

The secret sun

A film by

Deron Turner

Indiefilms@Hotmail.com

This film for your consideration

WARNING

This film contains graphic adult subject matter which includes- disturbing scenes of statutory rape, self-mutilation, explicit adult language and illegal drug and alcohol usage while depicting very disturbing images of minor children and young adults engaging in questionable and high risk sexual behavior and dangerous life practices.

It is not the author, producer or directors intention to suggest or infer that all minors behave in or engage in the lifestyles and practices depicted here and no one makes any attempt to endorse or condone such practices and actions.

We also caution that the characters written here are entirely fictional and that no similarities to actual persons or events, either living or dead, past or present, should be inferred or implied and the story and sub-plot and plots contained here are strictly fictitious and they represent no particular person or persons, nor do they represent any particular event or series of events and any similarities to such are strictly coincidence.

If you have questions or comments about the content of this film script- please send emails to:

Indiefilms@Hotmail.com

Major Cast -in order of appearance

Young Lawson Adamere' – (Pre-teen)

Randy
Pedophile

Lawson Adamere'

Cameron Younger "The Boy"

Young Girl
Mounted Patrol Officers
Older Man in basement

Elijah Jeffries

Handsome sixteen-year-old boy
Young Man (Flirting w/ cars)
Kid one (Jimmy)
Docu-crewmembers
Drunken pedophile
Lawson's Father
Homeless Kid (Donnie)
Man at Pegasus Bar (John)
Young man in car (John)
Older man in motel (S&M- John)
Young lovers (Johns)
Gentleman at Gay club

Chad

Mike

Man from Bar no. 3 (John)
Elijah's Parents
Woman in Laundromat

Richie

Antonio

Carlos

Stavros

Older Gentleman on Yacht
Young man in rest room stall
White Lesbian
Black Lesbian
Older man in wheel chair
Waiter

Paco

Older man in hotel (Delgado)
Lawson's Mother
Red headed man (John in car)
Older heavyset man (John in car)
Taxi driver

Major Sets and locations

Interiors:

Lawson's childhood home-

Living room.

Dining room.

Kitchen.

Bedroom.

Closet.

Bathroom.

Hallway.

Lawson's apartment-

Bedroom.

Bathroom.

Living room.

Kitchen.

Dining room.

Continental room

Jail cell

Westin hotel- glass elevator

Westin hotel- halls

Westin hotel- suite 6708

Abandoned basement

Hotel suite

Basement Club

Club velvet VIP room

Pegasus basement bar

Limo cabin

Parked car

Town cars

Taxicabs

Wrecked Town car

Motel room

Motel atrium (Open air)

Lux high-rise apartment

Doctor's office

Gay club

Hotel elevator

Hotel corridor- hall

Hotel room 4507

Bar no. 3

Bar no. 3 rest room

Interiors continued.

Bar no. 3 rest room stall

Ritz plaza hotel suite (w/ wall window)

Diner

Farmhouse bedroom

Yacht cabin

Baltimore shock trauma hospital emergency ward
Baltimore shock trauma hospital waiting room
Baltimore shock trauma hospital oncology ward (Lawson's room)
Laundromat
Nightclub
Train car (Subway)
Liquor store

Exteriors:

Historic cemetery
Diner
Train station (City transit)
Railway (City transit) platform
Pegasus basement bar
Public Park
Public park gazebo
Town cars and other various vehicles of the nineteen eighties and before
Gay club
Bar no. 3
Farmhouse
Lawson's apartment building
Mansion
Westin plaza hotel
Motel
Hotel
Liquor store
Basement building
Westin hotel glass elevator
Yacht
Baltimore harbor
Limo
Hearse
Sidewalk café
Baltimore shock trauma hospital
Taxis
Streets
Storefronts
Arcades
Alleyways
Warehouses
Sidewalks
Parking lots
Motel atrium (Open air)
Motel parking lot

The sound now, Sound FX; Voices and music. At a party.

The words on screen, a caption:

**"Where was my heart to flee for refuge from my heart?
Whither was I to fly, where I would not follow?
In what place should I not be pray to myself?"**

-The confessions of St. Augustine

It fades after a brief moment.

Continued

Black screen:

The sound now, Sound FX; (Voices and music- a party).

The music: "The Hustle- Van McCoy and Soul City Symphony". Mid-song.
It emanates from the floor model High-Fi, in the living room.
And continues through the scenes end.

Words on screen, a caption: **New Years Eve, 1976**

It dissolves.

FADE IN:

-A FLASH BACK-

A series of quick shots revealing people dancing, drinking, eating, talking etc.

Angle on a group of young adults away from the party- gathered around a small table near the kitchen, behind them the lively New Years (Eve) Party goes on. Close on the table, a game of high stakes poker mid hand and drugs are the favorite currency. (Mostly bags of weed, a few bags of white powder, an old handgun, about Two hundred dollars in twenties and tens etc.)

Another angle now as the camera soon discovers and begins to examine two young boys in the b.g. They keep to themselves quietly watching every move the adults make at the table and on the dance floor. They secretly sneak food from the kitchen unnoticed by the adults.

Angle again, on the party – and then the high stakes poker game.

QUICK CUTS: Tinfoil crinkles, powder sprinkles, lighter flickers, smoke drifts, lips pucker, straw sucks, pleasure sighs.... Spoons burn, tourniquets tighten, needles plunge, and eyes roll back and close with delight.

Children stare, grownups don't care.

Estab. Scene.

Continue

Continued

INT. LAWSON'S CHILDHOOD HOME. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT. CONTINUOUS.

The lively party filled with thirty something's, drinking, drugs, etc.
Angle on the two young boys again, LAWSON (Age 12) and his little brother RANDY (Age 10); they sit quietly away from the major festivities, playing with each other- though watching everything.

The music turns slower now, the lights go out and the place is lit now only by candles and Christmas tree lights as the adults take to the living room floor hand in hand with a partner.

The sound now; music: "A whiter shade of pale- Procol Harum".

As the camera loosens our view, it begins to reveal an unspeakable horror, we see LAWSON being led away from the action, hand in hand, by an ADULT MAN from the poker table. On first glance, all would seem normal, but as the scene begins to unfold, it will become a very disturbing image indeed.

Close now on a closet door, as it opens.

Angle on LAWSON and the MAN as they enter. He opens two beers, giving one to LAWSON and drinking the other. The door slams shut on our view now.

Black.

Inside the darkened closet.

ECU: LAWSON'S eyes, his trembling mouth as he drinks the beer, a hot terror seizes him, the MAN wraps his arm around him before holding him down and climbing on top of him, soon struggling off their jeans; he fumbles in the dark with the zippers and belt buckles, whispering for quiet and approval into the boys ear.

Soon, LAWSON will grunt a yelp at penetration, his tears and cries silenced by the large drunken hand, which covers his mouth.

Black.

Back in the living room.

The party continues, as the count down to **1977** has started now in full.

Back in the closet.

Angle close on the tiny crack under the closet door as the light from the party aluminates Lawson's face, it is the face of a child griped in confusion and fear. The light shone under the door now casting strange shadows and shapes On his image, but his eyes are like steel, his face blank, removed.

In the b.g. The MAN, zips up fastens his belt buckle and exits the darkened closet on all fours.

The door slams shut on our view. Black.

The party continues with the sounds now of New Years gunfire, fire works etc.

Back in the closet.

Angle close on LAWSON, on the closet floor, his pants around his ankles, underwear torn.

He lies perfectly quiet and still- staring blankly towards the heavens.

The sound now: Sound FX; LAWSON'S P.O.V. The staccato sounds of the gunfire, the countdown to the New Year, champagne bottles uncorking, revelry and good cheer, it grows louder and louder until it is finally drowned out by the music from the Hi-Fi.

The sound now; music: "What's going on- Marvin Gaye".

Dissolve.

-BACK TO PRESENT-

FADE IN

Continue

The words on screen now, a caption: **1979 WINTER**

Dissolve.

The view now, trees in winter and a long desolate strip of winding road to a forgotten Cemetery. Smoke stacks, warehouses, etc. along the way. In the b.g. The City of Baltimore looms.

Over this the sounds now, a Childs birthday party: And a voice over.

It is the voice of young LAWSON ADAMERE', (Filtered). This V.O. will continue through the scene and inter- over lap into the following teaser scenes.

EXT. HISTORIC CEMETARY. DUSK.

Establish (Historic) Cemetery grounds. The old trees, head stones, rusted gate, overgrown dead weeds etc. The city of Baltimore towering in the distance.

LAWSON V.O.

On my third birthday, I had a party. And it wasn't until years later that my mother told me, that I gave her the worst fright of her life at that party. She told me the story of her worst fears as a mother and how I had really scared the shit out of her. She also told me, it wasn't really just fear that she felt, it was also a lot of guilt, you see, it was my third birthday party, but my actual birthday had been almost six months earlier. But the timing was inconvenient, so, they never told me. So anyway, I guess, she felt like the lord was punishing her or something, for trying to fool me with this bogus party that was six months too late. Thing is, I didn't mind at all. Hell, I was three.

The words on screen now; **Titles begin.**

LAWSON V.O. CONT.

Anyway, she tried to explain it all away to make her self feel better I guess, you know, as a mother. She said it just worked out that way, you see, six months before that, when my actual birthday was, she and the old man were fighting, but, after he got sent to the pen, well, I guess she just felt like it was a good time for a party. Make a long story short, there we all were, at my third birthday party, and it was quite the bash too, me, my Mom, my little Brother and all of these neighborhood kids which was kind of strange because as far back as I can

LAWSON V.O. Cont.

remember, it was always just me and my little brother RANDY. We never had friends over or anything like that. We were that family on the block that nobody talked to, old ladies crossed the street when they saw one of us coming; grown folks started whispering' at the mere sight of an ADAMERE'. Well, that's how I remember it anyway. So, anyway, there we were on this incredibly beautiful peaceful sunny afternoon, celebrating my life, all three years of it, albeit, a few months late, when all of a sudden, she say's that I just turned crayola blue, sneezed three times and my face was full of blood, I mean she said it was a lot of blood, and then, she said I just dropped my head and went to sleep right there at the table. Party over. Of course, she freaked out, who wouldn't, she runs over and starts shaking me, thinking stray bullet to the back of the head or something.

But then she looks closer and there's no hole out of the ordinary, well, that started her shaking and punching me even more, you see, she thought by then, I was choking on hot dogs, cake and chips. But, I wasn't, I wasn't. And years later, when she told me that story and I told her the one about the dark closet and the nightmares, it just didn't seem all that shocking anymore. Not after the lifetime of doctors, hospitals, specialist, oncology hospices, clinics and holistic healers that I'd endured since that day. In fact, the only thing that was really shocking was that I was around talking to my Ma at all. After all of it, all of those doctors and specialists they finally all came to one conclusion, they said, through the miraculous work of their top notch staff of experts, I had beaten it, I had slayed the dragon of death and gloom. Beaten the odds. I had done the impossible, and I even started to believe the miracle too. I mean, after all of that, God must have put me here for a good reason, right? Surely life was mine now to live to the fullest; surely life would be grand now, right? Am I invincible, am I special, was I chosen for some wonderful thing in this life, yet to reveal itself to me? Surely he must have saved me for something great, right? Something good and noble.

My mother used to say, that she sold her soul for mine. I'm sure she was kidding, but it was true, I did it, I beat it. And the best part is, I didn't feel sick anymore or weak or cold or scared or anything like it. I felt good, strong again, normal.

Thirteen and finally normal. Thank God. So, at the tender young age of thirteen, I had my second birthday party, and I didn't turn blue or have a major nosebleed or pass out or anything like it. I was cured. Healthy. This time though, the party was a little more scaled down, well, Dad was four weeks back from the pen, but that didn't stop us and me and my Mom and my little brother, we had a fucking ball. And I got drunk for the first time in my life on that day and it was on something that wasn't attached to my I.V. bag. It only took two beers to do it too but they were the best beers I ever drank in my life. I never did have another birthday party after that one, maybe that's why I remember that that one was the best. After that party and that day, everything else just sort of paled in comparison, and everything's changed since that day and now, I can't help but think that It was all, so quick and far too drastic. And what I remember the most now, about it all, about her, is that I think that that was the last time she ever

LAWSON V.O. Cont.
smiled. We buried

her twenty-one days later. I don't know why I remember that, but I just do. And everything before that, even the parts when I was sick and dying it's almost as if it just never really happened. I don't remember any more happy times growing up and I don't know any peace. At least none that lasts.

(OMITTED SCENE)

(OMITTED SCENE)

Continued

EXT. CEMETARY. WINTER. DUSK. CONTINUOUS.

The sounds now: Young voices and music; "Don't you want me- Human league". Mid-song. It bellows out of a nearby boom box, though its location isn't quite known.

Over this, moans and groans sexual in nature, growing louder and louder, these sounds, all of them, fill the early evening air and reverberate off of the huge head stones and giant crypts, returning as an echo at times.

We are closer now, on the back of a huge eighteenth century head stone, as the camera ARCS slowly bringing the loosening view into focus at once. Close now and we see Young LAWSON'S dirty combat boots and then the bare flesh of his legs, he is naked from the waist down and sits straddled atop an OLDER BOYS lap, face to face. The BOY holding him tightly down into place at the shoulder blade with a hand- with the other hand, he huffs paint fumes from a plastic bread bag. He drops the bag after a hit of the fumes, grabbing LAWSON much rougher now with both his hands, tightly gripping him at the waist and shoulder now, he violently grinds up and into him eyes closed, harder and harder, more and more violently and without abandon now. LAWSON is clearly in pain throughout the following finally cries out to the night, seconds before the BOY screams his inevitable climax and his grip loosens slowly at first and then all at once as LAWSON jumps up quickly now ruffled, but not broken. He stands, walks a few paces away from the BOY and urinates on a head stone before dressing.

In the b.g. The BOY sprays another hit of gold paint into the plastic bread bag and huffs the fumes again, in a moment he will go blank but for now, he clumsily points out a place for Young LAWSON to make their sleeping quarters for the night his words mumbled and slurred.

And now the view loosens again, to reveal a series of small campfires and perhaps six to ten other bedrolls amongst the ancient headstones and large four hundred year old oak trees. In the b.g. Baltimore looms large and bright.

The Camera ARCS again to reveal in closer detail now, the shocking truth, it reveals a homeless Youth camp amid these civil war era headstones with several small coffee can fires burning sporadically between the tents, bedrolls and card board box shelters.

Another angle now and LAWSON, under these small fire lights which flare up occasionally, looks younger and frailer than expected, in fact, under the light of this night he looks to be only around fourteen years old and his bruised and

skinny frame and pale skin, leaves us all deeply concerned. At this very moment he looks like a frightened child in an adult world.

As the camera slowly ARCS him in full, it also reveals now behind him, the BOY passed out against the headstone of some brave civil war veteran, spent and stoned out of his head, gold paint smeared around his mouth, nose and hair.

Suddenly a young girl approaches LAWSON, she is dirty beyond belief, he smiles for her now and gives her an orange. She smiles for him, grabs it and runs off.

The sound now; Music (From the boom box: "ANGIE- The Rolling stones").

LAWSON unfolds the bedroll, taking time to make it as comfortable as possible, making small talk with the BOY as he does. Once finished, he takes a seat on another headstone across from the BOY closer to the fire, he takes the can of spray paint and the plastic bread bag out of the BOY'S hand, sprays a hit into it and inhales deeply. A pause.

In a moment his eyes will roll back into his head and then at once, they will slam shut, the body will slump off to one side and the only sounds left will be the music and the crackling fire.

Dissolve.

(OMITTED SCENES)

FADE IN

Continued

EXT. CEMETARY. FOLLOWING MORNING. CONTINUOUS.

The sound now; "Tom Waits" wafting through the freezing morning air, he sings about, "The cold, cold ground" and we are-

Very close now on LAWSON, as he startles awake at once, he is alone in the bedroll and glances his surroundings looking for CAMERON YOUNGER – "The Boy" he's quickly found in the exact same spot as the night before, asleep, his back leaning against the headstone; head pointing downward facing his crotch, chin resting comfortably on his chest, hair blowing wild in the cold morning breeze.

LAWSON begins to awake and rise now, in the b.g. Life begins to show itself among the dead, as young bodies slowly reveal themselves out of their bedrolls and make shift tents, the sun rising quickly now as they emerge slowly, wearily from they're sleep. This scene, almost spooky in light of the location- should be filmed with a blue filter for maximum effect and value.

LAWSON

(To The BOY, jokingly)

I thought you said you were going to keep me warm last night, hey, wake up; I'm talking to you. What, you just fuck 'em hard and put 'em away wet and then you just, tune them out? Is that your story, such a fuckin' romantic. Wake up.

He tosses an orange at him striking him on the head. Nothing.

LAWSON approaches "The BOY" now, shaking him lightly at first and then harder, frantically harder. But he is stiff with rigor mortis, a jolt to all of a young man's senses at once.

A stunned and frightened LAWSON jumps back, speechless. He stares at the Young corpse for a minute or two, slowly coming closer to look at and eventually touch him. The BOYS face, covered in gold spray paint, his eyes and mouth wide open, stare back at LAWSON blankly, almost like a gold statue or a manikin.

In the b.g. The young girl stands quietly watching, in her hands a cup of hot coffee for LAWSON, she drops it on the ground now and runs away.

LAWSON startles at this, before continuing. He closes the eyes and mouth, before rifling the pockets for cash and other valuables, about forty dollars in cash and silver, a watch, a silver ring and a half full bottle of Wild Turkey. A handful of loose phone numbers and business cards he tosses into the fire, the driver's license, he keeps.

The sound now; Presently we hear the voice of LAWSON ADAMERE'.

LAWSON V.O.

However it is, the dead, like the born rich are different than you and me. In thinking about it later I couldn't help myself, but, I had to admit it, I was kind of impressed by the way he looked, striped of that fundamental vitality like a tree in winter without its leaves. Death, takes so much away, yet it takes nothing at all. Nothing you can really name at least. Life, somehow, is just a visible thing. And I'm not afraid anymore.

(To the corpse)

LAWSON CONT.

*How in the fuck are you going to protect me now, Cam?
And who's going to protect and look after you now?
I guess this means I'm on my own again, huh? Thanks a hell of a lot, shit; I need a shower right now. I just fucked a dead guy.*

He picks the paint can up and tosses it as far away as his arms will let him and now, the music wails even louder slicing through the cold morning air with a new meaning, his breath rising up to greet the sun as it quickly fills the darkness with light. Behind him now, in the b.g. a small crowd of young onlookers has gathered quietly watching.

LAWSON V.O. CONT.

Cameron Younger was not the kind of guy who you'd expect would get himself kicked off of the planet during his sleep. And I guess, for him that was kind of like, getting fired on your day off. Shot to death by a SWAT team yes, I could see that for Cam, but in his sleep? It just didn't seem fitting, it was certainly not his style, as it was in everything he did, including fucking, it was just too clean, there was no suffering, no pain, no torrid story behind it. In his life, there was always pain and suffrage, and it usually involved those closet around him, you see he treated everyone who knew him like they were his own personal underlings, as if, they all had to be controlled above all else, least they went off and grew a brain without him or wised up to the fact that he was no different than the rest of us. No real difference anyway. But now, I guess, it was just his way of self-preservation, his very own pecking order, shame it didn't work out for him in the end. But now, at the end of the day, It would be me, above everyone else who knew him, that felt the worse, I guess because I had sat through it all with him, in front of God and Country for weeks and weeks as he tutored me like a child in all the

LAWSON V.O. Cont.

ways of street survival, Karma sutra sex rituals and the always unpleasant love without borders for hire –schemes in which basically, he made money off of my ass. And all the while there I sat, simpering and pretending, acting like he was inventing cold fusion or something every time he cracked a joke or barked an order for me to follow. And diligently I always followed. On the flip side though, he was Cameron Younger. Cam. A suave mother fucker even in death and definitely the oldest, coolest, best looking and highest paid guy on the strip in life, a twelve year veteran of the hustle, albeit an egocentric, sexually ambivalent, glue huffing sadist who, by the age of ten, had probably already mastered every form of human misconduct known to God, including but not limited to, sexual torture, extremely violent and unspeakable cruelties to the young and old alike, pet's not to be excluded mind you; fraud, prostitution, bribery, arson, the list was impressive, and it was rumored, often aloud, he'd even done a murder back in Seventy eight while jacking some john in the park one night.

He was also the go to guy for everything imagined on the streets, from booze, to any kind of drug ever grown in the dirt or manufactured in a lab, loans in a pinch, hot wheels, insurance scams, he could do it all and then some. It was just my dumb luck and misfortune to think that he could do it all forever. Which is why I begin openly plotting to sleep with him the moment I met him and saw him in action, I had it all figured out too, all of my greatest worries and fears would be solved in an instant, if, I could hook up with Cam, make him like me, if I could make him fuck me, I'd have it made for sure, so I thought, and then, I would survive these fucked up streets, day after day, night after night, I guess, I saw him as a light, a beacon of security on a journey to someplace better, and he was, for about two months and I followed him around this city being pimped out, punched out, exploited, humiliated and degraded, acting like a lost puppy dog who would starve to death without the tutelage of, his truly. And now, of course, his demise was not factored into my short term plans especially since, I literally, had to step on all of the little people in my fast paced end run, to get to the top of Cam Younger. You'd be surprised at what a person will do when it's five below zero and no one will talk to you anymore because you've screwed them all over to get to a place of comfort and status only to have it snatched away by the cruel hands of Christ the redeemer. Out here, people are as unforgiving as rats and just as cruel. But there's always winter in jail. Three hots and a cot, Ummmm.

(OMITTED SCENE)

Continued

-A FLASH BACK-

EXT. DINER. A WINTRY DAY. MORNING. CONTINUOUS.

On screen, a caption: **1980**

Angle wide on a city diner and then closer on its front window. Through it we see four Baltimore City (Mounted Patrolmen) having breakfast.

As the view loosens it reveals the rest of the diner's front façade including the parking lot, out front and center in the parking lot we are in awe of four beautiful police horses ceremoniously parked, their front legs outstretched on the curb, their backs lowered and awaiting their riders patiently.

Slowly the Camera's view continues to loosen further soon revealing cross streets, traffic, pedestrians and a busy little intersection.

Angle closer on the corner across from the diner now, closer still and we see young LAWSON working the street corner and its busy traffic. He looks cold, tired, hungry, worn thin, and miserable. His face and eyes begin to shift their focus from the speeding traffic, which seems to move without slowing, to the diner across the street. He glances the diner window, close now on the cops (in the window) and then the police horse's tied off out front, back and forth his focus intensifies, his posture changing by the second until he resembles a mad lion about to attack its pray in a jungle, the mental angst and uncertainty shown on his face. The snow falls harder now, his coat not nearly heavy enough for the elements. Close on LAWSON, his hands stiff with cold and then the traffic speeding by without so much as a glance and now he makes his decision, he wants a pony ride and he moves into position to steal one. A deliberate attempt to get arrested and find shelter, he sneaks across the street towards the diner with stealth and skill hiding behind parked cars etc. There is a long beat while he stares at the horses now less than five feet away.

FLASH CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS. MOVING. MORNING. CONT.

Close on LAWSON in full gallop atop a horse, the wind in his hair and a smile on his face.

As the Camera pulls focus it soon reveals, the full Calvary of the BALTIMORE

City government behind him- close on his tail- the three diner policemen on their horses and closing in fast, whistles blowing, they're faces tense with a certain kind of anger not usually seen everyday on a low salaried City cop.

Angle close on the horse hooves hitting the pavement, all sixteen of them, another angle closer of the faces of the cops all twisted and angry as they pursue him.

Angle back on LAWSON racing through the streets on this huge beast through parking lots, city traffic, and parks. The chase is on, angle now on police cars moving in from different directions, left and right, the mounted cops close behind, motorcycles in front, nowhere to run.

FLASH CUT TO:

EXT. STREET. UNDER A COLD RAIN. MORNING. CONT.

LAWSON face down on the pavement, the traffic blocked from all directions, the police beat the shit out of him now. Close on his face and the chaos around him, sirens blaring, police radios wailing a cluster fuck of cops. They high five each other as he is brutally handcuffed, but on his face a smile serves only to taunt them while his horse, spent and breathing hard urinates on an officers boots.

INT. A BALTIMORE CITY JAIL CELL. DAY. CONT.

Close on LAWSON black and blue from the beating, his arm in a sling as the cell doors shut tightly behind him.

The sound now; nerve-racking loudness all around us. On his face, a smile as big as Baltimore, he lights a cigarette and settles in to get some much-needed rest humming a tune, grinning from ear to ear at his jailer's lack of humor.

WHITE OUT.

-BACK TO PRESENT-

Continued

INT. ABANDONED BASEMENT. CRASH PAD. NIGHT. CONTINUOUS. **1982.**

Med. C.U. as LAWSON gets up from a bare mattress on the basement floor, his companion seen in the b.g, leans back and opens a package of tinfoil.

MAN

Do you want some of this?

LAWSON

No thanks. Could you pay me first?

MAN

Whatever shorty. Don't know what you're missing.

He hands LAWSON a few bills. And then-

QUICK CUTS: Tinfoil crinkles, powder sprinkles, lighter flickers, smoke drifts, lips pucker, straw sucks, a pleasure sigh...

Presently we hear, the sound now;

ELIJAH JEFFRIES, V.O. Quiet and reflective.

ELIJAH V.O.

In the spring of nineteen eighty two we met each other in the darkest bar rooms and hustler parks of Baltimore and we got drunk and stoned every night right along side the rest of the unhappy men and boy's who hovelled beside us in the same darkness and shame which seemed to surround everyone we knew, in those early days we formed an unsinkable bond the two of us. Enthralled of a tender dialect of death, and desperation out of the self-hatred and unrealized repentance of two souls. Together, we bore the shame of our very existence and the guilt and the self-hatred, of our every abuser. We lifted our drinks in dark toast, but were always ashamed of our bad taste and the choices we had made in this life. We moved through the nights, like skilled liars and craftsmen pretending to know everything about every one and anything that ever mattered. And though we knew how to take communion, together, we learned how to take drugs and we learned how to live life and how not to die in the streets and we followed each other, not just because we wanted to but because in the end, we had to. Before we met each other, neither he nor I had ever seen or known such peaceful and colored days. Together, we made the violent landscape that surrounded us, tolerable. Alone, it was unbearable, but, together, we had sunlight out of the darkness, together, we had a place of our own and it was warm and inviting and we saved each other every day, but

ELIJAH V.O. Cont.

ultimately I can only wonder, if we just, managed to delay the inevitable. But surely it was worth it.

INT. ABANDONED BASEMENT. CRASH PAD. NIGHT. CONT

Candles provide the only true source of lighting here and we can just barely make out the figures of bodies scattered about the room on the floor and in the darkened corners. (About four or five STREET KIDS, doing their tricks and or, drugs in dark corners).

The sound now; music coming from outside somewhere, it wafts into the scene filtered – “Into the night- Benny Mardones”

The camera ARCS the dark room until it settles on the view of LAWSON, he stands in front of a large broken wall mirror shirtless, his eyes blank. In the b.g. The OLDER MAN’S naked frame spread out on the mattress. Closer now on LAWSON’S image in the mirror, sweating profusely, his frame small and frail looking, ribs discolored and bruised. He stands at the mirror slowly, methodically cutting into his arm and chest with a razor blade as the blood falls to the floor in large puddles which pool at his feet, a ghastly vision. In the b.g. The OLDER MAN high as a kite watches intently focused on his every image as LAWSON, half naked in the candle light bleeds and cuts. Angle slowly toward the OLDER MAN in the b.g. masturbating.

Suddenly behind them, the door swings open to reveal a Young ELIJAH, his eye blackened, griping a backpack and out of breath, scared shitless, desperately trying to find a place to hide, behind him footsteps getting closer and closer.

The sound now; outside footsteps and an angry voice calling out searching for ELIJAH.

LAWSON turns now to face ELIJAH, he takes his hand and leads him quickly through another part of the basement, the OLDER MAN angry, calls out to LAWSON to finish what he paid him for but the two disappear in the darkness of the basement through a broken wall down more stairs and then to the outside.

EXT. STREET. MOVING. NIGHT. CONT.

LAWSON and ELIJAH walking quickly away from the building and then as they turn a corner, sprinting. They slow only after about two blocks are between them.

ELIJAH opens his backpack, which is full of cassette tapes he gives LAWSON a shirt to wear and a bandana for his bloody arm and chest.

LAWSON

So, what the fuck did you do to that guy, rip him off? He seemed pissed.

