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EXT. ANY STREET IN NYC - DAY

DELILAH DALI, a beautiful woman in her mid-twenties better known as DEEDEE, wearing a black wedding gown and MAY MARTINEZ, wearing a white tuxedo, are sharing a joint as they walk down the aisle. Deedee takes a hit off a joint she was holding, then hands it over to May.

DEEDEE

And of course this is all coming from the guy who grew up between the Hamptons and the Jersey shore.

MAY

At least you know where I'm coming from. Awight. At least I'm not from Brooklyn but choose to live in the *Billy* (mockingly) Burg. Talk about pretentious.

DEEDEE

Nigga what?

MAY

You heard me. Spare me with your hipsterator nation. Talk about a place that's too cool for its own fucking good. You could cut the condescending pretentiousness with black painted fingernail.

DEEDEE

Amen to that. Just cos' I live there don't mean I represent it.

May takes a long drag off the joint.

MAY

I've never been to a restaurant in the city and feel like the server was doing *me* a favor. Fucking hipsters.

DEEDEE

Preach on brotha!

May takes another long drag off the joint. Holds on to the smoke for half a minute then releases it slowly, playing with the smoke.

MAY

You know what hipsters are? They're like wanna be hippies minus the one thing that made hippies, hippies. The love.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Deedee laughs.

DEEDEE

Nigga you wish you lived in the
Burg.

May hands the joint back to Deedee.

MAY

Sheeeat, don't wish. Live through
it baby, you live the most
undeserving narcissistic hood in
the 5 boroughs.

Deedee laughs even louder and harder this time. She takes the joint and looking May dead in the eyes kills what was left of the joint in one long continuous drag until there is nothing but a very small roach which she simply tosses aside.

DEEDEE

You know baby, I love you despite
the fact that you like the Mets
and the Jets and not the Giants
and the Yanks like a real man and
if that ain't love then.

Deedee looks at May at a loss for words.

DEEDEE (CONT'D)

I don't know, I guess what I'm
trying to say is that if I was
ever to do this, I'm glad it was
with you.

They both look deep into each other's eyes in a loving embrace.

MAY

Deedee, baby, you fulfill my every
void and have done so since we
met. I'm so ready to take the
plunge with you, for life without
you just wouldn't be so. You know?

DEEDEE

What do you think our friends will
say?

MAY

We're not doing this for them, now
are we?

DEEDEE

No, I guess we're really not.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Deedee smiles and nods just before kissing her groom to be very passionately.

MAY

You ready love?

DEEDEE

As ready as the meaning of the word will allow me to be.

Deedee and May both look down at the ground beneath them some 100 feet below, they're ready to jump off to their deaths.

CUT TO
CREDITS:

THREE DAYS AGO.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

A MAN in his mid-thirties is sitting on a stool at the bar counter by himself. Luggage sits right next to him, two small matching carry-on bags and a third matching backpack. His name is DERRICK NORTON.

The BARTENDER, brings him a martini and places it next to two empty martini glasses, both littered with toothpicks.

A VERY GOOD LOOKING MAN in his early twenties walks in wheeling an oversized brand named luggage. He heads straight to the bar taking a seat two seats away from Derrick, his name is HUGO CURTIS.

HUGO

(to bartender)

Sup bro.

BARTENDER

Sup man.

HUGO

I'll take a shot of whatever your favorite silver and anejo tequilas are and whatever your seasonal beer is on tap.

BARTENDER

You got it.

Derrick looks at Hugo. Hugo looks around at the nearly empty bar. He then at the girl at the opposite end of the bar who's taking most of the bartender's time.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The bartender brings Hugo his drinks, taking Hugo's \$50 dollar bill and setting the drinks down on the counter.

Hugo takes the shot of silver and shoots it straight down, washing it down with the beer.

DERRICK

Going straight for the kill hu?

HUGO

Hey, it's like I've always said,
if you're gonna drink, fucking
drink awright?

Derrick raises his martini glasses cheering him. Hugo raises the shot of anejo and cheers him right back. This time however, he sips on the shot.

DERRICK

Amen to that.

HUGO

You coming in or are you on your
way out?

DERRICK

Yeah I'm flying out tonight. You?

The bartender comes back with Hugo's change, Hugo takes it leaving a \$10 dollar bill behind on the counter.

HUGO

Lay over, I'm on my way home from
a shoot, cos' my friend is getting
married. Decided to make a little
detour to see this chic I met
online.

DERRICK

How'd that go?

Hugo shoots Derrick, a 'you really wanna know look.'

HUGO

Dude, lemme just say, if you ever
meet anybody online, don't believe
a word they tell ya.

DERRICK

That bad hu?

HUGO

That bad?! I wish it would've been
just bad. It was the perfect
example of false advertising.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DERRICK

You serious? What? She wasn't the girl you talked to? Who the fuck does that?

HUGO

That's what I said. I mean she was the girl I talked to, she just wasn't the girl I saw online.

Derrick and Hugo both share a laugh.

DERRICK

I'm sorry man, but that's pretty fucken funny. So what'd you do?

HUGO

What else could I do? I ditched the bitch!

FLASH TO:

A BURNING HOUSE

FLASH BACK TO:

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Derrick almost falls over from his stool laughing, but is able to catch himself before doing so.

DERRICK

Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha.

HUGO

But not before I made her dad hook me up with some primo buds.

Derrick looks puzzled.

DERRICK

Buds? What's that?

HUGO

You know, grass, dope, weed, sinsemilla, Maui-Huai, THC, pot, marijuguana, which is bad.

DERRICK

Oh, alright, I gotcha. Wow, I haven't done that, since like high school.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Hugo doesn't say anything for a moment as he simply drinks his drink and contemplates the moment of silence mixed with jukebox music.

DERRICK (CONT'D)

Is it good?

HUGO

I don't deal with anything less than Chronic or creepy.

DERRICK

Some wicked Mexican shit hu?

HUGO

Is my name Carlos? Do I look like a fucking busboy handing out dime bags here?

Hugo stares at Derrick making him uncomfortable for a moment, before Hugo cracks up putting him at ease.

HUGO (CONT'D)

I'm just fucking with you man, check it, I'm gonna go smoke this spliff outside. All rolled up and ready to go with some creep. Wanna join?

Derrick ponders on this for a moment.

DERRICK

Sure, why the heck not man?

HUGO

Era boy. We should bring our shit with us though, just cos' now a days you can't be too careful. You know?

DERRICK

That's a really good idea. We definitely cannot be too careful these days.

FADE TO:

EXT. BAR - MOMENTS LATER

HUGO and DERRICK are standing by the wall behind the bar smoking a joint. Derrick is hitting it hard and chokes on it coughing as he hands it back to Hugo. Hugo keeps constantly looking around, making sure there's nobody walking by.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DERRICK

Man, I had forgotten how good this feels. Why can't we legalize it here, like they did in Holland.

HUGO

I just got back from there actually. Did you know that it didn't always use to be legal?

DERRICK

No?

Hugo takes the long drag off the joint, playing with the smoke as he releases it. He's still looking around, making sure there's nobody coming.

HUGO

Naw bro, back in the days it use to be illegal, but everyone was doing it, right?

Derrick takes the joint back from Hugo, hitting it.

DERRICK

I'm witcha.

HUGO

So the courts started getting fed up with all the paperwork and money being spent on prosecuting all these pot smokers, right?

Hugo takes the joint back from Derrick. He takes another long drag, while looking around. Hugo makes smoke donuts before handing the joint back to Derrick.

DERRICK

Then what happened?

HUGO

Well, the courts figured that pot didn't really hurt anybody, not anymore than cigarettes or alcohol anyway.

DERRICK

True, true.

Derrick takes a long drag off the joint.

HUGO

So they said fuck it. You guys can smoke it, just don't make a habit out of it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Hugo takes out a long dagger, from Gods know where, driving it deep into Derrick's torso repeatedly and rapidly. He then pauses and moves the dagger up and down once inside. Hugo starts laughing hysterically.

HUGO (CONT'D)

Just don't make a habit out of it.
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

CUT TO:

YESTERDAY

INT. MAY'S LIVING ROOM - MORNING

May walks into his living room carrying a bunch of mail, most of which is junk, in one hand while rummaging through it with the other. He walks up to his dining table making three separate piles on the table, one pile for junk, one for bills and the last pile for letters from his school (NYU?)

May takes the pile of junk to the kitchen, throwing it away. May looks inside the fridge, inspecting it for a while, it is nearly empty but still he looks around it until he decides on a bottled water. May makes his way to the living room.

Inside the living room there's a TV, an ipod stereo system, a couple of couches. There's also a large calendar in the middle of the room with a lot of X's marked on it. There are two empty squares between the last X and a date circled with a bold, red marker encircling the words 'Big Day.'

He walks over to his ipod, looks for the right playlist and presses play. May walks back to the table bobbing his head to the music he just started playing.

May sits down on the table, opens a letter from the school, he reads a little bit then crumples it opening another envelope from the school in the process. He does the same with the rest of the letters from the school, except for the last one, he just leaves it lying there on the table untouched.

May then sorts through his bills until he finds one that's not a bill, it's confirmation appointment for a doctor. He looks up at the clock on top of his TV, it reads 09:30 am. He looks at his calendar, he thinks of something, May then walks into his room where his backpack is at. He takes out a pen and goes back to his calendar.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

May puts an X on one of empty spots while writing in 'Doctor's appointment at 11:30 am TODAY!' on the other, after which he digs into his pocket pulling out his cell phone. He goes down his contact list until he finds the one that reads 'Chez Mom,' he presses talk.

May turns down the music while still bobbing his head to it as the phone begins to ring on the other line. He begins to pace around the room as the phone rings a few more times until she finally picks up.

MAY

Hey mom, long time no talk, how's Paris? (pronouncing it Pah-rrie)
Yeah, I wish I was thurr too, not working of course. School?
School's great, you know me, you know how I do.

May holds the cell phone with his shoulder patting both his pockets while still pacing.

MAY (CONT'D)

Have you talked to dad? His secretary keeps taking messages but he still hasn't gotten back to me yet. No?

May finally finds what he was looking for in his pockets. He digs out a fancy cigarette box filled with joints. May takes one of the joints out as he tosses the box onto the table.

MAY (CONT'D)

Yeah I know it'd be a lot easier to get a hold of the president but this is really important to me. Well does he even know I'm getting married?

May digs into his pockets again, he pulls out a lighter, lights up the joint taking a couple of drags, not playing with the smoke, he simply releases it.

MAY (CONT'D)

You don't even know if he knows? Well, mom! You are coming though, right? It's tomorrow mom! But I mean, I told you like two months ago.

May takes a couple more drags off the joint while pacing harder around the room.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MAY (CONT'D)

But it's my wedding day mom. Mind you it's gonna be a small ceremony but it would really mean the world to me if you could be thurr.

May's pacing is out of control by now taking smaller drags off the joint and quickly releasing the smoke.

MAY (CONT'D)

But, why not mom? When Jun and Avril got married we all had to go to their stupid weddings and they already told me they're both too busy to come as well. Is it her?

May is interrupted by his mom over the phone.

MAY (CONT'D)

I understand that you have to work mom but. Yeah I know an author's work is never done but.

May stops pacing and finally slumps himself onto one of the couches, taking another drag off the joint.

MAY (CONT'D)

Yeah I'm sorry too mom. No, no I'm fine, I'll be just fine. Yeah I've got some bills but I'll just drop them off on Ted's box, that's what accountants are for no?

May finishes off the joint, walks over to where the ipod is, he then puts the joint out in an ashtray that's filled with other roaches.

MAY (CONT'D)

Yeah, I'll be expecting gifts from everybody, thanks, sure, sure, sure, yeah, yeah, yeah. I'll see you during my break. No don't worry about it mom, I'll be fine, you know me. Je te aim aussie. Au'revoir.

May sits on the couch flabbergasted for a second, contemplating the conversation he just had with his mom. He walks up to the stereo turning it up.

May walks back to the table. He empties the contents of the fancy cigarette box, about 9 joints fall out of it, along with two baggies filled with white powder. One of the baggies is transparent the other one is colored.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

He lights up another one of the joints taking a couple of long drags. He plays with the smoke this time before releasing it.

May takes the colored baggy walking over to the kitchen fetching a spoon. He walks back to the couch where he pours some of the powder onto the spoon. He takes out his personalized, gifted fancy Zippo.

MAY (CONT'D)

Live through it baby, live through it.

Underneath the empty box of joints is the uncrumpled letter from the school in bold letters on the top it reads.

LETTER

DEAR MR. MARTINEZ, THIS LETTER IS TO INFORM YOU THAT YOU STILL ON ACADEMIC PROBATION, AND WILL REMAIN TO BE UNTIL YOU SPEAK WITH YOUR STUDENT ADVISOR. PLEASE MAKE AN APPOINTMENT AT YOUR EARLIEST CONVENIENCE.

FADE OUT.

