fuckin' own her...

BOYFRIEND

What the fuck you sayin' 'bout slavery, you bitch
arse KKK motherfucker?

RICHARD

Now you listen here sambo...

Immediately the BOYFRIEND takes a swing at RICHARD, connecting with his
nose. The impact makes RICHARD stumble backwards but he does not fall over. Just
before the BOYFRIEND has time to take another punch CHARLIE moves between
the two men.

CHARLIE

Hey, what the hell is going on here?

BOYFRIEND

This racist motherfucker tried to steal my
girlfriend 'way from me, that's what.

RICHARD

(wiping a small amount of blood away from one of his nostrils) Bullshit cocksucker, all I did was offer to buy the woman a drink and he starts gettin' in my face, wantin' tah fight me...I didn't do shit.

CHARLIE

Well, if you two don't leave each other alone right this second I'm gonna have to ask you both to leave these premises, is that understood?

The two men rather reluctantly nod in agreement.

CHARLIE

OK...good. Jesus Christ Dick, did yah have tah go pickin' a fight with the likes a him?

RICHARD and CHARLIE begin to walk back toward the bar.

RICHARD

I didn't intend to engage in fisticuffs with the
cunt, the fag's a fuckin' loose cannon.

CHARLIE

Yeah, well, just have a drink, clean yourself up a
bit and cool off for a while...anyway, Joe had a bit
a luck with that chubby chick in the red dress.' 38

The primary similarity between the two bar scenes is that they both involve two male characters – one the protagonist, the other a minor character – fighting over a woman; they differ in that, while in *Leaving Las Vegas* it is the female character who initiates the conflict by speaking to Ben, in *Party Season* it is Richard who initiates contact with the woman, Alisha. Ben is provoked into the situation by the urgings of the female character, whereas Richard is provoked by his own sexual urges; both are provoked by their alcohol-driven desires and corresponding lack of rational judgment.

While there are other examples of scenes in *Leaving Las Vegas* which share marked similarities with ones in *Party Season*, the primary similarity that exists between the two screenplays is an overriding, all-encompassing narratological confluence prefigured by these extracts. Both are thus characteristic of what I termed the 'Las Vegas Road Trip Screenplay': *Leaving Las Vegas* and *Party Season* both focus predominantly upon a relationship between an alcoholic male and a sexually

promiscuous female whose ‘journey’ - both literally and figuratively - within the screenplay’s narrative comes to an end in a seedy motel room in Las Vegas. Like *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas*, *Leaving Las Vegas* is a film which I particularly enjoy, have watched it many times and which, at least indirectly, has influenced me in the writing of *Party Season*. There are numerous other screenplays I could have cited as influencing the conception and creation of *Party Season* - *Boogie Nights* (1997) written and directed by Paul Thomas Anderson, *Contempt (Le Mépris)* (1963) written and directed by Jean-Luc Godard from the novel by Alberto Moravia, *Wild at Heart* (1990) written and directed by David Lynch from the novel by Barry Gifford – but the screenplays I have chosen suffice for the intended purpose: to elicit the narratological and dialogic devices utilised in the writing of *Party Season*.

‘Both novel and film are time arts, but whereas the formative principle in the novel is time, the formative principle in the film is space. Where the novel takes its space for granted and forms its narrative in a complex of time values, the film takes its time for granted and forms its narrative in arrangements of space. Both film and novel create the illusion of psychologically distorted time and space, but neither destroys time or space. The novel renders the illusion of space by going from point to point in time; the film renders time by going from point to point in space. The novel tends to abide by, yet explore, the possibilities of psychological law; the film tends to abide by, yet explore, the possibilities of physical law.’ (Bluestone) 39

There is a reason I chose to discuss in relation to *Party Season* three films which, although adapted from prose works, very clearly offer narratives which depict their characters' transition through physical space in a manner that is central to the narrative itself. Bill in *Eyes Wide Shut*, Duke and Gonzo in *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas* and Ben and Sera in *Leaving Las Vegas* all move through physical space in a way that epitomizes their quest; for the most part time is either relatively inconsequential, indistinct or at the very least secondary to space in the construction of their narratives. It is only in *Illusions* that time is of prime concern within the narrative, and even then Alex and Milena travel to Morocco, Milena travels from Bratislava to Vienna, etc. – so space nevertheless still retains a position of significant importance.

Similarly with *Party Season* – while time is not inconsequential or insignificant in the screenplay, it is certainly somewhat indistinct and of marked inferiority to physical space in determining the events of the narrative. The fact that Richard travels from Tempest Isle to Cherubim City, then he and Delores travel up the coast, then to the Baja desert, then finally to Cino City, is intrinsic to the narrative whereas time, as such, is far less so. Of course this is not to say that the movement through physical space cannot be the principal determining action in prose: whether it is an early prose work such as Cervantes' *Don Quixote* or Swift's *Gulliver's Travels*, or a later work such as Twain's *Adventures of Huckleberry Finn* or Kerouac's *On the Road*, physical space is the key determinant of the action. However, more often than not in prose, space and time are very much united forces within the narrative – Lawrence's *Sons and Lovers* and Carroll's *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* are

good examples of this. However, this is not necessarily so with film. As Bluestone notes, 'film (usually) takes its time for granted and forms its narrative in arrangements of space'. This is indicative of much of cinema, and certainly of *Party Season*. According to Bluestone's way of looking at this, *Party Season's* narrative – at least as it stands – is both more characteristic of and better suited to film, for its determining feature is the movement of its characters through space, not time. While undoubtedly possessing certain aspects which could be called 'novelistic' or 'prose-like', it nevertheless contains the necessary attribute – the movement through and within physical space – to make it a *screenplay*, and not a literary work of some other sort.

A potential way in which I could resolve the issue of the apparent 'unfilmability' of *Party Season* might be by utilising a philosophical framework such as that of 'filming', outlined by Wilhelm S. Wurzer in his book *Filming and Judgment: Between Heidegger and Adorno*.

'Filming' as defined by Wurzer, in the glossary to his book, is indeed what emerges as centrally at stake in this thesis:

‘Name for a site of thinking in this epoch. Uncovers limited and limiting shining of metaphysical and postmodern reflection. Implosive sighting of postmodern strife.

Fissuring of imaginal “thinking”.’ 40

In the preface to his book Wurzer provides a rather more straightforward definition of the term:

‘...filming is simply the literature of the filmic text imaging the fleeting moments of a postmodern scene.’ 41

RICHARD

(wiping a small amount of blood away from one of his nostrils)

However, if one were to believe that Wurzer proposes filming as being in any way a mode of thought connected with – or providing the possibility of ascertaining – truth, one would be seriously mistaken, for he soon says,

‘Filming...deconstructs the dialectic empire in the genealogy of metaphysics. One can venture to say that it emerges in a philosophical discourse for its judgment is no longer under the spell of the

identity of reason and ground...Facing the abyss, filming manifests the sublime and vertiginous turns and twists of judgment in the postmodern scene of imagination's excessive possibilities. But as these possibilities disengage thought from the presence of being, filming, at the limit of *Ereignis*, is no longer wedded to a discourse on truth. From a metaphysical perspective, it is judgment gone astray; from the viewpoint of a new style of thought, it is judgment discerning its freedom.' 42

RICHARD sits down on the bar stool again. Pauses, drinks, looks up, and speaks to no-one in particular.

RICHARD

Wurzer's use of the term *Ereignis* alludes to two philosophical terms: *Eräugnis*, which is, 'Derived from the archaic verb *eräugnen*, "to bring to one's eyes," "to bring to light." In Heidegger's text, *Eräugnis* serves to underscore a distinctive ontological seeing of the "essence" of technology. A prefilmic naming of filming.' 43, and

Ereignisse, which is, ‘Adorno’s own naming of the aesthetic subversion within art works. Non-events of de-lighting political presence. Works of art straying toward an “appearing that does not exist” 44.

Already by this point in Wurzer’s book (pp.2-3) we encounter a multiplicity of serious problems pertaining to his mode of thought in respect to his notion of ‘filming’. In the opening sentence of the quotation I’ve just given he reveals himself to be – or at the very least reveals his affinity for – Deconstruction and Marxism; he has already revealed his affinity for Postmodernism, and further reiterates the fact in what he says. As such, he immediately indicates his position in relation to certain philosophical binaries: he is a subjectivist as opposed to an objectivist (note the lower case ‘o’), a relativist as opposed to an absolutist, a liberal as opposed to a conservative. However, what is far more disconcerting is the manner in which he discusses, and dispels the validity of, ideas which are worthy of a high degree of

respect: namely truth, reason and judgment. As a Deconstructionist, Marxist and Postmodernist (and as he later reveals, a Feminist – or at least a Feminist sympathiser), Wurzer obviously does not place much importance upon the notion of truth, but truth has always been – and indeed, cannot but always be – the paramount, all-encompassing preoccupation and overriding concern of man, both individually and collectively. Truth is the single highest universal value, ascertainable by exercising reason; reason in turn is made possible by the application of judgment.

RICHARD takes another drink and watches a woman come into the bar.

RICHARD

However, Wurzer blatantly and seemingly quite nonchalantly – in the space of twelve short lines – thoroughly dismisses all three of these concepts as if they aren't worth the paper they are written on, instead propounding his petty, ridiculous faddism through the inanities of Deconstruction, Marxism

and Postmodernism. *Party Season*, the film I'm in here, may or may not be a lot of things, but I sincerely hope that the one thing it is is truthful – not in a superficially realistic or verisimilitudinous way – but in the way in which it attempts to depict some eternal, important facets of man, of the world in which man resides and has made for himself through the often difficult, tumultuous struggle to acquire truth, exercise reason and enact judgment.

The WOMAN glances over at Richard dismissively.

RICHARD

If any further evidence is required to display Wurzer's disregard for truth, the man himself is quick to provide it. Two pages later he writes: 'There is no anticipation of being, truth, or *telos* in filming. Indeed, one could say that filming takes (*capere*) precisely the metaphysical anticipation out of thinking in anticipation of thinking's ability to be in a radically different space, an unknown luminous distance from ground.' 45

He later offers us this rather hesitant comment regarding the conditions necessary or requisite for the possible emergence of his notion of filming:

‘Insofar as *Anschauung* and *Ur-teil* mirror each other in a distinctive mimetic mode of conceiving works of art, a possibility of filming, albeit limited, arises.’ 46

Anschauung is a Kantian term which is basically equivalent to ‘intuition’; Wurzer defines *Ur-teil*, a Heideggerian term basically equivalent to ‘judgment’, as, ‘A “primal” severing (*teilen*) of imagination (*Einbildungskraft*) from the power of rationality in order to prepare for a filmic constellation of *Geist* and *Gelassenheit*’ 47.

Without touching upon either the immense deficiencies within both Kant’s and Heidegger’s philosophies, or Wurzer’s almost obsessive reliance upon his native German frame of reference, we need to see that Wurzer once again exhibits a belief in the inapplicability of truth,

reason and judgment. Can I offer you a drink
honey? Neither intuition, nor a so-called,
'severing of imagination from the power of
rationality', are in the slightest bit relevant in
regard to an intelligent, philosophical analysis of
any subject, aesthetic or otherwise. However,
Wurzer not only displays his ill-will towards the
philosophical triad of truth, reason and judgment
but, incredibly, towards philosophy itself when he
states, 'Disrupting the aesthetic-teleologic
connection of the beautiful, judging now finds
filming, a postmodern mode in which the pleasure
of imaginal opening is metaphysically without
purpose.' 48 In the space of a single sentence
Wurzer attacks both the highest of the Classical
Aristotelian philosophical categories –
metaphysics – and the lowest – aesthetics – all in
the name of propounding his absurdly ill-defined
'theory' of filming.

RICHARD watches the woman as she drapes herself over
a stool at the far end of the bar. CHARLIE polishes
glasses.

RICHARD

(taking a well thumbed copy of the book out of his jacket pocket and opening it)

This roundhouse assault continues five pages later with the statement, 'Filming contains a wide range of meanings, but for now it suffices to awaken the sense of "break down, overthrow" in order to highlight its engagement in felling down (striking down) the metaphysical edifice of reason's narrow spacings.'⁴⁹ This time it is both metaphysics and reason which are used by Wurzer as his philosophical punching bags. So as not to be accused of philosophical overkill here Charlie, I will present this bar and its assembled multitude - or is it just the three of us? - with one further quotation from Wurzer's book as a means of depicting his disregard for, not only the admirable and absolutely justifiable philosophical doctrines of truth, reason and judgment, but for his own chosen profession, discipline and domain of philosophy. It reads as follows:

'Between Heidegger and Adorno, the overman sings again; this time not in the form of another man, but an overturning, a vertigo, the maddening

tune of a different death, a dialectic dying without the ashes of a god, an unimaginable glowing, a deframing of the pale shadows of a sluggish subject, a luminous wandering beyond the familiar slums of philosophy's dark terrain.' 50

'...the familiar slums of philosophy's dark terrain.': this phrase sounds to me like the disgruntled, vitriolic words of someone who – does not disrespect philosophy – but actually dislikes it, who in fact possesses a positive disgust and hatred toward it. Yet Wurzer is Professor of Philosophy at Duquesne University - a distinguished teacher one assumes - and so therefore it must be presumed that he firmly and incontrovertibly believes in the validity and necessity of it. However, if Wurzer is merely expressing his distaste for what he himself labels, 'the death of philosophy', then it must be asked why he has willingly and eagerly adopted the ideas, concepts and discourses of the current, popular pseudo-philosophical doctrines of our age – namely Deconstruction, Neo-Marxism, Postmodernism and Feminism. I am willing to

reply that it is the result of his deep disbelief in the validity of truth, reason and judgment. The four aforementioned theories all exhibit an overt aversion and dismissive attitude towards these three concepts. However, it may also be asked in turn why I have launched in this bar my own vitriolic, seemingly embittered, assault against Wurzer's book. My reply is that I hold truth, reason and justice (the latter the result of, and the exercising of, judgment, which is in turn reliant upon the two preceding concepts of truth and reason) as the three highest virtues – the three most important universal absolutes, regardless of whether they are applied to metaphysics, epistemology, ethics, politics, aesthetics or any other philosophical category. I regard any attack against these three ideas as being an attack against all that makes mankind great and worthy of respect: human achievement, human understanding, human ability. Late twentieth century theoretical positions such as Neo-Marxism, Postmodernism and Feminism are not only wrong – for that would be understandable, if

not excusable – but they are also so insidiously evil that their proponents have used fear as a means of ensuring that such ideas have become the routine, common, automatically accepted parlance – the status quo – in most universities, schools (both primary and secondary), media sources, law courts, government agencies: in other words, in the very places where truth, reason and justice should be held in the highest regard. And perhaps in this bar too, eh Charlie? Perhaps even here. The attacks launched by pseudo-philosophical doctrines such as Neo-Marxism, Postmodernism and Feminism are attacks against the highest, greatest human values, and as such are attacks against humankind itself, launched by those who hold a disregard – nay, a hatred - for the immense possibilities within the realms of achievement and understanding that constitute the inherent potentiality of mankind.

The WOMAN is staring at Richard but he doesn't notice.

RICHARD

(Pointing vaguely to somewhere beyond the bar, out there...

His voice is slurred now, his balance questionable.)

What does this have to do with the screenplay we're all inhabiting? He wrote *Party Season* partly as a response to those factors which I regard as having an extremely negative impact upon contemporary society. What are these factors? The belief that we must abide by ancient outmoded spiritual laws in the present age. At the screenplay's end I do not decide that I must alter my hedonistic behaviour through fear of burning in eternal hellfire or of incurring the ire or wrath of a deity, but through rational materialist ethics: our actions on Earth have consequences resulting from a cause-and-effect relationship. The belief that we can not know anything absolutely, that the universe is inherently subjective ...

THE WOMAN

Dreams, hallucinations and disoriented drug-induced states are never presented as anything other than what they are in *Party Season*: the

screenplay exists in a fictional yet nevertheless
definable, knowable, objective, material universe.

RICHARD

(Momentarily surprised that she has spoken...)

The belief that ethics are not universal absolutes
but relative, subjective entities correspondent to
the subject's age, gender, intelligence, upbringing,
ethnicity, socio-political status and suchlike. I
come belatedly but eventually to realise the
immorality I have practiced, but there is going to
be little or no indication that Delores is willing to
or even capable of acknowledging the same. The
belief that notions such as intuition, instinct and
personal, emotive, subjective value judgments can
ever be preferable to rational, objectively
definable and justifiable responses. I realises by
the end that I do not love Delores merely because
I *feel* like I love her: it is lust, longing, loneliness,
infatuation, obsession – but not an inseparable
unity between two people who wish never to be
apart for any significant period of time. The belief

that the individual is in part responsible for the collective welfare of the society in which he resides. During my methamphetamine-induced diatribe I persistently refute Abbey's claims that the individual taxpayer has a moral responsibility to provide money for the health care, housing and so forth required by those who cannot afford it, so as to meet some state-imposed, artificially-constructed minimum quota for "social development". As a libertarian conservative, I know that the state forcibly taking part of an individual's income in order to redistribute it to another individual is unjust, just as the state imprisoning individuals for putting a substance into their own bodies – be it tobacco, alcohol, cannabis, cocaine, heroin, cyanide, arsenic or the lead of a bullet – is unjust).

Freedom. The irrefutable, absolute existence of human free-will. The freedom of the individual to abide by or to oppose the will of the group, the majority, the collective. No man is an island, but every man is an individual, automatically deserving of every basic, fundamental human

right and nothing more. A minority of one, who may choose to align himself, his behaviour, his attributes and his decisions to a group at his own peril. I am an unmarried middle-aged male playwright, but first and foremost I am an individual with free-will and almost limitless possibilities in regard to behaviour, actions, decisions and choices. I depart my home on Tempest Isle for Delores and Abbey's apartment in Cherubim City, I ingest a large amount of intoxicating substances, I engage in various sexual activities with many women, I depart Cino City for my home on Tempest Isle, not because I *must* – not because it's written (in the stars?) or because a deity has told me to or because it's my destiny or fate – but because I made the decision to enact these choices, based not upon chance, or coincidence, or circumstance, but upon individual, independent cerebral activity: rational or otherwise, moral or otherwise, right or wrong. It is one thing – the rejection of wrong choices which eventually leads to making the right one – which I

believe is fundamental. The individual object,
alone in the universe...

CHARLIE

(under his breath)

Alone in this bar in a minute.

RICHARD

... is paramount. All else is secondary to this.

While I intentionally did not write *Party Season* specifically as a genre piece – it isn't a crime film, nor a psychosexual thriller; it is certainly not a romance film, nor is it even a stoner comedy – I am nevertheless interested in attempting to position it within a rough generic framework for the dual purposes of clarification and classification. Linda Williams, a renowned Freudian feminist film scholar, might appear a provocative choice at this point, given what Richard has just been saying. However, a passage from her article 'Film Bodies: Gender, Genre and Excess' – encountered in excerpted form in *The Oxford Guide to Film Studies* - struck me as providing the possibility of hazarding an answer in regard to *Party Season*'s generic tendencies. She writes, 'In...(an) extended sense melodrama can encompass a broad range of films marked by 'lapses' in realism, by 'excesses' of spectacle and displays of primal, even infantile, emotions, and by narratives that seem circular and

repetitive' 51. While Richard's interjection in this essay may fit with this, it would take a bolder man than myself to claim that *Party Season* as a whole is anything more than circumspectly melodramatic: however, *Party Season* does contain such features of the genre as detailed by Williams - 'lapses' in realism (Richard, Delores' and Abbey's absurdly excessive, in-reality-more-than-likely-fatal drug binge, or Richard's rather perverted, sadomasochistic dream); 'excesses' of spectacle (Tony's drug-fuelled, sex-soaked party, or the climactic tableau involving Delores performing oral sex upon a black drug dealer/pimp who smokes crack cocaine while various items of drug paraphernalia and a small-calibre handgun are placed upon a nearby table); primal and infantile emotions (Richard fighting the black man in the Taverna el Tempest, or his feeling like he is an infant child while under the influence of an enormous cocktail of substances, or indeed his and Delores' final climactic argument in the Cino City motel room, which rapidly descends from semi-rationality to an unallayed explosion of expletives) - and a narrative which seems circular and repetitive (there occur continually repeated scenes of excessive alcohol and drug consumption, various forms of sexual activity, travel to and from several locations and the consumption of a number of different forms of media).

However, this excerpted passage from Williams concludes with the following, apparently rather hesitant (note the triadic use of 'seems') proposition that,

'In the body genres I am isolating here, however, it seems to be the case that the success of these genres is often measured by the degree to which the audience sensation mimics what is seen on the screen. Whether this mimicry is exact, e.g.

whether the spectator at the porn film actually orgasms, whether the spectator at the horror film actually shudders in fear, whether the spectator of the melodrama actually dissolves in tears, the success of these genres seems a self-evident matter of measuring bodily response. What seems to bracket these particular genres from others is an apparent lack of proper aesthetic distance, a sense of over-involvement in sensation and emotion. We feel manipulated by these texts...’ 52

I would be extremely surprised if anyone were to weep, shudder in fear or experience an orgasm as a result of either reading *Party Season* as a screenplay or, perhaps more importantly, watching a film based – however loosely – upon it. Potentially sorrowful moments occur, but they are countered by the characters’ secular species of *hubris* (which is nevertheless still subject to roughly corresponding reasons which determine why only an emotionally unbalanced person might actually cry during a performance of Aeschylus or Euripides, Shakespeare or Kyd, O’Neill or Williams, i.e. the utilisation of aesthetic distancing – minimally less than Brecht (or indeed, Bresson on film) – but regardless sufficient to retain artistic integrity through principal appeal to the intellect, not the emotions), coupled with the monumental failings evident within the character’s personalities. Richard is no more a naïve, bumbling old fool than Delores is an innocent, virginal (or even pure intentioned yet misguided) young woman. There are possibly moments which may provoke the merest hint of terror, horror or fear, just as there are moments which may be minimally erotic or sexually arousing, but neither of these emotional responses plays a major role. *Party Season* is no more a horror or porn film than it is a

melodrama. The depiction of sexual acts does not constitute a porn film unless said depiction is the sole or predominant feature of the film; the depiction of horrific or terrifying acts does not constitute a horror film unless they are the principal *raison d'être* of the film itself; the depiction of sorrowful acts does not constitute a melodrama unless they are its fundamentally determining feature.

Williams is, helpfully, a semiotician as well: it is her table outlining 'An Anatomy of Film Bodies' which I regard as being of greatest interest to a final explanatory and reflexive move here. The 'body genres' of pornography, horror and melodrama are defined by Williams. By way of example: the bodily excess depicted in pornography is sex (depicted in *Party Season*) while ecstasy is shown by 'ecstatic' sex, orgasms and ejaculation (which feature as brief, relatively understated moments in this screenplay). The predominant audience of pornography is men (which I presume would be the case were *Party Season* ever to be produced, although certainly not to the same, essentially exclusive, extent as pornography). Its perversion is sadism (not an overt feature of *Party Season*), while its fantasy is seduction (a definite feature of the screenplay).

The bodily excess of horror is violence (a relatively minimal aspect of *Party Season*); ecstasy is shown by ecstatic violence, shudders and blood (once again, minimal); its alleged audience is predominantly adolescent boys (who may wish to see a produced version of *Party Season*, but granted that it would probably receive an R18 certificate, wouldn't be able to get in anyway); its perversion is sadomasochism (minimal); its fantasy is castration (nonexistent in a literal sense, arguably present in a metaphorical one).

The form of bodily excess depicted by melodrama is emotion (obviously existing in *Party Season*) while its ecstasy is ecstatic woe - ecstatic woe clearly constituting an irreconcilable paradox – sobs and tears; its audience is women (probably not the implied audience of *Party Season* in the same sense); its perversion is masochism (some significant degree of presence in my screenplay) while its fantasy is the rather obscure ‘origin’ (I presume this means something akin to an involuntarily acquired or afflicted state of some description, which does not seem particularly present in *Party Season*).

What does all this mean? Well, for starters the triadic lineage formed by the component features represented by the term ‘ecstasy’ are clearly meant to construct a chain of signifiers produced or signified by the dominant features of these three genres. Firstly the emotion created in the audience – the signifier, what the particular response is called – then the physical effect created – the signified, what the response actually is – and thirdly the bodily excretion as a result of this response – the sign itself.

Perhaps Georges Bataille takes us further. His credentials certainly stack up: he was in large part concerned with ‘material baseness’, which he claimed is revealed through aspects of human existence such as sacrifice (Richard must sacrifice Delores for the sake of his moral code), loss (thus he loses her, and what he foolishly thought was the possibility of love or companionship and affection, or at the very least an end to his loneliness), chance (if Richard had not had the dream that he did, and subsequently awoke and located the address of the drug dealer pimp in Delores’ handbag, events would surely have been different) and the erotic (in Richard’s eyes,

Delores – and to a lesser but nevertheless significant, extent Abbey, epitomise the erotic: young, beautiful, single and sexually uninhibited). The dual ‘themes’, or abiding concerns, in his work were horror and obscenity – while I have intentionally lessened the degree of overt horror in this particular screenplay, just as I have lessened the amount of criminal activity other than drug use (both of which have been prominent features of much of the writing I have produced in the last five years or so) – obscenity – that which is ‘offensive or outrageous to accepted standards of decency or modesty’⁵³ – plays a more important role.

In response to Kojève’s reading of Hegel, Bataille asserted the importance of human recognition of the inevitability of death. As Bataille well knew, *jouissance*, ‘pleasure’, is intimately connected with death: for Richard in *Party Season*, his pleasure – orgasmic and otherwise – consists of this same morbid connection. He sleeps with girls less than half his age; he begins experiencing difficulty in doing so because of the amount of alcohol and drugs he consumes; he finds the prospect of erectile dysfunction medication increasingly attractive; he smokes more and more cigarettes through a lack of anything else to do. Why is this? Because when he forsook the two most important human goals – achievement and love – this effectively spelt the end of his productive life. He gave up on his career through becoming disenchanted with his work and believing that he possessed no talent; he gave up on love through divorcing his wife Kristy and thinking that he could love a twenty-two year old drug-addicted stripper. *Party Season* conveys the desperation induced by a sense of futility, of regret, and of seemingly unbroachable loneliness and despair.

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THE SCREENPLAY

PARTY SEASON

A FEATURE LENGTH SCREENPLAY

BY

BARRETT JAMES SHEPHERD

TITLE SCREEN: 'PARTY SEASON'

The title screen, and the credits which follow it, are in bold canary yellow faux-retro/kitsch Seventies font.

CUT TO

CREDIT SEQUENCE

EXT. OCEAN - AFTERNOON

We travel rapidly over the deep aqua-blue ocean - hovering just above flicks of spume thrown up by the current, interspersed by glints of harsh white sunlight reflected off its surface. Birds trace arcs across the sky (which is a shade or two lighter than the sea), occasionally becoming invisible when they cross one of the few clouds that dot the vista: transversing their lazy voyage across the sun drenched summer sky. A few small boats bob incessantly upon the current, and a single large cruise ship moves with a seemingly graceful lack of hast - reflecting the sunlight off its many windows and gleaming exterior with an almost blinding intensity.

Low-lying land soon becomes visible; an island by all appearances. We continue our rapid, unwavering progress straight for its centre. Both an immense array of colourful vegetation and a moderate sized community perched along its shore come into view - we are heading toward a harbour town. The closer we get to land the more birds and boats appear in the sky and on the sea and the more forceful becomes the current, created both by the natural movement of the tide and the unnatural movement of hundreds of boat's wakes. We enter the confines of the harbour, where countless people are engaged in an array of marine activities - fishing, swimming, jet skiing, or simply having their lunches or sunbathing aboard their boats.

We reach the end of the harbour, follow the diagonal slope of a crustacean-covered boat launching ramp and

continue to travel across a quay bustling with people, then up a busy shopping boulevard. The populace of this community - both locals and tourists alike - are out enjoying the sunny summer weather: the street is crowded with slowly moving cars and considerably quicker bicycles, the pavement a deluge of pedestrians and tables outside cafes and restaurants, surrounded by diners. We possess the luxury of avoiding this traffic by traveling up the centre line of the street, so that shortly we have intersected the primary shopping district and reached a lush, quieter suburban area - the street now populated solely by a few people jogging, walking their dogs or the occasional tourist who has lost their way while attempting to locate the town proper. As we progress up the tree-lined street it becomes increasingly steeper: eventually it takes a sharp turn to the left, yet we do not follow it but instead continue straight ahead, up a stone-and-seashell driveway to a small, single storey cream coloured house surrounded by an assortment of trees and shrubs. After crossing the lawn, upon which a few tropical fruit trees are interspersed with a brick barbeque pit and a dilapidated park bench, we ascend the steps to the house's balcony and stop, for the first time on our voyage thus far, before a man sitting at a circular glass table.

The man's name is **RICHARD COSTANOS**. He is forty two years of age. A grey-and-black speckled hemisphere of hair covers the back of his head. An open neck mauve shirt only just manages to conceal his large (but not obscenely so) stomach, but not the tufts of chest hair desperately seeking to escape its confines. He is wearing a pair of raggedy blue jeans and no footwear. His face contains what could comfortably be called a bit more than a five o'clock shadow. Before him on the table is a black laptop computer which he types upon for a brief moment, then proceeds to just stare at and apparently ponder what is on its screen. To the left of the computer is a half-drunk glass of gin and tonic, the ice rapidly melting in the heat; to the computer's right is a glass ashtray containing a three-quarter's smoked cigar, the smoke expelled from its end forming little spirals carried off toward the garden by the offshore breeze. **RICHARD** rubs his eyes, gulps back the rest of his drink in a single swallow, picks up the cigar from the ashtray, pops it

between his lips, places his head horizontally against the back of the chair and exhales a mouthful of smoke.

Somewhere inside his house a telephone rings.

Leaving the cigar in his mouth, **RICHARD** falteringly stands up; we follow him inside, through an open ranch slider door. He walks across a living area - the wooden floor covered in banana sack matting, the walls lined with bookshelves and couches, a fan whirring away on the ceiling above. Adjoining the living area is a diminutive but tidy kitchen: on the kitchen bench is a black cordless telephone which **RICHARD** picks up and answers. When speaking he removes the cigar from his mouth; when listening he takes a puff or two.

RICHARD

Hello, Richard here...Delores,
Jesus, hi, how the hell are yah
sexy...good, good, what yah been
up to for the past, oh god, what,
nearly five years it must be
now...yeah, yeah, don't I know
it, same shit different day as
they say...me, well, been up to
sweet fuck all really, still
tappin' away at the goddamn
typewriter for a livin'...nah,
not in a while, still, forever
live in hope, y'know...hah hah,
don't I know it baby...god yes, I
could do with a fuckin' holiday,
get off this godforsaken hellhole
of an island for a change...yeah,
I know, but what'cha gonna do...
right...fuck, that sounds like a
brilliant idea...hell yes...OK...
I'll sort all the shit out and
see yah sometime tomorrow I
guess... yeah, can't wait...OK,
cool... right...later
honey...bye...

