

**THE RULES OF ATTRACTION**

screenplay by  
Roger Avary

based on the novel by  
Bret Easton Ellis

*Available from:*  
[www.avary.com](http://www.avary.com)

*Download from:*  
[ian-somerhalder.narod.ru](http://ian-somerhalder.narod.ru)

*Draft Dated:*  
March 3, 2001

*Registered:* WGA/w  
© Copyright 2001

1 CONTINUED:

1

(CONT'D)

*and it's a story that might bore you but you don't have to listen because I always knew it was going to be like that, and it was, I think, in that last year, or, actually, weekend, really a Friday, in September, at Camden, and this was years ago when I was a different person, and I was so drunk that I ended up losing my virginity...*

A WIDE SHOT of Windham House dorm, filled shoulder-to-shoulder with PARTY-GOERS from ALL WALKS OF COLLEGE LIFE. There is a DRONING WAH-WAH of PEOPLE TALKING and drinking beer. Breaking through it is a SYNTHESIZED TOMANDANDY POP SONG. On a makeshift dancefloor a guy named STUART has taken off his shirt and is performing a wild solo dance.

SUPERIMPOSE THE TITLE:

**THE END OF THE WORLD PARTY**

2 ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ROOM

2

LAUREN is trying to be inconspicuous despite how shitfaced drunk she is -- using the walls gravitational pull to keep her from swaying and revealing her inebriated state. She lifts a big red plastic cup (the kind you buy by the hundreds at Price Club) to her lips and takes another sip of beer.

LAUREN (V.O.)

(continuing)

*...I lost it to some guy who I thought was a Ceramics major but was actually either an NYU film student, just up to Camden for the End of the World...*

Across the room, the GUY WHO MIGHT BE AN NYU FILM STUDENT is talking with expressionistic hand gestures to A TOWNIE LOOKING GUY wearing a Hawaiian style shirt with an odd donkey pattern on it.

LAUREN (V.O.)

(continuing)

*...or a townie.*

(pause)

*I actually had my eye on someone else that night:*

SWISH PAN and TRACK IN ON: VICTOR, a Senior with a good body and is so beautiful he might be gay. He's talking with some OTHER POPULAR GUY...

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

VICTOR

I'm telling you, with European girls it's just a numbers game. If you stand on a street corner of any major European city and consecutively ask every girl you see if she'll fuck you, one out of twenty will say yes -- right then and there.

(as if to illustrate)

Do you wanna fuck? Do you wanna fuck?  
Do you wanna fuck--

LAUREN (V.O.)

(continuing over Victor's illustration)

*Victor. A Junior, a Drama major, just back from Europe, only a little gay, with jet black hair, a great body, and these amazing gray eyes...*

VICTOR

(continuing)

--Do you wanna fuck? Do you wanna fuck?  
Do you wanna fuck? Do you wanna fuck?  
Do you wanna fuck? One out of twenty...bam. You're fucking. It's a confirmed statistic. That's the difference between American and European girls.

Victor lift his eyes with a smile to nod to someone across the room.

SWISH PAN and TRACK IN ON: A BEAUTIFUL FRENCH GIRL across the room catches his "what's-up" nod and she smiles back in that seductive way that can only mean they fuck on a regular basis.

LAUREN (V.O.)

(continuing)

*...but Victor was seeing this beautiful French girl who he had met earlier in the year while backpacking through Paris.*

HARD CUT TO:

3 EXT. PARIS STREET - DAY

3

Victor is walking down a Paris street with a large backpack on, and eating a pathetic emporter Camembert cheese sandwich. He stops the beautiful French girl and asks her directions from a little Plan du Paris.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

LAUREN (V.O.)  
(continuing)  
*She had given him mono, just after she  
gave him directions.*

CUT BACK TO:

4 INT. WINDHAM HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

4

CLOSE ON: The guy who might be a Ceramics major, but probably is an NYU film student is sitting on a ratty, old couch covered with a pale blue sheet, talking to her about movies but really trying to jump into her pants.

GUY WHO MIGHT BE AN NYU FILM STUDENT  
So you *know* the movie I'm talking about.  
It was unfairly labeled a Tarantino film  
even though he's only listed as an  
Executive Producer. Remember the sex  
scene with Nosferatu on the TV in the  
background? Mindfuck if ever there was  
one...

LAUREN (V.O.)  
(continuing)  
*So this guy from NYU, or wherever, who  
wasn't even a good Victor facsimile...*

QUICK PAN/TRACK IN ON: Lauren, trying to keep focus and nodding as if she knows (but doesn't) what he's talking about, is sitting opposite from him on the couch.

LAUREN  
(nodding)  
Yeah. Yeah.

LAUREN (V.O.)  
(continuing)  
*...and I were talking on this ratty, old  
couch, underneath, and I remember this--*

QUICK TILT TO REVEAL: A poster of a giant smiling Ronald Reagan, that someone has drawn a Hitler moustache on, is hung on the wall directly above and between them.

LAUREN (V.O.)  
(continuing)  
*--a big poster of Ronald Reagan that  
someone had drawn a Hitler moustache on  
-- maybe it was a Charlie Chaplin  
moustache. I dunno...*

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

WIDE ON: Lauren and the possible Ceramics major but probable NYU Film major. He's CHATTING HER UP and she's kind of nodding in agreement and sipping her beer -- occasionally BLURTING OUT SOME INANE COMMENT.

LAUREN (V.O.)

(continuing)

*...and I kept agreeing with his likes and dislikes all the time thinking that while he might not be Victor he was cute enough, and I was sure that I was mispronouncing all these filmmakers' names, remembering all the wrong actors, naming the wrong cinematographers, but I wanted him...*

His eyeline wanders and focuses on someone else across the room.

LAUREN (V.O.)

(continuing)

*...and I could see that his gaze was drifting toward Kristin Notneff...*

SWISH PAN AND TRACK IN ON: The Louise Brooks-looking KRISTIN NOTNEFF, who turns her eyes, from WHATEVER CONVERSATION SHE'S IN, to meet the eyes of the guy who may be an NYU student. Smile.

LAUREN (V.O.)

(continuing)

*...and she was looking back at him with confidence because she knew that underneath her clothes she was wearing a black bra and black panties -- complete with garter belt -- which I wasn't.*

CLOSE ON: Lauren, knowing that if she wants this guy, who might be an NYU Film major, she's going to have to make a move, or else the garter belt girl is going to steal him away.

LAUREN (V.O.)

(continuing)

*But I had the next best thing...*

Lauren leans in and WHISPERS into the guys ear.

LAUREN

(whispering)

*I've got a joint in my room.*

QUICK CUT TO:

5 INT. WINDHAM HOUSE - LORNA SLAVIN'S ROOM - NIGHT

5

SLAM! The guy who may be from NYU shuts the door and smiles.

LAUREN (V.O.)

(continuing)

*Except it wasn't my room. It was Lorna Slavin's room, who was off campus at her boyfriends house...probably swallowing his DNA.*

Lauren sits down on the bed, totally fucked up, but seductive despite her condition.

LAUREN (V.O.)

(continuing)

*And I didn't have a joint either -- and if I did I didn't know where it was because it would have been Lorna Slavin's joint. He didn't really even care when I told him I didn't have one.*

The guy who might be from NYU sits down on the bed next to her and makes his move. He leans in and starts kissing her. Almost immediately her eyes roll into the back of her head and she passes out.

CUT TO BLACK:

LAUREN (O.S.)

(continuing)

*I must have passed out around then...*

FADE IN:

6 INT. WINDHAM HOUSE - LORNA SLAVIN'S ROOM - LATER - NIGHT

6

EXTREME CLOSE ON: Lauren, looking kind of wasted. She's laying on her stomach and her face is buried into a pillow.

LAUREN (V.O.)

(continuing)

*When I came to I tried to take off my bra, but was still too drunk...and he was already fucking me.*

She looks back, kind of annoyed, and sure enough, she's being fucked from behind. GRUNT, GRUNT, GRUNT -- with every exhalation comes a thrust. She starts MOANING with every plunge into her.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

6

LAUREN (V.O.)

(continuing)

*But he didn't know I was a virgin and that it hurt -- not that badly, only a little bit of sharp pain, but not as bad as I had been taught to expect, but not exactly pleasant either -- and that's when I heard another voice in the room...*

She lifts her head and tries to look back behind her to determine the source of the VOICE.

GUY WHO MIGHT BE AN NYU FILM STUDENT (O.S.)

Do her how Ron Jeremy would.

LAUREN (V.O.)

(continuing)

*...and I remember the weight on the bed shifting and realizing that this person behind me wasn't the NYU film student guy, but someone else--*

TRACK UP FROM Lauren to a TOWNIE is grasping her ass and fucking her from behind with porn movie thrusts. He has a blue Viagra pill on his tongue and is holding a plastic beer cup in one hand. He swallows the pill with a swig of beer.

TOWNIE

Leave that up to Vitamin "V".

LAUREN (V.O.)

(continuing)

*Ohmygod, it was some townie. I had actually lost my virginity to a townie.*

TRACK BACK DOWN TO Lauren as she lays her drunken head back onto the pillow and shuts her eyes, trying to block out the thrusting.

LONG, SLOW ZOOM IN ON: her closed eyes.

LAUREN (V.O.)

(continuing)

*This wouldn't have happened with Victor. He would have taken me gently in his big strong Drama major arms and undressed me quietly, expertly, taken the bra off with grace and ease, kissed me deeply, tenderly, and it probably wouldn't have hurt. I should have given myself to Victor last term, when I had the chance--*

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED: (2)

6

Suddenly the door opens up and light floods the room --  
Lauren's eyes open up.

SOME GUYS ROLLING A KEG, who're bathed in a silhouette, push  
the keg into the room.

GUY ROLLING A KEG  
Dude, we have to put the keg somewhere.

It rolls forward and SLAMS into the bed, shaking her.

The door closes again and the room is again shrouded in  
darkness.

GUY WHO MIGHT BE AN NYU FILM STUDENT (O.S.)  
I'm next...

Suddenly, mid-thrust, the townie heaves up a mouthful of  
barf, spraying it onto Lauren's back with a satisfying  
SPLASH.

The disruption causes all three people, Lauren included, to  
slip and fall off the bed, pulling the sheets with them and  
CRASHING into a desk or something.

GUY WHO MIGHT BE AN NYU FILM STUDENT  
Gross, dude! Leave me with sloppy  
seconds, why don't you?

The townie lurches forward and grabs a cheap wicker waste  
basket, the kind you buy at Target, and lets round two come  
gushing out into it. Of course, it splashes out and  
splatters onto Lauren and the guy who might be an NYU film  
student.

For a moment she focuses on the townie's shirt, it's a short  
sleeved button-down with a cartoony donkey pattern printed on  
it.

Lauren shuts her eyes.

FREEZE FRAME: Lauren sits there, locked in time, a wretched  
moment that's almost humble in its horrible nature.

THEN WE READ THE TITLE:

### LAUREN

She has just won the Gold Medal for the most pathetic loss of  
virginity of all time.

(CONTINUED)



6 CONTINUED: (3)

6

LAUREN (V.O.)  
(sardonic)  
*I always knew it would be like this.*

Suddenly...

Lauren, the possible NYU Film major, and the townie all start to MOVE IN

7 REVERSE

7

They are winding BACKWARDS as if time itself were flowing in the opposite direction...

GUY WHO MIGHT BE AN NYU FILM STUDENT  
(talking backwards)  
?uoy t'nod yhw ,sdnoces yppols htiw em  
evaeL !edud, ssorG

The barf seems to get sucked out of the basket and back into the townies mouth. They all tumble and slip BACKWARDS up and onto the bed. He sucks the vomit off of her back through the air and into his mouth until she's clean again.

TRACK SLOWLY AWAY AND OUT OF THE ROOM as Lauren finds herself back on her face and knees getting it from behind, but with strange REVERSE thrusts.

GUY WHO MIGHT BE AN NYU FILM STUDENT  
(his voice running backwards)  
...txen m'I

Around now we notice that the SOUND IS FLOWING BACKWARDS as well. The tommandandy song can be heard MUFFLED THROUGH THE FLOOR -- "yik-yakking" as it is WOUND BACKWARDS.

The townies GRUNTS HAVE REVERSED into a SUCKING SOUND.

The door flings open and floods the trio in light, suddenly the keg rolls backwards back through the door and into the hands of the guys who rolled it in.

GUY ROLLING A KEG  
(his voice running backwards)  
.erehwemos gek eht tup to evah ew ,eduD

TRACK BACKWARDS (IN REVERSE) and OUT THE DOOR INTO...

8 THE HALLWAY (REVERSE)

8

The dorm room door is swung closed, even though it is really being opened...

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

8

The guys rolling the keg are WALKING BACKWARDS down the hall, because they, of course, are REVERSING through time. They kind of pull the keg BACKWARDS with what seem like gentle braking of the rolling keg with their fingertips.

They're laughing and the MUSIC, which we can now hear clearly is still WINDING BACKWARDS.

They come to some stairs and with an erratic BACKWARDS MOVEMENT the keg jumps up into the air and into the hands of the guys who carry it, BACKWARDS down the stairs.

9 INT. WINDHAM HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - (REVERSE) - NIGHT

9

The guys with the keg come walking down the stairs -- all other motion is still in reverse, and so is the music.

TRACK BACKWARDS (IN REVERSE MOTION) through the room, following them with the keg as they roll it BACKWARDS across the small dance floor where COLLEGE STUDENTS are dancing (in REVERSE, of course).

The keg rolls up to a bucket of watery melted ice. The guys rolling it hoist it up and out of a bucket of ice. The tap pops on and the last dribbles of foamy spray suck back into the spout...all REVERSE MOTION.

10 THE WATERY ICE (REVERSE)

10

in the bucket suddenly begins to form and crystallize into hundreds and hundreds of cubes. The water literally vanishes as it REFORMS INTO BAG ICE at its coldest.

11 INT. WINDHAM HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - (REVERSE) - EARLIER

11

CLOSE ON: The beer flows out of cups and into the spout. The keg must be full.

TRACK BACKWARDS past a GUY WITH A LARGE BEER BONG. He lifts it up and it's as if the beer comes flowing out of his mouth -- filling up the long tube.

TRACK BACKWARDS past a GUY WATCHING THE BEER BONGER with a bag of chips, he's pulling them out of his mouth and putting them into the bag.

TRACK BACKWARDS past a beat up Sean Bateman (who I'll describe later). Some ripped apart purple envelopes and their accompanying letters come lifting up and out of a beercup-filled trashcan and into his hand. He REVERSE RIPS them back together and walks backwards out of the front door and out of the room.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

TRACK BACKWARDS past Stuart, his insane solo dance even more insane in REVERSE...

CONTINUE TRACKING past Lauren, who drunkenly gets up with the guy who might be an NYU film major and wobbly leads him upstairs...and I'll bet you a hundred dollars that she takes him to Lorna Slavin's room -- except it happens in REVERSE, so she comes down from the stairs instead of up them...

PULL BACK TO REVEAL: The entire room. We can see Victor, who's smiling as he watches the beautiful French girl walk backwards as she REVERSE APPROACHES him. We can also see Kristin Notneff scoping around for someone other than the guy who might be an NYU student.

TRACK in-between a GROUP OF GUYS near a fireplace with a TV in it instead of wood. On the TV is a video of an actual fireplace. PAUL DENTON, one of the guys, is talking. He's definitely one of the beautiful people. At 20, he has the brooding good looks of a supermodel, but is clearly too sharp to settle for that. He's voracious in his hunger to stay hungry...yet, Cartesian enough to question what it means to hunger.

PAUL  
(speaking in REVERSE)  
.pots to smees emit taht ylkciuq os yb  
gnivom era sgniht ekiL ?wonk uoY  
.mutnemom drawrof skcal efil ym taht  
gnileef eht teg tsuj I

TRACK RIGHT UP INTO A CLOSE UP OF: the nice yule tide log burning happily away on the television. Stop at it for a brief moment and then--

12 SWITCH THE DIRECTION OF TIME

12

TRACK AWAY from the television screen. PULL BACK to a WIDE SHOT of Paul and his friends, DONALD, RAYMOND, HARRY, and A COUPLE OF OTHERS.

\*

PAUL  
I just get the feeling that my life lacks forward momentum. You know? Like things are moving by so quickly that time seems to stop.

PAUL (V.O.)  
*Sometimes I can't believe the shit that spills out of my mouth. So while I talk about god know what I let my eyes drift across the room. As my mouth allows thoughts to drop out of my brain and roll*  
(more)

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

PAUL (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
*off of my tongue like gumballs I imagine  
all the things in life that never were...*

Paul locks eyes with Sean on the other side of the room.  
He's talking to a girl with blond-ish hair (who we will come  
to know as Kelly). After what seems like a long second, Sean  
looks away and starts talking to the girl.

PAUL (V.O.)  
(continuing)  
*And all the things that could have been.*

One of the guys Paul is talking to is a Lacrosse playing jock  
with a skull four inches thick. He is the HANDSOME DUNCE,  
and despite his vacant grey matter he's as good looking as  
they come.

PAUL (V.O.)  
(continuing)  
*I have no idea what his name is. We all  
knew him simply as the Handsome Dunce.*

HANDSOME DUNCE  
Wait. Was there a nuclear war somewhere  
over the weekend? I heard there was.

Paul looks at him, flat.

PAUL (V.O.)  
(continuing)  
*He'll do.*

Paul ignores the handsome dunce's comment and looks around  
the room.

PAUL  
(calculated)  
This party sucks, as usual. My brother's  
bar mitzvah was more fun, maybe.

HANDSOME DUNCE  
I like this song.

PAUL (V.O.)  
*Gay song definitely.*

HANDSOME DUNCE  
Who's the DJ?

PAUL  
There is none. The CD player is set to  
both repeat and shuffle randomly from a  
cartridge of six disks. Do you have any  
E.?

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: (2)

12

BRAZILIAN GUY

Makes your spinal fluid run backwards.

PAUL (V.O.)

*I sincerely hope so.*

HANDSOME DUNCE

I may have some up in my room.

PAUL

MDA, MDMA, or Ecstasy?

The handsome dunce shrugs, he doesn't know. Paul looks to the Brazilian guy.

PAUL

Game?

BRAZILIAN GUY

(to the handsome dunce)

Where did you get it?

HANDSOME DUNCE

My friends father works for one of the big drug companies that developed it -- for insane people. You know, to calm 'em down.

PAUL

This party is driving *me* insane. I could certainly use some.

BRAZILIAN GUY

I don't know. That story sounds like bullshit, and if you take a burnt batch of that stuff you'll get, like, instant Parkinson's Disease.

He starts to violently shake and wiggle in a gruesome imitation of Parkinson's Disease. It doesn't look pleasant.

PAUL

"Burnt batch". Give me a bucket. This stuff was made by scientists in a germ-free laboratory.

BRAZILIAN GUY

I just don't know.

PAUL

Then don't. No one's twisting your arm. I don't know why I'm even trying to convince you.

(more)

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: (3)

12

PAUL (CONT'D)  
(he turns to the Handsome  
Dunce)  
Let's go.

He and Sean, across the room, catch eyes as he follows the handsome dunce up the stairs.

13 INT. WINDHAM HOUSE - THE HANDSOME DUNCE'S ROOM - NIGHT

13

EXTREME CLOSE ON: The television set is on, playing a scene from "Dawn of the Dead". Zombies are drawn to the mall as if it were the consumer temple, but the sound is turned down. Paul is flipping through a small stack of CDs.

PAUL  
Bruce Springstein? You own Bruce  
Springstein?

HANDSOME DUNCE  
(sitting upright)  
Whoa. I think it's kicking in.

Paul looks inward for a moment, wondering if his perception has changed.

PAUL (V.O.)  
*I couldn't detect whether the E. had  
altered my perception yet. I did feel  
kind of horny. But was that the drug, or  
me? Then I got to wondering: what is  
me? Is a person just a collection of  
their likes and dislikes? Will I always  
be the quintessential faggot? Will I  
always only pant after the blond-tan-good-  
body-stupid-goons? Will I always blow it  
with the smart, caring, sensitive type?  
I want to stop but...*

Paul gets up and lays down on the bed next to the handsome dunce.

PAUL  
I'm feeling it now too.

PAUL (V.O.)  
(continuing)  
*...the truth is I feel nothing.*

He leans in and kisses the handsome dunce, full and wet on the lips.

The handsome dunce responds by violently pushing Paul off the bed. Paul falls to the floor with a THUMP. The dunce then

\*

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

grabs a football from his bedside table, as if it was his only weapon.

\*  
\*

HANDSOME DUNCE  
Whatthefuck!?

Paul licks his lip, still tasting the handsome dunce.

PAUL (V.O.)  
(continuing)  
*I could still taste him on my lips.*

PAUL  
I thought you were...gay.

HANDSOME DUNCE  
Fuck you. I'm no fag.

\*  
\*

The handsome dunce stands up off the bed and grabs Paul by the shirt. He lifts him up and forcibly walks him to the door.

\*  
\*  
\*

PAUL  
You sure about that? Because I definitely detected a certain fagginess to you.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

HANDSOME DUNCE  
Get the fuck out of my room.

\*  
\*

He opens the door and pushes Paul out.

\*

14 INT. WINDHAM HOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

14

There's a SMALL PACK OF CUTE GIRLS hanging out in the hallway drinking beers in big red cups and TALKING. They all stop when Paul gets thrown out of the room. The handsome dunce looks over at the girls and suddenly becomes self conscious. He looks back to Paul against the opposite wall.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

HANDSOME DUNCE  
(more for the girls)  
I'm not gay. You're lucky I don't kill you.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

The door SLAMS shut. Paul looks over at the girls and shrugs. He then takes out a cigarette and lights it. Sits there thinking.