ELIJAH

Sort of, it's a long story. Jerk didn't want to pay me so I took it out on his music collection. You like Alabama, he sure as hell does. And you, why were you doing that to yourself down there, don't that hurt?

LAWSON wraps his arm, stopping the bleeding. ELIJAH looks through the tape collection tossing half of them into the streets.

LAWSON

It hurts a lot less than you think if you do it right. The blade has to be perfectly sharp, that guy's WALTER, he pays me for that. He's into all kinds of weird stuff like that, drinks blood, cum, all kinds of disgusting shit. He gets off on it. We call him the Vampire WALTER. Pays fifty bucks for that alone and he doesn't even touch me, just watches and jacks off, pretty decent trade off if you ask me.

What's your name, you're new around here, I'm LAWSON. LAWSON ADAMERE', don't wear it out.

ELIJAH

ELIJAH JEFFRIES, look, maybe we should walk faster, talk less, I mean, no offense but I don't want to' run into my guy or your guy- Vampire WALTER, that's for sure. They're probably still looking for us, damn, crazy people never give up.

LAWSON

It's cool, WALTER will be fine, there's no shortage of takers for his endless supply of fifty-dollar bills. He's harmless; guy's just a freak of nature that's all. So, you got a room, a place to stay?

LAWSON puts the tee shirt on now.

ELIJAH

No. Just winging it. So, is there such a thing as any normal adult people around here? There certainly aren't any normal john's out here, that's clear. Freaks of nature on every corner. Are all of the grownups insane around here? Anybody normal?

LAWSON

Normal? Where've you been, normal is still a novelty to most of these fucking people around here. Normal behavior or normal sex, what are you looking for anyway- lights out missionary position and a then a social worker to talk to- someone to tell you why it was wrong? I hate to tell you this, but you and that guy chasing you, you got the wrong parts for that kind of normal fucking and the social workers that I know, could use a little therapy for themselves. Sex is what it is, especially out here. You can come with me if you want to I have an apartment around the corner. Lucky for you I don't take fucked up tricks there anymore so it's always safe and clean. I want to' keep it that way too. Come on, follow me and keep up. You huff, get high, drop acid, pop ludes, shoot smack, ride the white horse, freebase, what?

ELIJAH

No, nothing. You?

LAWSON

Not today. Do you drink?

ELIJAH

Sure. No not really.

LAWSON

Shit, don't you know around here beer is for breakfast? Come on, I need another bottle of Turkey. It's cool; I'll get you some milk or a soda if you want. Maybe some crystal too, you look like a crystal kind of guy. Are you a crystal junkie, a speed freak, a methhead?

ELIJAH

I don't do crystal. But I can drink... Turkey with you if you want me too, whatever the hell that is. I guess this means; I owe you one for saving my ass like this, kind of like, in jail? One favor deserves another?

Shoots him a look.

LAWSON

Jail? What kiddy jail have you been in young ELI? Look, you don't owe me shit all right, no blowjobs, no hand jobs and no snow jobs either, so just, keep your dick in your pants all right. If things work out though and your neat and tidy, maybe you can just get a job, help out, two can make the rent a lot cheaper than one they say, besides, hustling doesn't seem to be your strong suit. From the looks of it maybe you should go legit, in fact, I think I see a lot of BURGER KING in my future. Yea, they let you take home all of the mistakes at the end of the night. Are you at least incompetent, because if you are, at least we could eat good, speaking of eating, you hungry?

They turn a corner now walking up to LAWSON'S apartment building; they disappear from view into the hallway.

Back in the basement, the door swings open with a kick to reveal, an angry YOUNG MAN with rage in his eyes, he scans the room looking for ELIJAH, a shiny blade in his hands.

The YOUNG MAN'S P.O.V. of bodies strewn everywhere, people sleeping, sex in dark corners, junkies shooting up, smoking crack, the bloodstains on the floor. Slowly he backs out of the space, eerily spooked, closing the door soft and quietly behind him.

Dissolve.

(OMITTED SCENE)

Continued

THE PRODUCTION COMPANY LOGO IS PRESENTED AUSTERELY OVER A BLACK BACKGROUND.

There is a moments hesitation and then, the words:

On screen; a caption:

The secret sun

It fades away.

Also on screen;

1991 Baltimore, Maryland

It dissolves.

FADE IN:

EXT. RAILWAY STATION. BALTIMORE CITY TRANSIT. DAY.

ELIJAH stands on the platform arms loaded with grocery bags, the station over crowded with afternoon commuters as the camera soon discovers and begins to examine one remarkably handsome sixteen year old boy.

ELIJAH'S P.O.V, close now on the boy, his blue eyes are piercing, their expression merciless.

And now, the sound; of a train bearing down on the station platform, it grows louder and louder as the boy suddenly steps in closer to the edge of the platform arms out stretched, eyes closed.

ELIJAH, immobile now, watches, tensely disturbed, as the shot becomes jumpy and jolts with the rumble of the train entering the final tunnel to the station, angle closely now, on a piece of gray canvas which flaps incongruously in and out of the shot behind the boy.

And now the boy seen from below, is framed on the edge of the platform suddenly he steps forward even closer as the train screams it's approach warning, his clothes flying in the strong cross winds, ELIJAH closes his eyes tightly bracing for the messy impact as the train roars screeching into the station for it's scheduled noon stop. The doors open now, and passengers depart and

embark before ELIJAH opens his eyes again, and just as fast as it entered the station, it departs. The boy, having disappeared into the mass of commuters aboard the train -safely on his way, now presses his lips against the glass for ELIJAH'S benefit.

Angle close on ELIJAH as the camera quickly zooms in -but it continues beyond him, through him and beyond the train station walls until it settles on the view of Baltimore.

It is an unbelievable view of a foreboding and brutal concrete jungle -surrounded and immersed in poverty and deep pockets of wealth, culture and a slew of steel and glass towers that climb up and into the heavens, waterfront warehouse buildings, yellowing pornographic store fronts and finally, a stunning harbor that seems to race up and meet the eyes.

EXT. ELEVATED TRAIN PLATFORM. DAY.

Close on ELIJAH as he descends the steps of the station exhausted, once on the street, he looks out now towards the city terrain, his face blank, tense, removed.

The sound now; Presently we hear the voice of ELIJAH.

ELIJAH V.O. CONT.

Sometimes, I still hear him speak. His words ring so clearly. He speaks of his heart rendering departure from this life. He speaks, of how different things were in those days but mostly; he speaks to me of journeys never traveled and dreams unfulfilled. Sometimes I see him, impossible as that must sound I still see him. Since he died, I see him every night, my great and radiant sun. My secret sun.

The sound now; the streets in full motion, traffic, rain and thunder in the distance.

A Quotation on screen; a caption:

"As long as there are boy's who don't appreciate their youth and men who do, there will always be drama".

-Unknown

Dissolve caption.

Moments later.

Angle on ELIJAH walking home, the streets rain soaked his grocery bags are seconds from splitting now but he stops to watch a YOUNG MAN across the street, flirting with the cars on the corner as they pass, yelling obscenities when they refuse to stop for him, his technique needs work.

ELIJAH watches him, contemplates it all for a brief moment and then, the YOUNG MAN catches his eye. There is acknowledgement, and now he smiles broadly for ELIJAH crossing the street towards him, he approaches ELIJAH at first, sexually and then, after a brief moment -figuring this will go nowhere as a pan handler, he mumbles asking for pocket change. ELIJAH'S hand goes for his pocket; and he produces a few bills, considers this for a moment and then impulsively gives the YOUNG MAN the entire wad. Angle again on ELIJAH amused with the YOUNG MAN, who now walks away, ELIJAH watches him closely now, transfixed with his image, his swagger, his mannerisms, the YOUNG MAN feeling under the microscope, turns once again towards ELIJAH, still unsure, and motions for him sexually again, but ELIJAH stares off into nothingness now, far off in a far off day dream.

ELIJAH V.O. CONT.

I can still remember his walk, how he moved, how he stood. His wide posture, he moved with the grace of a deposed king. If I could just have one of those days again I'd save him this time, I'd find a way.

He stares out at the city terrain a smile on his face; and suddenly he seems dwarfed by the immense landscape, which surrounds him. His eyes misty with tears.

In the b.g. The YOUNG MAN walks away, and suddenly his image changes from present day to the summer of nineteen eighty-two as the streets, cars, buildings etc. Metamorphose now in an instant from present day back to the bustling nineteen eighties.

FX: Time change.

Words on screen now; a caption:

1982 summer

It dissolves.

*ELIJAH V.O. CONT.
We were so happy back then.*

The sound now, presently we hear the streets of Baltimore in motion.

(OMITTED SCENE)

(OMITTED SCENE)

Continued

Segue into:

EXT. 1982. BALTIMORE STREET CORNER. NIGHT.

ECU: On LAWSON standing on a street corner. His blue eyes focused on the terrain ahead of him. This is to become one of our most memorable images of him; tense, restless, with peach fuzz on his face, half in the bag, always scanning the crowd around him, he has large reddish hands, none too clean with rather long arms, he's tall and lanky and smokes like a chimney always swigging from a bottle of Wild Turkey and playing with his large ring, spinning and twisting it on his long finger, a nervous habit.

He is an exceptionally good-looking young man with the charm and personality to match. His azure eyes tell the story of a domestic and urban battlefield littered with human land mines and horror stories too numerous to count, too unspeakable to list, unheard of things. Fact is, he is a scared child in an adult world but he bluffs well enough to convince the toughest street walkers, 'Don't fuck with me' Thus, his saving grace and perhaps a bit of a calling card as well.

-FLASH BACK-

EXT. BALTIMORE, WATERFRONT. 1979. NIGHT.

Angle close on LAWSON; in front of a pornographic bookshop. He looks uncertain as he climbs into a car with an adult male driver. (A creepy looking pederast).

As the car pulls away with LAWSON inside, another angle and we see "The Boy" – Cameron Younger on the sidewalk in the b.g. He smiles a wicked grin as he counts a handful of dollar bills before pocketing them.

-BACK TO PRESENT-

EXT. 1982. BALTIMORE STREET CORNER. NIGHT.

ECU: LAWSON'S mouth, his eye's, his hands, how he fidgets about nervously scanning the streets swigging from a bottle in a brown paper bag.

The camera's view loosens again on the street corner revealing LAWSON and a small group of YOUNG PEOPLE being interviewed through a handheld video

camera. They chat it up with a group of hippie -wannabe film students making a documentary. The video Camera pulls rough focus on LAWSON and two or three other YOUNG PEOPLE, a crowd around them hushed. In the b.g. The busy sidewalk and traffic continue unmolested.

Framed inside the hand held video Camera.

KID ONE

Man I can't even say when I started or why tell you the truth. There ain't' no jobs out here. You just do what you got to' do to survive. Man, out here it's just all about survival. I'll do anything to survive. Rob, cheat, steal. Kill a motherfucker if I have to. Shit, it ain't nothing but a thang.

DOCU-VOICE

Where do you sleep at out here?

KID ONE

Shit, mostly I sleep in a squat. You know, vacant buildings and shit. Used to have this cool spot over in the grave yard, but the old folks took it over now. Now it's full of bums and winos an' shit. Can't sleep around them, they still your shit while you sleep for a bottle of twenty-twenty.

DOCU-VOICE

Man, that's sad. Will you take us back to your squat?

(To LAWSON)

And what about you, what's your name... What's your story man?

LAWSON

I don't have a story I'm just watching..

KID ONE

That's LAWSON, just call him ass boy. He sells himself like I sell jewelry and car radios, anything I can get my hands on, but he sells himself. He's a Puta'.

LAWSON

Fuck you!

DOCU-VOICE

Finally were getting somewhere. A homeless, male prostitute. Do you really prostitute yourself out here?

LAWSON

Everybody prostitutes out here, whether they want too or not I'm just honest about it.

KID ONE

That's because you're a Puta' faggot!

LAWSON

What do you care JIMMY, jealous because nobody wants your ass?

KID ONE (JIMMY)

Fuck no! What do I got to be jealous for? I don't give a shit who's dick you suck bitch!

A car pulls in front of an arcade, JIMMY acknowledges the driver with a nod.

JIMMY

That's my ride, I got business to attend to, hey am I going to be on T.V. or something, cause' I got warrants man, lots and lots of warrants. I'm saying you gonna' have to cough up more than ten dollars to show that tape of me, and I got warrants an' shit. How much is that camera worth?

DOCU-VOICE

Nah, it's just a little documentary. PBS kind of stuff. Nobody watches would know you.

JIMMY

Cool, in that case- so long suckka's!

He grabs his crotch and shoots the camera a bird before running off across the street waving his ten dollars in the air and jumping into the car. It races off with JIMMY laughing and mooning the crowd, burning rubber as it disappears out of sight.

DOCU-VOICE

You don't seem embarrassed or anything. Are you gay? Do you admit it?

LAWSON

I'm not embarrassed about anything. I haven't done anything wrong. He should be embarrassed, all the stuff he steals every night. Robbing people blind. He's mental. A head case, retarded. I'd check my pockets if I was you. Still got your watches, better check.

DOCU-VOICE

You don't look like you're- but what- sixteen, fifteen? How long have you been doing this, how'd you end up out here, like this, doing this?

LAWSON

I've been doing this for a very long time, let's just say that.

DOCU-VOICE

What's a long time a few months, a year, tell me how long? And what's the first time you did this out here? We could pay you more than ten bucks if you talked to us. I mean, really talked to us. Gave us your story. This is interesting stuff. People need to hear shit like this man. Bring them down from their Ivory towers.

A pause, he contemplates this for a second and then-

LAWSON V.O.

The first time I did this, let's see; the first time I did this?

Close on his face, his mouth, the view now, framed inside the student's handheld video camera. The view is in poor quality and the picture is often unsteady and even jumpy.

LAWSON CONT.

I was about thirteen I guess. I didn't really know what the fuck I was doing either I can tell you that. I didn't know any of the tricks I do now, tell you the truth, I was kind of pimped out, but I didn't know it at the time so it was okay. But, the first time I did this on my own, shit it was a whole different world back then. That first time, some guy just pulled up one night, he wouldn't leave me alone, and he kept following me, in his car. He had this bad assed ride, a Mustang, and he offered me a spin in it, one thing led to another, I mean, I'm not stupid I knew the guy

LAWSON Cont.

wanted something more than to just give me a ride, duh. Anyway, he finally asked, how much, if I just let him touch it, you know, me, down there. Hey, I was broke as hell, hungry, tired of walking around. He said he had a room we could go back to and we could stop and get some Mickey D's and that was that. Smoked a righteous joint laced with some PCP and made twenty bucks. And I didn't have to do anything. Not really anyway. I Just sat back and got my Dick sucked, which was a hell of a lot better than what I was used to doing, trust me. It was just easy money, too easy, shit it was easy as sin. Man, back then, I was just eat up' with the dumb ass, I mean, I could have charged the guy five times that much at that age, shit, youth is king out here man. But hindsight's the biggest fucking let down you can't put your hands on, a joke on your own stupidity meant only to taunt and torment you. Hindsight and free will. Such bullshit you can't even imagine. Like when you get the religious nuts out here with all the pamphlets and all of the religious bullshit, you know, the hats and the buttons and the tee shirts, and you try and tell them to just go fuck off and leave you alone, but that doesn't mean that you don't want the soup and sandwich, I mean come on, even sinners have to eat, but they always say shit like, 'God have mercy on your soul, my son' and I'll pray for you anyway, pray for me anyway', mercy? Mercy? These sons of bitches won't even give you the Goddamn tee shirt or the button or the sandwich and cup of coffee if you won't take the fucking pamphlet first and let 'em sit down and pray for you? Mercy? What mercy is that? It's a fucking joke, and the very same people that do and say shit like that, usually have none. You see, they have to say, 'God have mercy', because he knows, that they don't! A fucking joke.

C.U. on LAWSON'S face etched with the righteous fury of a young man grievously wronged as he takes a drag on his cigarette slowly exhaling the smoke in his interviewers face. And now he is distracted by something across the street in the distance.

Angle across the street on a small boy as he gets into a car with an older man.

Close on LAWSON, his eyes focused across the street. The Boy laughing, happy to be with his father, LAWSON'S frown disappears in an instant; he's just protective that way. A beat.

LAWSON

You know, I've been with older guys since I was like nine years old. Molested you could say really. So, when I got away, I figured what the hell. I mean, why go and give it away right, at least make something for it?

Angle closer on LAWSON, he looks away now, a rage in his eyes. The view now from the home video camera loosens again and now the full scene is established. In the b.g. a crowded and dirty street corner emerges full of life and energy.

LAWSON

I can even remember being with my Dad's friends. And it was like, it was just normal shit to them. Seemed normal to me too, at the time. That's for sure.

He breaks off, a momentary silence, rage in his eyes. He scans the terrain, it's busy and he's losing time doing this.

LAWSON

Look you guy's said you'd pay me for this right? Just to talk to you? I mean, I don't know what you want from me, my life story or what? You said, it's a film about homeless kids on the streets of Baltimore, but none of you ever asked me if I was homeless you just assume it and took it for granted that I was. I sell my body, yes, but that doesn't make me homeless. And look, look around at all of these lights; right now I can't even do that, you guys are really fucking up my action here. Now are you going to give me my fee for the night if I continue to spill my guts out to you? Because If not, I'm out of here. Thirty bucks an hour, one-hour minimum. Time is money; do they have to shine that light in my face and get so close to me?

(OMITTED SCENES)

Continued

Views of the city, arcades, bars, yellow storefronts, pornographic bookshops and movie theaters, YOUNGMEN, loitering.

LAWSON enters the frame again, filtered, through the secondary lens of the hand held video camera.

Jolting shots and non-fluid movements.

FILM CREW VOICE

Where was your Mom, you're folks? I mean, didn't they care; do they care, why the hell doesn't she do anything to help you? How young were you the first time you had sex?

LAWSON Cont.

Been molested since I was like, nine years old.

My mom, I can't say anything bad about my mom, I mean, I can't say she didn't love me, I know that she did. It's just something that you know, I mean, it's not like she didn't believe us when I first started telling her about the stuff that was going on, It's just that, lets just say she had her own problems at the time, I mean, we all got problems right, who doesn't, what's not to understand about that? In fact, her problem was my problem too, one in the same, it was my little brother's problem too. And every other night or so, we had our little problem. I loved my mom; she died when I was only thirteen. I was actually, kind of glad for her, ya' know, I mean, not happy, but glad, because she didn't have no more worries, ya' know. She died on a Friday night too; I can still remember it, like it was yesterday. They said it was a...Major cardiac infarction. A massive heart attack, that's what they're called, I'll bet you probably didn't know that did you? A Cardiac Infarction. Is a heart attack, a bad one. They said smoking crack cocaine probably brought it on. My DAD, used to sell it back then. That's also the little problem we had, DAD...STEVEN. Mister ADAMERE'. But, I don't really want to talk about him, except to say, that he and his friends, used to come over, and they'd molest us. All of us. My little brother and me. My mom too. They'd sometimes; make my mom do all kinds of disgusting stuff. Before she died. And it was like; it was just, normal shit to them. Just normal, like taking a piss first thing in the morning. Seemed normal to me too at the time, that's for sure, and then, they'd pay my old man, before they left. I still remember that, and not always in cash either, sometimes a TV, or a case of beer, a handgun once. Can you believe that shit, a fucking handgun, and not even one of those slick cool guns either, it was just some old rusted out piece of crap, that he just kept lying around the place, always threatening people with all the time. I didn't even think it would work. But we found out later, it worked just fine.

The presentation titles end

-FLASHBACK-

INT. LAWSON'S CHILDHOOD APARTMENT. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

Angle on: The smoke filled apartment, it reads like a who's-who of creeps, villains and America's most wanted. Poker night.

LAWSON and an ADULT MAN in the b.g. The man drunk, leads him away into another room rambling on and mumbling that he "won in poker, and it better be worth it".

His FATHER looking on from across the room continues his poker hand. The handgun on the table inches from his hand.

LAWSON turns to his FATHER as if for help, but he looks away on purpose, continuing with the poker game.

-BACK TO PRESENT-

EXT. SIDEWALK. NIGHT.

Closer on LAWSON his blue eye's still focused on the terrain.

Suddenly he is distracted by something in the distance again, across the street.

Angle on a KID coming out of the arcade, walking towards a car with a MAN. LAWSON watches focused, his frown disappearing at once after it becomes clear no foul play is suspected here. He's protective this way.

Angle again, on the FATHER and SON giggling, as they drive off.

LAWSON'S eyes go blank again.

LAWSON

My brother RANDY committed suicide last July. With that old gun. Told ya' it worked. It was July fourth. He was sixteen.

I'd rather not talk about that though. I think, he was just unhappy with everything, ya' know? He'd go into these moods; he wouldn't say a word for days. Not one word to anyone. Not even me. I never understood him... ya' know, why he was so unhappy all of the time. We used to call him the thinker, because he was always off in his own head thinking. But I protected him, I always tried at least. Always offered myself up, from the old man, at those parties, instead of him, it didn't bother me like it did him. Always made them take me. Those fucking drunk bastards they couldn't wait to get there hands on him but he barely ever got touched because I made sure of it. But, it wasn't enough in the end. Not for him.

-FLASHBACK-

INT. LAWSON'S CHILDHOOD APARTMENT. BATHROOM. DAY.

Angle on LAWSON as he finds his BROTHER'S body on the floor in a pool of blood. LAWSON will sit on the cold floor and hold the boy's hand. The old hand gun on the floor by his side next to his head.

-BACK TO PRESENT-

Angle on LAWSON close, he turns away now, rage in his eyes.

LAWSON Cont.

You guys said you'd pay me for this right... If I just, talked to you Like normal, just to talk you said? Only, I don't know what to say now.

Mumbles of "Yes" are heard in the b.g.

The view from the video camera begins to loosen again.

In the b.g. The crowded and dirty street corner comes into focus at once, HUSTLERS, HOOKERS, DRAG QUEENS, and various other night lurkers assault the normal senses in a series of jolting unsteady hand held video shots.

EXT. (LAWSON'S CORNER). SIDEWALK. NIGHT.

LAWSON'S corner, a busy little area, LAWSON surrounded by the FILM CREW and ON LOOKERS, as two MOUNTED PATROLMEN stroll through the scene, LAWSON flashes them a knowing smile and a glance, they frown in remembrance, shooting him a bird before continuing on their way.

DOCUMENTARY FILM CREW (A VOICE)

It's for my documentary called "Street life"; I'm interviewing street kids, just keep talking to us. Are you getting this DOUG? Come on; tell us a little more, I'll give you the ten bucks, plus twenty If you just, keep talking to us and sign the release, just act natural, just tell your story, you're doing fine.

LAWSON

I don't know what you want me to tell you. My life story or what, you said, it's a film about homeless kids, and you never even asked me, if I was homeless. Because, if you had, you'd know, that I'm not. Not tonight anyway, look, just because I'm out here doesn't mean I'm some homeless street urchin. I sell my body, that doesn't make me homeless does it? Now if you'd like to talk to me about selling my body or stealing police horses, give me my regular fee and I'll clear my social calendar for you. Otherwise fuck off; you're fucking up my action here. And don't follow me again please. Talk to that kid over there, he's homeless. He's always homeless plus, you can get him for free, just buy him a tube of airplane glue.

HOMELESS KID

Fuck you too LAWSON!

LAWSON

No thanks DONNIE, but these guys might be interested and they want to' film it too so that's at least what, two or three tubes of glue?

LAWSON turns to walk away.

DOUG

Shit! Listen, I think your story, is much more important, than, some homeless story any day of the week, I am prepared to pay you, for your time. Serious, no strings, I'd love to hear you're story man. None of the other hustlers will talk to us. Twenty bucks, just listen to me.

He holds out a twenty-dollar bill.

LAWSON stops in his tracks, raises his brow to look him in the eye, he makes eye contact before speaking, icy and almost threatening, swigging from the bottle of Wild turkey gagging as it goes down hard. He grabs the twenty and pockets it.

LAWSON

Okay, I'm listening, but I'll tell you now, before you even start.

There is to be no talk about my Brother, It's off limits, period, unless I bring It up. My Mom too, and I get thirty dollars an hour, one-hour minimum. Time is money. I figure you've already fucked up at least an hour; do they have to get so close to me?

LAWSON extends a hand for more cash, DOUG shoo's the crew back, before handing over a wad of bills, LAWSON scans the terrain for cop's before he takes and pockets the cash payment.

DOUG

So, what about school, I mean, did you go, do you miss it, miss you're friends? You must have went to school, ever been arrested, beat up, I want to know everything. Just talk normal.

A beat, LAWSON takes a breath- like someone about to dive underwater, first a small mumbled pep talk to himself and then:

EXT. STREETS. BALTIMORE. NIGHT. MOVING.

LAWSON walking and working the streets, as these series of V.O. monologs and flashbacks invade our senses. Always moving, we are on the streets with LAWSON now. Some of these will be spoken directly to the camera; others will simply be V.O. While still yet, some will be interactive.

LAWSON

I can only talk to you for a little while, I got someplace I need to be, so, try and keep up okay? I quit school when I was thirteen, the year I started hustling full time I guess I just figured, I could do better without it. You could say I thought I knew it all, truth is, I didn't know shit. I've been on the streets doing this now for almost all of my life. Off and on, and I've done it all, I'm telling you. I've been stabbed, cut the fuck up with a box cutter, want to' see? Robbed, raped, gang raped once even that was fun, and I highly recommend it to all the boys and girls watching your film out there. I shouldn't have even been there, I worked this leather party once and that's what they did to me after hours, they gang raped me, eight of them. Stupid mistake on my part a momentary lapse in judgment and good reason. Shit like that, doesn't happen to me anymore I wised up, trust me.

-FLASHBACK-

INT. A SEEDY BASEMENT CLUB. DARKENED BACK ROOM. NIGHT.

The club music shatters the senses as the action hits us all at once. The music; "When its over- Lover boy".

Angle on LAWSON dancing, with about eight to ten older LEATHERMEN, they gather around him in mass and he is suddenly not in control anymore as they begin to strip him nude, growing bolder by the second until it becomes a feeding frenzy of control, lust, and ultimately rape of a child. As bar patrons chant and cheer the group on.

-BACK TO PRESENT-

EXT. STREET. NIGHT. MOVING.

Angle on LAWSON walking. Main camera now with the occasional filtered shots through the secondary lens of the Docu- Camera.

LAWSON Cont.

You name it; I've done it at least once or seen it twice. I've been arrested, shot at, queer-bashed, you just name it. Had some good times too, I've lived in mansions, and I've been homeless. Sometimes all in the span of a few days if you can believe that. That's just the way it goes out here I mean, I've lived in penthouses uptown, and gone on the best vacations money can buy you know, with tricks, always some older guy caught up in the moment of youthful vitality, thinks he wants to take care of you and shit, always pretending like its true love or something. Treating you like some trophy that he can parade around town for all his faggot yuppie friends always telling you he's going to live with you and shit forever, until the reality of it all sets in one day. And it does always, set in, usually in about a month or two. Done that got the tee shirt, but no more. I've had my own apartment now for almost two years, before that I had somebody always putting me up but that never really works out. One minute you're eating good, and the next you're starving on the streets, all in the course of hours sometimes. The highest highs and the lowest lows. You just gotta' learn to play the game, I'm a player, what can I tell you that's what they call this life style, well, I'm a player, and this is my world right here what you see in all of it's splendor and glory are you jealous yet because there's still time to trade?

The sound now, music: "Brass monkey- The Beastie boys".

It emanates out of a nude all girl revue bar, as LAWSON passes it, stopping to chat and make small talk with a group of guys who loiter outside.

Music note: All music contained in this film, will emanate from a source, such as a passing automobile, an open bar, or club, a person walking by with a boom box, Etc., and serve only as brief snippets of sound, they are in no way intended to be full songs, but rather, they are intended to briefly set a tone, an atmosphere, they are intended to return us, to the nineteen eighties.

LAWSON Cont.

On a good night I can make a hundred, sometimes two hundred bucks a night. More sometimes, if all of my regulars come out to play on the same night, sometimes it works out like that one after the other all the guys that I see out here on a regular basis hitting me up in the same night, boom, boom, boom, cha- ching! One right after the other and yes, I can get it up every time. It's all mental, some of these guys out here I wonder why they even bother, they think I'm all excited for them but I'm just excited about their money, I'll fuck em', sure, but what they don't know is the real fuck, is the one I'm doing to their heads and to their pockets. They think I'm all hot and horny for them but the truth is, I'm not even thinking about them when we're having sex. Far from it, I'm usually thinking about anything and everything but them.