RICHARD hangs up the phone and pops the cigar back into his mouth, a smile visible upon his face. We follow him back outside to the table where he sits down but does not

resume typing. Instead he stares out at the ocean, visible from his balcony, taking occasional puffs from his cigar. We concentrate solely upon his face during the following sequence.

(voice over)

...it was one of those lemonade days, the sun beating down mercilessly from the sky, the sound of the breaking waves just audible over the sound of people shouting and laughing in the town below, and the last thing I expected was a phone call from a woman I hadn't seen in nigh on five years. But of course, that is often how such things occur. Her name is Dolores, from the Spanish for the Virgin Mary, 'Santa Maria de los Dolores', Our Lady of Sorrows. I always thought that was a rather appropriate name for her: a junkie father she never knew, an alkie mother she knew only too well, a succession of stepfathers who would either beat her or fuck her. I met her at rehearsals for a revised, modernised version of La Ronde I wrote, in which penetrative sex occurs on stage as opposed to the curtain downs of the original. At this time she still had hopes of becoming a real actress, not a bit player in various skuzzy porn flicks which had constituted her previous acting activity. Nevertheless this experience put her in good stead for the role she played in La Ronde, a prostitute who performs fallatio on a soldier by the banks of Vienna's Lobau River - the play's uroboros, in a manner of speaking. I fell in love with her at once. Her hair, her eyes, her

legs: her lips, hips, tits and
arse. She was perfect. An
absolute goddess...and I was
about to meet her again. It was
time to celebrate...

RICHARD, standing in his kitchen, pours himself a shot of Absolut vodka, downs it, pours himself another shot and downs that one as well. He then walks over to a davenport in the living area, opens the top drawer and pulls out a box of cigars. He removes the silver foil from off one of them, then procures a cigar clipper from the same drawer, clips the end and - slowly twisting the cigar in a clockwise motion - lights it with a gold Zippo lighter. Cigar in mouth, he walks into his bathroom, turns on the hot tap, puts in the plug and removes a razor, shaving cream and Cologne from a mirrored medicine cabinet. Cigar still in mouth, occasional puffs of smoke emitted from his nostrils, **RICHARD** shaves while humming 'Girl from Ipanema'. After he finishes shaving, removes the remaining shaving cream from his face and applies Cologne, he pulls off his shirt and jeans and throws them into a wicker laundry hamper in the corner of the bathroom. Wearing only scarlet boxer shorts he walks out of the bathroom, through the living area and into his bedroom. The room, which is small but not overly so, is occupied primarily by a double bed, a desk covered in books and piles of papers, a chest of drawers and a bookcase. **RICHARD** sprays on deodorant from a can off of the chest of drawers, then removes from the same drawers a red and white Hawaiian shirt, white trousers and a pair of white sport socks. He removes the cigar from his mouth, places it in a ceramic ashtray secreted amongst the papers and books on his desk and gets dressed. Once this is complete he grabs a bottle of Wild Turkey bourbon from off his bedside table, unscrews the cap, takes a large gulp, screws the cap back on and places it upon the table; he then grabs an extremely worn-looking straw full-brimmed hat from off the bedside table and places it upon his head.

(voice over)

...before I could begin
celebrating properly however,
there was some business I had to
transact.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - LATE AFTERNOON

RICHARD, obviously feeling the effects of the alcohol judging by his misshapen smile and glassy eyes, wanders leisurely, slightly unsteadily, down the shady, pleasant street we traveled in the opposite direction along during the credit sequence. The sun shining through the poplar trees dapple his face as he ambles along, watching the afternoon activity of traffic - both foot and vehicular - and the homes which line his route. He takes a drag on his cigar and allows the smoke to pour out of his mouth unimpeded, carried along by the afternoon breeze.

EXT. URBAN STREET - LATE AFTERNOON

RICHARD approaches the door of **TEMPEST ISLE TRAVEL**: he takes a final drag on his cigar, throws it to the pavement with an accompanying shower of sparks and pushes the door before correcting his error by pulling it open. Upon entering the business he looks about momentarily, then walks over to an available desk. Behind the desk sits a black-haired woman in her late thirties who wears a white blouse and navy blue jacket with a name badge which reads '**MANDY**'. **MANDY** smiles at him as he approaches.

MANDY

Hello sir, what can I do for you today?

RICHARD sits down upon one of the two proffered chairs and looks at **MANDY'S** name badge just long enough for her not to think that he is looking at her breast.

RICHARD

Hello...Mandy. I wish to purchase a single one-way ticket for the first available flight to Cherubim City tomorrow morning.

MANDY

Certainly sir. I'll just have a look at what time the first flight departs.

RICHARD

Okey doke.

MANDY proceeds to type things into a computer slightly to her right, while **RICHARD** looks around in a somewhat dazed, drunken manner.

MANDY

The first flight departing from Tempest Isle Airport to Cherubim City Airport leaves at five minutes past six tomorrow morning. Is that OK sir?

RICHARD

Jeepers, that'll be an early start ...yes, that's fine thanks Mandy.

MANDY

(proceeding further typing at her computer)
Would you like that ticket business or economy class?

RICHARD

(with a wry smile)
Better make it economy, it's been a slow year.

MANDY

(after further typing)
Will you be paying by cash, EFTPOS or credit card sir?

RICHARD

Credit card please.

MANDY

(more typing)

Certainly...that will be two hundred and seventy eight dollars ninety thank you. If you would just like to follow me I can arrange the payment and ticket.

RICHARD

Sure thing.

RICHARD follows **MANDY** over to a desk which has a sign reading '**PAYMENT/TICKETING**' on it. He passes her his credit card, she enters the details into the computer and then, from a drawer beneath the desk, procures a single ticket. She shows **RICHARD** the ticket so that he is aware that it is the right one - he gives a small nod to the affirmative - before she slips it into a blue envelope. **MANDY** hands **RICHARD** both his credit card and ticket.

MANDY

Thank you very much sir, I hope you enjoy your flight tomorrow. Just to remind you, it departs at 6:05 am and should arrive at Cherubim City Airport at approximately 9:57 am. Check in time is an hour before the flight is due to depart. Have a nice rest of your day sir.

RICHARD

Thank you very much Mandy, it was a pleasure doing business with you.

RICHARD checks that he has both his wallet with his credit card and his ticket before he walks across the travel agency floor and out of the door.

EXT. URBAN STREET - LATE AFTERNOON

RICHARD ambles along a busy but not crowded shopping street, obviously in no hurry to go anywhere or do anything in particular. Eventually he arrives at the

TAVERNA EL TEMPEST, a tiny narrow bar reminiscent of a hole-in-the-wall Mexican cantina straight out of 'Under the Volcano' or the penultimate chapter of 'On the Road'. **RICHARD** enters the bar, within which two other customers are seated: one, a rather unkempt middle-aged man sitting at the bar talking to the bartender; the other, an even more unkempt elderly man at a table at the back. **RICHARD** immediately sits upon a wooden barstool beside the middle-aged man, beneath a leisurely-whirring ceiling fan.

RICHARD

(acknowledging the man beside him)
Afternoon Joe...

(acknowledging the bartender)
...afternoon Charlie.

BOTH MEN

(in unison)
Afternoon Richard.

RICHARD

How's the boat trade treatin' yah Joe?

JOE

Fair tah middlin', I'd have tah say Dick.

RICHARD

How 'bout the booze trade Charlie?

CHARLIE

Steady Dick, steady. Now what can I do yah for?

RICHARD

A gin and tonic sounds bloody nice right now Charles.

CHARLIE

Comin' right up Dick.

JOE turns toward **RICHARD** in a slow, obviously intoxicated manner.

JOE

What'cha bin up'tah Dick?

RICHARD

Same old shit Joe, fuck all.
Still tryin' tah hammer out this
goddamn play I'm writin',
y'know...I'm feelin' the push a
bit too, 'cause I still haven't
sold that last one I wrote
either.

JOE

(with a small nod of his head)
I know what'cha mean mate, sounds
a bit like the boat business
right now. When yah strapped for
cash no bastard's interested, and
when yah flush ev'ry Tom, Dick
and Harry wants a look see.

RICHARD

(with an appreciative smile)
Don't I know it Joe, don't I know
it.

CHARLIE

(placing the drink on to a napkin
on the bar top)
One G & T, on the rocks.

RICHARD

(motioning toward his trouser
pocket)
Pay now?

CHARLIE

(holding his hand up)

Later Dick, no hurry, when yah ready mate.

RICHARD

Cheers Charlie...by the way, I'll grab one of yah finest Cubans mate, make it a Cohiba Corona.

CHARLIE

Sure thing...what's the occasion?

RICHARD

Goin' tah Cherubim City tomorrow for a well deserved holiday...did I ever mention a girl by the name of Dolores to you guys?

JOE

Dolores...young broad who was in that play you wrote? Fantastic tits, arse yah could fuckin' fry eggs on?

RICHARD

She's the one mate...I'm stayin' with her for a while.

JOE

Lucky bastard...I haven't got my pole wet for a fuckin' year's worth a blue moons.

CHARLIE

(wiping down the bar top before setting the cigar down on it)
Here's yah puff mate.

RICHARD

Cheers Charlie.

RICHARD proceeds to light the cigar.

JOE

So...yah hittin' the turps tonight tah celebrate mate?

RICHARD

(after exhaling a mouthful of
smoke)
Damn straight mate, damn
straight... my shout by the way.

JOE

You're a bloody good bastard
Dick, no doubt about it.

RICHARD

Same to you Joe, twice over.
Cheers, by the way.

JOE

Cheers Richard.

The two men tap their glasses together.

RICHARD

Same to you, by the way
Charlie...best bloody barkeep on
Tempest Isle, hands down, no
fuckin' doubt about it.

CHARLIE

Thanks Dick...cheers.

RICHARD

Why not have a drink on me,
Charles me boy, and get one for
Joe too?

CHARLIE

Guess a light beer wouldn't hurt
right now...need something to
keep this heat away.

RICHARD

You're goddamn right Charlie,
you're goddamn right...have two,
they're on me. While yah at it
Charles, be a good man and pour
me another G & T.

CHARLIE

At your service Dick.

While **CHARLIE** pours the drinks both **RICHARD** and **JOE** down the remaining quantities of theirs.

RICHARD

(motioning with his head toward the back of the bar)
Who's that joker at the back Charlie?

CHARLIE

Him? That's old Stewart Taylor, used to run a shrimping boat out from these ways 'til he did his leg in...he's a down-and-out rummy from way back.

RICHARD

How come I never seen him in here before?

CHARLIE

Don't think he gets out much...more of a stay at home with a bottle of brandy type a guy. He pops in here ev'ry once in a while for a tippie.

RICHARD

(calling out to **STEWART**)
Hey, old timer, how's a Chevis Regal strike yah? It's on me.

STEWART, an unshaven disheveled man of about seventy wearing an old grey jacket and a pair of grease stained blue pants, hobbles toward the bar.

STEWART

Thank you very much sir, thank you very much.

RICHARD

No problem partner, think nothin' of it...bit a gyp with the old leg aye?

STEWART

Yah right there sonny...happened in rough seas out by Mariner's Rock 'bout thirty odd years ago. A freak storm suddenly rolled in off the horizon...my boat was lashed by gale force winds and a sudden surge sent it nearly topside. I went flying across deck and caught me leg in the gaff...only just managed tah make it back tah land safely. Never been out on the seas since that day.

CHARLIE

(placing the drinks on to the bar top)

One G & T, one bourbon and coke and one Chivas Regal.

RICHARD

(looking at **STEWART**)

Jesus, that's quite a story...get the old man a beer as well Charlie.

CHARLIE

Comin' right up.

JOE

(with a mischievous smile)
So, yah gonna bring yah baby back 'ere tah give us a look at 'er?

RICHARD

Are you fuckin' kiddin' me mate? Bring her here to let you jokers ogle her and touch her arse and tell all yah dirty stories to her? If I did that I'd need my fuckin' head examined, I would.

JOE

Come on Dick, don't be a hold out.

RICHARD

Get yah own fuckin' bird Joe... anyway, who's the fuckin' hold out? If I'm not mistaken, you're the one drinkin' away my hard earned cash at this present point in time.

JOE

Yah got me there mate.

RICHARD

(with a smile)

Don't sweat it Joe, buy me a drink some time.

JOE

Will do, Dick me old boy...chin fuckin' chin aye.

RICHARD

Salut...

The two men clink their glasses together before downing the remaining quantities in a single swallow.

...well, that's me...I'm off.

JOE

What, already? Happy hour's only just started mate. What kind a fuckin' fairy are yah?

RICHARD

Hold yah horses soldier, I'm only going tah get a bite to eat. I'll be back here tah hold yah hand shortly, make sure yah don't get in tah any mischief. Yah should try havin' a meal yourself sometime, it might give yah a bit

a drinkin' stamina, stop yah from
endin' up underneath the table
each and ev'ry time we hit the
bottle. Anyway, see you soon you
bastards.

JOE

Later Dick.

CHARLIE

Bye Dick.

STEWART, whose head is slumped down on the bar,
momentarily raises it in apparent confusion before
slumping it back down again.

EXT. RESTAURANT - EVENING

RICHARD, still smoking his Cuban cigar and wearing his
straw hat, sits at a pavement table outside a restaurant
called **CUISINE CALIBAN**, perusing the menu while sipping
at a glass of beer. Shortly an attractive blonde-haired
waitress in her early twenties wearing a black tight-
fitting top, black skirt and white high-heels approaches
him.

WAITRESS

Are you ready to order now sir?

RICHARD

I am indeed...I'll have the baked
salmon with char-grilled
vegetables and a bottle of your
best Pinot Noir thanks.

WAITRESS

Certainly sir, it shouldn't be
too far away.

RICHARD

Cheers.

RICHARD watches her as she walks away.

INT. TAVERNA EL TEMPEST - EVENING

RICHARD saunters over to the bar where **JOE** is still on the same seat, still drinking bourbon and coke, **STEWART** still has his head slumped upon the bar top and **CHARLIE** is behind the bar mixing drinks. By this time however, there are another dozen or so patrons in the bar, mainly men but a couple of women as well. The bar is smokier, the voices of the clientele louder and the music - Stan Getz and the Oscar Peterson Trio - has been turned up a touch louder to compensate.

RICHARD

(sarcastically)

Well look at you cheerful bastards.

JOE

(obviously intoxicated)

Richard, how's it mate?

RICHARD

Not bad Joe, situation sure hasn't worsened since the last time I saw you.

JOE

How was yah meal?

RICHARD

Not bad at all thanks mate...lovely bit ah fish, exquisite bottle ah red, all brought tah me by a young thing with a body that defied belief.

CHARLIE

(leaning over the bar top)

What'll it be Dick?

RICHARD

Wouldn't say no to a whiskey sour right now Charlie, if yah got the time.

CHARLIE

For you Dick, always...another
cigar mate?

RICHARD

Nah, had enough a fuckin' cigars
for one day...gimme a pack a
fags, make 'em Camels.

CHARLIE

Comin' right up.

RICHARD looks around the bar as he waits for his drink
and cigarettes.

RICHARD

Jesus Christ, who's the porker in
the red dress?

RICHARD motions with his head toward a rather overweight
lady standing near the back corner of the bar.

JOE

(after looking around)
Dunno, but if yah went home with
'er yah wouldn't know 'er fun
tunnel from 'er flab flaps.

RICHARD

You'd be fuckin' her belly button
before yah realised it wasn't her
arsehole.

The two men laugh.

CHARLIE

(placing the items onto the bar
top)
One whiskey sour, one packet of
Camels.

RICHARD

Cheers Charlie...get Joe here
another bourbon.

RICHARD once more scans the bar.

RICHARD

You seen that black bitch
standing out near the street?

JOE cranes his head to have a look.

JOE

Fuckin' 'ell, she's got an arse
and a half on 'er.

RICHARD

It's been a long while since I
had some black booty and pink
pussy... I'll give yah a twenty
if yah convince her to get her
titties out.

JOE

Keep on buyin' me bourbons and I
might just do that...if we're
lucky she might be up on the bar
givin' us a striptease before the
night is out.

RICHARD

Wouldn't say no to a lap dance
from her either...could do a lot
worse than have that arse rubbin'
up 'gainst yah cock.

JOE

Ain't that the goddamn truth.

RICHARD removes one of the cigarettes from the packet,
lights it and exhales the smoke up toward the ceiling. He
then sculls back the rest of his drink and turns toward
JOE.

RICHARD

I'm gonna go fuckin' talk tah
that gollywog chick.

JOE

Jesus mate, she's got a fuckin'
guy with 'er.

RICHARD

That anemic lookin' motherfucker, he ain't gonna do shit...anyway, all I'm doin' is invitin' her to the bar for a drink. Innocent enough, ain't it?

JOE

The cunt might have a fuckin' knife on him or somethin', yah never know with fuckin' niggers what they're gonna do.

RICHARD

A knife, what the fuck? Well if he does, I'll stab him in the eye with my swizzle stick...while I'm gone, go talk tah Miss Piggy over there, ask if she wants yah tah buy her a drink, it's on me.

JOE

Why the fuck do I end up with that blimp while you get the sexy black bitch?

RICHARD

'Cause I'm buyin' the drinks... anyway, she ain't that bad, she's got tits like fuckin' missile silos. Just go and offer her a fuckin' drink why don't you, and stop bein' a fuckin' little pansy.

JOE has nothing to say in response to this comment.

RICHARD hops up off the barstool, slightly unsteadily, and walks over toward the entrance to the bar where the woman is standing.

RICHARD

Hello, I couldn't help noticing you from over there. Would you

care to join my friend and I for
a drink at the bar?

WOMAN

Well, I'm with my boyfriend at
the moment.

RICHARD

That's a shame...what's your
name, by the way?

WOMAN

Alisha.

RICHARD

Alisha, that's an extremely
attractive name indeed.

At this point the **WOMAN'S BOYFRIEND** becomes aware of
RICHARD'S attentions.

BOYFRIEND

Who the fuck you think you are
motherfucker?

RICHARD

Well, my name's Richard, Dick to
my friends, and I was simply
asking your girlfriend if she
would care to join my friend and
I for a drink at the bar...you're
invited too of course.

BOYFRIEND

You goddamn right you're a dick,
tryin' tah hit on my
woman...she's mine motherfucker,
get your drunk white arse away
from her.

RICHARD

Whoa whoa whoa cowboy, don't you
talk to me like that. In case you
weren't aware slavery's finished,
you don't fuckin' own her...

BOYFRIEND

What the fuck you sayin' 'bout
slavery, you bitch arse KKK
motherfucker?

RICHARD

Now you listen here sambo...

Immediately the **BOYFRIEND** takes a swing at **RICHARD**, connecting with his nose. The impact makes **RICHARD** stumble backwards but he does not fall over. Just before the **BOYFRIEND** has time to take another punch **CHARLIE** moves between the two men.

CHARLIE

Hey, what the hell is going on
here?

BOYFRIEND

This racist motherfucker tried to
steal my girlfriend 'way from me,
that's what.

RICHARD

(wiping a small amount of blood
away from one of his nostrils)
Bullshit cocksucker, all I did
was offer to buy the woman a
drink and he starts gettin' in my
face, wantin' tah fight me...I
didn't do shit.

CHARLIE

Well, if you two don't leave each
other alone right this second I'm
gonna have to ask you both to
leave these premises, is that
understood?

The two men rather reluctantly nod in agreement.

CHARLIE

OK...good. Jesus Christ Dick, did
yah have tah go pickin' a fight
with the likes a him?

RICHARD and **CHARLIE** begin to walk back toward the bar.

RICHARD

I didn't intend to engage in fisticuffs with the cunt, the fag's a fuckin' loose cannon.

CHARLIE

Yeah, well, just have a drink, clean yourself up a bit and cool off for a while...anyway, Joe had a bit a luck with that chubby chick in the red dress.

RICHARD sits down on the barstool beside **JOE**, the other side of whom sits the woman in question who has occupied the barstool vacated by the MIA **STEWART**.

JOE

Jesus Dick, yah didn't even get a punch in yah fuckin' fruit...this is Delia by the way.

RICHARD

(somewhat morosely)
Hi Delia, I'm Richard.

DELIA

Hi Richard...what were you fighting that guy over?

RICHARD

All I did was ask his girlfriend if she'd like a drink.

DELIA

You're playin' with fire at bit there, aren't yah?

RICHARD

Yeah, maybe...still. Anyway, fuck it, I need a drink. Charlie, bottle of tequila, lemon, salt

and four shot glasses, *mucho pronto*.

CHARLIE

Jose Cuévo OK Dick?

RICHARD

Sure thing, my man.

JOE

(smiling)

So...did you achieve your objective Dick?

RICHARD

(in a mock serious tone)
Fuck you faggot.

JOE

Hey, I ain't the one who hasn't scored any pussy yet.

RICHARD

(after checking that **DELIA** isn't listening)
You ain't got any muff yet mate, I could always tell her you're married.

JOE

Fuck you cunt, you'd better not.

RICHARD

Don't sweat it Joseph, I'm not that much of a bastard.

CHARLIE

(placing the items onto the bar top)
One bottle of Jose Cuévo, one dish of lemon, one dish of salt and four shot glasses.

RICHARD

Cheers Charlie, you'll join us
for a few won't you?

CHARLIE

I guess I could partake in a
round or two...want me to pour
them Dick?

RICHARD

Nah, don't worry 'bout it
Charlie, I'll do the
honours...it'll be a change for
somebody to pour you a drink for
once...

RICHARD pours out four shots of tequila. Then he, **JOE**,
DELIA and **CHARLIE** each lick between their thumb and
forefinger, apply some salt and grab a lemon rind.

...ready everyone?

They all lick the salt on their hands.

One...two...three...down...

After drinking their shot and slamming down their shot
glasses they suck on the lemon and make a slightly
disgusted looking face.

...again?

They repeat the same procedure.

...by the way, whatever happened
to what's his face...skid row
Stew?

JOE

Fuck knows, prob'ly went to sleep
on a park bench somewhere.

RICHARD

Maybe he's coma'd out on the
toilet floor.

CHARLIE

He wandered off about half an hour ago or so, mumbling some unintelligible rubbish...he lives not far from here, thank Christ.

RICHARD

For a while there I thought he was gonna crawl up on to the bar and go to sleep for the night.

JOE

(turning toward **DELIA**)
You ever poured a tequila shot out of your titties?

DELIA

What?

JOE

Can you hold the shot glass between your tits and pour it in to my mouth?

DELIA

No...don't be so dirty.

JOE

But you're a dirty girl.

DELIA

Hah, that's a laugh...fuckin' pot callin' the kettle black...you're the dirtiest motherfucker I ever met.

JOE

That's the reason you were attracted to me in the first place.

DELIA

I'm not attracted to you, I find you repulsive...the only reason I

agreed to have a drink with you in the first place was for the free booze.

JOE

What the fuck bitch? I know you want a good, hard fuckin' and I'm the man to do it.

DELIA

You're a joke, that's what you are...I bet you can't even get it up.

JOE

Should we go back to my place and find out just how wrong you are?

RICHARD leans over and interjects their conversation.

RICHARD

Mightn't your wife have an objection or two about that idea Joe?

DELIA

(to **JOE**)

You have a wife?

JOE

Yeah, but she'll be asleep...anyway, we can fuck in the guest bedroom.

DELIA

I wouldn't fuck you if you paid me.

JOE

Isn't that usually how people arrange to fuck you?

JOE and **RICHARD** burst into laughter while **CHARLIE** tries his hardest not to.

DELIA

Fuck you faggot, you ugly fuckin' pervert...I'm leavin'.

DELIA stands up and begins to walk away.

JOE

Good, you're a fat ugly cow and your tits look like two deflated beach balls...(to **RICHARD**)...Jesus, if her snatch smells anything like her breath I wouldn't want to go down their without a gasmask anyway.

RICHARD and **JOE** laugh before **RICHARD** pours two tequila shots and the men swallow them back, sans salt or lemon.

RICHARD

(patting **JOE** on the back)
Don't worry mate, eventually another fat slut will come along who'll be willin' to pour tequila into yah mouth from her cleavage.

JOE

Why the fuck did yah have tah tell 'er I'm married? Yah specifically said that yah wouldn't, cunt.

RICHARD

It wasn't like yah were actually gonna take her home anyway, was it?

JOE

Yeah, but ah could'a got 'er tah give mah firehose a cleanin' out the back, y'know.

RICHARD

There was no way that bitch was gonna go down on yah, she had too

much class tah stick your small,
ugly, cheese-coated cock in her
mouth...anyway, forget about it,
have another shot with me, salt
and lemon this time.

In silence **RICHARD** and **JOE** put salt on their hands, pick up a piece of lemon, chink their glasses together, lick the salt, take the shot and chew on the lemon. After this procedure is complete **RICHARD** puts two cigarettes in his mouth, lights them both and passes one to **JOE** while keeping the other in his mouth.

JOE

Cheers mate...Jesus fuckin'
Christ, what the 'ell was I
thinkin' goin' after that fuckin'
whale of a woman? That was your
fault, that was, tellin' me tah
talk 'er up when you didn't even
get with your bird, only got into
a fight with a fuckin' moolah
instead. I must be the horniest,
dodgiest motherfucker alive to go
after a bitch like that.

RICHARD

Yah right there Joe, yah goddamn
right...time for another couple a
shots I believe, frontier style,
without the accoutrements...

RICHARD pours four shots, spilling an ample amount of
liquor onto the bar top.

...Charles me boy, grab two more
shot glasses, you're havin' a
double header with us.

CHARLIE

But I'm workin' Dick, I've
already had two this evenin'.

RICHARD

So fuckin' what? I'm goin' away on holiday tomorrow, you won't see my custom for the following month or so...have a couple a shots with me and this down-and-out destitute derelict here.

CHARLIE

(somewhat reluctantly)
Well...if you insist.

RICHARD

But we do insist, don't we Joe?

JOE

We sure do Dick, damn straight.

CHARLIE grabs two more shot glasses and **RICHARD** fills them.

RICHARD

(holding up his shot glass)
A toast...to the working class...to me gettin' laid by a sexy arse girl tomorrow...to all my friends!

The three men drink first one shot each, slam down their shot glass, drink the other shot and slam down that glass as well.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - EARLY MORNING

RICHARD stumbles drunkenly up the street which he earlier walked down, swaying from side to side, veering across the pavement in a haphazard manner. He sings 'Que Sera, Sera' to himself in a loud, slurred voice. A crooked, toothy grin is evident upon his face in spite of the darkness. A cigarette hangs loosely out of his mouth, the top three and second-to-bottom buttons of his shirt are undone and his straw hat sits at a jaunty angle upon his head.

INT. RICHARD'S BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

RICHARD lies in bed, the sheet reaching just below his abdomen. A glint of moonlight pierces the darkness of the room between the curtains covering the window. He masturbates frantically beneath the sheet, erratic grunts and groans penetrating the quiet just before dawn.

RICHARD

(voice over)

Delores, light of my life, fire
of my loins...my sin, my soul.
De... lor...es. Your face...your
body... your breasts...your
pussy. I have experienced them
before, and soon I shall
experience them again. Soon, you
will be mine once more. De...
lor...es.

INT. AIRPORT BOARDING LOUNGE - MORNING

RICHARD, appearing decidedly hungover judging by his unkempt hair and the black rings beneath his eyes, sits on a blue plastic seat in a large, predominantly white walled and floored airport boarding lounge. Muzak plays through a loudspeaker. He flicks through a 'Playbill' magazine and sips from a Styrofoam cup of coffee. A single maroon suitcase rests at his feet. He looks up from his magazine, rubs his eyes and peers around the room at the handful of other travelers waiting to board: an elderly woman wearing a shawl, a young couple with a baby, a man in a rather ill-fitting business suit. He takes a sip of coffee and looks back down at his magazine.

BOARDING ANNOUNCER

(voice over)

Flight 2079 to Cherubim City is
now boarding...would all
passengers please have their
passports and tickets ready for
inspection at the boarding gate.

RICHARD stands up, rolls his magazine into a cylinder and puts it in his trouser pocket. He throws the Styrofoam cup into a rubbish bin, picks up his suitcase and begins to walk toward the boarding gate.

INT. AEROPLANE BOARDING TUNNEL - MORNING

RICHARD walks up the long, silver tunnel into the aircraft, the foil of the tunnel giving the light an eerie, metallic glow. He arrives at the entrance to the aircraft where a blonde-haired air hostess wearing a sapphire blue uniform is standing, smiling, waiting to inspect tickets.

AIR HOSTESS

Hello sir, may I see your ticket please?

RICHARD

Certainly madam.

RICHARD hands the **AIR HOSTESS** his ticket and she peruses it for a second or two before handing it back to him.

AIR HOSTESS

That's fine sir, enjoy your flight ...your seat is in row fourteen, seat K.

RICHARD

Thank you very much.

RICHARD enters the aircraft and walks down one of the aisles, occasionally having to wait while people put bags into the overhead compartments or position themselves into their seats. Eventually he locates his seat, places his suitcase into the overhead compartment, sits down and briefly looks out of the aeroplane window before he removes the magazine from his pocket, unrolls it and resumes reading.

INT. AEROPLANE - MORNING

RICHARD is sitting beside a girl of about seven or eight who is continually kicking the sunflower yellow plastic fold-out food tray attached to the seat in front of her. Meanwhile, **RICHARD** is attempting to read 'The Collected Works of Luigi Pirandello' between sips of champagne. He looks at the girl with a slightly frustrated look upon his face, places a bookmark in the book before closing it, consumes the remaining quantity of champagne in his glass and looks up at the television a little way down the aisle. Spielberg's 'The Terminal' plays upon the screen.

INT. DUTY FREE STORE - MORNING

RICHARD wanders leisurely, unhurriedly, around the brightly-lit duty free store at Cherubim City Airport; the expansive white aisles - crammed with merchandise - appear to stretch for miles. He grabs bottles of Jack Daniels bourbon, Stolichnaya vodka and Hapsburg absinthe, then a box containing packets of Marlboro cigarettes and a box of Panama cigars. He carries the goods in his arms up to the counter and pays the cashier: she places them in a plastic bag, passes it to **RICHARD** and he walks out of the store.

INT. TAXI CAB - MORNING

RICHARD sits in the back seat of a taxi, driven by a balding middle-aged Ethiopian man. Ethiopian folk music plays on the car stereo and what look like prayer beads hang from the rearview mirror. Shortly the car pulls up to the curb.

TAXI DRIVER

(turning around to face
RICHARD)
Here we are...516 Sepulcher
Boulevard.

RICHARD

How much do I owe yah Muhammad?

TAXI DRIVER

Twenty seven forty thank you.

RICHARD removes his wallet from his trouser pocket, takes out three ten dollar notes and hands them to the **TAXI DRIVER**.

RICHARD

Here yah go.

TAXI DRIVER

Thank you very much sir...have a good day.

RICHARD

You too mate.