\*  
\*  
\*

PAUL (V.O.)  
(continuing)  
*Luck has nothing to do with it.  
Everything is preordained. Manifest  
destiny. You can stop time from  
(more)*

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

PAUL (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
*happening no more than you can will the  
oceans to overwhelm the world or to cause  
the moon to drop from her outer sphere.  
Three months later the handsome dunce had  
an affair with a friend of mine. Within  
a year he was a full blown queen and was  
telling people I couldn't get it up.  
Luck has nothing to do with anything.*

FREEZE FRAME: Paul -- smirking despite the pain.

\*

THEN WE READ THE TITLE:

**PAUL**

Then, suddenly, Paul starts to MOVE IN

15 REVERSE

15

The door opens up.

HANDSOME DUNCE  
(in reverse)  
!uoy llik t'nod I ykcul er'uoY .yag ton  
yaG

\*

\*

Paul is thrown up into the room in an awkward REVERSE MOTION.  
The door shuts behind him, leaving the empty hallway. Time  
is, again, flowing in the opposite direction...

16 TRACK BACKWARDS

16

down the hall and into the party in the living room...

17 INT. WINDHAM HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - (REVERSE) - NIGHT

17

TRACK BACKWARDS past Lauren, walking drunkenly in REVERSE  
down the stairs with the guy who might be an NYU film major  
as she takes him to Lorna Slavin's room...

CONTINUE TRACKING BACKWARDS through the party. All of the  
PARTY-GOERS are moving in REVERSE....

CONTINUE TRACKING BACKWARDS past the guy watching the beer  
bonger as he REVERSE regurgitates the bag of chips one at a  
time...

CONTINUE TRACKING BACKWARDS past the guy with a large beer  
bong. He lifts it up and it's as if the beer comes flowing  
out of his mouth -- filling up the long tube.

CONTINUE TRACKING BACKWARDS past Stuart, forever engaged in  
his shirtless solo dance...

(CONTINUED)



17 CONTINUED:

17

TRACK ONTO a trashcan filled with empty beer cups on top of which are the ripped-up fragments of the purple letter. TILT UP with them as they fly up into the hands of:

SEAN BATEMAN, young and good looking with crystal blue eyes, unkempt hair, and an ice-cold demeanor that suggests he has long since lost his innocence. He's one of those guys who has washboard abs without ever having to do crunches (I hate people like that). But for all of his physical attributes and material wealth he seems strangely empty, vacant, and distant. He has a clean shiner on his left eye and his lip is slightly swollen as if he had just been in a fight.

He REVERSE rips the purple letter fragments together, reuniting them into a small handful of purple letters. And then--

18 SWITCH THE DIRECTION OF TIME

18

Sean re-rips up the letters and throws them into the trash can. He picks up a bottle of Jack Daniels to his lips and finishes the last of it.

From Sean's POV we see Lauren walking upstairs with the guy who may or may not be an NYU film student. We also see Paul walking off with the handsome dunce. Sean takes another long pull from the bottle of Jack Daniels. After swallowing the harsh gulp, he diverts his eyes and scans the room...

SEAN (V.O.)

(narrating)

*A great numb feeling washes over me as I let go of the past and look forward to the future. I pretend to be a vampire -- and I don't really need to pretend because it's who I am. An emotional vampire. I've just come to expect it. That vampires are real. That I was born this way. That I feed off of other people's real emotions. I search for this nights prey...who will it be?*

19 ACROSS THE ROOM

19

a cute blond girl named KELLY who's probably too young to drink is drinking beer from a large red cup. She's eyeing Sean. He's eyeing her back.

She crosses the room and walks up to him.

KELLY

Have we met?

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

SEAN (V.O.)  
*I think I fucked her at the Wet Wednesday  
Party last term.*

He shrugs.

SEAN  
No. Hi.

KELLY  
I thought we maybe met. What's your  
name?

SEAN  
Peter.

KELLY  
Really? Peter? That's not your name.

SEAN  
Yeah it is.

KELLY  
Aren't you a Senior?

SEAN  
No. Freshmen.

KELLY  
Really?

All of a sudden she starts COUGHING, then sips her beer,  
actually downs it. Sean's eyes widen in delighted surprise.  
She's drunk enough for him to fuck with.

KELLY  
(continuing)  
I thought you were older?

SEAN  
Nope. A Freshmen. Peter. Peter the  
Freshmen.

As SHE CONTINUES TALKING, Sean ZONES HER VOICE OUT and  
focuses instead on her mouth. Her lips are natural and full,  
her mouth rounder than most.

SEAN (V.O.)  
*She has dick sucking lips -- so I  
consider the options...*

QUICK CUT TO:

20 INT. BOOTH HOUSE - SEAN'S ROOM - NIGHT

20

DARKNESS. Sean walks into his dorm room and TURNS ON THE LIGHT.

SEAN (V.O.)

(continuing)

*I can leave right now, go back to my room, play the guitar, masturbate to DSL-speed Internet porn, go to sleep.*

In a QUICK SERIES OF SHOTS we see: Sean sitting at the bed with a tiny Fender amp STRIKING CHORDS; Sean, his guitar resting next to him, sits at a desk chair without his pants jacking off to hard-core German erotica; and Sean laying in bed and turning off the light. DARKNESS.

QUICK CUT BACK TO:

21 INT. WINDHAM HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

21

Sean looks away from Kelly's dick sucking lips and across the room.

SEAN (V.O.)

(continuing)

*Or...*

SWISH PAN TO:

22 DICKY AND QUINLIVAN

22

DICKY and QUINLIVAN are two dorm-mates who're playing Quarters. Dicky is portly but good looking in a Colorado preppy sort of way, Quinlivan is thin and looks like a sadistic Howdie-Doodie...but also preppy. Between them, watching them play is the blond DUMB GUY FROM L.A.

SEAN (V.O.)

(continuing)

*...I could play Quarters with Dicky and Quinlivan and that dumb guy from L.A.*

QUICK CUT TO:

23 INT. THE CAROUSEL - NIGHT

23

Late night with a bunch of STUDENTS sitting around, smoking and reading -- drinking coffee. Kelly is sitting at a booth alone, looking for Sean, wondering nervously if she's been ditched.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

23

SEAN (V.O.)  
(continuing)  
*Or, I could take her to the Carousel for  
some coffee and ditch her there with the  
bill.*

A WAITRESS walks past and leaves a bill on the rim of the table.

CUT BACK TO:

24 INT. WINDHAM HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

24

CLOSE ON: Those dick sucking lips. ZOOM SLOWLY out from them to reveal Kelly's drunken face.

SEAN (V.O.)  
(continuing)  
*Or, I could take her back to my room,  
hope the Frog is gone, get stoned and  
fuck her.*

KELLY  
(finishing up whatever it was  
she was talking about)  
...so what do you think?

He smiles.

SEAN (V.O.)  
(continuing)  
*What do I think? I think "why not?"  
Rock and Roll.*

HARD CUT TO:

25 INT. BOOTH HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

25

She's following him as they walk down the hall to Sean's dorm room. He takes out his keys.

SEAN (V.O.)  
(continuing)  
*She slowly followed me back to my dorm  
room like she knew this would happen --  
too eager, too stunned to speak. I was  
so excited I couldn't stop shaking and I  
dropped the key when I tried to unlock  
the door.*

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

25

EXTREME CLOSE ON: Sean tries to stick his key into the lock and accidentally drops them to the floor.

CUT TO:

26 INT. BOOTH HOUSE - SEAN'S ROOM - NIGHT

26

She is sitting on the bed leaning against the wall as Sean stands before her playing a SONG WHICH TRANSITIONS INTO "You're Too Good To Be True".

SEAN (V.O.)

(continuing)

*She sat on the bed and I played her a song I had written myself and then segued into "You're Too Good To Be True". I played it quietly and sang the lyrics slowly and softly and she was so moved that she started to actually cry...*

Sure enough, she is crying.

HARD CUT TO:

27 INT. BOOTH HOUSE - SEAN'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

27

They are on the bed kissing passionately -- pawing at each other. He's dry humping her leg.

SEAN (V.O.)

(continuing)

*Maybe it was the Ecstasy I'm pretty sure she was on -- maybe it was that she thought she loved me. But when--*

--Suddenly, mid-sentence, THE IMAGE REVERSES as if we were previously looking into a mirror. Maybe we're looking into a mirror now. Right has become left, left has become right...everything has flipped--

SEAN (V.O.)

(continuing)

*--he kissed her on the lips he instantly went hard. She was still crying, and her face was slick, but she let him pull her clothes off.*

Has the first person narration switched to third person? Sean undresses her quickly -- urgently -- and pulls his own pants down.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

27

SEAN (V.O.)

(continuing)

*She had no panties on, and had the body of a much younger girl. Her breasts were small but full, yet the nipples weren't hard, not even after he touched them, then kissed and licked them. She smelled like sweet fruit. Her snatch was small too -- the pubic hair light and sparse. Yet, when he fingered her he didn't feel anything. She wasn't getting wet even though she was making soft little moans.*

KELLY

(moaning and whispering)

Ohhhhh...Peter...Peter...Peter...

SEAN (V.O.)

(continuing)

*He was semi-stiff, and losing his erection. Something was wrong. Something was missing. He didn't know what.*

Sean mounts her and fumbles his way in...

SEAN (V.O.)

(continuing)

*Confused, he started to fuck her, and before he came, it hit him: he can't remember the last time he had sex sober...*

FREEZE FRAME: Sean's face is locked in a contortion, frozen in time. We still hear the GRUNTS of sex, and of course:

KELLY (V.O.)

Peter...Peter...Peter...Peter...

THEN WE READ THE TITLE:

**SEAN**

Suddenly the NEEDLE IS RIPPED from the tomandandy song and we...

CUT TO BLACK:

28 BLACKNESS...

28

From the inky pitch we hear the AIDA: GRAND MARCH (ACT 2) BY GIUSEPPE VERDI...

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

28

BEGIN CREDITS:

**THE RULES OF ATTRACTION**

FADE IN:

29 EXT. CAMDEN - COMMONS - MONTAGE - VARIOUS

29

Camden is a small Liberal Arts college somewhere in New England. It is Winter and there is snow blanketing the ground. STUDENTS are mulling about, making their way to and from class...except something is odd--

IN A SERIES OF SHOTS we discover what's odd about the scene...

All of the STUDENTS are walking BACKWARDS. We are, once again, again MOVING IN REVERSE.

Instead of leaving tracks behind in the snow, the STUDENTS' tracks seem to vanish under their feet.

The STUDENTS exhale tiny clouds of condensation into their mouths.

Masses of students flow in rapid backwards streams across the campus.

The snow begins to rise in little flakes up from the ground, FALLING UPWARDS IN REVERSE into the sky.

The clouds suck away backwards and the sun and moon begin to rapidly travel backwards across the sky, setting where they rise and rising where they set. Sunset gives into sunrise over and over again until...

The ground is left bare and covered with golden leaves, which eventually jump up off of the ground and onto the ends of tree branches.

More days pass -- weeks -- months...all in REWIND.

The dry, auburn leaves gradually ripen and turn green. The trees slowly become full and thick with leaves.

The activity on the campus' lawns bristles to life with PEOPLE RIDING BICYCLES BACKWARDS and STUDENTS THROWING FRISBEES BACKWARDS. It's a buzzing of activity throughout the school year, forever REWINDING until we reach...

The beginning of the year...

FADE TO BLACK:

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED: 29

BLACKNESS...

The final credit reads:

**DIRECTED BY ROGER AVARY**

END CREDITS

CUT TO:

30 EXT. CAMDEN - COMMONS - MORNING 30

WIDE SHOT: It's morning at Camden. It could be any morning. A FEW STUDENTS are walking to class. A GUY ON A BICYCLE wheels silently by. LAUREN walks by, on her way to the dining hall.

CUT TO:

31 EXT. CAMDEN - BOOTH HOUSE - MORNING 31

WIDE SHOT: Paul walks out of Booth House, a student residence, looking quite fresh and rested. He may have even already worked out this morning.

CUT TO:

32 EXT. CAMDEN - COMMONS - LAWN - MORNING 32

WIDE SHOT: Someone is sleeping at the base of a tree with an emptied six pack. He wakes up and looks around, abandons the cans and walks off. This is, of course, Sean.

CUT TO:

33 EXT. CAMDEN - DINING HALL - MORNING 33

EXTREME WIDE SHOT: The three of them, Lauren, Paul, and Sean, approach the dining hall from various directions around campus.

CUT TO:

34 INT. DINING HALL - SERVING AREA - MORNING 34

EXTREME CLOSE: A cafeteria tray slides to a stop. Some runny scrambled eggs are plopped onto a plate. Then some miniature sausages the size of toothpicks are placed alongside the watery eggs.

Sean Bateman stands, smoking a cigarette and unenthusiastically regards the near liquefied state of his breakfast.

(CONTINUED)



34 CONTINUED:

34

The FOOD SERVICE GIRL who served him, who is probably a financial aid student, gives him a polite and all-too-fresh smile. She might be cute but we wouldn't know because she's dressed in full food service regalia: white hat, apron, plastic gloves -- which kind of sucks any potential attraction out of you.

Sean regards her with the same lack of enthusiasm he has for his breakfast. Then, after popping a mocking, cynically polite, and all-too-fresh smile back at her, he extinguishes his cigarette into the eggs and walks the tray directly to a garbage can and dumps it. He then makes a bee-line for the coffee.

35 INT. DINING HALL - MORNING

35

The dining hall is moderately full of STUDENTS, collected into table sized cliques, eating or not eating breakfast. The NEXT THREE SCENES ARE ALL SHOT SIMULTANEOUSLY and woven together editorially:

Let's begin with...

36 SEAN

36

walks out of the kitchen area and shuffles over to one of the larger round tables away from the window, where his usual crew is sitting: Dicky, Quinlivan, TIM, and GETCH.

GETCH

(bad French)

Bonne journée, Sean Bateman. Ça va?

(bad faux French accent)

Do you get pussy last night?

SEAN

Please. I get enough Franglais from having the Frog as a roommate. Do not accost me with your bad French accent before the nine o'clock hour.

QUINLIVAN

I hate to break it to you, Sean. It's almost nine thirty.

SEAN

(flat and deflated)

Oh. Shit. There goes another class.

GETCH

C'est votre vie. Elle suce.

\*

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

36

SEAN  
(ignoring Getch)  
What issue is on this morning's agenda?

GETCH  
(dropping all French accents)  
Tim's girlfriend, Sari, is preggers. And  
he doesn't care.

Sean takes a sip of his black black black coffee and regards  
this pontification.

SEAN  
I screwed Sari during my second year.

QUINLIVAN  
Me too.

DICKY  
I plugged her in my third year.

TIM  
Would you degenerate assholes shut the  
fuck up.

GETCH  
Like you really care.

SEAN  
Let's face it, Tim. You got stuck with  
the short end of the stick. Next time  
you'll know to double wrap before you  
enter Vagina Girl's cave of doom.

TIM  
(with a shrug)  
Live and learn.

SEAN  
Rock and roll.

DICKY  
(to Tim)  
I've been thinking about someday  
transferring to a real school and going  
pre-Med. I tell you what: I'll perform  
the procedure for fifty bucks.

TIM  
(to Sean)  
Can you float me?

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED: (2)

36

SEAN  
(inhaling a drag from his  
cigarette)  
How do you *know* it's yours? The bitch  
could be fucking you over.

TIM  
(oddly proud)  
You can *tell*. You can look at her and  
just *know* she's not lying.

Silence...

SEAN  
That's, uh, really mystical...Tim.

QUINLIVAN  
So when is she having your demon seed cut  
out of her?

Everyone MOANS COLLECTIVELY.

TIM  
Wednesday, guy. It would have been  
Tuesday but she's got this Primal Dance  
piece on Tuesday.

SEAN  
(grim)  
The show must go on.

TIM  
(a little anxious)  
Yeah. Right.  
(to everyone else)  
And then she's going to Europe for the  
rest of the year.

SEAN  
That's a *relief*.

GETCH  
(trying to change the subject)  
Anybody know where I can get some Ecstasy  
tonight?

SEAN  
Ask me again later today.

DICKY  
Okay, enough small talk. Do any of you  
realize that we're getting a fucking  
(more)

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED: (3)

36

DICKY (CONT'D)

weight room put in. Do you realize what that means?

SEAN

It means that the girls here will be working out those inner thigh muscles. Deal with it.

DICKY

No. You "deal with it". This place is going to shit. I just came out of a Student Council meeting where the Freshmen reps want fraternity houses installed on campus. I came here to get away from jock idiots and frat assholes.

SEAN

You're a senior, Dicky. What do you care? You'll be gone by the time they put them in. Deal with it.

DICKY

Is that all you can say? "Deal with it" and "Rock and Roll"? Do you care about *anything* you leave behind in your wake?

SEAN

Deal with it.

Suddenly, a CUTE RED HAIREd GIRL is standing next to Sean, holding her breakfast on a tray.

CUTE RED HAIREd GIRL

(to Sean)

Hi, Mark.

The entire table falls silent. They look at her.

CUTE RED HAIREd GIRL

How are you this morning?

SEAN

(despite the fact that he has  
no plate of food...)

Eating.

The situation is highly uncomfortable.

CUTE RED HAIREd GIRL

Are you going to the party tonight?

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED: (4)

36

SEAN  
(meaningless)  
Yeah. I'm going to the party tonight.  
You going to the party tonight?

CUTE RED HAIREd GIRL  
Yeah, I am.

SEAN  
(not looking at her and instead  
taking a sip of coffee)  
Well. I guess I'll...see you there.

CUTE RED HAIREd GIRL  
(lingering)  
Okay.

SEAN  
Okay. See you there. Bye.

CUTE RED HAIREd GIRL  
Okay, well...see you.

SEAN  
(under his breath)  
Go away.

She walks away, slightly dejected, to a table with SOME OTHER GIRLS and sits with them.

The guys at Sean's table aren't saying anything.

GETCH  
(finally breaking the silence)  
Mark?

SEAN  
Rock and roll.

At the same time this entire scene has been unfolding, across the dining hall, another conversation has been taking place...

37 PAUL

37

Paul Denton brings his tray of "breakfast" to a table full of guys who are too good-looking to be straight: RAYMOND, DONALD, and HARRY.

PAUL  
(as he sits down)  
Do I detect a table full of fags who've  
been up all night on Crystal Meth?

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

37

They don't even hear him, though they acknowledge his presence with nods.

RAYMOND

(writing furiously)

Students who go to London and come back with accents.

PAUL

What's going on here?

HARRY

We're composing a student blacklist.

DONALD

(to Paul)

Can I bum a cig?

PAUL

(while reluctantly handing him one)

Can you?

DONALD

(while taking it)

Don't fuck with me, Paul.

PAUL

Why don't you just *buy* some?

HARRY

(consumed with the list)

Anybody who rides a motorcycle.

\*

DONALD

(shooting a look to Paul)

And anyone who comes to breakfast who hasn't stayed up all night.

Paul crosses his legs and pokes at the eggs with a fork. He places the fork down. No eggs will be eaten this morning. Paul glances across the dining hall at another table where a hunky guy named MITCHELL is breakfasting with his JERK FRIENDS. It's unlikely Mitchell knows or cares that Paul even exists. MITCHELL'S GIRLFRIEND walks up and gives him a hug from behind, this annoys Paul to no end.

HARRY

Anyone who attempts suicide and fails.

\*

\*

RAYMOND

(scribbling)

Those two dykes who live in Leigh House.

\*

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED: (2)

37

DONALD

How about *all* of Leigh House.

\*

RAYMOND

Even better.

HARRY

Anyone who attempts suicide and fails.

PAUL

(looking over at Mitchell  
across the dining hall)

What about that slut with Mitchell?

RAYMOND

(sarcastically)

Now, now, Paul. Calm down.

(thinks about it)

I'll put her name down anyway.

HARRY

What about that mean, fat, trendy girl?

RAYMOND

Taken care of. She lives in Leigh.

\*

DONALD

Anybody with a goatee.

RAYMOND

Anybody with *any* facial hair.

HARRY

Anyone who goes for seconds at the salad  
bar.

DONALD

Anyone who waits to get braces after high  
school.

PAUL

Drug dealers.

\*

RAYMOND

That rules out the entire administration.

HARRY

Rich people with cheap stereos.

RAYMOND

Boys who can't hold their liquor.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED: (3)

37

PAUL

What about boys who *can*?

RAYMOND

True. True.

PAUL

Put down girls who can't.

RAYMOND

I'll just put down lightweights.

DONALD

How about David Van Pelt?

PAUL

I like David Van Pelt.

HARRY

He has a *harelip*.

PAUL

(defensive)

It's kind of sexy.

DONALD

Put him down.

Donald, Raymond, and Harry all start to CACKLE with laughter.

PAUL

You three remind me of the witches from  
Macbeth, except better looking and  
wearing Giorgio Armani.

MURMURS of approval.

DONALD

How about anyone whose parents are still  
married?

They LAUGH and write it down.

PAUL

(interrupting)

Excuse me. My parents are still married.

They all look up and their smiles fade quickly to deep  
concern.

HARRY

What did you just say, Paul?

(CONTINUED)



37 CONTINUED: (4)

37

Paul CLEARS HIS THROAT dramatically and says:

PAUL

My parents aren't divorced.

There's a LONG SILENCE and then THEY ALL SCREAM a mixture of disappointment and disbelief.

RAYMOND

(amazed, stunned, and alarmed)

No way!

DONALD

You are kidding, Paul. Aren't you?

Harry is too stunned to speak.

PAUL

I am most certainly not kidding, Donald.  
My parents are too boring to get a  
divorce.

They all stare at him, dumbfounded. Finally--

PAUL

(sipping his coffee)  
Go back to your stupid list. Stop  
staring at me.

RAYMOND

O-kay. How about anyone who writes  
poetry about Womanhood?