2 YEARS AGO

INT. DEEDEE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

DEEDEE hears a knock on the door, she gets up to get it. She opens the door to reveal MAY behind it. Outside the bedroom we can hear the sound of music and loud people in what appears to be a small social gathering. TD sits at the foot of the bed.

MAY (V.O.)

My name is May, this is Theodore and Delilah Dali's place. Better known as TD and Deedee.

Deedee just stands there with an annoyed stance.

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

Theodore was one of the best wide receivers in high school, hence the name TD. He was lightning fast. Recruited by the Trojans, he was headed straight for USC. But he had one small problem.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TD nods at May and May nods back, although Deedee didn't see her brother nodding first.

MAY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 He liked forcing himself on young girls and by young, I mean illegal. One bad night with the wrong girl was all it took to end his career before it even started.

TD remains seated on the bed while Deedee stands there looking at May.

MAY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 He's really more of an acquaintance than a friend, but I've heard he's the fucken hook up.

DEEDEE
 May I help you?

TD
 Hey May, what up G. He's cool sis, he's with me.

May extends his hand out for Deedee to shake.

MAY
 Hi, I'm May.

DEEDEE
 Yeah, I kinda gathered that.

Deedee turns her back to him, leaving him with his hand extended. May wipes his hands as if it's totally cool. Deedee gives TD a look and he jumps off the bed apologetically.

TD
 I'm so glad you made it, G.

May and TD do a half hand shake, half hug salute.

DEEDEE
 You will forgive my rudeness for not shaking your hand, but Gods only know how many people have germ your hand by now.

MAY
 That's cool.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DEEDEE

Yeah, I know it is. So what can I do you for?

Deedee sits on the bed in absolute business mode.

MAY

I just needed like a half O of herb and like maybe a couple of beans if you've got any.

DEEDEE

How many? And don't say anything less than 10 cos' I won't even bother.

MAY

Funny you say that, cos' that's the exact, same amount I was looking for.

Deedee motions TD to do something. He reaches for a small velvet box from one of the drawers, then hands her the box. She takes the box without looking at it then empties the contents on a small, breakfast in bed tray. The tray itself is all scratched up with line scars and full of all kinds of drugs.

A bunch of small baggies, with some white powder in them, cover the entire length of the tray.

DEEDEE

Wrong box bro.

TD

Sorry sis.

Deedee acts really upset towards her sibling. TD hands her the right box. May is wide eyed looking at the contents from the wrong box.

DEEDEE

You're a fucken drug addict, TD, fucken act like it.

MAY

What is that?

TD

Naw, naw, naw, G, you don't wanna mess with that shit. That shit is for fucken tecos yo.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MAY

Really? Heroine huh? You know I've always been curious about that shit.

A pleasing look fills Deedee's face with these news, so much so, she forgets she's annoyed with life. Deedee digs through the contents of the second box, the right one, as she begins to flirt with May with her body language.

DEEDEE

You still going to school Kay?

MAY

It's May, and yeah I still go to school.

TD

Shit, my nigga here is going to school to become some kinda directa or sumn'. Right?

TD pats May in the back.

DEEDEE

Really? Film school huh?

MAY

Yup, yup. That be I.

TD

Shit, back in school my nigga here was a straight A muthafucken student. He was the reason everyone in the football team had a B average.

Deedee nods in approval.

DEEDEE

You still keeping that straight A thing up?

MAY

You know me

TD

Same old G.

TD and May laugh, Deedee just rolls her eyes. Deedee separates the baggies into categories in her head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

DEEDEE

Yeah well, I dropped out of school when I hit the ninth grade, hated school, still do and probably always will.

MAY

Right, right.

DEEDEE

Although I do have the utmost respect for those who actually follow their dream.

Deedee nods TD towards the door, as if asking him to leave them alone.

TD

May my man, I gotta go make sure everybody else is taken care of, but I'll see you in a few, awight?

TD exits and Deedee motions toward May.

DEEDEE

Hey suga Ray, you mind locking the door behind you?

MAY

Not at all.

CUT TO:

INT. DEEDEE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

TD walks into the living room, where there are THREE GUYS chilling in there, watching something on TV. One of the guys is passed out drunk on the carpet, holding on to a 40oz bottle of alcohol. There's drool coming out of his mouth, his name is ICHI.

One of the the other two guys is using him as a footstool, his name is SYKE. The third guy, LANNY can't reach Ichi so he just leans back as he rolls a joint. He pauses rolling it so he can hit the bong. TD sits in between Syke and Lanny.

SYKE

Where did you get this shit TD?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TD

This kid from the city who owed us some money gave it to me for a ball. Muthafucka said he paid like a K note for it and shit.

SYKE

Where did he get it?

TD shrugs his shoulder in a dunno manner.

LANNY

That's some twisted ass shit, you think it's real?

SYKE

Look at that little bitch's face man, you can't fake that shit.

There's a knock on the door. TD gets up, looks through the peep hole in the door and sees that it's his girls. He opens the door to let LISA and APHRODISIA. The girls are carrying a jar full of something labeled simply as Venom, along with some paper bags.

TD

Damn womans, what the hell took ya'll so damn long?

APHRODISIA

What the fuck, next time you go get yo shit yo damn self.

The girls put the bags away then come join the guys on the couch. Aphrodisia sits in between TD and Syke while Lisa moves next to Syke, they all use Ichi as a footstool.

LISA

You guys still watching this stupid video?

Lanny finishes rolling the joint, he's now drying it.

LISA (CONT'D)

What's so sexy about some old, fat guy riding a young boy with a gun to his head. Making him double plug that young girl with his cock and a knife, that couldn't be sanitary.

APHRODISIA

I kinda like it, it's gory, you know? Do you think it's real?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Lanny sparks the joint and starts passing it to his left, TD is the closest.

LISA

I don't think so, she's not even that good an actress, she can't even fake it right.

APHRODISIA

I don't think she's supposed to be faking it. I think she's going for that whole, I'm getting raped and killed thing.

TD hands the joint over to Aphrodisia, she takes it and takes a couple of drags.

LISA

Not that it's sexy or anything, but if she can't even fake it right, she deserves to die.

Lanny is back on the bong but pauses when he hears what Lisa just said. He hold the bong with one hand and high fives her with the other, she claps it back.

LANNY

Amen to that sista, amen to that.

CUT TO:

INT. DEEDEE'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME

MAY is sitting at the foot of the bed and he puts the pills of ecstasy he just bought in one of his pockets while putting the weed on his other pocket.

DEEDEE (O.S.)

Take off your shirt.

May begins to take off his shirt. After taking it off, he folds it folds it very neatly and places it on the drawer next to the bed.

MAY

I don't know if I should really do this. I know myself too well and something this good could have me whip for ages.

DEEDEE (O.S.)

Yeah, I know exactly what you mean.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAY

As a matter of fact, the more that
I think about it, the more
convinced I am that I definitely
should not do this tonight.

He takes off his belt, then hands it to Deedee, though we
still cannot see her.

MAY (CONT'D)

So I will.

Deedee is wrapping the belt around his arm. We reveal
DEEDEE, ready to shoot something into May's arm.

MAY (CONT'D)

I'm not so sure about this Deedee.

Deedee leans over very seductively, whispering in his
ear.

DEEDEE

Yeah you are, it just makes you
feel better about yourself to say
such things you don't mean.

MAY

True, true.

DEEDEE

Now remember to have fun, and I'll
see you on the other side.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DREAM SEQUENCE - TIMELESS

MAY closes his eyes as he sinks deep into the bed. May
begins to float in a white light, surrounded by clouds.

MAY (V.O.)

With eyes shut air tight, I feel
it course into my system and
through my sight; in a quick flash
of light all brainwaves turn
electric before the mind's eye. I
find myself tripping beyond
belief, with joy all around this
sensational mind relief.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

ONE MONTH AGO

INT. CAFE IN ASTORIA - DAY

JADE CONNOR, a beautiful woman in her late twenties, wearing comfortable clothes, and GUS WELLING, early twenties, wearing something bum like, are having a late brunch at a cafe in Astoria.

JADE (V.O.)

My name is Jade, this kid with me is Gus, if it wasn't for the fact that he can get any drug you want and he can pull girls left and right, he'd be pretty useless.

Gus' cell rings, he stops eating to pick it up.

GUS

Hey what's up Jackpot. Nuttin' just out here grinding ma nigga, you know what it is. Wuz up nigga, whatcha need?

Gus looks at his watch then looks at Jade, making an annoyed face.

GUS (CONT'D)

How much? I don't know, lemme make a couple of calls then I'll call you right back. Cool. Lates.

JADE

Who was that sweetie?

GUS

That was just Ed, from the coffeehouse.

Gus continues to eat as Jade stares at him.

JADE

You mean the shady coffeehouse where nobody gets paid except you and sometimes even you have to steal it.

GUS

It's not my fault the idiots keep coming back to work after like a month with no paycheck.

CUT TO:

INT. COFFEEHOUSE/ HOOKAH LOUNGE - NIGHT

GUS is behind the counter. Around the back, behind the wall, hides BUNCO, the owner. There's a BILL COLLECTOR who is threatening to take his equipment away. Behind the bill collector is BILLY, a young kid in his late teens also looking for Bunco.

GUS

(to bill collector)

Look, I'm sorry but I can't let you take away the equipment without some sort of legal document stating you can.

BILL COLLECTOR

But it's my shit. And that fucker hasn't paid me for it, it's been like three months.

GUS

Look I don't like your attitude and I'm like two seconds from calling the cops.

The bill collector begins to pace around the front counter, like a caged animal.

BILL COLLECTOR

You tell that son of a bitch that I'm gonna go get the cops and take all my equipment away, you got that. This is fucken bullshit, that's what this is.

The bill collector storms out of the coffeehouse, leaving Billy alone in front of the counter.

Bunco still hides behind the wall.

BILLY

So, Bunco's not here, huh?

GUS

Naw, weren't you scheduled to work right now?

Billy gives Gus a mean look.

BILLY

Look, my parents advised me to not work until I get paid. There's been a lot of people who claim Bunco hasn't paid them either.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GUS

Dude, I told you, there's a problem with the accountant doing the payroll.

BILLY

There's always a problem with the fucken accountant, it's been six weeks and I really need to get paid.

Gus walks from behind the counter and puts his arm around Billy, walking him to the back. On the opposite side from where Bunco is.

GUS

Look Billy, trust me dude, you're gonna get paid. Forget what everybody else is saying, I mean you've seen me get paid by Bunco, right?

BILLY

Yeah but.

GUS

Dude, trust me. I'm taking care of it awright? In fact I'll tell you what I'll do for you. All the tips, you pool today, you keep it all, how's that?

Bunco is still hiding nodding his head in approval.

BILLY

But.

GUS

Dude, are you gonna listen to your parents? Who just don't understand. Or do you want to get paid?

BILLY

I want to get paid, but.

Gus takes off his apron and puts it over Billy's head.

GUS

Then trust me dude. If you quit, you can pretty much forget about it. But if you stick around just one more week, you'll not only get paid, I'll make you supervisor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Billy's face lights up to a glow.

BILLY

Oh yeah?

GUS

Oh, fo show. No doubt. But you have to stick with us dude. Are you in the team or are you in the team?

BILLY

I'm so in the team.

Gus' face is filled with content at this victory. He makes his way out, by the side where Bunco is.

GUS

Alright dude, count your bank, make sure it's all there and I'll be back in a few hours, call me if you need anything.

BILLY

You got it boss.

GUS

Oh, and will you please make sure the front is clean and everything is set up for our open mic tonight?

BILLY

Of course boss.

Gus walks by Bunco and Bunco puts his arm around Gus' shoulder nodding approvingly, they exit through the hidden exit in the back.

CUT TO:

INT. CAFE IN ASTORIA - DAY

JADE and GUS are still eating their food. Although Jade leaves the rest of her food untouched.

JADE

So what did Ed want?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GUS

Some beans, which means I have to go see my pharms guy, all the way in Jersey.

JADE

Can you get some pills? The girls at the club are asking for some. We still have shit, though, right?

GUS

Who you think you talking to? Of course we do.

Gus finishes playing with his food. He puts it to the side.

JADE

So yay, on the pills.

GUS

Of course pumpkin, yey and pills, whatever you want. You have any money?

JADE

Yeah of course, plus I should make a few more bills tonight.

Gus asks for the check. THE WAITRESS acknowledges him.

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

If you weren't so damn good at what you do, I would've ditched your ass a long time ago.

GUS

So you're dancing tonight?

JADE

And you know it.

GUS (V.O.)

Cool, so I can hit up Salma after I get back from Jersey.

The waitress drops the check on the table, Gus picks it up to look at it, Jade digs into her purse, takes out a stack of bills. She takes the check from Gus' hands, looks at it, does the math in her head and drops four \$20 bills. Jade gives the rest of the cash to Gus.

JADE

K, so I'm gonna call you as soon as I'm out. You gonna be around?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GUS
Of course pumpkin.

They kiss goodbye.

GUS (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Just not around you.

CUT TO:

THREE WEEKS AGO

INT. THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE CAFE - NIGHT

There are some scattered clusters of people inside this beautiful lounge in Tribeca, but not too busy. There's a single bartender behind the bar and two waitresses dividing the floor between them.

