

"CHEW"

by

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Original Screenplay

4/15/2016
Shooting Script

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"CHEW"

INT. A BOHEMIAN COFFEE SHOP IN MANHATTAN - LATE AFTERNOON

FADE IN on a print of Picasso's "Nude Woman with Necklace".

Several TIGHT SHOTS of the Woman that emphasize the *seemingly erratic* nature of her composition.

SLOANE (V.O.)
(Breathing hard, in pain)
Oh God..uh..oh..

The woman's features are willfully irregular and distorted.

SLOANE (V.O.)
..uh, somebody help me..

So distorted, that it's hard to judge her emotional state.

SLOANE (V.O.)
..somebody *please*..

The subject could be angry, sad, or even sexually aroused.

SLOANE (V.O.)
..Oh, *Jesus!*..

Finally, WE SEE the full painting, in all its glory.

JOSIE (O.C.)
Don't you worry about going to
jail?

KATYA (O.C.)
No one will go to jail if we are
smart.

CUT TO:

INT. BOHEMIAN COFFEE SHOP - SIMULTANEOUSLY

JOSIE and KATYA sit at a small table, drinking coffee.

The painting lurks in the BG, but now out of focus.

Josie eats a piece of chocolate cake with a vengeance.

JOSIE
"If we're smart"?

KATYA
If we are careful.

JOSIE
Do you know how the legal system
works in this country?

KATYA
Of course, in my line of work it is
necessity.

Josie puts her fork down - *what is this bullshit about?*

JOSIE
Are you a cop?

KATYA
Hardly.

JOSIE
Because you have to tell me if you
are, I know the law.

Katya tries to gauge the wattage of Josie's brain.

KATYA
Yes, if I am policeman and you ask,
I must tell you.

JOSIE
Are you?

KATYA
No. Are *you*?

JOSIE
Of course not.

KATYA
Good. So we neither of us are
policeman, merely potential
criminals.

A bell jingles, a WOMAN comes through the shop door.

Katya inspects the Woman briefly, then dismisses her.

JOSIE
Right, like there's a big
difference.

KATYA
You do not like policeman?

Grabbing her fork, Josie resumes pounding down the cake.

JOSIE
Nobody like cops, not even other
cops.

KATYA
You obviously like chocolate.

Josie talks with her mouth full, Katya finds this repellent.

JOSIE
I'm feeling hormonal.

KATYA
You do not worry of getting fat?

JOSIE
Right now I don't give a shit!

KATYA
How do you know policeman?

JOSIE
I don't.

Picking up her bag, Katya roots around for something.

JOSIE (CONT'D)
What kind of work do you do?

KATYA
I hurt people.

JOSIE
Really?

KATYA
Yes.

JOSIE
That's interesting. You a heart-
breaker or something?

Door jingles again, Katya looks up, another false alarm.

KATYA
I break their hearts, their balls
and their backs. Whatever they want
and however I please.

JOSIE
You do this for fun?

KATYA

For money. And sometimes for fun. So when we speak of hurting this man, you should understand that I am *professional*. I know what I am doing.

This gets Josie's attention, she starts eating more slowly.

JOSIE

I get it. *You're a dominatrix.*

Katya smiles slightly, finding what she's looking for.

Palming something rather small, Katya puts her bag down.

KATYA

Yes. Do I making you nervous? Do I shock you? *Turn you on?*

JOSIE

I'm *not* nervous and you *don't* turn me on.

KATYA

Perhaps you are afraid of this man, afraid to hurt him.

JOSIE

Hey, I'm not afraid of *anybody* and I DO want to hurt this fucker! I just want to know what I'm getting into. And with who.

KATYA

With "whom".

JOSIE

Don't you correct my English!

Katya gives Josie a look that goes *right down to the bone*.

KATYA

Or perhaps you still love him and are in *denial*.

Josie realizes this bitch can read her like an book.

She turns away, busted, on a slippery emotional slope.

JOSIE

Where did you meet him?

INT. TELEVISION STUDIO REHEARSAL ROOM - SIX MONTHS EARLIER
 WE SEE a rehearsal in progress but WE DON'T HEAR IT
 SLOANE WEST is there, working with Katya and other ACTORS.
 Scripts in hand, they take direction and make notes.

KATYA (V.O.)
 The same place you did. On the set.

JOSIE (V.O.)
 You don't seem like an actress.

KATYA (V.O.)
 I will take that as compliment.

Sloane moves closer to Katya, whispers something in her ear.
 Katya laughs, gives him a playful shove, obviously flirting.
 Sloane touches her arm, flashing those big brown eyes of his.

JOSIE (V.O.)
 What did he do to you?

KATYA (V.O.)
 What he always does to woman. He
 takes advantage.

JOSIE (V.O.)
 You don't seem the type.

KATYA (V.O.)
 What type is that?

EXT. HIGH RISE BALCONY IN MANHATTAN - FIVE MONTHS EARLIER
 Sloane and Katya dance on a balcony, a sunset behind them.
 From their body language, it's clear the two are lovers.
 Again, WE SEE what's happening, but WE DON'T HEAR them.

JOSIE (V.O.)
 Who gets taken advantage of easily.

KATYA (V.O.)
 I do not say "easily"!

JOSIE (V.O.)
 But he took advantage of you.

KATYA (V.O.)
In way, yes.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - BACK IN THE PRESENT

JOSIE
So why don't you just do it
yourself? Get even, I mean. Why do
you need me? Why did you place the
ad?

INT. KATYA'S APARTMENT, MANHATTAN - ONE WEEK EARLIER

Katya sits at her computer, placing an ad on Craig's List.
On the screen, we see "Who Has Slept with Sloane West?"

KATYA (V.O.)
Part of it, I am curious. I want to
know who is out there, who has made
the same mistake. And with any
difficult thing, is good to have
accomplice, makes easier.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - BACK IN THE PRESENT

KATYA
Also, I am not in habit of being
taken advantage of, easily or no. I
have reputation, is not good for
business.

WE SEE Katya's palming a plastic coke bullet in her hand.
She surreptitiously leans down and takes a quick bump.
Josie can't believe her eyes, what a ballsy bitch!

JOSIE
What was that?

KATYA
Nothing.

JOSIE
Did you just do a hit? In the
middle of the coffee shop?

Katya wipes her nose casually, the bullet suddenly gone.

KATYA
Is no big deal.

JOSIE
It is if a cop saw you!

Suddenly paranoid, Katya scans the room anxiously.

KATYA
What? You see policeman?

JOSIE
No-

KATYA
-Where?-

JOSIE
-No, there's no cop-

Katya digs frantically for something in her jacket pocket.

KATYA
-Where is policeman?-

JOSIE
-Listen to me-

KATYA
-Where?!-

Josie grabs Katya by the arm, trying to get her attention.

JOSIE
*-I told you, there's no cop, so
calm down!-*

Finally getting a grip, Katya yanks her arm away.

KATYA
*Why do you say policeman?! You
trying to be funny?*

JOSIE
No, I meant you should be careful,
you could be busted for that!

KATYA
I am always careful, I am never
arrested!

Two GAY MEN at another table eyeball Katya - "Crazy"

Picking up on this, Katya pulls herself together.

A little spooked, Josie polishes off the last of her cake.

JOSIE
So why is fucking this guy bad for
business?

KATYA
I think he make video tape.

INT. A KITCHEN, SOMEWHERE IN MANHATTAN - FOUR MONTHS AGO
Sloane is hunched over, slapping something into his hand.
Katya's there too but we can't clearly see her right now.
Sloane yells something over and over, sternly, forcefully.
Again, we SEE THE ACTION BUT DON'T HEAR IT.

JOSIE (V.O.)
He *taped* you fucking him?

KATYA (V.O.)
No, worse.

JOSIE (V.O.)
Why did you let him?

KATYA (V.O.)
I do not know at time! Perhaps he
has camera in wall, ceiling.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - BACK IN THE PRESENT

Josie picks cake crumbs off her plate, listening.

JOSIE
How did you find out?

KATYA
I get e-mail from woman, she tells
me she is with this man, this
"Sloane"-

JOSIE
-fucking asshole-

KATYA
-tells me he make tape of them in
bed, that he threaten her, will
send to her husband if she make
trouble for him!.

(MORE)

KATYA (CONT'D)

So I think he has tape of me too.
Maybe he has taped many women!

The implications suddenly hit Josie - what about her?

JOSIE

Oh, my God.

INT. AN APARTMENT IN MANHATTAN - MONTHS EARLIER

Josie's dressed up like a nun and Sloane looks like Jesus.

Obviously they're up to something pretty kinky.

KATYA (V.O.)

What is it? What?

INT. THE PASTRY SHOP, MOMENTS LATER IN THE CONVERSATION - DAY

JOSIE

Nothing. Just a, a passing thought.

KATYA

I am dominatrix, I do not submit to man, they submit to me! *I have reputation to maintain!* I make good living. If clients see tape, I can be out of job!

Josie jumps up out of her chair, incensed.

JOSIE

I want more cake!

Katya shoves Josie back down into her chair.

KATYA

You just HAVE cake!

JOSIE

I don't care, I'm having another!

Josie starts to rise again, Katya shoves her down harder.

KATYA

That is SECOND PIECE!

JOSIE

I eat when I'm emotional! Fine, I'm eating your cookie then.

Josie grabs Katya's giant cookie, they struggle over it and the cookie explodes into a dozen pieces.

Josie starts shoving the cookie shards into her face like it's the end of the world.

Katya is disgusted by Josie's display of weakness.

KATYA

Fine, eat cookie, get fat. No one will want to fuck you.

JOSIE

I don't care, I'm through with men.

KATYA

You say that now, but like most women you are weak.

JOSIE

Really? I'm weak? *What about you?*
If you're such a bad ass, how did he get to you?

Josie mocks Katya's accent badly.

JOSIE (CONT'D)

How did he "take advantage?"

The GAY MEN are really giving Katya the hairy eyeball.

Katya makes a face at them and a threatening gesture.

The Gay Men decide to get the hell out of there.

KATYA

I ask myself this same question. He is handsome, he is charming, he is good in bed.

INT. KATYA'S APARTMENT, MANHATTAN - TWO MONTHS EARLIER

Katya opens the door, Sloane's there with beautiful flowers.

KATYA (V.O.)

I see him on television. I am dominatrix but I am still woman.

INT. PASTRY SHOP, MOMENTS LATER IN THE CONVERSATION - DAY

JOSIE

What do you want to do to him?

Katya leans in and speaks quietly but very intently.

KATYA

I want to chew him up and spit him out. In lit-tul pieces.

Josie leans in as well, still picking up cookie pieces.

JOSIE

Haven't you heard of Karma? This is the kind of thing that could turn around and really bite us in the ass.

KATYA

You Americans are so literal. Karma is not always about being goody-goody. Karma is about debt, is about balancing of scales. What this man has done must be answered for!

JOSIE

So maybe in the next life he'll come back as a horse and wind up in a can of dog food.

KATYA

Dog food will not help me, I am interested in now, listen to me. *Sometimes you must help Karma along.*

JOSIE

I'm leaving.

KATYA

Why?

JOSIE

Because you're a crazy bitch and you scare me.

Katya laughs smugly to herself. Josie doesn't get the joke.

KATYA

You are as crazy as I am, that is why you are here.

JOSIE

No, that's not why.

KATYA

Why then?

EXT. MANHATTAN STREET, A MONTH EARLIER - DAY

Josie is chasing Sloane down a sidewalk desperately.

Sloane clearly wants nothing to do with her.

Tears in her eyes, Josie makes her case to him.

Sloane folds his arms across his chest, keeps walking.

JOSIE (V.O.)
Because he hurt me!

KATYA (V.O.)
Really? Physically?

JOSIE (V.O.)
No. Not physically.

INT. A BAR, AFTER THE SCENE WITH SLOANE ON THE STREET - DAY

A shot sits in front of Josie, she looks strangely dazed.

Josie touches her chest with her fingers, longingly.

JOSIE (V.O.)
Inside.

KATYA (V.O.)
You have my sympathy. What is
broken inside takes longer to heal.
If it does at all.

A BARFLY moves up to Josie, tries to start a conversation.

Josie turns and screams at him, the Barfly backs away.