DOUG

How can you be with so many people a night and still perform, if you don't mind my asking?

LAWSON

I didn't say sex didn't excite me, all sex excites me, I'm young and horny all the time, my dick gets hard when the wind blows the right way, I'm just not excited by the old assed men and freaks of nature that come around trying to cruise me.

The walk has led us to a bar and LAWSON stops at the threshold of the awning, signaling to the cameraman to shut it off.

LAWSON Cont.

You can't go in here with me okay, but I'll be back out in a little bit. Real quick, I promise.

(OMITTED SCENE)

FADE TO:

EXT. PEGASUS BASEMENT. BAR. NIGHT.

LAWSON enters the Pegasus bar, looking around at the crowd of OLDER GUYS, YOUNGER HUSTLERS, DRAG QUEENS and LOUNGE LIZARDS of all shapes sizes and colors.

On the jukebox, the sound; music: "Blue Monday- New order".

But on the back stage a female impersonator belts out a confusing rendition of "Think you're a man- Devine".

INT. PEGASUS BASEMENT BAR. @ THE DOOR. NIGHT.

LAWSON pay's the dollar cover makes small talk with the doorman, a friend and enters the darkened bar. He speaks the usual hellos and salutations etc. making his way into and through the crowd and smoke.

INT. PEGASUS BASEMENT BAR.

A spectacularly dingy little bar, mixed crowd of local rejects. LAWSON goes over to an OLDER HEAVYSET MAN; no particular conversation is audible just yet over the music, just muffled bar chatter throughout, coming from every direction. The camera tracks the faces. In the far b.g. On a small stage, a drag show in full regalia. Atop the bar itself young dick dancers make their way between cocktails and ashtrays.

LOTS OF SECOND UNIT ACTION HERE:

A: ACROSS THE ROOM A SMALL BAR FIGHT ERUPTS AND IS QUICKLY PUT DOWN.

B: TWO MEN NECK IN A CORNER.

C: A DRAG COUPLE ARGUE BACK AND FORTH IN A DARK CORNER OVER DRUGS WHICH SEEM TO BE MISSING.

D: A PATRON SWIPES A SLEEPING MANS DRINK FROM THE BAR.

LAWSON slowly makes his way through the club, which makes up several different rooms all with a different soundtrack playing. Eventually, he makes his way to the downstairs bar; quiet compared to the rest of the place and takes a seat next to the OLDER HEAVYSET MAN from upstairs. On top of the bar, dick dancer's dance to the tune of; "Shooting star- Bad company".

And we pan back now to reveal LAWSON and his companion who buys him a drink.

Close now, on the two of them.

(OVER THE MUSIC)

LAWSON
My name's LAWSON...

MAN
Well, nice to meet you LAWSON... You were the first person I saw when you came in the door, upstairs. So nice to meet you too, my pleasure. And I would love to take you home with me but unfortunately I don't have any place we can go tonight my wife's home.

LAWSON
I know a place were we can go but, you have to watch out for the cop's. It's cool though; I wouldn't take you anyplace that wasn't cool.

The man thinks about this for a moment and then scans the faces in the bar, the drunken dick dancers, and the couple arguing over money, his eyes follow the large cock roach which crawls across the bar- inches from his drink yet manages to escape the dick dancers feet at every move and step.

MAN
What are we waiting for this place stinks.

(OMITTED SCENES)

And with that they get up and walk back through the bar, past the drag show, again past the main bar and those dick dancer's until they finally make their exit out of the bar. Once out, LAWSON signals the FILM CREW to give him a minute alone and they wait patiently on the sidewalk for his return.

(OMITTED SCENES)

EXT. PARKING LOT OF THE PEGASUS. NIGHT.

LAWSON and the OLDER HEAVYSET MAN walking to a car, as hustlers in the parking lot cruise other patrons coming and going.

EXT. A DARK PUBLIC PARK. NIGHT AND RAIN.

Angle on LAWSON and the MAN exiting the car, they walk into the park.

Sound now, music, from a parked low rider in the b.g. "Games people play- Allen Parsons Project"

EXT. PARK GAZEBO. NIGHT.

Angle on LAWSON and the MAN under a gazebo, shadows and shapes with the moonlight, vague patterns and movements as LAWSON performs oral sex on the man.

As the music ends with the car pulling off in the b.g. So to does the sex act. LAWSON stands, spits, and collects his cash and the two exit the gazebo in separate directions through the park. LAWSON crosses back to the street and the waiting FILM CREW.

(OMITTED SCENE)

Dissolve.

Continue

FADE IN.

EXT. BALTIMORE SIDE WALK. NIGHT. (MOVING).

Angle on LAWSON walking and working the streets. Around him action everywhere. The documentary crew with him again. Filtered shots through the secondary lens and Main Camera.

LAWSON V.O.

Rich young guys in their twenties and early thirties are the worse, they're either always trying to bend you over something in some totally inappropriate place or they want to humiliate you or they want you to do some totally fucked up thing just for a few bucks. Always trying to humiliate you in some fucked up way or another. It's like, yeah they want you but at the same time they think they're above you especially, the so-called straight one's that are really BI. They get you in bed and then they try and hurt you. Physically, emotionally, spiritually, sucks too.

-FLASHBACK-

INT. FRONT SEAT OF A PARKED CAR. NIGHT.

LAWSON and a YOUNGMAN in the front seat of the car having sex.

Music on the radio- "Send me an angle- the eurhythmics".

The YOUNGMAN is too rough, a semi violent date rape is taking shape here, until LAWSON breaks free and jumps out of the car leaving the YOUNGMAN half naked and pissed off. Once out, LAWSON shouts a litany of profanities at him.

-BACK TO PRESENT-

On LAWSON as he walks the night his head held high. But now he is striking blatantly sexual poses as each car passes but for now, the cars keep going instead. He counts a wad of cash pleased at the amount so far. He walks on.

(Main camera, secondary video camera with filtered lens assists).

*LAWSON
So much for love.*

His slack jawed expression changes a bit now as a truck slows to taunt him with sexual compliments. He flashes a flirtatious smile at its occupants but they keep going instead and for the first time we see that there is almost a joy in him at this moment, a bit of purity that shines through; he continues his walk undaunted by the cars that keep moving with out slowing.

LAWSON V.O. Cont.

The old guys are better. Well, actually that one's a catch twenty-two, they like to get real weird with you, piss on you and shit like that, fucked up shit. I have this one older guy, married, pay's me fifty bucks just to take my shoes and socks off and walk all over him while he jerks off and he can only cum, if I let him do it, on my feet. It's disgusting too, cum between your toes. But, on the other hand they definitely pay the most, and they do drive the best cars. They also usually have a place you can go to, usually, unless they're married. They also like to take too many pictures of everything; I mean I don't want a bunch of pictures just floating around out here of me. So, I charge a ridiculous amount of money for my Robert Mapplethorpe wanna bees. Discourages them, some of the older guy's are really freaky too, and I mean, scary freaky too. The stories I could tell.

-FLASHBACK-

INT. CHEAP MOTEL ROOM. NIGHT.

LAWSON and an OLDER MAN in a semi- but hilarious S&M scene. The old guy really into it as LAWSON watches with shock, masking his laughter. Whips, chains and a blindfold on the old guy that keeps him facing the wall instead of LAWSON. LAWSON sits in a chair reading a book, occasionally calling out one perversion or another for the old guy, and rarely looking up except to almost laugh.

-BACK TO PRESENT-

LAWSON V.O.

I think it's because their tight assed wives stopped being impressed with their four inch cocks year's ago. It's like; the only thing that'll get them off is a young boy who'll get freaky with them. I mean, these guys are always so-called, straight, married men. What bullshit! It's like their wives have no clue or something. Or, maybe they just don't want to know what their sick assed husbands are up to is what I figure, but these day's now that I'm older, I just let everyone know up front that I don't do shit like that for anybody. I mean, I'll do some extras but it cost more up front. And if it's too weird, fuck them. Like this one guy I used to have, always wanted me to slit my fucking wrist so he could drink my blood, like some kind of Goddamn vampire fuck. I quit seeing him. The younger couples that you meet in the bars are the best. You know, the one's that are just looking for a little spice up for their relationship? Looking for a third in the hay, those are the best dates ever. Everything's always worked out up front, before you leave the bar. Who does what and to who, it's all, already worked out. They invite you back, feed you, wine you and dine you it's always cool, and they're always nice to you because it's like, they don't want the other one to see just how twisted they really are. And always nine times out of ten, when it's over, they always try and slip, a phone-

Another car slows to check out the merchandise, but hates the price; it keeps going after a beat.

LAWSON V.O. Cont.

-Number into my pocket and include a generous tip. Separately of course. They always want a little one on one at a later time. But I know that's when they'll show their true colors. I always laugh at the secrecy of it all, some secret thing that neither wants the other to know about. Their twisted side. Sometimes I'll call one; sometimes I'll call both, at separate times of course. And as suspected, always night and day from when they had me as a couple. Just get 'em alone. If I wanted to be a black mailer I'd be set in this business wouldn't I? Cheating couples, married men, straight college boys, teachers, doctors and lawyers. Even cops. You name it, every kind of person you can imagine, and never who you'd suspect. Shit, even bored and horny housewives from Washington cruise the strip on some nights. A friend of mine fucks this senator and his page. They come in from D.C. on weekends and the page is only like sixteen too. Fifty bucks and I'll give you his name.

The sound; music: "I can't go for that- Hall and Oates" Coming from a passing pedestrian with a large boom box on his shoulder, the music will stay with us.

-FLASHBACK-

INT. NICE APARTMENT. DAWN.

LAWSON at the door to exit, his two young lovers saying goodbye to him, as they each secretly slip phone numbers and a tip into his pocket and whisper in his ear.

-BACK TO PRESENT-

LAWSON Cont.

Now tourist, that's a whole different story. They're a strange breed indeed. There's just something about a guy on vacation. The chances they'll take with their wives just feet away. I fucked this one guy in his hotel on his honeymoon with his drunken passed out bride in the bed right next to us. It's true. Sometimes it's good, and sometimes it's pretty fucked up, I've even actually had tourist try and rip me off after the deed, if you can believe that. I guess they just figure, what the hell they're never going to ever see you again, I mean, they know your not going to call the cops or anything. But most of the time I try and just work strictly out of the bars. I think it's a little safer, I mean I work the streets too, but it's much worse than the bars. Trust me on that one, year's of experience. Some of the

LAWSON Cont.

clubs let the better-looking hustlers in for free too, on weekends. Never mind the age either because if their customers get laid with some young strange, it keeps them coming back. Plus, half of the owners are really into the kink scene themselves and they love to see pretty boys in their clubs and on their knees, the prettier and younger the boys, the busier and the happier the club owners will be. Simple math, older guys like them young and stupid. It's fucked up but nobody cares. Anyway I know how to play all of my angles. And that's all it really is, another angle to make a buck. You see with me you get what you want, within reason. That's my motto in life. I'm like, the ultimate fantasy for some of these guys; you think I don't know that, I know it all to well, so, why not give them what they want, what they pay for? Of course some of these guys are just twisted old fucks when it comes to boys out here who'll pay them a little attention. I'm living proof of that, I've had old guy's try and pick me up, since I was like, nine or ten years old. Maybe those are the fucker's you should be trying to talk too and not me, see what makes them tick before we round them up and shoot em' all in the head.

EXT. NUMEROUS BALTIMORE CITY SHOTS. NIGHT. (MOVING).

LAWSON V.O. Cont.

Since I've been out here, I've known about, seven murder victims, all under eighteen years old. Maybe, twenty-five over-doses, and I don't know how many MIA's, I mean, just fucking missing in action, never seen, or heard from them again, no fucking clue. Here today, gone tomorrow. Who knows where they go, one day they're out here hustling right next to you the next day, they're gone. Maybe some of them just go home, maybe they're chopped up someplace in the woods, who the fuck knows, who ever knows? When they go to jail everyone knows, cause that's the kind of info gets shared with everyone. But these guys just disappear. I don't trust anybody out here and what's better is, I fear everyone. But, I guess when your numbers up, its up. I have a few regulars that I trust for better or worse. Most of them don't pay much but when things get really fucked up out here, I know a few guys I can call. My regulars, the guys who'll let me crash at their place, feed me and shit. All I have to do is keep them warm, and keep em' happy. They're pretty cool like that most of them we call them, the bar hags. They don't really buy hustlers but they would if they could. A lot of them are on these fixed incomes. They're just always good for a few drinks and little shit like cigarettes and food. Pocket change when you need it. I trust them at least, most of the time anyway; they're the only ones you can halfway trust. Usually they'll look out for you pretty good, but out here, you can never really let your

LAWSON Cont.

guard down. Ever. Not even for a regular or for real sex or love, whatever that is? Love? Never fall in love with anyone out here, what's the fucking point of a rent boy falling in love? I used to have this one friend, would always fall in love with these guys. And I tried to tell him but he just, didn't get it. Until one day, he caught the new love of his life paying another rent boy after the deed was done, and so he took the medicine cabinet straight to heaven an hour later. I tried to tell him that the only thing that's ever really loved about a hustler is his youth, his dick, his ass, and his hairless body if he's fortunate enough to have one. And I know that all too well, why some people just can't seem to grasp that concept is just beyond me. I mean love and sex have nothing to do with each other. Shit, on a normal night I get laid about five or six times, and out of those times I can't even tell you how many of those will even be you know, where I was really just even in the mood to have sex with that person, let alone because we care for each other, and wanted to express that, you know, love? Probably none, sometimes it happens I guess but not often enough to count for shit, nope, I'm not in love or lust with any of these freaks out here. You see out here, love is a trap and faith is an illusion. Trust me.

They come now to the brightly lit entrance of another club/bar. The sounds now; club music and lively chatter from every direction. YOUNG PEOPLE out and about spilling onto the streets and sidewalks.

LAWSON Cont.

Okay, listen, I'll be back out in a minute, I need to check something out for a second. You guys can't come in here like that, not with all of that shit and the lights and everything.

EXT. A GAY CLUB. NIGHT.

LAWSON'S walk has led us here. This club is a flashy upper crust restaurant and bar. A favorite of the well to do gay crowd and whenever possible the hustler's too.

Music: "Suspicious minds- Elvis Presley". - "Steppin out- Joe Jackson".
"Last dance- Donna Summer". - "Pull up to the bumper- Grace Jones".

EXT. GAY CLUB. NIGHT.

Angle on LAWSON entering the club, he slips in on the coat tails of a large party of YUPPIE BOYS unnoticed by the door staff, going straight to the bar. He orders a drink and begins to scan the crowd. His P.O.V. of a YOUNG MAN standing alone against the wall, handsome, mid twenties, there is a moment of mutual appreciation and acknowledgement, a flirtatious smile and a nod. ARC shot, LAWSON and the YOUNGMAN until, LAWSON'S eye catches sight of a handsome older GENTLEMAN, this guy reeks of money and he turns on the charm, demanding eye contact from LAWSON at once. The GENTLEMAN comes over after a brief moment, he buys him another drink.

INT. GAY CLUB.

At the bar, LAWSON, and the GENTLMAN, are talking now, nothing in particular.

LAWSON soon glances another YOUNGMAN, also reeking of money, cute, twenties, dark hair, slim build, and he sits alone at a table, his waiter presenting a bottle of wine for his approval. Rich kid, Baltimore blue blood. Another Wild turkey for LAWSON, compliments of his OLDER GENTLEMAN, but he stares off now, at the YOUNGMAN, at the table. The two seem to have made plans with a glance now. They exchange knowing glances back and forth now, without a break.

No conversation is audible here in particular, just the GENTLEMAN going on about work, and stocks and bonds, etc. LAWSON hasn't heard a word anyway.

Angle now on the YOUNGMAN'S table, it's empty and suddenly, here he is, standing in front of LAWSON.

INT. GAY CLUB.

At the bar, angle on LAWSON, the OLDER GENTLEMAN and now the YOUNGMAN.

The YOUNGMAN suddenly grabs LAWSON tightly sending him into a dip and kissing him full on the lips. (It's a long wet kiss). The OLDER GENTLEMAN watches stunned, shocked, LAWSON left light headed and shocked.

YOUNGMAN

Darling, did you get lost... I've been looking all over the place for you. Glad you could make it tonight.

(To the OLDER GENTLEMAN as he tosses him a twenty-dollar bill)

Get lost troll, he's with someone tonight.

(To LAWSON)

Our tables over here honey, you're so forgetful.

And with that he leads him by the arm, towards the table –(ordering another bottle of French wine as his waiter passes), and pulling LAWSON'S chair out for him at the table, everything about this handsome stranger says class as they take their seats across from each other. There is an awkward pause at first and then;

YOUNGMAN

Hi. My names CHAD. I saw you, from across the room, I couldn't help myself. You looked like a distressed angel. Plus, I thought it was pretty pathetic the way you let that old guy fawn all over you. I thought you maybe, might need a little rescuing tonight, I know I certainly do.

LAWSON

Oh really?

CHAD

Yes really. So what's your name good-looking?

LAWSON

LAWSON. So, you want to' rescue me huh CHAD?

And just what makes you think I need to be rescued again, you see I think I missed the first part of that little number you just performed through all of the bullshit that was coming at me.

CHAD

Oh. Bullshit? Very good LAWSON what, I can't just like what I see and decide not to wait on line for my turn? I hate to wait, really I do, and I don't share and I don't play well with others. But, I'll make an exception in your case. Can we maybe play together?

LAWSON

You must have a very complicated life CHAD, a very complicated life. For all you know I may have been here with that old guy did you ever think of that? And, you just ordered at least a hundred and fifty dollars worth of wine and your all-alone tonight, seems pretty complicated to me CHAD.

CHAD

But you see I'm not alone- not anymore am I LAWSON? This is the part where you say, "Why no CHAD you're not alone anymore." I'll keep you in good company all night curl your toes.

LAWSON

That's still to be decided.

CHAD

What... Not cute enough for you? You like 'em old and dried up do you? I can go back over there and get that crusty old man for you again if you'd like, maybe get my twenty bucks back that you've already cost me.

LAWSON

So, are you here to complicate my life too now? It's obvious yours is very complicated just judging by the attitude and the wine you choose. Or are you, trying to compensate for some other short coming, do you want to' tell me now or later, when you fail to rise to the occasion?

The waiter returns with a glass for LAWSON and another bottle of wine.

CHAD

Oh, someone's having flashbacks of sleeping with the already near dead, I'm young and very full of cum and I've never failed to rise to any occasion yet. Look... I just saw you over there and I come here a lot and I've never seen you in here before was all, I'd remember you. Now, is that a crime LAWSON? I'll tell you what, let's start over.

Is this your first time in here because the place brightens up it seems only when you're here.

LAWSON

No, it's not the first time for me. But I don't come in here very often It's a little, uptown for me. It's not in my budget. Just a change of scene, thanks for the drink, the wine... It's good. Pricey I'm sure. Probably the first and last time I'll have this again, in a while.

CHAD

Don't stress money when your with me it belittles you, besides, I have plenty. Enough for you and me. Hey you know what, we should play a game you and me it'll be fun. It's called what will you do for a dollar? You see, when I saw you, let's just say I knew you were looking for some company so, what do you say, you don't mind being my company do you I mean, you are a working boy right a rent boy? So why don't you be my company for the night? And we can play a game you'll love it they all do. It's called what will a boy like you do for a dollar and the only rule is you have to do everything I say or you loose the game and then, you don't get paid when I'm through with you. It's not a hard game, though I will tell you it can be very sexual. Very sexual if you know what I mean? It can also be very rewarding too. Sexually and financially, so what do you say?

A pause on LAWSON'S face stunned as it hits him, of course it was too good to be true.

LAWSON

Look CHAD I don't want to play that game, I don't really want to play any games tonight. It's early and I'm already tired. I really shouldn't have even come in here to tell you the truth.

So, why don't you give me a break tonight, okay? I mean, if you want to fuck around okay, that's cool with me I am a rent boy tonight, I get thirty an hour for regular, that's you do me or I do you, blow job's or fucking only extra's cost more. No pain, bondage or humiliation and don't cum in my mouth because I hate the taste unless, you're prepared to give me at least twenty bucks extra and then I guess its okay but I still don't swallow and that's on top of the thirty an hour and it's a one hour minimum regardless of how quick we are. But that's all, no games. And If you don't want to fuck around that's cool too, If you just want to sit here and maybe talk that's cool too, we don't even have to have sex, I sit with a lot of guys and talk, I do. A lot of the older guys like to talk. Or if you'd like, I can just model for you if you want, or, I can just touch myself if that's what you're into, do you want me to jack off or something, while you watch? I can do it slow or real

LAWSON Cont.

fast, if you'd like. I can also maybe, just jack you, or, jack us both at the same time. And I can cum practically at will. Quickly if you'd like, or make it last the whole hour if you want. If that's what you like?

(A Pause)

Or, I can just leave; maybe I should just go-

Enjoying LAWSON'S awkward moment before speaking.

CHAD

No don't leave, C'mon, you're a working boy. You're here already, I'm here, I have money and you need money. So, I'm buying you, top dollar too so, work for me tonight? Come on what do you say? We could have some serious fun here. I got an eight-ball in the car I got a hotel for the night right on the water lots more where that came from too what do you say? But, you gotta' play the game all night, "What will you do, for a buck?" and every time you do something that I demand you get an extra ten dollars when it's all over, but the trick is, you have to do it. Like truth or dare, even if I said go down on me under this table right now you'd have to do it. The beauty of the game is there are no limits to the fun that can be had by all. What do you say? Come on it's the best deal going tonight and you know it or are you just afraid to play the game?

LAWSON

Look, CHAD I was actually looking for someone else when I came in here. He's not in here so, maybe some other time for you and me what do you say? I mean, I'm already getting a little drunk and you're just not hearing me; I don't like to play games like that It's too hard to get paid at quitting time, no offense to you. I've just been screwed over like that too many times before sorry but those are the rules for this boy with everybody. I have to go now anyway, I have some people waiting on me.

CHAD

Oh come on it's just a stupid little game don't go, you just got here. Don't you know how much can happen between us, a lot can happen in one crazy night.

LAWSON

*A lot can happen in ten minutes too and it just did. Didn't you feel the magic?
Yeah well, me neither.*

He stands now.

CHAD

You make it sound as if I'm asking you to eat my ass before we run off and conquer the world. Well I'm not you know, it's only a fucking game. I mean don't get me wrong you can eat my ass anytime but I'll never ask you to come along while I conquer the world. Trust me. You're just not smart enough for that rent boy. All I'm asking for from you is a little head, a little fucking, maybe a little fisting, you know nothing your not used too I'm sure. By the way I'm the top, okay? I'm always the top. So let's just finish our wine and we can go back to the room and you can start earning your payday.

LAWSON takes a step back ready to leave.

CHAD Cont.

I didn't say you could stand up or leave did I? You're not playing the game right-deduct ten points already. Now sit back down, sit down, sit down and play the game the right way. Come on sit back down you're not playing it right you stupid ass hole! What, all looks and no brain? Why don't you just sit back down and play the game right!

LAWSON

Because I don't want to play your stupid game all right! Look, I should just go before this becomes a scene. Later CHAD.

CHAD

Then just get the fuck on then! You should be bared from civilized society fucking prick teasing hustler boy! I can't even believe they let a tease like you in here, ANGEL and JEFF should watch the front door better.

Angle on CHAD as he grabs LAWSON'S arm and tosses a glass of wine in his face, as he continues to unleash his furry.

CHAD Cont.

And fuck you if you don't know how to play the game! Just for that I'm not even going to' fist fuck you when were through! And hell no, I don't want to buy any drugs from you either!

He pushes him now LAWSON stumbles over the chair behind him and falls to the floor. Regains himself in an instant, all eyes upon him now.

LAWSON

Why don't you take your ass back to suburbia, fist fuck your little brother some more or don't you think it'll still fit! You prick!

And with that the bouncers are all over him in an instant. Punching him once in the gut twisting his arms behind him and forcing him to the front door by force. He moves like a limp noodle under the strength of the bouncers as they toss him out of the club and to the curb like a rag doll.

Angle on the curb. Filtered through the secondary lens as he lands hard in the street smashing his rib cage against the concrete curb; a loud yelp escapes him upon impact.

Quick cut: Back in the club we angle on the staff kissing CHAD'S ass at the table pampering him with VIP treatment.

EXT. GAY CLUB. NIGHT.

LAWSON carefully picks himself up and gimps on down the street now guarding his ribs with both hands.

EXT. SIDEWALK. NIGHT. MOVING.

Close on LAWSON walking away from the club- the documentary crew resumes they're shaky close ups of him in agony.

LAWSON V.O. Cont.

Hustlers rarely do very well in the classier bars uptown.

But let a total prick throw on a suit and tie and even if he's got the manors of a three year old jacked up on crack they'll kiss his ass every time and say fuck you to the guy in the jeans and a tee shirt. They can always spot the hustlers. It's cool though, six bucks a drink in those bars these days the place is hardly worth it anyway.

(OMITTED SCENE)

EXT. SIDEWALK. NIGHT. (MOVING).

Angle on LAWSON walking along the wet streets.

The sound now, music; "I'm on fire- Bruce Springsteen".

It comes from a passing Cadillac Fleetwood that has slowed to check LAWSON out and LAWSON stops briefly to make small talk with the driver but the car moves on after a short conversation over price. The music stays with us through the scene and continues into the next as juke box music.

Closer on LAWSON again, stopping briefly during this walk to look inside a sex bookstore. He's looking for a kid named ELIJAH but no one's seen him tonight. And with that he continues on his way.

LAWSON Cont.

Most of the guys out here my age or younger are so hooked on speed and shit they don't remember who or where or even half of the tricks that they sleep with they don't remember shit. It's fucked up really. It's just an escape I guess, at least that's the way it starts off. Everybody needs a little escape right? That's what we all say at first and then you start to notice that after a while every waking hour is just one big fucking pursuit of escape in one-way or another. Always drunk. Always something. Sex or drugs. Fucked up and drunk. That is the way of the world. It's sad too going through day after day no clue and no self-respect. Sometimes we just fuck to get fucked up some more. And then there are the one's who rip off their tricks just as soon as they get one, when they do get one. Bigger habit's call for harsher means I guess. Shit around here it's nothing to visit you're friends in the hospital get a first hand look at, just what the pursuit of all of this escapism can lead too. I mean to visit guys who you know out here in the hospital with all kinds of tubes and wires hooked up to them. And I'm really not talking about normal- illness here in particular, I'm talking overdosing on stupidity, over dosing on self hatred, I'm talking about going to see a thirteen or fifteen year old kid one of you're friends laying up in critical condition I'm talking, every other week about hearing news of a death. It's a real casual grape vine out here on these the streets let me tell you, but bad news always travels casually doesn't it? It's always like, "Did you hear about so and so, he got his head bashed in last night because he ripped off some trick and the guy stomped the shit out of him". What's worse is, I've seen it done just because the guy didn't want to pay up when it was over. Yep, got his rocks off and then beat The kid to death in an alley with a radiator pipe beat him with a rage I've never seen before and I hope I never do again. All over a fifteen dollar blowjob. That kid was a friend of mine a couple of months ago. Shit, the usual drug over doses everyone expects to see pale in comparison to the things I've seen out here for

LAWSON Cont.

no real reason. I try to look out for some of the younger ones but its tough enough out here as it is. So now, I just look out for the okay ones, not the glue freaks or the crack heads, the needles freaks or rip off artist. I figure they'll get what's coming soon enough and I stay clear of them. But when I can I try and watch out for the others. I figure if someone had done that for me maybe I wouldn't be so fucked up now, know what I mean? Not that I'm totally screwed up or anything but, things could be better I know that now.

A pause. As we come now to another Bar on the strip.

LAWSON Cont.

How was that? Am I going to be a star? I hope you have enough 'cause; I'm done talking now. I gotta' go make some dough and find my friend now, I guess you could say my Chariot awaits, it's been cool, kind of therapeutic, kindda'.

DOUG

Yeah I think we got all of that. Thanks. Are you sure you're okay sure you don't want to go to the hospital you landed kindda' hard back there?

LAWSON

Nah, I'm fine. Thanks anyway. Just pay me like you said you would.

DOUG

Of course. Sign here.

LAWSON signs the clipboard "Cameron Younger".

DOUG opens an envelope full of cash and hands him a few bills. He takes them, shakes their hands and turns now to exit-

DOUG

Thanks CAMERON YOUNGER.

LAWSON

No, thank you.

He exits on down the sidewalk and crosses the street towards the Bar as seen through the Docu- camera's unsteady lens.