RICHARD picks up his carry case and bag of duty free goods from the floor of the taxi, opens the door and steps out onto the pavement. He looks up at a slightly seedy looking art deco apartment building, its pink paint having long been in the process of being stripped off of its façade by the wind, rain, smog and sun. He lights a cigarette before entering the building, into a room which could only be called a lobby in the most generous sense of the term. He pushes the fourth floor button beside the elevator door and waits, smoking his cigarette. Eventually he realises that the elevator is out of order and commences walking up the flights of stairs. Down a dim, decrepit hallway he arrives at a door with '16' on it. He throws his cigarette butt onto the floor and pushes the doorbell. Shortly the door is opened by an extremely attractive blonde-haired girl of about twenty or twenty-one years of age, her attractiveness marred however by the caked-on mascara and eye shadow around her eyes. She wears a white flannel dressing gown and smokes a cigarette.

GIRL

Hi...you're Richard I presume?

RICHARD

That's the one...is this Dolores' apartment?

GIRL

Sure is...come inside. I'm Abigail by the way, Abbey for short. Dolores told me you were arriving this morning. Just put your bags on the ground for the moment, I guess you'll be stayin' in Dolores' room, huh?

RICHARD

(entering the apartment)
I guess so...where is Dolores?

ABBEY

She's at work at the moment, had the early shift. She finishes 'bout three I think.

RICHARD

Right.

RICHARD places his suitcase on the floor and proceeds to look around the apartment. The living room where he is standing is occupied largely by two sofas - one scarlet, the other cream - a glass-topped coffee table, a stereo sitting upon the ground surrounded by piles of CDs, and a television placed upon two piles of stacked magazines. 'The Bold and the Beautiful' is playing on the television. Upon the coffee table are a few scattered fashion magazines, an ashtray which **ABBEY** sporadically ashes into from her reclined position upon the sofa, a packet of cigarettes and lighter, a few empty glasses and a marijuana pipe and bag of marijuana. **ABBEY** finishes her cigarette and stubs it out in the ashtray.

ABBEY

Why don't you sit down?

RICHARD

OK.

RICHARD sits down on the cream sofa across from the scarlet one which **ABBEY** is lying upon opposite the television.

ABBEY

You wanna drink?

RICHARD

Yeah, wouldn't say no to a coffee.

ABBEY

Nothin' stronger?

RICHARD

What'cha got?

ABBEY

I was thinkin' 'bout havin' a gin and lemonade.

RICHARD

Sounds good.

ABBEY hops up off the sofa and walks into the adjoining kitchen. **RICHARD** follows her with his eyes as she walks, then stares at the television without really watching what is on.

ABBEY

(shouting from the kitchen)
You want ice in it?

RICHARD

(shouting back)
Only if it's no hassle.

ABBEY

(shouting)
No hassle.

Shortly **ABBEY** walks into the living room carrying two drinks, one of which she passes to **RICHARD**. She then sits down upon the opposite sofa, facing **RICHARD**. They both take a sip of their drinks.

RICHARD

Hmm...that's good.

ABBEY

Yeah, not bad...you wanna cigarette?

RICHARD

Yeah, thanks.

ABBEY grabs the packet of cigarettes and lighter off the coffee table, pulls two cigarettes out of the packet and throws one of them toward **RICHARD**. It lands at his feet and he picks it up and pops it into his mouth.

ABBEY

(while lighting her cigarette)
You gotta light?

RICHARD

Yeah.

RICHARD removes the Zippo from his shirt pocket and lights his cigarette before popping it back into his pocket.

ABBEY

(while exhaling smoke)
So...how you know Dolores?

RICHARD

She was in a play I wrote 'bout five odd years ago, played the part of a hooker...

ABBEY

(smiling)
...appropriate part for her.

RICHARD

Hah hah, yeah. We met at rehearsals, opening night was the last time I saw her.

ABBEY

You two fuck?

RICHARD

Yeah, we had sex a few times...she's fuckin' brilliant in the sack.

ABBEY

Yeah, you're right there...so,
any particular reason why you're
meetin' up with her now?

RICHARD

To be perfectly honest, not
really. She just rang me up
yesterday afternoon and asked if
I'd like to stay here for a few
weeks, maybe a month or so. I
haven't been doin' anything of
immense importance recently so I
thought, why not have a holiday?

ABBEY

Why not indeed? Everyone needs a
break now and then.

RICHARD

You're right there.

First **RICHARD**, then **ABBEY** put their cigarette butts into
the ashtray on the coffee table.

ABBEY

Speakin' a that, would yah like
some weed? I was thinkin' a
havin' a smoke.

RICHARD

Might as well...don't have
anything better to do at the
present time.

ABBEY

We could always fuck.

RICHARD

(following a short pause)
Weed isn't too good for my sex
drive.

ABBEY

Don't worry, I've got some coke somewhere...anyway, it's fuckin' fantastic for mine. I've had some of the best orgasms I've ever experienced when I've been on the bud.

RICHARD

(with an interested look on his face)
Is that right?

ABBEY

(with a slightly mischievous looking smile)
Sure is sweetie.

ABBEY proceeds to place some marijuana into the cone of the pipe, then lights it and inhales.

RICHARD

Is it good shit? If it's too good I'll become as silent as a fuckin' church mouse, start zonin' out to the shit that's on TV.

ABBEY

(exhaling the smoke)
It's OK, decent enough hydro shit, pretty mellow really...I'll go and grab that coke, we'll have a few toots. Here...

ABBEY passes the pipe to **RICHARD**, then walks out of the room. **RICHARD** lights the marijuana, takes a toke, holds the smoke in his lungs for five seconds or so and then exhales. He coughs twice, then repeats the same procedure. **ABBEY** reenters the room holding a small bag of cocaine.

...I couldn't find my mirror,
Dolores must have pinched it or
somethin', so we'll just do it
straight off the table if that's
OK with you?

RICHARD

Sweet as, it's all the same to
me...

While **ABBEY** pours a bit of cocaine onto the coffee table
and begins to cut it up with the blade of a small kitchen
knife obtained from beneath one of the magazines, **RICHARD**
takes another toke on the pipe before placing it on the
table beside **ABBEY**.

...I think there's a little bit
left in it.

ABBEY pauses momentarily to take a toke on the pipe.

ABBEY

It's cut now...how many lines you
want? Two?

RICHARD

Sounds fine for the time being,
especially considering it's not
even midday yet.

ABBEY

Any time a day's a good time for
a toot or two. Come over here
honey... oh, you gotta note?

RICHARD

What...like a bank note?

ABBEY

Yeah, somethin' tah snort the
shit up with.

RICHARD

Yeah, just a sec'.

RICHARD reaches into his trouser pocket, removes his wallet, pulls out a ten dollar note and passes it to **ABBEY**.

ABBEY

Thanks sweetie...you want first blast?

RICHARD

Nah, it's been a while since I did any of this shit...you go first.

ABBEY

Okey dokey hokey pokey.

ABBEY places the note against one of her nostrils and snorts back first one line, then another. Following this she rubs her nose before passing the note to **RICHARD**. **ABBEY** shifts along the sofa a bit so that **RICHARD** can sit down. **RICHARD** puts the note to his nostril and snorts back a line; his head rocks back from the apparently unexpected force of the cocaine against his septum. He squeezes his nose together and sniffs violently.

RICHARD

Jesus...

ABBEY

(placing her hand against the back of **RICHARD'S** head and rubbing his hair)
It's good shit, aye? (**RICHARD** nods) Pure A grade cocaine, no impurities, no additives, just straight fuckin' no nonsense Colombian marching powder...should I stick some music on instead of this shit on TV?

RICHARD

Alright...

ABBEY

(walking over to the stereo, then

kneeling down to peruse the CDs)
You like dance shit?

RICHARD

(slightly perplexed)
What, like waltzes and stuff?

ABBEY

(laughing good naturedly)
No silly, like electronic shit...
this is some good hard house
right here...

ABBEY mutes the television, then opens the CD player, pops in a CD, closes it and pushes play. She sits back down on the sofa. Fast, heavy electronic music starts playing.

...wanna 'nother drink honey?

RICHARD

OK.

ABBEY

How 'bout a beer? I feel like a beer.

RICHARD

Yeah, a beer sounds bloody good... somethin' tah wash this cocaine residue out of the back of my throat.

ABBEY

You should do that other line...

While **ABBEY** walks into the kitchen **RICHARD** re-rolls the note, snorts back the line and rubs his nose. As **ABBEY** reenters the room carrying two Budweisers **RICHARD** lights two cigarettes - one of which he passes to **ABBEY**.

ABBEY

(beginning to rub **RICHARD'S** hair again)

Thanks very much, sweetie.

RICHARD

Any time, babes...

The two smoke their cigarettes and drink their beers in silence for a while, listening to the music and watching the muted television while **ABBEY** continues to rub **RICHARD'S** hair.

(out of a slight uncomfortableness at the silence, as well as a wish to be an entertaining guest to this extremely friendly stranger)
...Jesus, this music sounds fuckin' good when yah wacked.

ABBEY

Yeah, it does aye.

RICHARD

What do you do anyway, if you don't mind my asking?

ABBEY

Not at all...I work at a massage parlour down in Studioville, givin' handjobs tah fuckin' Asian businessmen and horny fuckin' studio execs. It's shit work but the pay's OK, and the roster means that ah have plenty a free time tah do shit.

RICHARD

What do yah like tah do in yah free time?

ABBEY

Umm, I don't know...drink, do drugs, watch TV, fuck...

RICHARD looks around at **ABBEY** and momentarily meets her eyes before looking away.

RICHARD

How old are you?

ABBEY

Just celebrated my twenty-first birthday...it was fuckin' good fun: me, Dolores and a few other girls went tah Cino City, stocked up on coke and bikkies and hit the tables. We ended up havin' an orgy in a hotel room with one of the maids... Conchita, I think her name was. She could give head like a fuckin' muff machine.

RICHARD

Sounds like fun.

ABBEY

Yeah, it was...so what do you do again, write plays or somethin'?

RICHARD

Yeah, but ah haven't sold anything in a while...thankfully I've got a bit ah savings from earlier in my career, when ah could actually sell somethin'.

ABBEY

(putting her cigarette butt in the ashtray)
Don't worry, you'll sell somethin' eventually...you've gotta be positive 'bout this shit.

RICHARD

(doing the same)
Yeah, but it's hard when everyone thinks that you've lost your talent...includin' yourself.

ABBEY

Fuck other people and what they think, you haven't lost your

talent, you just need to
rediscover it, that's all.

RICHARD

Thanks for the vote of
confidence, that means somethin'
comin' from an attractive,
personable, intelligent woman
such as yourself.

ABBEY

I'm not intelligent, I work at a
fuckin' massage parlour.

RICHARD

That shit don't matter, it's your
individual viewpoint upon life
which matters.

ABBEY

I hope you're right...wanna
'nother line?

RICHARD

If you're havin' one.

ABBEY

Yeah...

While **ABBEY** cuts up two more lines **RICHARD** puts two
cigarettes in his mouth, lights both of them, takes one
out and places it between **ABBEY'S** lips.

(with the cigarette between her lips)
...cheers sweetie.

RICHARD

Think nothin' of it.

ABBEY

(passing the rolled-up note to **RICHARD**)
Take a toot.

RICHARD looks intently at the lines of cocaine for a
short while before he puts the note up to his nose, leans
down and snorts one of them. He then passes the note to

ABBEY and while **RICHARD** rubs his nose **ABBEY** snorts her line.

RICHARD

Fuck this is good shit, I can feel it kickin' in already.

ABBEY

Yeah, it is, straight into the motherfuckin' bloodstream...got it from some mates a mine and Lol's who live down in Westhaven...they always have quality shit, well, at least most of the time they do...when they've got shit on them, that is. Anyway, the place is a fuckin' drug supermarket so it don't really matter whether they've got coke or not, you're guaranteed tah leave with some shit that's gonna fuck you up...me and Lol will prob'ly visit them sometime soon so you'll get tah meet them I imagine, they're cool guys. Fuckin' insane deadheads, but cool guys nevertheless.

RICHARD

Sounds choice.

ABBEY

Wanna 'nother beer?

RICHARD

Yeah, thanks.

ABBEY

No problem sexy...

As **ABBEY** stands up and walks toward the kitchen she trails her hand across the lower part of **RICHARD'S** face. **RICHARD** kisses the palm of her hand, then watches her as she walks toward the kitchen. **ABBEY** turns around toward **RICHARD** and purses her lips in a kissing motion. **RICHARD** closes his eyes, smokes his cigarette and listens to the

music. Shortly **ABBEY** arrives back with two more Budweisers and places them upon the coffee table.

...so Dick, how big's your dick anyway?

RICHARD

Well, it ain't no John Holmes but as far as I can ascertain it isn't too bad... 'bout average I guess.

ABBEY

You should get it out.

RICHARD

(uncertain of how serious she is)
Well...umm...if you want me to...do you?

ABBEY

Fuck yeah baby, I wanted to fuck you since I first laid eyes upon you.

RICHARD

Really?

ABBEY

Damn yeah, I bet you're a fuckin' animal in bed.

RICHARD

(smiling)

I have my moments.

ABBEY

Is this gonna be one a them?

RICHARD

I sure as shit hope so.

ABBEY

So do I...what you into anyway?

RICHARD

How do you mean?

ABBEY

Like, what do you like done to you...in bed?

RICHARD

Well, I wouldn't say no to a blowjob right now.

ABBEY

Sure thing honey...comin' right up...

Both of them stub out their cigarettes and place their beers on the coffee table. **ABBEY** undoes **RICHARD'S** belt, pulls down his trousers and boxer shorts and puts his semi-erect penis into her mouth. **RICHARD** adjusts himself upon the sofa so that he is in a more comfortable position, meanwhile holding the back of **ABBEY'S** head and rubbing her hair. Shortly he removes her dressing gown from off her shoulders and pushes it down her back, then begins to rub her breasts. **ABBEY** starts to let out small moans and murmurs as she pushes her head back and forth, while **RICHARD'S** breathing becomes increasingly heavier. After a relatively short period of time **RICHARD** jolts back three or four times and ejaculates into **ABBEY'S** mouth. She swallows his semen and looks up at him with a smile.

...that was quick cowboy.

RICHARD

Sorry...haven't had one a those in a while.

ABBEY

Don't be sorry...I've had guys come much quicker than that before. You wanna fuck now?

RICHARD

Yeah, definitely...you gotta condom?

ABBEY

Yeah, plenty...bring your
suitcase and shit, you can put it
in Dolores' room...

RICHARD pulls up his boxer shorts and trousers and
buckles his belt. Meanwhile **ABBEY** has removed her
dressing gown entirely, draped it on the sofa and begun
to walk down the hallway toward the bedrooms. **RICHARD**
promptly follows her.

(pointing into a room off the
left hand side of the hallway)
...that's Lol's room...

RICHARD places the suitcase and bag upon the bedroom
floor and quickly looks about the room. It is occupied
primarily by a king-sized bed covered in items of
clothing, a chest of drawers covered in bottles of
fragrance and other cosmetics and a table at the end of
the bed with a large screen television and piles of DVDs
and videos on it. Posters depicting the album covers for
Pink Floyd's 'Dark Side of the Moon' and Nirvana's 'In
Utero' are pinned upon a wall. He walks back out into the
hallway.

...and this is my room.

They walk into a room off the right hand side of the
hallway. A queen size bed occupies most of the space,
above the headboard of which hangs a large print of
Manet's 'Olympia'.

RICHARD

(looking at **ABBEY**)
Fuck you're the most beautiful
creature I've ever seen in my
life.

ABBEY

What about Dolores?

RICHARD

OK...equal most beautiful with
her.

ABBEY

Well, that means tonight you're gonna be able to fuck the two most beautiful women you've ever seen in your life...but for the time being you're gonna have to settle for just me I'm afraid.

RICHARD

That's OK with me.

ABBEY

Good...now fuck me like you've never fucked before, bad boy.

RICHARD immediately pulls his shirt and singlet over his head and dumps them onto the floor, then removes his shoes and socks before pushing down his trousers and boxer shorts. As he steps over the pile of clothing **ABBEY** throws him a condom from off her bedside table and spreads her legs apart. **RICHARD** rips open the packet with his teeth and places the condom upon his penis, throwing the empty packet onto the floor also. He hops onto the bed, inserts his penis into **ABBEY'S** vagina and begins to have sex with her. **ABBEY** repositions her legs from either side of **RICHARD** to over his shoulders and lets out a loud, wild, almost animal-like scream.

INT. **ABBEY'S** BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

Both **ABBEY** and **RICHARD** lay naked upon **ABBEY'S** bed, recovering from the exertion of their previous activity. **RICHARD** gradually starts to stir: he rubs his eyes, looks across at **ABBEY** and begins to leisurely kiss and lick her navel. She registers his presence by running her hands through his hair. Suddenly **RICHARD** stops what he is doing and looks up at **ABBEY**.

RICHARD

What time is it?

ABBEY

Ummm...

ABBEY grabs her mobile phone off her bedside table and looks at its display.

...2:37. Why, yah gotta be somewhere?

RICHARD

Jesus...yes...I told Dolores I'd meet her at the club...where about's is it again?

ABBEY

It's 1405 Stardust Boulevard.

RICHARD

Cool, cheers.

RICHARD hops up off the bed and begins to hurriedly get dressed from the pile of clothes on the floor.

ABBEY

Can't you stay here and fuck me again?

RICHARD

'fraid not sweetie pie...don't worry, Dolores and I will be back soon. Keep the bed warm for us.

ABBEY

Will do...see you later.

RICHARD

Later.

RICHARD, who is now fully dressed, walks out of the room.

EXT. STARDUST BOULEVARD - AFTERNOON

RICHARD exits a taxi which has pulled up to the curb and, standing on the pavement, lights a cigarette. He then walks toward a building called **LOLITA LOUNGE**. It has a white façade with a scarlet image of a tongue licking a lollypop on it. Inside the club various large-scale,

glass-covered film posters occupy the walls: Sue Lyon in 'Lolita', Jodie Foster in 'Taxi Driver', Marilyn Monroe in 'The Seven Year Itch', Brigitte Bardot in '...And God Created Woman', Sophia Loren in 'Arabesque', Elizabeth Taylor in 'The Taming of the Shrew', Elle McPherson in 'Sirens' and Linda Lovelace in 'Deep Throat'. One side of the room is occupied by a bar, behind which young women wearing tight white tops serve and mix drinks for the relatively limited clientele. At the end of the room is a three-pronged stage, the middle prong with a pole in the middle which reaches to the ceiling. A small-figured, blonde-haired girl of about twenty years of age, wearing a pink bikini bottom and no bikini top, dances upon the stage, occasionally twirling around the pole. **RICHARD** sits down at a small, circular wooden table and raises his hand slightly toward the bar, motioning in the direction of the bargirls. Immediately one of them, a blonde-haired girl of about twenty-one with an ample bust, walks over to his table.

BARGIRL

Hello sir, what can I get you?

RICHARD

Wild Turkey on ice thanks.

BARGIRL

Sure thing.

RICHARD

Oh...and your finest cigar as well.

BARGIRL

Won't be a moment...

The **BARGIRL** walks away toward the bar and **RICHARD** resumes his gaze back upon the stage, smoking his cigarette, until she arrives back at his table and places the items upon it.

...one Wild Turkey on ice, one
'Nicaraguan' cigar.

As she says Nicaraguan she lowers her index and middle fingers into speech marks, indicating that the cigar is in fact Cuban but because of trade restrictions she can not legally sell them. Both **RICHARD** and the **BARGIRL** smile.

RICHARD

Thanks very much honey...by the way, is Dolores still workin'?

BARGIRL

Lol? Yeah, I think she's on next.

RICHARD

Thanks.

RICHARD lights his cigar, then sips his drink while watching the girl on stage. Shortly the girl walks off backstage and the music stops, then Bob Sinclar's 'Striptease' starts playing. After about twenty seconds a twenty-three year old, black-haired girl with a large bust and attractive hourglass figure, wearing a black bikini and white stiletto heels, comes onto the stage. It is **DOLORES**. While she is dancing **RICHARD** is transfixed: he has not seen her since she was eighteen years old, and she is even more beautiful now than she was then. Occasional wisps of smoke are emitted from the cigar which rarely leaves his mouth, and every so often he picks up his drink and takes a sip without looking away from the stage, but for the most part he is motionless. Eventually, after having removed her bikini but not her stiletto's, **DOLORES** departs the stage, at which point **RICHARD** claps enthusiastically. Another girl, tall with brown hair, goes on stage; shortly, **DOLORES** exits a side door into the bar, walks up to **RICHARD** and hugs and kisses him before pulling a nearby chair over to his table and sitting down.

DOLORES

Hey sexy...how the fuck are you?

RICHARD

Fuckin' good...how are you?

DOLORES

I'm OK...keepin' it together,
y'know.

RICHARD

Yeah...you're a fuckin' brilliant
dancer.

DOLORES

Thanks...I should be, I've been
doin' it long enough.

RICHARD

You weren't doin' it when I first
met you.

DOLORES

Yeah, but that's only 'cause I
still thought I could
act...anyway, I was givin' punks
fuckin' blowjobs in alleyways
back then, so this gig beats that
by fuckin' miles.

RICHARD

I guess so...I always thought you
could act.

DOLORES

Bullshit, you just said that
'cause you wanted to get into my
pants.

RICHARD

It worked though, didn't it?

DOLORES

Yeah, I suppose it did...

Both **DOLORES** and **RICHARD** smile.

...it's really fuckin' good to
see you again Dick.

RICHARD

It's good to see you too Dolores.

DOLORES

I have to go backstage and
change, you wanna come with me
and wait, meet some of the girls?

RICHARD

Sure thing sexy, lead the way.

DOLORES, followed by **RICHARD**, enter the side door from the bar into the backstage area. They pass a muscular, rather gruff-looking security man before entering the dressing room; a dozen or so girls are in various stages of undress, either applying makeup or chatting with the other girls. **DOLORES** walks up to a naked, redheaded girl of about twenty who is applying eyeliner, cigarette in mouth.

DOLORES

Cynthia, this is Richard.

CYNTHIA turns toward **RICHARD** and shakes his hand.

CYNTHIA

Hey Richard, how's things?

RICHARD

Good thanks, how 'bout yourself?

CYNTHIA

OK...Dolores told us a lot about
you.

RICHARD

Good shit, I hope.

CYNTHIA

Yeah...don't worry, she hasn't
been badmouthing you. I guess she
wouldn't have invited you over
here if that were the case.

RICHARD

I guess not.

DOLORES

Richard, this is Bethany.

DOLORES motions toward a blonde-haired eighteen or nineteen year old wearing a white bikini. She is in the process of applying false eyelashes.

BETHANY

(without looking away from her reflection in the mirror)
Hi honey, how's it goin'?

RICHARD

Good thanks.

BETHANY

Sorry I can't shake your hand or nothin', but ah gotta do this fuckin' son of a bitch job at the moment.

RICHARD

That's cool.

DOLORES

...and this, this is Anjelica.

DOLORES leads **RICHARD** to the next seat along which is occupied by a Caribbean-looking woman in her mid-twenties, wearing a purple bikini bottom and no bikini top. She smokes a cigarette and has a three-quarters drunk glass of vodka and lime beside her.

ANJELICA

'Sup baby, how you doin'?

RICHARD

Not bad thanks...you?

ANJELICA

Me? I'm OK baby...just chillin', y'know.

RICHARD

Cool.

DOLORES

Anjelica, can you entertain Dick for a bit while I get changed and shit? Maybe take him into one of the Jacuzzis, show him a good time, y'know?

ANJELICA

Sure thing honey. Follow me Richard...

ANJELICA consumes the remaining quantity of her drink and stubs out her cigarette before leading **RICHARD** out of the dressing room, down a narrow, brightly-lit corridor and through a door off to the left. Through the door is a room containing a Jacuzzi, the jets having caused the room to fill up with steam. Along one wall is a wooden bench. **ANJELICA** immediately removes her bikini bottom and throws it onto the bench.

...why don't you take your clothes off and get comfortable honey, join me in the water?

RICHARD

(hesitantly)

Do I take off all my clothes?

ANJELICA

(with a smile)

Well sure honey, I don't expect you tah leave your socks on or nothin'.

RICHARD

No, I mean, do I take my underwear off?

ANJELICA

Yeah baby, can't have yah goin'
home wearin' wet drawers 'neath
your trousers now, can we?

RICHARD

I suppose not...sorry, it's just
I've never, like, y'know, done
this kinda thing before.

ANJELICA

Don't be sorry honey...just take
your time, relax and join me when
yah ready, OK?

RICHARD

OK...

While **RICHARD** removes his clothes **ANJELICA** hops into the Jacuzzi. When **RICHARD** eventually enters it also **ANJELICA** slides over to where he is seated and begins to rub his shoulders.

...so, Anjelica, where you from?

ANJELICA

Around, y'know.

RICHARD

Yeah...been workin' here long?

ANJELICA

Almost three years...started just
after Dolores did.

RICHARD

Right.

ANJELICA

So, what you want done honey?

RICHARD

Aye?

ANJELICA

What do you like...fancy a
blowjob?

RICHARD

Sounds good to me...

RICHARD shifts himself back onto the edge of the Jacuzzi so that his penis is just above water level. **ANJELICA** immerses herself almost entirely into the water so that only her head is visible, then begins to perform fallatio upon **RICHARD**.

(voice over)

...two blowjobs in one day, and it wasn't even dinnertime yet. I'd never had a blowjob from a black chick before, but I'd always wanted one: those lips look like they're fuckin' made for it. I fucked this nigger bitch once, but she said she didn't go down on guys: fuckin' stuck-up tart, what the fuck made her think she was so fuckin' special? Thought her shit didn't stink, stupid fuckin' slut that she was: she wasn't even that good in bed, although she did put on quite a performance. Anyway, this Anjelica woman sure knew her shit, but I guess that's what comes from swallowin' paste for a livin'. I came over her face, gave her a kiss and went back out to meet Dolores.

INT. DOLORES' CAR - AFTERNOON

DOLORES drives while **RICHARD** looks out of the open car window; they both smoke cigarettes. Rod Stewart's 'Maggie May' plays on the car radio.

DOLORES

So...you met Abbey yet?

RICHARD

Yeah, she was home when I arrived
at your place.

DOLORES

You like her?

RICHARD

Yeah, most definitely...she's
fuckin' cool.

DOLORES

You two had a good chat then?

RICHARD

Hah hah, yeah, you could say
that.

DOLORES looks over at **RICHARD** with an interested
expression upon her face.

DOLORES

Well, do tell...you two fucked I
suppose?

RICHARD

Umm...yeah.

DOLORES

Jesus, that was quick...still,
Abbey's a fuckin' horny bitch if
ever there was one.

RICHARD

Yeah...she's fuckin' blistering
in bed though.

DOLORES

If yah don't watch out she'll
give yah blisters...she had the
clap a little while back.

RICHARD

We used a condom...

The two are silent for a short period of time.

...this is a fuckin' cool car
you've got here.

DOLORES

Yeah, '69 Cadillac Eldorado, twin
turbo V8 engine, stick shift,
full set a mags, the fuckin'
works... picked it up for a song
as well. Drivin' it I feel like
the toughest motherfuckin' bitch
on the block.

RICHARD

You are the toughest bitch on the
block.

They smile.

DOLORES

You hungry?

RICHARD

Yeah, could eat a fuckin'
horse... (smiling)...or somethin'
else.

DOLORES

Dirty boy...I know a good pizza
place, you feel like pizza?

RICHARD

Yeah, pizza sounds good.

DOLORES

Cool cool.

The car speeds off along a moderately busy urban street.

INT. DOLORES' APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

RICHARD and **DOLORES** burst through the door into **DOLORES'**
apartment, each carrying a pizza box and each with a
cigarette in their mouths. **ABBEY** expresses a moderate
amount of surprise: she is lying on the scarlet sofa,
leaning over the coffee table, snorting a line of

cocaine. She is wearing only a pair of pink underwear and a tight white tank top. The Red Hot Chili Peppers' 'Aeroplane' is playing on the stereo. When she realises that it is only **DOLORES** and **RICHARD** she takes a drag on her cigarette and consumes the rest of her drink.

ABBEY

'Sup slut, 'sup Dick.

DOLORES

'Sup slut, you on the fuckin' nose candy already? Goddamn fuckin' fiend.

RICHARD

Hey Abb'.

ABBEY

Hey Dick...You can't talk bitch, you're the fuckin' hardcore addict from 'Nam.

DOLORES

You can't talk either skank, you're on the toots fuckin' twenty four seven, ev'ry fuckin' day ah the week.

ABBEY

It's not my fault, it's the only way I can survive havin' tah live with a slovenly fuckin' slut like you.

DOLORES

Very fuckin' funny cunt...anyway, we got some pizza, you want some or are you too wacked to eat?

ABBEY

Yeah, I'm keen for a piece ah two.

DOLORES

You're always keen for a piece ah whatever's goin'...dirty fuckin' slag.

ABBEY

Fuck you cunt...either of you two bitch arse niggers wanna drink?

DOLORES

Yeah, vodka and orange sounds good.

RICHARD

Yeah, same for me thanks.

While **ABBEY** procures the drinks both **RICHARD** and **DOLORES** pick up a piece of pizza and start eating. Shortly **ABBEY** arrives back with the drinks.

ABBEY

Here's yah drinks...I'm not sure if I'll be able tah eat, my larynx might have somethin' tah say 'bout the matter.

DOLORES

Isn't it your esophagus...anyway, yah should lay off the coke girl, it's startin' tah fuck with your digestive system.

ABBEY

Yeah, true, but what can yah do?

DOLORES

Use it occassionally, whore.

ABBEY

I wish, bitch...

ABBEY picks up a piece of pizza, chews a single bite for a while, eventually manages to swallow it, takes another bite, chews it for a while before finally spitting it onto the lid of the pizza box. She removes a cigarette

from a packet on the coffee table, lights it, takes a puff, exhales the smoke and has a sip of her drink.

...this is better...I couldn't have eaten a slice even if I'd wanted to.

DOLORES

When did you last eat woman?

ABBEY

Dunno...sometime yesterday I think.

DOLORES

How much you weigh at the mo'?

ABBEY

'bout 48 kgs I think...how much are you?

DOLORES

Fuck you bitch, I'm not fuckin' tellin' you.

ABBEY

Fuckin' tell me slut.

DOLORES

(reluctantly)

69.

ABBEY

Appropriate weight for you.

Both **ABBEY** and **RICHARD** laugh at **ABBEY'S** comment, but **DOLORES** only looks down at the slice of pizza in her hand - a slightly disgusted expression crosses her face. She dumps the half-eaten slice down onto the pizza box, then takes a large swig of her drink and lights a cigarette.

DOLORES

You can have the rest of this pizza Dick.

RICHARD

But there's over a whole fuckin' pizza remainin'...I can't eat all of it by myself.

DOLORES

Fine, then save the rest of it for tomorrow...there any of that weed left Abb' or did you smoke it all?

ABBEY

Nah, there's a bit left.