Excitement about the list is waning.

HARRY

(with a sigh)  
Is there any speed left?

DONALD

No.

RAYMOND

(searching)  
French Canadians?

HARRY

Anyone who smokes Clove cigarettes.

Paul sees Mitchell, on the other side of the room.  
Mitchell's girlfriend sits down on his lap and CHATS with  
him. Paul would like to gag.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED: (5)

37

DONALD

Speaking of cigarettes...

He reaches for Paul's pack of cigarettes. Paul hits the back of Donald's reaching hand with a spoon making a satisfying THWUP.

DONALD

Ow!

PAUL

No. Absolutely not. It infuriates me. You're always "bumming" cigarettes and I won't stand for it anymore. Go buy your own!

DONALD

I'll buy some later. I'm broke.

PAUL

No! It infuriates me that your dad owns, like, half of Amazon.com and you always pretend to be strapped for cash.

DONALD

Is it such a big crisis?

RAYMOND

Yeah, Paul, stop having such a *grand mal*.

HARRY

He's just upset that Mitchell is hetero.

Paul throws the pack at Donald, cigarettes go flying everywhere.

PAUL

Just take them! I need more coffee anyway. This is too much twisted faggy banter for this early in the morning!

He gets up and walks toward the coffee machine.

DONALD

(putting a cigarette in his mouth)

Someone's on the rag.

(beat)

Anybody got a light?

Meanwhile, at another end of the dining hall, another scene has been occurring at the same time...

38 LAUREN

38

walks up to a table from the soda dispensers, having just filled a large Styrofoam cup with Diet Coke. From the background we see Sean and Paul taking seats at their respective tables.

LAUREN

Where's Sari?

Sitting at the table are a PACK OF GIRLS. LARA is an extreme version of Lauren: Lara smokes more, poses more, talks more, and wears more black. CLAUDIA comes from money, and it shows. TORI is thin, with long hair -- a young Morticia.

LARA

Sari's pregnant.

LAUREN

(pulling up a chair)

No shit. You're kidding. Tell me about it.

LARA

What's to tell? Claudia's been talking to her all morning.

CLAUDIA

I gave her some Darvon, and a Prozac. Told her to go to psychological Counseling.

LAUREN

No way. What's she doing about it? I mean -- *when*?

CLAUDIA

She's having it done next week. Wednesday.

LARA

Then she's dropping out and going to Europe. I guess.

LAUREN

Maybe I should go to Europe. Find Victor. Finally lose my virginity.

CLAUDIA

Wait. I'm totally confused. Didn't you lose it to Victor last term?

Lauren pauses, mulling it over.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED:

38

LAUREN

Not...exactly. I mean, you're still a virgin if you only do blowjobs and anal, right?

They all nod "yes" in unison. Lauren smiles, relieved.

LAUREN

Whew! Then I'm still a virgin.

(explaining further)

I wasn't sure about Victor at the time -- but now I'm positive that he's the one. So I'm going to save myself until he gets back.

TORI

(applying lipstick)

Pffff.

LAUREN

What?

TORI

That's what you said about Paul. And then look what happened.

LAUREN

How was I supposed to know he would go gay on me?

CLAUDIA

Tori has a point, Lauren. You *do* have a track record of dating boys who go the gay way.

LAUREN

So what are you saying?

CLAUDIA

Nothing. But maybe it's a defense mechanism you've developed.

LAUREN

Defense against what?

LARA

(being frank)

Losing it. Leaving childhood behind.

(to the others)

She actually looks through a book of genital diseases every Friday night to deter herself from having sex.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED: (2)

38

LAUREN

Excuse me, but you can hardly quantify the situation that way. I have carnal knowledge with boys all the time. Just because it's not vaginal--

LARA

Don't take it the wrong way. We're your friends--

CLAUDIA

Yeah. We're trying to help you.

LARA

It's just that what boys want is pussy. They just love it. They spent nine months getting out and the rest of their lives trying to get back in. If they want a blowjob or backdoor they dont *need* to come to us.

\*  
\*

TORI

Everyone knows that a guy knows how to suck dick and take it up the ass better than a girl.

CLAUDIA

(adding to the thought)  
Just like how girls know how to treat pussy better than boys.

LARA

It's a simple equation. If you want to keep a guy you have to make him feel like he's getting something he can't get from another guy.

LAUREN

(realization)  
Fuuuuhhhhck. What have I been doing?

LARA

(to the others)  
She gets it.

LAUREN

So what do I do?

LARA

Look, we're not telling you to lose it to the next Brady that comes along. But you need to gain some experience before Victor gets back.

\*

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED: (3)

38

CLAUDIA

If you want to keep him.

LARA

If you want to keep him. And for god's  
sake wear a condom.

At that moment, LANCE LAWSON, a philosophy teacher in his  
late forties who's still handsome enough to flirt with the  
students, walks by holding a tray.

\*

MR. LAWSON

Ladies.

Lauren smiles, her eyes, wide as saucers, brightening.

\*

LAUREN

Hi, Lance.

\*

Lance walks off and sits at a table with some TEACHERS.  
Lauren grabs Lara by the arm and squeezes.

\*

LAUREN

He's so handsome. Isn't he handsome?

\*

LARA

Wrong. Never invite a "grup", let alone  
a grup teacher, to our room.

\*

\*

\*

LAUREN

(squeezing tighter)  
He can come by anytime.

\*

LARA

Let go of my arm. Lauren, he's married.

\*

\*

LAUREN

I don't care. So what.

\*

\*

CLAUDIA

He'll never leave his wife for you. It  
would screw up his tenure review. The  
most he wants is a blowjob.

\*

LARA

You don't want him to leave his wife for  
you. Just to do you. Maybe you should  
consider him. Kill two birds with one  
stone. Lose your virginity and raise  
your GPA.

\*

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED: (4)

38

TORI

He does have years of experience behind  
him. He could *really* teach you things.

This registers with Lauren.

LAUREN (V.O.)

*I'm beginning to think that I'm beginning  
to think that romance is a foreign  
concept...*

\*  
\*

DISSOLVE TO:

39 INT. CAMDEN - COMMONS - POST OFFICE - DAY

39

SEAN enters the Post Office. A FEW OTHER STUDENTS mill about,  
writing letters while standing, buying stamps, CHATTING.  
Sean heads towards the student mailboxes.

Sean opens his box and pulls several letters out. Mostly  
junk and fliers to clubs. Nothing personal, except: A fancy  
purple envelope with a simple hand-drawn heart around the  
hand-typed name "Sean Bateman". All the other mail gets  
thrown into a large trashcan.

Sean looks around the room to see if anyone is watching him.  
Anybody could have dropped this note in his box. There's a  
COUPLE KISSING near the window, Lauren is walking down the  
hall past the post office, Paul and the dumb blond kid from  
L.A. are playing Frisbee golf nearby. But no one is looking  
at him.

Sean lifts the purple letter to his nose, almost as if by  
compulsion, and smells it -- it's scented. He shuts his  
eyes.

He then eagerly opens it and as he pulls the lavender letter  
out from inside glitter falls from the letter and onto his  
sweater. Instead of being upset, Sean is pleasantly  
surprised and delighted.

SEAN

(with admiration)

You sneaky bitch.

He brushes as much of the glitter from his sweater as  
possible and then reads the letter...

SEAN (V.O.)

(reading the letter text)

*"Got you. You're mine now for the rest  
of the day, week, month, year...life.  
Have you guessed who I am yet? Sometimes  
(more)*

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

39

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

*I think you have. Sometimes when you're scanning a crowd I feel those sultry dark eyes of yours stop on me. Are you too afraid to come up to me and let me know how you feel? I want to moan and writhe with you and I want to go up to you and kiss your mouth and pull you to me and say 'love you love you love you love you' while stripping -- while sex commences. I want you so bad it stings. I want to kill the ugly girls that you're always with. Do you really like those boring naive coy calculating girls, or is it just for sex? The seeds of love have taken hold and if we won't burn together, I'll burn alone."*

Sean looks around again. No one is watching. He folds up the letter and puts it into his pocket. He walks out of the post office.

CUT TO:

40 INT. DICKINSON - CLASSROOM - DAY

40

Lauren enters a large lecture hall, where a class is to be taking place. It's empty. Written on the chalkboard is: "My wife left me for my T.A. All classes this term are cancelled. Life sucks. Ciao." She stands there for a moment, and then leaves.

CUT TO:

41 EXT. TOWN - MOVING - DAY

41

SLOW MOTION: Sean drives through town on his little motorcycle, passing TOWNIES, PASSERS-THROUGH, and the occasional CAMDEN STUDENTS. Harry Nilsson's song "Everything's Got 'Em" innocently plays.

42 EXT. TOWN - RUPERT'S RUN DOWN HOUSE - DAY

42

Sean pulls up in front of a weathered house in lower-class suburbia. The paint is peeling and the blinds are drawn. The lawn is unkempt. But then, all the houses look like this. The Harry Nilsson song can be heard coming from inside the house.

Sean pulls up on his motorcycle.



43 INT. RUPERT'S RUN DOWN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

43

CLOSE ON: A mini-stereo, just out of the box (or off the boat), is sitting on top of the cardboard box it came in. Harry Nilsson is playing on the stereo.

CLOSE ON: GUEST, the bald Jamaican, a badass dude who wears skintight tank tops that show off his large arms, is slumped into a chair reading an issue of "Cumshot Review".

CLOSE ON: An underage-looking WHITE TRASH GIRL, just on the edge of prostitution is watching MTV with the sound turned down.

CLOSE ON: Someone is doing a rapid set of push-ups, military style. This is RUPERT, a sinewy townie who never went to college but served in the Army for two years. He came out of the service uniquely qualified to be an asshole, qualities he's applying to his growing drug business.

CLOSE ON: A mirror shard is on a coffee table, just next to an overflowing ashtray, a hand grenade, and a gun -- a few lines of coke have been scraped and drawn from a rock of cocaine the size of a coffee mug.

Sean walks in through the front door.

SEAN  
(over the music)  
What's going on?

Sean walks over to the stereo and turns down the volume.

Rupert jumps up, pumped from doing push-ups, and walks quickly into Sean's space. He smiles an evil smile, revealing a diamond in one of his front teeth.

RUPERT  
You're going to have to sell that bike of yours, that's what's going on.

SEAN  
(nervously laughing)  
Why, Rupert?

RUPERT  
Where's my money, college boy?

SEAN  
(trying to spin it into a joke)  
Take American Express?

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED:

43

RUPERT

Not funny.

Rupert deftly and swiftly grabs Sean's hand and bends the hand back on the wrist, spinning him around and forcing Sean to his knees.

Guest, the bald Jamaican, peeks out from behind his magazine.

The white trash girl doesn't even notice (in fact, she doesn't notice *anything* throughout the entire scene...just watches MTV).

RUPERT

You like this? They taught it to me in the Army. One of seventeen hand-to-hand combat methods of rendering your enemy defenseless. All I have to do is apply positive pressure to rip your carpals free from your metacarpals and you'll be unable to operate your weapon.

SEAN

(wincing from pain)

I'm not your enemy...Rupert...and I don't have a weapon--

Rupert releases his hand and lets him fall to the ground.

RUPERT

That's why you get a little time, homes.

He walks over to the mirror and wipes it with his finger and then rubs his gums. He then turns and sits in a large, ratty Easyboy recliner.

RUPERT

You want some coke?

He waves to the rock of cocaine the size of the coffee mug on the table.

SEAN

(getting up off the floor)

Sure.

RUPERT

Then buy some of your own, bitch. Now get the fuck out of my crib. Go get me my money!

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED: (2)

43

SEAN

Rupert. There's an orgy in Booth tonight. I'm scoring for a bunch of Freshmen. They're rich. They want cocaine. They'll pay a premium to get it. What do you think?

Rupert is open mouthed and astonished. Then, like caged animal, he suddenly starts pacing. Ever see Quentin Tarantino walk? Well, this is how Rupert walks. It's the kind of walk that when you see it coming toward you, you cross the street to avoid it. His hand gestures are no less extreme and horrific.

RUPERT

I think you're a rich fucking motherfucker who owes me a fucking shitload of fuckin' cash, that's what I fuckin' think, you rich motherfuckin' motherfucker! You want some fuckin' blow you bring me some fuckin' cash, motherfucker! Fuck! You!

He pauses and flares his nostrils. For a moment we think that the veins on his forehead might just explode. Then he sharply bends over and picks up the gun from the table.

SEAN

Jesus Christ, Rupert. Don't get so tense.

RUPERT

I'll show you tense, motherfucker. You're into me for a fuckload of money. I think you and your motherfuckin' richkid friends are trying to string me along until the end of the year and then take off to all your rich ass motherfuckin' lives leaving me holding my motherfuckin' dick! So fuck you!

Rupert aims the gun at Sean's head. Sean puts his hands up in the air and freezes.

SEAN

(cringing with his eyes shut)  
Rupert, I'm not like these rich assholes. I'm on Financial Aid. I've got to work for a living. I'm from a fucking farm in Nebraska, for Christ's sake. My parents had to sell the cow to send me here! I've got to work in Food Service...

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED: (3)

43

RUPERT

Bullshit!

Rupert cocks the guns hammer with a SATISFYING CLICK. This gets Guest interested, but the white trash girl is totally oblivious. Maybe she's deaf.

SEAN

No. For real, Rupert. My dad's in the hospital and...can't work the land...and, um...the family is strapped for cash... and I might have to drop out...and... please, Rupert...please... don't...

RUPERT

Really?

SEAN

The Lord as my witness, yes.

RUPERT

You really don't have any money?

SEAN

No. I had to work all Summer to pay for this term...

RUPERT

I thought you went home to New York for the Summer?

SEAN

That's what I told everyone...so they wouldn't laugh at me. I actually had to wash pigs all Summer. Jesus, Rupert...I can get these kids to overpay, they're so desperate for drugs. I'm your key to moving this shit on campus. You know you need me. And I need the money. We need each other...

RUPERT

Get it straight, fuckhead: I need you like I need an asshole on my elbow.  
(tapping his elbow with the barrel of the gun)  
Right here. On my elbow. An asshole.  
That's how much I need you.

Rupert turns to the Jamaican.

RUPERT

What'cha think, Guest?

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED: (4)

43

GUEST

(a Jamaican accent)

I tink you shad do less coke, mon, and  
not leave a gun layin' araund. Now stop  
fuckin' wit da kid. He bound ta shit his  
pants.

Rupert lays off with the gun and smiles really big.

RUPERT

You know I'm just fuckin' with you,  
Bateman. Right?

SEAN

(nervous and unsure)

Uh...right.

RUPERT

What kind of markup do you think you can  
get outta these rich fuckin' Freshmen?

SEAN

(after thinking about it)

Well. Depends on how stepped on it is.

RUPERT

Stepped on?

Rupert turns to Guest with a smile and starts to CHUCKLE.

RUPERT

Is our shit stepped on, Guest?

GUEST

Na, mon. Our shit's clean as mornin'  
snow.

By their LAUGHTER Sean can pretty much guess it's the  
shittiest shit in the world.

SEAN

Maybe twenty percent over market value.

RAYMOND

(the intensity barometer  
suddenly rising)

Fifty percent, you say? Hot damn,  
college boy. That's good math. I think  
we may have a deal. Do we have a deal?

SEAN

Sure...

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED: (5)

43

RAYMOND

Good! Then it's time for you to go to work.

HARD CUT TO:

44 INT. BOOTH HOUSE - JUNKIE NAMED MARC'S ROOM - DAY

44 \*

The curtains are drawn in the dorm room of a JUNKIE NAMED MARC, which cast the entire space in a shady chiaroscuro. Marc, the junkie, is excitedly wrapping his arm and preparing to shoot up.

JUNKIE NAMED MARC

Time isn't a constant...that's for damn sure...I mean...sometimes a minute lasts an hour...and other times...an hours zips by in what feels like...a minute...it's totally...subjective...and each person experiences it...different...that's why you can't...trust...clocks...you notice I don't ever...wear...a watch?...no clocks in my room...they screw up your ability to...adjust the flow of...time...to suit your...needs...I use my internal...clock...

Now, I should interject at this point, this kid doesn't look like a junkie -- he actually looks pretty healthy. He's lean and athletic looking -- like a sprinter. But the fact of the matter is that he's gone over the deep end with usage and his brain is fried.

Sean is sitting there watching this blubbering mess of a person fumble distractedly with his gear.

JUNKIE NAMED MARC

(licking his lips and continuing)

So you see...don't be a slave...to time--

He removes the needle from his arm and feels the rush of cocaine enter his system.

SEAN

Marc, you owe me five hundred bucks. I want it by Sunday...okay?

JUNKIE NAMED MARC

God we used to have...wild times at this place...it's so...different now...those times are gone...those places are gone...

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED:

44

Sean starts tuning out. Marc is obviously in a hyperactive yet vegetative state and can't be reasoned with. He starts to feverishly pick at his nose, inside and out.

SEAN

(to no one in particular)  
I gotta go to class tomorrow.  
(pointedly to Marc)  
What about the cash?

JUNKIE NAMED MARC

Class? ... What class? ... Who teaches that?

SEAN

How about your Porche? Can you sell your Porche?

JUNKIE NAMED MARC

(rubbing his legs)  
I'm good for it ... I'm good for it.

SEAN

Marc, you owe me five hundred bucks.  
Five hundred. Don't be a pathetic junkie.

JUNKIE NAMED MARC

Dude, I'm not a junkie. I'm doing research.

He picks up an unplugged electric guitar and starts playing it.

SEAN

Right. Whatever. Look. You've got money. Can't you throw me a couple bucks? I'm a financial aid student, man. I need some money.

JUNKIE NAMED MARC

I'm good for it. Don't fuck up my karma.

Sean shakes his head.

SEAN (V.O.)

*Junkies are pathetic enough but rich  
junkies are even worse. Even worse than  
girls.*

(pause)

*I can't continue doing this. I've got to  
call Patrick.*

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED: (2)

44

Sean gets up to leave, and as he does he snags a copy of "One Hundred Years of Solitude" off of the desk.

SEAN (V.O.)  
*Hmmm. "One Hundred Years of Solitude".*

HARD CUT TO:

45 INT. BOOTH HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

45

Sean, with the paperback of "One Hundred Years of Solitude" folded in his hand, walks down the hallway and past a GUY PLAYING HACKY-SACK to a payphone. He picks up the receiver with an intensity that makes it seem as though he's been rehearsing this moment in your head. He pauses before dialing the number and shuts his eyes -- prays:

SEAN  
(a whispered mantra)  
Please don't be an asshole. Please don't  
be an asshole. Please don't be an  
asshole. Be cool.

He quickly dials the 10-10 number.

SEAN  
(into phone)  
Operator, I'd like to make a collect  
call.

CUT TO:

46 INT. PATRICK BATEMAN'S OFFICE - DAY

46

PATRICK BATEMAN, a Wall Street broker, is Sean's brother. He's older than Sean and externally different in many ways, but on the inside he and his younger brother are cast from the same die. He is hawk-like in his stare, even though he's staring at nothing. Patrick is wearing a mini-houndstooth-check wool suit with pleated trousers by Hugo Boss™, a silk tie, also by Hugo Boss™, a cotton broadcloth shirt by Joseph Abboud and shoes from Brooks Brothers. But his most notable accessory is a sleek Plantronics™ H132N telephone headset connected to a wireless transmitter at his belt which allows him total mobility to walk around his all-too-immaculate office. In front of a large window that overlooks Manhattan is a Palazzetti™ glass-top desk, flanked on either side by halogen lamps and behind which is a Herman-Miller Aeron™ chair. The only object on the uncluttered desk is a Apple G4 Titanium Powerbook™. Opposite the desk, hanging on the large white wall, is a George Stubbs painting. Next to the painting is a wall-mounted Bang & Olufsen BeoSound™ 9000 five-disk CD player quietly playing CLASSICAL MUSIC. There's a

\*  
\*

(CONTINUED)



46 CONTINUED:

46

life-size Doberman statue in one corner, next to a Pacrizinni antique table. Near the door is a reproduction Black Forest umbrella stand (\$675 at Hubert des Forges) without any umbrellas in it. Patrick is pacing while SPEAKING into an Olympus D1000™ Digital Voice Recorder.

PATRICK

(into digital voice recorder)

...into my dreams, which are an endless reel of car wrecks and disaster footage, electric flying saucers, marble Jacuzzis, and pink Peppercorns. I dream I'm back at Camden, then at Harvard, then about the violent deaths of most of the traders at Soloman, and then the dead walking among the living. When I wake up--

The telephone CHIRPS OUT A RING. Patrick turns off the voice recorder and touches a button at the receiver attached to his belt, looking into the air as he answers.

PATRICK

(into headset)

Yes.

JEAN (O.S.)

(over speakerphone)

It's your brother on line three.

(pause)

He called collect.

Patrick regards this, or maybe he's regarding nothing. Maybe he's just listening to the music. He takes a seat in the Aeron chair and wipes a speck off of his desk.

PATRICK

(finally)

I'll take it.

(remembers something)

And Jean, I need reservations for three at Pastis at twelve-thirty and if not there, try Nobu. I also need reservations for two at the Grill Room of the Four Seasons tonight. All right?

JEAN (O.S.)

(over speakerphone)

All right.

PATRICK

Oh, and Jean, would you research laser hair removal for me?

\*  
\*

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED: (2)

46

JEAN (O.S.)  
(over speakerphone)  
What?

PATRICK  
You know. Laser hair removal.  
For...removing your hair with lasers.

\*  
\*

JEAN (O.S.)  
(over speakerphone)  
Okay...anything else?

PATRICK  
Let's see -- oh shit, yeah. Remind me to  
return the DVDs I rented last night back  
to the store.