As we approach bar number three the first thing to grab us about the place is the sheer amount of people gathered outside loitering about. The second thing to grab our attention is the relaxed atmosphere and the fact that everyone seems to know everyone. And lastly, that the average age seems to have dipped into the early to late teens with an ample supply of over weight middle aged men who seem to bask in the pleasures of the young rent-able company.

This is a dive bar buried deep in the under belly of city code compliance's worst nightmare. Practically windowless and always damp this is the kind of place where any normal God fearing man would easily expect to be knifed at any given moment. But the fact is this is one of those rare establishments harmless and upbeat with one of those rare jukeboxes filled with great tunes and a very hustler friendly bartender. The kind of place where everyone can expect to leave with a great buzz a smile and a date for the night.

EXT. BAR NO.3. NIGHT.

LAWSON chats briefly with a few regulars outside again asking after "ELIJAH" to no avail. Descending the steps into-

INT. BAR NO.3 NIGHT.

No large crowd to speak of about ten or twelve people but he is greeted very warmly here his drink in front of him before he even orders it a shot of Wild Turkey and a coke back.

LAWSON

(To bartender)

Hey MIKE, where's everyone tonight?

MIKE

REGANOMICS kid, at home broke or out trying to make some the wrong way, you starting early or still going from last night?

LAWSON

A little early

MIKE

You hear the news; TONY TEE went to jail last night. Fourth time hustling he's terrified, says it's a mandatory six months for him this time.

LAWSON

Six months, maybe he'll gain a couple of pounds.

MIKE

I don't know, told his' little drunk ass not to go out last night. But he just had to get high. Stupid ass, I told him to just wait for me until I got off work. Now I got him calling' me every hour on the hour, like I got some bail money' and the thing is, he knows my rents due on Fridays.

LAWSON

Are you still seeing him?

MIKE

I don't know why, he's the dumbest son of a bitch I ever got with and I mean, he's even dumber than CHARLES was and you know that son of a bitch was dumber than a sack of wet rusty hammers rusting lost on the docks. Do you remember that time, he asked that cop, the cute young one, the rookie, if he wanted a blowjob? Guy's sitting in his goddamn patrol car, full uniform on, blue light right on top of the car, thing says Baltimore Police department right on the door and he still propositions him! And then he gets pissed because the guy takes him to jail. Say's he was giving him the seductive eye, what kind of shit is that? I would have arrested him!

LAWSON

CHARLES was definitely not the sharpest knife in the drawer, MIKE. Tried to tell you that, but you were in love.

MIKE

He was hung like a fucking horse, I'm not completely stupid ya' know, LAWSON. Shit, TONY TEE'S not hung like a horse, that's for sure and dammit my rent's due. But look at that face would you? He sure is a looker.

MIKE holds up a photo of TONY TEE. He's an Italian kid, handsome, looks like a dumb boxer.

LAWSON

Stunning, maybe you should nick name him- "The face". You seen Eli, yet?

MIKE

Now there's one I don't figure, what the hell do you see in that rotten assed kid anyway? Comes in here the other night, drunk off of his ass already hiding a little bottle of Wild Turkey in his pocket, pouring people drinks and shit and I got a full house and you know, I only let him in here because of you- and then on top of it all, all of a sudden I look up, and that crooked Dicked little shit's pissing in my trash can. The one right next to the dance floor! Middle of the fuckin' bar and he's pissing in the trash can, now I'm telling you, he's under-aged anyway and I don't even have to let him in the joint and the only reason I do, is because he came in with you first, and you vouched for him that day, remember? But if he can't respect me and my other customers- I mean who the fuck does he think he is- and who the fuck do you think has to clean up a mess like that at the end of the night? Ya' go to take out the garbage- shit's leaking out all over your pants and shoes, and its piss! And I am not into that kind of shit LAWSON.

LAWSON

MIKE what's with the riot act? I was just asking if you'd seen him, that's all. I'll talk to the kid all right? Relax. So, you seen him today or what?

MIKE

What... Jez... I'll never get him out of here now, say it ain't so... You fuckin' the kid now? 'Cause you could do better if you ask me.

LAWSON

What's it to you? Look, he just didn't come home last night is all. That's all, leave it at that.

A Beat.

MIKE

Didn't know you put him up, that's all, no sweat off of my nose.

(Pause)

So, how's that working out for you?

(After a beat)

He using the toilet at your place?

LAWSON

Very funny MIKE. Actually, it's okay, reminds me of RANDY, a little bit. Just having someone around is all. Had my eye out for him all day... No sign of him. Kid's hardheaded MIKE you know, I just hate to worry.

MIKE

Ahhh... He's all right, he'll be around later, here, here's a couple of bucks go and put something on the jukebox for me will ya' It's too damn quiet in here.

LAWSON goes over to the jukebox feeding it coins and punching in numbers long since known by heart.

The sound now, music; "The boss- Diana Ross"- "Saved by zero- the fixx"- "Simply irresistible- Robert Palmer" - "The flame- Cheap Trick"

MIKE Cont.

(Calling out across the bar to LAWSON)

Hey, you wanna' dance later tonight? I'm short two bodies all of a sudden, ya' know TONY TEE'S going to be out for the count for a while and that kid RUSTY, broke his leg roller skating over by the park, I dunno', broke it skating or getting his dick sucked by some rough trade one, I can't remember which one he said, it was a bad connection on the phone, who cares anyway, he ain't coming in, that much I do know. Every Friday night, same ole' shit. I should just say fuck it and quit having dancers altogether. Start making you people watch drag shows, now those girls got it together, and always-on time too. They want to make money. Goddamn young kids around here just want someone to hand it to them.

(OMITTED SCENE)

Angle on LAWSON turning back to the bar, but without warning his nose begins a slow trickle of deep red blood. Soon it becomes a river and he races for the restroom.

CUT TO:

INT. BAR NO.3. RESTROOM. STALL.

Angle on LAWSON he sits back on the toilet, lid closed, holding his head back, toilet paper stuffed up his nostrils. His shirt, a bloody mess of crimson and even deeper shades of red clots which cling like snot.

INT. BAR NO.3. REST ROOM.

Close on MIKE nervously loitering outside the stall. He checks on him after a beat.

MIKE

You sure you're all right kid? You gotta' take better care of yourself I'm always telling you kids to take better care of yourselves but do you ever listen?

LAWSON

I'm all right MIKE I'm fine it's just a little nosebleed that's all. Thanks.

MIKE

Yeah, don't mention it kid, third little nose bleed this week. And that's just in here. Look, why don't you just call it a night, I hate seeing you like this. See a doctor.

LAWSON

What and miss all of that dancing loot? Nah. Besides, I saw a doctor last night. He said I was fine, in fact, he said my ass was absolutely perfect. Seriously, I'll be okay. Besides, I don't want to work the street tonight, my fucking ribs are killing me, my head hurts, my feet hurt, and I'm tired. Just, let me dance tonight I'll be fine.

MIKE

All right sure, LAWSON. Listen, I gotta' get back to the bar- you just call out if you need anything. And I saw that doctor that you left with last night, he's a quack.

LAWSON

But he tosses a mean salad. Hey, thanks MIKE, I'll be okay too and I'll be out in a minute.

MIKE exits.

INT. BAR NO.3.

Angle on MIKE as he exits the rest room catching a YOUNGMAN behind the bar drinking from the beer taps, mouth on metal. MIKE yells an explicative and chases the kid out from behind the bar and outside, using only a chair and his raised fists.

INT. BAR NO. 3. RESTROOM.

LAWSON exits the stall going over to the sink. He stops to clean up starring at his image in the mirror for a moment. Suddenly we see the true fear in his face and eyes as if he were conducting a high stakes fight for his very survival right here at this moment in this mirror, he looks truly scared and vulnerable. He runs out of the rest room in a flash of panic.

CUT TO:

INT. BAR NO. 3. LATER. NIGHT.

An animated crowd fills the bar room. The dancers- Dick dance on small stages throughout the bar. And we are close now on LAWSON dick dancing in his tidy whitties.

The sound, music; "Burning Sky- Bad Company"- "Pasties and a G-sting- Tom waits"

The crowd- a strange mixture of high-energy eighties CLUB KIDS, HUSTLERS, DRAG QUEENS and OLDER JOHN'S. The drinks flow freely, money changes hands quickly and we see everything one would expect to see in this type of establishment. The camera tracks the faces and bodies in the bar. Open drug usage, drag queens being drag queens, couples kissing, lot's of indistinguishable conversation and bar chatter, people hustling on the pool tables in the back room. The dick dancers with their jocks full of bills work the room for tips and dates.

INT. SPORTS CAR. LATER. NIGHT. MOVING.

The sound, car radio, music; "Beautiful loser- Bob Seger" It continues through the scenes end.

LAWSON and a MAN (TRICK) from the bar, handsome mid to late thirties. Zooming down the dark roads of Maryland. It's a long and winding tree lined road, a desolate strip of country landscape in the wee- hours of the morning.

EXT. A FARM HOUSE, ON THE OUT SKIRTS OF BALTIMORE. PRE- DAWN.

Angle on the sports car as it pulls into the drive of a farmhouse.

INT. FARM HOUSE. BED ROOM. PRE- DAWN.

Close on LAWSON'S face, as a hand pulls him slowly onto the mattress. The Camera pulls focus through the large bay window, the moon shining brightly in the early morning sky casting strange and wonderful patterns throughout the room's walls.

Dissolve.

INT. FARM HOUSE, BEDROOM. NIGHT.

Angle at first on the moonlight as the view slowly begins to loosen before zooming in through the bedrooms window, the moon's glow, lighting the faces and naked bodies on the bed and casting wonderful shadows on them as they make love.

INT. FARM HOUSE BEDROOM. DAWN. LATER.

LAWSON sitting on the edge of the bed his companion spent and out of breath still in bed.

MAN

(Short of breath)

That was fucking fantastic where have you been all of my life?

The MAN springs up from the bed now with renewed energy, kisses him on the lips before going off towards the shower calling out along the way.

MAN Cont.

Do you think that you could take a taxi back; I have a really early day tomorrow, just add it to what I owe you? I hope I can see you again, sometime maybe next weekend... Oh, your moneys on that dresser sweet heart, in that envelope I added a little tip too. Would you, like to see me again?

LAWSON

Professionally you mean right? Or a date?

MAN

Of course what else? What are you talking about?

A Pause and then.

LAWSON

Nothing. Sure, no problem.

(OMITTED SCENES)

LAWSON picks up the envelope terminally non confrontational. It's full of twenties; his feelings a little bruised and so he stands now and begins to get dressed. The sound of the shower now.

Dissolve.

INT. TAXI. DAYBREAK. MOVING.

LAWSON in the back seat- the long ride home.

The meter reads thirty-six dollars and counting as the sunlight begins to fill the entire scene, LAWSON looks inside the envelope now and counts it, about a hundred dollars and now without warning his nose begins to bleed again. At first just a small trickle, which falls in slow motion drop by drop onto the white money

envelope and then his shirtsleeve. It quickly becomes an uncontrollable river of red confusion. The driver pulls over.

Dissolve.

EXT. LAWSON'S APARTMENT BUILDING. MORNING.

LAWSON exits another Taxi, his arms loaded with grocery bags, shirt and pants blood stained.

Inside the hallway.

LAWSON fumbles with his bags and keys making his way inside the apartment turning on a light. He looks down on the sofa to notice ELIJAH asleep. He smiles a hidden grin pleased to see him safe he makes his way to the kitchen quietly.

Angle on ELIJAH, he wakes with the front door opening and the light in his eye.

INT. LAWSON'S APARTMENT. KITCHEN. MORNING.

LAWSON putting groceries away. Enter ELIJAH in the doorway in underwear scratching himself.

Close on ELIJAH in the thresh hold, ESTABLISHING SHOT.

He's a radiant young man, mid to late teens, princely boyish good looks a glittering smile and an ambiguous sexual energy that fills the room whole. His features, fine and delicate, his lips and cheeks rosy red, eye's steel gray and wide, his hair a mess of dark curls. His frame, boyishly skinny.

He takes a seat at the kitchen table sleepy eyed. There is a strange pause and then;

LAWSON
Did you eat yet?

He opens a beer.

ELIJAH
No. Fucked up night. I got ripped off, got a hold of some bad acid. Lost my phone book with every important phone number I had in the world in it the one you gave me, almost got hit by a car not paying attention, just a fucked up night. And, a cop almost shot me; it's a long story.

LAWSON
I can't wait.

INT. LAWSON'S APARTMENT. KITCHEN. MORNING.

C.U. egg's cooking in a frying pan. LAWSON cooking breakfast.
At the table ELIJAH smokes a cigarette and downs a beer.

Presently; we hear the voice of LAWSON.

LAWSON V.O.

In order to understand a guy like ELIJAH I guess I need only look at myself or my kid brother before the suicide. Before the end. The truth is he's nothing like me or my kid brother. Maybe that's why I like him, because everything about ELI just reassures you, that in the end, there is some common goodness about people.

Real innocence. Not that he's an angle mind you, but he is for the most part, everything that my brother and me could have never dreamt of being. And I just feel better knowing that with him, I don't have to invent any history one day that will sound like a better lie than the truth. Like the history I invented to describe to people, the life of my little brother RANDY. When the truth as painful as it is, is that almost everything about RANDY, I invented, and I've practiced it for so long I almost believed it myself for a while. Except now, when I look at this kid ELI and I'm reminded of my own, self-made bullshit. And how I did it- not for his memory- but for my own selfish reasons, because I felt like it was me who had failed him, and that if anybody had to die, by all rights, truthfully it should have been me. Only I could never understand why even now, it wasn't me. I've come so close so many times and still, here I am looking at this kid and wondering why any of us ever have the right to feel so inadequate, that we should ever need to reinvent someone's entire life. But that's just what I did. I invented this entire life as one big crazy adventure. Invented it to make him something special, which is something he never was and he was never innocent or good, or pure at heart. Not like this kid right here. He was a full-fledged junkie by the age of thirteen and he was dead at sixteen by his own selfish hand.

-FLASH BACK-

INT. LAWSON'S CHILDHOOD APARTMENT. HALLWAY. DAY.

LAWSON rounds the corner but stops dead in his tracks.
There in front of him he witnesses his FATHER as he exits the bathroom zipping his pants up. He continues past LAWSON to the comfort of his easy chair.

LAWSON slowly peers into the bathroom now, inside on the floor his brother RANDY naked from the waist down looks up now to see him staring at him. Angry and ashamed he kicks the door closed in LAWSON'S face.

LAWSON pushes the door open again to reveal inside on the toilet, his brother sitting upright- arm tied off with a belt- desperation in his eyes and contempt in his eyes.

Close now: Flick, sizzle, snap, suck, slap --the needle going into the skin, rush, pleasure sigh...Eyes closed.

LAWSON enters the bathroom now helping his very young and stoned -out of his mind- little brother off of the toilet leading him down the hall and putting him into bed.

Back in the living room-

His FATHER sits up in the easy chair watching the TV - "The dukes of hazard".

Close on LAWSON'S, FATHER, he watches the T.V. Laughing-

In the b.g. LAWSON
stares at him menacingly, a jagged piece of broken glass in his hand, he grips it so tightly, holding it as if it were a weapon, blood runs down his hand and onto the floor pooling at his feet.

-BACK TO PRESENT-

LAWSON V.O. Cont.

It's hard to really understand a guy like Eli. He's not like me at all or RANDY for that matter he's different, truth is, I just admire him for who he's not. He's not a fake. He's not pretentious or a wanna' be anything. The thing about Eli is, he's not some stuck in the mud little runaway shit from the Midwest at all, nor is he some frail assed little white boy, running away from one kind of fucked up evil abuse or tragic horror story after another. No, Eli's not running away from anything or anyone. Fact is, I actually think that he's running head long into everything and everyone. He's a rich kid from the Maryland countryside, great parents and Nannies, Tutors, people who loved the shit out of him. Everything anyone could ever want, horse's and shit, a swimming pool in the back yard and everything. Sometimes, the only things you really need, are the freedoms to be yourself. So in the end, I guess you could say, he chose to be hated for what he is- rather than loved for what he's not. That kind of strength I like, it's the kind that I never had, but it's the only thing that's really worth a damn in life. And he's got it. That's for sure.

-FLASH BACK-

EXT. BALTIMORE GREAT ESTATES. DAY.

ELIJAH and his PARENTS gathered on the front lawn of a Mansion. High above them from an upstairs window, clothes and gay porno mags are being tossed out of a window by a housekeeper. These are followed by a rather large assortment of gay toys and paraphernalia.

-BACK TO PRESENT-

LAWSON V.O. Cont.

Eli's just a queer kid with no shame to his game and here is out here slumming it with us, trying to swallow it all down, all in one big gulp.

INT. LAWSON'S APARTMENT. KITCHEN TABLE. MORNING.

LAWSON and ELIJAH eating breakfast.

The sound now all at hyper speed- truth as farce:

SEGUE INTO:

Words on screen now, a caption: **1983 winter**

INT. PUBLIC LAUNDROMAT. MORNING.

Close on the horrified faces, the shock of the older customers as they quickly finish their laundry trying to leave as quickly as possible, the parents with small children flabbergasted- running out as fast as they can hands over their children's ears.

ELIJAH, loud and animated throughout.

ELIJAH

So anyway I got him all tied up now and he's tied up good, I got him in the Great Dane position and I'm fucking the shit out of him now, I mean a good deep Dicking is taking place here ya' know what I'm talking about, and don't forget, I'm on coke too, I mean, we both are, so, I'm thinking this is gonna' be an all night fuck, right? So here we are, screaming at the top of our lungs, I mean, he's . Screaming like a goddamn, monkey crack whore and all of a sudden', in walks his fuckin', wife! Only, the bitch is in this cop's uniform!

So, naturally, I'm thinking, the hell you say cowboy, this shit's gonna' cost you extra, you taught me that one, only, she starts freaking the fuck out on us, instead of joining us, she's going off! So now, he's freaking out, she's freaking out, and I just wanna' get paid by this time and go... Now remember, I still got him tied up now, and all of a sudden, he starts acting like a goddamned trapped gibbon, trying to get free! So then, it hits me! She's a real fucking cop, and she ain't planning to join in, in- fact, she wasn't expecting to come home and find her old man, doggy style, taking one for the home team, ya' know what I mean, and then it really hits me, this bitch is still behind me, and I know, this can't be good, especially, with my record for breaking up happy homes, and with the cops in general, you know what I'm saying? And right at about that moment, he brakes loose, and I just, jump the fuck up, and I'm searching for my jeans now, and I

ELIJAH Cont.

remember, we got a trail of clothes and shit, all over this fucking house, I mean, from the front door, to the bed room, we got clothes everywhere!

The next thing I know, they're fighting, I mean, they're fighting like two men would fight! It was fucking surreal! It's a fistfight, two feet to my left, and I mean, they're beating the shit out of each other. But hey, I got my jeans now, in my one hand, underwear and boots in the other, I see my tee shirt, and watch, and it's on my way out, and I'm collecting my shit as I go down the hall, I mean, I'm not sticking around for this shit, fuck the money, fuck the drugs on the coffee table, fuck this whole scene is what I'm thinking... I mean, sometimes, its just time to clear out, and you know, let a couple have a moment to themselves. So now, I'm at the door, but now, I'm trapped in the fucking place, they got those double dead bolt locks, on the doors. I swear, I couldn't get the fuck out of the place. I had to climb out, through the doggie door! Goddamn snoopy dog, followed me half of the way to the bus stop, I'm telling you, he didn't even want to stick around for that scene, and he lived there! I'm telling you LAWSON; I'm never going back to that bar again, I always pick up the weirdest guys there, and six bucks now for a cocktail? That place, is just bad vibes these days, bad vibes, full of snobs, rich married men, guys with, cop wives and over priced drinks. Bad vibes, and that's just the kind of place, that can get my fake I.D. snatched, ya' know! And for what, bad vibes?

LAWSON

Yeah, I was there for a minute myself last night, It's definitely not healthy.

(OMITTED SCENE)

LAWSON quickly glances around, surveying the faces. Angle close, on faces. ELIJAH has cleared almost all of them out of the place.

CUT TO:

INT. PUBLIC LAUNDROMAT. MORNING.

Angle on an OLD WOMAN as she collects the last of her clothes from the washer, leaving, and she mutter's-

OLD WOMAN

Shamefulness... Young people today! If I wasn't a Christian woman, I'd put the blood of Jesus Christ on you, but he might just strike you down dead right where you stand!

Close on the OLD WOMAN'S face as she quickly exits the Laundromat disgusted, leaving a trail of dropped laundry behind. Back to ELIJAH who continues without regard, as if she were the crazy one.

ELIJAH

So, do you think you could get me some of that vodka this morning?

LAWSON shoots him a look.

EXT. BALTIMORE CITY STREETS. MORNING. (MOVING).

Angle on LAWSON and ELIJAH walking with laundry and grocery bags, smokes, dangling from their lips.

ELIJAH Cont.

So, this crazy fucking guy, is so waked out of his mind, that he starts going off on this guy, he said he knew, back in Atlanta. The one who's dying. So, this guy's dying right, only he doesn't want it to be of the big C, you know what I mean? It's like; anything but Cancer is what he's saying. So, this guy at the bar tells me, the guy went out and hired this hustler, now this guy, was supposedly some kind of doctor, only now, he doesn't practice anymore, he's too sick or something now, anyway, so he can still get all of this shit, you know, drugs for the pain, a scalpel a rib spreader, shit like that, all the stuff they would need to do this thing with. And he's like, schooling this hustler on how to use all of this shit. On him, when the time comes-

LAWSON
The hustlers, a doctor?

ELIJAH

No, no, no. The guy, who's dying of the big C, is the doctor, Keep up LAWSON, anyway all of his life, he was some kind of weird, neurotic nymphomaniac, some weird shit I don't know what you call it, couldn't control himself, the guy was like, always fucking everything that moved. Like a rabbit or something, he couldn't help it though. But anyway, he knew those kinds of low life hustler's because of it, you know? I mean, he had to search for weeks before he found the right hustler, to perform, that particular service, you know? So anyway, he finds this guy, and explains it all to him, about how he's dying of the big C, and all of that, and he tells the guy, that he's not going out like that, it's not operable, what are you going to do? So he goes out, and, with the help of the first hustler guy, they hire a second hustler, because it's going to take, at least two, to do this thing, and it was a friend, of the guy, I was telling you about, at the bar, that's how he knows all of this, it's first hand shit. So, anyway, the plan is, he'll pay these guy's, each, five thousand large, plus all the coke they can do, and all they have to do, is fuck him, drug him up, with the special medical drugs, which he provides, cut open his chest, take the rib spreader, open him up, and fuck him in his heart, until, he's completely fuckin' dead. Now, I ask you, is that not, the sickest shit you've heard all day, or what? But, think about it... For five grand... I don't know?

I mean, It's not my heart that's heavy with cream of, some young guy, plus, you know, it's a memory that'll last, a life time, and the stupid fuck was dying anyway.

LAWSON

Okay, now tell me how you meet these insane fucking people, again? I mean, to even sit around a bar, and tell that story, a person, has to be lacking some sort of brain chemical, they'd have to be. Jesus, I feel dirty just talking to you, Eli. I feel like, I need another shower, just, walking on the same side of this, sidewalk with you! Go; walk on that side for a while. Man, you are just; eat up with the dumb ass.

ELIJAH

Hey, five grand... Like, you wouldn't at least think about it, if it were offered to you, I know I would, hey, let's get some of those cigars too, the fat ones.

LAWSON can only shoot him a look.

CUT TO:

(Omitted Scene)

EXT. LIQUOR STORE. MORNING.

Close on ELIJAH waiting outside. He is collecting phone numbers of guys that pass on their way to work.

Back inside the store-

LAWSON at the counter to pay peers through the storefront glass to see ELIJAH, he shakes his head in total disbelief.

He pays the clerk and exits the store.

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDEWALK. LAWSON'S NEIGHBORHOOD. LATER. (MOVING).

LAWSON and ELIJAH walking home.

LAWSON

I just don't know Eli, I mean; I really need to get some sleep before tonight. It's Friday night, you know, busy, busy, busy. Lot's of money tonight, I thought, I might go down by the pier tonight, a change of scene, I think, maybe you should go down there too, with me. We could do, the two-way thing, with the tourist,

LAWSON Cont.

that's like eighty bucks a pop, straight kink. We barely even have to work for it, when we do it like that, you know that, we'll do like, three tricks and call it a night, two hundred and forty bucks, right there, easy money. What do you say, and I can keep an eye out for you?

ELIJAH

Just, let me do this thing first, you'll, hardly even know were there trust me, LAWSON.

LAWSON

Bullshit, look, you wanted my opinion, so there it is. I just think, it's a stupid idea; it's the same thing as, having a pimp. What do I look like, some crack whore, who needs some guy to protect me by taking all of my money, save me from my cash and myself? That's for bitches Eli come on, were better than that shit.

ELIJAH

But that's not what it's about, at all, listen again, only this time hear me, on call, exclusive parties, out calls only. It's a totally better class of people too, my kind of people. Rich guys!

LAWSON

Just tell me again, in English, why you need my apartment?

ELIJAH

You know, for a young man, you don't listen too good. Because, you have to have an address to get on with these guys, I told you that, three times already.

Otherwise, they may as well, just go right out on to the streets and get any, skank assed punk, that's not what they're

About, look, they come over, they meet us, sort of, check us out, and then, if they like what they see, and why not, we're a class act, and then, we're in. In like Flynn.

-FLASHBACK---

INT. A NIGHTCLUB. NIGHT.

The sound, music; "Fame- David Bowie". Mid song.

ELIJAH on the dance floor, no conversation audible over the music, he is approached by a YOUNGMAN; he gives him a business card.

-BACK TO PRESENT---

ELIJAH Cont.

You get a pager and everything, and when it goes off, you just call in, get the instructions, and a driver comes and picks you up. Simple as that, it's better than an escort agency, but the best part is, they send a car for you, can you believe that shit? You get a fucking driver! No more working the streets, or those, skank assed clubs, like the 101 room, I mean, that place is really bad vibes.

LAWSON

I just think, it all sounds too good to be true, like there's a catch. And that mean's, there usually is, unlike you, my young friend, I may have been born last night, but I've been up, all day.

ELIJAH

Goddamn your cynical, do you have any idea, how cynical you sound right now, who the hell pissed in your corn flakes, because it wasn't me, okay? Okay, what's the catch you say, okay, as I understand it, what ever the guy gives you, for payment, you can only keep like, twenty-five percent, I think that's what he said, the guy at the club, RICHIE, I think is his name. I got the number right here though, the rest, you give to the driver. But still, it's like a guaranteed two or three hundred bucks in your pocket, that's per trick, LAWSON. And the room, everything else, is paid for. It's all, paid for, can you believe it?

LAWSON

And you, don't think there's something, just a little bit wrong with all of that, do you? You don't think that, maybe that sounds just a little, too easy for all of that cash, this all-just, sounds, perfectly normal to you, doesn't it? These guys sound like the mob Eli, regular gangsters. You're crazy if you get mixed up with all of this but just leave me out of it if you do.

ELIJAH

They are gangster's LAWSON; I never said they weren't gangsters. They're the new gangster's. Bonafide. Come on, just meet them with me, come on, please, I promise, if you don't like them, then, I won't do it either. But I'm telling you, these guys are the real deal, I should have called them when I first met them at the club. After last night, man, I need a change, and so do you. We're going to make a lot of money LAWSON a lot of money! Trust somebody for once, will you?

(OMITTED SCENE)

INT. LAWSON'S APARTMENT. AFTERNOON.

Angle on the front door as ELIJAH opens it. LAWSON'S, P.O.V.

ENTER: RICHIE, ANTONIO, and CARLOS. ARC shots of the group.

Mid- twenties to the early thirties. Mysticism and intrigue cloud the very air with an ever-present hint of danger always in mind.

The sound now; radio, "This Masquerade- George Benson"- " Can't stand losing you- The Police" - "Someone saved my life tonight- Elton John"

ELIJAH

RICHIE so good to see you again man. Hey, sorry I waited so long but I told you I'd call right?

LAWSON nods his hello.

ELIJAH Cont.

Oh yeah, this is my friend that I was telling you about, LAWSON. He wants to hear all about what you guy's got going' too, we think it sounds like a good idea.

LAWSON

Well, Eli was telling me a little bit, not much though-

ELIJAH

Can I get you guys something to drink?