CASSANDRA WYMAN, late 20's, better known as Cassie, wearing a stylish suit, greets DEEDEE and MAY as they enter the restaurant.

CASSIE
Hello, welcome to the beautiful people lounge, would you care for a table?

DEEDEE
Actually we're meeting some people here.

Deedee looks at Cassie as if she recognizes her. Deedee and May look around and find their party. Cassie waves them the go ahead and they begin to make their way to their table where APHRODISIA, LISA and LANNY are waiting for the fashionably late couple. They each have finished a drink and a half, working steadily on that remaining half. Greets all around the table as they seat down.

DEEDEE (CONT'D)
Sorry bout the wait guys, but you all know how long it takes May to make a fucken line.

MAY
Hey perfection takes time, baby doll. Live through it, baby, live through it.

May blows her a kiss, she takes it, makes like she's gonna throw it away;

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

much to May's dismay, thinks twice about it and puts it in her pocket smiling wickedly at her other half.

May takes out a fancy cigarette box filled with pre-rolled joints, he takes one out, putting it in his ear then puts the box away.

LANNY

Don't worry bout shit. We're just getting our drink on. You know how we roll.

APHRODISIA

For sure! If anything, thanks for coming with such short notice.

LISA

TO-ta-lee! Don't know what we would've done withoutcha.

Deedee shrugs.

DEEDEE

Anything for my pets. Sides, I needed to peel lay-z boy hurr, hour of the fucken house for a minute. Or two.

May sparks the joint. Cassie notices, picks something up, then walks over to the table. She walks straight towards May. She stands in front of May, they look at each other, she then finally sits an ashtray in front of May. There's a "420 Friendly Establishment" sign on the wall directly behind Cassie.

MAY

Thanks doll.

Cassie winks at both him and Deedee, who's still staring at Cassie.

CASSIE

Don't mention it.

DEEDEE

Aren't you going out with Hugo Gallagher?

Cassie looks closely at Deedee for the first time.

CASSIE

Why yes! Yes I am. Wait a minute, you're his friend.

Cassie pauses to think for a moment.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CASSIE (CONT'D)

Ceecee, right?

DEEDEE

It's Deedee, but close enough. And you are?

CASSIE

Cassie, I'm Cassie. I'm sorry, it's just running this place, I forget my manners sometimes.

DEEDEE

That's alright, it's OK, both of us are pretty obliterated when we run into each other.

CASSIE

I'll tell you what.

Deedee motions for Cassie to sit down and joint them. Cassie looks around to make sure things are taken care of around the place. Once satisfied, she finally sits down.

DEEDEE

How's business lately?

Cassie sighs out loud.

CASSIE

Feeling the econ crunch. You know?

DEEDEE

Aren't we all.

Everyone around the table nods approvingly. Cassie looks at all the empty glasses on the table. She motions for NATALIE, the waitress, to come over. She gets there with a quickness.

NATALIE

Sup Cass.

CASSIE

Hey Nat. Would you please bring everyone a round of whatever they're drinking and for Deedee and.

Cassie waves for May to insert his name. It takes him a second to get it.

MAY

Oh, I'm May.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

NATALIE

What'll it be May?

MAY

Two Partida Rep Margaritas, on the rocks with lots of salt.

Cassie puts three fingers up.

CASSIE

Better make that three. And tell Tessa this round's on me.

NATALIE

Yes ma'am.

DEEDEE

Thanks Cassie.

MAY

Yeah really, thanks.

Cassie dismisses them as if it's nothing. May offers her the joint. She thinks about it for a second, until she finally gives in to her urges.

CASSIE

Thanks.

MAY

No problemo Cassie.

LANNY

Cassie.

(Pauses to think)

Sassy Cassie.

Deedee rolls her eyes apologetically.

DEEDEE

Cheesy sleazy. Don't pay him any mind hon, just ignore him. We all do.

Cassie laughs.

CASSIE

That's alright. They actually used to call me that in high school. It's funny.

Lanny throws Deedee a "you see glance." Deedee dismisses him. Natalie comes back with their drinks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

DEEDEE

So, Cassie. Where's ma boy Hugo at these days? It's been a while since I've seen him.

CASSIE

He's actually on tour slash photo shoots, been super busy traveling everywhere.

DEEDEE

I can imagine the life of a rockstar slash supermodel, must be very demanding.

MAY

Not to mention consuming.

CASSIE

Like you have no idea.

Natalie leaves the table after setting their new drinks down and clearing the table from the empty ones. Everyone picks up their respective drinks, with Aphrodisia leading the charge by getting up.

APHRODISIA

A toast. To the newly engaged and soon to be married.

Lisa gets up herself.

LISA

Yes, to Deedee and May, THE most couple that we all know.

LANNY

Cheers, cheers!

Everyone on the table cheers, click their glasses and look at everybody else around in their eyes.

CASSIE

(to Deedee)
I didn't know you guys were getting married, congratulations!

DEEDEE

Thanks, thanks a lot.

CASSIE

When's the wedding?

Deedee has to think about it for a second.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

MAY

It's in about three weeks.

DEEDEE

Yeah that's it.

May shakes his head laughing at the thought.

DEEDEE (CONT'D)

Which reminds me, you and Hugo and
of course, most definitely
invited.

CASSIE

Thanks a lot, I would love to go.

Deedee leans over to whisper something into May's ear. He listens, nods, then whispers something right back. She listens and nods herself approvingly.

DEEDEE

Hey Cass, Me and May would love to
hold our reception here the night
before the wedding. Think we could
book it for the night?

CASSIE

For Hugo's girl? I'll even hook
you up.

DEEDEE

Yeah, but only if you get someone
else to work for you that night,
so you can party with us.

CASSIE

You got it.

Cassie looks around the place.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

I should probably get back to
work. You guys have fun though.

DEEDEE

We always do dah-ling we always
do.

Cassie waves at the entire table and they do the same.

DEEDEE (CONT'D)

See, I told you we'd find a cool
spot for the receipt in no time.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

MAY

Hey, I'm the worrybug in the relationship, live through it awight.

Deedee looks over at Lanny, then nods, he nods back.

LANNY

This is for the tickets.

Lanny slides an envelope to May. Deedee hands another envelope under the table to Lisa. Both May and Lisa inspect their respective packages very discretely. Once happy, they both nod at their respective parties.

DEEDEE

So whatchauptonow?

APHRODISIA

Now the night begins.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

HUGO

You have really good taste in music.

HUGO is speaking to someone whom we cannot see, while looking through their ipod collection.

HUGO (CONT'D)

You know what I find very amusing?
The fact that most people tend to forget about God, right up until the feel they're about to meet back up with him, or her.

Hugo finally decides on a song, he presses play and turns it up.

HUGO (CONT'D)

You know what I find super sexy?
This song right here.

Hugo begins to dance to the music. While he's dancing we can see that the place is a bonafied mess. A coffee table is turned sideways with all its contents in front of it on the floor.

Two matching couches with traces of what appears to be syrup or coffee. The television is turned on with the volume turned down on a snowy screen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Hugo is still dancing around the room until he gets to the opposite end from where the stereo was. Right before he gets up to the wall he stops and examines something on the wall with a look of wonderment.

Hugo takes out a small but fancy cigarette box from which he pulls out a rolled up joint. He puts the joint to his mouth and right before he lights it, he says:

HUGO (CONT'D)

I'm really suppose to be cutting
down on all the huffing and
puffing.

He light up his joint, taking long and steady drags until he gets one big hit. The one hit from which you know you're definitely not gonna be sober after.

He plays with the smoke as he releases it, then taking another drag, looks back at the wall.

HUGO (CONT'D)

You know what I find sexier than a
beautiful chic who is 5'11" with
purple, jet black hair, big gray
eyes, 36 double d's and weights 96
pounds?

On the wall, there's a woman who's been bound by her wrists and ankles with chromed metal chains. She's also gagged at the mouth with duck tape.

The woman's face is bruised, beaten and bloody. Her hair is unruly and pulled. Tears are still running down from her eyes, which are wide with panicked terror. This is specially so when from out of nowhere, Hugo pulls and dangles a long blade in front of her face. Hugo checks out his reflection on one side and hers on the other.

HUGO (CONT'D)

That look on people's face.

Hugo takes the dagger with his right hand and slices one side of her waist, then the other. He then slices her stomach making patterns on her torso, right before he begins to masturbate with the left hand, keeping the joint in his mouth.

HUGO (CONT'D)

That expression that people get
right after they've experienced a
painful slice, but right before
they realize they're about to
enjoy the sweet release of dying.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

He begins to moan with excitement as he drives the dagger in, twirling it around in her insides.

Hugo makes like he just culminated, dropping his joint from his mouth. Right as she closes her eyes and cocks her head down, dead.

When Hugo finally is done with his orgasm, he picks up the joint. He takes a long drag, plays with the smoke then looks back at the woman.

HUGO (CONT'D)

Was it good for you as it was for me?

FADE TO:

AROUND THAT SAME TIME

INT. SALMA'S MANHATTAN CONDO - DAWN

Inside this spacious condo it looks like a tornado had gone through the middle of it. There's an earthy undertone all over the house.

The kitchen has scattered pizza boxes, pots, pans, plates, half emptied bottles of beer and wine. Wine glasses all over the place.

There's a mountain of clothes at the foot of the bed inside the bedroom.

There's SOMEONE on the bed, but they are covered by the sheets, not the blankets which somehow made their way to the floor but not on top of the clothes.

There's a screened porch adjacent to the living room, which overlooks the financial district over the water.

TRACKING SHOT TO OUTSIDE

EXT. SALMA'S MANHATTAN CONDO - SAME TIME

Seating on lounge chair overlooking the city is a very BEAUTIFUL WOMAN of 26. She's wearing a nightgown, her name is SALMA MICHAELS.

The guy who was under the covers notices that Salma is not on the bed and walks outside to her, taking the empty chair next to her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

It's GUS, he's wearing a pair of boxer shorts which he just slipped on after getting out of bed.

GUS
Couldn't sleep?

SALMA
You must be high daddy cool. After all the tabs we took last night? I'm surprised you could.

GUS
Yeah well, the drugs. They don't work on me like they use to.

Gus begins to look around for something.

SALMA
Why are you up? Not that I don't want you up, but every time we actually do sleep, we're never out of bed before four o' clock, specially you, it's like pulling teeth waking you up.

GUS
Like you're the epitome of a morning person? Hello! Waking up at noon makes not a morning person.

Gus remembers something and walks back into the house.

SALMA
Right, right. Did Jade call you last night?

GUS
I haven't checked on my celly today and I'm not sure I really want to. She's probably just dry on shit.

Gus grabs a small cooler filled with beer from the fridge and comes back outside.

SALMA
Poor girl. But she's your girlfriend.

GUS
Yeah but you know she and I have an open relationship.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SALMA

Yeah but she's only agreeing to that because you left her no choice.

GUS

Well, if she hadn't cheated on me in the first place, maybe you and I wouldn't even be talking right now.

Salma grabs the beer from Gus' hand and takes a sip.

SALMA

You do have a solid point.

GUS

Don't feel so bad for her, trust you me, if she had half the chance right now, she'd probably be fucking somebody else right now.

CUT TO:

INT. SOME ROOM - SAME TIME

JADE is making out with SOME GIRL.

BACK TO:

EXT. SALMA'S MANHATTAN CONDO - SAME TIME

GUS gets another beer.

SALMA

Is there any coke left? So you can make us a couple of lines. And don't be holding out on me, cos' I know you.

GUS

How should I know? I gave it to you, precisely because I don't trust myself with it.

Gus opens it up taking a big gulp.

SALMA

Then it should be in the living room somewhere. Will you be a sweetheart and make us a couple of lines, you know to kinda start the day right.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GUS

You really wanna get a start on the right foot? Then why don't I just make two lines of mess instead?

Gus gets up to go fetch the stuff.

SALMA

Naw, that shit is all you daddy cool.

GUS

Oh yeah, I almost forgot. You're totally refined, huh?

SALMA

I am. Plus, I would never put anything up my nose that is synonymous with shit. Not to mention, it's like poor man's coke. I am neither, so.

GUS

Yeah awight.

Gus walks back in kicking stuff around rather than picking up and looking for it. He moves some art books and a lamp out of the way until he finds a few small glass containers with different colored caps.

He picks up a framed mirror and his phone before heading back out. The phone reads 6 missed calls.

GUS (CONT'D)

She called alright, six times to be exact. I'm not even gonna call her back. She's probably just gonna bitch at me anyway.

A sad look fills Salma's face.

SALMA

At least your girlfriend still cares about you.

GUS

She cares about something alright.

Salma takes a big gulp from the beer.

SALMA

But still, she cares. How long have you been staying with me this time?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GUS

Let's see, last time I was home to pick up some clothes was like, what? Two weeks ago?

Gus begins to look for something else.

SALMA

Two weeks ago. Two fucken weeks ago! And Henry hasn't even bother to call me once.