DOLORES

How 'bout that coke or did it all go up yah hooter?

ABBEY

Some left.

DOLORES

Thank god for that, I didn't feel like goin' out on a fuckin' coke mish this evenin'...where's that bud, feel like a sesh?

ABBEY

Yeah, it's in my room, I'll go and get it.

ABBEY falteringly, unsteadily, hops up off the couch and, swaying slightly from side to side, walks into the hallway. Meanwhile **RICHARD** continues to eat pizza as **DOLORES** drinks and smokes. Shortly **RICHARD** places a pizza crust inside the pizza box, rubs his stomach and turns toward **DOLORES**.

RICHARD

That's better...fuck, I couldn't eat another bite.

DOLORES

You wanna partake in a session?

RICHARD

Yeah, I'll smoke some
shit...might help out the old
metabolism.

DOLORES

Where is the bitch with that bud?

As **RICHARD** lights a cigarette **ABBEY** enters the room
carrying a bag of marijuana and a green, semi-transparent
bong.

ABBEY

Fuck that was difficult to
find...it'd somehow made its way
to the end of my bed, it was
fuckin' hidin' 'tween my
blankets.

DOLORES

What, the baggie or the bong?

ABBEY

The baggie of course.

DOLORES

You should stop smokin' in bed
bitch...anyway, y'know what to
do, pack the cone woman.

ABBEY

Yeah yeah, hold yah horses
whore...I gotta fuckin' fill it
up first.

When **ABBEY** stumbles off into the kitchen **DOLORES** removes
the cigarette from **RICHARD'S** mouth, takes a drag, kisses
RICHARD and pops the cigarette back into his mouth.

DOLORES

You wanna do some blow tonight?

RICHARD

Yeah, definitely...got high as a
fuckin' kite with Abbey earlier.

DOLORES

That's not the only way you two got high by the sounds of it...I sure know I wanna be doing some blowing tonight.

DOLORES flashes **RICHARD** a quick, elusive smile before **ABBEY** walks into the room carrying the bong.

ABBEY

All go, negroes...let's hit this motherfuckin' beast. I cleaned it out last night so it's goin' sweet: blaze on niggers.

DOLORES

Calm down cunt.

ABBEY

Shut up slag...

ABBEY places some marijuana in the bong and begins to smoke it. After she has had three tokes she rather unsteadily stands up, ambles over to where **DOLORES** is seated and passes her the bong. While first **DOLORES**, then **RICHARD** smokes some marijuana **ABBEY** half-lays, half-kneels beside the stereo as she puts on Cypress Hill's 'Black Sunday' album. After she has completed this **RICHARD** passes her the bong and **ABBEY** stands in the middle of the living room, finishing it off.

ABBEY

It's cut...either of you niggers want some coke?

DOLORES

Yeah baby, cut the shit up...

While **ABBEY** cuts up the cocaine **DOLORES** enters the kitchen and procures three Budweisers, two of which she passes to **ABBEY** and **RICHARD** before opening one herself.

...these are the last of the beers: there's a little bit of vodka left but not much.

RICHARD

That's OK, I've got some bottles of duty-free shit stashed away in your room Lol.

DOLORES

Good shit, I knew I could rely upon you.

DOLORES kisses **RICHARD** before grabbing his hand and leading him over to the couch upon which **ABBEY** is seated. **ABBEY** snorts a line and passes the rolled-up note to **DOLORES**: she snorts a line before passing it to **RICHARD** who does the same.

ABBEY

More?

DELORES

Yeah bitch.

The procedure is completed once more. **ABBEY** lights a cigarette and wanders into the kitchen. Meanwhile **DELORES** and **RICHARD** kiss: when **ABBEY** returns she is holding a nearly-empty bottle of Smirnoff and three shot glasses.

ABBEY

Oi, horny cunts, let's polish off this bottle.

DELORES

Sure thing slapper.

ABBEY pours three shots of vodka, they each down one, she pours another three shots and they down those as well.

ABBEY

Well, the bottle's finished.

RICHARD

That's cool, I've gotta bottle a Stoli...should I grab it?

ABBEY

Damn yeah baby.

RICHARD walks off down the hallway; **DELORES** and **ABBEY** kiss. When **RICHARD** returns to the living room he pours three shots of vodka and they each down one.

DOLORES

You should cut up some coke and arrange it into lines Dick.

RICHARD

Cool...

As **RICHARD** does this **ABBEY** and **DOLORES** continue to kiss and feel each other up. **RICHARD** snorts two lines, then pours himself two shots of vodka and downs them. He then proceeds to pour a further three shots.

...coke and vodka's ready.

DOLORES snorts two lines before having a shot of vodka; **ABBEY** snorts her lines, then has the remaining two shots.

DELORES

(patting the sofa between her and **ABBEY**)
You should come up here and join us Dick.

RICHARD sits between **DELORES** and **ABBEY** on the sofa. While **ABBEY** kisses and licks his earlobe **DELORES** kisses him and rubs his penis through his trousers. Shortly **DELORES** undoes his belt and buckles and removes his penis from his boxer shorts. **DELORES** begins to perform fallatio upon **RICHARD**: shortly **ABBEY** joins **DELORES** and does the same.

INT. DELORES' LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

DELORES and **RICHARD**, both naked, have sex on the scarlet sofa. **ABBEY**, still wearing the pink underwear but having removed her singlet, sits upon the sofa beside them, smoking marijuana in the bong.

INT. DELORES' BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

RICHARD lies upon **DELORES'** bed, performing cunnilingus upon **DELORES** while having sex with **ABBEY**. Meanwhile

DELORES and **ABBEY**, facing each other, kiss and feel each other's breasts and buttocks. **ABBEY** picks up a small mirror from off the bed and snorts a line of cocaine: she holds it out to **DELORES** who does the same.

INT. DELORES' BEDROOM - EARLY AFTERNOON

RICHARD lies, sleeping, in **DELORES'** bed: **DELORES** meanwhile walks about the bedroom, cigarette in mouth, getting dressed and applying makeup. **RICHARD** slowly broaches consciousness.

DELORES

Hey sweetie...had a good sleep?

RICHARD

(his voice thick and muffled)
Yeah...what time is it?

DELORES

A little after midday.

RICHARD

Jesus...what time did we get to sleep?

DELORES

A bit before six I think.

RICHARD

Fuck. (Pause) Last night was pretty fuckin' cool, wasn't it?

DELORES

It certainly was...you were a motherfuckin' machine in bed.

RICHARD

Ditto.

They both smile. **RICHARD** removes a cigarette from a packet on **DELORES'** bedside table, lights it and takes a drag.

DELORES

I finish work at six this evening, and I think Abbey finishes 'bout seven. After that we'll go down to Westhaven and pick up some shit, then go to Tony's party...cool?

RICHARD

Who's Tony?

DELORES

I thought I told you last night... he's my boss, he's a fuckin' cool guy. Mr. Porn they call him, he's the largest distributor of pornography and the owner of the most strip clubs in Cherubim City. He's not sleazy at all, I think you'll like him. He's a smart guy.

RICHARD

What's the party in aid of?

DELORES

He always has a party on the first Friday of June, calls it his 'Opening Night Orgy'...beginnin' of summer and all that. It's just a fuckin' drug and sex fest, you'll enjoy it. His place is fuckin' huge, got like fuckin' thirty seven rooms or somethin'. It's over in Hilly Hideaway, has a view over most of the Valley.

RICHARD

Can't wait.

DELORES

Anyway, I've gotta get goin' now. Here's the coke...

DELORES throws the significantly depleted bag of cocaine onto **RICHARD'S** prone form.

...bud's out on the coffee table,
booze is in the kitchen. Have a
good day, I'll see you 'bout six.

RICHARD

Right, later honey.

DELORES

Later sweetie pie.

DELORES leans over the bed, kisses **RICHARD** and walks out of the room.

INT. DELORES' LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

RICHARD sits before his laptop which is on the coffee table. Portishead plays on the stereo, and an infomercial advertising an exercise machine plays on the television. **RICHARD** bites into a piece of pizza, chews with a slightly repulsed look upon his face and pushes the plate away from him across the coffee table. He lights a cigarette and takes a gulp of coffee. He then places some marijuana into the cone of the bong and begins to smoke it.

RICHARD

(voice over)

After gettin' out of bed I
checked my emails: the usual spam
offering operations to enlarge
your penis, erectile dysfunction
medication and highly dubious
investment opportunities - of
which the latter two at least
become increasingly desirable the
older I become - before tryin' to
write for a bit, but my head
rejected the idea, just as my
throat rejected the idea of
forcing reheated pizza down it.
However the caffeine and nicotine

definitely did the trick, and soon I was feelin' well enough to have some hits on the bong and some blasts of the sniff...and then some more. Then some more after that. Eventually it got to the point where I couldn't stand being inside the confines of the apartment any longer: I decided, in my coked-up state, to take a walk and explore the streets of Sepulcher.

RICHARD snorts two lines of cocaine off the coffee table in quick succession.

EXT. SEPULCHER - AFTERNOON

RICHARD emerges from the entrance of the apartment building into the golden glow of the afternoon sunshine, his eyes tinted with red and a rather haphazard smile plastered across his face. He smokes a cigar and wears a straw hat. With a look of dedicated purpose constructing his features he begins to walk down the street.

INT. ART GALLERY - AFTERNOON

RICHARD wanders parallel to the wall of an art gallery, upon which hang several amateurish Neo-Fauvist paintings depicting harbour scenes out of windows, houses upon hills, etc. A somewhat severe male **ART DEALER** in his early twenties stands behind a counter in the corner of the room.

RICHARD

(voice over)

The first place I ducked into was this little art gallery up a narrow flight of stairs. It looked pretty dingy but I decided to investigate on the grounds that, if I looked like a serious buyer, perhaps they would allow me to smoke my cigar. They did

for six and a half minutes, until the uptight little fag who worked there came up to me and said...

ART DEALER

Hello sir, may I help you?

RICHARD

Nah, sweet as, just browsing thanks.

ART DEALER

In that case sir, I'm going to have to ask you to put out your cigar.

RICHARD drops the cigar onto the floor, steps on it and walks out of the art gallery.

INT. BOOKSHOP - AFTERNOON

RICHARD stands before the towering shelves of a second-hand bookshop, peering up at the spines, squinting slightly. He removes a paperback copy of 'The Collected Works of Ben Jonson', opens it at a random page, reads for five seconds or so before placing it back upon the shelf.

RICHARD

(voice over)

I then flicked through a few tomes at this rather pleasant, cosy little used bookstore wedged between a barbershop and an Italian delicatessen. However, my vision was fucked and my head and heart were racing, so I soon made tracks...

INT. CINEMA LOBBY - AFTERNOON

RICHARD peers up at a board advertising the names and times of movies. Around him a hoard of noisy, popcorn

munching, ice-cream licking, cola guzzling patrons - most of them children - shout and laugh.

RICHARD

(voice over)

I looked at the times for movies
I didn't want to watch...

EXT. PAVEMENT OUTSIDE RESTAURANT - AFTERNOON

RICHARD, smoking a cigar, scans a menu in the window of a Thai restaurant.

RICHARD

(voice over)

...and the names of meals I
didn't want to eat.

INT. MUSIC STORE - AFTERNOON

RICHARD shifts slowly alongside a display of CDs, sporadically removing one off the display, briefly glancing at the back cover before returning it to its previous position.

RICHARD

(voice over)

I looked at CDs I didn't want to
hear...

INT. CLOTHES STORE - AFTERNOON

RICHARD pulls a shirt featuring a design made up entirely of a collaged image of John Lennon from a rack of clothes and holds it up to his chest before placing it back upon the rack.

RICHARD

(voice over)

...and clothes I didn't want to wear.

INT. MUSEUM - AFTERNOON

RICHARD holds before him a floor plan of the museum and looks it over.

RICHARD

(voice over)

I visited a museum...

INT. MAP STORE - AFTERNOON

RICHARD holds before him a map of Cherubim City and looks it over.

RICHARD

(voice over)

...a map store...

INT. MAGAZINE STORE - AFTERNOON

RICHARD holds before him a Hustler magazine and looks it over.

RICHARD

(voice over)

...and a magazine retailer, but by this time the coke had worn off and the shops were closing, so I decided to begin making my way back to the apartment.

INT. DELORES' APARTMENT - EVENING

RICHARD stares at his laptop on the coffee table for a brief moment before he snorts a line of cocaine, has a gulp of his drink and lights a cigarette. 'The Simpsons' is on the television. **RICHARD** watches it for a second or

two before **DELORES** enters the apartment: a handbag with a marijuana leaf design on it slung over one shoulder; a bottle of white wine in one hand, a bottle of red in the other. She dumps all three items onto the coffee table.

RICHARD

Hey baby.

DELORES

Hey Dick, how's your day been?

RICHARD

OK. Got myself kicked out of an art gallery...the paintings were shit anyway.

DELORES

(after snorting a line of cocaine)

How'd you manage that...touch one of the paintings or somethin'?

RICHARD

Nah, I was smoking a cigar and the cunt who worked there took offence.

DELORES

(opening a bottle of wine)
I see...well, I had a fuckin' shit day so I plan to get well and truly tanked tonight.

DELORES takes a large swig from the bottle of wine before passing it to **RICHARD**. While he does the same **DELORES** snorts another line of cocaine, then lights a cigarette.

RICHARD

Why was your day so shit...unruly patrons or somethin'?

DELORES

Nah, this fuckin' bitch Babette was in charge for the day while Tony was organisin' shit for his

party tonight...I fuckin' hate
that Nazi cunt.

DELORES takes another swig of wine and snorts another
line of cocaine.

RICHARD

What time you say Abbey finishes
work?

DELORES

Seven...when she gets back we'll
go buy some more shit, then pick
up these two dyke bitches in Van
Nys. After that it's party on.

RICHARD

Cool cool...what should we do in
the mean time?

RICHARD and **DELORES** look at each other and smile.

INT. DELORES' BEDROOM - EVENING

RICHARD and **DELORES** lie in bed, passing a cigarette
between each other. Suddenly, unexpectedly, **ABBEY** bursts
into the room: cigarette in mouth, bottle of Bacardi in
one hand, box of Heinekens in the other. **RICHARD**, as a
result of her surprise entrance, drops the cigarette onto
the bed.

ABBEY

Rise and shine motherfuckers,
it's time to get absolutely and
unequivocally fucked up.

RICHARD

(attempting to search for the
lost cigarette)
Jesus fuckin' Christ, I dropped
the fuckin' durry in the bed.

DELORES

What?

RICHARD

That cigarette...it's in the bed... (holding it up) oh, here it is.

DELORES

Thank fuck.

ABBEY

You niggers ready to hit the pills, powder and piss?

DELORES

(looking at **ABBEY** slightly suspiciously)
You been on the blow bitch?

ABBEY

Nah, better: on the rocks. Elsa from work fuckin' had some shit, blew us out when our shift finished...there any of that powder left?

DELORES

Nada...we finished it off earlier.

ABBEY

Greedy cunts.

DELORES

Fuck you slut...you got some green to buy goodies with at Antony's?

ABBEY

Yeah ho...thought I might try and pick up some coke and cookies if they've got some.

DELORES

Yeah, sounds the ticket...should we mish?

ABBEY

Yeah bitches, let's hit this motherfuckin' joint.

EXT. WESTHAVEN - EVENING

RICHARD, DELORES and **ABBEY** exit **DELORES'** car which is parked in a quiet, leafy suburban street. They walk towards a green and brown two-storey house; **ABBEY** knocks on the door. Shortly a man in his early-to-mid twenties, unshaven, wearing a black t-shirt and blue jeans, opens the door. His name is **ANTONY**.

ANTONY

Abbey, Delores, hi, you're just in time for some spots.

ABBEY and **DELORES**, followed by **RICHARD**, enter the house into a small kitchen. Three other young men are huddled around the stove: one, **BADEN**, is burning a piece of marijuana between two heated knives; another, **CONNOR**, is inhaling the marijuana smoke through a plastic bottle which has had the bottom of it cut off; the third, **DAVE**, is watching the proceedings while smoking a cigarette. After having finished inhaling the marijuana smoke **CONNOR** holds the plastic bottle up to **ABBEY**.

CONNOR

You want some?

ABBEY

(grabbing the bottle)
Shit yeah soldier.

DELORES

So...what you cats been up to?

ANTONY

Fuck all...just the usual shit, y'know... who's your friend?

DELORES

This is Richard...Richard, this is (pointing around the room) Antony, Connor, Baden and Dave.

The first two raise their eyebrows in acknowledgement; the latter two merely look at **RICHARD. BADEN** serves a spot to **ABBEY**, who then passes the hooter to **DELORES**.

ABBEY

You got any coke at the mo'?

ANTONY

Nah, all out.

ABBEY

Gay...what about pills?

ANTONY

Nope.

DAVE

(motioning toward **ANTONY**)
This fuckin' fiend necked them
all, that's why.

ANTONY

Fuck you cunt, you can't
talk...the reason we don't have
any sniff left is 'cause most of
it went up your nose.

DELORES

(after having her spot and
passing the hooter to **RICHARD**)
What the fuck do you have then?

ANTONY

We got some mean meth.

DELORES

Should we buy some burns Abb'?

ABBEY

Yeah, might as well.

ANTONY

You wanna smoke some now?

DELORES

Sounds good.

While the other occupants of the kitchen make their way into the adjoining living room **BADEN** serves **RICHARD** his spot and turns off the stove before the two join them. Everyone sits down upon one of the three couches surrounding a coffee table - a Celtics/Clippers game is playing on the television. **ANTONY** grabs a small bag of white powder and a glass pipe from off the coffee table, puts a miniscule amount of the powder into the pipe and begins to smoke it.

ABBEY

So...what you boys up to tonight?

CONNOR

Dunno...not much I guess. You?

ABBEY

Goin' to Tony's party.

CONNOR

Who's Tony?

ABBEY

Lol's boss, y'know, Mr. Porn.

CONNOR

Oh yeah, that cunt.

ANTONY

(passing the pipe to **DELORES**)
He'll have fuckin' buckets of coke and cookies at his crib, won't he?

ABBEY

Yeah, he usually does...fortunately for us, 'cause you cunts sure haven't have helped us out on that front.

ANTONY

Hey, at least we're hooking you up with some burns...otherwise

you motherfuckers would've been
stiff outta luck.

DELORES

(passing the pipe to **RICHARD**)
You nigger's got any 'cid?

DAVE

Um...yeah...I think we got a few
trips. Wanna buy some?

DELORES

Keen Abb'?

ABBEY

Fuck yeah.

ANTONY

I'll go and grab it.

ANTONY hops up off the couch, walks across the living
room and ascends the stairs.

DELORES

(to **RICHARD**)

Want some help lighting it baby?

RICHARD

Yes please.

DELORES holds the lighter beneath the pipe as **RICHARD**
smokes some of the methamphetamine. **ANTONY** returns to the
living room holding a small plastic bag. **RICHARD** passes
the pipe to **DAVE**.

ANTONY

How many you want? Got five here.

DELORES

Might as well buy it all...Abbey
and I can drop two and Richard
can drop the other one. You
haven't done that shit before,
have you Dick?

RICHARD

Nein.

DAVE passes the pipe to **ABBEY**.

ANTONY

You got the cash on you?

DELORES

Yeah...how much is it?

ANTONY

Three hundred.

DELORES

How much you niggers got?

ABBEY finishes inhaling the methamphetamine, exhales it and passes the pipe to **CONNOR**.

ABBEY

`bout a hundey.

DELORES looks at **RICHARD**.

RICHARD

`bout the same.

DELORES

Hundred each then?

RICHARD

Cool.

ABBEY

Yeah, OK.

RICHARD and **ABBEY** pass **DELORES** their money who then passes it to **ANTONY**. **CONNOR** meanwhile passes the pipe to **BADEN**.

ANTONY

Cheers doll.

DELORES

No problem sweetie.

ABBEY

So is this acid any good?

DAVE

Yeah, it's not too bad...we
dropped some last night, decent
'nough visuals.

ABBEY

Cool cool.

BADEN

(passing the pipe to **ANTONY**)
Think it needs a refill bro.

INT. DELORES' CAR - NIGHT

DELORES drives her car rapidly through streetlamp-lit suburban streets. **ABBEY** sits in the passenger's seat; **RICHARD** is in the back. All three smoke cigarettes. Black Sabbath's 'Children of the Grave' plays on the car's stereo.

RICHARD

The idea of involuntary taxation for the purpose of providing people with benefits is absolutely disgusting... why should hard-working, tax-paying citizens have such a significant amount of their incomes spent on keeping bums who don't want to work alive? Should let the motherfuckers die, that's what I say.

ABBEY

But part of living in a civilised society means that those who have the ability to adequately support themselves must necessarily bear the burden of keeping those less fortunate than themselves alive.

RICHARD

Why?

ABBEY

'cause, whether we like it or not, it's a fact of life that, while most people are able to look after themselves to at least a minimal extent, some members of society simply cannot.

RICHARD

But why is it the responsibility of the rest of society to act as a wet nurse for the dregs and downbeats?

ABBEY

'cause, even with high social spending, the rates of unemployment, substandard housing, malnutrition, illiteracy and poor health care are phenomenally high...without tax money being spent on society's dispossessed we'd be livin' in one big fuckin' ghetto.

RICHARD

But surely those factors would be better dealt with by the government stepping back and allowing the free market to provide the maximum number of jobs possible, as opposed to economic measures which tax businesses to a ridiculous extent while allowing those who provide nothing to society reap rewards they don't deserve?

ABBEY

But the private sector can still only provide a limited number of jobs...what happens to those

people who can legitimately not find employment?

RICHARD

They can do a Blanche Dubois.

ABBEY

Aye?

RICHARD

Rely upon the kindness of strangers...if there's one thing you can be sure of, it's that a decent number of people with acquired wealth will provide to charities for the sake of keeping guilt at bay. There'll always be homeless shelters and the like.

ABBEY

But how can an undereducated single mother adequately raise children in a fuckin' homeless shelter?

RICHARD

That's one of the repercussions of not having gainful employment.

ABBEY

But she's lookin' after her children, how can she work?

RICHARD

Even retards can work if they want to, stuffin' letters in envelopes and shit like that...if you don't have a job, don't have any savings of your own, or any external income, that still doesn't mean a massive chunk of tax money should go towards keepin' you and your fuckin' little rugrats alive.

ABBEY

Fuck you're an evil Fascist cunt.

RICHARD

Fuck you're a bleeding-heart
Liberal bitch.

DELORES

Oi, Senator's Slutface and
Sleazebag, we're here...

DELORES pulls up to the curb outside a green and white single storey suburban house. **DELORES** parks the car, turns off the ignition, exits the driver's side door, walks across the front lawn of the house and rings the doorbell. Shortly two women in their early-to-mid twenties open the door. One, **BELLA**, has black hair, is of medium build and wears a schoolgirl's outfit: tight white t-shirt, short pleated grey miniskirt and knee-high white socks. The other woman, **CLARISSA**, has blonde hair, is of slim build and wears a cheerleader's outfit: tight red, white and blue top, white miniskirt and white socks. When **DELORES** meets them she kisses both of them on the mouth.

...Bella, Clarissa, how are you
girlfriends? Jesus, you two look
fuckin' hot.

BELLA

Thanks sweetie...let me just grab
this shit and we'll be off.

BELLA goes back inside and grabs a box of premixed drinks and a bottle of wine. She passes the bottle of wine to **CLARISSA** and after locking the door the three of them walk out to the car.

DELORES

(after entering the car)
Bella, Clarissa, y'know Abbey
don't you?

Nods of acknowledgement from both women.

...anyway, this is Dick.

BELLA

(in the process of sitting beside
him)
Hey Dick.

CLARISSA

(doing the same)
Hi Dick.

RICHARD

Hi.

DELORES

Everyone ready? Cool, it's time
to get well and truly fucked up.

ABBEY

Hear fuckin' hear.

The car accelerates off down the street.

EXT. TONY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The car travels up a wide driveway into a spacious parking area, arranged around a statue of Venus emerging from the water. A number of people are standing about: drinking, smoking, talking, laughing, shouting. The occupants of **DELORES'** car exit its confines, all carrying alcohol, most of them smoking. They walk across the parking area, up a flight of concrete steps upon which people are sitting - either talking or kissing - across a patio area (to the right of which can be glimpsed a lamp-lit swimming pool in and around which people are engaged in various activities) and past the open front doors of the house. As they enter Carly Simon's 'You're So Vain' is playing on the house's sound system. They cross a crowded lobby area, then ascend a circular staircase up to the main living area. It is full of people and full of noise; people hold dinks and cigarettes, talk to each other and on mobile phones; some are kissing, some are making out on the couches. Paintings and sculptures line the walls. A long marble coffee table occupies the middle of the couches, in the centre of which are three silver bowls: one contains cocaine, one ecstasy and one

marijuana. Our five friends continue across the living area into the kitchen: **DELORES** opens the refrigerator.

DELORES

Jesus, ain't a lot of room in here...don't worry, there's another fridge through here.

They walk out of the kitchen, down a hallway and into a games room occupied primarily by a billiards table, a large-screen television, an old-school arcade machine and a refrigerator. **DELORES** once again opens the door and they begin piling alcohol into it, leaving out enough to drink in the meantime.

ABBEY

(to **CLARISSA**)

Where you two off to?

CLARISSA

Dunno...thought we might check out the Jacuzzi.

ABBEY

Cool...what you keen to do Lol?

DELORES

Should we drop this 'cid and have a few burns?

ABBEY

Sounds good to me negro...let's go Dick.

The five of them continue back down the hallway, but whereas **BELLA** and **CLARISSA** keep on walking, the other three enter a bathroom off to the right. After locking the door **DELORES** removes the bag of LSD from her jeans pocket and carefully - attempting only to touch the sides of the blotter paper - passes two trips to **ABBEY** and one to **RICHARD**.

RICHARD

So...um...like, how do you actually do this shit? Do you swallow it or somethin'?

DELORES

Stick it underneath your tongue,
like this...

DELORES places one of the tabs beneath her tongue in demonstration. **RICHARD**, as well as **ABBEY**, do the same.

...you can stick it underneath
your eyelid if you want to, but I
don't really think that's
necessary for your first time.

While **RICHARD** maneuvers the tiny square of paper beneath his tongue **DELORES** and **ABBEY** do the same with their second one.

ABBEY

Now we gotta wait 'til this shit
begins to dissolve 'fore we can
have some burns.

DELORES

Shouldn't take too long I guess.

RICHARD

This house is fuckin'
ridiculously cool, isn't it?

ABBEY

Yeah, it is, aye.

RICHARD

I got pretty fuckin' wasted off
that meth earlier.

ABBEY

It was good shit, without doubt.

DELORES

Well, you're gonna get even more
wasted in a minute when we smoke
some more.

ABBEY

You should start gettin' some ready Lol.

DELORES

Yeah baby, might as well bust that shit out, aye.

DELORES removes the bag of methamphetamine and a glass pipe from her handbag and pours a tiny amount into the pipe. As she smokes some **RICHARD** feels the trip beneath his tongue with his pinky finger while **ABBEY** lights a cigarette, then passes it to **RICHARD**.

RICHARD

Why'd we even need to buy shit in the first place? There's fuckin' silver bowls full of it out there.

DELORES

(passing the pipe to **ABBEY**)
Tony gets pissed off when too many cunts tax...anyway, that shit goes fuckin' quick.

RICHARD

Yeah, I guess it would...how long will it take for this acid to kick in?

DELORES

'bout forty minutes, half an hour prob'ly.

ABBEY

(passing the pipe to **RICHARD**)
Here, smoke some of this shit in the meantime.

RICHARD puts the pipe up to his lips and smokes some of the methamphetamine.

INT. JACUZZI ROOM - NIGHT

RICHARD - cigar in mouth, open bottle of wine beside him - sits still, staring at the action occurring before him: on one side of the Jacuzzi **DELORES** and **ABBEY** are making out; on the other side **BELLA** and **CLARISSA** are doing the same. **BELLA** places **CLARISSA** onto the side of the Jacuzzi and begins performing cunnilingus upon her, prompting **DELORES** to start rubbing and licking **CLARISSA'S** breasts. **ABBEY** subsequently begins performing cunnilingus upon **BELLA**. **RICHARD** removes the cigar from his mouth and takes a gulp of wine, swallowing it with a satisfied smile on his face.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

DELORES leads **RICHARD** by the hand through the crowded living room.

DELORES

He might be in the dining room,
we should look for him there I
guess.

RICHARD

Umm...look for who?

DELORES

Tony.

RICHARD

Oh, right, yeah.

DELORES

You feelin' that acid?

RICHARD

Not sure...I'm definitely fucked
off that meth though.

DELORES

Good shit...it was fuckin' fun
back there in the Jacuzzi.

RICHARD

You're tellin' me...I was fuckin' buzzin' out to that shit harder than a motherfucker.

DELORES laughs.

DELORES

Next time you should join in.

RICHARD

I might just do that...on this occasion though I was enjoying watching you ladies have fun on your own too much to warrant my participation.

DELORES laughs again.

DELORES

Ah, here's the man himself.

In the far corner of the kitchen stands a well-dressed man in his early-to-mid fifties - **TONY** - an equally well-dressed, attractive woman in her mid-to-late forties - his wife **ANDREA** - and two phenomenally well-dressed, extraordinarily attractive women in their late teens or early twenties - his two daughters **JASMINE** and **JÖELLE**. **DELORES** waves at **TONY**: when he sees her he waves back.

TONY

Hi Lol, how are you?

DELORES

Great thanks Tony.

They hug and kiss one another on the cheek.

TONY

Pleased you could make it.

DELORES

I wouldn't miss one of your shindigs...hi Andrea.

ANDREA

Hi Delores.

TONY

You know my two daughters,
Jasmine and Jöelle, don't you?

DELORES

Yeah, hi.

Both girls smile but do not say anything.

TONY

Who's your friend?

DELORES

This is Richard...Richard, this
is (motioning with her hand)
Tony, Andrea, Jasmine and Jöelle.

TONY

Hi Richard, how's it going?

RICHARD

Good thanks.

The two men shake hands.

DELORES

(looking around the kitchen)
What are you four doin' hidin' in
the corner of the kitchen anyway?

TONY

Attempting to make our presence
appear as inconspicuous to our
guests as possible...the duties
of a dignified host are always so
tiresome, don't you agree?

RICHARD

(under his breath)
Jesus, he sounds like fuckin' Noël
Coward.

TONY

(to **RICHARD**)

I'm sorry?

RICHARD

I just remarked that you sound like Noël Coward.

TONY

Well, at least you didn't compare me to that incorrigible trouser bandit Oscar Wilde...

Richard...ah, yes, you're the playwright whose play Delores was in, isn't that right?

RICHARD

That's right.

DELORES talks to the three women while the two men talk to each other.

TONY

I enjoyed your version of La Ronde very much...I saw a production of it recently which bored me senseless.

RICHARD

Not an uncommon achievement for the contemporary theatre I'm afraid.

TONY

Indeed...what else have you written?