I got some of that vodka, that you guys were drinking at the club, that Russian stuff. Stoli. Cause I remembered that's what you were drinking and it was good. Come on in, make yourselves comfortable have a seat, I figured we could talk in here.

They make their way inside the apartment now. Settling down at the kitchen table.

RICHIE

I'll have a shot of that It's good shit right?

ELIJAH

Oh yea, the best...

RICHIE

Oh, let me introduce everybody here, this is ANTONIO and that's CARLOS. That's everybody, were like a family.

ELIJAH

Shot's for the family then?

CUT TO:

INT. LAWSON'S APARTMENT. DINNING ROOM. LATER.

Suddenly, the trio seem as harmless as the furniture in the room, the air thick with the smoke of cigarettes and cigars, the bottle of vodka almost empty. The tone and atmosphere here although still mingled with clouds of suspicion and tiny hints of danger, has relaxed considerably.

ANTONIO

The problem, with most of that shit was, there was no real money in it, but this, is a sure fucking thing. With RICHIES contacts, shit, it's perfect, no need to ask "where's the beef", here, that's for sure. And, we've worked all of the kinks out already, hell we even got some straight boy's interested, for that kind of money.

RICHIE

*But that shit won't fly, the key here is professionalism.
I mean, I don't give a bug's dick, who people like to kiss,
But, if I'm in on this thing, I need the pros, because, that's what my clientele demand. And no straight guy, just looking to get paid, one night, is going be able to do this, the right way. I mean, you can't go from MS. PACMAN, down at SHELLIES arcade, to sucking cock, just because the moneys good, I need pro's, and that means fag's, no offense to you guy's. I mean, I got clients lined up out the ass, and let's face it, I'm certainly not going to sleep with them, but that's where you two come in, I mean, you're already doing it anyway, so, why not get paid what your worth for it, why not, we all get paid for it?*

CARLOS

Hell yeah, we'll set everything up for you, everything's safe, nobody fuck's with you, trust me on that, or they'll end up, seriously missing from the planet. And all the hotel's that you'll frequent, we already own the security guards, in fact, most of the time; they will be your eyes and ears for the real trouble out there. You can trust them. They'll be looking out for you, RICHIES got them in pocket. I told you boys, we've got all of the kinks worked out already, and we've been doing this with the ladies for sometime. Shit, over a year and a half in BALTIMORE, and NEW YORK too.

LAWSON

So, what's our take, what's this twenty five percent I heard about?

CARLOS

Twenty-five percent, who told you that? Dream on Nancy boy, twenty percent is what you get. Which is more than great, on average, that's about three hundred and fifty dollars per client that you'll see. Plus, all of the clients are instructed to tip well, for services rendered, and they do, these guy's are our regulars. Professionals. You're going to average, about five to seven bills a date. Time's that, by about, two to three dates a night, each. You do the math, but I know, it's worth it. Right now, you're turning what, a hundred thirty, one fifty a night, working your ass off, taking all kinds of unnecessary risks, sucking Dick's in cars.

LAWSON

Then I don't get it, how much are you making, if we're just getting twenty percent? It seems to me, we're doing all of the work, I'm not trying to be rude or anything, but think about it, and how many more, of us, are there out there, besides just Eli and me? I mean, you guys are making a killing, off of us, on our backs.

RICHIE

I like this guy, first of all, I don't think that was rude at all, I think it was a very good question, and it shows that you pay attention. I hate stupid people, that don't pay attention, your very smart. Okay, first of all, you're really not doing all of the work, you see, our clients like a little recreation with their ideal sex. I try to deliver both, get it, the boy, the girl and the blow. Or what ever else it is, that floats their boat. You name it, I sell it. You deliver it, and deliver yourself. Total-Package, one pre-set, brokered price, and I've been doing this very successfully with the ladies, for over a year and a half now. And, not one arrest, and then it hit me; half of my clients are well to do gay men with lots of disposable income.

They love to party; maybe, they don't want to party alone no more. Now, I'll Admit, that this part is a little new to me, and you'll be the first. But, I've been talking to some of my best, gay customers, and they seem, all up for the idea, no pun intended. We're just, like your agents, and you're ours, free lance, sort of, really, you're keeping almost all of you sex money, you're just, delivering my packages for me, and collecting my cash for it. I mean, I get some of it, but I think the tips, off shoot that, I have expenses-

CARLOS

-And we are not pimps, that just, sounds so bad. We're drug dealers, with shit on the side. That sounds so much better to me, I mean, pimps beat up on people, intimidate people, hurt people, we don't beat up on ladies, or fags, if that's what you were worried about.

ANTONIO

Just don't fuck with the product. Once you deliver it into his hands, and he gives you the money, then, you can get as freaky, and high with him as you want to, you can do as much of it, as you, and him want to for the rest of the night. It's paid for, the moment it leaves your hands, into his hands. At the end of the run, minus the tip, turn everything over to the driver. RICHIE finds, and unless you don't want it like this, that a giant check every three or four days, seems to help you guys out more than just, daily money at the end of the shift. That's the way most of the girls do it, they get like, two or three grand every three or four days. They just live on the tips mostly, put the rest in the bank, which ain't bad,

ANTONIO Cont.

and RICHIE won't fuck you on money, he won't fuck you, even when one of the girls had a problem once, she thought, she was due more than she was, I've personally seen RICHIE, come out of his own pocket, and give that to her. And then later, when she figured it out, did he ask for those nine hundred dollars back? No! Because that's the kind of guy he is.

RICHIE

These guy's, range from, some of my hornier bankers, to doctors and lawyers. I even have an ambassador from New York City. You name it, they all buy from me. We have a Spanish consulate, a Mexican General who has a taste for the cocaine, and an even bigger taste for the young boy's. You name it, you'd meet them, these guys come into Baltimore, out of NEW YORK, and DC, and party here, with me, because it's all about privacy, and that's what we want to continue with this new service.

LAWSON

And just what is it that we do?

RICHIE

*Do what you do best, and count your money.
These are not your blue velvet, run of the mill freaks here.
And your not minute boy's anymore, nor are you, choirboys.
Sometimes you'll be paid for whole nights with one person, even whole weekends sometimes. The hourly fees are a thing of the past, and the tips alone, will make it all seem like, taking candy from a baby, a sleeping baby. I set, a set fee, depending on what they want. You're date ends, when the client wants it to end, the longer the date, and the better.*

ELIJAH

*Did I not tell you LAWSON, this is a fuckin' sweet deal
Man?*

LAWSON

And when, would all of this come together?

RICHIE

My shit's in place, for the most part, a couple of phone calls to my big spenders, let them know, I got a couple of boy toy's now too. Maybe as early as midnight, but remember, you're it, I only have you two, so, you might be a little busy for a while, that is, if you're in?

LAWSON

Why so few, I mean, there's tons of other boy's out there?

RICHIE

I'm really not in the habit to advertise, such services and job openings. I just saw your man Eli dancing at the club the other night, and I thought, he'd be perfect, something about his attitude, the way he had all of these guy's, and girls, just eating out of his hands. Kid must have turned, four tricks in two and a half hours at that club the other night, I was impressed, and he never broke a sweat or even had a hair out of place. I just kept watching him, and then, I gave him my number and told him to give me a call. And I said to CARLOS that kid is a gold mine, that's who we need right there. You know, most of these fag's out here, that I've seen so far, are homeless skanks. But now you and your boy Eli here, apples and oranges. I think I can work with that, youth, there's something about youth and older men. They seem to love it, eat the shit up, I wish I could bottle it like Pepsi; I'd be rich as fuck. But now that maybe, you're interested, maybe I don't need to bottle it. Maybe you two can be my eyes and ears for some more fresh blood too. New talent, no fucking speed freaks, nothing worst than a gay speed freak. I figure, we need about five or six more to really make some money. Too many, and that's no good, too few, and you guys never get a break, and I want you guy's to be happy too. That's why we need about four to six; clean cut, good-looking, tall, slim boys. And what ever else it is, that you do, I don't want to know. And the younger the better, for some reason everybody's a chicken hawk these day's, or is it called Twinkie chaser now? What ever it is, I want a Black one, a Hispanic one and an Asian one too. And a couple more of those white ones, just like you. Just for good measure, people love that vanilla shit. I, personally, need a little color in my world, but we'll make some serious money if we give the people what they want. First rule of busy- ness, do you have a product that the people want, or need? Oh I think so, I think so. Next rule, is there a market? I think so, I think so. Next rule, can you meet the demands of that market? I don't know, I don't know. Do I have you boys onboard, or not?

ELIJAH
I want in-

RICHIE
Good, let's make this happen, but the one, who impresses me most now, still needs to think about it huh? Antonio, give me your pager.

ANTONIO hands RICHIE the pager off his belt.
RICHIE gives it to ELIJAH.

LAWSON
And what if things just don't work out? What then, let me guess, you guy's hunt us down and give us cement boots, sell us into white slavery, what?

RICHIE
I like that, just, find me a replacement, as good or better than you, that's all and walk away.

A pause, and then;

LAWSON
Okay, I'm in. I'll try it.

RICHIE
All right, you had me worried for a second there, because after meeting you today, I really don't think I could launch this now, without you. You're smart, and you have street smarts I can tell. And I want you to take charge, of the guy's, as they come onboard. CARLOS pager!

CARLOS hands RICHIE his pager,
RICHIE gives it to LAWSON.

RICHIE Cont.
Gentleman, welcome to the wonderful world of better living, through sex and drugs.

He counts out a wad of bills now, hundreds and fifties, lays them across the table. Swigs from the vodka bottle, draining it. Stands, his group rises now too.

RICHIE Cont.

A little sign on, to seal the deal, buy yourselves something pretty. Remember, there is no poor people in this organization, dress the part. We gotta', get going, lot of phone calls need to take place before tonight, to make all of this happen, answer those pagers. CARLOS, you got that, and call STAVROS too. I'll page you guy's, with more info. There is a lot of money to be made, and we are going to make it all, so, make me rich!

And with that, RICHIE, ANTONIO and CARLOS say their good-byes and exit towards and out the front door.

SFX: The sound of pagers beeping.

INT. LAWSON'S APARTMENT. BATHROOM. NIGHT.

On LAWSON and ELIJAH in the mirror at once, dressing and primping. Suits and ties, they sparkle like new diamond rings.

The sound now: Turns into, car radio- music- "In the name of love- U2".

Throughout the following series of shots.

EXT. BALTIMORE CITY SKY LINE. NIGHT.

Segue into-

EXT. TOWNCARS (WHITE) and (BLACK). NIGHT. RAIN. MOVING.

INT. TOWNCAR (BLACK). BACK SEAT. NIGHT. RAIN. MOVING.

Angle on ELIJAH being chauffeured through the downtown streets of Baltimore in the back seat.

INT. TOWNCAR (WHITE). BACK SEAT. NIGHT. MOVING.

Close on LAWSON being chauffeured through the River front district. Around him nothing but harbor and huge steel and glass towers which loom high above in the night sky.

EXT. WESTIN PLAZA HOTEL. NIGHT. MOVING.

Angle on the TOWNCAR as it pulls into the hotel. Once stopped, a bellhop opens LAWSON'S door, and he emerges from the big car, at first, looking up to see the beauty of the tall structure and then in a moment he will disappear into the busy lobby.

CUT TO:

EXT. ELEVATOR. GOING UP. WESTIN PLAZA HOTEL. NIGHT. MOVING.

INT. ELEVATOR. WESTIN PLAZA HOTEL. NIGHT. MOVING.

On LAWSON in the glass elevator looking down the action below.

INT. ELEVATOR. WESTON PLAZA HOTEL. NIGHT.

On LAWSON as he steps free of the elevator walking down the long corridor to find suite 6708.

The music fades at the first knock on the room door.

EXT. SUITE 6708. WESTON PLAZA HOTEL. NIGHT.

And the door opens to reveal; STAVROS an elegant cavalier of about fifty, tall, toned and trim, well tanned, he speaks with an accent.

STAVROS

*Hello, I'm STAVROS. And you, you must be LAWSON?
Mr. Vandange did not do you justice over the telephone.
You are quite handsome indeed. Please, won't you come, in please?*

INT. STAVRO'S HOTEL SUITE. #6708. NIGHT.

LAWSON enters the suite, apprehensive at first; STAVROS closes and locks the door behind him.

STAVROS *Cont.*

Do you have something for me?

LAWSON

Oh, yes. Yes, I do.

LAWSON hands over the neatly wrapped red velvet package, tied off with ribbon.

Close on STAVROS he opens it at once pouring its contents out onto the coffee table. About two eight balls of coke, pills and a glass pipe. He smiles his approval.

STAVROS

Please, my handsome guest, have a seat, make yourself comfortable. Let me take your jacket, and get you a drink. Me, I'm having brandy myself, what would you like?

LAWSON

I'll have the same, please. Thank you.

STAVROS

Excellent.

STAVROS takes LAWSON'S coat and pours him a brandy, taking a seat on the sofa.

STAVROS Cont.

Please have a seat, we are early yet and dinner is still, one and a half hours away. I made us reservations at the continental room I hope you don't mind.

(OMITTED SCENES)

The sound now; Music: Original.

LAWSON takes a seat on the plush sofa as STAVROS moves closer to him.

STAVROS soon begins to cut the coke, which is bricked, with a razor blade, making large lines across the table, he snorts one instantly, a pause, and then he motions for LAWSON to snort one as well. He does, a pause and then;

STAVROS moves closer to LAWSON reaching out for his hand, LAWSON nervously complies extending it outward. He kisses it and then dumps enough cocaine on it to drop an elephant, snorting it all quickly.

The sound now: Club music, at club volume; "Crazy for you- Madonna" - "Relax- Frankie goes to Hollywood" - "You're the first, my last, my everything- Barry White"

(OMITTED SCENES)

INT. CONTINENTAL NIGHT CLUB. DANCE FLOOR.

A hot bed of motion and excitement.

FLASH CUT TO:

INT. CONTINENTAL ROOM.

Angle on LAWSON and STAVROS at the VIP table high as kites on Sunday morning in the park. They sway back and forth with the music and the drugs, LAWSON sitting on his lap. Below them from their location the dance floor in all of its splendor and glory.

EXT. BALTIMORE BOAT HARBOR. A 135 FT. YACHT. NIGHT.

INT. YACHT CABIN. NIGHT.

ELIJAH and an OLDER GENTLEMAN having sex below, just shapes and shadows with the moonlight. Glasses of wine and drugs left out on the table everything swaying with the harbor tide.

Back at the Continental room.

Angle close on the dance floor, as the camera reveals LAWSON and STAVROS dancing.

Music now: "Burning down the house- Talking heads".

LAWSON'S dance, a choreographed- blocked event -which prominently features LAWSON taking over the dance floor, STAVROS lost in the excitement watches riveted.

CUTTO:

EXT. STAVROS' HOTEL SUITE. #6708. AT THE DOOR.

LAWSON and STAVROS struggle at the door to enter the suite they can't seem to get the door open fast enough each pawing at the other.

EXT. / INT. TOWNCAR (BLACK). NIGHT. MOVING.

Close on ELIJAH in the back seat being chauffeured home.

The music on the radio: "Time for me to fly- REO Speed wagon".

INT. STAVROS HOTEL SUITE. #6708. DAWN.

On LAWSON as he dresses in the mirror- behind him STAVROS kisses him on his neck and nibbles at his ear lobes.

CUT TO:

EXT. / INT. TOWNCAR (WHITE). MOVING.

Close on LAWSON, his long ride home a smile on his face.

INT. LAWSON'S APARTMENT. HALLWAY. MORNING.

LAWSON he turns the key making his way inside, ELIJAH awake, sits on the sofa in underwear the place dark, the curtains drawn tight.

ELIJAH

And how was your night, sunshine?

LAWSON

Fantastic, I just realized something...

ELIJAH

Me too but you first.

LAWSON

I've been doing this all wrong for way too long and I made a four hundred dollar tip and he was so nice to me and so handsome. Sexy, he was even sexy and romantic.

ELIJAH

I did heroin for the first time in my life tonight.

A pause.

LAWSON flops down beside ELIJAH.

LAWSON

And how was that?

ELIJAH

See for yourself.

Music: "Hurt" Johnny Cash". (Nine-Inch Nails)

Angle close now, on the coffee table. On it about a quarter of a gram of china white.

Close on LAWSON'S face, the room dark- curtains drawn tight.

Later.

LAWSON and ELIJAH on the sofa, ELIJAH inserts the needle into LAWSON'S arm and instantly he turns off.

FADE OUT.

(OMITTED SCENE)

FADE IN:

INT. LAWSON'S APARTMENT. LIVING ROOM. LATER. DUSK.

Same as before, but now the sun fades quickly as seen through the curtains in the b.g.

ELIJAH

Let's go out, we've been sitting on this sofa for the last nine hours. We're rich, and the night is upon us again. We're young, we should go out don't you think?

LAWSON

What the hell, but bring the drugs for Godsake.

CUT TO:

EXT. BAR NO. 3. NIGHT.

Angle on the taxi as it pulls up to the bar.

Close on LAWSON and ELIJAH as they spill out of the taxi on cloud nine from Jupiter.

FX: The LSD lens, with all of its splendid colors and patterns.
LAWSON'S, P.O.V.

As he looks up at the night sky, the clouds racing across the night skyline at break neck speeds their colors purple- red- orange and hazy. He has to slap and pinch himself in an attempt to make things look right, looking up again, the clouds begin to slow to somewhat normal speeds, shapes and colors. He looks around now to see if everyone can see this, and then at ELIJAH, who is moving his lips, but LAWSON can't hear a word. Just silence. He shakes it off now, continuing to the door.

LAWSON

Listen to me when we get inside I think you should make a gesture to MIKE. You know something nice, you peed in his trashcan.

ELIJAH

Fuck MIKE he hates me.

LAWSON

He doesn't hate you; you pissed in his trash can, just do it for me then.

INT. BAR NO. 3. NIGHT.

LAWSON and ELIJAH enter making their way to the bar at once.

At the bar;

MIKE

Mutt and fuckin' Jeff, how's tricks?

(To LAWSON)

Missed you last night.

LAWSON

Long story, remind me to tell you about it when I'm not so fucked up.

MIKE

When's that suppose to be?

(To ELIJAH)

Hey kid...

LAWSON

Say hello Eli.

MIKE

Has your boyfriend got you potty trained tonight?

ELIJAH

Yeah sorry about that trashcan thing I was a little fucked up that night it won't happen again.

MIKE

You're a good kid now, what can I get you? The usual LAWSON?

ELIJAH

Not tonight and I'm buying so, how about a top shelf round the good stuff and don't forget to pour yourself one too, thanks much.

MIKE

Yeah right, I like mine neat, neat and exorbitant in price kid.

ELIJAH

Well let's do that for everyone the top shelf please.

ELIJAH breaks out a fifty-dollar bill. Handing it to MIKE who holds it up to the light checking its legal tender.

ELIJAH Cont.

*You like that, looks pretty good right?
Careful with that one, I just made it, might still be a little
wet around the edges. If you'd like, I can make you some too,
for a small fee of course, it's all in the paper that you use, right paper and you'd
barely know its a worthless fake.*

MIKE shoots him a look, satisfied with its authenticity before going around the bar and collecting drink orders.

MIKE

*Top shelf place your orders while the going's good It's on the gentleman at the
end of the bar, name's Eli. Eli! That'll be twenty-six fifty out of fifty.*

CUT TO:

INT. BAR NO. 3. LATER. NIGHT.

The place resemble a private party atmosphere with LAWSON and ELIJAH buying the night's drinks for everyone in the place.

Music: Jukebox. "Take on me- Aha"- "I'm coming out- Diana Ross" - "Sledge hammer- Peter Gabriel" - "Don't give up- Peter Gabriel

Much later.

Angle on LAWSON and a YOUNGMAN as they slip away quietly and secretly from the table and head for the restrooms.

ELIJAH in the middle of one of his long-winded stories continues without notice, his audience captive.

INT. BAR NO.3. RESTROOM STALL.

LAWSON and the YOUNGMAN locked in the tiny stall doing drugs, laughing quietly.

FLASH CUT TO:

INT. BAR NO.3. AT LAWSON AND ELIJAH'S TABLE. LATER.

Close on ELIJAH his audience on the edge of their seats focused on his every word.

FLASH CUT:

Back to the rest room stall.

Close on LAWSON as he snorts a line of white powder, the YOUNGMAN down on his knees performs oral sex on him in the tiny restroom stall, LAWSON close to climax -screams out in pleasure Cumming. The YOUNGMAN gags and vomits into the toilet.

FLASH CUT:

Back at the table.

Angle on the faces at the table, gathered around ELIJAH'S every word. He reaches the punch line of the sick joke, and they are indeed, disturbed for a brief moment.

FLASH CUT:

The restroom stall.

Angle on LAWSON exiting the stall, high as a lawn dart laughing his ass off, in the b.g. The YOUNGMAN puking his guts out. LAWSON zips up, stops at the mirror to check himself, noticing now, that his nose is bleeding lightly.

Music: Jukebox. Filtered in the b.g.
"Save the last dance - the drifters".

Closer on LAWSON in the mirror a panic attack coming.

The sounds now all at once, staccato: SFX. (LAWSON'S P.O.V) Bits and pieces of bar chatter- the music- the YOUNGMAN puking in the stall- toilets flushing- and people whispering.

He stares now transfixed with the image in front of him, the blood now running

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down his chin to his chest, a ghastly vision indeed. In the b.g. People entering and exiting around him stare whispering, horrified.

Dissolve.

The sound now; SFX: A pager beeping.

FADE IN TO:

The Baltimore city skyline at night.

EXT. / INT. TOWNCAR. NIGHT. MOVING.

LAWSON being chauffeured, clean now, suit and tie. He looks tired.

INT. LAWSON'S APARTMENT. NIGHT.

SFX: A pager beeping.

Close on ELIJAH, asleep on the sofa until the pager startles him awake, he jumps up from the sofa, trips over a pair of shoes falling to the floor, (hard) in a drunken state of complete sloth (Time to make the donuts).

INT. HOTEL ELEVATOR. NIGHT.

LAWSON going up. He snorts a large line of white powder from a coke spoon, fishing around in his pockets for the slip of paper with a room number, during this he drops the drug bag on the elevator floor, a security guard also present on the elevator points it out to him, just as the doors open to waiting guest, he scoops it up quickly -finds the piece of paper -barks at the OLDER WOMAN'S dog who waits patiently to board the elevator, she shoots him a look on his exit as she and her dog enter quickly, he continues his dog barking as he walks down the long corridor looking for room number 4507. Passers by -stare and gawk in horror.

EXT. / INT. HOTEL SUITE #4507. NIGHT.

He knocks and it opens to reveal-

Two very butch WOMEN one forties and WHITE the other thirties and BLACK. He takes this in for a second, scanning the room in every direction. His focus stops on the coffee table in the middle of the suite, on it and in plain view an assortment of sex toys and dildo's. Some are strange and unknown others look home made and painful, most are too large and dangerous looking for words.

There is a pause of uncertainty.

LAWSON slowly enters the room and the door slams shut behind him. Angle on his reaction.

He quickly hands the package over turning to exit-

BLONDE (GERMAN ACCENT)

I think, you get undressed now. Go, get undressed, skinny boy. Go, under ze' light. Is okay, go, now.

(SCENE OMITTED)

Close on his reaction, and then, like an apprehensive puppy; he slowly begins to strip nude and waits on the next command. The WOMEN, ignore this, as they inspect the drug package and then, his package.

CUT TO:

Later.

LAWSON flat on his back handcuffed to the bed naked, as the view loosens we are in witness to a marathon drug induced three way -with LAWSON merely serving as a human dildo, they bark orders at him stuffing themselves full of cocaine. Terrified, he complies as best as he can, his nose and face covered in cocaine.

INT. RITZ HOTEL. SUITE. NIGHT.

On ELIJAH as he dances atop a nightstand in his underwear for a wheelchair bound GENTLEMAN, he wears cowboy boots and a cowboy hat. The GENTLEMAN claps his hands to the music's beat a huge smile on his face.

Music: From a boom box on the dresser- "Big country- Big country".

INT. TOWNCAR (BLACK). MORNING. MOVING.

Angle close on LAWSON, things seem to move a bit slower for him this morning. He freely snorts coke off of the back of his hand, his eye's blood shot, hair disheveled he looks rode hard and put away wet.

EXT. LAWSON'S APARTMENT BUILDING. MORNING.

The TOWNCAR pulls away from the curb. LAWSON disappears into the dark hallway careening into the walls along the way to his door. He fumbles with the keys and finally makes his way inside.

INT. LAWSON'S APARTMENT. LIVING ROOM. MORNING.

ELIJAH still dressed sits on the sofa smoking from a crack pipe in the darkened room. LAWSON nothing to be said locks the door plops down beside him and joins him at the pipe. With the curtains drawn tightly they sit and smoke nothing to be said.

C.U. LAWSON'S eye's as his pupils constrict and then fully dilate leaving behind a blank expressionless gaze.

Music now: Through what follows.
"Angel- Sara Mc Lachlan" in its entirety.

FADE OUT.

Words on screen: A caption; **1985 SUMMER**

FADE IN:

MONTAGE: With the music which continues.

EXT. / INT. TOWNCAR'S. MOVING. NIGHTS AND MORNINGS.

LAWSON and ELIJAH in the back of the Town car's being chauffeured from hotels and nightclubs.

THE MONTAGE REPRESENTS SIX MONTHS OR MORE

Through this we hear the voice of LAWSON;

*LAWSON V.O.
Sometimes the only thing that's really
Unbearable is that nothing is really so fucking unbearable.*

Continue.

FADE IN:

EXT. A HOTEL HALLWAY. OPEN ATRIUM . NIGHT.

Angle on LAWSON as he enters a room at this cheap open air hotel.

LAWSON V.O. Cont.

*But on this side of the bridge you understand nothing.
And as you step lightly across it to madness you are upheld by timelessness.*

Continue.

Later.

LAWSON exits the room now, his clothes half off, hang from his body.

EXT. HOTEL CORRIDOR. OPEN ATRIUM. NIGHT.

Close on LAWSON stopping now, leaning against the side of the building, he snorts a line of cocaine but suddenly- his nose becomes a torrent of red confusion. He falls against the building for support now, using it to steady himself sobbing desolately and without control as strangers pass and gawk, but he can't be concerned with that just now, lit now, only by the secondary light of the street lamp his back against the wall, one knee drawn up his face a bloody mask of despair and fear.

His voice- continues with almost child like appeal.

LAWSON V.O. Cont.

*And there you are directed straight into the belly of the demon.
Here you are complete forever; there is no road to travel and no time to travel
through. All you have to do is let go. Let go, I know I should just let go.*

INT. TOWNCAR (WHITE). NIGHT. MOVING.

Music- radio; "I don't care anymore- Phil Collins".

LAWSON in the back seat lying down, his eye's swollen with tears. He is being chauffeured home now, the DRIVER, glances in his rear view mirror occasionally, concerned. He tries to make small talk but it's wasted right now.

-FLASHBACK--

INT. LIMO CABIN. A WINTRY DAY. MOVING.

Angle close on LAWSON and his little brother RANDY they are in the back of a limo in route to their MOTHER'S funeral. RANDY sobs but LAWSON sits across from him stone-faced, watching him. He leans in after a while and ties his tie for him. Ahead of them, as they turn onto the cemetery grounds he looks out now to see the hearse in front of them. He watches it closely. Suddenly his nose begins a slight trickle of blood; it lands on his shirtsleeve as if animated. Close on the blood, as it drops down onto the shirtsleeve making a tiny splash in slow motion.

-BACK TO PRESENT---

INT. TOWNCAR (WHITE). LATER. NIGHT. MOVING.

Close on LAWSON, his nose a river of blood as the driver pulls over worried now and trying to help, but LAWSON springs from the car as it slows and runs off down the street until out of sight.

Later.

LAWSON streaming with sweat bumping into unwary passers by as he swigs from a bottle of Wild Turkey walking the streets.

His suit bloodstained as if a terrible fight had taken place, walking aimlessly through the old streets, sporadically stopping to give hustlers cash and or a swig of Wild Turkey, occasionally stopping on a corner and shooting the shit with strangers.

Dissolve.

INT. A HOTEL ROOM. NIGHT.

Angle on ELIJAH dancing atop a nightstand for the GENTLEMAN in the wheel chair again. This time he wears a skimpy costume as if it were Halloween. The OLDMAN claps along to the beat of the music on the boom box euphoric and giddy. Truly enjoying the show.

FADE TO:

EXT. TRENDY SIDE WALK CAFE. AFTERNOON.