We don't HEAR their exchange, we only SEE IT happen.

JOSIE (V.O.)
Why are people so fucked up?

INT. THE PASTRY SHOP, MOMENTS LATER IN THE CONVERSATION

Her finger tips pressed together, Katya watches Josie.

KATYA
It is human condition.

Josie starts to choke up, manages to sit on it - barely.

KATYA (CONT'D)

Believe it or not, is true. I see everyday. People come to me, men, occasionally women but mostly men. They want to be hurt, they want to be punished, in many "imaginative ways." Do you know why?

JOSIE

No.

Reaching out, Katya takes Josie by the wrist and squeezes.

KATYA

Because they are guilty. Because they have *transgressed*. Because they have hurt others and they are worthy of pain. *And the guilty must be punished.*

It's starting to hurt and Josie pulls away from Katya.

JOSIE

Let go of me.

Josie turns away, blinking, rubbing her sore wrist.

JOSIE (CONT'D)

Do you enjoy that? Punishing them?

KATYA

Sometimes. Mostly, I just take money.

JOSIE

I should go.

KATYA

Stay, others are coming. You will want to meet them.

JOSIE

Others?

KATYA

Many women have responded to my posting but only few would meet with me. They lack the courage. But I think least one more will come.

Shop door opens again, the sound of the bell jingles.

Katya and Josie now both look up, Katya shakes her head.

KATYA (CONT'D)
You know that he is married?

JOSIE
'Course I know. He mentioned her
when, when we were together.

KATYA
How many times are you with him?

JOSIE
Just once.

KATYA
Only once? Hmmph. He must not enjoy
you so much.

JOSIE
Excuse me?

KATYA
He must not enjoy you if he does
not come back for *more*.

JOSIE
Hey! He enjoyed me *plenty!*

INT. A BEDROOM, SOMEWHERE IN MANHATTAN - SOMETIME EARLIER
Josie's on her hands and knees, wearing the nuns' wimple.
Sloane is taking Josie from behind, really going at it.
Catching himself in a mirror, he adjusts his Christ wig.

KATYA (V.O.)
Perhaps you are not enough woman
for him.

JOSIE (V.O.)
FUCK YOU! Maybe he wasn't enough
man for ME!

INT. COFFEE SHOP, MOMENTS LATER - DAY

JOSIE
Maybe I saw through him, maybe I
saw him for what he was.

KATYA
Perhaps. And perhaps he does not
return your phone calls.

Josie looks away, says nothing. Score one more for Katya.

JOSIE

How many times were you with him?

KATYA

Twenty-three

JOSIE

Twenty-three? You had sex with a married man *twenty-three times*?

KATYA

Ten times, twenty times, is there difference? When he speaks of his wife, how do you feel?

JOSIE

It made me feel like shit.

KATYA

Of course, because you are not professional.

JOSIE

Oh, kiss my ass.

KATYA

I do not mean offense. Only that, being professional, you deal with mostly married men. In time you become *immune* to wife, you realize that she is picture to husband, not person. She is something he puts on his desk, or carries around in wallet. She is something he seeks to escape, when he comes to see you.

EXT. A PLAYGROUND IN SUBURBIA, WEEKS EARLIER - DAY

Sloane is playing with his small daughter, proud father.

Pushing her on a swing, the little girl goes up and up.

KATYA (V.O.)

You know that he has child?

JOSIE (V.O.)

That fucker has a kid?

KATYA (V.O.)
Naturally. He has wife, he has
child.

JOSIE (V.O.)
He never told me that.

KATYA (V.O.)
Well, you fuck him only once.

JOSIE (V.O.)
Will you stop saying that?!

EXT. PLAYGROUND IN SUBURBIA, ANOTHER ANGLE - DAY

Sloane pushes his daughter on a tiny merry-go-round.

The little girl is laughing, Sloane laughs too.

KATYA (V.O.)
Married men are strange, no,
"peculiar", that is word yes? They
are *peculiar*. They will speak about
wife with other women they sleep
with but never child. That violates
something for them.

We now see SLOANE'S WIFE, smiling at her husband and child.

Sloane looks at her and smiles back. He clearly loves her.

INT. A CAR NEARBY THE PLAYGROUND, SIMULTANEOUSLY - DAY

Katya's behind the wheel, watching this touching scene.

KATYA (V.O.)
I do not know exactly what but for
them there is difference. What is
your profession?

INT. THE PASTRY SHOP, MOMENTS LATER IN THE CONVERSATION - DAY

JOSIE
I told you, I'm an actress.

KATYA
Yes but what do you do for money?

JOSIE
I make jewelry.

KATYA
How do you know policeman?

JOSIE
You already asked me that.

KATYA
Yes and you do not answer. *How do you know policeman?*

JOSIE
I used to be a dancer.

KATYA
How do you know policeman?

JOSIE
I was an *exotic* dancer.

KATYA
Ah. So you are prostitute.

JOSIE
I was never a prostitute!

Josie catches herself, lowers her voice, leans in.

EXT. DOOR OF PASTRY SHOP, SIMULTANOUSLY - DAY
OVER THE SHOULDER SHOT OF EMILY, COMING IN THE DOOR.
Camera follows Emily, as she crosses into the shop.

JOSIE (V.O.)
I was *never* a prostitute.

KATYA (V.O.)
I have no problem with prostitute,
everyone makes living.

Emily looks around, then heads toward Katya and Josie.

EMILY
Um. Sorry, excuse me?

Katya and Josie look up at Emily, a little surprised.

INT. PASTRY SHOP, SIMULTANEOUS - DAY

EMILY
You guys wouldn't happen to be,
friends of Sloane West?

JOSIE
I don't know about "friends".

EMILY
I'm supposed to be meeting some
people. About Sloane West.

CAMERA PANS AROUND, bringing the Picasso back into view.

EMILY (CONT'D)
Do you know him?

JOSIE
You could say that.

KATYA
What is your name?

EMILY
I'm Emily.

She puts her hand out but Katya ignores the gesture.

KATYA
I am Katya and this is..

Gesturing to Josie, Katya struggles for her name.

JOSIE
Josie!

Josie takes Emily's hand sincerely, they shake.

JOSIE (CONT'D)
Hi, I'm Josie.

KATYA
You are late, Emily. We do not
think you are coming.

JOSIE
Don't break her balls. Pull up a
chair, Emily.

Emily starts putting her things down, unpacking herself.

As she does, Emily begins to talk, and eventually to cry.

JOSIE (CONT'D)
Are you okay, honey?

EMILY
No, I'm having a bad day.

INT. A BEDROOM, SOMEWHERE IN MANHATTAN - NIGHT

Tight shot on Emily, lying in bed, her eyes wide open.

CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal AUGUSTO, rocking beside her.

He's clearly in pain and being a real baby about it.

WE DON'T HEAR THE ACTION, WE ONLY SEE IT.

EMILY (V.O.)

I didn't get enough sleep, Augusto was up all night with a bad tooth and then my mother called early from California.

INT. A KITCHEN, SOMEWHERE IN MANHATTAN - MORNING

Tight shot on Emily, phone in hand, her eyes wide open.

She looks like she's in shock as THE CAMERA PULLS BACK.

Augusto is pacing and ranting in the background near her.

Again, we don't HEAR THE ACTION, we only SEE IT.

EMILY (V.O.)

She's pissed about the wedding ceremony being Buddhist and why can't it be Episcopalian like everybody else? But then Augusto starts yelling about his tooth, so I hang up on Mother and I gave him a massage to take his mind off the pain..

INT. THE PASTRY SHOP, SIMULTANEOUS - DAY

The same tight shot on Emily, her eyes wide open.

EMILY

..and I'm sorry that I'm crying but I do this and I shouldn't apologize, 'cause this is just who I am but I feel silly crying in front of total strangers.

INT. THE PASTRY SHOP, SIMULTANEOUS - DAY

CAMERA PANS IN on the Picasso painting, Emily's P.O.V.

EMILY (V.O.)

And then Augusto starts feeling better and he wants me to do this, sex act, that I'm not really comfortable with but I know that he's hurting so we start doing it..

INT. EMILY'S BEDROOM, SIMULTANEOUS - DAY

Tight shot on Emily, her eyes closed and her teeth bared.

We can just make out Augusto behind her, grinding away.

Again, we don't HEAR the action, only SEE it.

EMILY (V.O.)

And I start thinking why are men such pigs? All they think about are their dicks and what gets them off. And that starts me thinking about this meeting here today with you guys and why am I contemplating revenge? I mean, given my pronounced religious beliefs, shouldn't I be above all that?

INT. EMILY'S BEDROOM, SIMULTANEOUS - DAY

WE SEE Emily's bureau, with a seated jade Buddha there.

Tight shot on the Buddha's serene face, as we PULL BACK.

In the mirror behind, out of focus, are Emily and Augusto.

EMILY (V.O.)

But then Augusto starts complaining that I'm not concentrating and his hard-on is failing and I don't really love him and I think *why is your hard-on MY responsibility?* And I think maybe I'm tired of trying to please everyone, maybe I don't give a shit about his hard-on, or his tooth, maybe my fiancée should get his dick out of my ass, call his MOMMA if he wants some sympathy or maybe be a big boy and go find a FUCKING DENTIST!

INT. PASTRY SHOP, SIMULTANEOUS - DAY

Emily's seated now, the tears are finally drying up.

EMILY

So I made Augusto stop, he left in a huff and I got stuck on the "A" train between stops on my way here.

JOSIE

How long were you stuck on the train?

EMILY

Forty-five minutes.

KATYA

How many times did you sleep with Sloane West?

EMILY

Fourteen.

KATYA

See? He enjoyed her.

JOSIE

Shut up!

EMILY

And then I got pregnant.

INT. SPORTS BAR IN MANHATTAN, HOURS LATER - DAY

Emily and Josie sit at the bar, drinks in front of them.

Behind them, a ball game progresses on a big screen TV.

For the moment, Katya is nowhere in sight.

JOSIE

You told Augusto the kid was *his*?

EMILY

I know, that's a really big lie.

JOSIE

Uh, yeah.

EMILY

I couldn't tell him the *truth*, I couldn't tell him I'd had an affair, Augusto's *not* big on infidelity.

JOSIE

That would put a big kink in your wedding plans.

EMILY

And I couldn't have an abortion, I had one in college and I still have dreams about it.

EXT. A FAMILY PLANNING CENTER, MONTHS PREVIOUS - DAY

Emily stands outside, obviously torn and emotional.

EMILY (V.O.)

I swore, swore, that if I got pregnant again, I would have it, no matter what. So I figured what the heck, I screwed up, I had an affair and this is what they call "Instant karma".

INT. SPORTS BAR IN MANHATTAN, MOMENTS LATER - DAY

EMILY

And it's not like it's this little baby's fault his momma's a big tramp who can't keep her pants on at a critical moment.

JOSIE

You're not a tramp.

EMILY

You don't know that, you just met me.

JOSIE

I know a good person when I see one. And I know *Sloane West*. There's just something about him that you can't say "no" to, I don't know how else to say it. He just melts you.

EMILY

He gets you hot! Oh, my God!

Emily points to the big screen TV, Sloane's suddenly there.

Commercial for "Loving U" plays, Sloane's new movie.

TIGHT SHOT OF THE TELEVISION MONITOR AND SLOANE'S COMMERCIAL.

Sloane is talking to a BUDDY over a beer in the park.

SLOANE

You know what I'm looking for at
this point in my life?

BUDDY

The perfect "ten"?

SLOANE

No, that's not what I'm looking
for! What I'm looking for is
someone special, someone real,
someone with substance, someone
that I can spend the rest of my
life with.

Sloane looks up and suddenly sees A BEAUTIFUL GIRL.

The Girl is (obviously) beautiful, tall and *very young!*

SLOANE (CONT'D)

Like her!

Various shots of Sloane courting the Beautiful Girl.

Now a shot of Sloane riding bicycle with Beautiful Girl.

SLOANE (CONT'D)

Hey, beautiful.

Now a shot of Sloane driving in a car with BEAUTIFUL GIRL.

SLOANE (CONT'D)

Hey, gorgeous.

Now a shot of Sloane ice skating with the Beautiful Girl.