GUS

Yeah baby doll, but we've already established a long time ago, that he's a fucken idiot.

SALMA

Yeah but, he's my fucken idiot.

Gus gets busy cutting up some lines. Salma's lost in her own head, she closes her eyes and fades away for a moment.

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

It's like going into the lion's mouth when you're already out of the cage; it's like pretending to be someone you are not and slowly but surely your insides built nothing but rage...

Gus finishes cutting up six huge lines from one container. He opens another container with a different color cap and pours some out powder.

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

It's like being amongst so-called friends whom you're not even fond of, yet you remain in the circle and pretend to love... It's when arguing becomes; an expectation...

Gus begins to cut some lines of the other stuff. Salma stands up to get a bottle of wine.

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

It's when love and trust are broken, but the deceiving hands of time blindly bind... It's when innocence is lost and reality kicks in... It's when life becomes work and work becomes life...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Gus finishes cutting up the lines, which go in a different direction than the first set of lines.

SALMA (V.O.)

It's when a high goes bad and the passenger is no longer in charge of the ride... It's when the music you desire is not even heard... It's when fun becomes which later than soon, happens but once in a blue moon.

Gus appreciates his work, not because the lines are perfectly cut, but because of their magnitude. Salma comes back with a bottle of red wine, two glasses and an opener.

GUS

Awwwright!

SALMA

Do you think there's something fundamentally wrong with me Gus?

GUS

Hell no baby doll. You're money just the way you are.

SALMA

Then why won't my boyfriend call me to at least check up on me? Not even to see how I'm doing, but just to see if I'm even alive.

Gus hands the mirror over to her, along with a silver tube inhaler also known as a touter. She hands him the bottle of wine, the opener and the glasses, while taking the mirror.

Salma looks at the two different sets of lines, although they look more like similar piles. One pile simply looks a little bit paler than the other.

GUS

Here honey pie. In a few minutes you're not even gonna remember what's his face's name.

Salma examines both piles while holding the touter close to her nose.

SALMA

Which ones are mine again?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Gus looks at the two sets of piles and points at the paler one.

GUS

You can usually tell the difference between glass and coke because glass is shinier than the pale white color of the coke.

SALMA

Learn something new everyday, huh?

GUS

It would be a wasted day if you didn't.

Salma does half the first line in one swift motion with one nostril. She then finishes the remaining half with the other nostril. Salma hands the touter to Gus.

Gus does the whole line in one swift motion. Holding his nose right afterward, he makes whiny noises.

SALMA

Why are you always such a baby every time you do one of those?

Salma then repeats the same process as she did with the first with another line.

GUS

Strictly for dramatic effects baby, you know I'm an actor of life.

She finishes her line and hands the mirror back to Gus, who does the exact same thing he did the first time, right down to the whiny noises.

SALMA

Yeah. You'd make an excellent porn star Mr. Nine Inch Nail.

GUS

Hey baby, what can I say? I'm a big, bright, shiny star.

Salma turns from festive to serious.

SALMA

Maybe we should start using protection. Cos' I'm not having another abortion for anybody.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

GUS

I hate condoms, you know that, it's unnatural. Sides, you're rich. So if you do get pregnant, we'd have nothing to worry about, huh?

SALMA

You'd have nothing to worry about. I'll just restock on M.A.Ps.

Salma gets up, forgetting all about the wine, then walks back inside. She begins to make her way to the couch, kicking some clothes out of the way.

SALMA (CONT'D)

Maybe I should call Conzuelo to come in later on today, this place is a fucken mess.

Salma turns back to see Gus, who is watching her. He follows her in with the mirror and the touter.

GUS

Yeah, maybe I should go home and get some clothes.

SALMA

Maybe we can stop by there after we go grocery shopping and run a few errands I need to take care of. Think your GF is gonna be there?

GUS

Probably, it's not like she works during the day or anything.

SALMA

Maybe it's time that we meet.

Gus hands Salma the mirror and the touter.

GUS

Yeah that's cool.

(V.O.)

Threesome baby!

Gus paces around for a second before heading back to the fridge to get another beer. Salma does her remaining lines, back to back to back.

Salma hands the mirror back to Gus, he sits the beer down, then does the same with his lines.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

When he sets the mirror down, he notices that Salma is now laying on the couch very seductively. She looks at him luring him in.

He crawls his way to her.

GUS (CONT'D)

Why Mrs. Robinson, are you trying to seduce me?

Salma puts both hands to her chest.

SALMA

Why young man, whatever are you talking about?

Gus picks up a shirt off the floor, puts it on, then takes it off slowly.

GUS

No Mrs. Robinson, I do believe you're trying to seduce me.

SALMA

Would you like me to seduce you? Is that what you're trying to tell me?

Gus creeps his way unto the couch and unto her, they're both staring at each other with lust.

GUS

I don't know about this Mrs. Robinson, you know I'm in love with your daughter.

SALMA

Yeah, but she's not here now, is she?

Salma pushes Gus off of her, then pounces him. She bounds his arms with her legs.

SALMA (CONT'D)

Time to earn your money baby.

FADE TO:

A FEW MONTHS AGO

INT. DEEDEE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

A lighter is flicked on, the lighter moves closer to a bowl, a suction noise fills the otherwise silent room. The bud inside the bowl catches on fire and transforms itself into smoke. The smoke begins to fill the inside of the bong as the bubbly effect continues. The bowl is lifted releasing the smoke into MAY'S lungs. He slowly releases the smoke, making donuts with it.

MAY

Yo D. How long have we known each other for now?

DEEDEE takes the bong and finishes the rest of the bowl.

DEEDEE

Why? Did I forget our anniversary or something?

MAY

Naw, I'm just curious.

DEEDEE

Yeah, but there's gotta be a spark for the curiosity.

May picks up a bag of weed fro the table where the bong sits. He begins to break some up.

MAY

Well, I just don't think I've been sober since I met you.

DEEDEE

We've known each other for almost two years now, but honey, I don't think I've been sober since I was 13.

MAY

Oh don't get me wrong, I'm not complaining or anything. I just think that's pretty cool.

He picks up some papers and a filter.

DEEDEE

I'm glad you're glad.

MAY

I'm not just glad, I'm really happy that I've met you. I think you're greatness personified.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

May rolls up a joint.

DEEDEE

Why, thank you sweetie, that has got to be the single sweetest thing I've ever heard. Are you turning mushy on me?

MAY

Live through it awight.

May walks over to the window with the almost closed blinds letting in stripes of light. He lights the joint and contemplates the moment.

DEEDEE

Is something on your mind candy cane?

MAY

I've just been thinking about us a lot lately and where this relationship is going.

DEEDEE

Honey child, if we're gonna have 'the talk.'

Deedee reaches for a box next to the bag of weed, she pulls out a syringe.

DEEDEE (CONT'D)

Let's have the talk right.

Deedee waves the syringe in front of May luring him.

MAY

See, this is why, this is why, this is what I'm talking about. This just feels, right. You know?

DEEDEE

What do you mean by this?

MAY

This, you and me, us, WE feel right! I love spending time with you, I hate most everybody else but you.

Deedee looks at May with a look of disbelief and love all rolled into one. She wraps a cable around her upper bicep.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DEEDEE

Oh honey child, you don't have to.

MAY

Please, lemme just say this, while
this weed is still in me.

May wraps a belt around his upper bicep.

DEEDEE

K. I'm sorry child.

MAY

I'm a better person because of
you. I've learned so much from
you. I wish there was something I
could do or say to show you
exactly how I feel.

May fills one of the syringes with heroin, then hands it
to Deedee. He repeats the process but keeps the second
one for himself.

DEEDEE

Are you trying to tell me, what I
think you're trying to tell me?

Deedee gets May's arm ready for the injection.

May gets down on one knee and hands Deedee a ring, she
drives the needle into his veins.

MAY

Delilah Dali, will you complete me
by becoming my wife?

Deedee takes the ring, then proceeds to shooting up.

DEEDEE

Yeah, honey, I will. I'll go with
you to the bitter end.

FADE TO:

LAST WEEK

INT. SALMA'S MANHATTAN CONDO - LATE NIGHT

There's an open baggy with 6 pills left inside of it
lying on the night stand by the left side of the bed.
There are two figures under the sheets.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

It appears as if one person is going down on the other.
SALMA pulls the sheets off of herself.

SALMA

Wait, wait, wait, hold on.

Gus pulls up from under her.

GUS

What's wrong baby doll?

SALMA

I don't know, something just
feels, off.

GUS

Boy, you really know how to get a
guy into it, huh?

SALMA

No, it's not you. You don't feel
that?

Gus looks down at his genitals.

GUS

I'm feeling something.

Gus tries to fondle her and she begins to get back into
it, but then she stops.

GUS (CONT'D)

Something the matter baby doll?

SALMA

I don't know, I'm just feeling
kinda off. You know I'm an empath.

GUS

Anything I can do to make you feel
better?

SALMA

You can come with me to AC for
that thing that I have to do.

GUS

Consider it done.

A smile comes across Salma's face. Gus looks at her
seductively and tries to go down on her again. She pulls
him up immediately.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SALMA

We should leave now and just make
a weekend out of it.

Gus looks down at himself hard.

GUS

But, but.

Salma thinks about it for a moment.

SALMA

Will you be a doll and make us a
couple of lines?

Gus looks at his hard on with a sad look on his face.

GUS

But, but, but.

Salma jumps off the bed, picks up a towel off the floor
and walks towards the bathroom.

SALMA

Thanks Gussy. I'm gonna hop in the
shower. You can join me when
you're done with the lines. If
anybody calls just take a message
and tell them I'll call them back,
maybe.

GUS

But, but. No problemo.

Salma doesn't hear him anymore as she turns the shower
on. Gus rolls over to the night stand next to the bed. On
the night stand he finds the mirror with all the
necessary materials for him and her to inhale something
up their noses.

Gus gets to work on cutting the lines in his usual manner
when the phone suddenly rings. He lets it ring until the
machine picks it up, though nobody leaves a message.

The phone begins to ring again and he just lets it ring
till the machine picks it up again. Gus continues to cut
the lines. Right as he finishes cutting the fourth line,
the phone rings a third time, only this time, Gus answers
it.

GUS (CONT'D)

Hello? Hellooo?

A long pause which seems to go on forever is followed by
a male voice. It's HENRY'S VOICE.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

HENRY

Hi, I don't know if I have the right number or not, I'm looking for Salma.

GUS

Naw, you got the right number, she's not available right now, she said to take a message and she'll call you back, maybe.

HENRY

K. Could you tell her to give Henry a call?

GUS

No problemo.

Gus hangs up the phone before Henry can say another thing. Gus looks at the piles of powder he calls lines, nodding in approval. He jumps off the bed to rush to the bathroom when Salma walks out with a towel wrapped around her.

SALMA

Are the lines ready? What took you so long? I thought you were gonna join me when you were done.

GUS

I just finished, but you go ahead, I'm gonna take a shower too, before I do the lines.

SALMA

That's cool, I can wait, the E is still doing something, I think. I'll just get a drink while I wait for you. Did anybody call?

Gus starts the shower and peeps his head out of the bathroom.

GUS

Oh yeah, Henry called. He said to give him a call when you could.

Salma's turns a little frantic.

SALMA

What?! That fucker called?! And you answered?! What did he say? What did you say?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

GUS

Nothing, just that you weren't available and that you would call him back, maybe.

SALMA

How long have you been living with me now? On and off, like a month, right? And this is the first time he's called since. Oh no, hell no.

Gus just stands there in between the bathroom and bedroom while the water's still running.

SALMA (CONT'D)

Oh I'm sorry Gussy. Hop in the shower, this changes nothing.

Gus gets into the shower. Salma picks up her phone and speed dials 2. The phone rings a couple of times before the other line picks up.

SALMA (CONT'D)

Hey, yeah, did you just call? Oh nobody, just a friend I'm going out with tonight. Where are you at? Oh is that so? Good for you and your friends.

Salma listens for a moment when she begins to look for a touter.

SALMA (CONT'D)

Why don't you come out with us tonight? No? Why can't you? I haven't seen you in like a month. You know what?

Salma is forced to listen again while she still looks for the touter.

SALMA (CONT'D)

Well, I have to go to AC for the weekend. You wanna come with me?

Salma finally finds the touter. She gets louder and madder as the conversation progresses.

SALMA (CONT'D)

Why can't you? It's not like you have a real fucken job and I really want you to come with me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

Salma leans over to do her line, she doesn't do the two nostril process, she does the whole thing in one swift motion. When she's done she's furious from the conversation.

SALMA (CONT'D)

Yeah, well why don't you tell me who that fucken bitch you were hanging around with on my fucken birthday is? What's the matter? Cat got your tongue?

The shower stops running. Gus walks out with nothing but a towel wrapped around his waist. Salma points to Gus and brings a finger to her mouth as if to hush him.

SALMA (CONT'D)

Yeah? Then why don't you ask HER to pay for your fucken art classes and fancy frigging car? Maybe I will ask him to come to AC with me.