LAWSON and ELIJAH having lunch. Somehow today they look radiant. Clean, shaved and well dressed they very much match the trendiness of this establishment.

ELIJAH

I don't even have to say it because I already know what your thinking about it.

LAWSON

(To Waiter)

Can I have another bloody Mary please?

(To ELIJAH)

My nosebleeds have been getting worse. Everyday, worse and worse. There's something I should probably tell you. It's hard though, you know, everything all over again.

ELIJAH

I know what it is, we need a break- what do you think I've been talking about over here for the last twenty minutes, the weather?

LAWSON

Yeah, from snorting up all of Baltimore we need a fucking break. I think my weekly drug bill alone could heat this place for a year.

ELIJAH

I'm just saying at least if we found some more people we could take a little break. Maybe a whole week or two come back to work and work a little less a little lighter a little smarter as you would say.

LAWSON

RICHIES never going to let that happen, there's too much money coming in now. "Busy- ness" is too fucking good! You really should look at some of the numbers sometime, get a little more involved with you're work.

ELIJAH

Well, I'm the one who keeps getting stuck with all of the weird geriatric ones. The fucking burn out's with the limp Dick's and the sickest fucking sexual fantasies ever concocted or conceived out of the depths and recesses of the human mind, my God-

LAWSON

-Oh you have got to be shitting me?! Weird one's, weird? I've been spanked on my bare ass with a double headed dildo, bottle fed warm milk while wearing a diaper and being clutched in the arms of a heavily armed psychotic Spanish dictator, handcuffed to a bed- ass up for three hours by a Japanese tourist, duct taped to a hot radiator wearing a hooded leather slave mask -of which, cut ninety percent of my air off and, saving the best for last, raped by two Dykes, twice! They took complete advantage of me for six and a half hours, almost broke my dick off twice and on top of that, they wouldn't even let me speak! That's right, it was forbidden, not allowed. They used sex toys on me too. Sex toys my ass, torture devices! I'm not even sure if they were cleaned first. Still don't know what the fuck that other thing was that they used on me, some, big shiny thing. It certainly couldn't be called a sex toy, more like a small shinny cylindrical mini-bike; the bitch kick started it for the love of God. She kick started it and then shoved it full throttle up my very sore poop shoot over and over again and then, she shoved it into her friend and then into herself and then back into me, over and over and over again this went on.

ELIJAH shoots him a look stunned.

ELIJAH

Jesus, that's just nasty. That's going to scar you for life you know, so, what else did they make you do? Start from the beginning.

LAWSON shoots him a look.

ELIJAH Cont.

You know what I mean, this is another example of exactly why we need to find at least two or three more people, like yesterday.

The WAITER returns with drinks leaning in to set them down now, ELIJAH slides his chair back looking at his ass he slides the chair back under the table now

leans in and lifts the WAITER'S apron getting a good look at the YOUNGMANS package. The WAITER and LAWSON shocked, shoots him a look. The WAITER not sure what to do exits the table quickly, dumbfounded and embarrassed, disappearing into the kitchen.

LAWSON

I can't believe you just did that. Either way I can't even think straight right now. Let's plan on sometime next week we'll go out and find a couple of people okay but not like this. Poor bastards probably back there quitting even as we speak.

LAWSON looks around to survey the faces "yes" they saw that too.

LAWSON Cont.

Can't you tell a straight man when you see one Eli? Now all I'm going to say is, when he comes back out here you had better hope he doesn't throw your ass out of the place and if he doesn't you should apologize for starring at his box. And as for the other thing, there's that doctor's convention at the Harbor house, RICHIE says expect a lot of business from that, he's got CARLOS flying out all over the country handing out cards, they're working it hard like it's the fucking homosexual national convention they're lobbying the damn doctors or something. I never knew there were so many horny drugged-out doctors in life but he's got us back to back to back appointments the whole fucking weekend.

So let's just hold off. And then we'll go out clubbing and looking. We'll get through this weekend just fine; we've gotten through all these months haven't we? So smile, It's the next best thing you can do with your lips or so I hear and leave the straight help alone, ten thousand restaurants in the greater Baltimore area and you pick the one with the only straight waiter in the entire city and then, you practically grope him at the table.

LAWSON stands to exit throwing down a fifty-dollar bill, scanning the restaurant for the waiter, no sign of him, he downs the last of his drink in one gulp.

LAWSON Cont.

I'm going now before you get us kicked out again in yet another public scene. Drama queen. I'm going back to the house to get some sleep, what ever you do, don't wake me up when you come in, I feel like shit I just need to sleep. Okay, not even for a fire, just let me burn up or die from the smoke.

LAWSON kisses ELIJAH on the top of his head before leaving. Angle on the reactions in the restaurant. LAWSON exits, ELIJAH gloats.

CUT TO:

INT. LAWSON'S APARTMENT. BEDROOM. NIGHT.

LAWSON asleep in bed.

SFX: The sound now, Young voices in several conversations, laughter and music.

Radio Music: "Off the wall- Michael Jackson".

As LAWSON flicks open a battered eye. The room dark, shades drawn tight. Is this a dream?

Living room.

ELIJAH and about eight YOUNGMEN in the living room, most of them nude or in their underwear.

Bedroom.

LAWSON peering out of the bedroom into the living room to see- a room full of naked boys and ELIJAH in the middle of them trying to set up a brand new -just out of the box video camera.

Angle on ELIJAH as he looks up now to see LAWSON pissed off and leering at him.

ELIJAH

LAWSON, your up! Bout time too, hope we didn't wake you too early.

LAWSON
What the hell is this?

ELIJAH
Interviews. I could really use a hand here too, let me introduce you to everyone-

LAWSON
In a second, um, can I see you in the bedroom for just a minute young Eli? Why don't you go ahead and put the camera down this'll only take a minute or two.

ELIJAH
(To the Boys)
Excuse me for a second.

ELIJAH exits the living room and enters the bedroom now; LAWSON closes the door behind them.

INT. LAWSON'S APARTMENT. BEDROOM. NIGHT.

ELIJAH Cont.
(To LAWSON)
You know some of these guys are really talented I mean, there are some good prospects out there.
(Indicates twelve inch penis size)
You should see some of these boy's.

LAWSON
Have you lost your mind, get these fucking children out of my apartment and for god sake- make em' put their clothes back on!

ELIJAH
Okay, first of all they're not all children not all of them. Second of all have you forgotten how much we really need this? Do you realize that for each one of these so-called children, as you choose to call them not my words your words, we get time off? Time to breathe again and go out and shop, spend some of this money that we seem to have so much of these days. Time to live once again, isn't that the whole purpose of working so hard day in and day out? Plus, there's a two

ELIJAH Cont.

hundred dollar bonus for each one that we pick and that goes into our pockets RICHIE said that. Don't you see this is the only way, come on just meet them It's not so bad really it's not. And some of them actually have great potential. The rest can go. We'll give them twenty bucks and send them on their way, simple as that, even swap no swindle. Come on out here and see for yourself.

(Pause)

Trust me it's all good, no more worries JEDI knight the force is strong with us.

LAWSON

You're insane, why didn't I see that before now? Insane. I'm going back to bed this is not how to do this, we were going to go out to the clubs and scope it out on a weekend, remember, this afternoon? Well, we just talked about it, so, this is on you now. Good night ELIJAH, hide your wallet and jewelry; I'm locking my room door, bye- bye.

ELIJAH

The problem with that is, RICHIE thinks these are your recruits. Yeah, see, he called earlier and, he must have thought I was you over the phone. He's coming by in about an hour to take a look at what you have for him.

LAWSON

Are you crazy or just suicidal ELIJAH?

You can't do this, you can't invite a busload of runaway Twinkie meat up here to my apartment and then invite RICHIE to come over and meet them. He can't be here in this apartment with these kids ELI, he's not going to see your sense of humor, now either they, or I, have to be gone before he gets here because he's going to murder someone if you introduce him to all of these children today. And since I'm sure you're going to, it may as well just be you and them killed, so I'll leave. You don't know anything about these people; they could be police recruits on their way to the fucking academy for all you know!

Do you think that what you do, what we do is legal in the great state of Maryland do you? Jesus, I gotta' get out of here.

LAWSON cracks the bed room door peering out, his P.O.V, of the young faces and half naked bodies, he closes the door back.

LAWSON Cont.

Jesus, what did you do, stake out the fucking Greyhound bus station? Did you write a sign too, did it read all runaways form a single file line in front of LAWSON'S house!

Angle on LAWSON as he cracks the door open again peering out, he closes it back, quickly.

LAWSON Cont.

Jesus, there must be at least four, major class a -felony's for RICHIE out there and two of them are naked, not to mention the drugs in this place. You didn't give them drugs did you, tell me you didn't? Did you give them drugs to loosen them up, just a little bit, to make them strip nude like that, ELIJAH?

ELIJAH

No! of course not. I just smoked a little pot with them. Some of them. Snorted a line or two, a little coke, and only with the cute one. Ones. Cute one's. What, what was the question again I mean in what context do you mean give them drugs? I just don't understand the question and I don't like the tone of your voice. That short kid, he brought his own stuff and I don't know anything about that okay. It's like an inquisition around here. Is vodka considered a drug, drug?

LAWSON Shoots him a look.

LAWSON

Jesus Christ! You're nuts, insane.

ELIJAH

Oh, I'm nuts. You see felony's and I see a day off think about that the next time you're ass is hand cuffed to a hot radiator being butt fucked by lesbians with a shiny cylindrical mini-bike, okay!

LAWSON

This is not good ELIJAH, they can't be here when RICHIE gets here. And there's too many of them anyway, at the most we could only get one or two out of a crowd like that, at the most.

ELIJAH

Relax, that's why I brought the video camera. They'll be long gone before he shows up. One or two huh? Well, then, all the more reason for you to come out here and help me. We need to choose them before RICHIE comes over don't you think? Since, they are here now. Just think a day off. Think of how we could start delegating the really weird runs onto the new guys. That's sheer power man. You can't beat it. Think about it.

Close on ELIJAH as he cracks the door open and points towards a young man, before closing it back.

ELIJAH Cont.

That kid with the mole is all cute, but he's got fucked up balls. That's just my opinion though, maybe you should look for yourself, tell me what you think of him.

LAWSON shoots him a look.

LAWSON

*You're examining their balls too?
(Dumbfounded)*

Okay, I'll play along, this is nuts, what's wrong with his balls Eli, what could possibly be wrong with that guys balls? Let's have it.

ELIJAH

Well, he doesn't have any and I think that's gross, he should go right? Definitely he should go. It's just, tight skin down there, damn weird to look at and touch.

LAWSON gapes at ELIJAH perplexed with it all.

ELIJAH Cont.

*I mean, you ever make it with a guy with no balls or no nipples or no pee hole?
It's just gross right, It's fucked up right?
Takes your mind totally off of sex, nobody wants to see that.
Hey, or maybe they would, maybe we should pick him just for the novelty of it,
imagine that?*

A beat, on LAWSON and then quickly;

LAWSON

Do nothing until I get out there, okay?

ELIJAH

I'll work the camera then?

LAWSON

Sure get everything on film; why not make it easier for them to convict RICHIE later? Less money the taxpayers have to shell out collecting evidence if we put it all on film, open and shut case, maybe he'll show us mercy for our extreme stupidity.

LAWSON searches the room floor for something to wear.

LAWSON Cont.

After all, we'll make it so easy for them they could convict him with a twenty-five dollar gift certificate with the evidence we'll provide. RICHIE might not even kill us he'll be tickled so funny over the whole thing.

(OMITTED SCENE)

LAWSON struggles on a pair of jeans.

FLASH CUT TO:

INT. LAWSON'S APARTMENT. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

A room full of young meat. LAWSON and ELIJAH in the middle of the confusion.

Segue into- Later-

Angle on the images on the TV screen, The YOUNG BOYS being interviewed through the video camera. The shots jerky and often unsteady as each boy talks a little bit about himself, most of them nude or in underwear. The conversations sexually explicit and shockingly detailed in nature. LAWSON, heard in the b.g. asks the questions they answer.

Close on the TV screen, as the last boy is interviewed on the tape.
INT. LAWSON'S LIVING ROOM. NIGHT. LATER.

As the camera loosens now to reveal LAWSON, ELIJAH, RICHIE, ANTONIO and CARLOS as they finish watching the tape. ELIJAH flicks the lights back on.

ELIJAH
So, what do you think?

RICHIE
I think they look like a bunch of fourteen-year-old runaways from east Kansas, except what's his name, number four.

LAWSON
PACO, his names PACO he's actually twenty, twenty one I think he said.

ELIJAH
That ones kindda' shy and inexperienced, but that other one before him, number three, whew! Sucks a mean cock, really enjoys it too lot's of spit and extra suction- does just what you tell him to do, balls and all, the whole works.

The room shoots him a look at the same time.

ELIJAH Cont.
(On their reaction)
-What? Okay, no needle marks either, tough crowd tonight, I was just telling the truth- the guy enjoyed doing it, he told me so-

LAWSON
-Anymore?

RICHIE

(Trying to get the image of ELIJAH and the KID out of his mind)
Nah, they all remind me of my little brother and I just can't see my little brother snorting coke off of somebody's Dick, bad visuals, kind of like that image you just left me with Eli, wished you hadn't have said that out loud. LAWSON, is he clean is he on the streets, what?

LAWSON

I don't know, I'll find out. He's got a motel room, been there almost two weeks. From Texas I think.

CARLOS

I don't know RICHIE, kid doesn't look right for this line of work. Looks like he could be the poster child for just say no in bed, if you ask me. Too straight looking. There's something kind of squeaky clean about him too.

RICHIE

Why am I even about to have this conversation with you- do you suck Dick CARLOS? Do you let men suck your Dick, don't answer that dummy, when I'm paging your ass for hours sometimes and you won't answer, but do you suck Dick?

CARLOS

Oh hell no, I don't do none of that shit RICHIE! But it's about the gut. It's just a feeling.

RICHIE

If you don't suck Dick, then shut the fuck up! All day with you and this negative shit! You've been on the rag all day, what's wrong with you? Why don't you try learning how to work that damn pager a little bit more, see if you can call me back when I call you the first five to ten times.

(To LAWSON directly)

What do you think, I mean, what do you really think of him, you've seen the tight schedule I got us all under, can he handle it? You need to be sure, and, I need to know that you're sure, because, if it doesn't work out, it's all on you. So be sure, be very sure. Take him out; get to know him little bit better. I mean, at this rate I just need one more, just like you Dickboy, and fuck the rest of them, you're the shit. My new name for you should be Dickboy, fuck it, it is Dickboy. I saw

RICHIE Cont.

those numbers last Saturday, The sheer amount of back-to-back dates you pulled, the hoe's don't pull it down like that do you hear me, you are Dickboy! Now on a serious note can he handle it Dickboy?

LAWSON

I think, maybe, I don't know RICHIE, I just like, talked to him for like twenty minutes is all, we had very limited time constraints. So many people to see and all I don't know him that well he seems smart enough. He's eager to make some cash.

RICHIE

Well, get to know him, and then, let me know if his pager's on or off. Show him all the ropes, explain all the rules, that's your job now. And then call me, when you got it all figured out, don't just talk to him and keep it a secret, he's either in, or he's not. When you decide which one it's going to be, you call me and you let me know, one way or the other, that way, I too, can get excited about it, do you see what I'm saying? Good.

RICHIE gives LAWSON a pager.

RICHIE Cont.

Eli, I need you to make another run, you got a repeat customer. Asked for you by name, guy's crazy about you, rambling on, and on and on, said you made his week, or some shit like that. Something about, your dancing, plus, he's down to the last of his little stash, so, ten o'clock, be out front, guy's got a double order.

ELIJAH on the sofa playing with a Rubics Cube, never looking up.

ELIJAH

Yeah, I live to serve old Mr. VANWINKLE. He makes me dance all night in my chivies because he can't get it up anymore, He shoots his dope and I dance all night, mostly to country music because he loves country music. And then when all the music's over he just watches me jack off. Yep, he's a watcher.

RICHIE

Much more information than I needed.

(To LAWSON)

Why does he do that?

ELIJAH

What, he is, you want me to lie about it?

RICHIE and his group stand now to exit.

RICHIE

(To LAWSON)

Make my phone ring Dickboy.

(To CARLOS)

You hungry, Is that why you're in this mood -you want to eat something, how about pizza? Let's go back over to Gino's.

CARLOS

We just left Gino's.

RICHIE

He owes me money, were going to keep going until he pays me! Every morning he opens up for lunch and every night for dinner I want him to see our faces, eating and drinking up all of his shit for free, what are you complaining about anyway, it's free food it's free beer. Why you gotta' be so negative all day?

Pizza's fuckin' great food!

(To LAWSON, and ELIJAH)

See you guy's later, Eli, ten o'clock be out front because moron number two is in a bad mood and we'd hate to hear that he got a complaint from one of the drivers about you being late, he might have a kitten or something right before my very eyes and I sure as hell don't want to witness any shit like that. Don't eat anything, I'm sending you guys over some pizza, the works, a whole spread.

CARLOS shoots RICHIE a look. And with that they exit.

INT. CLUB VELVET. V.I.P. ROOM. NIGHT. LATER.

Music now: Club music, at club level; "Infatuation- Rod Stewart" - "Shake it up- The Cars" - "Devil inside- INXS"

LAWSON and PACO on the sofa in the VIP room. This club is eighties decadence at it's finest.

Mixed crowds of straight and gay occupy the dance floor below.

LAWSON and PACO sit in the reserved seating area, their table overflowing with drinks, food and drugs.

INT. A HOTEL ROOM. NIGHT.

The sound, music; Continues through-

ELIJAH dancing atop the dresser for the OLD MAN he wildly snorts from a bottle of poppers clad only in a jock strap, cowboy hat and boots. The OLD MAN claps along with the beat, a slice of heaven on his face.

Back to-

INT. CLUB VELVET. V.I.P. ROOM. NIGHT.

LAWSON and PACO, the room spins.

LAWSON at the table vomiting in a trashcan.

CUT TO:

INT. TOWNCAR (GREY). NIGHT. MOVING.

Close on PACO being chauffeured through the streets of Baltimore.

Back at club velvet.

Angle close on LAWSON leaning against the side of the club his nose and shirt

blood and vomit stained. He is gathering himself from a surreal case of the spins presently and can't be bothered by the growing crowd gawking and starrng at him.

-FLASH BACK--

INT. DOCTORS OFFICE. DAY.

LAWSON aged ten or eleven. Sitting on a cold doctor's table tubes in his arms, his nose bloodstained red. He looks sickly.

-BACK TO PRESENT-

CUT TO:

LAWSON in the shower, he is scrubbing himself raw.

INT. LAWSON'S BATH ROOM. LATER. NIGHT.

Close on LAWSON starrng at his image in the mirror, his face emotionless, blank, skin pale, hands trembling as he holds a shaving razor. Panic attack coming.

INT. TOWNCAR (WHITE). NIGHT. MOVING.

LAWSON being chauffeured, he wears a suit now, his face red and raw, eyes swollen, peach fuzz and stubble left on his chin and cheeks.

The sound now; radio, music: "The man's too strong- Dire Straits" Which continues into the following scene in its entirety.

INT. HOTEL SUITE. NIGHT. BALTIMORE IN THE B.G.

Angle very close on the wall sized window its curtains open to the night view of Baltimore. The view begins to loosen and now includes a portion of the hotel room and PACO and an OLDER GENTLEMAN as they stand face to face in the center of the room, he takes the drug sac from PACO'S hand and then slowly reaches out to touch his hairless face, softly tracing the length of it with his long fingers. He wears a Harvard ring. PACO nervous, tense, doesn't move a hair until he finishes. The camera zooms past them and in on the window again showing the beautiful night view of the city in full again. There is a moment and then-

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL SUITE. NIGHT.

Angle on the hotel bed close on two strong sweat covered hands holding tight to the top of the headboard. The view loosens to reveal the OLDER GENTLEMAN naked and face down on the bolster, suddenly PACO'S face lunges full into frame at once over him and the MAN cries out to the night as he is penetrated in one quick thrust after another.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. DINER. BOOTH TABLE. DAWN.

Angle on LAWSON, ELIJAH and PACO. After breakfast, half full bottle of Wild Turkey atop the booth table. Mirror with a razor and straw covered in white residue, the waitress, a friend clears the dirty dishes scattered about the table. Coming back for the last of the dishes she pours herself a drink before disappearing at another table full of Lesbians.

Music, softly playing out of a jukebox in the corner: "Broken wings- Mr. Mister"-
"Red sky's at night- The Fixx" - "Eye's without a face- Billy Idol".

PACO

I don't really think I had an opinion of him one way or the other It wasn't like it was my first time, ya' know? I just knew what he wanted immediately and I did it. The strange thing was it wasn't exactly what he wanted, turns out the fucking guy is like some kinda' sexual sadist. When I was done or more like when I thought I was done, fucker was just getting started. He injected me with cocaine, right up my fucking ass man, it's wearing off too and It hurts to even be sitting here, goddamit what was I thinking? And I swear he must have taken a bath in that fucking Aramis I can still smell it all over me.

ELIJAH

That's better than shit, Mr. VANWINKLE smells like shit, really he does. It's not his fault though, he's just sick and an addict, made all of his money suing Revlon and now he smells like shit and can't even get it up. But I like him because he's so sad and pathetic, his face just seems to come alive when I dance for him. It's very sad really. And he's not even that old, fifties I figure. I think he has that new faggot disease that all of the old queens are getting. I dance for him three times a week now and then I jack off on him, he loves it. He's very generous too, he gives me jewelry now, did I tell you that? Last week I got a Cartier watch and I danced for him in nothing but the watch. But I digress, LAWSON, you should have warned our new friend here about Sir. DELGADO, that wasn't very nice of you. Guy's a total pig. Works for the MEXICAN CONSULATE in D.C. Nothings too much for him when it comes to willing and able boys. My first time, I thought he was going to shoot me with his goddamn side arm, later, I just thought he was going to fuck me to death. Hope he didn't pay you in Peso's.

Oblivious to every word spoken up till now, he is drunk and stoned and still, he pours another.

LAWSON

I've been having these headaches lately, real bad and then when I look down my nose is bleeding like a fucking river. When I was a kid I had this secondary infection once and the doctor said I might have gotten' it through sexual contact I don't remember what it was called, but, because of my condition it would make my nose bleed all the time. Mono I think it was, I can't remember now. Now I know what it is though, these goddamn drugs every night.

Too much drugs. Way too much drugs. At least, I hope that's all it is.

(To ELIJAH)

Do you; think I'm an addict?

Pause.

ELIJAH

Were all addicts for something, but I think you just have a lot on your mind right now. Your so deep, Dickboy. Just have another drink. I'm sorry about DELGADO, PACO, so, other than waking up with a ten-inch poop shoot and really bad clothes, what are you an addict for PACO?

PACO

(Pause)

I thought it was sex, drugs and rock and roll. now I'm not so sure anymore.

ELIJAH

Sex. You hear that LAWSON we got a regular sex addict in our midst? Sex huh, what kind of sex -straight sex, gay sex, Bi sex, sex for love, money what?

PACO

No love. Never love. Not even sex with intimacy, just sex. I just like sex, all kinds of sex really. Straight, gay, old, young, experimental. I'm serious, I used to have this tee shirt back in Texas, it read, "Cock, tits, pussy and ass", and on the back it said "I want it all". I got a lot funny looks wearing that shirt, but I didn't care. It represented me.

ELIJAH

Well let me ask you something Tex what do you think now, do you still want it all?

PACO

I don't scare easy, I'm not some fucking loser who can't hang if that's what you're trying to say. I've been with guys before, like that too, you know?

ELIJAH

Oh, you've been with guys who tied you to the bedpost and injected coke up your ass before have you? Then I take it you've also been fucked face first on the mattress for four hours straight before too? Hot damn LAWSON, we got a real cowboy here!

LAWSON

Jesus, that's enough ELI. DELGADO'S out, I'm going to' talk to RICHIE about him tonight. PACO, I'm really sorry about that, I should have warned you about him. We have a few safe words that we use, all of the clients know them, if you say a safe word, they'll back off. I fucked up. I wasn't exactly in any shape. I forgot. What did he give you? Money?

PACO thinks about it for a second, calming down.

PACO

Three hundred fifty. I turned the rest over to my driver. You mean, I could have just said a few words and he would've stopped raping me?

LAWSON opens his pockets he lays out two hundred bucks for PACO and a hundred for ELIJAH.

ELIJAH

Yep, I need some water. Easy there tiger. Nice technique. Just a few. We use codes in case the rooms bugged. Don't ask me why. But I usually just say "Stop it motherfucker that hurts", did you ever try that? Didn't think of that, huh?

LAWSON

I'll handle it with DELGADO, other than that, you okay, I mean he didn't hurt you or anything did he?

PACO

No. Not really. I thought he was going to' cut me with that knife he keeps or shoot me, but he didn't.

ELIJAH notices the money on the table now, picking it up.

ELIJAH

What's this for?

LAWSON

To shut up and leave the new guy alone before he quits.

PACO

I can take care of myself all right, I don't need you to bribe him to take it easy on me. I was just so damn scared okay, I didn't know what I could say or exactly how to say it, to make him stop, or take it easy on me. I mean, I was pretty rough with him at first.

ELIJAH

Jez... I was just kidding, can't anybody take a fucking joke anymore? PACO I'm just fucking with you. Serious. Don't take it personal and please, whatever you do don't quit. If you do he wins. Fuck him. We make thousands of dollars doing this and every now and then we get a little dirty. It's the price of glory. Sometimes we have to work for our money, right? Tonight was just one of those nights you had to work for it. We've all done the DELGADO thing at least once, trust me. Even LAWSON. I'm sorry he was your first, but this is what it's all about right here!

PACO peps himself up as best as he can, the worst over now.

PACO

Yeah, you're right... So I got a little dirty tonight, fuck him, we make thousands. So fuck him, so what if my ass hole feels like I just got done shooting a JEFF STYRKER, JOHN HOLMES flick. It is just sex after all, right, its just sex. Can't kill me. Anybody got any more coke and a fucking syringe? Not to shoot up, I don't do that. My ass hurts! And I can't do it myself, so, somebody needs to meet me in the little boys room, bring the necessary equipment please.

LAWSON and ELIJAH stare gaping at PACO for a beat and then laughter as the tension loosens.

PACO

What the hell's so funny I'm fucking serious?

LAWSON

I'm not going anywhere near your ass hole PACO, no offense. You don't need all of that anyway, some preparation H and just a little bit of coke on your finger will do the trick just fine. And please, don't forget to wash your hands before you come back to the table okay?

PACO

You got some?

ELIJAH reaches down into his bag and hands PACO a tube of Preparation H, LAWSON hands him a baggie of cocaine and he rushes off to the restroom.

ELIJAH

Well let the ninety-eight wounds of our savior burst and bleed he's much more fucked up than I am. Okay, let's see if I got this straight, I'm an addict for the attention of sickly, old, desperate limp Dicked men who need me, you've got some strange childhood sexual disease that makes your nose bleed and your strung out on drugs, let's not forget that and PACO, TEX, just wants his

ELIJAH Cont.

chocolate star fish to feel better. For the love of humanity, how very fucked up are we? Do you think he'll draw the line at farm animals or domesticated? Wait, don't answer that, I don't think I want to know. The truth is bound to be even more fucked up than anything I could ever concoct out of the recesses of my own twisted imagination. Gotta' love his attitude though.

LAWSON

I told him not to fuck us over, told him that if he quits RICHIE'D drown him in the bay like the last guy that had his job. I think he believed me.

PACO returns now, relieved.

PACO

Thank you so much that feels so much fucking better. And hey, I'll get used to this all you'll see LAWSON. Don't you worry; no way am I going to quit on you. Not now, I've come too far. You tell RICHIE I did just fine tonight for me will you?

ELIJAH

So tell me PACO, are you really just a horny straight boy? It's okay you can tell me, we have lots of straight boys here in the armpit of Maryland. Fucking and getting fucked for all sorts of twisted reasons. Mostly money though. I already know that you get fucked; now I just want to know if you're a straight boy getting fucked just for the money or a fag who likes it.

PACO

For this kind of money I'm straight to bed and there's hardly such a thing as a straight man anyway, that's for sure. I think ultimately all guys are Bi sexual. It's 1986 already going on eighty-seven, the world is going to be my oyster believe me. Don't get me wrong I can love straight people too and dykes! I'll just leave every option open from now on. Straights, gay's, Bi's, dykes! Tall dark dangerous girls that work on cars all day long, the ones that never smile, flat chested, always wear those army pants with the combat boots. Doc Martins. Black lipstick. Leather jackets. But me, I'm going to' be what ever it takes. What ever and when ever. It's all in the mind.