SLOANE (CONT'D)

Hey, sexy.

Now a shot of Beautiful Girl jumping on Sloane in elevator.

SLOANE (CONT'D)

Hey! Somebody could be watching!

Now a shot of Sloane getting a text message on his phone.

TEXT MESSAGE

U r the only one I want. U r the
only one I need. U r the one for
me.

Now a shot of Sloane and Beautiful Girl by a fountain.

ANNOUNCER

A romantic comedy about technology,
texting and being turned on by the
man of your dreams. "Loving U",
starring Sloane West.

INT. SPORTS BAR IN MANHATTAN, MOMENTS LATER - DAY

Emily and Josie look up at the screen, clearly ambivalent.

A BARTENDER glides past, grabs a bottle, eavesdropping.

EMILY

I hate his guts for what he did to
me and I still get hot when I think
about it. I don't know who I hate
more - Sloane or myself.

Josie takes a big gulp of her rum and coke.

JOSIE

Were you in love with him?

EMILY

No, I'm in love with Augusto but I
loved *fucking* Sloane West. Does
that make any sense?

Bartender looks at them, decides to make himself scarce.

JOSIE

Sure. I guess so.

EMILY

How did you meet him?

JOSIE

He used to come into this club
where I dance.

EMILY

You mean like for fun?

JOSIE

No, for money.

EMILY

Oh. Okay.

JOSIE

He just stood out, you know, he's not like the normal crowd we get. He was handsome, he was a good tipper, shit, he's got all his teeth.

INT. A STRIP CLUB, MONTHS EARLIER - NIGHT

Josie's dancing on stage, doing her thing like a pro. The clients are pretty scuzzy, all except for Sloane. Compared to the scuzzy clients, Sloane gleams like a saint. Like before, we don't HEAR the action, we only SEE IT.

JOSIE (V.O.)

And he talked to me like a person, not like I was a piece of meat. And he's confident, I love that in a man. Why do married men have to be so confident?

INT. SPORTS BAR, SIMULTANEOUS - DAY

EMILY

Because they're married men. So what happened?

JOSIE

He'd come in, we'd flirt. I'd give him a lap dance, but personal, you know? Not the usual slide and hide you give everyone. It wasn't work for me anymore, not with him. It was special, it was fun.

EMILY

God, Josie, how'd you get into all that?

JOSIE

Well, the money doesn't suck.

EMILY

Yeah, sure, but there's lots of ways to make money.

(MORE)

EMILY (CONT'D)

Like, is it some subversive Post-Modern feminist head trip that you're playing, where you challenge the oppressive cultural mores with an open display of an unstable female sexuality? So it seems like you're giving them what they want but you're actually humiliating them with their own game? I read a book about that sort of thing.

JOSIE

No, I just like being objectified by men.

EMILY

Oh. I see.

JOSIE

Sorry. Doesn't sound as good as what you just said. What were we talking about?

EMILY

You and Sloane.

JOSIE

Right. So one night, he comes in around closing time and asks me if I want to go out with him. 'Course, normally, I would say no, I got a rule about that. But I say yes.

EMILY

So what happened?

JOSIE

I meet him for a couple of drinks and then we go back to his place. Or what I *think* is his place.

EMILY

And?

JOSIE

And he tells me he wants to play dress up. *You know?*

EMILY

Jesus! I hope you told him no?

JOSIE

'Course I said no. But then he pulled out these crazy outfits and they're pretty cute. And I think, I'm already here. Why not live a little?

Emily takes a big pull from her vodka martini.

EMILY

Josie, I'm scandalized.

JOSIE

You should have seen the outfits.

EMILY

Tell me!

JOSIE

Hey, I got to draw the line somewhere.

EMILY

You suck.

JOSIE

Anyway, before I know it, Sloane and I are on the floor, screwing like two horny raccoons. And in the middle of all this, it hits me. I was in love with him. I'd been falling in love with him *all along*. So I open my big, fat mouth and tell him that.

EMILY

What did he say?

JOSIE

The usual. He said he'd call me and never did. I would have called *him* but I never got his number. And then I stopped dancing, just like that. All of a sudden it just felt wrong, dirty or something.

EMILY

I'm sorry, Josie.

JOSIE

I was a fool. We both were. At least you have somebody.

Emily starts pounding herself in the head with her hands.

EMILY
Asshole! Fucking asshole! Fucking
shit-head asshole!!

JOSIE
Emily, stop it, you're gonna' hurt
yourself!

Josie tries to stop her but Emily fends her off.

EMILY
Don't tell me what to do!

Incensed, Emily gulps down the rest of her martini.

EMILY (CONT'D)
These olives SUCK!

Flicking the olives on the floor, Emily holds her glass up.

EMILY (CONT'D)
Can I get another drink down here?

JOSIE
I don't think you should have
anymore.

EMILY
I'm not drunk.

JOSIE
Drunk's not the issue. You're
pregnant, you shouldn't be drinking
at all.

EMILY
Doesn't matter.

JOSIE
I think it does matter. You have a
life inside you.

EMILY
Not anymore.

JOSIE
Excuse me?

EMILY

I lost it. Six weeks later. Just when I got my head together and figured out a way to live with the live with the lie I was going to have to tell everyone, for the rest of my life. I was meditating one afternoon and I felt sick, so I sat on the toilette and it came out of me. So it really doesn't matter if I have another drink. And you know what Augusto did? He cried all night because he thought it was his. I couldn't tell him, I didn't dare. And the worst part of it, while I was holding him and he was crying for a child that wasn't his, I felt relieved. Do you know what that's like? To feel relieved you lost a child?

Josie turns and flags the bartender furiously.

JOSIE

Can she have a DRINK down here?!

EMILY

I hate Sloane West! I HATE him! I hate more than anybody in the world! I go to the Zendo everyday, I sweep, I clean, I try to mediate it all away, and it won't go away! *It won't go away!*

JOSIE

We should DO something to him.

EMILY

I want to cut off his dick, I want to chop off his balls!

Getting up, Josie heads for the other side of the bar.

JOSIE

Okay, take it easy, I'm going to get you another drink.

EMILY

And tell him to get some decent goddamned *olives!*

JOSIE

Hey, are you working here or what?

Pulling out a compact, Emily tries to pull herself together. Katya shows up, takes the stool on the other side of Emily. Emily tries to look away, Katya shakes her head in disgust.

KATYA
Must you always be crying?

EMILY
I feel like crying.

KATYA
Uggh. Women are so weak.

EMILY
Go fuck yourself.

KATYA
Tears are a waste of good emotion.

EMILY
Are you serious about this? About Sloane West?

KATYA
I am always serious, I am professional. How serious are you?

EMILY
I want to hurt him like he's never been hurt before.

KATYA
Good, then we are allies. I have plan.

EMILY
Tell me about it.

KATYA
Is simple. First we draw him in, we use bait. We drug him and we take him to lair.

EMILY
"Lair"?

KATYA
I have access to space, where I work. Boss is away, I am in charge. I give staff weekend off. Is sound proof. No one knows, no one hears. We can do anything.

EMILY
Anything?

KATYA
Anything.

EMILY
What are we going to use for bait?

KATYA
I am thinking *you*.

EMILY
Me?

KATYA
Yes.

EMILY
Great. Why me?

KATYA
You are weak, vulnerable, men like this in woman. And he enjoyed you. The other he did not enjoy and me he is afraid of. Must be you. Call him.

EMILY
Excuse me?

KATYA
You have his number, yes? Call him on your phone.

EMILY
What do I say?

KATYA
Uggh. Whatever you say before to make him want to fuck you. Tell him you miss him, flirt with him, tell him of hot throbbing between your legs.

Taking out her phone, Emily makes a not so pretty face.

INT. BATHROOM SOMEWHERE IN MANHATTAN, MOMENTS LATER - DAY
Splashing around in a bubble bath, Sloane's having fun.
There's music, candles, and a bottle of champagne visible.

A pair of beautiful women's legs are draped over Sloane.
Sloane's cell phone rings, he decides to pick it up.

SLOANE
Hello?

EMILY (V.O.)
Sloane?

SLOANE
Yeah, this is he. Who's this?

EMILY (V.O.)
It's Emily.

SLOANE
Emily who?

EMILY (V.O.)
Emily Parker. From the show.

INT. SPORTS BAR IN MANHATTAN, MOMENTS LATER

SLOANE (V.O.)
I'm sorry, Emily, can you just
remind me..

EMILY
..Strawberries and whipped cream
Emily!

SLOANE (V.O.)
Oh, that Emily! How are you? Nice
to hear from you.

KATYA
Whipped cream. How original.

EMILY
Shut up!

SLOANE (V.O.)
What? Excuse me?

INT. BATHROOM SOMEWHERE IN MANHATTAN, MOMENTS LATER

The woman in tub starts getting frisky with her feet now.
Sloane's really to got to juggle this and the phone call.

EMILY (V.O.)
Nothing. So what's up?

SLOANE
Oh, you know, the usual. Busy,
busy. What's on your mind?

EMILY (V.O.)
I don't know. Was in the market
this morning, buying some fruit,
got to thinking about you. Thought
I'd give you a little jingle, see
what your schedule is like.

Friskiness in the tub starts to get a little louder.

SLOANE
Gee, I don't know, Emily.

EMILY (V.O.)
Got some nice berries, Sloane.
Can't eat all by myself.

SLOANE
Well, I'm pretty booked.

EMILY (V.O.)
They're really sweet and *so juicy*.

INT. SPORTS BAR IN MANHATTAN, MOMENTS LATER

SLOANE (V.O.)
Stop it, you're gonna' make me
crazy with that kind of talk.

EMILY
That's just what I had in mind. Oh
and Sloane? I just got the best
pedicure of my life. You remember
how much you like my toes, don't
you?

SLOANE (V.O.)
Right. God, you *do* have beautiful
toes.

EMILY
What's that noise in the
background? Are you working?

INT. BATHROOM SOMEWHERE IN MANHATTAN, MOMENTS LATER

SLOANE

Well, yeah, just finishing up a scene here.

Sloane reaches over and pinches the WOMAN'S thigh.

WOMAN IN TUB

Ow!

SLOANE

Keep it down, will you? I'm on the phone.

EMILY (V.O.)

You haven't forgotten about that special trick I do, have you? With my beautiful, sculpted big toe?

SLOANE

All right, all right, you talked me into it Emily. Why don't you meet me at Armstrong's tomorrow? Say around five?

INT. SPORTS BAR IN MANHATTAN, MOMENTS LATER

EMILY

Make it six, I'm getting my legs waxed.

SLOANE (V.O.)

Great. Looking forward to it.

EMILY

Me too. Can't wait. Bye, Sloane.

SLOANE (V.O.)

Bye Emily.

Emily hangs up, Katya smiles wickedly at her.

KATYA

So, tell me about your "special trick".

EMILY

Fuck off. Can't believe I just asked him for a date.

KATYA

You are good actress. Convincing.

EMILY

Thanks.

Katya looks around, realizing they're missing someone.

KATYA

Where is prostitute?

EMILY

Her name's Josie and she's not a prostitute!

KATYA

Why are Americans so touchy about this?

EMILY

She's getting me a drink.

(Beat)

You don't care if I drink?

KATYA

Nett. You are not pregnant, you can drink all you want.

EMILY

How did you know?

KATYA

Pregnant women are vibrant, full of life. You are only full of pain.

EMILY

That sounds like all of us.

KATYA

Speak for yourself.

Josie comes back with drinks for Emily and herself.

JOSIE

Here, honey. Better olives.

Sitting down, Josie looks at Katya skeptically.

JOSIE (CONT'D)

So, you're back. Thought you fell in.

KATYA

Funny.

Right away, Josie realizes that something has gone down.

JOSIE
Okay, what did I miss?

INT. SLOANE'S DRESSING ROOM, THE NEXT MORNING - DAY
MUSIC PLAYS UNDERNEATH as Sloane gets ready for his day.
Sloane looks into his dressing room mirror and works lines.
Taped on the mirror are cards and photos from fans.
Some of the pictures are pretty risque and some beyond that.

SLOANE
And suddenly I realized why? You
want to know why? I was afraid of
my own feelings, I was afraid it
wouldn't work out! I was afraid of,
words.