\*

JEAN (O.S.)  
(over speakerphone)  
Anything else?

PATRICK  
A Perrier.

JEAN (O.S.)  
(over speakerphone)  
Right away.

Patrick picks up the Bang & Olufsen remote and presses a button. Across the room, the CD player stops and changes to a different disk. The soft classical is replaced by Wagner's Festival March from "Tannhäuser".

Patrick then waits a moment, looking at the blinking light on line three of the phone, before he depresses the button.

PATRICK  
Yes.

INTERCUT BETWEEN Patrick in his office and Sean in the hallway of Booth.

SEAN  
Patrick. It's Sean.

PATRICK  
I know.

There's a bit of an uncomfortable pause. Sean doesn't want to get right to the point, but small talk might be worse.

SEAN  
How's dad?

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED: (3)

46

PATRICK

Still breathing with the aid of a machine. Eating and pissing out of tubes. How do you think he is?

SEAN

I don't know. I thought maybe...

PATRICK

(sharp but distant)

What are you doing?

SEAN

School.

PATRICK

What are you doing? Specifics.

SEAN

I don't know, Patrick. School. You *know* what it's like here.

PATRICK

Do I?

SEAN

I don't know, don't you?

PATRICK

What are you on now? Coke? Ludes?

SEAN

Look, I was wondering if you could wire me some money...

PATRICK

I put seven thou in your account. Where is it?

SEAN

Will you or won't you?

PATRICK

What are you going to do?

SEAN

What do you mean?

PATRICK

I mean, what are you going to do? Are you going to get a job?

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED: (4)

46

SEAN  
(searching)  
Because...?

PATRICK  
Because I've spoken with your advisor.  
You're not going to last another term at  
that place.

SEAN  
You called my advisor?! Why are you  
hammering on me?!

PATRICK  
Because *he* would.

SEAN  
*He* -- Dad -- is a fuckin' vegetable.

PATRICK  
(practically hissing)  
Watch that. Do watch that.  
(a pause to calm down)  
I'm in charge of you right now, Sean.  
Until dad recovers -- *if* he recovers.  
Don't cross me. You know he was always  
upset about all the football scholarships  
you threw away. He'd be happy to hear  
that you were taking a leave of absence  
to work a little.

There's a long pause while they both let this sink in.  
Patrick rewinds the Wagner CD with the remote so that he can  
hear a passage over again. Sean has had enough of the hacky-  
sackers constant hacky-sacking.

SEAN  
(venomously)  
Would you fucking take that somewhere  
else?!

The hacky-sacker walks into his room and closes the door.

SEAN  
(cynical)  
What do you want me to do? What *you* do?

PATRICK  
You couldn't even *imagine* what I do. The  
question is: What are *you* going to do?

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED: (5)

46

SEAN

I don't know. Are you not going to wire me the cash?

PATRICK

Right now? No.

SEAN

Then fuck you! Fuck you! Fuck you!

Sean starts SMASHING the phone against the receiver over and over again as if it was Patrick's face.

SEAN

(continuing)

Fuck you! Fuck you! Fuck you! Fuck you!  
Fuck you! Fuck you! Fuck you! Fuck you!  
Fuck you!

Patrick, back in his office, smiles, and calmly disconnects the line, changes the CD back to the SOFT CLASSICAL, and BUZZES his secretary.

PATRICK

(to his secretary over the headset)

Jean. How about that Perrier?

CUT TO BLACK:

Stay on the BLACKNESS a moment longer than feels natural...

47 INT. LEIGH HOUSE - LAUREN'S ROOM - NIGHT

47

From Lauren's open window we can HEAR THE PARTY out at the edge of Campus.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL: Lauren and Lara's room. Typical college girl decor. Lara is getting ready for the party by putting her make-up on. Lauren is laying on the bed, not getting ready for the party, and flipping through a large medical textbook of Venereal Diseases.

EXTREME CLOSE ON: The medical textbook. Gruesome close-up photographs of explicit sexual diseases. The explicit imagery of pink, purple, blue, and red blisters are almost beautiful in a minimalist sort of way.

LARA

Is your ultimate deterrent to a Friday night party working?

\*

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

47

LAUREN

To an extent. But they're just too beautiful -- in a minimalist sort of way. The ultimate deterrent would be Victor. The two of us could stay in. Maybe watch "Breakfast at Tiffany's". Drink some wine coolers...

LARA

Enough fantasizing. Victor is three thousand miles away. Use *the Book*.

Lauren flips through a few more pages of horrific genital rashes and boils. She holds up the book for Lara to see.

LAUREN

What does this remind you of? Degas? Seurat? Renoir?

LARA

(flat)  
Scooby Doo.

Lara looks at herself in the mirror, studying her figure.

LARA

How do I look?

LAUREN

Well, since you asked, you're looking really skinny.

LARA

Skinny?

LAUREN

Skinny.

LARA

Bulimic skinny or anorexic skinny?

LAUREN

Is there a difference?

LARA

Bulimic skinny passes for healthy. Except your teeth rot -- but my teeth aren't rotting, so...

LAUREN

So you look bulimic skinny?

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED: (2)

47

LARA

Lauren -- I'm telling you, it's amazing how much weight you lose when you're off the pill.

LAUREN

Yeah. Until the fifty pounds you gain when you get knocked up.

LARA

Do the math. If a condom is 98% safe and he wears two, then you're 196% safe. That's a better percentage than the pill can offer.

LAUREN

I'm not sure it works that way. I mean *abstinence* is 100% safe, which is less of a percentage than--

LARA

Whatever. I don't know. I don't major in math.

Lauren nods. Lara gets her stuff ready to leave.

LARA

So are you going, or not?

LAUREN

I don't know. I have an early class tomorrow.

LARA

Lauren, listen to your friend and roommate: You need to get laid. You need to lose your virginity. If you don't lose it in college you're never gonna lose it.

(beat)

You can't spend your life waiting for Victor. And don't spend all night waiting up for me.

Lauren looks at her for a while as this sinks in and then finally nods. She then looks out the window at the party across campus at the Edge of the World...

CUT TO:

48 EXT. CAMDEN - THE EDGE OF THE WORLD - NIGHT

48

Big party at The Edge of the World. The MAJORITY OF CAMPUS is there drinking from a number of kegs. The Edge of the World is an open space on the outer rim of campus that overlooks the lights of Camden Town below. A number of cars have been parked with their lights turned on and aimed inward to the central party area. All of the car doors are open and their stereos have been tuned to the same local college radio channel which is playing MUSIC.

Then we read:

**THE EDGE OF THE WORLD PARTY**

49 PAUL

49

is leaning against the hood to one of the cars drinking beer from a large red plastic cup. His eyes are fixated on Mitchell, the good looking guy we last saw in the dining hall, who is standing at the keg. After Paul builds up his courage he dumps his near-full beer into the grass and walks over to the keg where Mitchell is filling his beer.

PAUL

Hi Mitch. What's up?

MITCHELL

Hey Paul. Not much. What's up with you?

He starts filling a second red plastic cup. Paul takes note of this.

PAUL

Nothing. Can we talk?

MITCHELL

What do you want to talk about?

PAUL

(taking the tap from Mitchell)

Just about what's going on.

A GIRL walks up and waits for the tap while Paul fills his cup, careful to tilt it so that it doesn't create too much foam.

MITCHELL

I warned you, Paul. Remember that.

PAUL

(good humored)

I know, I know.

(CONTINUED)



49 CONTINUED:

49

He hands the girl the tap even though his beer is only half-full.

PAUL

Wait. Warned me about what?

MITCHELL

I warned you.

He starts to walk away, both beers in hand. Paul follows him.

PAUL

Wait--

Mitchell turns around.

MITCHELL

I'm warning you again.

Candice, Mitchell's girlfriend, walks up and takes a beer from him. She looks kind of trashy and pretty at the same time...definitely drunk. Probably a good lay.

MITCHELL

(a little uncomfortable but  
trying not to act it)

Um. You two know each other?

CANDICE

(totally sweet and oblivious)  
Yeah, hi.

PAUL

Hi.

CANDICE

(to Mitchell)

Mitch. I'm kind of through partying  
tonight. You want to walk me back to my  
room?

(in a hushed whisper)

My roommate is at her boyfriend's  
tonight.

MITCHELL

Sure.

(to Paul)

Later, guy.

CANDICE

Bye, Paul.

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED: (2) 49

They walk off, leaving Paul standing there.

50 REWIND 50

the MUSIC and the action. People are walking and talking in REVERSE. Candice and Mitchell WALK BACKWARDS to Paul.

CANDICE  
(talking backwards)  
.luaP ,eyB

TRACK THROUGH the party away from Paul, Mitchell, and Candice. STUDENTS and A FEW TOWNIES are drinking, talking and partying...all in REVERSE. Pass by Paul and Mitchell, TALKING BACKWARDS at the keg:

MITCHELL  
(to Paul in reverse)  
.taht rebmemeR .luaP ,uoy denraw I

CONTINUE TRACKING through the party in REVERSE until we come to Sean, who is standing at the edge of the End of the World, which overlooks the town lights, talking to Candice.

SEAN  
(to Candice in reverse)  
?sdrawkcab si "racecar" tahw wonk uoY

Pass Sean and STOP TRACKING in a WIDE SHOT of the town.

51 SWITCH THE DIRECTION OF TIME 51

PULL BACK TO REVEAL: Sean, now in NORMAL FORWARD MOTION sean is standing there.

SEAN  
You know what "racecar" is backwards?

CANDICE  
(drunk)  
Rakacar? Raka -- Reca -- I don't know.  
I give up.

SEAN  
It's racecar.

CANDICE  
(not blown down by the  
revelation)  
Hmm. How clever.

An uncomfortable pause ensues.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

51

SEAN

So what do you say? Why not ditch that loser you've been hanging out with lately and come back to my room?

She almost chokes on her beer and starts to LAUGH.

CANDICE

Why?

SEAN

Old times.

CANDICE

Old times?

She starts LAUGHING even harder.

SEAN

What's so funny? Jesus!

CANDICE

I'm not *that* drunk.

Suddenly a FLAPPING moth lands in what's left of her beer. Sean notices this but chooses not to tell her.

CANDICE

But I'm flattered. Really.

SEAN

Then lend me a couple of bucks.

CANDICE

Oh, Sean. You're still the same.

(she thinks about it)

I don't know if that's good or bad.

She lifts the cup of beer to her mouth and takes a swig, sucks in the moth and spits it out.

CANDICE

Blea -- fuck!

Sean starts LAUGHING.

CANDICE

(throwing the rest of her beer onto him)

Fuck you, Bateman!

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED: (2)

51

SEAN  
(chuckling)  
You'll suck Mitch's cock but you won't  
swallow a moth.

CANDICE  
(seething)  
I know where the cock has been.

She starts walking off.

SEAN  
Do you? Are you sure about that?

She storms off pissed. Sean LAUGHS until she's out of range  
then his emotions flatten.

SEAN  
Bitch.

Sean throws his cup off the hillside and toward the town. He  
then turns and walks back into the main CROWD of the party,  
toward the keg.

There's a LINE OF PEOPLE at the

52 KEG

52

Sean stands in it for a moment and then turns to leave. He  
bumps into Paul, who has just been warned off by Mitchell and  
was coming into line.

SEAN  
Sorry.

PAUL  
No problem.

They both watch Mitchell and Candice walking off through the  
crowd back toward the Commons. Paul looks at Sean...

PAUL  
It's Sean, right?

SEAN  
Right. Paul?

PAUL  
Right.

SEAN  
You know that girl with Mitch?

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED:

52

PAUL  
You mean Candice? Her name is Candice.

SEAN  
Yeah. That's right.

PAUL  
I was in a class with her but I failed it.

SEAN  
(somewhat surprised)  
I was in that class too. So did I.

There's a pause in the conversation as Paul regards Sean and the mutual rapport between them.

PAUL  
(suspiciously)  
I didn't see you in there.

SEAN  
That's *why* I failed.

PAUL  
Oh.

SEAN  
I can't believe *you* failed.

PAUL  
I failed two others.

SEAN  
You did? Huh. I never thought *you'd* fail anything.

PAUL  
You'd be surprised.

SEAN  
My type of guy.

They reach the keg and try out the tap. Foam SPUTTERS out.

SEAN  
Well that's typical. Keg's dead. I'm outta here. I've got class tomorrow. Later.

PAUL  
How about a chimichanga?

\*

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED: (2)

52

SEAN

What?

PAUL

A chimichanga. You wanna go get a  
chimichanga? Mexican food. El Sombrero?

\*  
\*

SEAN

(glancing at his watch)  
They closed a long time ago.

PAUL

I mean tomorrow night. I'll buy.

SEAN

I don't know. I guess. Whatever.  
You'll buy?

PAUL

I'll totally buy.

Sean thinks about it and nods.

SEAN

Okay. Rock and roll.

PAUL

Great. Tomorrow, then.

FADE TO BLACK:

53 EXT. CAMDEN - COMMONS - NIGHT/MORNING

53

WIDE SHOT: It is the wee hours of the morning and still dark. The campus is quiet. Then, a dim blue light illuminates the Eastern sky. The moon drops below the Western horizon. Soon, the stars begin to fade against the rising sun and the darkness of night gives way to the warm light of day. It all happens SLIGHTLY ACCELERATED, perhaps in stop motion...

CUT TO:

54 INT. LEIGH HOUSE - LAUREN'S ROOM - MORNING

54

CLOSE ON: Lauren's Bose Wave clock/radio wakes her up with an annoying BREEEEEEEEP! She quickly turns it off and lifts her sleepy head. Lara's bed, across the room, is empty...unslept in. Typical.

CUT TO:

55 INT. LEIGH HOUSE - BATHROOM - VARIOUS - MORNING 55

IN A SERIES OF QUICK SHOTS: Lauren goes about her morning constitutionals of shitting, showering, brushing her teeth, flossing, drying and brushing her hair, putting on what little makeup she puts on...

CUT TO:

56 INT. LEIGH HOUSE - LAUREN'S ROOM - MORNING 56

IN A SERIES OF SHOTS: Lauren gets dressed and gets her books ready. She walks out of her room.

57 INT. LEIGH HOUSE - HALLWAY - MORNING 57

Lauren walks out of the hallway. She passes Lara, who is frumpled and exhausted looking.

LARA  
(bleary-eyed)  
How could you possibly go out this early  
in the morning?

LAUREN  
I have class.

LARA  
It's Saturday...

Lauren continues on down the hall as Lara walks to the room and unlocks the door. Lauren smirks. Suddenly the SCREEN DIVIDES INTO A SPLIT SCREEN, with Sean on the other side:

SPLIT SCREEN:

58 INT. BOOTH HOUSE - SEAN'S ROOM - SPLIT SCREEN - MORNING 58

Sean's alarm clock, a G-Shock wristwatch, goes off with a persistent BEEP, BEEP, BEEP, BEEP--

Sean grabs it and fumbles, trying to turn it off.

His roommate, Bertrand, in the bed on the other side of the room, lifts his head -- his eyes unable to open. BEEP, BEEP, BEEP, BEEP!

BERTRAND  
(very French)  
Merde! What is it? Asshole! Turn off  
the fucking thing...!

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED: 58

BEEP, BEEP, BEEP, BEEP! Sean sits up, studies the watch to try to figure out how to turn it off. He must not use it much. BEEP, BEEP, BEE--

Victory. Sean smiles and takes out a cigarette and lights it. He sits there for a moment looking at Bertrand who has fallen back asleep in his half-sitting upright alert position. Sean smiles...

SPLIT SCREEN:

59 EXT. CAMDEN - LEIGH HOUSE/COMMONS - SPLIT SCREEN - MORNING 59

IN A SERIES OF SHOTS: Lauren walks out of her dorm and across campus. She passes a part of the Commons where she can see the devastation from the End of the World Party. People are rolling kegs away. She walks up to the Dickenson Building...

SPLIT SCREEN:

60 INT. BOOTH HOUSE - BATHROOM - STALL - SPLIT SCREEN - MORNING 60

Sean sits on the can smoking a cigarette and taking a shit. He smokes the whole thing. It takes about two minutes. Perfectly timed burn...

SPLIT SCREEN:

61 INT. DICKINSON - HALLWAY - SPLIT SCREEN - MORNING 61

Lauren walks down the large, wide hallway that looks like it was last remodeled in the Eighties. She walks up to the class. It's empty. She starts walking down the hallway and to the teacher offices...

SPLIT SCREEN:

62 EXT. CAMDEN - COMMONS - SPLIT SCREEN - MORNING 62

Sean, barely awake, is wandering to class...

SPLIT SCREEN:

63 INT. DICKINSON - LAWSON'S OFFICE - SPLIT SCREEN - MORNING 63

Lauren walks into Mr. Lawson's office. It's dark and the shades are drawn. She looks around the messy room. Then, she sees him -- passed out on the couch, SNORING. On his desk is a bottle of Cuervo Gold and a half-smoked joint on a roach clip. She picks up the joint and a lighter and takes a couple of puffs.

(CONTINUED)



63 CONTINUED:

63

She sits there for a while, watching her teacher sleep and getting stoned. Then, once she's had enough she leaves and walks back into the hall...

SPLIT SCREEN:

64 INT. DICKINSON - HALLWAY - SPLIT SCREEN - MORNING

64

Sean is coming down the hall, trying to find the room. He's at one end of the hall and Lauren is at the other. Both of them are at opposite sides of the SPLIT SCREEN. They notice each other and slowly approach, until they're standing FACING EACH OTHER BUT ON SEPARATE SIDES OF THE SPLIT SCREEN.

SEAN

Are you here for that class?

LAUREN

The tutorial on the post modern condition? It's been cancelled.

SEAN

Typical.

LAUREN

I haven't seen you in it before.

SEAN

That's what's so *typical*. This was the first time I bothered to show up.

LAUREN

(blunt, with good humor)  
You've got bad timing.

SEAN

Saturdays suck. I don't have to put up with this bullshit. I'm dropping this class.

She looks at him for a moment, checking him out.

LAUREN

Me too.

SEAN

Really?

LAUREN

Yeah. I think I'm gonna change my major.

SEAN

To what?

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED:

64

LAUREN

I don't know yet. What's yours?

SEAN

I don't even know.

She smiles.

LAUREN

You're Sean Bateman, right?

SEAN

Right. You're name's...Lauren.

LAUREN

Right. I bought some pot from you last term. It was good. A little seedy though.

SEAN

Weren't you going out with that Paul Denton dude?

LAUREN

Ancient history.

The ANGLE ON BOTH OF THEM ROTATES until the TWO HALVES OF THE SPLIT SCREEN MERGE INTO A SINGLE TWO SHOT...the line between them vanishing.

SEAN

Rock and roll.

She crosses him and the SPLIT SCREEN REFORMS, creating two separate halves, Lauren on one side, and Sean on the other -- they've swapped sides.

LAUREN

(seductively, bating)

Well, Sean Bateman. Maybe I'll see you at the next pre-Saturday party party.

Sean watches her as she walks down the hall and out of the door. Then he reaches into his pocket and takes out one of the purple love letters. He unfolds it and looks at it, smells it...

CUT TO:

65 INT. LEIGH HOUSE - LAUREN'S ROOM - DAY

65

DOUBLE SPEED: Lauren is jumping up and down on her bed with extreme excitement, LAUGHING like crazy, while Lara --

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED:

65

mortified -- tries to figure out what's going on. The whole while "Semper Fidelis" by John Sousa plays at double speed--

FADE TO BLACK:

66 INT. BOOTH HOUSE - PAUL'S ROOM - NIGHT

66

Paul, freshly showered and squeaky clean, is going through his closet for just the right shirt. He flips through them like he's scanning a magazine for a specific article that he can't find. Finally he settles on one and pulls it out.

IN A SERIES OF JUMP CUTS:

Paul is standing in front of a full length wall mirror looking at himself in his selection. Hmmm. How does it look? Too conservative?

Paul is standing in front of the mirror again, this time dressed in a more casual outfit...but it's *rich* casual. Doesn't look right either.

Paul is standing in front of the mirror, yet again. This time he's wearing a totally different outfit. He's holding a different shirt on a hanger -- and lifting it up and down to see how it looks. He doesn't like it.

Paul stands in front of the mirror dressed all in black. Black jeans, black shirt, black shoes. Very slick looking. He stands sideways and feels his stomach to see if it's sticking out, which of course it isn't.

Suddenly, Raymond bursts into the room. His face is white and he's PANTING.

RAYMOND

Harry tried to kill himself.

PAUL (V.O.)

*That is so typical. I knew something like this was going to happen. I just had a feeling that there would be some obstacle, major or minor, that was going to prevent my evening with Sean from happening.*

PAUL

What do you mean Harry tried to kill himself?

RAYMOND

You've got to come to Windham House. He's there. Oh shit. Jesus, Paul. We've got to do something.

\*

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED:

66

PAUL  
Um...call security?

RAYMOND  
Security?! Security?! What the Hell is  
Security going to do?

PAUL  
Calm down. Tell Security a Freshman just  
tried to kill himself. Believe me,  
they'll be there within the hour.

Raymond grabs Paul by the arm and starts pulling.

RAYMOND  
He'll be dead by then! Come on!

PAUL  
He'll be fine. Look, I have an  
appointment at seven.

RAYMOND  
Will you please come on!

He pulls Paul out of the room.

CUT TO:

67 EXT. CAMDEN - COMMONS - NIGHT

67

Raymond, HUFFING as he jog-walks, and Paul make their way  
across the Commons toward Windham House.

\*

CUT TO:

68 INT. WINDHAM HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

68 \*

Raymond, half-running, with Paul tagging along halfheartedly  
behind walk down the hallway to Harry's room.

PAUL  
So what did he do? Try to O.D. on  
Sudafed and wine coolers?