ELIJAH

You're scaring me make him stop LAWSON. Just remember the basic rules, TEX they'll be no schlepping the bosses but if you do, invite me along, I promise I'll behave, I'll even dance if you'd like. People rave about my dancing you know, rule number two don't ever bring any straight women near me, your girlfriends, sister what ever, they're always trying to fuck me standing up coming and going and I'm really just not interested, still they find me adorable for some reason. That's all, how about you LAWSON, any rules for the new boy? Oh, just don't touch LAWSON'S drug stash and you'll do just fine with him, he needs those drugs, the boy's got headaches and nose bleeds you insensitive fucker.

ELIJAH laughs

The sound now; SFX: LAWSON'S pager beeps.

ELIJAH Cont.

Oh, just do a big fat line or two go do your date and don't you worry about that headache for the rest of the night. You'll notice how Dickboy's pager goes off ten times more than ours PACO. I'm really starting to wonder what's really going on with you, have you got some thirteen inch cock that you're hiding from the rest us? Have you been using the penis pump? Come on you can tell us, we won't tell, that's not possible I saw it in the shower the other morning; It's a pretty normal penis.

(ELI looks at him now, sizing him up with a wicked grin)

So, there's something else going on with you, he's just way too popular for us PACO, come on you can tell us Dickboy, what is it -you got a little something, somthin, somthin on the side? A little somthin, somthin' that you can't get at home? A boyfriend maybe? Girlfriend? Gold fish?

LAWSON shoots him a look before going over to the phone booth, standing he spills a loaded coffee onto ELIJAH'S silk shirt. He makes a clumsy attempt to clean it but only makes it worse. ELIJAH shoo's him away-

ELIJAH

Go; make your phone call go! And never darken my Dior again!

LAWSON smiles going over to the pay phone, he got the joke. (Dior, Christian Dior) In the b.g. PACO and ELIJAH play some type of drinking game with quarters while LAWSON calls in for instructions for a date.

INT. TOWNCAR (WHITE). NIGHT. MOVING.

LAWSON being chauffeured, until suddenly without warning-
The car is hit tee- bone while crossing an intersection, driver's side -it's bad. Real bad.

Close on the Town car vs. Suburban the sudden Impact.

Sound now: SFX. Two car horns, different notes, tones.
Metal on metal at high speed, no breaks. The continued wail of the car's horns.

-FLASH BACK-

INT. LAWSON'S CHILD HOOD APARTMENT. NIGHT.

LAWSON aged about eleven as his father corners him yelling and punching him in his face, neck and head. LAWSON falls to the floor in the fetal position and covers his head. In the b.g. His mother black and blue with her own bruises can only watch and cry his brother RANDY hides nearby under the dining room table.

-BACK TO PRESENT-

EXT. THE WRECKAGE. MORNING.

Everything a twisted mass of metal and glass, vehicle fluids draining onto the street and pooling at the curb in mass. Horns, still blaring -filtered.

Close on LAWSON as he comes to- he panics when his door won't open he's trapped; he begins to eat the drug packets, all of them one by one. What he can't eat he reaches over and stuffs into the mouth of the driver, who is unconscious, bleeding from the mouth, nose, eyes and ears. When this proves too difficult he tries again to get out, this time through the back window, successfully knocking it out he climbs out through the opening, dragging himself over to the sidewalk and street drain, dumping a case with the remaining drugs inside; Close on the drugs going into the sewer system, white powder, crack rocks, pills, etc.

Here he goes black.

The sound now: SFX. Emergency sirens, louder as they get closer.
Music: "With or with out you- U2" It continues into the next scene.

Angle on the accident scene -over head shot. LAWSON having a seizure on the side walk foaming at the mouth, eye's rolled back into his head, muscles constricting. Blood oozing from his nose and ears.

FOR OBVIOUS PURPOSES SOME EMERGENCY ROOM SCENES SHOULD BE FILMED, BUT FOR THIS FINAL DRAFT, I DECIDED NOT TO WRITE THEM IN, THEY WILL BE FILMED, NON-SCRIPTED, FOR COLLABORATIVE REASONS.

CUT TO:

INT. BALTIMORE SHOCK TRAUMA HOSPITAL. LATER.

LAWSON'S ICU ROOM. Tubes, monitors, everywhere.

INT. BALTIMORE SHOCK TRAUMA HOSPITAL. WAITING ROOM.

ELIJAH dazed and confused sits alone. PACO, RICHIE, ANTONIO, CARLOS, all gathered, quietly talking amongst themselves.

Close on ELIJAH'S face, his tears.

Presently; we hear the voice of ELIJAH.

ELIJAH V.O.

I always thought that someday, somehow if I ever eluded his tortoise like shell and got to peer deep down into his soul, down into his very core that I would see a vision of glory. That I would see in him a lion heart beating at mach speed

ELIJAH V.O. Cont.

enlarged with this passion for life with courage and ball juice running through his veins instead of just mere blood. But what I finally saw in him, wasn't the image of the brave lion at all, but instead, it was more like a scared gremlin. It was something that proved to be frail and sickly, it was something almost too human and it made me believe that no matter what- that he had to be protected. Hidden from the cruelties of the world as if it were his very definition of worth and his greatest weakness. And in that way his greatest nobility came from me, cutting him off from people and things. Life. And in that, I always thought that he was cheap with himself. With his own pleasures in life, not because he needed my protection and help for the rest of his life, but because he let me. And it was crushing to witness day after day, but neither he nor I, would've had it any other way. It became a thing taken for granted and never spoken of. A pact, a bond, And a secret known only between us.

FADE IN:

INT. BALTIMORE SHOCK TRAUMA HOSPITAL. (ONCOLOGY UNIT)
LAWSON'S ROOM. WEEKS LATER. DAY.

ELIJAH and PACO enter the room now.
LAWSON slowly wakes to see them standing over him.

ELIJAH

I always cry in hospital rooms.

PACO

We need to stop meeting like this too, it's depressing.

ELIJAH

This is fucked up.

PACO

*On the upside though, they say he ingested enough drugs to get
The entire lower half of Baltimore stoned for a week and a day, so he probably
doesn't feel shit for pain.*

PACO pokes LAWSON in the side.

PACO Cont.

Do you feel any pain? Ya' know, RICHIE could go to jail for this. But you got bigger problems now don't you? Anyway, funny thing about evidence, seems you ate it all, poor DANNY, just driving along minding his own business, chewing on what nine- ten bags of china white, not bothering nobody, when all of a sudden that fucked up drunk guy, just slams right into him. Just a case of two fucked up people on the road at the same time- what the fuck are the odds of that happening? And you, during all of the commotion, those drugs must have just flown down your throat. You're a case history for medical students the world over. Your toxicology reports alone, are going into the Guinness book of world records I heard.

PACO puts the flowers on the table.

PACO Cont.

Not to worry about that though I told them they must be mistaken because you're our lead alter boy. And then they told me to pee in this cup. Again.

PACO holds up a specimen cup before discarding it on the table, ELIJAH kisses his forehead.

PACO Cont.

So, how's the food Dickboy, did you see any bright white lights, did you talk to Jesus and why can't I put metal in a microwave, these are the questions we want answers to, these are the questions you can now answer, now that you've seen the big white light and returned to us with all of your faculties somewhat intact. Is it true that everyone in heaven's naked and that Mary Magdalene, what's she really like, she really a virgin or just a sneaky bitch?

ELIJAH

That's a fine question you fucking idiot. Take him lord, he's ready.

LAWSON

Am I dead? Is this heaven or hell? I know that something really bad has happened, it must have, I want to know what, exactly. What happened to me?

ELIJAH

Drunk driver. A very bad accident. You've been here for twenty-one days, twenty-four really but who's counting. You're doing much better now, they had you under something to keep you asleep for the first few days, it helped the seizures, until the drugs ran their course and wore off. And then, you just wouldn't wake up. Probably for the better, now that you're up, they want to wait a couple of days and then they say you have to restart your chemotherapy. Fuck! I'm sorry, let's talk about something else. You look better, rested. Twenty four days of sleep. All of your customers are asking after you, that STAVROS guy, he's really cute, I'm surprised he hasn't come by yet, to see you. I told him what happened to you, last week, when he called and requested you. He seemed real broken up too, hope you don't mind I told him about the accident and the cancer?

PACO is Rifling through drawers, pocketing odd things found around an oncology patients room, medical supply things.

PACO

Not to worry about him though, I already stepped up to the plate for you; I'm keeping him occupied for you. Him and those filthy fucking dykes! Why didn't you tell me about them, those chicks are nasty total fucking sluts, but best part is, they do all the work for you -I'm just this human fucking real boy toy- dildo to them, it's great! Love it, love it, love it, and love it! Sorry, didn't mean to say that out loud so many times, what?

(He holds up some medical supplies)

Hey what do you think these are for, you think he needs them? Think you're going to be needing these? I'm sure they have plenty more where that came from.

He pockets them.

ELIJAH shoots him a look.

LAWSON

I can't remember anything Eli, it's all just blank, everything's blank and my mouth's so dry- Shit-

ELIJAH

Well, that's to be expected you've taken everything through a tube for the last month, I mean, it was a fucked up crash. And then you took all of those drugs on top of it, you're very lucky to be alive right now. You died once; you know, DANNY died for good, not to bring you down or anything. It was instant. Everything was all fucked up for a while too, low profile on everything. Things are getting back to normal now. We got about four new people too. Cops are trying to fuck with RICHIE every now and then, about the drugs and you, everything. But it's okay they don't know anything if they did, they'd have moved on us a long time ago. I didn't even know you were that young, I just always thought that you were older, so much older, the way you always just took care of everything. Since the first day I met you, you remember that?

PACO is trying to get oxygen from the port over the empty bed beside LAWSON'S.

PACO

Hell, I'm older than you Dickboy and lot's older too. Imagine that, slut like me, are you even legal? Maybe I should be the boss, huh?

LAWSON

I'm so thirsty.

ELIJAH

You want some water, I don't mind getting it? You know how I like to be needed.

PACO

The woman just told us not to give him anything in case he had to go back into surgery, remember, that liver thing, think before you speak, now he's all psyched for water, which he can't have.

ELIJAH

He can have water if he wants water. Jesus, look at you. Fuck! All this fucking time and not one word from you that you were really sick. You're so sick right now.

ELIJAH starts to sob.

ELIJAH Cont.

They say, you're going to have seizures for the rest of your life now because of this and black outs and vertigo, maybe a whole different personality. All kinds of problems, you shattered your hip into seven pieces. It was pretty bad, so one leg might be a little shorter now. And they took your spleen out, which for someone in your condition, I don't have to tell you and they had to take one of your kidneys too, because it ruptured. They couldn't fix it. But mainly it's the fact that you have... That you're really sick right now.

He stops; it's too painful and not really the right time to say it.

ELIJAH Cont.

Those drugs that you ate, I think you might finally be over the biggest hurdle on that one. One thing at a time, one day at a time. And the biggest hope for now, is that the liver won't be permanently damaged and that it can filter all of those drugs, without shutting down. But there's some very bad bruising on it too, from the accident and they might have to remove a little piece of it. I don't have to tell you, that's not good, add to that, Chemo coming up soon and it doesn't look very good for right now.

Close on LAWSON as the tears well up in his eyes, but he will not shed them just now.

ELIJAH

Oh God, what are you going to do, what are you going to do? This is so very bad.

LAWSON

Don't cry, I've been doing' this, in my head for years. Since the first day when it went away, and now it's almost like a weight lifted off of me, there, it's happened, now I'm just back to normal. Doctors and tubes and needles and pain. I'm tired. I feel two hundred years old. I wanted to feel better, I swear I did. And I did. For a while anyway. It was worth it too. I think... It's just all, so hard, It's so hard for me to think right now, so hard to focus, who would have ever thought that life -it would be so hard. I used to think that one-day I'd create a new color or something great like that, something with some real purpose. Something that would give it all meaning, make sense of it all. See something new or create a new language. Change something in this world, change something for the better for someone else. Someone other than just me. I always wanted to look at that person and know, what I had done, really get it, to just know that I had made something better for someone. Travel. Fall in love. I mean really fall for someone, swept off of my feet, in love. What ever that really means, something. Anything. But now, it's as if-

A pause as LAWSON stops, his expression serene, voice determined.

LAWSON Cont.

*-I'm just, tired, I just want some rest now. I need to rest.
I'm, okay with this I'm used to it and I'm okay with it. So please, don't you dare
cry for me. I knew, the nose. The nose, knows. Don't cry ELI, please stop it!
Don't cry for me. I'm not something to be pitied. Come here. Closer.*

ELIJAH joins him in the bed now, holding him tightly. He breaks out a small silver flask and takes a swig, holding it up to LAWSON'S lips, LAWSON takes a small sip. And now, he will let his tears flow in the comfort of ELI'S arms.

PACO in the b.g. Stares out the window, silent.

ELIJAH reaches out a hand to wipe away the hair in his face.

ELIJAH Cont.

*It's okay now, and I'm glad you've finally come to me with your little problem my
friend, you know, a lesser man might have turned to Jesus at a time like this, but
you; not you, you did the right thing in coming to me first, with your little problem.*

He shoots LAWSON a smile. A pause and then;

ELIJAH Cont.

*This is what we're gonna do, we're going to walk through the fire and dare it to
touch us. Do you hear me; I dare it to touch us, nothing can touch us, not this,
not them not anything. Nothing! Because were invincible do you hear me, in-
fucking -vincible, and don't you ever forget it.*

They drink from the flask, resolved now, to fight and bite the bullets.

Dissolve.

FADE IN.

EXT. BALTIMORE SHOCK TRAUMA HOSPITAL. DAY.

The city towers in the b.g. As the leaves of fall, plunge down to earth in a splendor of shapes, sizes and colors. It's a beautiful passage of time scene.

Presently, we hear, the voice of LAWSON.

FADE IN:

INT. B.S.T.H. ONCOLOGY UNIT. CHEMOTHERAPY WARD. LAWSON'S ROOM.

The sound now; music: Original.

LAWSON in bed almost hairless, weak, desperate. Struggling to quit throwing up. The nurse by his side to help, in the b.g. ELIJAH can't take it anymore, leaves the room. LAWSON continues his ordeal. A very unpleasant scene.

LAWSON V.O.

No stranger's wing shielded me from me; from heaven no souls protected me from me. And I stood as witness to the common lot, barely a survivor. Knowing full well that everyone eventually gets used up, even him. And so, at every chance I drank to my days of health and sickness, I drank to my ruined house, and to the dolor of life and to all of the lying lips that have betrayed me and I drank to dead cold pitiless eyes, eyes that were in fact my eyes, my lips, my house, my life. And I drank to the hard reality that the world was brutal and course and that God in fact, had not saved me.

INT. BALTIMORE SHOCK TRAUMA HOSPITAL. LAWSON'S ROOM.

A snowy afternoon. Many months later.

The words on screen now; A caption. **1987**

It dissolves.

LAWSON sitting in his wheel chair looking out the window. Snow falling hard. His appearance would seem to suggest that of a much older man, balding, frail, and quick to anger, mean spirited.

ELIJAH enters out of breath; he carries a plant and a backpack.

THOUGH SUBTLE;

IT SHOULD BE NOTED, THAT LAWSON, HAS SUFFERED A MINOR STROKE WHILE IN THE CARE OF THIS HOSPITAL, HE SPEAKS WITH SOME DEGREE OF LABOR NOW, AND HIS FACE AND BODY SEEM SLIGHTLY OFF ON THE LEFT SIDE.

ELIJAH

Sorry I'm late, I've been on the phone half of the morning, I had to get through to that fucking weatherman- on channel eight because I just think people need to be held a little more accountable for the shit they say and promise, do you know that I spent two and a half fucking hours shoveling a foot and a half of partly cloudy away from the apartment just so I could get to the car! Can you believe that shit, partly cloudy my ass! I'm sorry listen to me I heard you had a rough night, an even worse morning what happened; they didn't go into details over the phone?

LAWSON

*It wasn't a rough morning, it was a rough night.
It was just, three fucking seizures back to back. They started at six
And went on until four this morning I'm so fucking full of Thorazine, I could be shiting myself right now and I wouldn't even know it. And it's certainly not like you'd tell me, you'll just wait till I'm asleep and try and change me. Christ, I want to go home, before they kill me, did they tell you, the test came back this morning, did they tell you, I did have a Stroke, I'll bet they didn't. Told me it was because of a blood clot, can you believe that shit a blood clot is making me talk and look like this?*

ELIJAH

They, mentioned it said you'd be fine now it was a very little one this time. Minor, is what they called it they say, they're reversing it, so they say. They also said, everything should go back to normal on it's own in a couple of days, they don't seem very concerned that it's major. But, it could put your release date back, again a few months. Look, If they don't say yes, for this weekend, I really am going to kidnap you, I promise this time, I really am going to do it. Everything's ready for you now anyway at home finally. You now have you're very own access ramp, kind of.

LAWSON

You keep saying that and it's been how many fucking months?

ELIJAH

Well, maybe I'll just surprise you one-day sunshine. If you keep making progress and promise not to bite another nurse. She needed seven stitches. How're the nosebleeds?

ELIJAH locks the door with a chair, pulling a bottle of Wild Turkey from his backpack.

LAWSON

Still bleeding, what kind of fucked up question is that, its still bleeding ELI- especially when I'm stressed out, which is everyday. I have Cancer, stop dancing around all of this. Look at me Mrs. CLEAVER! Cancer! You can't even say it.

Shit! And now between the cops, and their stupid questions, and these, goddamn doctors of death and gloom. And you, always masking over everything, how can I not be stressed out. Plus they're saying, maybe my cell counts are way too low, that means chemo, all over again! Do you have any idea what that means to me? Well, I'm telling you right now, not again, no more I'd rather just go ahead and die. I mean that, no more. I can't take any more of their poison.

And that's what it is you know, poison. Well, no more. This is my choice not yours or theirs. Can you believe that shit, more chemo, well that's what I heard one of the nurse's, right outside of my room whisper last night. Bitch! And another thing, I'm telling you right now, I'm not dying in some hospital bed that's for sure. They don't even wait for all of the test results to come back, so they don't know for sure what's going on, hell they don't know anything! Just some shit about platelets being too low, now, I have like no white blood cells, no hair, and no life. But still, they want to do it too me again. And my doctor's freaking out worst than me. He can barely face me in the mornings any more. He skipped my room altogether this morning. Truth is I feel fine, I'm just ready to get the fuck out of here. Screwing me without lube the whole wide world and everyone in it.

The room goes quiet

LAWSON Cont.

There is some good news though finally. They're dropping the charges against me. That should make RICHIE happy don't Ya' think. Yeah, the D.A. talked to my doctor and he say's I've suffered enough. That was so fucking sweet of him I thought I might, send him some drugs, nothing fancy just a little smack maybe some crack, a bottle of WILD TURKEY as a thank you. And if he doesn't have a sense of humor about it all, all I'll have to do is have a nose bleeding well-timed,

LAWSON Cont.

fit on his doorstep and I think he'll forgive me once again. Hell, after all I'm sick boy right! I have my own get out of jail free card now. Fuck, I'm ready to get out of here!

LAWSON sees the bottle of Wild Turkey now.

LAWSON Cont.

Great now I feel like total shit for snapping at you, you always know how to brighten my days don't you? Just feed my addictions. Thank you, I'd love one. Make it a double. Did you bring the piss for nurse ratchet and the mints?

LAWSON goes to the bathroom returning in a moment. ELIJAH takes a jar of urine from his backpack and a small paper bag full of candy mints, he hands it over to LAWSON, he hides it under his pillow quickly.

LAWSON Cont.

Did you talk to RICHIE, yet?

ELIJAH

He said you should just take it easy for a while LAWSON you know, get your strength back and all. It's the seizures; he's worried about them. Well that and the fact that you have leukemia. It scares the hell out of him. He just doesn't understand any of this.

ELIJAH goes over to the window, looking out at the snow.

ELIJAH Cont.

Plus, you just had that little stroke, he's just worried about you is all. I'll talk to him again, tonight if you want. But if you want my opinion, you should write him off, and take him off of your hospital list. I think, you should, think about just putting me on it, make me the contact person.

LAWSON

I can't put you on it for that, it has to be an adult, someone over twenty-five, you know that. It has to be RICHIE, for now. And quit telling people I have cancer please. You know I'm going to get out of here one day. It's nobodies business.

ELIJAH

There should be a new contact person LAWSON, then make it PACO, the only way I get any information, is if, I beg RICHIE for it, and he's being a total Dick about it, everyday, it's less and less information about what's really going on with you. Thank God I'm persistent. I bribe that male nurse, the fag. A hundred fifty bucks a week, and that's just to show me your chart and explain what the fuck it all means in plan English. At least if it were PACO...

LAWSON

PACO? Like I said, it has to be an adult, over twenty-five and not a walking cock and hole either. That guy fell into homosexuality like you or me would fall into a bed after a hard day of work. There's something very off about a guy like that. Fucking psycho, besides, he doesn't even visit me anymore. Did you know that- no one besides you visit's me any more? It's like I just, don't matter anymore to anybody.

ELIJAH

Of course you matter. You matter to me. But, RICHIES distancing himself from all of this, I can tell. I knew, they dropped the charges before you told me, only because I heard him talking to CARLOS last night. I had to ease drop. And he's not going to take you back. Not unless you get cured and stop having seizures And you and I both know that's not going to happen. They were laughing about it, about your hair, all of it. He's not going to take you back. He's going to give you you're last little bit of money and cut you free when you leave here, I think, it's about seven grand maybe a little more because all of the guys pitched in a couple of months ago. When this all started. And that's all. Do you hear me? You needed to know.

The tears quickly well up in his eyes, he's hurt and it shows.

LAWSON

Fuck him, fuck him. One day I'm Dickboy and the next day I'm a fucking paraplegic in his eyes, well fuck him! What is he worried I'm going to have a fit while I'm sucking somebody's Dick? Does he think I'm going to bite it off? It should be his, fuck him! Is it the hair, I can always grow more hair he's always going to' be a fucking ass hole! I wish I could crazy glue his wife's cunt shut! Prick! Just like that I'm out in the cold?

ELIJAH

Ouch! Don't worry I'm not going anywhere, you'll be fine. You just gotta' get well. That's the only real thing there is right now. You get well, and everything will change trust me.

There is a pause and then;

LAWSON

Thank you for the plant.

ELIJAH

It's called, a weeping willow. I thought, it might, brighten the place up. Make you feel a little better; at least it's something to look at. You need that.

LAWSON

What are you, trying to tell me something now too?

ELIJAH

Nah, you just want to go home, and get back to work I can understand that and it'll happen too, soon. You'll see. We'll start our own deal fuck him, just get better.

LAWSON extends his cup for a refill; ELIJAH refills it placing the bottle back under his pillow.

LAWSON

Let's not pretend okay, we both know what's going on here. I do anyway, even if you just don't want to. I just gotta' get out of here, I really don't want this any more, not here, not like this. You're probably turning tricks in my bed on the side that's why you keep me locked up in here. I gotta' get home, I just don't want to' do this anymore, I'm so serious. Plus, I think, they're trying to kill me. There's this nurse, she keeps trying to put this tube in my penis, the thing is I pee just fine, well I won't let her do it so she tried to shoot me up full of this blue stuff. The really strange thing was I started screaming, and she ran away, what nurse runs away? It's strange I tell you.

LAWSON'S voice becomes filtered now; The words semi tuned out now, as ELIJAH look s on with sheer horror on his face, not because of the story but because he remembers LAWSON told it to him before, it was a nightmare he had a few week ago. Though barely audible right now, LAWSON continues with his story, ELIJAH tears up, he can't help but feel sad, LAWSON seems to be losing his grip on reality and it stirs a reaction in ELIJAH visible on his face as he struggle to listen to LAWSON, but even that comes out as staccato white noise. He watches the lips move but can barely hear and make out the words.

LAWSON Cont. FILTERED

The thing is I'm not even sure, if she really works here, she keeps showing up at the oddest hours. Don't mention it to them though retribution is swift around here. Last week, they didn't feed me for two day's because I called one of them fat but it was only a joke. Well, she is fat but I didn't mean it in a bad way. And get this, I didn't even say it to the fat one I said it to the other one, and she went back and told her friend on me. The fat one. They're vicious like that. It's like a pact that they have, or something. If she comes back around tonight, I'm going to clock her with this metal bedpan I got from the room across the hall. It's okay he doesn't need it anymore he died last night.

ELIJAH reaches into his bag and tosses some clothes onto the bed, hiding his tears.

ELIJAH

Get dressed, I'm breaking you out you win sunshine now, hurry up, before I come to my senses.

LAWSON

I'm going home? Do you mean it, don't tell me I can go if I can't really go. I love you!

LAWSON scrambles around the room packing his things.

ELIJAH

Let's just do it, before they figure the bill, hurry up and keep it down.

LAWSON dresses quickly, ELIJAH, helps him, pack his personal things, taking care to pack the Wild Turkey. They look like thieves in the night as ELIJAH wheels him out of the room, past the nurses station and down the hall to the elevators.

EXT. BALTIMORE SHOCK TRAUMA HOSPITAL. DAY. SNOW.

Angle on LAWSON sitting in a wheelchair under the hospital carport. Cigarette dangling from his lips, nervously he scans the terrain in all directions.

His P.O.V- ELIJAH racing around the parking structure behind the wheel of a Town car stopping just inches from the wheelchair having spared no curb along the way to get there.

Angle on ELIJAH he hops out of the drivers seat loads the bags loads LAWSON and then, quickly struggles to load the wheelchair forcing it into the back seat tightly and untidy. Onlookers focused on the action.

He hops behind the wheel now, burning rubber as he exits.

Sound now, music: On the car stereo;
"Golden years- David Bowie".

Close now on LAWSON and ELIJAH in the big car, smiles on their faces going home.

Dissolve.

INT. BAR NO. 3. DUSK.

The sound now; jukebox, music: "All by my self- Eric Carmen"

Close on LAWSON at the bar drinking, the usual crowd of regulars MIKE behind the bar, chats with him as he polishes glasses.

MIKE

Oh for God sakes will somebody please change the fucking music.

MIKE puts a few dollars on top of the bar, a customer takes it and goes for the juke box.

LAWSON

No, don't. I like this song. I like it a lot. It's a good song, it should be song of the year. I feel free for the first time in months, these last few days. Closing down shop with you every night just like old times wouldn't miss it for the world. And that's saying a lot being in this dump. MIKE uno mas' por favor, double, hell triple, what the hell fill it up. You only live once.

The customer shrugs his shoulders at MIKE, putting the money back on the bar.

LAWSON suddenly drops his cigarette atop the bar, his eye's roll back, his hand begins to twitch and shake slightly, his nose begins to bleed. He tries to talk, but he can't speak. He tries to get up and leave, sparing himself this embarrassment, but he can't move. And now he watches the faces around him twisted with shock and horror, his final image before the seizure takes complete control, rolling his eyes back into his head, will be the faces of the people whom he scared shitless at this bar.

CUT TO:

INT. TOWNCAR. NIGHT. MOVING.

It races through the downtown streets, just shy of reckless, ELIJAH in the back seat with the face of a worried parent.

Back in the bar.

Close on LAWSON in the complete throws of a violent seizure at this moment, its frightening to witness- he's spread prostrate on the floor, his head knocking against the legs of a bar stool until MIKE thinks to move it out of the way. Everyone in witness panicked with no thoughts on how to help or what to do.

EXT. BAR NO. 3. NIGHT.

The Town car screeches to a stop coming to rest partly on the curb. ELIJAH and his DRIVER EXIT the car and rush down the stairs into the bar.

FLASH CUT TO:

EXT. BAR NO. 3. NIGHT. LATER.

ELIJAH and the DRIVER carry LAWSON'S limp body out of the bar to the car. He seems pretty much in and out of it presently but the seizures have ended.

Town car radio; the low sound now, "I wear my sun glasses at night- Cory hart".

INT. TOWNCAR. BACKSEAT. MOVING

LAWSON his head across ELIJAH'S lap, he's awake now. Staring up at him, the quiet road home. ELIJAH strokes his hair softly.

ELIJAH

*It's okay you're fine. You're going home now.
It's going to be okay now, just relax; we're almost there.*

(OMITTED SCENE)

LAWSON can't help but find some comfort in this, but he sits up anyway, gathering himself, as the Town car pulls in front of the apartment building ELIJAH and the DRIVER hop out, open LAWSON'S door and reach for him.