RICHARD

I rewrote a cycle of four Euripedean plays - Electra, Orestes, Iphigeneia in Taurica and Iphigeneia at Aulis - which sunk like a sack of stones. My most recent play was a revision of Byron's Manfred, but I don't exactly hold high hopes for it.

TONY

Why is that?

RICHARD

Well, for one thing it's a closet drama: Byron wrote it with the specific intention that it should never be staged.

TONY

Not exactly an auspicious start I suppose.

RICHARD

Quite.

TONY

Have you written anything original?

RICHARD

My first success was a trivial little folly called Tea, Jam and Biscuits in the Drawing Room at Four O'clock - basically an old-fashioned farce with a bit of Attic comedy and Victorian melodrama thrown in to boot.

TONY

Ah, the manifold mellifluous joys of the postmodern epoch!

The two men laugh.

RICHARD

Speaking of postmodern, I saw a wonderful production of Pinter's No Man's Land not long ago.

TONY

I despise Pinter and his pretentious, posturing, pointed pauses...unabashedly ultra-subjectivist clanking claptrap in the guise of an absurdist left-

wing treatise propounding some cockeyed, wayward stab at eliminating any possibility of absolute truth. The only play of his I ever enjoyed was The Birthday Party. I think that Mamet utilises a similar yet much more effective and entertaining style than Pinter - considerably more efficiently.

RICHARD

You may have a point...I saw a brilliantly executed version of Edmond a few years ago, and Sexual Perversity in Chicago is generally exceedingly effective, yet needless to say Glengarry Glen Ross is undeniably Mamet's *magnum opus*, his supreme *meisterwerk*.

TONY

Yes, his *pièce de résistance*, so to speak, the pinnacle of his potent and prolific theatrical career... I've always thought the American theatre has been far more conservative in its approach to language than its English counterpart.

RICHARD

Surely this can't hold true when applied to a dramatist such as O'Neill though...have you seen The Iceman Cometh?

TONY

(smiling)

Is that a porn flick?

RICHARD

Yeah, it's on the same bill as The Postman Always Knocks Twice.

TONY

Followed by The Playboy of the Western World and 'Tis Pity She's a Whore.

Both men laugh.

RICHARD

Are there are any half-decent productions playing at the moment? I was thinking of seeing something with Lol.

TONY

Not that I know of, but then, between work and family I don't get a lot of time to go to the theatre these days...in fact, the last stage show I saw was a production of The Vagina Monologues which my wife dragged me along to. Heaven's above, a show which possesses a name like that ought to at least have some actual slit in it, surely? All it consisted of was a bunch of Raggedy Anne premenopausal dykes expostulating about their bloody pussies while having a whinge about when their uncle raped them when they were thirteen. Extraordinarily awful rubbish, if you ask me.

RICHARD

Yeah, it is, isn't it.

ANDREA becomes aware of the two men's conversation.

ANDREA

Don't tell fibs Tony, you know you enjoyed it.

TONY

Enjoyed it? I'd rather be subjected to a gasoline enema followed by a golden shower from a herd of bison than have to sit through that shit for a second time...unconscionable crap.

ANDREA

Don't speak like a guttersnipe.

TONY

Hey, it's not my fault: it's an occupational hazard of being a pornographer.

The two men laugh.

ANDREA

Should we retire to the upstairs' den Tony, entertain Delores and Richard there and let the rest of the riffraff look after themselves down here?

TONY

Sounds like a plan, m'am.

DELORES

Then let's go, negroes, motherfuckers yo...all my bitches and my ho's.

Everyone, including **JASMINE** and **JÖELLE**, burst into laughter.

TONY

You shouldn't talk like a nigger
Lol, it's not becoming of you.

DELORES

Fuck you Tony, you can suck my
big black dick you faggot.

TONY

You're the epitome of
sophistication Delores.

DELORES

And you're the epitome of
homosexuality Tony.

TONY

Ah, banal, bawdy, barbaric
banter... but enough of this,
where's your delightful little
friend got to Lol?

DELORES

Who...Abbey?

TONY

Yes, that's the one.

DELORES

Still havin' fun with two carpet
lickers in the Jacuzzi I believe.

TONY

Well, in that case shall we
retreat to the relative safety of
the upstairs' den before anyone
else recognises me and wishes to
engage me in mundane
conversation?

DELORES

Lead the way Daddy-O.

Our party of five departs the kitchen and walk across the
dining room. The two men walk in front, the four women
behind them. Suddenly **RICHARD** spins around toward
DELORES.

RICHARD

Should we go and grab that booze
in the back fridge Lol?

DELORES

Yeah, I guess we should.

TONY

You needn't worry about it, I have plenty of liquor upstairs.

DELORES

We'll just be a tick...don't want any thieving cunt to nick it or nothin'.

INT. GAMES ROOM - NIGHT

RICHARD removes a variety of alcohol from the refrigerator and piles it upon the floor. **DELORES** meanwhile watches him, smoking a cigarette and drinking a beer.

RICHARD

OK, I think that's everything.

DELORES

Cool, that should do the trick...by the way, you feelin' that acid yet?

RICHARD

Yeah, I think I am...shit's all fuckin' colourful and bright and shit.

DELORES

Yeah, I think you're trippin' honey.

RICHARD

That meth combined with bein' in that Jacuzzi has made me hornier than a motherfucker.

DELORES

I think I can help you out on that score Dr. Costanos.

RICHARD

I'm extremely pleased to hear that Nurse Diaz.

DELORES moves over toward **RICHARD**, pushes him against the refrigerator door and starts to kiss him and feel him up. **RICHARD** responds to her action by grabbing one of her buttocks and slapping the other.

INT. UPSTAIRS' DEN - NIGHT

We are in a comfortable, spacious, low-lit room: paintings hang on the wooden walls, a chandelier hangs from the wooden ceiling, Persian rugs cover the wooden floors. Four sofas - two black, two white - surround a glass-topped table, upon which stand a multitude of bottles containing alcohol. Miles Davis' 'Bitches Brew' plays on a stereo.

TONY

(pouring a glass)
Champagne Lol?

DELORES

Thanks.

TONY

Dick?

RICHARD

Yes please.

TONY passes across two glasses of champagne.

TONY

I was thinking you might like to join us at our house up the coast later this week Lol...and you too, Richard.

DELORES

Sounds great...when you leavin'?

TONY

Thursday...we'll probably come back Monday I believe, but if you're driving up then you can obviously leave whenever you wish.

DELORES

It's a date then.

TONY

(smiling)

Finally, after almost five years, I get a date with you.

ANDREA lightly slaps **TONY** on the arm.

JASMINE

Do we have to go up to the house for a full five days? It gets so boring up there.

TONY

You don't have to go if you don't want to.

JÖELLE

(petulantly)

Well if she's not going than I'm not.

TONY

(blasé)

Suit yourselves then.

ANDREA

(conciliatorily)

Tony, don't be such an asshole...we want you to come girls.

JASMINE

I'm only going if Jason can come too.

JÖELLE

In that case, I'm only going if Justin can come.

JASMINE

I thought he had a bit of difficulty with that?

JÖELLE

Fuck you cunt.

JASMINE

Slut.

ANDREA

Language girls.

TONY

Jesus fucking Christ, that's already eight people in the house and undoubtedly more will confirm in the interim, not to mention random hangers-on turning up while we're there.

JÖELLE

That doesn't matter Daddy, the place is fucking huge.

TONY

Alright, let's talk about this when I'm not drunk.

ANDREA

When is that ever the case Tony?

TONY

Very fucking funny woman, now grab me that bottle of Scotch from the cabinet.

ANDREA

Fuck off faggot, go and get it yourself.

TONY

(rising from his seat)
Isn't that a sad state of affairs: your own wife calls you a faggot simply because you're attractive, an impeccable dresser and possess exquisite taste in interior design, the fine arts and *art culinaire*...oh well, no rest for the wicked I suppose.

ANDREA

Or the wasted...goddamn rummy.

TONY

(walking over to the drinks cabinet)
Hey, it's all paid for.

ANDREA

Yeah, by horny old men watching skin flicks, reading jizz mags and staring at girls taking their clothes off.

TONY

(grabbing a bottle of Scotch and glasses)
Legitimate commercial enterprises, all.

ANDREA

Legitimate, yes. Morally acceptable, no.

TONY

(sitting back down on the sofa)
Hey, fuck morals when you've got money...oh shit, I forgot the ice, does one of my darling

daughters want to be a doll and grab the ice for their Papa?

JASMINE

Not particularly.

JÖELLE

Fuck off Daddy.

TONY

How sharper than a serpent's tooth...

TONY walks over to the refrigerator and removes a tray of ice cubes.

DELORES

(after lighting a cigarette)
Are you still pursuing photography Jöelle?

JÖELLE

Yes, I am. I've got a new show opening in a couple of week's time.

DELORES

Great.

TONY

(sitting back down)
Yes, if you believe that black-and-white photographs of junkies slumped in public toilets and alkies huddled in doorways constitutes great art, than Jöelle here is a regular Man Ray.

JÖELLE

Fuck up Daddy, I was talking to Delores...anyway, what the fuck do you know about art, you're nothing but a dirty sleazy porn merchant? It's called hyper-

realism, in case you wanted to know.

TONY

(pouring a Scotch)

I think I'll stick to pictures of naked women if it's all the same with you...the only women who appear in your pictures are miserable toothless crackheads and old hags with their head buried in a bag of glue.

JÖELLE

God you're a troglodyte.

TONY

Is that the big new word all the cool kids are using these days?

JÖELLE

You're such a gimp.

TONY

Ah, now that's more characteristic of your vocabulary.

JÖELLE

Fuck off and die, cunt.

TONY

Oh, the unadulterated joy of family evenings spent together...would you like a Scotch Dick?

RICHARD

Please...would you care for a cigar?

TONY

Sure thing my man.

TONY passes **RICHARD** a glass of Scotch on ice; **RICHARD** passes **TONY** a cigar. Sips are drunk and cigars are lit.

RICHARD

(raising his glass slightly)
Your health.

TONY

(doing the same)
Bottom's up.

Both drink.

ANDREA

Why is it that you only ever
offer men Scotch Tony?

TONY

Because I know that neither you,
nor the girls, drink Scotch.
Would you like one Lol?

DELORES

No, I think I'll have a Bacardi
thanks Tony.

TONY

There, you see...should we
withdraw with our Scotch and
cigars to my study Dick, where
you can peruse my latest artistic
acquisition?

RICHARD

Lead the way hombre.

TONY

Then onward Christian soldier...

Both men cross the den and ascend a flight of narrow, circular stairs. They arrive in a small, snug room consisting primarily of a sofa, a desk, a number of bookcases filled with books, magazines, DVDs and videos, and a large-screen television. A painting hangs upon each of the four walls, the largest of which **TONY** immediately points toward - a polyptych of a newborn child covered in blood, an elderly man covered in blood, a naked woman

lying on a bed and a naked woman lying on a bed with a trickle of blood visible on the inside of her leg.

... 'Life, Death, Love, Hate'.
It's by a local artist, Mies von Roachim, very talented I think. Perhaps a little obvious in a narratological sense but nevertheless extremely effective visually, I feel.

RICHARD

Agreed.

TONY

Would you care for some cocaine?

RICHARD

OK.

TONY

(removing a bag of cocaine, a mirror and a razor blade from a drawer of the desk)
It's none of that fucking bowel cleaner I've got downstairs, this shit is as pure as virgin cunt... should I stick a movie on while we're at it?

RICHARD

Alright.

TONY inserts a DVD into the DVD player beneath the television. A young blonde-haired girl, trussed up with rope to the headboard of a bed, appears on the screen; while a black-haired woman wearing a studded leather collar, ripped fishnet stockings and black high-heels whips her legs and stomach another woman, a redhead wearing only black fuck-me boots, attaches wooden clothes pegs to her nipples. While **RICHARD** watches the video **TONY** cuts up the cocaine.

TONY

Not bad quality, eh?

RICHARD

Mmm.

TONY

Neither is this coke...here, have
a few blasts.

TONY passes **RICHARD** the mirror and **RICHARD** snorts two lines of cocaine before passing it back to **TONY**, who does the same. On the television the brunette has inserted a speculum into the girl's vagina, while the redhead is making slash marks across the woman's breasts with a knife.

RICHARD

This film is quite hard out,
isn't it?

TONY

Indeed. Underground German shit,
straight off the streets of
Berlin ...want some more toots?

RICHARD

Cheers.

RICHARD snorts another two lines of cocaine before **TONY** has the remaining three. On the television the brunette is inserting a dildo into the girl's anus while the redhead slaps and spits upon the girl's breasts and face.

TONY

Mind if I shoot up?

RICHARD

No, go right ahead.

TONY removes from the desk drawer a bag of heroin, a syringe, a spoon, a cotton ball and a silver Zippo lighter. He places a minute amount of heroin into the spoon, adds a trickle of water from a crystal decanter sitting upon a wooden table beside him and holds the lighter beneath the spoon. When the mixture begins to

bubble he removes the lighter and dabs at the content of the spoon with the cotton ball. This complete, he pours the mixture into the syringe, removes his shirt, ties it around his upper arm, flicks at a vein a couple of times with his middle finger and lightly jabs the syringe into his arm. He pulls the syringe plunger back so as to draw blood into its chamber, then pushes the plunger, flooding the vein with heroin. The shirt goes loose, **TONY** looks momentarily surprised, then relieved, then ecstatic: he drops back onto the sofa. On the television the brunette is forcing the dildo into the girl's mouth while the redhead urinates across the girl's vagina, stomach and breasts. **RICHARD** looks across at **TONY** who has, by all appearances, fallen asleep. **RICHARD** grabs the mirror, rubs the palm of his hand across it, licks the cocaine residue off his hand and walks out of the room.

INT. UPSTAIRS' DEN - EARLY MORNING

RICHARD descends the stairs into the den where the four women are still seated. However, **DELORES** is now holding a lighter beneath a glass pipe from which **JÖELLE** is smoking some methamphetamine; meanwhile, **ANDREA** snorts a line of cocaine off the table before passing the rolled-up note to **JASMINE**, who does the same.

RICHARD

Well, hello ladies...havin' fun?

DELORES

Hello stranger...yes we are,
thanks.

ANDREA

We knew you men would be up to
some shit upstairs so we thought
we'd have some goodies while you
were gone.

RICHARD

Rightio.

ANDREA

What's happened to Tony? Has he
coma'd out already?

RICHARD

Sure has...strong shot of smack
I'm afraid.

ANDREA

(sighing good naturedly)
I'd better go and check on him I
guess.

ANDREA rises from the sofa and ascends the stairs.

DELORES

You wanna go for a walk out in
the garden lover?

RICHARD

Yeah, fresh air would do me some
good right now.

DELORES

Let's go baby...you girls gonna
stay here?

JÖELLE

(after snorting a line of cocaine
and rubbing her nose)
Yeah.

EXT. GARDEN - EARLY MORNING

DELORES and **RICHARD** walk through the moon-lit garden,
their arms around each other, each holding a cigarette;
DELORES carries a half-empty bottle of Bacardi from which
she sporadically takes a swig.

DELORES

It's nice out here.

RICHARD

Yeah, it is...the acid, coke and meth are playing havoc with my senses.

DELORES

Ditto...it's fun though.

RICHARD

Yeah, sure is.

RICHARD kisses **DELORES** on the cheek.

DELORES

Let's sit down somewhere.

RICHARD

Okey doke.

They sit beneath a large oak tree: both are silent for a short period of time, holding the other's hand, before they commence kissing. However, **DELORES** suddenly pulls away with an extremely alarmed expression on her face.

DELORES

Fuck...

RICHARD

What's the matter?

She turns around and vomits violently three times. **RICHARD** grabs her hair and pulls it toward the back of her head.

DELORES

Oh, fuck!

RICHARD

What?

DELORES

I've got spew all over my fuckin' top.

RICHARD

Yuck.

DELORES

I think I'm gonna have tah fuckin' take it off, I can't wear it like this.

RICHARD

That should be OK...at least it's a warm night.

DELORES

At least I'm wearin' a bra, more like.

DELORES removes her top, wipes her face on it and throws it out onto the lawn.

RICHARD

Cool bra.

DELORES

Thanks...should we go inside, see if there's any pills left?

RICHARD

Do you think you should do ecstasy in your current condition? I mean, we've done a lot of shit tonight.

DELORES

Don't worry 'bout me baby, I'm OK, you don't have to do any if you don't want to...I feel like candyflippin' tonight.

RICHARD

Alright then.

INT. LIVING ROOM - EARLY MORNING

RICHARD and **DELORES** burst unsteadily into the living room from outside: **DELORES** wears a green brassiere, blue jeans and white sneakers; **RICHARD** is in tan trousers and a white shirt with the top three buttons undone. Both smoke

cigarettes. Eric Prydz's 'Call On Me' plays on the sound system. The party is now well and truly in full swing: two women and a man - all wearing black g-strings - dance on a raised area at the front of the room; fifty or sixty people in various stages of undress dance and mill about around the remaining space. **RICHARD** and **DELORES** wander across the room to where the bowls of drugs sit on the table - the one containing cocaine is almost empty, the one containing ecstasy about three-quarters empty and the one containing marijuana almost half empty.

DELORES

Thank fuck there's still some
shit left...you want two bikkies
or one?

RICHARD

One should be sweet I think.

DELORES

There you go honeypie.

DELORES hands **RICHARD** an ecstasy tablet: as he pops it into his mouth and **DELORES** pops two **ABBEY** rushes over and enthusiastically hugs both of them simultaneously. Her eyelids are drooping, her pupils are dilated and the presence of sweat is evident upon her face.

ABBEY

'Sup my niggers.

DELORES

Hey Abb', where the fuck have you
been girl?

ABBEY

Clarissa had some G so we took
some mils and wazzed out for
ages...it was fuckin' fun.

DELORES

I see...how many pills have you
dropped?

ABBEY

Three...I'm comin' up at the moment, they're fuckin' strong.

DELORES

Damn woman, you're gonna be absolutely fucked.

ABBEY

I know...gimme a hug baby, you too Richard...

All three of them once again hug.

...let's have a dance 'fore I get too fucked to stand up.

DELORES

Sounds good to me, chickadee.

The three of them, arm in arm with **ABBEY** in the middle, stumble over to where people are dancing beside the platform. **DELORES** and **ABBEY** begin dancing with each other; shortly **ABBEY** grabs **RICHARD'S** arm, pulls him over to them and kisses him on the cheek. **RICHARD** watches the two women on the platform kiss, then as **DELORES** and **ABBEY** do the same. **DELORES** pulls **RICHARD** toward her and kisses him energetically on the mouth; **ABBEY** follows by kissing him as well. **ABBEY** once more hugs both **RICHARD** and **DELORES** simultaneously with immense vigour before they resume dancing.

CUT TO

RICHARD, **DELORES** and **ABBEY** recline upon one of the sofas in the living room, all quite obviously experiencing the effects of the ecstasy in combination with the other substances they have consumed during the course of the evening. **DELORES** and **ABBEY** stare into each other's eyes for a short while before they commence kissing; when they part. **DELORES** hugs **RICHARD** before she kisses him on the mouth.

INT. GUEST BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

Our three adventurers lie upon a bed in a guest bedroom: **RICHARD** trails a hand across **DELORES'** stomach while **ABBEY** runs a finger along **DELORES'** bottom lip, then quickly licks the tip of her nose. **ABBEY** proceeds to sprinkle a line of cocaine across **DELORES'** stomach and one across each breast: **ABBEY** snorts the line off her stomach and one of her breasts; **RICHARD** snorts the line off her other breast.

DISSOLVE

INT. TONY'S STUDY - LATE MORNING

RICHARD, formerly asleep on the sofa in **TONY'S** study, slowly and unwillingly enters consciousness. He rubs his eyes, licks his lips and awkwardly sits up on the sofa; after looking around for a while he hops up off the sofa and dresses from the pile of clothes on the floor.

RICHARD

(voice over)

Upon awakening I discovered myself to be in Tony's study, absent of any recollection explaining how I ended up in there...

INT. UPSTAIRS' DEN - LATE MORNING

RICHARD descends the stairs to find **DELORES** asleep on one sofa, **TONY** asleep on another and **JÖELLE** asleep on the third. The fourth sofa is covered in clothing, handbags, cigarette packets and other miscellaneous items. **RICHARD** briefly surveys the room before he continues walking across the den, down the stairs, across the dining room and into the kitchen.

RICHARD

(voice over)

...with both my head and my stomach roaring in anguish, and images of last night's debauchery flashing periodically through my mind - the Jacuzzi foursome; watching dirty, degraded,

disgusting pornography while I snorted coke and Tony shot up; necking pills and making out with Delores and Abbey; sampling alpine snow off Lol's tits - I made my way to the kitchen in search of water, orange juice, coffee and toast...

RICHARD procures a glass from the kitchen cupboard, fills it from the tap and sculls it back in a single swallow.

EXT. BALCONY - LATE MORNING

RICHARD leans over the balcony, staring out at the impressively expansive suburban vista spread before him - cigarette in one hand, cup of coffee in the other. Behind him is the swimming pool, the morning sun glinting off its surface. **ABBEY**, wearing a midriff-revealing top and underwear, comes up behind him and wraps her arms around his chest, then places her head upon his shoulder.

ABBEY

Morning Dick.

RICHARD

Hey Abb'...sleep well?

ABBEY

Sure did...my head feels like a fuckin' bomb went off in it though.

RICHARD

Yeah, same...where did you end up crashin' out?

ABBEY

In one of the guest bedrooms with this Dutch couple...they were into some whack shit alright.

RICHARD

True?

ABBEY

Yeah baby...where'd you and Lol sleep?

RICHARD

I slept on the sofa in Tony's study...Lol's still asleep in the upstairs' den, as far as I'm aware.

ABBEY

Should we go and wake the lazybones up?

RICHARD

Sound's good to me.

ABBEY

Let's go then.

INT. UPSTAIRS' DEN - EARLY AFTERNOON

ABBEY runs into the room and with a high-pitched scream jumps on to **DELORES'** prone form upon the sofa. With a dissatisfied grunt **DELORES** awakens as **RICHARD** walks into the room. Slowly **TONY** and **JÖELLE**, formerly asleep on the other sofas, become aware of the presence of **ABBEY** and **RICHARD**.

RICHARD

(voice over)

After waking up Delores, Tony and Jöelle - who in turn woke up Andrea and Jasmine - we all eventually congregated out by the swimming pool for coffee and croissants...

EXT. BALCONY - EARLY AFTERNOON

The seven people in question sit alongside a glass-topped table parallel to the swimming pool. In addition to the

coffee and croissants, a large jug of Bloody Mary sits in the centre of the table. The females are talking to each other; the two males do the same. **RICHARD** and **TONY** both smoke cigars.

RICHARD

So...how did you get into the porn game in the first place?

TONY

Well, my father owned a couple of run down x-rated movie theatres which went to me when he died, but by that time video had already well and truly taken over the market, so I decided to convert them into strip clubs instead. However, in addition he had acquired dozens of contacts through which he obtained porn flicks, so I continued to import and distribute them, but at an increasingly greater rate than my father had: whatever else may be said about him, his business acumen was somewhat lacking. From those humble beginnings the business has grown rapidly, until I owned more clubs and distributed more films than any other motherfucker in the market.

RICHARD

Do you specialise in certain material, or do you just sell whatever comes across your path?

TONY

I have contacts around the world who hook me up with various products, depending upon where they are. You see, different regions of the globe are prone to producing different shit: for example, I get a lot of rape porn from the Arab world courtesy of

my contact in Tel Aviv, while a lot of BDSM stuff comes from Europe - Berlin, Frankfurt, Amsterdam, etc. A heap of bukkake comes from Tokyo and Bangkok, and so on, and so forth.

RICHARD

Bukkake?

TONY

Basically gangbang shit: it's when a group of guys come and piss over a chick.

RICHARD

Jesus.

TONY

That's nothing compared to some of the stuff I've seen: three guys handcuff a Muslim bitch to a post, rip off her burqa or durqa or whatever the fuck it's called, fuck all three holes before beating her to a bloody pulp; I've seen a stupid slut get fucked by a horse so hard that her abdomen explodes; I've seen this tiny white chick's arsehole rip when two huge black guys stick their dicks in it simultaneously.

RICHARD

Fuck.

TONY

Indeed.

RICHARD

Ever seen snuff?

TONY

Yeah, but obviously a considerable amount of it is of

somewhat dubious authenticity.
Still, when you watch a guy
amputate a girl with a machete I
think you can be relatively
confident regarding its
genuineness.

RICHARD

Do you deal in it at all?

TONY

Not snuff, but I do sell other
forms of illegal material - rape
and torture porn, zoophiliac
porn, some kiddy shit...

RICHARD

...is that right?

TONY

Yeah, but not stuff with children
in it, only teenagers,
adolescents, y'know. You see, the
Feds are primarily after those
producing shit with young
children in it: if you travel to
fuckin' Kentucky or wherever and
shoot some fifteen year old hick
in a motel room somewhere, you're
probably gonna get away with it.

RICHARD

I see...but, like, don't you feel
a pang of conscience actually
selling that kind of stuff?

TONY

Hey, if I don't sell it that only
means some other motherfucker's
going to instead. I only sell and
distribute it, I don't produce
it. It exists whether I sell it
or not.

RICHARD

Yeah, but that's merely a rationalisation, because you're the one supplying the demand; you actively provide people with this product.

TONY

Right, but regardless of whether I provide the product or not, that demand is still going to exist. Why not capitalise on that demand? If I don't it simply means that some one else is going to sell it instead.

RICHARD

But surely you can't justify supporting the production of morally abhorrent material?

TONY

No, I don't; I simply capitalise upon it. How do you justify the depiction of morally abhorrent acts in your plays?

RICHARD

I use them by way of negative example: they are justified in that they serve as a counterpoint by which to assert the virtue of that which is morally right. Anyway, a writer must depict both that which is good and that which is bad in society; by which, I mean to say...

All of a sudden a small piece of croissant hits **RICHARD'S** chest; it was thrown by **DELORES**.

DELORES

Oi, bitch: you know where the fuck Bella and Clarissa are?

RICHARD

No...why on Earth would I know where they are?

DELORES

I wonder if they crashed out in my car? I should prob'ly go check...if so, I'll give them a ride home, don't want those Sapphic sluts to sleep too long.

DELORES rises from her seat, consumes the remaining quantity of her Bloody Mary, takes a drag on her cigarette and commences walking towards her car.

INT. TONY'S LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

RICHARD and **TONY** both sit on a sofa, smoking marijuana through a Turkish hookah. Thelonus Monk plays on a stereo.

RICHARD

(voice over)

After Lol left to drop Bella and Clarissa home, Tony and I smoked some weed and listened to his old jazz records. Meanwhile Abbey, Andrea, Jasmine and Jöelle sunbathed out on the balcony...

CUT TO

A nearly empty bottle of red wine sits on the coffee table; **TONY** passes a mirror with lines of cocaine arranged upon it to **RICHARD**. Charlie Parker plays on the stereo.

...a bit later we polished off an excellent bottle of Château Pétrus and had a few blasts of coke while discussing the state of contemporary cinema...

CUT TO

A bottle of brandy and a bottle of bourbon have now joined the empty wine bottle and mirror on the coffee table, along with a glass pipe and a dish piled with marijuana. Fats Waller's 'Honeysuckle Rose' plays on the stereo.

...followed by us hitting the booze, bud and burns properly, until Tony declared that he was going to have a hit of H, and inquired as to whether or not I would like one. I initially declined on the grounds that I never voluntarily stick a needle in my arm, but when he revealed that he was only going to smoke it...

RICHARD holds a cylindrical funnel constructed out of cardboard up to his mouth; **TONY** holds a lighter beneath a flat, square piece of tinfoil with a small amount of heroin in the centre of it. When the heroin begins to bubble and expel smoke **TONY** removes the lighter: **RICHARD** inhales the smoke, stares off into space while exhaling it, gently reclines upon the sofa and closes his eyes.

INT. TONY'S LIVING ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

Both **RICHARD** and **TONY** lay prone, motionless, barely conscious, upon the same sofa: Duke Ellington's 'Sophisticated Lady' plays on the stereo. **DELORES** - wearing a new white dress and silver stiletto heels, her arms laden with shopping bags - enters the room, walks over to **RICHARD** and gives him a gentle shove.

DELORES

Dick...Dick...you OK?

RICHARD does not respond to **DELORES'** words, merely opens his eyes momentarily and looks at her with a vacant, distant expression before closing them again.

INT. TONY'S CAR - EARLY EVENING

TONY'S black Porsche 911 speeds through relatively busy city streets, winding in and out of traffic and overtaking vehicles with a brazen lack of concern for any other road users that may cross its path. Inside the car Rachmaninov plays at an eardrum-perforating volume as **TONY**, in black suit and dark glasses, cigarette in mouth, plays piano upon the steering wheel whilst driving; **ANDREA** in the passenger's seat snorts some cocaine, then removes the residue from around her nostrils with the aid of her makeup mirror; **DELORES** smokes some methamphetamine in a glass pipe and **RICHARD** smokes a cigarette while listening to the music, smiling. The car pulls up to the curb.

RICHARD

(voice over)

After the shit wore off we left Tony's - sans Abbey, who stayed in order to get fucked up with the J Twins, whom she would undoubtedly attempt to coax into an incestuous threesome. Delores meanwhile wanted an excuse to wear some of the clothes she had bought while spending the day shopping; we ended up seeing an adequate production of Death of a Salesman...

INT. THEATRE - EVENING

Our four friends sit along the front seats of a balcony at a theatre. **RICHARD** and **TONY** appear engaged in the production; **DELORES** and **ANDREA** appear far less so.

CHARLEY

(on stage)

Nobody dast blame this man. You don't understand; Willy was a salesman...

DELORES leans over toward **RICHARD**.

DELORES

Is this thing nearly finished?
The bastard's dead, isn't he?

RICHARD

Yeah, not long to go now.

DELORES

Good, I'm bloody hungry. Where we
gonna go eat?

RICHARD

Dunno...how can you be hungry
anyway? You got on the chuff
before we came in here.

DELORES

This fuckin' thing's been goin'
on so long it's pretty much worn
off by now.

RICHARD

Jesus, remind me never to take
you to Mourning Becomes Electra.

LINDA

(on stage)

We're free. We're free...We're
free...

On stage **BIFF** lifts the sobbing **LINDA** to her feet and carries her off stage. The other characters occupying the stage depart also. The curtain drops and the theatre erupts with applause: the four friends clap, then begin hurriedly moving toward the exit.

INT. RESTAURANT - LATE EVENING

The four individuals sit in a lavish, low-lit restaurant. Drinks are before them on the table; **RICHARD** and **TONY** smoke cigars while **DELORES** and **ANDREA** smoke cigarettes.

ANDREA

God, I thought that was awful...I enjoyed the film of it by that German guy much more, the one with the autistic pimp in it.

TONY

Autistic pimp...what the hell are you on about love?