Raymond starts POUNDING on the door. Then, realizing it's  
unlocked, he rushes in.

69 INT. WINDHAM HOUSE - HARRY'S ROOM - NIGHT

69 \*

Paul stands at the doorway, not wanting to commit to the  
scene...

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED:

69

Harry is laying on the bed, his eyes closed, wearing typical Freshman garb: Bermudas, Polo sweater, Hi-Tops, his head lolling back and forth. Donald is at his side trying to make him throw up into a wastebasket next to the bed.

RAYMOND  
(as if it will save Harry's  
life)  
I brought Paul.

PAUL  
What did he take?

RAYMOND AND DONALD  
(simultaneously)  
Don't know.

Paul walks over to the desk and picks up a half-empty bottle of Dewar's.

PAUL  
(irritated)  
You don't know?

He smells the bottle. Uhg.

DONALD  
(trying to lift him up)  
Listen, we should take him to Dunham  
hospital.

RAYMOND  
That's all the way in fucking Keene!

DONALD  
Where else is there, asshole?

RAYMOND  
There's a hospital in town.  
(pause)  
Imbecile.

DONALD  
How am I supposed to know these things?!

PAUL  
I have to meet someone at seven.

DONALD  
Fuck the meeting. Get your car, Raymond.

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED: (2)

69

Raymond rushes out. Paul helps Donald lift Harry up from the bed. Donald raises Harry's arm and starts taking off the cashmere vest he's wearing.

PAUL  
What are you doing?

DONALD  
This vest's mine. I don't want it ruined.

Suddenly Harry SPUTTERS A COUGH followed by a GAG.

HARRY  
(wasted)  
What are we doing?

PAUL  
(accusingly)  
See. He's alive.

DONALD  
Jesus, Paul. This is serious.  
(whispering to Harry)  
It'll be okay, Harry. Don't worry.

They walk him out into the

70 HALLWAY

70

PAUL  
He seems okay to me. Maybe drunk.

DONALD  
(lecture tone)  
Paul. He called me up before dinner and said he was going to kill himself. I came over here after dinner, and look at him. He's obviously taken something.

Paul slaps Harry several times.

PAUL  
What did you take, Harry?  
(slap)  
What did you take?

DONALD  
(slap)  
Come on, Harry. Tell Paul what you took?

Slap, slap. Nothing, just a CHOKING COUGH.

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUED:

70

PAUL  
(annoyed)  
Jesus Christ, this is so typical. I'm  
gonna miss my date. Let's get to the  
hospital quick and get this over with.

CUT TO:

71 INT. RAYMOND'S CAR - TOWN - MOVING - NIGHT

71

Raymond is at the wheel of his Saab. In the back seat, Harry  
is in between Paul and Donald. His eyes are rolled into the  
back of his head and he's drooling. Every now and then a  
GARGLE comes out of his gaping mouth.

DONALD  
He found out he was adopted today.

PAUL  
Oh.  
(pause)  
Could you stop at a Circle K or  
something? I need cigarettes.

DONALD  
Can I remind you that we have someone  
O.D.ing back here?

PAUL  
He's not O.D.ing! He's just a Freshman.  
Freshmen don't O.D.

DONALD  
Fuck you, Paul!

Suddenly Harry starts to RETCH.

DONALD  
Oh, shit! He's throwing up!

RAYMOND  
Open the window! Open the fucking  
window!

PAUL  
He's not throwing up.

RAYMOND  
Then what do you call that sound?

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED:

71

PAUL

Dry heaves. He's just forgetting to breathe and he has a lot of air in his stomach.

Suddenly Harry MUMBLES something and then begins to RETCH some more. A TERRIFIC WATERY BELCH fills the darkness of the car.

DONALD

Oh no! He's throwing up again!

PAUL

He never threw up in the first place.

RAYMOND

Maybe we should be inducing vomiting?  
Should I pull over?

PAUL

I can't believe you two. Can I change this tape?

CUT TO:

72 INT. HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT

72

Raymond and Donald are dragging Harry in. Paul walks alongside them, looking more casual. The emergency room is totally empty, with MUZAK being piped in through ceiling speakers. A YOUNG FAT NURSE looked up and smirks.

YOUNG FAT NURSE

(not looking at Harry)

Yes?

RAYMOND

This guy's O.D.ing.

YOUNG FAT NURSE

(getting up)

O.D.ing?

Then the DUTY DOCTOR walks out. He's an old guy with glasses, MUMBLING to himself.

Donald and Raymond lay Harry down on the floor.

DONALD

Thank God.

The doctor kneels down and checks Harry's vital signs. No one says a word. After a while the doctor GRUNTS.

(CONTINUED)



72 CONTINUED:

72

RAYMOND

Will you get him into the emergency room?  
Isn't there anyone else here?

The doctor ignores him. He checks Harry's pulse. He then unbuttons Harry's shirt and checks his chest with a stethoscope to his tan, bony chest. He then checks the pulse again and GRUNTS. Finally, after listening to both the stethoscope and his heart several more times, the doctor looks at Harry, Donald, and Paul.

DUTY DOCTOR

I'm not getting any pulse.

Donald throws his hands over his mouth in horror. He backs up against the wall.

RAYMOND

He's dead? Is this a joke?

Paul scoffs and points at the body.

PAUL

I can see him moving. He's not dead. I  
can see him breathing.

DONALD

He's dead, Paul. Shut up! I knew it! I  
knew it!

DUTY DOCTOR

I'm sorry about this, boys. How did this  
happen?

DONALD

(wailing)  
Oh God...

PAUL

Shut up before I bitch slap you.  
(to the duty doctor)  
Look. He's not dead.

DUTY DOCTOR

Boys, I'm not getting a heartbeat or a  
pulse. The pupils looks dilated to me.  
(he wheezes as he gets up)  
That boy's dead.

Donald starts to SOB, his back to the wall. Raymond looks at Harry closely, and then to Paul. It's obvious that Raymond isn't too worried any more.

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED: (2)

72

DUTY DOCTOR

I don't know what to tell you boys, but  
your friend's dead. He's simply not  
alive.

Harry's eyes open up half-way.

HARRY

(wasted)

I'm not dead am I?

Donald SCREAMS.

RAYMOND

Yes you are. Shut up.

The doctor kneels back down and takes his pulse. Harry's  
eyes are open, blinking.

DUTY DOCTOR

I'm telling you, there's no pulse. This  
boy is *dead*.

PAUL

I think we're going to take our friend  
home, okay? Is that, like, okay with  
you?

HARRY

Am I dead...?

DONALD

Tell him to shut up!

DUTY DOCTOR

I'm pretty sure your friend is dead.  
Maybe you want me to run some tests?

RAYMOND AND DONALD

(simultaneously)

No!

By now they have Harry up and are taking him out of the  
hospital and back to the car, which is parked half on the  
curb.

DUTY DOCTOR

(calling to them as they leave)

I really must insist that we run some  
tests on your friends corpse.

CUT TO:

73 INT. RAYMOND'S CAR - TOWN - MOVING - NIGHT

73

They are driving back to campus. Harry is SNORING. Everyone else is intensely quiet.

Paul checks his watch. It's almost eight. He's missed his date with Sean.

CUT TO:

74 INT. BOOTH HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

74

Sean is talking to Lara, Lauren's friend at a pre-Saturday night party party. STUDENTS are mulling about, drinking beer. Sean's wondering where Lauren is, while Lara blatantly flirts with him.

Then we read:

**A PRE-SATURDAY NIGHT PARTY PARTY**

Sean finally turns to Lara.

SEAN

So is she coming tonight?

LARA

I doubt it.

SEAN

Why?

LARA

She's been looking at *the Book*.

SEAN

What book?

LARA

It's this big medical book she has of Venereal Diseases. Before a party she looks through it to discourage herself from going. It's got some pretty nasty imagery. Helps her to focus on homework.

Sean lets this sink in.

SEAN

(more of a statement than a question)

So she's not coming.

(CONTINUED)

74 CONTINUED:

74

LARA

Nope.

(beat)

You wanna get me another beer?

Paul, wearing all black, walks in through the front door of Booth and scans the room. He spots Sean and then notices that he's talking to Lara. A grimace of jealousy crosses his face. Then Sean walks across the room to the keg, leaving Lara alone for a moment. This is Paul's chance...

He bee-lines over to him.

PAUL

Hey, Sean. Sorry I'm late.

SEAN

(pumping the keg tap)

What?

PAUL

This stupid thing went down. I had to take a Freshman to the hospital. I'm sorry I'm late.

SEAN

(not really even sure what he's talking about)

It's okay.

PAUL

I'll make it up to you.

SEAN

(filling the beers)

You don't have to.

Paul nervously glances over at Lara, who is getting hit on by some GUY FROM DARTMOUTH with big arms and a big chin.

PAUL

I know I don't. But I want to. I really insist.

SEAN

Whatever.

PAUL

(trying to hold on)

Look, I've got some pot in my room. You want some? We could get stoned.

(CONTINUED)

74 CONTINUED: (2)

74

SEAN  
You've got pot?

PAUL  
In my room.

Sean, holding the two beers, looks over at Lara who is being CHATTED UP by the Dartmouth guy. He looks at Paul and then offers him Lara's beer.

SEAN  
Want a beer?

Paul takes it and smiles.

PAUL  
(eager)  
Let's go.

They walk out of the living room and to Paul's room.

Just as Paul and Sean leave the room, Lauren walks in. She stands in the doorway for a moment looking around and then walks over to Lara.

LARA  
Hey Lauren. This is...

GUY FROM DARTMOUTH  
Jim.

LARA  
Jim from Dartmouth.

GUY FROM DARTMOUTH  
(to Lauren)  
Brewski for Youski?

She SIGHS.

LAUREN  
May as well.

The guy from Dartmouth goes over to the keg to get Lauren and Lara a beer. When he's out of earshot she turns to Lauren.

LARA  
He thinks it's the Dressed To Get Screwed Party. You want him? I'll give him to you.

(CONTINUED)

74 CONTINUED: (3)

74

LAUREN

No. You keep him. My standards are a little higher than a guy whose opening line is "Brewski for Youski".

LARA

Sure? I don't see Victor around...

LAUREN

How about Sean Bateman? Have you seen him?

LARA

Sean Bateman? He ran off with Paul Denton.

LAUREN

You think...?

LARA

I don't know...

LAUREN

He must just be selling him something.

LARA

Right.

LAUREN

Right.

LARA

So you're out on the prowl again?

LAUREN

*The Book* just didn't do it tonight. I think I need a more hard-core deterrence.

She looks around the room, scanning it. At that moment Lauren's teacher, Mr. Lawson, walks in. He looks over at her and walks over.

MR. LAWSON

Ms. Lauren Hynde. Why weren't you at my tutorial last Saturday?

He leans against the wall and seductively looks at her.

CUT TO:

75 INT. BOOTH HOUSE - PAUL'S ROOM - NIGHT

75

Paul and Sean are smoking pot and drinking beer.

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED:

75

PAUL  
Where did you spend last Summer?

SEAN  
Berlin.

PAUL  
Really.

SEAN  
Yeah. It was okay.

PAUL  
How are the clubs there?

SEAN  
Good, I guess.  
(he laughs and sucks on the  
pipe)  
Clubs?

PAUL  
Yeah. Do you speak German?

SEAN  
German? No.

Sean starts LAUGHING. Stoned laughter.

PAUL  
You don't?

SEAN  
No. Why?

PAUL  
Well. I assumed since you spent the  
Summer in Berlin, I thought...

SEAN  
No. Berlin, New Hampshire.

He SNIFFS the pipe. It's dead.

PAUL  
Oh.

Paul watches Sean as he loads the pipe.

PAUL (V.O.)  
*I watched him with growing intensity as  
he refilled the pipe in the dark, hazy,  
dreamlike and smokey din of the room.*  
(more)

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED: (2)

75

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

*His fingers were delicately fingered what looked like dry moss to me. And it struck me then, that I liked Sean because he looked, well, slutty. A boy who had been around. A boy who couldn't remember if he was Catholic or not.*

SEAN (V.O.)

*I need to get some more pot. I'm running out. Then I need to get laid. Where the fuck was Lauren tonight? That Lara girl was kind of hot. I could bang her and feel good about it. But I'd rather have Lauren. I wonder why? It's not like Lauren's sexier...she just seems more innocent. More pure. I need to fuck Lauren. Then I need to get more pot.*

Sean lights and inhales a puff and then passes the pipe to Paul, who takes a drag.

Suddenly, the IMAGE DIVIDES INTO TWO SIMULTANEOUS SPLIT SCREENS. Both sides of the split screen have the exact same action. Then, suddenly, the ACTION BEGINS TO SLOWLY DEVIATE...

On the LEFT SIDE OF THE SPLIT SCREEN we see Paul's view of things -- he places his hand on Sean's leg, allows it to slide inward a bit. He then leans in and gently kisses Sean on the lips. Sean hesitates for a moment, and then they kiss harder. Then it's heavy, Paul pushes Sean back onto the bed and starts feeling him all over -- putting his hand up his shirt to feel his chest -- beginning to make love...

On the RIGHT SIDE OF THE SPLIT SCREEN, we see Sean's view of things -- no sex. No kissing. Just beer drinking and pot smoking. Sean is pretty wasted. He passes out, leaving Paul disappointed...

FADE TO BLACK:

76 EXT. CAMDEN - BOOTH HOUSE - MORNING

76

It is morning. SEVERAL BEDRAGGLED STUDENTS wander about, on their way to class or home to their rooms to pass out.

77 INT. BOOTH HOUSE - PAUL'S ROOM - MORNING

77

CLOSE ON: A television set is playing an MTV BEACH PARTY STYLE SHOW. On screen is a guy with ripped abs dancing to HOUSE MUSIC with a tan girl with large breasts that can barely be contained by her tiny bikini top. Both of them are thigh-deep in a swimming pool and surrounded by other idealized dancers posing as normal people.

(CONTINUED)



77 CONTINUED:

77

Sean and Paul are sitting around drinking beer and watching.

SEAN  
Look at that chick's cans.

PAUL  
(deadpan)  
Implants.

SEAN  
I wouldn't kick her out of bed for eating  
crackers.

This comment annoys Paul, but before he can generate a snappy  
comeback his phone rings. He MUTES THE TELEVISION and  
answers.

PAUL  
Hello?

MRS. DENTON (O.S.)  
(over phone)  
Paul? It's your mother.

Paul sits upright.

PAUL  
Hi mom. How's it going?

MRS. DENTON (O.S.)  
Someone stole my car.

PAUL  
Oh.

MRS. DENTON (O.S.)  
Don't worry. The insurance is going to  
cover it. I didn't like the color  
anyway.

PAUL  
(distracted, looking at Sean)  
Uh-huh, I see. Um, mom--

MRS. DENTON (O.S.)  
Listen, I'm going to be in Boston at the  
Ritz tomorrow. Why don't you come and  
meet me.

PAUL  
Tomorrow? I have classes all day.

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED: (2)

77

MRS. DENTON (O.S.)

Darling, you can miss one day to meet your mother and the Jareds.

PAUL

The Jareds are coming?

MRS. DENTON (O.S.)

Yes. Mrs. Jared is coming and so is Richard. He's taking the weekend off from Sarah Lawrence.

PAUL

Richard?

Paul looks at Sean to see if he's paying attention to the conversation, which he isn't. He's looking through CDs as if he were deciding which ones he wants to steal.

PAUL

Look, Mom, does it have to be *this* weekend. I've got a lot of -- schoolwork. How about next weekend?

MRS. DENTON (O.S.)

Oh, please, Paul. I want to talk and I need to do it in person. You can take the bus into Boston tomorrow, or the train.

PAUL

What about Dad?

MRS. DENTON (O.S.)

What about him?

PAUL

Is he coming too? I haven't spoken to him in a month.

MRS. DENTON (O.S.)

Do you want him to come?

PAUL

No. I don't know.

MRS. DENTON (O.S.)

Don't worry about it, darling. I'll see you at the Ritz-Carlton on Friday, right? I want to talk. There's things we have to talk about.

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED: (3)

77

PAUL  
(sighing with defeat)  
Okay.

MRS. DENTON (O.S.)  
Wonderful. I'll see you tomorrow then.  
Goodbye, love.

PAUL  
Yeah, you too.

He hangs up and sits there for a moment looking at the phone before he turns to Sean.

PAUL  
(to Sean)  
I have to go to Boston.

SEAN  
(disinterested)  
Rock and roll.

PAUL  
Want to go?

SEAN  
No. The Dressed To Get Screwed Party is tomorrow night.

PAUL  
I know. And...I...don't want to leave you here.

PAUL (V.O.)  
(thinking to himself)  
*Because I don't trust you to not fuck around.*

Sean gets up and walks to the door, a couple of CDs in his hand.

SEAN  
Deal with it.  
(slightly lifts the CDs)  
I'm borrowing these.

He opens the door.

PAUL  
Wait. Would you...take me to the bus station tomorrow.

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED: (4)

77

Sean looks at him blank, as if he's being put out. Paul looks down to the CDs and then back up to Sean's face.

SEAN

Whatever. Look, I've gotta go talk to my advisor.

He shuts the door behind him as he leaves. Paul sits there upset.

CUT TO:

78 INT. DICKINSON - LAWSON'S OFFICE - DAY

78 \*

Mr. Lawson's playing Tetris on his Gameboy when the door opens up simultaneous to the KNOCK.

\*

MR. LAWSON

Come in, come in.

\*

Sean enters.

MR. LAWSON

Ah, Mr. Bateman. It's good to see you, every, what is it now? Month or so?

\*

Sean plops down onto the chair opposite Mr. Lawson.

\*

MR. LAWSON

Where have you been? We're supposed to meet every week.

\*

SEAN

Well.

(beat)

I've been real busy.

MR. LAWSON

(grinning)

Oh you have?

\*

SEAN

I got your note. What is it?

SEAN (V.O.)

*I know it's going to be something bad.  
Without question.*

MR. LAWSON

Yes. Well...

(he shuffles through some papers)

As you know it's mid-term and it's come  
(more)

\*

(CONTINUED)

78 CONTINUED:

78

MR. LAWSON (CONT'D)  
to my attention that you're not passing  
three of your courses. Is this true?

SEAN  
Um. Well. Yeah. I'm having trouble in  
a couple of classes.  
(pause)  
Am I failing Sculpting Workshop?

MR. LAWSON  
(holding up an ominous pink  
sheet of paper)  
Well, as a matter of fact, you are.

\*

SEAN  
I don't see how.

MR. LAWSON  
It seems as though you haven't been  
showing up to class regularly. You  
missed most of your mid-terms.  
(beat)  
Mr. Bateman, you have succeeded in  
achieving in real life what I only  
experience in my most paranoid  
nightmares.

\*

There is a long and thoughtful pause.

SEAN  
What *am* I passing?

MR. LAWSON  
Well. Mr. Schonbeck says you're doing  
quite well.

\*

SEAN (V.O.)  
*Who? I've never been to a class taught  
by a Mr. Schonbeck.*

MR. LAWSON  
Needless to say, Mr. Bateman, um, Sean,  
your situation here is rather...unstable?

\*

SEAN  
Unstable. Yeah, well, um...

MR. LAWSON  
What are we going to do about it?

\*

SEAN  
I'm going to fix it.

(CONTINUED)

78 CONTINUED: (2)

78

MR. LAWSON  
You are?

\*

SEAN  
Yes. You bet I am.

MR. LAWSON  
(confused but smiling)  
Well. Good, good. Pound it 'till it's  
purple.

\*

\*

\*

Sean stands up.

SEAN  
Okay?

MR. LAWSON  
Fine with me.

\*

SEAN  
Well, see you later?

MR. LAWSON  
(laughing)  
Well, fine with me.

\*

Sean LAUGHS UNCOMFORTABLY back as he makes his way toward the door. As he does he keeps his eyes on Mr. Lawson, who's really CRACKING UP, yet stupefied.

\*

CUT TO:

79 INT. CAMDEN - COMMONS - POST OFFICE - DAY

79

Sean, a little bent from his encounter with Mr. Lawson, walks into the post office and checks his box. He throws out all the mail except for a single purple envelope. He smiles and smells it, then hungrily rips it open.

\*

SEAN (V.O.)  
(reading the letter with a  
smile)  
Tonight's the night. Tonight's the  
night. Tonight's the night. Tonight's  
the night. Tonight's the ni...

FADE TO BLACK:

80 INT. BUS - BUS TERMINAL - DAY

80

Paul walks to the back of the bus and puts his bag in the overhead storage area. He then takes a seat in the back seat

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED:

80

and immediately looks out the window. Standing at his motorcycle, trying to start it, is Sean.

PAUL (V.O.)  
*I shouldn't be leaving. He's going to  
sleep with someone else. It's the  
Dressed to Get Screwed Party, for  
Christ's sake. What the fuck am I doing?*

The BUS SUDDENLY LURCHES AND STARTS TO DRIVE AWAY. Paul presses up against the window longingly and then begins to wave.

PAUL (V.O.)  
*I love you, Sean Bateman.*

81 EXT. TOWN - BUS TERMINAL - DAY

81

Sean looks up at the bus leaving and then back to his motorcycle -- he doesn't wave back.

SEAN (V.O.)  
(thinking to himself)  
*I wonder if Lauren goes wild during sex.  
I wonder if she comes easily -- or at  
all? I won't go to bed with a girl that  
doesn't. If I can't make a girl come  
then why bother? It would be like asking  
questions in a letter...hmmm... I'm  
hungry...*

Suddenly, with another kick, the motorcycle ROARS to life. He gasses it and drives off in the opposite direction, back to campus.

CUT TO:

82 INT. LEIGH HOUSE - LAUREN'S ROOM - NIGHT

82

Lauren and Lara are wearing togas and sitting on the bed doing coke. They talk very rapidly in this scene.