Salma hands Gus the touter with a wink.

SALMA (CONT'D)

You know there's people whom actually like to spend time with me.

Gus does his pile of stuff in his usual melodramatic manner.

SALMA (CONT'D)

Yeah, well I'm sick of your shit. And let this be the last time that, hello? hello? Hello?! Oh no you didn't.

Salma hangs up the phone then walks over to the seat next to Gus.

GUS

What was that about?

SALMA

I knew he wasn't gonna drop the fact that some strange guy answered my phone late at night, just like that.

Gus hands her the touter, still rubbing his nose.

GUS

So you turned it around on him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

SALMA

Cocksactly! By the time he knows
what hit him. We'll already be
back from AC.

GUS

Genius.

Salma shrugs.

SALMA

Hey, what can I say?

GUS

So we still leaving right now?

SALMA

Most definitely.

Salma does her line and motions for Gus to do another
round of lines.

SALMA (CONT'D)

Think Jade would like to go?

GUS

I'm sure she would love to go. I'm
really glad you guys hit it off.

Gus gets to work on the lines.

SALMA

Yeah I bet you are. I'll call her,
just hurry up with those lines.

FADE TO:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

A cell phone rings and HUGO picks it up. At the other end
of the line is Deedee.

CUT TO:

INT. DEEDEE'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME

DEEDEE is in her bedroom.

DEEDEE

Hey what's up Hugh. How you doing?

BACK TO:

INT. BEDROOM - SAME TIME

HUGO

Deedee. My gurl. How you doing sexy? Me? Fine. Same old shit, different day, you know how it is.

DEEDEE

Cool, cool. Where in the world is Carmen San Diego now a days?

HUGO

I'm at this producer's house. He's like totally in love with me, so I figured I'd drain him, you know? No one knows I'm here, so keep that under your hat.

DEEDEE

Keep what under my hat?

HUGO begins to look for something, but just can't seem to find it.

DEEDEE (CONT'D)

How's the modeling coming along?

HUGO

Modeling's been great. I actually just got signed for the ideal man campaign. I'm really excited about it.

DEEDEE

Congratulations. A very fitting campaign if I may add.

HUGO

You may.

DEEDEE

What about the band?

Hugo keeps rummaging through his stuff and finally he find the cigarette box with the joints he's been looking for.

HUGO

The band's alright, we have a couple of local shows coming up in the coming months back in NY. You should come.

DEEDEE

Oh, fo show.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Hugo looks inside the cigarette box to find two left inside. He takes one out.

HUGO

Damn. Oh no, not you. It's just that I'm down to my last two joints. Since I've been trying to quit everything but the bud and the pills.

DEEDEE

I don't know why you would ever want to do a silly thing like that. But you know I'll you up with all that when you come back.

HUGO

Yeah I know you'll hook it up when I get back home next month.

Hugo begins to look for something else.

DEEDEE

Time to change your schedule cos' your girl is getting married sooner than later. You just have to be thurr.

HUGO

No way! You're getting married? YOU are getting married. When? With who?

Hugo can't seem to find the lighter he's been looking for. He walks over to the other side of the room where a candle provides light to the room.

DEEDEE

In about a week. With that guy I've been seeing for about two years. His name is May.

HUGO

May huh? Can't say I remember him, but I'm sure if I saw him I would recognize him. But fuck yeah, I'm thurr, fucken forget about it.

DEEDEE

Changing the subject on you. Are you still doing that ritualistic cult stuff, you use to be so much into?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HUGO

Naw, I'm not doing that cult shit anymore. Too many morons without rhyme or reason for existing, you know? I'm just doing my own thing now, so much better and freer.

He uses the candle to light his joint.

DEEDEE

No reason, cos' I just met these kids who think they're in a cult. It's more like a club than a cult to me, they're just really stupid, never mind. So you coming or what?

HUGO

You better believe it. I'll start booking the flight as soon as I finish what I started here.

DEEDEE

K, Hugh, I'll see ya here when you get here.

HUGO

Ciao dah-ling.

They both hang up automatically. Hugo begins to play with the smoke off his joint. He walks over to the kitchen, then comes back with an ice pick and an ice bucket.

He puts down the ice bucket (1/4 filled with ice) and the ice pick next to an empty rocks glass. He walks over to one of the liquor cabinets to grab a bottle of fine cognac.

Hugo pours himself a glass of cognac, neat, then takes a sip.

HUGO (CONT'D)

Wow! Deedee is getting married, can you believe that? We must be getting old. Oh I'm sorry, I almost forgot.

Hugo takes the ice pick, he slowly raises it high in the air, as if ready to pick something.

HUGO (CONT'D)

You know, I just never thought I'd see the day.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

An older man is lying on his bed, bound at the arms and legs. He's also severely beaten and gagged at the mouth, masking his muffled cries.

HUGO (CONT'D)

But I guess neither did you, huh?

Hugo drives the ice pick through each one of his eyes individually. He then proceeds to stabbing him 36 times in the torso.

Hugo takes the bloody ice pick, breaks some ice from the bucket and pours it into his glass filling up 2/3 of the glass. He mixes the glass with the bloody ice pick in a circular motion. He watches the ice swirl the cognac and blood mix as he licks the ice pick. Finally he takes a sip of cognac.

HUGO (CONT'D)

(in English accent)

Aaaaaah, nothing like the sweet taste of bloody cognac.

FADE TO:

DAY BEFORE YESTERDAY

INT. SALMA'S MANHATTAN CONDO - MORNING

There's a huge mess, even bigger than the one before, all over the place. Empty bottles of beer, wine, now even hard liquor are scattered all over. Mirrors, book tops, CD cases, are all turned on their side littered with leftover powder remains.

Little veils are also scattered all over the place in various stages of completion. Pill bottles with the labels ripped off, but full of pills nonetheless. A big bag of weed with some papers and filters lies next to them.

It seems like they've set up camp in the living room. There's an inflatable mattress right smack in the middle of it. The blankets covers all which lie beneath it. There are two cell phones on the left side of the mattress. A cell phone rings, though it isn't one of the two on the left it's the one which is on the right.

A hand emerges from the middle of the bed, reaching for the phone, SALMA is revealed from under the sheets as she picks up the phone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SALMA

Hello, hellooo?! Hi, no this is the right number. Gus? He's still asleep, you want me to wake him up? K, hold on.

Salma starts shaking GUS who's lying to her left.

GUS

What? What? What?

SALMA

It's your phone, some guy.

A woman's whine can be heard in the back. Gus shakes his head and rubs his eyes before he answers the phone.

GUS

Hello. Naw it's cool. What time is it anyway? Oh damn, what are you doing up so early? Right, right. Hold on a sec.

Gus steps off the mattress, walking over the closest mirror with two veils on top of it. He finds a glass pipe next to mirror still full of meth. He lights it up with one of three lighters lying next to it.

GUS (CONT'D)

No, it's really no problem bro. We probably need to get up anyway. Everything OK with you though? Yeah? Cool, cool.

Gus takes another long drag, this time he plays with the smoke. He looks at Salma and JADE lying on the mattress.

GUS (CONT'D)

Naw, I wouldn't miss it for the world. Sorry to hear about the fam, though. I know it meant a lot to you.

Gus lights up again, taking the biggest hit yet.

GUS (CONT'D)

What?! Definitely bro. I would love to be your best man. Oh fo shizo dizzo. It would really be an honor. Totally, totally, I'll bring the girls. Lates.

Salma seats up on the couch, next to Gus. Jade pulls the covers closer to her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SALMA

Who was that?

GUS

That's my boy May. You know the one who's getting married?

SALMA

Oh yeah, your best friend from high school, right? The one you talk to on the phone every now and again.

GUS

That's the one.

Jade tosses and turns on the bed, wanting to go back to sleep.

SALMA

Everything OK?

GUS

Everything is peachy fucken keen. He just asked me to be his best man.

SALMA

Oh yeah? That's so optimal.

Jade finally gives in and sits up, looking at the clock reading 11:45 am.

JADE

What's so optimal?

Jade motions Gus for the pipe.

GUS

May just asked me to be his best man.

Gus goes over to Jade, handing her the pipe.

JADE

Something happen to the original best man?

GUS

I don't know, something about his parents not coming to the wedding or something.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SALMA

Bummer. He's still going through with it?

Jade takes an even bigger hit than Gus did. She too plays with the smoke which she generated.

GUS

Yup. He says it's gonna be an ultra small, yet cool gathering. He actually invited us over for dinner with him and Deedee.

SALMA

I would never forgive my mom if she didn't come to my wedding. I mean I know my dad would be there in spirit but still, I would need my mom there physically too.

Salma motions Gus to make a line. He immediately goes to work on it.

GUS

I thought you didn't like your mom. Isn't she always trying to take advantage the inheritance your dad left you?

SALMA

I don't like her most of the time, and she totally does. But still, she's my mom. You know? I would never turn my back on her just cos' she can be a greedy bitch.

JADE

I agree, no matter how big of a nag my mom has been. She's been to every single one of my weddings.

GUS

Yeah but were an only child. You didn't have a mom who showed favoritism toward your sister.

SALMA

Still that wouldn't matter. Not everybody grew up in a perfect nuclear family with the white picket fence on the yard, like some people I know.

Gus motions Jade for the pipe. Jade gets up to hand it over right after she takes another drag.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

JADE

She's right. That still wouldn't change the fact that I would want her to be there.

GUS

No need to get any wrinkles about ladies. I agree with you. I would definitely want my parents to be at my wedding too.

Gus points at Jade to see if she wants a line as well. She makes a "what do you think" face, he simply nods in agreement.

GUS (CONT'D)

If my parents cannot, however take two days off their busy ass schedule to accommodate what might arguably be the most important day of my life, then fuck 'em.

Both Jade and Salma seem to agree as they both nod and remain silent. Jade lights the glass pipe for Gus as he finishes cutting up six huge lines for all of them.

Gus plays with the smoke as he hands Salma the touter. Salma does half with one nostril and the other half with the other nostril.

SALMA

Thanks babe. I really don't mean to jump down your throat. It's just that you've got people from high school calling you and I can't even get Henry to call.

Salma hands Jade the touter.

JADE

You are way too good for that shit, honey.

GUS

It's to-ta-lee his lost baby doll. Don't take this the wrong way, but I'm glad he's an asshole. Otherwise, we wouldn't be able to hang out as often.

SALMA

That's so sweet, but at the same time, hey!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

Jade does her line in one swift motion. She holds up her nostril after doing the line, though she doesn't whine.

JADE

Totally! You think I'm at home,
waiting for this fucken guy? Hells
no!

Jade hands Gus the touter, she sits next to Salma with her arm around her.

GUS

What?! Have I been a bad boy? Are
you gonna punish me?

He does his line in the usual manner, swiftly then acting as if it burns to high heaven. Gus puts the mirror away, then leans back bringing both his wrist together as if handcuffed.

GUS (CONT'D)

Cos' you know, I might like that.

FADE TO:

INT. CASSIE'S BEDROOM - MORNING

HUGO wakes up in a cold sweat, protecting himself.

HUGO

Noooooooooooo!

Hugo is half sitting, trying to catch his breath. He looks to his left and sees CASSIE getting up, concerned.

CASSIE

Hey baby, are you OK? Did you have
another one of your infamous
nightmares?

Hugo reaches for his cigarette, takes out a joint, lights it fast, then relishes the first hit.

HUGO

Yeah but I'm fine. I'm sorry I
woke you up pookie.

CASSIE

That's alright pookie. I needed to
get up early to open the cafe
today anyway.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HUGO

You're going to work? I haven't seen you in over a month and you're going to work?

Cassie sits up on the bed with her feet dangling above the floor.

CASSIE

Yeah baby, but not all of us are high priced supermodels, you know? Some of us have businesses to run.

HUGO

But pookie bear, I missed you.

CASSIE

I missed you too cabbage patch. I'm already gonna close the cafe early tomorrow to cater your friend's party tomorrow. There's still a lot I need to care to.

Hugo goes to the opposite side of the bed, pouting.

HUGO

Why don't you have Natalie take care of it for you? That's what she gets paid for, no? To be your manager.

CASSIE

Yeah pookie, but you know she doesn't have the experience yet to deal with an emergency. And when it comes to catering it's like Murphy's law, you know?

Cassie works her way to his side of the bed, being playful with him. She puts her face right in front of him to find him looking like a sentimental kid who didn't get his way.

HUGO

You didn't miss me as much as I missed you.

CASSIE

Don't say that pookie. You know you're the most important person in my life right now. Some of us live in the real world. And out here we have responsibilities.

Cassie lifts Hugo's face and looks deep into his eyes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HUGO

Look, I know all about the struggle, OK? You know I do. I just wished I mattered more than your business.

CASSIE

No, you just wish, you had your way, all the time. How bout I make it up to you?

Hugo looks up with curious interest.

HUGO

What did you have in mind?

Cassie leans down, getting closer to Hugo. She gets her nose right up to his nose, but doesn't touch him.

CASSIE

How bout, next weekend, after the wedding. I leave Natalie in charge, after all, she is a manager. Then you and I take off for the whole weekend?