Close shot of his script, heavily marked and highlighted.
Sloane back in the mirror, trying different line readings.

SLOANE (CONT'D)
I love you. I love you. I love you.

Shot of bags of fan mail on the floor by his dressing table.
Shot in a magnified mirror, Sloane clipping his nose hairs.

SLOANE (CONT'D)
I love you, I love you.

Shot of Sloane flexing in the mirror, minus his shirt.
He might not be a body builder but he's in good shape.

SLOANE (CONT'D)
God, I'm so fucking fat.

Shot of Sloane in the shower, washing his hair, etc.,

SLOANE (CONT'D)
I love you. I love you.

Shot of Sloane drying his hair, doing vocal exercises.

SLOANE (CONT'D)
The big black bug bled black blood.
The big black bug bled black blood.

Shot of shopping bags from Barneys and Brooks Brothers.

Sloane getting dressed and combing his hair meticulously.
 Close shot of a box of Trojan Magnums, Sloane grabs a couple.

SLOANE (CONT'D)
 Don't leave home without 'em!

Sloane checks himself out in the mirror, he looks good.

SLOANE (CONT'D)
 Hey.

EMILY (V.O.)
 Were you surprised I called?

SLOANE (V.O.)
 Oh, a little.

INT. A DARK, ROMANTIC BAR IN MANHATTAN, MOMENTS LATER - DAY
 Emily and Sloane are having a drink and getting reacquainted.

SLOANE
 I hadn't heard back from you in a
 while, so I figured you just
 didn't, you know..

EMILY
 ..Didn't want to "play" anymore?

Sloane smiles and bats those big brown eyes at Emily.

SLOANE
 Yeah, something like that. But I'm
 glad you called, I was missing your
 face.

EMILY
 I missed yours too. You'll have to
 forgive the silence, I just had a
 lot of "stuff" going on, you know?

SLOANE
 Nothing bad, I hope?

EMILY
 No, nothing bad, just "stuff". You
 know how it is, life just takes
 gets in the way sometimes. Take
 over.

Inch but inch, Sloane slowly moves in on Emily, very subtle.

SLOANE

Tell me about it, my schedule on the show is *crazy* these days. Have you been watching?

EMILY

Actually, no, like I said I've had "stuff" going on and there hasn't..

SLOANE

..Oh, that's too bad, 'cause it's been pretty interesting. The writers came up with this idea of my character having an evil twin, except that we were separated at birth, so nobody knows that he exists.

Emily takes a gulp of her drink, trying to hide her nerves.

SLOANE (CONT'D)

And the evil twin was raised in obscurity, you know, he's poor, so he's resentful 'cause I was raised in this wealthy household and became this successful neurosurgeon..

EMILY

..Wait a minute. How come nobody knows about the evil twin?

SLOANE

Huh?

EMILY

How can a woman give birth to twins and nobody knows about it? There had to be somebody there, a doctor, a midwife or *somebody!*

SLOANE

No, no, because my mother gave birth to us in a cabin, in the mountains, all by herself. She just put a stick between her teeth and toughed it out like the Indians.

EMILY

Why would she do that?

Sloane touches Emily's arm, petting her a little.

SLOANE

Because she *knew* she was going to have twins, and she *knew* one of the children was her husbands and the other belonged to the evil Archer Thompson, who raped her on the same night she conceived me!

Trying to keep a straight face, Emily just keeps nodding.

SLOANE (CONT'D)

So my mother *knew* that one of the children would be good and other would be evil, that's why she didn't want anyone to know. So she kept me and gave the twin to some old mountain woman to raise. Now the evil twin grows up on the mountain and he's pretty pissed about that..

EMILY

..Sloane, that's ridiculous!

SLOANE

What are you talking about?

EMILY

A woman can't have sex with two different men and get pregnant by *both* of them at the same time! That's a physical impossibility!

SLOANE

No, it's not.

EMILY

Yes, *it is*.

Sloane gets a little flustered, girls don't contradict him.

SLOANE

Hey, I'm a *method actor*, I did my research on this. I read some, some *medical journals* and found a case study of some woman, down, down in *Zimbabwe* where this exact same thing happened and this woman had twins by two different men!

EMILY

Even if you *could* get pregnant by two different men at the same time, that wouldn't make them TWINS!

(MORE)

EMILY (CONT'D)

They'd be two different children,
they'd have two different DNA
structures!

Cornered, Sloane looks away, takes a pull of his drink.

SLOANE

Okay, fine, if you want to split
hairs. I mean, if you want to talk
about DNA and things like that but
this is *television* honey. This is
not exactly the most sophisticated
audience in the world.

EMILY

Don't take it personally.

SLOANE

It's my work, how else am I going
to take it?

EMILY

Maybe I should go.

SLOANE

What?

Grabbing her bag, Emily fishes for her wallet to pay.

EMILY

Maybe this was a mistake, my
calling, I don't know-

SLOANE

-What are you talking about-

EMILY

-I've upset you-

SLOANE

-No, it's not, you just got here-

EMILY

-I wasn't trying to be a
thundercloud-

SLOANE

-No, you weren't, at all, it's me.

EMILY

I don't know.

Taking her hand, Sloane sucks Emily into his eyes.

SLOANE

We were having such a nice time.
Please stay.

EMILY

I don't know what I'm talking
about, just being Devil's Advocate,
I get it from my mother.

SLOANE

You know what?

EMILY

What?

Close shot of them in profile, Sloane laying it on her.

SLOANE

You're very sexy when you get
worked up, you know that?. You get
that fire jumping around in your
eyes, it's kind of disturbing. And
provocative too.

EMILY

Oh, I forget what a sweet talker
you are, Sloane.

SLOANE

No, you're the one with the sweet
mouth, Emily.

Sloane notices a woman at the bar, checking him out.

SLOANE (CONT'D)

Hi, how you doing?

EMILY

Hey, fuck off, honey! He's with me!

SLOANE

Easy, easy, tiger.

EMILY

Tell me more about your evil twin.
Just how bad is he?

Touching her face, Sloane plants a nice one on Emily.

During the kiss, Katya and Josie loom in the background.

JOSIE

Look at the lovers.

Sloane does a double-take when he sees the other gals.

SLOANE

Whoa! Hey, well, look who's here.

EMILY

Josie, Katya, what's up?

JOSIE

Oh, we were just on our way to karate class and we saw you guys through the window. Thought we'd say hi.

SLOANE

You guys all know each other? How about that?

JOSIE

Yeah, we're old friends.

SLOANE

Guess it's a small world.

Like three cats with a mouse, the gals are really gloating.

Sloane struggles to keep his composure in the situation.

EMILY

And getting smaller by the day.

KATYA

Hello, Sloane.

SLOANE

Hey, Katya. How's tricks?

KATYA

Tricks are good, lately have been making new ones. How are tricks with you?

SLOANE

'Bout the same. You know, work, work, work.

EMILY

Sloane's got this really cool story line he's been telling me about, he's got an *evil twin!*

JOSIE

Really? You're playing an evil version of yourself? That must be a lot of fun.

Visibly sweating now, Sloane's not feeling well at all.

SLOANE

Hey, you know, I'm not going to complain. I'm one of the lucky ones. How's your, um, jewelry business going?

JOSIE

Thanks for asking, it's going really well. I'm flattered you remembered.

SLOANE

Who could forget you Julie?

JOSIE

It's *Josie!*

SLOANE

Right, right, that's what I meant to say. Is it getting hot in here, or is it me?

EMILY

It's getting very hot in here.

Emily gives Sloane a bit on his earlobe and it hurts!

SLOANE

Oww! Shit, cut that out. Don't do that in front of "the kids". They might get the wrong idea.

KATYA

We don't have wrong idea, we have *right idea*.

EMILY

Stay and have a drink with us. You guys don't have to go to karate class do you?

JOSIE

No, we can use our anger in other creative ways.

SLOANE

I got to use the toilette.

Sloane rises, the gals shove him back on the bar stool.

SLOANE (CONT'D)
Whoa, you guys are strong.

JOSIE
Yeah, we are.

EMILY
We're very strong.

SLOANE
Don't get wrong, now, I'm a big fan
of strong women.

KATYA
Are you?

Rattled, Sloane tries to get the bartender's attention.
Looking over, he sees Sloane surrounded by three, hot women.
Smiling, the bartender gives Sloane the old "thumbs up".

SLOANE
Boy, it's really hot in here. I
really should get going, I've got
to be early in the morning.

Emily wraps her arms around Sloane, nuzzles his neck.

EMILY
But we're just starting to have
fun, honey.

SLOANE
I'm sorry but I suddenly don't feel
very well.

JOSIE
What's wrong?

SLOANE
Not sure, something's not right.

KATYA
Are you dizzy? Light-headed?

SLOANE
Yeah, kind of.

SHOT OF THE BAR, FUZZY AND SURREAL - SLOANE'S P.O.V.

KATYA (V.O.)
Problems with focusing your eyes?

SLOANE (V.O.)
Shit, yeah, I am.

KATYA (V.O.)
Good, is how you are supposed to
feel.

BACK ON SLOANE AND THE GIRLS - he's not looking too good.

The music in the bar gets cranked up, it's happy hour.

SLOANE
What are you talking about?

JOSIE
Just go with it, Sloane.

EMILY
Yeah, enjoy the ride.

SLOANE
What did you bitches give me?

Sloane tries to break free of the three women but can't.

SLOANE (CONT'D)
*Get the fuck off me! Can somebody
help..*

Katya gives Sloane a smooth and practiced shot to the balls.

Sloane's legs buckle and the wind goes out of his sails.

Josie and Emily take hold of him, Katya heads for the door.

EMILY
It's okay, honey, it's okay.

JOSIE
I think we need to take you home.

They walk Sloane out, who's staggering like a drunk man.

Bartender watches them go, shaking his head in envy.

BARTENDER
Did you see those hot girls he left
with? *Lucky bastard.*

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE THE BAR, HANDHELD - MOMENTS LATER

The bar's gritty MUSIC FOLLOWS THEM out into the street.
Josie and Emily hustle a hurting Sloane down to the corner.
A beaten panel van lurches to the curb, its tires barking.

SLOANE
Where are you taking me?

JOSIE
You'll see.

Katya's at the wheel, she gestures towards the van's rear.

EXT. REAR OF THE PANEL VAN - MOMENTS LATER

The doors fly open and they dump Sloane in - he's nabbed!

KATYA
Come, quickly!

INT. INSIDE THE VAN - MOMENTS LATER

Sloane hits the floor of the van with a painful thud!

SLOANE
Ah, shit!

A OLDER WOMAN stares at them through the open doors.

OLDER WOMAN
What are you doing to that man?

JOSIE
Mind your own business, bitch!

Josie pulls the doors shut as the woman glares at her.

EXT. CLOSE SHOT OF THE VAN FROM THE OUTSIDE - MOMENTS LATER

Katya's back behind the wheel, she pulls away from the curb.
The van hits Hell's Kitchen traffic, it's a bumpy ride.

INT. BACK INSIDE THE VAN NOW - MOMENTS LATER

Katya looks at the old woman fading in the rear view mirror.

KATYA
Old woman could be witness.

JOSIE
Naw, she's blind as a bat, she
doesn't know what she saw.

Josie gets in the front seat next to Katya, riding shotgun.
Emily's in back with Sloane, who's now rolling and moaning.
Looking at Katya, Josie starts digging this whole thing.

EMILY
Guys, are you sure we know what
we're doing here?

KATYA
Of course. I keep telling you, I am
professional.

Katya cuts through the traffic like a knife in hot butter.

EMILY
Yeah, but what about the rest of
us?

A cell phone starts ringing in Emily's bag, she gets it.

EMILY (CONT'D)
Shit, it's Augusto. I have to take
this.

KATYA
We are in middle of abduction!

EMILY
And I'm in the middle of getting
married!

Emily answers the phone, trying hard to sound natural.

EMILY (CONT'D)
Hi, honey. How's it going? Oh, no.
You need to have root canal? That's
terrible news, I'm so sorry.

Sloane continues moaning, Emily gags him with something.