LARA  
(snort)  
So tonight's the night?

LAUREN  
(snort)  
I'm going *all* the way.

LARA  
Who's the lucky boy?

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED:

82

LAUREN  
I don't kiss and tell.

LARA  
You do if you want me out of the room  
tonight.

LAUREN  
(excited, smiling)  
Okay. Okay.  
(prepare yourself)  
Sean Bateman.

LARA  
Sean Bateman?!

LAUREN  
Sean Bateman.

LARA  
He's a drug dealer.

LAUREN  
I don't know. We had this...thing.  
This...moment.

LARA  
Did you not hear me? Drug-dealer.  
Hello.

Lara leans over and snorts another line.

LAUREN  
I know. But I've done my comparison  
shopping. He made me zzshing.

LARA  
Zzshing?

Lauren SNORTS a full line.

LAUREN  
You know. Zzshing. That audible sound  
you hear that no one else hears that lets  
you know when someone is going to play an  
important part in your life.

LARA  
Zzshing. I've never heard that.

LAUREN  
You will...someday.

(CONTINUED)



82 CONTINUED: (2)

82

She leans over and does another line.

LARA

I don't know. Sounds kind of weird.  
Maybe you're afflicted with Synesthesia.

LAUREN

Which is...?

LARA

A clinical disorder which causes you to  
see what you hear and hear what you see.  
The uncontrolled combination of senses.  
You should probably get it checked out.  
Prozac might help.

Lara lowers down and SNORTS another line as Lauren pensively  
ponders it.

CUT TO:

83 INT. BOOTH HOUSE - SEAN'S ROOM - NIGHT

83

It's early evening and Sean walks into his room wet and  
wrapped with a towel, having just returned from the showers.

He roughly dries his hair with the towel until it is a fuzzy  
mop. Dry off the arms, chest, balls, legs. Throw the towel  
onto the bed.

Sean sits down naked into his desk chair and checks his e-  
mail. Nothing. He sits there for a moment and then looks at  
his drawer, the purple letters. He opens the drawer up and  
takes out the purple letters. With the whole stack in hand  
he lays down on the bed and begins flipping through  
them...and touching himself. He shuts his eyes and  
imagines...

84 THE LAUREN FANTASY

84

Pure. Sweet. FIRST PERSON SUPER-8 FOOTAGE with super-  
saturated colors. There's a river and Lauren is swimming in  
it -- swinging from a tire swing -- laying under a riverside  
tree. Lauren is being tickled on a picnic blanket. She's  
hurriedly pulling her clothes off. She's having sex. Biting  
each other. Sleeping...

85 SEAN

85

Ejaculates.

FADE TO BLACK:

86 INT. RITZ-CARLTON - PAUL'S ROOM - NIGHT 86

Paul dials the telephone, and impatiently waits.

87 INT. BOOTH HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT 87

CLOSE ON: The hall phone. It starts RINGING. The guy playing hacky-sack doesn't want to answer the phone because it will ruin his set. Then he misses and the hacky-sack falls to the floor with a solid THWUMP.

HACKY-SACK GUY

Fart.

He walks over to the phone and answers it.

HACKY-SACK GUY

(obviously stoned)

Yeah?

INTERCUT BETWEEN: Paul at the Ritz-Carlton and the hallway telephone at Booth house.

PAUL

Can I talk to Sean Bateman? I think he lives upstairs.

HACKY-SACK GUY

Yeah.

The hacky-sack guy wanders down the hallway as Paul waits for what seems like an eternity until Sean and the hacky-sack guy come back. Continue to INTERCUT BETWEEN the two locations...

SEAN

Yeah? Hello?

PAUL

Sean?

SEAN

Yeah? Who is this? Patrick?

PAUL

Patrick? Who the Hell is Patrick? No. It's Paul.

SEAN

Paul?

PAUL

Yeah. Remember me?

(CONTINUED)

87 CONTINUED:

87

SEAN

No. This better be good.

PAUL

I just wanted to know what's going on.  
Who's Patrick?

SEAN

None of your business. What do you want?

PAUL

Were you asleep?

SEAN

No. Of course not.

PAUL

What are you doing?

SEAN

I was just getting ready to go to the  
party.

PAUL

With who? With Patrick?

SEAN

(laughing)  
With the person who's been leaving notes  
in my box.

PAUL

Are you?!

SEAN

Deal with it.

PAUL

Are you just fucking with me?

SEAN

Rock and roll.

Sean HANGS UP and walks off.

88 INT. RITZ-CARLTON - PAUL'S ROOM - NIGHT

88

At the HANG-UP CLICK Paul pulls the phone away from his ear.  
He then looks at it in disbelief.

PAUL

Motherfucker.

(CONTINUED)

88 CONTINUED:

88

VOICE FROM THE DOOR

Who?

Paul turns suddenly, he didn't realize someone was in the room with him. Standing at the door is RICHARD, muscular and good-looking, wearing a leather jacket, drinking from a bottle of Jack Daniels -- a bad boy. And it may be no coincidence, but Richard looks surprisingly like Sean.

PAUL

Richard? Jesus Christ, is that you?

RICHARD

It's *Dick*. And yes, it is me.

He walks in and throws his bag onto the bed.

PAUL

What are you doing here?

RICHARD

Getting fucked up.  
(he pauses for drama)  
Maybe getting fucked.

He slyly licks his lips at Paul. It's not really all that sexy, a drunk person never is, but Richard and Paul obviously have a past...and that transcends the alcohol.

Suddenly, MRS. DENTON, Paul's mother, and MRS. JARED, Richard's mother, walk into the room. They're too good to be true: Big hair, too much money, too much time, too much plastic surgery. One time sexy women who managed to nab rich men and spend the rest of their life spending. It's Louis Vitton all the way.

MRS. DENTON

Paul. You remember Mrs. Jared.

PAUL

(getting up off the bed)  
Of course, how are you Mrs. Jared?

MRS. JARED

(to Richard, her son)  
I leave you alone for five minutes and you're drinking?!

RICHARD

(laying down onto the bed)  
Drunk. I'm drunk.

(CONTINUED)

88 CONTINUED: (2)

88

He drops the bottle onto the floor lets loose a HORRENDOUS RIPPING BELCH, the kind that win farm shows.

MRS. JARED

Then take a shower and sober up.  
(to Mrs. Denton)  
Will my tortures never end?  
(she turns abruptly to Paul)  
How are you Paul?

PAUL

Fine. I'm fine.

MRS. JARED

Would you talk to him? He'll listen to you.

She walks out. Mrs. Denton shrugs her shoulders with a smile, "what can I do?"

MRS. DENTON

We'll see you two downstairs for dinner in fifteen minutes.

She leaves and shuts the door behind her.

Paul looks at Richard on the bed, who now looks rather sexy. Something like a supermodel, tipsy and loose.

RICHARD

Wanna take a shower with me? For old times sake?

CUT TO:

89 INT. BOOTH HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

89

STUDENTS IN TOGAS are gravitating around the keg in Booth House. The party is pre-full-swing.

Then we read:

**THE DRESSED TO GET SCREWED PARTY**

90 INT. BOOTH HOUSE - BATHROOM - STALL - NIGHT

90

Sean is standing in the in the bathroom eating dried magic mushrooms as if they were fried pork rinds while Lara chops lines of coke on a CD pearlcase. Both of them are wearing togas.

(CONTINUED)

90 CONTINUED:

90

SEAN  
(distastefully chewing)  
Blecch!

He makes a yucky face and pops another one in his mouth.

LARA  
Thank god you're still dealing.

Lara leans down and SNORTS some cocaine from a CD on the porcelain toilet top. She lifts her head back and shakes her nose back and forth, knocking back any would-be "crumbs".

LARA  
(rubbing her gums with her coke  
dabbed finger)  
Those are grown in shit. They taste  
better when you eat them with peanut  
butter.

Sean starts to DRY HEAVE.

HARD CUT TO:

91 INT. BOOTH HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

91

Sean and Lara are standing next to each other at the party. Sean is a FUZZY BLUR. Quite literally. He's actually smeary and blurred. Lara, on the other hand, is crystal clear and damn near PIXILATED. She seems composited from every fourth of fifth frame -- resulting in a jerky, erratic state. She lights a cigarette.

Sean looks at her, his face smearing as he turns. He looks at her, his pupils are so big that his eyes are almost black. Lara is Lara one moment, and then suddenly it's Lauren. Still pixilated and stop motion, but now it's Lauren. Sean blinks his eyes. It's her. Laura has turned into Lauren.

SEAN  
(dopey, shrooming)  
Are you wearing anything underneath that  
toga?

LARA/LAUREN  
No.

SEAN  
(nice smile)  
Good.

She exhales smoke at him. Sizes him up. Her motor is running a thousand miles an hour.

(CONTINUED)

91 CONTINUED:

91

LARA/LAUREN

I have a boyfriend. Remember?

SEAN

That doesn't matter. You don't have to not screw because of *that*.

LARA/LAUREN

Did you know I was born in a Holiday Inn?

QUICK CUT TO:

92 INT. BOOTH HOUSE - SEAN'S ROOM - NIGHT

92

Smeary mushroom induced pseudo-hallucination. Sean is on top of Lara, fucking her. But to Sean, who is still frying on mushrooms, Lara is Lauren. Sometimes, through the corners of his eye, it's Lara...but invariably she shifts back into Lauren. Either way, her flesh is glowing green from the green from a buzzing lightning green neon lamp on his desk from Sharper Image. Frankenstein's monster...

LARA/LAUREN

Oh baby...

Suddenly, Sean ejaculates with a PROLONGED GROAN and (we can presume) spurt, spurt...

She starts MOANING and humping up and down.

SEAN (V.O.)

*Disillusionment strikes. After all my pining for her...this...the inevitable conclusion. It's like bad poetry -- and then what? I'm still hard so I continue fucking her. She's groaning now, humping up, down, up. Is it ever going to end? I should never have done this. I should have kept it innocent. I put my hand over her mouth. She comes, licking my palm, snorting. It's over.*

Suddenly, as if the high just ended, everything goes clear and Sean realizes that the girl his dick is inside isn't Lauren -- but Lara.

SEAN (V.O.)

(continuing)

*Ohmygod. That's not Lauren...it's her room mate. I just fucked her room mate. I'm in deep shit. What have I done? Make a mental note: Never shroom again.*

(CONTINUED)

92 CONTINUED:

92

SEAN  
Lara?!

LARA  
Yeah?

Confirmation...it's Lara, not Lauren.

SEAN  
Um. Where's the Kleenex? Do you have a  
towel or something?

LARA  
(confused)  
Did you come yet?

Sean pauses quixotically. Didn't she notice his vocal  
expiration?

SEAN  
Um. Oh, yeah...well, I'm gonna come. In  
fact, I'm coming now.

Sean MOANS a little, GRUNTS AUTHENTICALLY, and then pulls  
out.

SEAN  
Kleenex?

Lara turns her head and starts to SOB.

SEAN  
What?! What's wrong? Wait. I told you  
I came.

CUT TO:

93 INT. RITZ-CARLTON - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

93

CLOSE ON: Paul, freshly showered.

Paul is sitting at a table with his mother, Mrs. Jared, and  
Richard in the center of the massive and elegant dining room  
of the Ritz-Carlton. A PIANO ARRANGEMENT of "Libiamo" from  
Giuseppe Verdi's La Traviata is being played by an EXPERT  
PIANIST. WAITERS dressed in new expensive tuxedos move  
quickly, gracefully, from table to table. ELDERLY WOMEN with  
too much make-up on, slumped lazily, drunkenly in the red  
velvet chairs, stare and smile. We're surrounded by *very old*  
*money*.

(CONTINUED)



93 CONTINUED:

93

Richard, even after a shower and a new suit, hasn't sobered up. He peers out at Paul from behind the dark glasses and lifts his eyebrows suggestively.

MRS. DENTON

(finishing up a long, drawn-out story)

...and then I realized that my Cadillac had been stolen. The police could have cared less. They said my insurance will take care of it. Frankly, I was getting sick of the color.

Everyone nods, totally bored.

94 UNDER THE TABLE

94

Richard's foot slips out of his shoe and into Paul's crotch.

95 PAUL

95

widens his eyes suddenly and shifts in his seat.

MRS. JARED

I'm going to ask you one more time, Richard. Will you kindly remove your sunglasses.

He totally ignores her. Paul is highly self-conscious and wants to dissipate into the ether.

MRS. JARED

Very well then.

(perhaps trying reverse psychology)

Why don't you tell us about school.

Richard looks at her, reaches into his pocket, pulls out a Marlboro, and grabs a candle from the middle of the table -- lights it.

MRS. JARED

(disapprovingly as he places the candle back)

Oh, don't smoke. Honestly, Richard.

Paul eyes Richard's cigarette, whose smoke seems to ascend in an unnatural and sexual SLOW-MOTION.

RICHARD

(quietly and politely)

My name's not Richard.

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED:

95

MRS. JARED  
What is it then?

RICHARD  
Dick.

MRS. JARED  
What?

RICHARD  
Dick. You heard me.

He takes a long drag from his cigarette and exhales into Paul's face.

MRS. JARED  
No. Your name is Richard.

RICHARD  
Sorry. It's Dick.

MRS. JARED  
Well...Dick...how *is* school?

RICHARD  
Sucks cock.

Paul, who was just sipping Champagne, SPITS UP into his glass as if he had just inhaled bubbly through his nose. He tries to act nonchalant about it but can't stop COUGHING.

MRS. JARED  
What classes are you taking...Dick?

RICHARD  
Gangbanging 101...Freebasing Tutorial...  
Oral Sex Workshop...

MRS. DENTON  
(whispering, embarrassed)  
My God.

96 UNDER THE TABLE

96

Richard is grinding his foot into Paul's crotch.

97 PAUL

97

squirms helplessly.

RICHARD  
You like that?

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED:

97

Paul SKIDS his chair over, avoiding Richard.

MRS. JARED  
What has happened to you?

RICHARD  
What do you mean "what has happened to me?" What do you think?

MRS. JARED  
I can see what that school has done to you.

MRS. DENTON  
Perhaps Paul and I should--

MRS. JARED  
No. No. If anyone's going to leave the table it's going to be Richard.

RICHARD  
It's Dick!

MRS. JARED  
Leave the table, Richard. Now.

RICHARD  
Why?

MRS. JARED  
(quieter, but more intense)  
I'm asking you to leave the table. Now.

Paul and his mother are watching the entire exchange in silent horror.

RICHARD  
No, no, no. I will not leave the table.

MRS. JARED  
(command)  
Leave the table.

RICHARD  
(screaming)  
Fuck you!

The pianist stops playing and whatever quiet din of conversation there was in the dining room is killed. Richard takes a drag from his cigarette, finishes his Kir, SKIDS his chair back, gets up, bows, and walks slowly out of the dining room.

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED: (2)

97

The MAITRE D' and the HEAD WAITER rush up to see if everything is okay. Mrs. Jared takes a sip from her drink and assures them:

MRS. JARED  
Everything is fine now. I'm really  
terribly sorry.

MAITRE D'  
Are you sure, Madame?

MRS. JARED  
Positive. My son isn't...well. He has a  
lot of pressures...you know, with...with  
mid-terms coming up.  
(she inhales in an attempt to  
relax)  
I would like another Vodka Collins.  
(to Mrs. Denton)  
Eve, would you like anything?

MRS. DENTON  
(shaking her head, stunned)  
Yes. I mean...no. Well...yes.

She looks at Paul, visibly stunned and looking for help.

PAUL  
(to the Maitre D')  
Get her another one.

The Maitre D' nods and walks away, conferring with the waiter. The pianist resumes PLAYING, slowly, unsure. Some of the people who were staring finally look away.

MRS. DENTON  
I...think I want my next car to be blue.  
A dark blue.

Mrs. Jared takes a Xanax and nods while finishing her Vodka Collins.

MRS. DENTON  
What do you think, Paul?

Paul closes his eyes.

PAUL  
Blue.

CUT TO:

98 INT. RITZ-CARLTON - PAUL'S ROOM - NIGHT

98

Paul is laying on the bed in his Calvin Klein underwear, watching videos with the sound turned off. He's drinking some beer which room service has brought up.

There is a POLITE KNOCK at the door. Paul considers not answering it, but then decides the better of it. He gets up and wanders over to the door, opens it. His mother is standing there.

PAUL

Oh. Hi mom.

MRS. DENTON

I thought maybe we'd go downstairs for a drink.

PAUL

What for?

MRS. DENTON

I want to talk about something.

PAUL

Why not here?

MRS. DENTON

Let's go downstairs.

CUT TO:

99 INT. RITZ-CARLTON - LOBBY - NIGHT

99

Paul and his mother walk up to the bar of the Ritz. Paul has put on jeans, a grey sweater, and a ripped black tweed coat.

MRS. DENTON

Did I buy you that sport coat?

Paul doesn't answer her. They walk into the bar.

100 INT. RITZ-CARLTON - BAR - NIGHT

100

The HOST walks up to them and looks Paul over.

MRS. DENTON

Yes, there are two of us.

HOST

I'm afraid there's a dress code.

(CONTINUED)

100 CONTINUED:

100

MRS. DENTON

Yes...?

HOST

This young man is not following it.

MRS. DENTON

Where does it say that there's a dress code?

Glaring but still smiling the host motions to a white board and points out bright blue lettering that says, first, "No Jeans", and then, "Tie Must Be Worn". Paul rubs his temple.

PAUL

Forget it, mom. We'll go somewhere else.

MRS. DENTON

(to the host)

We're guests in this hotel.

HOST

Yes, I realize that. But this applies to everyone.

She opens her purse.

HOST

Would you like me to make reservations for later.

MRS. DENTON

My son is dressed fine.

She hands him a fifty dollar bill, folded neatly in half.

MRS. DENTON

Just sit us in back.

He takes the fifty and slips it into his pocket.

HOST

Yes, there might be a table over in the corner, in the dark.

PAUL

In the corner, in the dark.

CUT TO:

101 INT. RITZ-CARLTON - BAR - LATER - NIGHT

101

EXTREME CLOSE ON: Two Champagne Kirs are poured into tall thin glasses.

They're seated at a small cocktail table toward the back of the bar. It is dark -- dimly illuminated by the ambient bar halogens and the red table candle. The HOSTESS smiles and leaves.

Paul takes out a cigarette and lights it.

MRS. DENTON

Darling, I wish you wouldn't smoke.

PAUL

Mother, I'm sorry, but I need a cigarette. Badly.

She nods, giving in, and Paul crosses his legs and focuses his attention on her.

MRS. DENTON

You know, your father and I first came here seventeen years ago on our fifth anniversary. It was in December and it was snowing. We would order these.

She lifts the Kir and takes a sip. Paul notices that something is seriously disturbing her. He shifts nervously in his seat.

PAUL

Are you okay, mom?

MRS. DENTON

I wonder what happened to Richard tonight.

PAUL

Mid-terms?

MRS. DENTON

Oh, please.

PAUL

He's always been like that.

MRS. DENTON

Well it's too much. Too much.

She adjusts herself in her seat, obviously holding something back.

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED:

101

MRS. DENTON

His mother says he has a new girlfriend.

Paul rolls his eyes.

PAUL

Mom, Richard's bi.

MRS. DENTON

Bi what?

PAUL

Bi.

(lifting his hands as if to  
describe this condition)

You know. *Bi*.

MRS. DENTON

Bilingual?

PAUL

Bisexual.

MRS. DENTON

Oh. Well...if he's bi it doesn't mean he  
couldn't have a girlfriend...if he's bi.

PAUL

Did we come down here to talk about  
Richard?

She looks at Paul for a long moment, taking him in here in  
the darkness of this bar, drinking Kir.

MRS. DENTON (V.O.)

(thinking to herself)

*I love my son very much. Looking at him  
here in the bar, drinking his Kir, I just  
want to hold his hand...like when he was  
a little boy. How I miss those days.  
Sitting here now in the darkness now I  
feel as though I've never known this  
child. His face -- placid,  
expressionless. My son -- a cipher. How  
did it come to be this way?*

MRS. DENTON

Your father and I are getting a divorce.

Paul is stunned.

PAUL

What? Why?!

(CONTINUED)



101 CONTINUED: (2)

101

MRS. DENTON

Because...we don't love each other  
anymore.

Paul looks down for a moment, averting his eyes, and then  
back to her.

MRS. DENTON

Your father and I have been living apart  
since you left for school.

PAUL

Where does he live now?

MRS. DENTON

In the city.

PAUL

Oh.

MRS. DENTON

Are you upset?

He looks like he might cry, but he doesn't -- he sucks it in.

PAUL

Upset? No. I knew it was going to  
happen sooner or later. It was  
inevitable.

He looks down again.

DISSOLVE TO:

102 INT. CAMDEN - COMMONS - POST OFFICE - SEAN'S P.O. BOX - NIGHT 102

A purple letter rests inside of Sean's post office box,  
bathed in the cool blue light of the moon.

GIRL'S VOICE (V.O.)

*I've written you this last letter because  
I know I'll never have you. I stood in  
the corner and watched you go off with  
her. She's so beneath you. You probably  
did it to hurt me. It worked. You hurt  
me and now there's nothing else I can do.  
There won't be anymore notes. It's last  
call--*

HARD CUT TO:

103 INT. LEIGH HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

103

A girl who we may vaguely remember working in food service, and perhaps even around campus and various parties (though always a wallflower), and whose voice we just heard, is laying in a bathtub in the girl's bathroom, surrounded by flowers and candles. On the edge of the tub is a thin razor. She takes it into her fingers and lowers it beneath the water, out of view...

FOOD SERVICE GIRL (V.O.)

*I'm lying, in warm water, in a bathtub,  
in Leigh House. I drag the razor  
underwater firmly across the hot skin of  
my lower arm -- up and down, then  
a...cross...*

Suddenly a cloud of deep red pollutes the water, turning it murky. She shuts her eyes.