HUGO

You serious? I would love that!

Cassie claps her hands with content and stands up straight.

CASSIE

It's settled then. Now I have to jump in the shower before I make myself late. Will you make us some breakfast sunshine?

HUGO

For you? Anything pookie.

CASSIE

Thanks a lot sunshine. You know what I like.

Cassie kisses Hugo gently on the forehead. He tricks her into a kiss on the lips and she lets him. Cassie walks into the bathroom closing the door behind her, but not locking it. Hugo walks over to the kitchen.

FADE TO:

INT. CASSIE'S DINING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

CASSIE and HUGO are having breakfast, she's wearing a bathrobe and he's wearing nothing but boxer shorts. Cassie reads the paper, while Hugo reads an entertainment magazine. Hugo made a light breakfast, with soy milk, orange juice and coffee to drink.

CASSIE

Can you believe this shit?

HUGO

Believe what shit pookie?

CASSIE

The legal racial profiling which is going on in our country in this day and age.

HUGO

We gotta protect our borders from those job stealing dirty illegals.

Cassie stares at Hugo in disbelief with an unfamiliar anger.

CASSIE

I'm gonna do us both a favor and try to ignore that comment, mostly because some of my family were dirty illegals at some point. But you cannot tell me you agree with it.

HUGO

Agree with what? This new law in Arizona? Most definitely. We don't need any more mouths to feed. There isn't enough to feed who we have here already. Real Americans.

CASSIE

As to oppose to fake Americans? It's this kind of thinking which leads to further political conflict which eventually leads to even more war.

Cassie is absolutely livid at this point and she's not even trying to conceal it anymore.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CASSIE (CONT'D)

More countries are getting away
with genocide all over the world,
and we'd been stuck fighting
another Vietnam for years. For no
fucken reason.

Hugo takes a sip of his juice.

HUGO

It's the balance of life.

Cassie puts down her paper with disbelief, looking at
Hugo.

CASSIE

What's the balance of life? War
and useless death?

HUGO

Think about it sunshine. The world
is already over populated enough
as it is. Sometime war is
necessary to, you know, balance
out the scales.

Both seem to be finished with their food, Cassie picks up
the plates and takes them to the kitchen sink.

CASSIE

Am I actually hearing you say
these words to me?

HUGO

I hate to burst your protective
bubble pookie, but it's true.

Hugo walks over to the kitchen.

HUGO (CONT'D)

In order for there to be new life;
which contrary to reason, people
keep bringing into this world
every single fucken day. Then,
there has got to be death.

Hugo pauses, looking at her do the dishes.

HUGO (CONT'D)

There just has to be.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CASSIE

Yeah but life already provides us enough death naturally, without us looking for it.

Hugo pours himself another glass of juice.

HUGO

You can't tell me, you haven't walked down the street thinking to yourself, this world would be much better off without a lot of these idiots out there.

CASSIE

No I really haven't, you know I have a very irenic spirit.

Hugo automatically backs up, raising his arms in self defense.

HUGO

Hey pookie pie, I'm not the one who took us to war. I'm sorry if I said something to offend you.

Cassie finishes the dishes and walks over to Hugo, hugging him wholeheartedly.

CASSIE

You're right. I'm so sorry sunshine. I didn't mean to take it out on you. You know I have family in the military and these sort of news always upset me.

Hugo pulls Cassie closer to him, kissing her on the cheek, very tenderly and lovingly.

HUGO

How bout you let me take you to work today? That way I get to be with you until the very last second I don't have to.

Cassie smiles coyly and flirtatiously.

CASSIE

How can I refuse such an enticing offer? Especially when it comes from the new 'Ideal Man.'

Hugo dust fake dirt off his shoulders, smiling very cockily.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

HUGO

You'd be a fool to, I fool I tell
ya.

Cassie caresses his shoulders lightly.

CASSIE

And a fool I am not. I gotta
finish getting ready.

Cassie walks out of the kitchen, through the living room and back to the kitchen; undoing her robe in the process. As she reaches the door to the bedroom, she looks back at Hugo seductively. She lets one of the shoulders become bare.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

Wanna join?

Hugo's drooling with excitement, gawking at her. He nods yes, a thousand times yes. She lets the robe fall to the ground.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE CAFE - MORNING

HUGO parks his car directly in front of the cafe. Hugo walks around the car to get the door for CASSIE. Cassie gets out of the car, he closes the door.

Hugo notices a HISPANIC LOOKING BUM loitering in front of the cafe. Cassie and Hugo walk by not noticing him.

HUGO

You sure I can't talk you into
playing hookey with me? Last
chance.

CASSIE

As much as I want to pookie, you
know I can't.

They get to the front gate of the Beautiful People Cafe. Cassie opens both the gate and the door. They leave the door unlocked as they walk in.

TRACKING SHOT THROUGH THE FRONT DOOR

INT. BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE CAFE - SAME TIME

CASSIE walks into the restaurant through the front door, HUGO right behind her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CASSIE

You want anything pookie, coffee,
latte, shot?

HUGO

No, I'm straight pookie pie. I
should probably let you go. I know
you're now running late because of
me. It's not like we're not gonna
see each other again, right?

Hugo walks over to hug and kiss Cassie, she kisses him
back and locks the door behind her.

TRACKING SHOT THROUGH THE FRONT DOOR BACK OUTSIDE

EXT. BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE CAFE - SAME TIME

HUGO takes out a joint right in front of the door. Looks
around, lights it up and contemplates the moment. As he
starts to walk down the stairs, the HISPANIC LOOKING BUM
approaches him.

LOCO is front of HUGO with his hand extended forward,
asking for a handout.

LOCO

Hey, you got any money to spare
ey?

HUGO

What the fuck do I look like? Good
fucken will?

Hugo takes a long drag off his joint before blowing the
smoke in Loco's face.

HUGO (CONT'D)

Lemme ask you something. How many
fucken people do you beg on a
daily basis?

Loco still has his arm extended out listening to Hugo.
Hugo takes another drag and blows more smoke in Loco's
face. Loco's fists begin to tighten.

HUGO (CONT'D)

You fucken people play the odds.
If out of a thousand people you
got a dollar from ten percent of
them, that's a hundo spot a day.
In a city like New York, well.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LOCO

What's your point?

A police car cruises by, both Loco and Hugo try to look friendly.

HUGO

My point is, I wouldn't give you money even if I had it to spare, which I do. You wanna know why?

LOCO

Why?

Hugo leans closer to Loco and says very clearly to his face after blowing more smoke in his face.

HUGO

Because I don't like dirty, greasy, freeloading, wet backed beaners.

Loco is stunned by what Hugo just said, he's clenching his fists extremely hard at this point but notices the cop car on the opposite corner. Hugo flicks the half finished joint at Loco, laughing out loud as he gets into his fancy car. Loco points at Hugo as if saying 'next time.'

As soon as Hugo drives off, Loco looks around and picks up the joint Hugo just flicked at him.

FADE TO:

EXT. DREAM SEQUENCE - DAY

DEEDEE and MAY are running through a beautiful, long field of grass. They are both holding hands as they begin to spin around and around joyfully.

They clear skies turn quickly gray as they begin to sink into the twister of their twirling motion. Deedee suddenly disappears and May is left all alone sinking into a deep, dark hole.

FADE TO:

DAY BEFORE YESTERDAY

INT. DEEDEE'S BEDROOM - DAY

DEEDEE and TD are breaking drugs up, weighting them out and putting them into smaller baggies and containers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TD is breaking up the weed into eights, measuring 3.5 gms. Deedee is breaking the coke and meth into eight balls. She's also breaking up the pills and the heroine.

TD wipes his hands clean as he reaches for the bong, filling it up with the left over pile of herb on the table. Deedee looks at him doubtfully.

DEEDEE

Tell me you're done before you start doing that.

TD

I am. Are you?

TD lights up the bong till it's filled with smoke. He releases the carb letting all the smoke into his lungs and clearing the bowl in the process.

DEEDEE

Yeah awight. Handed ova when you're done hitting it.

TD

Are you ready bagging your shit? Sheeat! I don't think so.

Deedee tries to force the bong from his hands, although TD is just a dash too fast for her.

DEEDEE

Just give me the fucken bong when you hit it, AWIGHT!

TD

Naw, ah, ah, temper, temper.

TD reloads the bowl, twice as big as the first one, then hands it to his older sibling.

Deedee lights it up, taking the entire bowl into her lungs in one huge hit. She takes a little too much than her veteran lungs can handle and ends up choking on the smoke.

TD (CONT'D)

Damn sis! Nigga take it ez. Nervous about the wedding much?

Deedee gives the bong back to TD, then forges ahead with finishing her bagging duties.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DEEDEE

Wouldn't you be? Don't get fucken wrong, I love May with all my hearth and all. I mean, he's like the perfect guy for me in every sense of the word.

TD

Why? Cos' you can mold him anyway you see fit?

Deedee picks up a pre-packed bullet and sniffs a quick hit.

DEEDEE

Naw hatarator. Cos' he's like the fucken nicest guy in the fucken world. And he's like super sweet to me.

TD

Then what's the problem nigga?

DEEDEE

I don't know. I just have this feeling like something's gonna rain on my parade, or something.

Deedee finishes bagging the last of the product. She separates the three different powders into their respective boxes. The pills into their own separate box. TD fills another bowl on the bong and takes a hit, pondering.

TD

You ask me, I think you're just having cold feet. It's totally normal, I think, cos' I've heard of other people having cold feet and shit.

DEEDEE

You ain't heard it from nobody but the muthafucken TV. Although, you're probably right. Hey lil' bro, will you be a darling and hand your big sis a spoon?

Deedee rubs her inner shoulder up and down.

TD

Aren't you gonna go get your wedding dress right now?

Deedee shoot him a 'duh' look.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DEEDEE

That's why I wanna shoot up right now. Before I have to go out and face the world.

TD

Gotcha.

TD goes to the kitchen to fetch her a silver soup spoon, which he comes back into the room quickly with.

TD (CONT'D)

Here you go sis. Hey, you gonna invite mom to your little shindig?

DEEDEE

Hells fuck no! Are you fucken kidding me?! Why in the world would I want that cracked out whore thurr? So she can make an ass in front of everyone we know?

TD

Yeah but, she's our mom dude. I know if I ever get married, heaven forbid, I would want her thurr.

TD hands Deedee the spoon and she quickly pours some heroine into it.

DEEDEE

You see lil' bro. That's the difference between you and me.

TD

What's that?

DEEDEE

That I care about what other people think about me.

FADE TO:

EXT. DREAM SEQUENCE - DAY

SALMA is standing on top of a building overlooking the city. She walks to the edge of the building, contemplating the distance between the top and the ground.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Salma then looks up and spreads her arms as if she's gonna start flying at any moment. At the bottom she can see GUS, waving at her to jump and start flapping.

FADE TO:

INT. SALMA'S MANHATTAN CONDO - EVENING

JADE, SALMA and GUS are all sitting around a coffee table, about to drink something which looks like water. It's poured into three big shot glasses.

GUS

And then what happens?

SALMA

Nothing. I woke up.

GUS

I'm kinda flattered that you're having dreams about me, I guess. But, what do you think it means?

Salma and Jade both tell Gus simultaneously to fetch them some powder with a hand gesture to the nose.

GUS (CONT'D)

It's coming, damn! Chill women.

SALMA

I don't really know what it means. But I have been neglecting my spiritual callings lately. I haven't even fed my dad's altar in almost two months now.

GUS

It's not like he's gonna starve to death.

Jade kicks Gus from under the table, he rubs it with a painful look in his face.

SALMA

Ha, ha, ha. Very funny. Look, I know you're an atheist and all, and I'm really sorry about that. But the spiritual world is something you cannot deny.

Gus gets up from the table, still rubbing his shin. He gets a container labeled simply as K, then comes back to the table.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GUS

Of course I can deny it. Watch me. It's all bullshit, there's no such thing as one all mighty powerful God. See how easy that was.

Jade makes a 'here we go again' face.

SALMA

You're right. There's more than one entity which make up the concept of God.

Salma looks at Gus, who momentarily stopped cutting the lines because of the conversation.

SALMA (CONT'D)

You working or just talking?

GUS

Oops, sorry.

JADE

Must we drive over this bridge again?

Gus pours down some of the coke on the table from one of the vials and mixes it with some of the K vial. He begins to cut three huge lines with the combination of the two.

GUS

Where were we? Oh yeah. It's hard enough to get me to believe in one God, but you start talking about multiple Gods, that's just fucken crazy talk.

Jade gets up to get a couple beers from the fridge.

SALMA

Why is that so crazy? Huh? Why is it so easy to believe in one all mighty entity, but so far fetched to believe in more than one God?

Gus does a quick job separating the piles into lines.

GUS

Cos'! It just is.

SALMA

But why? You wanna know why? Cos' society has shoved it down your throat that there is only one.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SALMA (CONT'D)

Fucken Christianity! Had to ruin
it for everybody.