ANDREA does not respond to **TONY'S** question: instead she takes a sip of her vodka and lime and a drag on her cigarette.

RICHARD

Next time we should see some Shakespeare; I believe an excellent production of Lear is playing at the...

DELORES & ANDREA

(in unison)

NO!

RICHARD looks momentarily perturbed, then nonplussed.

RICHARD

What about Ibsen? I think The Master Builder and A Doll's House are both running at the mo'.

DELORES

Fuck that morbid, dour Norwegian shit...can't we just go to the movies, munch back some popcorn and watch cars and buildings explode while some guy saves the world?

RICHARD shrugs, noncommittally. **DELORES** takes a drag on her cigarette. **TONY** looks about the room, smoking his

cigar, as **ANDREA** applies lipstick. A female waitress in her mid-twenties arrives at their table.

WAITRESS

Who ordered the duck?

TONY raises his hand slightly.

INT. TONY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

TONY, ANDREA, DELORES and **RICHARD** enter **TONY'S** living room: **ABBEY** and **JASMINE** are sitting upon a sofa, passing a purple bong between each other. A mirror - covered in the surviving remnants of the evening's coke binge - and a glass pipe - the chamber black from frequent and prolonged use - are on the coffee table in front of them, as well as an assortment of empty bottles. Screamin' Jay Hawkin's 'I Put a Spell on You' plays at a severely loud volume on the stereo.

TONY

Well, looky what's goin' on here.

ANDREA

Where's Jöelle?

JASMINE

Having a chunder.

ABBEY

She's in the bathroom I think.

ANDREA walks out of the room. **RICHARD** and **DELORES** sit down on one of the remaining sofas; **TONY** sits down on another.

INT. GUEST BEDROOM - NIGHT

RICHARD lays naked on a bed - eyes shut, mouth spread open in a grin - as **DELORES** and **ABBEY** perform fallatio upon him. The music continues from the previous scene.

RICHARD

(voice over)

When we got back to Tony's we had a few lines, a few drinks and a few cones before retiring for the night: I once again had the good fortune to share a bed with both Delores and Abbey. There ain't nothin' quite like two young hotties lickin' yah lollipop, then comin' over their faces in unison when one of them sticks her finger up your arsehole. Bliss, I tell you, pure and absolute bliss...

INT. DELORES' BEDROOM - EARLY AFTERNOON

RICHARD is asleep in **DELORES'** bed: by all appearances, he has been in such a state for a lengthy period of time. He stirs, then rolls over slightly, opens his eyes, rubs them and looks about the room quickly before hopping out of bed.

RICHARD

(voice over)

The following four days were spent doing as little as possible on my part: sleeping mainly, for the events of the weekend had thoroughly disrupted my nocturnal regime, a regime perfected by many years of essentially uninterrupted sleeping patterns on Tempest Isle. On Monday evening I managed to coax Lol into going to see another play: this time it was an extremely well-performed production of *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf*...

INT. DELORES' CAR - EVENING

RICHARD, cigar planted between his lips, drives **DELORES'** car while **DELORES** snorts lines of cocaine off the dashboard through a rolled-up banknote. Eric Clapton's 'Cocaine' plays on the car's radio. **RICHARD** pulls up outside a theatre, where a marquee reading 'Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf' is visible through the passenger's side window.

INT. MOVIE THEATRE LOBBY - EVENING

RICHARD and **DELORES** stand in line at a movie theatre, waiting to purchase their tickets. **DELORES** looks anticipatorily excited; **RICHARD** looks bored out of his mind.

RICHARD

(voice over)

...however, in return, the following evening I had to accompany Delores to the latest cinematic manifestation of the martini-swilling, gadget-waving Limey spy.

INT. DANCE CLUB - NIGHT

RICHARD, **DELORES** and **ABBEY** descend a flight of dingy, darkness-shrouded concrete steps into a claustrophobia-inducing subterranean dance club. A male DJ wearing a Yankees baseball cap at the front of the room plays Timo Maas' 'Der Schrieber' at an amazingly loud volume, while thirty or so patrons dance within the remaining space. Smoke swirls around the air as arcing lights pierce through the grey spiral patterns intermittently.

RICHARD

(voice over)

The evening after that - Wednesday, the day before Lol and I were to leave for Tony's place up the coast - Lol and Abb' were keen to hit some dance clubs on account of having acquired some

allegedly high quality ecstasy and GHB from Baden and his pals. Initially I was only interested in obtaining another good night's sleep, but after sampling the goodies with the girls at their apartment I knew that a night of frenzied abandonment was imminent...

INT. DANCE CLUB TOILET - NIGHT

The three friends are huddled within a toilet stall, each clasping a drink and a cigarette. While **DELORES** pops an ecstasy tablet into each person's mouth - including her own - **ABBEY** adds some GHB into the three drinks with the aid of a transparent plastic syringe-like device.

RICHARD

(voice over)

Before departing the club we popped another pill and had another couple of mils...the second bikkie kicked in just as we started dancing at this hard house venue. It was basically little more than one big fuckin' dancin' barn, although it was there that we experienced the good fortune to meet up with Bella and Clarissa, joined by another girl whose name I never caught...

INT. HARD HOUSE CLUB - EARLY MORNING

RICHARD, DELORES and **ABBEY** - sweat pouring off their faces, eyes wide open and pupils dilated - dance energetically but somewhat unstably, barely managing to keep in control of their motor skills. Another fifty or sixty people dance in the remaining space. A female DJ in a black tank top plays Boca's 'Play With Me' at the front of the room. All of a sudden **BELLA, CLARISSA** and their accompanying friend walk up to the other three:

enthusiastic hugs and kisses are exchanged. This social nicety thus concluded, all six people resume dancing.

INT. TRANCE CLUB - EARLY MORNING

The six characters from the previous scene enter a far more enticing, exciting club than the previous one - decorated predominantly in white, it is seemingly possible to smell the fresh paint in this newly-opened venue. Joshua Ryan's 'Pistolwhip' plays on the club's sound system as they walk along a mezzanine floor, beneath which people dancing, talking and drinking on the dance floor may be witnessed. They pass a bar surrounded by patrons before descending a spiral staircase to the dance floor. The characters variously scan the immediate area, then gradually begin moving to the music.

CUT TO

All six are now reclined upon a white sofa in the club: **RICHARD** has a lollipop stick protruding from his mouth, while **DELORES**, her arm draped across his shoulder blades, chews gum with immense vigour. Concurrently **ABBEY** and **CLARISSA** kiss each other enthusiastically as **BELLA** gives the other girl a massage.

RICHARD

(voice over)

Sitting on the sofa in the dance club, fucked off MDMA and GHB, I experienced what amounted to - in my mind at least, in my current state of consciousness - a revelation of sorts. Raves act as a space in which young people of radically disparate social groups - in addition to hard-out ravers, I could spot rock kids, jocks, hip-hoppers, a few punks (mainly of the Emo variety), even a Goth or two - could cohabit and coexist in mutual harmony, united by nothing more than an impulsive

bodily motor response to the driving, mechanical beats and being on roughly the same substances. If only a similar space had of existed in my youth, I thought, I wouldn't have had to frequent fuckin' nightclubs...

INT. DELORES' CAR - MORNING

DELORES smokes a joint while driving; **RICHARD** half-sits, half-lays in the passenger's seat, his eyes nearly closed, not looking particularly well. **DELORES** holds the joint out to him: he declines with a small shake of his head. Nina Simone's 'Sinnerman' plays on the car's radio.

RICHARD

(voice over)

The next morning Lol and I left for Tony and Andrea's house up the coast - needless to say, I felt like shit on account of the previous night's consumptive excess. Delores appeared to feel considerably better than I did, although she did chain smoke joints the entire way there. After turning off the highway the roads proved slower going yet far more scenic: we arrived four hours and fifty minutes after leaving Cherubim City...

EXT. GRAVEL ROAD - EARLY AFTERNOON

DELORES' car winds its way up a steep, tree-lined gravel road, the afternoon sunshine only just managing to make its presence felt through the overhanging foliage. The music continues from the previous scene, ceasing when **TONY'S** three-storey beach house comes into view. The car pulls to a stop outside the house; **DELORES** and **RICHARD** exit. As they begin removing bags from the boot, **TONY** and **ANDREA** walk down the outside stairs from the balcony to meet them.

TONY

(shouting)

Delores...Richard...how the
bloody hell are you?

DELORES

(shouting back)

Tony...Andrea...hi.

TONY starts to assist in removing bags from the boot.

TONY

How are you Dick?

RICHARD

Not bad thanks mate...definitely
been better though.

TONY

Why's that?

DELORES

(interjecting)

Richard here hit the pills and
mils a bit hard last night.

TONY

Naughty naughty...Jesus Lol, you
fuckin' stink of skunk.

RICHARD

This stoner's been puffing joints
the whole way here.

TONY

So I guess you're dying for a
feed then Lol?

DELORES

Damn straight I am.

ANDREA

There's poached sea bass and garden salad waiting for us on the balcony.

TONY

Let's take these bags up to your room and get stuck in.

Nods and murmurs of agreement all round.

EXT. BALCONY - AFTERNOON

RICHARD is lying upon a white reclining deck chair: a cigar protrudes from his mouth, and a glass of whiskey and soda sits on a circular glass table beside him. He is reading Jean Genet's 'Splendid's'. **DELORES** is in much the same position beside him - smoking a cigarette, drinking a vodka and lime and reading a 'Vogue' magazine. **TONY** is drinking a Brandy Sidecar and reading Sun Tzu's 'The Art of War' while **ANDREA** smokes a cigarette and reads a 'She' magazine. Meanwhile **JASMINE** and **JÖELLE** are both lying upon individual inflatable plastic chairs in the adjacent swimming pool. An air of unmitigated lassitude prevails.

RICHARD

(voice over)

We all spent the afternoon in and around the swimming pool, not doing much of anything in particular: reading, talking, drinking, smoking. The hours seemed to drag by, and that was fine by me - complete inertia for long periods of time was exactly what I was looking for. Eventually we stumbled inside to have a couple of clarets while watching the Six O'clock News, waiting for Jasmine to finish preparing a dinner of braised lamb cutlets and mixed vegetables...

INT. DINING ROOM - EVENING

The six people at the house sit at a rectangular wooden dining table: eating, drinking and talking. Count Basie's 'Jumpin' at the Woodside' plays on a stereo.

TONY

So, Lol, I actually possessed an ulterior motive in inviting you up here.

DELORES

Why does that not surprise me? Anyway, what is it?

TONY

(accompanied by a small smile)
Feel like makin' a movie?

DELORES

(after taking a sip of her wine)
What would it involve?

TONY

Well, for starters it's only girl-on-girl - bit of lip service, bit of dildo play perhaps, nothin' too strenuous.

DELORES

No anal then?

TONY

Not if you don't want to.

DELORES

Good.

TONY

You used to enjoy that shit.

DELORES

Not anymore.

TONY

That's too bad...there's a new dildo on the market, the 'Anal Avenger': nine and a half inch realistic-looking model based upon Rocco Siffredi's own cock. It's quite impressive you know.

DELORES

Well I guess it's gonna have tah go up some other slut's arsehole.

TONY

Alas, yes...

JASMINE

Jesus fuckin' Christ Daddy, do you have to talk about this disgusting shit at the dinner table? I mean, after all, I did go to the effort of preparing a nice meal. Surely the least I could ask for is you not to talk about dildos going up people's arseholes while we're eating?

TONY

You're right baby, sorry. Never mix business and pleasure, even if your business is pleasure.

JASMINE

Thank you.

TONY

Not at all chickadee...by the way, this lamb is exquisite. How long did you cook it for?

JASMINE

I lightly seared it for five minutes before cooking it in oil

and rosemary for about twenty
five minutes.

TONY

Absolutely superb, I must say.

INT. GUEST BEDROOM - NIGHT

RICHARD and **DELORES** lie on a bed in a guest bedroom:
RICHARD wears a white wifebeater and white y-fronts while
DELORES is completely naked.

DELORES

I don't know...I may go to see my
mother, but after that...

The two characters are silent for a short period of time.

...can you see my feet in the
mirror?

RICHARD

Yes.

DELORES

Do you think they're pretty?

RICHARD

Yes, very.

DELORES

Do you love my ankles?

RICHARD

Yes.

DELORES

Do you love my knees, too?

RICHARD

Yes, I'm exceedingly fond of your
knees.

DELORES

How about my thighs?

RICHARD

Of course.

DELORES

Can you see my arse in the mirror?

RICHARD

Yes.

DELORES

Do you think it's pretty?

RICHARD

Yes, very.

DELORES

Do you love my hair?

RICHARD

Yes, enormously.

DELORES

Which do you prefer...all my breasts or just the nipples?

RICHARD

I don't know...both equally, I guess.

DELORES

And my shoulders, do you love them?

RICHARD

Yes.

DELORES

And my face?

RICHARD

That, too.

DELORES

All of it? My mouth, eyes, nose, ears?

RICHARD

Yes, all of it.

DELORES

So you love me totally?

RICHARD

Yes, I love you totally,
tenderly, tragically.

DELORES

Me, too, Richard.

DELORES lights a cigarette from a pack on a bedside table. **RICHARD** sits up and pretends to use **DELORES'** breasts as a punching bag, then quickly licks first her left nipple, then her right.

RICHARD

Which is strawberry, and which is
raspberry?

DELORES playfully pushes **RICHARD**, then inhales deeply on her cigarette and proceeds to run in circles around the room, exhaling the smoke in sporadic bursts.

DELORES

Look Richard, I'm a choo choo
train.

EXT. TENNIS COURT - MORNING

A tennis ball hits the top of a tennis net and falls to the court. A voice cries out:

VOICE

LET!

DELORES, dressed in a white tennis dress, a cigarette hanging from her mouth, allows her head and arms to slump down in frustration. She resumes her position at the base line, throws the ball up into the air and serves. This time the ball goes over the net and bounces past **RICHARD**, whose flailing attempt to return it is unsuccessful. The voice of the umpire is revealed to be that of **TONY**.

TONY

ACE! Love forty to Delores.

DELORES leaps into the air in celebration. While intersecting shots ensue of **DELORES** and **RICHARD** playing tennis the following voice over occurs.

RICHARD

(voice over)

Friday morning we played tennis on Tony's court, hidden away amongst the trees at the back of his property. I hadn't played tennis in years, and Delores bet me by a considerable margin - in spite of being the only person I knew who played with a cigarette in her mouth and kept vodka in a water bottle courtside.

Regardless, it was worth the humiliating defeat just to see Delores in her all-white tennis outfit, an outfit which fell open at the front when she went to serve, and was short enough at the bottom to reveal her upper thighs when she leapt for a shot...

INT. TONY'S LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

RICHARD sits on a sofa in **TONY'S** living room, smoking a joint and cradling a Long Island Iced Tea. Toto's 'Rosanna' plays on a stereo. Through the open doors leading to the balcony **DELORES** can be glimpsed removing a red kimono to reveal a white bikini; she dives into the swimming pool. **RICHARD** takes a toke on the joint and has a sip of his drink.

RICHARD

(voice over)

After a lunch of prawn cocktails I spent the afternoon consuming cocktails of the alcoholic

variety while Delores, Andrea, Jasmine and Jöelle lounged about the pool - Tony had to return to Cherubim City for the afternoon in order to take care of some business. I adopted the opportunity to get as high as a kite while listening to music, for all intents and purposes alone with my thoughts, a handful of rock bands from the late seventies and early eighties, and a few out-of-date copies of The New Yorker...

INT. TONY'S BEDROOM - EVENING

RICHARD and **TONY** both sit on the edge of the bed in **TONY'S** bedroom at the beach house, facing a television perched upon a dresser. **RICHARD** looks thoroughly intoxicated, his head sporadically and involuntarily falling forward; **TONY** meanwhile looks thoroughly excited, an eager grin spread across his face. **TONY** inserts a DVD into a player.

TONY

Check out this shit man, it's as high quality as fuck...

On the television a dildo is being inserted into a woman's anus.

...that's the dildo I was talkin' 'bout the other night, the 'Anal Avenger'. This is its debut test drive...

The dildo is inserted into the woman's mouth before being reinserted into her anus.

...goes for \$39.95 retail, I get them wholesale for just under 12 bucks...

The dildo is inserted into the woman's vagina before a man inserts his penis into her anus.

...I traveled down earlier today to witness the final shooting of this flick...what you're watchin' at the moment is just a rough cut.

The dildo is reinserted into the woman's anus while she performs fallatio upon the man who was previously fucking her.

RICHARD

Fuckin' hell.

TONY

Yeah...I know what'cha mean man.

INT. SAUNA - NIGHT

RICHARD and **DELORES** sit upon a bench along one side of a wooden sauna; **TONY** and **ANDREA** sit along the other side. They each have a white towel wrapped around their midriff.

RICHARD

(voice over)

After dinner Jasmine and Jöelle left for Cherubim City: they both had plans to spend the weekend with their respective boyfriends, whom Tony - much to his daughter's chagrin - had disallowed to spend time at his beach house on this particular occasion. The remaining occupants of the house subsequently had a sauna in order to sweat out some of the booze they'd consumed thus far...

EXT. SWIMMING POOL - NIGHT

The four characters - all naked - jump into the lamp-lit swimming pool.

RICHARD

(voice over)

...followed by a dip in the swimming pool to cool us off...

EXT. HOT TUB - EARLY MORNING

The four characters are now seated in a wooden hot tub. Drinks are arranged along the edge: the two men smoke cigars, while the two women smoke cigarettes. **TONY** removes the cigar from his mouth, places it on the edge of the hot tub, picks up a bong from off one of the steps leading into the tub, lights it and inhales.

RICHARD

(voice over)

...before eventually concluding the evening with a soak in the hot tub, accompanied by a night cap of margaritas, martinis and marijuana.

TONY exhales the smoke.

EXT. BEACH - EARLY MORNING

RICHARD, DELORES, TONY and **ANDREA** lie upon beach towels arranged laterally along the beach; a chilly bin loaded with beer and sandwiches sits in the sand behind them. The two men smoke cigars while the two women smoke cigarettes. The sound of seagulls shrieking and waves crashing can be heard. **RICHARD** holds a camera in the direction of **DELORES** and takes a photograph. She looks displeased but does not say anything.

RICHARD

(voice over)

The following day, Saturday, was spent doing even less than the day before: for the most part, we lay on the beach drinking beer, eating sandwiches and discussing whatever random, generally rather meaningless - or at least inconsequential - topics entered our sun-baked minds. Eventually, at about four o'clock, we smoked a joint while walking back to the house - after a dinner of steak and salad we hit the crack pipe while Andrea served us Singapore Slings and Delores performed an impromptu strip show for us...

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

RICHARD and **TONY** sit beside each other on a sofa: **TONY** inhales deeply on a glass pipe and exhales a cloud of white smoke before passing the pipe to **RICHARD**. Nancy Sinatra's 'These Boots are made for Walking' plays on a stereo. **ANDREA** places four drinks in highball glasses on the coffee table in front of the sofa, then sits down beside the men. **RICHARD** exhales the crack smoke, then passes the pipe to **ANDREA**. **DELORES**, wearing a white boob tube, white mini skirt and knee-high white boots, dances upon the coffee table - she removes her boob tube and throws it on **RICHARD'S** lap. **ANDREA** stands up and passes the pipe to **DELORES** who smokes some crack before passing it back to **TONY**. **RICHARD** watches **DELORES** resume dancing as **TONY** inhales on the pipe and **ANDREA** lights a cigarette.

INT. GUEST BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

RICHARD lies upon the bed: beads of sweat adhere to his forehead, his eyes are wide open and his mouth is churned into a contorted grimace. **DELORES** meanwhile performs fallatio upon him. All of a sudden she raises her head and looks him in the face.

DELORES

You OK Dick?

RICHARD

(uncertainly)

Yeah...I guess so.

DELORES

Want me to continue?

RICHARD

Do you want to continue?

DELORES

Only if you want me to.

RICHARD

I'm not sure if you'll be able to get much of a result out of me tonight...I'm fuckin' wasted.

DELORES

That's alright...maybe we should have a rest, smoke a cone or somethin'.

RICHARD

Yeah...sorry.

DELORES

Don't be silly baby, I don't care.

DELORES opens the drawer of the bedside cabinet and removes a pipe and a bag of marijuana.

EXT. MT. AERIE - LATE MORNING

TONY, ANDREA, DELORES and **RICHARD** walk in Indian file up a steep dirt track: brilliant sunshine floods the mountainside, and an incessant chorus of birdsong is heard. **TONY** inhales upon a crack pipe before expelling the smoke.

TONY

You seen The Chronic of Narnia?
The first part's called Lyin'
'bout the Weed in the Wardrobe.

ANDREA

Very funny, Jack Benny...now pass
that goddamn pipe, why don't you.

TONY passes the pipe behind him to **ANDREA**.

DELORES

Are we nearly there yet?

RICHARD

Jesus Lol, you sound like a
fuckin' kid in the back seat of a
car...Tony, you seen that cross
they made between Pirates of the
Caribbean and Brokeback Mountain?
It's called Pirates of the
Perineum.

ANDREA passes the pipe to **DELORES**.

(voice over)

...after breakfast we packed some
things together and departed for
Mt. Aerie, somewhere in the
vicinity of 7 516 feet high:
according to Tony the highest
peak in the immediate area. He
and Andrea claimed that it
possessed a magnificent view over
the ocean, and so - in addition
to our tents - we took along
enough crack cocaine to smoke on
the way, and enough pure MDMA
powder and NOS canisters to last
us the night up there...

DELORES passes the pipe to **RICHARD** who proceeds to
inhale.

INT. MT. AERIE SUMMIT - NIGHT

RICHARD, DELORES, TONY and **ANDREA** sit in a circle inside a tent: **DELORES** smokes some MDMA in a glass pipe before passing it to **RICHARD** who does the same. **TONY** meanwhile fills two balloons with NOS: he passes one to **ANDREA**, the other to **DELORES** - they both inhale the contents of the balloons. After a short time **DELORES** speaks.

DELORES

This sort of reminds me of the first time I ever got laid...I mean, the first time I got laid properly, y'know, voluntarily, not raped by one of my mum's drunk-arse stepfathers. My mum used to take me camping down at Seaside Shores each summer: for her, it was simply an opportunity to sample some different bars for a change. Anyway, when I was about thirteen I stayed there with two friends, Abbey and this other chick called Melissa...

RICHARD

Abbey? Like, Abbey Abbey?

DELORES

Yeah, I've known her since high school. Anyway, we stayed in a tent while my mum had the caravan - she'd just hide out in there drinking all day before finally wandering off at about five o'clock in search of watering holes. This meant we had quite a lot of freedom: during the day we'd lie on the beach, watching the local surfer boys, and at night we'd walk around, trying to pick some of them up. Anyway, one afternoon we finally had some success in this regard, using a technique we'd been exercising during our time there - we removed our bra and panties, put our shorts and t-shirts back on

and showered beneath the outside showers. Soon these three surfer boys came along to use the showers, and they subsequently joined us at our tent - we spent the afternoon drinking beer and smoking pot with them. Eventually one of them wandered off with Melissa, leaving Abbey and I alone with the remaining two. When Abbey started hooking into one of them, I thought it was an opportune moment to have a walk with the other guy - we didn't get any further than the back of the caravan before he started kissing me and feeling me up. To be perfectly honest I didn't really like him much, but I thought it would have been too rude to tell him that, and anyway, this was my opportunity to have sex for the very first time, and I wasn't going to pass on that. Soon enough he stuck it in there, and for the next two or three minutes there we were, behind the caravan, doing the deed while my mum's drunken snores were audible from her bed at the back of the caravan. After it was finished we went back to the tent and drank some more - a little later he went off and I never saw him again. I think his name was Craig, but I'm not really sure...

TONY passes **DELORES** an inflated NOS balloon: she inhales it, throws the empty balloon on to the floor of the tent, removes a cigarette from a pack on the floor also, lights it, draws in the smoke and exhales. An incongruous smile spreads its way across her face.

EXT. MT. AERIE SUMMIT - EARLY MORNING

RICHARD and **DELORES** sit alongside each other outside their tent, both smoking cigarettes. All is quiet save for the occasional distant sound of a bird's squall.

RICHARD

You know I was married once,
don't you?

DELORES

Yeah...what was her name, Kirsten
or something?

RICHARD

Kristy...we got married in our
late twenties, got divorced four
years later.

DELORES

What went wrong?

RICHARD

Well, obviously the sex had
dissipated considerably, but that
wasn't the main thing...I guess
it was a combination of factors
really. I mean, I never cheated
on her, and as far as I'm aware,
she never cheated on me, but I
think we both knew that it
wouldn't take much for either of
us to do so. An essential
mistrust had entered our
relationship, but I'm not all
that sure we ever really trusted
each other entirely from the very
beginning - at least not enough
to ensure a successful marriage.
I think we got married simply
because we were lonely, so we
both jumped at the chance to be
with someone - scared at the
prospect of being alone during
our thirties like we had been
during our twenties. The

relationship was doomed to failure right from the start when I think about it, but we were both so jaded by previous rejections that perhaps we thought we could make it work out of sheer bloody mindedness. I don't know, I desperately wanted the archetypal idea of a successful marriage: a home, kids, fuckin' PTA meetings, but it was no good - we didn't have a snowball's chance in hell of actually staying together - at least not happily. All I can say is thank god we didn't have a kid together: fuck all that shit - child support, joint custody proceedings, having to look after another life with that bitch looking over my shoulder all the time. I don't think I could handle that...

DELORES

Would you have liked to have a child...I mean, with someone else?

RICHARD

Yeah, I guess I would have, but I'm too old for that shit now...how about you, do you want one?

DELORES

I don't know...not at the moment at least. Presumably at some point in my life I'll want one, but not now. I'm way too fucked up to have a child...hence my two abortions already.

DELORES laughs, which prompts **RICHARD** to do the same. She throws her cigarette into the darkness, wraps her arms around **RICHARD** and kisses him on the cheek.

DELORES

Let's do some more NOS, should we
honey?

INT. DELORES' CAR - MORNING

RICHARD drives while **DELORES** sits in the passenger's seat, smoking a cigarette. Kim Carnes' 'Bette Davis Eyes' plays on the car radio.

RICHARD

(voice over)

After returning to Tony's the following morning - no mean task, considering the night's activity - Delores and I packed our things and left for Cherubim City. Delores asked me to drive, which I didn't really mind, in spite of both my mind and body lacking anything even approaching what could be called energy. She eventually fell asleep, leaving me alone with my thoughts and the music playing on the radio, which for some reason sounded particularly exhilarating...

INT. DELORES' LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

RICHARD sits upon the scarlet sofa, typing at his laptop on the coffee table. A cigar smokes away in a glass ashtray on the table and a glass of beer bubbles beside the computer.

RICHARD

(voice over)

The following week proved far less eventful than the previous one: Delores had to work, mainly

evenings and nights, so while she slept during the afternoons I would write for a while, then usually read or watch television for a bit. When she came home from work we would invariably drink and do a bit of drawer or blow; one afternoon, upon awakening, she said...

DELORES enters the room wearing a loosely-wrapped white robe, sleepily rubs her eyes, grabs a cigarette from a pack on the coffee table, lights it and exhales.

DELORES

You wanna watch this porn scene I'm doin'? Shoot's this afternoon.

RICHARD

Damn yeah baby doll.

DELORES

(exhaling a mouthful of smoke while departing the room)
We'll mish soon, jelly roll.

EXT. STUDIOVILLE - AFTERNOON

RICHARD, cigar in mouth, stands stock still, staring. Before him a film crew consisting of eight people - director, assistant director, two cameramen, a lighting assistant, a sound engineer, a makeup girl and a clapboard operator - stand in equally frozen positions. They are filming a porn scene: **DELORES** is performing cunnilingus upon a blonde-haired woman with extremely large, obviously artificial, breasts while a black-haired, Latino-looking woman pushes a purple dildo in and out of **DELORES'** vagina. The Beach Boy's 'California Girls' plays on the soundtrack.

INT. DELORES' CAR - LATE AFTERNOON

DELORES drives, staring straight ahead at the road.
RICHARD sits in the passenger's seat. Neither person says anything for ten seconds or so.

RICHARD

I thought you did great...

DELORES does not say anything.

...you were much sexier than those other girls...

Once again **DELORES** does not reply.

RICHARD

...I think the scene will look really good...

Again, silence.

RICHARD

You OK?

DELORES

(unconvincingly)

Yeah.

RICHARD turns around and faces the road; **DELORES** takes a hand off the steering wheel, removes a cigarette from a pack on the dashboard and lights it.

RICHARD

Hey, where we goin'? This ain't the way back to your place, is it?

DELORES

(the cigarette remaining in her mouth)

We're going to my mother's. OK?

RICHARD does not respond.

EXT. ENGLEWOOD - LATE AFTERNOON

DELORES and **RICHARD** walk side-by-side along a cracked concrete driveway, past a small, single-storey white house. **DELORES** throws her cigarette butt into an untended rose garden parallel to the driveway.

DELORES

Mama's prob'ly down in the cellar, we'll go look for her there.

RICHARD

OK.

DELORES, followed by **RICHARD**, descends a narrow flight of concrete steps leading to a cellar door. **DELORES** tries to open the door: finding it locked, she knocks. Shortly the door is unlocked and opened by a short, grey-haired, extraordinarily thin lady who appears to be in her late fifties or early sixties. Her skin possesses a yellow-grey hue, a cigarette (most of which is ash) hangs limply from her cracked lips, and a drink rests in her hand. The woman - **DELORES'** mother **ESMARELDA** - turns around without speaking and disappears into the darkness of the cellar; **DELORES** and **RICHARD** follow. A weak 30-watt bulb hanging despondently from the ceiling and a 15-inch television playing 'The Days of our Lives' provide the room's sole light: all they illuminate are **ESMARELDA** sitting on the edge of a fold-out bed, watching television, and at the other end of the cellar a faux-walnut bar - upon which a single, almost empty, bottle of vodka, stands to attention like a toy soldier.

DELORES

(cautiously)

Hi mama...

ESMARELDA does not reply, just continues to stare at the flickering television.

...you alright mama?

ESMARELDA slowly turns her head and looks first at **DELORES**, then at **RICHARD**.

ESMARELDA

Who's your friend?

DELORES

This is Richard, mama, he's staying with me for a while.

RICHARD

Richard Costanos madam, pleased to meet you.

ESMARELDA

You a wop?

RICHARD

My father was part-Italian...

ESMARELDA

Greasy fuckin' Eye-ties...not a member of the Mob, are you?

RICHARD

(with a small laugh)
No, no, definitely not...

ESMARELDA

I hate those thieving, murdering, spaghetti-eating, cocksucking sons-of-bitches...walkin' 'round in their undershirts or their expensive fuckin' suits, thinkin' they own the entire fuckin' world...goddamn Guinea Geeps.

DELORES

Mama, you OK? You want anything?

ESMARELDA

(walking over to the bar, where she pours the last of the vodka into her glass)
'nother bottle of voddy.

DELORES

Is that your first or second today?