LAWSON

I'm fine. I'm okay now- I'm okay! I'm not your ward you know?

He climbs out, unsteady and dizzy at first and then, just drunk.

ELIJAH

Let's go inside I'll run you a hot bath, that always makes you feel better, I got you some new pajama's too you'll love em', they're silk.

LAWSON

No, I just want to sit here for a second, you can't fix everything with a damn tub full of hot water you know Christ. And stop buying me shit okay just stop.

LAWSON stops, surveys the neighborhood landscape before sitting down on the cold grass. There is a moment of quiet and then.

LAWSON Cont.

*I did it didn't I; I had a fit in that bar, fuck! Shit! Fuck!
I can never go back in there, that's that, I'm running out of bars Eli.*

ELIJAH contemplates for a second and then joins him on the grass.

ELIJAH

It's not a fit It's a seizure LAWSON.

LAWSON

Seizure by your definition, a fit if you're standing by watching it or having it. It's a fucking fit, why does everything have to be a contradiction with you all the time?

The sound now; SFX; ELIJAH'S pager beeping.

LAWSON Cont.

*Go, I'm okay now I'm two feet from the door what's the worst that could happen
don't answer that, go already I'm fine.
Go back to work.*

ELIJAH unsure stands anyway. A Pause.

LAWSON Cont.

Thanks, for coming to get me.

He leans down and kisses him on the forehead before disappearing into the Town car, it speeds off.

(OMITTED SCENE)

LAWSON falls back onto the softness of the grass now looking up at the stars in the clear night sky.

Dissolve.

FADE INTO:

Words on screen; a caption. **1988 FALL**

It dissolves.

INT. LAWSON'S APARTMENT. LIVING ROOM. DUSK.

The sound now; the television, "Hill street blues- TV show".

As the view loosens on the small TV screen, it reveals LAWSON on the sofa, coffee table littered with pill and booze bottles. Closer now on LAWSON his appearance dramatically different. Unshaved, unkempt, his eyes heavy with drink, drug and medication he sways back and forth on the sofa, he looks years older.

Angle on the bedroom door ELIJAH fresh out of the shower, enters the living room. His face bears the mark of disgust and concern. He takes a seat beside LAWSON lighting a cigarette.

ELIJAH

Just checking to make sure your still breathing.

LAWSON playing with a handful of colorful pills.

LAWSON

I have a system, if I take just enough of these red ones and just enough of these blue one's and only two of these white ones, I find that I can function pretty well.

But, if I'm going to be drinking and when am I not I have to take six of these black one's to counter the white one's. Of course then I have to take a yellow one too and a half of one of these blue ones with the black band around it. Normally, the yellow one's would make me sleepy but I find that taking them with the black one's seem to have an opposite effect. It's funny really; I'm not sure what these purple one's do yet they don't give you a buzz that's for sure. What do you think?

ELIJAH

I think it's sad to tell you the truth, this thing that you've become. Look at you.

LAWSON

*Of course you do, you think I'm pathetic.
But the truth is I'm just trying to control the fits so I can go out and get a date and be more like you.*

ELIJAH

What for look at you, you'd scare them away before it even got around to price or where to go let alone what to do and who does what. Have you looked at yourself in a mirror lately, why don't you shower and shave tonight while I'm at work?

LAWSON

*Well we can't all be as vibrant and lovely as you my dear can we?
Or maybe we can, I'm not dead yet you know there's still time.*

He pops another pill chasing it down with a warm beer.

ELIJAH in a brief moment of rage takes the bottle of pills from him and then he grabs them all up from the coffee table.

ELIJAH

Don't kill yourself in front of me, okay!

LAWSON

Kill myself, who the hell wants to die not me.

I just want a date; do you realize that I haven't been laid in fourteen months? Fourteen months! Fourteen months could be a lifetime for a boy like me. Men love me, they love me, fourteen months, no sex, no passion, no intimacy, none. Nothing. Zilch. No special attention no anything, it's enough to drive a boy to drink or at least insane I do believe. Shit. Did you know all of that about me, the fourteen months thing -do you even care?

ELIJAH

Sorry, I don't do charity.

LAWSON

I don't suppose you do.

That's okay you were never my type anyway and I hate pretty people. It's a fact I like, manly men, tall, manly men. Not short pretty boys who swish when they walk into a room because they've been fucked too many times by the brotha's and everybody else in the hood with nine inches or more, you really should work on that pretty, swishy boy or people might start to talk.

Angle on LAWSON laughing at his own attempt at viscous humor, he turns off the television now, going over to a boom box radio, he fidgets with the knobs tuning in-

The sound now, music; "Valerie- Steve Winwood". Mid song.

A pause, close on ELIJAH.

ELIJAH

You were pretty; you were pretty just a few months ago. And I always had a huge crush on you, but now look at you. Are you really so shallow and dependent and sick on the inside and out that you feel this unstoppable need to bite the hand that feeds you every fucking day? Is the attention that you're not getting from sleazy old men really that important to you? Do you really need that, just to feel halfway good about yourself, is that what you need just to stop heaping it all on me everyday? Well, how sad you really are, it's no wonder you look like you've already lost, like you're just waiting on the funeral. Oh, but that scares you too doesn't it, not the funeral, you can't wait for that part, it's the empty seats at the church that piss you off the most, well, not to worry. You just go ahead and die LAWSON and I'll come and I'll bring a date, how's that? That's at least two people right there? And who knows, maybe your abusive

ELIJAH Cont.

old Man will come too and hey, maybe; he'll bring a date also. Wow, four people, you really did leave your mark on this great big world didn't you and what a mark it is, bloody tee shirts and dozens of bar stools that you've fallen off of. You really let yourself go didn't you, well done leukemia boy! Well done! Did I hurt your feelings, then go into the bathroom and cut on your wrist some more only know that this time I'm not calling anybody for your half assed attempts at mental self-medication. Your little pity party! Because ultimately, whether you do or you don't, in the end, you're still going to be a washed up little hustler tramp always begging for the attention of men who despise you and your condition. And what's worse is, to me, you're as sick on the inside as you are on the outside. Well done! Well done! Now go, cut on yourself some more and this time, I promise I won't interfere.

Close on LAWSON hurt and scared and then in an instant, angry. He hurls a half full beer bottle across the room at ELIJAH'S head but it misses the target smashing against the television instead, it explodes in a plume of smoke and sparks.

LAWSON unconcerned stands now collects his hat, coat and scarf, tears welling up quickly in his bloodshot eyes. A pause. ELIJAH knows he crossed the line.

ELIJAH

Where do you think you're going? Where do you think you're going?

A pause and then there is an edge of alarm in his tone.

ELIJAH Cont.

Where are you going?

ELIJAH unplugs the TV pouring a half full bottle of beer into its smoking shell, in the b.g. LAWSON continues to struggle on his coat.

ELIJAH Cont.

Where are you going LAWSON? Where are you going, look at you, you're in no shape to go out into the night air. LAWSON where do you think you're going?

But LAWSON doesn't turn; instead he walks for the front door and exits into the night.

ELIJAH suddenly frightened and vulnerable hurries out behind him, but he's still in his bath towel.

ELIJAH Cont.

*Don't go LAWSON don't go come back, I'm sorry, where are you going?
Don't leave LAWSON don't go, don't leave me!*

Angle on ELIJAH outside the front door his towel falls to the ground as he races out after LAWSON he quickly scoops it up covers himself and retreats back inside.

ELIJAH Cont.

Don't leave come back! LAWSON! LAWSON! Come back don't leave me.

Dissolve.

FADE IN.

EXT. BALTIMORE SIDE WALK. NIGHT. LATER.

LAWSON out walking the strip he is trying to hustle but the cars keep going instead, around him, other hustlers jump in and out of cars he watches with near panic and the view begins to spin until a car pulls up along side of him it slows, the driver takes one look at him and speeds off, he's way too fucked up to really get a date and the cars continues to whiz past him he falls down now regains himself, leaning against a fence he leans for dear life, in the distance another car, it slows, stops, LAWSON'S P.O.V, as the window rolls down to reveal a gentleman with a rather unruly shock of red hair spectacled, mid thirties, harmless looking. He flashes a horny smile and LAWSON smiles back.

FLASH CUT TO:

INT. PARKED CAR. NIGHT.

Steam on the windows LAWSON and the MAN exchange hand jobs. Soon they climax, LAWSON climbs out short of breath panting, a smile on his face.

Close on LAWSON the long walk back home a smile on his face.

Another car slows along side of him, the window lowers to reveal a heavy set older gentleman, he flashes LAWSON a horny smile, LAWSON considers this for a second and then smiles back getting into the car now.

CUT TO:

INT. LAWSON'S APARTMENT. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT. LATER.

Close on LAWSON on the sofa, the burned out TV gone just a charred wall in it wake.

The sound now; low volume, boom box; "Someone saved my life tonight- Elton John".

Angle on the door, as ELIJAH enters with dinner bags, beer and a brand new portable TV. He lays it all out on the coffee table in front of LAWSON who remains silent during this, until-

LAWSON

You'll never guess what I did tonight.

ELIJAH

I can't believe you just left me like that; I should leave you the same way and let you see how it feels. Maybe I will, maybe I'll just leave and be done with it, do you have any idea how worried I've been do you even care, half the fucking night?

LAWSON

I had a date. Well sort of but I came. And so did he I might add. Actually, technically I had two dates.

ELIJAH

Very good, LAWSON and next week we'll work on your name, Do you have any idea how worried I've been just sitting here not knowing if you were dead or alive? I didn't even go to work because of you; I couldn't care less if you had a fucking date you cunt!

LAWSON'S eyes go blank at once, and we see the hurt in his face the anger, and the fear. There is a long pause and then-

LAWSON

Well, it was a big deal to me.

He rushes off to the kitchen.

INT. LAWSON'S APARTMENT. KITCHEN. NIGHT.

LAWSON opens a beer, sitting on the cold floor, his face distant, blank, removed.

Back in the Living room, ELIJAH paces the floor before going into the kitchen. He enters to see LAWSON alone on the floor, in tears.

A pause and then- LAWSON looks up now to see, ELIJAH.

LAWSON

*I'm trying so hard, to just function here.
And what may not seem like shit to you is a whole lot of shit to me.*

ELIJAH kneels down with him, slowly stretching out a hand to wipe away a tear.

LAWSON
Don't.

ELIJAH
I'm sorry, I'm so sorry.

LAWSON
I guess you're the new Dickboy around here.

ELIJAH joins LAWSON on the floor now.

ELIJAH
Not me, that's still your title you'll always hold that one, you're a legend in your own mind at least. You are a legend, ten guys one night. Three thousand four hundred bucks and rumor is, that was only in tips. I know, you hate to hear his name, but RICHIE still measures us by your work. He does. It pisses PACO off too, every time.

LAWSON
When you leave me, I'm going to be all-alone, there's no glory in that. I'm a has been in a world of right now and I'm scared. I'm so scared.

ELIJAH
Where am I going, I'm not going anywhere sunshine. I just, hate seeing you like this, between, the seizures and the memory lapses, the black out drunks, the pills. These nosebleeds that just go on and on forever. This disease is just, too much some days, most days. You're scaring the hell out of me, sometimes, but, you don't scare me away, you got that, I know It'll be okay. You'll be okay. But, you have to do better than this, and that's not a fucking request, it's the law of the land, it's just, something that you have to do, for me. I mean, you don't take care of yourself, and then, when I try and take care of you, you won't even let me, and, if no one's going to do it, then, fuck! And that, scares the shit out of me, LAWSON can you understand that? Do you care? It scares me, yes; I'm scared as hell too. You have full-blown Cancer and now, on top of it all what, you're out trying to be Dickboy again? For who, why? Don't you know you'll always be Dickboy to me always? You could never loose that you never lost that with me, but that's all done now LAWSON. And you can't hustle anymore, sorry to tell you that. But it's true and damn good thing you're a mess. Look at you.

A Pause, he runs his hand through LAWSON'S hair pulling him in closer.

ELIJAH Cont.

If you need somebody, in the middle of the night, let it be me. It should be me, by all rights anyway, I'm the one who puts up with all of your crap, and I've carried the cross for you, through it all, me, and me alone. So, if you just don't give up on me, all of this, could be yours, if, the price is right. No more, going off like that, again, alone, it's too dangerous, I mean it. You could have had a seizure, a serious bleed anything could have happened. I was worried sick about you. Don't ever do that again do you hear me or it's all done, over. I don't care anymore, you can go back into the hospital, let them take care of you. I mean it.

He grabs and holds LAWSON tightly now, relieved.

ELIJAH

I thought we were supposed to stick together. I'm so fucking happy to see you.

LAWSON

I thought, you didn't do charity, remember?

ELIJAH

I don't, you're not really a charity case. I have a little crush on you I can't seem to shake it, It's more like a bad habit really. And I can't even believe that you called me a fucking swish I don't swish. I sashay maybe. And big fucking deal you drool all over yourself all day and can barely remember what you ate for lunch.

Close on LAWSON no more tears, he turns to ELIJAH now and wipes the hair away from his face and eyes. Kissing him high on the forehead.

LAWSON

I'm sorry ELIJAH I'm sorry I hurt you. I just had to get out.

ELIJAH

I know. The foods getting cold.

ELIJAH stands now, extending his hand to help LAWSON up, he reaches for it now and is pulled up into ELIJAH'S arms. A pause.

LAWSON

Thank you ELIJAH, for everything, you are my best friend. I didn't mean those things that I said to you. I didn't mean any of it. I'm tired now.

ELIJAH

I wonder why come on, I got you a new TV. Eat something Okay, I'll set up the TV for you if try and eat something. Come on. And another thing I'll be giving you your pills from now on because you don't take them right. Like it or not you're going to' live bitch. You got that, Mr. T said you gonna' live bitch!

They exit towards the living room, laughing.

Words on screen, a caption.

1989 FALL

FADE IN:

INT. BAR NO. 3. AFTERNOON.

Est. shot. The lively bar crowd, as the camera pans the faces in the smoke filled room until it settles on ELIJAH at the bar having a drink. He wears a mustache and goatee with wire rimmed glasses. He looks almost like a distinguished gentleman.

The camera ARCS him slowly, until LAWSON framed in the b.g. at a table alone comes into view and then full focus.

Close now on LAWSON at the table alone in the back of the dark bar. He lifts the Wild Turkey shot towards his lips his hand unsteady, shakes violently out of control spilling most if not all of the glass onto the table and floor, in the b.g. ELIJAH watches this saddened at his complete lack of motor function.

LAWSON looks completely different here much older than his years, less in

control, wide sunken eyes behind thick glasses, heavy army coat and scarf, walking stick at his side.

Visible signs of alcohol abuse, medical problems, addiction, and when he speaks now, it is with great difficulty his words slurred his movement's weak and sluggish, portable oxygen bottle by his side, nasal canula attached to his nose. He mumbles at times as he tries desperately to drink the shot, cursing himself over each spilled drop.

Again, he brings the shot glass to his lips but again it spills, suddenly behind him appears ELIJAH fresh shot in hand, he takes the half empty shot from him puts it down on the table and holds the new shot out for LAWSON to drink, and he does from ELIJAH'S steady hand. He smiles a sincere thank you for ELI'S approval, and he nods it.

ELIJAH
You ready to go sunshine?

Close on ELIJAH as he reaches a hand out helping LAWSON to his feet. Once up, LAWSON waves a friendly goodbye to the bar patrons and in stereo, they all say a warm goodbye back at him.

And with that, they exit the bar towards the light of day.

EXT. BAR NO. 3. DAY.

Angle on a group of YOUNG HUSTLERS loitering outside the bar as ELIJAH helps LAWSON up the stairs out of the bar. LAWSON stops on the curb shooting ELIJAH a look, he stares out now at the young hustlers and the city terrain.

Close on LAWSON'S face, he stares out to see a desolate strip of concrete jungle just before dusk.

The rainy, gray- blue sky bleeding into the Baltimore city streets and disappearing into the endless stretch of apartment buildings, storefronts, bars, arcades and warehouses.

He looks out to see the fresh young faces as they go about their business unaware of anything. He can't help but smile now, smile or cry and he looks at ELIJAH humming a bit of satisfaction, ELIJAH shoots him a look now, another angle ELIJAH'S P.O.V and LAWSON'S appearance returns to that of yester-

year. And once again he is a teenager. His eye's defiant clear and bright, but swelling fast with the memories of a time long gone but not forgotten.

FX: Time change.

Presently, we hear the strong voice of young LAWSON youthful and full.

LAWSON V.O.

Youth can never afford you the bigger pictures in life; the truth is I'm not sure if it should. Something's are just better left unknown or unsaid.

In the players' world, perhaps youth and vanity shouldn't be the only things that matter and everything else be damned but when I was sixteen the world was my oyster, one giant apple for me to take a big bite out of, look at me world look at me! Nice firm ass, good teeth, nice Cock, low hanging balls, hell I was the cock of the walk and then I wasn't anymore. No regrets, none.

Angle on LAWSON young, strong, good-looking, he turns to look at ELIJAH but ELIJAH'S appearance remains the same. ELIJAH understands this but the moment is not ruined or wasted.

LAWSON Cont.

They say it's a sin, I don't know if it is or it isn't sex with men, prostitution, vanity, all of it. I look at the kids these days and I just smile. And I remember it all as if it were just yesterday because it was just yesterday. There's just something about it, hustling and vanity, in this business is definitely a turn on.

I don't know if it's a sin or if it isn't a sin but what I do know, one hundred percent and I don't care what anybody says is, let's face it when ever people want you, just because your sexy and hot and young and handsome and they want to pay you money, buy you things, lavish you with attention and kind words just for spending a little time with them. Well it gives a kid the biggest feeling and a sense of power makes you feel ten feet on top of the world. Makes you think that you can do it all, get away with it all and why not let's face it; healthy, good-looking people can do almost anything they want.

They know it too. Look at them the boy's of the night they don't miss a beat trust me. But what they don't know is that out here on these streets even peace itself is war in masquerade. Everyday every single day.

And they don't know that everyone gets used up.

They don't know that when you've slept with all of the pretty people in the room and borrowed money from all of the rest of them there's a silence and it booms louder than a drum and in that very loud silence that's where you can hear the truth. Out here, they are the sheep, and you are the wolves and it's never the

LAWSON V.O. Cont.

other way around. And that's the truth. But someone once told me that most truths were just over rated expressions of youth, flights of fancy or grandeur. I don't know if that's the truth either or maybe it's just some bullshit wisdom that some young kid once used to escape the hard truths that slap You in the face on a cold nigh when the only choice you have, is to keep walking or freeze to death. It took me years to figure that out and now I realize that defeat, can serve as well as victory to shake the very soul and Let the glory out in all of us.

A pause as the sky quickly darkens purple- orange- blue, the traffic picks up, the boy's gather in mass on the corners, bullshiting, etc.

LAWSON V.O. Cont.

Such miseries to which it is neither in your power to relieve for another or prevent, the horrible never ending oscillation between hope and fear and yet any discoveries made however small they maybe remain acquired knowledge. The only problem is it takes a lot of hard knocks to acquire any kind of real knowledge out here on these fucked up streets. Look at them already life worn and dying, and they don't even realize it yet, and by the time they do it's already too late. Such a pity.

Close now, on a black Mercedes as it slows to check out the group of hustlers on the corner. The driver checks them out, his window lowers, words are exchanged and the beauty of the group hops into the front seat as the car speeds off down the street, leaving the other hustlers to wonder what's wrong with them.

A pause as LAWSON and ELIJAH witness this action and then-

LAWSON Cont.

Vanity, It's such a turn on.

LAWSON laughs.

WHITE OUT:

FADE IN:

Present day. **1991**

EXT. LAWSON'S NEIGHBORHOOD. A STREET. DAY.

The streets in motion and presently we hear the voice of ELIJAH.

ELIJAH V.O.

How many days and hours I've sat waiting for him to stroll by me how many more times I've fallen asleep and dreamt that I heard his Key in the door or heard his laughter in a bar and turned to glimpse the face I don't know, maybe hundreds. It has been sometime since that very cold fall morning, still I miss him, as if, he were a habit.

-FLASHBACK-

INT. LAWSON'S APARTMENT. BEDROOM. NIGHT.

Close on LAWSON in the bed, ELIJAH beside him caring for him.

The room stands as a monument to the many horrible sleepless nights spent in any cancer ward or rehab unit. Dehumidifiers, oxygen bottles, waste basket full of syringes, bloody towels, vomit, urine containers, a night stand literally covered in prescription pill bottles, IV medicine vials, small TV in a corner, a walker, a porta potty, wheel chair.

In the bed, his hands bound, LAWSON stares up at the ceiling unable to do much more, ELIJAH by his side, wiping the sweat from his forehead, keeps his lips moist with ice cubes.

He fights with an uncontrollable cough, which attacks him so violently at times; ELIJAH has to run for towels because the force of the cough starts his nose to

bleed at a moments notice.

-BACK TO PRESENT-

Angle on ELIJAH on the sofa, he watches a tape of LAWSON'S interview with the DOCU-CREW. The sound muted. Tears and laughter overwhelm him all at once.

ELIJAH V.O. Cont.

A couple of years later, after cancer claimed him, I often wondered if any one would ever remember him, not just his name, but anything about him. Not of his legendary homosexuality or even his spirit of generosity or the fact that he was raped too many times to count as a mere child, but about his heart and his capacity to endure pain and hurt and love and his friendship and his inner spirit. And I stumbled upon his tape and it kindda' took me by surprise, there are many dangers hidden deep in the process of reopening old wounds. I can never know the true scope of those feeling I felt that day or since, but I will tell you this; At the hour of his death, the least tender would have been moved to tears over this unknown street boy's death and the most incredulous, to prayer.

-FLASH BACK-

INT. LAWSON'S BEDROOM. SUNNY.

LAWSON ON HIS DEATH BED.

An uncontrollable cough.
ELIJAH squeezes LAWSON'S hand tightly.

LAWSON pale beyond belief, unshaven. The sunlight floods the room whole and his eyes glitter with an intense fever, his lips and gums stark white, mouth dry, body trembling, beside him, holding onto his hand, ELIJAH comforts him.

LAWSON staring up into his face, whispers the words "I'm sorry". But ELIJAH doesn't need this he knows. He murmurs inaudibly; ELIJAH leans in to hear squeezing his hand tighter, wiping away the hair and sweat from his brow.

The end is near, they both know now and before long the coughing stops, the nosebleed stops mid stream, the body rests. The room grows terribly quiet; LAWSON'S eye's stare off into space, ELIJAH closes them and brushes his hair, gently.

ELIJAH'S eye's misty with tears now, his breath rising up to meet the morning air, close now on a piece of fabric hanging on the back of a chair it flaps as if caught in a breeze, and now, ELIJAH notices the coldness of the room, it's cold, too cold and he follows the breeze from the fabric on the chair into the living room, cautiously at first and then quickly when he sees the open front door.

Angle on the open front door, it's wide open. He closes it, spooked. Locking it, his eye's full of tears.

And now, the look of relief on his face. He returns to LAWSON lies down beside him, quiet, serene.

-BACK TO PRESENT-

ELIJAH V.O. Cont.

I stood by his side and squeezed the blood from his hand just so he'd know; I had not abandoned him and he waited the hour of his death with great composure of mind and spirit. And when that hour came, all of the greatest rewards and all of the heaviest penalties imposed on his mere existence, entered through the front door, and he looked them head on and he smiled and he walked out the door behind them one last time. And that was the end of that; I never caught which way they went, now, we communicate like the burrows of foxes in silence and darkness underground. His words my food his breath my wine. And every night I'm reminded in prayer, that until we meet, it's as if, no fire can ever warm me again.

Close on the image on the TV screen of LAWSON.

Words on screen now: A caption;

1991 WINTER

Dissolve.

INT. BALTIMORE CITY SUBWAY TRAIN. DAY. (MOVING).

ELIJAH seated on the train as it speeds into an above ground station. He's lost in a daydream.

ELIJAH Cont.

He's everywhere now everywhere but right here. Have you ever missed someone, so much that it tore your very soul and heart apart turned your whole world upside down, missed someone so much you couldn't even remember what normal was anymore? What is normal anyway?

FADE IN:

EXT. LAWSON AND ELIJAH'S APARTMENT BUILDING. DAY.

Close on ELIJAH walking down the sidewalk now.

ELIJAH V.O. Cont.

Is normal what we had or just what I wanted for us to have, this is not normal.

Closer now, on ELIJAH.

ELIJAH V.O. Cont.

Yes sometimes I still see him more than I care to admit. He speaks to me of journeys never traveled and dreams unfulfilled the words, ring so clearly now.

Suddenly we are back at the beginning of this film (see page 20-22), ELIJAH walking home from the train station, grocery bags in hand. The street hustler flirting with the cars on the corner.

The sound now, at once; a loud car horn, jolts us back to present day.

EXT. STREET. DAY.

ELIJAH standing in the middle of the street as the panhandling YOUNG MAN walks away. But he turns again; to nod a thank you to ELIJAH, ELIJAH'S P.O.V of the YOUNG MAN but the face turns into the face of a young LAWSON.

And now, through the streets of Baltimore ELIJAH follows him, but he notices this now and turns startled, spooked and he runs off now as if being stalked and chased, through back streets and alleyways, major traffic streets and thoroughfares, ELIJAH struggles to keep up and keep sight of him, his grocery bags long since torn and abandoned in the streets, the camera struggling to keep up with the action, but ELIJAH is too slow for the Young Man. The camera soon, it out paces them both, soaring on ahead and finally over the edge, until it runs out of city and hovers out and above the dazzling sun speckled sea. This is the view of angels, this is the secret sun.

WHITEOUT:

The sound now, Music: "Everybody hurts- REM" Instrumental at first and then the song follows.

FADE IN:

EXT. STREET. RAIN. DAY. MOVING.

Close on a speeding taxicab racing through heavy city traffic, it weaves in and out of lanes.

FLASH CUT TO:

EXT. STREET. RAIN. DAY.

Close on ELIJAH in the middle of a busy intersection as traffic speeds past him, his chase of the YOUNG MAN, has led him here. And now, he is a deer in headlights. Frozen in the middle of this busy four way intersecting street.

Sound FX: Horns, irate motorist.

FLASH CUT TO:

EXT. STREET. RAIN. DAY. MOVING.

The speeding taxi as it veers around a slower moving truck, ELIJAH and the taxi now locked in on a collision course with fate till the end.

The driver sees him now, drivers P.O.V. he struggles to come full stop at once, but it's too late for any such action, the course set.

FLASH CUT TO:

EXT. STREET. RAIN. DAY. MOVING.

ELIJAH'S P.O.V. Close view of the taxi speeding toward him, tires screeching attempting to stop.

The sound now; SFX: Tires screeching, horn and then the disturbing thud of flesh and bone against metal and fiberglass. A bone crushing sound.

EXT. STREET. RAIN. DAY.

SLOWER MOTION PHOTOGRAPHY.

Close on ELIJAH'S impact with the taxicab. His body thrown high into the air and then the impact with the pavement below, headfirst. A ghastly sight. The car a mangled wreck, with its fluids draining onto the streets now. The driver slumped behind the wheel in shock. His windshield shattered, hood twisted.

Angle on ELIJAH his body still and quiet in the street, a pool of blood quickly pooling around and under him, limbs missing, body crumpled like a rag doll, Dead.

Stillness, and silence on the streets.

The sound now, presently we hear the whispered voice, of LAWSON; and the distant wail of emergency vehicles.

LAWSON V.O.

*On that side of the bridge, you understand nothing.
But as you step lightly across it, you are upheld by timelessness.
On your side, you are directed straight into the belly of the demon,
But here, you are directed straight to the heart of God.*

Angle close, on the body of ELIJAH, in the street, the rain, turning into snow now, in the b.g. Where a crowd has begun to gather in mass, the BOY, looks on, in confusion.

ELIJAH V.O.

*And you are forever reunited, with all of the ones you loved, and complete, once again. Forever. There are no more roads to travel and no time to travel through,
All you have to do is let go, let go.*

ELIJAH and LAWSON whisper this;

*ELIJAH/LAWSON V.O. Cont.
Let go.*

FADE TO BLACK.

Words on screen, a caption:

*“ I tell you solemnly, tax collectors
And prostitutes are making their
Way into the kingdom of God
Before you “*

-Matthew 21:31

Dissolve quotation.

FADE IN:

The sound now; music- "The other side of life- The Moody Blues".

The closing presentation credits in their entirety.

The end.

Indiefilms@Hotmail.com

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