Jade comes back with two fulls beers and a half empty
one, which she's downing as she's walking back to the
table.

GUS

Don't look at me for answers. I
don't even believe in one God.
You're really not gonna get me to
believe your theory on multiple
Gods, no matter how high I am.

Gus finally finishes separating the three piles, he looks
for the touter.

SALMA

I wish there was some way I could
show you what I see.

Jade finishes her beer, hands one to Salma, then begins
to drink the third one. With their free hands, Salma and
Jade take a different touter from Gus, he keeps one for
himself. Gus gets up to get a beer of his own. Jade is
already downing the second beer, he brings back two beer
with him, he hands one to Jade as he sits down.

GUS

I know a way to show you all what
I see.

Gus pushes one of the shot glasses towards Salma, one
towards Jade and one for himself. He raises his shot
glass, the ladies follow.

GUS (CONT'D)

Awwwright. Here we go ladies. To
GHB meets CK One.

SALMA

Sure to what you just said.

JADE

I'll drink to that.

They all take their respective shots, washing it down
with their respective beers. They quickly follow it up
with simultaneous line snorting.

FADE TO:

EXT. DREAM SEQUENCE - DAWN

JADE, SALMA and GUS are walking down an empty city street.

GUS (V.O.)

Where was his mighty presence when all the tragedies which make up our history occurred? Was he but taking a break when one of our loved ones for no good reason was raped, beat, kidnapped or murdered?

They keep walking down the empty street until they reach the footsteps of a cathedral.

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

Am I expected to believe the word of an ancient fabled book, congested with generalizations applicable in many a period of time? Is the lifestyle I choose evil or wrong? Simply because according to you, it does not apply.

Jade and Salma disappear as Gus walks into the cathedral.

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

Why give me a mind of my own? One that has freedom of thought and craves the unknown. Why provide me with this need? Only to restrict my skill. Why give me these urges? So you can condemn me for wanting it at will.

Gus walks all the way to the front where a lot of candles are lit.

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

Would it be logical for me to live a life restricted and suppressed by conventionalities, lacking in fun in this lifetime or this reality? Am I to wait till after my death to enjoy the Eden which lies beyond our filthy, sinful cities?

Gus gets closer to the candles, he begins to blow them all out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

How sorry are we to depend on those child molesters who hide under their robes of black and white? Are they really holier than you and I? Have we as a race advance so little as a whole? Are we so incompetent and savage, we feel compelled to believe at all?

All the candles go out.

FADE TO:

YESTERDAY

INT. DEEDEE'S LIVING ROOM - EVENING

DEEDEE is trying on her black wedding gown in front of a full sized mirror in her living room. She twirls around in the dress with excitement.

She studies herself in every conceivable pose in front of the mirror when a knock is heard on the door. She tiptoes to the door, peeps through the hole, it's HUGO. She quickly opens the door, very excited.

HUGO

Deeds! What's up gurl!

DEEDEE

Hugo! Ma nigga!

They hug and kiss each other on the lips, maybe a little bit too long.

DEEDEE (CONT'D)

You made it! That's uber cool.
It's been a long ass time, right?
Wow! You look amazing.

Deedee checks him out, he does a little catwalk turn as he walks in locking the door behind him.

HUGO

Thanks gorgeous! Did I catch you at a bad time, though? You look like you're getting ready to go somewhere.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEEDEE

Naw, naw, naw. I was just trying out my wedding gown. What do you think honey child?

She strikes a pose, he checks her out from head to toe, judiciously.

HUGO

Damn gurl! You be looking fine. I'm thinking your fiance should change his name to lucky, last name bastard.

DEEDEE

Ha, ha. Thanks honey child. Sit down, please relax. I'm gonna slip into something a lil' bit more comfortable and hospitable. Get yourself a drink or something.

Deedee hugs Hugo again with excitement.

HUGO

Careful what you say to me, I might just take it literally.

DEEDEE

I wouldn't expect anything less from you, sugar. Be right back.

Deedee walks into her bedroom, Hugo walks into the kitchen. He opens the fridge, which is liquid diet friendly, all the way. He helps himself to one of the many bottles of water housed within the confinements of the fridge.

Hugo begins to walk around the room, checking out the pictures and the decor. Deedee walks out sooner than later with nothing but shorts and a half tank top.

DEEDEE (CONT'D)

So what's up child? Watchabeenupto? What's new in Hugoland? Tell me everything worth telling.

HUGO

Dude, where to begin? Europe was absolutely fabulous, as per yoosh. I mean, Rome was great. Italian women are by far, the hottest women in the world.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Deedee grabs Hugo by the hand, walking him to the couch as he speaks.

DEEDEE

Here, sit down honey. I'm so sorry, I must seem like a horrible hostess. You want anything for the brain or anything?

HUGO

Does a whino want a drink at noon? Hells fuck yeah! What you got gurl?

DEEDEE

Shit nigga! Whatchaneed?

Hugo sinks deep into the couch, she stands in front of him.

HUGO

Oh like that, huh?

DEEDEE

Fo show, shit! I'll even hook ya up for free.

(she pauses for a second)

Well, I don't know about that.

Deedee winks at Hugo seductively as she rubs her legs in between the inside of his legs.

HUGO

That won't be necessary gurl. Shit, as if you don't know me.

Hugo takes out thick roll of hundred dollar bills, held together by a rubber band about to reach its breaking point from the pressure of the roll, setting it on the table.

HUGO (CONT'D)

Just get me a month's worth of the shit you know I like, minus the triple O, shit.

DEEDEE

You sure about that? Got some serial quadruple, quadrapoll shit.

Hugo leans closer to her, rubbing the inside of her thighs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

HUGO

Yeah, I'm trying to cut down on all the hardcore shit. You know with the modeling and band and all. They really don't want me to gain or lose too much weight.

DEEDEE

You don't like the drugs but the drugs, they like you?

HUGO

Yeah, something like that.

DEEDEE

That's cool, honey child. I'll be right back.

Deedee walks into her bedroom and comes back out with three of her famous boxes.

DEEDEE (CONT'D)

Here. These should hold over the month.

Deedee hands him the three boxes. He opens them giddily. One of the boxes has three ounces of three different kinds of quality herbs. The second box has six different pill containers, Soma, Valium, Xanax, Vicoden, Ecstasy and opium. The third, he opens and smiles very broadly, though we'll never see what's in it.

HUGO

Is that?

DEEDEE

Yup.

HUGO

Oh no.

DEEDEE

Oh yeah.

HUGO

Thank you dah-ling.

Hugo leans closer to her and kisses her on the lips, she kisses him back.

DEEDEE

Anything for you ma boy.

HUGO

I might hold you up to that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

DEEDEE

I wouldn't expect anything less
from ya.

Deedee looks coyly at Hugo.

DEEDEE (CONT'D)

So hughey, how was Europe?

HUGO

Oh you know.

FADE TO:

EXT. RAINY OPEN FIELD - LATE NIGHT

HUGO seems to be digging a hole in some open, wooded
field. There's what appears to be a chopped up body in a
trash bag. The head has its separate bag.

FADE TO:

EXT. BRIDGE OVER A RIVER - LATE NIGHT

HUGO is driving a small, eurocar over a bridge, he pause
right smack in the middle. He opens the trunk, pulls out
several small bags, each holding a different body part.
Each one of the bags is tied to huge rock. Hugo takes the
bags out and dumps them over the river.

FADE TO:

INT. HOUSE - LATE NIGHT

Hugo is pouring what appears to be gasoline over a pair
of dead bodies, while smoking a joint.

FADE TO:

INT. DEEDEE'S LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Hugo keeps looking at Deedee expectantly.

HUGO

There won't be any fucking
hipsters at this fucking shindig
will there? Cos' you know, that's
where I draw the line.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEEDEE

Well, you know this fucking guy knows nothing but hipsters. And we do live in the Burg, there are just bound to be a few dirty, filthy hipsters stragglers lingering about.

Deedee takes out a pre-rolled joint from a box sitting on the coffee table in the living room. She hands it to Hugo, he takes it as she lights it for him. He nods gratefully, she dismisses him as if it was nothing. Deedee fetches a couple of beers from the fridge.

HUGO

You trying to butter me up with a joint because I'm gonna have to rub elbows with those pretentious douchebags.

DEEDEE

Tell me about it. I have to deal with their bullshit on a daily basis. It's like I'm too cool for my own fucking good.

HUGO

I know, it's like get over your fucking self. You're still a fucking server or a fucking bartender or taco stand dude. Spare me with your bad attitude.

DEEDEE

Totally. It's like they're wanna be hippies with all the dirty aspects of them and bad fashion sense, though with none of the love.

HUGO

For sure. You have this pretentious unjustified sense of accomplishment.

Deedee hands Hugo an open beer, he takes it willingly enough. Deedee works her way under Hugo's arm on the couch as she sits closer to him. She raises her drink to his.

DEEDEE

Cheers! To your homecoming.

HUGO

Fuck that! To your wedding gurrl!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DEEDEE

I'll drink to that.

They cheers, look at each other on the eyes, then take a big gulp from their respective beers.

HUGO

Which reminds me. Where's the hubby to be?

They are almost all over each other.

DEEDEE

What time is it?

Hugo looks at his watch.

HUGO

06:36. Why?

Deedee jumps over Hugo, putting his legs in between hers as she looks down on him.

DEEDEE

Cos' that means that the hubby to be will probably be with his best man to be.

They begin to make out.

FADE TO:

EXT. THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE CAFE - EVENING

MAY pulls up to the same spot where Hugo had parked when he dropped of Cassie. He gets out, locking the car. LOCO is still standing in the same spot he was standing when Hugo walked out. Loco walks up to May with his hand already extended. Loco speaks with a California accent.

LOCO

Hey, what's up Ey. You got any change to spare, I really need to score some drugs. You know? I ain't gonna lie.

May was already digging into his wallet. He takes out a \$20 dollar bill and hands it to him.

MAY

Here bro. For being honest. Help yourself to whatever you can get with that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LOCO

Hope you have a great night ey.
Good looking out.

MAY

You have a good night my man.

Loco walks around the corner to the cross street with the cafe. May walks up the stairs into the cafe.

TRACKING SHOT INTO THE CAFE

INT. BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE CAFE - SAME TIME

MAY walks into the cafe where a gorgeous hostess greets him with a smile. May smiles back as he looks around the cafe. There are three small parties of 2 and 3 people scattered throughout the cafe. May automatically locates his table, the same table they were in last time in the corner by the main street.

May waves at GUS, SALMA and JADE who are already drinking and waving at him. He also waves at CASSIE, who's behind the bar, she waves back. May walks over to their table.

Gus gets up when May gets to the table, they hug as they greet.

GUS

What's up playa? Long time no fucken see, huh?

MAY

I know, right? It's been like what, a couple months?

GUS

Too long, mon amie, too long. Oh, I'm sorry. May this is Salma, Salma this is May. And you know Jade.

MAY

What's sup Salma, hey what's up Jade.

May shakes Salma's hand and kisses Jade on the cheeks.

JADE

What's up May.

MAY

Oh you know. Same O, same o.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Gus sits back down, next to Salma. Cassie walks up to the table, her and Gus kiss and greet. Jade motions Gus for a smoke, Gus taps May for a smoke, he quickly produces his cigarette/joint box and hands it to Gus.

CASSIE

May, how's it going?

MAY

It's going well, thanks for asking. How you doing Sassy?

CASSIE

I'm fabulous. You ready for the big day tomorrow? Cos' we're all ready to go here.

MAY

Yeah I'm ready. Here. Cassie this is Gus, my best man, and these are Salma and Jade.

CASSIE

Hi, I'm Cassie.

Everyone waves at Cassie, she waves back. Gus hands Jade a joint, lighting it for her, she nods gratefully.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

You guys need anything?

MAY

Another round of whatever they're having and I'll have an inocente silver Margarita.

CASSIE

On the rocks with salt?

MAY

Lots of salt, say thankya.

CASSIE

Be right back.

Cassie walks back behind the bar and gets the bartender started on their drinks. May takes his seat right next to Gus, facing Jade who's next to Salma on the opposite side of Gus.

GUS

So May, you're really doing it huh? You're really getting married?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MAY

I know can you believe it? It seems like just yesterday we were ditching class to get high at Sumio Taiko's pad.

GUS

Wow! Sumio Taiko? That's a blast from the past. I wonder whatever happened to her.

MAY

I heard she married a senator or something.

May digs into his box, pulling out a joint for himself. Gus turns to Salma and Jade.

GUS

Sumio Taiko was this really smoking hot, Japanese exchange student from Tokyo. She was a fucken trip.

MAY

That's an understatement. She was a fucken trip and a half. To call her a trip would be like calling Elton John kinda gay, or OJ kinda guilty or MJ kinda weird.

SALMA

You know how Gus is. He's always talking things down, nothing is too much for him.

JADE

That's for damn sure.

May sparks up his joint as Jade takes a big drag off hers. May nods in agreement.

MAY

Yeah that's true dude.

GUS

What can I say? I'm not easily impressionable. So sue me for having high standards and raising the bar.