EMILY (CONT'D)
You want me to come get you? Oh,
honey, I wish I could but I'm away
this weekend, remember?
(MORE)

EMILY (CONT'D)

No, I told you this morning, I'm going on this retreat upstate and I'm already on the road. Well, I know you're in pain but what can I do? You're a big boy, you can handle it.

KATYA

Uggh, women are so weak.

Emily gives Katya the finger from the back of the van.

EMILY

I'm going with a couple of girlfriends, I told you this! No, it's nobody you know. I don't know all of your friends, why should you know all of mine?!

JOSIE

Katya, look out for that truck!

Turning the wheel hard, Katya manages to avoid a pileup.

EMILY

Will you look where you're going?!

KATYA

Buddhist, do not tell me how to drive!

EMILY

Augusto, I know you're in pain right now but you're going to be okay. And I, *really, really* need this weekend to myself. It's part of my spiritual development! Take your meds and have a vodka when you get home. I'll see you when I get back. I gotta' go, I love you.

INT. SHOT OF THE FRONT SEAT OF THE VAN - MOMENTS LATER

Josie looks at Katya as she maneuvers through traffic.

JOSIE

This is a perfect getaway car. Is it yours?

KATYA

Nett. Belongs to, friend of friend.

JOSIE
You didn't steal it, did you?

KATYA
Uggh. Why must Russians always be stealing things? *I borrow!* Is friendly thing.

Duh. Of course she stole the van! Josie gestures in back.

JOSIE
Great. Like what we got going on in back? That's a "friendly thing" too?

KATYA
Hypocrite.

JOSIE
I'm not a hypocrite.

KATYA
Prostitute.

JOSIE
I'm not a prostitute!

Then, the SOUND OF POLICE CAR BLIP somewhere behind them.
Looking in the rearview, Katya sees an unmarked police car.

KATYA
Shit. Is policeman. *Shit!*

EMILY
Oh my God! What are we going to do?

KATYA
We will outrun him.

JOSIE
What, are you crazy?

KATYA
I am never arrested!

JOSIE
We'll never get away from the cops in this city, there's too many of them!

KATYA
We have no choice!

JOSIE
Just pull over, *pull over!*

Katya's clearly rattled, she looks at Josie, uncertain.

JOSIE (CONT'D)
Trust me. I know how to handle
cops.

EXT. STREET WITH VAN PULLED OVER - MOMENTS LATER

A plain clothes COP is standing at the window of the van.
The Cop's inspecting license and registration.

COP
This van belongs to your friend?

KATYA
Yes.

COP
Your friend "Omar"?

KATYA
Yes.

COP
Well, you better tell old Omar that
he's got to get that tail light
fixed.

KATYA
I will tell him. Right away.

COP
You do that. And I'm going to need
to run these, just to make sure
everything's kosher. I'll be back.

Giving them the eye, the Cop walks back to his car.

INT. INSIDE THE VAN - MOMENTS LATER

EMILY
Thank God, he didn't look in the
back. I thought we were in trouble.

KATYA
Of course we are in trouble. When
policeman realizes van is stolen,
we are all going to jail!

JOSIE
I thought you "borrowed" it?

Katya makes a face at Josie - "Cut the shit, bitch."

EMILY
What are we going to do?

JOSIE
Leave it to me.

EXT. UNMARKED CAR, BEHIND THE VAN - MOMENTS LATER

Josie saunters up the police car window, turns on the charm.

JOSIE
Hey, officer.

COP
Please get back in your vehicle,
miss.

JOSIE
I wonder if you could do me a
little favor?

INT. UNMARKED CAR, BEHIND THE VAN - MOMENTS LATER

Cop looks up, Josie's showing some *impressive* cleavage.

COP
Uh, what's that?

JOSIE
Well, my friend's got some unpaid
parking tickets that she'd really
rather not deal with right now. You
know what I mean?

COP
If all she's got is parking
tickets, she'll be fine.

JOSIE
Sure. But you know how girls are.
We get so emotional when we see a
man in uniform, some of us just
fall to pieces.

COP
What are you asking me?

JOSIE
I asking you to let her slide. If
you do, I will so make it worth
your while.

Josie "eye fucks" the cop silly, she's very good at this.

JOSIE (CONT'D)
So.

INT. BACK INSIDE THE VAN - MINUTES LATER

Katya and Emily in the front seat, looking none too happy.

KATYA
We should have run when had chance.

EMILY
They'd have caught us for sure.

KATYA
And this is better?

Emily looks up into the rearview mirror, and is stunned.

EMILY
What the hell is going on back
there?

INSERT SHOT OF REARVIEW MIRROR, Emily's P.O.V.

The patrol car is bouncing like a low rider in East LA.

Josie's obviously making her case to the policeman inside.

Katya looks into the mirror, she's a little impressed here.

KATYA
La Dolce Vita.

INT. BACK INSIDE THE VAN - MINUTES LATER

Josie gets back into the van, slams the door behind here.

JOSIE
Officer said "have a nice day."

Katya and Emily just look at Josie, a little speechless.

JOSIE (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
 So I took one for the team! What's
 it to you?

Katya shakes her head and then starts the engine.

INT. REBECCA'S HOUSE OF PAIN, THE NEXT MORNING - DAY

The room is painted red, with several large hanging mirrors.

A framed print of Raphael's "The Entombment" is visible.

On another wall is a wooden cross in the shape of an X.

SLOANE (O.C.)
 Hmmph.

Sloane sits handcuffed in a chair, blindfolded and gagged.

His head hanging low, Sloane starts to come back to life.

SLOANE (CONT'D)
 Hmmph. Hmmph.

Sloane comes to, tries to understand what's a happening.

Struggling to get free, Sloane starts to hyperventilate.

He shouts through the ball gag, without much result.

KATYA (O.C.)
 You are conscious, that is good. I
 am getting tired of waiting.

Sloane turns sharply at the sound of Katya's voice.

Katya appears, wearing a latex cat suit and stiletto boots.

She begins to circle him, holding a pair of large scissors.

KATYA (CONT'D)
 I am anxious to continue our game,
 our "tricks", as you say. You have
 hangover?

SLOANE
 Hmmph.

KATYA
 Is side effect of Rohypnol but will
 pass. Are you sore? Your back must
 be hurting from evil, metal chair.

SLOANE

HMMPH!

KATYA

Good. Pain is great clarifier of the mind. It cuts through illusion, through bullshit. Pain helps us see things clearly.

SLOANE

Hmmph.

KATYA

You have something you wish to say?

Katya pulls the elastic ball gag back from Sloane's mouth.

SLOANE

Where the fuck am I you twisted bitch?

She lets go of the ball, it snaps back into his face, hard.

KATYA

We will now discuss rules of Lair. First rule is that we do not say words like "bitch", or "cunt" or "twat" in reference to woman. Using these words will bring immediate punishment, do you understand?

Pulling the ball back again, Katya waits for his reply.

SLOANE

You let me out of here, right now or you are going to jail, you are going to go to PRISON! You understand me, you stupid, fucking COW?!

Katya snaps the ball back again, this one really hurts.

KATYA

Reference to woman as barnyard animal is also violation.

JOSIE (O.C.)

What's going on here?

CAMERA SWINGS AROUND to reveal Josie in the doorway.

JOSIE (CONT'D)

Is he awake?

KATYA
Da! Where is Buddhist with
breakfast?

JOSIE
Beats me where she is.

KATYA
I am getting cranky when I am
hungry!

Katya pulls the ball gag back from Sloane's mouth again.

KATYA (CONT'D)
Slave, are you hungry? Are you
hungry?

SLOANE
Yes, I'm hungry.

Snapping the ball again into Sloane's face, Josie reacts.

KATYA
Good, eat ball.

JOSIE
Holy shit, what are you doing?

KATYA
Playing game. Want to try?

Josie moves closer, getting a better look at Sloane's face.

JOSIE
That look like it hurt. Christ,
he's bleeding, he split his lip
open.

KATYA
Of course, is ball gag, is built
for this! You pull it back, it goes
snap, see?

Katya lets Sloane have it again, he's really bleeding now.

JOSIE
Stop it, you're hurting him!

Turning on Josie, Katya suddenly loses her composure.

KATYA
THAT IS POINT, THAT IS WHY WE
KIDNAP HIM AND BRING HIM HERE! TO
HURT HIM!

(MORE)

KATYA (CONT'D)

(Taking a moment)

Did you not say you wish to hurt him?

JOSIE

Well, yeah, sure. I said that.

KATYA

But you do not mean it.

JOSIE

Of course I meant it.

Katya moves in on Josie, she starts backing away.

KATYA

You do *not*! You are weak, you are afraid!

JOSIE

I'm not afraid.

KATYA

You are American woman, you are afraid of man, afraid of pain, afraid of *everything*! You are afraid of violence, because it is always done to you, *but you do nothing in return!*

Grabbing Josie by the wrists, Katya makes her face Sloane.

KATYA (CONT'D)

This man, he fucks you, he hurts your heart, he shits on you and you are afraid to hurt him!

JOSIE

I'm not afraid!

KATYA

He does not know your *name*!

JOSIE

You don't know my name either!

KATYA

That is not ISSUE!

JOSIE

So what the fuck is?!

KATYA

He hurts you because you let him!
You does you violence and all you
do is cry! *You must teach man how
to treat you!*

JOSIE

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

Josie tries to pull away, Katya drags her back to Sloane.

KATYA

You hate yourself, you hate all
woman, you are *traitor* to your own
kind!

JOSIE

I don't hate myself.

KATYA

Show me. Hit him.

JOSIE

I don't want to.

KATYA

Then hit *me*.

JOSIE

I don't want to do that either.

KATYA

Hit me, "Julie".

Buttons pushed, Josie slaps Katya in the face.

KATYA (CONT'D)

See? Is easy to hit woman. Now hit
him.

JOSIE

I already told you, I don't -

Katya gives Josie a good, solid smack to the kisser.

Josie staggers back a step or two, then recovers.

JOSIE (CONT'D)

Jesus Christ!

KATYA
 Hit him or I will hit you again!
 HIT HIM! SHOW ME YOU ARE NOT
 AFRAID!

Primed, Josie hauls off and cracks Sloane in the face.

JOSIE
 Fuck!

Shaking her hand, Josie tries to process the experience.

KATYA
 Excellent. How does it feel, *Josie*?
 How does it feel to hit him?

JOSIE
 It felt good. It felt really good.

KATYA
 You have learned important lesson.
 How to hit back.

An annoying door buzzer calls from an outside room, Emily.

KATYA (CONT'D)
 Aggh! Finally, Buddhist is
 returned, I am ready to eat my own
 leg! I must buzz her in, take
 these.

Throws the scissors at Josie, who manages to catch them.

JOSIE
 What am I supposed to do with
 these?

KATYA
 Cut off his clothes.

JOSIE
 Cut 'em off? Why?

KATYA
 He will not need them.

JOSIE
 Can't I just take 'em off?

KATYA
 No, cut them. Is part of game.
 Don't ask questions, just do.

Emily starts hitting the buzzer and Katya's out the door.

Josie pulls the elastic ball gag out of Sloane's mouth.

JOSIE
Sorry about that.

SLOANE
You hit me in the *face!* I'm an
actor, I make a living with my
face!

JOSIE
I know, I know, but she got me so
mad.

SLOANE
You have to get me out of here!

She pulls off the blindfold, Sloane blinks, focuses.

JOSIE
I don't think I can do that.

SLOANE
Are you fucking *kidding me?! Get me*
the fuck out of here now!

JOSIE
Lower you voice, she'll hear you.

Sloane's eyes are like a wounded animals, lowers his voice.

SLOANE
Honey, this is kidnapping, it's a
federal offense, you can go to
prison, for like a really long
time!

JOSIE
Don't you "honey" me! And I don't
care if I go to jail.

SLOANE
You don't *care??*

Josie gets down in Sloane's face, the righteous sister.

JOSIE
No, because you *hurt me*, you
fucker! I loved you and you hurt me
and you didn't have to! You hurt
me, you hurt Emily and believe it
or not, you actually hurt Katya!
(MORE)

JOSIE (CONT'D)

You've hurt a lot of people and it's time somebody put a stop to it!

SLOANE

Look, I hurt you, I realize that, I didn't mean to and I'll make it up to you but you've got to get me out of here!

JOSIE

Forget it.