ESMARELDA

My first...why, you a fuckin' Fed or somethin'? Got motherfucking McCarthy for a daughter...anyway, you're hardly one to talk: you're not exactly impartial to the sauce yourself. Only got myself to blame for that, I guess.

DELORES

I don't think you should have any more today mama...

ESMARELDA

Of course I should, I just don't wanna have to go down and buy it from that conniving, goldbrickin', shit-eatin' Shylock is all...that fuckin' hook-nosed Hebe always rips me off, I'm sure of it.

DELORES

I'll buy it for you mama...

ESMARELDA

Just make sure that Christ-killin', clip-tip kike cunt gives you the right change, alright?

DELORES

OK mama.

ESMARELDA

Need somethin' to help me drown out the sound of sirens and spooks shootin' each other day and night...fuckin' jungle bunnies run rampant in this neighbourhood. Should line ev'ry single last one of those motherfucking Mississippi Wind Chimes up against a wall and do away with them...goddamn 'Gator Bait.

DELORES

I'll go down and buy you the
juice mama...

ESMARELDA

You off the shit Lol?

DELORES

What shit?

ESMARELDA

You know what shit I mean, the
junk.

DELORES

Yes, mama...

ESMARELDA

You better be...I ever catch you
stickin' a needle in your arm,
I'll shove it in your fuckin'
eyeball. No better than your
fuckin' dopehead dad, may he rot
in hell.

DELORES

It's always a pleasure coming to
visit you mama...I'll go to the
booze store; Dick, you mind
stayin' here with mama?

RICHARD

Not at all.

DELORES

Cheers sweetie, I'll be back
soon.

DELORES exits the cellar. **ESMARELDA** looks over at **RICHARD**
and directs him a misshapen, toothless smile.

ESMARELDA

Why don't you come over here and
sit down beside me honey?

RICHARD, slowly, hesitantly, does as he is asked.

...you like my daughter?

RICHARD

Yes, very much.

ESMARELDA

You think she's beautiful?

RICHARD

Yes, very.

ESMARELDA

I used to look like her when I was her age, you know...but that was many a moon ago.

RICHARD

It can't have been that long ago...

ESMARELDA

(wistfully)

If only I could've kept my looks a little better...it's the ciggies and sauce that've done it...goddamn souse that I am.

RICHARD

(unconvincingly)

You've kept your looks fine, honestly.

ESMARELDA

You're a sweet man for sayin' so, even if it is an absolute lie.

ESMARELDA places her arm around **RICHARD'S** waist: it is obvious he wishes to remove it, or to move away, but politeness prevents him from doing either.

RICHARD

How long have you lived in this neighbourhood?

ESMARELDA

Longer than I care to remember...it was rundown when I first moved here, and it's got progressively worse ever since.

RICHARD

I guess the police presence is stretched 'round these parts...

ESMARELDA

You're tellin' me...some fuckin' Spic sons-of-bitches mugged me in the street and the fuckin' 5-0 didn't even talk to me. It's a bloody disgrace if you ask me.

RICHARD

Mmm...

A short silence ensues. **RICHARD** looks down at his cupped hands, his thumbs moving from side to side, as **ESMARELDA** stares at the television.

ESMARELDA

(turning around to look at **RICHARD**)
Give me a kiss honey.

RICHARD

(surprised)
Pardon?

ESMARELDA

(more insistently)
Give me a kiss.

RICHARD

Umm...alright.

RICHARD hesitantly leans over and gives **ESMARELDA** a quick peck on the cheek.

ESMARELDA

Now, how about a proper kiss?

RICHARD

Well, I don't know...

Before **RICHARD** has time to turn away **ESMARELDA** places her mouth violently against his, sticking her tongue into his mouth with immense force and vigour. With no small degree of effort **RICHARD** manages to pull away from her action.

ESMARELDA

You wanna fuck me, lover boy?

RICHARD

(embarrassed)

Excuse me?

ESMARELDA

You heard me honey...fuck me, right this second.

RICHARD

No.

ESMARELDA

Please, sweetie...I ain't had a cock inside of me in so long, please do this for me.

RICHARD

No, sorry...I can't.

ESMARELDA

Why? You impotent?

RICHARD

No, I just...don't think it would be a very good idea, that's all.

ESMARELDA

Why not? Because of Lol? Forget about her honey, and fuck her mama...you know you want to.

RICHARD

No, I don't...I'm sorry.

ESMARELDA

(moving toward **RICHARD'S** lap)

Let me at least suck your dick
baby.

ESMARELDA'S downward momentum is halted when **DELORES** enters the room: a bottle of vodka in one hand, the change in the other. While **ESMARELDA** resumes staring at the television and **RICHARD** uncomfortably shifts his position on the edge of the bed, **DELORES** places the bottle of vodka and the change on the bar top.

DELORES

What have you two been up to?

RICHARD

(a little too quickly)
Nothing much.

DELORES

You wanna drink mama?

ESMARELDA

(without looking away from the
television)
Yes baby...make it a big one.

DELORES

Dick?

RICHARD

What?

DELORES

Drink?

RICHARD

No thanks.

DELORES

(while pouring her mother a
drink)
I think we'll leave in a minute
mama...got stuff to do.

ESMARELDA

Just like you...see me for the bare minimum possible, each and ev'ry time.

DELORES

Don't be like that mama...

ESMARELDA

No, no, go, leave me to drink my bottle in peace...

DELORES

Please mama...

DELORES passes her mother the glass of vodka; her mother receives it without looking away from the television.

ESMARELDA

Just go.

DELORES

OK mama.

EXT. ENGLEWOOD - EVENING

DELORES and **RICHARD** walk back down the driveway toward **DELORES'** car. **DELORES** lights a cigarette and inhales deeply.

DELORES

Well, that was a fuckin' disaster...as usual.

RICHARD

You don't know the half of it.

DELORES

What d'ya mean?

RICHARD

Your mum tried to come onto me.

DELORES

Really?

RICHARD

Really.

DELORES

Sounds like her...she kiss you?

RICHARD

Yeah...wanted me to have sex with her as well. She even tried to go down on me.

DELORES

Jesus, that's vintage mama alright...fucking alkie.

RICHARD

You think she'll be OK?

DELORES

Yeah, she'll be fine...boy, am I gonna get tanked tonight. You wanna get some McD's or somethin' 'fore we hit the booze and blow?

RICHARD

Yeah, OK.

DELORES unlocks the driver's side door of her car and hops in.

INT. DELORES' LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

RICHARD sits upon the scarlet sofa, wearing a pair of jeans and a straw hat but no shirt, a cigarette protruding from his mouth. His laptop is before him on the coffee table: to one side of it is a smoking bong and a half-drunk glass of beer; on the other side is a mirror with lines of cocaine arranged upon it. An episode of M*A*S*H plays on the television.

RICHARD

(voice over)

Events resumed their previous routine regularity: I would

usually wake up a bit before midday, at which time Delores would be getting ready to go to work. After she had gone off for the day I would check my emails, read a bit of the online edition of the Tempest Isle Tribune and then attempt to write for a while; however, these attempts at writing were rapidly becoming briefer as the doubts concerning my current dramatic project became increasingly pronounced. Thus, I would subsequently watch some early afternoon television over coffee and cigarettes; then, after partaking in a bit of booze, bud and blow, either read, watch a film or two or wander around the shops of Sepulcher in my intoxicated state. This state of inebriation would only ever increase once Delores and Abbey arrived home from work: for the rest of the night the lines would be cut, the bong would be packed and our cups would runneth over until, after concluding the night with a lewd - and indeed, lurid - sex act or two, we would crash out until late morning. The weeks went by in this essentially unchanging manner, until one evening Delores presented me with the following proposition...

INT. DELORES' BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

DELORES and **RICHARD** lie in bed, both smoking a cigarette. Pink Floyd's 'San Tropez' plays on a stereo.

DELORES

I was thinkin' we might travel down the coast, stay in the

caravan for a couple of weeks,
y'know?

RICHARD

What caravan?

DELORES

Abbey and I have a caravan down
there in the desert...it's parked
within view of the ocean.

RICHARD

Sounds cool...don't you have to
work though?

DELORES

Nah, I've got enough money under
my belt to last us a little
while, and you've got cash of
your own...

RICHARD

(voice over)

...and with that, our fortnight's
sojourn in the desert was
decided.

INT. DELORES' CAR - LATE MORNING

DELORES drives, a joint stuck between her lips, as
RICHARD stares out of the passenger's side window at the
passing desert, languidly puffing upon a cigar. Herb
Alpert and the Tijuana Brass' 'Tijuana Taxi' plays on the
car's stereo.

DELORES

Do we have to listen to this god-
awful, annoying Mariachi music?
We're trippin' for fuck's sake.

RICHARD provides a noncommittal shrug. **DELORES** ejects the
compact disc from the player and inserts a different
disc. Tool's 'The Pot' starts playing.

EXT. TJ - AFTERNOON

As the music continues from the previous scene, **DELORES'** car slowly winds its way through narrow, cramped streets overflowing with rubbish, dust, people, animals and traffic.

RICHARD

(voice over)

Shortly thereafter we crossed the border, an unnerving experience due to our being under the influence of LSD, in spite of us not having any illicit chemicals on us. However, once we were through we immediately attempted to remedy that situation: Lol said she knew a guy who could hook us up with all the coke, weed and cheap booze we wanted. The only problem was, we had to find him first...

INT. DELORES' CAR - LATE AFTERNOON

We travel through streets which are narrower, dirtier, dustier, busier and more cramped than before. A fast-talking Spanish voice blares from the car radio. Both **DELORES** and **RICHARD** smoke cigarettes and nervously look out of the car windows.

RICHARD

Where the fuck are we Lol?

DELORES

I don't know...I think we're somewhere near the place. You got that map?

RICHARD

(fumbling with the map)
Yeah, but I can barely read it.
My vision's fucked.

DELORES

Yeah, so is mine...I think the
guy's place is behind a gas
station.

RICHARD

But we've passed like fifty
fuckin' gas stations in the past
half hour.

DELORES

I know, I know...maybe we should
ask someone where we are.

RICHARD

Who? A gangster, a pimp or a
homeless guy? Anyway, what do we
say, 'Excuse me sir, do you know
the way to the local drug
dealer's house?'

DELORES

(deadpan)
Could work.

EXT. GAS STATION FORECOURT - EVENING

DELORES' car slowly slides past a ramshackle, decrepit
'Mexaco' gas station. Turning left, it pulls up alongside
a diminutive wooden structure which nevertheless,
somewhat incongruously, possesses a metal door. The two
occupants of the car exit: **DELORES** bangs on the door.
Both **DELORES** and **RICHARD** nervously peer up at the
security camera which directs its focus down upon their
heads. Shortly the sound of a bolt being drawn back is
heard; thereafter the door is swung open, revealing a
middle-aged Hispanic man - balding, unshaven, holding an

Uzi in one hand and a half-empty bottle of tequila in the other.

MAN

(suspiciously)
Delores...who this guy you with?

DELORES

Jose, this is Richard...Richard,
this is Jose.

JOSE

Come in.

As **DELORES** and **RICHARD** do so **JOSE** looks at **RICHARD** in a highly wary, mistrustful manner. The metal door is once again bolted: inside, there are two other people occupying the house, both seated around a circular wooden table. Another middle-aged man, wearing a San Diego Padres baseball cap, surveys a mirror covered in lines of cocaine before lackadaisically looking up at the recent arrivals. A woman in her early twenties, unkempt black hair dangling down her face, is seemingly comatose in a chair, a cigarette smoking away to ash in a chipped ceramic saucer before her. A boxing match, complete with Spanish commentary, plays on a 14-inch television in the corner of the room.

JOSE

Delores, Richard, this is Miguel
and Valentina. Say hello
Valentina...

Both **JOSE** and **MIGUEL** laugh at **VALENTINA'S** prone, inert form.

...so, gringos, how can I help
you out?

DELORES

We wanna buy some shit.

JOSE

Well, you came to the right
place. How much shit you wanna
buy?

DELORES

Enough coke, weed and booze to
last us a fortnight in the
desert.

JOSE

You must need quite a lot of
shit...*uno momento senõrita...*

JOSE walks over to beside the television where another,
similar, television sits upon the floor. He removes the
screen and takes from within it a one ounce bag of
cocaine and two one ounce bags of marijuana. After
throwing them on the table he walks over to an armchair,
lifts up the seat cushion and removes from within it five
bottles of tequila. He places these upon the table.

...this enough for you, baby?

DELORES

What strength is that juice?

JOSE

Strong enough so that, if you can
finish it all off in two weeks,
you've got the biggest balls in
all of Baja.

JOSE and **MIGUEL** laugh at the former's joke.

DELORES

How much for the lot?

JOSE

Five hundred of your Yankee
dollars.

DELORES

I'll give you four hundred.

JOSE

Fuck you, little girl, the price
is non-negotiable. Five hundred.

DELORES

OK then, I'll give you four
fifty.

JOSE

You fuckin' kiddin' me, little
girl? This is more than five
hundred's worth, I givin' you a
discount 'cause you got nice,
ripe titties, *ci*.

JOSE and **MIGUEL** laugh.

DELORES

I'm afraid four fifty is all I've
got.

JOSE

Bullshit little girl, I know you
got more than that.

DELORES

Alright cholo, four seventy five.

JOSE

What the fuck you say, you little
bitch?

DELORES

I'll pay five hundred if you
throw in another bottle of booze.

JOSE looks over at **MIGUEL**, who gives a minute nod before
he snorts a line of cocaine and vigorously, almost
violently, rubs his nose.

JOSE

Five hundred?

DELORES

Five hundred...

JOSE walks over to the armchair, removes the cushion and
extracts another bottle of tequila. After placing it upon
the table **DELORES** hands him five hundred dollar notes;
while he pockets the money **DELORES** hands **RICHARD** the bag

of marijuana as she places one of the bags of cocaine in of her pocket.

...mind if we have a few blasts for the road here, *senõr*?

JOSE

Hey, *me casa es tu casa*.

INT. DELORES' CAR - LATE EVENING

DELORES and **RICHARD** are in the car once more, passing a bottle of tequila back and forth, laughing hysterically. Uriah Heep's 'Easy Livin'' plays on the car stereo.

RICHARD

Jesus fuckin' Christ girl, I can't believe you called an Uzi-wielding drug dealer cholo.

DELORES

I can't believe I did it either. He shouldn't have kept on callin' me little girl...ignorant fuckin' spic.

RICHARD

But then you had the gall to ask if we could get high at his crib.

DELORES

He didn't object, did he?

RICHARD

No, that's what surprised me.

DELORES

Maybe I do have the biggest balls in all of Baja.

Both laugh.

INT. DELORES' CAR - NIGHT

While The Eagles' 'Tequila Sunrise' plays on the car stereo, **DELORES** - her eyes drooping from a combination of the cannabis, cocaine, tequila and having driven for many hours - rests her hands lazily upon the steering wheel, a misshapen joint wedged between her lips. Meanwhile, **RICHARD** in the passenger's seat takes a swig from the now nearly half-empty bottle of tequila, then a drag on his cigarette. Outside the car a landscape of agaves and acacias is barely visible in the desert dusk.

DELORES
(quietly)

Dick...

No reply.

(marginally louder)
...Dick.

RICHARD
(groggily, almost somnolently)
What?

DELORES
We're here.

RICHARD
(rubbing his eyes)
Aye? What?

DELORES
We're here bro.

RICHARD
Where?

DELORES
At the caravan.

RICHARD sits up in his seat, stares at the road ahead, takes a final drag on his cigarette and throws the butt out of the open car window.

EXT. BAJA DESERT - MORNING

The late-morning sun blazing down upon them, **RICHARD** - cigar in mouth, open bottle of beer on the ground beside him - sits on a white plastic chair outside the caravan, sans shirt or shoes, reading a paperback copy of Chekhov's 'The Seagull'. **DELORES** meanwhile lies prone upon her stomach on a beach towel beside him, wearing a white bikini bottom without a top. A cigarette protrudes from her grasp; a glass of vodka and lime rests just beyond her other hand. A spread-eagled 'Vanity Fair' magazine lies in the sand similar to its former peruser. All is silent save for the sporadic sound of a seabird's squall and the organically mechanical lapping of the waves upon the nearby shore.

RICHARD

(voice over)

Gorgeousness and
gorgeosity...all was heavenly
and perfect beneath the azure
blue sky overlooking the
turquoise blue ocean. If I had
previously thought that nothing
could surpass the idyllic
inactivity of the days spent at
Tony's house up the coast, well,
in cinema's oft-repeated-and-
refrained opening word's, 'You
ain't seen nothin' yet'. Upon
awakening early - for the desert
sun had caused the caravan to
resemble a steel refinery in
regard to its temperature - Lol
and I spent the day in absolute
contentment: a book in one hand,
a drink in the other, and nothing
whatsoever of any consequence
inside our heads. When we boiled
ourselves to a crisp, we ran the
fifty odd meters to the shoreline
and swam; when we were hungry, we
ate; when we were horny, we
fucked. Utopia, thy name is a
ramshackle caravan in the desert,
within sight of the sea...

INT. CARAVAN - MORNING

RICHARD, wearing nothing but a pair of trousers and a straw hat, sits at a tiny Formica table inside the caravan, typing at his laptop. A cigarette is in his mouth and a glass of tequila and orange is beside his computer. Billy Ward and the Dominoes' 'Pagan Love Song' plays from a small, battery-operated cassette deck in the kitchenette. Behind him **DELORES** is in bed, asleep; however, shortly she awakens, yawns, pops a cigarette in her mouth, lights it, exhales the smoke and looks across at **RICHARD**.

DELORES

Hey sweetie.

RICHARD

(turning around)

Hey Lol...good sleep?

DELORES

(following a pause)

I feel like shit.

RICHARD

That's no surprise: you drank enough of that Mexican rotgut last night to kill a *burro*...not to mention all the shit you smoked and snorted.

DELORES

(following a drag on her cigarette)

I can still taste skunk in my mouth.

RICHARD

You left a little present for the seagulls outside.

DELORES

(after a pause)

Fuck...

RICHARD

(accompanied by a small smile)
Feel like a drink? I just poured
myself a tequila and orange.

DELORES

(rolling over, with a groan)
Fuck no...I never wanna drink
that evil fuckin' horsepiss ever
again.

RICHARD

Fifty bucks ses you'll be hittin'
that shit again tonight.

EXT. CARAVAN STEPS - NIGHT

DELORES and **RICHARD** both sit on the steps leading into
the caravan, illuminated by the light emitted from inside
the caravan's interior. **DELORES** swallows huge slugs from
a nearly-empty bottle of tequila; **RICHARD** tokes upon a
pipe.

DELORES

(disconsolately)
What the fuck are we doin' here
Dick?

RICHARD

(exhaling lungfuls of smoke)
Aye? What yah mean?

DELORES

What the hell are we actually
doing down here?

RICHARD

Chillin', y'know? Havin' a
holiday.

DELORES

No, I mean, what purpose are we
servin' by sittin' out here in
the fuckin' desert?

RICHARD

Relaxin', takin' a break.

DELORES

A break from what?

RICHARD

I don't know...from life, from
the world in general I guess.

DELORES

Aren't we sposed to be livin'
life, not tryin' to escape from
it?

RICHARD

(after a pause)

If this ain't livin', then I
don't know what is.

DELORES does not say anything, only takes another swig of
tequila and stares mournfully out into the darkness-
shrouded desert.

INT. CARAVAN - AFTERNOON

Drinks sitting on the windowsill beside them, cigarettes
in mouths, **RICHARD** and **DELORES** play backgammon cross-
legged on the bed inside the caravan.

RICHARD

(voice over)

Lol's words weighed like a Sword
of Damocles over my head, an
impending cataclysmic catastrophe
that would eventually and
unavoidably destroy our happiness
both. I could not shake what I
believed to be her pessimistic
prophecy from my mind, however
much booze I consumed, bud I
burnt and blow I blasted. Her
words were the truth, and I knew
it. The question was, what was I

running from, from what was I attempting to escape? My play? The torrential downpour of writing which had occurred a mere few months ago had dissipated to a tiny, in fact barely perceptible, trickle. My life on Tempest Isle? I loved it there, it was my home. My failed marriage, my lengthy succession of doomed and damaged relationships? Perhaps, but it seemed improbable, implausible, if not in fact down right impossible. So then, what? What, for fuck's sake? WHAT?

INT. CARAVAN - NIGHT

RICHARD reclines upon the bed in the caravan - a drink nestled on the narrow windowsill alongside him, a cigarette clutched between his fingers and a copy of Artaud's 'The Cenci' protruding from his grasp. **DELORES** meanwhile sits at the Formica table, snorting lines of cocaine off the tabletop through a rolled-up banknote.

RICHARD

(voice over)

After what seemed like well over a week, we reached the half-way point of our holiday. By this time my daily routine had achieved an almost monasterial predictability: wake up, drink coffee and smoke cigarettes while writing for a while, have a bit of breakfast, go for a swim with Lol when she woke up, lunch, read during the afternoon, dinner, then drink at night. I knew I was drinking far more booze than I should have, but there was bugger all else to do down in the desert. Ditto cigarettes: back on Tempest Isle I barely ever smoked

durries, only the occasional cigar, but here I was practically chain smoking them. I didn't know whether or not I was addicted yet, 'cause I hadn't stopped smoking them long enough to find out whether it was difficult to do so or not...

EXT. BAJA DESERT - AFTERNOON

DELORES' car rolls through the searing midday sun, approaching a tiny, sun baked community. A few tin and wood houses are clustered together, including a general store of sorts which the two are headed towards.

RICHARD

(voice over)

Midway through the second week, Lol and I visited the nearest town in order to replenish our food supplies. Well, it turned out to be far short of a town, more a miserable assortment of lean-to structures, one of which allegedly sold food...

DELORES and **RICHARD** exit the car, which is parked outside the general store, and begin walking toward it.

RICHARD

This doesn't look too promising
Lol.

DELORES

I know, but we might as well
check it out anyway.

They enter the store, scrutinised by the gaze of a small boy sitting on the steps. Inside the store an old, disheveled man wearing a ripped, torn t-shirt and straw hat silently watches them approach the counter.

DELORES

Do you have water?

SHOPKEEPER

(in heavily accented English)
Water, *ci*.

The **SHOPKEEPER** picks up from behind the counter a large plastic container of water and places it upon the counter.

DELORES

What about food?

SHOPKEEPER

Food, *ci*.

The **SHOPKEEPER** places a box of crackers and a tin of beans upon the counter.

DELORES

Meat?

The **SHOPKEEPER** appears not to understand **DELORES**.

SHOPKEEPER

Non comprende, senõrita.

DELORES and **RICHARD** look at each other, before **RICHARD** proceeds to engage in imitating a variety of edible animals.

RICHARD

Moo, cluck cluck, baa.

The **SHOPKEEPER** looks momentarily alarmed before he catches on to what **RICHARD** is attempting to indicate to him. He shakes his head.

SHOPKEEPER

Non, senõr.

RICHARD

Bugger.

DELORES

What the fuck should we do now?

RICHARD

Try one of the houses 'round here?

EXT. COMMUNITY - AFTERNOON

RICHARD bangs on the door of a ramshackle dwelling which possesses the appearance that it would topple over in the merest gust of wind. An **OLD LADY** opens the door with an inquiring look on her face.

RICHARD

Buenos dias senõra, we were wondering if you had any meat we could purchase?

The **OLD LADY'S** expression does not alter.

DELORES

Meat? To eat? Yum yum?

RICHARD makes gestures indicting eating and rubbing his stomach but there is still no change in the **OLD LADY'S** expression. Suddenly an **OLD MAN** appears at the door: the **OLD LADY** directs him a few rapid words in Spanish.

RICHARD

(to **DELORES**)

Why the fuck didn't we bring a phrasebook down here?

(to the **OLD MAN**)

Do...you...have...any...meat?

The **OLD MAN** looks momentarily confused before he seems to understand.

OLD MAN

Meat? *Ci*, senõr. Here...

He indicates for **RICHARD** and **DELORES** to follow him into a back room. In the room are five or six animal carcasses, stripped of their skin, suspended from the ceiling.

...meat, *ci*.

RICHARD walks over to a cow carcass and indicates the size of the portion he wishes to buy.

RICHARD

How much?

OLD MAN

Seventy pesos, *senõr*.

RICHARD removes a wad of greenbacks from his pocket and hands the **OLD MAN** three: he seems satisfied.

RICHARD

Muchos gracias, senõr.

OLD MAN

Muchos gracias.

INT. DELORES' CAR - AFTERNOON

The car heads toward the horizon through the desert: inside the car **DELORES** drives, a joint in her mouth and an almost empty bottle of tequila in her hand, while **RICHARD** snorts a line of cocaine off a compact disc case. Duran Duran's 'Ordinary World' plays on the car's stereo.

RICHARD

(voice over)

At last we were heading home.
Away from the incessant sun, the sand that penetrated every crevice, the strange birds that would swoop overhead like ominous omens. I'm not sure whether I had suffered from agoraphobia from being out in the expansive desert or claustrophobia from being inside the tiny confines of the caravan, but I knew I had suffered. Now, finally, that suffering was going to cease...but first we had to

finish off as much of the shit as
we could before we reached the
border and had to dump it
somewhere.

INT. ABBEY'S BEDROOM - MORNING

DELORES and **RICHARD** follow **ABBEY** into her bedroom: she
gets down on her knees and reaches beneath her bed.

ABBEY

(excitedly)

I bought you some little birthday
gifts Lol...welcome home baby.

DELORES

(eagerly, expectantly)

What is it?

ABBEY

Wait a minute woman...

ABBEY procures a wooden box, much like an intricate
fishing tackle box, places it upon her bed and opens it
up.

...check out this shit.

DELORES

(in absolute amazement)

Holy Jesus fuckin' Christ.

ABBEY

(a gigantic grin spread across her face)

Happy birthday girlfriend...this
is our biggest haul yet, by far.

DELORES

Fuck yes sis'.

Inside the box is arrayed an assortment of drugs of
varying colours, sizes, shapes and forms, arranged in
equally variegated packages.

RICHARD

Fuckin' hell...

(voice over)

...a veritable Pandora's Box, consisting of all manner of pills, powders and plants, kept within a similarly sizable assortment of baggies, bottles, canisters, containers, vials, vacuum-sealed and Ziplock bags. A brain aneurysm, heart attack and liver failure combined, all contained within a single, moderately-sized wooden box...

ABBEY

(ecstatically)

Ready for Sesame Street, substance style?

DELORES

(enthusiastically)

Fuck yeah baby.

RICHARD

(slightly confused)

What the hell?

ABBEY

It's what we do every year on one of our birthday's...we get hold of as much shit as we can, then go through it alphabetically; see how far through the drug alphabet we can get, y'know?

RICHARD

(still slightly confused)

I don't quite follow.

DELORES

We arrange all this shit in alphabetical order, then see how much of it we can consume before we pass out.

RICHARD

Jesus Christ...won't you die?

ABBEY

(amused)

Well, we're still alive so far.

DELORES

It's the ultimate binge baby...where the fuck did you get all this shit Ab'? Baden's?

ABBEY

Most of it...I got a bit of other shit from some people at my work and cunts like that. Baden let me tick heaps of it...thankfully.

DELORES

Should we start arranging it?

ABBEY

Yeah honey.

DELORES

(overwhelmed)

Fuck I love you...you're the greatest friend in the world.

ABBEY and **DELORES** passionately kiss.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING

RICHARD

Mazel Tov.

DELORES & ABBEY

(in unison)

Mazel Tov.

The three friends, sitting upon the scarlet sofa, clink together shot glasses containing an emerald green liquid, swallow it back and immediately their faces simultaneously contort into disgusted grimaces.

RICHARD

(voice over)

We initiated the proceedings by having a couple of shots of the duty-free absinthe which had been gathering dust in Lol's bedroom, before we each dropped a tab of acid depicting a psychedelic-looking Donald Duck on it...

They all place a diminutive square of blotter paper upon their tongues.

...while Abbey cut up lines consisting of a rather lethal mixture of Acupan and amitriptyline, Lol turned the television on to ESPN...

ABBEY, working as industriously and conscientiously as a demented chemist, moves a gigantic heap of white powder around the surface of a mirror with a razor blade.

...upon which the Packers were playing the Patriots in Boston, sporadically cutting away to a game in Baltimore between the Ravens and the Redskins...

A brief shot surveying the line of scrimmage on the television occurs, before we witness **ABBEY** hold a small golden vial up to her nose and inhale deeply; she proceeds to pass it to **DELORES**.

...before we concluded Part One of Waster's Adventures in Wonderland by doing some amyl nitrate, which Abbey enthusiastically informed me tightens the sphincter muscle,

provoking her to invite me to test the validity of this claim upon her person. Just for the record, she was apparently telling the truth...

ABBEY emerges from the kitchen awkwardly clutching four different bottles of alcohol and dumps them upon the coffee table.

...Part Two commenced with us washing down a couple of barbiturates each with the aid of some Bacardi, Bailey's, Budweiser, Beam and Hennessey's. It was at this point that the acid started to kick in on top of the Acupan - I began hallucinating my fucking head off. A game between the Orioles and the Phillies had replaced the football on television, but it was impossible for me to focus my vision: the players appeared as bizarre, contorted figures; all the while, the walls were moving, the carpet was rising and Lol and Abbey seemed to me to be a pair of evil, demonic Harpies wishing to witness my demise...

DELORES

Fuck this acid is the go...it's kickin' in strong as now.

ABBEY

Yeah, I know, these are the solid as trips...how are you Richard?

RICHARD

I don't know...fucking wasted. Is the ceiling supposed to be undulating like that?

DELORES

Yeah, the walls are doin' it
too...it's like they're
breathin'.

RICHARD

I think I'm freakin' out or
somethin'...why is the TV rushin'
at my face like that?

ABBEY

Don't worry 'bout it, it's
normal...here, take a puff of
this shit.

ABBEY passes **RICHARD** a bong from which he begins to
smoke.

RICHARD

(voice over)

The last thing I wanted was a
further substance that was going
to increase my intoxication, but
I had the misguided notion that
maybe a little bit of bud would
calm me down. How wrong I was. Of
course it only made my immediate
environment seem all the
stranger, my immediate companions
all the more sinister. I hadn't
anticipated that the LSD would be
this strong: it must have been
triple, maybe even quadruple, as
strong as the shit we dropped at
Tony's party. My body seemed
divorced from my mind, my mind
seemed divorced from its
surroundings, and my surroundings
were seemingly divorced from
reality, from anything and
everything I have ever
experienced before. I felt as if
I was taking the fast ferry down
the River Styx, and I desperately
wanted to bribe the ferryman to
let me off pronto...

A bucket of water sits on the coffee table, within which is a plastic cola bottle with the bottom cut off it. Where the cap would be is a cone filled with marijuana. **DELORES** slowly raises the bottle from the water, meanwhile holding a lighter flame above the cone. When the interior of the bottle is full of smoke, she removes the cap, places her mouth where it previously was and pushes the bottle down into the water. The smoke rushes into her lungs; she collapses back onto the sofa and expels the smoke in a massive cloud.