FOOD SERVICE GIRL (V.O.)

(continuing)

*...the weakness drenches me and I lay  
back, the water turning impossibly red  
and then I start to dream. Then I'm not  
sure if this is really the thing to do.  
I'm too tired now to get up and stop it.  
Maybe I should have -- guess what? No  
time. God Jesus Christ our my nothing  
savior...*

CUT TO:

104 INT. CAMDEN - COMMONS - POST OFFICE - SEAN'S P.O. BOX - NIGHT 104

Silence. The purple letter.

FADE TO BLACK:

105 INT. LEIGH HOUSE - GIRL'S BATHROOM - MORNING

105

Someone is SCREAMING!

And we can see why. The food service girl is a blue corpse -- literally blue -- locked into a contorted position and wearing the most gruesome death face you've ever seen. The water is more blood than water now. The deepest red imaginable.

The person screaming is Lauren, dressed in her nightshirt. She's SHRIEKING like she's lost her mind. She stumbles back and flees the bathroom.

106 EXT. CAMDEN - COMMONS - LAWN - MORNING 106

Lauren is SCREAMING and SCREAMING and SCREAMING as she makes the hundred yard dash across the Commons.

107 INT. BOOTH HOUSE - SEAN'S ROOM - MORNING 107

Sean is asleep when suddenly he's awakened by the SCREAMING and a POUNDING on his window. He jerks up. Lara is next to him. He looks at her and then parts the curtains to see who is outside of his window.

It's Lauren. The sight of her SCREAMING causes him to SCREAM which causes Lara to SCREAM.

Then, everyone stops. Silence.

Lauren looks at Lara, naked in bed with Sean. Lara looks at Sean, then to Lauren. Sean to Lauren, then to Lara, then back to Lauren...

Lauren's eyes roll up into her head and she faints.

CUT TO:

108 EXT. CAMDEN - COMMONS - LAWN - DAY 108

Paul is returning from his trip. He's walking across Camden, carrying his bag, on his way back to his room. He notices all of the POLICE activity and STUDENTS going on at Leigh house.

CUT TO:

109 INT. LEIGH HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY 109

Sean is POUNDING on Lauren's door.

SEAN

Lauren! Open up! I didn't mean it!

LAUREN (O.S.)

Fuck you!

In the background the POLICE are taking the body bag out of the bathroom. A SMALL CROWD OF STUDENTS has formed to see what's going on.

SEAN

Listen, I hate to do this through the door...but, I love you. I don't want to lose you. I just wanted you to know that I was high. I thought she was you. You  
(more)

(CONTINUED)

109 CONTINUED:

109

SEAN (CONT'D)  
two *do* look a lot alike. And I don't  
even remember it.

LAUREN (O.S.)  
I don't ever want to see you again!

SEAN  
Since when does having sex with someone  
else mean, like, I'm not faithful to you?

No answer. Just CRYING on the other side of the door.

Sean POUNDS his head against the door. Then he notices Lara,  
leaning against the hallway wall and smoking a cigarette, a  
devilish smile across her face.

LARA  
She's not ever going to want to see you  
again. Face it...

She smiles, satisfied with herself, and takes a long drag  
from her cigarette. She then blows the smoke in his face.

LARA  
(continuing)  
You fucked up.

Sean takes a step toward her and then suddenly cold cocks her  
with a solid punch to the nose, bursting it like a spoiled  
tomato. Lara, stunned, stumbles backwards and then falls  
onto her ass on the floor.

Sean turns and walks out.

CUT TO:

110 INT. BOOTH HOUSE - SEAN'S ROOM - DAY

110

Sean is sitting in his room. Totally depressed. Smoking a  
cigarette.

Then, from the other side of the room, comes a MUFFLED  
RINGING OF A TELEPHONE. It must be his room mate Bertrand's  
phone...inside the drawer of the desk. On top of the desk is  
a carved pumpkin with a beret. Sean sits there listening to  
it, RINGING OVER AND OVER until he just can't take it any  
longer. He gets up, crosses the room, and opens Bertrand's  
desk drawer, where the telephone line is running into.

RING, RING, RING!

Inside of the drawer is a red metal cashbox which the  
telephone line is running into. Sean takes it out and tries  
to open it -- locked. He takes Bertrand's letter opener and

(CONTINUED)

110 CONTINUED:

110

uses it like a crow bar. It bends until the metal box's cheap lock POPS open. Inside is a wad of cash, Bertrand's French passport, some letters, and the telephone.

RING, RING, RING!

Sean ignores the normally seductive objects within the box and answers the phone.

SEAN  
Hello?

FRENCH VOICE (O.S.)  
(over phone)  
Allo?

SEAN  
Hello?

FRENCH VOICE (O.S.)  
(over phone)  
Allo? Bertrand?

SEAN  
Bertrand's not in.

FRENCH VOICE (O.S.)  
(over phone)  
Is it Jean-Jacque? Allo? Ça va?

SEAN  
Jesus.

FRENCH VOICE (O.S.)  
(over phone)  
Ça va? Ça va?

Sean violently RIPS the phone wire from the wall. In doing so he somehow accidentally turns on Bertrand's radio, "The Monster Mash" BLARES. Sean pauses momentarily to consider this and then rips the wire free from the end of the phone, puts the phone back into the box, the box back into the drawer, and shuts the drawer.

Sean then puts a chair underneath a fern hanging from the ceiling, stands on it, takes down the fern, ties a noose out of the telephone wire, and attaches the wire to the now empty plant hook on the ceiling. He slips the noose around his neck.

Sean shuts his eyes...

SEAN  
Lauren--

(CONTINUED)

110 CONTINUED: (2)

110

With a kick the chair falls over--

FWUMP!

Sean hangs there for a second, GAGGING and startled, before the hooks rips out of the ceiling and he falls like an idiot to the floor.

SEAN

Shit!

"The Monster Mash" is still playing. He gets up, with the telephone wire noose still around his neck, and limps over to his bed. He sits on it and opens his bedside drawer. Inside are several boxes of Actifed, Sudafed, Cough Syrup, and Tylenol Cold Medicine. He takes a Sensor razor and tries to cut his wrist. All that happens are some nasty twin paper-cuts that don't even bleed. Frustrated, Sean throws the razor to the floor. He then starts popping Actifeds out of their tamper-proof packs and swallowing them, one-by-one, downing them with an old, warm beer.

FADE TO BLACK:

111 INT. BOOTH HOUSE - SEAN'S ROOM - LATER - NIGHT

111

Sean wakes up, bleary, pale, and confused by the fact that it's now night. He looks around and suddenly realizes that he's pissed his pants. He has a huge stain from what must have been the biggest pee in history. His whole bed is wet. He's surrounded by empty packs of Actifed, etc. How embarrassing.

SEAN

Typical.

He sits up and finds one last cigarette in his pack. Things can't be that bad. He looks on his desk and finds a tube of Fun Blood. Hmmm?

He bites off the end of the tube and squirts a little onto his finger. He dabs it onto his wrist. A little more. Liking the effect, Sean leans his head back and then takes the tube and starts applying it directly onto his neck.

CUT TO:

112 INT. BOOTH HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

112

Lauren walks down the hall until she comes to Sean's door. She KNOCKS. No answer. She then tries the knob.

113 INT. BOOTH HOUSE - SEAN'S ROOM - NIGHT

113

Lauren peeks her head into the dark room.

LAUREN

Sean? I got your message. You're right.  
We have to talk.

She turns on the light and is greeted with the ghastly image of Sean, his wrists and neck covered with blood, holding a broken beer bottle -- his eyes popping wide in a death stare. She GASPS and covers her mouth, swallowing a scream.

Sean can't hold it any longer, he starts LAUGHING. Lauren's shock quickly turns to anger.

LAUREN

Asshole! You're fucking sick! I was  
willing to talk, but now...fuck you!

She turns and rushes out the door. Sean's LAUGHTER peters out and he eventually just sits there, emotionally dead.

FADE TO BLACK:

114 INT./EXT. EUROPE - DAY/NIGHT

114

IN A SERIES OF SHOTS: We are following VICTOR, an attractive Camden student as he backpacks across Europe. The following scene is both DIALOGUE and DESCRIPTION. It's all composed of QUICK CUTS shot entirely on MiniDV, and MOS, throughout Europe...

VICTOR (V.O.)

(narrating)

*Took a charter flight on a DC-10 to London, landed at Gatwick, took a bus to the center, called a friend from school who was selling hash, but she wasn't in. So I wandered around until it started to rain, then took a subway back to the friend's house and hung out there for four or five days. Saw the changing of the guards at Buckingham Palace. Ate a grapefruit next to the Thames River, which reminded me a lot of the cover of that Pink Floyd album. Wrote my mom a postcard I never sent. Bought some speed from an Italian guy I bumped into. Smoked a lot of hash that had too much tobacco in it. Took a ferry and then a bus to Dingle, Ireland where I drank too much Guinness Stout after eating spaghetti and threw it all up in front of a movie theater just as people were walking out. Stayed in a hostel but the assholes that worked there made me collect peat moss for the fire so I got a room in a bed-and-breakfast. Went to Dublin. It rained a lot, it was expensive, so I split for Amsterdam. There was someone playing saxophone at Central*

(more)

(CONTINUED)

114 CONTINUED:

114

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

Station, which was kind of pretty. Stayed with some friends in someone's basement. Smoked a lot of hash in Amsterdam too, but lost most of my stash in some museum. The museums were cool, I guess. Lots of Van Goghs and the Vermeers were intense. Wandered around, bought a lot of pastries, ate some intense waffles. The Dutch all know English so I didn't have to speak any Dutch, which was a relief. Wanted to rent a car but couldn't. The people I was staying with had bikes though, so I went biking one day and I saw a lot of cows and geese and canals. I pulled off to the side of the road, got stoned and fell asleep, woke up, wrote a little, took some acid, made a few drawings, and then went to the red light district in Den Haag, because I heard the whores are cleaner and better looking than the whores in Amsterdam -- which they were. I fucked one so hard that I skinned my knees. Ate lunch at a Burger King, which was better and no more expensive than the States. Stayed in the Amsterdam Youth Hostel where there were some cool German guys who spoke better English than I do. We bought some coke and I cruised the red light district until I found a brunette with big tits that reminds me of KJ. I gave her a hundred Guilders. She worked me up, mounted me, put on a good show, and in the end she pulled me out and I came between her tits -- even though I'm wearing a rubber. Afterward we made small talk about AIDS, her Moroccan pimp, and herself. I wake to the sound of a wino singing. It is eight AM and hot as blazes. Had a beer and then headed South to Paris. Climbed the Eifel Tower with this Canadian guy named Tim for only seven Francs because the ticket machine was broke. Got the hang of the Subways. Told Tim to get lost. Met a French girl who's going to Camden. I think she gave me mono. Went to Pamplona for the running of the bulls. Never saw one bull but I almost got trampled by the crowd. Dropped acid at the Museo Gala-Dalí, which was a trip. Went to the lamest circus ever, a goat and two guys on unicycles. Went to Nice and ate Mexican food at a place called Calxico -- or Mexicali. Then went to Switzerland where I, ironically, couldn't find anyone who had the time. Took the Glacier Express to Zermatt, the Matterhorn, and found out that I could ski it, which, when you're there, you have to do -- but I didn't have gloves so I used socks instead and froze my hands. It was slushy but fun. Ate some Sourdough bread that tasted like it was made with sour milk. Eurail Pass'd into Italy and accidentally slept through Florence. Ended up in Rome which was big and hot and dirty. It was just like L.A., but with ruins. I went to the Vatican but couldn't get in because I was wearing shorts. I could get into the Sistine Chapel, which now that it's been cleaned looked fake. At the train station I met two girls from Germany who I drank warm beer with. They're living for a full year on only nine dollars a day. I tease them and then turn the couchette into a huge bed and we all fuck. I wake dirty and tired in Brindisi, which is hot and filthy. I go with the German girls to get a ferry to Greece, but we have to take different boats because I'm on Eurail and

(more)

(CONTINUED)



114 CONTINUED: (2)

114

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

*they're on Interail. On the ferry to Corfu I meet three American girls and a guy from Turkey who used the word "nigger" constantly. This offends the American girls and I use it to my advantage. When we get to Corfu the girls and I ditch the Turkish guy and rent a house on the beach together. I dry hump one of the girls, whose name I think was Sue. I wake to Sue's fat face and go off on my own to get wasted. When I stumble back I make out with Sue for a while until she tells me that I'm being cold to her. So I leave again and get drunk on Ouzo and the waiters break plates onto my head. When I get back that night Sue is asleep and I go skinny dipping with her friend out to some rocks. We sit on the rocks for a while and then she grabs my dick and we start to make out. She calls me Mr. L.A. I come close to fucking her but she says she can't because she's engaged, which is bullshit. I leave the next morning before they get up and take the ferry back to Italy. On the train I meet some Dutch guys. We started drinking heavily. The Dutch guys seem like fags to me. I got so drunk I couldn't see and exchanged my shirt with one of them. In Venice I try to fart and instead shit my pants. Back in my hotel I masturbate and have a pain in my groin. That night I dream about a beautiful girl half in water, stretching her lean body. She asks me if I like it and I tell her she could clean fish with it. I wake well rested, masturbate in shower, and check out. I make my way back to London and hang out in Piccadilly Circus at a comic book shop. I meet a cute girl from Amsterdam at a Whimpys while eating a Spicy Bean Burger. She's an Oreo with a diamond in her front tooth. We get stoned and fuck at her flat to Michael Jackson records and the next morning I wake up talking to myself. I have a big bump on my head from flailing in my sleep. I get my stuff and barely make my plane back to the United States. I no longer know who I am and feel like the ghost of a total stranger.*

The final image of this montage is of an American Airlines DC-10 flying over the pillowy clouds of the Atlantic bound for the United States. Suddenly the image locks in a FREEZE FRAME.

Then we read the title:

**VICTOR**

CUT TO:

115 INT. THE CAROUSEL - NIGHT

115

Victor is back from Europe. He's sitting there with Sean and Mitchell.

VICTOR

And then I came back here.

(CONTINUED)

115 CONTINUED:

115

MITCHELL

Dude, I'm so there when school gets out  
you don't even know.

VICTOR

I do know. And you don't know until you  
do know. And you have to go there to  
know. What did you do last break, Sean?

Long pause.

SEAN

I went to Berlin.

VICTOR

Learn any German?

SEAN

No. Berlin, New Hampshire.

VICTOR

Sounds like you're leading an exciting  
life, Bateman.

SEAN

It has it's moments.

VICTOR

(disinterested, turning to  
Mitchell)  
You still banging that girl from Hawaii?

MITCHELL

Naw. I gave up on that shit. She had  
issues. I moved on to this chick  
Candice. She's great.

VICTOR

In the sack?

MITCHELL

You know it, brother.

They bop fists. Sean feels sort of left out.

SEAN

(interjecting)  
I met a girl too.

VICTOR

Yeah? Fuck her yet?

(CONTINUED)

115 CONTINUED: (2)

115

SEAN

That'll come.

VICTOR

It'll come when *you* come. Then it's time to go.

Victor and Mitchell LAUGH BOISTEROUSLY and high five each other. Victor's hand is left hanging waiting for Sean to high five him. He doesn't and Victor lowers his hand.

SEAN

It's not like that with her.

VICTOR

Oh? Doesn't sound like the Bateman I know.

SEAN

I'll tell you, Victor. I think I love this girl. She's pure, innocent, sweet -- a virgin.

VICTOR

How young is she?!

MITCHELL

Sounds like jailbait.

SEAN

She's at Camden.

VICTOR

Okay. Calm down. You don't have to get all chivalrous and shit. I'm not trying to stab at her honor.

SEAN

Good.

VICTOR

I'd stab her with my dick though...

They all start LAUGHING again.

VICTOR

Can you give me her number? I haven't popped a cherry since high school.

More LAUGHTER. Sean gets up, emotionless, and starts to leave.

(CONTINUED)

115 CONTINUED: (3)

115

VICTOR

Hey, Sean, wassup? Where you goin'? We haven't done our deal yet.

Sean is walking away, ignoring them.

VICTOR

You got any "Coca-Cola" or not?!

Sean turns around and looks at him.

SEAN

How much you want?

Victor smiles.

VICTOR

Shit, man. I thought you were walkin' out on me before you took my order.

SEAN

How much you want?

VICTOR

Three grams.

SEAN

Three hundred, up front.

VICTOR

Up front? What kind of shit is that?

SEAN

Shitty business. Take it or leave it.

VICTOR

How do I know you ain't gonna stiff me?

Sean turns around and starts to walk away.

VICTOR

Wait, wait, wait, wait!

Sean stops and turns around. Victor reaches into his pocket and pulls out a roll of twenties fresh from a cash machine. Sean walks back and holds his hand out. Victor puts the cash in his hand and then holds it.

VICTOR

I don't trust you, Bateman.

SEAN

Tough shit.

(CONTINUED)

115 CONTINUED: (4)

115

VICTOR

You take Mitchell with you.

Sean looks at Mitchell.

SEAN

Okay. But we take your car, and I drive.

He jerks the money away from Victor and stuffs it into his pocket. He then turns and walks away.

SEAN

Let's go.

CUT TO:

116 EXT. TOWN - MITCHELL'S CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

116

It's snowing. Mitchell's little, white Mazda Miata drives through town toward the more run-down bad side of town. We can hear the MUSIC THUMP THUMPING from inside of it.

117 INT. MITCHELL'S CAR - TOWN - MOVING - NIGHT

117

Sean is at the wheel of Mitchell's Miata. While driving he's adjusting the bass and treble on the stereo as it loudly plays some kind of THUMPING BASS DRIVEN MUSIC. Mitchell is totally nervous about how he's handling the drive.

MITCHELL

(over the loud music)

Could you keep your eyes on the road?

Sean TURNS DOWN THE VOLUME.

SEAN

Bitchin' ride.

MITCHELL

Yeah, and I don't want you to crash it.  
Could you keep your eyes on the road.

SEAN

Relax.

MITCHELL

Yeah, right -- "relax". My car is being used to run a drug deal. I'll just sit back and "relax". I don't even know why I'm goin' with you, let alone letting you drive--

(CONTINUED)

117 CONTINUED:

117

SEAN

(firm)

Look, I don't care either way if we do this deal or not. But you do. Without this deal your girlfriend won't get her nose candy, and without her nose candy she won't fuck you. And you know it. Now I have my terms and if you don't meet them then you get no pussy. So deal with it.

Mitchell is stunned. Sean reaches down and ramps the VOLUME UP AND DOWN.

SEAN

How many speakers does this stereo have?

Mitchell is still stunned, but he nervously answers.

MITCHELL

Six. Two in the dash, two in the doors, and two in the rear.

SEAN

Preamp and subwoofer?

MITCHELL

Trunk.

SEAN

Rock and roll.

CUT TO:

118 EXT. TOWN - RUPERT'S RUN DOWN HOUSE - NIGHT

118

Mitchell's Miata pulls up in front of Rupert's house. The house looks dark, and there's a white-trash party going on across the street.

119 INT. MITCHELL'S CAR - TOWN - RUPERT'S RUN DOWN HOUSE - NIGHT

119

Mitchell, in the passenger seat looks at the dark and scary-looking house. He is kind of freaked.

SEAN

(turning off the car)

This is it.

MITCHELL

Looks kind of dark. Maybe no one's home.

(CONTINUED)

119 CONTINUED:

119

SEAN

Rupert doesn't leave home.

MITCHELL

I'll wait in the car.

SEAN

No, it's okay. Rupert's cool.

MITCHELL

I don't want to go in.

SEAN

Just come in. Let's get this over with.

120 EXT. TOWN - RUPERT'S RUN DOWN HOUSE - NIGHT

120

Sean and Mitchell get out of the little car and walk up to the door. Sean KNOCKS three times, loud. No answer. He KNOCKS again and then tries the door.

Suddenly, Guest abruptly yanks the door open and LAUGHS GHOULISHLY.

GUEST

Sean. Jus' da mon we was hopin' on  
seein' tonight. Come in outta da cold.  
Rupert is in da kitchen.

121 INT. RUPERT'S RUN DOWN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

121

Mitchell and Sean walk into the darkened living room where a COUPLE OF WANNA-BE BLACK WHITEBOY TOWNIES are listening to a HOUSE MUSIC VERSION OF "HERE COMES SANTA CLAUS". Someone has lit a bunch of candles. They walk through the room and into the kitchen.

122 INT. RUPERT'S RUN DOWN HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

122

Rupert is in the messy late-70s style kitchen. On the card table kitchen table is a scale and a pile of cocaine that's in the process of being put into little amber bottles with a tiny shovel and funnel. There's also a big cinder-brick-sized brick of marijuana that Rupert is carving on with an electric kitchen knife as if he were slicing up a Thanksgiving turkey. He looks up suddenly, coked out, when he sees Sean and Mitchell. Guest leans against the counter next to the underage townie girl, who is making a peanut butter and banana sandwich.

RUPERT

(intense)

Sean. Who's your friend?

(CONTINUED)

122 CONTINUED:

122

SEAN

Mitch.

RUPERT

(to Mitchell)

Mitch.

MITCHELL

(scared)

Hi.

RUPERT

Are you a cop, Mitch?

MITCHELL

(nervous)

No...

SEAN

Does he really look like a cop to you,  
Rupert?

RUPERT

(instantly and overly  
aggressive)

How the fuck do I know? Unless he has a  
crack pipe hangin' out of his mouth I  
have to assume he's fuckin' 21 Jump  
Street.

MITCHELL

I'm not...21 Jump Street. Whatever that  
is.

RUPERT

It's where Johnny Depp and Richard Grieco  
got their start. Where the fuck have you  
been?