SLOANE

Listen, this Katya chick, she's crazy, she's very disturbed, you don't know her like I do! *She's dangerous*, Josie, I'm not just thinking about myself here.

JOSIE

Not listening.

Turning away, Josie gives Sloane the hand to talk to.

SLOANE

Just get me out of here, and I swear, *I swear I won't press charged against you.*

Josie turns back, she's crying suddenly and mad as hell.

JOSIE

You said that you loved me.

SLOANE

I never said that.

JOSIE

Yeah, you did. When you were *fucking me in that nun's outfit!*

SLOANE

Oh, that, well, maybe I did but come on, you can't take anyone seriously when they're fucking you! You know that! *It doesn't mean anything, it's just fucking!*

Pulling the ball gag back, Josie snaps it into his face.

SLOANE (CONT'D)

Ow!

JOSIE
Maybe it didn't mean anything to
you.

Grabbing the scissors, Josie starts cutting his clothes.
Sloane protests, struggles against the restraints on him.

JOSIE (CONT'D)
Stop jumping around "honey". I
wouldn't want to cut you by
mistake.

Josie makes slits in Sloane's pants, tearing them apart.

EMILY (O.C.)
So, lover boy's awake?

JOSIE
Oh yeah.

Emily looms into view, standing over Sloane's chair.

EMILY
There's those big brown peepers.

Leaning in, Emily swats him across the back of his head.
Sloane complains and Josie keeps slicing up his clothes.

EMILY (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

JOSIE
Cutting off his clothes, what does
it look like?

EMILY
Oh, that's wicked! I want to try.

Josie hands the scissors over to Emily, who starts cutting.

EMILY (CONT'D)
I like a man who wears nice
clothes, don't you Josie?

JOSIE
Oh, yeah. Handsome man, expensive
clothes, it's a lethal combination.

Looking at the turtleneck she's cutting off Sloane.

EMILY
I wonder where he got this?

Emily finds the tag, of course it's a nice store.

EMILY (CONT'D)
"Barney's".

JOSIE
Nothing's too good for our boy!

The two girls really go to town now, stripping him down.

EMILY
Hey Sloane, bet you never had women
tearing off your clothes like *this*
before?!

Josie lets out a SHRIEK as she tears Sloane's pants off!

JOSIE
IIIIIIIII LIKE it!

EMILY
Sloane, have you been working out?

Pumped, Josie starts dancing around Sloane provocatively.

Playing with pieces of his clothes, she sings a little song.

JOSIE
*Check it out, check it out, check
it out, boy! Uh-ha-ha! Uh-ha-ha!
Check it out, check it out, check
it out, Sloane! Uh-ha-ha! Uh-ha-ha!*

Jiving on Josie's groove, Emily joins in, dancing, singing.

EMILY
Go Josie, go Josie!

JOSIE
*Check out my bootie, so sexy, uh-ha-
ha! But you, but you didn't want
it, uh-ha-ha, uh-ha-ha! Because you
are an asshole, uh-ha-ha, uh-ha-ha!
And now you've got no clothes on,
uh-ha-ha, uh-ha-ha!*

The women keep tearing at his clothes until Sloane's left
only with his cowboy boots and his underwear.

JOSIE (CONT'D)
You know I kind of like this "being
on top" thing. Maybe Katya's not so
crazy after all.

Josie and Emily continue dancing, really having fun now.

CAMERA TURNS TO Katya with an egg sandwich in her hand.

KATYA
Have you lost your minds?

JOSIE
No, we're just having some fun.

KATYA
Stop fun! We may have *problem*.

The girls stop dancing, they realize something's up.

EMILY
What is it?

KATYA
His cell phone is ringing all morning, he has many messages. I need to know what they say, I need to know if wife has called policeman yet.

JOSIE
So check his messages.

KATYA
I don't have *code*!

Katya grabs Sloane, pulls the ball gag out of his mouth.

KATYA (CONT'D)
Tell me code to phone.

SLOANE
Go fuck yourself.

Katya swaps the sandwich with Emily, taking the scissors.

Yanking down Sloane's underpants, Katya levels the scissors.

KATYA
Tell me code or *I will cut off your penis*.

Everyone reacts to his one, especially, *especially* Sloane!

SLOANE
Whoa! Stop!

JOSIE
Are you crazy?

KATYA
Shut up!

EMILY
Holy shit!

KATYA
Tell me code or I will cut it off!

SLOANE
Okay, okay, I'll tell you!

KATYA
What is CODE?

SLOANE
Uh, uh, I forget..

KATYA
WHAT IS CODE?!

SLOANE
It's, uh, 1-2-3-4, 1-2-3-4!

Katya snaps the gag back into Sloane's bloody mouth.

KATYA
Why are you so flustered? Is *his*
penis, not yours!

JOSIE
Punching him in the face is one
thing but chopping off his dick's
another, don't you think?!

KATYA
I do not see difference.

Strangely stimulated, Emily takes a bit of the sandwich.

JOSIE
He might *need it* sometime!

KATYA
For what? To use as weapon? On
someone else?! Or maybe you are
thinking he is still your
boyfriend?

EMILY
Actually, that was kind of fun. I
liked watching him squirm.

Incensed, Katya rips the sandwich out of Emily's hand.

KATYA
Eat your own!

Taunting Sloane with the sandwich, Katya toys with him.

KATYA (CONT'D)
 All men love their penis, it is
 their life, their first love.

Taking a bite, Katya turns and heads for the door.

KATYA (CONT'D)
 Come, we eat breakfast and listen
 to messages. *Bad actor will wait.*

Josie and Emily share a look - this is getting fucked up!

JOSIE
 How can you call yourself a
 Buddhist?

EMILY
 Hey! Buddha's on a holiday.

Emily's hauls herself out of the shot, going after Katya.

Sloane pleads with Josie, his eyes moist, his face bloody.

JOSIE
 I'm sorry, Sloane. I wish I could
 help you but I can't. And there was
 a time when I would have done
anything for you. If only you'd
 picked up the phone, just once. So
 you're on your own. *Whatever*
happens, you brought it on
yourself!

CAMERA CLOSES on Sloane's desperate face, Josie walks away.
 Sloane screams against the ball gag, a scared and sad sound.
 Raphael's "Entombment" looms back into focus behind Sloane.

INT. REBECCA'S HOUSE OF PAIN, LATER THAT DAY

SHOT OF KATYA, stretching electrical tape and biting it.

KATYA
 Have you ever read Kafka?

SLOANE (O.C.)
 No.

KATYA

Is pity, Kafka is wonderful writer.
He understand the value of pain.

Behind her is a video camera mounted on a tripod.

Nearby is a little metal table on wheels with a metal box.

SLOANE (O.C.)

I don't want to read Kafka.

Katya moves to Sloane in the chair, with wires and the tape.

She begins carefully taping the wires to Sloane's bare chest.

KATYA

Pain is great clarifier. With pain
we can understand our mistakes, our
motives, ourselves. If you had read
Kafka, perhaps you would not be
here now.

SLOANE

Look, Katya, we don't have to do
this. I know what you want.

KATYA

Do you?

SLOANE

We had a little misunderstanding
but I can fix that.

KATYA

There is no misunderstanding.

SLOANE

No, no, no, there is and I can make
it better.

Satisfied with her taping, Katya goes to the metal table.

Smiling, she begins to attach wires to a transformer there.

SLOANE (CONT'D)

Come on, we're friends. All right,
so we had a little fight, so what?

Katya laughs, keeps on attaching wires, checking them out.

SLOANE (CONT'D)

I'm serious!

KATYA

You make funny definition of "friends".

SLOANE

I know why you're doing this, it's not going to change *anything*.

KATYA

You do not know what you are speaking over.

SLOANE

I'm talking about your husband.

Her laughter stops, Katya looks up, stops what she's doing.

KATYA

My husband is dead and you do not know him.

SLOANE

Sure, his body might be in the ground but he's still alive and walking around in your head.

KATYA

So, you are psychiatrist now?

SLOANE

I've seen you naked, I know what he did to you.

Katya bangs the transformer down on the table, pissed.

SLOANE (CONT'D)

People don't end up like you by accident, splashing around in your own self loathing.

KATYA

You talk like soap opera.

SLOANE

The only time you feel better is when somebody else feels worse! And all that bullshit about Kafka is just that, it's bullshit!

Incensed, Katya grabs Sloane by the throat, squeezes.

KATYA

Shut your mouth or I will kill you now. I will crush your windpipe!

SLOANE

No, you won't, that would be too quick. You need to drag it out, you want to see me suffer. *I know you, Katya, I used to fuck you, I know what makes you come!*

CLOSE SHOT OF KATYA LOOKING DOWN AT HIM, SLOANE'S P.O.V.

Raising her fist, Katya smashes him in the face, three times!

With each hit, we see her enjoy it more and more and more!

Sloane gasps in pain with each blow, these are no love taps.

SHOT OF SLOANE, as Katya walks away from his smashed face.

KATYA

In lair we call that "instant orgasm". Was good for you?

Katya goes back to the table, continues her work there.

Sloane breathes hard, trying to recover from the beating.

SLOANE

I never told you this but about three years ago I had a break down. I was doing too much coke, the way you are now and I dropped the ball in a major way. I almost lost my job, so I had to go into rehab.

KATYA

My heart is breaking.

SLOANE

I started seeing this shrink, I still see him, he's a good guy. I could introduce you to him, he could help you. I'd even pay for it.

Finished, Katya grabs electrical chord, looks for an outlet.

KATYA

The day I meet my husband, I am seventeen years old and virgin. I am in market and he follows me from place to place.

EXT. SOMEWHERE IN RUSSIAN, MANY YEARS EARLIER - DAY

KATYA'S HUSBAND, handsome, walks towards her in slow motion.

He is virile, strong, sunlight glints his hair and beard.

KATYA (V.O.)

He tells me that I have face like
angel and begs me for kiss. He says
that without kiss, he will die a
hapless man. Because I am girl, I
am flattered, I do not know Russian
man. I do not know they are all
Dostoyevsky when they are sober and
Rasputin when they are drunk.

SHOT OF YOUNG KATYA, smiling at him, beautiful, innocent.

KATYA (V.O.)

I stop at apple seller because my
mother wants to bake some pies and
he does curious thing.

EXT. SOMEWHERE IN RUSSIAN, MANY YEARS EARLIER - DAY

Husband holds out an apple, smiling, confident, strong.

KATYA (V.O.)

He buys all the apples for me,
every single one.

SHOT of Husband, in front of apple seller with many apples.

Husband makes a grand gesture towards the pile of fruit.

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

And I am seduced. For twelve years
I am with this man, sometimes he is
kind, often he is not.

INT. SOMEWHERE IN RUSSIAN, MANY YEARS EARLIER - NIGHT

Katya's Husband is a drunken rage, he's not so pretty now.

WE SEE BUT DON'T HEAR THEIR DOMESTIC SCENE. It's ugly.

KATYA (V.O.)

When he is drinking he hurts me,
because I cannot give him children.
He tells me I deserve this and I
believe him. What is a woman who
cannot have children?

INT. SOMEWHERE IN RUSSIAN, MANY YEARS EARLIER - NIGHT

Alone, Katya is cutting her arm with a razor blade.

KATYA

Sometimes I hurt myself.

INT. SOMEWHERE IN RUSSIAN, MANY YEARS EARLIER - NIGHT

Husband staggers drunkenly towards stair, trips and falls.

KATYA (V.O.)

One night, when he is very much
Rasputin, he falls down stairs and
does not get up.

SHOT OF Husband crumpled in a heap at the bottom of stairs.

REVERSE SHOT of Katya looking down at her lifeless husband.

KATYA (V.O.)

And I am free. I leave and do not
look back. There is no reason for I
have learned all my lessons.

INT. REBECCA'S HOUSE OF PAIN, CONTINUOUS

Katya finds an outlet and plugs in the electrical chord.

KATYA

I know about men and their apples.
I know about women and why they are
weak. I know the value of pain, so
I do not need to feel it anymore.
No one hurts me and I do not hurt
myself.

SLOANE

Katya, listen to me.

KATYA

Now I teach those lessons to
others.

At the table, Katya puts her hand on the transformer switch.