...followed by even more of the demon weed, this time in oil form...

ABBEY holds a lighter beneath a square piece of tinfoil, upon the top of which are arranged a series of small, black daubs of cannabis oil. When one of them begins to expel smoke **RICHARD** holds a cylindrical cardboard hooter over it and inhales the smoke.

...after removing the taste of that crap from our mouths with the assistance of Cabernet-Sauvignon, Champagne, Chardonnay and Chartreuse, Lol cut up lines consisting of a combination of cocaine and codeine while Abbey packed the crack pipe and got it smoldering.

DELORES snorts a gigantic white line and immediately grabs her nose in apparent agony; **ABBEY** meanwhile inhales upon the crack pipe and keeps the smoke in her lungs as she passes the pipe to **RICHARD**. He puts it to his lips and inhales.

ABBEY

(vehemently)

I fuckin' hate baseball.

While white smoke pours out of her mouth **ABBEY** stands up, moves over to the television and begins to flick through channels. **RICHARD** stares, his mouth ever so slightly

agape, at her buttocks impressing upon her jeans as she bends over.

DELORES

Why don't you use the remote?

ABBEY

(partially turning around)
I have no fuckin' idea where the hell it is...

ABBEY stops on a channel which is playing an episode of 'Ren & Stimpy'.

...trippy shit.

RICHARD

(voice over)

By now I had officially departed from the world as I knew it: instead, I was voyaging through some unknown, hazardous alternative universe in which inanimate objects respired, electrical cords twisted and turned like catatonic rattlesnakes and animated cartoons contained the tragic overtones of an Aeschylean tragedy. The amitriptyline, barbiturates and codeine had put me in a sort of stupor, yet the acid, Acupan and coke meant that I was wired as a fucking power pylon. The room seemed as gargantuan as a Gothic cathedral, yet paradoxically, when I looked out the window, buildings many miles away appeared close enough to touch. I was suspended in my own private Cave of Montesinos, and no matter how hard I tugged at the rope my faithful squire wouldn't pull me up out of the damned abyss...

ABBEY

Time for the Family Reunion
Special... (in a mock-hillbilly
voice) Uncle E, meet Grandpa Cid,
Grandma Barb and Cousin Charlie.

ABBEY pops an ecstasy pill into her two companion's
mouths, then one into her own.

RICHARD

(voice over)

I may have had reservations about
smoking marijuana previously, but
that was insignificant compared
to the horror, the repulsion,
the total, complete and absolute
unwillingness I now experienced -
every cell in both my mind and
body screaming out in objection -
at doing ecstasy in my current
condition. However, in any
practical sense of the term, I
didn't have a choice: not only
did Abbey stick the pill down my
throat without so much as a Hail
Mary, but even if she had of
asked I didn't possess the
ability to either negate or
affirm. I didn't even possess the
ability to string together a
coherent sentence. So down my
throat it slid, like a serrated
penny down a sewer. The words 'No
Turning Back' etched themselves
upon my mind's eye as vividly as
a neon sign above a whorehouse.
My dangerously distorted
imagination conjured up images of
my flaccid, pockmarked body -
blood weeping from it's orifices
like some Ebola-ridden
crucifixion victim - lying
bruised, bloated and bleeding in
a parking lot outside a hospital,
being pushed along stark, sterile
corridors on a gurney, of drips

being inserted into my forearms,
of a flashlight being shone into
my eyes, of my being pronounced
clinically dead. But, of course,
I couldn't voice these concerns
to Delores or Abbey - not only
had I apparently forgotten the
means by which humans normally
communicate, namely, speech - but
surely they would pronounce my
fears as being irrational, sheer
nonsense, lunacy: or was I just
being paranoid?

DELORES

You right...Dick?

RICHARD turns to look at **DELORES** in a slow, dazed manner.

RICHARD

Wha...pard...

(voice over)

Apparantly the best I could do
regarding language and the
execution thereof was to mumble
some unintelligible, monosyllabic
grunts.

DELORES

You sweet honey?

RICHARD

Umm...yeah...nah...I'm fuckin'
wasted...like...really...

DELORES

Here...have some water...

DELORES passes him a glass of water but his hands are
shaking so badly that he spills a considerable amount of
it into his own lap.

...Jesus, you're owed
alright...here, let me help you
baby...

RICHARD

(voice over)

Usually it turned me on when Delores called me baby: on this occasional, the word seemed to imply the literal truth. I could hardly speak, I couldn't hold a glass of water - I felt like a complete and utter fool, like a mentally retarded idiot. Abbey passed me a cigarette and on the first puff I thought I had sucked it into my lungs, that it's embered end was trailblazing a path down my body. I felt like I could shit or piss my pants at any moment - and then the disco biscuit kicked in. A wave-like sensation passed through my entire body: my vision flickered, then my eyelids drooped; pins and needles ran down one half of my face. Every nerve ending in my body tingled. Sweat began to pour out of every pore; not a single drop of saliva remained in my mouth. My time of reckoning had arrived...

An episode of 'Spongebob Squarepants' has replaced 'Ren & Stimpy' on television. We swivel around to see our three chemical crusaders reclined sluggishly upon the sofa: **DELORES** has one hand gripping **RICHARD'S** thigh while her other hand is intertwined with one of **ABBEY'S**, whose head rests upon **DELORES'** shoulder.

ABBEY

Are these cookies, like, fuckin' word or is it just 'cause of all the other shit we've done?

DELORES

Dunno...they feel like the absolute fuckin' shiz though.

ABBEY

Should we have that wazz now?

DELORES

Yeah, might as well, aye.

ABBEY once again enters demented chemist mode. She arranges three glasses on the coffee table and pours a mixture of Galliano and gin into them: with the aid of a plastic syringe she then adds a couple of mils of GHB into each glass and passes them to her two friends.

ABBEY

(ironically)

Good health!

RICHARD

(voice over)

By now it was some time during late evening: the television was on a channel playing British programmes, and a dizzying array of comedy shows appeared in what seemed to me to be a ridiculously rapid succession: 'Allo, 'Allo, The Benny Hill Show, Blackadder, Bottom, Dad's Army, The Darling Buds of May, Fawlty Towers, Hancock, Jeezes and Wooster, The Last of the Summer Wine, Monty Python's Flying Circus, The New Statesman, Only Fools and Horses, Open All Hours, Steptoe and Son, The Two Ronnies, Yes, Minister, The Young Ones - they all entered my field of vision without my having any idea what the hell they were depicting: they remained nothing more than a rather bizarre and haphazard array of transitory images. I had hoped the G would put me to sleep, but unfortunately the acid, coke and E were still too omnipresent in my bloodstream for that to occur just yet. My final hope lay in the hash, because

after that came the heroin and I
was determined not to do that
shit...

Along the front edge of the stove in the kitchen are arranged a line of small brown balls of hashish: **ABBEY** removes two knives which have been heated between the stove rings and picks up one of the balls of hash. **RICHARD** holds a plastic bottle with the bottom of it cut off up to his mouth; **ABBEY** presses the knives together beneath the bottle and **RICHARD** inhales the hash smoke. He momentarily stares off into space, exhales the smoke and suddenly collapses, unconscious, against the cupboard door behind him.

INT. DELORES' BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

RICHARD is asleep on top of **DELORES'** bed: on either side of him **DELORES** and **ABBEY** are both asleep also. He awakens and lies there for some time, looking extremely unwell. All of a sudden he jumps off the bed and rushes to the toilet where he vomits uncontrollably in several successive bouts.

RICHARD

(voice over)

After I collapsed the previous evening Lol and Ab' had some smack and fell unconscious as well...we all slept, albeit intermittently, for almost twenty four hours. They were both enthusiastic to continue the proceedings when they awoke: in spite of possessing the worst hangover it has ever been my unfortunate experience to acquire, I consented to have some Jägermeister, Kahlua, vodka jelly shots and a joint, but there was no goddamn way I was touching ketamine, magic mushrooms, mescaline or methamphetamine. Fortunately for all of us, they then had some morphine and fell

unconscious again: when they
awoke the second time they
decided to call it quits, leaving
the nitrous oxide, opium,
Ritalin, red wine and rum for
another day...

INT. DELORES' LIVING ROOM - MORNING

RICHARD sits on the scarlet sofa, typing at his laptop. He smokes a cigarette and sips from a bottle of beer. A hockey game between the Edmonton Oilers and the Boston Bruins takes place on television.

RICHARD

(voice over)

I had been considering going back to Tempest Isle for a week or two now; following my bad trip, I decided that it was now a matter of considerable more urgency. However, just as I had finally concluded that it was the only sensible course of action to pursue, Delores approached me and suggested...

DELORES enters the room, kisses **RICHARD** on the cheek and says:

DELORES

How about we take a trip to Cino City?

RICHARD

For how long?

DELORES

I don't know...a few weeks maybe?

RICHARD

Do you have enough money?

DELORES

Yeah...anyway, if I run out while we're there I can always get a dancin' job out there.

RICHARD

I was thinkin' I might go back to Tempest Isle soon...y'know, I've been out here quite a while now...

DELORES

Leave after we've been in Cino City awhile...you'll like it out there.

RICHARD

Well...I don't know...

DELORES

C'mon...please sweetie, do this for me...

DELORES kisses **RICHARD** and looks him in the eyes.

RICHARD

(hesitantly, reluctantly)
Well...OK then.

DELORES

I love you Richard.

INT. DELORES' CAR - EARLY MORNING

While **RICHARD** sleeps in the passenger's seat, emitting small, sporadic snores, **DELORES** drives, the cigarette between her lips providing the car's sole source of light. Ellington's rendition of 'Take the "A" Train' plays on the car stereo. Suddenly she awakens him by shoving him roughly upon the shoulder.

DELORES

Dick...DICK!

RICHARD

What?

DELORES

Look.

RICHARD

At what?

DELORES

Ahead...

In the far distance the lights of Cino City rise up from the surrounding darkness, like a mirage to a midnight traveler.

...Cino City baby.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - MORNING

The bedroom of the motel suite is what you would expect of a mid-range, run-of-the-mill motel: apricot-coloured walls, a garish floral duvet cover, mulberry-coloured Venetian blinds, an oscillating fan which makes an incessant clunking noise every time it reaches the range of its arc. **RICHARD** sits upon the edge of the bed, his laptop resting on his knees, a cigarette sticking out of his mouth. **DELORES** half-lies, half-sits upon the bed, smoking marijuana in a pipe.

RICHARD

(voice over)

We checked in to a place called the Bonanza Inn - definitely not a flophouse, but hardly star-spangled either - situated on the wonderfully monikered Bonanza Boulevard. In seeming vicissitude to my recent activity I actually experienced quite a productive day of writing; at about five o'clock, bone tired from both the

previous night's drive and having written all day, I had a few drinks and watched some television. However, Lol would not hear of my retiring for an early night's sleep, so after a meal of fast food we hit some casinos...

EXT. CINO CITY - NIGHT

RICHARD and **DELORES** approach the entrance of an enormous, immaculately luxurious casino: as they enter its confines Englebert Humperdinck's 'Quando, Quando, Quando' plays on the soundtrack.

RICHARD

Where you off to?

DELORES

Roulette. You?

RICHARD

Baccarat. See you later.

DELORES

Later.

What ensues are a series of shots showing the two friends engaged in a variety of activities in the casino: **RICHARD** throws dice in baccarat while attractive blondes and brunettes look on; **DELORES** follows the ball around a spinning roulette wheel while tuxedoed business watch; **RICHARD** orders a drink at the bar; **DELORES** sips a cocktail through a straw while she watches the rows on a slot machine rotate; **RICHARD** sips a scotch and soda while he watches a wheel of fortune spin.

RICHARD

(voice over)

After we both felt we had lost enough money, we retired to a little bar where we swallowed back Martini's and Mai Tai's for the next few hours, until...

On the pavement outside the bar, **DELORES** violently vomits while **RICHARD** holds back her hair as best he can in his intoxicated state.

INT. MOTEL CORRIDOR - EARLY MORNING

RICHARD supports **DELORES'** drunken, swaying frame as they haphazardly progress along the motel corridor to their room. Upon arriving at it **RICHARD**, while attempting to keep **DELORES** vertical, checks his pockets for the key: finding them devoid of the necessary item, he proceeds to fumble in **DELORES'** pockets until he finds it. He unlocks the door, pushes her inside and kicks the door shut behind him. He immediately makes a beeline to the bathroom - sometimes pushing, sometimes dragging **DELORES**. Upon arriving in the bathroom he leans her against the side of the shower stall and turns on the tap. The vomit which has attached itself to her top begins to spiral down the drain. **RICHARD**, getting soaked by the shower spray, starts to remove **DELORES'** clothing: she has meanwhile slowly become conscious due to the impact of the water against her face. Suddenly, while he is experiencing difficulty in removing her jeans, **DELORES** kisses him and starts to speak.

DELORES

Fuck me.

RICHARD

No.

DELORES

Why not?

RICHARD

'Cause you're drunk as a fuckin' skunk, that's why not.

DELORES

So?

RICHARD

So I'm not going to fuck you.

DELORES

It's not rape you know.

RICHARD

I know it's not rape, I'm just not going to fuck you while you're in this condition.

DELORES

You've fucked me before when I've been this drunk.

RICHARD

Well I'm not going to this time.

In spite of her drunkenness **DELORES** realises that she is not going to win this battle of words; she pulls **RICHARD** against herself, kisses him again and rubs her vagina against his penis. **RICHARD**, at first hesitantly, then far less so, concedes to her wishes and commences to have sexual intercourse with her in the shower stall.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - MORNING

DELORES snorts two large lines of cocaine in quick succession off a mirror on the dining room table; she walks onto the balcony, sits down at the small circular glass table and takes a sip from her vodka and soda. Led Zeppelin's 'The Girl I Love She Got Long Black Wavy Hair' plays on the soundtrack. Meanwhile **RICHARD** is circumventing the motel swimming pool, his arms laden with food and alcohol. When he approaches the balcony **DELORES** grabs the open bottle of vodka from the table and calls out to him.

DELORES

DICK!

When **RICHARD** looks up **DELORES** pours a considerable amount of the vodka down onto his face and commences laughing. He cries out in surprise.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - MORNING

RICHARD enters the motel room (his head and upper body soaked in vodka), places the food and alcohol upon the kitchen bench and walks out onto the balcony.

RICHARD

(in consternation)

Fuck you bitch, I stink like a fuckin' alkie now.

DELORES

(laughing)

Well, I guess you smell about right then.

RICHARD

Fuckin' ho, you can't talk.

DELORES

Who you callin' ho? Anyway, we need some more shit.

RICHARD

(in moderate disbelief)

Aye? I just went out and got a fuckin' armload of booze.

DELORES

We need some more nose candy...we're almost out.

RICHARD

Jesus girl, you need to stop doin' such a good imitation of a vacuum cleaner.

INT. MOTEL - NIGHT

RICHARD, naked, walks from the bedroom, down the hallway to the kitchen. There, he removes a bottle of scotch and a bottle of vodka from the kitchen bench and carries them back to the bedroom, where **DELORES** is also naked, sitting on the edge of the bed, smoking marijuana in a bong.

RICHARD

(voice over)

I started fantasising that Lol and I were in a radically different situation, in a radically different time, in a radically different place: honeymooners in the Greek islands, sipping ouzo on a balcony overlooking the Aegean after spending the day wandering around Mediterranean beaches...

A brief shot ensues of **RICHARD** and **DELORES** sitting at a white marble table on a stone balcony, surrounded below by immaculately blue water.

...or we had returned to Tempest Isle, where I could write all day while Lol would cook and clean before satisfying me sexually at night...

DELORES pushes a green and cream vacuum cleaner around the floor of the living room in **RICHARD'S** house on Tempest Isle. She wears a pair of white high heels and a short, almost transparent nightgown with a pair of pink underwear underneath; she has a cigarette in her mouth and a drink in her hand. **RICHARD** enters from his bedroom, grabs her with both arms, kisses her on the mouth and drapes her upon the sofa.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - MORNING

RICHARD is sitting upon the sofa in the living room, his laptop on his knees. An episode of 'Beverly Hills 90210' plays on the television before him. **DELORES** enters the room after having had a shower: a white bath towel is wrapped around her midriff. She walks into the kitchen, finishes the last of a drink on the kitchen bench, smokes some marijuana through a bucket bong set up in the kitchen sink, snorts a line of cocaine from a mirror on the dining room table and walks over to **RICHARD**.

DELORES

After I've got dressed I'm goin'
out for the day, OK?

She leans over, kisses him on the cheek and begins to walk off. **RICHARD** spins around in his seat.

RICHARD

Where to?

DELORES

Just out, OK?

She continues walking down the hallway to the bedroom.

RICHARD

(voice over)

It was about this time that I realised that, other than our drunken roll in the shower the previous evening, Delores and I hadn't had sex since we were in the caravan in the desert. Therefore, I was determined to do the deed with her that evening when she returned from God only knows where...

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

RICHARD is sitting on the sofa where we last left him, absent of his laptop. A drink is before him on the table and a cigar is held within his grasp. An episode of 'Northern Exposure' plays on the television. **DELORES** - her clothes ruffled, her lipstick smeared, her mascara run and her hair unkempt - enters the motel room and attempts to progress to the bathroom without **RICHARD** being aware of her presence.

RICHARD

(chirpily)

Hey sweetie...had a good day?

DELORES

(nonchalantly)

It was OK.

RICHARD

(slightly more insistently)
What did you get up to?

DELORES

(blasé)
Not much. You?

RICHARD

(ignoring her question)
Where have you been?

DELORES

(in an offhand manner)
Nowhere special...around, y'know.

RICHARD

Been shopping?

DELORES

Yeah...

After realising that she is not carrying any shopping bags.

...didn't buy anything though.

RICHARD

(inquiringly)
Why not?

DELORES

(abruptly)
Nothin' fits.

RICHARD

(patting his stomach, with a smile)
Yeah, I know whatcha mean...

DELORES forces a tiny, transitory smile before she attempts to leave the room, albeit unsuccessfully.

...I've been thinkin' about you
y'know.

DELORES

(nonplussed)

Have you?

RICHARD

(not sure what else to say)
Yeah...

DELORES

(similarly)

Oh...OK.

RICHARD

(accompanied by a half smile)
I got so horny I almost had to
pay a visit to buxom bitches dot
com.

DELORES

(while turning toward the
hallway)
What happened to your usual man
meat dot com?

RICHARD

What yah doin'?

DELORES

Havin' a shower.

RICHARD

(optimistically)

Can I join you?

DELORES

I'm bloody exhausted Dick...I
think I'll just wash my hair,
then collapse into bed...I'm
absolutely fuckin' shattered.
Sorry, y'know.

RICHARD

Don't worry 'bout it.

In spite of the cheery tone in which he articulated the preceding sentence his face, when he turns around to resume his focus back at the television, indicates no small amount of frustration. He finishes off the last of his drink in a single gulp and takes a lengthy puff on his cigar: he changes the television channel to NASCAR racing.

EXT. MOTEL SWIMMING POOL - AFTERNOON

While **DELORES** - in a white bikini and black sunglasses - floats idly in the swimming pool on an inflatable silver Lilo, **RICHARD** - pretending to read Molière's 'The Misanthrope' - silently watches her: unmoving, clinical, obsessed. She paddles with a single hand to the side of the pool, adeptly maneuvers herself onto *terra firma*, drapes a stars and stripes beach towel around her neck and gives **RICHARD** a quick wave and smile before she walks off. **RICHARD'S** gaze remains transfixed on her as she adjusts her bikini bottom around the base of her buttocks.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - EVENING

As Placebo's 'Special K' blasts across the entire aural space of the motel room - and more than likely the adjoining rooms as well - **DELORES**, naked but for a tiny white t-shirt with a giant green dollar sign emblazoned on it - brushes her hair before the bathroom mirror. **RICHARD**, wearing only a pair of red y-fronts, stands at the entrance to the bathroom for a short moment, before he slowly approaches **DELORES**. Their eyes meet in the mirror: **DELORES** smiles, **RICHARD'S** expression remains fixedly impenetrable. He bends down and begins to fondle, kiss and lick her vagina, perineum and anus: she makes small murmurs as she attempts to continue brushing her hair. **RICHARD** grabs a condom packet from beside the bathroom sink, tears frantically at the foil, hurriedly pulls down his underwear, rapidly puts the condom on and penetrates **DELORES** from behind. As **DELORES'** moans become increasingly more frequent and pronounced **RICHARD'S** guttural groans and grunts similarly follow suit. He tugs at her hair, places his fingers in her mouth, kisses her

earlobes - and then everything stops. **RICHARD** looks down, aghast; **DELORES** looks around, bemused. The ball is in his court, so to speak, but his batter is uncooperative, his pitcher is on strike and his basemen have disbanded to picnic in the outfield.

DELORES

You...OK?

RICHARD

(after a pause)

Why don't you just piss off, you fuckin' bitch.

RICHARD rapidly departs from the room.

INT. MOTEL BEDROOM - NIGHT

RICHARD and **DELORES** lay side by side on the bed: **RICHARD** takes gigantic gulps from a bottle of whiskey while **DELORES** smokes a cigarette, blowing smoke rings up toward the ceiling. Billy Joel's 'Just the Way You Are' plays on a stereo upon the dresser.

DELORES

Don't worry 'bout it, it happens to heaps of men your age.

RICHARD

I hadn't even been drinkin'.

DELORES

So what? Maybe you just weren't in the mood.

RICHARD

But I came on to you by eatin' you out.

There follows a short silence as **DELORES** accepts the validity of these words.

DELORES

You're prob'ly just tired.

RICHARD

I'm probably just impotent, you mean.

DELORES

(following a pause)

I doubt it.

RICHARD

Impotent, fat and the wrong side of forty...

RICHARD takes another large swig of whiskey; **DELORES** blows another smoke ring at the ceiling.

...can we turn off this fuckin' music please? It seems just a little bit, too, I don't know... appropriate, I guess.

RICHARD raises himself from his position, walks over to the portable compact disc player and hastily thumps the off button.

INT. MOTEL BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

RICHARD is in bed, asleep. In his dream **DELORES**, wearing a white negligee, beckons to him from an enormous heart shaped red bed in the middle of a white walled, white carpeted, whiter ceilinged room. **RICHARD** stands still, staring at her. Supertramp's 'Dreamer' plays on the soundtrack.

DELORES

(provocatively)

Come to me baby, you know you want to fuck me.

RICHARD continues to stand still; **ABBEY** joins **DELORES** upon the bed, wearing an identical item of clothing.

ABBEY

Fuck us bad boy, what are you waiting for?

RICHARD begins to move towards them when **BELLA** and **CLARISSA** appear on the bed also, wearing a schoolgirl's outfit and a cheerleader's outfit respectively.

BELLA & CLARISSA

(together)

Come on Richard, fuck us. We need your cock honey.

RICHARD once more begins to slowly move forward when **JASMINE** and **JÖELLE** also appear on the bed in white negligees.

JASMINE & JÖELLE

(together)

Treat us like the dirty, filthy sluts that we are, Richard.

RICHARD continues to just stand there. Suddenly, **ESMARELDA** appears, kneeling, before him, leering up at him with chipped, cracked yellow teeth. She starts to unzip his trousers.

ESMARELDA

Let me at least suck your dick, baby.

RICHARD hurriedly backs away. Immediately, the dream turns considerably more alarming. The negligees of the girl's on the bed have changed to studded collars, leather corsets, fishnet stockings and knee-length boots. They each hold a whip in one hand and a studded paddle in the other. The bed has transformed into a looming black skull. Then, a moderately-attractive, blonde-haired lady wearing ordinary street clothes appears, standing, beside the bed.

RICHARD

(shocked)

Kristy?

KRISTY

Why did you leave me Richard? We could have made it work, we could have been happy, if only you had of tried...

RICHARD

(furtively)

But, wait...

DISSOLVE TO

RICHARD, now awake, his forehead covered in sweat. He immediately sits up and looks over to where **DELORES** would normally be on the other side of the bed. She isn't there. He hops out of bed and turns on the room's light. Nothing. He walks down the hallway, into the kitchen, around the living room, even checks out on the balcony. There is no sign of her. Then he notices her marijuana leaf design bag sitting on the dining room table. He rummages through it, pulling out lipsticks, a mobile phone, mascara, cigarettes. He extracts a small piece of white paper with an address written on it: Apartment 17, 127 Perlitzer Place, Nth Cino City. He walks back into the bedroom, pulls on some clothes and exits the motel room.

EXT. BONANZA BOULEVARD - EARLY MORNING

RICHARD stands beneath the light emitted from a street lamp, waiting for a taxi to happen by. Shortly one does, and he sticks his arm out. The driver stops, and **RICHARD** hops into the back seat.

RICHARD

127 Perlitzer Place, North Cino.

The taxi accelerates off into the darkness.

EXT. PERLITZER PLACE - EARLY MORNING

RICHARD exits the taxi and stands before a rundown, decrepit concrete block building. **DELORES'** car is parked in front of the building. He enters the front door.

CUT TO

RICHARD looks at a door with '17' on it. He looks down at the piece of paper, then back at the door. He gingerly opens the door: on the other side of the room a **BLACK MAN** sits on a chair alongside a wooden table, smoking crack cocaine in a glass pipe while **DELORES** performs fellatio upon him. On the table are a mirror with lines of cocaine arranged upon it, a razor blade and a rolled-up bank note, a syringe and spoon, a nearly-empty bottle of bourbon and a small-calibre handgun. When **DELORES** and the **BLACK MAN** become aware of **RICHARD'S** presence they both look across at him. **RICHARD** meanwhile just stares, stricken, at the tableau before him. The **BLACK MAN** picks the handgun up off the table and holds it to **DELORES'** head.

BLACK MAN

(in an unwavering tone)

Go.

RICHARD stares at **DELORES**, a handgun pointed at her head.

RICHARD

Why the fuck have you forsaken me
Delores?

RICHARD exits the room.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - EARLY MORNING

RICHARD is sitting upon the sofa, an episode of 'Cheers' playing on the television. He takes enormous gulps from a half-empty bottle of whiskey and snorts lines of cocaine straight off the coffee table. **DELORES** enters the room, closes the door and simply stands there: she looks worn and haggard, exhausted, burntout.

RICHARD

Well look what the cat dragged in.

DELORES

Richard, I'm sorry...

RICHARD

No, don't apologise to me...if you like the taste of black come that's your business.

DELORES

Richard...

RICHARD

Why don't you shut your fuckin' ugly mouth bitch? Your apologies don't mean shit. Why didn't you just tell me you were fucking some porch monkey, aye?

DELORES

But Richard, let me explain...

RICHARD

Explain what? That you've got a junk habit and you're suckin' dick to get it? It's quite a life you've carved out for yourself Delores. You should be real proud.

DELORES

Fuck you faggot...

RICHARD

Faggot? Well at least I don't suck coon cock for coke. You're pathetic, do you know that? You're a fuckin' disgrace. I'm leavin'...

DELORES

Richard, wait...

RICHARD

No. You can do whatever you want Delores, but don't expect me to hang around, putting up with your shit. I'm going to get the next flight out of here.

DELORES

(conciliatorily)
You don't have to do this Richard...

RICHARD

Yes I do. I want a proper life, with love and respect and trust. A life of truth. I don't want to spend my life with the likes of tramps like you.

DELORES

I'm not a tramp.

RICHARD

Yes you are. Was, or was it not, you I saw sucking a nigger's dick while he held a handgun to your head?

DELORES does not say anything. **RICHARD** stands up, walks to the bedroom and begins piling his clothes and books into his carry case.

DELORES

Why don't you just wait until you cool off a bit, calm down, y'know?

RICHARD

I'm not going to calm down, I know what I'm doing is right.

DELORES

Fine then cunt, do whatever you want. You're an old, fat, ugly prick who can't even get it up anyway.

RICHARD

Fuck you slut, you've got fuckin' barbed wire in your filthy snatch.

DELORES

You're a fuckwit, do you know that?

RICHARD

And you're a fuckin' disease-ridden whore. I'm outta here...

RICHARD, his carry case beneath his arm, walks down the hallway to the front door. He takes a last look around at **DELORES** before he opens the door and walks out.

DELORES

YOU FUCKIN' CUNT!

DELORES picks up an empty vodka bottle from off the kitchen bench and throws it at the door. It smashes with an immense impact.

INT. TAXI - EARLY MORNING

RICHARD sits in the back seat of a taxi, on his way to the airport.

RICHARD

(voice over)

It pained me to have to leave Delores in such a manner but it was necessary. I had known for quite a while that this moment would arrive, but I had futilely attempted to delay it. Seeing her blowing that pimp drug dealer's dick had upset me, but it wasn't like it came as a shock. Once a whore, always a whore. All the shit that had been going up my nose and into my lungs had started to make me feel like I

was losing my mind, not to mention the effect it had had on my ability to maintain an erection...

INT. MOTEL ROOM - EARLY MORNING

DELORES, the tears which stream from her eyes making her mascara run in jagged stalactites down her face, holds a lighter flame beneath a spoon in which heroin begins bubbling. Pearl Jam's 'Black' begins playing, and continues until the credits roll.

INT. CINO CITY AIRPORT - EARLY MORNING

RICHARD stands silently in a queue, waiting to purchase a ticket.

RICHARD

(voice over)

I'm not sure why I initially thought I could try and make it work with Delores, but in retrospect it was foolish and naïve. I guess I just desperately wanted to be with someone, to attempt to quench the loneliness. However, I had merely made the transition from the frying pan to the fire. There was no possible way that my existence with Delores in Cherubim City - or anywhere else we had been for that matter - was sustainable; there was no possible way that we could make it work together. Try as we might, we irreconcilably wished for different things out of life - or at least it incontrovertibly seemed that way to me...

INT. MOTEL ROOM - EARLY MORNING

DELORES pushes down on the plunger of the syringe: the transparent liquid contained within its chamber rushes into her vein. The makeshift tourniquet around her bicep slackens, then falls onto the sofa. A look of unmitigated ecstasy crosses **DELORES'** face, before she closes her eyes and appears to fall unconscious.

INT. AEROPLANE - MORNING

RICHARD sits in the seat of an aeroplane, his open laptop resting upon the sunflower yellow plastic fold-out food tray in front of him.

RICHARD

(voice over)

It seemed obvious to me now that I had to forge a different life for myself, a life devoid of Delores. What the hell was I thinking, attempting to shack up with a bi-bitch half my age who possessed a drug habit the size of Missouri and nothing even approaching sexual morals? My own immorality had got the better of me, but I was determined now to overcome it, to avenge my defeated ethics. I knew, at last, what I had to write about: I finally knew what it was my next play would be concerned with. My writer's block had indubitably been stamped into the dust. My play would be about...

RICHARD'S gaze fixes upon the photograph taken of **DELORES** at the beach which occupies the screen of his laptop.

DISSOLVE

Meat Loaf's 'Two Out of Three Ain't Bad' plays while the credits roll.