GUEST

He's no cop.

RUPERT

Obviously.

Rupert slices another layer off of the brick of pot.

RUPERT

So what are you here for, boys?

SEAN

Come over to pick up some stuff.

(CONTINUED)



122 CONTINUED: (2)

122

RUPERT

Did you, now?

He REVS the electric knife several times for dramatic effect.

RUPERT

Where's my money goddamnit, Bateman?!

Mitchell is suddenly ready to wet his pants. This is exactly his worst nightmare.

SEAN

Don't act crazy, Rupert. I'm just here with my buddy Mitchell to pick up a few grams.

He takes out the money. Rupert counts it with alarming speed.

RUPERT

What is this? Three hundred? You owe me three thousand.

Suddenly, a BIG TOWNIE WITH A BEER BELLY and a crew cut stands in the doorway, leaning against the frame. Mitchell moves away from him and against one of the cabinets.

RUPERT

Where's my fuckin' money, you asshole?!

Suddenly Guest takes a machete from the knife drawer. It's amazing that it fit in there.

SEAN

Whoa, now wait a minute--

MITCHELL

I'm waiting in the car. Excuse me.

SEAN

(holding his arm)

Wait.

RUPERT

Wait for what, you asshole? I want my money.

SEAN

Listen...

(he pauses and looks around the room)

He's got it.

(CONTINUED)

122 CONTINUED: (3)

122

Mitchell's eyes widen.

RUPERT  
(calming down, seriously  
interested)  
You've got it?

MITCHELL  
I don't know what the Hell's goin' on  
here, I just came for some blow.

SEAN  
Come on, Mitchell. Give Rupert the  
money.

MITCHELL  
(screaming)  
What the fuck are you talking about?!  
I'm waiting in the fucking car!

He starts to leave but the door is blocked. Guest stands up  
with the machete.

GUEST  
Don' fuck wit us now, mon.

MITCHELL  
This is absolute shit!

RUPERT  
Do you really have it?

MITCHELL  
(wiggling)  
I don't even know what you're talking  
about. Now wait, listen, this guy--

RUPERT  
(to Sean)  
Does this guy have the money or not?

A long, silent second.

MITCHELL  
(to Sean)  
Will you fucking tell him!

SEAN  
Okay. He doesn't have it.

RUPERT  
What do you have for me?

(CONTINUED)

122 CONTINUED: (4)

122

SEAN

I have this...

Sean starts to reach into his pocket and then suddenly PUNCHES Rupert with a strong uppercut to the jaw. Rupert stumbles backwards onto Guest. The two of them, entangled by the crowded kitchen, stumble backwards onto the townie girl.

Mitchell tries to leave but is blocked by the townies, one of whom COLD-COCKS him to the nose. Mitchell, stunned, falls backwards onto the scale, and into the pile of cocaine.

Sean grabs the electric knife and a beer bottle. First he SMASHES the beer bottle into Rupert's face. Then he REVS the electric knife and cuts into Guest's arm -- the arm holding the machete. He drops the machete to the floor.

Suddenly Sean is holding off the townies by jabbing the machete, the whole time SCREAMING:

SEAN

Back off! Back off!

Mitchell and Sean escape out the back door.

123 EXT. TOWN - RUPERT'S RUN DOWN HOUSE - NIGHT

123

Mitchell and Sean come running down the driveway that runs along the side of the house -- toward Mitchell's Miata. It has started to snow again.

Mitchell, his nose bleeding, SLIPS on the icy driveway and slides the entire length of it to the car. Limping, he opens up the door and jumps in -- locks the doors.

Sean is holding off the townies with broad swings of the machete. He runs and literally slides down the icy driveway like a skater or a skim boarder. When he hits the snowy sidewalk he jumps over the snow and to the driver's side of the car, but Mitchell has locked the doors.

SEAN

Let me in, asshole! I have the keys!

Mitchell, thinking the wiser of it, unlocks the door and Sean jumps in. He drops the machete out of the Miata before he slams the door shut.

124 INT. MITCHELL'S CAR - TOWN - RUPERT'S RUN DOWN HOUSE - NIGHT

124

Sean sticks the keys into the ignition and starts the Miata. The radio comes to life and Gary Numan's "Cars" plays on all six speakers.

(CONTINUED)

124 CONTINUED:

124

MITCHELL

Drive, asshole! Drive!

He PEELS OUT, but the snow and ice on the ground make for a slow getaway. The townies are throwing beer bottles and rocks at the Miata.

125 EXT. TOWN - RUPERT'S RUN DOWN HOUSE - NIGHT

125

Rupert comes running out of the house with a gun. His forehead is bleeding like a professional wrestler from the beer bottle. He FIRES it in their direction as they blaze off down the street. Rupert, Guest, and all of the other townies jump into their pick-up to chase them.

126 INT. MITCHELL'S CAR - TOWN - MOVING - NIGHT

126

Sean is LAUGHING and his adrenaline is running as he drives the car. Mitchell looks at Sean like Sean's a complete and total madman.

MITCHELL

Are you fuckin' crazy?!

SEAN

(laughing)

How do you define crazy?

Suddenly they hear the truck of HOOTING TOWNIES, two blocks behind -- coming up fast. Mitchell turns around and sees the pick-ups headlights.

MITCHELL

(practically peeing his pants)

Oh, God. I don't want to die on a Friday. Any other night than a Friday. Any other...

Sean gasses it, right through a stoplight.

127 EXT. ROAD TO CAMDEN - NIGHT

127

Mitchell's Miata ROARS down the tree-lined stretch of road. Behind, but not too close, is the pick-up truck...unable to keep up with the nimble Japanese sportscar.

128 EXT. CAMDEN - GATES - NIGHT

128

As if the Camden gates were the finish line, Mitchell's Miata triumphantly RACES through the schools main gate -- going full speed over a speed bump and sending sparks flying.

129 EXT. CAMDEN - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

129

The Miatas headlights turn off and it races through the parking lot until it finds a parking spot. The engine turns off as the car breaks.

Silence.

130 INT. MITCHELL'S CAR - CAMDEN - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

130

Sean is busting up LAUGHING as if he just had an adrenaline rush.

SEAN

Wasn't that fun?

Mitchell looks at him aghast and pulls his keys out of the ignition.

MITCHELL

Jesus, Bateman! You're an asshole!

Sean gets out of the car, then reaches into his jacket pocket and pulls out four tiny, two-gram, amber cocaine bottles out of his jacket. He drops them onto the drivers seat. He then walks off through the snowy parking lot, back to the dorms.

131 EXT. CAMDEN - COMMONS - POST OFFICE - NIGHT

131

Sean comes in out of the snow and leans against the door frame. He thinks for a moment about the gravity of what just happened. He starts to LAUGH uncontrollably until he's half crying and half laughing. It's an odd, paradoxical mix that can only be attributed to an overload of emotions. He inhales deep. That was a close call.

He takes his keys and opens his mail box, takes out the purple letter. He smells it and smiles, and then puts it into his pocket.

QUICK CUT TO:

132 INT. BOOTH HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

132

Sean walks down the hallway toward the payphone. The hacky-sack guy must be having a party in his room, because people have spilled out and are loitering around in the hall with big red plastic beer cups in their hands. Sean walks past them and picks up the phone. He pauses before dialing the number and shuts his eyes -- prays:

(CONTINUED)

132 CONTINUED:

132

SEAN

(the whispered mantra)

Please don't be an asshole. Please don't  
be an asshole. Please don't be an  
asshole. Be cool.

He quickly dials the 10-10 number.

SEAN

(into phone)

Operator, I'd like to make a collect  
call.

CUT TO:

133 INT. PATRICK BATEMAN'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

133

EXTREME CLOSE ON: A Bang & Olufsen BeoCom 6000 digital cordless telephone rests on an immaculate white lacquer table. It BEGINS TO RING THE MOST PLEASANT RING you've ever heard. The ring *sounds* expensive. Behind the phone, beyond the white oak floors, breaking the ambient white gallery walls, is a white marble and granite gas-log fireplace, above which is hung an original David Onica. It's a six-foot-by-four-foot portrait of a naked woman, mostly done in muted grays and olives, sitting in a chaise lounge watching MTV, the backdrop a Martian landscape, a gleaming mauve desert scattered with dead, gutted fish, smashed plates rising like a sunburst above the woman's yellow head, and the whole thing is framed in black aluminum steel. The painting overlooks a long white down-filled sofa from Quatrine and a Toshiba forty-inch flat panel digital plasma screen. On the television, MUTED (and clearly labeled so in large green letters), is the dancing and singing Freezemiser from the Rankin/Bass puppetoon "The Year Without Santa Claus". The BeoCom 6000 phone RINGS AGAIN AND AGAIN until finally a hand reaches into frame and, after gently placing a woman's earring down onto the table, lifts the handset from its cradle and OFF CAMERA.

PATRICK (O.S.)

Yes.

OPERATOR (O.S.)

(from telephone)

This is the AT&T operator. I have a  
collect call from...

SEAN (O.S.)

(from telephone)

...Sean.

(CONTINUED)

133 CONTINUED:

133

OPERATOR (O.S.)  
(from telephone)  
Will you accept the charges?

Patrick, is looking slightly sweaty and disheveled. He's not wearing a shirt and is probably totally naked.

PATRICK  
Yes.

INTERCUT BETWEEN Patrick in his living room of his apartment and Sean in the hallway of Booth.

SEAN  
Patrick. It's Sean.

PATRICK  
I know.

SEAN  
Is this a bad time?

Patrick turns and smiles to someone on the other side of the room, behind him.

PATRICK  
It is, but what's up?

SEAN  
I need to talk.

PATRICK  
So talk.

SEAN  
You sound busy.

PATRICK  
It'll wait.

SEAN  
Listen, I'm in trouble.

PATRICK  
So what else is new?

SEAN  
No. I mean real trouble. I owe this guy  
a lot of money.  
(pause)  
A *lot* of money.

(CONTINUED)

133 CONTINUED: (2)

133

PATRICK  
Another student?

SEAN  
No. This fucking scary townie  
psychopath.

PATRICK  
Drug money?

SEAN  
Pat--

PATRICK  
Drug money?!

SEAN  
Yes.

PATRICK  
How much are you into him for?

SEAN  
Three thousand.

PATRICK  
Okay.

There's a long pause.

SEAN  
Okay?

PATRICK  
Okay. We'll deal with it. It's just  
money. I'll wire it to you tomorrow  
morning.

SEAN  
(baffled)  
That's all? No fight?

PATRICK  
I'm not trying to fight you, Sean.  
You're my brother. What's important is  
that you're safe. The last thing I want  
is for some meth head to chop off your  
finger over three fucking thousand bones.  
I'll send you the cash if you promise me  
to pay this asshole off and never see him  
again. And I mean it, Sean.

(CONTINUED)



133 CONTINUED: (3)

133

SEAN  
(stunned)  
Okay. Yeah -- sure. Thanks.

PATRICK  
What are brothers for? Now, look, I've  
got a girl here I need to take care of.  
Why don't we talk next week?

SEAN  
Okay.

PATRICK  
Okay. Bye.

SEAN  
Bye.

Patrick hangs up the phone and turns to walk back across the other side of the room where a woman's body, slashed and chopped up -- headless -- is laying sprawled out onto the floor like a fallen marionette, her intestines yanked out and spread onto the floor in front of her. Her severed head is laying on a table next to a pair of Stanley pliers and a heated Sungun blowtorch. Patrick, naked, grabs her head by a clump of blond hair and walks it across the room toward the corpse...

CUT TO:

134 INT. BOOTH HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

134

Sean stands there at the phone, baffled not at how easy it just was to get the money he needed but at how amicable and friendly his brother just was to him. It doesn't seem normal.

SEAN  
Rock and roll.

FADE TO BLACK:

135 INT. LEIGH HOUSE - LAUREN'S ROOM - NIGHT

135 \*

Lauren is reading from her big book of genital diseases when Lara walks in. The two are obviously not talking.

LARA  
You're not going to be mad at me anymore  
when I tell you what I'm about to tell  
you. You may even thank me.

Lauren looks up. Totally blank expression.

(CONTINUED)

135 CONTINUED:

135

LARA

I just talked to Claudia. She says that Victor's back. She saw him at the Carousel last night.

Lauren gets up off the bed and actually hugs Lara.

CUT TO:

136 EXT. CAMDEN - COMMONS - NIGHT

136 \*

The leaves have fallen and the air is cold. A fresh blanket of snow lays on the ground as tiny white specks fill the cold night air. A stark chill has enveloped the campus.

\*  
\*

Lauren is walking across campus when suddenly Sean runs up to her.

SEAN

Wait! Wait.

He walks alongside of her. She's ignoring him.

SEAN

Can't we talk?

She doesn't speak -- looks straight ahead.

SEAN

I really did try to kill myself. Just before I faked it.

Lauren stops and looks at him.

LAUREN

It's over.

SEAN

No it's not.

LAUREN

Yes it is. I'm in love with someone else.

Sean is blank.

SEAN

Who?

LAUREN

My old boyfriend. Victor.

(CONTINUED)

136 CONTINUED:

136

SEAN  
Victor?

LAUREN  
Yes.

SEAN  
But...why did you write me then?

He takes out the unopened and folded letter.

LAUREN  
It's over, Sean. *Deal with it.*

SEAN  
But, Lauren...I want to *know* you.

LAUREN  
What does that mean? *Know me? Know me?*  
No one ever *knows* anyone else. *Ever.*  
You will never *know* me.

Sean starts to tremble, like he's going to cry.

LAUREN  
I didn't know it would be like this...or  
I never would have gone down this road.

She turns and walks off. Sean watches her leave. He then  
rips open the letter and starts to read it. He feels cold...

DISSOLVE TO:

137 EXT. CAMDEN - COMMONS - NIGHT

137 \*

Sean is walking across campus. The snow is falling in  
greater quantity and density now, like a kaleidoscope goof-  
balls dropping from the sky.

\*  
\*  
\*

Paul runs up from behind.

PAUL  
Looks like it's going to be a cold one.

SEAN  
(flat, lifeless)  
Rock and roll.

They walk in silence for a brief moment.

(CONTINUED)

137 CONTINUED:

137

PAUL

You know, I find myself talking to you  
when you're not around. Just talking.  
Carrying on conversations.

SEAN

I wish you wouldn't tell me shit like  
that. It's creepy. Weirds me out.

PAUL

But, Sean...I--

SEAN

(stopping him)

Listen. Don't. I don't want to be with  
you. You have the wrong idea.

PAUL

What do you mean? I...want to know you.  
I want to know who you are.

Sean flinches and then turns to Paul.

SEAN

(raising his voice and then  
letting it drop softer)

No one will ever know anyone. We have to  
deal with each other. You're not ever  
gonna *know* me.

PAUL

What the hell does that mean?

SEAN

It means you're not ever gonna *know* me.  
Figure it out. Deal with it.

They stand there for a while, looking at each other. Then,  
finally, Sean turns and walks away. He walks into the snow.

CUT TO:

138 INT. WINDHAM HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

138 \*

Lauren walks down the hallway until she comes to Victor's  
room. She composes herself, bridling her excitement, and  
then KNOCKS.

LAUREN

You don't know what a drag it is to see  
you.

(CONTINUED)

138 CONTINUED:

138

She throws herself on him and starts to hug him. Victor looks at his friend with a "who's this chick?" expression.

Then, from out of the room, comes the beautiful French girl.

BEAUTIFUL FRENCH GIRL

What's going on?

VICTOR

I don't know.

He takes Lauren by the arms and moves her off of him.

VICTOR

Do I know you?

LAUREN

Victor, it's *me*.

VICTOR

Oh. Well, how are "*you*"?

LAUREN

Why haven't you called?

VICTOR

Look, I don't mean to be rude. But I haven't the slightest idea who you are. I mean--

(he wipes his hand over his face as if to illustrate a blank)  
--it's blank.

Lauren stares at him for a long moment, then to the French girl, and then back at him. She then turns and hurriedly walks away.

CUT TO:

139 EXT. CAMDEN - COMMONS - POST OFFICE - NIGHT

139 \*

Sean is aimlessly wandering through campus. He comes to the post office and stares at it. Snow is falling all around, and for a moment it seems as though he is lost in negative space.

\*  
\*

Then he sticks his tongue out. A single snowflake falls from high in the sky, it drifts down, and lands gently on the tip of his tongue. It instantly dissolves into a small speck of water -- lost in his mouth.

\*

He shuts his eyes.

(CONTINUED)

139 CONTINUED:

139

Alone.

And then, like a sudden CRACK to break the silence, a steel baseball bat SLAMS against Sean's back -- sucking the wind and life out of him for a moment. It makes the same sound as a steel pipe slapping against a large rack of beef in a meat locker. It's Rupert and Guest. Both of them have baseball bats, and both of them are pissed. Sean, his lungs knocked free of oxygen, stumbles to his knees.

RUPERT

Take that fucker! You wanna fuck me?!  
I'll show you who you're fucking with!

SEAN

But I have...the money, Rupert...my  
brother wired it...into...my account.

This seems to only enrage Rupert further.

RUPERT

What?! That's all it took? You could  
get it that easily? You think that's  
funny?!

Rupert and Guest proceed to beat Sean within an inch of his life. He lays on the wet, snowy ground, powerless to stop them, getting beaten raw.

FADE TO BLACK:

140 EXT. WINDHAM HOUSE - NIGHT

140

It is starting to snow and the specks of white dot the blackness of night which shrouds the house despite its party within.

### THE END OF THE WORLD PARTY

CUT TO:

141 INT. WINDHAM HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

141

Sean, with a black eye and a split lip, walks in through the front door and tears up his purple letters. He drops them into a trashcan. He closes his eyes...

DISSOLVE TO:

142 INT. WINDHAM HOUSE - LORNA SLAVIN'S ROOM - NIGHT

142

FREEZE FRAME: Lauren is locked in time, frozen in place, getting thrown up onto by a townie, in Lorna Slavin's room.

(CONTINUED)

142 CONTINUED: 142

She is frozen in a melancholy state, half-in and half-out of reality. She always knew it would be like this.

DISSOLVE TO:

143 INT. WINDHAM HOUSE - THE HANDSOME DUNCE'S ROOM - NIGHT 143

FREEZE FRAME: Paul too is locked in time. He is being thrown off of the bed and about to be kicked by the handsome dunce. His look of surprise seems resigned, if such a duality could be possible. He always knew it would be like this.

DISSOLVE TO:

144 INT. BOOTH HOUSE - SEAN'S ROOM - NIGHT 144

FREEZE FRAME: Sean, frozen in place, locked in a carnal position he has no feeling for, as distant from his body as one could ever get. He always knew it would be like this...

FADE TO BLACK:

145 EXT. WINDHAM HOUSE - NIGHT 145

Windham house stands in the dark of the storm, the PARTY STILL AUDIBLE within...

Paul and Lauren come out of the house. It is snowing and the white flurry speckles against the darkness of the Commons. Paul and Lauren lock eyes and walk silently next to each other for quite a while before either speaks.

Finally...

LAUREN

How are you, Mr. Denton?

PAUL

Fine. How have you been, Ms. Hynde?

LAUREN

Okay.

PAUL

So...what are you now? Still...drama major?

LAUREN

Art. Well, Poetry. Well, actually Art. Um--

PAUL

Which is it? Make up your mind.

(CONTINUED)

145 CONTINUED:

145

LAUREN  
Interdivisional.

There's a long pause as they walk. Both of them seem broken emotionally.

PAUL  
He really likes you.

LAUREN  
Yeah? Great. That's great.

PAUL  
Listen. Did you put the notes in his box?

LAUREN  
Whose box?

PAUL  
I thought you were putting the notes into his box. Purple notes. Love letters.

LAUREN  
I didn't put notes into anyone's box.

PAUL  
You didn't?

LAUREN  
No. It wasn't me. Wrong person.

Paul smiles.

PAUL  
Then there's someone else...someone else.

LAUREN  
It doesn't matter anyway. Not to people like him.  
(after thinking about it)  
Not to people like us.

Then, from the darkness and flurry of snowflakes comes the UNMISTAKABLE SOUND OF A MOTORCYCLE. It comes close, until visible as a silhouette in the din of snow. The engine SPUTTERS and the cycle SKIDS to a stop. Sean, seated atop the motorcycle, sits there looking at Paul and Lauren -- half obscured by the falling snow. Then he REVS THE ENGINE and speeds off.

Lauren stands there, empty.

(CONTINUED)



145 CONTINUED: (2)

145

Paul stands next to her.

Both of them let the snow fall onto them, like frozen rain, until the SOUND OF THE MOTORCYCLE vanishes into the distance...vanishes into the storm.

CUT TO:

146 EXT. ROAD OUT OF CAMDEN - MOVING - NIGHT

146

SEAN'S POV: The single headlamp of the motorcycle illuminates the flurry of falling snow and the immediate stretch of the ice covered road as it speeds by underneath.

SEAN (V.O.)

*I started driving faster as I left the college behind. I didn't know where I was going. Someplace unoccupied I hoped. At first I thought that there were things about her that I would never forget, but in the end, all I could think about was--*

CUT TO BLACK:

We hear the Erasure song "We'll Be Together Again" over the END CREDIT ROLL, which by the way begins with the end of the credit roll and rolls backwards through the legal, then the crew, then the cast and keys until, finally, the studio logo comes up. It's as if THE PROJECTOR IS ACTUALLY RUNNING THE CREDIT ROLL BACKWARDS AND UP up the screen. Suddenly there's a FLUTTERING TO THE FRAME as if the sprockets are torn. The film suddenly breaks as if SNAPPED free from the leader--

WHITE FLICKERING LIGHT STROBES on the screen, no film is in the projector...

Turn off the projector and close the curtains.

At this point the THEATER EMPLOYEES may enter the theater and clean the floors.

**THE END**