KATYA (CONT'D)

Now I will teach you.

SLOANE

No, please, for the love of --

She turns the switch, sending 120 volts into Sloane's body. Sloane jerks up, his whole body arching in violent pain. He makes a grotesque sound that somehow matches his body.

KATYA

If only you had read Kafka.

Katya smiles grimly and then cuts off the electric current.

JOSIE (O.C.)

Holy shit!

CAMERA SWINGS AROUND TO REVEAL Josie and Emily behind them.

JOSIE (CONT'D)

What the hell is going on here?

Sloane grunts a series of staccato grunts in real pain.

Emily examines the wiring taped to Sloane's chest and arms.

EMILY

Katya, we *never* talked about electricity!

JOSIE

How did you ever get into this kinky shit?

Katya just shrugs in reply - "It's a long, long story".

EMILY

I'm serious, you guys! *We never talked about electricity!*

Emily's cell phone goes off in her pocket, she takes it out.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Fuck! I have to take this.

Moving out of the shot, Emily starts punching buttons.

Josie moves over to the metal table and the transformer.

JOSIE

What is that thing?

KATYA

Is child's toy.

JOSIE

A toy?

KATYA

Da, is transformer. I take from
nephew's train set, his choo-choo.
See? Turn level littul bit..

Katya moves the level just a little, Sloane barks in pain.

KATYA (CONT'D)

He get littul shock. Turn lever
more..

Sloane really shrieks in response to this one - ouch!

KATYA (CONT'D)

He gets *big* shock. Is simple, you
try.

JOSIE

This is very cool.

SLOANE

NO! It's NOT!

JOSIE

You really make a living doing shit
like this?

KATYA

Of course. Is good.

JOSIE

Damn, maybe I've been on the wrong
side of this sex equation thing. Do
you think you could get me a job?

EMILY (O.C.)

Oh my God! Oh-my-God!

CAMERA SWINGS AROUND TO REVEAL Emily listening to her phone.

KATYA

What is your problem?

EMILY

I just got a voice mail from
Augusto!

JOSIE

So?

EMILY

He says he knows that I lied about
going on a retreat!

(MORE)

EMILY (CONT'D)

That he called the Zendo, found out it was canceled and he wants to know where I am! Shit, I can't believe he's checking up on me!

JOSIE

Well, you did screw around on him.

EMILY

Yeah, but *he* doesn't know that! He says if I don't come home right now and explain myself, he'll call off the wedding!

KATYA

Forget it, he will calm down.

Emily starts pacing, pulling her hair, flipping out.

EMILY

I have to, I have to get out of here, I have to figure out what I'm going to tell him!

KATYA

Tell him nothing!

JOSIE

Katya, he caught her in a lie, she's got to tell him *something*.

KATYA

Why? Why must woman always make explanation?!

JOSIE

Because she's going to marry the guy!

KATYA

Marriage is overrated!

Gathering her things into her bag, Emily starts crying.

EMILY

I'm sorry guys but I'm going to have to bail on this thing, OK? I know I said I'd follow through but Augusto catching me in a lie is a totally different thing! You don't know Augusto, he's very excitable, he's really passionate and right now he's really pissed!

KATYA

So let him be pissed!

EMILY

No, that's easy for you to say,
you're not the one who's *getting*
married in six weeks! Look, Katya,
I know this is really important to
you, doing this thing with Sloane..

Sloane looks at the women like they are all, fucking crazy!

EMILY (CONT'D)

..I know you're angry at him, I'm
angry at him too but *I'm getting*
married! Do you understand that?
I'M GETTING MARRIED! *This is*
important to ME!

SHOT OF Katya, taking this all in, her mind ticking.

EMILY (CONT'D)

I can't have anymore lies! I had an
affair, I lied about that! I got
pregnant, I lied about that! I had
an abortion, I lied about that! I
can't have anymore lies!

JOSIE

I thought you had a miscarriage?

EMILY

Fuck!

Emily covers her face with her hands, busted yet again.

EMILY (CONT'D)

I lied about that too.

KATYA

Why do you want to marry this man?
He sounds like asshole to me.

Katya starts moving in on Emily, her mind made up now.

EMILY

Hey, that's none of your business!
You don't even know Augusto and I
don't even know what I'm doing
here!

KATYA

We are torturing Sloane!

EMILY
No, you are! I'm not!

SHOT of Katya's hand unzipping a pocket in her cat suit.

KATYA
I do not trust you.

EMILY
What are you talking about?

Josie takes in the whole scene and it's "not looking good!"

KATYA
You are scared, you will call
policeman, I can see it in your
eyes!

EMILY
Fuck you, I'm out of here!

Emily lunges OUT of the shot, Katya goes right after her.

We don't SEE their initial struggle, only HEAR IT Off Camera.

KATYA (O.C.)
Give me phone!

EMILY (O.C.)
No!

PAN IN slowly on Josie and her reaction to the fighting.

Unawares, Josie has moved behind Sloane like he's a shield.

KATYA (O.C.)
You are going *nowhere*, you
understand?! You are not leaving
until we are finished!

JOSIE
Lighten up, Katya, stop pulling her
hair!

KATYA
Be quiet or you are next!

JOSIE
Excuse me?

CAMERA ROTATES AROUND Josie, we begin to see the other girls.

Katya's got Emily by the hair, drags her around in a circle.

EMILY
Stop it, you're hurting me!

KATYA
You want to cry, I will give you
reason!

EMILY
Owww!

JOSIE (O.C.)
Let her go, Katya!

KATYA
I am sick of you both! *Cry babies!*

Emily's really hurting now, we can hear it in her voice.

EMILY
Stop it!

JOSIE (O.C.)
I mean it, Katya, let her go!

KATYA
Weaklings! *All of you!*

EMILY
Josie, make her stop!

JOSIE (O.C.)
I'm warning you!

KATYA
Fuck you, *prostitute!*

Josie snaps at this, screams and CHARGES INTO THE SHOT!

JOSIE
I am *so sick* of your Russian
bullshit!

Katya drops Emily and takes on Josie - here we go, CAT FIGHT!

Josie gets the first couple licks in, she knows how to hit.

The Russian counters, giving as good as she gets from Josie.

EMILY (O.C.)
Get her, Josie, get her!

Katya fights dirty, takes Josie down to the floor, hard!

From a pocket, Katya pulls out a tiny, automatic pistol.

She points the tiny pistol at Josie, breathing hard.

JOSIE

What the fuck is that? A gun?

KATYA

Da.

JOSIE

You get that out of a Cracker Jacks box?

KATYA

Is .25 caliber, Colt, made in Hartford, Connecticut. Makes littul popping sound when fired. Is small but at this range will kill you.

Pointing the gun at all of them, Katya starts to recover.

KATYA (CONT'D)

Will kill you, her, him, *all of you!* Do not touch me again, you understand?

SLOANE

I want to go home.

KATYA

Buddhist, go to camera, keep it on him.

EMILY

You can't make me.

Katya loads a round into the chamber, takes aim at Emily.

KATYA

Go to camera, *now!*

Emily does what she's told, points the camera at Sloane.

KATYA (CONT'D)

You think I am extreme but we are all big girls here. We cannot let him leave until we know *every ugly thing* he has ever done! Only then, when we know his secrets, will we be safe from prosecution. One day you will thank me for this.

Turning the gun in Josie's direction, Katya waves her over.

KATYA (CONT'D)

You, go to choo-choo! We have work to do.

Josie goes to the table, puts her hand on the transformer.

Sloane's beaten face appears in the monitor, in CLOSE UP.

KATYA (O.C.) (CONT'D)

Now, Sloane, tell us where you keep sex tapes of you and other woman.

SLOANE

I don't have any "sex tapes!"

KATYA

You lie!

Getting another jolt, Sloane's face wrinkles up in pain.

EXT. A ROOFTOP POOL, SOMEWHERE IN THE PAST - DAY

Emily hits the diving board and knifes cleanly into the pool.

She swims underwater, smoothly, almost sensuously, gliding.

Sloane walks to the pool's edge, watching Emily swim.

He smiles as Emily comes to the surface, looks up at him.

Eyes flashing, Emily reaches up to Sloane, takes his hands.

EMILY

I have your child, Sloane. Inside me.

Sloane draws Emily up from the water and kisses her tenderly.

SLOANE

Hey.

INT. REBECCA'S HOUSE OF PAIN, LATER ON - DAY

A SHOT of a ring of keys, lying on the little metal table.

WE HEAR Emily grunting and straining in the background.

NOW A SERIES OF SHOTS OF SLOANE, passed out in the chair.

Sloane's wrists, pinched hard by the handcuffs, painfully so.

His chest has the word "asshole" written on it in marker.

On his thigh, is written the word "pig" in dark marker.
"Scumbag" reads on his forehead and there's other stuff.
Sloane has wet himself in the interim, unable to hold it.
His underwear is wet with urine and there's a puddle beneath.
Emily's still straining in the BG, trying to reach the keys.
Sloane starts coughing up blood and suddenly comes to.

EMILY (O.C.)
God damnit!

SLOANE
What are you doing?

EMILY (O.C.)
What does it *look* like I'm doing?!

SHOT OF Emily, struggling to reach the keys on the table.
Emily wears a spiked dog collar that's padlocked on her neck.
The collar's chained to a sturdy ring drilled into the floor.
Em's got just enough lead to touch the table with her foot.
Unfortunately, she only manages to push it a farther away.

EMILY (CONT'D)
Mother fucking, goddamed, piss,
fucking SHIT!

Sloane tries to asses the situation - better or worse?

EMILY (CONT'D)
What are *you* looking at?

SLOANE
Seems like we're in the same boat.

EMILY
Oh, I don't *think* so.

SLOANE
I'm chained to a chair, you're
chained to the floor, looks like
the same thing to me.

EMILY
At least I'm not sitting in my own
piss! Boy, that stinks.

SLOANE

I couldn't hold it any longer! God,
my body feels like it's on fire.

EMILY

I'm sorry about that, it wasn't my
idea.

SLOANE

What? What wasn't your idea?
Drugging me? Kidnapping me? Cutting
off my clothes? Beating me up?
Which part wasn't yours?

EMILY

The electricity.

SLOANE

You didn't do anything to *stop* it!

EMILY

She was pointing a *gun* at me!

Sloane takes a breath, he's got to use his head now.

SLOANE

Are we alone?

EMILY

Yes, for the moment. Katya wanted
more coke.

SLOANE

How come you're chained and not
Josie?

EMILY

I don't know, "Katya logic"?
Probably because I tried to run.

SLOANE

When did they leave?

EMILY

About an hour ago.

SLOANE

Then we don't have much time.

EMILY

No, *you* don't have much time!

SLOANE

What are you talking about?

EMILY

They're going to put those wires on
your balls next! Katya said so.

SLOANE

We got to get those keys and get
out of here!

Emily tugs furiously on the chain but it's no use.

EMILY

No shit, Sherlock, I've been trying
since they left!

SLOANE

Try again!

EMILY

I can't reach them, you already saw
that!

SLOANE

So use something else, use your
belt.

EMILY

I don't have a belt! Do you see a
belt anywhere on my body?

SLOANE

Why don't you have a belt?!

EMILY

Because I'm a *girl*, we don't wear
belts! What happened to *your belt*?!

Mad as hell, Sloane stamps his feet in the puddle of pee.

SLOANE

Well, we could have used it but you
bitches cut it all up!

EMILY

Don't you splash me with that shit!

SHOT OF the keys and then Emily, Sloane putting it together.

SLOANE

Take off your pants.

EMILY

Excuse me?

SLOANE

Take off your pants and use those.

EMILY

Oh, you'd just *love that*, wouldn't you?

SLOANE

Are you out of your mind? We have to get out of here before she comes back and *kills us both!*

EMILY

She's not going to kill anybody.

SLOANE

What are you talking about? She's beating the shit out of all three of us, she pulled a gun on you and she's planning to run 120 volts of electricity through *my nuts!* I think that *qualifies her as dangerous!!* Trust me, this woman is crazy, I know her a lot better than you.

Emily tries to reach the keys again, it's no good.

EMILY

I DON'T trust you!