Both Salma and Jade roll their eyes. The drinks arrive to the table. NATALIE sits them down on the table, distributing them. Cassie is right behind her, she stands next to May.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MAY

Thanks Sassy.

May offers the joint, she looks around the almost empty cafe, then sneaks a toke.

CASSIE

Thanks, I needed that.

MAY

Why don't you join us?

May pulls up the nearest chair next to him. Cassie looks around again.

CASSIE

You know, the books are empty, it's a helluva slow night. Fuck it, I'm gonna close early and join you. What's the point of owning a place if you can't enjoy it?

MAY

Huh?

SALMA

Amen to that.

JADE

I'll second that motion.

CASSIE

Lemme just clear these tables and the staff, be back in a few.

Cassie walks to the back to talk to her staff.

FADE TO:

INT. BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE CAFE - LATER

There's a couple empty bottles of wine littering the table, along with empty shot glasses and Margarita glasses. CASSIE, JADE, SALMA, GUS and MAY are each still nursing a full drink.

SALMA

But you have to appreciate the complexity which the beauty of his artwork radiates with. He's unlike anything that preceded him or anything which has come after him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAY

I couldn't agree more with you,
even if I tried. He's work is so,
so. What's the word I'm looking
for?

The other four look at each other for an answer. After a moment Salma takes a stab at it.

SALMA

Emotional?

MAY

No.

CASSIE

Chaotically well structured?

MAY

Yes! Thank you. He points out the
patterns emanated from what is
seemingly perceived as random
equations.

Jade shoots Gus a glance, then brings the back of her hand to her nose as if to instruct him to start making some lines. He doesn't notice her.

SALMA

He shows you the dots for you to
connect, but you have to know what
you're looking for in order to get
it.

JADE

Personally, it's all a lot of
bullshit to me. I mean that whole
Andy Warhol mentality that there's
art in everything, I just don't
buy it.

Jade shoots Gus another glance with her hand to her nose. This time he does notice and nods.

MAY

But, we're not talking about Andy
Warhol.

JADE

Still. It's that kind of mentality
which spawned reality television.

Gus digs into his pockets for his vials, actually her vials.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GUS

I agree with Jade. People just need to find better things to occupy themselves with. Truth is everybody's lost, we're all just pretending not to be.

Salma notices Gus looking for something.

SALMA

What are you looking for Gussy?
(to Jade)
What's he looking for?

Jade brings her hand to her nose.

SALMA (CONT'D)

Oh please, continue.

Gus finds the two vials he was looking for and hands them to May. May shows Cassie the vials asking if she wants one, she nods yes. May makes his way to the bathroom.

CASSIE

You know what I'm looking for?

SALMA

What's that?

CASSIE

Balance.

Jade and Gus look at each other. Gus is already clearing the table from all the clutter.

GUS

Balance? What the hell does that mean? Balance of what?

SALMA

I know exactly what you mean. It's a constant struggle of mine.

Salma is now facing Cassie.

GUS

Salma baby, what does she mean by balance?

SALMA

Don't trouble yourself with it hon. We've already beaten this path to death, and your mind I cannot change.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Salma pads Gus on the knees as if he was a child.

GUS

Why would you want to? Don't you like my mind?

SALMA

I wouldn't and I do but, I'm just saying. Fuck you, you know what we're talking about.

Gus can't help but laugh.

GUS

Yeah I know, I'm just shitting on you. But at least now I know what you're talking about. It's all that mumbo, jumbo stuff, right?

CASSIE

I think it hardly constitutes as mumbo, jumbo.

Salma places her hand on Cassie's knee.

SALMA

Trust me honey. It's a lost cause, this kid's an atheist.

CASSIE

Nuff said.

May comes back with a pulled mirror from the bathroom. There are five perfectly cut, perfectly even symmetrically and in content. Perfect quintuplet lines. He sits it in the middle of the table.

MAY

Voila.

Cassie and Jade are both nodding impressed.

SALMA

Gus was right. You do make the best lines.

GUS

Ever since high school. I guess some things never change. Huh?

Jade hands May a touter from her purse.

MAY

That's for damn sure.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

May takes the touter, handing it to Salma. Salma declines it, offering it Cassie first. Cassie takes it reluctantly.

CASSIE

You sure?

SALMA

Honey, you've been the most gracious host. It's the least that we can do.

Cassie shrugs and smiles. She studies the lines for a while, then nods with admiration and approval.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE

CASSIE does her line.

SALMA does her line.

JADE does her line.

GUS does his line.

MAY does his line.

BACK TO:

INT. BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE CAFE - SAME TIME

GUS puts his hand on MAY'S shoulder.

GUS

So. Big day tomorrow, no?

FADE TO:

EXT. BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE CAFE - LATE NIGHT

HUGO drives slowly into a parking spot on the street adjoining with the front of the cafe. He's singing out loud to some song. While parking, he notices a couple of HISPANIC LOOKING GANGSTERS, coming from the opposite direction towards him on his left hand side.

He rolls up the driver side window first, leaving the passenger window open for an extra second. From behind his car, on the right hand side, a DARK FIGURE creeps up to the passenger side door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The dark figure pulls out a gun straight to the back of Hugo head at point blank range. He pulls the trigger, splattering Hugo's brains all over his recently shut window and door. The dark figure is LOCO.

LOCO

How ya like me now? Puto!

Loco opens the driver side door, the two Hispanic looking gangsters pulls Hugo's lifeless body out of the car. One of them picks his pockets. They both jump in, one in the back one in the driver side. Loco rides shotgun. They drive away laughing.

FADE TO:

INT. BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE CAFE - LATE NIGHT

CASSIE, JADE, SALMA, GUS are all sitting on the booth while MAY is facing them on the lone chair. They all have a gloomy look on their faces like somebody just died. May is sitting on the hot chair with his head down and his elbows on his knees.

Cassie gets up from her seat, walks to him and stands him up to give him a hug. She hugs him wholeheartedly, he hugs her back the same. Salma follows, as does Gus, Jade just sits there, numb.

After a moment of embrace, they give May some space and he prepares himself for the inevitable Q and A session which was coming.

GUS

Don't know what to say bro. Does Deedee know that you have aids?

MAY

Naw, I just found out myself today. I thought the doctor was gonna tell me that my cholesterol was high or something, I didn't expect this from my annual.

CASSIE

I know it's not even close to mean anything, but I'm really, really sorry.

Cassie feels compelled to hugging him again, he smiles when she does.

JADE

Yeah, I'm really sorry too.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SALMA

I think you need to go home and tell her. It's the right thing to do.

MAY

I'm just really sorry you guys had to come all the way over here for these news.

Gus takes his left arm over May's shoulder.

GUS

Don't fucken say that to me man. C'mon now. I'm glad I'm here, to tell you that I'm gonna be here for you bro. No matter what.

MAY

Thanks bro, that means a lot to me.

Gus turns his arm over the shoulder into a hug which encumbers both May and Cassie, who's still hugging him. Salma and Jade look on with sad looks on their faces.

A SHOTGUN IS HEARD

FADE TO:

INT. SALMA'S MANHATTAN CONDO - EARLY MORNING

SALMA and GUS walk into the house with Gus checking a baggy he just took out of his pocket. The house is spotless, it looks like a brand new place. They both automatically walk to the couch and just slump into it.

SALMA

Helluva night, no?

GUS

You telling me. Fuck! I'm still trying to get a handle on it. I need a drink, you want a drink or a line or something?

SALMA

No hon. I'm cool.

GUS

You sure you cool? Cos' now that I think about it, you haven't done anything since before we left the cafe.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SALMA

I don't know, I'm just not feeling very lively after everything that happened last night.

Gus takes the closes flat surface he can find and pours some of the pink powder he just purchased from someone.

GUS

I know what's gonna make you feel better.

SALMA

I don't know, I was thinking about quitting for a while, the drugs I mean. I'm not really feeling them the way I use to. I'm kinda over them.

Gus is already going to work on breaking up the two different piles.

GUS

Well, if you're gonna stop, go out in style.

SALMA

I don't know.

GUS

At least finish this last batch with me, the guy said it was killer ass shit. Afterward you're welcome to become a rehab quitter if so desire.

Gus gets close to Salma, kissing her neck softly. She smiles with joy.

SALMA

Fine, but this is truly the last batch, OK.

GUS

I swear.
(V.O.)
Till the next batch.

Gus takes out the touter.

CUT TO:

EXT. ANY STREET IN NYC - DAY

DEEDEE and MAY are walking down some anonymous street in one of the five boroughs. She wears her black wedding gown and he wears a white tuxedo.

MAY

No, no, no, you're just one of those typical New Yorkers who hates the Jets and the Mets because you were raised to believe there are only two teams in NYC.

DEEDEE

It's true, there really are only two teams in NYC. Two that really matter anyway. Jets and Mets are more Jersey than NY. Giants, Yanks all the way baby.

MAY

You have to admit that we've had great teams, if not better teams at times in the last few years. We're forces to be reckoned with.

DEEDEE

Comparing your teams to my teams is like comparing Kevin Smith to Martin Scorsese. Jersey to NYC? Really? Who you kidding boy?

May takes out a joint, he gets it going then hands it to her.

MAY

I must've been kidding myself when gang green made it to the conference championship not the G-men, right?

Deedee looks at May (unbeknownst to him) with the usual condescending look she always has taking the longest drag off a joint ever recorded in history. Deedee kills half the joint with one drag, handing May the roach which is left over.

DEEDEE

And of course this is all coming from the guy who grew up between the Hamptons and the Jersey shore.

MAY

At least you know where I'm coming from. Awight.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAY (CONT'D)

At least I'm not from Brooklyn but choose to live in the *Billy* (mockingly) Burg. Talk about pretentious.

DEEDEE

Nigga what?

MAY

You heard me. Spare me with your hipsterator nation. Talk about a place that's too cool for its own fucking good. You could cut the condescending pretentiousness with black painted fingernail.

DEEDEE

Amen to that. Just cos' I live there don't mean I represent it.

May takes a long drag off the joint.

MAY

I've never been to a restaurant in the city and feel like the server was doing *me* a favor. Fucking hipsters.

DEEDEE

Preach on brotha!

May takes another long drag off the joint. Holds on to the smoke for half a minute then releases it slowly, playing with the smoke.

MAY

You know what hipsters are? They're like wanna be hippies minus the one thing that made hippies, hippies. The love.

Deedee laughs.

DEEDEE

Nigga you wish you lived in the Burg.

May hands the joint back to Deedee.

MAY

Sheeeat, don't wish. Live through it baby, you live the most undeserving narcissistic hood in the 5 boroughs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Deedee laughs even louder and harder this time. She takes the joint and looking May dead in the eyes kills what was left of the joint in one long continuous drag until there is nothing but a very small roach which she simply tosses aside.

DEEDEE

You know baby, I love you despite the fact that you like the Mets and the Jets and not the Giants and the Yanks like a real man. If that ain't love then.

Deedee looks at May at a loss for words as he kills the roach.

DEEDEE (CONT'D)

I don't know, I guess what I'm trying to say is that if I was ever to do this, I'm glad it was with you.

They both look deep into each other's eyes in a loving embrace.

MAY

Deedee, baby, you fulfill my every void and have done so since we met. I'm so ready to take the plunge with you, for life without you just wouldn't be so. You know?

DEEDEE

What do you think our friends will say?

MAY

We're not doing this for them, now are we?

DEEDEE

No, I guess we're really not.

Deedee smiles and nods just before kissing her groom to be very passionately.

MAY

You ready love?

DEEDEE

As ready as the meaning of the word will allow me to be.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Deedee and May both look down at the ground beneath them some 100 feet below, they're ready to jump off to their deaths.

BACK TO:

INT. SALMA'S MANHATTAN CONDO - EARLY MORNING

GUS and SALMA are getting ready to do their last lines.

SALMA

What the hell is this anyway?

GUS

I don't know, it's something new, the guy said. He said not to do a lot at a time, but they always say that, that's like their disclaimer.

SALMA

I don't know Gus.

GUS

C'mon, it's your last one, right? Lemme be a part of that. Just do this with me and I won't hassle you anymore.

Salma gets in position to her line, he follows right along with glee.

GUS (CONT'D)

You know? Maybe you're right. Maybe I'll try to quit with you. But then again maybe not. Alright ready? One, two, three.

Gus does his line in his usual one swift motion manner, Salma pause before she actually does hers leaving the entire thing on the mirror.

Gus' hands both automatically go to his nose.

BACK TO:

EXT. ANY STREET IN NYC - DAY

MAY and DEEDEE look deeply into each other's eyes.

MAY

Any last words?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEEDEE

See you next lifetime?

They both cannot help but laugh out loud for some reason, then May and Deedee jump.

INT. SALMA'S MANHATTAN CONDO - DAY

GUS hits the ground shaking violently, bleeding a river from his nose. SALMA tries to stop the bleeding with her shirt.

SALMA

Gus! Gus! What's wrong? Help!
Help! Guuuuuuuuuuus!!!!!!

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END