SLOANE

Fine, don't trust me, trust *yourself*. Are you going to tell me you enjoy being chained up? Do you *want to stay here?*

Looking at Sloane hard, Emily realizes he's got a point.

Reluctantly, Emily turns her back, takes off her pants.

EMILY

Don't look.

SLOANE

I've seen it before.

EMILY

Don't push your luck.

Emily tries to reach the keys with her pants, fails.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Shit!

SLOANE
Emily, I just have to say this -

EMILY
-Don't!-

SLOANE
-That's a really nice thong-

EMILY
-Shut up!-

SLOANE
-I think I'm getting a chubber-

EMILY
-SHUT UP!

Trying again, Em drags the keys off the table, they fall.

EMILY (CONT'D)
YES1

She gets the pants over the keys, begins to drag over.
It's painstaking, but Em finally gets the keys within reach.

EMILY (CONT'D)
I got 'em!

Emily reaches behind her neck, tries to unlock herself.

EMILY (CONT'D)
Something's wrong.

SLOANE
What's wrong?

EMILY
I can't get this open, I can't see
what I'm doing.

SLOANE
Let me try, can you reach me?

Moving towards Sloane in the chair, Em suddenly realizes..

EMILY
I think so. Oh God, I have to step
in your piss.

SLOANE
Get over it!

Emily gives Sloane the keys and turns around to him.

It's tough going because they're both shackled and hindered.

EMILY

Get me out of this thing!

SLOANE

Hold on, you're too high. Go lower,
go lower, come on, *go lower will*
you?

Emily stumbles and then sits down abruptly in the puddle.

SLOANE (CONT'D)

That's perfect, don't move.

EMILY

Great! Now I'm *sitting* in your
piss!

SLOANE

This isn't going to work.

EMILY

What? Why not??

SLOANE

These are the wrong keys!

EMILY

You've got to be kidding me!?

SLOANE

Wait a minute, wait, yes, this is
good, these are *handcuff keys*.

EMILY

How nice for you.

SLOANE

Come on, turn around, take 'em. See
if they unlock my handcuffs.

She gets up, takes the keys and fiddles with Sloane's cuffs.

EMILY

You're right, they fit.

SLOANE

Hurry up the, unlock me!

EMILY

Give me one good reason I should.

SLOANE
Are you KIDDING ME?!

EMILY
No, tell me why I should.

SHOT OF Raphael's cherubs looking down from the wall.
The cherubs seem rather amused by the drama playing out.

SLOANE (O.C.)
Let's see, how about "survival?"
"Self preservation?" "Living to see
another day?" Any of those GRAB
YOU?

CAMERA CUTS BACK TO Emily and Sloane's dilemma.

EMILY
If I let you loose, how do I know
you won't run out of here and leave
me stranded?

SLOANE
I was willing to unlock *you* first,
I was willing to trust *you!*

EMILY
That's only because you're
desperate.

SLOANE
And you're NOT?

EMILY
Good point. Fine, I'll trust you
but before I let you go, there's
something else I want to talk
about.

SLOANE
We can do that later.

Emily grabs Sloane by his hair, pulls his head back.

EMILY
No, I want to talk *now!*

SLOANE
Why do women always want to talk at
the wrong times?

EMILY

Because men never want to talk,
*they only want to fuck! And that's
not good enough anymore!*

SLOANE

OK, OK, what do want to know?

EMILY

Why do you screw around on your
wife so much?

SLOANE

Shit, Emily, don't ask me that.
"Why is the sky blue?"

EMILY

Give me an answer!

SLOANE

I don't know! Why did you screw
around on Augusto?

EMILY

I only did that once! Well,
technically it was 14 times but it
was all with you, so it only counts
for one.

SLOANE

One time, a hundred times, does it
make a difference?

EMILY

Yeah, it does!

Emily swats Sloane across the back of the head, then thinks.

EMILY (CONT'D)

No, maybe you're right. Maybe
betrayal is betrayal and it doesn't
really matter. We should go.

She unlocks Sloane's handcuffs, he rubs his raw wrists.

Impulsively, Em rips the tape and wires off Sloane's chest.

Sloane hollers, losing a lot of chest hair in the bargain.

SLOANE

Shit! That wasn't funny.

EMILY

Made me smile.

EMILY (CONT'D)
 Let's get out of here, we're
 running out of time.

SLOANE
 Wait, there's something I have ask
 you.

Sloane grabs Emily's arm, looks her right in the eye.

SLOANE (CONT'D)
 Earlier, when you said you had an
 abortion -

EMILY
 - Forget about it-

SLOANE
 - no, I want to know. Was that me?
 Was that us?

EMILY
 It doesn't matter, it's done.

SLOANE
 It *does* matter. *Was that us?*

Emily tries to look away, Sloane pulls her around.

EMILY
 It was us. I'm pretty sure.

SLOANE
 Is that why you stopped seeing me?

EMILY
 What was I supposed to do?

SLOANE
 You could have told me.

EMILY
 You wouldn't have cared.

Sloane pulls Emily closer, not quite so gentle as before.

SLOANE
 Hey, I *know* I'm an asshole, I'm not
that big an asshole!

EMILY
 Depends on who you talk to.

SLOANE

You know what? *Fuck you!*

He gives her a shove and Emily falls right on her ass!

Sloane walks away, moving and rubbing his back painfully.

SLOANE (CONT'D)

Quite frankly, I've had it up to *here* with you and your little friends.

EMILY

They're *not my friends!*

SLOANE

No kidding. All of you bitches, judging me, acting superior, like you were coming from some kind of *moral high ground* when all you wanted was to get your *rocks off at my expense!* Let's look at the facts as I see them. You screwed around on your fiance, Josie fucked me 'cause she thought it help her career and Katya, well, I don't know what *she* wanted but she wanted SOMETHING! *Because you all wanted something!* And when you didn't get it, then I'm the bad guy, I'm taking advantage. Did it ever occur to you that *people have taken advantage of me?* You think I got to be me by accident? You think someone just handed me my life for free? So fuck your little friends and fuck you too!

He picks up his destroyed clothes - they're not even RAGS!

SLOANE (CONT'D)

Shit, I gotta' find some pants! I'm supposed to be signing autographs in New Jersey right now.

Now in flight mode, Sloane bolts out of the shot.

Emily tries to follow him but is stopped by her chain.

EMILY

Don't you leave me here, Sloane! You find a key to this goddamned thing!

SLOANE
Keep your shirt on!

Knowing she's screwed, Emily pulls on the chain desperately.

EMILY
Why did I trust him? Stupid,
stupid, STUPID!

WE HEAR the sound of a furious struggle in next room.
Katya and Josie are back and catch Sloane trying to escape.
No one's pulling punches here, it's balls-to-the-wall now!

SLOANE (O.C.)
Bitch! Fucking bitch! -

KATYA (O.C.)
- Nett! Nett! -

JOSIE (O.C.)
- Asshole -

All three tumble back into the room and INTO THE SHOT.
Sloane grapples with the two women, hitting Josie hard!
Josie goes down as Katya somehow manages to draw her pistol.
Grabbing Katya's wrist, Sloane wrestles the gun away.
The pistol clatters across the floor, close to Emily.

SLOANE
Get the gun! Emily!

Emily goes for it but Josie's up again and jumps her.

JOSIE
Who's side are you on, bitch?

Fighting back, Emily hangs Josie's head against the floor.

EMILY
I keep telling you! "Buddha's on a
holiday!"

Just for good measure, Emily rubs Josie's face in the urine.
Josie gags, just about turning herself inside out here.
Sloane somehow wrestles Katya into the chair but just barely.

SLOANE

Emily, help me! I can't hold her!

Emily helps Sloane, they handcuff Katya to the chair.

Katya hisses at them incomprehensible in Russian, infuriated.

EMILY

Who's on top now, Russky?

Going through Katya's pockets, Emily finds the elusive key.

Emily unlocks the collar and throws it down with impunity.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Finally!

Sloane struggles to his feet, he really is a sight to see.

SLOANE

Can we go now?

Scooping up the gun, Emily takes dead aim at Sloane.

EMILY

You're not going anywhere. Not yet.

SLOANE

What are you doing?

EMILY

Asshole. You were going to leave me here.

SLOANE

No, I wasn't.

EMILY

Yeah, *you were!* Get over there with that loser!

Josie wipes her face frantically with Em's discarded pants.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Hey! Those are *my pants!*

Emily rips the pants out of Josie's hands, they're ruined.

KATYA

You are traitor to all woman!

EMILY

Since when do you speak for us all?

KATYA

You have made terrible mistake. Now he will call policeman and we will go to jail! *All of us.*

EMILY

Sloane's not going to call the cops.

SLOANE

I'm not?

EMILY

Of course not. If you call the cops, you're going to have to answer a lot of embarrassing questions about your extramarital affairs, which is how you know us and that's going to be a really messy can of worms. And when the media gets a hold of this, it's going to turn into a real shit storm. Your *wife's* not going to like it, your *bosses* at the show aren't going to like it, you're *definitely* going to lose your *job!* And *that's* not even counting all the ugly things you told us about yourself earlier that we have on tape!

Sloane's beginning to look a little green around the gills.

EMILY (CONT'D)

You didn't forget about *that* already, did you?

SLOANE

Oh, right, yeah.

EMILY

So you're not exactly in the power position here, Sloane! *Can you did what I'm screaming here!*

SLOANE

I dig.

Now for some unfinished business, Emily goes to Katya.

EMILY

Speaking of "screaming."

Emily unzips Katya's cat suit, exposing the top of her chest.

KATYA
What are you doing?

Grabbing the wires, Emily hooks her up for a charge.

EMILY
Time for a little game of *choo-choo!*

KATYA
No, no, not that! Anything but -

Flicking the switch, Emily gives her a big taste of pain.

Emily cuts it off, waits, then gives it to Katya *again!*

This is not exactly the people pleaser we met at the start.

At this point, Katya has been reduced to a crying, hot mess.

KATYA (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I know I am bad girl! Please don't hurt me, I promise to be good, I promise to be good. Please no more choo-choo, please no more!

EMILY
Now we can go.

SLOANE
Wait, I need some pants, I can't go home like *this*.

EMILY
Oh, that's *exactly* how you're leaving!

SLOANE
I'm in my underwear!

EMILY
Consider yourself lucky. Go on, *beat it!*

Sloane looks for anything to cover himself with - Nada!

Deciding not to push his luck, Sloane heads for the door.

As he opens it, Sloane turns back, one last thing to say.

SLOANE
Hey, Emily?

EMILY

What?

SLOANE

Can I call you sometime?

Gun raised, Emily chases Sloane right out the door!

EMILY

GET THE FUCK OUT OF HERE!

Finally he's gone. Emily finds her pants, puts them on.

Josie looks Emily, as Katya continues sobbing in the BG.

JOSIE

What are you going to do now?

EMILY

Going to go home, make a real cold martini and take a hot bath. Then I'm going to have a serious conversation with Augusto about theology. I don't think the Buddhist thing is working out for me. In fact, there's a lot of things in my life that aren't working for me.

Emily picks up the pistol and puts it in her bag.

EMILY (CONT'D)

I'm keeping your pistol Katya and If I ever see you again, I'm going to use it.

As Katya keeps sobbing softly, Emily looks at Josie.

EMILY (CONT'D)

What are you going to do?

JOSIE

Think I'm going to start dancing again.

EMILY

Excuse me?

JOSIE

I'm not cut out for this domination business. It's a lot of work and I don't like hurting people as much as I thought I would.

(MORE)

JOSIE (CONT'D)

Think I'd rather be a sexual object
and somebody else's fantasy. It's
just easier.

Finished dressing, Emily heads for the door herself.

EMILY

Good luck with *that*.

JOSIE

I'm sorry it worked out this way,
Emily.

Emily stops in the doorway and looks back at the carnage.

EMILY

You know what? You are sorry, both
of you. Two of the sorriest bitches
I've ever seen. *Uggh. Why are women
so weak?*

Walking back into her life, Emily slams the door shut.

ROLL FINAL CREDITS OVER THE FOLLOWING CLOSING ACTION.

WHEN KATYA IS CUTTING HERSELF AT THE END, WE SHOULD SEE A
POSTER OF KAFKA BEHIND HER, THE CLARIFYING POWER OF PAIN!